

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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DOG EAR CROPPING.

THERE has been much misunderstanding of the recent action of the American Kennel Club in regard to cropping, a misunderstanding which has been fostered and broadened by the statements published in the daily press. In substance the press reports set forth that the result was a victory for the advocates of cropping. The misunderstanding could easily gain ground with those who had but a superficial knowledge of the issue.

The action of the American Kennel Club is, furthermore, presented in such a manner by the daily press as in most cases to imply that that club indorses cropping. Such statements are incorrect and misleading.

The American Kennel Club did not indorse cropping either directly or indirectly. So far as the sentiment of the club on the issue is concerned it was decidedly against cropping. The vote shows a majority in opposition to the practice. Many of the delegates who, under instruction of their clubs, voted in favor of cropping, afterward repudiated the action so far as they were personally concerned. Several of the clubs voting in favor of cropping were actuated by the belief that the question was one which should be left to the specialty clubs most directly concerned, and indeed this plea, broadened now and then so far as to question the jurisdiction of the American Kennel Club in the matter, was the main defense of the specialty clubs which were interested in the mutilated breeds. The question of cruelty was in the main touched on very lightly by the defenders of cropping. Many of them disapprove of it.

Thus the vote was most positively and plainly in opposition to cropping, while the minority vote, peculiar in its way, ignored the cruelty of the practice, but based its opposition on an evasive assumption of lack of jurisdiction on the part of the club and the exclusive power on the part of the specialty clubs directly interested.

The resolution was lost, not by a preponderance of sentiment against it, but by the restriction of the constitution which required a two-thirds vote to adopt it. Thus there was nothing whatever from the inception of the resolution to its final defeat which could be justly interpreted as an endorsement of the mutilation by the A. K. C.

It is not a probability that the recent action of the club is final in the matter. The opposition to the reform will serve to stimulate more positive opinions on the subject, and bring the matter more conspicuously before the public. It will thus be subjected to closer public investigation and criticism. Opposition to a public measure which is founded on firm and resolute public sentiment merely hastens the reform and gives it lasting vitality. This is a feature of the matter which those in favor of cropping should seriously consider. They can gain much credit by taking voluntary action in the matter and thus avoid possible compulsion.

The issue has more vitality since the recent action of the American Kennel Club than it ever had before, and it is not improbable that, instead of the last action being a final disposition of the issue, it will have to be again con-

sidered with all the added opposition to it which broader discussion, humane sentiments in action and more organized effort are sure to engender.

THE DUNRAVEN CASE.

WHILE it would seem that only good and sufficient reasons could have induced the special committee to hold the examination in secret, we believe that a serious mistake has been made, and one that cannot now be repaired. The object of the investigation of Lord Dunraven's charges is not to vindicate Mr. Iselin before the yachtsmen of New York or Boston or of the United States, as that would be unnecessary, especially in view of the very flimsy nature of the charges as thus far formulated by Lord Dunraven. The chief end, as we understand it, was to vindicate American yachtsmen before those of other nations, especially Great Britain. To this end it was essential that, in addition to the selection of a committee whose personnel should be above suspicion, the hearings should be public, or at least that the press should be properly represented and allowed to publish the full report of the proceedings from day to day. If the committee is looking only for the truth, and intent on bringing it to light, there can be no valid objection to publicity in regard to its methods and the testimony of both parties, and the publicity given through the full stenographic reports in the daily press is the surest means of convincing yachtsmen abroad.

Later on, in a week, a month or a couple of months, the committee will probably issue a complete report of the proceedings, and those who can obtain them and have the requisite leisure will be able to read the full reports of the special committee, the America's Cup committee and the regatta committee. These reports will probably settle the question of the collision in the second race and of Lord Dunraven's charges against Mr. Iselin, so far as all impartial yachtsmen are concerned; but the great trouble is that they will come too late and will fail to reach the great body of the public who are now interested in this international quarrel. In the interests of the defense, which, we believe, has nothing to conceal, the evidence presented within the last two days should be already in the hands of yachtsmen and the general public on both sides of the Atlantic.

SNAP SHOTS.

Is there in all America, from Alaska to Venezuela, another paper like it, so choicely good even in soporific qualities? For here comes a Connecticut correspondent who gives testimony that when the FOREST AND STREAM puts him to sleep it opens for him the ivory gates and blazes the trail to those delectable hunting countries of Dreamland where game is always plenty and the aim ever true. If then you chance to be a sufferer from insomnia, throw physic to the dogs and patronize the news stands. If you cannot straightway woo the drowsy god, do the next best thing, read FOREST AND STREAM, wrap the drapery of your couch about you and lie down to pleasant dreams.

We have been discussing for many years the interesting question, What is a sportsman? and probably the discussion will go on for as many more years to come. There is much talk about pot-hunting and pot-hunters. What is a pot-hunter? A Detroit duck shooter and his friend have made a run of 4,102 ducks, and the report of it says that if "anybody besides pot-hunters" made a better record this year, they have not been heard from. What and who are pot-hunters?

When Mr. Irland wrote in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 14 of the lost man his party had encountered in New Brunswick wilds, it was suggested to him that the publication of the incident would probably bring to light further intelligence of the mysterious stranger. We were not surprised then to receive the letter from a Boston correspondent which is printed to-day. The season has now advanced so far that the lost man must have found his way out of the woods long before this or have perished. Can any one give us another chapter of his erratic wanderings?

Mr. Harry S. Page, while following the hounds of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club across country on Saturday, Dec. 28, was severely injured; at first it was considered that his injury was fatal. The ground was slippery and the riding dangerous. At a fence, near which was a ditch concealed by grass, Mr. Page's horse slipped in

the take-off, caught his toe on the fence, turned a summersault with his rider under him, and in struggling to rise rolled over Mr. Page, breaking his pelvis and otherwise injuring him. Latest reports are that he is recovering. In the same hunt Mrs. Kinsley Magoun had a narrow escape from death. In turning a corner her vehicle was upset and she was dragged under the seat a short distance, fortunately escaping injury.

The New York policemen are armed with revolvers, which they are expected to know how to use on occasion. How little some of them actually do know is now developing at the newly instituted school of shooting, where it is not unusual to see a man shut his eyes and pull the trigger, sending the bullet not into the bullseye, but wide of the mark or into the floor. There is no ground for supposing that the police of other cities are a bit more "handy with their guns" than the New York police force, and we look to see the police shooting school an institution elsewhere adopted with good results.

There should be a large attendance at the winter meeting of the New York State Association in Syracuse next week, Thursday, Jan. 9. The time has not yet gone by when voluntary clubs and associations may give over their activity in game protection. If the official State protectors are to be dismissed because the Commissioners cannot afford to pay their salaries, the beheaded districts must still be taken care of by unofficial activity.

The game preserve and its trespass sign are live topics in the sportsmen's questions of the day in California. The conditions of land holding in that State are such as to encourage the game preserve system. Immense tracts are devoted to grazing, and the owners or lessees are accustomed to grant individuals or clubs the exclusive shooting privileges on these territories. The tracts are posted and trespassers are warned off; but the human nature in California is the human nature which prevails elsewhere and rebels at exclusion from shooting privileges enjoyed so long that they have come to be regarded as rights. There is a constant conflict between preserve holders and shooters outside of the clubs. San Francisco has a Sportsmen's Protective Association, whose purpose is to maintain and enforce what the members believe to be their legal rights as to shooting and fishing. As in certain instances the definition of these privileges depends upon the determination of riparian rights, it will be understood that there is abundant occasion for protracted disputation.

The interesting fact is that we have been printing from week to week in FOREST AND STREAM—that is to say, every week—a store of good reading which in volume is equivalent to the amount of matter in a monthly magazine, and in quality is unapproached by any other literature accessible to the sportsman of the day. Another interesting fact is that we shall continue the programme for the fifty-two weeks of the New Year. This present issue is Number One of the Forty-sixth Volume—twenty-three years. And there are names on the subscription list to-day which were there in 1873 for Volume One, Number One. A Happy New Year to all, old readers and new; even to that unfortunate individual whose plaint is that as for him he cannot be happy because he cannot go fishing; and he cannot read the FOREST AND STREAM because its reports of other people's outings make him all the more unhappy that he cannot have an outing of his own.

We are told that in some parts of North Carolina there have been extensive shipments of quail to markets outside of the State, the notion prevailing that the law forbidding export of game had been repealed. No notice of such repeal is given in the *Game Laws in Brief*, no such act is contained in the printed volume of the laws of 1895, and the old law there appears still to be in force. Under these circumstances we trust that some public-spirited citizen will take upon himself the duty of putting a stop to the market industry instantaneously. A New York sportsman who has just returned from one of the districts of the State where game has always been abundant reports that the market-shooters have effectually cleaned out the supply.

The capercailzie is attracting much attention as a game bird for importation to America. We shall print next week a description of the bird by Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., who while Minister to Sweden had abundant opportunity to study the capercailzie in its home,

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—VIII.

The Canada Boat.

WHEN the dinner of one course was finished the simple service of iron and tinware was left unwashed without fear of disparaging feminine comment, and the voyagers embarked, Sam and Antoine at the oars, Uncle Lisha steering with a paddle, and Joseph as passenger and general observer. In these capacities he took his ease so far as he could with a hand on either gunwale and hitching from side to side at every slight lurch of the stanch craft. This he continued to do after the black depths of the creek were passed and they voyaged across the shallow head of the bay, where the oars grated on the sandy bottom and the golden mesh of reflected sunshine twisted and tangled its elusive threads among the caddis worms and mussels, a half-arm's length beneath the rippled surface. One of the rowers leaned over the side to watch a shoal of minnows and slightly careened the boat, when Joseph frantically pulled on that gunwale and hitched toward the other side.

"Good airth an' seas! I du b'lieve if you was sot in the middle of a' islan' you'd be afear'd o' tippin' over, Jozeff. Du, for massy sake, set still, erless lay daown in the bot-tom."

"I tell ye what, Uncle Lisher," and Joseph let out a long-held breath, "sech a mess o' water makes me kinder skeery. I do' know as it's skeery ezactly, but kinder narvous. I don't seem tu hev no use for no more water 'n what I want'er drink an' wash me in, an' that hain't sech a turrible sight. But it does look dreffle neat," and his eye dwelt with satisfaction on reflections of the painted shores flickering downward on the rippled lake like many colored inverted flames blazing into a nether sky.

Over among the red maples of Lewis Creek could be seen the naked mast of the Canadian craft, its gay pennon lost in the brilliant foliage that it flaunted against. But the incessant gabble of the crew and their snatches of French songs would have guided our voyagers to the vessel without any visible indication of its whereabouts, and following it up the stream a little way beyond its last bend, they came to the boat at its moorings.

The jolly little captain was very polite, and welcomed them as possible apple sellers, in English quite as good as Antoine's if somewhat different from it, having evidently been drawn from a well not entirely undefiled with h's.

"Mek youse'f welcome, mah frien'," he cried, with his shoulders lifted to his ears and his palms hospitably spread, "Go hall hover mah boats. He was you boats, han' 'e was good boats, hif Hah say hit mahse'f. Oh, 'e good sloops. Han' if you gat happle for sol' Hah ready for bought she han' paid you ten cen' pour baskeet 'f she was mos' hall red happle, han' medij him mah baskeet, hant 'ol' more as tree peck," and he gave a contemptuous kick to a basket which could hold at least a bushel and a half.

The visitors gave the odd-looking and not very cleanly craft as complete inspection and as unstinted praise as could satisfy their curiosity and her captain's pride, smothering themselves in the garlic-reeking cabin as long as they could hold their breath and then stumbling forth into the fresh outer air.

"I hain't got no apples tu sell myself," said Sam to the little captain, "but I do' know but what I c'd send you a man 'at has. Come aout this way a minute, won't ye? Say, captain," he continued when they had got beyond the hearing of the others, "haow long afore you're a goin' back to Canady?" Sam picked up a stick and began whittling it, wherefrom the shrewd Canadian, having had some experience of Yankees, augured that a trade was impending.

"Wal, Hah don't mos' know, me. Mos' likel' Hah go day hafter nex' day hif de peop' brought dey happle. But," he continued, curiously watching the shavings curl slowly away from the keen knife, "hif you can sen' it me some very good red happle, Hah could wait hanoder one day."

"No, guess I don't want tu keep you waitin'," said Sam, "Be you goin' stret hum? Goin' tu stop anywhere on the way?"

"Ah, no, no, no, bien no. Hah han' goin' let mah happle rot 'fore Hah cood sol' she. Hah go fas', Hah cood."

"S'pose you c'd take 'long a passenger toll'able cheap?"

"Wal, seh, mah fren'," said the captain after some consideration of the proposal, "hif de mans was clever for behave hese'f, han' paid me one dollah 'fore 'e go, Hah will took it, me, han' dat was more sheaps 'e can go hin stimboat, yas, bah t'undert yas, more sheaps 'e can go 'foots."

"Yes, if you feed him, that's reasonable 'nough," Sam assented.

"O, no, no, no," cried the captain, "for dat 'e mus' heat 'ese'f. Hif Hah heat 'im, Hah mus' hask more as dat."

"Wal, then, we'll hev him eat himself," Sam agreed with a chuckle. "I sh'd want'er betoll'able well paid myself if I'd got tu eat him. All right, captain, I guess he'll be here 'bout the time you start," and having concluded the negotiation he threw away the neatly whittled stick and pocketed his knife.

"Mos' likel' your frien' was be goin' on Canada for 'ees 'ealthy," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders and winking at Sam.

"He's a goin' there tu extend the ary of freedom," Sam answered with an imperturbable countenance.

"Oh, yas, yas," and the little captain tried to cover his pockmarked visage with a mask of profound wisdom as he inwardly phrased the words, "send de hearing freedom," and mentally inquired of himself, "What says the holy tall Bostonais?"

Sam and the captain returned to the boat, where Antoine and his compatriots—who, though not old acquaintances, had mutual knowledge of some—were swimming with violent gesticulations in a babbling torrent of gossip, on whose brink Uncle Lisha and Joseph sat in gazing, wondering silence, now turning their puzzled faces upon the Canadians, now slowly upon each other. Their amazement increased when the captain also plunged in and contributed his full share to the confusion of tongues.

"Good airth an' seas!" Uncle Lisha gasped in a loud whisper to Sam, "it hain't no more like talk 'an a passel o' hens hevin' a cacklin' bee in the mornin', an' I can't pick nothin' aout on't on'y now an' then a 'wee' an' a 'sackeree.' I b'lieve the dumb'd critters is jest pertendin' they're a-talkin' an' don't understan' one 'nother no more'n they would if they was a-whirlin' hoss fiddles at one 'nother."

"Wal, they 'pear tu git ahead wi' the vis'tin' some way," said Sam, regarding the animated group with an amused smile.

"I do' know fer sartain," Joseph remarked, after deliberate consideration, "but I kinder callate the heft o' the conversin' is done by signs, an' the gab is jest heft in for sort o' fillin'. Seems 's 'ough that was the way on't, but mebb'y 't hain't."

"Wal, they beat ten women tu a quiltin'," said Uncle Lisha, "an' I give it up. Say, Samwil, you be'n a-buyin' the boat?"

"Wal, no; on'y a sheer on't. Cal'lated it 'ould be handy for Joseph to go huntin' an' fishin' in."

Their attention was attracted to a heavily laden wagon that came jolting over the rough pasture, announcing its approach with a rumble and creak that began now to be heard above the voices of the Canadians, till at last their interested attention was called to the fact that a customer was arriving.

"Wal, if there hain't a load of apples comin' a'ready," said Sam, "I guess this feller sent on word ahead 'at he was a-comin'. We'll wait an' git a pocketful an' then be off."

While the captain and his customer were pitting Canuck and Yankee shrewdness against each other in sharp bargaining, Sam and his comrades tasted and selected their pockets full of the mellowest and least sour of the common fruit, that but for the advent of the Canada boat would have gone to the cider mill, and they then departed. Antoine went most reluctantly, for he was still oppressed by unspoken words.

As they fared forth on their return voyage, Joseph, slowly withdrawing his lingering gaze from the alien craft, remarked:

"So that 'ere 's a he boat, is 't? Wal, I swan I can't make aout haow on airth a feller's agoin' tu tell which 'f m't'other. I ruther guess 'at boats is julluk fish; the he ones an' the she ones looks jest alike tu the onedicated, or'nary eyes; seems 's 'ough that must be the way on't."

When they were at home again—for so they at once began to call their temporary abiding place—they fell to picking their ducks—a task whereof many hands made light work—beguiled by Sam's and Antoine's relation of the circumstances of the day's incidents.

"Naow," said Sam, laying apart a couple of the finest ducks, "if the hain't no objection, I b'lieve I'll take them 'ere up tu Mr. Bartlett. There's more'n we c'n use anyway. Mebb'y it 'll be kinder late afore I git back, but you needn't tew, if it's dark fust, on'y jest set aout the lantern tu one o' the landin's." There being no demur he embarked at once on this mission. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—VI.

Hard Sledding.

WE were to have a taste of trappers' transportation in our journey from Laura Lake over to Buckatabon. The trail was new to all of us, and none too good at its best. Joe and Mr. Saynor found it hard sledding with the heavily loaded toboggan, and I know my pack got heavy before we found a place to set it down under anything but a tree. We thought it was about eight miles, not more, to Buckatabon Lake, but we lost our way and went wandering away above the head of the lake over a logging road. We must have traveled ten or twelve miles at least before we found out where we were. This we ascertained at a logging camp to which our road led us. At the camp we got a hearty meal and soon made the mile and a half over to the head of the lake. Here we had good hauling on the ice and so Mr. Saynor left us, seeing that Joe and I could make the rest of the distance in time to get into camp that evening.

A Second-hand Camp.

Joe Blair and I pushed on as fast as we could across Buckatabon Lake, going through the narrows which divides that lake into two bodies of water. Straight ahead of us on the distant shore, some three miles perhaps from the point where we took the ice, we saw the log building of an old lumbering camp, and this we determined to look into; for though the country we wished to trap in was still six miles beyond, and though we had tent, stove and every means of making camp, we knew the comforts of a log camp were not to be despised in weather such as we were apt to have.

We found our deserted house a rude log building of two rooms and plenty of ventilation. One room looked like a stable, and this we knew to have been that occupied as dormitory by the lumber hands. This we avoided, and set up our home in the room that had been the dining hall. Here the cook had left behind him the frame of a bunk which he had occupied. There was also an empty pork barrel, and a few boards, nailed together, but hingeless, had obviously posed as a door. It was easy to see that we had right at hand all the ingredients of a comfortable winter camp, much better than we could make out of a tent in the snow. We promptly turned up the pork barrel and put our sheet-iron stove on top of it, so that the pipe would reach up beyond the roof. We found a prop for the door, unearthed a bench for a table, and made a very fine easy chair out of some hay wire and a half barrel which had been left lying about. Then Joe went down to the lake to chop a hole through 3ft. of ice, so we could have a well, and I went out after pine boughs for the bed. Before dark we had everything easy and comfortable. To be sure, owing to the exalted position of the stove on top of the barrel one had to stand on his head to warm his feet, but this could be managed. And Joe baked some adorable flapjacks. And we had beans and meat and coffee—Joe was one of the few woodsmen I ever knew who did not care for tea. We had plenty of blankets and passed a comfortable night, dividing our quarters with a family of skunks which had located under the floor before we came. That afternoon there was a "double sun." At night the Northern lights danced and played long and brilliantly. From far across the lake came the vague but thunderous rumbling of the ice, that singular and sinister sound known

only to the winter wilderness-goer. Surely we were in a very wild and wintry scene. The thermometer must have been far below zero that night. In the morning our blankets were white with long spires of frost.

Exploring the Country.

On our way between Laura and Buckatabon lakes we had seen a great deal of fur sign, and we thought one bear trail, to say nothing of dozens of deer trails, which we didn't want. We did not stop, however, to put out any traps there. Joe had heard, in that strange way in which news travels in the wilderness, that there were some otter working along a spring creek that ran into the Wisconsin River a few miles from Buckatabon Lake. The country was described to him as a good one for other fur also. This was the country we were bound for and to reach which we had made a journey of between thirty or forty miles in all. I describe this journey at length in order to supplement the trapping story. In the Turtle waters trip, with Buck and Brandis, we saw the work of running the lines of traps after they were laid out. Here with Joe Blair I saw perfectly the method necessary for the trapper in going into new country, exploring it and laying out his traps. In some ways this was even more interesting than the first half of the trip—which chronologically ought to have been the second half. In Joe Blair I found probably as good a trapper as there is in that country, a man devoted to the woods life and skillful in the ways pertaining to it. The FOREST AND STREAM luck held all through this trip, as it always does, so that only the best sort of men were met, good at their business, and pleasant in telling of it and showing it to the stranger and visitor.

We had only "grub" enough for about a week, and it was resolved to put in most of the time in exploring the new country, setting out a few traps, but not expecting to take much fur. As Joe would be obliged to return home for more "grub" in so short a time, and as my own trip would then be at an end, we wanted most especially to set traps, not to run them.

Plenty of Sign.

It was a nipping air on the morning of our first day at Buckatabon camp, but we set out clad as lightly as possible, knowing what heavy clothing means on a long steady tramp. We did not know where our spring creek was except by the compass, but we figured that if we should go straight north for six miles we must surely strike it. Then if we went due east we must strike the Wisconsin River, and if we went down that stream we must find the mouth of the creek which flowed out of Buckatabon River, up which to our camp could not be over four or five miles; so that our day's voyaging would not take us over more than 15 or 20 miles at most. Our courage was of sturdy pork and beans sort as we started out and went clumping off through the woods on the showshoes. It was a lovely day, bright and clear. We saw some crows and some eagles. We also saw a dead horse, which pleased Joe very much, for he thought a bear would probably come to it in the spring. "A bear moves around everywhere when he first comes out of his hole," said Joe, "and if there is a bear anywhere near a dead horse, he is bound to come to the horse. I am glad the lumbermen left this one here."

About four miles from our camp we got into a dense spruce thicket, and here we began to see a great deal of sign—fox, fisher and lynx. We also started deer, and saw plainly where four wolves had been following a deer trail. There was more sign on this little bit of country than I saw on three times its size elsewhere. I impatiently wondered why Joe did not go to scattering out traps, but he did not. He took it slow and easy, carefully studying all he saw, but not saying much. He wanted first to go over the country well and see what fur it showed, and also—a very wise and important precaution—to learn whether anyone else was trapping there.

Felis Catus.

Later on we did find some traps, set by a sort of amateur at a logging camp which we discovered later. Joe expressed much contempt for this trapper's skill, but we kept off of the stream where he was trapping. In one of his traps, set for an otter under an old logging dam, we found an enormous black house cat, fast by the front foot and suffering very much. This cat fought worse than a lynx, but we set it free, whereupon it hid beneath the timbers of the dam. These domestic cats are often left behind when logging camps break up and move away, and they then become practically wild animals. I rather coveted this fellow's black hide, but could not bear to kill it, and moreover Joe said that would not do, as it was caught in another trapper's trap. He thought we ought to leave the cat in the trap where it was, but to this I could not consent, so we left a note in the trap instead—which I suppose some French-Canadian pondered over vainly later on. Then we departed, anathematizing people who took up a good otter stream, and caught cats instead of otter.

Good Otter Country.

Beyond any doubt we had found our otter country. We were walking slowly along through the heavy thicket mentioned above when all at once Joe stopped and gave vent to a low exclamation. I saw him looking at a trail in the snow, which looked as though an animal had dragged something along with it as it traveled. At first I thought a fox had been pulling a bird or piece of meat along, but I could see the trail lay in two lines, that the feet were roundish, and that the drag lay between the foot tracks.

"Here's your ctter," said Joe, "and he's a good one. Yes, an otter always makes this sort of a trail, at least part of the time. He's a funny critter. He don't walk on the snow or ice, he just sort of skates about half the time. He will walk a while, and then he will double his forelegs back under him, and skate himself along on his belly, pushing with his hindlegs. See, he will go a long way in that fashion, never once standing up straight on his legs. Yet he will travel for miles, and go fast too. You don't see any shyer or wilder animal than an otter, and if he takes a notion things are not just right, he'll travel plumb off out of the country. This sign is fresh—see his toe nails—and I shouldn't wonder if we found him in here yet somewhere."

Along the Trail.

Now began one of the most exciting little hunts I ever had. We followed our otter into the densest part of the almost impenetrable swamp. He took us to the little

spring creek. He went into the creek, and came out of the creek, and crossed the creek, and traveled along the creek on top of the ice or underneath, just as he pleased. He met another otter, and they journeyed widely through the forest. He started off for the Wisconsin River, and then turned back and led straight away in the direction from which we had come. Seeing this, we abandoned him, and set on further into the wilderness, which now lay ahead of us—heavy thickets of tamarack, cedar and spruce, with boggy places showing springs near by. Joe still would not put out a trap.

We found the Wisconsin River a small stream here, not over 40 to 60 ft. in width, and crossed by a series of dams about two miles apart. We went up the river and found a big spring creek with plenty of otter sign along it. All along the main river, too, we found otter slides, and in several places saw their breathing holes. Joe said he had hardly ever seen a better chance for otter. He thought there were six or eight at least in the neighborhood, and that they had not been disturbed. And still I importuned him to put out traps; and still he wouldn't do it, but calmly wandered on, a little further and a little further, not in the least excited over the prospect which set me very much a-tingle with eagerness. For the small fry like lynx, fox and marten he had no eyes at all. I think Joe would rather trap otter than anything else. It brings more money than almost anything else, and it takes fewer traps. And surely it is an interesting game to play at.

An Artistic Otter Set.

This, then, is what a good and wary old trapper does on going into a new country. He establishes his camp. He gets in his supplies. He studies his region carefully and thoroughly. Then he begins to put out his traps, not promiscuously, but sparingly, carefully. I shall not weary readers with descriptions of our several days of wanderings over that wilderness of swamps and forests while we were learning the Buckatabon country, but will tell the method employed by Joe Blair in setting an otter trap, which, as I first witnessed it, was one of the most interesting little operations I ever saw.

We had seen some otter slides on the river near where our cat trapper was operating. At an open place in the river, where an otter had been going into the water, this man had set a trap, leaving the pole to which it was fastened sticking up by the bank. At seeing this, Joe gave a snort of professional contempt.

"That fellow won't catch an otter in a hundred years," said he. "See how old that sign is? Well, all the otter had to do was to take a look at that pole planted there, and that satisfied him. He left for somewhere else. An otter can take a hint, I expect. Now, you come along with me and I'll show you how to set a trap right!"

We went back down the river about three or four miles, away from the cat trapper's field, to a point we had noticed before, where a big spring emptied by a short channel into the river. The spring-hole was open for about 30 ft. square, though it was very shallow. The little stream of water flowing from it was also open clear down to the edge of the ice on the river. In the angle formed by the river and the rivulet there was a big snowdrift, and down this, about 15 ft. in length, an otter had indulged the odd fancy of his race, and laid him out a fine toboggan slide. The slide ended in the shallow open water of the little stream. Evidently the otter came out from under the ice of the river by way of this little warm water tunnel. He climbed up the bank where the water was not a foot deep, and when he got enough of sliding he went back the way he came, into the water of the river, where he no doubt did his day's work at fishing.

The slide was perfectly fresh and plain, and it looked the easiest thing in the world to bury a trap in the snow on the slide, catch the otter, skin him and get \$10 for him. So say the advices of some manuals. But Joe did not set his trap the way any book says it should be done.

In the first place he never went near the spot where the otter was working. We laid off our packs 50 yds. from the spring. Then Joe went 25 yds. further yet into the woods to cut his poles—two of them, though I could not see why he needed two or why he went so far to get them.

"You don't want any twigs, chips or choppings around where you're trying to catch an otter," said he. "He has the sharpest nose and eyes on earth. Always get your poles from a place out of sight and smell of the trap."

But Joe had two poles, evidently. I was silent, but watched closely. He took one long pole, about 15 ft. long, and standing away off from the spot began prodding around in the bottom of the spring rivulet. This I saw was to learn what kind of bottom it had, so he could tell how far he would have to drive down his trap stake. He thought it would have to go down about 5 ft. in this soft mud before it would be firm enough to hold so strong an animal as an otter.

Joe next went away from the hole and fixed his trap fast to the other pole. This he did by driving the ring up along the pole, from the small end, until the ring was jammed fast. This was, thanks to his judgment, about 4 ft. from the small end. Then, to my great surprise and curiosity, he proceeded to cut with his axe, squarely across the pole, at a point about 2 in. above where the ring was stopped. He didn't cut the pole off and he didn't leave it on, and I thought he must be crazy. But he didn't say anything, only just cut about one-third through on each side, and left one-third solid just above the ring of the chain.

Joe now took both poles, and we went over to the otter slide. Handing me the cut one with the trap fastened to it, he took the other and began to stir around in the mud about a foot or two from the bottom of the slide, between the slide and the river. He made a nice bed for the trap in the bottom of the creek, where the water was only about 5 in. deep. Into this bed he dropped the trap, handling it all the time deftly, at the end of the pole, and settling it with the pole. He never got closer than 8 or 10 ft. of the water, but worked with the pole.

Now I saw the reason of the cut in the trap pole. Standing off the full length of the pole, Joe drove down the sharpened end into the mud until the trap ring and part of the chain were sunk down with the descending pole, the mysterious cut place on the pole being thus about a foot below the bottom of the water. The sunken end of the pole was now quite firm. Still standing back 10 ft. from the bank, Joe now worked the free end of pole

back and forth. There was a submerged crack, and off broke the pole at that cut place, a foot below the water. So there was the trap held fast by an invisible post, hidden entirely by a man who had never come within 10 ft. of touching the post.

This was pretty good, but it was not all. Joe carefully carried away his pieces of pole, and warning me not to expectorate anywhere near the trap, went away into the woods again. He came back with four long willow wands, a little thicker than a lead pencil. He leaned out and thrust one down into the mud at each corner of the trap. Then he worked them back and forth, and I perceived that each had been cut precisely like the trappole, for each broke off just below the surface of the water this time, and about 2 or 3 in. above the jaws of the trap. And again I wondered, for this I had read in no book.

"Old Mr. Otter comes a-crawling and a-swimming along up this run, out from under the ice of the river. The run isn't going to freeze over, you see, so he comes here to play. He is bound to come through this narrow place where the trap is. He's half walking and half floating when he gets there, and he feels a little stick or snag sort of stick him on the breast, you see—one of these we've put up around the trap. When this stick touches him as he moves along, he just drops down a paw, instinctive-like, to get a foothold, so he brushes over the top of the stick which is in his way. He drops that foot down, of course, and pop! the trap's got him. An' then," said Joe, after a pause, "I guess they's goin' to be the biggest circus right here for a while there ever was in this spring hole."

"Now, is your trap all done?" said Joe, after I had seen in my mind's eye the full meaning of this unique, crafty and deadly contrivance of the twigs. I told him I supposed it was. Joe snorted again.

"You'd catch an otter in about a hundred years," said he. "It ain't near done."

So now he took his long pole again and began very softly to stir about in the bottom of the run. There was



OUR CAMP AT BUCKATABON LAKE.

a lot of green, slimy moss along this spring water, and among this moss Joe stirred softly, not jabbing holes in the mud, and not tearing loose any large pieces of the mossy slime. He stirred softly, slowly, until some of the green stuff floated in the sluggish current, which was only a few inches deep. The current carried it down over the trap, and a touch of the pole draped each fresh-cut twig until it looked like a clot of slime. The chain disappeared. The trap disappeared. The outlines of the bottom of the tiny pool were as they had been. Not a splinter had been broken from the snow crust where it overhung the water. Not a footprint was within two paces of the bank. Not a shaving, not a twig, not a scrap of tobacco or of pipe ashes was near. Not the least sign or scent of the human agency was at the water's edge. Apparently the calm of nature had not been disturbed in any way. Yet man, the cunningest and most tireless, the fiercest and most insatiate of all beasts of prey, had been there. I did not like to think of that bitter, solitary, hopeless struggle, out there in the winter wilderness, which all this meant—that struggle in which the jaws of steel would not relent nor relax, and which could end only in the death of a creature beautiful and cunning—too beautiful, but not cunning enough to live.

But this was trapping. And though we read and travel much, you shall never see described and I shall never see executed, I am sure, a finer piece of trapper's art than this shallow-water otter set of Joe Blair's. It was successful. After I had returned to the city Joe wrote me that he had taken two otter. He also later trapped two bears. So it may be seen that our winter journey of exploration into the Buckatabon wilderness was not without results.

Incident and Accident.

We set only a few traps for otter during our stay, and did not put out any at the deep spring holes, such as are recommended by most of the authorities on trapping, Joe seeming to prefer the shallower creeks where the otters were at that time working. I recall that we put one trap right in the middle of an open reach of a little creek up and down which the otter were traveling quite often. This trap was set with the same carefulness that I have above described, its location being decided upon because there was a broken limb lying in the water there, around which the otter would crawl if he came through that way. No bait was used at any of the otter traps. I felt when I left that region that I knew something about trapping otter, and question whether one could well find a better teacher than Joe Blair.

Nothing of great interest happened during our wanderings through the region about Buckatabon, except that one day Joe broke through the ice on the Wisconsin River and fell in up to his waist. We were then about four miles from camp, and made a hurried march home, though fortunately it was not very cold that day. Joe was not hurt by the accident and did not even freeze his toes.

When we left our camp on Buckatabon Lake Joe made a cache of his tent, some of his blankets, and such of his stuff as he would not need to take along, hiding it out in the woods against his return. We therefore had a light load for our toboggan when we started for the railroad and made good time to the first lumber camp. Here we got dinner and left our toboggan, taking up our load in the form of packs so that we could travel faster. We were directed to a short cut through the woods to Laura Lake, but our directions proved as usual confusing, and we went astray. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were all at sea in the big pine woods, with night almost at hand. Joe could not tell on which side of Laura Lake we were, the east or the west side. In either case, if we went on north past the lake, we might walk forty miles before coming to any place or any trail. This bid fair to be interesting for awhile—lost in the wilderness and all that sort of thing—but it was only a promise. We kept on north by the compass, and at last crossed a trail which we took to be that running between Star Lake and Laura Lake. Hazarding a guess we kept to the right and soon saw we were correct, as we raised Laura Lake in half an hour. We had gone quite beyond it and walked about three times as far on our "short cut" as we would have walked had we come back the way we went in. We camped on Laura Lake again in our deserted summer resort, and here we were met by Mr. Saynor, the "kid," and the kid's dog sledge express. After that it was easy to get back to Star Lake the next day, and at that point I took the train for Woodruff and so home to stay, saying good-by to Joe and Mr. Saynor at Star Lake, where they separated to go to their homes on Big St. Germaine and Plum lakes. It is now nearly a year since I left them, but I hear from them once in awhile, and often wish I were up there again on the snowshoes, breathing again the free air, enjoying again the free life of the followers of fur, and living in a "blanket camp" instead of a steam-heated house.

The Value of Fur.

Such are some of the methods of modern trappers. It will be noticed that in trapping, as in shooting, the general law of the day obtains—that of growing scarcity of the game and increasing difficulty in getting it in quantities. Good trapping ground is hard to find to-day. The trappers will go almost anywhere to get at it. Frank Brandis had been all through the Rainy Lake region of Minnesota looking after fur country. Old man Buck had trapped one season in Arkansas. Joe Blair was thinking of going out to Washington to try it there. Not one of them, however, said anything about giving up the trapper's life, and I presume all of them will follow the fur until it has grown still scarcer.

My lady may well value her furs. They mean lifetimes spent in solitude and in persistent effort under the hardest of conditions. Is it any wonder we admire furs so passionately? Is it wonder that when we see a handsome garment we fall to asking ourselves where the furs came from, how they were caught, who caught them and when? We admire these beautiful fabrics of nature because the look and the touch and the smell of them take us out of the houses and back into the wild free air again—back into that savagery of which we all have some left in us still, albeit embryonic or dwarfed or atrophied. I prefer to think we admire furs because through the touch, the look, the smell of them, we feel ourselves kin to the trapper, who is a man.

Deadfalls and Wooden Traps.

I have spoken heretofore of the use of steel traps in the pursuit of fur, but shall like to speak briefly on the making of a few of the wooden traps or deadfalls used by some trappers who do not have steel traps at hand. The deadfall has played quite a part in the capture of fur and can still upon occasion do so. For instance, my trapper, Joe Blair, depends largely upon deadfalls in taking bears, and as I have above stated, took two bears by this means after I left him. We built one bear deadfall, and it may be of interest to mention the method of its construction when speaking of other wooden traps. E. HOUGH.

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A BEAR HUNT IN THE SIERRAS.

A chapter from "Hunting in Many Lands," the second book of the Boone and Crockett Club.

A FEW years ago a friend and I were cruising for our amusement in California, with outfit of our own, consisting of three pack horses, two saddle animals, tent and camp furnishings. We had started from Los Angeles; had explored various out-of-the-way passes and valleys in the San Bernardino and San Rafael Mountains, taking care the while to keep our camp supplied with game; had killed deer and exceptionally fine antelope in the hills adjoining the Mojave Desert; had crossed the San Joaquin Valley and visited the Yosemite, where the good fortune of finding the Half Dome, with the Anderson rope, carried away by ice, gave us the opportunity for one delicious climb in replacing it.

Returning to Fresno, we had sold our ponies and ended our five months' jaunt. My friend had gone East, and I had accepted the invitation of a member of the Union Club in San Francisco, to whom I bore a letter of introduction, to accompany him upon a bear hunt in the Sierras. He explained to me that the limited extent of his ranch in the San Joaquin Valley—a meager and restricted demesne of only 7,000 acres, consisting of splendid pasturage and arable land—made it necessary for the sheep to look elsewhere than at home for sustenance during the summer months.

Many of the great ranches in the valley possessed prescriptive rights to pasturage over vast tracts in the high Sierras. These, although not recognized by the law, were at least ignored, and were sanctioned by custom. The land belonged to nobody—that is, it belonged to Uncle Sam, which, so far as a Texas or California stockman was concerned, amounted to exactly the same thing. The owner of such a right to pasturage zealously maintained his claim; and if, for any reason, he could not use it himself during a particular season, he formally gave his consent to some one else to enjoy the privilege in his stead. It was considered a gross violation of etiquette for a stockman to trespass upon that portion of the forest habitually used by other sheep. Such intrusions did occur, particularly upon the part of Mexicans with small flocks—"tramp sheep" they were called; but when the intruder was shot, small sympathy accompanied him to the grave, and the deep damnation of his taking off, in more senses

than one, served as a salutary reminder to other gentlemen with discourteous tendencies to maraud. The consequence of all this was that a big ranchman spoke of his summer range with the same sense of proprietorship and security of possession as of his alfalfa field or pits of ensilage.

We arrived at my friend's ranch in the evening, and the next morning but one were in the saddle and on our way—it having been arranged that the younger brother of my host was to take his place upon the hunt. As we were to arrive at the sheep-herders' camps on the fourth day from the ranch, no elaborate preparations were necessary; we took but a single animal for the pack, besides the horses we rode. A Mexican herder, Leonard, was the third member of the party—cook, packer, guide, general storehouse of information and jest. The first night we camped in the foot hills, in a grove of big-cone pines, curiously enough in the exact place where, a fortnight before, my friend Proctor and I had pitched our tent on the way from the Yosemite to Fresno, and which we had left without the slightest expectation, on the part of either, of ever seeing again.

Little of the journey to the mountains remains in my memory. We passed a great timber chute of astonishing length—twenty or forty miles, or something of the sort—down which timber is floated from the great pine and spruce forests to the railroad, with little trouble and at slight expense; the water being of commercial value for purposes of irrigation during the summer, and bringing a good price after it has fulfilled its special function as carrier. The drinking water for my friend's ranch was taken from this, a supply being drawn in the cool of the morning sufficient to last throughout the day, and most grateful we found it during sultry August days in a part of the country where ice is not to be procured.

Each of the four days of our journey we were climbing higher among the mountains into a thinner and more invigorating atmosphere. The days were hot so long as one remained exposed to the sun, but the shadows were cool and the nights most refreshing. Upon the last morning of our journey, crossing a mountain creek, my attention was called to a rude bridge, where had occurred a battle of the ranchmen upon the occasion of an attempted entry by a "tramp" owner with his flock into somebody's "summer range." The intruder was killed, and I believe in this particular instance the possessor of the unwritten right of exclusive pasturage upon Government land found the laws of California awkward to deal with; not so deadly, it may be, as a six-shooter, but expensive and discouraging to quiet pastoral methods.

Another point of interest was Rattlesnake Rock, which we rounded upon the trail. This was a spot peculiarly sheltered and favored by the winds, the warmest corner that snakes wot of, and here they assemble for their winter's sleep. In the mild days of early spring, when the rest of the world is still frozen and forbidden, this one little nook, catching all the sun, is thawed and genial. From beneath the ledge crawl forth into the warmth great stores of rattlers, big and little. Coming out from the Yosemite Valley, I had killed one quite 4ft. in length and of exactly the same girth as my wrist, which I was assured was not at all an extraordinary size for them "in these parts." Near this rock, in an unfeeling manner, I shot the head off another big one, and he will no longer attend the yearly meeting of his kind at Rattlesnake Rock.

Upon this stage of our journey we met no one, yet the noble forest of spruce through which we were traveling bore only too plainly the signs of man's presence in the past, and of his injurious disregard of the future. Everywhere were the traces of fire. The trees of the Sierras, at the elevation at which we were—an altitude of 8,000 or 10,000ft.—grow more sparsely than in any forest to which we were accustomed in the East. Their dry and unpaved spaces seem like heaven to the hunter familiar only with the tangled and perplexing undergrowth of the "North Woods," where the midday shadow, the thick underbrush, the uneven and wet, mossy surface, except upon some remote hardwood ridge, are the unvarying characteristics. In the Rocky Mountains, and that part of the Sierras with which I am familiar, it is quite different. In California the trees do not crowd and jostle one another, but have regard for the sacredness of the person so far as the mutual relation of one and all are concerned. Broad patches of sunshine beneath the trees encourage the growth of rich grasses, none so sweet as those which are found at a great altitude; and, although the prevailing tint under foot is that of the reddish earth, tufts of succulent food abound sufficient to repay the sheep for cruising everywhere, while occasional glades furnish the most delicious and abundant pasturage. As in every forest, the processes of nature are slow—it takes a long time for the dead past to bury its dead. On every side lie fallen trees; and a generation of rain and snow, sunshine and wind and tempest, must elapse before these are rotted away and by the enrichment of the soil can furnish nourishment and life to their progeny and successors. Naturally these trees are a hindrance and annoyance to the sheep-herder; they separate his flock and greatly increase his labors. The land is not even his master's, whose one idea is temporary gain; hence there is no restraining influence whatever for their preservation. "So long as it lasts my lifetime, what matter?" is the prevailing sentiment.

As there is no rain during the summer months, the fallen trees become perfectly dry; a handful of lighted twigs is all that is required to set fire to them, when they blaze or smoulder until consumed. Owing to the absence of underbrush forest fires are far less common than would be expected, but of course the soil is impoverished by the deprivation of its natural enrichment, the decaying wood, and the centuries to come will there, as well nigh everywhere in our country, point the finger of scorn at our spendthrift forestry.

Although this is the chief economic injury, the beauty of the woods is sadly marred; all large game is frightened away except the bear, which is half human and half hog in his methods, and minds it not at all—in fact, finds the presence of man perfectly intelligible, and his fat flocks a substantial addition to his own bill of fare. Leonard pointed out to us a certain mountain shrub, a rank poison to sheep. Every cluster of it in his range is known to the herder, who keeps the sheep in his charge at a safe distance. This is one of his important duties, for if a sheep eats of this plant he is a "goner."

In one particular the pasture of the high Sierras has greatly suffered. The ranchmen naturally wish to get the sheep off the home range as early in the spring as

possible—in fact, the last month there is one of starvation. The new crops have not yet grown; nothing remains standing of the old but a few dead stalks of weeds; the supply of alfalfa cut the year before has long since been exhausted, and, metaphorically speaking, the sheep and cattle have to dine, as the hungry Indian is said to do, by tightening his belt half a dozen holes and thinking of what he had to eat week before last. Only the weaklings die, however; the others become lean and restless, and as eager as their masters to start for the mountains. The journey supplies them with scant pickings, just enough to keep body and soul together, but morally it is a relief from the monotony of starvation at home, and they work their way stubbornly and expectantly up the mountains and into the forest as soon as the sun permits and anything has grown for them to eat. The consequence of this close grazing is that certain species of the grasses upon which they feed are never allowed to come to flower and mature their seed; hence those with a delicate root, the more strictly annual varieties, which rely upon seed for perpetuation of the plant, have a hard time of it. Where the sheep range, the wild timothy, for example—a dwarf variety and an excellent, sweet grass—has almost disappeared, although formerly it grew in abundance.

The forest glades through which we passed had the appearance of a closely-cropped pasture, as different as possible from the profusion of tall grasses and beautiful flowering plants which grow in similar openings untroubled by sheep. So far as the grasses are concerned—or "grass," by which, I take it, is ordinarily designated the foliage of the plant—I doubt if it is molested to any great extent by deer. Their diet is mainly the tender leaves of plants—"weeds" to the unscientific person. The heads of wild oats and of a few of the grasses might prove sufficiently sweet and tempting to arrest their fancy; but, as for grazing as sheep or cattle do, it is not their habit. When deer shall have come to trudge up hill in the plodding gait of the domestic beasts, and shall have abandoned their present method of ascending by a series of splendid springing leaps and bounds, the very embodiment of vigor and of wild activity, time enough then for them to take to munching grass, the sustenance of the harmless, necessary cow. At present they are most fastidious in their food, and select only the choicest, tenderest tips and sweetest tufts of herbage, picking them here and there, wandering and meditating as they eat. I will not say that they never touch grass, for I have seen deer feeding among cattle in the open, but it is not by any means the chief article of their diet, and when they partake of it under such circumstances, it is more as a gratification of their social instincts, I think, than from any particular love of the food itself.

A little before noon upon the fourth day, we arrived at one of the sheep camps, to which we had been directed by a stray herd, and where we were to find the foreman of the sheep gang. At that hour of the day there were naturally in camp but a few men. The cook was there, of course. His functions were simple enough—to make bread, tea, and boil mutton, or bake it in a Mexican oven beneath the coals. With him was the chief herder and a half-witted Portuguese, who upon the day following, in the plenitude of his zeal and mental deficiency, insisted upon offering himself as live bait for a grizzly, as will be narrated.

During the afternoon I strolled further up the mountain with my rifle, in the hope of a shot at a stray deer, and to have a look at the lay of the land. Bear tracks I saw and a little deer sign also, but it was too early in the day regularly to hunt. All nature nodded in the dozy glare of the August afternoon, and after the hot journey in the saddle I found a siesta under the clean spruce trees refreshing. Toward sunset I awoke to find a pine martin in a tree across the gulch reconnoitering, and evidently turning over in his mind the probabilities whether the big creature curled up on the hillside "forninst" him were of the cast of hunter or hunted. I soon brought him out of that, and upon my return to camp the hide was graciously accepted by the chief herder, who converted the head of it into a tobacco pouch with neatness and dispatch. At the evening meal there were good-natured references to *chile con oso*—bear's meat cooked with red peppers—regret expressed that the camp's larder could at present afford none, and expressions of confidence that this delicacy would soon beset before us—all most politely and comfortably insinuated. They had the gratification of their desire; it was on the next day but one.

That night there was a great jabbering of bad Spanish around the camp-fire. Had this been the rendezvous of Sicilian brigands, it doubtless would have a slightly more picturesque appearance, but the difference would have been only of degree, not at all of kind. The absence of rain made tents unnecessary. Piles of bedding, of cooking and riding equipment, defined the encampment. Around the fire a dozen Mexicans clustered, of whom, except the chief herder and Leonard, not one spoke English. They wore the broad hats of their race, and were arrayed for protection against the cool night winds of the Sierras in old and shabby cloaks, some of which had been originally bright in color, but now were subdued by age and dirt into comfortable harmony with the quiet tones of the mountain and the forest. Old quilts and sheepskins carpeted a small place where we had been invited to seat ourselves upon our arrival. Then, as throughout our stay, every possible mark of hospitality was shown us—a delicious, faint survival of Castilian courtesy.

Long after I had turned in, somewhere in the dead vast and middle of the night, I was aroused by the sound of scurry and scampering among the bunch of sheep which was rounded up near the camp. Experience has taught these creatures to efface themselves at night, and they are only too glad to sleep quietly, as near as possible to humans, with no disposition to wander after dark. They realize their danger from bears, yet the protection which a Mexican affords is a purely imaginary thing, as unsubstantial as the baseless fabric of a vision, of as little real substance for the protection of the flock as the dream of mutton stew and fat bear, by no means a baseless fabric, which engrosses the sleeping shepherd, body and mind. The disturbance upon this occasion soon subsided. One and another of the shepherds sleepily moved in his blankets—perhaps swore to himself a hurried prayer or two—but not one of them spoke aloud or indicated the slightest intention of investigating the cause of the commotion. Only too well they and the sheep knew what it signified. Quiet reigned again, and, attaching no importance to the incident, I was promptly asleep.

In the morning I learned that the disturbing cause had been the charge of a grizzly into the flock within a stone's throw of us, a sound too familiar to occasion comment at the time. There were the tracks, to leeward of the sheep, of a she grizzly and two cubs. Their approach had been without a sound; not the snap of a twig, or the faintest footfall, had given any signal of their presence. The mother had critically overhauled the flock in her mind from a slight rise of ground, on a level with their backs or slightly higher, and made deliberate choice of a fat wether, having a discriminating eye, and being too good a judge of sheep flesh to take any but such as are in prime condition. A single quick rush and she has secured her victim, in an instant, before the rest are fairly upon their feet, and is off, carrying the sheep in her mouth as easily as a cat would her kitten, her delighted cubs trotting behind. Every two or three nights this occurrence was repeated, with no interference upon the part of the Mexicans. "What reck's it them?" "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." On the contrary, the bears are. As for the Mexicans, they have "lost no bear!" To have seen the intruder would have been only a gratuitous anxiety, since nothing in the world would have tempted them to fire at it. Should they risk life and limb for a sheep? and that the *patron's*, who had so many! It was not their quarrel! The charge of the grizzly was a thing as much to be accepted as an incident of the Sierras as the thunderbolt—equally dangerous to him who should interfere as the lightning stroke to one daring to interpose his rifle between the angry heavens and the fore-doomed tree.

We may feel sure that the lesson is not lost upon the cubs. They are taught energy, sagacity, craft in maturing their plans, courage and promptness in their execution. They are taught reverence for the ursine genius, unbounded admiration for their mother's leadership and steadiness of nerve, at the same time they are taught contempt for the stupidity of sheep and the pusillanimity of humans. It may be that an apologist for the latter might find a word to mitigate their too severe sentence. A she grizzly of the Sierras, at night, with hungry cubs to feed, is not an altogether pleasant thing to face when infuriated by wounds, none of which may be bad enough to cripple her, yet combined are amply sufficient to make her pretty cross and dangerous. The Mexican is a poor shot, but what can you expect? His vocation is a humble one. Were he of more positive and determined temperament, he would be a *vagüero* of the plains, or *boyero* (*Anglicè* "bull-whacker") on the Santa Fe trail or down in old Mexico; and not the dry nurse of these "woolly idiots," in whose race, for innumerable centuries, man has elaborately cultivated stupidity, and, by systematic process of artificial selection, has faithfully eliminated every sign of insubordination and the last trace of individuality of temperament, and that which in our race is called character. No native-born white man in this country can be induced to follow, for any length of time, the vocation of shepherd. The deadly monotony of the occupation drives him either to imbecility or desperation. It is well known that men who habitually care for any animal come in time to resemble him. Stable boys, bred to the vocation of groom, become horse-faced and equine of disposition, eventually they wheeze and whistle like a curry-comb. Cowboys partake of the scatter-brained recklessness of the Texas steer which they tend. No one can admit dogs to be daily and familiar companions without absorbing into his system somewhat of their sense of humor and faithfulness. The lion-tamer, who enters unscathed the den of his charge, must share the robustious courage and determination of the beast with which he associates. The rat-catcher, whether he be ferret or man, partakes of the fierce slyness of the game he follows; and I remember that, years ago, before I ever heard mention of this peculiarity of resemblance, I could detect, plainly writ in the face of the attendant of "Mr. Crowley," when he was kept in the old arsenal building in Central Park, the reflected temperament and animalism of the poor, indolent, captive chimpanzee, whose fellow and all too sympathetic friend he had made himself. Naturalists are well aware of this phenomenon.

If this be so, and stupidity catching, what more potent influence of fatty degeneration of the intellect could there be than the uninterrupted society of sheep, with nothing in the world to think of except their care—without even the stimulating influence of gain to redeem the paralyzing service. The sheep are not their own, and if the bears eat them up the keepers do not feel the stimulating ache in their money-pocket that might tempt them, however feebly, to resist aggression. Moreover, as a rule, they are wretchedly armed. Each of these men carried an old six-shooter of an outlandish and forgotten pattern, good enough to try a chance shot at another Mexican with, but only a source of more or less pleasurable titillation to a bear, were one ever to be discharged at him, and about as effective as pelting an alligator with strawberries. If the last stage of misery for a horse be to drag, along its rigid road of stone and iron, the city horse-car with its thankless freight of fares, the corresponding degradation of the "gun" is to rest upon the hip of a degenerate sheep-herder, half Spaniard, half Indian and half coyote. Any self-respecting weapon reduced to such straits would be conscious of its low estate; its magazine would revolve in a creaky, half-hearted reluctant fashion; it would doubtless fire an apologetic bullet; its report would be something between "scat" and "beg your pardon," to which a bear would pay but slight heed. Others of the Mexicans were armed with old muskets, somewhat rusty and ramshackly, but with a furry longitudinal perforation throughout their length, along which—it could not creditably be called a bore—a ball could after a fashion, if you gave it time enough, be propelled. Leonard was exceptionally fortunate in this respect; he carried an old rim-fire .44-40 Winchester, the action of which occasionally worked and occasionally did not. Comparatively speaking, he was rather a swell in the matter of firearms; but if one should put his trust in him in case of emergency as a sheet anchor to windward, there was always the remote possibility, were the strain too intense, that he might not be a dependence of absolute security.

The afternoon of this day, much against my real inclination, but in accordance with the prevailing desire, we started out, the whole rabble of us, to follow the she grizzly's trail. It could not be called a "still-hunt," for the reason that six men hunting in a pack are never still; however, it did not matter. We found in a neighboring gulch bits of the fleece, bones and hides of three sheep, and the sufficiently plain evidence upon the trampled and bloody ground of recent feasts. Yet this was the ban-

quieting hall, and not the children's nursery. A bear thinks nothing of a little stroll of ten miles or so before or after eating. It aids his digestion, and in case of a female, as this was, wards off an attack of the nerves. Particularly a bear with cubs would put at least that distance between herself and hunters. Moreover, they are so clever that I doubt not this one knew already by scent and subtle process of ratiocination how many of us there were in camp, where we were from, the color of our hair, what sort of rifles we carried, their caliber, how heavy a bullet and how many grains of powder they fired. This is said in the light of after events and of further experience.

That afternoon, in our unjustifiably sanguine forecast, we had hopes of finding this particular bear. The half-witted "Portugee," of whom I have spoken, showed especial zeal in the presence of the *patron*, and insisted, in spite of mild and repeated caution, in going ahead and scrupulously investigating every possible ambuscade where there was the remotest chance of finding the bear, or, which was more likely, of the bear finding him. In consideration of the fact that this was a she one which we were after, that she was proud and well fed, and on the lookout for pursuit, had the "Portugee" found her, she would in all probability have received his visit with cordial warmth. Not speaking his tongue fluently, I was unable to express my solicitude except by signs and admonitory gestures. The rest of the party apparently seemed to think that while the bear was interested and occupied with him, a good opportunity would be offered for getting in a shot; and as Portuguese were a drug in the market in that part of California, and grizzly bears, dead, a great rarity, he was suffered to contribute his mite to the success of *la chasse*, and all went merrily. Not a thicket or a den did he leave unprobed.

An hour or two were spent in beating up the gulch to its head. Then a barren mountain side presented itself, three or four miles of it, with no shelter. Leonard ran the trail here like a dog, literally ran it, and the pack of hunters tailed behind him for a half or three-quarters of a mile. A bit before sundown we were at the edge of the chaparral—a tangle of bushes and quaking asp—rather a baddish place in which to stumble upon her serene highness. However, my companions did me the honor to promote me to the "Portugee's" place and function. With rifle across the crook of arm, we stole as silently as might be—the United States army would have made more noise—into the jungle. Sunset overtook us up on the far edge with a stretch of open forest in sight, and, I doubt not, with Madam Bruin and her cubs miles ahead in some inaccessible snarl of bushes, where the crackling underbrush would warn her of approach as fully as could the most complete system of burglar alarms.

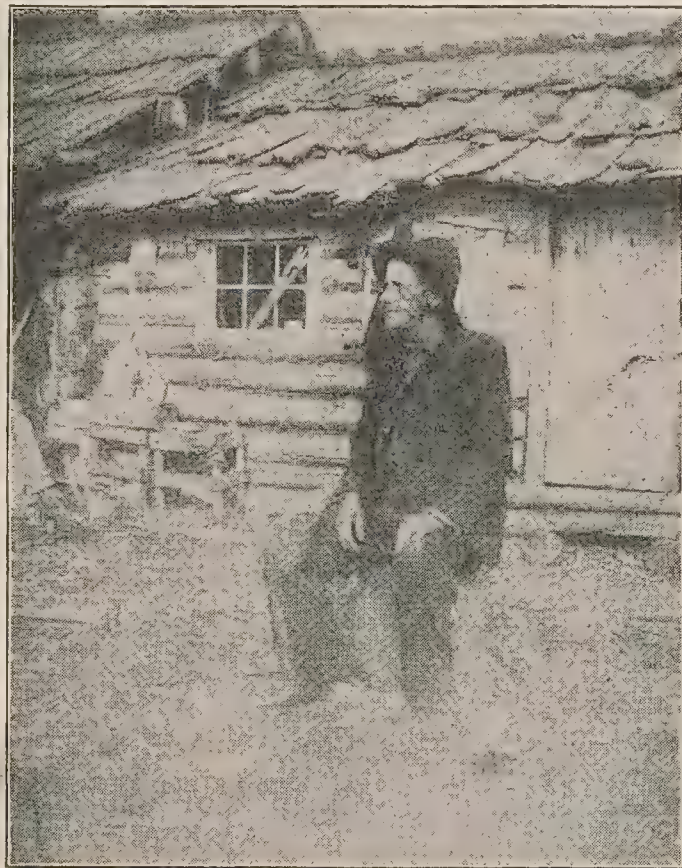
That night, leaving word that whoever might be the first to stir in the morning should call me, I unrolled my blankets under a spruce somewhat apart from the crowd and was soon asleep. Before daylight I was astir, had a cup of coffee and a bite, and was off. Upon the previous afternoon I had picked the direction I would take, which was to skirt certain openings in the forest below. Fresh sign I saw that assured me of the excellence of the range for bear, but I encountered nothing alive worth powder and ball, and returned to camp about 9 o'clock. I was greeted by Leonard with the joyful news that during my absence he had seen from camp a big bear cross the side of the mountain only a mile or so away, and disappear over the ridge. This happened about 7 o'clock. The chief herder and my companion received the information somewhat in a spirit of respectful incredulity, but Leonard assured me that it was so, and we made preparations to follow the trail toward night. Meanwhile I breakfasted and slept.

We left camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and without the slightest difficulty found the beast's trail exactly where the Mexican had said we should. Before this time I had killed an odd bear or so in Colorado, and had had some little experience in unraveling the trail of game. It may be rather priding myself upon the accomplishment, but let me here acknowledge the superiority of professional talent. Leonard, to all intents and purposes, had been born and raised on a sheep range. His earliest recollections had been of the sheep camps of the Sierras, of the arch-enemy of the flock and of the havoc which he works. From infancy he, like all the herders, had been constantly upon the lookout for bear sign; it was his one keenest intellectual accomplishment and diversion. The result of this special training was such an acuteness of vision and nice discrimination of eye that he could clearly distinguish a bear's footprints upon the naked sand and gravel where at a quick glance I was unable to see any indication whatever. A single grain of sand displaced was sufficient to arrest his eye; he detected it instantly. To him the minutest particle had its weather-beaten side as well as a boulder. A bear could not put his foot upon the ground without leaving an impress which he could detect. His talent was so quick and unerring that we soon organized a division of labor. He was to concentrate his energies and attention upon the trail, while I, by his side or a step in advance, when the trail read itself and permitted such a course, was to watch ahead and around for both of us. Fortunately this arrangement was satisfactory to him. The hardest of the trail to decipher was where it was written in condensed short-hand across a mountain slide or *coulisse* of naked granite boulders. Here not one trace was to be found in a dozen yards. Fortunately we could trust in the genius of the bear; he was aware, as well as La Place, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. He undoubtedly knew exactly where he was heading. We had his general direction, and by beating about for a tuft of grass here with a blade displaced, a stray gooseberry bush there with a leaf awry, and yonder a patch of thicker vegetation, betraying interference, we soon succeeded, owing mainly to Leonard's genius as a pathfinder, in getting through a couple of acres of this most vague and illegible pedography. At last we had the trail upon the mountain side once more, where, after such difficulties surmounted, following it was a comparative luxury.

After having proceeded in this manner for perhaps two hours, we entered timber, and were obliged to advance with greater caution to avoid the slightest sound which might betray our presence and give the alarm. With two men the risk of doing this is increased in geometrical ratio. One person alone, traveling through the woods, may, and almost certainly will, break an occasional twig under foot. If game is within hearing, the sound will inevitably be detected; the deer, if it be a deer, will lift

its head and listen; but if the hunter stops and waits for a time, the chances are that the animal will, after due interval of silence, resume his feeding if so engaged, or his rumination, be it physical or moral, and the alarm may not prove fatal. Not so when companions are hunting together. It would seem as if the second man, with dreadful promptness, never failed to snap his twig also, which sounds as loud as a pistol coming upon the strained attention of the listening beast, who is off like a streak, leaving the disappointed hunter, as he hears him crashing away, to moralize that company in the chase halves the pleasure and doubles the sorrow. The only safety where union is necessary is to proceed with exaggerated and fantastic caution.

Leonard was a treasure in this. He had dreamt of grizzlies all his life, yet had never been in at the death. His heart was in the hunt—he fairly sighed for gore. We crept into the woods as silent as panthers and as "purry" in the ardor of the chase. After a mile or so our bear had come to an immense fallen spruce, lying across the trail, with the big butt, 5 or 6 ft. in diameter, to our right, the top pointing up the hill. Over the middle of this, at right angles, lay another large tree, with the point toward us. I felt that behind the first of these, if I had been the original and unmolested settler in these parts, as the bear was, with all the world before me where to choose, I should have made the bed for my morning nap. It was long after daylight when he had reached this covert. He had doubtless been stirring soon after sunset the evening before; he had, it is not unlikely, been traveling all night; had feasted heartily upon a sheep during that interval, and by the time he reached this place, which may have been in his mind from the start, was feeling comfortably lazy and inclined to the refreshment of sleep. Behind that tree, so admirably suited for the purpose, I trusted that he might still remain. The big end would protect a cool space from the heat of the morning sun, and we might yet be so lucky as to find him in his lair beneath its shelter. A signal to Leonard was enough, and we proceeded to circle the fallen timber, which fortunately the wind permitted, with all the cau-



"THE LOST MAN" AGAIN.

tion of which we were capable. Had the gentleman we were after been our dearest friend at the crisis of a fever, we could not have tiptoed about his bed with more solicitude lest we disturb sweet slumber. The big tree lay in front of us; by this we crept at a respectful distance, and then approached the further end of the tree lying across it. With great care I sneaked up until I could look over its trunk at the desired point. Alas! no bear had made his nest there.

Scowfully, but without a sound, I crawled upon the intervening log and slowly stood erect. There, directly beneath me, where I could have jumped into it most comfortably, was the deserted form of the bear, which he had dug in the morning within an hour after Leonard had seen him, and in which the greater part of the day had been spent, until he had stirred abroad for water, with which to wash down the recollection of his muttons. Although ardently hoping that he was behind the tree, I had not in the least expected to find his bed in this particular place. Had he stayed quietly there until our arrival, he would have given one of us a delicious surprise, and the mutual agitation of the moment might have induced a shot with unpremeditated haste, and possibly have caused me to get off that fallen spruce tree in somewhat quicker time than I had climbed it. One naturally would not feel any keen desire to display his acrobatic skill in walking a log for the entertainment of an infuriated grizzly. A few hairs proclaimed him a cinnamon, who is either a variety of the grizzly or his first cousin—authorities differ; at all events, he closely resembles him except in color, which, although of a uniform light, fady brown, might be an extreme type of the "sorrel top" of the Rockies. In size the cinnamon fully holds his own with the grizzly; I should say that his head was rather longer. The generous excavation which this one had made showed that he was no mean representative of his species.

Not 20 yds. away, and near the end of the big tree where I had expected to find him, was a little spring. To this, still without a word, we proceeded, saw where he had stood to drink more than once, doubtless long and deep. To our left, in the soft earth, lay his retreating footsteps—a continuation of the general direction of his previous course. A moment's pause for closer scrutiny, a smile and a whispered word exchanged—just to show that we were not bored; then, respectful of the silence of the darkening woods, we were again upon the trail. It was now easy to see why he had left his lair; it faced the

west, and the heat of the afternoon sun had annoyed him, warmly clad and irritable with high living.

We had proceeded only about a stone's throw further when I caught a glimpse of our bear. Within twenty paces, under the shadow of a tree at the edge of a cool, umbrageous thicket, between him and the setting sun, lay the beast we were after; or, as I for a moment thought, judging from the great inchoate mass of brown fur, a pair, perhaps male and female, or one, it might be, a yearling cub. With finger lifted I signaled Leonard to stop. A great head was slowly raised and turned my way. A bullet between the eyes and down it went again, and I threw another cartridge into the chamber, expecting to see the second bear spring to his feet, ready to do whatever, in his judgment, the occasion required, either to fight or to run. Whichever he might elect to do, it was well to be prepared. "Give him another shot," said the prudent Leonard, and I fired a second time, sending this ball quattering and, like the first, through the brain; then I realized that there was but one, and he of creditable size. We soon had him out in the open; for nothing is easier to roll about than a bear just killed. He is like a great jelly-fish, and I have seen a little terrier no larger than a rabbit worry and shake a great carcass four times as large as the most commodious kennel he could desire, provided he were a sensible pup and had the comfortable instinct of wild things for snugness rather than ostentatious display. Enough of daylight remained for us to get his pelt off, with head and claws unskinned and attached, and to hurry over the mountain by moonlight with our trophy, a junk of rank meat for such as might desire it not forgotten.

We were cordially welcomed back to camp, and, after the usual pow-wow, the cook, with due formality, with Mexican *chile* and Spanish politeness, proceeded to concoct the boasted *chile con oso*—a much overrated dish when made of a tough old cinnamon bear. After I had turned in I heard much laughter, and subsequently learned that it was at an incident of the day. As we were starting out in the afternoon, and before we had struck the bear's trail, in order to avoid any possibility of a premature shot I had casually inquired of Leonard if he wished to earn five dollars.

"Certainly, Señor, I am always glad to get the chance."

"Well, don't snoot then until I give the word, and you shall have it."

This circumstance Leonard had innocently narrated to the group around the camp-fire in the fuller elaboration of the hunt, and the story had an immediate success, the idea seeming to prevail that nothing in the world could have tempted him to fire before he was compelled to—which, as a matter of fact, I think was only prudent on his part, considering the arms he bore.

The next morning, to the infinite enagrin of some of us, the younger *patron* discovered that his presence was required at home, where, if he was mildly chid by my friend, his elder brother, who in generosity to his junior had yielded his own place and the leadership of this expedition, I should not greatly grieve.

Upon the third day thereafter we regained the ranch.

ALDEN SAMPSON.

"THE LOST MAN" FOUND AGAIN.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of Dec. 14 Mr. Frederic Irland gives an account of "A Lost Man," and at the end of the article asks: "What do you suppose became of him?" Well, the Lord only knows where he is now, but we picked him up, lost again, on the Upper Millnoke Lake in the extreme northern part of Piscataquis county, Me., one evening in the middle of last September.

We were paddling down the northern shore of the lake, just after nightfall, on our way to the home camp on the lake below. Happening to look over to the further shore we saw a fire on the edge of the woods, looking very much like a camp-fire. Puzzled to know who could be camping in such a place, for the shore at that point is low and boggy, we paddled over to investigate. As we came nearer we looked in vain for any sign of a tent or other habitation. Only the fire was visible, crackling and blazing and running up the trunk of an old dead pine, at the foot of which it was built.

As we landed we heard some one say, "Hello, boys," and we came in sight of Mr. Irland's friend, huddled up in front of the fire. And a hard-looking specimen he was. Tattered and torn, dirty and unshaven, he wore the wreck of what had once been a pair of trousers (now held together by strings), and on his feet were moccasins covered with swamp mud. We asked him who he was, where he was going, where he came from, but received only vague and unintelligible answers. He was lost, he said, and wanted to be put on his course again, that was all; was on his way to Moosehead Lake to get work. A lady and two men had come along in a canoe that day and given him some food, promising to send for him later and take him down to camp. He had had nothing to eat for twelve days. Now Moosehead Lake is seventy-five miles away in an air line from where we were, and it seemed to us that the man must be a lunatic. Finally we agreed to take him aboard and bring him down to camp with us.

We were not sorry to arrive there, for a crazy man is not the most desirable company in a canoe on a lake, and dark at that. Well, from what we learned from the old man on the way down, and afterward at camp, his story is something like this: His name is Cairns; Mr. Irland has given an excellent description of him, and we inclose a photograph, taken by us at the camp.

He came up the road from Oakfield, on the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., to Oxbow, a settlement on the Aroostook River, intending to turn off part way up, taking the road leading westward to Patten, and to go from Patten by tote roads to Moosehead Lake. He took the wrong fork of the road and went on to Oxbow, and from there followed the Millnoke tote road to Millnoke Lake, where it ends. This road runs through the wilderness, and there are no houses on it. When the old man arrived at the lake, still thinking he was on his way to Moosehead, he struck off into the woods, hoping to find the road again. He had lost count of the days of the week, but as nearly as we could find out he had been wandering about that desolate, shaggy wilderness for two weeks. He had a little food with him at first, but it was soon exhausted, and for the last twelve days he had eaten nothing but what he picked up in the woods. He knew it was twelve days, he said, because he counted thirty-six meals he didn't have!

The poor old fellow was evidently nothing of a woodsman, and was utterly destitute; having neither knife, gun nor axe, blanket, compass nor matches. (He kindled the fire we saw with matches given him by the party who had found him that day.)

After his food was gone he ate bunch berries, frogs and four little dead fish he found on the shore of a pond. The old man said he cleaned the frogs with his fingers, but "had to eat 'em with the rind on."

Once as he drank from a pool he noticed that a red-topped grass growing in it "smelled good," and he plucked and ate it, finding it warm and spicy tasting, and it seemed to do him good. Poor old Nebuchadnezzar!

He came often on moose and deer; and how his poor empty belly must have hungered for their savory meat! Once he saw a cow moose and calf standing on the further side of a little brook not 20ft. off. He said pathetically, "I thought of a fellow *did* have a gun, which one would he shoot first?"

Again he saw "a monstrous bull moose a-thrashing round in the bushes, tell yer I didn't go any nigher *him*."

In his wanderings he had gone far to the westward among and around ponds and streams inaccessible by canoe, and to which no trails have been cut. We found this to be so by comparing his description of the country with Hubbard's map.

On his arrival at camp every one took a hand at examining and cross-questioning the old vagabond, and some of his answers were intelligent enough, as when, for instance, he was asked why he did not stay in one place, instead of wandering about in this way, he replied, "You be more book-learned than I be, but there's many things ter know outside books, and I like to stay in a neighborhood till I know all the folks there and find out all I can, then I go on to some other neighborhood."

After being fed and warmed he seemed more rational and coherent in his speech, and we finally made up our minds that the old man was sane enough.

His speech ran much on religion; his talk was steeped in it; and he sometimes expressed himself forcibly and well.

Perhaps somewhat simple-minded by nature, his thoughts had been turned to the mysteries of the invisible world, and, as you cannot put the universe into a pint cup, it was too much for him, and he paid little attention to the things of the visible world.

The singular thing about the man was his complete indifference to the privations he had undergone. He did not once complain of his sufferings by cold or hunger; indeed, it did not seem to occur to him that he had anything to complain about, and old, poor, without friends or family, a piece of mere human driftwood, he was perfectly happy and contented.

Only one thing troubled him; he was so hungry, he said, that he ate the food the lady gave him that day without first giving thanks to God!

Well, the old fellow stayed in camp a couple of days, then everybody chipped in and gave him some money, clothes and other things, and he was set across the lake with provisions for two days and started down the tote road to Oxbow. And as the old Norse sagas say, "So he goes out of the story."

F. W. P.
H. C. A.

CRUISE OF THE YACHT DUNGENESS.

In Two Parts—Part I.

THE sun was shining bright and warm as we weighed anchor and were off down the harbor of Fernandina, Florida, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1895. Our party consisted of six, with fifteen in the crew to direct and care for us. The destination was in a measure unknown, as both Florida's extensive coast line with its many harbors offered numerous havens, not to mention the Greater and Lesser Antilles, besides the Windward and Leeward Isles. The sea was smooth and the sun so warm we had the canvas stretched over the bridge and sat there all afternoon as we ran down the shore by Amelia Island and across the mouth of St. John's River to St. Augustine's light. A pilot, wired to meet us, was seen rowing out from shore and soon came on board. The channel, though buoyed, is winding and admits of only 12ft. over the bar; so we with our 9ft. glided safely over, and as night fell let go anchor off Castle San Marco or Ft. Marion. St. Augustine has not changed greatly in the last five years since first Mr. Flagler touched the sleeping city with a magic wand.

Who can fitly describe the beauty of the Ponce de Leon and its adjacent glories, the Cordova and Alcazar? As one walks about amid their beauties, visions of the Alhambra come to you; but saddest of sights was the destruction Jack Frost had wrought with his too magic wand. No money nor prayers seemed to stop his devastation there last winter, and in fact in all Florida. Where of yore roses bloomed along old walls and banana trees and palms reared their graceful limbs, now drooping black leaves tell their own story. But I will not linger in the steps of those who have so vividly described all the wonders and beauty of St. Augustine, only saying that I advise all who can to visit this in very many respects our most foreign city, and see there the best types in America of the Spanish Renaissance. On the ramparts of the old fort we can see in memory's eye the grim armor-encased warriors of Spain when in her glory, for it was near here Ponce de Leon landed way back in 1512 searching for the fountain of eternal youth. Time works wonders indeed when it develops a fort and city, built for protection against Indians, into a winter home of all the twentieth century luxury.

No sentry watched our goings that Sunday morning as we steamed out past the tall black-striped tower of St. Augustine's Lighthouse. The gentle breeze of the night before had grown in twelve hours to a stiff norther, and dancing over the shallow bar twice we struck bottom. The pilot from his small boat near shore safely guided us out, however, by waving his hand, for he did not dare risk a row back in the small craft at his disposal. We found the wind had kicked up a big sea, and riding in the trough, some of us were soon *mal de mer*. Pointing S.E. by S. $\frac{1}{4}$ S., we skirted Anastasia Island and the low-lying shore past Ormond Beach with the thin strip of land between the ocean and Halifax and Hillsboro rivers down to Mosquito Inlet. The poor sick landlubbers studied the chart and longed for Cape Canaveral, behind which they hoped for anchorage, or at least a slight shelter from the wind. But vain hope, for no anchorage nor relief from the wind is there, and on we steamed.

Frank, our steward, would tell them breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper were served, and recount of the very long lists, each separate thing good to eat, but strange to say, few responded. I sat on the bridge long past midnight talking to our pilot, a most interesting and communicative old sea dog, whose papers made him pilot from St. John's bar around the coast to New Orleans. He had the reputation of being able to take ships drawing 9ft. over 8ft. bars, and carrying sinking hulks through hurricanes, and never had he lost a boat. To any yachtsman who chances to read this, if you are cruising in southern Florida, Havana or Nassau, take Capt. Canti, of Jacksonville.

From Cape Canaveral to Indian River Inlet is 58 miles, the only opening on that coast for 103 miles, and marking thus the lower outlet to Indian River. This strange river, a winter home for ducks and sportsmen, is at no time more than two or three miles from the sea, and runs along the shore, a veritable sound, and is so called from the Indian River Inlet to Santa Lucia Inlet, 22 miles below. By glancing at Florida on the map one cannot dream of its wonderful coast line, 472 miles on the Atlantic and 694 on the Gulf. In breadth this State is 360 miles and length 400, stretching from the marshes of Glynn near Fernandina westward to the rolling hills of Tallahassee, covered with cotton fields and pear orchards, and southward from the endless pine woods to the Coral Keys.

When Jupiter Light came within range it had been our intention to burn the signal lights, and be thus reported by wire thence to our Northern friends; but the sea did not admit of running near enough to shore, and we were obliged to proceed. What a convenience, though. The idea is thus to send a message by night or with signals by day even to the end of the world from that deserted spot. The cable from Nassau ends there, thus bringing the everyday's doings to the Bahama Isles.

The hours sped on, till over the ocean daylight broke and the sun rose out of the sea, a ball of red fire lighting a glorious day and the clouds of heaven like streaks of molten gold. High up on the beach loomed the tall new hotel at Lake Worth, the Royal Poinciana. We knew friends awaited us there and also mail, but the breaking surf prevented beaching a small boat, the only means of landing. I called the others at least to see the place, and for doing so was maligned by those who were so few hours since happy, jolly folk, but now were prostrate forms stretched about on sofas, or even the floor, bewailing their seasick lot and praying to be left alone.

When once we had passed this last and most southern tourist resort we felt indeed we were off on our cruise. The railroad and telegraph ended at Lake Worth, and the only connection thence to southern Florida was by sea, except for the stage and post route along the sandy road eighty-five miles to Biscayne Bay. On down the coast we passed, with its palmetto trees and sandy shore. By the House of Refuge, Fort Landerdale, we saw columns of smoke rising from the East Coast Dredging Company's machines, at work digging the canal which is eventually to connect Indian River and Biscayne Bay. As I understand it, this is another of Mr. Flagler's gigantic schemes; but hearsay says the company is well paid. They receive, as our Western railroads once did, for each mile dug 40ft. wide and 6ft. deep, a land bounty of 10,000 acres. When completed, for slight draft boats this will be a fine inland passage south.

A schooner ashore by the House of Refuge has its own melancholy tale to tell of lost ship, cargo and may be men. Along that shore the Government has built homes every twenty-five miles for shipwrecked sailors. For some poor man cast on the desolate sandy beach in that lonely world, to be welcomed and fed as Uncle Sam's ward till chance offers him a return home, is to my mind a most noble charity, and whenever hereafter I read of an increased appropriation by Congress for lighthouses or life-saving stations I will say well done.

The water now became a beautiful blue and green with sun spots of black and brown, the cloud reflections. Sharks, porpoises and flying fish, purple tinted Portuguese men-of-war and huge turtles floated on the top of the waves or swam by, and at our approach dove to the coral reefs below, along which in the clear water for many feet we could see them swimming down and down. Next came Biscayne Bay House of Refuge, which we reached about 11:30 A. M., Feb. 25, and then took course due south to Fowey Rock Light past Cape Florida. Fowey Rock Light, 111ft. in height, built to replace the deserted light on Cape Florida, four miles distant, towered high on its steel frame. It was built at a cost to the Government of nearly \$150,000, ranking fourth in that wonderful range of first-order lights starting at St. Augustine around the islands and capes to Dry Tortugas, including the lights of Mosquito Inlet, Cape Canaveral, Jupiter Inlet, Carysford Reef, Alligator Reef, Sombrero Key, American Shoal, Sand Key and Key West.

Beautiful Biscayne Bay now opened before us, while on shore smoke from the everglades rose to the sky in gray black curls. Twice as we slowly picked our own way, buoy to buoy, into that long and narrow entrance, we scraped bottom, leaving a milky wake where sand and soft coral were torn away. When once back of the reef which stretches from the cape to the light, all the sea was tranquil, and to the sick ones what a relief from thirty hours in the trough of the waves. There, having waited till late in the afternoon for high tide, where the channel widens into deep water close up to shore, we dropped anchor in as peaceful a spot as God ever made.

But one day this place was not so peaceful as it looked that afternoon. The lighthouse keeper and his attendant, a negro, were attacked by the Seminole Indians, many years ago, and just managed to escape into the brick tower which rises fully 70ft. from the ground. Their house was looted and burned, but the stout door leading into the lighthouse held out against the Indians for twenty-four hours. A fire kindled alongside finally broke it in and disclosed to the fiends a wooden staircase, which they of course dared not ascend. With no water or food the poor prisoners held out, having betaken themselves to the very top of the tower. At first a faint odor of smoke, then black volumes curled up the stairway, and to their almost maddened senses came the realization they were being smoked out. To appear at a window was almost certain death, for they were surrounded on all sides and rifle balls crashing through the glass had repeatedly warned them of this other danger. The negro, unable any longer to stand the intense heat and smoke,

crawled out on the iron balcony about the light itself and was immediately shot dead. The keeper was now nearly crazed with suffering, for the flames had mounted to the very entrance of his room, and the glass cracked and fell all about him. As the smoke in huge clouds burst out into the open air he dragged his attendant on to the iron grating and stretching the body flat he himself lay on top. To describe further the story as I heard it is awful. Suffice to say almost a day he lay there in a trance. When at last consciousness came he discovered the Indians had gone. Unable to descend alone he signaled to a boat which chanced to be passing and was rescued.

Cape Florida was like a view out of romance. The old deserted brick lighthouse, the forsaken keeper's home surrounded by big cocoanut trees, while close to the water, clear as Lake George, stood a light bungalow house like the pictures of such one sees in India or the South Sea Islands. This home is owned, but was not occupied, by a Mr. Davis, of Galveston, Texas. The yacht was hardly anchored before some of us were ashore in the dinghy to find ourselves when landed in a pineapple field. There stood an old dorky, hoe in hand, making his fortune. Darkness quickly fell as it does that far south, but how hospitable the climate. Clad in duck trousers, light shirt and slippers, and without coat or hat, we sat upon the deck discussing plans for the morrow, drinking in health, and in buoyant spirits congratulating ourselves that we were not in the frozen North.

Early to bed and early to rise, I found our pilot sitting astern smoking his long meerschau pipe. Ordering a boat we rowed ourselves to a nearby coral bank, and in a few minutes had the bottom of the boat filled with huge conch shells, pink as the sky. At 8 o'clock we were off, and proceeded up the bay about five miles to an anchorage three miles off shore. The bay, though thirty-five miles long and on an average perhaps five miles wide, is shoal over its greater part, ranging from one-fourth of a fathom to six in depth, and so clear is the water that bottom is visible everywhere. With three men in the gig the row to shore was quickly over.

At the Biscayne Bay Y. C. dock we were met by several gentlemen who escorted us to the club house, over which floated a flag with embroidered thereon, "25° North Lat., B. B. Y. C.," a most appropriate ensign, for 25° N. Lat. runs across Biscayne Bay. Shaded from the sun by large cocoanut trees, royal palms, bamboo, lime and orange trees, we walked through the grove to some pineapple and sisal hemp trees beyond. The pineapples were not ripe, but gave every promise of a crop; but unless told I should not have known the sisal from rows of century plants, as alike almost as two peas in a pod. There, away from home and country, I met two French gentlemen—one a Count who years ago chose the spot not alone for its natural beauty, but for its freedom from conventional life. Their house presents a plain exterior, but inside is full of curios brought from France and other parts of Europe. Hanging from the wall beside a magnificent book case, full of the choicest literature, I saw the full cowboy accoutrements which Count de Fontaville keeps as a reminder of cowboy days. This established a freemasonry between us, for once upon a time I also punched cattle on the Western plains. When last in France, two years back, the Count found at his grandfather's old castle in an old hair trunk some maps of France's possessions in America before the sale to us of Louisiana. These maps were made when John Law, that famous financier, was floating his Mississippi scheme, and everybody preferred Law's paper to gold or lands. Cleverly drawn were these maps. Etched here and there by a river bank grew strange and wonderful plants, and across the broad prairies roamed pictured herds of wild horses and cattle. Indians wearing what no doubt purported to be golden ornaments also filled their place in the drawing. Nothing better could have been done to excite the Frenchmen, to whom this new world was a gold mine or garden of roses—in truth, a Florida.

Cocoanut Grove, for so named is this out-of-the-way spot, is separated from the Everglades by three miles of pine wood and palmettos, all growing in a rocky soil. The whole woods is practically a coral reef, the roughest walking I ever chanced to come across. The coral had the appearance of huge white cheese, nibbled away to sharp points, and reaching as high as one's knees in places. Progress on foot is slow through such a country and I did not wander far, but sat down under a big live oak covered with air plants, much like overgrown artichokes. Where these grow one never dies of thirst, for in their cup formation, where each leaf joins the center, water collects from the dew, and one I emptied held at least a quart of good clear water. Coming back from the woods we walked through Mr. Kirk Monroe's place, a gentleman so well known to all for his charming stories of life in southern Florida that no eulogy of mine is necessary. A clear spring by the house, winter and summer, offers a tempting plunge. At the even temperature of 65° what could be more delightful; not too cool in December and just right in April, May and June. For shelter a large mangrove tree dropped its roots like organ pipes from the main trunk growing around. These are wonderful trees, carrying in the end of each drooping stem a long, thick radicle which pierces the mud when once it has grown long enough to touch the earth, or swaying in the wind to the water's edge, two or three branches will collect about themselves floating leaves or twigs, which in time settle or gather still more, and working thus as patient nature does, a few more feet is won to the land from the sea. But I hear the others calling, and much as I should like to day-dream there in the shade as a cool breeze came in from the sea, I had to be off.

Wishing for some fresh fish, we were soon across the Bay to Bears Out, an inlet from the sea just above Cape Florida. We greatly regretted not having brought a naphtha launch with us, but were fortunate enough to hire one from a Mr. Tuttle. To those going South, however, I caution yachtsmen to bring your own naphtha, for it was twenty-five cents a gallon at the Bay, and all else you buy in proportion, as I will tell later on. An hour's fishing sufficed, for we caught, I think, some twenty or twenty-five, and not one had I ever seen its like before. Blue and red polka dot, white and blackish, some like a bass, others a sunfish; some with gills and some without; some had fine teeth, and one, long sharp teeth like a squirrel. I have fished in many places, but I never caught in so few a number ten different kinds. The waters of the South are full of fish, and the strangest thing about it is one never knows what you are going to get, maybe a turtle, stinga-

ree, grouper, hog fish, shark or tarpon. This latter fish seeks those waters also, and though I did not have the good fortune to catch any, saw a big one weighing nearly 100lbs. floating by the side of our boat. They appear very susceptible to the cold, and during the cold snap in early February, when the thermometer dropped to 29°, a party counted fifty dead ones floating in the Bay. I look for the day when Messrs. Quay, Van Courtland and Hecksher will desert Pine Island and Punta Gordo and come to Biscayne Bay for their sport after this king of fish. This will be, I suppose, when Mr. Flagler extends his railroad from Lake Worth, and a line of ships conveys tourists across only about 150 miles to Nassau, a day's light run.

But night has gone, and another bright day follows old Sol out of the sea. Mr. Tuttle with his naphtha launch swings up to our starboard, and lowering the gangway we quickly embark for a five-mile run to Miami River, the principal eastern drainage to the Everglades. The mouth of the river is 150yds. wide and of sufficient depth in channel to admit a boat drawing 4ft. On one side lives Mr. Brickell, the most noted rare *reconteur* in Florida. Opposite on the northern bank Mrs. Tuttle, originally of Cleveland, whose son's naphtha launch we had, holds sway. At their house, formerly Ft. Dallas, they dispense true Southern hospitality. From the huge cocoanut trees which line the coral shores great bunches of nuts hang down beneath the waving green palms. Ripening all the year they fell like chestnuts in early autumn, but bringing the covering with them. Try some time to get a cocoanut from its outer sheaf and you won't believe all the stories you read about wild monkeys eating that strange fruit. Nothing short of an axe will do the work quickly. Loaded with nuts and oranges from the trees growing all around the house, we proceeded on up the river, past its mangrove-lined banks, frightening sleepy alligators from their stumps or beds off into the clear water, past other cocoanut groves to where the river narrowed into a rapids some four miles from Ft. Dallas. Some of us walked; the ladies in a small rowboat were poled up the rapids over the coral reef. Scarcely any earth protected our feet from the sharp rock, but the distance was short, some 300yds. Then rushing at a steeper slant the river broke into foam from its smooth and even bed in the old Fairy Tale Swamp, the Everglades of Florida. Like some huge prairie the famous glades stretched out before us, tree-lined at the shore, but widening out in the distance to what? Few have penetrated its wilds, but all who have tell of beautiful islands, clear water and unfriendly Indians, the remnant of the once powerful Seminoles. Unfriendly, I say—only such in that they will not guide a stranger to their happy hunting grounds. Unlike Florida or Georgia Crackers, they work, and live better than many of the white folk who look down on them as savages. Besides corn and other vegetables, this fast-disappearing race raise their own hogs and cattle. Born hunters, the deer and other wild animals feed them, and alligator hides have brought and do still bring them good revenue. One year's shipment of these, I was told, numbered 10,000, but for the truth of this I will not vouch. The storekeepers charge them an outrageous price for everything, and I hardly dare begin to figure how many hides the poor fellows have to give in exchange for the sewing machines they all covet. After taking a photograph of our party we all had lunch, watching meanwhile the black bass in the clear water, but we had no bait. It was dark when once again the electric lights on the yacht welcomed us back to the cabin, where as usual Frank had the music box playing "Do, Do, My Huckleberry, Do," or some such classic piece.

A strange interest attached itself to those far-away Everglades, and almost gladly would I have been one of Ingraham's party who crossed in March, 1892, with a surveyor's outfit. He started from Fort Myers on the west coast with five boats, but deserted two, and after three weeks, tattered and torn and completely exhausted, arrived at Mrs. Tuttle's place. He remained there two weeks, and though he was closely questioned, what he saw on that trip remained a secret. The penalty the tribe mete out to any of their number who shows a white man into the glades is death. They ask no help of Uncle Sam, and only occasionally come out to buy or sell.

In Mr. Brickell's eleven-ton sloop we went kingfishing next day out by the Fowey Rock Light, but the wind blew too gently to keep our skids whirling along in the clear water. Mrs. C. caught one big fellow weighing about 8lbs. We saw a great many strike at our hooks and miss, but with a stiff breeze to catch a boatload is no trouble, for they bite then with the line 40ft. astern, as fast indeed as bluefish on an August day off Fire Island, near New York. In shape and marking they are hardly distinguishable from a Spanish mackerel.

To vary our sport Mr. Tuttle suggested a trip up Arch Creek quail shooting; so on Friday, March 1, we took the launch and ran up the bay to its head, Dumfoundling Bay, past Lemon City (five houses) to Arch Creek, another outlet to the Everglades. Some five miles up, beneath mangrove trees which grew to a height of 40 and 50ft. in places, we were stopped by a natural bridge of coral which spanned the creek, leaving only sufficient room beneath for a rowboat to pass. With dog and gun we pushed back into the pine woods for quail. What hunting! Palmettos to one's waist and coral knee high, against which my poor shins continually scraped, causing our hunting fever, with profuse perspiration, to quickly run away. In a half-mile walk we got up two coveys, and out of my six shots I killed five. The two other hunters got the remaining seven of a round dozen. After Tallahassee, where I had hunted from a wagon during January in cotton and cornfields, that was about the toughest shooting I ever saw.

Back we steered along the moss-covered coral banks, with air plants growing from every tree, until after three hours' steady going we reached the yacht, the moon long since bright, also the stars, each giving a white and stranger light than the forest fires back in the Everglades. Glad enough, I assure you, were we for the comforts of our floating home. Our table looked very pretty with the great bunches of roses, kept beautifully on ice all the way from St. Augustine. Fine fresh turkey, rich milk and new beets excited no less comment. But turkeys, beets and milk at what a price! Sent out on an order from Cocoanut Grove Hotel without a definite price settled beforehand, the bill came later. Six turkeys, three or four chickens, a bunch of beets, two gallons of milk,

two dozen eggs; total, \$66. I don't think the Waldorf or the Ponce de Leon can equal Biscayne Bay Hotel for its prices.

Saturday we told the bay good-by and started south for Turtle Harbor, but on account of the wind had to put in at Caesar's Cove, behind Christmas Point. Here, among endless keys, the most famous of the pirates who infested that coast long held out against Uncle Sam, defeating all attempts at capture, until at last a whole fleet was sent after him. At his very home he was finally caught and hanged to pay the penalty of his many misdeeds. The storm blown over, at 6 next morning we were off past Carysford Reef, twenty-five miles from Cape Florida, to Alligator Reef, thirty-five miles away. Three miles in from Alligator Reef is Indian Key, where Perrine was given a 60,000 acre grant for an experimental station back in 1830 or thereabouts; but he, with his whole settlement, was killed by the Seminole Indians. Next Long Key, with its 30,000 cocoanut trees and pineapple plantations, was passed. Then came Sombrero Key Light, thirty-eight miles; next American Shoal Lights, twenty-six miles, and only seventeen from Key West, called in Spanish Cayo Hues or Bone Key—a run all told from Biscayne Bay of about 140 miles. All these keys or coral islands are shore lined with cocoanuts and mangroves; and inland, such as are inhabited, grow pineapples and early vegetables. Out to sea stretched Florida Reef, over 100 miles long, the left bank of the Gulf Stream, and though the wind blew strong we sailed as in a land-locked harbor, but a mile or two away from the huge breakers, stretching a line of white foam against a cloudless sky. A more beautiful cruising ground there cannot be, for to lie at anchor out in this channel, correctly buoyed and lighted from Biscayne Bay to Key West, and in a naphtha launch run in among the keys, where the water is not over 2½ to 3ft. deep, opens an enchanted archipelago. In the setting rays of the sun which sank into the sea of the Gulf of Mexico, we glided to anchor off Key West beside the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel. Have you ever felt, when long away and out of touch with the world, how it seems as if something strange and awful had happened? So I felt, and in haste sought the telegraph office and some recent newspaper to learn if all was well. No sad news came to blight our cup of happiness, and when we had seen the little there is to be seen at Key West next day, and had been robbed for coal at \$9 per ton, and 1½ cents per gallon for water, we yearned for the wind to subside in the Gulf and to be away to Havana. But the wind would not down, and another day was partly passed visiting the sponge market—one of the largest, we were told, in the world. I bought some beautiful big sponges for 50 cents (which would cost \$2 at home) from Samson Stamp, the old bumboatman whom everybody who goes down there must know. Strange to say, Mr. Ulmo, our engineer, who ran the blockade all through the war, recognized Samson as having been a cabin boy on his ship, and, in remembrance of those days, great tears trickled down poor Samson's cheeks.

Upon the arrival of the s.s. Olivette that night from Havana I went on the dock to hear the news about the insurrection, and quickly found myself in the midst of the most excited crowd I ever saw. The babble was deafening, and not understanding one word I wondered in what country I could be. Poor Cubans! many banished no doubt from home, they wanted to hear the latest whisper, if maybe they might see Cuba again. It is a wise precaution of Spain in putting a man-of-war to watch this half Cuban city of ours, for it is a short run, 110 miles, for a filibustering expedition across to Cuba. And this run we took the morning of March 5, steering S. by W. ½ W. across the Gulf Stream, there 40 miles wide and from 4,000 to 5,000ft. deep, escorted, it seemed, by schools of flying fish, until at 1:30 in the afternoon we slipped in past the forts La Cabana, La Punta and Castle Morro, the latter with its telegraphic flags flying, which we saw hauled up at our approach. We slowed down to take a pilot on board, though none is really necessary for guidance in that deep harbor, but only to give one a position when at anchor. I say at anchor, though in reality no one anchors there.

The harbor in Spanish Havana is quite deep and the tide of so small a rise and fall the drainage of the city is not properly carried away, but settles on the bottom, and not to disturb this accumulation of filth huge square red buoys with steel staples attached float about at various intervals. To these each foreign ship or yacht is moored. The Dungeness was the only yacht there at the time, but the bay seemed full of tramps and liners from Mexico, France, England and the United States, not to mention two men-of-war, both English, however. Against the stone wharfs were numerous steam and sail craft floating the yellow flag of Spain, gaining thus an advantage against the rest of the world. How? maybe you will ask. Well, as I understand the case, no foreign ship can load at the docks, but must do so entirely by lighters, thus giving those who ply that trade a livelihood, and in a certain way handicapping foreign commerce to the benefit of home industries, a sort of protection theory.

GRAHAM F. BLANDY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Bear Experience.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I killed a bear once, but my bear did not act at all like Dr. Grinnell's.

My guide and I were riding along a ridge when a great dark animal jumped out of a ravine and ran off. It looked to me like a hog. My guide said, "It's a bear." I jumped off my horse and fired at it.

Of course I had heard how dangerous bears are, and as soon as I had shot I jumped on my horse, put spurs to him and rode away. My guide rode after the bear, but I did not want to get too close to him, and I rode the other way.

Now, what do you think that confounded bear did? He ran in a circle, and as I was galloping along, thinking that I was safe, I saw the bear running toward me, coming up the other side of a ravine I was approaching. In self-defense I had to dismount and fire at him, and he turned and ran off over the hill.

Presently the guide came up and we rode slowly over the hill after the bear, and down into the stream bottom, and pretty soon we saw the beast lying down there.

"Look out," said my guide, "he's alive."

He wasn't though. For some occult reason he had lain down and died.

VERITAS.

THE TALKING PINE.—II.

The Rain Song.

THE Talking Pine nodded in friendly greeting as I got out of the canoe and came up to my usual place at the feet of the great tree.

"Kla-how-ya, T'solo, the wanderer; it is well that you came to-day, for to-day the pines will sing the rain song and you shall sing with us, for it is a good song and one to know."

"So be it, wise one. I will learn the rain song, that I may know it when I am in other lands. It is a good song to know when the air is dry and you can get no water for your throat. I will learn the rain song of you, wise one."

"Come, T'solo, the wanderer, and sit at my feet, where I can spread my arms over you and keep the rain away."

"Now when the wind comes all the pines will sing the wind song and dance the wind dance before they sing the rain song."

"You know, my friend, T'solo, the wanderer, that the wind must always come to help the pines sing, so be not impatient to hear the rain song until the wind can help us."

So I sat down by the feet of the Talking Pine and smoked my pipe and waited for the coming of the wind, to see the wind dance and hear the rain song.

Soon the wind came slowly out of the southwest and the pines began to sing and the wind sung with them—at first so soft I could scarcely hear it; and I asked the Talking Pine, "Do you sing, wise one?"

"Yea, listen," answered he.

Then I heard the wind song, for it had gathered strength, as all the pines began to sing and I could hear it very plain.

Then the pines all began to dance and to swing their long arms in time with the song and to sway and sing until they were all mad with the dance, and I thought they would fall.

The song was wild and mournful, as it always is, and they sing it in the language of the pines, so one must know their talk to learn the songs.

I heard them calling the rain to come out from behind the clouds and sing with them.

The rain rode down with the wind and some rested on the pines, but most of it went on down and sung with the flowers and the grass; for the rain, you know, is restless and cannot stay long in one place.

The pines all love the rain and always sing the rain song when they see it coming on the clouds, so it will stop and sing with them.

For a long time the pines and the rain sung together, and then the rain went away and the wind went with it, and the pines were left all alone.

The wind, you know, is never tired and travels all the time, so the pines always call the wind to help them dance, and always go to sleep when the wind goes away, and the sun wraps his warm blanket around them.

"It was a good dance," said the Talking Pine when they had finished and the wind had gone.

"Come again, T'solo, the wanderer, and I will show you other things and sing other songs, but now I sleep."

Then I got into the canoe and crossed the Lake of the Mountains and left the Talking Pine to sleep out his sleep until another time.

EL COMANCHO.

A WINTER HUNT WITH JOCK DARLING.

IT was as a result of the game photographing trip last summer that Jock Darling and I arranged for our winter hunt. Even if the law had permitted there would have been no sport in killing the game we saw while photographing those July days, but the force of association is strong, and one cannot live a week with game at his very elbow—even if it is unseasonable game—and not catch the hunting fever. As there was only one possible cure, I packed up my warmest clothes, bought some additional heavy underwear, loaded twenty-five .40-82 Winchester cartridges and started for the woods.

I left New York by the Fall River Line the night of Nov. 22. The next day, Saturday, a cold, sleety rain was falling in Boston. At Portland it was snowing, though only in a half-hearted way. At Bangor there was a good tracking snow and plenty of it, but unfortunately it began to rain.

Those who have hunted on the snow will understand my interest in the weather and anxiety as the hunting grounds grew nearer and the rain continued to fall in increasing volume. At Sherman, ninety miles north of Bangor, where my railroad journey ended, the rain had stopped, but it had left a crust of snow that boded ill for still-hunting. This was the next worst thing to losing the snow altogether, but there was a grain of comfort in the fact that I was still a good long distance from my destination, and that the conditions might be different there.

As the hotel at the station was, to say the least, unprepossessing, and not being on the best of terms with the French lumberman's "little brothers," I got a man to drive me over to Paten, seven miles, where there is a good hotel. I arrived there some time before midnight, and finding Jock's name on the register, went to bed between clean sheets in a fairly comfortable frame of mind.

Sunday found us on runners, slipping along behind Herb Brown's black horses over a good sledding snow, and that night we slept in camp.

Game Sign.

The last part of our journey had been through an unbroken wilderness, unmarked even by the sleds of the lumbermen. While daylight lasted we had counted the tracks of sixty-four deer and thirteen caribou crossing the road, besides innumerable fox trails. At one place the silent evidence of the snow showed that half a dozen caribou had gotten out of the road just in time to let our sled pass. A man on foot would, no doubt, have run directly upon them, but the merry jingle of our bells gave the woods tramps due warning of our coming.

It was pleasant to be assured that the game was on hand and moving, but more pleasant still was the fact that we had gotten beyond the domain of the crust, and that the snow was still as a blanket and soft.

Uncle Jock's Log Cabin.

There were no hunters in camp upon our arrival, and no game in evidence; but before we left we atoned for this by piling up around the door a pyramid of trophies

that on the hoof had weighed the best part of a ton that had fallen to four rifles.

Moose, caribou and deer figured in that display, and that we had no small game was due only to the fact that we did not shoot it. Bear was the only item that rightfully should have been there and yet was missing; but the bears had gone into winter quarters, and could not be tempted out even to make a Roman holiday.

There are three lakes in the Sebois chain—White Horse, Show Shoe and Grand Lake. The main camp is situated on a bluff overlooking Snow Shoe, which is the middle lake.

It is a well-built log structure, two stories in height, and extremely comfortable in cold weather.

Jock has another camp on the upper part of Grand Lake, and this was occupied at the time of our arrival by two other hunters, Messrs. Stubbs and Staples. The latter part of our stay was passed at this camp, but for the first three days we hunted about Snow Shoe.

Hunting Around Snow Shoe Lake.

South and east of Snow Shoe is a piece of burnt land a mile in width and two or three miles in length. This is good deer country; in fact, it would be hard to find any in this neighborhood that is not, and it is also the sometime abode of a family of moose. All summer these moose had used in the burnt land, and the week before my arrival Jock had run upon them, four in number, at the eastern edge of the strip over toward Hay Brook.

Deer and caribou, of course, were of secondary consideration as long as there were moose to be secured, and accordingly our first hunt was planned solely with reference to the latter.

Footwear.

The thermometer stood at zero as we left the camp that Monday morning. Jock wore a pair of rubber boots, as there were many swampy places that the covering of snow keep from freezing, and that would soon have soaked buckskin moccasins. My feet were protected by high cowskin moccasins, that proved to be thoroughly waterproof for all ordinary purposes, and by far the most satisfactory hunting footwear I have ever tried. Under these I wore two pair of high woolen stockings that reached above the knees, and which kept my legs dry on several occasions long after my trousers had been soaked. Later I found one pair of these heavy stockings sufficient for the coldest weather we experienced. Probably this would not have been the case, however, if I had not also worn a pair of "arctic sock" slippers inside the moccasins. These are made of soft felt material, and kept my feet very dry on occasions when the moccasins were very damp inside.

Jock lost two of his toes years ago from freezing—he had killed a caribou late in the day and persisted in skinning it despite the biting warnings of a semi-arctic night—and he acknowledged that rubber boots were not the warmest footwear for such a cold day. He was obliged from time to time to stop and kick and stamp till he could rouse a circulation, and as long as there was no water to wade through the moccasins had decidedly the best of the situation; we soon found water, however; at the foot of the hill below the camp was a spring, and this had been backed up by the snow, and formed a wet place of considerable extent. Darling went straight through, but, as I did not want to test the moccasins too severely, I picked my way cautiously about the edge. A leather boot will not stand wading through pure and unadulterated water for any length of time, and neither will leather moccasins.

Moose Sign.

We kept the road down Sebois Stream to the head of White Horse Lake, which we crossed on the ice, and then struck up east into the burnt land. The old road which we followed was a maze of deer tracks, and we came upon frequent beds and signs of feeding.

Jock has hunting associations connected with every foot of wild land in this part of the State. Two years ago he met three caribou on this road, handy to the lake, and knocked over two of them, which was all the law allowed.

There is always the chance of meeting caribou on these roads. They are indefatigable travelers, and if one stays in the woods long enough he is sure to run across them.

But what interested us more than caribou talk or deer sign was the unmistakable evidence of the recent presence of moose. From time to time we came upon places where the young trees, moosewood and maple saplings, had been broken down, generally at a height of 7 or 8 ft. above the ground, and where other trees of the same variety had been stripped of a portion of their bark. These were the feeding grounds of the moose known as "workings." The trees had been broken down in order that they could browse off the tender growth at the ends of the branches, and this process was accomplished, not, as writers used to assert, by riding the tree down between the forelegs, but by means of a twist of the powerful neck of the animal. This is what Darling says and I see no reason to doubt it. We saw no trees that were bent over as they would have been if straddled and ridden down. They were all broken off, and always at the height of the moose's head from the ground. Darling says he has frequently seen them feeding and he has observed the process carefully.

A moose, like other deer, has no upper teeth, and the barking of the trees is accomplished by a long upward sweep of the jaw. Of course, as soon as the bark is started, at least in summer when it peels easily, it can readily be stripped from the tree.

We made a long circle around the edges of the burnt land and into the timber beyond, but we failed to locate the moose. No doubt they were snugly yarded in some nearby ridge, and we may have passed very close to them. We jumped deer on several occasions, but hardly gave them a second thought, and we crossed a number of fresh caribou trails. Near the head of Bach Brook we saw where one of these animals had walked along a fallen tree over a wet place, as a man would have done. "They're just like a goat," commented Jock. "Go anywhere over ledges and all kinds of rough places, and never slip or hurt themselves."

Darling as a Trapper.

The wild woods mice, which are twice as big as city mice, soon learn of the presence of human habitations in the woods, and as the shelter is comfortable and food abundant, they flock in from all sides till they become a pest. The second night of our stay in camp Jock set about getting rid of some of the surplus mouse population

that had accumulated during a short absence. He split out from a stick of firewood three flat pieces of wood, which he whittled into miniature representations of snowshoes, 1 in. high and perhaps 3 in. long. To the narrow ends of these he tied a piece of pork rind for bait, and then he set up on edge inverted tin pans resting on the snowshoe-shaped pieces of wood at their widest parts. The whole thing was delicately adjusted, so that when a mouse touched the bait the pan slipped from its support and made him a prisoner.

The first night the traps were set Jock caught two mice, the next night three, and so on till he had caught fifteen before I left. One poor little fellow was found sitting upright with his paws to his face, frozen stiff.

A Deer and a Caribou.

The second day we tried for deer, as there was no meat in camp and we were hungry. We crossed the dam and went up an old tote road to the east of the camp, and presently, before I really had a chance, I heard Jock's rifle. I had jumped my deer in the meanwhile, and was not loath to leave his trail for Jock's.

Jock had gone some distance along the road without crossing a fresh track, but I presently met him and asked, "What luck?"

"I got one," he replied.

"Buck?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a head has he got?"

"Homely," said Jock; "he lies back here about thirty rods."

We started in the direction he had indicated, and Jock told me he had seen the deer first running along with his nose to the ground, scenting his own track. He had



A SET OF MOOSE ANTLERS.

previously crossed the road several times at the same place. Jock blatted, and when the buck stopped he shot him. When we reached the deer I found him already dressed and hung up. He was a large buck, though rather poor, and despite Jock's uncomplimentary characterization had a magnificent head. The antlers were very irregular, but massive. There were nineteen points in all, including one stub projecting downward.

"He will be tough chewing," said Jock, "but I guess we can manage."

Jock had drawn the first blood, but he magnanimously ascribed his success to luck. Be this as it may, I have always noticed that the best hunters are lucky. The snow was quite noisy, for a rain and crust had followed the cold weather of the day before, and another man would no doubt have been seen by the deer first, and in all likelihood only had a glimpse of its flag as it disappeared from sight.

Later, on that same road, Jock saw the fresh track of a caribou. He kicked the impressions in the snow and found that it was still unfrozen. Seeing that the track led straight for a bog on Bach Brook he followed at a good speed, for he knew that the caribou would not stop to feed on the way. He saw where the caribou had crossed the brook on the ice and then gone up on the bog. Here he expected to find it feeding and he moved more cautiously. Presently he saw something white among the little spruces that dotted the bog and the next instant made out the caribou's head. The caribou was standing looking directly at him, but squarely in front of her nose—for it was a cow without horns—was a small tree trunk. Jock could see the ears on both sides, or he would hardly have recognized the head as distinct from the snow masses that hung on the branches of the evergreens all around. He brought up his 30 in. Bullard and that was the end of that episode.

A New Camp.

Messrs. Stubbs and Staples, the latter an old hunter and trapper of long experience about Sebois, turned up at camp that night.

They reported having found four moose yarded on a ridge east of the upper camp, which, owing to the crust, they had not disturbed.

As the neighborhood of the other camp was a better one for moose we decided to change our base of operations, and the following day we all moved up to this camp.

From here we made numerous excursions over the hard wood ridges which stretch in all directions about Sebois

Grand Lake, and on most of these we found moose sign and moose tracks.

After Moose.

One day, while following up some old tracks, we got very close to two moose. The tracks had been made the day before, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of seeing the moose, as they were plainly traveling, but for some reason best known to themselves they had taken their back trail.

We jumped them during a flurry of snow, and the one I saw looked black as a bear against the fleecy background. It was a cow or young bull, for no horns were apparent.

Another day on the ridge north of Wadley Brook dam we found where a small bull had yarded. We did not disturb him at the time, as the crust continued very noisy, but later there came a rain that softened the crust temporarily, and we spent the greater part of a day trying, to the best of our ability, to circumvent the wary animal.

He was on the side of the ridge in a thick fir growth and no great distance above a bog. This bog was bordered in places by a nasty cedar swamp, and in circling to get the wind of the moose we found ourselves obliged to pass through the swamp. My recollections of the half hour spent in that swamp are not of the pleasantest. A wet cedar log is about the slimiest and slipperiest thing in existence—unless it be an eel—and when one tries to avoid a hole that is filled with ice water and slush by walking on such a log, it is not agreeable to suddenly change ends and land head first in the hole. A few experiences of this kind will soon convince a man that it is the safest policy to wade through everything.

Soon after emerging from the swamp we found the old tracks of the moose. We worked along the ridge in the direction we supposed him to be, pushing our way through the thick balsam growth and receiving copious showers from every tree, till we were as wet as if we had been in the lake.

We scoured every foot of this part of the ridge, keeping 50 yds. or so apart, but always within sight of each other, and at last found what we had feared, that we had jumped the moose. We had no doubt been close to him when this happened, but the growth was so thick that we had failed to see him when he made off.

Partly out of curiosity and partly with a view of locating him for another hunt, we followed the trail of the moose for a mile or more. At first he ran directly south, but soon we saw that he was heading more to the east, and evidently with a purpose. He swung around on the arc of a circle and then headed straight for the rapids at the dam on Wadley Brook. This was the only open water on the stream for a distance of perhaps five miles, and his course showed the perfection of his sense of direction. No doubt the place was familiar to him, and though badly scared, he would not attempt to cross on the ice.

We left his trail before reaching the open water, but one of the other hunters who came by the dam the next day said he had crossed there.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

AND that reminds me, that back in the 70s there lived in Surprise Valley an old gentleman named McC., and his son, William. Old age and its attendant ills had put him past the bread-winning stage, and now in his son's home he took life easy.

That summer the Indians had been very turbulent. Night after night signal fires on one mountain had been answered by flashes on another. Ochebo's band had joined forces with the Bannocks, who were on the war path. The settlers had undergone a thorough Indian scare, and under these conditions the little models of '66 and '73 had given way to the latest in repeaters, the model of '76—.45-75. Winchesters cost money in those days, especially when an armed guard had to accompany the team that hauled them 200 miles from the railroad. But William was prosperous, and had bought one of the big guns.

Game was plentiful, especially waterfowl. The wild geese, in their semi-annual migrations, would tarry a few days to glean the stubble fields, and they were estimated by the acre instead of by the head or dozen, as now.

One warm October afternoon, when William and some of his neighbors were branding calves at the corral and the old gentleman was sunning himself in his chair in front of his house, he espied in a field half a mile away an immense flock of geese. The field was literally white with them. The old gentleman got out the new gun, took a rest over the fence, and when his palsied arms had pointed it in the general direction of the flock pulled trigger. A babel of honking and roar of wings followed the re-echoing explosion.

When the cloud had lifted all but one had gone. Our infirm friend hastened to the spot in triumph, lifted his prize and carried it to the corral. The bullet had struck just below the head and nearly severed the neck.

Holding up the bird so all could see, he said: "Bill, that new gun o' your'n seems to be a pooty good gun, but I do believe it shoots a leetle low."

L.

"What the Signs Did."

My subscription expires Jan. 1, and I inclose \$4 for the year 1896. I would not miss reading another piece of writing like "What the Signs Did," by El Comanche, for twice the amount. It is grand, and was written, I judge, by a true sportsman.

J. F. H.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun

TO FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

Natural History.

CALL DUCKS.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue a correspondent tells of three broods of call ducks being raised from one pair last summer, and an editorial note asks what kind of ducks "call ducks" are. As these birds are not as well known in America as they should be, I take pleasure in answering. They are dwarf or bantam mallards of two varieties, called white or gray. The smaller they are, if otherwise perfect, the higher they are valued by fanciers of water-fowl. They are bred to perfection in Holland for calling wild ducks and excel all other callers in this line. A female taken from her mate is clamorous all day long if not restored to him and the calling is surprisingly loud. In size they should not be over 20in. in extreme length, or about the size of a wood-duck. The "gray" variety are exact mallards in color, the female never having a white ring on the neck; the other kind are pure white. They are very tame and are great pets.

Some years ago I imported several pairs mainly for use in hatching wood-ducks, mandarins and teal, for they are light and are good mothers. I sold a few pairs and lost those which were kept and so have none. Your correspondent terms them "Long Island call ducks" and he may refer to mongrel black ducks, which are often kept for calling on the Island. In the poultry shows either the white or the gray calls are disqualified if the bills are yellow, but they may be of any other color; the feet and legs of the white calls must be bright orange and those of the grays the same with a tinge of brown. By the way, few men seem to know that of the species which make a loud "quacking" call, it is only the female which makes that sound.

FRED MATHER.

DEER AND LILYPADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a man reads in FOREST AND STREAM statements to which he takes exceptions, I presume he will not be accused of presumption or a disposition to be captious if he ventilates his views; for I believe it is thus that we set on foot discussions which ultimately result in giving us exact knowledge concerning the habits of the creatures we love. No man "knows it all," but almost every hunter or fisherman occasionally stumbles upon some peculiar fact which he is able to authenticate and contribute to the general fund of information.

In reading the article published last week entitled "What Old Deer Hunters Say," I note that the writer states that it is a question whether or not a deer will eat lilypads. Now, I never saw a deer eat them; but, as Thoreau said, "There are some kinds of circumstantial evidence that are unanswerable, as when a man finds a trout in the milk;" and that sort of evidence I have, for I have seen where the lilypads have been eaten, and in such quantities as to demonstrate that the deer liked them and selected them in preference to other food.

In 1894 I camped for two or three days on the shore of a pond which was literally covered with lilypads, and the deer had been having fun there. My guide—Arthur Phelps, of Spring Cove—called my attention to the countless stems from which the leaves had been nipped off by the deer. We paddled all over the pond, and everywhere it was the same. Hundreds of lilypads had been eaten, and as nothing could have reached them excepting the deer, I was thoroughly convinced that they do feed very freely upon them.

Certainly there are those, with more experience than I can claim, who should be able to settle the question, and I trust we shall hear from them.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

MOOSE AND DEER WEIGHTS.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Special's Boston salesman was correct when he spoke of the weight of moose being overstated in newspaper reports. We are constantly seeing reports of moose weighing from 800 up to 1,400lbs., when actually the most weigh 500 to 600. One was yesterday carried through Bangor which many set at 1,000lbs. Having seen a good many moose, I set it at 700. Later I learned that it weighed only about 500lbs.

The weight of caribou and deer is overstated in the same way. One resident here claims to have been in a party which shot a caribou weighing 600lbs., but the head only was saved. We see statements of deer weighing 350lbs. I have handled a great many hundreds of deer and never saw one yet which would weigh over 250. The heaviest deer I ever knew weighed tipped the beam at 273lbs. after it had been brought out over 100 miles. Of course, by leaving in the heart and liver the weight can be increased, but this is not what is called fair weighing.

Speaking of weights a recent lecturer here on "Picturesque Maine" showed us a photograph of a moose which he said weighed 1,440lbs. and stood 7½ft. high. Now I can prove positively that the moose there photographed was never weighed at all. It was a large moose, but never weighed nor measured as stated. The same lecturer said that same moose stood 9ft. high, and that a moose could smell a man five miles away. Also that a caribou could jump over an object 19ft. high. He also informed us that deer rose about half an hour after daylight and fed till noon, and then lay down, but always walked back on their track before lying down.

When one hears a man talking in this way, it reminds one of the story of Mr. Plummer. A man in Oldtown, Maine, had invented a mixture which he called eye salve and of whose wonderful virtues he was never tired of telling. One day a Mr. Plummer came into his shop. This was too good of an opportunity to lose, so he began, "Meestar Plummer, Meestar Plummer, at ye will put some of me eye sarve on yer eyes ye can see a crow a mile away."

"Pooh-pooh," says Plummer, "I can see one now two miles off without any of it."

"Meestar Plummer, Meestar Plummer, yer a leear."

H.

Deer Antlers and Velvet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Writing from the Adirondacks, Musset says that he has "seen no markings before October," in my Adirondack

cottage I have a stick rubbed by a large buck early on the morning of Sept. 12 a few years ago. My guide (a man of long experience in the woods) was starting dogs and found the young tree soon after the rubbing was done, while the buck track was still fresh, and cut the stick and brought it to me as a curiosity, saying the buck did it to rub off the velvet from his horns.

J. C. ALLEN.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

WISCONSIN NON-RESIDENTS.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 your Chicago correspondent lets himself loose about non-enforcement of Wisconsin deer laws and the violation of same by Ohio and Indiana hunters. The general tone of the article is that these hunters have no right to shoot Wisconsin deer, and besides conduct themselves in ways that make their presence undesirable, bringing all their supplies with them, and chasing deer with dogs. It also blames the game wardens for not enforcing the laws.

Whom do these deer belong to? It would appear from the State legislating for their protection that they belong to the State, and the State law allows any one, from anywhere, to kill them between Nov. 1 and 20. The people of Wisconsin are not so narrow in their views as to try to shut out a sportsman because his home is not among them, but, as will be shown further along in this article, a man is welcomed by them in accordance with his behavior, and he is not asked whether he lives in Oshkosh or Cincinnati.

There is howling about non-resident hunters, of course, coming from market hunters and men hired to kill venison for lumber camps, and a few other fellows who don't want anybody but themselves to kill any deer. Does your correspondent want non-resident shooters kept out in order to save the deer from these wolves? It is difficult to see what other reason there can be, for these wolves will get them if the sportsmen don't. An attack on non-resident shooters does not come in very good taste, anyway, from a man who shoots in as many different States as this correspondent does. Maybe he lives in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, Oi dunno. Sure, he tells us of shootin' in ivory wan of thim counthries, thot he did hisself!

Two of the recently returned non-resident shooters, one from Ohio and the other from Indiana, have been interviewed by the writer of this, one belonging to a party camping near Ingram, and the other near Glen Flora, both places being in the territory of the game warden at Prentice. They tell so nearly the same story that only one need be told.

The Hunter's Story.

"As our party was rather large, myself and one other went up three days in advance of the opening day, to look for a good location and get the camp ready for the rest of the party, who were expected in about a week. On arriving at Prentice, where we changed cars, we were met by the game warden, who introduced himself and cautioned us about shooting any deer before the time, about having more than two deer in possession of one man except at the camp, told us no dogs would be allowed at hunting camps under any circumstances, gave us some pointers about some good locations, and told us that all law-abiding hunters were welcome.

"So soon as we left for Glen Flora, the warden, as we learned afterward, wired his deputy at that point to be on the lookout for us. When our main party came, one of them brought a dog. It was not a deer dog, and its owner merely brought it as a camp companion, but the warden would not let it go to the camp, and was inexorable on this point; no dog big or little should be allowed in any hunting camp during the deer season. He made frequent visits to the various camps in his territory, explaining the law and warning hunters that violators would receive no mercy. In one camp he found half of a deer before the season opened, which the hunters claimed they had got from a native boy. The warden at once arrested the party for illegal possession, and they were roundly fined. The law, as explained by this warden, permitted the killing and having in possession at the camp any number of deer, but in transit or any place except at camp, or at one's home, no man could have more than two deer at one time. He might take out two and sell or give them away; then go back to camp and get two more, and repeat the operation as often as he liked. No deer were allowed to be shipped, except when accompanied by their owner.

"The intent of the law seemed to be that deer might be sold locally, and permitted any man from anywhere to take two home with him. We thought it the best law we ever knew of. It allowed us to kill what we wanted for camp use and to take two apiece home with us. It gave everyone all the privilege that could be reasonably asked, and effectually shut out the market hunter. We were more than pleased, too, with the vigorous policy of the warden. Had hounding been allowed, we would probably have got little or nothing. As it was, we had plenty of camp meat, and each man of our party took home two deer.

"As to our reception by the citizens, it was cordial. Everyone, except two market hunters, was ready to do us any favor, and did not want the last cent for doing it either. One teamster asked two dollars per load for hauling our stuff to camp. It was six miles over a road so bad that it took a whole day to make the trip and return. An Irish family were the only people living anywhere near the camp, and the first time any of us came near the house she hailed us with: 'Will, byes, Oi'm glad to see yees, sure Oi am. Coom in wid yees now an' be havin' some milk, fur sure it's tired and hungry yees be lookin'.' Anything those poor people could do for us they did and refused any pay. When we broke camp we had, perhaps, twenty dollars' worth of groceries, which we had the teamster unload at the door of their cabin. We left the old lady with tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks. 'God bless yees for noble-hearted gintlemin, ivery wan of yees,' was her parting salutation. The railroad people treated us with the greatest courtesy from start to finish,

We had a good deal of excess baggage, but it all went free, as did each man's two deer."

"Did you read the Wisconsin deer article in last week's FOREST AND STREAM?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"Well, of course there were camps of toughs and law-breakers, and no doubt a larger per cent. of them lived in Wisconsin than in Ohio or Indiana. Most of the men who go so far for the shooting are men of means and respectable people. I'm not surprised that some of the small newspapers of the State should have published what they did. Some of them get their ideas at the village saloon, but I'd like to know what good is achieved by collecting these adverse articles and publishing them in FOREST AND STREAM. This non-resident idea is all wrong. The constitution of our country says a citizen of any State shall have all the rights of a citizen of the State he may be in. Mr. Hough's article says there were probably 1,000 guns in a region fifty by sixty miles. That is one gun for 1,920 acres—three square miles. Probably the men hunted an average of ten days each. Nearly all of the non-residents were in strange territory, and two-thirds of them knew next to nothing about deer hunting and hundreds of them failed to get a deer, while the law prevented the expert hunters from killing more than two deer and camp meat. If no deer are killed illegally, they will increase instead of diminish."

AMERICAN.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE AND CARIBOU

MR. WILLIAM CHESTNUT has just returned from a hunting cruise of over six weeks in company with the veteran trapper and guide, Henry Braithwaite. He would have been out long before, but owing to the Dungarvon portage not being used by the loggers this winter it was necessary after snow fell to swamp several miles of new road to the lumber camps on Rocky Brook. William brought with him two of the finest moose heads that have been seen in Fredericton for some years. William deserved to shoot these moose, for he is a good shot and a true sportsman; but he frankly says they are both to be credited to Braithwaite's rifle. Incidentally he remarks that he has a .40-82 Winchester repeater which he will dispose of at an extremely reasonable figure. "A porcupine gun" he calls it. He says it will kill a porcupine most every time, but when it bucks up against a moose it doesn't seem to disturb the harmony of the proceedings unto any vast extent. On several occasions moose that were hit good and hard and often with this rifle, or even with Braithwaite's .45-85 English express, at a range of 40 or 50yds., simply moved over into the next parish and refused to be overhauled, though followed on the snow for hours, and in one instance for two days. One moose escaped in this fashion that was hit three times. Both Mr. Chestnut and the guide know how to handle a rifle, and I can vouch for it just the same as if I had been there that no blame is to be attached to them because these wounded animals got away. The weight of testimony is inclining more and more every year to the view that nothing but the most powerful sporting rifles can be relied upon to do justice to a full-grown bull moose.

While encamped at the Crooked Deadwater, Chestnut and the guide ascended the County Line Mountain, where they dropped into a regular moose paradise. One day they started sixteen moose, including several immense old bulls. It is believed by Braithwaite that somewhere up in this region the king of all moosedom holds his court. William says it made a man feel solemn to look at his track, which resembled the print of a water pail in the mud. They named the patriarch Tim Lynch, for the reason that his territorial jurisdiction seemed to be confined to the timber lands of that well-known operator.

The finest, though not the widest, of the two heads brought in by William was secured on this County Line Mountain. Braithwaite administered to the noble patient three doses of lead from the English express, each of them labeled for an adult. Even then the moose took his own elegant time about passing in his checks. In the meanwhile another big moose appeared, but he was on the wing and Braithwaite scored a clean miss. After that a third old bull, fearing to miss the music, meandered in upon the scene and Henry knocked him over, but while Henry was hugging himself, behold! he straightway "riz up and gat." They followed him for the greater part of the day, but failed to overhaul him. I, the prowler, who have been there, would have given much for a glimpse of Henry that night, after he had adjusted the Captain Kidd bandana on his dome of thought, and as the fitful lights and shadows of the camp-fire scampered over his corrugated brow. It is not Henry's habit to miss the target, nor yet to hit and have the target run off with the score.

The head of the bull that was killed is exceptional for massiveness and beauty. It measures 47in. between the outermost prongs, has very wide, deep shovels and twenty-five points, all of them perfect. This head is also adorned with two well-developed bells (one of them 16in. long), which is unusual, though not unprecedented. The bell is a kind of whisker the moose wears, which, like the whisker of a man, makes the wearer even homelier than he was before.

The other moose was slain by Braithwaite at Jimmy Crangle's spring near Musquash Lake. Hearing a cow moose whine as though in protest against the rudeness of her lord and master, Henry, who was alone at the time, proceeded cautiously to investigate. At first he came upon a young bull, which he did not consider was the guilty party. Then he spied a much larger bull, with a wide spread of horns and his hair turned the wrong way. This time the guide was armed with a .45-90 Marlin half magazine. He worked the lever too slowly, with the result that the cartridge lodged when half-way into the chamber. The moose became uneasy and moved away. Henry was obliged to whittle a wedge-shaped stick to coax the cartridge into place, at the same time following the moose and grunting in a sociable manner so as to allay his fears. When he was again in sight of the moose and tried to shoot, the cartridge failed to explode, probably owing to the breach of the rifle having been thickly coated with vaseline, which deadened the impact of the firing pin. As the moose shambed off Braithwaite again resorted to his grunting tactics, and when a clear chance offered planted a bullet behind the shoulder. The moose made off choking or coughing through the brush, when a second bullet which struck within 2in. of the first

brought him down. I think almost any other man than Braithwaite would have lost this particular moose. He had an excellent set of antlers, measuring 49 in. across, but not so fine in other respects as the pair secured at the Crooked Deadwater.

William says they saw no caribou on the entire trip and very few tracks, which is partly owing to the extensive lumber operations now being carried on at Little Southwest Lake and Jack's Lake, where caribou have heretofore been very numerous.

One of the most impressive sights the Prowler has witnessed of late was the return of Mr. John Bodkin from his hunt on the caribou plains near Gaspereaux with the venerable guide, Joe Mitchell. They brought into town on a country wagon one rainy day the unskinned carcasses of three large bull caribou and a deer. One of the caribou heads was much above the average. Joe says the caribou were very plentiful and it would have been easy to kill a score of them.

Harry Chestnut returned to-day from his trip on Northwest waters with Arthur Pringle, bringing two caribou heads, one of them a good specimen. They saw no moose. Pringle shot a caribou with a remarkably large set of antlers.

PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 23.

A HUNT FOR TEN CENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season now drawing to a close has been, in this section, rather below the average.

Woodcock have not been overabundant, while they who have been so fortunate as to bag a few quail are looked upon with more or less envy by their fellow sportsmen.

Partridges, however, I am glad to say, are reported to have been more abundant than usual. This, there can be no doubt, is directly attributable to the appointment of game wardens, who, soon after the law was off, succeeded in arresting one of the snarers with which the woods around here have been so thickly infested. While the outcome of this arrest was rather discouraging to sportsmen in general, still there can be no disputing the fact that it has had a rather salutary effect on the general contingent of snarers. The person arrested was caught with seven snared birds in his possession. It was expected that he would be heavily fined, but through a flaw in the law, which can readily be taken advantage of by discriminating rural justices, he escaped very lightly.

While a trip in the woods will reveal lines of snarers, on examination they will be found (most of them) to be old, broken down and unused. They are last year's. Very few will be found to have been recently constructed.

Now that the bird season is drawing to a close, sportsmen hereabout are looking forward with pleasurable expectations to the fox hunts, which in recent years have become so popular in this section.

These hunts are largely patronized by New Haven's most celebrated brush and trap-shooters and business men. Some time in the near future I hope to be able to send FOREST AND STREAM a description of one of these enjoyable occasions.

Shifting to an entirely different subject, if it will not be considered too much of an intrusion on your valuable space, I would like to tell of one of the most enjoyable hunts I ever engaged in. The most peculiar part of this hunt is it only cost 10 cents. The manner in which it came about was: I had been reading the evening papers, with their sensational headlines of portending war, whereupon, growing weary of their exaggerations of an already ticklish subject, I laid them aside for something better. When my eyes lighted on the familiar cover of FOREST AND STREAM it is needless to tell of the pleasant recollections it awoke in my mind. I realized that in a perusal of its pages the mind would be carried to scenes and thoughts more congenial than could be conveyed by war news, much of which is manufactured for the express purpose of increasing newspaper circulation.

Upon taking up the great sportsman's journal and opening it my eyes lighted on the article headed "Two Men in the Woods."

I settled myself comfortably on the lounge with mind fully prepared to enjoy a half hour's good reading, then, as the hour was rather late, to betake myself to bed.

I had read as far along as the sentence that tells of the "peculiar" sound of the hound's voice after he struck the trail, when, strange to relate, I actually became one of the party, and was engaging in my first bear hunt. I could hear the "peculiar" sound of that hound's voice as plainly as I would had he been in the room. Over marsh and meadow land, through thicket and glade, up hill and down, through dark cañons and along the base of steep, forest-crowned ledges, he led us. Then his voice, changing in the distance, came back to us soft and melodious as a fairy lute floating on the faintest of zephyrs.

Finally he led us to the banks of a turbulent stream, whose waters, rushing down a steep incline, were shattered into feathery lace works of foam against black-headed rocks and mossy islets that stood above the surface. The sun breaking through the fog at this instant touched this wild scene with such a dazzle of colors as to form a picture of grandeur too beautiful for description.

We had proceeded along the bank but a short distance, when we perceived the bear on one of the small islands, where he had evidently gained a foothold while endeavoring to cross the stream, the current of which had proved too strong for him.

Even while we looked the hound broke out of the thick pine and hemlock woods that lined the bank. Reaching the water's edge he paused for an instant, then plunging into the stream he gamely struck out for the island, where the bear stood upright and at bay.

Reaching the island the hound crawled out on its mossy bank, then crouching low for an instant, he made a sudden dive for bruin's legs, which he seemed content to snap at. He repeated this maneuver over and over, nimbly dodging the blows made at him by the bear. We watched him at these tactics until we reached a point opposite the island.

By this time the bear was thoroughly aroused. His breast was covered with flecks of froth, and even above the roar of the stream we could hear his surly growls and the barking of the dog.

Fearful lest in his blind rage bruin might injure the hound we all opened fire on him with our Winchesters. We fired so quick and fast that the reports mingled into one continuous r-r-r-r-r-r. When, before I could see

what effect they had taken on the bear, I awoke with a start in time to hear the last sound of the alarm clock as it mingled with the rumbling approach of the first trolley car of the day. Great Scott! I had dreamed it all. Nevertheless I can thank FOREST AND STREAM for a hunt, even if it was only a dream, that will always awaken pleasant memories. And all for 10 cents.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 26.

MISSSES OF PLEASANT MEMORY.

OFTEN, when thinking over my many hunting excursions and other incidents thereto, I try to make up my mind what shot I regret missing the most. Such reflections bring back to me floods of happy memories of the times spent amid nature's grandest and best scenes and pictures of every kind of game animal in the United States. I can see them now (in my mind's eye) and how they stood amid their grand surroundings, for I have shot them all, with the exception of the mountain goat and sheep, and these I have often been close to, but not close enough. When I get to thinking about it I get fevered with excitement and long to go through it all again.

Sometimes I say it is my first bull moose, then again a grand bull elk, and anon it is that pesky black bear. Again, it is that finest blacktailed stag among a band of four beauties—and so on and so on; for, brother sportsman, I am not ashamed to say I have made many misses; yet in justice to myself I must say that my hits and kills have exceeded the misses.

Now, I know that the shot I regret missing the most (I know of no keener regret for the time being) was in the fall of 1894. It was on a wet day on the Grand Marshes near Grand Lake, Newfoundland. I had succeeded by careful stalking on almost open ground in getting within 75 yds. of one of the grandest caribou stags it has ever been my fortune to see. He had a monstrous head of antlers, fully sixty points. It is only in Newfoundland that one can see such stags and antlers. I certainly never saw anything like it before nor ever expect to see such again. There the old fellow lay, not more than 75 yds. away, but unfortunately his harem lay around him, consisting of some ten hinds. I feel sure I could have pinned him in the shoulders, but my guide insisted on my waiting until he rose, but when he rose his harem rose with him (as if to do him homage) and surrounded him. I couldn't get in a shot without hitting a hind, and the upshot of it was that I only got two running shots and scored a clean miss. I think I shall never cease to regret missing that shot, and it stands out in relief whenever I think of the shots I have missed. I wanted those antlers, and if ever a man coveted what belonged to another I was that man, as I stood up to my knees in mud on that large swamp with the rain coming down and drenching me. You see, I was selfish, having already a fine set of antlers in camp.

Accounts of moose hunting seem to be coming in. I would like to add my little say. Howard Fuguet and I spent three weeks on the headwaters of the Shelburne River, Nova Scotia, in September. We each got a bull moose with two fine sets of antlers, besides getting shots at others. Almost every day we "called" we had answers, and sometimes two bulls would start to come at a time, but the cows were so plentiful they would "call" them back. One morning I had two bulls coming nicely from opposite directions, but unfortunately they met at the edge of the green woods, and of all the answering and racket they made I have never heard the like. They were each large bulls and neither would advance into the open. After a while we heard some cows bellow out and they both went back as fast as they had come.

I know of no grounds on this continent that are so easy of access that offer so good a chance for moose. The only trouble is that the cows are so numerous that the bulls will not leave them until later in the season. The country is literally tracked up with moose. This would be a grand place for still-hunting after the leaves are off.

Quail are quite scarce here in Florida this season. Some attribute it to a wet spring and others to some disease. Last winter they were quite plentiful here.

H. W. HAMLYN.

MELROSE, Fla.

A NEWSPAPER ITEM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the enjoyment of sporting pleasures that I have had for several years past has been furnished by your FOREST AND STREAM. And, considering its excellence and the certainty that once a week I can have an evening of real pleasure in its perusal, I am not certain that I would exchange permanently this FOREST AND STREAM for those of the North Woods.

When I was a boy we had no sporting newspapers, and I well remember the first item of hunting news I ever saw in print.

The Utica Observer was our family paper and I always made it a point to look at the picture of a ship under full sail, and read the legend beneath, "Ten days later from Europe;" and then skip to the heading of the doings of the XXVIII. Congress in their strife with the President, John Tyler. But on one occasion there was an item that I knew something about, and which ran thus:

"One day last week, John Robinson, in Fulton county, killed a full grown female panther in the woods about four miles south of Northville. The State bounty on that kind of game is \$30."

I knew John Robinson well, and also knew all about his killing the panther. But to see an account of the matter in print, together with the name of a man I knew, was a circumstance that added greatly to the laurels of the hunter.

The event transpired on the 4th of May, 1843. During the night previous there had been a light fall of snow, as often takes place as late as that in that northern section of the country, and John with his dog and gun went out to track game, which the dog scented as soon as he entered the forest, and in a very few minutes he treed something which John seeing only a small ridge of hair thought to be a raccoon and fired at once. But instead of a raccoon tumbling from the tree, a hideous monster, such as Dr. Butt might have called *Americanus horribillus*, swung into full view hanging to a limb of the tree. Having only a single barrel muzzle-loading rifle, John had good reason to be alarmed for his own safety, and accordingly he climbed a tree and began to load his gun, but in his haste he got too heavy a patch—probably two or three thick-nesses instead of one—so that the ball stuck fast a few

inches down the barrel. Like a true woodsman, John had the habit of prompt action, so he dropped from the tree and ran for home, where he told his father and brother Will that he had shot the devil, but had not killed him, for he was hanging to the limb of a tree and spitting and snarling like forty cats.

His father and brother took their guns and then went to the woods, where they found a panther lying dead at the foot of the tree, while the faithful dog sat close by unharmed. The ball had gone diagonally through the body, piercing the lungs. That panther had a mate which remained in that vicinity for several months. He was seen several times, and I heard him scream on two occasions.

I have seen in FOREST AND STREAM some expressions of doubt as to whether or not a panther does scream, but if those writers had heard in the night the screams that I heard I think they would have been willing to admit that a panther does scream, or else that John Robinson was right in saying he had shot the devil.

My father and some of the other men did not believe there was a second panther about, and argued that the noise was made by screech owls; but when two of these unbelievers had heard the noise, a party of them went out with their guns loaded for big game, just to satisfy the women and children, but their hunt was unsuccessful, although no such noises were heard afterward.

It is now many years since I roamed in the woods of that part of the State of New York and fished and swam in the waters of the Sacunadagua—not Secondago, as some modern geographers have it. In my time the local pronunciation of the name of the river was "Sau-can-dauger."

The name is evidently of Indian origin, but I cannot form any idea of its signification, but have often wished for some authentic information concerning that river and the adjacent hills. The John Brown tract of wilderness is, as I believe, at the northwest of Northville, but historians and geographers seem to consider that whole section as a sort of unexplored region. Often have I looked in FOREST AND STREAM to find some enlightenment about the home of my boyhood, but so far in vain, for sportsmen and tourists reach the Adirondacks by going directly south from Saratoga Springs by way of Lake George. But, with the permission of the editor, I may get some information yet, by writing what I used to know, thus inciting some up-to-date writer to show how much I am off.

F. Z. M.

ERIE, Pa.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN BEAR TRAP.

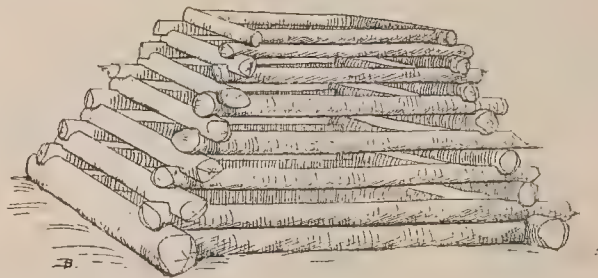
WHILE on a hunting trip in Deer Creek Park, Wyoming, in 1886, I saw some bear traps not less remarkable for their simplicity and ingenuity than for their effectiveness. A glance at the accompanying sketch will give an idea of their construction. A rude pen is built of ridge pole pines, nailed or notched at the corners and thrown together on the same principle that a log cabin is built, except that as the work progresses each tier is laid a little closer to the center. When the pen is completed it is in the form of a truncated pyramid, 8 or 9 ft. high, and possibly 12 or 14 ft. square at the base, and with an opening at the top 8 ft. across. The last logs at the top are sometimes placed so as to turn upon their axes easily.

The pen is baited with a deer or part of an elk carcass and left for the keen-scented bear to discover.

When Mr. Bruin comes along he soon finds that there is no way to get at the meat except through the open top of the pen, and as the distance is not great he generally has no hesitancy in dropping down inside.

The old motto "Look before you leap" would be especially applicable in his case, but bears as a rule are unacquainted with proverbs, their time no doubt being occupied too fully with the exigencies of existence.

Hardly has the bear ceased congratulating himself upon his good fortune in running across such a well-ap-



pointed little dinner when he becomes aware that he is not in such luck as he imagined. He finds unexpected difficulty in getting away from the cozy corner and good dinner, and his pleasant dreams turn to dross as he paws ineffectually at one of the revolving top logs of the pen, while his hindleg seeks an evanescent foothold.

It takes him a good while to see the point and that his trunk and the hide thereof are held for payment of that dinner, and to realize that he is trapped. And meanwhile he expends a good deal of energy in trying to get to the end of that endless revolving log, and his temper is generally completely ruined when the hunter arrives.

These pens are designed for both black bears and grizzlies. Joe James, who constructed most of the pens in the park, told me that he had sold the privilege of killing a grizzly in one of them to a New York sportsman, who in the East bears quite a reputation as a hunter. He said that the grizzly presented such a savage appearance as to completely unnerve the sportsman, and that after firing several times and only hitting the logs of the pen, he (James) was obliged to kill the bear, timing the shot as nearly as possible with that of the so-called sportsman so that the latter might imagine he had killed the bear.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Small Shot and Deer.

FOX LAKE, Dodge County, Wis., Dec. 23.—One of your contributors in last week's issue wonders at finding bird shot in his venison. It is a common thing among hunters who use shotguns for deer to fill in around the buckshot with fine shot. This I often do, though I do not know as it improves the pattern any.

W. E. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MAINE GAME SUPPLY.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Now that the shooting season of 1895 has closed, and the experiences of many hundreds of sportsmen in the Maine woods have become a matter of history, the time would seem to be ripe to speak of the existing game laws of that State and the matter of their enforcement. As everybody knows, the slaughter of big game during the past three months has been simply without precedent. No section of the State, however remote, but has witnessed the coming of the ambitious gunner, and few have left for home without some substantial trophies of the trip. Without doubt much the largest number of sportsmen from any one place who annually visit Maine are from Boston, and naturally it is in this city that the greatest interest in the continuance of proper regulations for the protection of game is found. In talking with men who have tramped, camped and shot through the forests of Maine for years, I find that many coincide in the opinion that a decided change must soon be made, principally in the enforcement of the laws, if the present well stocked condition of the forests is to continue.

The shooting of game "for meat only" by fishing parties in the summer is a practice very generally carried on throughout the whole State, and practically means an open season from May to January. This fact is conceded by many, and it is useless for the authorities to ignore it. In the great Aroostook country, at places like Patten, Ashland and Norcross, the number of wardens should be substantially increased. At these places they can be easily reached if wanted, and again are on the direct line of entrance into the great game region.

If the law allowing one individual to kill one moose, one caribou and two deer was applied to guides as well as to men being guided, probably the amount of game killed would be reduced nearly one-half. It is a well-known fact that a large percentage of the heads brought out of the woods by triumphant sportsmen are from animals shot by their guides. Thus in guiding several parties during the season these men exceed many times over in the animals killed the number allotted to them by law. This law should apply to the guide as well as his employer, and in fact, if an outsider went into the woods and shot two moose, one for himself and one for his friend, the guides would be the first to inform him that he had broken the law, at the same time reserving to themselves the right of doing the same thing without risk of penalty. Of course the sportsmen are largely responsible for this state of affairs, but it has grown to such proportions that some effort should be made by the Commissioners to stop it.

Again, the present practice of many gunners of cutting off the heads of big game and leaving the meat should be discouraged. A friend who lately returned from the woods tells me that the man who brought out his game told him that since October he had brought out eleven or twelve moose heads for sportsmen, the bodies of all but three having been left to rot where they fell.

It would be well also to devise some means for stopping the constant raids of French-Canadians over the line. These people kill many moose for their hides, and get back over the line into Canada without any fear of detection. An extra force of wardens would seem to be the only way to stop this kind of business.

I do not wish to appear too pessimistic regarding the future of the moose in Maine, but the animal has been chased to extermination elsewhere, and such seems to be the fate in store for him there unless a decided stand is taken to correct some of the abuses now directed against him. The published list of big game killed in the Aroostook region makes interesting reading and may prove beneficial to the railroad companies, guides and others interested in bringing a large number of people into the country, but it seems to me a mistaken idea, for no hunting region can stand the ever-increasing crowd of gunners that are influenced by these reports, and when the game is quite exterminated, as at the present rate it promises to be in a few very short years, sportsmen will seek new fields, and the money which now rolls into this splendid section of Maine will almost cease.

HACKLE.

Before these lines are published one of the greatest big game seasons the State of Maine has ever known will have been closed legally, Dec. 31 being the last day for the hunters. Through October and November there was more than the average of good hunting weather, with several good tracking snows, and the record of big game taken was remarkable, as has already been told. But December has proved to be a very poor month for the hunters. Indeed, there is to-day an absence of snow in many sections of Maine, and where there is no snow it is covered with a noisy crust. Such has been the case for a number of days, and the big game taken in December is likely to make a very small showing. I have lately heard from a number of interested parties—good guides and others—and they express satisfaction that the season is closing with no more slaughter. One guide writes me that he is really glad that the season is about over, and that in his section—Andover, Me.—there are a great many deer to "winter over." He does not believe that the stock is greatly harmed. Another guide and woodsman, from the line of the Aroostook Railroad, thinks that the deer left to winter will far exceed those of a year ago. Let us hope that such a report is universal. It is certain that December, often a very hard one for the deer, moose and caribou, has passed, and the supply is in far better shape than it could have been had December been a favorable month for the hunters. A prominent Boston lover of the gun said yesterday: "December has passed, and it has gone just right. The big game is still alive. Now let everybody look out that the lumbermen and crust hunters do not destroy the excellent prospects for another season."

In talking with a company of several sportsmen the other day, the suggestion was made that moose hunting methods have changed within a year. The practice in northern Maine now is for the guides to locate the moose when there is snow for tracking. The hunter is then notified, and with provisions for several days, carried by the guide, the hunt is begun. No moose in the woods can escape. The trail is followed as long as the day lasts, and guide and hunter camp where night overtakes them. The moose soon becomes footsore and must allow the hunters to approach. It is suggested that a number of moose have been obtained in this way this fall, and that though the record of moose slain in Maine is a long one, the stock has probably suffered badly. Other opinions on this subject would be of great interest.

Mr. Charles L. Bly speaks in the most delightful terms of his trip to Maine this fall for hunting. He was accompanied by his wife and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Williams. The ladies did the cooking, and Edgar was free to guide. That he did it well may be inferred when it is said that the hunters got three deer, two bucks and a doe. Venison was in order much of the time, when not varied by the abundance of partridges they slew.

SPECIAL.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent Hackle is correct in his statement in your issue of Dec. 21, that the newspaper reports of the laws being properly enforced in Maine are far from true. I believe that there have been fewer wardens in our woods this year than for years past. I have personally traveled over a very large portion of country in northern and eastern Maine and neither saw a warden nor could hear of one being seen or heard of for the whole summer and fall. I did not see so many signs of summer killing of deer as usual, although I in one place found where three had been killed on one stream in the space of about six miles. Several moose had been killed in summer, and any decently smart warden could have found out who did it, even at as late a date as I was there. There was not so much hunting with dogs as in years past, but I heard dogs driving deer several times and saw one large party of men from Massachusetts whose guides told me killed four deer with dogs, and told me particularly about the dogs being carried in after the party were on the ground.

MANLY HARDY.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith detailed statement received by Forest, Fisheries and Game Commission relative to number of deer killed during the season in the Adirondacks:

"The reports received by the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission demonstrate that the fears of those who wish further protection are well grounded. These reports have been received from all but twelve counties in the Adirondack region, and these show, from conservative figures, that 5,083 deer were killed during the last open season.

"This number is under rather than over the exact figure. Of the total animals slain 2,699 were does. Thus it will be seen that the does shot outnumbered the bucks by 315. In Hamilton county the greatest slaughter took place, the animals killed numbering 1,406, of which 724 were does. In but two counties, Essex and Franklin, did the number of bucks killed exceed the number of does. The reports give these totals:

Counties.	Whole Number.	Bucks.	Does.
Clinton.....	85	42	43
Essex.....	468	250	218
Franklin.....	934	480	454
Fulton.....	64	23	36
Hamilton.....	1,406	683	724
Herkimer.....	508	225	283
Lewis.....	423	185	238
St. Lawrence.....	813	345	468
Saratoga.....	14	6	8
Oneida.....	40	12	28
Warren.....	282	107	175
Washington.....	46	22	24
Totals.....	5,083	2,384	2,699

The members of the Commission seem to be pretty well worked up in the matter, and I believe if an effort were made by all friends of game preservation the following results might be attained, viz: Changing beginning of open season for deer from Aug. 16 to Sept. 10; cutting short by one-half hounding season; prohibit killing of does for a period of five years; wipe out section 249; and fix opening of woodcock and grouse season at Sept. 1 or later if possible. Inasmuch as grouse may be killed up to Dec. 31, I would favor extending open season for hares to that date in all counties where a longer season is not already provided for.

M. SCHENCK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 7 two of your correspondents refer to my communication regarding deer hounding. Musset says, "In nine cases out of ten the deer is killed." Undoubtedly his experience warrants his opinion. But the experience of many others leads them to an entirely different conclusion. I have interviewed several veteran Adirondack sportsmen, and they say that, if anything, I did not place the proportion of escaping deer high enough when I expressed the opinion that at least half of all the deer run by dogs escape.

Mr. R. S. Spears asks for particulars regarding the hunt I named, when a dozen men and as many dogs failed one day to secure a single deer. As he appears to ask the question good-naturedly, I cheerfully gratify him. It was just after the opening of the season and several independent parties were organized for a hunt on Utowana Lake. There was no plan for cooperation, but "catch as catch can" was the order of the day. Guides went into the woods to start dogs wherever each man chose and at different hours, and several times when it seemed a deer was coming to the lake he appeared to be diverted by the bark of a dog between him and the water. Most of the dogs were hounds, but there was one bird dog, and both sexes were represented. The combination proved most unfortunate, and it was generally agreed there were too many dogs.

Mr. Spears's last query is answered by the fact that, as a rule, people in any pursuit do not advertise a failure. Sportsmen are no exception. They prefer to speak of success.

J. C. ALLEN.

NUMBER FOUR, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to learn that the State has bought so much land of Dr. Webb. It will be the signal for butchering the deer next fall if hounding is allowed by law. Dr. Webb gave permits freely on this territory, but no dogs were allowed to be taken on the grounds. The result is that deer have become very plentiful; so much so that almost any greenhorn could get his two deer by fair still-hunting. It is to the credit of Dr. Webb that we have any deer about here. They were all cleaned out by hounding in the fall, but during the year some would wander in from the immense tract of Dr. Webb, on which he allowed no hounding and kept a large number of protectors, so was able to enforce this rule, and deer became very plenty. I long ago became convinced that if any deer were preserved it would have to be done by private enterprise. Last summer I rented about 6,000

acres in Townships Nos. 3 and 4, John Brown's tract. I also prevailed on the Adirondack Timber and Mineral Co. to give me control of the rest of Town 4. So now I have control of about 30,000 acres of land. I complied with all the requirements of the game law relating to private parks. By employing these game protectors to patrol the territory during the hounding season I was able to prevent hounding within the park, and thereby saved at least 400 deer that would surely have been killed if it had been open to the public. Some days as many as four or five deer would pass through the lake here, driven by dogs from lands adjoining the park. But instead of being attacked and murdered as heretofore they were allowed to pass on unharmed. I inclose rules and regulations which were carried out to the letter. It has cost me about \$400 including game keepers. But I never paid out money that I got so much satisfaction out of as in this case.

CHAS. FENTON.

The following rules and regulations have been adopted for the government of the No. 4 Park and the private park belonging to the Adirondack Timber and Mineral Company, of which they have made me manager with full powers of attorney:

Believing that the greatest increase of deer will come from their being driven into the park during the hounding season from adjoining lands, no person having the right or permit to shoot on the park will be allowed to watch on the water or shores of any pond, lake or stream, with the intention of shooting deer driven to the water, or upon any runway, or anywhere within the limits of the park, that is being driven by dogs. All persons found upon the park during the hounding season with the implements of hunting will be considered trespassers. (See game laws relating to private parks.) This does not apply to persons passing through the park to hunt on other grounds. Neither to persons in the actual employ of T. B. Bassett, as manager of the Beaver River Lumber Company, in passing to and from the camp occupied by their employees.

No camp shall be occupied for the sole purpose of hunting. No dogs shall be employed to chase or in any way aid in the hunting of deer. This rule is imperative, as it is enjoined upon me by the owners of the park, and if the foreman or managers of the lumber camps that may be within the limits of the park will kindly assist me in the enforcement of this rule, it will be greatly appreciated. Persons having occasion to pass through the park with dogs will be required to keep them securely chained. Gamekeepers are instructed to do no injury to dogs that may run on to the park from adjoining grounds, but when practical catch and bring them to me, where they will be cared for and returned to the owner on proof of property, unless the gamekeeper is fully satisfied that the dog was purposely put upon the grounds, or the owner enters upon the premises with the intention of shooting deer.

CHARLES FENTON, Lessee and Manager.

DATED, No. 4, Sept. 4, 1895.

ABOUT BIG BAGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I carefully scanned the pages of FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 28 for some voice of protest against the slaughter recounted in the previous issue, that of the 21st ult. I refer to the 264 ducks killed in one day by a Long Island market hunter.

Of course this matter is taken out of the realm of sportsmanship, since confessedly it is the act of a market hunter, and as such it was a matter of business. No one will have the hardihood to maintain that business is sport, nor would any one have the hardihood to maintain that such slaughter was sport, even if it were done by one professing sportsmanship.

I maintain that, even as a sport, killing must not be done to excess. There are excesses in everything, and the excess is what distinguishes the wholesome and the right from the harmful and the bad.

But considered as the act of a market shooter, was not this killing all wrong? Assuming that a market hunter has a right to make a living—and that every one will concede—is not the world open for him to make a living, as it is for every one else, without killing off the game which belongs to the people? If he kills 264 ducks in a day, is not that number more than is necessary for his livelihood in one day? Because a man is a market hunter, is there to be no restriction on the number of birds he may kill? Has he a right to kill so many in winter that he can lie idle all summer? Has a market shooter an inherent right to kill all that he pleases because he is a market shooter?

The ducks of the people of America are being gradually exterminated by the market shooters, and must the nation bow to the behests of the men who repudiate sportsmanship and who stand boldly forth as butchers? The sportsman acknowledges moral limitations as well as legal ones in his pleasures, but his self-limitations simply work to his own disadvantage, for the market shooter steps in and stops killing only when he can kill no more.

This matter of killing 264 birds in one day should be a rallying cry for the true sportsmen of America to organize and urge the passage of a law limiting the number of ducks that any one person can kill in one day. It is better thus to protect the interests of all than to submit to the impositions of the few.

If all the market shooters of the country were to kill 264 ducks in one day, and every day during the season, the number thus killed would be incredibly large, and the only reason that they do not kill so many is because they cannot always do so.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

DAVID N. PRATT and C. W. Gammons, of Cohasset, Mass., have been having some good sport with the rabbits in the Halifax Swamp, which is located in that town. They have found the little jumpers quite abundant, and better still, they are of the long-eared variety, often called hares. Six very large specimens were the result of a day's hunt by the two gentlemen recently. Not a few foxes have been seen in the same locality within a few weeks past. For some years reynard has been almost extinct in that part of Plymouth, and it is gratifying to know he is returning to his old haunts. Mr. Charles Curtis started a fine fellow out of the woods at the rear of Scituate Hill, and with two fine hounds gave him a long chase, but finally lost him. Mr. Curtis has been very successful in his goose and black duck shooting at Lily Pond. He has a number of well-trained live decoys and owns the stands at the ponds. The ice has interfered with the shooting for the last ten days, and in fact the season is now practically closed.

F. L. Cressy, one of Boston's lawyers, is spending the winter near Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. He is seeking restored health and has certainly gone to a good country to find it. He is occupying a part of his time in pickerel fishing through the ice, but I have not heard with what success.

HACKLE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

"MADE A GREAT RECORD."

DETROIT, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of last week you had an item in regard to the slaughter of ducks. I inclose a clipping from the *Detroit News* which also bears on that subject. The question is how many years will Mr. S. be able to find 4,102 ducks? It may be needless to state that Mr. Scotten is a rich man and of course only shoots for "sport," but where does the "market hunter" come in? F. F. F.

This is the story: 4,102 wild ducks in thirty-five days is the record which Oren Scotten and six friends made during October and November in hunting on the St. Clair Flats and in Lake Erie. The six besides Mr. Scotten were William H. Dean, Sr., William H. Dean, Jr., of Richmond, Va.; Thomas E. Reeder, Patrick Marcott and Herbert Pierce, of Detroit, and another gentleman from New York. The entire party did not shoot every day. Sometimes only three would go out with the decoys. But a careful count was kept, and if anybody besides pot-hunters made a better record this year they have not been heard from.

Mr. Scotten was the host of the party and they lived on his houseboat, which he towed over a good portion of the lower lakes this year with his steam yacht. The houseboat was fitted with all the conveniences of a modern land house. The start for the first trip was made Oct. 16, and a run was made to the north channel grounds in Lake St. Clair. For sixteen consecutive days they shot ducks and then returned to Detroit for two days, going back to the north channel for seven days more. Later a third trip for five days was made, and still later a trip of one week to Lake Erie. On the night before the big blow of three weeks ago Mr. Scotten got the houseboat back to her winter moorings at Detroit.

Everybody who knows Mr. Scotten knows that whenever he engages in anything he does so at a pace which would soon tire out men who do not possess his wonderful energy. That's the way he went into duck hunting. Every morning shortly after 3 o'clock he was up and dressed and getting ready for the day's shoot. Arising at that hour was the easiest part of the sport, he says. The really trying part was to lay stretched in a skiff half a mile or so from shore with the ice-cold water swashing over him until he was drenched to the skin. Mr. Scotten was drenched in that way frequently, but he did not allow the wetting to drive him in during daylight, while there was a chance to bring down another duck.

The good points for duck hunting change with the wind, and for this reason duck hunters are always out in their skiffs by daylight to set their decoys. Mr. Scotten and his friends were usually out an hour or two earlier than the other hunters, and never missed getting their decoys set at the best points first. Some mornings they shot so early that when they brought a duck down they could not see it floating on the water on account of the darkness.

Every morning they had the decoys set and were concealed in their skiffs behind the blinds before 5 o'clock. They continued shooting until 1 or 2 o'clock, and then returned to the houseboat for lunch. After lunch they were out again until 6 or 7. Then, after dinner, they would start for the grounds where the mallard ducks come in at night from the open lake to feed, and would shoot by moonlight for a few hours. It would often be 10 o'clock when they returned to the houseboat.

"What did you do with the 4,102 that you shot?" Mr. Scotten was asked.

"Sent all that we did not eat to Detroit and gave them away to our neighbors. I sent one lot of six bushel baskets to Daniel Scotten, and he gave them all to his neighbors. Not more than a dozen were eaten by my own family."

The best record that Mr. Scotten made for a day with a punter was eighty-two. He is going to build a cottage on the north channel next summer and live on the duck hunting grounds hereafter all through the season.

IN AROOSTOOK WILDS.

DURING the summer of '94 I received a letter from Mr. C., a gentleman in Ohio, saying he had read with much interest an account I had written for *FOREST AND STREAM* describing the region around Oxbow, Aroostook county, Maine, as good moose ground. He had never hunted large game, but wanted very much to shoot a moose. We had a good deal of correspondence, resulting in my getting a rifle for him similar to mine and starting him late in November for my friend Peavey's. He did not get a moose on that trip, but was satisfied that it was a good place for such game. One day they cracked two to a thick spruce swamp, getting within 100 yds. of them, but as the snow was somewhat noisy and the trees loaded with it, they started the moose without getting sight of them.

Mr. C.'s courage was good and he wrote me, saying, "I shall go again next year prepared to stay a long time if necessary." He went again early in October of the present season, and had John Keating, one of Peavey's men, as guide. They first went to Cut Lake, some ten miles from Oxbow. The weather at first was unfavorable, then they had a couple of good nights, but failed to get an answer to their calling. From there they moved their camp several miles down Ulmacolus Stream to Dead Brook. Calling the first night at the latter place they had an answer almost at once, but the bull would not come. As it began to rain the guide advised waiting until morning. Calling again in the morning (which was the eighth day in the woods) they heard the moose, and about 7 o'clock the moose walked out to the brook about 150 yds. away. Mr. C. shot at him and he jumped out of sight. Getting into the canoe they crossed the stream and took his track, finding blood and where he had twice lain down. After following about half an hour they came to a small open bog, and had hardly stepped on it when the guide caught Mr. C. by the arm, saying, "Shoot." The hunter looked and saw the horns of the moose moving close to the ground, but not seeing enough to shoot at waited a moment, when the moose rose up 50 yds. away and stood slightly quivering. Mr. C. put a bullet in him just back of the shoulder, dropping him at once. Mr. C. wrote me: "I could not describe my feelings during the time we were following him or at time I shot, and I will not attempt to. It was the first time I had ever seen a moose, and as he stood in full view on the open bog I realized what a sight it was."

I was very glad to hear of Mr. C.'s success. I had advised to try that region, and he had courage to travel

a long distance to reach it. He was prepared to spend a much longer time in the woods, and could no doubt have killed a couple of deer and perhaps a caribou; but he started for home, saying, "I came to try and shoot a moose, and would have stayed a long time trying to do so; having killed one I am satisfied."

Again, he is one of the few of the many sportsmen who go after big game who will not bring out game unless of their own shooting. Last season when hunting with Peavey it was hard traveling, and Mr. C. not being used to such work, Peavey advised him to stay in camp while he (Peavey) cruised about trying to locate some moose, as the game had been hunted a good deal and it might take several days to find one. While cruising in this way Peavey started a large yard of moose a long distance from camp and killed one; also shot a bull caribou one day on his way to camp. When the time came for Mr. C. to go home, without having killed anything, Peavey said, "The moose and caribou I killed belong to you [both had good heads], and you must take the heads home with you." But, as Peavey wrote me, "I couldn't make him touch them."

Aroostook county is, or rather has been, a good place for large game. The opening of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has made it too easy to reach, and according to the accounts of game brought over the road (and which is not much over one-half of what is actually killed) it will be remarkable if the supply holds out. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

IN THE OLYMPICS.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 5.—In a northwesterly direction from Seattle can be seen the Olympic Mountains, running for miles in all directions and filling to a great extent the area bounded by the Pacific Ocean, the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Gray's Harbor and Hood Canal. As soon as the first snow flies in the fall each sharp peak takes on a white coat, and as they are viewed in a clear day the sight is as beautiful as the most critical mountain climber could ask for. I was born in the northern part of Vermont, where our pride was the range of Green Mountains that rose in the distance like a great wall, but I must confess that the Olympics are far more picturesque and grand. For six years I had admired these mountains from a distance, and when the opportunity came for a closer acquaintance I eagerly jumped at it, and now only regret that I did not have time to explore the heights where the elk and mountain or blue grouse are found. Yet I had the pleasure of following for some distance into the forest and along the mountain sides the trail made by the Government surveyors three or four years ago when they first pierced the wilderness, and viewing at close range craggy peaks, the immense fir forest that covers the mountains and the snake-like Skokomish River that could tell, if it had a tongue, of many deaths in its cold, swift waters. Sticking out from the side of one of the mountains was a huge rock on which deer and elk appear once in a while now. Only a few years ago it was a common thing to see a fine buck standing on the rock in bold relief, gazing up and down the valley of the Skokomish. One day we were seated on the bank of the river at what is called Camp No. 4, when Stan Hopper, the most successful hunter of the Olympics, became reminiscent and told of a remarkable experience he had while trailing a large elk that he had seen on this rock. The snow was very deep, and it was only after a laborious climb that he reached the spot where the elk had appeared. The track led in a slanting direction up the mountain side, and he was plodding along when the idea came to him that a "pull at his old corncob" pipe would help him along on what he knew might be a long journey. He sat down in the snow and was just putting the match to the tobacco when a feeling came over him that some object was looking at him from above.

"Well, boys," said Hopper, as he took a look up the mountain, "I knew that game was near, but I was in a fix. Slowly I twisted my head around and there above me, their heads just visible over a shelf, were two deer. It is a hard thing to say why I calculated that the game would remain standing until I had lighted the pipe. I will not attempt to explain it. I simply kept one eye on the heads above me and finished the job I had started. Then the rifle jumped to my shoulder, the heads bobbed, and as the report of the rifle was heard I was in doubt as to having scored a hit. I started up a slide to see what I could find of my game, and as I did so a fine buck crossed below me on the jump. It was just like rolling off a log to nail him, and as he fell in a heap and rolled down the mountain side I said to myself that I had no objections to his going to the river's bank. Then I continued my trip to the rock shelf above, but could not see the two deer. Imagine my surprise, however, when they suddenly appeared coming around a rock along the narrow path over which they had disappeared. The surprise was evidently mutual, for they made frantic efforts to turn on the narrow ledge, and when I dropped the one further from me it went rolling down the mountain side in the same direction as the buck had taken. I was not over anxious for deer meat at this time, so I paid no more attention to the other deer and let it escape. The only way that I have been able to account for their taking a back track is that they ran into a pocket, and being unable to get up higher or continue their flight along the side of the mountain, retraced their steps in the hope of passing above me and continuing their journey to my left. Fortune favored me once more, for the elk moved slowly and I sighted it after a comparatively short tramp. A long shot it was, but I took the chance and had the satisfaction of seeing the monarch of the forest stagger, rush forward and plunge over a precipice to death. The old fellow finally stopped tumbling near the Skokomish River and within 40 rods of Maurice Hanson's cabin. He came out and helped me get the body over to his place and then we went up the river to find the deer. It did not prove much of a job, for they nearly reached the foot of the mountain and were within a few hundred feet of each other."

Having finished his story, Hopper threw a pitch pine stick on the fire, and said he thought he would take a short spin up the mountain to see if there were any traces of elk. In about two hours he returned with the intelligence that there was no chance of having any sport. As we went back to Lake Cushman along the river we struck a fresh deer trail, but darkness was soon upon us and we had to give up. I asked Hopper how they kept people from chasing deer with dogs in that section, and he replied in a laconic manner, "Shoot the dogs."

PORTUS BAXTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Death of Felix Payne.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 21.—Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* who remember the story of the Mississippi bear hunt, published in these columns last winter, will recall that one of our party at Bobo station was Mr. Felix Payne. Mr. Payne was also of the party in the Delta bear hunt in Mississippi, from which I recently returned, and of which extended mention has not yet been made. I looked forward to the writing of that story with interest, for I contemplated again saying some of the things I felt in regard to Mr. Payne, who on this hunt, as always, was so kindly and courteous to all, and especially to the strangers who were at the camp. I thought again, as before, that I had never met anywhere in all my life a man of whom one could write more unreservedly as a perfect sportsman and a perfect gentleman in every respect which that term implies. Now it is too late to say for Felix Payne the things one would have been ashamed to say to his face, so flattering must they have been. The sad news is just received that Felix Payne is dead, and beyond the reach of that human praise which could be the only human comment on his pure and noble life.

It seems that Mr. Payne was not in good health at the camp. He went home early in the hunt, being called away, he said, by the sickness of a relative. Alas! he too was taken sick, and in a short time he died of pneumonia. The burial occurred last Saturday.

Mr. Payne was a single man, whose plantation was near Capt. Bobo's, at Bobo station, Miss. He was only of middle age, and no one thought he had any but a long and prosperous life ahead of him. He was known all through the Delta as a quite, steady citizen, well-to-do, unostentatious, kindly and upright. He was one of those gentle characters from whom never a word of complaint or ill-nature is heard, yet against whom the most critical could never urge the least trait of weakness. He was as brave as a lion and kind as a woman, and a more lovable man never walked the earth, north or south or in any land. What his life-long friend and companion, Capt. Bobo, will feel over this is something one would rather not think about. They were as brothers, and neither would think of going on a hunt without the other. Bobo has lost his right arm, and more than half his heart goes with it, we may be sure. There is not a man who was with Mr. Payne on the late hunt who will now think of the hunt without this sudden and solemn conclusion of it ever foremost in his mind.

This is the Way to Do It.

The Minnesota wardens deserve a long, long mark of credit. They have done one of those things which people are in the habit of saying can't be done. Everybody knows that illegal game comes out of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan—tons of it, especially this season of the year; yet everybody says, "You can't catch them." But they did. This is what the dispatches say of the matter:

"DULUTH, Dec. 20.—Seventy-five thousand dollars in fines is what the Arion Fish Company, of Tower, this State, will have to pay if the State can make good its case against that concern. This morning the game warden seized a car containing 3,000 ruffed grouse and a quantity of moose and deer meat which had been shipped to a New York firm by the Arion Company. Two previous consignments bring the number of birds illegally shipped up to 25,000, and the company will be prosecuted on each count."

That is the way to do it. Stop the sale of game. Never mind the weak men and the weak papers. Listen to the strong papers. Listen to the dictates of plain common sense. Stop the sale of game, and if you incidentally have to stop a few commission houses and cold-storage outfits, don't waste any tears over that.

Kekoskee Over Again.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, editor of the *Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative*, called at the *FOREST AND STREAM* office here to-day. He says they are having Kekoskee over again up on Beaver Dam Lake in that country. That lake, about twelve miles long and a mile wide, is frozen entirely over, and many think it will freeze to the bottom. The farmers have cut holes in the ice and are harvesting bullheads by the ton. Mr. Hotchkiss says he saw thirty-six sledloads, with the wagon boxes full and heaped up, standing in one line there one day this week. The thaw has lowered the price of bullheads, and the output is less this week; but a cold snap will send the price up again. Mr. Hotchkiss says the odor of the dead fish is very bad already, but admits it is not from the dead fish, but from the offal left by those who have been cleaning the fish for taking away. I don't believe the populace need any encouragement to take away these imprisoned fish, and it is probably well enough that it is now too late to use dynamite in killing them. Mr. Hotchkiss asks the *FOREST AND STREAM* to send up a man and promises to show a wild and exciting spectacle at the fishing holes on Beaver Dam.

The Fox River Voyages.

Mr. Geo. Sandler asks *FOREST AND STREAM* the following questions:

"CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Is Fox River from McHenry up north passable by small boats at all seasons, and what towns are lying along the river for good stopping places for parties that would undertake such trips? At what season is Fox River at its best as to water level? Are there any good maps in the market showing said river with towns shown to advantage? At what points is good fishing, and if different kinds of fish, what are they?"

The highest water in the Fox is of course in the early spring, but one should wait till June for the pleasantest time to make the Fox River run. He can get down all right with skiffs from Waukesha, but will have to fight a good many weeds by the middle of June. The usual starting point for floating trips on the Fox is Burlington, Wis. From there on down one is not far from all the towns along the Wisconsin Central line—Trevor, Silver Lake, Antioch, etc.—though the stream winds about much and one would hardly wish to visit any of the towns, but would need to camp in order to be independent, as a trip of some miles to a sleeping place is not desirable at night. If one did not wish to camp, it would be better to stop at the farmhouses, and this could be done very well. The map firms carry county maps for Wisconsin, but I never found these maps of much use. The best way is to go out and map the country for yourself, then you get it right. The Fox is one of the best fishing streams in this region,

and has a good supply of small-mouth bass, also large-mouth bass and some wall-eyed pike. Minnows are hard to keep alive. Frogs are fairly good for bait. Crawfish, the spoon and the fly have been found killing.

Ski Wax.

Montana, of Helena, Mont., asks what is the best wax to use on *skis*. Billy Hofer knows more about this than anybody, but tastes differ as to the question. In the mountains we used white wax or paraffine a great deal, but mixed it preferably with lard oil when we could get it. A wax candle makes a very good wax, and we carried them as the handiest form of *ski* grease. A little beeswax adds polish to the *skis*, but one should not use too much, as you can get *skis* too slippery to go well in practice. A plain, unvarnished tallow candle will do if one has nothing better. Perhaps the best wax for all purposes could be made by using two or three paraffine candles or the equivalent in white wax, with one tallow candle or the equivalent in lard oil or some such animal grease, and about 1oz. or less of beeswax, or not more than one-fourth beeswax for the total mixture. This should be heated very hot. The *ski* should also be heated hot over an open fire—it will not hurt to scorch the surface, though it should not be charred—then the wax should be smeared on with a rag while hot. Lastly a hot iron—preferably a smooth flat-iron—should be run over the surface of the *ski*, to heat the grease in. The idea is to get the wood saturated, and it takes some time to get a new pair full. After several treatments the grease makes a glassy coating on the surface of the *ski*, which should be put out in the cold to get it well chilled before use. This coating gradually wears off, according to the condition of the snow, but after *skis* have been well treated in this way they get easier and easier to keep in order. The use of the hot iron lays the grain and makes the *ski* slippery. Some *ski* men use pine resin and some use tar, and these may do if the weather is cold, but the wax above mentioned is safer to stick to.

About Christmas Trees.

To-day Fay Buck, of Mercer, Wis., with whom I took the trapping trip last winter, came into the FOREST AND STREAM office here, looking as big and husky as ever, only he had on store clothes. Fay tells me that he brought down 7,500 Christmas trees for the Chicago market. This is an industry of which I had never thought before and I did not know it was such a big one. It was rather startling to learn that he only gets about 5 cents apiece for Christmas trees of a fine quality. I wish some man who has to buy Christmas trees for his own private consumption would let us know what he has to pay for them after they have passed through the hands of the middleman. I should guess over a dollar anyhow. This isn't treating Fay right. He is bringing joy into too many little hearts to get only 5 cents a Christmas tree.

Fay Buck reports a great many deer up his way this season and not so many hunters as we have heard from elsewhere. He says he heard of three men being shot accidentally, taken for deer, up near Hurley—perhaps not all new cases besides those already reported in FOREST AND STREAM. He says Frank Brandis is well and happy and is out now trapping mink and rat. They caught in all seven otter and eight beaver last season. Fay brought down to me the skull of the big lynx we caught and tried to photograph last winter. He reports a good season of muscallonge fishing and says the Buck Hotel on Turtle Lake is in good shape for visitors for next season.

Arkansas not Encouraging.

From Mr. Jos. Irwin, at Little Rock, comes word that news of the Arkansas game crop for this year is not encouraging on the whole. Mr. Irwin says the duck shooting in his part of the State was a failure, though the clubs in the eastern part of the State reported good sport. He says that along the Arkansas Valley covers he has had good quail shooting, but that the general report says quail are very scarce where the snow lay so long last winter. Still, the State has more grain than ever planted before, and the birds this fall are in good condition.

Wild Beasts for Sale.

The commissioners of Lincoln Park, Chicago, have authorized Superintendent Alexander to go East and offer for sale or exchange ten buffalo, six elk, and five lions. The park has now seventeen buffalo in its herd, and more elk and lions than will stay in the boxes. The lions are all guaranteed to eat peanuts, and I don't see why there isn't a bargain in this for some Eastern man who wants household pets. This is a good big game country mere.

From Texas.

Mr. E. S. Rice, agent for the Du Pont powders in the West, and Mr. W. L. Shepard, also of this city, and president of our State sportsmen's association, are just back from Texas. They visited Galveston, Rockport and others of the Texas Coast cities, though too hurried to get much duck shooting. At Waco they were met by Mr. O. W. Lippincott, son of Mr. Lippincott, of Fox Lake hotel fame, and at Waco they had good quail shooting. They enjoyed very much their sojourn in the Lone Star State.

In Europe.

Mr. John Carse, of the boat department of the big firm of Thos. Kane & Co., this city, is absent in Europe on business for his firm and will be gone for some weeks. Mr. Carse can well represent the sort of young business men there are in this country.

But it Was.

Mr. Roth, of the John Wilkinson Co., Chicago, who was mentioned earlier as a sufferer from an operation for appendicitis, is now well and about again, looking better than one would think. He says he didn't know it was loaded.

The Horrors of War.

I should, for certain reasons—mainly sympathy for England—regret to see the United States and England plunged into the bloody struggle which it now seems we are going to have about next week; yet if this thing has got to happen, I wish to serve notice on Mr. Noel Money, of Oakland, N. J., that immediately upon the declaration of hostilities I shall move upon his works and endeavor to secure as my personal loot the very excellent pair of leather riding breeches he wore on his late Southern trip. Of course I wish to be courteous and diplomatic, but there is no use disguising the fact that this country and

all of us patriots must stand firm, and if it comes to war I am going to have them pants.

The Possum Club.

The Possum Club has slumbered duly since last winter, but is about to wake up for its winter season. The grand annual dinner by Bill Werner will occur Wednesday, Jan. 8. There will be a very pleasant meeting of a dozen or two optimistic possumists. I wish to suggest to Mr. Werner that the *fin de siècle* possum must have a big baked apple in its mouth when it is served on the table—the head being left on the fowl. This I have recently learned in the South. A possum is not a legal tender in the South unless it is served with an apple in its mouth.

Albino Quail.

Dr. W. D. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn., with whom I have just had the pleasantest quail hunt I ever did have in my life, has, since my return, killed on our shooting grounds there and sent up to me for mounting one of the most peculiar and by far the handsomest albino quail I ever saw. The bird is of a very snowy white where the albinism has taken effect, but there is none of the slatiness of plumage one sometimes sees. The dark-brown feathers stand out in a few spots in perfect contrast, and there is one wing quill which is quite black. The back is dotted with a few dark feathers which show well against the pure white of the main plumage. This handsome specimen Dr. Taylor kindly presented to the FOREST AND STREAM office, where I am sure it will be prized very much.

National Association.

A meeting of the executive committee of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association was held at the office of the president, Mr. M. R. Bortree, Friday evening. Present: Messrs. F. S. Baird, F. E. Pond and E. Hough, of the committee. The main business was the postponement of the annual meeting, which is set now for the second Wednesday in February next, thirty days later than the adjournment date. This brings it on Feb. 12. Mr. Baird will draft a bill which the Association hopes to have presented to Congress, advocating an amendment to the interstate commerce laws now existing, so that it shall be unlawful under those laws also to ship game or fish contrary to any State law. It is likely that the National Association will incorporate at its next meeting. From now on there will be frequent meetings of all the standing committees (executive, finance and law) in the evening on Fridays, and those present will eat dinner together down town and discuss Association affairs at table and after. This will save time from business hours, when it is hard to get a committee together.

Good Shoeing.

The snowshoeing was good last week along the Des Plaines River, just west of the city. The snow was a foot and a half deep or more then, but rain has taken it all off now.

There has been received at this office advance notices of an important new work on Norwegian Immigration.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Quail in North Dakota.

FORT RANSOM, North Dakota, Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading E. Hough's story of "How Fur is Caught," page 509, I read: "Who would look for quail in North Dakota? Yet E. Bowers, of Fargo, in the Red River valley, killed one in a plumb thicket, a few years ago, south of Fargo, the only one ever seen in that country."

Now I would say we have quite a few quail on the Cheyenne River, at Fort Ransom, about seventy-five miles southwest of Fargo. I saw them the first year I came here, fifteen years ago, and every year since.

They do not seem to increase or decrease. Last winter I saw one boy with nine and another with sixteen birds. They are not shot at as far as I know, but I suspect that the cats and mink keep them down when they come around the farm buildings in the winter. Four years ago I saw seven birds in my garden (this was I think in the month of May); where they came from I am at a loss to know. My home is three miles from the river; they came from the south; but there is no timber or brush for hundreds of miles south of us.

Cottontail and jack rabbits are thick and we have fine sport through the winter, hunting them with the .22cal. rifle. Chickens and other grouse are fast disappearing. It will be some time before they get so thick again after such fearful hailstorms as we have had this past season.

I killed my five deer this last November, four bucks and a doe. It was the first deer hunt I have had in fifteen years, and I enjoyed it very much. One of the heads is a beauty, and I am having it mounted to hang up with a blacktail buck's head, the only one I ever shot.

J. F. H.

About a Name.

WALTON, N. Y., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM two years, and expect to read it as long as I am able to purchase it. I call it a converter of pot and all other illegal hunters if they read it a while, for no man can follow its columns, if he be a pot or market-hunter or fisher, and not be converted if he has any conscience at all. But it is not of this I mean to speak. What I would like to say is this: I have followed Mr. E. Hough all through the Yellowstone Park on his winter trip, his good work in Mr. Blow's defeat, his trips South—all his work for the past two years—and find them interesting and wish they could have lasted longer. In his Southern trip, in his visit to Mr. Bobo, I see he calls the negro a colored man; but when he gets as far as Quarantine he says his "nigger" talks French; and he has a great deal of "nigger" until the cooks, Jim and George, tickle his palate with nitro coffee and mullet and shellfish, then "the two colored servants." Now don't you think it sounds odd? "Negro" is one letter less to write, and sounds better to me; for I am a descendant of that race myself, and there are several of us who take FOREST AND STREAM and like to peruse its columns, and even to the ads. I read it all. I am a believer in it. I often sit and think, since those boys wrecked the passenger train, that if boys could be convinced that a paper of this kind would be of more benefit to them than blood and thunder novels, and followed the teachings of it, there would have been no train wreck, and they would

be free to-day to roam the woods or follow the brooks the coming spring. If you want to read adventure and good, sound reading, try FOREST AND STREAM a while. I was persuaded to do the same, and here I am in the same old rut and don't want to get out of it. GEO. BRUCE.

Mrs. Giles does for a Bear.

MR. AND MRS. F. S. GILES, of New York, who are visiting at Mr. J. H. Hunter's, Havelock, went out on a bear hunt Monday morning early, and Mrs. Giles had the rare good fortune for a lady of killing one that weighed 255lbs. She used buckshot and killed him stone dead at the first fire. They were only about 20yds. apart when she shot him. They were about three miles from Havelock station.

The bear was being run by Mr. Hunter's dogs. We imagine the hide of that bear will be kept a long time as a memento of the event.—*New Berne (N. C.) Journal, Dec. 25.*

Sea and River Fishing.

RED SALMON.

I THINK it has been remarked by some of your correspondents—Judge Greene, Mr. Cheney and others—that it wouldn't do just yet to close the salmon book with the idea that the information concerning the species and habits of this noble fish had been completely harvested. I never took very much interest in the subject until I came recently to the coast, for I had never had opportunity to play or study with the fish, but being thrown among them quite frequently of late my curiosity, interest and enthusiasm have been aroused, and from the day I speared my first salmon with a stick as it was swimming up the creek until I played him to the gaff with rod and reel for 'n hour 'n half, or such a matter, I have been trying to learn something about him or them. I am just in the primer yet, but I have learned some things, and one is that there are red salmon as well as Chinook, silver, dog, blueback, Tyce, steelhead, calico, and for aught I know, gros-grain, mohair and worsted; for a paper lately stated—I think San Francisco or Seattle—that there were, if I remember correctly, twenty-seven kinds of salmon on this coast, but we'll make it twenty-five—I'm not particular about two.

But about this red variety. He has been running in Hood's Canal since September last. Whether he comes at other seasons I know not, but I first noticed him jumping among the silver—a common sight among the residents along the canal in the fall. Later I found him running up the creeks among the dog, and it has been my impression, I admit, that he was a sport from some other variety caused by some peculiar environment, length of time from the ocean, or in fresh water, or some other cause, yet he might be a distinct variety. He is handsome enough at all events to deserve a beautiful name all to himself, and I suggest that we call him the cardinal. I say "he," for though I have opened several I have found no female; but I have made no exhaustive search, for the fish have not been very plentiful, only now and then among the hundreds of dog have I observed the red. In size they have run from 15in., maybe, to 30 or more. I do not think I have noticed any smaller than 15in., though there may have been some more than 30in. I have no doubt there were.

Let me describe one which I shot for the purpose of examination while after ducks one day. It is not all of ducking to duck, you will observe. This is a country of surprises and wide possibilities. The specimen was 27in. long and 5½in. deep, back to belly, and very symmetrical; a male; weight 5½lbs.; a very pronounced hook-nose, with regular dog salmon teeth; tail small just forward the caudal fin, not truncated; color a deep rich cardinal on sides and belly, shading into a rich brown, black spotted, within 2in. of the back; a strip of red 2in. wide extended laterally across the gills and face, narrowing to within a ¼in. of the eye; other parts of head brownish black; fins dark, tinged with red.

In some respects this fish was different from others I observed, which were not so rich or solid in color, and which were as perfect specimens of salmon as ever swam, having neither hook-nose nor prominent teeth. These red salmon running with the silver in salt water took the spoon well. I have seen them white, pink and red meated. Fishermen attribute this difference to more or less protracted stay in fresh water. The meat of the above described specimen was pale flesh color, with here and there spots of light red. A resident tells me that these red salmon have been long known on the canal, but more numerous this year than ever noticed. When they leap into the air and the sun's rays strike them right, they are a "thing of beauty" indeed. Their leap is similar to that of the silver, straight up or very nearly so, whereas the leap of the dog is not far above the surface, at an acute angle therewith, and it leaves the water on its side. I have seen the silver leap ten consecutive times, good high jumps too. This is unusual, but it is by no means unusual to see them leap from four to seven times in rapid succession. When there is a big run on and the fish are feeling pretty frisky, the sight of hundreds of silvery beauties flashing in the air amid the spray is a most inspiring one, and calculated enenmost to cause the spirit of Uncle Izaak to rise up and whoop.

If this ruby subject is of interest I will try and gather other facts relative thereto.

O. O. S.

WASHINGTON, December.

Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE YEAR
ENDING NOV. 12, 1895.

DURING the past year very little has been attempted in the way of fish legislation.

Mr. Kelley again urged the passage of a bill which would permit him to use nets in Buzzards Bay for the purpose of supplying his vessels with bait. This was opposed by this Association, together with the Old Colony Club and the Boatman's Association. It could not be shown why such permission should be given to him without establishing a precedent for any and all others who should apply for it, and the committee of the Legislature reported adversely upon it, as they did also upon the petition of Mr. Hoxie for legislation against seines, nets and pounds in the waters of the Commonwealth other than Buzzards Bay.

We are of the opinion that no further legislation is necessary to protect the fisheries of Buzzards Bay, but we have

reason to fear that attempts will be made to repeal the laws which have been enacted against the use of nets, weirs and seines, and open the waters of the bay to any and every kind of fishing. Were it not for this, we should believe that all the purposes for which this league was formed had been accomplished, and its further continuance become unnecessary.

That the Dartmouth and Gosnold fishermen will not make some effort tending to the continued use of their weirs and pounds is hardly to be believed; at all events, the chances that they may make the attempt will justify us in guarding well what we have with so much difficulty secured.

We are confident that since seines, nets and pounds have been so far prohibited, the fisheries of the bay have shown a marked improvement, and we are equally confident that if the migrations of fish are not interfered with, it will not be long before the normal balance will be restored.

Officers elected for 1896: President, Dr. Arthur Ricketson; Vice-President, Robert Bennett; Secretary and Corresponding Secretary, George H. Palmer; Treasurer, Dr. Henry M. Knowles. Executive Committee: The President and Secretary *ex-officio*, Robert Bennett, James H. Tallman, Dr. Henry M. Knowles, Arthur Ricketson, President.

GEO. H. PALMER, Secretary.

Wholesale Murder Suspected.

It was dusk on Thursday evening when a woman walked along the road near Pompton Lake, at the point where stands a little house adjacent to where the Oakland road joins the road from the west. Suddenly her attention was drawn to mysterious figures gathered close to the edge of the water. There were three men with a lantern. One of them cracked the ice with a stone and then the three held a consultation. The woman could not see what was being done, but her suspicions were aroused. Looking about she saw a large truck standing in the road a short distance from where the men were. The men went to the truck and removed some articles which seemed heavy, as it took two of the men to carry each one while the third held the lantern and lighted the way. The suspicions of the woman increased. With bated breath she watched the men from a safe distance, and she thought that she saw them putting something into the water; this was followed by some splashing and then one of the men cried out in a voice loud enough to reach the ears of the woman, "Be sure to put them all under." This was enough for the woman. She felt certain that bodies of human beings were being stowed away under the ice, and with a wild shriek of "Oh, my God!" she fled up the road and to her home. The men who aroused these horrible suspicions were employees of the Fish and Game Commission. The heavy bodies they removed from the truck were large cans containing fish, and the men were anxious that every fish should be saved.—*Hartford Post.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. Arthur D. Welton, Sec'y, 25 Larned street, West.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

ME AND DOC.

Doc was on his way home from the trials at Newton, N. C., and wanted to shoot a little bit, having tired of hearing "Point, judge!" and an occasional shot, without taking a hand in the shooting himself.

Doc talks plain, and said to me, "Some folks wrote that there were no birds on the grounds of the Eastern Club at Newton. Now, I saw the work in the trials, and plenty of birds were found, especially when a brace were hunted that had any experience on game and wanted to find and point the birds."

Doc's a funny man. He told me confidentially that the most perfect work done during the week was when Shad, in the Members' Stake, saw a black, white and tan cow pointing a covey of pea vines and promptly backed her; and another time, when Revenue tossed a rabbit in the air, caught him in his mouth, and let him go just for the fun of racing with him to a pine thicket.

Saturday morning, when me and Doc were about to start out on our hunt, he did not look well; the horse he was going to ride had one shoe off, and the saddle had no girth. Doc said he was a poor walker, and seeing a big gray horse, a sort of cross between a giraffe and a Percheron mare, belonging to me, a suggestion was made that he ride this horse and let me walk, and finally, after some parleying, Doc said "All right." The day was perfect for quail; no use telling about it, a sort of day when you "just find 'em."

The dogs Jay and Kay, like their masters, had enjoyed a good breakfast. The darky carried the camera and the lunch and led the horse down the road till we struck the fields.

The dogs were let go; both ranged well and wanted to hunt, and after going up the ditch, across the hill and down the bottom, we "sorter" watching them, Jay shot into the briars and rushes along the creek bank and pointed. Doc did not think birds were there, but they were. A big covey got up and scattered in the weeds and open woods. Several points were gotten on singles. Kay, a fine young pointer, not well broken, flushed and chased everything for a time, but we did not get many shots. In working toward a pine thicket where some singles were, Jay pointed another covey, but it was run into and flushed by Kay. Then going back again across the creek the dogs were found on a point, Jay pointing and Kay backing beautifully. The birds were followed across the hollow, into the open woods and down the ditch bank, but, strange to say, we could not find the singles, and only found one bird.

We then saw a fine piece of work by the dogs. They were hunting well and intelligently, and in going through a big open stubble both made game but nothing found. They were lost for a few minutes, and when found Kay

was pointing and Jay backing. The pointer was rigid, his muscles stood out like those of a trained athlete, and his head was raised as high in the air as he could get it, and with his tail pointing skyward he looked as if he owned the world and like the king he will some day prove himself to be. Doc felt good, and with a big laugh said to me, "This is worth coming 500 miles to see." He got a good picture and then set the pointer and the camera back by the darky.

We never saw birds keep quite so close, as after the covey was flushed, they settled in the edge of some wire grass along the side of a hill near a fence row, close to a thin piece of small trees. We walked and hunted all along this place over and over again and so did the dog. Finally we walked up several, each at different times. Coming from the same place, the dog could not smell them in the least.

Doc has a patent on getting on and off a high horse. He sits on the horse, gets hold of the stirrup, lets it out as long as possible and crawls down, and when he wants to get up his stirrup is low to the ground, so he does not have to lift his foot high to climb up again. No man except a Jerseyman can use this method, so Doc says. He tried to cross a ditch, a creek, a briar patch, and duck his head under a locust tree with thorny branches, all at the same time. After some foreign explosives of the Doctor's own making and some laughter, he was finally extricated. After crossing the creek, he planted himself on the bank and said he would rather eat the lunch than carry it, and said also that he was going to rest an hour, and he did it!

After we ate lunch the dog made game within 80 yds. of a darky's cabin, the owner standing in the door and asking us if we had found the birds that "used" about his house. Just then Jay pointed and a big covey was flushed, which scattered in the broom sedge between some thick pines and oak woods. Some good work was done on singles and a couple of clean misses made.

In working these singles the dog made game, but seemed unable to locate well. One of us flushed the covey near by and the birds were followed to the creek bank; the cover however was rough, so after killing a couple of birds Doc said, "Let's find another covey." The dog got tired of working hard for half an hour and finding nothing, and the sun was shining pretty hot.

We soon found a nice covey, however, in the open stubble and Jay pointed them well. The birds were small, with a few old ones mixed with them, and when we found this out, though they were nicely scattered in open pines, we let them off.

Doc was now shooting in good form; he had his second wind and seldom missed.

Jay now flushed a big covey that settled along the lower edge of open pines and grass. A number of pretty points were made and some good work done with the guns, when going across the big road the dog pointed a covey which scattered in thick weeds along the edge of a swamp, and as they were walked up Doc bowled them over. He chuckled to himself every time the thought came into his head that he had a horse to ride back on. Well, about this time he was in the field just above the road. There was a steep embankment down to the road, and he did not care to risk depriving his patients of their family physician; so he said, "Catch the horse as he comes down," and gave him a cut with a switch. He was not caught, and made a bee line for home, and he was not headed either! To say that the "medicine man" looked blank was putting it mildly. If by mistake he had given his best paying patient a dose of poison he could not have looked worse. He collapsed completely, and the only thing that brought him round was, "Where is Jay?" He said he saw him going up through a cornfield, and we followed him at once.

There was a deep ditch ahead of us bordered with briars, and we almost fell in, and had a hard scramble to get out of it. We found the dog pointing again on top of the hill in the edge of a stubble field. My! What a covey was flushed. We both missed clean. The birds scattered nicely in the brown sedge not far off. We then had some splendid shooting on singles, and as it was growing late and we had three miles to walk, we started for home. Across the meadow and over in a big field Jay was making game, but not locating quickly enough, and working out of our line of direction. He was called off, but soon after pointed a large covey. We killed two, but did not follow them. Going through the woods and over into a small stubble field, Jay worked by foot scent and came back behind us and pointed his last covey for the day. We gave them one shot, called the dog to heel and quickened our steps toward home. The rosy tints left the sky, the moon glistened on the leaves, the lights glimmered a welcome from the windows, a big blazing fire, a hot supper, a kind of happy, contented, half-weary feeling, a sound sleep, and the Doctor's last day's hunt of the year is over.

TAR HEEL.

Ranging.

FIELD trial clubs have succeeded in doing a great deal to encourage the breeding of wide-ranging dogs. Wide ranging is one of the most important points in a high class dog, but if his performances in that line are not under control they will not recommend themselves to the sportsman who wants to enjoy good shooting. It is because many field trial dogs, though they range wide and go at a "killing gait," fail to do good bird work, and don't hunt where they are wanted to, that many men say that they are no good for shooting over. If a dog has not been taught to range to hand (that is, hunt where he is directed) and beat out his ground with judgment, and without losing time in watching or coming in to his handler, he is a nuisance, and unfit to shoot over.

A dog ought to be taught to range just as much as to be stanch on point or anything else. On the prairies or in any open country it is very easy to teach a high class, intelligent puppy to range right; but in such ground as we usually find in the South it is difficult and takes a great deal of time. I do not think that a Derby puppy ought to be expected to range correctly; if he points, backs and is reasonably obedient, that is enough to expect from him, and too much ranging drill would be liable to spoil his natural inclination to range wide, but an all-aged dog ought to be under perfect control and range wide or close, as the nature of the ground requires. It is impossible to lay down any rule as to how far a dog should range under certain circumstances, except that he should not keep out of sight for any length of time or too far to hear the whistle.

C. E. McMurdo.

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

In the year which has just passed there have been many changes in canine interests from a competitive point of view, both as they relate to the bench and the field. Field trial interests in particular have undergone great changes. Nearly all the field trial clubs east of the Rocky Mountains suffered financial loss in holding their competitive events, many of them being brought face to face with serious deficits. In this connection it is proper to mention that FOREST AND STREAM many months ago called attention to the fact that nearly all field trial clubs were giving larger prizes than they could afford, and that sooner or later their erroneous financial management was sure to end in a deficit which in time was sure to dampen the enthusiasm and club interest of the members or cripple the club, or even disorganize it. Without going further back than the past year there are lessons enough to show that the financial methods of field trial clubs need remodeling.

The large prices which were demanded and paid for setters and pointers a few years since no longer exist. Undoubtedly the large prices were harmful to breeding interests in the end, since but a few relatively could enjoy such expensive luxuries, thus gradually the sport grew out of the financial reach of the men of ordinary means.

To restore the sport to a healthy, sound basis the prizes must be made smaller and the entry fee reduced accordingly, so that it will be within the means of the average sportsman, and so that the clubs also will thus have a reasonable chance of "paying out."

FOREST AND STREAM clearly pointed all these things out long ago, and while they were admittedly true, the competition of the field trial clubs for patronage prompted the risking of chances which were not in accord with sound policy. Now that such systems have worked out their legitimate results, the times are favorable for all the clubs to adopt a new and sound financial policy.

In last January, when Mr. P. T. Madison, the secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., read his report at the club's annual meeting, the first paragraph was as follows: "In making my annual report I am pained to say the past season has been a disastrous one for field trial clubs. The great falling off in entries and starters made it difficult for clubs to get through and survive," etc. This of itself should convince field trial managements that the old systems of finance, which were good in their time, are not good under the new and changed conditions of field trial matters.

In this connection the professional trainer holds that the prizes are so small now that even if they win they do no more than pay expenses. This must be taken more as a general statement, and as such bearing on but a part of the case, for at all times there can be but few winners as compared to the total number of handlers who compete. To join in the competition is quite as expensive to those who lose as to those who win. But, aside from this, the records show that handlers win much more than their expenses. This, however, is a perversion of the issue, for after all field trials are not gotten up solely with a view to paying the expenses of the winning handlers, nor is the money to be considered all the value they receive out of it. They have much advertising which adds greatly to their regular business; they often make sales at the trials; the value of the winning dogs is increased; general interest is stimulated, which in turn makes business for the handlers. If the entry fees are reduced it will make it much easier for the handlers who lose as well as for those who win, and for dog owners in general. Surely the interest of all concerned is the real interest to consider.

The Southern Club canceled its contracts and declared its February trials off recently. If the Continental Field Trial Club had run at Newton in November last it was sure to lose several hundred dollars. The United States Field Trial Club pluckily ran its trials in the face of a certain loss of several hundred dollars in November last. All these are material instances concerning the matter under consideration.

The pointer has added to his good standing in public esteem, his competition during the past season rating well up to the highest standards. Of all the breeds, the pointer in the past few years has made the greatest improvement.

The excellence of the setter competition has been gradually declining in the past few years, considering it as a whole, although there are individuals which still show the highest class of setter work.

The Irish setter has shown good capabilities in the competition afforded him, but the admirers of that handsome breed have not given the support to the Irish setter trials that is necessary to give their favorites a proper opportunity. The Irish setter trials, too, would have a greater importance and be a more accurate index of Irish setter interests if the fanciers of that breed would take a material interest in field work and field competition. It would also be a gain if they were to compete in the trials open to all setters and pointers.

The chicken trials given by the Continental Field Trial Club proved a great success, though the contestants from the United States side of the line were hampered greatly by customs regulations and exactions, all of which was pointed out by FOREST AND STREAM as being probable when Manitoba was first under consideration as a place for the club's chicken trials. So great was the success that the club has decided to hold another trial on chickens this year, on the United States side of the line, however. The permanency of the chicken trials is doubtful, as the supply of birds is very variable from year to year, and also variable in numbers in one locality as compared to another year after year. Their season is shorter as compared to the quail season; the preparatory work of the dogs must be crowded into a short period of very hot weather, August and September, and the journey is longer and more expensive in comparison with that in respect to the quail trials. They, however, come at a time when there is no other shooting, when the spirit is eager for sport after many months of enforced rest, and the sport is in itself more or less of a novelty to the shooters of the South and East. So long as it holds the interest of sportsmen the chicken trial will be a success.

In connection with the success of the chicken trial, it is proper to mention that a radical departure was made in the financial feature of it, the fee being \$20 both in the Derby and All-Age Stake respectively, and the purse in each was \$350. The same reduction or a similar one in the entry fees of the quail trials would have a similar

beneficial result. The sport as it now stands is too expensive for the general public. The club which is wise in arranging for the new conditions, regardless of what some rival club may do, is likely to live healthily and much longer than the club, which is living beyond its means.

The greatest addition to field trial interests during the past year was the organizing of the Continental Field Trial Club, the most powerful field trial club ever formed, considering it from the point of its personnel and the wide distribution of its membership. It was unfortunate, however, in declaring its first quail trials off in a most arbitrary manner, and thus it lost confidence and prestige.

The Southern Field Trial Club recently disbanded, and thus field trial interests incur a serious loss. The club gave trials in a dignified, perfunctory sort of a way, leaving it to the owners and handlers to supply their own information, enthusiasm and interest. The club accepted such support as blew in and ran its trials in an estimable manner. But the club in itself was lacking in activity and the progressiveness which comes from being alert and in touch with its supporters, and in keeping itself before the public. Instead of sending its matter to the sporting press at large it confined all its matter to one journal, with the natural result that its sphere grew narrower and at last it yielded to the inevitable.

There are lessons in the past which field trial managements should read and ponder over and heed. Field trials for their healthy existence must rest on a sound financial basis. They being public affairs their scope must be public in the widest sense. There is no lessening of interest in field sports with dog and gun, and there will be no lessening in the competitive interests if those who have them in charge only shape them up to conform to existing conditions.

The bench show interests have a better prospect than ever before. The recent changes made by the A. K. C. in respect to the requirements concerning bench shows will encourage a much wider competition, and will admit of the holding of shows in places where the old conditions were practically prohibitory. There is no doubt but what the old restrictions of the A. K. C. cramped the bench show world to a serious extent, but now that it has shown its intention to develop the kennel world to its utmost, it should receive every support and encouragement. These changes and the cropping question are still of such lively interest that lengthy consideration at this time is unnecessary.

The matter of ranging, and indeed field trial work in general, is engaging the earnest attention of sportsmen, and there is no doubt but what exacting that work in the competition shall be on lines more in accord with practical work afield would add to the general approval and support of field trials.

OWNEY, the Globe Trotter.

OWNEY, the much traveled dog, has returned to his native land, to bask under the shadows of the American flag. The great dailies of New York show much gladness over the safe return of this globe trotter and the *Herald* relates his journeyings with much detail:

Owney, who is going around the world on a dog trot, arrived here yesterday as a first kennel passenger on the steamer Port Phillip, from Yokohama. He declined to be interviewed. To the question, "Can't you talk?" he shook his tail and made a dive for the forepeak. He comes back covered with foreign decorations, in the form of tags attached to his collar on which are written the names of the places he has visited since Aug. 19, when he left Tacoma, Wash., on his grand tour around the world.

Owney will be taken to his old friends, the railway mail clerks, who will see he reaches Tacoma some way. There was a time when this sleek Skye terrier was a shivering little pup. That was eleven years ago, when he crawled into the Albany Post Office so hungry that he knew not where to sleep, and crept under the mail bags. He formed the habit of traveling since that, and every large city in the country knows him. He has traveled from Maine to California and back many times. He started to extend the scope of his adventures, and, at the suggestion of his Tacoma friends, he began his tour.

The Tacomans bought him a collar, which he still wears. A plate is attached to it which bears the inscription, "Owney. Boom Tacoma while you live, and when you die be buried in a Tacoma made coffin." The pious postmaster of Tacoma also affixed a note to the collar.

His letter of introduction reads: "To all who may meet this dog: Owney is his name. He is the pet of 100,000 postal employees of the United States of America. He starts to-day (Aug. 19) on a trip around the world. Treat him kindly and speed him on his journey across ocean and land to Yokohama, Hong Kong and New York. From New York send him overland to Tacoma, and who knows but he may compass the earth and beat the record of George Francis Train."

Owney has compassed well. His letters of introduction were a passport everywhere. He got to San Francisco and Yokohama by a Pacific Mail steamer. He was received in Yokohama with every mark of distinction. He inspected the post office methods of the empire. He found the mail bags soft to lie upon. He frisked in the streets and defied dogs of all degrees. He got a tag there with inscriptions thereon in Japanese attesting the fact that his credentials were satisfactory. He lived on rice and chicken and paid no hotel bills.

He was escorted to Port Phillip on Oct. 3 by Americans and Japanese of high degree and consigned to the care of Captain Grey. He captained the steamer and all that was in it. He had a seat at the captain's table, or rather under it, and access to the galley. He ingratiated himself with the cook by killing all the rats, which he faithfully brought on deck. He stood on the bridge with the captain, whether it was his watch or not. At Hong Kong he went ashore with the mate.

He was challenged by a native dog. He explained as best he could that he was not a follower of the code, and turned away. He held high carnival at Shanghai, Wootung and Foochow. He was charmed with the sunlit shores of Singapore and the white quays of Perim. He was on deck during the passage of the Suez Canal, and at Algiers he saluted the Bey. He stood at the bow when the Azores were reached, and he was among the first to sight land as the Port Phillip neared these shores.

The steamer was detained at Quarantine all day yesterday to be fumigated, and to-day she will reach her

pier, when Owney will again reach his native soil and go in pursuit of mail bags and men in the gray uniform of postal clerks. If Owney has good luck he will complete his tour in four months and a half.

C. S. K. C.'s Local Show.

THE local show of the City of the Straits Kennel Club held at Detroit was a success.

The weather was unfavorable, yet the show closed on Dec. 21 with receipts sufficient to pay expenses and probably a small balance over. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. Younghusband's Prince Cola. **Bitches:** 1st, L. Younghusband's Minnie Beaufort.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, J. T. Stirling's Don; 2d, F. J. Lawrence's Dom Pedro. **Bitches:** 1st, W. Wolfsky's Fanny.—**NOVICE—1st,** F. J. Lawrence's Dom Pedro.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Major Guillott's Scion Lomond; 2d, D. B. Duffield's Belle Isle Napoleon I.; 3d, A. Robinson's Lord Olive. **Bitches:** 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla.—**NOVICE—1st,** Major Guillott's Scion Lomond; 2d, A. Robinson's Lord Olive; 3d, H. E. Richmond's Friend.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, C. J. Hirt's Simpson; 2d, C. Leonard's Gladstone; 3d, G. G. Fenwick's Tom Carlisle. **Vhc.,** F. J. Peddie's Prince. **Hc.,** C. Conly's Sir Gerold. **C.,** J. F. Farrand's Prince Galaith. **Bitches:** 1st, G. G. Fenwick's Blossom; 2d, E. Horenburg's Lulu.—**SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs:** 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis; 2d, J. G. Hawley's Sir Donovan. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol and Sunbeam; 3d, H. Froehlin's Fernwood Princess.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, Sir Donovan. **Bitches:** 1st, Augusta. **Puppies:** 1st, H. Froehlin's Sultan; 2d, G. G. Fenwick's Augusta.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, C. H. Brown's Prince; 2d, G. A. Sheley's Peter the Great. **Bitches:** 1st, Henrietta Glynn's Wolverton Haldee.—**NOVICE—1st,** Peter the Great.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, H. K. Cowan's Neustreiner. **Bitches:** 1st, H. K. Cowan's Jack.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Ravelle's Judge Landsdowne; 2d, W. Predhomme's Royal Flush. **Bitches:** 1st, Fred. Moe's Louise Banner. **PUPPIES—Bitches:** 1st withheld; 2d, C. A. Converse's Bird; 3d, J. B. McKay's Cora.—**NOVICE—Bitches:** 3d, Cora.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, R. Bangham's London; 2d, C. A. Rathbone's Chester; 3d, Frank Dolan's Blue Coat. **Res.,** J. G. Hawley's Cincinnati Max. **Bitches:** 1st, Victor Chauvin's Belle C.; 2d, Edward Glasco's Maggie G.; 3d, R. Bangham's Linda S.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, R. Bangham's Ontario; 2d, Cincinnati Max. **Bitches:** 1st, Maggie G.; 2d, Dr. D. S. Campbell's Queen Lil.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Stephen Lusted's Jim Purser; 2d, J. G. Armstrong's Max; 3d, S. Lusted's Sirius. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, S. Lusted's Regal and Atair; 3d, J. M. Whitney's Fisher's Glen. **Res.,** Queen Lil.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. E. B. Welton's Fingaln. **Bitches:** 1st, A. Drouillard's Fawn; 2d, Concord Kennels' Nina Concord; 3d, E. B. Gregory's Roxie.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, A. Drouillard's Frank; 2d, J. B. McKay's Drenagh. **Bitches:** 1st, Roxie; 2d, W. A. Morton's Wenah.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Drenagh.

GORDON SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Drouillard's Duke of Essex. **Bitches:** 1st, C. A. Converse's Fly.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, F. Drouillard's Lady D.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, Doone Kennels' Sir Sefton Doone; 2d, Dr. B. P. Manton's Sir Rupert Doone; 3d, J. J. Dodd's Sir Maxwell Doone. **Res.,** Doone Kennels' Sir Eusor Doone. **Vhc. and hc.,** Miss E. M. Lynch's Regent Roslyn and Heather Joslyn. **C.,** R. McFadyen's Grampion Chief. **Bitches:** 1st, Doone Kennels' Lady Doone; 2d, W. B. Drew's Lassie; 3d, A. H. Stevens's Grampion Josie. **Res.,** R. McFadyen's Lissie. **Puppies:** 1st, F. Stevens's Heather Belle.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, Sir Sefton Doone; 2d, Sir Rupert Doone; 3d, Sir Maxwell Doone. **Res.,** T. Robinson's Rex. **Vhc.,** Heather Roslyn. **Bitches:** 1st, Lady Doone; 2d, Lassie; 3d, Lissie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Foxhall Kennels' Roger O'Donaghue. **Bitches:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Foxhall Kennels' Nellie, Fan II. and Fan III.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Wolfgang Felders's — and —.

BLACK POODLES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Wright's Peter Jackson; 2d, Miss Margery Hendrie's Bonaparte. **Bitches:** 1st, G. Hendrie's Lazette.—**PUPPIES—Bitches:** 1st, James Moynahan's Trixy.—**OTHER THAN BLACK—A. W. Imrie's Laurette.—NOVICE—BLACK—1st,** Miss Hendrie's Josephine.

WHIPPETS.—1st and 2d, J. J. Spracklin's pair.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, J. H. McMillan's Edgewood Matchless.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, F. G. Austin's Bassett. **Bitches** (light weight): 1st, J. H. Alexander's Monon.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, J. H. McMillan's Boxer; 2d, D. Goldberg's Starplex; 3d, H. M. Field's Little Billee.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, Bassett.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, L. R. Baldwin's Zulu II.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, S. M. Copeland's Bunker; 2d, Miss D. McLean's Nick.

OTTER HOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. M. Hendrie's Cripple.

BLACK COCKERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' champion Pickania. **Res.,** C. F. Backus's champion Bendigo.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, A. T. Knowlson's Willie Silk; 2d, N. Savage's Sandy; 3d, D. Daniel's Tucker. **Res.,** Belle Isle Kennels' King Raven, Jr. **Bitches:** 1st, J. R. H. Wagner's Miss Ginger; 2d, Concord Kennels' Miss Mae; 3d, W. Iron's Topsy. **Res.,** W. B. Gregory's Nellie.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Sandy; 2d, Concord Kennels' Black Justice; 3d, W. A. Pung's Bobby Silk. **Bitches:** 1st, Miss Ginger; 2d, C. F. Backus's Lady Cherry.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, Bobby Silk. **Bitches:** 1st, Miss Ginger; 2d, Lady Cherry.

RED COCKERS.—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Backus's Cherry Boy; 2d, Concord Kennels' Red Justice; 3d, H. C. Van Husan's Brantford Redstone. **Res.,** E. Wiles's Ripper. **Bitches:** 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, C. F. Backus's Lady Laforce.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, Cherry Boy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Foxhall Kennels' Dux and My Fellow. **Bitches:** 1st, Foxhall Kennels' Venus; 2d, My Lady Starden; 3d, Foxhall Topsy. **Res.,** W. J. Kernon's Spot.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, J. W. Hartford's Wentworth Doe. **Bitches:** 1st, Miss Hendrie's Flora; 2d, C. E. Abram's Lady Clair.—**NOVICE—Bitches:** 1st, Venus; 2d, Flora.—**WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs:** 1st, R. Davis's Yondatega. **Bitches:** 1st, G. Hendrie's Thistle.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, G. Hendrie's Jack and Whisk Broom.—**NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, G. Hendrie's Jack and Whisk Broom. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, G. M. Hendrie's Thistle and Flurry.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. D. Welton's Joe.—**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. Goudie's Snowball.—**Bitches:** 1st, G. D. Welton's Jane; 2d, Henrietta; 3d, Daisy. **Res.,** Bessie. **Vhc.,** J. T. Younghusband's Rose of Lansing.—**Bitches** (under 13in.): G. D. Welton's Superba. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, G. D. Welton's Deacon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Stewart's Dandy.—**Bitches:** 1st, C. W. Stewart's Bulagh.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, G. R. Andrews's Tony.

TOY TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, J. W. Wright's Trixy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, James Wright's Toody; 2d, W. Sewell's Ino.—**Bitches:** 1st, James Wright's Toots.—**PUPPIES—Dogs:** Prizes withheld.

MISCELLANEOUS DOGS.—1st, William Rickerman's Nellie (Mexican).

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, R. McDonald's Merry Cole.—**OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, R. McDonald's Ooloo.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

MR. WILLIAM BRAILSFORD arrived safely at his home in England, and in a personal letter, under date of Dec. 14, writes on field trials in his clear and forceful manner as follows: "The work of the dogs which were to the fore at Morris I see have varied a good deal in their more recent work at Newton, the leading dogs having changed places from time to time, and bearing out the old-time saying that dogs have their own days, a well-worn truth. The holding of successive field trial meetings on the same ground would almost carry the impression that yours is a very small country, and wanting in resources. It is in many respects objectionable and it looks odd to outsiders that each club cannot provide its own grounds in a country without limit.

"I am thankful to have found all going on satisfactorily on my return home. I am just getting in a fine entry of young dogs of this year's breeding for next spring's breaking. Fox-hunting and pheasant shooting are the sporting occupations going on just now. One day last week

Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's party of eight guns killed 1,104 pheasants, a very pretty day's shooting—this besides other game."

The attempt made by the *Sportsman* to arouse sufficient interest and union among dog owners to secure the holding of a bench show in Portland has proved abortive. The rivalry existing in this city between men interested in dogs is not of the generous character found in other localities which leads to concerted action in getting dogs together, and strong individual efforts to secure the prizes after this is done.

Such jealousy and rancor has been engendered here by past happenings in the kennel line that barrels of the oil of peace would be wasted apparently in efforts to calm the troubled waters. The only dog likely to be exhibited in Portland is the "dog in the manger." Instead of trying to become reconciled and work together, the two factions representing canine enthusiasts simply glower at each other over the fence, and are united only in a determination not to allow anything to be accomplished by either side.

This is a regrettable state of affairs, but it is the existing one, and of course a successful exhibit is out of the question until it is overthrown and better counsels prevail. Just now a change of heart seems as remote as the millenium and a Portland bench show is indefinitely postponed.—*Northwest Sportsman.*

[What! what! and this is the town where lives Old Mike, Judge Greene's philanthropical and cynophilistic old setter!]

In the case of F. T. Miller vs. the Canadian Express Company, the *Canadian Kennel Gazette* states that the jury awarded the plaintiff \$100 and costs of the suit. The suit was for \$200 for loss of bull-terriers smothered while in charge of the express company on the return trip from the Montreal show. In this connection the *Gazette* advances a point of material interest to all fanciers, as follows: "Express companies may disclaim liability for damage to stock in transit, but this does not in any way relieve them of their responsibility as common carriers."

The editor of a German contemporary, who had the audacity to speak of the incident of the Emperor of Germany's Barzoi which were accidentally shot and wounded in Potsdam as an "attempt on the life of the Emperor's bow-wow," is now undergoing three months' imprisonment for his pains. The editor in question was prosecuted on the plea that it amounted to what is termed "lese majeste," which means "insult to majesty." We are told that the *Vorwaerts*, which committed the alleged journalistic sacrilege, has already lost two of its editors for similar offenses, which makes one feel grateful that we do not live in a land where the press is thus fettered. In America the laws err in the opposite direction, being too lax, in that they give the press a license to say anything almost, however indecent or untruthful.—*Our Dogs.*

By the courtesy of Mr. E. von Otto-Keckwitz, editor of our German contemporary, *Hundesport*, we are enabled to give the views of the Germany Great Dane Club on the incident of the abolition of cropping in England, and its special bearing on this breed. The president expresses himself as follows: "If it is the determination in England to uphold the decision to exclude all cropped dogs, then this breed is prohibited. A dog with hanging ears is like a butler in a nightcap; a dog that is cropped, like a smart grenadier with helmet. Continental fanciers will, no doubt, remember what the uncropped 1-year-old brindle dog I exhibited in Vienna in 1885 was like. The fine ears were always beaten raw, although my dog was always in good health. The second year I tried to heal his ears, and he had to wear leather earcaps continually. At 2½ years old I had to crop him so as to free him from further pain, which his ears caused him, and myself from further trouble. If you gentlemen in England do not want to crop these dogs that is your affair, but you should leave foreign dogs as produced in their native land. You do not leave our dogs anything, not even their honorable name. Is that gentlemanly? I mean when you buy our dogs in Germany and call them 'German dogs,' you only uphold a duty of politeness, which you English sportsmen never forget; but it does not sound melodious to call a German dog a 'Chou Chou.'"—*Our Dogs.*

Mr. J. H. Johnson, Carlisle, Ind., in a pleasant letter writes as follows: "By the way, what made you give Tony's Gale credit for a flush on a single in his first heat when he pointed it at least 300yds. away and held it until judge and crowd came up, when I flushed and shot over him. This was his only point in his two heats. We are having fine weather here—a little rainy, but good for my business. I am finding lots of birds—three to five coveys per brace. My posters have been the means of keeping the shooters off my preserve in my absence. I will go South on the 27th or 28th of December, and don't know just where I will locate."

In our advertising columns Geo. E. Jantzer, New York, offers beagle for sale or exchange. C. F. T., New York, offers reward for lost or stolen setter bitch. C. F. Robbins, Oxford, Mass., has training and boarding kennel. J. H. Miller, Christiana, Pa., offers foxhounds and rabbit dogs. 21 W. 17th st. offers fox-terriers.

The calendar of Spratts Patent for 1896 abounds with matters of interest for all lovers of the dog. It is a work of art. It contains portraits of typical dogs, drawn by the well-known artist R. H. Moore, with descriptive text of the different breeds. There are also types of some of the favorite breeds of poultry. There also is a list of technical terms used by dog and poultry fanciers, besides other information of value. It is worth your while to send a postal requesting a copy of Spratts Patent calendar for 1896.

Under date of Dec. 22, Dr. Wesley Miles writes us as follows: "I wish to congratulate you on the independent, sensible, humane and rational stand you have taken in FOREST AND STREAM on the cropping question. May the right prevail soon, as it must in the end."

The coursing meeting which was arranged for New Year's Day at Minnehaha Driving Park, near Minneapolis, has been declared off, owing to possible complications with the Humane Society.

A Fox Hunt in Connecticut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last week my friend George and I planned for a fox hunt on Red Mountain, if the weather was favorable. On Thursday night we saw that the weather would probably be good for a hunt the next morning. So Friday morning saw me up bright and early. It was just the day for a hunt. The atmosphere was damp; no wind. Our dogs were fairly eager to go, barking with delight. I called for friend George and his Nero, and off we started. Fifteen minutes' walk brought us to the place where we would be likely to strike a track. And off the dogs went through brush and brier.

They had not gone long before old Leo, an old-timer, got on to a track, and barking and yelping all three rushed after him, making the finest music for a hunter's ear.

They had run the fox for about an hour, always in hearing. Both of us, full of excitement, were always ready with our Parker guns.

I stood in an old wood road and was just thinking of changing my stand, when I heard the hounds, seemingly driving the fox on the road I was on, and sure enough, there was the old fox coming down the road toward me. My Parker went to my shoulder, and bang! bang! went the old gun, and to my surprise it stopped my fox. When the dogs came up they were as proud as myself, it being my first fox.

A. SIERERS.

The Boston Terrier Club.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Boston Terrier Club have offered the following trophies, open to members only, to be competed for twice annually, viz.: at the Westminster Kennel Club and the New England Kennel Club shows. Each trophy to be won five times before becoming the absolute property of the winner. The winner at each show will receive a silver medal in commemoration of the award.

First, the Boston Terrier Club breeders' trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch bred and owned by the exhibitor.

Second, the Boston Terrier Club challenge trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch owned by exhibitor six months prior to close of entries.

Entries to be made with the secretary of the Boston Terrier Club on or before Feb. 4 and April 1 each year, accompanied by an entrance fee of \$3. The winner to receive 50 per cent. of stake, 30 per cent. to go to the second, and 20 per cent. to the third winner.

F. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Under the Wagon.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the Harrisburg *Daily Patriot* there appeared a local, written by a Steelton correspondent, as follows:

"Dr. C. R. Miller and E. Alleman lost a valuable dog while on a hunting trip on last Tuesday. On their return home they tied the dog by a rope around his neck beneath the wagon. In some way the rope tightened and the unfortunate animal was strangled to death. The worst part of the matter is that the dog was borrowed."

I send you this so that sportsmen and lovers of the dog will know that two men reside in Steelton, Pa., who after a day's enjoyment by the work of a faithful dog will tie him under the wagon. I can in fancy see the tears in Wanda's eyes when she reads this. A DOG'S FRIEND.

U. S. F. T. C.'s Trials Postponed.

UNITED STATES trials postponed to the date of the Southern, Feb. 3, on account of champion trials.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty claims the name Fred Taral for setter dog, whelped July 11, 1895, by Snapper Garrison—Nellie L.

BRED.

Mr. J. Danforth Bush's Careless, bull bitch, Oct. 16, to Leonidas. Leinster Kennel's.
Leinster Sing, fox-terrier bitch, April 6, to Driftwood Rambler.
Wilton Leah, fox-terrier bitch, May 3, to Poker Brown.
Leinster VI, fox-terrier bitch, April 5, to Poker Brown.

WHELPS.

Dr. H. T. Foote's
Champion Meersbrook Maiden, black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 19, three (one dog), by champion Broomfield Sultan.
Whittle, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 26, three (one dog), by Brittle.
Leinster Kennel's
Leinster Sing, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 5, four (two dogs), by Driftwood Rambler.
Leinster VI, fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 16, four (one dog), by Poker Brown.
Wilton Leah, fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 5, six (one dog), by Poker Brown.

SALES.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty has sold Fred Taral, English setter dog, to Mr. James Kenyon.
Mr. R. V. Ohi has sold
Boy Gladstone, English setter dog, to Mr. W. A. Poland.
Spotena Gladstone, English setter dog, to Mr. W. A. Poland.
Mr. E. M. Little has sold
Queen Bess, pointer bitch puppy, to Mr. Arthur D. Murphy.
English setter puppy, to Mr. Paul Ranton.
English setter puppy, to Mr. Frank Aldrich.
English setter puppy, to Mr. James Johnson.
English setter puppy, to Mr. A. M. Henk.

Yachting.

LORD DUNRAVEN has not only come, but gone, after a visit of something over fifty hours to New York, having arrived by the Teutonic on Dec. 26 and sailed by the Umbria on Dec. 28. The former vessel was due on Christmas Day, but outside of Sandy Hook she was interfered with by a dense American fog, only reaching Quarantine at daylight on Thursday. Lord Dunraven and Mr. Arthur Glennie were taken off by the tug E. C. Everts and landed at the foot of West Twenty-fourth street, proceeding to Mr. Kersey's home at 40 East Twenty-fifth street. When the steamer reached her dock in the course of the morning, there landed Lord Dunraven's solicitor, G. R. Asquith; his secretary, J. A. G. Hamilton, and his valet.

The hearing began, as announced, on Friday morning, there being present the special committee, J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney, George L. Rives, E. J. Phelps and Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., Mr. Morgan being chairman and Mr. Rives secretary. The model room of the New York Y. C. house was arranged with tables for the committee and the two parties and was closely guarded; several detectives being present downstairs and accompanying Lord Dunraven to and from his rooms. While members of the club were admitted to the first floor, only those directly connected with the investigation were allowed upstairs, and all strangers, especially the newspaper men, were rigidly excluded. Fortunately the weather was clear and warm, and those whose duty took them in quest of news were able to keep reasonably comfortable in the street outside, where they gathered in full force and laid in wait for all who entered or left the club house, endeavoring, but with no success, to interview them. The committee was in session until 6 P. M. on Friday and again all day on Saturday, Mr. Iselin being present with his counsel, Mr. Choate, also Mr. Herreshoff, Mr. W. Butler Duncan and others of Defender's party, and Capt. Haff with a dozen of her crew. Billman, the rigger, was also present with the Captains of the Hattie Palmer and the tug Wallace B. Flint.

The hearing will probably be concluded on Monday, but up to the time of going to press nothing official or reliable is known; nor will it be until announced by the committee. The lengthy and detailed accounts published by some of the daily papers differ so from each other as to show that they have no particular connection with the truth. The one fact that is positively known is that Lord Dunraven has failed to make out any case, the able efforts of Mr. Asquith, in behalf of his client, failing for lack of substantial facts. Lord Dunraven was before the committee on Friday and again on Saturday morning, Mr. Glennie also being examined; but at noon on Saturday both left the club house and at 1 P. M. boarded the Cunarder Umbria, leaving Mr. Asquith to represent the Earl in the concluding proceedings. During the first session some excitement was occasioned by the discovery of a reporter listening at the big skylight on the roof of the club house, he having engaged a room in the adjoining house and made his way to the roof. He was driven off and watch set to prevent his return.

YACHT DESIGNING.—I.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

Introduction.

IN the minds of many yachtsmen, even the better informed, yacht designing is considered to be the "scientific" process of "drawing the lines," or making such drawings as frequently appear in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM, as opposed to the "rule of thumb" process of "whittling" a model from a block of pine, as a basis for building. If this were indeed the case, our task would be an easy one; as the mere production on paper of the lines of a vessel, especially where there are no cant frames, as in all yachts, or where the construction is of metal, involves only the simpler problems of descriptive geometry, and is a branch of mechanical drawing which may be readily mastered by the novice, even through self-instruction. A smaller number take a broader view of the subject and cherish the belief that in addition to the "lines" there are "calculations," formulas more or less abstruse, but positive, and by means of which the expert can conjure up with infallible certainty a successful yacht. If the former of these opinions falls short, the other goes too far; there is no general formula or collection of formulas to make yacht designing a certainty, even to the initiated; and, so far from being the sum and substance of designing, the drawing of the lines is merely one, and by no means the most difficult and important one, of the many processes, mental, mathematical and mechanical, by which a vessel is produced.

In its broadest sense, yacht designing may be defined as the study of vessels with a view to the determination of their governing principles; and the application of these principles to the creation of yachts. This study, which is not necessarily limited to yachts alone, but may with profit be extended to include many allied types of fishing vessels, pilot boats and other commercial craft, deals with the vessel in every stage of her existence; in the first form of the crude dimensions and elements of the design, the completed drawing and its calculations, the enlarged design on the mould loft floor, the vessel herself in frame on the stocks, on the launching ways, afloat and in service, down to the final breaking up, in which faults of design or construction previously unknown or unidentified are disclosed in the form of undue straining or premature decay.

Of the many distinct processes which make up the sum total of yacht designing, some, such as the actual drafting and many of the calculations, are governed by principles which are clearly understood and definitely formulated; but there are many other processes whose principles are still involved in mystery and uncertainty, and over which even the most expert are in doubt or opposed to each other.

The basis of yacht designing is, naturally, the science of naval architecture, in itself a codification and exposition of the laws which govern floating bodies; but, indispensable as it is, naval architecture alone falls far short of being the whole or even the greater part of yacht designing. The most complete familiarity with such standard works as Sir W. H. White's "Manual of Naval Architecture" and Sir E. J. Reed's "Stability of Ships" will still leave the student in complete ignorance of the best dimensions for a cruising 30-footer, or the proper sail plan for a racing 15-footer. The history of yacht racing shows that, from the time of the schooner Titania, designed in 1851 by the late John Scott Russell, down to the present, the efforts at yacht designing of the leading naval architects and the most expert investigators of naval science have been failures; and, on the other hand, successful yachts without number have during the same period been turned out by men of the most limited education. By some these two facts have been considered a final argument against all

systems of designing on paper, and for the wooden model and the condensed methods of the shipyards; but they by no means prove that scientific yacht designing is all wrong, or even useless, but only that the principles on which it is based are as yet not so fully understood as to be infallible guides. So far from abandoning all study and investigation in favor of what are termed "practical methods," there is every inducement to continue them earnestly and to increase our store of valuable knowledge.

It can hardly be denied that the more a man knows about a vessel, especially as concerns those features less in outward evidence, or disclosed to the eye in the model or the actual vessel, the better he is qualified to design new ones; and the risk of failure through too close an adherence to some new and possibly extreme theory is much less than that which accompanies an ignorance of the simpler principles of flotation and stability. Many successful yachts have been produced by builders who were ignorant of all knowledge of the elementary principle that the total weight of a vessel is exactly equal to that of the water displaced by her—much less of the fact that this weight can be calculated, and that before she is built. It needs no demonstration to prove that a builder who is possessed of these two facts is better qualified for his work than one who is ignorant of them; and that the former would be still better equipped if he possessed the ability to calculate the displacement from the design.

It is hardly necessary here, however, to plead the cause of systematic designing, as the very fact that a man is sufficiently interested to read these articles is proof that he is looking for something more certain and definite than the old method of cutting a model.

The task of designing a yacht is by no means an easy one, nor is it invariably attended with success, even in the hands of the most famous designers. It is, however, far easier than the task of writing acceptably on designing, as in the case of the doubts which invariably attend many important points of a design the designer may at least keep them to himself and risk the chance of failure on this one point against those of success through lighter construction, better dimensions, or superior handling; while the writer on the same subject is expected to give a positive and specific answer to every question. Such questions as those published in the FOREST AND STREAM two weeks since occur constantly in designing, and many of them cannot be answered positively and definitely. A great many will come up in the course of this series of articles to which we have little hope of giving full and satisfactory replies; the best that we can do is to teach our readers to seek out and consider carefully every possible condition affecting the question, to compare cause and effect in any similar cases, and to avoid generalizing too quickly and from too few facts. Assuming an equal amount of knowledge of naval architecture, the most successful designer will be the one who in each case takes cognizance of the greatest number of conditions and comes the nearest to giving each its true relative value; in doing which he must go far outside of all that can be taught by text-books or professors, and fall back finally on good judgment, experience and common sense.

A yacht is a vessel used exclusively for purposes of pleasure, as distinguished from war or commerce; usually but not necessarily fitted by design and furnishing for this end. She may be of any size; the smallest yacht recognized by the clubs is the half-rater or 15-footer, and the largest sailing yachts run but little over 100ft. in waterline length. She may be propelled by sail, steam, electricity or other power. The essential principles of design take no cognizance whatever of size.

The many processes through which a yacht is produced are as follows:

1. The determination of general type, class and rig.
2. The selection of dimensions, such as length, breadth, draft, freeboard, and the leading elements, such as displacement, ballast, area of midship section and area of sail.
3. The general location of the center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance, center of effort, center of gravity of ballast, etc.
4. The drafting of the lines on paper, to conform to the dimensions, elements and positions of centers already determined, including the sail plan.
5. The final calculations of all areas, centers, etc., with possible readjustment of the centers and accompanying changes in the lines.
6. The determination of the scantling, or sizes of all parts, and of the general details of construction.
7. The making of the construction drawing, showing all parts, and methods of joining and fastening.
8. Making the interior plans, showing general arrangement and details of joiner and cabinet work.
9. Making the drawings of spars, iron work and similar details.
10. Drawing up the specifications.
11. Taking off from the lines the Table of Offsets, for the builder.
12. The superintendence of the yacht under construction.

This completes the work of the designer, but we may well follow the vessel to her final completion at the hands of the builder, the additional processes being:

13. The "laying off," on the floor of the mould loft, of the full-size design.
14. The making of moulds of thin wood, from which the frames, stem and various parts—whether of wood or metal—are shaped.
15. The preparation of the building ways and the laying of the keel blocks.
16. The moulding and casting of the metal keel.
17. The getting out in the yard of all members, such as frames, stem, sternpost, deck beams, etc.
18. The laying of the keel on the keel blocks.
19. The erection and regulation of the frames, clamps, deck beams and other members.
20. Planking and decking.
21. Caulking and paying seams of hull and deck.
22. Finishing the hull, squaring and planing.
23. Fitting attachments, rudder, such as centerboard, bulwarks, rail, etc.
24. Painting outside of hull.
25. Laying launching ways and launching.
26. Putting in interior work, floor, bulkheads, furniture, plumbing, etc.
27. Masting, shipping spars and setting up rigging.
28. Planing decks, final painting and varnishing.
29. Reeving off running rigging and bending sails.
30. Trial trip.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

All of these operations are gone through with to-day in a well regulated yard, but where the builder is also the designer they are considerably abbreviated; and in the old days, when there was no designer, but the yacht was simply built, without formality, they were still more condensed. The old practice was to begin operations by the selection of a block of clear dry pine, which was then to be had in plenty, though it is now unknown. Just how much thought and consideration the carver of the block had previously given to the many serious questions of type, class and dimensions depended very much on the man, but—with or without due preparation—the attack on the block was begun, and with spokeshave, gouges, rasp and sandpaper a model was finally produced and screwed to a board.

This model seldom aspired to represent the exterior form of the completed yacht, but a very different form—that of the outside of the frames, or the inside instead of the outside of the planking. This itself involved a serious discrepancy, as the actual fineness or fullness of the model differed materially from that of the completed yacht at the ends where the bevel of the frames was greatest. Further than this, the builder at the start concerned himself very little with anything but the form of the model, namely, of the inside of the planking of the yacht; and the exterior keel, the stem, deadwood, rudder, and the size and position of the centerboard were left largely to chance, or at least to a much later consideration, after the form had been decided on and the center of buoyancy consequently fixed.

From the model by various methods some measurements were taken and a rough drawing made, or the measurements were used to lay off the full size lines on the mould loft floor. No great amount of accuracy was used, nor was it absolutely necessary, for the builder commonly exercised his discretion in running his battens on the floor, and had no scruples in departing materially from the original model by "kicking" a batten in at one spot to make a line finer, and out at another to make it fuller. When it came to laying the keel, its exterior shape, with that of the stem, was often determined by the size and shape of the timber at hand, such a thing as a careful and final adjustment of the lateral plane and sail plan at an early stage of the design being uncared for. After the keel was laid, and the stem, sternpost and frames erected, ribbands were run around the frames, and the builder, adze in hand, "dubbed off" from the frame where a ribband failed to suit his eye by an undue fullness, or "shimmed out" any spot that showed "slack."

The entire work was practically in the hands of one man, much of the planning was done in his head and never committed to paper; the details, even to the interior finishing, being carried out as became necessary in the progress of the work under his immediate supervision. A sail plan of some sort was necessarily made, but working drawings were in the main dispensed with; in fact, too often there was no one about the yard who understood them. When the yacht was launched and finished, ballast of some kind was stowed inside and she was tried, returning to the yard for necessary alterations to rudder, deadwood, position of spars, centerboard, etc.

The main fault of this system—if so it can be called—was not that it failed in the hands of a competent builder to produce a satisfactory yacht, but that under it no account whatever was taken of those elements—the amount and disposition of the displacement, the areas of midship section, waterline plane, and lateral plane and the positions of the centers—on all of which the performances of a vessel depend; nor was any record preserved of such meager data as was produced in the course of the work. While accumulating a large amount of valuable knowledge and experience, each builder as a rule confined himself to one particular size and type of vessel in which he was successful; but, his practical knowledge not being supplemented by a familiarity with the fundamental principles of naval architecture, he generally failed when he attempted to apply it outside of his specialty. The system was in every way unsuited for modern methods, where the construction of large and complicated vessels in a very short time calls for the concerted labor of many mechanics all working closely to detailed and accurate plans prepared in advance. It also calls for the immediate presence of the designer in the yard, and makes it impossible for yachts to be built from his designs in distant yards.

While serving to develop that sound judgment and practical common sense which are essential to success in designing, this system fell far short in that it required years of experience and usually many failures before a man was competent to turn out satisfactory work, even in one particular type of yacht; and for this reason it is specially unsuited for the beginner and the amateur. These latter, while having time for reading and study, are seldom so situated as to be able to build yacht after yacht and thus acquire the experience of the practical builder; and for them at least some different system is necessary. While each designer to-day has his own special methods of working, differing in details from those of others, the art and profession of yacht designing is based on certain principles recognized by all its followers, and in presenting these we shall endeavor to follow those methods which are most simple, direct and easily understood by the novice.

The London Sailing Club Model Competition.

The London Sailing Club will hold another of its model competitions at its club house, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, London, from Feb. 11 to 22, Sundays excepted. The class selected this year is the 18ft. linear rating, under the new Y. R. A. rule, which replaces the old half-rating class. The competition is open to Americans. Last year two entries were received from the United States.

The London Sailing Club has decided to hold an exhibition and competition for half models and drawings of boats of 18ft. linear rating, as there is every prospect of this being the popular class for the ensuing season.

The following is the new Y. R. A. rule for ascertaining linear rating:

$$R = \frac{L + B + .75 G + .5 \sqrt{S} \cdot A}{2}$$

"In this formula L. = length on l.w.l. as now measured; B. = greatest beam wherever found; G. = under-water girth of the vessel from l.w.l. to l.w.l., taken at .6 of the load waterline from its fore end and measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station. If the draft forward exceeds the draft at that station, twice such excess to be added to G. In the case of centerboards, the extreme depth of the board (when dropped to its full extent below the keel) multiplied by 1.5 to be added to G. In taking these measurements all hullows in the fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight. Bulb or ballasted board to be measured in the same way as fixed or fin-keels. S. A. = sail area as now measured."

By way of explanation the formula written out would be as follows: To the length or the load waterline add the greatest beam wherever

found; to this add three-quarters of the under-water girth measure from load line to load line round the skin of the yacht and under the keel; to this add one-half, the square root of the sail area, and divide the whole sum by two. The quotient will be the linear feet rating.

A table of squares, cubes and roots will be required. The best is Barlow's, published by Messrs. Spon, Strand.

Mr. Dixon Kemp has kindly consented to act as judge and will award the prizes.

Following the precedent adopted in the former exhibitions held under the auspices of the club for the purpose of equalizing the chances of amateur designers in competing with professionals, the finish of the models will not be calculated as an element of merit in awarding the prizes. For the protection of professional designers all models and designs entered for the exhibition will remain the property of the persons exhibiting them, and no one will be allowed, under any circumstances, to take any measurements, except the judge for the purpose of judging.

A member of the committee of the club will be present throughout the time the exhibition is open to insure the strict observance of this restriction against taking measurements.

No exhibitor may in any way whatever disclose his identity, either on his models, drawings, or particulars, until after the judging has taken place and the prizes been awarded, and no exhibitor will under any circumstances be awarded a prize in respect of any models or drawings on which his name or identity, except in the sealed envelope, is in any way disclosed.

Entry for the competition must be made by application in writing to the honorary secretary of the London Sailing Club, and on payment of an entrance fee of 6s. for each model proposed to be exhibited, a card for each proposed exhibit will be furnished, containing the exhibitor's name and address. No application for entries will be received after Saturday, the 1st February, 1896.

The models packed in a box containing the drawings and measurements hereafter referred to, and also the entrance card inclosed in a sealed envelope marked "Entrance Card," must be delivered at the Club House, Lower Mall, Hammersmith, on or before Friday, Feb. 7, 1896.

The honorary secretary will, on receipt of the boxes containing the models, mark in the order in which they are received a number on each model, drawing, and sealed envelope, for the purpose of identification. The sealed envelope will not be opened until after the prizes have been awarded.

REQUIREMENTS.

1. A half model of hull of a boat of 18ft. linear rating, scale 1in.=1ft.

The following drawings and particulars may also be deposited with the model:

2. Sheer plan, scale 1in.=1ft. The point at which girth is taken should be marked on the keel and l.w.l.

3. Body plan, scale 1in.=1ft.

4. Half-breadth plan, ditto, ditto.

5. Centers of buoyancy and lateral resistance to be marked on sheer plan.

6. Displacement.

7. Weight of proposed ballast inside and on keel.

8. Material of centerboard (if any), and manner of working it.

The drawings and particulars, Nos. 2 to 8 inclusive, are required by the judge to enable him to form a correct estimate of the models. Supplying them is, however, optional on the part of the competitors, but they must understand that the merits of a design may fail to be observed if a model only is placed before the judge. A competitor may, however, inclose all or any of the drawings and particulars in a sealed envelope and mark the same for the use of the judge only, in which event the drawings and particulars will be produced to the judge at the time of his making the award, and afterward sealed and returned by post to the competitor.

The club will give a first prize of 7 guineas to the best boat according to the judge's award.

A second prize of 4 guineas.

A third prize of 1 guinea.

And also such certificates of merit as the judge may award.

The committee of the club will take every possible care of the models and drawings of the exhibitors, but they undertake no legal liability whatever for any loss or damage.

The decision of the committee, except in the award of prizes, in all matters of dispute arising out of the competition and exhibition will be binding and final on all exhibitors.

The exhibition will be opened on Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1896, and remain open until and including Saturday, Feb. 22, between the hours of 2 and 9:30 P. M., Sundays excepted.

Admission free.

Any further information desired will be furnished on application to the honorary secretary, London Sailing Club, Lower Mall, Hammersmith.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Seabury & Co. have an order for a composite steam yacht for John P. Duncan, of New York, to be 140ft. over all, 114ft. l.w.l., 17ft. beam, 9ft. 6in. depth, and 7ft. draft, with schooner rig.

Brunhilde, schr., has been sold by David H. King, Jr., to Mr. Marsley, of Vermont, who will make a cruise to the West Indies this winter.

Capt. Chas. Barr and his bride arrived in New York on Dec. 25 on the State of Nebraska from Glasgow.

On Dec. 23 the Audubon Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., John Kurstenier; Vice-Com., W. H. Phillips; Fleet Capt., M. Arvidson; Treas., E. Schurier; Fin. Sec'y, G. T. Wooster; Rec. Sec'y, A. B. Van Riper; Meas., R. B. Saul; Steward, Daniel Sherman.

Ex-Com. Gerry has acquired, with Messrs. Robert and Ogden Goellet, a one third interest in the valuable wharf property at Newport leased to the New York Y. C.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.

Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.

Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.

Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougall, Toronto, Canada.

Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.

Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Fennell, Detroit, Mich.

Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.

Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.

Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C.

The New York C. C. has sent out the following invitation, printed in red and black in elaborate style:

New York C. C.—Twenty-fifth year, 1896-1871.—I hereby warn you that the inauguration of the officers of the New York C. C. for 1896 will take place at the club house, with solemn and fitting ceremonies, Saturday evening, Jan. 4, 1896, between the hours of 8 and 12. If you have any objections, speak or forever hold your peace. Members only will be admitted. It is exceedingly important that you should be present if you can possibly so arrange your family and business affairs. No one carrying concealed weapons or wearing evening dress will be admitted, a searching committee will guard the door. A rare-bit will be forthcoming before adjournment, and a circle will be formed around the mystic cauldron. The regular dianer will be served at 6:30.

Toronto C. C.

The Toronto C. C. held its annual general meeting on Dec. 20, a large and enthusiastic number of members being present.

The secretary reported an increase of membership of 39 for the year, making the roll of members in good standing 206.

The treasurer's statement shows a balance of cash in hand of \$366.14.

The interior of the club house has recently undergone a thorough renovating, being painted, kalsomined and varnished throughout. Saturday club nights and whist matches are more popular than

ever. Once a month is held ladies' night, when dancing is indulged in from 8:30 to 11:30, the main club room, capable of accommodating sixty couple, being always taxed to its utmost capacity.

The club held one general cruise during the year to Tobico, a beautiful camping ground about fifteen miles west of the city. It was only for four days, but was participated in by some fifty-five members.

The Toronto C. C. can now boast of holding the American Canoe Association Paddling Trophy and the Toronto C. C. International Paddling Trophy, both by R. O. King, also four championships of Toronto, having defeated all comers in open races.

Members are already talking of the A. C. A. meet of 1897. Indications are, that the Toronto C. C. will again be well represented by probably sixty to seventy-five members.

Herbert R. Tilley, who has held the position of commodore for two years and proved himself to be an energetic and capable officer, retires, and Geo. Wilkie is elected commodore by acclamation. Other officers are:

Vice-Com., Fred Woodland; Rear-Com., A. E. Bell; Secretary, J. H. Watling; Treasurer, F. M. Purdy.

Member of Committee—C. H. Wilson.

House Committee—Ab. Young, Geo. A. Howell, and F. B. Andrews.

Regatta Committee—W. F. Gouinlock, C. D. Lennox, C. Shaw, A. G. E. Carruthers, and A. E. Bell.

The Central Division Report.

The following is the purser's report from the Central Division, A. C. A., which was not received until a short time since. The other reports have been published.

REPORT OF THE PURSER FOR 1895.

Expenditures.

Nov. 20, 1894, to expressage, books, etc., from ex-purser.....	\$ 65
Feb. 1, 1895, Wm. M. Stetson's bill, printing, etc.....	6 75
A. C. A. Sec'y-Treas.....	175 75
April 12, Postage, Year Book.....	11 01
July 6, Postage.....	10 50
Postage.....	1 08
Balance due A. C. A.....	1 92
Balance.....	412 47

\$620 18

Receipts.

Nov. 12, 1894, received from former purser.....	\$411 18
Dues, 1893.....	3 00
Dues, 1894.....	10 00
Dues, 1895.....	166 00
Initiation fees.....	30 00

\$620 18

Membership.

Members per last report.....	188
New members.....	30
Reinstated.....	3-33
Dropped.....	18

Gain.....

15 15

Present membership.....

203

Approved. Wm. O. HACKETT, Purser, Albany, N. Y.

W. R. HUNTINGTON, Com.

T. H. STRYKER, Sec'y-Treas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Policemen Learn how to use the Revolver.

NEW YORK city's police force now possess a school of instruction in revolver practice. It opened on Monday, Dec. 30, at a few minutes before noon. Sergeant W. E. Petty, himself an expert pistol shot, is in charge of the school and superintends all the work connected therewith. Together with four assistants—all specially detailed from the police force—he will endeavor to teach New York's patrolmen how to use their revolvers so that they may become in their hands the weapons of offense and defense that they properly should be. FOREST AND STREAM has urged from time to time the necessity of such a course of instruction; that it was correct in its premises will be clearly shown when the first report of Sergt. Petty is handed in to the police commissioners.

The "school" is located in the basement of the 9th Regt. Armory, Park avenue and 95th street; two tunnels in the basement form the gallery; in each tunnel there are two targets, with an attendant for each target. Thus four pupils can be instructed at the same time. The construction of these tunnels, together with a description of the targets used, etc., was given in full in our issue of Dec. 7. The target used is the Creedmoor 100yds. military target.

It required but a brief glance at the men at the firing point to note that very few knew anything about revolvers, either how to load, handle or fire them. Wild bullets were very numerous, those that really hit the target being comparatively scarce. Still Sergt. Petty was by no means discouraged; on the contrary, he said:

"The practice is better than I expected, and we have some really good shots among the men on the force. Many of our men don't know much about a revolver just yet, but we will show a marked improvement in their work when their turn comes for a second trial. The targets made by each man will show plainly enough that this course of instruction was badly needed; the records will be kept carefully and we can then tell from time to time just how each man gets along, that is, whether he is improving or going backward."

The patrolmen from the First Precinct were the first body of men to receive instruction on Monday morning. Just what sort of a job Sergt. Petty has on hand may be judged from the following figures: Four men can be handled at one time, and ten minutes will be devoted to instructing each man in the use of a .38cal. Smith & Wesson revolver, either single or double action. During that ten minutes he will have to fire fifteen shots at the target and abide by the results. A highest possible is 75 points, and it will require 45 or better to qualify. The conditions are: 30ft. range, 15 shots, Creedmoor military target for 100yds. practice, 4in. bullseye.

Targeting for Turkeys.

OROVILLE, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had an invitation to eat Thanksgiving dinner at Oroville. I loaded my cayuse quite early and went down. Noticing quite a number of rifles behind the counter at Beal's store, I asked him if he had started into the second-hand gun business. "Oh no," said he, "the boys are going to have a turkey shoot. Why did you not bring your .22?" I replied that I had known nothing of their intentions.

Soon Ed. Lathrop came in, carrying a target, and announced that he had five nice gobblers to be shot for. All hands went out on to the bank of the Similkameen, and after stepping off 75yds. put up their target. Globe and peep sights were barred. Six of us at 25 cents each took a chance. I borrowed a .45-90 Winchester and opened the game. When I raised the rifle I could not see the sights to do any good, so I put on my glasses; then I could see the sight all right, but could not see the target. But shoot I had paid for and I was going to. I asked the man when I should hold and he said "Fire." I fired and hit the target 10in. too high. The boys all laughed after the six had shot. I was awarded the leather medal, being the worst.

Well, we put in again. This time I fired a single shot Winchester and missed the target. One of the other boys missed the target too, so he and I shot off our tie. I missed again.

Well, it was not very encouraging, but I put up again and shot the rifle I had first tried and held as near as I could about a foot low. The judge hollered out, "Lew's turkey." I was surprised, for it was merely guesswork. But such work with the boys is highly appreciated by

LEW WILSON.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., celebrated Christmas by an all-comers' gallery shoot held at its indoor rifle range, 1717 Jane street, S. S. The conditions of the contest were as follows: Off-hand, with .23cal. rifles on the reduced S. A. target, three shots per target, the best three targets of each shooter counting for prizes; \$1 for three tickets, re-entries being unlimited. Twenty-two shooters, representing the Bridgeville, Manor, Carnegie, Pittsburg and Iroquois rifle clubs, took part in the shooting, which began at 10 A. M. and concluded at 10:30 P. M. Great enthusiasm and interest were manifested by the devotees of this branch of rifle shooting who were present on the occasion, and some excellent scores were made. The cash prizes, amounting to \$50, were distributed to the following shooters, whose scores are appended, the possible total score being 100:

Albert Hofmeister.....	30 29 29-88	J. Whiting.....	28 27 26-81
H. Sperling.....	30 28 28-86	Dr D. L. Aber.....	27 27 27-81
C. P. Mayor.....	29 28 27-84	T. H. Keniers.....	27 26 26-79
F. G. Broadway.....	29 27 27-83	R. Henry.....	30 25 23-78
August Hofmeister.....	28 28 26-82	L. G. Gaul.....	24 23 23-70

An American in Paris.

MR. SUMNER PAINE, of Boston, Mass., one of the best revolver shots in this country, is at present located in Paris, France. Following are some extracts from a personal letter from Mr. Paine, dated from that city, Dec. 15:

"I have naturally been very busy getting settled here and arranging my course of work for the year. Still I have managed to find time to get around to Gastinne Renette's once or twice, and have won four of the lower medals. As the gallery is not open in the evening the only chance I get is Sunday afternoons.

"If any one runs away with the idea that the Frenchmen can't shoot they will find themselves mightily mistaken. I do not think that their five best men could beat our five best, but I don't think we could produce a hundred shooters that would be in the game for a minute with the best hundred men here. M. Renette tells me that he is trying to arrange a match to be shot between New Yorkers and Parisians simultaneously; I inferred from what he said that he was carrying on his negotiations with Mr. Conlin.

"I should like to see Mr. C. S. Richmond, from Georgia, over here, as from what I saw of his work at Sea Girt I think he is one of the best shots with reduced charges I have ever seen. I hope in the summer to find time to shoot regularly, and I have no doubt that I can get the more difficult medals. So far I have devoted most of my time to shooting 'au commandement.' In this style you stand with your weapon at your side and the man in charge asks, 'Are you ready?' When you say 'Yes,' he says 'Fire, one, two, three.' You can't raise your arm before the word 'fire,' and you must shoot before the word 'three.' I have held my stop watch on the man counting several times, and find that he gives you just about 2 1/2 seconds. This is the favorite style of shooting with the Frenchmen. It was entirely new to me. I had never tried it before, but am picking it up slowly. The range here is 53ft., and the highest medal for this style of shooting is given for putting twelve consecutive balls wholly within a circle 3 1/2 in. in diameter. If anybody thinks it is easy they had better try it, and remember that the black they aim at is only 1 1/2 in., and has a white carton or spot in the center 3/4 of an inch across. This makes a very hard bulseye to hold on even when aiming deliberately.

"There is an all-comers' competition in February, March and April, and I hope to come in somewhere among the ten prize winners, although I shall not have time to shoot enough to get one of the top places."

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5.—PHOENIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 7-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), \$2,000 added. Jan. 23-24.—UMCA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets; J. W. Fuiford, Manager.

Feb. 1.——Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. P. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, \$2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

A report is going the rounds of the daily papers that Brewer killed 99 out of 100 live birds in a private exhibition before "a party of congenial spirits at the country seat of a well-known and wealthy New Yorker." Although we have the very highest regard for Brewer's ability to handle the shotgun, and do not doubt that he is capable of making a record as above on a certain class of birds, we naturally do not like the way in which this "record" and his one of 100 straight at Dexter Park were made; there is so much in the nature of the light-under-the-bushel business about it. Here's the actual story of how the report above given came to the newspapers: A representative of Brewer's came to the sporting editor of one of the New York dailies and told him that Brewer had killed 99 out of 100 in a match in which he was backed to kill 93, and that the match took place in certain private grounds. He then stated that the "well-known and wealthy New Yorker" was willing to back Brewer against any man in the world for any sum up to \$75,000. Chimmie Fadden would probably add, "D'yer see?"

Louis T. Duryea made the following offer on Dec. 24 last, just after the conclusion of the Wright-Brokaw match: To shoot a series of matches with any six amateur shots, members of the Carteret, Larchmont, New Utrecht, Westminster Kennel or Westchester County clubs; each match to be an individual one of 100 birds per man, with one of the six amateurs, and he was willing to shoot a race with one of them on Monday, another on Tuesday with a second man, a third on Wednesday, and so on, finishing the series on Saturday. Fred Hoev, George Work, J. P. Knapp, Fred G. Moore and Lou Thompson would all be capable of making Duryea shoot hard to win; but where's the sixth man to come from?

W. H. Skinner, the representative of the W-A powder, will be on hand at San Antonio's midwinter shoot. In a personal letter Mr. Skinner writes: "I will, after the San Antonio shoot, proceed via the Southern Pacific to El Paso, Tex., and on to Riverside, Cal., where I will hunt quail with friends for a week. Then I shall go to San Diego, Los Angeles, San Jose, San Francisco, etc., returning to Chicago by way of Ogden, Denver, etc. Our new factory at Pompton, N. J., is now completed, and our company is about ready to fill all orders for rifle and shotgun powders." Skinner is not a new man to the Pacific slope. If we remember right it was on his return from his last trip to California that he introduced to Eastern shooters the target miss-and-out sweepstake, which he called "California freezeouts," but which Dutchy Smith terms "Schkinner games."

Charlie Fehrenbach, captain of the Delaware State League team, writes us from Wilmington, Del., under date of Dec. 23, as follows: "On Jan. 4, 1896, the second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League will be shot on the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club grounds, Front and Union streets, this city. The following programme has been selected: No. 1, 10 targets, known, \$1; No. 2, 10 targets, unknown, \$1; No. 3, 15 targets, known, \$1.50; No. 4, 10 targets, unknown, \$1; No. 5, 20 targets, known, \$1.50; No. 6, 10 targets, known, \$1; No. 7, 10 targets, unknown, \$1; No. 8, 15 targets, known, \$1.50; No. 9, 15 targets, unknown, \$1; No. 10, 20 targets, known, \$1.50. Other events to suit shooters."

J. P. Knapp, the winner of the President's "cup," a Purdey gun of the value of \$500, presented to the Carteret Club by George Work, president of the club, has put up for competition at the club's grounds four cups, the total value of which is \$500. The first cup, valued at \$250, was competed for on Thursday last, Dec. 26, George Work winning the first heat. This cup must be won three times before becoming the property of an individual. Future competitions for this cup will take place on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month during the shooting season. The three other cups, aggregating in value \$250, will be shot for as follows: First cup to be shot for on Jan. 4, the second on Feb. 5, the third on March 4. The conditions are as follows: 50 live birds per man, \$50 entrance (\$25 optional entrance to 25yds. men and forward), cup and 35 per cent. of purse to winner, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third, and 5 per cent. to fourth, 20 per cent. going to the benefit of the club. Shooting on each of these days commences on the arrival of the 10 A. M. train. No competition unless five or more entries.

Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., writes: "E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kans., the present holder of the Kansas live-bird championship trophy, is a beginner, having only begun shooting at the trap last summer. Regardless of this fact he has quite an enviable record, and one that any amateur would feel proud of. At the Joplin, Mo., tournament last September he broke 98 targets out of 100; in the team race, 100 targets per man, he missed his first and third targets and then ran 97 straight; at Weir City in October he was third in the big championship race, scoring 45 pigeons out of 50, only two birds behind the winner. W. W. McIlhenny, afterward defeating him for the trophy, a detailed account of which contest is given elsewhere in this issue of the paper."

The Climax-Keystone team race, the score of which is given elsewhere, was an unsatisfactory affair. It had been the intention of both captains to have at least fifteen men on the grounds, and the keystones totaled one above that number. The Climax, owing to five men who had promised to be present being unable to get to Yardville as agreed upon, could only muster ten men. Sooner than not shoot a race, the keystones picked ten of their men and pitted them against the Climax ten, the latter team winning by 11 birds, the score standing 130 to 119.

J. Seaver Page and George Work shot a race on Dec. 16 on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I. The match was at 50 pairs of live birds per man, Work betting two to one that he could beat his opponent. Mr. Page, who was clearly out of all form, and who also had none the best of the luck of the birds, retired at the end of the 42d pair, the score then standing: Work 50 out of 84, Page 26. The birds were an excellent lot, while a good wind helped to make them quick enough to puzzle anybody.

Ferd Van Dyke did not leave for San Antonio as was expected; Van and his pump will not be seen at the big midwinter shoot nor at any other shoot for some time, so that some others will have a chance of climbing to the top. He is located temporarily at the factory of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., learning all about rifles and their loads, and incidentally trying his hand with the small bores. In a personal letter he writes that he wishes he was in New York just now, as he'd like to make a "monkey" out of Jim Elliott, pump for pump!

The Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will shoot a 15-men team race on Jan. 16. The match will be shot at Buffalo, each man shooting at 25 targets. The Rochester team will be captained by W. J. Mann. The Audubons can get together a strong team, but they will have to shoot hard to beat a 15-men team from Rochester; a good race is sure to be the outcome of the meeting, although we fancy Rochester's chances. A return match will be shot at Rochester some time in February.

The Rye (N. Y.) Gun Club has removed its old club house and replaced it with a new one, that has been erected under the supervision of architect W. A. Lyon. Many advantageous changes have been made at the grounds, and shooters are now well protected from both wind and weather. As usual, the secretary, E. J. Pope, has been bustling things, the club holding an all-day shoot on New Year's Day.

The articles of agreement entered into by Fred Emond and Jacob Koch, both of Buffalo, N. Y., for a series of three 100-bird races, \$100 a side each race, called for the matches to be shot on the following dates: Jan. 1, 8 and 15. All three matches were to be shot at Audubon Park, Buffalo, the loser of the rubber paying for all the birds.

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., states that he will bet any man in the country \$100 that he cannot kill 91 or better out of 100 birds, the pigeons to be trapped by Bunn on his own grounds. The conditions are to be: 30yds. rise, 5 traps, Hurlingham or Long Island rules. Anyone that wants to try Bunn's birds under the above conditions should write to him and make the match.

The diamond championship badge of the State of Minnesota, which was won by George E. Trent, of Madera, Minn., at the State tournament held at St. Paul on Sept. 9-12, 1895, is a remarkably handsome one and is worth \$250. It has to be won three times in succession before becoming individual property. Mr. Trent prizes it greatly and thinks that he can make it three straight.

Talking about \$2,000 added money brings up the E. C. Powder tournament next May. Although it is not settled as yet just where the tournament will be held, it is more than probable that if the Guttenburg race track, in Hoboken, N. J., can be secured the tournament will be held there.

Owing to our going to press one day earlier than usual this week, many secretaries of gun clubs and other correspondents of the trap department will be disappointed this week; much matter that arrived too late for the issue will have to be held over until our issue of Jan. 11.

This week saw the exodus for San Antonio's midwinter tournament. If all the big cities do as well in point of numbers as New York has done, the midwinter will be a big affair. Added money to the extent of \$2,000 will draw the boys quite a long way.

Jas. S. Taylor, one of the best shots in the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., killed 44 out of 45 shot at on Dec. 26, the bird he lost falling dead out of bounds.

EDWARD BANKS.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day, open to everybody. The attendance was not up to what was expected, but this was undoubtedly due to the unpromising condition of the weather; it rained from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M., at which hour shooting was commenced, the sport continuing until darkness put an end to it. The main event of the shoot was a team race between teams captained by E. C. Meyer and Sim Glover respectively. The boys took great interest in this event, as the sides were evenly matched and it being a fight for victory from start to finish, the totals being a tie when the last shot was fired.

During the day some great work was done by Sim Glover and Byer; the former broke 97 out of his 100, Byer breaking one less—96. Scores in all the events are as follows:

Team race, 8-men teams, 20 targets per man, unknown angles:												
Meyer's Team.												
Meyer.....	111111111111111111	19	Weller.....	010111111111110101	16							
Burnett.....	111111111111111111	19	Harvey.....	001011100011011111	13							
McClintock.....	111111111111111111	18	Schleyer.....	0111011111110000010	12							
Hadley.....	110111111111011011	17	Powell.....	1011010000111010101	11							
Glover's Team.												
Glover.....	111111111111111111	19	Kay.....	111010111111100111	16							
Borst.....	111101111111111111	18	Gardiner.....	110101111001011011	14							
Byer.....	101111111101111111	18	Nichols.....	100011001110110111	13							
Hicks.....	111101111111010101	16	Perry.....	0101100011111001100	11							
—125												

Scores in the other events were:															
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Byer.....	9	15	15	15	14	14	14	Burnett.....	9	14	13	15	15	15	15
Hadley.....	9	15	15	15	13	13	14	Gardiner.....	7	9	14	9	15	15	15
Nichols.....	7	9	13	11	13	12	12	Glover.....	15	14	15	15	15	14	14
Meyer.....	7	15	14	14	12	15	15	Schleyer.....	14	10	11	11	11	11	11
Borst.....	8	11	13	11	12	12	12	Weller.....	7	12	12	12	10	15	15
McClintock.....	9	14	13	12	11	13	13	Kay.....	11	11	13	13	13	13	13
Hicks.....	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	Harvey.....	11	12	12	12	12	12	12
Powell.....	3	9	9	9	9	9	9	DEWITT.....	11	12	12	12	12	12	12

Christmas Day at Larchmont.

Dec. 25 at the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds saw some good shooting at fast birds, the following scores being made:

No. 1.										No. 2.	
J Knapp (25).....	01	10	11	11	11	8	01	11	10		
W G Moore (25).....	00	01	11	11	11	7	10				
H B Wright (25).....	11	11	11	11	01	9	10	11	11		
H A Butler (25).....	10	10	00			2	11	11	01		
W S Edey (25).....	11	10	00	01	01	5					
No. 3.										No. 4.	
F G Moore (30).....	1111111221122122	15	20221								
H A Butler (30).....	11222211022121	14	1222								
J Knapp (30).....	11101221222222	14	22202								
J Stillman (27).....	1012201011211	10	10100								
W S Edey (30).....	1120221222	9	2222								
H B Wright (30).....	2121201111	9	11112								
L T Davenport (30).....	111111230	8	01122								

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 19.—Every second Thursday in each month the Baltimore Shooting Association holds a shoot at its grounds; the main event at these shoots is a handicap, 10 birds, \$5 entrance. To-day this event was shot, Green, Bert Claridge and Charles Macalester tying for first money with 9 out of 10. The best shooting of the day in the extra sweeps was done by Macalester; in two 5-bird sweeps he took first money alone, being the only one to kill his 5 birds straight. Score in the handicap:

Green (29).....	2220222222	9	Malone (28).....	2012011201	7
Claridge (30).....	2211221112	9	Macalester (32).....	2212220122	9
Sackett (28).....	0001002120	4	Heiskell (29).....	2010110010	5
Cunningham (29).....	1202201212	8	Baker (28).....	2200121012	7

Dec. 26.—There was a good attendance to-day at the association's grounds, target events being shot off in the morning and live-bird sweeps in the afternoon. The following are the scores in the target events:

No. 1, 10 targets, \$1: Hood and Wagner, 10; White, 9; Claridge, 8.			
No. 2, 15 targets, \$1.50: Wagner, 13; Hood and Claridge, 12; White and Hawkins, 11; Jack, 7.			
No. 3, same: Claridge, 14; Hood and Hawkins, 13; White and Chairs, 12; Cassard, 10.			
No. 4, same: Hood, 13; Hawkins, 13; Claridge, 11; White and Jack, 10; Heiskell, 9.			

No. 5, team race, 5-men teams, 15 targets per man, losing team to pay for the targets: Claridge's team: Hood 15, Jack 13, Claridge 12, White 9, Gust 5—54; Hawkins's team: Hawkins 14, Malone 11, Cassard 10, Chairs 8, Hsken 4—46.

The live-bird sweeps resulted as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds, \$3 entrance: Hayward, Hawkins, Wagner and White, 5; Kingsbury, Sackett and Chairs, 4; Heiskell, Green, Claridge and Hood, 3.			
No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2 entrance: Heiskell and Macalester, 3; Hawkins, Kingsbury, Claridge and Hood, 2; Wagner, 1; White, Chairs, Sackett and Green 0.			
No. 3, Maryland handicap, 10 birds each, \$5 entrance, three high guns: Heiskell, Claridge, Green and Sackett, 9; Macalester, Hawkins, Wagner, White and Hood, 8; Kingsbury, 1. Kingsbury withdrew on account of his gun breaking down.			

No. 4, miss-and-out, \$2 entrance: Hawkins, Heiskell, White and Wagner, 8; Kingsbury, 6; Sackett and Chairs, 5; Gent, 3; Macalester, 2. No. 5, same: Wagner, Hawkins, Green, Claridge, Hood and White, 3; Macalester and Kingsbury, 2; Heiskell, Gent and Sackett, 1.

No. 6, same: Hayward and Hawkins, 5; Hood and White, 4; Heiskell, 3; Kingsbury and Claridge, 1.

No.

Matches at the Westminster Kennel Club.

The past week has witnessed the shooting of two important matches at live birds on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I. These grounds have a great reputation for fast birds, and are therefore a favorite resort for the prominent amateurs of New York and vicinity whenever they have a little question to settle as to superiority at the trap. The club's superintendent, George S. Mott, always has a supply on hand, or can obtain good birds on short notice; the Westminster birds are flyers from first to last. King's traps with an automatic pulling apparatus are used, and with the quality of the birds furnished there is very seldom any need of using the pieces of old gaspide that are kept handy in case a bird requires flushing.

The first of the series of three matches was the one between

L. T. DURYEA AND W. G. BROKAW.

This match was shot on Monday, Dec. 23. The conditions were: 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, 100 live birds per man, for a nominal consideration and the price of the birds.

Duryea shot a great race, outclassing, as might be expected, his plucky opponent and defeating him by 10 birds. Duryea's score of 91 could easily have been improved had he been pushed at all, as he was shooting in really marvelously good form, some of his kills being of the phenomenal order. The birds were fast and were helped by a breeze which blew directly from the shooter to the traps; this fact makes the score of 91 much better than it seems on paper.

The end of the first 25 found Duryea 2 birds in the lead, the score standing 22-20. At the half-way mark Brokaw was only 3 behind, notwithstanding the good work of his opponent, who scored 24 out of his 25, making his total for the 50 amount to 46 against Brokaw's 43. Then came a bad break on Brokaw's part: Duryea missed his 51st and 52d birds, reducing the lead to 1, as Brokaw had killed both of his birds; but out of the following 8 birds he shot at the latter lot no less than 6 escape him, thus virtually settling whatever doubt there might have been as to the result of the match; at the end of the third string he was 9 behind, the score sheet showing: Duryea 68 out of 75, Brokaw 59 out of 75. In the last string Duryea killed 23 to Brokaw's 22, making his lead 10 all told. The following shows the high runs made by each shooter: Duryea, 31, 26, 12 and 11; Brokaw, 15 and 13. Score:

L. T. Duryea (30).....1211122211110320101111121-22
211222222122211121011212-24
0012212222122021122121221-22
211121121122121112101101-23-91

W. G. Brokaw (30).....012012021122021211101123-20
2311122121201223121301212-23
210002300012030211103222-16
212222110111222102121110-23-81

The second match was shot on the following day, Dec. 24, and was at 200 live birds per man, same conditions as in the match between Duryea and Brokaw, with the exception possibly that there was more than a nominal consideration at stake. This match was between

H. B. WRIGHT AND W. G. BROKAW.

In this match also Mr. Brokaw came out behind, the full score showing Wright 177, Brokaw 161. The day was a lovely one from a tourist's point of view, the air being almost as balmy as that of spring; it was just such a day as was likely to be hard on the birds, the wind dying away to nothing while the last 200 birds were being trapped. The light breeze that blew during the first half of the match was from the right quarter for these grounds—N.N.E.—the Kennel Club's grounds facing slightly to the east of south; the latter fact makes them rather hard grounds to shoot on during the morning hours of a winter's day.

A start was made at 10:13 a. m., Fred G. Moore looking after Wright; Louis T. Duryea performing the same kind of offices for Brokaw; Jacob Pentz acted as referee, Edward Banks being official scorer; the superintendent, George S. Mott, was trap-puller. The 400th bird was disposed of at 2:30 p. m., the match having occupied 4 hours and 17 minutes; the whole of the birds were retrieved by Fred Hoey's liver and white setter dog Don, whose keenness was only partially appeased by the work he had done during that 4 hours and 17 minutes; he's a great dog. The time for each 100 birds was as follows: 1st 100—65 minutes; 2d 100—64 minutes; 3d 100—62 minutes; 4th 100—66 minutes. In figuring on the scores it should be remembered that these grounds have no fence of any kind on the dead line, the line being marked by chalk alone; the circular 50yds. boundary is a small wire fence about 18in. high. Thus a bird must be surely killed to be scored, particularly at this season of the year when they are strong flyers and heavily feathered; under such conditions, then, Wright's totals of 87 out of his first 100, and of 90 out of his second 100, must be considered as very good work, despite the fact that there was no wind to speak of to help the birds.

The result of the match was about the only one that could be expected from our point of view. Wright is one of the coming amateur shots of this section, and it must be said he is coming very fast;

The closeness of the figures, each bird being marked with a star when the result of the shot was scored, is really remarkable.

In the matter of traps it must not be forgotten that Wright is right-handed, while Brokaw shoots from his left shoulder; the end traps would, therefore, naturally bear different relations when they fell to the different shooters. It will be noticed in the following figures that Nos. 4 and 1 were far above their respective averages—80:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Wright.....	54	31	31	51	33	200
Brokaw.....	37	29	31	57	46	200
	91	60	62	108	79	400

Six times during the race did Brokaw miss in the same round that his opponent did, thus losing six separate chances to reduce the lead. At the end of the first 25 the score stood 22-20 in Wright's favor, but at the end of the 37th round the score stood even up, Gilbert having lost 4 birds to Brokaw's 2 since the commencement of the second string; from that point until the 45th round the shooters ran neck and neck; then Brokaw lost his 45th and 46th birds, giving Wright a lead that was never again taken from him, although it was reduced to a single bird when he lost his 51st pigeon. From that round it was really



H. B. WRIGHT.

a procession, the halfway mark, 100 birds per man, showing 87 to 83 in Wright's favor. As the latter is always a strong finisher, it looked and proved to be a sure thing for Wright, who had backed himself the previous evening to kill more birds out of his last 100 than out of his first 100.

It was in this last 100 that Wright did his best work, scoring 90 to Brokaw's 78, the latter falling away sadly in his first 25 on the second half, 9 birds out of the 25 getting away from him. All through the match he shot unsteadily, at times doing brilliant and quick work with both barrels; at others he was very slow, particularly on rising and driving birds from No. 5 trap; occasionally he held his second barrel so long as to be extremely wearing on the nerves of those who had his interests at heart; only once did he place a second barrel to advantage after holding it for a long time, while he lost several chances of placing it effectively if used 10yds. quicker. Wright shot consistently well the whole match, only dropping down occasionally, as any one is likely to do when one has a match well enough in hand to grow temporarily careless.

The full score, showing the fight of the birds, tells the rest of the story without the need of any more words:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

2 4 3 2 4 4 1 5 1 3 2 3 2 1 3 4 4 4 4 2 4 1 1 4 5
H Wright (30).....2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 3 2 1 2 3 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2-22

4 2 1 1 1 1 5 2 3 1 3 3 5 1 3 5 1 5 1 4 5 5 4 1 4
2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2-22

1 2 2 4 4 5 3 1 2 5 2 4 5 5 4 3 2 1 4 5 3 3 4 4 4
0 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2-22

1 2 4 1 2 5 4 4 5 3 5 4 4 1 2 2 2 3 2 1 1 5 1 2 3
1 2 2 2 3 0 0 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2-21

3 1 1 1 1 5 1 2 4 4 3 1 1 2 1 3 5 1 1 5 1 5 5 4
2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2-21

4 4 2 3 4 2 4 4 4 3 1 1 3 1 3 3 1 5 2 1 4 4 4 4 1
2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1-24

5 1 1 5 4 3 4 1 3 4 5 1 4 4 1 4 3 2 1 5 2 1 1 3 5
0 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 0-22

3 5 2 4 2 5 3 4 3 5 2 1 2 1 1 1 4 4 2 5 5 4 4 3
1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1-23-177

3 4 2 1 4 2 5 4 2 4 3 2 4 5 3 4 4 3 5 4 2 2 5 4
1 0 2 1 1 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1-20

2 1 2 3 4 5 4 1 3 1 2 5 5 4 3 5 4 4 5 2 1 1 1 1
2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1-22

4 1 4 3 4 4 5 1 2 4 4 5 1 4 4 4 2 5 2 1 3 1 1 3 5
2 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 2-19

1 4 4 3 4 1 1 5 4 3 3 3 4 5 1 3 5 5 4 1 3 4 2 5 1
1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 2-22

2 4 1 1 5 5 3 4 2 1 5 5 5 2 3 4 2 5 4 4 5 5 1 3
2 0 2 0 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 0 2-16

5 5 2 2 2 3 4 5 4 5 1 1 4 3 4 2 4 2 5 5 4 5 4 4 1
2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 0-22

5 5 5 4 4 1 5 1 3 4 1 3 4 1 5 4 2 2 3 1 4 5 1 2 4
0 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 1-19

1 4 4 3 3 1 5 5 4 2 4 2 4 5 3 1 3 3 3 3 4 1 4 2 5
2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2-21

2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2-161

Wright shot a Purdey gun and 48grs. of Schultze in a V. L. & D. Lightning shell. Brokaw also shot a Purdey gun. His shells were Eley Bros., of London, loaded with Schultze powder. The shells of both shooters were loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Twelve shooters put down their names and paid \$25 apiece for the privilege of taking part in a 25 live-bird race at Audubon Park this morning. Among the shooters from a distance were: Harvey McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith gun, who took first money alone by killing his 25 straight, using the second barrel but eight times; F. Osgood, otherwise D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., and R. May, better known to trap-shooters as Ralph Worthington, both sterling good shots with the scatter-gun; F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; Sim Glover and E. C. Meyer, of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club. The purse was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. The following were the scores:

Conditions, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance:
Harvey McMurchy.....1111221121111221221112-25
R May.....222222222222122112211200-23
E C Meyer.....22222222222212211221122-22
G Osgood.....2222222222222222222200212-22
Sim Glover.....222201202212221211011222-21
H Kirkover.....22220222222222222222022-21
E Andrews.....0122012202222211220222122-20
O Besser.....2110220122120101210112221-20
E O Burkhardt.....120012221201210121022222-20
F D Kelsey.....222222222222210222002222-20
C S Burkhardt.....11222222220100112102202100-18
G Fleischman.....000101222222020122202101-17

Among the matches of the future are: O. Besser versus an unknown, \$100 a side, 100 birds per man; a forfeit has been placed in the hands of B. F. Smith, of this city. Jake Koch and Fred Emond have also been matched to shoot a series of three matches, each race to be at 100 live birds per man, \$100 a side. The first race is set for New Year's Day.

B. F. S.

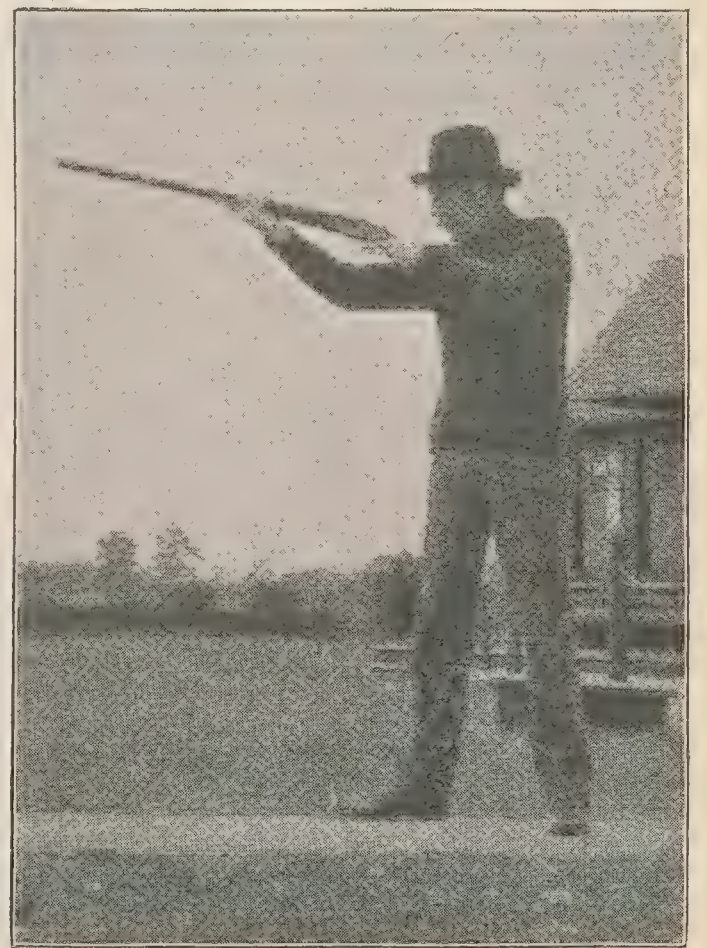
Championship of Kansas.

WEIR CITY, Kan.—Despite the disagreeable weather and regardless of the fact that it rained steadily all day, the much-talked-of match between W. W. McIlhany, of this place, and E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan., for the trophy emblematic of the Kansas State championship at live birds was shot here to-day. The match should have been shot on Nov. 21, but owing to the fact that Hoffman was taken seriously ill with pneumonia at that time it had to be indefinitely postponed. As soon, however, as he had sufficiently recovered he renewed his challenge, which resulted in the match of to-day, and in his wrestling the coveted trophy from McIlhany by the fine score of 46 to 44, each losing two birds dead out of bounds. The match was one of the most interesting ever shot in the State, for it was not until the 48th round, when McIlhany let an easy incomer beat him, that one could pick the winner with any degree of certainty.

Both men started off in rather poor form, appearing to be a trifle nervous. McIlhany led off by missing a left-quartering driver from No. 5 trap, Hoffman following suit by missing an easy incomer from No. 3. McIlhany's next was the same kind of a bird from No. 5, he scored this with his first barrel; Hoffman's second was precisely the same kind of a bird as his previous one and from the same trap, but it got over the deadline before falling. This gave McIlhany a lead which he maintained up to his 9th pigeon; this bird, a direct right-quarterer from No. 5 that went down wind, carried both charges of shot out of bounds by a few feet, being materially assisted by the wind. Had this bird come from either of the other traps and taken the same course, it would have dropped in bounds. This made things equal, but the next round McIlhany was beaten by a twisting driver from No. 1 trap. Here was Hoffman's chance to get away from his opponent, which he did, but only for that round, as his next bird, another easy incomer, and again from No. 3 trap, got away unhurt.

For the next three rounds matters were even, each scoring his birds. The 15th round changed the aspect of the race, as Hoffman's bird, a hard driver from No. 1, dropped dead out of bounds. This put an end to the missing for some time, as each contestant settled down to business and shot in excellent form. McIlhany maintained his lead of 1 up to the 41st round, when after having made the fine run of 30 straight, a driver from No. 2 went over the boundary and had to be scored lost. He followed this up by letting his next, a right-quartering incomer, escape. He managed to kill his next 5 and then lost his 48th, another incomer. Hoffman in the meantime wasn't doing a thing but killing them all; he ran his last 35 straight and won by 2 birds. He out-lucked his opponent as well as out-shot him; especially was this apparent toward the close of the match. Of his last 11 birds 8 were from No. 3 trap and 6 of them were incomers; he also drew 16 birds from No. 3 trap, while his adversary got but 9 from the same trap; incomers, however, seemed to be Hoffman's Jonah, as 3 of the 4 he lost were incomers from this trap.

The birds were a fair lot, but there were too many incomers among them to rate them as first class. The shooters faced east, and the wind blew strongly from the northeast; the rain also was against the birds, making them slow to start. Both men shot Parker guns, E. C. powder, Smokeless shells, and No. 7 chilled shot.



W. G. BROKAW.

A number of sportsmen came over from Galena and Columbus to witness the match, among whom were the following: H. T. Leeman, Fritz Weber, J. L. Horn, C. W. Sumner, S. Y. Timberlake and B. C. Best.

The conditions were: Match between W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City, Kan., and E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan., for the individual live-bird championship of Kansas, 50 live birds per man, American Shooting Association rules; challenger to put up \$50 against trophy, winner to take money and trophy, loser to pay for the birds. C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, referee. Below is a detailed score of the match:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 3 1 1 4 2 4 3 4 4 3 1 3 2 1 3 5 1 5 1 3 3 3 4 4
E W Hoffman.....0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2-21

4 2 1 5 1 4 5 5 4 5 2 1 1 1 3 4 2 5 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1-25-46

5 5 5 4 2 1 3 4 5 1 3 4 1 2 4 2 2 3 2 2 5 1 2 5 1
W W McIlhany.....0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1-22

1 3 3 5 2 1 4 3 4 3 4 2 4 2 5 2 5 3 3 4 1 4 4 4 1
1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1-22-44

PAUL R. LITZKE.



L. T. DURYEA.

the accuracy and the rapidity with which he plants his second barrel into an outgoing bird is very nearly equal to George Work's style; on incoming birds he is very sure—a great thing for anybody in such weather as that which prevailed on Dec. 24—weather that is calculated to breed incoming tendencies in even the best of birds. As a matter of fact Wright drew 54 birds out of his 200 that showed incoming tendencies; of that number he lost but two; Brokaw drew 65 incoming birds and lost 11 of them, a very large proportion of what should be easy birds to anybody who has had much practice. As a tribute to Wright's fine work at the traps since the opening of the season, he has been moved back to the 30yds. mark at the Carteret, and now shoots off the same score with such good shots as J. Seaver Page, C. M. Chapin, etc.

Brokaw, on the other hand, had up to the morning of this match been doing far too much trap-shooting in a short space of time, and could not fail to be a little stale. Besides shooting the 100-bird race with L. T. Duryea on the previous day, as reported above, he had shot about 1,100 other birds in less than as many days; add to this also the fact that he has been swapping loads and guns, and does not yet quite know what he wants in the gun line, and it is hard to see how Wright could fail to come out ahead in the race, without taking into consideration the question as to which of the two is the best man at the traps.

The luck of the birds was really about even. Sometimes, of course, they ran hard for one, but then they evened things up after a while. We kept tab on the best birds—that is, birds which were actually above par. We did this in order that we might see just how the shooters stood as to luck at the end of the long race. The totals show that Wright drew 59 extra good birds against 57 drawn by Brokaw.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

CLIMAX VERSUS KEYSTONES AT YARDVILLE.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

AT YARDVILLE.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

TAYLOR AND HALSTED WON THE MATCH.

Suburban Gun Club.

On Long Island.

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT DEXTER PARK.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB'S RECORD.

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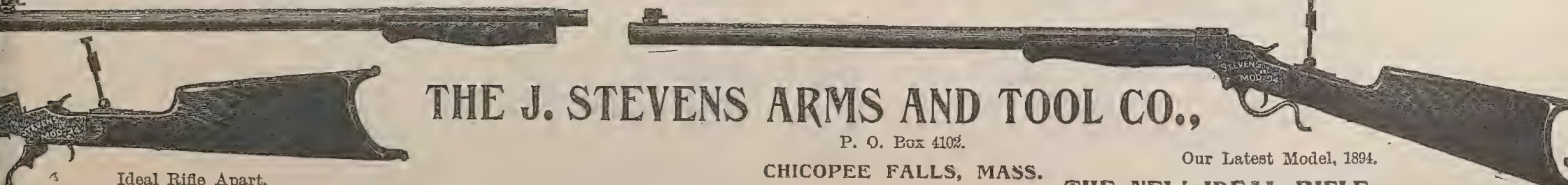
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VOL. XLVI.—No. 2.
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THE POLICE SCHOOL OF SHOOTING.

OF the reforms which have found favor and adoption with the authorities of the New York Police Department, none are of more practical utility than the school of revolver practice which has been instituted as the result of the plans submitted to the Department by the FOREST AND STREAM in July of last year.

Through the lack of the needed skill in pistol shooting the police have been subjects of ridicule for many years, holding equal place with the mother-in-law, the spring poet, etc., in the esteem of comic illustrators, caricaturists and joke constructors. The absurdities of shooting at a so-called mad dog on the street and killing an on-looker in a second story window, or of shooting at a criminal and killing or wounding two or three innocent persons, afforded endless material for the caricaturist and the satirist.

Although there are men on the force who are skillful marksmen—who know how to shoot and how not to shoot—their numbers relatively are small. The majority are unskillful, and a few do not know how to shoot at all. Their unskillfulness being constantly in evidence, with sad mishaps frequently occurring, which gives them notoriety, they thereby make the reputation of the whole force for unskillful marksmanship.

The same dangers which beset the public directly from unskillful police shooting indirectly affect the policemen themselves, for they are not properly trained for attack and defense in coping with the trained criminals. They often personally suffer severely from their unskillfulness. Thus the policeman who knows not how to handle his pistol, or who knows not its deadly powers, is not properly qualified to fill the position of police officer. When shooting begins in public places he is often more dangerous to society than is the criminal whom he sought to arrest; indeed, much more so, for every hand is raised to suppress the criminal, while the officer, be he skillful or otherwise, is allowed full liberty and discretion in using his weapons, as he represents the law.

The value of an officer is greatly enhanced if he be a good pistol shot, for the moral effect of his skill will deter even hardened criminals from the commission of crime within the territory which he patrols. The moral effect is even more beneficial than the material use of the weapon, since it is all-pervading and constant for peace and repressive of crime.

In actual battle the skillful shooter knows how and when to shoot. He knows the range and force of his weapon. Less shooting is necessary, for with precision comes quick victory. Precision also avoids the killing or wounding of peaceable citizens, or the alarming of a whole neighborhood by wild bullets. In short, it is quite as necessary that the policeman, armed with weapons to maintain the laws of society, should know how to use them as does the soldier armed for warfare against the enemies of his country. In either instance when in action the untrained man is a harm and hindrance.

The police school of shooting in New York is therefore a much needed institution, and will accomplish inestimable benefits in enlarging the efficiency of the police force. It should, moreover, add greatly to their prestige and dignity, by raising them above the ridicule which has so long attached to their marksmanship. Anything that is ridiculous seldom commands respect.

What is useful in this respect to the police force of New York is fully as useful to the force of all other cities. Any city which places pistols in the hands of its policemen should see that they know how to use them. A policeman ignorant in the use of a pistol is not a fit person to carry it, for then he is a menace to society instead of a protector.

Thus every city in the Union should have a permanent school to instruct its police in the art of pistol shooting. From an economical standpoint, the expense of it to the departments would be but trifling, as there are always a number of skillful policemen who could act as instructors to their fellow officers. The expense of gallery and ammunition is but trifling at the most, and insignificant in comparison with the benefits which are derived from it when used to promote usefulness. In case of riots or great dangerous disturbances, the fame of a police force for good marksmanship would add to its efficiency beyond computation, as a reputation for poor marksmanship depreciates it. This is well illustrated when a squad of regular troops is sent out for the suppression of disorder, their undoubtable reputation inspiring awe.

REPEAL THE LAW, RIGHT THE WRONG.

The most important step the New York Legislature can take in respect to game protection is to repeal that section of the law which permits the sale of game all the year through.

The reasons demanding such action are two. First, the sale of game the year around means an increased destruction for market in the open shooting season and a continuous destruction for market during the closed shooting season. Second, the open market in New York encourages in other States the destruction of game which finds market in New York at times when in those other States sale is forbidden.

The working of the law is destructive of the game of New York and of the game of New York's sister States. It is a wrong which should be righted, and righted at once. The remedy should be provided without the delay of a day. The Legislature should repeal Section 249 at once.

EDWARD JACK.

WE learn with sincere sorrow of the death of our contributor Edward Jack, of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Mr. Jack died at his home on Tuesday, Dec. 31, aged 70 years. In early manhood Mr. Jack was led by his tastes for woods life to abandon the practice of the law for civil engineering and forestry. Years of service first as timber cruiser and afterward in charge of the stumpage department of the Crown Lands office gained for him the reputation of being the best posted man in New Brunswick on the natural resources of the Province. More than this, he was esteemed as an honorable, high-minded and kind-hearted man. His life in the forests gave him much lore of the woods and he was an entertaining writer on these subjects; his contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM began with the first numbers and were frequent almost to the day of his death; for our Christmas number he sent an interesting note of the Maliseet traditions of the Mohawks. Mr. Jack was a person of much literary culture; he found time to master several foreign languages—Hebrew, Greek, Italian, French and German; and he made extensive translations from these tongues. We have in hand a story which he translated from the French for the FOREST AND STREAM of early hardships in a Canadian winter.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AND ITS EGGS.

WE print elsewhere Secretary Lakey's announcement of a postponed meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, and his accompanying appeal for light on some seventeen subjects which range in importance from the long standing problem of what constitutes a true sportsman to a fantastic and impossible scheme of National game wardens. These questions are deserving of attention chiefly because they indicate that the officers of the Association are themselves at a loss to know where they are at, or what there is for them to do, or how they are to do it. Mr. Lakey invites you to lend the Association your influence, your voice, your presence and your money. Voice is the one great essential to the success of a National Association; voice is needed and a lot of it, but we should think that Mr. Lakey might find a sufficient supply in stock among the home talent of Kalamazoo, without appealing to the country at large.

Before the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association can expect any body to lend it money, it must show that it is entitled to the confidence of the people it asks to put up the funds. Money is not loaned without good security. The sportsmen of the country are not going to hand over their money to a self-constituted national association, for the sake of getting in poor return any more such preposterous fakes as the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association's Alaska duck egg story. Nor are thinking and prudent men going to lend the concern their voice or influence or respect until the managers shall have relieved themselves from the contempt which the public now entertains for them as foisters of foolish alarms. The most important thing the officers have before them for their Chicago meeting is to show that they had some reasonable ground for the vast amount of noise they made over this fabulous Alaska albumen industry. Failing to do this, they cannot expect the public—fooled by them once so thoroughly—to attach much importance to their Association or to give much attention to their proceedings.

TAKE CARE OF THE BIRDS.

EVERY sportsman who is so situated as to be able to observe the needs of the birds should bear in mind that a little care for them during the cold spells of winter may be productive of beneficial results to himself and to sportsmen in general, not to mention the direct benefits to the birds in lessening their sufferings or preserving their lives. Food in the stormy cold winter days is often very difficult for the birds to secure. A few handfuls of food scattered in their haunts every few days is of material benefit to them and not much trouble to the sportsman. A rude but efficient shelter can be made of dead branches and leaves in a few moments' time. With a sheltered place to live in and a little extra food given them in addition to what they can secure themselves, the birds will have many more chances of surviving the rigors of winter. A little forethought in such matters is worth a great deal more than much afterthought.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Board of Education of New York city is carrying on a notable work in the series of free lectures to the people, which are delivered each winter in certain of the public schools and such additional places as the Cooper Union Institute and the American Museum of Natural History. These lectures are a potent educational force, and at the same time are made as entertaining as is compatible with their subjects. Many are illustrated with stereopticon views, and they cover a wide and liberal range of subjects, patriotic, scientific, historical, and of travel, art and economics. During the second course, which begins Jan. 9, Mr. J. B. Burnham, of FOREST AND STREAM, will deliver a lecture upon "Camp Life and Hunting in the United States." As indicating the popularity of these lectures, it may be mentioned that the attendance last winter numbered 224,000, while the indications are that a much larger figure will be attained this season. Much of the success of the course is due to the enterprise and good judgment of Dr. Henry M. Leipsiger, superintendent in charge.

We print to-day as the best available information respecting the game qualities of the capercaillie a chapter from ex-Minister Thomas's work on Sweden, detailing his own experience with the game in its native land. Mr. Thomas is convinced that the birds might be introduced with success into America. The failures which so far have attended enterprises in this field have been due to improper management rather than to any inherent obstacles.

Mr. J. Henry Phair died at his home in Fredericton, New Brunswick, on Jan. 3. Mr. Phair was for many years fishery inspector for the Province. He was an accomplished angler and an artist who delighted to picture woodland scenes. It was Mr. Phair who some years ago fought to a successful issue the question of riparian rights in the Province against the claims of the Dominion Government.

Information Wanted—Concerning a lost man. For further particulars see our issues of Dec. 14, Jan. 4 and to-day. Who can tell us something more of him and of his fate?

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WINTER HUNT WITH JOCK DARLING.—II.

A Tame Deer.

THE common Virginia deer is really about the hardest kind of big game to hunt anywhere. It is quicker on the start than moose and caribou, for when it once plainly sees the hunter it generally does not wait long on the order of its going. Moose and caribou on the other hand are slower to accept the testimony of their eyesight, and unless they get a scent of the hunter are not quick to start. Caribou will sometimes run right up to a man who is in plain sight, influenced by the same fatal curiosity that makes the antelope decoy to the hunter's red flag, as was the case with those we saw on our photographing trip last summer.

At other times they will stand without appearing to be greatly concerned while being shot at. I know of a case where twelve shots were fired by two hunters from the same stand at three caribou, and the third caribou only ran away when the hunters had stopped shooting, having secured their legal limit of one apiece.

Some caribou apparently never learn to use their eyes. No doubt they depend largely on their keen scent, even in their every-day occupations of feeding and traveling, and their vision is to a certain degree atrophied. I traveled down on the stage from Patten with an old gentleman who had half a caribou with him in a bag, and in connection with this he told me the incident of its capture, which goes to prove what has been said above.

The day before, this old gentleman was sitting beside the fire in a house a stone's throw from the center of the village of Patten, talking with his son-in-law, Dr. Woodbury, when suddenly the latter, who had just glanced out the window, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "There's a caribou!" Sure enough, a small caribou had that minute jumped over a fence into the back yard, apparently no more concerned at the presence of fences and houses than if they had been windfalls and rocks. If he hadn't been stopped it is possible that he would have gone right through the town and never been the wiser. As it was, however, Dr. Woodbury, who is a good hunter and sportsman, got his rifle and actually shot the caribou "from his doorstep," as they do in the woolly West.

Having stated the general principle that deer are quicker to accept the evidence of their eyes and quicker to start than other game under the same conditions, which, I believe, is pretty generally admitted by hunters, I will tell of an exception to the rule, that as such is worth noting.

Messrs. Stubbs and Staples, while cruising for moose one day, jumped a doe deer which ran a little way before old man Staples, who was leading, "blatted" and stopped her. As she turned to look back he brought his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was no result, however, and he recollected that he had not worked a cartridge into the barrel—it was a repeater—that morning on leaving camp. Accordingly he pulled down on the lever with this object in view, but the rifle had received a thorough wetting the day before and was so badly rusted that it would not work. Stubbs, who is something of a philosopher, meanwhile walked over to a stump and sat down and lit his pipe, and both he and the deer watched with considerable interest the old man wrestling with the rusted gun.

Staples, who is as good a hunter as ever walked the woods, got a little mad finally, and to get satisfaction out of the deer he borrowed Stubbs's gun. His first shot was high, but the deer never moved. She couldn't for the life of her understand what all the trouble and noise was about. He fired again with a like result, the gun being



"SABLE" AND BUCK.

sighted too finely, and his third shot did nothing more than take the bark off a tree just above the deer's back.

This was too much for human patience, and he handed the rifle back to Stubbs with instructions to "kill the blame thing."

The philosophical hunter took one shot and missed, and it is an actual fact that the deer stood there till the next and fifth shot, which killed her.

She was an extremely fat doe—the fattest I have ever seen—but she was altogether too slow to take a hint.

"Sable" and Deer.

The day Jock and I spent unsuccessfully hunting the moose on the ridge near Wadley Brook dam, Stubbs came up with a fine buck who was standing tail on rubbing his head against a tree when first seen. Aiming at his neck, as offering the best possibilities for a shot, he fired, and the buck went down like a log.

Stubbs walked up to the deer, but just as he reached him the buck raised himself in a sitting position, such as a dog assumes when resting upon his haunches. Upon

this Stubbs promptly shot him again, and so no doubt saved the venison, for on examination he found that the bullet had only "creased" the buck, and the shock undoubtedly was only temporary.

When Jock and Stubbs went after this deer and incidentally another hung up near by on one of the ridges west of the lake, they shot a sable—one of the pair shown in the illustration. The other was taken the same day from a bear trapset by Staples for fisher.



CAMP ON SEBOIS GRAND LAKE.

Stubbs sighted the sable on the snow near the deer carcass, and being prompted by Darling, he ran after it as fast as he could go. Jock knew by experience that it was possible to tree the animal in this way.

Stubbs lost sight of the sable almost immediately, but a careful survey of the neighboring trees soon showed the saucy little freebooter perched on one of the lower limbs. Jock brought him to the ground by a shot that only grazed the top of his skull, and did not hurt the skin a particle.

"Sable," as they are called by Eastern trappers, are the prettiest little creatures imaginable. They look very much like a fox in the face, but are longer and lower, and of course of a much darker color. They have large soft feet provided with the sharpest of claws, and they can catch a red squirrel in a tree, or a rabbit on the ground. They follow the latter in a deep snow by jumping in their tracks, profiting by the broken trail, and when the opportunity offers they will shorten the rabbit's detours by well calculated cut offs.

The deer from whose antlers the sable hang has a spread of 27 in., woods measurement, and taken in connection with the other deer's head, pictured last week, they make a remarkable pair. Another thing of interest in this picture is the arrangement of the front sight on Jock's rifle. He has covered all of the front sight but the extreme tip with a shield of leather, which is firmly bound to the barrel on either side, thereby accomplishing one of the ends which Mr. Lyman has attained with his peep sight—namely a fine bead, and an absolute certainty that at ordinary ranges he will neither overshoot nor undershoot. Jock's "patent" has proved so good that most of the woodsmen who have seen it who shoot open sights have adopted it.

Moose Hunting on a Crust.

And so the time passed till the last day of my stay. The hunting was very noisy, and though moose sign was plentiful, we had no shots at the game which American sportsmen put at the top of the list, barring only the grizzly bear. My gun had become badly rusted from hunting in the rain, and the mechanism refused to work, so Sunday was spent in walking down to the main camp, where there was a screw driver, and taking apart and cleaning the lock.

Wednesday morning found the crust as bad as ever, while, as if still further to assure the game from our covert designs, there was no wind whatever, and everything was so quiet that a man could be heard walking thirty rods. It seemed a waste of time to attempt a hunt under these conditions, and it was largely due to Darling's indomitable persistence that we went for moose that day. Darling is one of those men who only recognize obstacles to get the better of them, and this is one reason for his great success as a hunter.

There were moose on the ridge running north from the mouth of Wadley Brook, as we knew from previous scouting trips, and as this was probably the best nearby ground, we selected it as the scene of our hunt. It was arranged that Messrs. Stubbs and Staples should follow the east side of the ridge, while Darling and I took the other.

On our way to the ridge we found where three caribou had come on the ice and followed the shore of the bay from some distance, striking up at last on the bog at the mouth of Wadley Brook. The tracks were very fresh, and the temptation was strong to give up the moose hunt and follow the caribou up the brook, where the chances were greatly in favor of finding them, but we had nailed our colors to the masthead, and moose it was to be or nothing.

Jock and I saw two very old moose tracks, but that was all we had to report when we met the other hunters by chance at noon. Of course we had jumped deer, but that didn't count. Messrs. Stubbs and Staples had a somewhat better account to give. They had seen the tracks of six moose made only a few days before, and it seemed reasonable to believe that these were still on the east side of the ridge, as they had not crossed to our side and there had been no hunting in the neighborhood where we supposed them to be to frighten them away.

Stubbs and Staples had built a fire and were eating lunch when we arrived. They voted the moose hunt a

failure, and had decided to strike off to the bog on the north branch of Wadley Brook and spend the afternoon in hunting caribou. Jock and I, however, were loath to give up the moose. The news we had heard decided us to circle back toward the spot where the moose tracks had been seen, and accordingly, without waiting for anything to eat, we set off down the ridge at right angles with our former course. Had the other hunters known that almost within rifle shot of the spot where they sat were

two bull moose they might have taken a different view of the situation.

Keeping Everlastingly at It Brings Success.

The main ridge at this point was quite steep, and it did not take us long to arrive at its foot. Here the open hardwood growth terminated and the black growth took its place. Just ahead was a little knoll overgrown with balsam firs, and beyond that was the cedar swamp that extended to the open bog of Wadley Brook. To our right, between this evergreen knoll and the main ridge, was a hollow, and in this hollow we both suddenly caught sight of a large bull moose. It was only an instant's glance, for the old fellow had winded us and was off at a gait that was marvelous, considering the nature of the ground he had to pass over.

But though we only saw him for an instant, the picture was of a nature to stir a hunter's blood, and it remains vividly photographed in memory. We both stood on a fallen tree that by reason of its elevation enabled us to look over the tops of the nearest firs, and there we saw the moose, his head thrown back and the wide antlers resting on his shoulders, disappear in the forest growth.

I don't think I saw the moose for more than a second. Jock blatted a "bah-a-ah" that sounded like a bellow in a vain attempt to stop him, but he might as well have blatted at the Empire State Express. We both got our rifles to our shoulders, but there was no chance for a snap shot even, and neither fired. A moment later, seeing that there was no possibility of his again coming in sight further down the ridge, we lowered our rifles.

One's first inclination after such an experience is to consider the event from the "might have been" standpoint, but I am glad to say that whatever our thoughts no words in any such tenor passed our lips. We stood looking over the little knoll for a time, and then Jock, who never is at a loss for the right thing to do, said:

"There may be another bull in here. I'll take this one's back track, and you can work down the ridge for a shot."

As we each separately proceeded to carry out our parts of the programme, we heard above us on the ridge the voices of the other hunters. They had finished their lunch, and were coming down almost on our trail with a view of cutting across to the bog.

I watched Jock till he disappeared from sight among the firs at the far end of the knoll, and then I walked in the opposite direction, parallel to the course of the moose's flight, but keeping somewhat higher ground. In the meanwhile the other hunters passed Jock, and I could hear them talking several rifle shots beyond. What little air was stirring blew toward me, and though they were at least a quarter of a mile from the spot where I stood, I could almost distinguish the words. One of the hunters is somewhat deaf, and the other had to raise his voice to make himself understood. The fact of their talking proved how utterly hopeless they considered woods hunting under the circumstances.

Presently Jock began working my way. I heard him whistle several times, but at this juncture I became aware of a new sound. It was a crunching of the snow as some heavy animal broke through the crust, and every now and then it was punctuated by moments of absolute silence as the animal stopped to listen. Darling continued at intervals to whistle, and I could still hear the other hunters talking far off in the distance.

As the moose, for such it proved to be, came nearer I selected a good position from which to shoot on a log that offered a projecting stub for a footrest, which my left foot instinctively found. My eyes were too busy scanning the fir thicket that bounded the view at a distance of 60 or 70 yds. to notice such details.

While the moose was still well concealed by the firs I became aware that he had changed his course slightly and was moving across the front of my position. I could hear him run ahead 20 or 30 yds. and then stop and listen. No doubt he was bewildered by the unaccustomed sounds he heard on different sides, and possibly he had a fear that he was being surrounded.

Probably he had been started by Messrs. Stubbs and Staples, now well on their way to the bog, for Jock afterward told me that he had seen no fresh tracks besides those of the first moose.

Be that as it may, I soon saw that the moose was likely to pass by without offering a shot unless something unexpected happened.

It was folly to attempt to change my position, for he would certainly have heard me and been off. So I waited, almost convinced that this was another case of "might have been."

Just then the moose made one of his short runs and I caught an uncertain glimpse of him at a distance of 120yds. I saw a fir he brushed by quiver, and I decided that he had stopped just beyond. Two spruce trees stood on either side of this spot.

Feeling convinced that it was now or never, I raised my rifle, and sighting between them, fired. There was no result. Again I fired, and again there was nothing to indicate the presence of a moose within a thousand miles—no motion or sound.

I began to feel the strain on my nerves, but when I steadied my rifle for the third shot the white Lyman front sight rested on just that patch of uncertainty I wanted to test—a trifle nearer the ground than I had sighted before.

This time the shot worked wonders. There was a great commotion among the firs, and I could hear the moose plunge forward madly, smashing everything in his path.

I rushed to the spot and then on down the hill in the trail that the moose had left, till I reached a place where the growth was more open and where I could see a reasonable distance. Here I stopped for an instant and heard the moose fall with a crash like a forest tree.

The moose was still struggling when I reached his side,

cannot get along with any degree of comfort on hard smooth ice, though they travel long distances on ice that is covered with snow, or which is sufficiently roughened to give them a good foothold.

While the ice was smooth we found that they did not venture on it at all, though they were feeding on the bogs nearby in considerable numbers. In fact I found that two caribou, whose trail I followed on one occasion when the ice was in fine condition for skating, traveled up a stream for a considerable distance till they came to open water before crossing, and then back again on the other side to a point that they could have gained directly by passing over not more than 50yds. of ice. They do not object to breaking through the ice, and will frequently go on ice which is not sufficiently strong enough to bear their weight, but while the ice was smooth we could not find that they trusted to it.

Another instance: After a very slight snowfall one day we saw where two caribou had crossed Wadley Brook on the ice and slipped at almost every step. The conditions were such that a man could be certain of a fairly good foothold.

The caribou seem to come on the ice both because it affords an easy means of travel and also for the sake of the mosses and lichens that grow on the trees along the shores of the lakes and streams.

Game Law Violations.

At various times I heard of a number of game law violations which took place last summer. Judging from these reports it would seem that almost as many moose

the loss of acuteness in him of that sense that makes the hound dog valuable.

For another matter he is not so dependent on his guide, for if he chooses he can follow the game trails alone, and even if unsuccessful in his hunt there is no end of interest in this.

The charm of solitude is never more potent than in winter, when wastes of snow stretch on all sides, unmarked by human footprint, and there is a peculiar beauty by day and night that one does not find at other seasons.

The cold even in early December is severe at times. Warm footwear is a necessity that should not be overlooked. A good felt hat with a brim will be found indispensable for rainy weather. A toboggan cap is a good thing for protecting the ears on cold days, and also to use as a nightcap. Some nights a man might easily freeze his ears in camp, for the wood fire goes out soon after you have turned in, and simultaneously the thermometer drops below the freezing point.

By taking the proper precautions, however, the coldest-blooded man may be perfectly comfortable on a winter hunt such as the one I have attempted to describe, and if he has anything of the love of the woods in his make-up, he will be supremely happy as well.

P. S.—In the title under the cut in last week's issue for "A Set of Moose Antlers" read "A Set of Maine Antlers." J. B. BURNHAM.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE.

CRUISE OF THE YACHT DUNGENSESS.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

No words of mine can picture the beauty of the Havana harbor, with its six forts and its buildings all pink and blue and yellow, in their varied hues resembling nothing so much as a rainbow. The trees and grass-covered hills were beautiful and green, the sky like that of Naples. The water was fairly alive with strange little boats of queer type, half row and half sail, stern covered with awning over ribs like a prairie schooner and bow like a canal boat, large enough to carry twenty people and strong enough to have withstood the wear and tear of the ages since Noah. Foremost among them standing on the bow (it was a race who should reach us first among a dozen or fifteen) came a man wildly gesticulating and bowing, hat in hand, saying in English: "I am the best interpreter in the city and will save you a good deal if you take me." And he would and did. After considerable confab with our Capt. Yates he, with the rest, was dismissed. We then sent the pilot ashore, after being assigned a most advantageous spot near La Machina or Government wharf, so named from the immense crane or machine on shore used in loading and unloading cannon. When at Key West it was Mrs. C.'s pleasure to entertain on board the officers of the Infanta Isabel, and it seems that they in return, knowing our route, had wired the officials in charge at Havana not to accept even pilotage from the Dungeness, and also to allot us a favorable spot near shore, all of which orders were faithfully carried out, and on Mrs. C.'s behalf I hereby again thank them.

Impatient to land, hardly was lunch over when ashore Morris and I were rowed. At the iron gate, which gives entrance to the Government wharf, we found some fifteen or twenty little carriages, semi-victorias, with very low step, a comfortable seat for two, and a high box seat for the driver. The poor little horses were no larger than Western bronchos. If you expect the drivers to ask you to ride in their rigs no greater mistake will you ever make. Indeed they are about the laziest lot I ever saw. When you do select your conveyance and get in, the driver in a tired, slow way gathers the reins in his hands, and turning looks the question, Where to? That was the dickens of it—we could not say it in Spanish; every word I had ever learned in that Castilian tongue seemed to leave me. "American Consul," we first gently, then loudly yelled, until a slight wave of consciousness passed across our driver's bronzed face and we were off. Lickety! lickety! split! we tore along over the smooth, flat stones about 1ft. square, beneath awnings which stretched over the streets from roof to roof, by shops the very kaleidoscope of colors, around corners on



LUGGING DEER AND HAND SLEDGING.

but the light was fading from his wicked eye, and he was quite dead a moment later when Jock reached the spot.

"Well," said Jock, as he looked him over, "it pays to keep at it—if we hadn't hunted to-day we would never have got that fellow."

And Jock was right, as he generally is.

We had no axe with us to dress the moose, and we called to attract the attention of the other hunters, who were better provided; but they had gone too far to hear us. Only a few minutes later we heard a number of shots, and that night there was caribou in camp, each hunter having secured what the law allowed him. Jock estimated that the moose weighed about 900lbs., and his antlers have a spread, according to woods measurement, of something over 40in.

Films at Zero.

That night after sunset I walked twelve miles, down to the lower camp and back, to get fresh film for the camera. In zero weather film becomes rotten and almost useless. That with which the camera was originally loaded parted several times, and in some places the sensitive coating separated from the celluloid backing for 3 or 4in. at a time. At the main camp I worked nearly an hour in a temperature 2° below zero (not estimated—there is a thermometer there) easing the tension and taking out spoiled film. Everything was done by the sense of touch, for I had no ruby lantern. On another winter trip I shall use glass plates. Their additional weight will be compensated for by their reliability.

The camera too developed an annoying characteristic, due directly to the low temperature. The pneumatic action of the shutter "froze." I can think of no better term to describe the symptom. In the camp the shutter worked satisfactorily, but once out of doors it took the best part of a second for the exposure. Such an exposure was fatal for snow scenes, but by stopping the lens down to a mere pin point aperture, and giving the camera something steady to rest upon, I succeeded at last in getting some pictures.

Coming back, as I passed through the narrows of the Grand Lake, I espied in the moonlit snow that covered the ice a network of caribou tracks, looking for all the world like outlines of half grown horseshoe crabs. The tails were made by the caribou dragging their feet 5 or 8in. before resting their weight upon them. These tracks had been made since my journey down the lake a few hours before, for my trail was in places quite obliterated.

Caribou on the Ice.

In that finest of sportsmen's books, "Sport with the Gun and Rod," is shown a picture of caribou on the ice. The ice is represented to be as glossy as a mirror and the caribou are shown trotting along at a Nancy Hanks gait. They are represented as coming down to the ice solely for the pleasure of gliding over its slippery surface, and the creatures [not being shod with iron, this characteristic always seemed to me to be supernatural.

As an actual fact, this picture exaggerates to the point of absurdity a well-known habit of caribou. Caribou

ated. The air is tonic and the cold (instead of heat, as philosophers assert) is life. Two weeks at this time of year will do more to fit a man to combat the evils of civilization the next twelve months than a like period at any other time of year. The exercise and cold rid him of his surplus tissue and purify his stock of red blood, and it also toughens him against colds and such ailments.

Then, too, when the snow has come man is more on a level with the wild animals, and has no cause to regret



SUCCESS AT LAST.

two wheels, catching now and then a glimpse of an inner courtyard through the iron grating which covered windows almost flush with the street, until in Havana Calle (or street) we came to an abrupt stop in front of the offices of Mr. Williams, the American Consul. (I do not care to say anything about Mr. Williams, for I see he has resigned or been recalled. Had he not been I should myself have written to our State Department asking what American Consuls are for.) Our reception was exceed-

ingly cold, our questions hardly noticed, and abruptly turning to three Chinamen Mr. Williams seemed much more engrossed in pleasing them than us two American citizens. After standing around a few minutes, hoping for further chance of a parley, we left, still further impressed—as all Americans are who travel—with our wretched Consular service.

A block further on I had our driver stop again to leave some negatives to be printed, and then on we went to the colored banker, or money changer, Mr. Hardy. Intending to continue thence on foot we handed our driver a *pesado* or 20 cents, the right and legal fare—so we had read in the guide book. Our quiet man immediately awoke and in an instant seemed all on fire. What I took to be cursing came in long lines from his mouth like a volcano, and in that smooth tongue how easily the words did flow. Not knowing the reason we quickly fled into Hardy's shop, the driver and a crowd after us. Fortunately English was spoken there, and it appeared that instead of 20 we owed 60 cents for our ride, explained by our three stops at 20 cents a stop. If you tell the driver to stop while you light a cigar or cigarette, one stop 20 cents; but if you don't stop you can cross the city from border to border for the *pesado*. When one is familiar with the custom, I question if there is better or cheaper cab service in the world.

For our greenbacks Hardy gave us a lot of money called *pesos*, *pesados* and a lot of other "*dos*," at the rate of \$1.10 in Spanish silver for American silver, greenbacks or gold. Be it understood, however, the Spanish dollar contained as much silver as our own. For our money of whatsoever kind, marked United States of America, he gave in Spanish gold \$1.07½ for every American dollar. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, ye silver fanatics. These United States, thanks be to those to whom honor is due, are not yet in that slough of "financial despond" where we find Spain and Italy to-day. Feeling rich as *Cresus* with the mass of silver in our pockets, we walked up Obispo street, the Broadway of Havana from a shopping standpoint, but in reality, as all the streets are, so narrow that a carriage can go only one way; resembling Philadelphia in this respect. Having just dodged a whirling cabby and being nearly run down by a string of eight mules hauling a big two-wheel cart, we emerged on a little plaza, with a fountain playing in the center, surrounded by green grass, palms and flowers. What appeared to be toy soldiers stood there smoking cigarettes. They looked so cute I felt as though, should chance or war ever throw me in contact with such men, I would want to pick them up and put them in my pocket. To find our way we addressed them in their language, the words of which in guide-book Spanish we knew so well and spoke so badly. Vain effort, not a sign of "*sabe*" came to them, and all they could say was "*Yo no entiendo*" (I do not understand). Finally we said, "*Hotel Inglaterra*." Then, with a pleased and happy countenance, they pointed out our way.

Up the strange little streets we walked, noting to our great regret few signs of beauty among the women, who, though wearing no hats but the Spanish mantilla, powdered their faces so plentifully as to give them a sickly white appearance. The men were of the type seen and known everywhere as the Spanish race. At last, on the top of the slight slant on which the city is built, we entered Central Park, or the *Parque de Isabel II.*, to find it thronged with people. The cause was quickly noted, for, led by a gorgeous black and gold hearse, a funeral of some prominent politician or general was passing by. From on top of a big wagon, with a fellow kodaker, we gained a grand view of all that passed, and saw in the full evening dress of the men who rode in the carriages an explanation of many such we had seen driving rapidly about town in broad daylight.

Weary with our exciting walk and ride, and with tongue twisted all out of shape trying to talk French, English and Spanish, we seated ourselves at a table in the café of the *Inglaterra*, feeling assured that at last we could again enjoy the pleasure of hearing our own native tongue.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

And so with that hotel. Its name was a blind. No one spoke English, and so, not knowing "*cervezha*" meant beer, we called for *Milwaukee*, and you should have seen that boy jump. The idea of our not knowing. I think with another generation the word "*Milwaukee*" will be Spanish for beer, at least in Cuba. Having to guess the cost we thought it safe to hand him a dollar and then receive the change. This amounted to 20 cents, but my eyes chanced to wander to the cash register on the bar where he rang it up, and saw the honest (?) boy push up 15 cents and the rest went in his pocket. Great Yankee invention as a check on barkeepers, the cash register, but it takes a Cuban to run it.

Thinking a drive in the cool of the afternoon would be pleasant we hired a rig "*per hora*" for \$1.25 and soon found ourselves in the outskirts of the city on the drive *Paseo de Tacon*, a street corresponding to the *Champs Elysees* or *Bois*, close by the Botanical Gardens, full of royal palms, strange trees and flowers without number, along a well-kept smooth road with hedges of thick cactus, until at last we came to the cemetery. There many illustrious dead no doubt lie buried, with some real marble tombs or headstones erected to their memory, and many shams. The latter are of what seemed to be plaster painted white or yellow, built inside an iron fence on which hung iron painted wreaths or colored flowers in a glass case. Back we drove, near where the blue sea dashed on the shore, through the rich suburban homes of the better class. No more vivid coloring have I ever seen than the painting of those houses. Blues, pinks, yellows and whites, no two exactly alike in tint, and although only one story high differing somehow in architectural effect. Some yards were rose gardens, others all green palms and ferns, while over the whole side and porch of one house twined a vine of solid flowers the color of the richest magenta; a royal vine, no hue of northern flower have I ever seen to equal it. The rich red soil seemed to produce everything planted with a force as though native to the spot. I fancied it was all as Rome once was, only there the houses were marble; here brick or stone and plaster; but Rome could not have had prettier courtyard gardens with fountains, as all such were in Havana. It seemed a sweet dream that winter afternoon, winter still by the calendar at home, but June by the air and climate.

Once back in town, we punched cabby in the back and said, "*To the yachta, boata, aqua*" and everything pertain-

ing to water we could think of to get him to go to the dock; but he drove around the square in such an aimless way, wearing such a sickly smile, that at last in desperation we said "*Inglaterra*" again, and back there we drove in the almost vain hope of seeing an English-speaking human being. At last I found an interpreter who told our driver where to go, saying to us, "When lost again, just say '*Machina*,' and he will know where to take you." Blessed yacht! never more welcome came the good old Anglo-Saxon to my ears than when Morris called, "Oars, let fall, and give way," to the sailors in the gig.

After dinner we all sat on deck awhile in the moonlight, watching the twinkling lights floating about in the harbor or the larger anchor lights hanging from the steamships near us. All the men on board sat puffing away at cigars from 3 in. long to *panetelas* which seemed 1 ft. in length. And such cigars! For 8 and 10 cents we smoked ones which cost 25 at home, and the sailors had a brand at \$2.50 per 100 for which they claimed great things. Puff, puff, puff—each one seemed a miniature human furnace, praising to the sky their own smart purchase as being the best and cheapest in Havana. He who wrote, "It was my last cigar," luckily put the fellow on a quarterdeck "off the blue *Canarie Isles*," and not the *Greater Antilles*, for poor indeed is he who sits on a deck in Havana and smokes his last cigar.

Havana by gas and moonlight was not to be missed, so on shore we went again about the little streets up to Plaza Isabel. "What an improvement on New York parks!" we all exclaimed on noticing the benches and iron seats there arranged. They do things differently in Cuba in many ways, for scarcely were we seated before a man came along and collected 5 cents from each of us. Tiring of the passing throng, several of us bought seats for the theater. The play I could only tolerate about fifteen minutes; perhaps I was hard to please, but it was tedious, incomprehensible and decidedly vulgar, and when I again breathed the fresh air from the deck of the yacht I felt a great relief.

The following day with an interpreter we visited the churches, which we found exceedingly uninteresting, and the markets, which are of interest for the many strange fruits and vegetables, but the place was far from clean. We lunched at the *Louvre*, where fortunately French was spoken, so we fared well, and I advise all who visit Havana to go there for a good dinner.

Having secured a room at the *Pasaje Hotel*, with a pretty little balcony and tiles on the floor, for Mrs. C. and Miss S., they desiring to spend a night on shore, Morris and I taking the guide with us jumped on a street car. Seeing all the men smoking I also lit a cigar, which lasted me the three miles out to the suburb, *Jesus del Monte*. To cigar smokers this is known everywhere as the site of *Julien Alvarez's Henry Clay factory*, probably the largest cigar factory in the world. I had always promised myself this visit and was amply repaid. They make in company with *Bock & Co.*, of the *Golden Eagle* brand, some 800 varieties, from \$1,000 per 1,000 to \$20 per 1,000. These are gold list Havana prices, and multiplying the same by two and a half about gives you the New York price duty paid. If for no other reason let us annex Cuba to get good cigars cheap. They say all smokers, even though strong protectionists at home, become free traders after a visit to Cuba. Besides cigars the factory turns out millions of cigarettes, but these are little known I think in the United States, at least since my return I have noticed very few on sale. The *Algodon papel* (cotton paper) is too thick for American taste. Perhaps as famous and as interesting a factory is that close by the *Pasaje*, but the ride out in the country to *Jesus del Monte* is well worth the trip, seeing as you do inns by the roadside, with open bar or counter, to the very edge of which horsemen ride and drink without dismounting. The climate being always warm the store is wide open to the world. The iron grating over the windows, alike in town on house of rich or poor, gives also ample protection against robbers, besides allowing the air to ventilate freely through all the rooms.

But, speaking of robbery, I spent my last morning on shore taking photographs about the streets of fruit vendors, milkmen with cans of milk strapped to the mule's sides, cathedrals, castles, forts, stores and I cannot tell what all. Running short of plates, I bought some for \$1.75 per dozen (95 cents in New York), and was then charged \$1 to use the dark room to put them in the holders. Nothing except tobacco is cheap in Havana, as we found while shopping that afternoon. They have some beautiful fans, and to tell the truth, that is about all I could see to bring away as acceptable souvenirs. Had the island not been under martial law we should have attempted a run back into the country, but we were cautioned against doing so. All the signs of a revolution we saw, however, were the numerous mounted soldiers about town, together with what we read in occasional copies of the *New York Herald*.

We could not see all there was to see in that interesting city, so leaving for a future visit the many other attractions of Havana, on the morning of March 8 we steamed down and out the harbor past the forts, which we saluted with guns, and speedily headed E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., some five miles off shore, for Matanzas, the second city of importance in Cuba. The water was smooth as glass and blue as a turquoise. We skirted along the beautiful coast past Santa Cruz and the cut at Jaruca River. Great rifts in the shore led down from the high palm tree capped mountain ridges inland to the glorious sea, making a picture to enchant even the dreariest soul. It was about noon when we turned in at the long harbor of Matanzas, and amidst the sportive play of an immense school of sharks cast anchor.

What beauty the landscape and towns of Latin countries present at a distance, away from the dirt, discerning in a glance the *route ensemble*, as our Gallic friends say. So I gazed on Matanzas and bewailed the lack of enterprise which has allowed its fine sheltered harbor gradually to fill in and compel shipping to anchor nearly a mile from the city. The great wharf built entirely of mahogany, alongside which in ante-bellum days Mr. Ulmo told us great ships were tied, is now used only by lighters. These are towed by a tug to the ships loading with sugar out in the bay, and if the wind be right, back they come with a square set sail. All the town lay in the bend of the horseshoe harbor. From the water's edge it climbed the hill behind, leaving, however, a broad green strip from the skirts of the town to the hilltop surmounted there with a cathedral, from which at eventide a curfew

"told the knell of parting day." I was at first impressed with the beauty of their having selected red tiling for the roofs, but found that of such color was the only soil from which they could be made.

Sending the captain ashore for our papers, we shortly followed, to find arrangements had been made for a drive in *volantes* to the *Cuives de la Mar* (Caves de la Mar). While waiting for the rigs we were introduced to and entertained by the *Capitain de la Porte*, Capt. Riga, late commander of the *Infanta Isabel*. A most charming Spanish gentleman we found him, and were rather surprised to learn that our salute gun created quite a stir in town, many people thinking it was a gunboat come to quell the rising rebellion. Very queer vehicles were those *volantes*. Built with a very large, soft, comfortable seat over two big wheels, extra long shafts, between which one horse was hitched; another outside, with traces once again as long as the shafts, was ridden by the driver. How they did fly around, up hill and down without slacking pace, taking ditches and gutters at full speed. Their long coupling makes a jolt hardly perceptible. We followed *en route* long strings of horses tied together going to be washed in the sea. Then we turned inland some two miles further to the caves. To those who have visited *Luray Caverns* in Virginia a comparison is hardly worth while, for besides the heat, 100° Fahrenheit, which drove the ladies out again, the long wax candles have so smoked the stalactites and stalagmites as greatly to mar their beauty. A walk of a half to three-quarters of a mile completes the circle and you have seen it all.

Hardly had an hour passed before we gained the town once more, and going through, with gaping natives and naked little boys yelling "*Americano*," we ran up rather a steep road to the cathedral seen from the bay. From that hill in two views I had sufficient reward, all else aside, for the journey to Cuba. Matanzas city with its harbor is itself a pearl set in Cuba, long known to the world as the Pearl of the Antilles. Looking the other way, in all its most impressive fullness stretched the valley of the *Yumuri*, comprising one of the richest bodies of land, if not the richest, in this whole Garden Island. It lay in a basin several hundred feet below us, and never have I been struck anywhere with an evidence of such unbounded fertility as that valley presented. Nowhere was there the least sign of barrenness; every inch seemed cultivated, while scattered in clumps and singly, royal palms, 50, 60 and 70 ft. tall, lifted their long green branches to heaven. Hardly visible, little houses were peeping out from under the foliage here and there, and but for its length and breadth, some ten by five miles, it had the appearance of a great garden. I appreciate how feebly my dull words picture in any sense to you the restful feeling that scene portrayed, but so long as I shall live nothing can erase the beautiful picture. If there be any place else in that island, 760 miles long and from 20 to 135 miles wide, like that valley I hope to see it some day. As darkness stole over the scene we turned away and went back to the yacht, listening meanwhile to the faint sound of the curfew bells.

During the evening I walked through the city, and finding an English-speaking citizen asked him to accompany us. A fair being in progress we were persuaded to try our luck by buying for 10 cents each little rolls of paper wrapped up like lamp lighters. With daily, weekly and monthly lottery drawings born in their blood, nothing as a money-making scheme can succeed in Cuba carried on in any other way than by chance. The Royal Havana Lottery, by the way, yields many millions yearly to the State. Occasionally, by unrolling the little papers, a number would be stamped on the inside to correspond with some object about the room. We won prizes from a toy boat to a set of cologne bottles, a few yards of lace and a washstand, until, followed by an ever-increasing crowd, Morris and I sought the outer plaza and a neighboring café. Our pilot, continually up to tricks, mentioned some words in Spanish which he said he once knew belonged to an extensive and close Cuban society. I don't know if what he said was true or not, but the waiter could not do enough for us and was so pressing in his attentions—attracting notice to us by so acting—that I thought the better part of valor was in flight, and so took myself off, only to get lost in the many and devious streets to the wharf. Seeing at last my predicament, and perhaps suspecting me as a filibuster—for the town was strictly guarded against such—a mounted soldier rode up and asked what I sought. I by that time had learned a little Spanish, and inquired the way to the yacht, which he quickly put me in the way of finding, so exchanging *buenas noches* and a cigarette we parted.

On Saturday morning we entertained Capt. Riga on board with several other gentlemen and ladies. Late in the afternoon an invitation to a ball the following night was brought out to us, and pleading only the custom of the country we went. About 9 in the evening, rigged in the full regalia of summer ball gowns and evening dress, four of us went ashore to be met on landing by the Captain and señoras, and in four carriages we were rapidly driven along the narrow streets to the club. At the door we were met by ushers and escorted into the ball room, where, as strangers, we were quickly the cynosure of all eyes. Mac and I were at our wits' ends to know what to say to a lot of masked señoritas who spoke to us, and had it not been for an occasional one who spoke French I should have been utterly wound up. Right here let me beg you to learn at least a little Spanish before visiting Cuba—your pleasure will be increased a hundredfold. Those unmasked—and it goes without saying, 'twas human nature, they were the prettiest—had a language of their bright black eyes and long lashes the greatest dullard could understand. Their native dance, "*The Danza*," approached nearest to a waltz of any; but for slowness and strangeness it was like unto nothing so far in my life's experience. This dance, the ofttest played by the orchestra, derives its popularity from the many stops while dancing it, giving thus to young people the only opportunity to be alone together and talk. Not solely from gallantry do I say it, but in truth I saw many pretty faces, and their black eyes are all romance has pictured them. Mrs. C.'s position, seated as she was with the señoras (to whom the knowledge of English was as foreign as the North Pole has been to Arctic explorers), was tedious; so, having invited the belle of the ball and several others out next day, we bade all good night.

Agreeable to the engagement, Mac and I went to No. 7 Rio Calle about 10:30 next day; but upon our arrival were

rather surprised shortly to find so many gathered there, as we had only invited three girls, and we rather wondered whether such an invitation included their whole connections. Two were ready, the third we saw driving down the street accompanied by a portly uncle. Fearing for the ship's safety above water did all present purpose going out, it was with great relief that one by one they began, like those in the Bible story, to offer pressing business or other affairs as excuses, until at last, as those Spanish clouds rolled away, there only remained to our affrighted vision two Spanish full moons in two mamas and three Cuban stars, the ones our telescopic eyes of the night before had picked out from the gathered nebulae of the ballroom space. These sufficed to occupy the only two carriages we had been able to secure, leaving us to walk. At a sign to Mac (and never did I realize the possibility of a sign language until that Cuban voyage) we were off. However, the distance was short and the gig large, so in safety we conveyed our jolly party out to lunch. The Captain, the handsomest man by far we saw in Cuba, came out later. Once on board, what with punch to cool the heated brow—for it was very hot—and music from our music box to gladden the spirit, helped by a phrase book, "Spanish at a Glance," ours was a merry party. The Captain, in broken English, offered a toast to the ladies, the United States, America, England, and then, fearing he had forgotten some one, said, "To the whole world." We were very loath to see his gig, with its eight men rowing, come out for them; but all good times must have an ending, and with the salute we fired as they rowed away we weighed anchor and were off for Nassau.

Laying our course N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Elbow Cay Light, eighty-two miles distant across Nicholas Channel, the mountains of Cuba showed plainly at first and then like the shore faded away in a blue tint which made sea and sky one, and we were out on the broad expanse of mighty water. A full round moon soon showed a silvery head above the horizon like some mighty monster out of the deep, and shining almost in our course seemed a path along the sea. For many hours I gazed at the sublime majesty of it all and felt with him who said: "To those only who go down to the sea in ships are God's works fully understood." In a glassy sea we passed Elbow Cay Light on Salt Cay Bank and then steered across Santaren Channel to the Great Bahama Bank, which we reached in about latitude $24^{\circ} 33'$, equal to Key West, and, longitude $79^{\circ} 14'$ w. All the next morning, course N. E. by N., over a rippled sea with the bottom of the ocean, 12 to 15 ft. deep, we steamed along in view of white coral sands. Never was a prettier run made across the Bahama Banks to the Great Stirrup Cay Light at the entrance to the N. W. Providence Channel, and when at 12:15 that night we dropped anchor in Nassau's transparent harbor (a run of 320 miles from Matanzas) we felt indeed a pleasant voyage was over for a day and our longer journey itself drawing to a close.

Clean as a new pin was the town displayed to our eyes with morning's sun, and, warping in to the stone dock, short time elapsed before a crowd had gathered. Selecting a bright, clean, two-seated carriage, with a negro driver dressed all in white duck, we drove up town to the Royal Victoria Hotel. Of white coral formation, the whole island roads and streets present a dazzling brilliancy very trying to one's eyes, but the change from dirty Cuban cities was most agreeable. The sun was very hot, and but for the cool breeze from the water would have equaled Cuba. The strange trees arrayed in vivid green cast welcome shade. The foliage and trees themselves were of more different varieties from what I had seen anywhere, but of especial beauty were the large leaves on the almonds, green on top and red beneath. A silk-cotton tree with roots like horses' stalls was shown as a native curiosity. The smooth road caused no jolting as we sped along the shore some three miles out of town, passing many charming little villas on the slight hill which parallels the bay. Coconut trees surrounded many houses, but sisal growing has set all Nassau wild, and what appeared to be gardens of century plants abounded everywhere. The three forts protecting the settlement are deserted, leaving to Great Britain's many cruisers the care of this ward of hers. English supremacy here at least seems to speak good ruling, though I understand that many would like the Bahama Islands to belong to the United States and to be called a county of Florida or Georgia. When we annex Hawaii and Cuba perhaps we will then talk of the Bahamas; meanwhile there is still some land left out West for our growing population.

Turning home we drove by an inner road through negro settlements with huts identical to those in Africa, whence perhaps some of the old folks had come themselves. I do know they speak a language of their own, or in the market I could not understand or be understood by several I spoke with.

At the hotel where we rested awhile everything appeared clean and well kept, showing good management in the part of those in charge. A familiar face far from home was found in that of the hotel clerk last seen in charge of the Manhasset House at Shelter Island.

Though my wandering spirit was willing to roam about the pretty settlement, my whole being longed for a bath in the delightful surf I knew was beating across the bay in the coral shore. The distance to Hog Island, a narrow strip of island separating the bay from the ocean, cannot be over 400 yds. The island itself is perhaps 200 yds. wide, with what proved to be a smooth white sand on the ocean side. Quickly divesting myself of my clothing, I accepted the dashing invitation of the waves and waded into the most glorious clear and warm salt water I ever bathed in, here to my great relief I disported with comfort akin to bliss. Cooled at last and arrayed in clean duck clothes and linen, I wandered awhile in the large orange and coconut grove on that island by the sea. Glorious fruit was too, great large oranges big as your two fists, and all the fresh coconut milk you can drink (for those who like it—I don't). One especially beautiful coconut tree had over 500 nuts growing in bunches, some ripe and ready to fall, others small as hickory nuts.

The proprietor's business in town was as a sponge merchant, and in trimming the raw sponges a great deal of waste accumulated in pieces from an inch to 5 in. long. These he put to a use which struck me as very excellent. The ground all through the grove was literally covered with the fragments packed about the tree roots; in places foot deep. These absorbed the dew and against the sun's rays held moisture for a good part of the day. This could only be practiced by such a merchant, for at \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pound sponges would be rather an expensive means

of irrigation to others. I ordered a thousand oranges brought over to the boat, at the steep price of one cent each. And these, in huge sisal baskets, with bunches of bananas, pineapples, green turtles and crates of Cuban quail, rapidly began to give the space aft on the yacht the appearance of a Bahama fruiter. Attracted by the electric lights in the cabin and the search light on the bridge, like moths (only black) little native boys gathered about in small boats during the evening, giving us a serenade, rather discordant, it is true.

Having in remembrance old Samson Stamp, of Key West, the discoverer of the Sea Gardens at Nassau, we took a pilot and sailboat the following morning and sailed some four miles up the channel. There we disembarked in a row boat with a glass bottom, made by inserting therein plates of thick glass, through which the bottom of the sea spread out before us like dry land. A strange feeling crept over me, and in imagination I fancied myself with Jules Verne on the voyage of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." We could see all the little fishes, minnows 1 in. long, and larger kinds 1 ft., 2 ft. and 3 ft. in length, some white and black and blue; besides many angelfish, all yellow like a canary, with bright blue fins and tail, swam by beneath us. Like the ripe wheat fields in summer sway to the breeze, so there in the submarine currents waved great bunches of fan leaf coral, purple, yellow and white. The water was clear as air, and pointing to some especially beautiful specimens of rock and fans, our little darky dove over, and, like the fish, we could see him swimming down until at last, clutching the growth with two hands and feet firmly braced against the coral, he gave a tug and away he came to the top, fan in hand. Indeed, God hath wrought marvelous things in this world of His, but nothing of greater bewitching fancy than the Sea Gardens of Nassau.

When night came and before the moon was up a drive of two miles back on New Providence Island brought us to a most interesting work of nature. A lake some 1,000 ft. long by 300 ft. wide lay quiet and black as any othersheet of water at night might do. But once in a row boat and shoved off from shore what a mighty change was wrought. Two small out-swimmers, the hue of the surrounding darkness, accompanied our boat of fire, for such it seemed. Like two human torches our darkies swam by our side as in a cloud of phosphorescent fire; at the slightest disturbance the whole surrounding water lit up like molten silver. Each boy's toes and fingers were as though the sun shone on them and fish darted through the quiet water like sky rockets, leaving a glittering trail behind. The light was so vivid I could see the time by my watch, and when a wave was sent upward with the oar the falling drops were like blue-tinted pearls. The movement of our boat made enough light to plainly show the bottom, for the water is from the ocean and as clear as all that which nature makes to flow about those lovely Bahamas. Enticed by the water's warmth and the hot night my friend and I went in swimming, but only for a few minutes. From this swim comes a story hard to believe, but as true as Gospel. That night, as was my custom before turning in, I went to the bath room, which I could easily darken, to change some photo plates in my holders. When about to pull the slides I noticed the phosphorescence, which I had brought from the lake, shining from my bare feet, and giving so much white light I had to cover them with a towel before I dared expose the plates to what a moment before had been intense darkness.

We took a short drive next morning to an interesting sisal hemp plantation, seeing there the leaves cut, shredded and baled for shipment. This plantation was about two miles long; but the place is on Andros Island, some 20,000 acres, so I am told, and owned by Joseph Chamberlain, the well-known English statesman. Pineapple plantations thrive, it seems, better on the other islands; but how the poor fellows, at 2 cents a dozen (the price in summer), make anything surprises me.

Nassau's best days, however, are gone. During the war, when cotton was 8 cents a pound in Charleston and \$1 to \$1.50 per pound in gold at Nassau, then it was that one successful run of the blockade paid for a ship and cargo, and two or three lucky runs made captain and owner rich men. So sure were the runners that Mr. Ulmo, who was all through it, told us they advertised the night in which they would leave Charleston or Savannah. The streets of Nassau then were alive with Southerners and Englishmen, captains of British and Federal men-of-war, and money ran like water. Everybody made money. The settlement paid its debt in one year, and one little shipyard (now the orange grove I wrote about) made for its owner \$350,000 in four years. These were days you read about which will never come again.

On the 15th of March, in the afternoon, we sailed away toward home across a sea smooth and reflecting as a mirror. It was warm as a summer's night; no one turned in until very late, and when we did we had all port-holes open, for there was no fear of incoming waves. Next day was as bright and clear, but toward night the wind began to blow out of the north, and by midnight no one was asleep, but sat about the cabin or their rooms holding on. To what, you ask, did they try to hold on to? Well, supper and anything which appeared nailed down. I went on the bridge awhile, but the yacht dipped down and threw waves all over, drenching constantly the captain and man at the wheel. Thinking to be secure back over the engine room talking to Mr. Ulmo, I was there hardly a minute when one wave landing on the bridge bounced off and soaked me. The decks ran 2 to 3 in. deep with water. Our banana and orange grove aft was a sight. The poor green turtles even were seasick. Had it not been for the iron storm shutters the whole front cabin would have been crushed in. How welcome the gleam across the sea our objective St. Augustine's light cast only those who were there can know. Only fifty-two miles more to Fernandina. But against that sea and wind quarter headway was all the captain dared to give, and how the hours dragged by until daylight. With day came a big Clyde ship bound to Jacksonville. She fairly seemed to fly past us and all her passengers and crew seemed on deck, wondering no doubt what we were doing out there, as every now and then we sank almost out of view behind some huge, curling crested wave. Eleven hours we battled against the storm, until at last, safely across the Fernandina bar, we cast anchor off Cumberland Island. There "Sinuous northward, sinuous southward, by a world of marsh that bordered a world of sea," the house at Dungeness loomed up, and we felt the danger passed and a voyage long to be remembered was ended,

Go ye, oh ye yachtsmen, and do likewise. There are no fairer seas to travel over, and if you regret doing so you are not moulded in the same flesh as he who subscribes himself
GRAHAM F. BLANDY.

THE LOST MAN.

WHO is this waif of the woodland, the "Lost Man?" Where does he hail from and where is he heading for? How does he manage to exist for weeks, perhaps months, at a time, in the depths of the wilderness, without food, fire or weapon of any kind? Is he sane or insane?

As a member of the party into whose astonished presence this modern Rip Van Winkle ushered himself without much ceremony at Pond's camp, near the Dungarvon River, on the night of July 12 last, I have been much interested in my friend Irland's description of that strange event, as well as in the account given by other correspondents of his appearance in September at Upper Millnocket Lake, in Maine. The subject has been so ably handled by these gentlemen that I shall only offer a few general comments. Perhaps the advertising which the old fellow is receiving in FOREST AND STREAM may result in his condition and whereabouts being brought to the notice of relatives or friends, if he has any, who would take care of him.

It is not a source of wonder to the undersigned that our gay and festive friends on the Upper Millnocket found him a hard nut to crack. It made me smile audibly to read about that cross-examination and to picture them bringing their mental artillery into action. It was just our own seance at Pond's Camp all over again. For the space of three hours during that never-to-be-forgotten night in July, when Chaos and the Night dealt the old chap out to us, we raked him fore and aft with every conceivable question. As the light of the camp-fire flickered away, the boys one by one gave it up, and at last I too was obliged to meander to my bunk very little wiser than before. The conclusions I drew from the interview were somewhat as follows:

The man's name is Torrens—at least he clearly stated so. He is of American birth. He said he was "raised over on the Kenawten." I spell the name, if there is such a name, as he pronounced it, never having seen it in print. His references to the war between the North and South, which was still a live issue with him, indicated that he had served in that war, or had been at the time within the area of active military operations. His statement that he had killed a quail which wasn't as big as a pheasant the day before he met our party tended, I think, to show that he had hailed from one of the Middle or Southern States. The absence of the nasal twang peculiar to the New England Yankee is some evidence in the same direction.

His mind was very much occupied with religious matters. A small Catholic Bible was the only article of any kind he had in his possession except the rusty axe he found in the brook. His conversation, however, showed that while in a general way he adhered to Catholic doctrine, he ran a side show of religious views peculiarly his own. I think our Millnocket friends sized him up very cleverly when they decided that he was suffering from an overdose of the invisible world which rendered him unable fully to digest the visible. That verdict has a tendency to persuade me that the jury was sober.

The oddest thing about the venerable phantom was his utter indifference to the hardships he had gone through, as well as to his future welfare. He had no complaints to make and no surprise to express. All that we did for him aroused no word of gratitude. He asked for nothing, not even food, though he stowed away a tremendous jag when it was given him. His central idea as to worldly matters seemed to be that he was journeying from Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls. He had not the slightest notion of the distance he had come or still had to go, and I imagine if he ever reached the falls he straightway received a call from his invisible monitors to proceed to Moosehead Lake.

A well-known lumberman of this city who saw his picture in FOREST AND STREAM states that the old fellow was seen near the head of the Tobique River early in August by a fishing party, on which occasion he was yarding away a hatful of blueberries, and paid no heed to the canoe as it passed by.

How he got into the woods where we found him (for he had not come in by the logging road from Pleasant Ridge, and there were no other roads), and how he had managed to sustain life in that region, was an absolute mystery to everyone. I think the mysterious stranger was a full private in the great army of tramps, but unlike the most of his fellows, instead of taking to the railroads and turnpikes, he took to the trails and the streams.

One important lesson it seems to me may be derived from his experience—namely, that a very limited amount of gray matter in the brain will suffice to maintain a man a long time in the woods and finally bring him out all right if he will only keep cool and keep moving.

I should say the old gentleman was insane, but entirely harmless. Some of his remarks upon abstract questions were quite rational, but when you offered him a concrete fact he looked at you in a queer, diagonal way and dodged it. He seemed to have no exact memory of anything that had happened more than forty-eight hours before.

A pet hobby of his was that he could construct a flying machine that would take him from Moosehead Lake to Grand Falls in a day. He would build a square platform, he said, and place large wooden augers at each of the four corners, and then seating himself in the center and employing a foot-power contrivance he would bore his way up into the air! I remarked that this would be a good deal like a man lifting himself over a fence by the slack of his raiment. He said that could be done too, if the man only had enough faith!

He made one observation which I now recall with some amusement in view of the present political position. He said, "The United States would like to lick England if they could." I asked him why? "Oh," said he, "they don't know George the third is dead." And then he added, looking intently at me: "Perhaps he isn't!"

As he left us in the morning and glided off through the forest in his bare feet, with his boots and rusty axe slung over his shoulder, he remarked: "A feller would just be in luck now if he could only strike a bear."

Well, he was the queerest of the queer. When I think of him and his wanderings through the trackless wilds, I feel like chucking up the name of
PROWLER.

Natural History.

CAPERCAILZIE AND BLACK GAME.

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the ever interesting columns of FOREST AND STREAM that there is much interest in the introduction of the capercailzie and black game into this country.

For instance, Mr. Ames, of Boston, in your issue of to-day earnestly calls for information about these birds.

You will recollect, of course, that the project of introducing these valuable game birds was first proposed by myself in a dispatch to the Department of State early in 1890, which was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 8, 1890, together with an editorial from your pen warmly commending the enterprise.

A fuller account of these birds, together with a description of a day's sport in shooting them on the heathery hills of old Sweden, was afterward published in my large illustrated work, "Sweden and the Swedes," issued by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, in 1892.

I would suggest to you that you publish Chapter XXX. of my book, which relates to "Capercaillie and Black Game," for the benefit of the sportsmen of America who are interested in this question.

Of course it will be necessary for you to also obtain permission from my publishers, but I have no doubt that the enterprising firm of Rand, McNally & Co. will readily grant you this.

W. W. THOMAS, JR.

From "Sweden and the Swedes." By courtesy of Messrs. Rand & McNally, Chicago, the publishers.

ONE day in August I was shooting on the grand heather-covered rock hills of the west coast of Sweden, when Nero appeared on top of a crest and came running to me in a most frisky manner. He jumped up to my face, capered about, flung himself into the air, and behaved most hilariously.

I had become intimately acquainted with Nero by this time, and could easily tell from his manner of reporting whether he had found partridges, black game or woodcock. But this was an entirely new kind of a report; the dog seemed to say, "Oh, what a great big, jolly thing I've found for you; something brand-new. You can't guess what it is; but come along, I'll show you. Such fun we'll have."

So I followed on. After some ten minutes' walk over heathery ridges Nero entered a swale where a few scrub pines grew, advanced at a cautious walk, and came to an undecided point. As soon as I reached his side he advanced again, step by step, then pointed, then again advanced. I saw, of course, that the game, whatever it might be, was running, and would probably rise wild. I therefore hurried to higher ground some 20 yds. to the right of Nero, and walked along parallel with him, and about half a gunshot ahead.

Soon Nero came to a dead point, and at the same instant there arose from under the last scrub pine an enormous dingy-black bird. From my elevated position, at one side of the pine tree, it was an easy shot. At the report the great bird fell in a confused heap into the heather, while a cloud of black feathers filled the air and drifted slowly away before the summer breeze.

Nero came in and sat down at my side, his jaws opened into a broad grin of "I told you so." I crammed a fresh cartridge into my gun, patted Nero. "Well done, old boy! So! so! Now, *apporte!*" At the word he dashed on, picked up the bird by one wing, lugged in the heavy burden through thick heather as high as himself, and sat down on his haunches before me. "*Låche!*" and Nero gave into my hand my first capercailzie, a huge old cock of good 10 lbs. weight, as big as a turkey. He was surely too heavy to carry around on a day's shooting, so, after duly admiring him I hung him up on one of the pine trees, and Nero and I went on our way rejoicing.

It was a perfect summer's day; a clear sky arched overhead, and a gentle west wind just stirred the air. Perfect silence reigned, broken only by the faint rumble of a distant train speeding along the valley far beneath, and soon vanishing, leaving only a dissolving trail of smoke behind and silence even more intense than before. From the green valley rose the tall, white tower of Lena Kyrka, resplendent in the sunlight. As far as you could see stretched smooth, cultivated fields. Here and there a red cottage peered out from its grove of bright-green birches, and showed where the highway wound along the vale.

Far above, on rocky heights that rose almost to the dignity of mountains, Nero and I, in good comradeship, followed the chase.

Pushing through a thick growth of spruce trees I heard the sound of wings behind me and knew that some bird must have hidden till I passed, then flown back in the direction whence I came. I whistle in Nero, who makes a faint stand at the spot where the bird had concealed itself, point out to him the direction in which it must have flown, and back we hunt along the ridge.

We walked on more than a mile, and I was beginning to doubt the evidence of my ears—or, rather, the conclusions I had drawn therefrom—when Nero stood at the edge of a swampy hollow. He waited for me to come up, and then we proceeded cautiously among the hillocks of the swamp, Nero pausing and coming to an uncertain point every few paces.

At last a great ruddy-brown bird bustles into air with a noise that, in the utter stillness of the August noon, sounded like the roar of thunder, and caused my heart to leap to my mouth. I shot wide of the mark, but steadied myself, pressed my heart and nerves back into place, and brought down the bird, killed clean at long range, with my left barrel.

It was a hen capercailzie. Of different color and much smaller than the cock, still a grand bird of 6 lbs. weight.

This was great good luck—two capercailzie in one morning, both over a dog in the open; for the capercailzie is preëminently a bird of the forest, and here he has the same trick that our American ruffed grouse plays so adroitly. He skulks along in advance of the dog until he reaches a thick clump of trees, when away he whirs from the further side, where it is impossible for the sportsman to catch the slightest glimpse of him. But with a cautious, steady, intelligent dog, one may get the better of both the ruffed grouse and the capercailzie.

Like our grouse, too, the capercailzie can be "treed" by a yelping cur, and is often shot while thus sitting in a tree by the country folk. This is hardly sportsmanlike, but it is chivalry itself compared with another method.

In the glorious May mornings of the Northland the

lordly capercailzie summons the dames of his harem around him. Perched on some lofty pine of the forest, at the first blush of dawn he sounds his love call. His song is short, but often repeated, and as the impassioned bird pours forth his last sighing notes, he is transported with such ecstacy that he neither sees nor hears. This is the pot-hunter's opportunity. Creeping on a few steps at the close of the capercailzie's song, and hiding the instant it ceases, he steals within easy shot, and, crouching behind some convenient tree, waits till the noble bird is again lost in the rapture of song, and then deliberately "pots" him.

The Swedish law establishing a close time for capercailzie from the middle of February to the middle of August has now made this sneak-shooting illegal, although it is still resorted to by poachers in remote districts.

I was surprised to learn that this unchivalric method of shooting the capercailzie is practiced in Austria by the landed gentry, who own great wooded estates and call themselves sportsmen. One might as well shoot a ruffed grouse while drumming in the spring and call it sport. But perhaps it is the novelty of being up and out in the freshness of early dawn that astonishes and captivates these gentlemen.

The capercailzie is also pursued in Sweden amid the snows of winter by hunters who swiftly slide through the aisles of the forest on skidor.

The male birds gather together in large packs in the winter—perhaps a hundred in a pack—and the large black fowl make conspicuous objects sitting on the trees

hunted together in the backwoods of Maine twenty years ago.

We had driven out together in the morning, separated, hunted along different routes, and met now, according to agreement, for lunch at the cottage of Ekenäs. My friends had each bagged a brace of black game, while a grand cock capercailzie, the brother of mine, dangled down Oscar's back.

But first I must have a plunge in the lake. The water was deep close in to the shore, so I dived in. I had not taken half a dozen strokes when I felt pulsations of water on my back as though swift fish were swimming close by.

I swam on more rapidly to get out of their way when I was struck two sharp blows from behind. Great Scott! are there sea monsters in this mountain lake? I turn hurriedly round; there was Nero close after me. Faithful dog, he had evidently swam out to save me from drowning. I yell at him, splash water in his face, and heap upon him the most opprobrious epithets before I can compel him to leave me and swim back to the shore, where he sat, a dripping monument of misery and despair, till I emerged from the water.

My comrades had borrowed a table from the cottage and spread the lunch upon it in the great open doorway on the shady side of the barn. Heavens! how good that lunch tasted! The mountain air, the long tramp on the heathery hills, the plunge in the lake, all contributed to give our fare the best sauce this world has known from Adam's time to ours. And then the blissful siesta after-



CAPERCAILZIE—COCK AND HEN.

From Specimens Imported by Mr. D. F. Stillman.

white with snow. They are very wary, however, and difficult of approach, and must be shot with rifle and bullet, frequently at long range. This shooting can be called sport. It requires a high degree of skill, both with rifle and skidor.

But to return to our own shooting. After picking up my second capercailzie, I saw a peasant clambering briskly up the hillside toward me. To my surprise he addressed me. Yes, he had been in America seven years. He had heard I was out on the Lena Hills, and had left his work and come up to talk English with me. It was so pleasant to talk English, and he liked America so much too. Why did he not go back? Why, he always meant to, and he only came home for a little visit; but then he met a girl here and married her, and that was the end of his traveling. And had I shot a *tjäder*? Well, that was luck. Americans were all such good shots. What, another one! Come, now, he would take this one, and go find the other in the tree, and carry them both down to his house on the road, and I could call for them when I drove by in the evening; and the obliging fellow was as good as his word.

Far away over the hills, down in the bottom of a rocky gorge, where the tall ferns grew up and waved above the heather, Nero came to a firm point. I hurried down from the ridge; up whirled a black cock, and down he tumbled. "*Apporte, Nero!*" But the dog would not budge an inch. He gave me a sly, deprecatory look, turned his head slowly half round, and pointed across the valley. I took one step beside him, when up sprang a brace of black game from under his very nose, and I shot them; right and left, before they could rise over the cliff wall. At the report a fourth bird rises and flies chattering away from my empty barrels.

On for half an hour, when, coming to a crest of the hills, I looked down upon a beautiful lake glistening far below me. At the same time I hear "Pool! pool! pool!" This is the Swedish halloo, and the poing was from my friends who had come out to meet me. I soon saw them far down the mountain side, and hurried on to join them; but when very near, Nero came to a point between us. "Move to the left there, and look sharp," I cried; "here are birds." Up got three black cock. But three sportsmen standing facing each other were too many; we made a mess of it, and although all fired only one bird dropped, proving again the old rule I always insist upon, "The more sportsmen, the less game."

Here were Mr. Fred. W. Stoddard and Mr. Oscar Lindberg. Mr. Stoddard enjoys the peculiar distinction of being a Swedish-American Scotchman, for he has good claim to all three nationalities, and Mr. Lindberg is a Swedish-American, and so old a friend that we had

ward, as we lay back on the hay and talked over the fortunes of the morning.

It was late in the afternoon when we were once more on the march. Now we would hunt up the two black game we missed. My friends went in search of the bird that flew to the right, while I toiled up hill after the one that disappeared over the mountain. Half way up the hillside I stopped to rest and, turning round, witnessed a pretty sight. Far below me, in a little inclosed field, Walli was making game; Oscar was close behind, encouraging his young pointer to advance. A gunshot ahead, at the corner of the fence, stood Stoddard, gun all ready, eager, watchful. A moment more and I see the bird rise from under Walli's nose and fly straight for Stoddard's head. He allows the cock to pass, then a puff of smoke, the bird drops, and Walli starts to retrieve before the laggard report breaks upon my ear.

Gaining the top of the hill, Nero found the bird we were in search of, and I had just time for a snap shot as it disappeared over the crest. I send Nero on at a venture into the valley beyond; but a moment afterward his head pops up over the steep cliff edge with the black bird in his red jaws.

We found no more game that day, but we were well content as it was. Three capercailzie and ten black game, over 50 lbs. weight, we packed into the dog cart, and, with our pointers nestling in the warm hay behind us, drove swiftly over the ten miles home.

Oscar and I stopped at his comfortable farm house, Lindas. Here we quickly exchanged our shooting jackets for dress coats and white ties and drove on to Bryngelsnäs, the charming and hospitable estate of Mr. Stoddard, and most pleasantly wound up the day at a grand dinner party given in our honor by our genial comrade-in-arms.

On this day, as on many another, both afield and at home, the thought has occurred to me, "Why not introduce the capercailzie and black game into the United States?" Of all the birds of the Old World I do not know of any whose acclimatization among us could be so easily accomplished or would prove so beneficial.

The capercailzie—*Tetrao urogallus*—is the largest and noblest of the grouse family, the family to which our pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) and ruffed grouse (partridge or pheasant) belong.

The full grown cock capercailzie weighs from 10 to 12 lbs., and some specimens considerably exceed this weight. These birds, in fact, approach very nearly the size of the wild turkey of America.

The home of the capercailzie extends over a wide range of latitude and temperature in two continents. From the wooded mountainous regions of northern Spain and

Greece, northward throughout Europe, this bird is found in most of the lofty forest districts suitable for his abode and where he has not been exterminated by man. This grouse fairly abounds in the great pine and spruce forests of the Scandinavian Peninsula, Finland and Russia, and the vast forest stretches of northern Asia.

The capercailzie is an extremely hardy bird. In Sweden and Norway he is found in large numbers up to and beyond the Arctic circle, as far as the 70th parallel of North latitude. He can endure the severest cold and deepest snows of the longest winters. He often avoids the bitterest weather by burrowing into the snow, thus obtaining warmth and shelter.

This bird subsists on the coarsest and most common food. He feeds upon the buds and leaves of trees, the needles or leaves of the pine and spruce, young pine cones, clover and grass, berries of all sorts, seed and grain, and insects of every kind. In the depth of winter a capercailzie has been known to live for more than a week in the same pine tree, subsisting entirely upon pine leaves and young pine cones.

The capercailzie is preëminently a bird of the pine woods, or pine mixed with birch, spruce, maple and other growths. He loves wooded hillsides better than wooded plains, and he must have fresh water near by, either a brook, or pond, or a piece of swampy ground.

He is a local, not a migratory bird, though sometimes lack of food or other causes may drive him to extensive wanderings.

In his habits he much resembles our American ruffed grouse—though he is nearly ten times as large—and I believe will thrive anywhere in the United States where our ruffed grouse (called partridge in New England, and pheasant in the Middle States) is found.

The black game—*Tetrao tetrix*—inhabits nearly the same regions as the capercailzie. He is equally hardy and can withstand the cold and snows of the most rigorous Northern winters.

His weight is about 3lbs., nearly the same as our prairie chicken. The male bird is a lustrous metallic black in color. Hence the name. He has, however, a white stripe in his wings, and is easily distinguished by his beautiful, jet-black, outward curving tail feathers. The female is somewhat smaller, and her plumage is a speckled gray. She is called in England "the gray hen."

The black game is also a grouse, and is often found in company with the capercailzie, or at least in close proximity. The black game is also a bird of the woods, but the birch is distinctively his tree, though he is met with in mixed growths of almost every variety.

He does not frequent the deep woods so much as the capercailzie. He loves better the borders of the forest, and woods, and groves, with frequent openings. He is also fond of cranberry swamps, and in swampy lands is often found miles away from any forest. He is a more social bird than the capercailzie, and comes out more into the fields and clearings, and nearer the abodes of man.

His food is much the same as the capercailzie, though not quite so coarse. It consists chiefly of the buds and leaves of trees, berries and insects. In summer the black game is very fond of blueberries, raspberries and cranberries. In winter he feeds principally upon the buds of the birch, hazel, alder, willow and beech; and, when pressed for food, will eat the young green cones of the pine. This bird seems to be equally fond of animal food, and readily eats snails, worms, the larvæ of ants, flies, beetles, etc.

The capercailzie and black game are the two most important wild birds in Sweden and Norway, and make a valuable addition to the food of the Scandinavian people. These birds are excellent upon the table, their flesh resembling that of our prairie chickens. Throughout the fall and most of the winter you may see the capercailzie and black game hanging up in large bunches or lying heaped in great piles along the market places of Stockholm, scattered about as profusely as wild ducks in the markets of Chicago or Minneapolis in the month of October.

Will the capercailzie and black game thrive in the United States? On this question I think there can be no reasonable doubt. The fact is that a great portion of the United States—at least one-third, perhaps one-half—is fitted to be the home of these valuable birds.

For there is a suitable climate, a suitable broken country of hill and dale, well watered and covered with a suitable forest growth, and this forest growth, together with its underbrush and bushes, will not only provide shelter for these birds, but will furnish them with all the food they require, until they become as plenty as European sparrows now are in our streets and public parks.

It is my firm conviction that both the capercailzie and black game will thrive throughout all the wooded districts of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and westward through the greater portion of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. They will also find a congenial home along the wooded slopes of the Rocky Mountains for their entire length, as well as in all the wooded ravines and declivities of the mountain ranges of California, Oregon and Washington.

And not only here. The fact that these birds are found among the hills and mountains of Europe, as far south as Greece, Italy and Spain, renders it almost certain that they will find a congenial climate and nature throughout the entire ranges of the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains, together with their spurs, side-hills and outlying forest districts, and may thus easily be acclimated over large sections of the States of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

How can these birds be introduced among us? The easiest and cheapest way would be by obtaining their eggs, sending them to America, and having them hatched out there. I am sorry that I cannot recommend this course. Eggs have repeatedly been sent to Germany and Great Britain, but every such attempt has turned out a complete failure. The only other method is to procure and ship adult birds. This has also been tried, and the results are such as to give us great encouragement.

The capercailzie was originally found in Scotland. His great size and fine flesh caused him to be keenly hunted, and some generations ago he was utterly exterminated. About fifty years since, some fifty capercailzie, adult birds, were shipped from Sweden across the North Sea to Scotland. They arrived safely, were liberated in a suitable locality, and lived and increased. Their descendants are

living and increasing to this day, and the capercailzie is again added to the food-birds of Scotland.

I find there have been several shipments of both capercailzie and black game, of late years, from Sweden to various parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary—to localities where these birds had been shot out, or where they had never existed.

In all the instances where proper care has been exercised most of the birds have arrived in good condition, have taken kindly to their new homes, and are breeding well there.

A few years ago a considerable shipment of black game was made from Sweden to southern Austria, near the Italian boundary, and notwithstanding the birds were ten days upon the road and that there were many changes of trains, they all arrived sound and well, not a bird dying on the passage. There are now steamers from Gothenburg, Sweden, with transshipment at Hull, England, also direct boats from Copenhagen, just across the sound in Denmark, to New York and Boston. The passage, in the summer time, occupies some twelve or thirteen days. Surely the fatigue and hardship of this passage would be less than ten days in freight cars.

Neither will the salt air have any bad effect upon the birds. Both species love to inhabit the wooded islands along the coast, and fly readily from one to the other across great reaches of water.*

I find the birds recently shipped to Germany have cost \$12 each for capercailzie and \$7 for black game. These prices seemed to me high. I learn, however, that many of the birds are injured in snaring and many more die after a few days' confinement.

Birds suitable for export, and for which the above prices are asked, are all strong and full grown, without injury or blemish. They are kept for a considerable time in captivity, and are, in fact, nearly half domesticated before they are considered suitable to ship on a long voyage. So these prices may, perhaps, be only a fair compensation for labor, and time, and the inevitable large mortality among the birds during the earlier part of their captivity.

I believe at least one hundred birds of each species should be shipped to give the experiment a fair trial. This will make the cost:

100 capercailzie, at \$12.....	\$1,200
100 black game, at \$7.....	700
Total.....	\$1,900

The birds must be placed in roomy coops of the best construction, and not crowded. They must have a light and airy position on shipboard, and some one should be sent to take charge of them, or some sailor or steward on board must be specially instructed, so as to properly feed and care for them. The expense of building the coops, of freight and of care-taking will be considerable, to which must be added freight and expenses from the American port of landing to destination; so that, allowing for all contingencies, a sum of \$3,000 will probably be required for the undertaking.

Will not you, gentle reader, be the patriotic American to merit the thanks of your countrymen and of posterity by contributing the amount necessary to add these noble birds to the fauna of America?

*Since this chapter was written, I am informed that black game have been introduced into Newfoundland, and are doing well there.

Michigan Black Foxes.

EWEN, Mich., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After enjoying every page of the last FOREST AND STREAM I decided to send you an item which I think will interest a great many of your readers:

During the early summer it was reported by different homesteaders, living about three miles east of here, that they had seen a full grown black fox with three young. Very few credited the story, although such a fox was shot by a Mr. Bennet, at Trout Creek, last winter, which is sixteen miles east of here. Nevertheless, a friend of mine named James Caulgin, who had a homestead near where the foxes were reported to have been seen, made up his mind that as soon as snow came he would know whether there were any black foxes there or not.

During the deer season he stopped with a party in his shanty on the homestead. While supposed by the other boys to be putting in his time hunting deer, he was nearly every day following the track of two foxes which he thought were a trifle larger than any tracks he had seen in the vicinity. He did not expect to see the foxes, but thought he would find where they had dropped a hair, which would tell their color. He tramped in vain till nearly the last day of the season he found a black hair in a fox track. Not saying a word to anyone he returned home on the last day of the season, but after a few days at home he returned alone to the homestead, intent on capturing one or both of the black foxes. The fourth day after leaving town he came in bringing two black fox skins. They were both fine, large skins—a male and a female. He got them in a hollow log and killed them both with a stick. Their fur is very fine and thick, and when stroked toward the head laid as nice as when stroked toward the tail. Each hair had a gray tip and each tail had a white tip. They were admired by hundreds, most of whom had never before seen a black fox. One was slightly grayer than the other, and had a white spot on its breast. He sold the two to a fur buyer in Duluth last Saturday for \$328.

Deer were more plentiful than ever here this season, but owing to the woods being so noisy fewer were killed than any season before; only one of the many hunters getting the five allowed by law.

Wolves are thicker here than ever before this winter. They are working great havoc among the deer.

M. D. TRAIN.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

PUBLIC lectures will be delivered in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Jan. 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock. Members of the Scientific Alliance and their friends are invited. No tickets required.

Jan. 14.—Public lecture, Franz Boas, "The Indians of Vancouver Island." Illustrated by lantern slides.

Jan. 28.—Public lecture, W. B. Scott, "The Origin and Migrations of North American Mammals." Illustrated by lantern slides. WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Deer and Lilypads.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I quite agree with Mr. Rice, who in the last issue comments upon having seen where lilypads had been eaten by the deer. Day after day, during the months in which the deer come to water to feed, I have noticed the empty lily stalks standing straight up out of the water, with the pads taken off as clean as though severed by a sharp knife.

A few years ago, while sojourning at Lewey Lake, a relative of mine, then a young girl of 14, prevailed upon one of the guides to take her out on the lake so that she might see a deer at close quarters. Just about dusk they were paddling slowly up the inlet, when the guide suddenly discovered a deer standing close to the shore, gazing straight at them and holding in his mouth a large lilypad, which hung down from his jaws in such a manner as to give him, in the uncertain light, a somewhat peculiar appearance. The young lady, upon having the deer pointed out to her by the guide, gazed at him a moment and then exclaimed in disgust, "A deer indeed! That's no deer at all. It's a goat; I can see its whiskers."

H. F. BONESTEEL, M.D.

A December Quail's Nest.

GREENBRIER, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While shooting quail Tuesday, Dec. 24, I found a newly laid quail's egg in the grass. I had two large coveys scattered upon a sedge hill, and for a few minutes the shooting was furious. While gathering up the dead I discovered the egg. It was perfectly white, not a spot or stain upon it.

WM. M. HUNDLEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

CALIBERS FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From FOREST AND STREAM I am learning the present haunts of the fast disappearing game of our country and how to encompass their capture—for I am a tenderfoot to big game hunting and very desirous to sojourn where they are to be found and kill some of them—not wantonly, but only for the healthful experience and the necessities of camp life. However, hunters are like doctors, because wherever there are two they disagree as to the best caliber of rifle to be used for large game. One reasons that a .45-90 makes a large hole and bleeds the game, and the increased shock and hemorrhage from the larger openings more rapidly destroy life, and escape is correspondingly decreased. Another equally practical and experienced hunter tells you he does not want to carry an iron mine around with him when still-hunting, and has more respect for his shoulder, and that a .38-55 will stop all the game that he wants, and that if the first shot does not do it he keeps pumping away as long as the game is moving and in sight.

Now the small caliber rifles, the .30-30 or even smaller, together with the smokeless powders, are coming upon the scene with their greater velocity and penetration, and it seems as if they are going to be the fad. As to the nature of the missile this would seem to have great bearing on the resulting wound. A soft lead, large caliber and low velocity would appear to cause the most destructive wound, whereas a metal-patched bullet of small caliber and high velocity would go straighter through the obstruction, make smaller wounds, less hemorrhage, less shock, and consequently the animal would live for a longer time, and so escape oftener.

I am given to understand that the large majority of big game are killed nearer than 100yds. off, and if this be true and the above theories are correct the larger caliber and soft bullet would be the surer and the most humane destroyer. I have read of a moose being killed with a .22cal., but this cannot be considered an ideal arm for such a purpose. Now why cannot this entire subject be considered from a scientific standpoint, as in military surgery? This subject can certainly be reduced to actual facts, so that prospective purchasers of an arm and ammunition for big game hunting can have a safe and reliable guide in their selection. I may briefly state that personally I have read everything I could get hold of on this subject for years past and have failed to come to a positive conclusion, and I may echo the queries of many others by this admission. In short, I want to buy a rifle and suitable ammunition; which caliber shall I get for large game hunting as the best and most serviceable weapon of destruction?

A. H.

FREAKS OF RIFLE BALLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Certainly rifle balls sometimes do strange things. I remember once killing an antelope in Dakota with a single ball, which broke all four of its legs. Tough story, I know, but true, though I am sorry to say several of the men who witnessed the shot have gone over the "long hill" since it happened, and cannot be called to give testimony.

Of that party Charley Reynolds, the scout, and Bloody Knife, the Ree, were killed with Custer in 1876, and Cold Hand, the Ogallala, I think was killed in the Sioux war a year or two later. Bear's Ears, another Ree, for all I know, may still be alive.

Three or four of us, scouts and hunters, came up over a hill and upon a buck antelope feeding in the Bad Lands, about 60yds. off. Antelope were plenty in that country in those days, and very tame, and this one, when he saw us, only raised his head, looked for a second or two, and then trotted off 20 or 30yds. and stopped again. I had tumbled off my horse and as soon as he stopped fired at his shoulder. He staggered a few steps and then fell, and I went up to him. He was not dead, and I had to cut his throat.

The course taken by the ball which struck him was very remarkable. It had passed through the joint between the shoulder blade and humerus of the left fore-leg, crossed over and struck the right humerus on its posterior side, and then turned at right angles and gone back, cutting two or three ribs, and struck the right femur, which it broke low down, and then turned again at right angles, came out of the right leg, high up, under the animal's belly, and struck the gambrel joint of the left leg, which it unjointed and cut off, all except a little thread of skin. I could hardly believe my eyes when I traced the course of the ball, but there could be no doubt about it because I was the only person who fired, and there was but one hole of entrance.

OLD MAN.

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A MOOSE.

THE first part of Oct., 1894, my brother Arthur and I sat on the deck of one of the Fall River boats on our way from New York to Maine, and as I smoked my pipe after a good dinner we talked over our former trips, and wondered if we would have the luck this time to get a moose. We had been in the woods together for fourteen or fifteen years, and had shot lots of deer, and had glorious sport, but our ambition to get a moose had never been fulfilled. One year in northern New Hampshire, on 2d Conn. Lake, we chased two bull moose in our canoe for over a mile, and were within a few rods of them all the time, but as it was in July, we only followed them for the sport of it; but when we finally drove them ashore and they turned on us, with the hair on their mane standing straight up, we saw enough of moose to know you don't want to tackle them unless you can keep your nerve and know how to shoot.

The night of our second day out found us at a farm house on the edge of the woods, where we intended to stay over night and from there take canoes to our camp, about twenty miles away. That evening we met several sportsmen who were on their way home, and as we talked over a big wood fire we found that their success after moose had been poor, and we wondered if we were going to have another year without reaching our goal. Making a very early start the next morning, we took to the canoes, with two strapping big river men to pole us, the river being so rapid that paddles were useless. Going up that beautiful stream and breathing the exquisite air I commenced to feel that life was worth living. It was a magnificent fall day, and as I sat there in the canoe watching the trout scoot away, and all the life of the woods around me, it passed all too quickly, and our camping-place for the night was reached before I was ready for it.

The first day or two in the woods I am always lazy, and let my guide—if I happen to have one—do all the work, knowing that my time for camp duties would soon come; so after a good supper I took my old brierwood pipe that had been in the woods with me for nineteen years and went out and took a seat where I could hear the musical ripple of the stream as it flowed by at my feet. What quiet old times I have had with that same old pipe. A man who does not smoke cannot realize the companionship there is in an old pipe that has been off with you in the woods for years. With every wreath of smoke it seems to bring back to your memory some bright spot when you were together before.

I remember once when I was out alone in the Maine woods in the winter time, and had been following the track of a big buck nearly all day, and had got turned around. It was not far from dark, and at first I got rattled, so I cleaned away the snow from an old stump, and taking out my old friend, filled him up and started to reason out with him the best way out of my dilemma, and it was not long before his quiet soothing talk brought me to my senses, and I succeeded in reaching camp not long after dark.

The next day about noon we reached our main camp on a beautiful lake, and here we found our guide, John Eastman, who is so well known throughout Maine. We tried calling for moose at this camp for three days without getting an answer, and on the third day the genial proprietor of the camp, William Atkins, came back with a sportsman from a lake about fifteen miles away, where they had succeeded in getting a very fine bull moose, so we decided to start for that lake the following morning. Each of us carried a heavy pack the next day, and I for one was glad to reach camp, for I had not been in the woods long enough to get toughened. It was a beautiful night to call, so John and I started out and called until very late, but without an answer. I was so tired that I slept between each call, and it is a wonder I did not upset the canoe.

We went out calling every night for a week without success, and our hopes commenced to go down to a very low ebb, and likewise our provisions, so we called a council of war and decided that John would better go back to the main camp for a fresh supply, and Arthur thought he would go with him and try calling for a night on Lake Millinocket, so the next day they left me to solitude with my old pocket friend. As I sat on the steps of the camp talking with my old friend, he said: "Now, old man, don't get lazy, but go out and try to get a deer, to have when the others come back to-morrow;" so, arguing with him for awhile, he, as usual, got the best of it, and, taking my Winchester, I started for the foot of the lake where there is a deep bay with a small stream running into it at one side. The bay is about one-eighth of a mile wide and the same in length, and nowhere over 1 ft. or 18 in. deep, with a hard, sandy bottom and a line of rushes all around the shore. It seemed to me to be an ideal place for deer to come in about dusk.

As I leisurely paddled down the lake I passed one or two flocks of ducks, but there was no need for their flight if they only could have known that all I wanted of them was to go up to the head of the lake and stay away from the place where I was going to. After looking the ground well over I paddled up the stream which ran into the bay, and ramming the paddle into the mud so as to hold the canoe, I settled myself for a long wait. There are many muskrats along the stream, and it was interesting to watch the sharp little fellows. Mr. and Mrs. Rat, with some little Rats, would come swimming around a corner, and, catching sight of me, under they would all go, and pretty soon I would see Mr. Rat watching me from some cover; and, not seeing me move, out he would come and they would all go to work again, seeming not to notice me, but the slightest move on my part and away they would all go.

Along toward dusk I began to get sleepy, for my week of calling at night had begun to tell on me and I was about ready to give it up, when—what was that in the bay? A rat; no, the sound was too familiar to me. There it goes again; and now my nerves were all on a strain, as I could hear splash after splash, and knew from the sound that a deer had entered the water and was wading around. From the noise he made I thought he must be a big one. From the direction of the sound I judged he must be going out from the shore and decided to wait so as to allow plenty of time for him to get settled. I waited what seemed to me an age, but was probably only a few minutes; and then laying my Winchester across my knees, I took the paddle and very cautiously worked the canoe out of the stream. Down in the bay I could hear it (what-

ever it was) having a great old time, but could not see, as it was getting to be dusk and the rushes were quite high; so slowly working my way down along the shore in the rushes I got nearer. I was straining my eyes looking in among the rushes when, great Scott! I almost jumped out of the boat, for there I saw a great black form that looked like a house, and I knew that I had a moose to tackle instead of a deer. I would have given a good deal just then for a few minutes' conversation with John Eastman as to the best plan to pursue, but John was miles away and my moose was right there.

The air was absolutely still and there was no danger of his winding me. I could see that he was headed right out for the center of the bay, but I could not see him plainly, and could not tell if it was bull or cow, but thought if he got far enough out I would be able to push along and get in between him and the shore, and that would show him up against the water and I would be able to see if he had horns. As much as I wanted a moose I would not shoot a cow.

It is a wonder he did not hear my heart beat, for it sounded to me like a drum. The way that old fellow splashed out into the middle of that bay one would have thought he was going there by my orders. Now he is against the background of water and I could see an immense set of horns. As he worked his way out I worked through the rushes and got between him and the shore, and when those horns showed up my heart for an instant seemed to stop, but I said to myself, Now, old man, you have been trying for this chance many years, don't make a fool of yourself. Being in about the right position I turned the canoe and worked toward the edge of the rushes, and, as I cleared them and reached open water, he was only about 80 yds. from me. Almost the second I had a good view of him outside of the rushes I let my paddle slide quietly into the water and took up my gun. I tried first to sight through my Lyman rear sight, but it was too dark, so I turned it down and opened my bar sight. At that moment the old fellow saw me and threw up his head with a grunt, and the next minute I fired. From the pitch forward he gave I knew my bullet had hit him. Instantly recovering himself he came for me on the jump, with the water flying so I could hardly see him. Shoot as quickly as I could, I only got in three or four shots before he had covered the short distance between us. He came straight for the canoe and I thought my time had come. I was about to jump out and put for deep water when, within about 20 ft. of me, he swerved and went by, and then I gave him one that brought him down to stay. The splashing then was something terrific in that shallow water, and not being over 10 ft. from me, I grabbed my second paddle and shoved the canoe off, for I did not know but he would be up and at me again. Gradually his struggles ceased, and with one mighty snort his old nose went under water and soon all was quiet.

I sat, all of a tremble, hardly realizing what had taken place and the danger I had been in, and it was not until I had paddled up and taken hold of the great horn that stood way out of the water that I came to myself and realized the magnificent prize I had secured, all by my own efforts, off on that lonely lake. Then you just should have heard me! Why, I yelled and sang and whistled, and almost danced in the boat. It was hard to leave that noble fellow there in the water that night, but I might as well have tried to move a mountain as to stir him. So taking up the paddle I started home. I was so occupied in going over all of it in my mind that in the dark I missed the landing, and went up the lake over a mile past it.

The next day Arthur and John got back; they found me sitting on the steps where they had left me, and wanted to know if I had been sitting there ever since they left me. "No," I said, "I got tired last evening and went out and got a moose." They laughed at first, thinking I was joking; but when they found out it was true there were great times in camp. The rest of that day we three worked hard on that moose, and were tired out when night came. The horns measured 54 in. across, and he stood 7 ft. from the shoulder down; so you see he was no baby. His grand old head is on my dining-room wall now, and I always read my FOREST AND STREAM where I can look up at him and think over my hunt again. The next week Arthur got a bull moose almost a mate to mine, and under circumstances almost as exciting; but I will try and get him to write about that himself. Well, old friend, I see no smoke coming from you, so I will put you carefully away. I never forget that but for your talk with me that day way up in Maine I should not now have that grand head before me. HENRY E. JANES.

NEW YORK.

A PROFITABLE MOOSE.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—The Maine moose, deer and caribou season is over, but not so the interest in that game. One would be thoroughly convinced of this to have witnessed the crowd following a dead bull moose in a wagon, being transported from the railway station to Faneuil Hall market the other day. The crowd increased and by the time it reached the market it was almost a mob. The moose was a noble one that had been purchased by Messrs. Swan & Newton from a Maine guide, Mr. Fred A. Heath, of Heath & Hawthorn, of Philbrook Camp, Schoodic. The animal is stated to have weighed over 800 lbs., though experts declare that it could not have weighed over 700 lbs. On the weight of the moose Mr. Heath, who called upon me, is silent. It cost him \$9 to get the beast from East Sabois to Boston, or rather he paid the American Express Co. \$3 from East Sabois to Bangor and \$6 from Bangor to Boston. He brought this moose out before the last day of the season, as his own, killed by himself, as he had a right to do, under the Maine game law. For the whole animal he received \$87.50, with which he is much pleased. While here he was taken in charge by a number of gentlemen whom he has entertained at his camps. These gentlemen speak highly of Philbrook Camp. Mr. W. P. Hanson was there this fall and got two buck deer. His brother J. A. Hanson also got a buck. Wayne North and Charlie North have both been there this season and have got their share of big game. Mr. A. Frazer shot his deer there. Mr. John Conkling came back from the same camps with two does. Mr. George Lanphier, the well-known newsdealer who carries the FOREST AND STREAM, got his share of moose early in the fall. The above are a few of the hunters that have visited Camp Philbrook this fall, and were pleased to meet Mr. Heath in Boston.

Concerning the moose, that was evidently an old one;

Mr. Heath has a curious idea. He believes that the beast has long inhabited the section of his camps. He says that two or three years ago a hunter caught a moose swimming over the lake and paddled up to the animal in his canoe. It was close time and he did not dare to kill the moose. A happy thought struck him; he would fix the moose so that he could be pretty sure of him as soon as the open season begun. A bell on him would be the thing, since cattle that stray in the woods are easily located by a bell. Accordingly he tied a bell to the neck of the moose and let him go. Mr. Heath believes that the name of the man was Gerrish. The bell was often heard in the woods in that part of the country. But somehow the hunter did not get his moose as easily as he had anticipated; did not get him at all, in fact. Evidently he lost the bell, as a part of the strap was found in the woods. From some sort of marks, Mr. Heath concludes that he has killed the moose that wore the bell. I did not ask him how the hunter happened to have the bell in the canoe when the moose was caught. Moose have frequently been caught swimming in the water, but this is the first instance of that animal being mentioned as wearing a cowbell. Has not this bell, or bell story, something to do with the tuft of hair found under the throat of the moose, termed by hunters "the bell," because it somewhat resembles a bell in shape? Will the man who put the bell on the moose speak up through the FOREST AND STREAM? SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

From Governor Morton's Message.

THE policy which has been recently inaugurated of purchasing lands within the Adirondack Forest Preserve is one that is giving satisfaction to the people, and should receive the consideration that its importance deserves. Unless these lands are acquired within a reasonable time, they can only be obtained at higher cost many years hence. The preservation of this vast wilderness in its present condition means the conservation of the greatest watershed in this State, and one of the most important in this country. The rivers that have their source in this region depend upon this forest for their supplies. The woods and mountainous character of this picturesque region also render it one of the best sanitariums in the world.

It is generally believed that the game laws of the State need amendments, to the end that better protection of deer in the Adirondack region may be secured. Unusually large numbers of deer have been killed during the past season, and if this easy slaughter is not checked these animals will soon become extinct in this State. Two remedies are proposed by persons who are familiar with this question: First, a shorter season in which deer may be killed, and second, the prohibition of hunting deer with hounds and "floating." It is claimed by competent authorities that the hounding of deer and driving them into the lakes and ponds, where they are easily killed, is an unsportsmanlike butchery of a fine game animal. In view of the importance of this matter, it will be wise to give due attention to the remedies that will be proposed for the preservation of deer in the great Adirondack forests.

The Superintendent of the State Land Survey reports that the survey of the State lands has been prosecuted during the year in a manner insuring the best practical results as well as scientific accuracy. The chief assistants employed have been representatives of the best engineering talent of the State, and men whose work has given them distinction in the general practice of their profession. The boundaries of many of the larger tracts of land within the Forest Preserve have been monumented, and nearly 150,000 acres of these lands have been inclosed during the year, or about one-fifth of the present possessions of the State, and the work is still in progress. The topographical work has been kept apace with the survey of the boundaries, and the trigonometrical survey of the State has been extended with precision, with the aid of the best instruments and engineering talent available. This important work should receive the support of the Legislature as necessary to the preservation of the forests and the boundaries of lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with great interest that I have read the many ideas lately expressed concerning the preservation of deer in the Adirondacks.

Last summer I wrote an article for the *Syracuse Standard*, in which I gave carefully itemized figures obtained from sixteen points which, on being footed up, show that in one year (which I think was 1893), in the localities mentioned, 995 deer were killed by hounding, 471 by floating, and only 233 by all other methods combined. Now, if measures are taken to preserve the deer, it would seem from these figures that the first thing necessary is to prohibit hounding entirely.

I would recommend most earnestly to the reader's attention that part of Governor Morton's message in which he speaks of the preservation of game. He states in effect that hounding is characterized by competent judges to be unsportsmanlike butchery. Let me ask, what genuine sportsman will deny it? If it is unsportsmanlike butchery the laws should not permit it, even if there was no necessity for preserving the game. I would also call your attention again to a most interesting article in one of the last issues of FOREST AND STREAM, by Mr. Charles Fenton, of Number Four, in which he says in effect that because of hounding the deer were all cleaned out in that section in the fall, but that the supply was increased later by deer wandering in from the preserve of Dr. Webb, who allows no dogs in his vast park. Mr. Fenton has now obtained control of 30,000 acres, on which he allows no dogging.

Again, floating, though not nearly as destructive as hounding, is not exactly satisfactory to the real sportsman, and I believe should be abolished.

With these two pernicious features eliminated it is most certain that within a few years deer would become so plentiful that almost any greenhorn could obtain game by still-hunting.

It has been suggested that it would be wise to prohibit all deer hunting for a period of years, the supposition being that at the end of that time the laws now in force would again be in vogue. This would be a severe blow to sportsmen who depend upon the Adirondacks for their annual outing.

Again, what would be the result of such prohibition?

The number of visitors to the great forest is enlarging each year, and though the game would be greatly increased at the end of the period of years the slaughter by the vast army of hunters would be correspondingly larger when it did begin, and in a few years we would again find ourselves in the same condition as at present. It is urged by many that it is inexpedient to increase the number of deer very much because it is difficult for those now existing to obtain feed enough through the winter to keep them from starvation. If this is so, the entire prohibition of shooting for a period of years would at first increase the game only to result in a couple of years in starvation for a great proportion. This would be an added point for my argument that shooting should not be prohibited, but that hounding and floating should be abolished. However, it seems a very pertinent question to ask why the vastly greater proportion of game in Canada and Maine is not decreased more by starvation. Is there more feed there proportionately than in the forests of New York?

Of course I can understand very readily why some of the hotel men wish to have hounding and floating continued, as they fear that the number of visitors to the woods will fall off if they cannot offer inducements to the effect that by these lazy and easy methods their guests can obtain their game. However, these very hotel men are near-sighted, inasmuch as they are looking only at next season instead of into the seasons to come after that.

I have noticed that some are in favor of making the open season begin a month or more later. This would be a discrimination against the summer visitor and in favor of the natives, and while hounding was permitted would hardly be a very efficient measure.

The unsportsmanlike use of shotguns for deer hunting, resulting in a large amount of wounded game which succeeds in escaping the hunter, is to be deplored.

I understand that the lumbermen butcher a great deal of game during the winter when it is unable to escape because of the deep snow. Can any one give any figures concerning this?

FRANCIS E. OLIVER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 3.

CANTON, N. Y., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with considerable interest that I read, under title of "Adirondack Deer" in your issue of 4th inst., that just 5,083 deer were killed during the open season just passed, and that certain amendments to the game laws would aid preservation. I do not know how many deer were killed, nor do I think anyone else does; nor do I think anyone knows what proportion of those killed were of either sex. But, Mr. Editor, whatever the number, it seems to me that the remedy proposed is worse than useless. It is not new laws, not more stringent laws, not a shorter open season that we need, but a larger force of protectors during the months of May, June, July and August, and the law enforced as it is.

It is common report that most of the summer hotels have "mountain mutton" any time after May 15. It is well understood that most parties who go into the woods on a fishing trip in May or June kill one or more deer "just for camp use." Many parties go in the woods in July because they cannot leave their business later in the season (?), and many others go in a few days before the open season begins so as to get camp established by the time the law is off. A few are honest, but for the most part these latter two classes go when they do simply to get the start of the honest man, who waits for the open season. To postpone the opening of the season until Sept. 10 is simply to play into their hands, and isn't this a pertinent question: How many men who are now law-abiding will join their ranks if they find their legal right to kill cut off for the only part of the season that is enjoyable?

Schools begin about Sept. 1. To have the open season begin so late as Sept. 10 makes in fact a close season all the year for teachers, students and parents who have to be at home during the school year. After Sept. 10 we often get cold, bad weather, and no one but the woodsman cares to be in the woods. I want to take my family with me. They enjoy the camp and the woods as much as I do, and I want to be able to kill a deer for camp use and to do it without breaking any law.

No, do not amend the law; enforce it as it is; and to do so you must have more than one protector to each 1,000 square miles.

I would suggest this: Let the chief protector be authorized to appoint 100 special deputies to serve from May 15 till Aug. 15, say at a salary of \$50 per month, the State to have all fines. Suppose the fines to equal the costs of prosecution, then this protection costs the State \$15,000. If the deer are not worth that sum better let them go. Let the appointments be made secretly and kept secret. Let the chief and regular protectors see that these specials are on duty all the time. The party who wants a deer in May, the ones who go in July, will not dare get it, as for all they may know their own guide is a "special" protector. With 100 unknown protectors ranging the Adirondacks from May 15 until the open season begins there will be a wonderful diminution in the number of deer killed for the entire season.

I have hunted deer more or less for thirty-seven years. I have a considerable acquaintance among guides and hunters, I won't say sportsmen, in this part of the State. I know many honest citizens who do not think it any crime to violate the game law by killing a deer in July or early in August. No one will complain of these men unless it be a game protector or a neighbor who has a grudge to work out. The former is never around, for the simple reason that he cannot be in every part of his 1,000 square mile district at the same time. Did you ever cross a field where the grasshoppers were plenty? How they rise up in your path, eluding your grasp, if you want them for "bait," but settle down just behind you the same as if you had not been there. Did you ever paddle along a stream in midsummer and note the frantic efforts of each and every frog just ahead of you to make the most noise, and his equal anxiety to keep still when you get opposite him? So the known protector can travel days and weeks, well knowing that hoppers and frogs are plenty and yet never catching more than the occasional one.

When the "neighbor with a grudge" makes complaint the attorney for the defense makes the most of the grudge feature and the prosecution starts out handicapped. The average jurymen argues "What harm if this man did kill a deer out of season, he did no real harm, this other man complained of him just to be mean, and I won't help him

work out his grudge unless the evidence is so clear that I cannot help myself," and he will vote "not guilty" if there is any possible excuse for so doing. With the unknown protector upon his track the would-be deer slayer will, for the most part, postpone his little game until the open season begins, and my word for it, you can cut the season's kill right in the middle as the result.

Why not try it for one year at least?

J. H. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The mere killing of 5,083 deer by hunters in the Adirondacks last fall is not in itself an indication that the deer are going to be exterminated next season or in forty years for that matter. The question is, Are there enough breeders to keep up the supply so that next fall there will be as many deer to begin with as there were last fall?

It is to be hoped that there are, but there is a standing doubt that there are not, and that being the case there is but one way to be taken, and that is to chain up the hounds—the safe side.

Four-fifths of those deer were killed ahead of dogs, and I haven't any doubt but a good share of them literally went to the dogs as well, save a few choice portions. Whether the dogs got the meat or not don't matter, the deer were dead and might as well be eaten by appreciative dogs as by men.

Hunting with firearms to kill game is the cruellest sport allowed by humanity, but it is growing more refined every day. The shots sportsmen are proudest of are those that killed clean or instantly. A mortally wounded deer chased by dogs runs often far away and is lost; but an unwounded deer is as pitiful an object when swimming in a lake or river, striving in vain to reach the far shore while behind come men in a boat. The deer is absolutely helpless once it is beyond its depth and the hunters in a boat are after it. It is as easy and as manly to beat a deer to death under such circumstances as it is to shoot it to death with a rifle. In fact the club is a surer and a less painful way of killing game, as anyone who was ever knocked senseless with a club and has cut himself with a blade of grass, or paper or tin, knows. A law which allows deer to be driven to water by dogs is a disgrace, for it allows and necessarily promotes the killing of deer in this brutal fashion.

A law that allows hounding of deer defeats the law itself, for it is a fact that the best dogs for trailing deer are those that have sucked the blood from a deer's throat when the snow was 5 ft. deep and the deer helpless in yards. There is a common expression said when a young hound has showed skill in running rabbits. It is, "Wait till he's been a-crustin' of deer!"

True, the letter of the law forbids such a practice, but it is done to satisfy the demands of those men who must have a "sure" or "true" dog—a dog that will put a deer into "big water." Where is there "big water" in the Adirondacks during the hounding period that has not its quota of men day by day waiting for the deer? It is the untrue dog that does not follow a deer across the brooks and lesser creeks. These are common, but when a "true dog" gets after deer 99-100ths of those deer die. The fool dogs lose trails, and so it is possible for a deer to be run by dogs several times and escape for a while.

I once saw a big old buck driven by one of the "true dogs" to the water. He was gasping when he got down there, but when he saw that the forms of men rose about him he did not stop to drink. The water was about a foot deep for several yards—ten or fifteen—out, but that deer crawled along on the bottom, trying to make the water shield him from the bullets raining down on his body. I would like to ask any one if that deer did not realize that death stared him in the face, and if that deer did not suffer as much as most men would when facing such a cruel and ignoble death—dishonorable to the killer and terrible to the killed?

The twelve men with twelve dogs, of which Mr. Allen kindly gave us the details, did have too many dogs—just an even dozen too many.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MISSIONARY GUIDES.

NOT long ago I met a Western man who makes a business of outfitting and guiding big-game hunters from the East. I fancy he must be a good man and a successful hunter. Certainly the parties that he takes with him have good luck. In one season recently he said that he had seen twenty-seven bears, which shows that bears are abundant in the country that he hunts in, and that he understands how to find them. This man struck me as peculiar in many ways, for he has ways of thinking which are much more intelligent than those usually prevailing among hunters in the mountains. When he is out with a hunting party he never carries a gun. He takes the responsibility of finding the game and bringing the hunter within easy shooting distance. There, in his opinion, his responsibility ends. If the man he has with him cannot kill the game that is his fault. The guide does not help him to do the killing. He understands that as long as he is in the business of taking out hunting parties, it is for his advantage that the game should be abundant, and he feels a real regret over every head that is killed. Besides this, by quiet talks about the camp-fire at night he endeavors to make the men with whom he is associated see what a grave mistake it is to indulge in the indiscriminate killing which a few years ago used to be so common among Eastern men who went out West for the first time. He seems to be doing good missionary work in this way.

This man told me that in his opinion game about the borders of the Yellowstone National Park had considerably increased during the last few years. This remark applies especially to elk, which have been less hunted for the market lately than for some years. At present the Montana law forbids the killing of elk and moose for a period of ten years, but of course this law is but little regarded.

OLD MAN.

Wild Turkeys.

THERE are very few places in this country to-day where good wild turkey shooting may be had, and the noble bird already has come to be classed as rare game. At Avoca, N. C., however, turkeys are very abundant this season, and Dr. Capehart writes that there are 100 within two miles of his house. My young friends William Capehart and Ned Wood were out Dec. 23 and killed four wild

turkeys. The following morning they got another. All were gobblers. These boys are about 15 years of age, but as good sportsmen and entertaining companions as one could desire. Dr. Capehart carefully preserves 10,000 acres of land, which accounts for the abundance of game.

J. B. BURNHAM.

NATIONAL GAME, BIRD AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, Kalamazoo, Mich.—The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association has been adjourned from Jan. 9 to Feb. 12, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Sherman House Club Rooms, Chicago, Ill. By order of Executive Committee.

M. R. BORTREE, President.

F. S. BAIRD, Chairman.

A. L. LAKEY, Secretary.

This action was taken because many business men could not attend the meeting so early in July.

There is much said and seemingly much interest taken the matter of Game and Fish Protection, yet there seems to be a feeling with many, that some one besides themselves should do all there is to be done to accomplish this great work, as shown by the small attendance at most of our State as well as the national meetings.

Who is it that makes up the powerful lobbies in our State legislative halls? Is it the lovers of field and stream sports, or is it composed of those whose only object is self, and all they desire is the money they can make out of the general destruction, and very soon the total annihilation of all the game and fish in our country?

How can we best check and in a great degree stop this hellish work is the main object of our National Association. Will you lend your influence, your voice, your presence at the Annual National meeting, and if necessary your money, to help in this most important work of protection, at the proper time, to all game and fish?

Notice is hereby given that several changes in the constitution will be presented at above meeting.

Don't fail to attend the meeting, Feb. 12, 1896, at Chicago.

A. L. LAKEY, Sec'y.

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For National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association.

Give your opinion on the following subjects, and also on any others that will in your opinion advance the cause of better protection to our Game and Fish:

- 1st. What should constitute the National Game and Fish Protective Association membership?
- 2d. In what way can the National Association best advance the interests of Game and Fish protection?
- 3d. What does *National* protection mean?
- 4th. Who are the true sportsmen? What is their object and chief delight?
- 5th. Who are the pot and market hunters? What is their object and chief delight?
- 6th. Would a uniform license law assist in Game and Fish protection? If so, how can it be best obtained and enforced?
- 7th. Why not prohibit all spring shooting?
- 8th. Should Nation and State preservers be established and maintained by the National and States governments?
- 9th. Should the sale of game and game fish be prohibited at all times or only in the closed seasons?
- 10th. Should we not have national Game and Fish wardens appointed and maintained by the national government?
- 11th. What is the best system for State or district Wardens?

Asking for Light.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can some one of your readers enlighten me as to whether I am to be classed as a "game hog" or not? From the letters under the head of "Sportsmanship" I am at a loss to tell.

First, let me say that in the particular portion of the State in which I was born and passed most of my life, from the point of view of most of the writers under this head we were all only half civilized; for, did we not get into our pirogues on frosty mornings, and paddling down some swampy bayou, get near enough after many disappointments to a flock of ducks, and fire one barrel into them in the water, giving them the other as they rose? Then if the cap had not slipped from its place and the gun snapped, we would get out on the bank and laboriously load with our half-frozen fingers the old muzzle-loader and try again. Often we would return home empty-handed, the first discharge having been made in a moment of excitement, for firing a gun that is as likely to have 5 as 3 drs. of powder in it in a pirogue doesn't always mean game. In fact, it oftener means wet powder. Then we went fishing usually in the same bayou, and we would "heave out over our heads" a dozen or so perch.

We killed deer with the jack lamp. We sailed up and down the coast in luggers, and caught fish in seines. But it was our fault. We were totally ignorant of the repeating shotgun, the rod and reel and its accompaniment of flies, etc. Just about this time I became a regular subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM and "got on to new-fangled ideas." Then I purchased a lot of rods, reels, flies, etc.; but my "bringing up" was too much for me and they were all discarded save the rods which were used to "heave up" perch.

Often three or four of us would take one of our skiffs (made of three planks) and, packing up our duffle, go into camp for a few weeks on some of the bayous that emptied into the bays of the coast. There we would hunt and fish in the above-mentioned style. We killed what we wanted in any style that we could, but we killed no more than we used. We shot no game out of season.

Are we to be called barbarians because we were told this was the proper way of doing things, because we learned new ideas of such things so late that we were unable to profit thereby? When I admit that the desire to go out comes to me now, not to go out with the new style outfit, but just as we used to go, am I putting myself among the list of the "game hogs"? Because when I try to cast a line with a reel I am just as likely to catch myself by the back as be successful in my cast, am I no sportsman?

CATS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A "Forest and Stream" Dog.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 4.—If the copy for "Chicago and the West" should arrive in New York a little late next week, the fact may be explained by the fact that it was 10 below zero here to-day, and that a lost dog was trying to face a genuine Chicago wind off the lake, than which no bitter blast ever blew between the poles.

The FOREST AND STREAM stenographer came into the office with a moisture about the eyes—it was very cold walking—and gave the information that a "poor dog was freezing to death on the sidewalk just outside the door of the Security Building, and that it had been there half a day, and that no one would let it into the building to get warm." This happened on "copy day," and it was among the last hours of the day. None the less it was apparent that this dog had read or heard that the FOREST AND STREAM office was located in the Security Building in this city, and evidently had come here for help in his sad condition. I do not know how it is with other folks, but to me one of the saddest of the innumerable sad sights of the city is that of a lost and homeless dog, either frantically looking for the lost master or humbly and patiently lying down to die—as this one soon must have died in such weather as that of Chicago to-day. The inhumanity, the brutality of civilization has few more painful manifestations than this. Anyhow, it was too much for the FOREST AND STREAM force here, who adjourned to the lower floor of the building and sought to provide the sufferer with better circumstances. The engineer of the building was found—a big, good-hearted man, it proved—and on being told of the situation cheerfully volunteered to break all the rules of the building and give the dog a warm corner by the big boilers. Then we went out to the poor fellow, who by this time could hardly stand on his legs, and with only the most feeble objection picked him up and carried him down-stairs into the engine rooms. When we got him thawed out we found him to be a chunky mongrel of a dog, of strong pepper and salt brindle color, evidently about half bull-terrier. He was too cold to say much, but after a while we got a faint wag out of his stumpy tail. Then we got him something to eat, and he began to look at us with a pair of good brown eyes, in which still lingered a deal of the suspicion he had learned of humanity. He wanted his master, and repeatedly tried to get away up the stairs and out into the cold again, so he could freeze to death waiting for the master who was missing, and who, according to dog intelligence, should some time, before or after death had come, pass by that very spot on the corner where the wind swept so keen, but where duty seemed to place one. The engineer explained the folly of this sort of business to him, and introduced him to the stray kitten which for some weeks has been living down in the engine rooms. We didn't know what to do with our dog, but decided to keep him till we could get him a home. I was once of a notion to send him down to Bobo to go a-soldiering with the bear pack, but when I looked at his jaws I knew how foolish he would be about getting too close to a bear, so I gave that up. Then I went to the colored porter of the Security barber shop and laid the case before him. He proved to be a better citizen than I am, a married man, and possessed of a home where he could keep a dog. A dog can't stand it the way I live, so I couldn't offer this one a home. After I had explained for a time what a nice thing it is to have a good dog, and what a very good dog Ben was—for we called him Ben at once and he answered to the name—the porter said he would take the dog home with him and give him a home and take good care of him. To-night Ben, now a thawed out and limber dog, with eyes no longer frozen shut, will go home to a warm bed and a square meal, and I hope will regain his joy in life and attach himself to a new master. Should his old master see this he can ask for him at 356 Morris street, care of George Weaver. Ben is a short dog, not beautiful, but a fighter I will warrant. His coat, as above mentioned, is a gray brindle. His muzzle is gray, but I should not take him to be over 3 years old. He is apparently a cross between a bull-terrier and pointer. He is a very quiet and sensible dog, and I should guess he might have been a wagon dog, belonging to some one who valued him. He had not been on the streets very long, and was still fairly plump. His tail was short and thick. By this time I hope it is wagging.

Caribou Webs.

Mr. Frank H. Risteen, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, writes in regard to the "sagging" of the web snowshoes mentioned in the current trapping story in FOREST AND STREAM:

"Speaking of the web snowshoe, there is only one kind that is worthy of the name—namely, those that are strung with caribou skin. I imagine the pair you had, and which sagged in soft snow, were strung with plain, everyday cowhide. Moose hide is still worse. Caribou hide if well seasoned and tightly strung will not sag in wet snow, and will last for years. A good pair costs \$5.

"The *ski* would be of no use in a thickly wooded country like New Brunswick, though it might be pleasant on some of the long river stretches."

The shoes worn by our party were all of caribou stringing, or at least sold as such by the Montreal house making them. We paid \$6.25 a pair for them. The cheaper shoes are admitted by dealers to be of horse hide lacing sometimes; but ours were as good as we could buy, and my trapper friends claimed a long acquaintance with the snowshoe market. Canada and the cold North should of course be the home of the snowshoe of utility as well as the snowshoe *de luxe*, but maybe they don't ship their good ones. I would like to see a pair that wouldn't sag in wet snow such as we had, or a pair which will last a Wisconsin trapper much more than a couple of years under hard work. We can't buy that sort here. The webs act all right when the snow is good, and most folk only go shoeing for fun when the snow is good. When you go every day and all the time it is a different proposition.

Mr. Risteen also makes the following inquiry, which I hope we can answer satisfactorily:

"Do you know any man in Chicago who can furnish me with a copy of that beautiful poem in blank verse called the 'Kekoskee Fish Story'? I read it a good while ago and then lost it. I doubt very much whether it has any equal in our literature, and if you could place me in

the way of securing a copy I should be greatly obliged."

The "Kekoskee Fish Story" seems to be reluctant to let go of the rattling grooves of time. This was always a singular thing to me, that about the truest thing I ever wrote should have such a reception as a banner fish lie. Now, if I should really write a fish lie—but I shudder to think about that.

Been South.

Messrs. W. H. Miller, of Chicago, E. D. Pyatt and J. McGill, of Jacksonville, Ill., with Dr. Cree and Mr. Shoemaker, of Griggsville, Ill., have returned from a hunt near the Rio Grande River, in Texas. The party killed six deer and ten antelope, or rather the cowboy guides did. The riding was too rough for "States" men, and most of the animals killed were chased down into box cañons in very rough country.

Going South.

Messrs. J. W. Lyke and J. C. Burket, two gentlemen long prominent in Fox Lake protective matters, start next week for eastern Arkansas on a hunt for ducks and deer.

Wants to Go South.

Mr. T. H. Carrier, of Watauga, Tenn., asks for information as below:

"I see you have made several trips to the South, and would appreciate information as to good deer country in the Southwest, say Arkansas, Louisiana or Texas. I thought probably you could give me the names of good localities and guides, etc."

I have never gone after deer in the South, but of course have heard much of them. At San Antonio, Tex., one is near good deer country, if he knows where to go then. West of Memphis, fifty miles into Arkansas or less, more especially southwest of Memphis, there are a good many deer this year.

The above are specimen letters of a sort often received these days. The sportsman traffic South is something already large and it is growing. Nearly all inquirers ask in regard to guides. I cannot give such information, for almost without exception there are no regular guides to be had in the South, and I am mighty glad that this is so. I hope it will be a long, long time before anybody can get a hired guide anywhere in the South, for when that begins the end of the Southern game will soon be in sight. The customs of the South, as I have often remarked before, constitute a very effectual protection for its game. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned above will believe my wish to be of service to them when I say I am sure they will agree with me perfectly about the matter of guides. It is better to travel in the South with invitations of friends, but this is not a necessity. If I were in Mr. Carrier's place I should not be afraid, for instance, to start at once for San Antonio. A little casting about there would almost certainly result in getting out with the right party in a very delightful country. The Southern men are the most kindly people in the world, and I hope that all Northern men who shoot in the South will meet kindness with justice and not kill all they can of the Southern game.

Dead Park Elk.

The big bull elk of the Lincoln Park herd here died this week of congestion of the lungs. This animal was very vicious and had been dehorned for killing one of the cows of the herd. There is no bull elk left in the herd now.

Election.

Lake Poygan Club elected officers at the annual meeting in Chicago this week: President, James Pease; Vice-President, S. M. Meek; Secretary, R. M. Simon; Treasurer, S. A. Goss. Directors, R. R. Clark, E. W. Murphy and James Pease. Membership Committee, F. D. Porter, E. N. Elliott and E. Z. Mason.

The club's grounds are located thirty miles west of Oshkosh and comprise 4,400 acres.

National Association.

It is requested that all members bear in mind the change in date of the annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, which was postponed from Jan. 9 to Feb. 12, at Chicago, Sherman House club rooms.

[Riz.]

Mr. H. R. Willis, the best rifle shot in the Mississippi Valley (I say this because he always can beat me), is in the city this week carrying the usual chip on his shoulder. Mr. Willis lives at Alton, but is connected with the Hoyt Metal Co., of St. Louis. This year his card reads "Second Vice-President," from which I see he has riz. Still he appears willing to talk with plain people, especially with people who think they can shoot a rifle.

About Spanish.

A gentleman writing to another paper says he has arrived at San Antonio and found it to be a land of "many-ana." He said it the way it sounds, but his dictionary would have spelled it "mañana"—with the Spanish "n." Yet Mr. Charles Hallock, if he will allow me to mention it, lately wrote about Mexican "hackels." He said it the way it sounds, but the right way to spell it is "jacals." All of which recalls the old jest in New Mexico about the Irishman who "wouldn't live in a country where they climbed a tree for water, dug in the ground for wood and spelled 'hickory' with a 'j'."

The Daily Reporter.

My friend, the daily reporter, took a long whiff at his pipe the other morning and did the following for a morning paper here:

"An interesting incident on South Water street was yesterday the receipt by Lepman & Heggie of 500 brace of English pheasants. The fowl stood the long transit well, arriving in the market in fine order. A consignment of three live buffalo and thirty or forty live deer was also received from the West. While on the way here six deer escaped from the car and were shot."

Inquiry developed the facts to be that all the pheasants (which are regularly imported here by many firms) were dead. There were no buffalo nor deer whatever consigned to this firm or any other firm in Chicago, and no deer had escaped, so far as known. There was a carload of live deer, however, which passed through Chicago en route East, and in the same lot were three live buffalo. These came from Montana—presumably from the Charlie Allard herd of the Flathead Reservation—but the destination was unknown.

The daily reporter who works up the "good things" in the sporting department of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has discovered that the Panhandle of Texas (the dry Llano Estacado) is a paradise for chickens, quail, turkeys, rabbits, ducks, geese, deer, antelope, squirrels and railbirds! The Colorado jack rabbit drive of 6,000 hares is made into 12,000, and located in the Panhandle, which is described as a lovely timbered country. The reporter gravely announces:

"Such famous sportsmen as Police Commissioner Roosevelt, of New York, and the late Mayor, Carter H. Harrison, of this city, have each said that, in his opinion, the variety of game to be had with rod and gun in the extreme northwest part of the big Lone Star State is nowhere to be surpassed in this country, expansive as it is."

And now comes the daily reporter who does the sporting specials for the Baltimore (Md.) *American*, and describes canvasback shooting as she is done on the Chesapeake:

"All decoys used on the flats around Havre-de-Grace are made of wood, as experiment has proven that it furnished the most serviceable material. Cork is too yielding and is easily torn up by the heavy buckshot, while canvas and aluminum suffer the same fate."

"The market men use their decoys in a purely scientific manner," says the reporter. "Killing ducks with them is a business, and they employ every method possible to bring the ducks within the range of their guns. They work in squads, and this mutual co-operation brings about good results. A double sinkbox will be placed in some good spot on the flats and surrounded by about 400 decoys. Two expert gunners are assigned to the sinkbox, while the rest of the crew man a schooner that is anchored to the windward about a quarter of a mile from the sinkbox. The men remain lying in the sinkbox, and never raise their heads until they get a signal from the schooner. From the nature of the signal they can tell in which direction the ducks are coming and about the altitude they are flying. Thus informed, the gunner has only to rise in the box in the proper position and bang at the ducks as they fly over his head or attempt to settle among the decoys. Nearly all of the gunners are equipped with two guns, and they rarely fail to get four out of the flock. A boat is sent out from the schooner, the dead ducks gathered up and the decoys rearranged, if they have been shot away from their moorings."

We don't shoot ducks by note out here yet, but it is a pleasure to learn what is going on in the great world of sport as mirrored by our daily papers. The conviction is irresistibly borne in upon one that FOREST AND STREAM ought to secure the services of some of these young men, so that the public can learn about the how and where of sport with the rod and gun. If the paper would import talent of that sort, the rest of us wouldn't have to work so hard.

E. HOUGH.

309 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Stocking Lake County Waters.

MR. W. B. MERSHON, of East Saginaw, writes to Editor Pace, of the Lake county, Mich., *Star*:

"The Pere Marquette Fishing Club last week successfully transferred from Saginaw Bay to the lakes along the western division of the F. & P. M. over 200lbs. of small-mouthed black bass and 100lbs. of pike perch, more commonly known as wall-eyed pike. These were large fish and would be ready to spawn whenever the proper season comes around, as they ran all the way from half a pound to 3lbs. each. There were very few of them lost in transit and we think this plant will be a great addition to the fishing interests in your neighborhood, as the small-mouthed bass are far gamier than the large-mouth, and as I understand it there are no small-mouthed bass in any of the lakes up there now. Pike perch, if they thrive, will be especially desirable, as they are gamy and often weigh from 5 to 15lbs., and in the markets bring pretty nearly double the price that lake trout do. Now that we can reach Star Lake by rail arrangements have been made to make a large plant of pike perch in that lake, and they will breed this year or next, so that it will not be long before it is thoroughly stocked. If our friend Carpenter or any one else there will guarantee to receive them at the station and put them in proper waters, we can get quite a good many more of these fish, and a line dropped to Geo. M. Brown, Saginaw (E. S.), Mich., will meet with a proper response.

"The brook trout fry from our club waters [will] be ready for distribution now soon, but we only took about half as many this year as we hoped to take owing to the breaking into the breeding pond by some unknown vandals who had no respect for law and decency or the rights of their fellow-men. I am glad to see that the sentiment of the people of Lake county is to enforce the game and fish laws. It will not take long to demonstrate practically that our game and fish can increase right along, and at the same time in season, and by lawful means furnish not only a good food supply, but plenty of sport for all of us."

One of the Pleasure Spots of Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM for a year and a half only I am beginning to feel as if your regular correspondents were real acquaintances and in fact old friends of mine—friends whom I can silently observe and from whom I receive untold enjoyment. Personally and for hundreds of others I want to thank them for their rare entertainment, and as a faint encouragement to continue their graceful writings. The good and inimitable Robinson, the classic Morris, the pathetic El Comanche, the entertaining Hallock, the moralizing and poetical hermit Ransacker, the irrepressible, though gentle, Hough; all writing in the current meaty number (Dec. 28). Hosts of other unmentioned but not forgotten contributors are equally self-denying and entertaining when relating their rich experiences afield. Their opportunities the majority of us can only long for and rarely enjoy, and were it not for their facile pens and the FOREST AND STREAM we would miss much enjoyment. I look forward weekly to the receipt of your paper and regard its reading as a pleasure spot in my life.

A. H.

CHICAGO.

Sacandaga-Sacondagu-Sacrundagua.*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 4 "a newspaper item" by F. Z. M., of Erie, Pa. I live at Luzerne, at the mouth of the Sacandaga River, twenty-four miles from Northville. My father told me when a boy that the name Sacandaga was of Indian origin and means rapid running or dancing water. I have fished for trout in its waters and have shot deer on its banks for nearly forty years. I have quite a number of friends at and near Northville, and if I can give F. Z. M. any information shall be pleased to do so.

GEORGE H. ROCKWELL.

A Punta Gorda Jew-fish.

ON Dec. 28 a guest of the Hotel Punta Gorda, at Punta Gorda, Fla., Mr. C. A. Dean, of Boston, who had just returned in his yacht the *Myakka* from a cruise up the Caloosahatchee River, harpooned a 360lbs. jew-fish just off the hotel pier. Many people came down from the village to view the monster while some colored men were removing the skin.

T. H. ABBOTT.

The Kennel.**FIXTURES.****BENCH SHOWS.**

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. Arthur D. Welton, Sec'y, 25 Larned street, West.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgariff, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

WHY FIELD TRIALS SHOULD BE SUPPORTED.

WAVERLY, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Judging from the poor support given the field trial clubs this season, it seems as though the usefulness of field trials were not appreciated as it should be by the great body of sportsmen throughout the country.

Field trials always have been and still remain a potent factor in elevating field sports to their present high standard, and it is directly through the competition which the annual field trial meetings invite that a comparative field test is possible between dogs from all parts of the United States and Canada. The importance of this competition has even been recognized in England, and dogs have been sent from there to compete in our trials.

All sportsmen in this country who shoot and own dogs, or ever expect to own them, are directly benefited by the result of field trial competition, as it affords them positive knowledge as to the comparative standing and quality of different strains of blood, and of the individual merit of the representatives of those strains as compared to others which are met in the competition, which could be known through no other source than field trial competition.

Then it is solely through the medium of field trials that the public gets the benefit of the services of the winners at these meetings, for were there no field trials there would be no stud dogs in the present sense, and were there no stud dogs the sportsmen would be wholly at sea as to how to breed to improve their dogs. It is entirely owing to the successful carrying out of field trials that there have been such celebrated dogs as Gladstone, Count Noble, Rip Rap, Roderigo, Gath, Gath's Mark, Jingo, Vander-vor's Don, Tick Boy and many other grand dogs which space will not permit mention. As American sportsmen we are all proud of these dogs, and we ought to be proud of the field trial clubs which gave them an opportunity to become great.

How often when in conversation with men who have never attended field trial meetings, and that subject is broached, do we hear them remark, "Oh, field trials are too slow for me; I love to shoot. To ride after a brace of dogs just to see them hunt, point and back would not be any fun for me." If the man who talks that way will attend a field trial he will find that, after all, there is more fun in a live bird than a dead one, and that the desire to kill something does not constitute all there is of sportsmanship.

To the sportsmen who have labored so long and earnestly, and I may well add successfully too, in behalf of field trials, both in establishing them and supporting them as well, the sportsmen of America owe a great debt which can be no more appropriately paid than in supporting field trials of the present day.

Field trials have always exerted a good influence toward the protection of game. Many a sportsman, who before attending a field trial could see no sport in other than a crowded game bag, has learned that the work of the dog furnishes the real zest to the sport. When he returns home he gives up practice of shooting to flushes, and learns to value the dog that can find and point birds enough for him to shoot only over points, and in that manner make as large a bag as he wants.

Appreciating as I do the importance of field trials, and recognizing their influence in educating the trainer, were I having dogs trained I would send them only to trainers who attended field trials; for field trials to a trainer are as important as a course of lectures to a physician, and the trainer who stays at home is in some ways as far behind his profession as the cross-road doctor who never attends medical lectures.

Before the time of field trials how many intelligent trainers were to be found, and what were their methods of training? Liberal use of a pair of cowhide boots and long range use of the shotgun were methods commonly used, and the men themselves were in many cases not as intelligent as the dogs they attempted to train; but field trial training demanded men of intelligence, who could accomplish, by skillful training, results which the old "breaker" could never hope to attain. The first, and per-

haps the most important matter in which field trials keep the attending trainer up on, is quality. To correctly judge quality, and know it whether hidden under the mantle of timidity, or running riot in a headstrong dog, is a trainer's business. He should be able to recognize it when he sees it, and understand how to skillfully unravel it from that which is harmful without breaking the texture or marring its value.

A trainer who attempts to select from a number sent him such dogs as possess sufficient quality to enter field trial competition, or to make superior field dogs (for superior field dogs are all that field trial dogs are), should first learn what constitutes quality. The only place he can learn the lesson is at a field trial, where the competition draws the line so sharp and clean that a novice can recognize it in its finished state, if not in the rough. We often hear of the wonderful trainer of shooting dogs who never attended a field trial, written, no doubt, by parties who get a reduction in training fee for a public portrayal of the vividness of their imaginations. When sometimes this wonderful trainer makes his appearance at a field trial with a dog so superior to those he is accustomed to that he imagines he has the "thing won," often to find out, if intelligent enough, that compared with the competing dogs the dog he has brought has not sufficient quality to be considered. If not intelligent enough to comprehend his dog's inferiority, then going back home and writing a mess to the newspapers, attacking the club for not considering a dog that was not fit for a blind nigger to shoot over.

There are illustrations of this kind every season, more or less, at the various trial meetings, and many of the accusing articles attacking field trials are only the impotent wrath of fairly defeated competitors. At one of the field trials last season was started by a trainer a dog which was only entitled to be called a dog because he wore hair and resembled one in outline, for that is as near as he ever got to being a bird dog. There was a communication from some party who knew the trainer, whom he glowingly described in terms suited to the advertising page, and in speaking of this wonderful dog he made such flights of imagination that, had the article been published before the trial instead of after, I doubt whether the other competitors would have had the courage to have remained and run the trial to a finish. It transpired, however, that the writer did not know what he was talking about, and that is just the point I wish to make about many of these articles attacking field trials—the writers simply do not know what they are talking about, and that explains it all.

But I digress. Coming back to the subject of trainers again I would comment on the many advantages he derives from field trial attendance. The matter of selecting dogs with quality I have already touched upon, and will conclude by saying that all field trial handlers can come nearer giving full value in return for the patronage they receive than any other class of trainers; for, having a thorough knowledge of his business, a professional trainer will only select and keep to train such dogs as promise to be worth their training fee when trained, which is giving full value for every dollar they receive; while the class of trainers known as "scalpers" will train every dog sent them regardless of whether it is worth \$5 or even 5 cents. There are exceptions, of course, which I freely admit, but I have always regarded field trials when applied to the trainer individually as a kind of public sorting yard, where each trainer's ability is properly tested by record, stamped and countersigned. It is an easy matter for the obscure trainers to get dogs to run at the field trials, providing they have the ability to handle and run them. The competition is a free thing. Then let them come out of the woods and show the public, by the quality of the dogs they handle, what ability they possess as trainers; but, strange to say, most of them seem to shun a public criticism of their handling.

The next thing to quality which field trials make the trainer expert in is the judging of correct field form. At the trials he has an opportunity to see in actual competition the different types of field form, and can judge for himself which type has the greatest superiority.

Field trials represent the combined skill of the brightest trainers in America, and each one learns many things sooner or later that would have never occurred to him originally. This applies particularly to kennel management, for at field trials he hears discussed and explained many ailments that dogs are afflicted with which previously he never understood nor knew how to treat.

Another more important thing yet, which all field trial handlers agree upon, is that one "can't eat his pie and have it too," and that a quail once dead is never any more use to train a dog on. This teaches him to economize his bird supply, and in abundance of birds his dogs acquire the experience which is absolutely necessary to make applicable the training given them. No truer words could be written than that no skill in training will ever supply the necessity of experience.

The stay-at-home trainer rarely goes abroad without a pocketful of shells. He takes great pride in his skill as a field shot and lets no opportunity pass to give an exhibition of it, even if it be at flushes. If he loses a bird it irritates him, and the dog is apt to feel the weight of his displeasure. He uses up his bird supply without doing his dogs any great deal of good, and the owner of the dog is the loser thereby.

As a pastime few sports furnish more real pleasure than field trials. The pleasure begins with the greetings one receives from friends and acquaintances whom he has not seen in a year perhaps, and increases as he makes the rounds to view the dogs in the hands of different handlers—dogs conditioned to make a race for their lives. As he listens to the dog chat when all are together in the hotel, which conversation is interlarded with laughable incidents of former trials which may have taken place years ago, he becomes more interested. As the spectators mount their horses on the morning of the commencement of the trials he catches the eagerness manifested on all sides to see the race begin, and as heat after heat is run and the winners begin to stand out by brilliant work and superior field quality the desire to own a dog like some of those he sees is born in his heart, and he is conscious of a new pleasure far above the selfish one of mere shooting.

When sweet-faced ladies lend their gentle presence to sports it speaks well for the class of men who conduct such sports; it refutes most positively that erroneous idea that at field trials there is bad feeling and ungentlemanly proceedings.

Field trials are not to blame because disgruntled com-

petitors attack the clubs for doing what was just and right, and field trial clubs rarely appear in print to deny or affirm. Their acts are public ones, and the intent and purpose of field trials are to place the best dogs, which the clubs do through the services of competent judges.

I have often thought that the sporting press (who should know the right and wrong of such accusations, through their reporters who are present at all trials) should never publish such communications unless backed by absolute proof. The burden of proof lies with the accuser and he should be compelled to produce it before his accusations should be considered, much less published; for many sportsmen unacquainted with the men who represent the membership of field trial clubs often credit such accusations as true because their favorite paper publishes them. They reason, that only such matter as was known to be true would be published.

The gentlemen who are patrons and members of the various field trial clubs are recognized in their various business pursuits as men of honor and responsibility, and many of them hold positions of trust far above the ordinary run of men. For an intelligent man to say such men would do or allow to be done anything that was not right and just, when the only interest they had in trials is the sport they get out of witnessing the races between the dogs, is too silly and contemptible to receive a second thought.

As to running field trials on any better business basis than they are run at present, it is impossible. A man may start a business, and no matter how bright he is as a business man, if patronage fails to come to him his business will not prosper. Patronage is all that field trials need, unless it is fewer field trials and more important ones.

When things become too common they are not so interesting to some; this seems to be the case with field trials. When there were less of them there was greater patronage; but, however true this may be, field trials are the backbone of our field dogs. What have bench shows ever done for field dogs? Nothing. Field trials have done it all. The practical sportsmen who go afield, and appreciate what the term a good field dog means, should patronize field trials even if unable to attend them in person, and in that way do their part toward their support.

W. W. TITUS.

The W. K. C. Premium List.

THE premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club, which can be obtained by addressing the Superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, Room 26, 32 Pine street, New York, is now ready for distribution. The special prize list as is also the regular prize list is notable for its length and value. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels, collies, poodles, bull-terriers, bulldogs, Boston terriers, dachshunde, beagles, fox-terriers, Irish terriers, black and tan terriers, Bedlington, Scottish, Skye terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, have \$15 and \$10, first and second in challenge classes, while in open classes the prizes range from \$20, \$10 and \$5, first, second and third respectively, to \$15, \$10 and \$5, and \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5, some classes having a fourth prize. Puppy and novice classes are liberally provided for, those classes having \$15, \$10 and \$5, and \$10 and \$5. Nearly all the breeds enumerated have each a special kennel prize of \$20 for the best exhibit of four. Classes are provided for uncropped dogs of the breed commonly cropped. The special prize list is so long and valuable that, as full mention cannot be given here, special attention is called to its worth. Specialty club cups and other trophies and prizes are out in full force. The club will add 50 per cent. to the amount of prize money won by any dog wholly owned by a non-resident of the United States or Canada. Entries close Feb. 4. The show will be benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Entry fee \$5. A judge for spaniels will be announced soon.

Successful Clubs.*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I beg to call your attention to the fact that field trial interests as a whole are not in the deplorable condition pictured in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 4 under the title "A Review of the Year." That article deals only with the pointer and setter trials, and totally ignores the foxhound and beagle trials which have been remarkably successful during the past season. Foxhound trials have been held by the Brunswick Fur Club and the National Fox Hunters' Association, and beagle trials by the National Beagle Club, the New England Beagle Club and the Northwestern Beagle Club. These five clubs are all prosperous, and their trials will bear comparison in all respects with those held by any club in the country. They have not lacked entries, the attendance has been large, no trials have been called off, no club has disbanded and none are in financial difficulties. The enthusiasm of the members and the general public interest in the trials has never been as great as it is to-day, and the coming year promises to be the most successful in the history of these competitions. No review of the year is complete which fails to mention these clubs and the splendid work they are doing.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The Brunswick Fur Club's seventh annual winter meet is to be held at Brunswick, Maine, during the week of January 13. The club headquarters will be at the Tontine Hotel. The rates will be \$1.50 and \$2 per day for a single room.

The annual meeting of the club, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held on Monday Evening, January 13.

Brunswick is on the Maine Central Railroad. Sportsmen going by the way of Boston will take the cars at the Union Station.

This is to be a rousing hunting meet. Foxes are reported plentiful near the town, and the Brunswick members of the club will do all in their power to make the hunt a notable one in the annals of New England fox-hunting. Sportsmen will receive a hearty welcome, and all who attend are urged to bring their hounds.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE A. K. C. AND CROPPING.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have taken the keenest interest in the ear cutting discussion recently going on in FOREST AND STREAM, and while I have taken no part in it myself I am gratified that the final outcome of this vexing question is settled, for the time being at least.

I am pleased to note that the agitators of this matter could not muster enough votes with which to override the wishes and interest of those most concerned. In my opinion it only goes to show that common sense has prevailed. The advocates of those opposed to cropping had but one leg to stand on, to wit: the cruelty of it. I would like to ask, Mr. Editor, how many of those who have taken such a decided stand against cropping know from their own personal observations and knowledge the extent of the cruelty inflicted. From my own observations in the last six or seven years, during which time I have cropped the ears of many and had many others cropped by others, I have never been able to discover any great cruelty in the operation: that is, when it was judiciously and scientifically done. With the aid of cocaine hypodermically injected there is little or no pain, judging from the actions of the subject.

I have on numerous occasions cut the ears of great Dane puppies, when they were 5 or 6 months old, without any assistance except that of the drug mentioned. After the operation the ears should be treated in manner as advocated by Dr. Phillips in his letter recently published in FOREST AND STREAM. When so treated there will be no pain and little inconvenience to the puppy.

Of all domestic animals when in distress the dog is the first to show it. Let him get hurt or injured and he will immediately take to his kennel and refuse all food, but I have never yet seen a puppy refuse his meal after the operation of having his ears cut. This in itself will prove that the pain is of trifling moment. Hence I say let the ear cutting and tail docking go on.

The only way to abolish it is through the medium of the public. When the public refuses to purchase dogs with cropped ears and docked tails the breeders of these breeds will themselves discontinue the practice; but neither the A. K. C., nor any other body of men, can force anything upon the public that it does not want, hence all legislation of this character through the A. K. C. should be discouraged.

The only way to propagate the individuality of a breed of dogs is to leave it in the hands of the breeders. Once let the breeders give a breed up for want of popularity or favor with the public and it will soon disappear. In proof of this note at our big shows the absence of the once numerous and popular Newfoundland. From the time the first St. Bernard landed in America the Newfoundland has gradually disappeared—not, however, from any fault of his, but because the breeders could no longer keep him to advantage against the more popular St. Bernard. So with the cropped and docked dogs, if the public will not have them they too will soon disappear.

I could go on in this strain and cite a hundred other reasons why cropping should not be meddled with by the A. K. C., but the ground has been pretty well covered by other breeders. I will close this article by thanking the gentlemen who so gallantly fought the resolution at the A. K. C. meeting.

HARRY L. GOODMAN.

Youatt on Cropping.

"I have some doubt whether I ought not to omit the mention of this cruel practice. Mr. Blaine very properly says that 'it is one that does not honor the inventor, for nature gives nothing in vain. Beauty and utility appear in all when properly examined, but in unequal degrees. In some beauty is pre-eminent, while in others utility appears to have been the principal consideration. That must, therefore, be a false taste that has taught us to prefer a curtailed organ to a perfect one, without gaining any convenience by the operation.' He adds, and it is my only excuse for saying one word about the matter, that 'custom being now fixed, directions are now proper for its performance."

"The owner of the dog commences with maiming him while a puppy. He finds fault with the ears that nature has given him, and they are rounded or cut into various shapes, according to his whim or caprice. It is a cruel operation. A great deal of pain is inflicted by it, and it is often a long time before the edge of the wound will heal; a fortnight or three weeks at least will elapse ere the animal is free from pain.

"It has been pleaded, and I would be one of the last to oppose the plea, that the ears of many dogs are rounded on account of the ulcers which attack and rend the conch; because animals with short ears defend themselves most readily from the attacks of others; because, in their combats with each other, they generally endeavor to lay hold of the neck or the ears; and therefore when their ears are shortened they have considerable advantage over their adversary. There is some truth in this plea; but otherwise the operation of cropping is dependent on caprice or fashion.

"If the ears of dogs must be cropped it should not be done too early, otherwise they will grow again, and the second cropping will not produce a good appearance.

"The scissors are the proper instruments for accomplishing the removal of the ear; the tearing of the cartilage out by main force is an act of cruelty that none but a brute in human shape would practice, and if he attempt it, it is ten to one that he does not obtain a good crop. If the conch is torn out there is nothing remaining to retain the skin round the auricular opening; it may be torn with the auditory canal, and as that is otherwise very extensible in the dog it is prolonged above the opening, which may then probably be closed by a cicatrix. The animal will in this case always remain deaf, at least in one ear. In the meantime the mucous membrane which lines the *meatus auditorius* substance, the secretion of the wax, continues; it accumulates and acquires an irritating quality; the irritation which it causes produces an augmentation of the secretion, and soon the whole of the subcutaneous passage becomes filled, and seems to assume the form of a cord, and it finishes by the dog continuing to worry himself, shaking his head and becoming subject to fits.

"Mr. Blaine very naturally observes that 'It is not a little surprising that this custom is so frequently or almost invariably practiced on pug dogs, whose ears, if left alone to nature, are particularly handsome and hang very gracefully. It is hardly to be conceived how the pug's head—

which is not naturally beautiful except in the eye of perverted taste—is improved by suffering his ears to be removed."

"If the cropping is to be practiced, the mother should have been previously removed. It is quite erroneous that her licking the wounded edges would be serviceable. On the contrary, it only increases the pain and deprives the young ones of the best balsam that can be applied—the blood that flows from their wounds."

A Lady on Cropping.

The world is funny or tragic, dependent upon our dinner and our liver.

My dinner is eaten in loneliness, and presto! my liver is sluggish and I smile at the world and feel no mirth.

I smile at the inconsistencies of the world. For instance, our very humane ideas! They depend so entirely upon style. We are humane or otherwise, as style dictates, and it's mostly otherwise!

There are dogs—I thank heaven! See what they are to us. The Esquimaux says: "A man's best friend is his dog, better even than his wife," and no woman who once knew a dog's faithfulness and loyalty ever found his equal in a man. One wise man said: "The more I see of men the more I love my dogs," and in the newspapers we read daily accounts of the heroism of dogs—saving some one from drowning, saving some one from fire, catching burglars, finding lost children, always showing heroism that equals, yes, excels, man's. And yet how do we treat these speechless friends?

Style says torture them, clip their ears and bob their tails. We heed no other consideration, and we clip and bob! We impose the most horrible suffering upon them merely so we may own "stylish" dogs! And we prate about our humanity!

Last summer I saw five bull-terriers being made "stylish." They were several months old, and had pedigrees that would fill a column nonpareil. They were darling puppies, and had been sold for \$50 apiece. But before being delivered to their owners they were undergoing the martyrdom of being trimmed into style.

The week before their ears had been cut to a point and their poor tails chopped off close to their bodies. As they ran to me in obedience to my call, they tumbled over each other, puppy-fashion, and so painful were their raw wounds that they ran about madly, howling in fearful agony.

The man showing them to me picked them up one after the other, and pulled their sore ears with all his power, to give them a sharp point, as he explained. The frenzied cries of those helpless puppies made my heart sick.

"It is inhuman, barbarous," I said, turning away, faint at the sight.

"But it's got to be done fer style, m'm," he explained. "We couldn't get any price for them wid long ears."

What matters the suffering of these helpless dogs so long as they are "cut" into style? For what do we support the Humane Society in luxurious idleness? And why do we pretend to be humane and civilized? I ate my dinner in loneliness, and so I smile.

To add to our laurels the Kennel Club, that loves dogs so well that it gives us a big dog show every year, decides that it shall continue to be the style to clip and bob and torture dogs. It was so easy for them to befriend the animal that is of such profit to them. Had they voted against the practice dogs would have been saved untold suffering and the club would have borne the stamp of civilization.

I hope every man, woman and child that loves a dog will refuse to patronize the dog show until the club shows some humanity for the animals it exhibits.

I love my dogs—my friends, who are always glad to see me, who are never unkind, who can read whether joy or sorrow is in my heart though it be hidden from the eye of man, who welcome my coming and grieve at my going, who will feast with me and who will starve with me, whose loyalty is everlasting. As they love me, so I love them, and I hate the fiends who "cut" them into style.—*Nellie Bly in the World.*

Dalziel on Cropping.

"Cropping, which fashion prescribes for certain unfortunate breeds of terriers, has no justification offered for it except the taste (?) of the admirer of this cruel and useless operation. It is said cropped terriers look sharper and handsomer than those with the ears left on, but the absurdity of this appears when we remember that it is not applied to Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington or fox-terriers. It is cruel not only in the pain the operation causes, but far more so in exposing one of the most delicate organs to the effects of cold, wet, sand and dirt, by removing the part nature intended as a protection. What would be thought of a fashion that demanded that the eyelid or the paw should be removed, with the result that the dog could not clean his eye from the matter blown into it? Cropping by exposing the internal parts of the ear to the weather and the intrusion of particles of sand, etc., produces canker, inflammation and deafness, and cannot be too strongly condemned."

A. K. C. Resolution.

In the December *American Kennel Gazette* is the following notice of resolution by Dr. H. T. Foote: "Please give notice in your next issue of the *Gazette* that I will offer at the February meeting of the Kennel Club the following resolution (not amendment or addition to the bench show rules):

Whereas, The mutilation of dogs is a recognized cruelty and not necessary or justifiable excepting in cases of disease, and

Whereas, The cruelty-to-animal laws throughout the States make such mutilation a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and fine,

Resolved, That all dogs born after Dec. 31, 1896, must be shown in their natural conditions, and if in any way mutilated will be considered "improperly tampered with" and subject to Article XI. of the rules governing bench shows.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was surprised at a statement made by Mr. Watson at the A. K. C. meeting, Dec. 19 last, re anti-cropping amendment. You quote Mr. Watson as saying in reference to cropped Irish terriers at the present day in England, viz.: "You cannot get a cropped Irish terrier in England now, and none have been obtainable for some years."

I fear Mr. Watson rarely reads his English *Stock-Keeper* or he would frequently see cropped Irish terriers for sale. Let him refer to the *Stock-Keeper* Dec. 20, just to hand. He will there see advertised for sale Marton Masher, a cropped dog, and he is a winner during the last eighteen months of over twenty first and specials, of course not under E. K. C. rules.

Then again, what about champion Breadenhill, another cropped specimen still in the flesh, and one of the most perfect of his breed that has ever been exhibited, winning first and specials, Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Manchester, Brighton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc., in fact a winner in highest company whenever exhibited.

Of course anybody knows that a cropped Irish terrier is handicapped at the present time for exhibition purposes. It was the non-cropping question that drove that prince of fanciers, Mr. Herbert Graves, of Liverpool, out of breed, and at the time he owned champion Extreme Carelessness, champion Playboy, champion Glory, etc.

Still occasionally a cropped dog of this breed is exhibited in England, but, as I said before, not under E. K. C. rules.

T. S. BELLIN.

Jan. 2.

Idstone on Cropping.

Speaking of bull-terriers in "The Dog" he says: "The ears should be uncut—as nature made them—not improved by the illiterate by cutting away the lobes, pointing them in an upright position until they are rigid and erect for life. 'God never made his work for man to mend.'"

Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To appreciate the advantages of a great game estate is to live in it; to know the necessity for the conservation of the game supply is to be in touch with all field interests.

The resources of Minnesota have made her famous, and the resident sportsmen are keenly alive to the value of their heritage. The beauties of our lakes and forests, the successes with rod and gun, have been told by many pens in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The tales of camp life and pleasant outings are the tiny craft that float so lightly in the deeper current of game and fish protection.

While there are no gallant exploits of arrest and conviction to chronicle for the voluntary game and fish protective association of the State during the past year, yet it has worked steadily and well. Information from this point, a quiet tip from that, have all found their way to the State Commission for the action of Executive Agent Fullerton and his wardens.

It has been a great year to record for the constituted authorities, and an educational campaign of game and fish protection by the citizens' movement.

Mr. Fullerton in his annual report gives full credit to the voluntary work and recognizes the deterrent influence on illegal taking that such an association has inspired.

The sportsmen of Minnesota have now gone a step further. We are working to protect the game and fish for the people at large, but have now struck nearer home and find it necessary to institute a public movement to protect the gunner's friend, his dog. Good hunting dogs are valuable property to own here and very tempting subjects to a thief.

In the larger cities a number of valuable dogs have been lost to their owners by theft in the last several years, but from the number reported this season it is evident that there is an organized effort by dog thieves to take up and dispose of the most valuable. But few so lost have been recovered. Instancing the fact that of a party of five whose gunning trip was noted in a daily paper, within two weeks each gentleman had lost his dog.

The dog is personal property in Minnesota and taxed as such in addition to local licenses; but owing to the systematic evasion of city ordinances the police make but few efforts to recover stolen dogs.

But the line has now been drawn, and at a general meeting of dog owners held at the Windsor Hotel in St. Paul recently an association that in its field stands alone in America was organized under the title of the Minnesota Society for the Protection of Dogs, and a full complement of officers elected as follows: Uri L. Lamprey, President, St. Paul; Henry G. Smith, Vice-President, First Congressional District, Winona; H. M. Twitchell, Vice-President, Second Congressional District, Worthington; T. M. Paine, Vice-President, Third Congressional District, Glencoe; Harry Wack, Vice-President, Fourth Congressional District, St. Paul; Wm. L. Wolford, Vice-President, Fifth Congressional District, Minneapolis; Wm. C. Sargent, Vice-President, Sixth Congressional District, Duluth; A. G. Anderson, Vice-President, Seventh Congressional District, Crookston; John S. Prince, Jr., Treasurer, St. Paul; Wm. L. Tucker, Secretary, St. Paul; John E. Stryker, Attorney, St. Paul; Stan Donnelly, Attorney, St. Paul. Board of Directors—Frank F. Loomis, Richard Price, V. S.; Wm. Libbey, Geo. Scales, L. D. Barnard, all of St. Paul.

The association starts with more than 150 members in the Twin Cities alone, and reasonably certain of hundreds of members from the State at large. The constitution speaks the object of the association as follows:

"The purpose and business of the society shall be, to protect its members in the possession and ownership of valuable dogs; to secure the return of the same when astray or stolen, and to prosecute and by all legitimate means assist in the punishment of dog thieves."

It is sure to meet with a hearty response from the dog owners of Minnesota; and it may be the means of starting a national association with like objects, and ultimately make it impossible for dog thieves to dispose of their catches in any city or State. Wm. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Pace in Shooting Dogs.

TYRO SHOPS, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speed in shooting dogs is commonly overrated. There are several other qualities of much greater consequence that do not seem to attract so much attention. As a matter of fact, some of the rather too slow ones show great intelligence and do their work in grand shape.

A dog that goes at his top speed can't last long, nor can he do first-class work. The fact is, he is nervous and in too great a hurry to take time to work out his ground properly. He may make a sensational point now and again by almost accidentally catching the scent of a covey at a few yards that he might have scented at three times the distance had he been going at the pace that he could keep up for four hours.

The pace that a strong, well-made, high-couraged dog can sustain for four or five hours is, I believe, fast enough to satisfy any experienced sportsman.

The four-hour heats of the late Central Field Trial Club were good tests of pace, as well as other qualities, and demonstrated the fact that fast, nervous weeds do not amount to much as shooting dogs. Some men make a point of never hunting their dogs for more than an hour or so at a time on purpose, to get them into the habit of going at great speed, because they expect (and are often correct in thinking) that great credit will be given them for it; but one would suppose that experience ought to have taught most field trial men by this time that excessive speed is a downright fault.

I have known of dogs that after having hunted for hours at a good hand gallop could, late in the evening, put on a tremendous sprint when they had an object in view, such as cutting off a determined runner, or locating a covey that a rival was also working on.

These are the occasions where great speed ought to be appreciated.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Treatment for Warts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a cure for warts in a dog's mouth. I would like to give it to FOREST AND STREAM readers. About two months ago my puppy's mouth was full of large seed warts; in fact, the inside was literally covered. I commenced to cut them off with sharp scissors and touch the roots with nitrate of silver. I cut off five in this way, and to stop the flow of blood I used a strong solution of alum water. I sponged the mouth out about five times and waited several days for the cut places to get well. To my surprise, I found them nearly gone in a few days. I applied alum water several times more and they disappeared entirely. I am convinced this remedy did it, and as it is a simple one it may benefit some one.

HAMPDEN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In a letter dated Dec. 29 Mr. W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss., writes as follows:

"Mr. W. H. Hammond and Mr. T. Sturgis are located at Palo Alto, Miss., and Mr. J. Tredwell Richards, of New York, is staying at the same farm, shooting. Mr. Hammond at first located near West Point, but owing to the land posted by the field trial clubs, the tide of shooters (local) went over his way, and it was a constant bang from morning until night. Where he is at present is too far from town for the disturbing element to reach him. He is well pleased with his location, and finds birds abundant.

"When J. B. Stoddard and Mr. Kidwell arrived I sent them to Tibbee, which was represented as a birdy place, but they failed to find the number of birds there they expected and moved west of West Point to a place called Siloam, where the prospects seemed to be good for birds, and the country is open.

"That efficient secretary-treasurer of the United States and Champion Club, W. B. Stafford, was in West Point recently, completing the details of holding the trials. He secured a guide and completed other arrangements.

"George Gray writes from Appleton, Minn., that he will start for Mississippi on Dec. 28, and that Frank Richards will come down with him.

"I was at Vinton on Sunday to see George Richards, and found him fat and smiling because everything is going his way. Lots of birds, he says, and many of the farmers have posted their land and given him exclusive hunting rights thereon."

The many friends of the late J. Shelley Hudson will be grieved on learning of his death. He died at his home in Covington, Ky., on the evening of Dec. 24, of Bright's disease. No man was better known than he to the sportsmen of America. He owned many noted dogs and at one time took an active interest in field trials.

Major W. H. Key died in South Florence, Ala., on Dec. 7. He was a celebrated sportsman of his section and an active promoter of field trials a few years ago and participant in them. He acted many times as judge in the field trials.

Under date of Jan. 2 Mr. John Brett writes us as follows: "I shipped to Col. H. Platt, Bangor, N. Wales, on Dec. 26, three English setter puppies for the English spring trials, one of them by Real English ex Flower of Sulphur and two by The Earl ex Maid Marion. Col. Platt won first and second in the grouse trials held in Wales last August. Mr. A. G. Hooley writes me he has some grand youngsters by Real English that will be hard to beat."

Mr. R. Humfreys-Roberts is now secretary of the City of the Straits Kennel Club, vice Mr. A. D. Welton, who resigned. Mr. Welton's intention is to leave Detroit soon.

Catalogue No. 8 of the Rockland Beagle Kennel, Nanuet, N. Y., for the season of 1896, is artistically gotten up, and contains portraits of Champion Frank Forest, Buckshot, Lee III. and Champion Roy K., besides giving other information appertaining to that kennel.

Mr. Fred Mansell, 7 Saint Clement st., Barnsbury, London, N., has in hand plates of Mr. Dyer-Bennett's smooth fox-terrier bitch Lyons Sting and Mr. Sam Hill's wire hair Meersbrook Bristles. Artist's proofs, 42s. each; India prints, 15s. each. Mr. Mansell is now prepared to receive subscriptions for the limited number (thirty-five) of the artist proof plates which he will publish.

Box 2578, New York, offers broken pointer. Mr. T. Henckels, Middlebury, Vt., offers St. Bernard. Mr. A. L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointers. Mr. H. Benton, Afton, N. Y., offers broken beagle. Box 392, Cincinnati, offers broken pointer. Mr. John Brett, Gloster, N. Y., offers to board, condition and handle dogs. Mr. H. L. Ford, Springfield, O., offers broken setter. Mr. L. A. Pearle, Hampton, Conn., offers broken setters. Mr. A. M. Hopper, East Orange, N. J., offers pointers. Mr. G. Boehme, New York, offers Chesapeake Bay dog.

A Parisian paper, *Le Petit Journal*, of the 12th inst., indulged its readers with a list of prices paid for valuable dogs that would make English mouths water. Our contemporary relates that in the beginning of this month the

steamship *Scythia* delivered at Boston a St. Bernard dog for Mr. C. H. Moore which cost that gentleman £45,000. What will a Frenchman believe? Colonel Ruppert is said to have given £1,000 for Scottish Prince, and Turk, the mastiff, we are told changed hands for £1,620. Another St. Bernard, Lord Bute, made within a few pounds of £4,000. A New York lady, they continue, owns a Japanese spaniel for which she paid £300. We have kept the most exciting item for the last, and we think this will be news to everybody in England, particularly fox-terrier men. *Le Petit Journal* chronicles that a fortnight ago D'Orsay sailed for America in exchange for a cheque of \$5,000 (£1,000). We wonder if his owner, Mr. F. Redmond, knows this? Then our contemporary proceeds to cap the lot by adding that D'Orsay, however, is but a second-rate dog, as his "kennel companion *Vesuvienne*" is priced by the same owner at £3,000. Somebody must have been "stuffing up" *Le Petit Journal* to a comical extent, and its readers must be a gullible public to swallow such preposterous statements.—*The Stock-Keeper (England)*.

Yachting.

THE past week has brought out nothing new in the Dunraven matter; the committee heard the last witnesses on Dec. 31, and Mr. Asquith sailed for England on Jan. 2. The committee has as yet made no report.

THE Yacht Racing Union, of Long Island Sound, has just completed its first year and begun a second under the same officers who have contributed so ably to its successful establishment. During the past season the large number of clubs composing the Union have worked together in complete harmony, and with a marked improvement in the management of races. It will be necessary for the Union to take some more positive action this year than last in the matter of racing rules, and this work is already under way. The permanency of the Association now seems assured, and it is likely in the future to do much for yacht racing and the yacht clubs between New York and New London.

YACHT DESIGNING.—II.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 17.]

THE position of the professional yacht designer is so fully recognized to-day by all classes of yachtsmen, and the systematic planning and drawing of the design without reference to who may build the yacht is so much a matter of course, that very few realize how recent this great change is, or how rapidly but imperceptibly it has finally come about. Less than twenty years have elapsed since the work was entirely in the hands of the builders, some few of whom were clever and competent designers, but the professional designer entirely unconnected with building firms was unknown. Interesting as it would be, no complete history of the origin and development of yacht designing has yet been written, and it may not be out of place here to outline some of the more important points.

Considering the advanced position of systematic designing as applied to war vessels within the past century or more in England, and especially in France; and the progress attained by both naval constructors and by men of science who devoted themselves to study and research in the inviting field of abstract naval architecture; it is rather surprising to find that the early yachtsmen of England, largely men of wealth, position and intelligence, gave very little thought to the designing of their yachts, and offered very small incentive to improvement. Not only was this the case before yachting and match sailing became the popular sports they now are, but until a very recent period the wealthier yacht owners, both of America and England, have as a class done remarkably little to encourage study, improvement and research among builders and designers.

It is now nearly seventy-five years since John Fincham, a master shipwright at the Portsmouth dockyard in England, and a naval architect of deservedly high reputation, called the attention of yachtsmen to the necessity of applying to yacht building the then recognized principles of naval architecture. He went so far as to take off the lines and compute the elements of the leading yachts of the time, and urged upon owners and builders the importance of systematic tests and comparisons of all yachts. On the part of the builders Mr. Fincham met with determined opposition, each resenting what he considered an attempt to steal his trade secret, the model of his yacht; and from the owners he met with no encouragement whatever.

The matter rested for a quarter of a century, until the victory of the schooner *America*, in 1851, stirred up British yachtsmen to the realization of the defects of their best yachts, when Mr. Fincham again renewed his agitation. For several years preceding the advent of *America*, John Scott Russell, the eminent English naval architect, had urged the claims of his theories of wave lines and a long, hollow bow, as applied to yachts, but with no particular success. His contention, practically that the existing British yacht of the "cod's head and mackerel's tail" model was trying to sail stern foremost, was changed by the success of *America* from a mere abstract theory to a most concrete and pertinent fact, and after freely conceding the superiority of *America* and the defects of their own craft, British yachtsmen were, for the first time, ready to give a hearing to such men as Fincham and Scott Russell. The day of the professional yacht designer was still far distant, but there was awakened among yacht owners a desire for knowledge, and a sudden impulse was given to the work of taking off the lines and calculating the elements of racing yachts.

A few years later, in 1856, the cause of scientific designing found a firm friend and most able and earnest advocate in P. H. Murett, an English yachtsman, who has left a fitting monument in the book "Yachts and Yacht Building," published in that year. Under this modest title is presented for the first time in print a detailed and comprehensive system of designing; and Mr. Murett not only pointed out the importance of the work, but he did much to make it possible to owners and other amateurs by collecting designs of such noted craft as *America*, *Mosquito*, *Thought*, *Vesper* and *Mary Taylor*, and computing, tabulating and comparing their dimensions and elements. While writing in a popular manner and within the com-

prehension of any intelligent man, he covered the subject most thoroughly and systematically, and it would have been well for yachting if the book had received on both sides of the Atlantic that attention which it deserved. Though the building of yachts from a design was by no means unknown at this time, the majority of yachts were turned out by men who rather gloried in the fact that their knowledge was purely "practical," and that they were devoid of any scientific attainments; nor was it until twenty years later that this class gave way to the trained and educated specialist, the yacht designer.

One of the first of the noted designers is John Harvey, now a resident of New York, and known here through such yachts as *Bedouin*, *Miranda* and *Wenonah*. His personal experience dates back of America and her rivals, his father and grandfather being famous in their day as builders of fast craft, yachts and merchant vessels, at the old Wivenhoe yard on the east coast of England. Mr. Harvey's experience, beginning as a boy in the building yard and in after years solely as a designer, is a connecting link between the old and new systems.

Of those who have attained prominence as designers without being in any way connected with building, the first, so far as I can learn, is St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, designer of the steam yachts *Namouna* and *Alva*. As long ago as 1859, while engaged as a draftsman with the great shipbuilding firm of Laird & Co., of Birkenhead, Mr. Byrne designed a schooner—*Albatross*—which was built of iron and is still afloat. His real work as a yacht designer dates from about 1870, and in the four or five years following he turned out a number of successful sailing yachts of 10 to 12 tons; the latter class in particular being then in great favor with racing men. Later on he devoted himself entirely to steam yachts, in which class of vessel he has been very successful.

In 1870 Dixon Kemp became interested in the work originated by Mr. Murett some fourteen years before, and took off the lines of a large number of sailing yachts, computing the elements and tabulating and classifying the results. In the following year he designed his first yacht, named *Boojum*, and in 1873 he designed the 30-tonner *Oivana*. Early in 1874 he published in *The Field* the designs of two 5-tonners, and in the same year he began the compilation of material for the first of his books, the large quarto "Yacht Designing," published in 1876. Two years later came the first edition of "Yacht and Boat Sailing," which has now reached its eighth edition; and in 1885 appeared the first edition of "Yacht Architecture," an extension and elaboration of the original "Yacht Designing." In addition to these standard works, which have done so much to disseminate knowledge of yachts and designing, Mr. Kemp has designed many yachts, of late years mostly steamers.

In 1874 George Lennox Watson, then a young man in the employ of the shipbuilding firm of John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, designed his first yacht, a very curious craft called *Peg Woffington*, following her a year later by the famous 5-tonner *Clothilde*, and then by *Vril*, and then the long string of famous tens, including *Verve I.*, *Verve II.*, *Madge*, *Ulerin* and *Queen Mab*. Mr. Watson is purely a designer, his yachts being built by others; in all he has designed over 220 yachts, from the largest steam yachts down to small racing boats, in addition to some commercial work, lifeboats, etc.

In 1875 there came out in England a noted yacht, the 10-tonner *Lily*, from whose published design the cutters *Muriel* and *Mona* were afterward built, with some modifications, in this country. She was the work of Alexander Richardson, of Liverpool, an amateur, who next year produced the famous 20-tonner *Challenge*, and in 1877 adopted designing as a profession, in later years gaining fame through *Silver Star*, *Irex* and *Iverna*. About 1875 another young amateur, C. P. Clayton, began his work at Southampton, being particularly successful in the now extinct length classes of the *Itchen*.

Will Fife, Jr., the designer of *Minerva*, *Clara* and *Ailsa*, is a builder by birth and education, his father and grandfather, both of the same name as himself, having been famous for generations on the Clyde. His work as a designer began almost as a boy, early in the 70s, and though he has always been connected with yacht building, he is in every sense a professional designer, ranking very high.

Mr. J. Beavor Webb, designer of the challengers *Genesta* and *Galatea*, and of the fine steam yachts *Corsair*, *Intrepid* and *Sultana*, was originally an architect by profession, taking up designing about 1875 as an amateur, one of his most successful boats, the 20-tonner *Freda*, being designed in 1880.

From this brief sketch of the course of designing abroad, it will be seen that it began largely in the work of a few ambitious young amateurs about 1875, who have since made their reputations as designers, replacing the old builders. At the present time the men who are best known as the heads of the leading building yards, Arthur E. Payne, C. E. Nicholson, J. M. Soper and others, are at the same time recognized as expert designers as well.

The fact that the yacht designer obtained recognition abroad some years sooner than in this country makes it natural to deal first with the British designers, but it is interesting to note that A. Cary Smith, of New York, can lay claim to a position among the first of the professional designers. In 1870 Mr. Smith was engaged in yacht building after the fashion of the day, employing no drawings or calculations, but depending on the cut model and the eye. In that year the late Robert Center, always among the leaders in matters of sport, especially in yachting, returned from a residence of several years abroad—having crossed from New York to Cowes on the schooner *Fleetwing* in the famous triangular ocean race of 1866—and brought with him a familiarity with the English cutter and also a copy of Murett's book. With the book as a guide, and following the general design of the cutter *Mosquito*, Mr. Smith made his first design on paper without a model, making all the calculations and comparing the results with those tabulated by Murett. From this design was built in 1872 the first American cutter in model and rig, and the first yacht built in this country from a design on paper; to cap it all, the hull, as in *Mosquito*, being of iron instead of wood. After an extended and comprehensive vocabulary of ridicule and abuse had been exhausted on the model and rig of the new craft, yachtsmen and builders had still plenty to say in condemnation of the unknown method of building, without a block model, and of the use of iron in place of wood; and besides those who contended that a yacht produced in such a manner could never sail, there were others who

declared that an iron hull would never float. Under Mr. Center's ownership and personal handling Vindex proved as remarkable in this country as Mosquito had been abroad, and, though nearly ten years were to pass before yachtsmen would be ready to accept the keel model, the cutter rig and the iron hull, it was the practical and irrefutable demonstration which she gave that first silenced and eventually convinced the most obstinate.

It was during this period that American yachtsmen were divided into two parties—one, the larger by far at first, taking the side of the practical builder who took part personally in the actual handiwork of his yard; the other, at first very small, contending for the employment of a trained and educated specialist, untrammelled by the business details of building, and necessarily enjoying far more extended opportunities for carefully planning a yacht than the man of more limited education, whose time was largely taken up with his machines and his workmen. While most of the yachts of this period were built from the model by the old builders, some very successful ones, among them White Cap, Madcap and Intrepid, were designed by Mr. Smith; and then, at the end of 1879, came out the "iron pot," Mischief, also designed by him. She was the best of the centerboard sloops, a carefully worked out design embodying many modern ideas in model, construction, ballasting and rig; and her well-deserved success settled forever the issue between the old methods and the new. The brief but brilliant career of the late Edward Burgess and the achievements on both sides of the Atlantic of N. G. Herreshoff are so nearly matters of to-day that they hardly form a part of the history of the origin of designing.

Apart from the professionals mentioned and others of more recent date, there have been many amateurs who have contributed largely to the advancement of yachting and designing through special studies and excellent practical work; their names being known to our readers through such published designs as those of Petrel, designed by John Hyslop, a yacht far in advance of her day; the 90ft. racing schooner Sea Fox, designed by her owner, A. Cass Canfield; and the experimental compromise cutter Thetis and the 90ft. cruising schooner designed by Henry Bryant. The late Robert Center was a skillful amateur designer and a most exact and painstaking draftsman, delighting in fine and accurate work.

The experience of some years has shown that the builder and designer are in no way antagonistic, but that their interests are in common; and that the division and specialization of the work has been an advantage to all concerned. On the part of the builder, he is in the long run paid as much for building from an outside design as he was when he furnished the model or built "out of his head" without one; he is relieved of much detail work, and, if he faithfully follows the design, of all responsibility for the performance of the yacht. On the part of the owner, it may be said that he pays more for his yacht to the amount of the designer's fee, but this is small in proportion to the total cost of the yacht; and he certainly has a far better knowledge of what he will get and a better guarantee of good performance in ordering designs and specifications of a designer of reputation than in making a contract with a builder on the basis of a roughly-cut model which probably showed neither spars, rudder, keel, centerboard or cabin trunk.

There is, it is true, no positive guarantee that the work of the most talented designer will not prove a failure; nor is there any redress for the owner if this should unfortunately prove the case, but the same is true in the case of the builder, and in a greater degree. In discussing the relations of builder and designer it must be borne in mind that the general adoption of modern methods has greatly altered the whole question; and that, while the builder of a generation ago or less was almost always wedded to certain crude ways of his own, many of the builders of to-day are well versed in the methods of the professional designer.

For the yachtsman with any taste for science, study or practical work in connection with yachts, designing is one of the most delightful of recreations. A study of it even to a limited extent cannot fail to make him more observant and to teach him much that is of value concerning his yacht. It is not to be expected that with limited time and opportunities for study he will surpass or even equal the professional who is making a life work of designing; but with intelligence and diligence he may at least win the respect and commendation of the latter, and may add materially to the sum total of naval knowledge. While his opportunities are in some respects more limited, at the same time he is often enabled to pursue certain lines of study from which the designer is barred by the demands of a business that is both arduous and exacting.

The actual work of designing is most fascinating; there is no combination of inanimate matter which comes so near to life and intelligence as a vessel, and the creation of one that will move hither or thither at the will of her owner, that will be weatherly, able and easy, possessing those qualities which are generally recognized as desirable, that will be beautiful to the eye, and above all faster than some other of her fellows, is an achievement that well repays the pains. The general planning of a yacht is a most interesting problem, given certain assumed conditions to attain certain results; the drawing is clean, light work, with a certain charm of its own as the solid form develops itself by degrees from the many straight and curved lines of the one flat surface of the drawing board just as the image does on a photographic plate; the various calculations are interesting and open a wide field for investigation to those who are fond of mathematical problems; the construction presents a different but no less interesting problem of a mechanical nature, and the artistic possibilities of a design are almost unlimited.

The house architect is called on to produce a structure that is at once strong, convenient in arrangement and beautiful, but in doing this he need not consider floatation, speed or weight of construction; the naval architect is called on to produce greater strength with a very limited amount of material, to arrange to advantage a form that is peculiarly awkward so far as division into rooms is concerned, and at the same time to give the first place to speed and weatherly qualities. The painter or sculptor finds his work finished when he succeeds in gratifying the eye; the yacht designer, on the other hand, even though he has achieved perfection in all other respects, is still open to condemnation if he turns out a craft that is lacking in beauty and grace. There is, perhaps, no occupation which makes such extensive demands at once on

the deductive powers and the mechanical and artistic ability.

Modern Design and Construction.

THE following case, as reported by the *Yachtsman*, is a most pertinent commentary on *fin de siècle* design and construction. Without attempting to decide the exact merits of the case, we are of the opinion that the man who deliberately purchases a racing machine of 10ft. beam and 16ft. l.w.l.; with bent frames nailed to keel and devoid of any adequate system of floor construction, has no one to blame but himself when the trap falls to pieces. While poor workmanship and split garboards may have been contributory causes, one does not have to look far for the main causes, the structural weakness of such an extreme form, and the very inadequate scantling and extreme light construction.

The case of Forrest & Co. vs. Colley was tried before Mr. Justice Grantham in the Queen's Bench Division on Dec. 20. Mr. Channell, Q. C., and Sir Lennox Napier, instructed by Mr. George Terrell, appeared for the plaintiffs, the well-known yacht and ship builders of Wivenhoe; Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., and Mr. Poyser, instructed by Sandilands & Co., were for the defendant.

Mr. Channell, Q. C., in opening the case, said that the action was for £91, the balance of the agreed price of the 1-rater Wivern, built by the plaintiffs for the defendant, Mr. P. Colley, of Woodbridge, Suffolk. In March, 1895, some correspondence took place between the plaintiffs and defendant as to altering the Doushka, so as to make her more suitable for river sailing on the Orwell, Deben and East Coast. Eventually the defendant decided to order a new boat of the beamy, unballasted centerboard type to Mr. H. W. Ridsdale's design, the plaintiffs agreeing to allow him something for the Doushka. She was to be similar to one then building for Mr. W. P. Burton, about 15ft. on the waterline, 10ft. beam, and 25ft. over all, with 400sq. ft. of sail. In April the defendant wrote: "I will let you build me whatever you think will race. Do not forget that our rivers want plenty of sail; in the sea a large hull and small sail will do, but in the Orwell, with the water quite smooth and plenty of calms, we want plenty of sail. * * * All I ask is a fast boat. I do not want to be beaten by Mr. Burton." Afterward the defendant agreed to take over the boat building for Mr. Burton instead of having a new one. The Wivern was launched on June 1, and sailed in Harwich regatta on June 3, when she led for a short time, but fell behind owing to the centerplate being bent, so that it could not be got up. The next day she was towed back to Wivenhoe to have this defect remedied, and it was found that one of the garboards was cracked as if by a blow. She was repaired by Messrs. Forrest, and on July 6 the defendant took her back to Harwich. On July 18 the defendant wrote as follows: "Dear Sir—I capsized the Wivern to-day, and owing to the capsize I had a good look at her bottom. I am sorry to say I must decline to take her, and request you to return me the Doushka, and let me know where I shall deliver the Wivern to you. The planks on each side of her keel are no good at all, they split while you were building her, and were patched up, etc. * * *". The defendant had refused to pay anything for the Wivern on the ground that she was unseaworthy and improperly constructed; the plaintiffs were therefore obliged to bring this action.

Mr. Dixon Kemp, secretary of the Y. R. A., gave evidence for the plaintiffs. He said he went down to Shingle street in October last, and saw the Wivern lying on the beach. She was an extreme example of the type of boat produced by the old Y. R. A. rule of measurement. He thought the type was extinct now, owing to the alteration of the rule. The shape of the boat was governed by the rule of measurement in force. It was very important, for racing purposes, to have the construction as light as possible, and designers ran a good many risks for that reason. He found both garboards were split, and the keelson timbers were burst away. He concluded that this was done by some violent shock. She looked as if she had been chucked on the beach by the sea, and lay broadside on, with no supports, resting on the shingle. She was sufficiently strongly constructed for racing in calm weather in sheltered waters; the construction was clever for this purpose; but a fin-bub-keel would not have stopped on her five minutes—the strain would have been quite different. The mere fact of capsizing could not have caused the injury sustained. All the heels of the timbers were wrenched quite away; that extent of damage could not possibly have been done when she was afloat.

In cross-examination by Mr. Joseph Walton, witness said he never saw such a boat before. At the time the Wivern was ordered an alteration in the rule was contemplated. The planking was unusually wide—a little light; it had bulged inward and come away from the timbers and driven the frames up from the keel. He would probably have designed a stronger frame-construction himself.

Mr. H. W. Ridsdale, the designer of the Wivern, bore out counsel's opening statement. He said that Mr. Colley wished everything to be sacrificed to speed, and said he did not care whether she was seaworthy or not. He was certain that Mr. Colley was inexperienced in sailing such a boat.

Cross-examined by Mr. Walton, witness said he should not be surprised at anything Mr. Colley did with a boat. The damage might have been caused by Mr. and Mrs. Colley sitting on the keel when the Wivern capsized, or in other ways. The boat was to be of the best construction, and there was no haggling as to price.

Mr. Johnson, one of the directors of Forrest & Co., was examined as to a conversation with Mr. Colley before the race, in which he expressed his satisfaction with the boat. Cross-examined: Mr. Colley said that the centerplate had got bent when they went aground.

Harry Wood, shipwright in the employ of Messrs. Forrest, said that the boat was only intended for smooth water sailing. The planks were 8½in. wide, and she was strongly constructed with longitudinal bulkheads, and timbers spaced 6in.

Mr. Ridsdale (re-called) spoke as to seeing the bent centerplate at Harwich regatta. It came up with difficulty. John Simons (from Messrs. Forrest's) said he repaired the damage to the starboard strake after Harwich regatta. He thought the boat had been bumped. Mr. H. G. Rouse said he had recently examined the Wivern as she lay at Shingle street, and thought she was very well constructed. The timbers originally crossed the keel on the top and were nailed down. Cross-examined by Mr. Poyser: The timbers had lifted about 4in. when he saw them.

Mr. Joseph Walton, Q. C., opened the case for the defendant. He repudiated the suggestion of Mr. Ridsdale that his client, Mr. Colley, was inexperienced in handling small yachts. He admitted that the Wivern was built for racing simply, but contended that she should be fit for something more than sailing in perfectly calm weather. The centerplate got bent first when sailing round from Brightlingsea, and again when racing at Harwich, so that it could not be housed; afterward it touched the ground. When the Wivern capsized she was taken charge of by experienced sailors, laid ashore, covered up with a sail, and it was found that nothing but weakness of construction had caused the timbers to come up as they did.

Mr. Philip Colley, the defendant, denied that the Wivern had ever touched the ground till the end of the race at Harwich; the centerplate was bent in sailing. He was quite satisfied with the boat then. He described the circumstances of the capsizing of the Wivern in the middle of the River Alde, owing to a foul puff of wind. Witness and his wife and man were thrown into the water; they climbed on to the keel and paddled her to the shore. Afterward, when she was hauled ashore in a suitable place, he saw that the garboard strakes were split. Cross-examined by Mr. Channell, he did not notice anything wrong when they were sitting on the keel. When they got ashore the defects were pointed out to him.

Reginald Colley, son of the defendant, confirmed his father's account. The boat made a good deal of water on the Sunday at Harwich. Charles Barwood, sailor in defendant's employment, gave similar evidence. After the capsize he noticed the garboards were split on each side and the timbers displaced. Cross-examined: She leaked badly. James Barwood, skipper to Mr. Colley, said no damage was done in the course of righting and hauling her up. Mr. Alfred Burgoyne, yacht builder at Kingston-on-Thames, said he examined the Wivern in August. She lay securely on the beach. All the timbers were sprung and the bottom of the boat corrugated. There was no proper fastening of the timbers to the keel; the planking—which was about 12in. wide—was sprung; the decks were also corrugated. Cross-examined: She was well designed, and otherwise in good order. Mr. W. H. Orvis, yacht and ship builder, of Ipswich, confirmed the evidence of the last witness. He attributed the damage entirely to weakness of construction. Mr. Justice Grantham, in giving judgment, said the defendant had failed to satisfy him that the timbers and garboards had started owing to faulty construction. The learned Judge dealt at some length with the correspondence, from which, he said, it was clear that the defendant's one idea was to get the fastest boat possible under the then existing rule, irrespective of seaworthiness or any other qualities. Such a boat must of necessity be lightly constructed, and would require careful handling and looking after. A man who bought a delicate machine like that, 28ft. long and 3½in. thick, must not be surprised if something went wrong. He thought it highly probable that the damage to the boat's bottom was caused by the three people sitting on the keel when she capsized. She might also have been strained in righting her again, as the side must have rested on the shingle. The plaintiffs' case was further strengthened by the defendant agreeing to take over the boat then building for Mr. Burton instead of having a new one. In the end he gave judgment for the plaintiffs for the full amount claimed, namely, £91 and costs, and held that they were entitled to retain the Doushka as well.

Sapphire, steam yacht, A. L. Barber, arrived at New York on Dec. 27 from Brunswick, Ga., after a cruise in the West Indies.

Amateur and Professional.

IN connection with the adoption of permanent racing rules by the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, two important questions have been raised which should be settled as effectually as possible, but which are likely to prove very difficult. One of these is the difference between an amateur or "Corinthian" and a professional, as applied to yacht sailing—an old question which has frequently come before us for decision. It is by no means an easy matter to decide a specific case in which the facts are admitted, and it is very much more difficult to frame a satisfactory definition of an amateur or a professional which will be generally applicable. It is probable that the Council of the Y. R. U. will be called on to do this, and any suggestions or discussion of the subject will be of interest not only to the Y. R. U., but to the clubs, and particularly to the various associations of yacht clubs. We know of nothing in yachting or allied sports which will serve as a guide.

The aim of such a definition is, as we take it, to protect the *bona fide* yachting amateur, whose time is not given exclusively to the sport, from the competition of those who, by training or occupation, are possessed of strength and skill which he does not possess.

It may be assumed, so far as Corinthian sailing is concerned, that the one most to be encouraged by the rules is not the man of means and leisure who lives constantly aboard his yacht; nor on the other hand the man who follows the water closely as an occupation; but the man of average means and limited time who devotes most of this time to yachting. There is nothing invidious in discriminating against the first two classes, as their conditions are such that to leave both unrestricted would virtually exclude the third class.

As concerns the first class, the men of leisure, by the common usage of all sports they are recognized as fully qualified amateurs, and we shall not quarrel with this decision. At the same time a serious amount of harm has been done at times, as in rowing, by a class of amateurs who devote themselves exclusively to training and racing, often for prizes of great intrinsic value if not cash, and who are in every way more talented with professionalism than mechanics who are barred as professionals under certain rules and yet follow rowing or sailing for pure love of the sport. In yachting, however, there is little harm from this class, as the majority care little for the really hard work and discomfort which lead to Corinthian honors. A man who is lucky enough to have his time entirely to himself in summer and can spend six days in the week in sailing and working on his yacht is at a very great advantage as compared with the young business man who finds time only for an occasional sail of an evening, some hard work beaching and scrubbing off early of a morning, and a race of a Saturday afternoon; and yet both may be amateurs in a true sense. This particular phase of the question cannot be covered by any rule.

With the second class, of professional sailors or watermen, the case is different. They may be good sportsmen, owning yachts of their own and racing them for pure sport without regard to valuable prizes; but it must be evident that from their constant familiarity with boats and the water, and from the nature of their work, they have attained special strength and skill, with which the average amateur cannot and should not be called upon to compete. What adds to the difficulty in yachting is that, while in most sports a hard and fast line is drawn between the man who races for cash prizes and the one who does not, the awarding of cash prizes is a universal custom in yacht racing.

The difficulty in the way of one general definition is evident when it is considered that a rule so worded as to exclude all who race for money would shut out the whole body of racing men; a rule directed against those who earn their living by work afloat or about vessels would exclude naval officers, who are always recognized as amateurs in yachting; and a rule worded so as to bar all who worked for pay on a vessel would also bar many excellent amateurs who have been to sea before the mast or in the engine room.

There are several classes, however, which may be positively set down as professionals, the first being composed of all who accept any compensation for their services aboard a yacht in a race. Of course this should not be construed to apply to helmsmen's prizes, or to the designer, for instance, who sails aboard a yacht in a race with a view to making alterations; but it would cover all who are paid a direct fee for handling stick or sheets or who are indirectly compensated in any way for such services. No doubt some hard cases would arise under a definition embodying this idea; a man might be hired by the day to saw wood and then given a half holiday provided he would sail a yacht in a race; but evasions of this class can generally be reached by a regatta committee provided that it has a rule of some sort to fall back on.

Apart from this class—which, it may be assumed, cares nothing for sport, but sails for pay just as it would saw wood—is another class of professionals, men who work about the water all the time, who perhaps are good sportsmen and sail for sport, but who in many cases are not amateurs. In covering this class in any definition it is most necessary to recognize a distinction between those who, like the officers and many of the hands on a large vessel, have no hard labor or work which gives them special skill in steering a yacht or trimming sheets, and the large body of men who are employed as seamen, fishermen, boatmen and pilots at manual labor on vessels.

Just where to draw the line is a difficult matter. The builder, as a rule, is a professional, many devoting much of their time to boat sailing, fishing and racing; at the same time it is quite possible that a builder with any considerable amount of business to which he devoted himself steadily might be to all intents and purposes an amateur sailor. The designer is always considered an amateur when not a builder, and sometimes even though he be.

One very difficult point is to draw the line between a man's past and present occupation; a boy follows the sea for some years before the mast, finally gives it up and goes ashore to study law or sell ribbons, and in time becomes a yachtsman; he certainly cannot be barred as being a professional sailor.

It has frequently happened that a young man has gone to sea before the mast for a time and immediately on leaving the fore-castle—his means permitting—has gone into yachting, being recognized as an amateur; on the other hand, men who have been unquestionably professionals all their lives have sought to pass as amateurs after a few months of some other occupation ashore. We shall be glad to hear further from all who are interested, and to lend our aid to a thorough discussion of the question.

Lawley's Yard.

LAWLEY has about finished the 35ft. cruising cutter for Charles A. Welch, and she will be launched and fitted out as early as possible in the spring. The boat is a clean-lined and powerful one, with a moderate sail plan and fine cabin accommodations. She is 53ft. over all, 12ft. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft, with a centerboard under the cabin floor. She is painted white above the waterline and bronze below.

Nina, the 32ft. launch for B. F. Dutton, for use in Florida waters, is ready for shipment and is a fine-looking craft and splendidly built. She is 8ft. beam and 18in. draft, and is driven by a 7 horse-power Daimler motor, placed in the after standing room. The forward standing room is 5ft. 6in. long, and the after standing room 7ft. Both may be closed by curtains. The cabin is 7ft. 6in. long, with 6ft. 2in. headroom, and has a toilet room aft. The finish is in mahogany. The naphtha for operating the motor is carried in an 80-gallon tank forward. The launch can be steered from either standing room, and is expected to make six or seven miles an hour.

The 14-rater for H. M. Crane, from his own designs, is practically completed and is a speedy looking racer. She is about 14ft. waterline, 5ft. 6in. beam and 6in. draft, with very short overhangs. She will have a metal board and balanced rudder. Her sail plan calls for a short bowsprit. She is double planked, the outside skin being of mahogany, and is also decked with the same wood. The cockpit is watertight and without a conning, protection from water coming aft being given by an athwartships conning further forward.

The Williams cruiser, of Chesebrough design, is beginning to show her shape. She is double planked and copper fastened, and is being built all through without regard to cost. A 24ft. naphtha launch and a handsome rowing gig for Eugene Tompkins's new steam yacht building at Bath are in hand in the boat shop. A 21ft. cabin knockabout, built to Association rules, is completed for the market. A 24ft. cabin knockabout for New York will soon be started.

Work will soon be begun on the 23ft. centerboard cruiser of Arthur Binney's design for Charles D. Owen, Jr. The boat will be cutter rigged and have a roomy cabin, with toilet, etc.

Open and Cabin Boats.

THERE is nothing new in the question as to the dividing line between open and cabin racing boats in the smaller classes of yachts, and after long discussion it is still unsettled; but there is a serious need for some definition by the Yacht Racing Union. Where any distinction has been made, as has at times been done, the main point has been the minimum height of side of cabin house above the deck, the limit being 10 or 12in. This of itself is not enough, and it may be necessary to supplement it by a requirement that the minimum length of house shall bear some ratio to the waterline length, and that the cabin yacht shall have some permanent fittings other than a seat in the cockpit and a locker on each side in the cabin. It has been possible in the past to make a very successful racing yacht in the cabin classes by converting one of the extreme type of old-fashioned open jib-and-mainsail sandbaggers, putting on a low and very light cabin house, shipping some fixed ballast and somewhat reducing the rig. So far as a legitimate and comfortable cabin yacht is concerned, the combination was a failure; but it could enter in the cabin classes against good boats and almost always outsail them.

Another detail of the same question is the classing of the "summer cabin" boats, with light wooden roofs and canvas sides; a matter that has long given considerable trouble.

In the interest of the rapidly growing classes of good cabin boats about New York, some definition should be fixed on this winter and enforced next season. It may be necessary at first to deal leniently with existing boats which have thus far raced in certain classes; but the rule should be framed for the future and not for the past, if necessary some exception being made in the case of existing boats.

The Yacht Racing Union.

The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound was held on Dec. 30 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, with President Oliver E. Cromwell in the chair, the following delegates being present: Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., Oliver E. Cromwell, C. W. Wetmore, Charles A. Sherman, Corinthian Fleet, J. D. Sparkman; Harlem Y. C., F. Wimmer and J. D. Creegan; American Y. C., M. C. Parsons; Indian Harbor Y. C., F. B. Jones; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellborg and F. B. Myrick; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle, Jr.; George Gardner Fry and E. P. Cronkhite; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Ward Dixon; Sea Cliff Y. C., Le Grand L. Clark; Huntington Y. C., David A. Story; Huguenot Y. C., E. Burton Hart, Jr.; Douglaston Y. C., F. E. Barnes; New Rochelle Y. C., Charles P. Tower; Atlantic Y. C., H. J. Gielow.

The nominating committee presented the names of the present council, who were re-elected, as follows: Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; Frederick E. Barnes, Stuyvesant Wainwright, Oscar H. Chellborg, Le Grand L. Clark, E. Burton Hart, Jr., and F. Bowne Jones, secretary.

The special committee on racing rules presented a set of proposed rules, which will be acted on at the next meeting. Several proposals were laid before the meeting—for a definition of an amateur, and also of a cabin boat, and for some general system of members which should indicate the class of each yacht.

Yacht Racing Calendar and Review.

The Yacht Racing Calendar and Review, published by the *Field* (Horace Cox) and edited by Dixon Kemp, is growing into a larger volume each year, having now reached 800 pages. The book contains the full record of British yachting and racing for the year 1895, and in convenient and readily accessible form, the matter being reprinted from the *Field*. In the preface Mr. Kemp notes the interesting fact that while only about 70 matches were sailed in British waters in 1855 and something over 400 in 1876, the number has grown to 1,700 in 1895. To those who do not see the *Field* week by week and who wish to follow the records of Niagara and other American yachts abroad, the book will prove very interesting, as the *Field* is noted for the excellence of its race reports.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Sodus Bay Y. C. was incorporated under the laws of New York in August, 1895, with a membership of 70, that has since been increased to 100. A lot was purchased on which there will be erected as soon as the weather permits a commodious club house. During the last season some very interesting races were sailed over the club course on Great Sodus Bay. Several new yachts have been constructed, and the season of 1896 promises to be even more interesting than that of '95. At the second annual meeting the following officers were elected: Com., Spencer Meade, Elmira, N. Y.; Vice-Com., T. E. Elliott, Newark, N. Y.; Fleet Capt., W. H. Cook, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., Dr. F. L. Willson, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. F. Nutton, Newark, N. Y.; Meas., F. J. B. Le Febre, Sodus Point, N. Y.; Trustees: C. H. Perkins, chairman; A. C. Barth, J. M. Pitkin, Jr., C. P. H. Vary, P. R. Sleight, all of Newark, N. Y.

On Thursday, Dec. 12, Capt. J. H. Anderson's new steam yacht *Perlonia*, built by Messrs. W. White & Sons, of West Cowes, to the designs of Messrs. Cox & King, ran a trial trip of four hours' continuous steaming. The distance by log was exactly 41 knots, which was covered in 4h. 4m. 15s., thus giving a mean speed for the four hours' run of 10.07 knots. At the start, which was made about three hours after high water, the weather was fine, with a fresh breeze from S.W., but the barometer fell very rapidly, and at noon it was blowing half a gale. By the time the yacht rounded the Warner Lightship it had increased to nearly a whole gale, so that the last 8½ knots were run at a mean speed of 8.974 knots per hour. Thus, under the weather conditions that prevailed, the contract speed of 10 knots per hour was obtained with ease. The *Perlonia*, without stopping, then proceeded to run a progressive trial, consisting of three double runs on the measured mile, with the following results:

Mean No. of Revs.	Mean I.H.P.	Mean Speed.
173.....	114.75.....	10.062
140.....	92.35.....	9.111
120.....	77.95.....	8.052

—The *Field*.

The December number of the magazine *Men and Matters*, published in New Orleans, is devoted entirely to the Southern Y. C. of that city. The history of the club, with many half-tone portraits and notices of the members and yachts, fills the entire number in a most interesting manner. The new magazine deserves much credit for the thorough and artistic manner in which it thus recognized one of the leading institutions in Southern sport.

Talisman, steam yacht, H. M. Ballantyne, was at Wilmington, N. C., on Jan. 4, from New York, with all well aboard. A report was circulated about New York on the same day to the effect that the yacht had been lost.

The Carthage Ice Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Benjamin Merritt; Vice-Com., Stephen Glass; Sec., Robert Dunwoody; Treas., Wm. Merritt; Meas., Charles Merritt.

The catboat *Herald*, which left New York for Florida on Oct. 21 manned by two women—Mrs. Minnie Matthews and her daughter, Mrs. Ella Haller—and a dog, has reached Norfolk in a damaged condition after encountering very heavy weather. The crew suffered considerably from cold and exposure, but they propose to refit at Norfolk and continue the voyage.

The Massachusetts Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Edwin P. Boggs, stmr. *Nashawena*; Vice-Com., Oliver Hazard Perry, sloop *Fanita*; Rear-Com., Louis M. Clark, knockabout *Spinster*; Sec'y, John S. Clark, Jr.; Treas., Robert C. McKuillen. Directors, Henry W. Savage, Erastus Willard, L. S. Jordan, William O. Gay, Meas., William E. Waterhouse; Ass't Meas., Charles H. Dodd; Race Committee, William S. Crosby, C. Edwin Bockus, William E. Robinson, Jacob A. Barbey, Jr., Albert E. Schaaf; Committee on Admissions, E. M. Dennie, Francis Gray, Walter A. Underwood, Harry H. Gay, E. T. Bigelow, George Burroughs, E. H. R. Revere; House Committee, Charles G. Cutler, George M. Whitcomb, A. M. Binn, Charles L. D. Parkhill, A. W. Randall.

For a close season the Montreal yachtsmen have been more than busy since early in December. The entertainment committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has on hand a couple of smokers at their "winter moorings," besides the annual ball, which takes place on Jan. 20. This is usually the event of the season, and promises this year to rank as high as ever. The enthusiasm instilled into the local "salt," no doubt on account of the Seawanhaka cup challenge, promises to bring out a great fleet of 15-footers. Some fourteen gentlemen are expecting to build, of which five have started. Mr. James Ross, schr. *Alcaea*, has offered three substantial cash prizes, and the steam yacht owners promise the same, this being of course over and above the usual club prizes. There will be no lack of encouragement to owners of these boats.

The 15-footers are likely to figure conspicuously about Boston next season, the Massachusetts Y. E. A. will probably make formal recognition of the class. The Adams brothers boat is a certainty. Another 15-footer has been designed by James Nicol, of Quincy, who has started to build her himself. Another designed by her owner, H. M. Crane, is building at Lawley's.

The *Yachting World* of Dec. 27 is a Christmas number of extra size with a new and attractive cover. The supplemental plates show the auxiliary steam yacht *Valhalla*, the 5-rater *Norman* and the 40-raters *Isolde* and *Carina* in a race. Two designs are given for a cruiser of 18ft. measurement, Y. R. A., and a 16ft. centerboard sailing boat.

Arthur Binney has designed and the Fore River Engine Company will build for John A. Burnham, Jr., a 35ft. auxiliary cruising cutter, which will have a Daimler motor underneath the cockpit and a screw which can be hoisted to a well in the counter when sail is used. The yacht will be 52ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft, with moderate sail plan. The cabin will be a roomy one, with 6ft. 2in. head room, under a low house. The construction of the boat will be of the best, and the cabin finish in white enamel, with mahogany trimmings. —*Boston Globe*.

The cutter designed by Arthur E. Payne and building by Summers & Payne for Lord Dunraven, will be named *Carlad*. She will be finished in season for the Mediterranean races, where she will meet *Britannia*, *Ailsa* and *Satanita*. Her measurement will be 120ft. under the new Y. R. A. rule.

The steam yacht building at Roach's yard, Chester, for Richard Stevens, and which, according to report, was to be named *Ranococas*, has been christened *Aileen* on the occasion of her launch on Dec. 31. She is 140ft. over all, 115ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 13ft. depth and 7ft. draft, with triple expansion engines of 400 H. P. She carries two masts, schooner rigged. As soon as she is completed she will sail for the West Indies.

Arthur Iselin, son of Adrian Iselin, Jr., has ordered a racing 15-footer to be designed and built by L. D. Huntington, Jr., of New Rochelle, designer of *Question*. Mr. Huntington has also in hand a 15-footer for his own use.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Red Dragon C. C. took place on Friday, Jan. 3, in Bohemia, Eighth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia.

There was a very large attendance, more than three-fourths of the entire active and associate membership being present. Most of the old officers were re-elected, the result being as follows: Com., A. S. Fenimore; Vice-Com., Wm. J. Scott; Purser, Omar Shallcross; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross; Correspondent, M. D. Wilt; Quartermaster, E. W. Crittenden.

The club has just been incorporated, and the charter and seal were formally presented by the committee.

The trustees for the ensuing year are Messrs. Fenimore, Shallcross and H. W. Fleischmann.

The purser's report showed the club clear of floating debt, with a good balance in the treasury, a constantly increasing membership and prospect for another very successful season.

The club will continue this year the very successful record sailing races for canoes and canoe yaws inaugurated last season, with the addition of a new racing class of boats of 15ft. sailing length. Several new boats will be built for this class and two or three of the yaws will be altered in rig to enter it.

The club sat down to dinner at 7:30 P. M., the guests of honor being Mr. J. K. Hand, of the New York and Knickerbocker Canoe Clubs, Vice-Com. of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., and Mr. C. B. Haag, an old commodore of the Red Dragons, who has been absent from the city for several years. After the inner man had been duly attended to, and in several instances he seemed to need a great deal of attention, toasts were responded to by Vice-Com. Hand, Messrs. Fenimore, Murray and others.

A letter of regret at his inability to be present was received from Com. Huntington, of the A. C. A. Afterward the Red Dragon quartet and the banjo and mandolin clubs and several individual members entertained the club and the meeting broke up in the wee sma' hours.

M. D. WILT.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

On the strength of news from America, the English papers have published semi-obituaries of Wm. Willard Howard. It would appear that Mr. Howard, who went to Armenia last September as the agent of the *Christian Herald*, of New York, is alive and safe, though he has been laid up by a fall in some Russian town. A very good portrait of Mr. Howard appears in the *Yachting World* of Dec. 27.

The eighth annual meeting of the Puritan C. C. was held at Young's Hotel on Jan. 4, the following officers being elected: Com., James W. Cartwright, Jr.; Vice-Com., Frank R. Kimball; Rear-Com., Howard L. Rogers; Treas., Lothrop Hedge; Sec'y, Charles F. Dodge. Directors: the foregoing and James Bragdon and Ed. S. Gilmore; Meas., John R. Robertson. House Committee: Commodore, treasurer and L. J. Webster. Membership Committee: Raymond Apollonio, Frank R. Kimball and Sam'l Johnson 2d.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

POLICE REVOLVER SCHOOL.

THE need of the school for the training of New York's police in the art of pistol shooting is more and more in evidence as the lessons proceed. Their shooting is bad—very bad indeed—but to say that it is bad without further explanation is not justice to the men, for, first of all, skill in the use of the pistol is not a matter of inspiration, nor is skill acquired by mystic methods. It requires assiduous practice combined with a fair theoretical knowledge of ballistics. This the men heretofore could not get. Without the proper opportunities to practice it was an impossibility for the force to attain the necessary proficiency with the revolver.

The men have been often held up to ridicule for their unskillful shooting, but not having the opportunities for the needed schooling they could not be skillful. Thus there was much to say in extenuation.

The policemen are now confessedly students in the art, and as such their attempts should not be subjected to ridicule. There is a most admirable enthusiasm in the force toward improving their shooting, and the competition, or rather the spirit of emulation, will be a potent factor in keeping up permanent interest. Unfeeling ridicule might dampen their ardor.

As for the usefulness of the school, no words are necessary to prove it. Nothing is more absurd than to put pistols in the hands of men who neither know how to use them nor know the powers of their weapons.

The men, with no opportunities for practice and instruction, could not in reason be expected to be skillful. Not instructing the force was an injustice to the public and an injustice to the officers of all cities in the land, for an unskillful policeman shooting at a malefactor in a densely populated city was more likely to hit innocent persons, and thus be a danger instead of a protector; and the officers themselves were in greater danger from not being properly trained to meet skillful criminals when pistols were a last resort. It is well known that many noted criminals are trained to a skillful degree in the use of their weapons, and for efficiency on the part of the police in protecting the community and protecting themselves the highest skill in the use of the pistol is necessary.

Were it known, moreover, that the force was skillful in the use of firearms, the moral effect on the criminal

classes would go far toward maintaining good order and suppressing crime.

Thus the unskillfulness of the force in the use of their pistols more properly lies at the doors of those in authority, who have not provided the necessary schooling and who have not made practice and improvement arbitrary.

So far as New York's police force is concerned, in its skill with firearms it probably is no better and no worse than the forces of other great cities, all of which goes to show that they need a similar school of instruction to improve the usefulness of their protectors.

All men cannot become good shots with a pistol any more than all men can be equally good at any other accomplishment. But all can attain a reasonable degree of skill, and all can learn their own powers and the powers of their weapons, so that the most unskillful at the worst can learn how *not* to kill an innocent citizen if he cannot learn how to shoot the desperate malefactor.

Practice brings steadiness and reliability. However excellent may be the man's natural capabilities, his shooting will be inferior without practice. Without practice the wild shot comes in every once in a while, even though most of the shots are bullseyes, while the man who has not the eminent natural ability, but who practices regularly, never makes a rank bad shot, though he may never shoot with expert precision.

The force is fortunate in having Sergt. W. E. Petty for an instructor. Sergt. Petty is an expert. It will be remembered that he won the Winans trophy in competition against all comers in America, and he has a profound knowledge of the theory of shooting as well. After the men come to know their pistols better the scores will improve. Many of the pistols used are too light and there is much that is experimental in the way of sighting, holding in the hand, etc. Rapid improvement undoubtedly will soon be made.

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of last week are given the particulars of targets, scores, etc., the possible being 75. Following are the scores: Barrett 26, Maxwell 47, Judge 21, Murphy 17, Daly 24, Lyons 3, Tobin 13, Wucher 29, McQuade 59, Kennedy 15, Wettlaufer 42, Schwarz 33, McTaggart 5, Cunningham 5, Raphael 12, Clare 10, Sergt. P. McNally 27, Sergt. J. J. McNally 40, Dowling 7, Heffron 16, Murphy 17, Loures 3, though Mr. Loures shot out the gas lights while making his score; Zettner 29, Logan 15, Healy 13, McCabe 32, Finlay 54, Gullity 29, Driscoll 35, Wilbur 30, Cronin 20, Coombs 16, Brummiger 8, Young 38, Slattery 23, Sullivan 13, Murphy 0, Byrnes 21, Akerly 34, Westphal 39, Malarky 20, Rickman 7, Lynch 29, Benson 29, Wagner 14, Townsend 24.

Records of San Francisco Riflemen for 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 22.—To-day was the last shoot of the 1895 season for the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club of this city. As a natural result the members were out in good force at the Shell Mound range; the final contests for the medals were extremely interesting. Following are the scores made:

Kuhle medal, target rifles: F. O. Young 91, D. W. McLaughlin 91, A. H. Pape 78.

Glimdermann medal, military rifles: Ed. Hovey 47, F. O. Young 47, Dr. L. C. Rodgers 46, E. Poulter 46, J. B. McCutcheon 42.

Blanding medal, pistol: F. O. Young 90, Smith Carr 89, W. H. Lowry 74, J. B. McCutcheon 69.

Carr medal, revolver: Howard Carr 32, 23, 24, 22; J. E. Gorman 25, 24, 19, 17; A. H. Pape 18, 17, 17, 13; F. O. Young 15, 10, 10, 8.

In regard to the shooting for the Carr medal, the San Francisco *Call* says: "In shooting for the Carr medal, rapid firing, the practical use of the pocket revolver was demonstrated, and those who saw the performances of Carr and Gorman yesterday were astonished at what can be done in the way of rapid firing with accuracy. Carr shot with an ordinary self-cocking revolver, and his first, third and fourth scores, with five shots each, were made in eight seconds to the score, every bullet hitting the bullseye, 50yds. away. His second score was made in seven seconds. Carr's total was 106, while Gorman's was 103 in about the same space of time."

The last event of the season was a team race between teams of eleven men chosen by Dr. Rodgers and D. W. McLaughlin; the conditions of the shoot were: Ring target, 200yds. range, three shots each, highest possible 30 points. The result of the match was a victory for McLaughlin's team by the exceedingly narrow margin of 1 point—245 to 244. These totals show a general average for both teams, that is, for the twenty-two men, of 80 per cent. The scores were as follows:

McLaughlin 23, Poulter 19, Pape 26, Cran 24, Bohr 22, Barley 23, Daiss 18, Kennedy 20, Glimdermann 26, Hess 22, Lowry 23. Total 245.

Rodgers 24, Young 25, Hovey 21, Dorrell 24, Gorman 20, Shultz 23, Klein 22, Helburg 16, Unfred 23, H. Carr 23, McCutcheon 23. Total 244.

The annual dinner and distribution of prizes brought the day's proceedings to a close. Dr. Lee O. Rodgers, president of the club, presided at one of the tables, Howard Carr presiding at the other. After an address by the president, in which he reviewed the past history of the Association, the secretary, F. O. Young, outlined the probable plan of action for 1896. Other short speeches followed and then came the distribution of prizes. Below is a full list of the prize winners for 1895:

Rifle, champion class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 91, 90, 89, 84—354. First class—P. Bohr 87, 86, 82, 81—336. Second class—A. Fetz 72, 74, 74, 71—291.

Pistol, champion class—A. H. Pape 94, 94, 92, 90—370. First class—J. E. Gorman 93, 91, 90, 88—362. Dr. Rodgers made a tie with Gorman on the score of 362, but the latter was the winner according to the Creedmoor rules. Second class—F. Dennis 84, 83, 73, 63—323.

Kuhle medal, rifle, all comers, won by Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 94, 91, 92, 92—369. F. O. Young and D. W. McLaughlin came near reaching this score on scores of 361.

Glimdermann medal, military rifle, won by F. Poulter—48, 48, 48, 46—190. He was closely followed by Hovey with 189, Young with 186, Rodgers with 180 and Pape with 184.

Siebs medal, rifle, pistol and musket, won by F. O. Young. Scores: Rifle—90, 90, 90, 91—361; pistol—95, 95, 94, 94—378; musket—47, 46, 47—186. Total, 925.

Young was closely followed by Rodgers, who lost by only one point, as here shown: Rifle—92, 92, 94, 91—369; pistol—94, 94, 94, 93—375; musket—44, 46, 46, 44—180. Total, 924.

Ladies' medal, 22cal. rifle, at 50yds., off-hand, won by Mrs. L. J. Crane—99, 98, 97, 95—389. Mrs. J. Nicholl was not far behind with a score of 380, and Mrs. O. M. Peck scored 377.

Blanding medal, pistol, won by C. M. Daiss, closely followed by Smith Carr. Young and Rodgers have held this medal in the past.

The Young medal, rifle on muzzle rest, was won by Glimdermann—99, 98, 90, 84—371.

Foster medal, for most 10s with a rifle, won by Dr. Rodgers, 148 10s.

Kellogg medal, Springfield rifle, 500yds, won by F. O. Young on the four best scores.

In reviewing the work of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Association, the *San Francisco Call* of Dec. 23 says:

"Three years ago a dozen of marksmen who were fairly proficient in the use of pistols and revolvers organized a pistol club which became known as the Columbia Pistol Club. Nearly every member was also a good rifle shot and belonged to one or more rifle clubs; but they decided to widen the scope of the Pistol Club by including rifle practice, and the 'and rifle' was inserted in the name.

"Now the club's roll shows over sixty members, all of whom are so expert in the use of the rifle and pistol that they stand ready to issue or accept a challenge from any club for a contest with their favorite firearms.

"The Columbias are not selfish in their favorite sport, for they included the ladies in their membership, and offered medals and valuable prizes to the fair sharpshooters, who of course use light rifles.

"During the past year 16 prizes have been contested for and several thousand scores have been shot for each medal. The riflemen have not confined themselves to the use of one or two firearms, but their records have been made with military rifles, fancy sporting rifles, pocket revolvers, large revolvers, sporting pistols and 22-cal. rifles, at all distances, from 50 to 600yds., and with hair triggers to triggers with 6 and 8lbs. pulls.

"This practice has brought out two young men whose records stand the highest in the world with the military rifle. Ed Hovey uses a Sharp's and Frank Poulter a United States Springfield. Their

On Long Island.

CRESCENT A. C. OF BROOKLYN.

Dec. 28.—G. C. White and G. Notman shot off to-day the tie for the Christmas Day prize of the Crescent Athletic Club; the shoot-off was at 25 targets, White winning easily by scoring 17 to 12.
A 25-target sweep was also shot with the following result: Geddes 18, White and Notman 16, E. Lott 15, J. V. Fisk 14, G. W. Smith 12, F. Brose 11.
In a match at 15 targets, unknown angles, G. Notman and E. H. Lott scored 11 to White's 5. Lott and Notman also shot a match at 5 pairs, Lott winning by 5 to 4.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 28.—The last club shoot of the year for the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club took place at Woodlawn this afternoon. So good were the birds that not a straight score of 10 was made. Capt. Cramer and E. B. Knowlton tying for first place on 9 out of 10. The following are the scores made in this shoot:
Capt. Cramer (A).....121111210—9 C Furgueson, Jr. (AA) 000222222—7
E B Knowlton (C).....121102112—9 J Lott (C).....101021020—6
C Furgueson, 3d (B).....2220222102—8 F W Duryea (B).....22001110—4

AT DEXTER PARK.

Dec. 30.—The following sweeps were shot here to-day, the weather being favorable for live-bird shooting:
Match, 25 birds per man:
Adolph Busch (25).....01101000122111111110101—17
J F Elfers (23).....11110001110102111010100—16
Geo Kinkel (23).....100100011010101200001011—12

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Busch (25).....	01112—4	0112—3	0112—3	0112—3
H Altenbrant, Sr (25).....	01111—4	0112—3	0112—3	0112—3
H Altenbrant, Jr (25).....	00020—1	0112—3	0112—3	0112—3
G Kinkel (25).....	10200—2	02101—3	02101—3	02101—3
J F Elfers (23).....	11111—5	10121—4	10121—4	10121—4

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1.—The new year was ushered in at Dexter Park by an invitation shoot, targets being shot at in the morning, live birds in the afternoon. The high wind favored the birds in the sweeps at pigeons, but it made the targets very hard to locate. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G Osterhout.....	5	4	2	6	5	Hegeman.....	8	4	7	7	9
F A Thompson.....	8	7	5	7	9	Block.....	6	1	3	7	6
W H Thompson.....	7	5	5	7	6	O Mulcahey.....	7	6	7	7	7
Lyon.....	5	2	3	FW Place.....	6	8	8	8	8
CF Wash.....	9	5	9						

Live-bird sweeps:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
L H Schortemeier.....	02222—4	1221222012—9	12222—K	1022112201—8
F A Thompson.....	02110—3	1221112200—8	21122—5	1201202122—8
O Mulcahey.....	11122—5	210001211—6	12100—3	...
F W Place.....	02210—3	2121210202—8
Christian.....	11200—3	221021120—8	11111—5	2101111102—8
G Loeble.....	02002—2	2021001022—6	22202—4	2220222102—8
Van Zile.....	20212—4	2000002202—4
Hy Bramwell.....	22111—5	1201022011—7
Hood.....	0022102210—6	...
Schleman.....	22111—5	0211004010—4
Dr Dunning.....	000w	—0
F Pfaender.....	01001—2	...

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day has generally been a big day at the shooting grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., but Jan. 1, 1896, was a record-breaker in that respect. A live-bird event with forty-one entries is no small affair anywhere, particularly when it is practically a miss-and-out, \$10 entrance; everybody had looked for a large entry list, but very few, if any, had figured on over twenty-five entries. The result, therefore, must be very gratifying to the chief promoters—Mr. J. G. K. Duer, president of the club, and Mr. G. De Forest Grant, chairman of the shooting committee.

To-day's event marks a new departure in sweepstake events at the crack amateur shooting clubs in the vicinity of New York city; the programme called for a handicap sweepstake, unlimited number of birds, \$10 entrance, the club adding \$400 in gold, and also giving a silver cup of the value of \$250. Added money at shoots of such clubs as the Carteret, Westminster Kennel Club, Westchester Country Club, Larchmont Yacht Club, Tuxedo, New Utrecht, etc., has been, so far as we know, an unknown quantity, but there can now be no question as to the drawing capabilities of \$400 in gold added to one purse.

There was another feature of the programme that had a good deal to do with the large number of entries—it was a handicap, not of yards only, but of misses as kills. Our experience of such sweeps is that a scratch man rarely comes out on top. It is either the faithful contributor in the miss-and-outs or an occasional shooter that generally steps in and walks off with the purse, or the majority of it. For that reason these events are not popular among the best shots, but of course they won't stay out; the weaker shots come in readily, knowing that it is their best chance of getting even with the experts. This was actually the cause for the large number of shooters that faced the traps at Babylon to-day. It is just as well to state again at this point the conditions of the shoot: Unlimited number of birds, handicap rise, \$10 entrance; 29yds. men and back, miss-and-out; 28yds. men and, one miss as a kill, then miss-and-out; 26yds. men and under, two misses as kills, then miss-and-out; silver cup, valued at \$250, and \$400 added by the club; cup and 60 per cent. of the purse to the winner, 30 per cent. to the second, 10 per cent. to the third. From the above it will be seen that the scratch men had a hard row to hoe.

The winner, Walter W. Watrous, of Tuxedo, is hardly a novice, as some of the daily papers have described him; he has shot several thousands of pigeons during the past ten years and is a rattling good shot on fast birds, but he needs to draw fast ones all the time; it's the slow ones that beat him, and the conditions to-day were all in his favor. The birds were a splendid lot, while a twenty-five-miles-an-hour breeze, west by north, swept over the grounds and got under the tails of the birds as they left the traps, making "drivers and twisters" enough to fill two columns of nonpareil. It was a Watrous day and a Watrous lot of birds; with a miss up his sleeve, and with 2 to 3yds. the best of Work, Murphy, MacAlester, Knapp and F. G. Moore, he was bound to have a good look in—and he did. When he went home he carried off the cup and \$486 of the purse, just about enough, in fact, to help the Government by purchasing some of the new bonds. His victory was a very popular one and was well earned, as he ran 10 straight before missing, W. S. Edey, of the Westchester Country Club, being the only other shooter to perform a similar feat; Edey, however, was one of the scratch men and reaped no benefit from his really excellent work; had he won the cup his victory would have been fully as popular as that of Watrous.

In order that the story of to-day's doings may be told in something like a consecutive manner, it is the best to commence again right at the beginning and keep the ball rolling until the paper gives out.

The seventy-miles-an-hour gale of Dec. 31 had blown itself out, leaving behind it a good healthy infant of about one-third its strength; the sky was clear and bright, while there was enough frost in the air to make the heaviest underwearer and fur-lined overcoats none too warm. A brighter, pleasanter New Year's Day could not have been made to order; from a pigeon-shooter's point of view it was a perfect day.

A special train, leaving Thirty-fourth street ferry at 10 A. M., was placed at the disposal of the members of the club and their guests, the shoot being fixed to commence on the arrival of this train at Babylon. The two cars composing the special were well filled, about eighty all told being on board. Among the number were: J. G. K. Duer, G. de F. Grant, F. O. Deluze, Fred Gebhard, August Belmont, Craig Colt, Thomas H. Terry, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., Newberry D. Thorne, Justice William Travers Jerome, George Floyd Jones, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, David Crocker, Judge Gildersleeve, H. B. Livingston, F. Edey, H. B. Wright, F. G. Moore, J. D. Steers, R. D. Foote, Austen Clarkson, Frank I. Lawrence, A. R. Hopkins, W. S. Edey, Daniel Bacon, B. R. Kittredge, Edgar G. Murphy, Walter W. Watrous, C. M. Chapin, J. M. Garnett, R. B. Lawrence, G. Montant, P. H. Morris, Arthur Deane, A. T. Sullivan, A. C. Clarkson, H. D. Steers, Charles Coster, E. F. Thomas, J. P. Knapp, W. H. Stafford, G. Langen, Winthrop Rutherford, H. Edey, Samuel Prior, and John S. Hoyt.

The handicapping was in the hands of Mr. Hoyt, no one knowing the capabilities of the amateurs of the East better than he does; he also, of course, acted as referee during the entire shoot, being relieved at lunch time by Charles MacAlester. The latter, along with George Work, drove over from the South Side Club in the morning, a thirteen-mile drive in a brisk, cold wind; hardly a good training for a sweepstake although the roads were in capital shape. The vast majority of the entries having been made, and the handicaps assigned on the way down to Babylon, no time was lost in getting the shooters to the score when once the long string of hacks had landed their fares at the Kennel Club. Superintendent Mott, of course, pulled the traps John Mott and Abe Southard did the trapping, while Fred Hoyt's setter Dandy tried to keep himself warm by retrieving the dead birds; he had a hard time doing it too, misses being so numerous that at times he got chilled through sitting on the cold ground waiting for a bird to drop out of the gale. A report of this shoot from Dandy's pen would make good copy for any paper, and would be great reading.

The first round was fatal to the chances of five shooters—George Work (31), Chapin (30), H. B. Wright (30), Holcombe (30) and Butler (29). There were 14 other ciphers scored in this round, making

a total of 19 misses out of 41 shots; peculiar features of this round were runs of 4 and 6 consecutive misses, the 6 last men to shoot in the round all missing their birds. The second round commenced with 36 shooters; this number was reduced to 29 when the last man on the list had shot his bird. Those to drop out were: Hopkins (27), Bacon (27), Sullivan (23), Stafford (28) and Ewing (27); these five having missed their first and second birds; Thomas and Ellison, both 29yds. men, were the other two who fell in this round. Montant, Morris, Brewster and Terry also added a second cipher to their scores, but being placed at the 26yds. mark, they were able to enter upon another round; besides the 11 above named, 7 others scored lost birds in the second round, making a total of 18 lost out of 36 shot at in the second round of the sweepstake! So far anybody backing the gun would have had a bad time of it, 37 out of 77 shot at having been scored lost!

In the third round 6 more dropped out; there were: Brewster (26), who had missed three straight; Livingston (27) and Eldridge (27), who had lost their last two; Mott (27), who had lost his first and third birds, and MacAlester (31) and Langen (29), who retired after losing their birds in this round; three others, Clarkson, Coster (his second miss) and R. Lawrence, also scored ciphers in the third round. The number of shooters left in at the end of the third round was only 23, 18 having dropped out. In the fourth round 4 lost birds were recorded; Grant (28), F. Lawrence (27) and Montant (26) retired for good, while Garnett added a second cipher to his score of two kills and one miss. In this round it began to look as if the shooters had struck their gait, 19 out of the 23 birds trapped being scored.

Round No. 5 saw Coster score his third miss and retire, while F. Edey was unlucky enough to lose a bird through his hammers not being at full cock; 18 out of 20 birds shot at in this round were scored to the shooters, the percentage of kills to misses being greatly increased since the end of the first two rounds. There were 19 shooters out of the 41 starters left in at the close of this round. Of that number no less than 6 fell out in the 6th round: Terry and Garnett, both 26yds. men, scored their third misses and retired; R. Lawrence (28), Clarkson (27) and F. Edey (27) were credited with their second misses and, of course, also retired, F. Edey being again unlucky enough to make an error in regard to raising the hammers of his gun; the curious part of the affair was that he remarked to the referee as he stepped to the score that he (Edey) would take care not to make the mistake he had made in the previous round. Knapp (31), who had made a most brilliant kill—perhaps the finest work of the day—on his 5th bird, missed his 6th bird and retired. E. Wright, the only left-handed man in the 41, and Steers scored their second misses, while Hoyt spoiled the looks of his string of 5 straight with a miss of a very hard bird. Edgar Murphy had a narrow escape, a great second-barrel kill alone saving him from joining what was now "the great majority."

There were only thirteen left in the race at the commencement of the seventh round. That number proved an unlucky one to five out of the thirteen before the round was completed. Those who retired were: Edgar Murphy (31), F. G. Moore (30), and Peter Morris, H. D. Steers and E. Wright, all 26yds. men who scored their third ciphers in this round. Harry Edey, also a 26yds. man, scored his second miss, while Winthrop Rutherford (27), who was shooting very well up to this point, scored his first loss on a very difficult right-quartering twister. In this round seven out of the thirteen birds trapped were scored lost! Round No. 8 found only eight survivors out of the forty-one that started in to win the cup. Of that number (eight), Hoyt (27) and Rutherford scored their second misses and retired, leaving only six to fight it out. Both Hoyt and Rutherford drew precisely the same kind of bird, circling right-quartering incomers, easy birds that certainly ought to have been killed. At the commencement of the eighth round an admirer of Foote was so sweet on his chances of landing the cup that he offered to bet 20 to 30 that he would win out-right; he made one bet of that amount, but could have had any amount at such absurd figures.

In round No. 9, Dean (27), who had killed 6 straight in capital style since his miss of his 2d bird, drew a driver that carried his shot out of bounds, causing his retirement. In this round, also, Foote scored his first miss. Round No. 10 saw the condition of affairs unchanged, the five left in killing their birds. W. S. Edey (29) and W. W. Watrous (23) had both killed 10 straight and were both doing very good work; the other three were Foote, H. Edey and B. R. Kittredge, the latter shooting well and cantering his birds. He had lost his 2d bird, a hard one for anybody to kill. As matters stood at the commencement of the 11th round all but Watrous (23) were on even terms, the shoot, so far as they were concerned, being a miss-and-out; Watrous had a miss up his sleeve and was in a very comfortable position. This round saw W. S. Edey miss an easy bird and retire. His brother, H. Edey, was far too slow on another easy bird, the counterpart of the one drawn by W. S.; he also dropped out. As Foote had lost his 11th bird dead out of bounds, there were thus three ties for third money. Watrous in this round drew a hard driver that fairly beat him out, and Kittredge, who had been the only one of the five to kill his bird, was therefore tied for first and second money and the cup with Watrous.

The tie did not last long, as in the very next round Kittredge had hard luck with a fast outgoing bird from No. 2, the pigeon carrying a portion of both loads out of bounds. Watrous had only to kill to win; he drew an easy one from No. 1 that was clean missed with first barrel; the second was planted with sufficient accuracy to land him a winner of the cup and first money. Second money went to Kittredge. The tie for third money was shot off, H. Edey winning on the second round. W. S. Edey had very hard luck with his first bird in the ties; it was hit hard and towered; then it almost reached the ground; next it towered again and then seemed to be coming down in bounds; finally it went away up, the wind landing it, when it came down ultimately, a couple of hundred yards from the traps—dead out of bounds.

Thus was brought to a close as pleasant a contest as one could wish to see. The quality of the birds can plainly be seen from the scores made: out of the 212 trapped in the above event, seventy-nine escaped or were scored lost. This may sound like very poor shooting, and as a matter of course there was some poor shooting or the scores would have been higher; still there was also some magnificent work shown by several of the shooters, and the blame for the low average of kills must really be laid at the door of the hard birds and the strong cold wind that drove the pigeons from the traps in a manner seldom equaled and never surpassed. People may sit around a stove and talk about killing anywhere from 90 out of 100 up to 100 straight; it's easy work to do it that way, but when one gets birds as good as those trapped at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds to-day, and trapped too under similar weather conditions, 9 to 1 on the gun all through (the equivalent to backing yourself to kill 90 or better) would find lots of takers.

In to-day's shoot Watrous used his new Purdy gun and 51grs. of E. C. loaded in a Trap shell by the U. M. C. Co.; he also used No. 8 in his right barrel, No. 7 in his left. Kittredge shot a very pretty Franco; his shells, loaded by V. L. & D., only contained 43grs. of Schultze, a very small load for such birds in such a gale of wind; he must have pointed his gun about right.

Four miss-and-outs were shot, as well as a few small sweeps, before the day's sport was brought to a close, 455 birds in all being trapped during the day. The lunch prepared by Steward Wells was fully up to the standard and formed an important feature in the day's enjoyment. The scores in full are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
5 1 5 3 1 5 5 1 1 5 2 1	
Walter W Watrous (28).....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—11
1 1 3 1 2 2 2 4 1 2 2 2	
B R Kittredge (28).....	2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2—10
3 3 1 1 2 1 5 4 5 4 5	
H Edey (26).....	0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0—8
2 3 5 1 4 2 1 1 1 3 4	
R D Foote (27).....	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—9
4 2 3 4 3 4 1 5 3 2 3	
W S Edey (29).....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—10
5 5 5 1 4 3 3 3 4	
Arthur Deane (27).....	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—7
1 1 3 5 4 5 2	
Gould Hoyt (27).....	2 1 2 1 2 0 2 0—6
5 3 4 4 5 2 1 1	
W Rutherford (27).....	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—
4 5 5 1 5 5 4	
Edgar G Murphy (31).....	2 2 2 2 1 2 0—6
4 5 1 2 5 4 1	
F G Moore (30).....	2 1 2 2 2 2—6
5 2 1 4 1 4 5	
H D Steers (26).....	2 0 1 1 1 0 0—4

Eben Wright (26).....	4 3 2 3 5 5 1 0 1 2 1 1 0 0—4
Peter H Morris (26).....	3 3 5 5 3 2 4 0 0 2 2 2 1 0—4
J P Knapp (31).....	4 5 4 5 4 2 2 2 1 2 2 0—5
A C Clarkson (27).....	5 5 1 5 1 3 2 1 0 2 2 0—4
F Edey (27).....	3 2 3 5 4 1 2 2 1 1 0 0—4
R B Lawrence (28).....	3 3 1 4 2 5 1 2 0 1 1 0—4
J M Garnett (26).....	3 4 5 2 5 3 2 0 1 2 2 0—3
T H Terry (26).....	2 4 2 5 5 3 0 2 2 2 2 0—3
Charles Coster (26).....	2 1 1 5 5 2 0 0 2 0—2
G De Forest Grant (28).....	3 1 5 4 0 2 2 0—2
F Lawrence (27).....	1 4 1 1 0 2 1 0—2
G Montant (27).....	4 4 2 4 0 0 1 0—1
C MacAlester (31).....	1 3 2 2 2—2
G Langen (29).....	1 1 1 2 2 0—2
James Eldridge (27).....	4 2 2 2 0—1
H B Livingston (27).....	1 1 5 2 0—1
Jordan L Mott, Jr (27).....	5 2 3 0 2 0—1
J B Ellison (29).....	5 4 2 0—1
E F Thomas (29).....	5 3 2 0—1
George Work (31).....	4 0—0
Edward Holcombe (30).....	3 0—0
C M Chapin (30).....	4 0—0
H B Wright (30).....	5 0—0
H A Butler (29).....	1 0—0
Daniel Bacon (27).....	2 1 0 0—0
G Ewing (27).....	1 4 0 0—0
A R Hopkins (27).....	4 3 0 0—0
W H Stafford (28).....	4 3 0 0—0
A T Sullivan (23).....	4 2 0 0—0
C E Brewster (26).....	1 1 3 0 0—0
Tie for third money:	
H Edey.....	3 5 2 2
R D Foote.....	5 5 2 0
W S Edey.....	3 0

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		
J P Knapp.....	0—0	22222—5	20—1		
H B Wright.....	22222—5	220—2	...		
W H Stafford.....	0—0	2220—3	...		
G Langen.....	220—2	10—1	2211—4		
J B Ellison.....	22222—5	0—0	0—0		
D Bacon.....	0—0	21222—5	220—2		
E F Thomas.....	0—0	2220—3	...		
P H Morris.....	0—0		
H A Butler.....	21220—4	12211—5	...		
A Pickard.....	0—0	10—1	...		
G Hoyt.....	10—1	2220—3	...		
F G Moore.....	10—1	12222—5	2220—3		
H B Livingston.....	0—0		
George Work.....	0—0	20—1	...		
C MacAlester.....	12122—5	2220—3	0—0		
C M Chapin.....	120—2	2110—3	...		
R D Foote.....	2110—3	22220—4	1221—4		
R B Lawrence.....	10—1	0—0	2211—4		
A Deane.....	21212—5	0—0	2220—3		
W S Edey.....	0—0	0—0	2220—3		
J Eldridge.....	0—0	0—0	...		
G Ewing.....	220—2	2220—3	...		
H Holcombe.....	0—0		
B R Kittredge.....	210—2		
H Edey.....	10—1		
W Rutherford.....	22222—5	0—0	...		
F Edey.....	110—2	0—0	...		
E G Murphy.....	2220—3	0—0	...		
A Belmont.....	120—2	0—0	...		
S D Ripley.....	120—2	2110—3	...		
	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Geo Work.....	1212—4	022—2	220—2	221—3	120—2
G Ewing.....	200—1	222—3	020—1	122—3	00—0
W Rutherford.....	220—2	222—3	200—1	02—1	222—3
A Belmont.....	1211—4
H B Livingston.....	210—2	10—1	022—2	01—1	022—2
S D Ripley.....	021—2
A C Kirkland.....	102—2

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were \$5 miss-and-outs, same handicaps as in main event; non-winners in main event and in No. 1 moved up 1 yd. in Nos. 2 and 3; Nos. 4-8 were 3-bird sweeps, \$5 entrance.

WORK DEFEATS WRIGHT BY THREE BIRDS.

Jan. 2.—To-day's match at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., was one of the most interesting of its kind that we have seen for a long time past; it was a pity that more people were not present to witness it. There were several features about the match that made it specially attractive to us. In the first place the two shooters, George Work and H. B. Wright (the latter, by the way, is an assumed name), are somewhat similar in their style of shooting; not so much in their attitude while at the score as in the manner in



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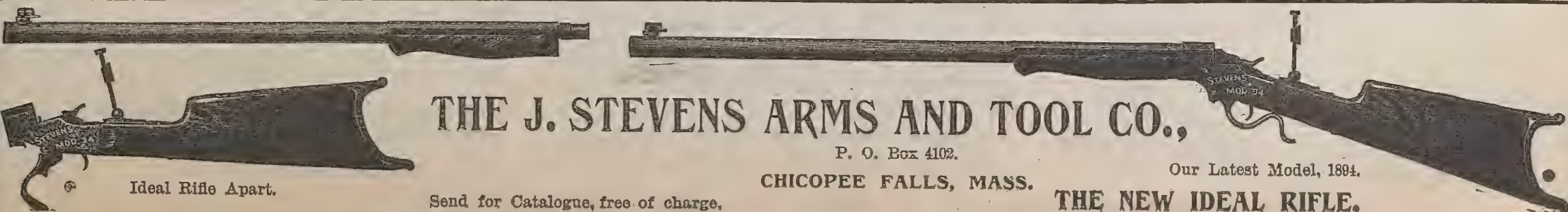
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BENCH SHOW INTERESTS.

MANY years have come and gone since the improvement of the dog excited the interest of the dog fanciers of America, and since practical effort was directed to such improvement by the importation of the best blood and the best specimens obtainable, and since the public at large bestowed its approval, encouragement and support. And yet there are those who still advocate importation to improve the older breeds.

Have the efforts of some breeders been a failure in whole or in part? We think not, although their teachings would lead to a different conclusion—the contention of those breeders who maintain that importation is the road to improvement. It is true that when a new breed is cultivated the best specimens can be obtained only from such sources as have them, but the breeds which have been carefully developed year after year by painstaking owners, and have been added to also by the blood of many importations year after year, should reach a stage of meritorious development at some time when they can be bred properly at home.

After breeding dogs for many years in succession from the best imported blood, to admit still that the improvement of the breed is contingent on the importations of good specimens for breeding purposes is to admit the superiority of the breeders abroad.

Too much value is often attached to the dog bred abroad for the sole reason that he is a foreign production. Habit no doubt is a factor in such concession. When improvement was started the value and superiority of foreign stock were conceded. From such education at the start favoring imported specimens they have held their place in popular esteem, to a partial exclusion of the fact that the home stock of many breeds has improved to a degree equal to the foreign.

Let a specimen be ordinary, so that it be foreign there is a glamour of superiority and value about it which rests solely on the fact that it came from the vague limits beyond the national horizon.

The exercise of judicious care in breeding will produce quite as good results here as abroad. Breeding largely is not necessarily judicious breeding. Breeding for market exclusively, with the purpose of quality and corresponding profit, is not the best manner of improving any breed. In breeding for market such features are likely to be considered only as will catch the attention of purchasers—long pedigrees, performances of sires, etc. In breeding for improvement the selection of the best specimens, physically and mentally, is considered, with due regard to the family tendencies to transmit the best qualities, specimens which can perpetuate their species in the highest degree.

In each breed which has attained a popular footing in this country there are many specimens which are conceded to be excellent of their kind. The plea made now and then that improvement is dependent on foreign importation is not necessarily so important as its advocates would have us believe.

There is one essential in the bench show world, however, a need which has long existed—that is, of more bench show judges. Breeds have grown larger in numbers, bench shows have multiplied throughout the land, and yet the list of judges has been added to but slowly. Even at this day of bench show development, of specialty clubs, of amateur experts, of uniform public interest, it is considered necessary to send abroad for judges. Is it not possible that the development of the judges' list has been checked by the too liberal denunciation of judges by disappointed exhibitors, by the abuse which has been so incessantly hurled at a judge under the name of criticism? Is it not possible that some of our breeding systems can be improved by breeding on a better theory, and our judges' list can be augmented by a kinder policy?

BUFFALO IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

THE campaign against buffalo killers in the National Park, which Capt. Anderson carried on last fall, was measurably successful. Two expeditions were dispatched to the southeast corner of the Park to watch for poachers, and if possible to find out what they were doing. These expeditions found the carcasses of nine or ten buffalo which had been killed within a few months, and they also came upon a party of poachers and chased them out of the Park, killing one of their horses, but failing to capture the men. Late in October Capt. Anderson made an expedition down into this same country, where he saw some fresh signs of buffalo, and he believes that there are still some on the Mirror plateau, others on the hot ground near Fern Lake, and a few about Heart Lake.

About the 1st of November the United States Marshal of Helena informed Capt. Anderson that some of the Henry's Lake poachers were negotiating with W. H. Wittich, of Butte, Mont., for the sale of buffalo scalps. Capt. Anderson had previously had detectives among the Henry's Lake poachers, and knew a good deal about them. When the United States Marshal offered to assist in the capture of the man having the buffalo for sale, Capt. Anderson swore out an information against the suspected parties and put it in the Marshal's hands for execution. In the course of time James S. Courtenay appeared in Butte with four scalps and one calf skin. He was arrested just as he was turning these remains over to Wittich, taken before a United States Commissioner, held in \$1,500 bail and sent to the Mammoth Hot Springs for trial under the Park Protection Act. He was tried late last month and was acquitted on the ground that the spoils were obtained in Idaho, outside of the Park.

This is the substance of Capt. Anderson's report to the Interior Department. He believes that the capture of Courtenay has thoroughly alarmed the poachers, and that it will probably prevent them from making further efforts to kill the Park buffalo. He believes too that, while Idaho poachers have killed a good many buffalo, the number has been greatly overestimated, and thinks that they have not got more than ten this season.

The entire failure of the Idaho Legislature to forbid the killing of buffalo within the State has often been adverted to in these columns, and the futility shown of any attempt to protect Park game so long as the butchers are at liberty to camp just outside the Park and make predatory excursions into it whenever opportunity may present.

Elk, deer and antelope are now seen in unusually large numbers in the northern part of the Park, and as usual there are some mountain sheep on Mount Everts. The Park is full of coyotes, which are killing a good many antelope. These small wolves hunt in packs and find little difficulty in running the antelope down. Capt. Anderson is having the coyotes killed off as rapidly as possible.

At last reports the buffalo had started for the Hayden Valley, but the snow-fall up to that time being light they had not yet been driven together in a single herd.

SNAP SHOTS.

We print in another column the report prepared by Mr. J. S. Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie, counsel to the Senate Committee of the New York Legislature intrusted with the task of inquiring into the special needs of the St. Lawrence River waters for the protection of bass. The committee had numerous conferences with the Canadian authorities, who are disposed to act in concert with New York to secure uniformity of season and restrictions as to fishing methods. It is proposed to set apart a portion of the St. Lawrence River region, between

Tibbet's Point Lighthouse and the city of Ogdensburg, which shall be guarded by a special protector assigned to the district, and shall be governed by the special laws, the text of which we print in our angling columns. Only by concert of action on the part of the Canadian and New York authorities may the St. Lawrence waters be given protection. The agreement contemplated in the report of the Senate Committee will remove a long-standing source of irritation, and will promote both fish protection and the growth of friendly feeling between the fishermen of the two countries. The suggestions in the report will have the endorsement of all anglers concerned, and we trust that the provisions named in them may be put into operation.

The County Treasurer of St. Lawrence county in this State received a check for \$150 the other day, sent by a Boston sportsman as a self-imposed, conscience-impelled fine for a deer and a duck killed out of season twelve years ago. The game law violation, the Boston man wrote, had never been discovered, but the offender felt that he must square up. Now while we are talking on the sportsman and his ways, why not count this man in? Our compliments to him. More power to the conscience of every other man who is carrying around with him the secret knowledge of Adirondack deer or Maine moose killed out of season. If it would help the good cause along we would gladly supply a list of county treasurers covering all the game districts in the country. If every individual who has killed his game out of season were to follow the Boston example the game protection funds would be so generous that there would be no need of appropriations for several years to come.

Such a meeting as that at Syracuse last week affords an excellent opportunity to take note of public sentiment on questions relating to game interests. There could be no mistaking the opinion of the delegates as to deer hounding. An overwhelming majority was opposed to the practice, and the convention voted to recommend that both hounding and jacking should be prohibited. Quite as strong was the opposition to spring shooting. The date fixed upon by the convention for the close of duck shooting was March 1 instead of April 1, as now, and this date was adopted for the entire State, including Long Island. Vice-President Robert B. Lawrencé, who represented Long Island, declared that the sportsmen of the Island were almost unanimously in favor of forbidding the killing of wildfowl in the spring. It is very clear that year by year we are coming nearer to the abolition of spring shooting.

Senator Malby's bill to forbid the pollution of waters by sawdust, dyestuff and other factory waste will be pushed vigorously in the New York Legislature this year; and it is a satisfaction to know that under Mr. Malby's guidance it is likely to be made a law. The present statute forbids the deposit of deleterious substances in any waters "in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same." Such a prohibition is ineffective and worthless, as has been demonstrated over and over again when the fish protectors have attempted to enforce it. Some of these days the public will wake up to the fact that it has some rights in its own waterways, and it will learn how to reclaim and protect these rights. Then we shall see an end of the preposterous state of affairs in which individuals and corporations are permitted to convert rivers and creeks into sewers and drains barren of food fish.

The Arion Fish Company, of Tower, Minn., thinking to profit by the opportunities afforded by New York's iniquitous law permitting the sale of game at all times, unlawfully shipped a car of 3,000 grouse and a large supply of venison, billed for New York. The Minnesota game warden intercepted the game and sued the Arion people for the penalty. The case has just been settled by the payment of a fine of \$2,000. The shipment affords a beautiful example of the way in which the New York refrigerator law works. The provision is embodied in Sec. 249, which allows at all times the sale of game brought from a source 300 miles distant from New York. The section must be repealed, and the sooner the better.

President Frank J. Amsden, of the New York State Association, deserves a generous measure of appreciation for the hard work he has done during the year in the interest of the Association. He has given to the work time and money and intelligent direction.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—IX.

A Night Flitting.

A SIDE-TRACK OF THE U. G. R. R.

THE shadows of the trees that skirted the west shore stretched far across the marsh and channel as Sam drove the canoe up the creek with quick, strong strokes, quite regardless of the throngs of incoming waterfowl that swept past him or those already arrived that arose from the marsh on either hand and the open water before him, for he had left the temptation of the gun behind him. When he entered the East Slang all lesser shadows were dissolved in the overwhelming shadow of the Adirondacks, and when he stepped on shore at the old camp landing the twilight was thickening into gloom in the woods through which he took the now dimly-defined path and hastened toward the log house of the negro.

When he came in sight of it, it was a dark blotch in the clearing against the faint light of the afterglow with one spot of light in it, where a candle shone from its single front window. As he approached he heard the voices and frequent laughter of his acquaintances of the morning, with the softer voice of a woman sometimes breaking in. He knocked at the door and the voices were suddenly hushed, and in the stillness he heard the puff that blew out the candle, followed by excited whispers and cautious steps across the floor. He knocked again and the woman's voice demanded:

"Who's there?"

"It's me! Sam Lovel! the man 'at was here this mornin'." I want to speak to the man they call James."

There was more whispering before Jim asked, jerking out the words with the characteristic nervous twitches of the head that Sam could almost see in spite of the intervening door.

"What'd' you want? Be you alone? Can't you talk through the door?"

"I don't want to holler," said Sam in a low voice, answering the last question first. "Its suthin' 'baout the man 'at you call your brother er cousin. He wants to be makin' himself sca'ce 'raoun' here. I'm all alone, an' you needn't be afeard to open the door."

After more whispering inside, the door was unfastened and cautiously opened far enough for Jim to thrust his head outside and assure himself of Sam's identity and that he was alone. Then the door was held wide open and the visitor invited to enter by a jerk of the head and motion of the hand. The door was closed so quickly behind Sam that it nearly caught the skirts of his coat. By the glimmer of light from the stove he saw the liting, dancing negro of the morning transformed into a stern, threatening giant confronting him with an axe uplifted above his shoulder. The figure of a woman shrank behind the stove with a child, wide-eyed with fright and wonder, clinging to her gown.

"You needn't be afeard to light your light an' see who I be," said Sam. "The' hain't nob'dy else."

While Jim relighted the candle with a splinter the others looked intently at Sam, as his features grew distinct in the increasing glow, when being assured that his honest face masked no evil purpose, the tall negro lowered his axe and the woman, a handsome mulatto, sat down and took the child upon her knee.

Sam told them of his suspicion that the visitors at camp were in search of Jim's guest, "and naow," he said in conclusion, "the chances is they'll be here arter you to-morrow. I've laid in with a feller to take ye to Canerdy on his boat, but he won't go afore to-morrow night or nex' day, an' you'll hafta lay low either in the woods or up to Mr. Bartlett's. I cal'late his haouse is the best place, an' I come to take ye up there an' tell him abaout gittin' on ye off, an' if that suits ye we'll be a-moggin' soon as you c'n git ready."

"I'se ready," said Bob, snatching his hat and coat from a peg on the log wall and moving toward the door.

"I don't take Bob long to pack his trunk, no sir," Jim said with a nervous laugh. "Lord, haow you did scare me when you knocked. Twice in one day is 'baout often 'nough to scare a man in one day, yes, sir! But naow you're putty nigh scarin' of me ag'in. You s'pose them fellers rally was huntin' arter Bob?"

"I'se ready," Bob repeated as he drew a small pistol from his coat pocket, and turning stooped to the candle light to examine the cap. Replacing it in his pocket he turned to Sam and said:

"I s'pec's you're gwine ter sot me 'cross de run, Marse Lovel?"

"The run? O, the Slang; yes, I was cal'latin' tu, an' tu go up to Mr. Bartlett's with ye. I want to see him. My canew's up there to the landin'."

"What! you didn't never come clean 'raound to the Slang to-night? You might ha' come right acrost the crik no time."

"I didn't know who might be a-watchin'," Sam answered. "The longest way 'raoun's the surest. Come, le's be a-moggin'."

"I'se done b'en ready," said Bob. "Goo'-bye, Nancy; goo'-bye, little Jimmy. De good Lawd bress ye an' ta' keer on ye."

He shook hands with the woman and laid his huge hand on the child's curly head, and then stretched it out to Jim.

"Goo'-bye, Jeems, er is you gwine 'long?"

"You stay along wi' me, Jim," said the woman, anxiously.

The two negroes looked at him suspiciously, and exchanged questioning glances.

"I guess I'll go a piece," Jim said, with an emphatic jerk of the head.

"All right, suit yourself. I only cal'lated it 'ould look better if anybody come. S'posin' you put the light aout ag'in, so the' can't nob'dy see us goin' aout."

Jim blew out the candle and the three went out into the night, now lighted only by the stars and the flicker of the northern lights.

They took their way across the clearing at a brisk pace, Jim taking the lead as being most familiar with the path, Sam next and the runaway in the rear. The latter cast frequent glances behind and started nervously when an alarmed bird fluttered suddenly from a bush or some night prowler scurried among the fallen leaves and dry

twigs, while Sam and Jim held steadily on, quite regardless of such harmless sounds. Feeling their way more slowly along the unseen wood path, they came to where they saw the stars again, then saw them repeated in the still water of the channel, and then were at the landing. There was a soft splash in the channel like the cautious dip of an oar.

"Fo' de Lawd," Bob gasped, starting back and thrusting his hand in his pocket, "dem fellers out dar layin' fo' me. My Gawd, Marse Lovel, you ain't de man to fool a pore niggah what's bein' hunted to de eends of de airth!" and he tried to scan Sam's face in the dim starlight, but holding aloof in a half-crouching attitude that might be a preparation for either a fight or a run.

"I guess it hain't nothin' but a mushrat or a duck," Sam whispered, looking intently in the direction of the sound, "but mabby Jim hed better shove aout there in his canew an' see."

Jim pushed his dugout to the edge of the channel and presently jerked back a loud disjointed whisper.

"Everything's all right. Jest as clear's a Christian's eye. Yes, sir, jist egzakly."

With this assurance Bob took his place in the canoe where Sam had already kneeled, with his paddle in his hand, and he now pushed out and laid his craft alongside of Jim's.

"I do' know jest where I'm a goin' tu land," he said with a questioning inflection.

"You go up 'baout fifty rods an' you'll come tu the John Clark place, where ol' John Clark allus used to fish. You can run right up to the hard bank there. Mr. Bartlett's is the furdest north in that string o' lights. You put right straight for it an' you'll strike a big holler where a brook runs, which you cross it an' follow up the north bank an' you'll kit the secont road right by his haouse. I guess I won't go no furdur an' I'll bid you good-bye, Bob, an' good luck to ye."

"Goo'-bye, Jeems, ta' keer yo'se'f, boy."

They shook hands across the gunwales and the bark canoe slid silently up the channel, breaking the smooth surface with wake and paddle strokes that set the mirrored stars a-dancing and startled the sleeping ducks to sudden noisy flight. Without greater incident the brief voyage was made, and the two men set forth across the fields, guided by the house light and the deep-cut water course to which they presently came. They approached the first road with scarcely a precaution of secrecy, for there was not a house upon it nearer than the tavern at the corner, where the bar room lights shone out with hospitable gleam.

They were beginning to climb the fence when they heard the sound of a wagon and voices in low but earnest conversation close at hand and drawing nearer. Then they saw the intermittent glow of a pipe, and as they sank back and crouched in a weed-grown fence corner they caught a whiff of its odor.

"Fo' de Lawd," Bob whispered, sniffing it eagerly, "I hain't felt de smell o' no terbacca lak dat sencē I done lef' Ol' Ferginny."

Sam laid a cautionary hand on his arm. "What be they talkin' 'bout?"

The wagon stopped almost in front of them, and as its clatter and the footfalls of the horse ceased the guarded voices of the occupants were distinctly heaad.

"I tell you the rwud cross lots is consid'able furdur on," said one. "The' hain't no gap ner barway here, fer I c'n see stakes an' caps tu ev'ry corner."

Sam held his breath while he knew that two pairs of eyes were closely scanning the fence and the very corner where he crouched beside his companion, whose hand he could hear stealthily creeping to the pocket that held the pistol.

"I reckon yo' ah right," the other occupant of the wagon said at last, and Sam recognized the smooth voice of the quiet visitor at camp, "but 'pears like we'd come fah enough."

"No, sir," the other rejoined emphatically, "the's a reg'lar rwud when we come tu it, an' it runs through a paster. This 'ere's a medder, I can see a stack a-loomin' up."

"All right," the other conceded, "go ahade and hurry up yo' cakes, foh I'll be bound Baker and his man's thah with the boat foh now."

The driver spoke sharply to his horse and the wagon went rattling down the road at a rapid pace.

"Wal," said Sam, rising and letting out his long-held breath, "I cal'late you stayed to Jim's 'baout as long as was healthy for ye."

"Sho's yo' bawn, Marse Lovel! Dat 'ar man saoun' des lak Cap'n Clahk," Bob whispered excitedly. "De shaapes' man faw huntin' niggahs dey is in all dem pahs. Lawd, if I didn't tink he was lookin' right squaar' at me."

"Wal, he hain't a-huntin' on his own groun', an' that makes lots o' odds. My sakes, won't they hev fun a-hoofin' on't 'raound the head o' the Slang in the dark! It would be tew all-killin' bad if they should break the necks a-tumblin' through the woods."

When the two came to the broad stage road, no one was astr in the quiet neighborhood, and leaving Bob hidden in an adjacent fence corner, Sam went to Friend Bartlett's kitchen door and knocked. He heard the familiar sound of a pipe rapped on the stove hearth, then stockinged feet bumping across the floor and the door was opened by a shock-headed Irishman.

"Good evenin'," said Sam. "Is Mr. Bartlett tu hum?"

"Noa thin," the man answered. "He's gahn to the vilage beyant t' a timperance matin'. It's a moral reformed droonkard they calls him, bes lacter'n."

"Wal, I sh'd like to see Mis' Bartlett then."

"Is it the misthres? Thin it's herself that wint wid him. Divil the wan o' thim in it but the daughter an' mesilf an' the gyl."

"When do you think they'll be back?"

"Divil a know, I know I'll hould yez the price of a quart, the moral reformed crather 'll be afther blatherin' till nine o'clock, vis tin, be gab, an' they'll be to hear the last wurrd."

Sam's heart sank at the poor prospect of communicating with Friend Bartlett. "You was sayin' suthin' about his darter. Is she a growed up woman or a leetle gal?" he asked.

"It's a fine lump of a wummun she is, thin; nearly as big as the mother, an' it's herself has the larnin'. She been to schule to all the Nine Partners."

* A celebrated Quaker boarding school situated in the township of Nine Partners in the State of New York.

"Wal, then," said Sam, "I can't du no better 'n to see her if you'll ask her to step to the door a minute."

The Irishman, going to the door of another room, spoke to some one therein, and presently a handsome young woman came forth. Her plain dress wore some un-Quakerly adornments, but her face was so kindly that Sam felt sure she must be in full sympathy with her parents in all benevolent work.

"Good evenin', Miss Bartlett; I fetched up a couple o' ducks to your father, an' I wanted tuspeak to him about a little business."

"Yes," she said, with a questioning affirmative, as she took the proffered ducks. "Thee may leave any message for father with me. Why, these ducks are very nice, and I'm sure he'll be very much obliged to thee. What is it thee wants me to tell him?"

"It's a kinder private business," said Sam, looking past her at the Irishman, who stood near the stove with an attentive ear turned toward them. "An' if you'd jest step aout an' shet the door a minute."

"Michael, won't thee please take these ducks down cellar and hang them up? Aren't they nice ones?" Margaret Bartlett said, and then to Sam, as Michael, taking the ducks and a candle, disappeared in the cellarway, "Won't thee come in?"

Sam declined and she stepped out, closing the door behind her.

"You tell your father," Sam hastened to say in a low voice, "at ther' 's som'b'dy arter that nigger an' they 've faound aout where he was hid, so I fetched him up here."

"The colored man at James's? Where is he?" Margaret asked anxiously. "Thee mustn't let Michael see him. Father doesn't think he can be trusted in such matters."

"No, somehaow Paddies hates niggers. I do' know why. I don't hanker arter 'em myself, but I hain't no grudge ag'in 'em. I didn't cal'late to hev nob'dy see him but your father, an' hid him in the fence aout here. But he can't stay there all night, an' what be I goin' tu du with him?"

"Thee must put him in the barn, in the bay on the west side of the barn floor. No one will go there, and I'll tell father when he comes."

"All right, an' you tell your father 'at I've laid in wi' a Canuck 'at's a buyin' apples to take the nigger to Canerdy in a day or two. Your father'll want to take daown a lwud to-morrer an' find aout when, an' we'll git the nigger there to rights."

"I wish thee wouldn't call colored people niggers," said Margaret.

"Why," said Sam, "that's what he calls himself, an' I rather guess from his looks he is one. Good night. I'll mow him away all right."

Groping his way into the unknown interior of the barn, guided only by feeling and a knowledge of the common internal arrangement of barns in general, Sam led his charge to this safe retreat, and bidding him good-bye departed on his devious, dark and solitary way back to camp.

As he silently passed the landing where Jim's dugout lay he saw the light of a lantern glimmering unsteadily along the wood path and heard the hunters returning in bad humor from their unsuccessful quest, stumbling and grumbling over the rough trail.

"Wal," said Sam to himself, as he listened to their floundering progress up the wooded bank of the Slang, "you faound the holler tree, but the coon wa'n't in it. By the gre't horn spoon! I'd ha gi'n a fo'pence to ha' be'n there an' seen 'em an' seen Jim shake that head o' his'n."

When he reached the mouth of the Slang he heard the regular sound of oars and saw another light steadily advancing up the channel of the Creek, shining far along the quiet water before it, while glittering reflections flickered out like floating sparks where the wake stirred the rushes.

Sam ran his canoe into the weeds till the other boat had passed. The lantern shining on the face of the man in the stern revealed the features of Baker, the other visitor at the camp.

"You planned it fust-rate," Sam soliloquized again, "but it's a dref'l poor night for huntin' niggers. O, you cussed slinks! I don't lay it up so much ag'in that other feller, for that's the way he was brought up; but you, Vermonsters, huntin' niggers! Damn ye! I'd liter sink ye in the mud!"

So, by turns boiling with wrath and chuckling over the discomfiture of the slave hunters, Sam pursued his way to where the candle was burning low in the socket of the tin lantern which was hung out to beacon him to the upper landing.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

The Singing Mouse.

We are beguiled by simple, gentle words into listening to the song of the Singing Mouse, who has the magician's power to conjure back the past and to win us to forget the sordid present. We must all envy the author's fortune to evoke the gentle sprite who persuades us that "thoughts and remembrances, these are the things that live forever. It is only the shadows that are real."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

During the long winter nights the old Indians seat themselves before the fire and carve bows, ornament club handles, and feather and point arrows. Perhaps in some of the tepees hang polished guns furnished by the Government, but they are more for ornament than use. This evening work is accompanied by the low croaking of some old Indian, who tells over and over again the legends, folk lore and nursery tales of their grandfathers and grandmothers. The Haida tribe is more rapidly advancing in civilization than any of its neighbors, yet they still carve and point bows, arrows, club handles and paddles. The Indians still cling to other rude implements and take not kindly to metal ones. Rude knives of chert are still used for skinning deer, especially by the old Indians. The axe, of course, is employed for cutting trees and excavating canoes and mortars. It has really taken the place of the stone chisel, yet many old men prefer burning the roots of the tree until it can be made to fall by giving it a few hacks with the rude stone hatchet.—*Fort Still (O. T.) Correspondence Buffalo Express*.

C. L. Bartlett, who was in Washington for two or three years, but who now has a place in southwestern Virginia, is in the city and told me of a deer he owns. "I have raised the deer," he said, "from the time he was a fawn, and Frank, as we call him, is a great favorite throughout that section of country. He will come to my call and follow me like a dog. But his principal value is as a decoy. There are a few wild deer left in that country, though not many, and occasionally I hunt them. When I do Frank goes with me. He will find them if there are any, and will call them to me. Then, if there is a buck, he will make a sound that is a wagger of battle, and the wild animal will make a rush for him. Then Frank runs right back to where I am and I shoot his antagonist. In case of a doe he leads her up very close to me without any semblance of fight. By his aid I killed ten deer last winter in a country where they are scarce."—*Washington Star*.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—VII.

About Deadfalls.

In the course of my story of the Wisconsin trapping trip I have several times alluded to the fact that I saw no sort of trap except the steel trap employed by the trappers of that region. The steel trap is to-day the accepted form of instrument used by the trapper of any region where it is obtainable in quantities and at reasonable price. There are, however, some regions in which the steel trap is not so easily obtainable as in localities near the railroads, and there are times when one may find an opportunity to do a little trapping when he does not find himself prepared with steel traps, not having expected to do any trapping. In cases such as this it is natural and desirable to be fortified with a knowledge of the ancient and honorable, if more primitive, forms of traps formed of wood, such as deadfalls, pens, etc.

The principle of the deadfall is always much the same, though one sees it in all sorts of forms in different localities. Any man of resource can make deadfalls, box traps, "figure 4" traps and the like, and it is hardly worth while to go further fully into the first principles of such engines where space is so limited. The best work published on such matters I have found to be the "Trapper's Guide," published by Forest and Stream Pub. Co., which is very full and complete on this and many kindred subjects. From that work I take a few pictures of deadfalls of a high grade of ingenuity, which will serve to suggest further ideas to the trapper who finds himself out on a trip where he needs traps and cannot get steel traps.

What we may call Fig. No. 1 is a deadfall for sable, marten or any small animal which travels along on top of logs and stumps sometimes in search of food or for the several purposes which induce the moving about of game. It will be noticed that this deadfall is set on top of quite a high stump. The reason for this would be easily seen if one should see the same stump in winter time when the heavy snows have covered the ground. The top of the stump would then perhaps be about level with the snow. One will notice the little house built for the bait pen. My trapping friends do not like these artificial houses, but prefer natural objects as much as possible, yet this house will serve for the idea. The principle of the fall is readily seen. The fall log is about 10ft. long and 5in. thick. It is shown as level, but it must be remembered that the snow comes up to its level and that it must be free of the snow or it could not work; so its end is propped up out of the snow. The trigger of this trap is very simple, being made of two parts, an upright about 3 or 4in. high and a bait stick about 8in. long. The picture shows how to adjust these. This same idea can be worked out in a dozen different ways.

In Fig. No. 2 a more ingenious and less artificial-looking trap is seen, one also which takes less time to build. It is used for taking fisher, though it would be as apt to do for marten or about any animal of investigative turn of mind. It is a more thoughtful trap than at first appears, for it is intended for an animal which is very cautious and prone to spring traps when possible without getting caught.

The arrangement of the triggers in this trap is the same as in the sable trap, but the bait is put out free of any "house" or pen and clear of the log above and beneath. The fisher-cat comes along and sees the bait and lays his plans to get it. He can't reach it from below, so he climbs up the split stump and tries to get at it from there, and can't. Then he tries to go out on the top pole and reach the bait from there, but he cannot do so, because the bark covering to the bait is in his way. So he goes back to the split pole and crawls out between the two poles that make the deadfall, and sticks out his neck to reach the bait. In doing this he still leaves the greater part of his length between the poles of the trap, and the deadfall does the rest. There is one beauty of this trap which commends it, and that is that it is not so apt to blow full of snow and so become useless, as most traps often are that have houses for covering the bait. The natural effect of the falling of snow on this latter sort of deadfall would not appear to make the trap useless, and would not cover up the bait under the snow, for there would be no drifting full of snow.

Deadfalls for Bears.

There are deadfalls for otter and beaver, and deadfalls for fisher, not so good as the one above shown, but I imagine these are not important here, for nowadays otter and beaver are so scarce and so shy that when one goes after them he "goes fixed." But the case in regard to deadfalls for bears is a trifle different. The black bear is not so hard to trap in deadfalls as the otter or the beaver, and annually a great many bears are taken in deadfalls by trappers who use steel traps all the time for other fur.

The steel trap for bears is a heavy and expensive tool, and not many trappers have a great many of them. Besides the weight of such traps prevents carrying them easily, and besides that again one often runs across bear sign when he is far in the woods and has not time to get him a bear trap from the settlements. In some sections bears are not to be called numerous, so it does not pay to count on them enough to pack in great steel traps for them; yet the accident of the line may bring one right across a fine bear trail, and the working of the animal may be seen to be such that he can easily be taken; or it may be that a using ground or runway may be found where bears come through every season, and where a bear pen can be put out to good advantage.

Fig. No. 3 shows a bear deadfall which may be called about a typical one, or at least one which will do to start from. The cut shows plainly enough the way the pen is made, and one can see how the triggers work. The bait is tied to the lower end of the stick *c*. The bait used in New England is usually a piece of smoked codfish, we are told, though I believe pork and beans would be fully as good. This trap is about 5ft. high, about 3ft. wide, and about 4ft. deep. The bait is about 8in. from the back of the pen. The fall log is about 20ft. long, and is weighted with other logs placed on it crosswise. The bed log is made about of two pieces, each about 9in. in diameter. Its purpose is to assist the fall log in breaking the back of the bear when the trap is sprung.

As I look at the details of the bear trap above shown, it appears to me that it is an extremely poor kind of a trap, more especially in regard to the triggers. It is, moreover, complicated and awkward, and carries "trap" written all over it for a bear to read—and even a bear knows a thing or two about traps, especially when he isn't very hungry. It can easily be seen that such a trap would be a dangerous thing to set, especially by a man

who was alone. Instances are common enough where a trapper has had an arm broken by being caught in his own deadfall, which is no respecter of persons. If I had never seen a better deadfall than this I might think it a very good one, but I have seen a much better one, and this I will try to describe, as I saw it manufactured on the spot by Joe Blair, an old and successful trapper.

A Wisconsin Bear Trap.

Joe and I had found a piece of country toward Buckatambon Lake where it was evident a bear had crossed, although it was then only March and early for a bear to be moving. We selected a place near the top of a ravine which led up out of a dense thicket to the top of a divide making down into another system of water courses. We found a big fallen tree, whose vast upturn roots gave us our location for the trap. This made more than two-thirds of the walls of our house, and gave a natural look to the trap. We arranged the bed log and long fall log much as can be seen in the cut, Fig. 3, shown above, driving in stakes to guide the fall log in its fall. We avoided all stiff and newish-looking appearance as much as possible, and disguised the trap by covering it as well as possible with heavy boughs, though leaving plenty of light inside, so the thing would not be too suggestive of a trap.

When it came to the making of the trigger of our trap Joe cut a forked limb whose sides spread nearly at a right angle, and which was about 3ft. long on each leg. This, with one cross piece about 3ft. long, was all the trigger he had. Its principle may be understood if we should imagine the two sticks, *a* and *b*, shown in Fig. No. 3, to be reversed, end for end, in the trap, their point of union being on the bed log instead of on the fall log. In that case the stick *a* would represent the bait-stick, and all the rest of that machinery inside would be done away with—a great gain in simplicity certainly, and yet at no expense of certainty in action. When we came to set our trap Joe stood his forked bait-stick up on end on the bed log, the end which was to carry the bait projecting inside the



BEAR DEADFALL SET BY JOE BLAIR.

trap about 2 or 3ft. On the top end of his forked bait-stick he placed his cross-stick, at right angles to the forked bait-stick. Then he let down his fall log on top of the cross-stick, and the weight of the fall log held the cross-stick and the bait-stick together, so that the trap was set and ready. We then piled a lot more logs on top of the fall log crosswise, as shown in the cut above. The triggers held in place perfectly under this, yet I found that the slight touch of a pole on the point of the bait-stick easily sprung the trap. The top end of the forked bait-stick was slightly rounded at the point where the cross-stick rested on it, and the trap was so set that when the cross-stick was in position the upright leg of the bait-stick was a little to one side of the center of weight of the fall log. Here we had the fulcrum point of the trap, composed of three rounded surfaces not bearing on each other in a direct line. A touch on the bait end of the forked stick would set the fulcrum point rolling, and down would come the trap. This sort of bear trap can be set from the outside entirely, and is very simple and easily built, and looks less like a trap than that shown above. Indeed, if one should look at the photograph of the bear trap which Joe Blair and I built he would not know what it was intended to represent, nor could he see the way the triggers were set unless he looked very closely. As I have mentioned earlier in these articles, Joe wrote me that he caught two bears after I came home, but he did not say whether he took them in a deadfall or not.

How to Market Furs.

Perhaps this will do for discussion of deadfalls, and will do also as an end for these articles, which have proved far longer than I intended they should be, though there remain a great many interesting things which it is hard not to go on writing about. Indeed, that a most interesting book could be written on this subject is well proven in the visible form of the "Trapper's Guide," which I have mentioned. One useful hint I append from that work to cover the whole question of taking off and curing skins, which I have not touched upon at all. This has to do with the marketing of furs in the most acceptable form, and says:

"Fur manufacturers now (in 1894) demand:

"1. That the bow-stretcher be always used for muskrat. Skin from the nose, and make the rump square, not round or pointed.

"2. That ermine, fisher, fox, marten, mink, opossum, otter and skunk must be cased—that is, not cut open—and must be stretched on board stretchers.

"3. That badger, bear, raccoon, wolf and wolverine must be open; that is, cut open along the belly from tail to head, and stretched, somewhat oblong, to the fullest extent of the skin.

"4. The hoop stretcher should be used only for beaver."

Trade Names of Furs.

An interesting chapter could be written on the prices of furs and the trade names of the various sorts of furs. There is the most intense popular ignorance about the actual nature of furs offered for sale in manufactured form, and in no other line of business is deception more common than among uncandid fur dealers. A great many furs are never sold under their own actual names,

and there are fanciful trade names for furs which are of a very common sort if the buyer only knew it. Thus, "Electric seal" is really nothing but dyed skin of the coney, a sort of rabbit. "Black marten" is made out of the dyed skins of the opossum, the raccoon, sometimes even of the dog. "Brown marten" is dyed skunk, and it sometimes is very beautiful too. The skunk is quite a factor in the trade. The real marten, such as we caught on our Wisconsin trip, sells as "Hudson Bay sable," a very fetching name when you are selling furs to an alderman's wife, who has once upon a time heard that Hudson Bay is where the furs come from. "Black lynx" never grows black, but is dyed black. "Russian lynx" is a trifle deceptive when we learn that it is made of nothing fiercer than rabbitskins, dyed. But perhaps the nicest little trade name is that of the "Brook mink." This is nothing but our humble friend the muskrat, whose robe costs about 10 cents on the average.

Odd and Valuable Furs.

A fur store is a delightful place to wander through, and one can there see many wonderful things, and many showing the irregularity of Dame Nature's methods and her contempt for all classifications. Odd and sometimes almost unnameable skins come in, which even in their natural state puzzle the grader. Quality and not name is what makes the value of any skin. Thus I learned of one black bear skin which was bought at Boston by a Chicago house at a wholesale price of \$50. It was only a cub skin, but was so soft and silky that its value was double that of the average high-grade bear skin of twice the size. This skin was killed in Maine. Is now a rug in a Chicago residence, whose owner thought he was lucky to get it at \$100. Southern bear skins run as low as \$3 to \$10 sometimes. Wisconsin bear skins, killed when prime, net the trapper \$25 very often. Albino skins are common in the fur trade. At the store of A. Bishop, in this city, Mr. Rich showed me albino skins of the skunk, muskrat, opossum, raccoon and mink. The skin of the mink was very pale, almost white, and the leather was a faint pink instead of white. The raccoon was very white and heavily furred. There were also several skins which were called "hybrid" by the dealers. The body color was that of the marten or almost like that of the low-grade sable, but across the shoulders was a tell-tale streak of white which denoted the skunk beyond doubt, although the general look of the skin was very far from that of the skunk.

"We don't look at a skin to tell whether it is skunk or not," said Mr. Rich, "but feel of the leather. No matter how a skunk skin is marked or dyed, a good fur man can always recognize the unmistakable feel of the inside of the skin."

"Once we had a skin come in here which was odd to us at first, but we found that it was Australian opossum, plucked and then dyed. This passes in the markets as 'French beaver.'"

The Fur of Royalty.

But the handsomest furs you will see are those of the sable. If you see a bunch of these rich furs hanging on the wall you will go up to them and will not want to go away, such is their fascinating richness and brilliance of coat. I thought I had found some very fine marten skins when I came upon a lot of these furs.

"We made a little collarette for a Chicago lady the other day out of some of these sable skins," said my informant. "It was only about 8in. deep, but it cost \$350. Not more than a few weeks ago we bought one sable skin from the East which cost \$135. This skin you see here is worth \$92. We would take \$55 for this one, or \$88 for this one. It all depends on the quality, the dark skins being the most valuable. These are the furs of royalty, the genuine Russian Crown sable. Each skin regularly exported from Russia has the crown stamped on it upon the inside. A considerable number are yearly smuggled out of that country and so do not bear the stamp. The Alaska sable is not so good as the Russian, or at least is rarely so good, though we sometimes see a very fine, dark Alaska sable. With furs it is the same as with gems—with diamonds or opals, let us say. You may get an opal of some size which is not worth over \$5, or your jeweler may show you one no larger, but whose fire and brilliance may make it worth \$150."

The Trapper's Pay for his Furs.

In the question of the value of his furs the trapper is very much at the mercy of the fur buyer. The trapper has of course a general idea of what his fur is worth, but he bases this only upon what he has received for similar fur at another time. He regularly receives from his fur buyer a list of quotations on the different furs; but here is where the dishonest buyer—and there are many of these—gets in his work. It seems there is competition among these buyers, as in all other sorts of business. For instance, a new firm wants to get hold of so good a set of trappers as the Buck outfit at Mercer, Wis. The firm sends out a circular, and quotes marten up to as high as \$10, or maybe places otter "at \$12 to \$20." A young or inexperienced trapper might think that this firm was paying more than his old firm, and so would begin to ship to the new outfit. When the returns came in he would find that his darkest marten were not good enough to be worth more than \$2 to \$3, and his biggest and blackest otter would not bring more than \$6. They "would not grade." And then there would be some skins "grease burnt," and a skin or so would come up missing in the count. Such robbery of the trappers is a common and notorious occurrence, but it is usually the inexperienced who get caught. The old trapper knows about what his fur is worth, and usually knows something of the firm to whom he is shipping. In some mysterious way, too, the reputation of a good firm travels over the entire country and becomes known among all the trappers—how, I could never understand. When I was down in Mississippi this fall I saw a negro with some coon skins. He told me he trapped and bought furs in that country, and when I asked him where he shipped he mentioned the name of the same firm at Oshkosh, Wis., to which Fay Buck, Joe Blair and most of the Wisconsin trappers I met ship all their furs.

The whole subject of fur, from the wilderness to the palace, is a most interesting one. To the sportsman no phase of it will appeal like the first and rougher ones of the trapping trail. As I write the last lines of my little trapping story the snow is falling fast. It is Jan. 1, and fur will soon be prime again. When one looks out of the window and sees the white footing growing rapidly so good, it is impossible not to long again for the snowshoes and the pack of the deep woods in winter. E. HOUGH.

TWO WEEKS ON THE MOLUNCUS.

THERE are times in our lives when, with our limited capacity for enjoyment, we experience for brief seasons what we call perfect happiness. Such a season for our party of vacationists dawned on the morning of Sept. 27, 1895. Indeed, the pleasure had begun long before this time, for, as is usual with parties going to the dear old Maine woods, many happy hours had been spent together planning how to get the most out of those two short weeks.

To most of our party the delights of the camp and deer hunting were a known quantity. Some were to taste these pleasures for the first time. Let me briefly note the members of our party as we boarded the train on the afternoon of the 27th, bound for Boston.

First, genial Uncle Cole, who, remembering the opportunities to delight a boyish heart, takes with him his young son Allie. Then Mr. A., known to all as Joe, who shares the delights this season with his friend Will P.; and finally the writer, with the partner of his joys and sorrows, familiarly known as Teddie, who is as enthusiastic as the boy Allie.

In Boston we were met by another old crony, Harry J., and with him Helen E., alias Neddie, who is eager to see what camp life really is. A merry party we were as we made ready for our night ride to Kingman, Me., our railroad destination. The ladies assisting us to carry our guns and traps were the object of no small amount of pleasant interest from fellow travelers; some, no doubt, wondering what those poor girls were going to do "way off in the woods."

A night ride by Pullman sleepers over the B. & M. and Maine Central railroads is not the least enjoyable part of a hunting expedition. At least we found it as pleasant as usual, and at 7:30 in the morning, fresh and vigorous, we left the train at Kingman to meet our guides, Lon and Frank. A hearty greeting we gave and received, for three seasons with them have sealed a strong and true friendship.

A brisk ride of seven miles and a bountiful breakfast prepared by the wives of our guides, our "store clothes" exchanged for those—to me at least—more congenial, and we were off for the woods.

Our camp had been prepared for us, as is our usual custom, and for the benefit of some campers who manage to exist in a cloth tent for two weeks I will describe it:

A shed-shaped frame of poles and boards 16×22ft., with open front 6½ft. high, and highest point or ridge of the roof about 8ft. back from the front. Then the whole covered, top and sides, with tarred paper, leaving front open, to be covered in with temporary shelter pieces as may be needed. The front portion leaves a goodly space of 16×8ft., devoted to the camp stove and the ample dining table. The rear portion of 12×16ft. leaves plenty of room for those fragrant fir-bough beds of which we have all heard so much. For a few dollars we have a camp as snug and dry as the kitchen at home, and rainy days are a pleasure in such a place, where wet clothes can be dried in a few minutes over the red hot stove, and plenty of room for games and reading on the dining table.

I could enlarge on the many conveniences and comforts of what we think is almost an ideal camp, but to resume my narrative:

Saturday night saw us safely and snugly settled in our new camp, and as darkness shut down over the quiet woods and we gathered one by one around the log fire to smoke and chat and laugh, then we felt the consummation of our hopes and desires and that peaceful rest which come to the lover of the woods in no other way.

Sunday saw us sunning ourselves on some soft brush pile and gazing up at the fleecy clouds, or reading, or adding some new little convenience to our well-nigh perfect camp.

The next day broke cloudy and lowering, and we resolved to explore the little pond in the woods for pickerel, and at the same time to note the best deer resorts, preparatory to the opening day.

A short time at the pond with the little Eureka folding canoe, which I had brought from home, gave us pickerel enough, and the sudden breaking of the storm sent us hurrying back to camp, where we arrived wet to the skin. But what did we care? Wasn't it raining, and wouldn't to-morrow be the 1st of October and a great day for deer?

That rainy afternoon was well spent in stocking up the "pantry" with a goodly supply of cooked food, ready for an early start on the morrow.

Half an hour before the sun had smiled upon the yellow treetops we had eaten our hearty breakfast, and leaving the girls contentedly snoozing in bed, stole away, two by two, through the quiet woods, silent as Indians (or trying to be).

My lot fell with Frank, and we were out for meat. My story is a short one. Within half an hour after leaving camp a fat, spike-horned buck, on the way to dine at his favorite spot in the burnt land, chanced to cross our path about 60yds. ahead of us. How handsome he looked as his suspicious eye caught sight of those two unfamiliar-looking stumps down the old road! We did not give him long to satisfy his curiosity, for Frank, being directly in front of me, with a clear shot "unhitched on him," and he was ours; killed instantly by a beautiful shot through the neck.

As we reached camp, dragging our prize, we were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm by the feminine contingent, who, having just risen from the most refreshing slumber and with keen appetites for breakfast, were wildly excited by the sight of meat; but when informed that deer meat was not good to eat while warm, they cooled down somewhat, and went poking round among the cold potatoes and johnnycakes.

As midday drew near our hunters came straggling in, tired and hungry, but all with glowing accounts of big buck tracks and the sight of flying white-tails—but no deer.

A united and vigorous attack on our provision box put us all in the happiest and jolliest humor, and could you have partaken with us, no doubt you too would have been happy; for the good wives of our guides had been busy for at least two days baking pumpkin pies, apple cakes, doughnuts, cookies, tarts and delicious whipped cream cakes—food seemingly hardly suited for roughing it; but as Nessmuk says, "We don't rough it, we smooth it."

A good long rest and a quiet after-dinner smoke, and most of the boys were ready for a short afternoon hunt.

Madam J., or rather Teddie and Allie, both eager for a sight at a deer, were my companions, and crossing the

river we followed the old log road out upon the highway to see deer, and incidentally to shoot a few partridges.

A pleasant walk it was to me, as I scanned the deer tracks across the road and covertly glanced now and then at those two eager excited faces, peering sharply into the woods to see the expected deer.

A mile or so with no results and we were thinking of turning back; but Teddie wanting a little rest sat down by the roadside. Allie and I decided to go a little further and be back in fifteen minutes. Around the first turn in the road, and we came to a number of fresh deer tracks in the mud, and as I am explaining to him that some real live deer made those footprints only a few moments ago, crash! crash! and away from the roadside go two white-tails, with shrill snorts of terror. One ran fairly down the road away from us; but as we had only shotguns loaded for partridges, he got away with a whole pelt. The boy after his first jump of excitement opened his mouth to speak, but his English came somewhat twisted and his first words were, "Oh, my mouth is in my heart!" But you may be sure I understood him correctly, for I had been there before and I forgave him on the spot.

Sadly we turned back to seek another sorrowing one, sitting on a stone by the wayside, who wanted to see a deer "Oh, so much."

Camp and supper and the reports of the day's hunt fill out the day to its utmost fullness, and then the glorious old log fire again! One contented, thankful heart was heard to murmur, as he stretched out his tired legs toward the glowing fire and braced his back against a big hemlock log, that if heaven was better than this it was an awful nice place.

As our camp happened to be near an old hemlock peeling a great abundance of well-seasoned logs were scattered about, and we made good use of them during our stay, many times bringing in logs for the fire which were a good load for four strong men.

As evening advances and bedtime approaches the boys celebrate by feeding the fire with a lot of dry fir boughs—and a beautiful sight it is, as the brilliant sparks shoot up a hundred feet into the air, reminding one of Fourth of July fireworks. These celebrations were of nightly occurrence.

A little later and the fire burning lower makes us feel sleepy, and one by one we steal away to our own little place under the blankets, reminded by Lon that we must be up early if we want a deer.

Next morning as we paired off for the day's hunt Harry and I decide that we are good for at least one deer between us; and after the others have chosen their favorite grounds we sneak out on the highway to prospect a little. About two miles from camp we suddenly surprise two deer by the side of the road, just on the brow of a hill. We were not a little surprised ourselves, not looking for deer on the wagon road, but we learned in a very few days that there was no better place to find game than near these grassy roadsides.

As the deer broke away we unlimbered and opened fire. The girls down at the camp told us when we got back that it sounded like a sham battle of the Rhode Island militia. The deer disappeared in the woods, one on each side of the road, apparently untouched, and to tell the truth I thought we had said good-bye to them, for I never could hit a deer on the wing myself, anyway. But not so with Harry; his last shot had been a square side just as the deer turned into the brush, and sure enough, after a little search we found blood in plenty, and within 100yds. we came to our game, stretched out dead. The bullet hole square through the body behind the shoulder told the story. He proved to be a small buck about 100lbs. weight, and as we were lucky enough to get a lift down the road a mile or so by a passing team, we soon reached camp. Lon and Joe had just arrived with a doe, a counterpart in size to the one we had, and we shook hands joyously with Joe, for it was his first deer. Our meat hooks looked in danger of an overstocked market, for there were four more hunters to report, but luckily, as we thought, they brought nothing but partridges, although having jumped several good deer.

We thought it high time to quit for the present, as our party do not kill game we cannot use, and it was a happy feeling we had, as we realized our situation, "Plenty to eat and nothing to do," except to do just what each one had a mind to do. This was generally going partridge hunting, fishing or paddling the canoe in search of new territory.

Our camp now settled down into the delightful place that a camp is when there is not a thought of care of any kind to weigh upon one, and business is totally forgotten for the time. We think often of the dear ones at home, and hope they are all right and well, and feeling sure that such is the case, we give ourselves up totally to the bewitching influence cast upon us by the dear old woods.

The latter part of the week we were visited by Mrs. Lon and Mrs. Frank, bringing my brother, known as Billy, who could not get away from business at the time we had come to camp.

It being his initial trip to the woods we gave him a hearty welcome, and finally introduced him to the dinner table, when he smiles broadly and says he feels very much at home.

We now hastily dispatch by the departing messenger a few lines to two former members of our party, Ed. D. and Rastus B., who—poor fellows—are restlessly clanking their chains at home.

The feminine addition to our party made it very pleasant for all hands, and, happy thought! they brought with them Lon's fiddle. Now, Lon is a fiddler of dance music, known far and near in his section, and that very evening, just as the big silver moon came rolling up among the tree tops, Lon crossed his legs on a log and tuned her up. In a few minutes our smooth door yard was turned into a brilliant ball room, and we were dancing a quadrille, hopping about like grasshoppers. The etiquette of the ball room was of a new order, and smoking on the floor was freely indulged in. It was a pleasant diversion, and the music of some good old waltz, after we had tired ourselves in our hilarity and camped down in some soft spot to sit and listen, carried us back in memory to those happy hours, now gone like a dream.

The week pulled round only too soon, and Sunday, the day of rest, marked more than half our time gone. The days seemed fast slipping away from us now, and we began to look forward with regret to the day when we must leave this pleasant spot, to which we had grown so much attached.

We decided now that it was time to hunt deer again, as we wanted some game to take home. Twelve and fourteen in family have made good sized holes in the three carcasses hanging in the "ice box," and we see they can be comfortably disposed of. But we needed rain. The woods were very dry and still as death, except when we tried to hunt, and then the leaves rattled in a way to make one totally discouraged.

The rain came in due season, however, striking some of us rather unprepared. A lumber camp was in operation over to the east of us some four miles, and Monday afternoon the ladies, with Harry, Billy and I, decided to pay them a visit. After a good sturdy tramp over an old tote road—which the girls found was not concrete walk—we reached the snug little camp, where we were pleasantly and hospitably entertained by the genial proprietor, Mr. Oscar Thomas, and his cook, who set out the best in the house for us. After making ourselves familiar with the lumber business, we thought it about time to return; but the lowering clouds suddenly let loose a downpour, which quite surprised us. But night was approaching, and go we must; so away we went, prepared for a soaking. Fortunately for us, we soon met thoughtful Frank, who had foreseen our calamity, and taking all the rubber goods in camp had started out to meet us, thereby saving us a thorough drenching.

Rain was just the thing we wanted, however, and the next morning broke beautifully clear and pleasant. Everybody was up early, and I saw blood and determination in Joe and Will's eyes as they quietly lit out down the river. Billy went along with Lon to get that deer he had been dreaming about for the past six months. Alas for the beautiful chance he had at a standing deer! A streak of gray fur with a white plume behind it was all that he saw after he fired.

Frank took out Allie, who is a rattling good little shot for a thirteen-year-old boy, and they were lucky enough to get a chance also at a long range of probably 150yds. The deer was drinking at a broad space on the river, and with no chance to get closer the youngster pluckily tried it, and threw up the water directly under her.

Uncle Cole, who was the prize deer hunter of our party last season, had not yet had a shot; but he was still undisturbed, and hunted patiently and hopefully.

I cast lots with Harry again, as we seemed to be traveling under some lucky star, and we headed off on a long tramp into what was new country for us. Crossing the river we selected an old log road leading off to the northeast, and which Lon had told us led to an old logging camp. Following for several miles along the road which led mostly through a heavy, thick wood of cedar and black growth, we came finally to the clearing and the old decaying log camps.

A careful investigation of the place revealed the fact that we were in the stamping ground of a whole drove of deer. Never have I seen signs so plenty as in this place, which was like a deer yard in winter. But we had come a little late, and the wind being somewhat against us we quickly decided to continue on the road a short distance and then make a detour.

Just beyond the camp was a hemlock peeling, and here it was we saw our first deer, a buck and doe. They faded away suddenly on winding us, but not until Harry had sent a couple of copper-patched .44s cracking after them. As no blood was drawn we continued to where another road joined ours, making a sharp fork. Here we got glimpses of two more deer, and we separated for a while, each taking a road alone.

The woods in the point of land between the roads were exceedingly dense, and we had quite a circus act with a splendid buck who played hide-and-seek between us, snorting defiance, and finally completely outwitted us, getting away without giving us a shot.

Not far beyond, a small moose had come into the road and gone ahead in my direction, and as the tracks were very new I followed them. As I rounded a turn my eyes lit on a charming sight for a hunter. About 80yds. from me and just in the act of crossing the road was a slick young spike-horn. He saw me instantly, but he took just time enough for a saucy jerk of his head to get it an inch higher, and that was just long enough for me. I put the white Lyman bead right against his dark shoulder and "unhitched." His first jump told me I had got him, for he stumbled as his feet struck the ground. A few yards into the wood I found him dead. Signaling for Harry, I made ready for our lug back to camp. Just here the folly of shooting a deer four or five miles from camp dawned upon me; but as our muscles had by this time got well toughened, we tackled the job cheerfully, and at just 3 P. M., tired and hungry, as wolves, we dropped our deer before the camp door.

As on a similar occasion when Harry and I brought in a deer, Joe was just a little ahead. We saw from the satisfied way he and Will were puffing away on their cigars that "something had dropped," and no wonder, for catching a buck in the act of crossing the river, they had filled him so full of lead that he had to drop from sheer inability to carry it. He was a big fellow, the best deer our party had killed, and they were justly proud of him, especially since it was Will's first chance at big game.

About a mile from us were the camps of another party of deer hunters, Messrs. Mallett & Eifield, who also had with them their wives. Pleasant calls were exchanged by the ladies of both camps. It was while on their way back from a call to their camp that our ladies started a doe and fawn from their afternoon rest, within 15ft. of the tote road. Helen was ahead, and the excitement and delight at the sight she had witnessed had not fairly left her eyes when she reached camp. As usual, poor Teddie was a little too late and so missed the pretty picture.

One day more of hunting, in which we all put in our best efforts, but without any deer, until Uncle Cole, crowned at last with success, put in an appearance with Frank, bringing deer No. 6.

We were now well satisfied as we recounted our exploits and reflected that of six deer killed by us only one had been a doe. Deer hunting in Maine had not suffered from our visit, and it would be pleasant to remember during the year to come.

Breaking camp! Can anything sound more sorrowful to the true lover of woods and woods life than these words unless, perchance, they relate to the breaking of camp to go still deeper into those beautiful woods and among new and inviting lakes and streams? But we must go. Our vacations had almost expired and there were mouths at home watering for a taste of that venison about which we

had written them; and so with reluctance we pack up, ready for the teams to come for us.

Will echoed our sentiments as he emphatically replied to Harry's question if this wasn't the happiest day of his life, "Not by a jug full."

A little later we were homeward bound, stopping long enough at Lon's house to change our clothes and bid our kind and thoughtful friends farewell for another twelve months.

So ends our yearly hunt, unmarred by a single accident or incident which would cause us to regret one moment of the happy two weeks spent "On the Moluncus."

L. A. J.

RHODE ISLAND.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

WALKING, to kill time, through the lobby of the Myrtle Baule Hotel at Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 19, 1894, a yellow-complexioned youth appeared with three fish for sale—red grouper of from 25 to 40 lbs. weight. My fishing propensities were excited, for the grouper is a powerful fish, and gives a magnificent tussle in the attempt to capture him.

I interviewed the boy, who informed me that he was a native of Bluefields, on the Mosquito coast, and I concluded that he was a white man with a touch of Indian red, instead of the all-prevalent "tar brush" of Jamaica. His dialect was almost incomprehensible, but I gathered that he had taken the fish he had for sale just outside of Port Royal the night before, and that he would be pleased to give me a night's fishing. The compensation he named was modest, and he promised to meet me at the hotel dock that evening at 8 P. M. with the requisite bait. It was the night of the full moon of February, and as I was very much wearied with the scanty amusements of the land, I looked forward with rather pleasurable anticipations toward a night on the waters.

At the appointed time my friend appeared with the usual long and narrow canoe burnt out of the trunk of the celiba, but without bait, which I was told would be procured at the mouth of the harbor. I had my tarpon rod, reel and line, which were evidently looked upon with contempt by my Mosquito guide. I also had protruding from my pocket the butt of a revolver, for I had conceived a most unmerited apprehension of the sharks of Port Royal, gathered from "Tom Cringle's Log" and other West India yarns, and had some difficulty in persuading my boatman that the weapon was not intended to be used against him.

There never was a more magnificent night. The moon was at its full, and its clear brightness illuminated all objects with a power unknown to Northern regions, and not a breath of air rippled the level surface of the harbor. We rowed slowly down the middle of the harbor some seven miles until we reached the dismantled fort nearly opposite old Port Royal, where we found thirty or forty canoes like our own whose occupants were trying to catch bait with cast nets. I was told that the bait was a small fish called tarrapone (with the accent on the last syllable); this I erroneously inferred to be small tarpon, but they were a little silvery fish shaped like a silver mullet. The canoes carried two men each, and from them arose a babel of unintelligible jargon and jokes, punctuated with profanity easily understood. The majority of the occupants were ebony Jamaica negroes, a most courtly race; for as I approached two canoes collided, and one boatman vociferated, "By gad, sah! you run into me, sah! I smash you, sah!" Dominating all ran the deep diaphanous of curses from a heavy man in the stern of one canoe, intermixed with rough jokes, which running fire of obscenity and vulgarity, my guide told me, proceeded from an Englishman who was totally blind. After some fruitless efforts to find a school of "tarrapone," my guide suggested that we find the boat of "Fisherman Petah," whom I had been told at Kingston was the most successful man at the business in the region. We soon found "Petah" (who is a Jew), and for a dollar obtained a sufficient supply of bait. Peter informed me that he was the captor of the grouper I had seen at the hotel in the morning, and that he had given them to my guide to sell, and that he took them at some coral reefs out at sea some fifteen miles and not off Port Royal, information which did not seem to discompose my guide's serenity one whit.

Being supplied with bait we proceeded out of the harbor, dropped anchor and fished. Other boats came out and anchored near us. We shifted our position frequently, and finally dropped anchor within the harbor over the submerged City of Port Royal; but not one strike did I have, although the bait was constantly removed by nibblers.

It was by this time 4 o'clock, and in the south gleamed the splendid constellation of the Southern Cross, the stars of the first magnitude which form three of the points of the cross shining grandly and throwing a long stream of light upon the quiet sea.

Then we started back through the mangroves which line the inner line of the Palisades, by which name the narrow strip of land which separates Kingston Harbor from the Caribbean Sea is known, and crossing the harbor arrived at the hotel at 5 o'clock in the morning, almost dead for sleep, for I almost pitched overboard several times nodding, and gladly sought a bath and bed, having spent a night memorable for the celestial glories of moon and stars and for absolutely worthless fishing.

F. S. J. C.

Hawk Killed by a Ferret.

The light fall of snow which fell recently made busy times for Oakland county, Mich., sports, dogs and ferrets. Charley Gowe and Billy Brown, while rabbit hunting three miles north of the sand hill in Southfield, left their ferret in a rabbit hole to look around for fresh indications of game. After half an hour's absence they were startled to see a large hawk struggling in the air with a white ferret in its talons. The hawk acted as though it wished it "hadn't." Great clots of blood splashed on the snow under the combatants. The hawk appeared worried, and after a few aimless, weak flaps, it fell heavily to the ground with the ferret firmly grasped in its talons. The hawk was dead and lacerated in a terrible manner, while the ferret came up smiling with one puncture through a loose fold in its hide. The hawk had evidently pounced on the ferret as it left the rabbit burrow, and not being posted on the cunning animal's fighting qualities made the greatest mistake of its life. The hawk was as large as a Shanghai rooster.—*Port Huron, Mich., News.*

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

REPTILES.

THIS morning I visited a naturalist, and in less than two hours I was introduced to a new world. I had loved outdoor life for more than twenty years, and thought I loved all of it; but now I know that I looked at nature with one eye shut. Said I to myself, "Kennedy, you have missed half the fun of this thing and never knew it. Here was this fascinating book of nature—a chapter for each day afire for twenty years—and yet you never read a page!"

And having read my indictment, I cast about for a defense. I had not far to go to find one. The scientists who read in this book jealously sequester its delights by dint of a carefully studied style of writing. When one considers that one of these snake sharps—as Buck Fashaw would call them—can so fix up a miserable reptile in a glass jar, with his form, colors and markings so life-like that the reptile's own father would know him and his natural prey flee from him, it is hard to understand why or how they disguise themselves in print until, instead of appearing to be the delightful persons they are, they seem like sawdust images listlessly chanting, like chickadees, the immaterial gossip of the woodside.

And yet they do. Listen to this:

"Walked abroad. Heard to-day (April 7) red-breasted woodpecker (*Peckeraris avia*). Saw a garter snake (*Squirmis horribilis*, minor)."

I submit that is a fair sample. But go into the den of one of these sawdust men and shake his warm and hearty hand, and you see that, after all, it wasn't sawdust, but Adam-dust; and in place of the song of the chickadee you hear a continuous stream of enthusiasm of the kind that is catching.

Of course the information gained is not all pleasant. What, for instance, can be more distressing than to find that the deadly Gila monster is not deadly? I am sure that all of us fondly cherished him as the rankest poison and the most dreaded reptile in the world. And yet Mr. Hürter says he kept alive for several weeks the one now in his glass jar; that during that time it bit him repeatedly, sometimes to the bone, "and I knew it was not poisonous," he continued, "because there was no shock flying instantly up my arm, as was the case when the scorpion bit me."

"It is the same way with centipedes. I have had good ones and when I teased them they would bite me, but absolutely without a trace of poison."

The centipede is the fellow who caused the flesh to slough off where he crawled on it!

Mr. Hürter explained that bacteria often is found in the salivary glands of animals, and that when these are communicated to the person bitten they give rise to the belief that the animals themselves are poisonous.

When the scorpion bit him he had no very good snake medicine on hand, but he put his ever-ready alcohol on the wound, and as he had heard that it was good to crush the scorpion's head on the wound, he said he did that also. I did not learn whether this latter procedure was remedial for poison or sin, but rather think it was a moral agent and not a medical one.

He had a cute little alligator skeleton, and if any one can guess how he skeletonized it it will very much surprise me. He took off what flesh he could, but much still remained, and manifestly if he cooked it the bones would fall apart. So he placed it in sweetened water during the day, and at night he poured the water off and placed it in an outhouse, and during the night the hands worked at it, neatly denuding the bones of flesh, but leaving the connective ligaments intact. He said that some nights he had as high as 500 hands working on it. And, ye gods and little alligators! the hands were cockroaches!

He ought to patent the process.

"There is a suspected snake," he said, pointing to a specimen about as big as a big fishing worm. The poor little thing was so pale and harmless looking that my blood simply refused to curdle. I inquired what they were suspected of having done, but made up my mind to vote for acquittal.

"They have a grooved fang (not a hollow one) and are suspected of being poisonous." The peculiarity in this snake consists in the fact that the poison fang, instead of being in front, is back in the jaw where his molars would be if he had any. It is supposed that, having seized and started to swallow his prey, if it gets obstreperous he gives it a little pinch with his Jonah tooth and paralyzes it. Now this looks like a case where poison is used as a means of securing food and not a means of defense.

There was a jointed snake that came alive in a box. That snake's appetite was cultivated, and nothing tempted him until Mr. Hürter's son brought a blacksnake home one night and put it in the same box with the jointed snake. In the morning they were one and indivisible. The jointed snake had swallowed the blacksnake, and as he himself was but 4½ ft. in length and the blacksnake 6 ft. in length the result may be imagined. There he lay—an inert knotted crescent—and when lifted on the two hands he hung on them as stiff as a stuffed snake, which he literally was. The blacksnake's tail was doubled back at the jaws of his devourer, and the latter's neck was bulged out in consequence until it was bigger than his head, the jaws of which were still disarticulated owing to the close proximity of the doubled tail. He lay there day after day calmly digesting his dinner and when the process was complete disgorged the skin and bones.

When the hero of this exploit had shed his own skin and become a bright new snake, he was ignominiously preserved in the glass jar I saw him in. There were too many interesting reptiles and reptile stories for me to tell them all. There was the skull of a big rattlesnake, showing the fangs he was using at the time of his death, with two extra fangs neatly folded along each jaw just back of the one in use, and ready to be moved forward, by the mysterious process of nature, to take the place of the other when lost. There were beautiful lizards, strangely marked turtles, among which was the horny-backed turtle, found in Missouri, large enough to take off a man's arm or leg apparently. The harlequin, or head snake, marked in wide bands like a stocking; a small, sluggish-looking serpent, but said to be about as deadly as a cobra when it does bite.

They were boxing up some snakes to send to some other collection, and a large cotton-mouthed moccasin got mad

and tried to bite them; and when he was finally secured in his box he turned on himself, and struck himself repeatedly. "Well, box him up and ship him. If he dies, he dies. We will see," was the determination. That snake reached its destination sound and unhurt. A cotton-mouth can bite himself or one of his species without any harmful result. He can even bite a common water snake, and the water snake, of a kindred species, remains unharmed. Furthermore, one poisonous snake can bite another poisonous snake of different species without poisoning it. Therefore there is an element in the blood of poisonous serpents which renders them immune from the effects of snake poison. A snake-blood serum! They are working on it now in India, and are not far off from the solution of this long-drawn-out problem.

I cannot get my consent to stop without allusion to the midwife toad, which he lives in Germany, and when the woman toad of sadly advanced modern tendencies lays a nesting of eggs, what does the old man do, as Chimmy Fadden would say, but wrap them around his hindlegs and go off and be a father to them and hatch them. A devoted parent and a good citizen, he sits there in his travail and sings the classical arias of his country in so far as they are written in the base cliff, while his consort, unmindful of the duties of her sex, displays her charms upon the highway, or perhaps a trifle to one side in the ditch. The subject, however, is distressing to the masculine mind, and I will not press it.

But my plea stands—that these fellows, with their beautiful enthusiasm, might well acquaint themselves with the rest of the world, lending it some of their zeal and new zest in life.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

January Robin in Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 3.—On Jan. 1 my brother flushed a robin from under a hedge in his garden. Is not this rather early? He seemed in good condition. E. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

WITH THE GREENE RABBITS AGAIN.

SEVERAL weeks since S. met me and remarked, "Well, Art, it's about time we got down to Greene. What do you say?"

What did I say? What would any fellow be likely to say whose past experience tells him where there is a good old-fashioned farmhouse nestling among good hunting grounds, where the good people are always ready to welcome one in genuine no-axe-to-grind hospitality, the home of Brose, the Rhode Island Sam Lovel? I said, "Old man, we'll go whenever you say."

"Next week then," replied S.

The day came, but what a prospect! Rain and mud, and when I stopped for S. his face was as gloomy as the weather.

"No use, Art, we will have to give it up this week. It's settled in for a long siege."

Well, you all know how we felt.

But the next morning all clouds had passed away. The sky was clear, the air warm and the ground in condition to hold scent which would have enabled us to make a good bag. But we were not there, and could only kick ourselves and trust in Providence that the time set for our second attempt would be as good, and that whatever storm hovered in the vicinity would give Little Rhody the go-by.

The next week soon came, and with gun and duffle I presented myself at the store, where I found S. ready. The prospect was not good, for it rained in the morning, and even then the sky was hung with dull-looking clouds, but after a little discussion we started for the train, and were soon hustling along down toward the stamping ground.

As we neared Greene we noted that a heavy fog overhung everything, and when the station was reached one could hardly see 100 ft. ahead. Leaving our traps for the team to bring over in the evening we hoofed it over to the farm, and after a good supper, a smoker and a talk, turned in for the night with the hope that the morrow would be as fair as the day we had lost.

But fate decreed otherwise. Early in the morning as I lay backed up to S. I could hear the sharp clicking of the frozen rain against the window panes, and presently my neighbor turned over and glared at me. We didn't either of us say anything. We didn't have to. But we thought considerable, and that word "cheu" suggested by one of our sportsmen brothers, explained by many and used now by all, was the only comforting article of cussedness we indulged in. Then we heard B.'s cheerful voice calling, "Come, you chaps, get up and look at the weather." We crawled out, looked and then held a debate.

"What do you think, Brose?" asked S.

"Well, you fellows came down here to hunt and I don't think it will be so very bad after all. The woods are wet and it's turning to a light rain now. Anyhow we will try it. You take Stub up in the big woods and look out for a squirrel or two before breakfast. Anxious old Stub, dancing and talking with eyes and stumpy tail, gave us courage and away we went. As we entered the woods Stub ran ahead and shortly we heard him barking sharply. Running toward the sounds we found him engaged in a lively tussle with a big gray, which somehow he had managed to get the best of before the old fellow could get to a tree. S. soon had the big fellow safely deposited in his game pocket, and Stub was again barking off to the right. Now if Stub had been well trained he would have made a first-class squirrel dog, but his fault was that he would not stay under a tree when once a gray was driven up. It was a case of sprinting to where we heard him first bark and then using your eyes to find the squirrel, for the uneasy dog, when once the gray was driven up a tree, would leave for another section. However, Stub was barking now at the foot of a good-sized chestnut, but hard as we looked, neither of us could see any signs of a gray. Off to the left was a newly-made nest, and I suggested to S. that in all probability the fellow was watching us from there. Sure enough, as I fired at the bunch

of leaves a long gray crawled out and started for the clouds. S. stopped him with the right barrel and my left choke brought him to bag. This was a good beginning, although it was not rabbit shooting. As we could start no more and it was getting toward breakfast time we went back to the house, and while showing the two victims heard Stub again barking in the woods east of the house. "Guess I'll go down and see what he has got," said Brose, slipping five shells into his pocket and taking his Colt. Pretty soon we heard him bang! then bang! and bang! Then silence. Then bang! Another silence of possibly five minutes, followed by another bang, and Brose and Stub coming toward the house.

"How many?" we asked.

"One," he replied, holding up the mate of the big fellow we secured through the dog. "Stub had him driven up the tree, and he was hiding in a crotch. I gave him one barrel, which started the ball rolling, and then missed with the second. He went up into a nest and I fired a couple of shots into it, but he never stirred. I thought he was probably dead in the nest and started to climb up, when out he came like a streak, but the last shot caught him on the jump, and here he is. Now let's get something to eat and then start the hounds."

Our breakfast was soon over and down to the barn we went, where B. let out the hounds. Old Trim was a little stiff and looked upon the enthusiasm of the younger dogs with something of an envious expression on his wise old face, but he didn't waste any of his strength racing about. Down across the meadow we went, past the bog hole and struck toward the hundred acre lot. Spreading out with the hounds running along the line we went through for several hundred yards. Presently the Doctor's voice was heard to the right, echoed by that of Rover. They were driving straight away and then circled toward the right, where S. was anxiously waiting.

Nothing had been heard of old Trim until now, when I caught the sound of his peculiar whine toward the left. Nearer and nearer he came, then circled toward the left. Now he was going past too far for me to get a sight of him, but suddenly turned and went back, crossing the track and giving tongue to the right of the start.

B. and S. had started after the younger dogs and I was left by myself. Even Trim seemed to have joined the rest, for I could hear nothing of him, and not wishing to repeat my venture of last year when I lost track of everything—dogs and men—and having to flounder around in the brush and swamp, I too started toward where I had last heard the Doctor. Hearing a rustling of brush I looked up and saw Trim nosing along the ground. The old fellow saw me. "Go on, old boy," said I, and away he went, carefully working along. I watched him until out of sight, and then hearing nothing again started toward the rest. Nothing was to be heard of them, however, and I sat down on a log to await developments.

It was rather a gloomy outlook. Rain had commenced to fall again. The brush was soaked and the heavy sullen look of the clouds bid fair to send us home with nothing to show for our day's work. Growing anxious at the silence I again started toward where B. had last stood, and struck into a mass of bull briers, in which I was soon well mixed up. With one leg well wrapped around with the tough prickly nuisances, my gun tangled up in several more, the branches of the sprouts slapping my face as I endeavored to get myself together, the cold rain falling down the back of my neck, the thought that B. and S. were probably a mile off, I was fast becoming desperate. I must get to the dogs if I wanted to get a shot; but just as I was nearly cleared I suddenly heard Trim give tongue on my left, heard a rush, saw a streak of dirty white shoot past quartering to the right. Somehow the little 12-gauge came to shoulder in an instant, the sight caught the shooting streak well forward of the head; crack! and I had the surprise as well as pleasure of seeing the rabbit jump into the air and fall. Trim was coming at full speed, giving tongue briskly until he came to the bunch of gray. Then he stopped, sat down and looked at me with a knowing expression, as if to say, "You stay with me, young fellow, and you'll be all right. I haven't been looking after that chap for the last half hour for nothing." Drawing the game and giving Trim the head was the next move. Then we started out and ran across B., who was coming toward the sound of the shot. He had been in the neighborhood all the time watching Trim, but S. was nowhere to be seen. A few yells located him away off, and in the meantime we heard Stub barking sharply behind us.

"Stub's got one holed, sure enough," said B., and together we made our way toward the sound. Here we found Stub digging away at a hole, while Rover and Trim, catching the scent, assisted him with their baying. Driving the dogs away, B. examined the hole and then cut a long switch, which he poked into the hole, and a moment later out came the cause of the excitement. Giving the head to Stub we again started out to find S., and after considerable yelling back and forth came across him. He had been in much the same situation as myself, but failed to get a shot. This was certainly discouraging. Only two thus far, but the weather was growing worse, and after trying for another hour we struck back toward the river, and coming through the brush near the pond hole started a partridge, at which S. took a snap shot, but failed to bring to bag. This made him feel badly, but soon after a couple of quail rose directly in front of us near B. His big Colt boomed out, but nothing fell, and S. felt better, for B. is a crack shot. We were now in no condition for further work. We were wet, rattled, disgusted. My boots weighed a ton and the house was a welcome sight. The good smell of a country dinner and the warm kitchen soon made us better-natured, however, and we talked of the afternoon's plans.

"You fellows didn't see anything of that deer that's hanging around here, did you?" asked R. at the dinner table. "I would go out with you this afternoon if I thought I could get a shot at him. Guess there isn't much show for anything else, anyway."

Now a word about that deer. For a couple of weeks before S. and I went down to Greene there had been considerable excitement over the find of the tracks of a strange animal, which, as I have already told the FOREST AND STREAM, was undoubtedly a deer. Where the animal came from no one can tell. A deer was reported as being seen near Sneach Pond in the northwestern portion of the State, and again seen twice near the Riverside woods further south, and a few weeks after our return one of our friends declares he saw a buck while squirrel shooting fifty miles west of Greene. As I have already said, when

we came back to the city and reported this fact we were well laughed at, yet we are all convinced that the tracks seen were those of a deer, and although it would have been positive proof to have had the animal shot, yet I for one am glad that he escaped. I believe that if we could have a few deer started here in our big woods (and there are still some very wild places in our little State), protected by a ten-year law, we could have larger game than rabbits to tramp after. Of course the woods are filled with gunners, but when you come to look at the average one could smile and see that a cunning deer could easily evade the numbskulls that carry a gun and pose as sportsmen. It would take a good man to get a deer in the wildest parts here. The grouse have held their own since the abolishment of the snares, and the natural shrewdness of an old buck would in a measure be his safeguard. Compare the number of guns in Maine with the actual number of deer brought to bag and we still find the deer increasing. It's not all of hunting to have a gun and know how to use it. It is something to get a deer in a favorable position!

After dinner we started out again, more especially after squirrels. The dogs were thought to be safely housed in the barn, but we had been down the road but a half mile when down they all came. B. said he would take them and go down in the swamp, while S. and I watched the holes and waited for the grays to come out of the brush. Selecting our positions, we lit our pipes and waited. Now, there is a fascination in waiting and watching for the shrewd little fellows on a good day, when the woods are bright; but imagine such a day as we were having. It was nearly as dismal an outlook as one could imagine. The half-frozen rain drizzled down one's neck, making everything wet, cold and uncomfortable. My feet grew stiff, and I could hardly help but think that any squirrel that had a warm hole was a fool to be out such weather; but this was the only day we could get, and our hope was that some gray would be fool enough to be out. In the meantime we could hear the hounds at intervals down in the swamp and brush, and soon S. appeared, shivering and gloomy looking. "Well," said I, "B. and the dogs are having some sort of fun; let's go down and get into gear." We started through the swamp, became mixed up in the briers, and heard B. fire twice. "Guess that settles it," remarked S. "We can't get through here, anyway. Let's go back." And back we went. No grays appeared, though, and as it was growing dark we struck off through the woods toward the road, where we waited for B., and then struck through the brush toward the house. The dogs were running aimlessly ahead, followed by we three bedraggled fellows. B. and S. were directly ahead when I heard Stub bark, and at the same time saw S. raise his gun. Glancing in the direction the muzzle was pointing I saw a gray run up a tree, heard the sharp crack of the nitro, and fearing that the gray would get to hole, echoed the shot with my right barrel. It was Scott's game though. This gave us a little courage, but another hour in the woods brought nothing to light, and we gave up and turned toward the house.

Well, it was certainly a poor day, all things considered. Only three rabbits and four squirrels to three guns and four dogs! Well, that is the truth of the yarn. We didn't add thirty or forty more in imagination, and despite the bad weather and hard wet work we can look back and say that we did have a good time. We had no outrageous bag to boast of. We were not "goose-egged." In fact we were very well satisfied under the circumstances, and the fact that a few weeks after twenty-two rabbits and squirrels were shot in the same locality, and a few days after that a few miles from the place two others secured thirty-one squirrels, does not dishearten us from our next year's outing at the old farm. True sportsmen, B. and S. and try-to-be I are contended with a modest bag, and me-thinks were the others who boast of their big bags compelled to take their chances with all things working to their disadvantage, and above all willing to tell the truth, their share of the results would be no better.

Dick of Connecticut in the last issue hits the game hog pretty well in the neck.

A large bag is the result of hoggishness, extreme good luck, expertness, or the effects of a lying disposition.

A small bag, poor luck, poor shooting, or modesty.

But above all a fair bag, honestly made, makes the sportsman well content with himself. ART.

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN THE ROCKIES.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 30 I read with interest an article by E. L., entitled "Will's First Wapiti," and as I happen to be the "Will" referred to, it struck me I would like to try and tell the story of the second occasion when my .38-55 "popgun" was tried upon large game. We had traveled pretty much all day, camping at about 3 o'clock, and while the men were making camp E. L. and I started off to get the lay of the land, preparatory to the morrow's hunt. After climbing the hill back of camp and scouting along the ridge a while, from whence we had a glorious view of valley and mountain, we were driven to cover by a sharp flurry of rain, but not until we had decided where our elk was to be looked for the next morning. Snugly housed, E. L. and I took turns showing the General how to play cribbage while planning the campaign.

The General and guide were going off to the left, while E. L. and I were to try our luck in the opposite direction. Located as we were in a valley, between high hills, we did not see the sun before 7:30, so I did not hear the familiar "Turn out, it's 5 o'clock," which occurs in so many hunting yarns; but instead was awakened by the rattling of dishes and the appetizing odor of broiled elk steak, cut from "Will's first wapiti." Without delaying longer than seemed needful in the bath, as the ice had first to be broken, we did full justice to the result of the combined skill of the tenderfoot and of Carlson, the cook, we put a few slabs of steak in our saddlebags, saw that our cartridge belts were full, and with one man to hold our horses in case of need, E. L. and I started some fifteen minutes after the General had "pulled his freight."

After riding about an hour we struck the fresh trail of two horses, heading in the same direction we were taking. E. L. scanned the trail closely and decided that the General and the guide had changed their plans and were headed for our hunting ground. Sure enough a few moments later we saw them ahead of us skirting the side of a mountain.

After a short consultation we decided to change our course and bore off to the left. No fresh signs rewarded us, however, and after climbing numerous ascents which

bore, to me, a striking resemblance in angle to the roof of a church, and working our way through windfalls or jungles, as our guide would call them, until I began to feel if not sore of heart at least sore of seat, we halted beside a little creek and ate every last crumb of our lunch, and while we smoked the soothing pipe discussed plans for the rest of the day. Starting out again we went down the other side of the mountain into some heavy timber, and in the little parks here and there began to find fresh elk tracks; coming into a large meadow finally, we found it all cut up with tracks, some old, but some new. Leaving the man to follow with our horses, we started across toward the timber on the other side, and almost immediately heard the shrill challenge of a bull from the woods ahead of us. We soon got into cover, and carefully making our way through the undergrowth soon saw through the bushes the yellow side of an elk; creeping slowly on we were presently able to see the elk plainly, but, to our disappointment, it proved to be a cow. Then lying hid by the bushes, with the wind in our faces, we were treated with a sight I shall never forget, as a band of some twenty cows and calves came out into the little open park ahead of us; the cows quietly feeding and the calves frolicking about, made a very pretty picture.

After watching them for some minutes and deciding there was no bull with the band, we retraced our steps, mounted our horses and rode on in the direction we still heard the whistle of the bull. Coming suddenly from the woods out upon an arm of the meadow we saw about 150 yds. off two bulls, one a spike and the other about a ten-point. Springing from my horse I got sight on the spike, now trotting fast away, and pulled. Both bulls disappeared into the ravine, and as the spike had turned at right angles I hurried forward, hoping to catch him as he passed down the ravine, but before I had covered much ground he appeared walking slowly, and shortly stopped with his head turned toward me. Sighting for his eye I fired, and was surprised that he did not fall. The next shot, through the neck, however, killed him. I then found my first shot had struck him in the flank, passing clear through him and out back of the shoulder on the opposite side; the second shot hit him within in. of the eye, and either one would have been fatal.

Profiting by our former experience, we "butchered" this animal with reasonable dispatch and only one small nick in "Will's new knife."

After hanging up the hind quarters, to be taken to camp the next day, we started for home, as the shadows were lengthening, and we had a long, rough road to travel.

We were making the best of our way when loud and clear sounded the call of a bull, followed by the peculiar grunt, showing he was not far away. I had killed two elk and was ready to quit, but E. L., having given me the chances, had not killed any and was still bloodthirsty; so while I advocated getting to camp as soon as possible he wished to get this one. "It wouldn't take long." We accordingly left our horses and plunged into the woods, hearing the shrill whistle and guttural grunt every few steps. Soon E. L. (in the lead) stopped, and I saw he had his eye on the game. Coming up to him I saw the tawny side of a big bull, his head hid by a big pine tree. E. L. fired and the elk started off through the trees. "Shoot him!" he cried. "Not much!" said I, "kill your own game!" Well, E. L. got in one more shot as the elk crashed through the timber and we soon found his trail well marked with blood, and followed it till thinking I would wait until E. L. had bagged him I sat down on a log and awaited developments. Soon a shot rang out through the forest, then another, and I started on to assist at the butchering. Before going very far I came on a spike bull just breathing his last with a hole through his heart. I leaned my rifle against a tree and was just bleeding him when bang! went another shot two or three hundred yards off, soon followed by another. I followed the sound and presently discovered E. L. in a dazed condition; asking how many he had, he told me he had run on to a "whole flock" of bulls, had fired at several, he really didn't know how many, but the spike was all he was sure he had bagged. As I was fearful of being caught out in the dark, I insisted on letting them go and we hurried back, cut up the dead bull and hung up his hind quarters, and started back to the horses. By the time we had reached them the sun had entirely disappeared and darkness was rapidly falling. Quickly mounting we started over a trail (?) which I would have been unable to find in broad day, and which to my inexperience seemed dangerous at best. The state of my mind may be imagined when as we advanced the trail (?) disappeared entirely in the darkness, and we dismounted, were scrambling up steep and sliding down into cañons with the horses on our heels, or falling over unseen logs, without the slightest idea where we were or in what direction we were headed. E. L., however, is a born woodsman and was confident he knew "where we were at" and insisted on pushing on, knowing that the whole camp would be alarmed about us, until finally, after I had fallen flat at least a dozen times and had removed portions of my cuticle on each occasion, I was inwardly devoutly thankful to hear him say we would have to give it up.

Selecting as well as we could in the darkness a sheltered spot we picketed the horses, "rustled" some dead wood, and soon had a cheerful fire going, then scouted around till we struck a little mountain brook, and after drinking our fill proceeded to roast some slices of elk liver, which we were compelled to eat without salt; then after smoking a pipe or two built another fire a little distance from the first, as the air was decidedly cool, rolled ourselves in our saddle blankets, with saddles for pillows, between the two fires, went to sleep, and much to my surprise slept all night, waking in the morning a little stiff and empty, but otherwise none the worse.

No time was lost getting under way, and we soon discovered that E. L. had his bearings all right, but when I thought of going through the country we had to reach camp in the dark I was still more thankful that we had not attempted it. We reached camp just as breakfast was ready, and we soon proved that we were ready too.

We were much disappointed to learn that the General and the guide had not seen anything again.

During the rest of our trip we never left camp without some salt, and I advise other tenderfeet to follow our example.

WILL.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE Game Laws in Brief, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

With Apologies.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 11.—With apologies to Mr. B. Waters, who presides with dignity and precision over the kennel department of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I should like to state that this week I took the liberty of reading almost all of his department. This I know is unprofessional, but I shall not let it occur again—unless he should continue, as he has in the past, to bring it down to the ken of ordinary beings, not dogmen, who are interested in dogs and shooting. What I wanted to get at was several things, and if so, why. For instance, one gentleman has a good article under the title "Why Field Trials should be Supported." It is news to most lay-readers if field trials are not being supported, but if they are, why is there any Why? Is this question in any wise related to another little article in the same issue, by Capt. C. E. McMurdo, on "Pace in Shooting Dogs?" It is this last article which seems to me to be one of the most sensible things ever published in a kennel department. If the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* will consent, I should like to dig this article up from the dark and bloody grounds of the kennel world and print it in "Chicago and the West," where all is sweetness and light. Capt. McMurdo says:

"Speed in shooting dogs is commonly overrated. There are several other qualities of much greater consequence that do not seem to attract so much attention. As a matter of fact, some of the rather too slow ones show great intelligence and do their work in grand shape.

"A dog that goes at his top speed can't last long, nor can he do first-class work. The fact is, he is nervous and in too great a hurry to take time to work out his ground properly. He may make a sensational point now and again by almost accidentally catching the scent of a covey at a few yards that he might have scented at three times the distance had he been going at the pace that he could keep up for four hours.

"The pace that a strong, well-made, high-couraged dog can sustain for four or five hours is, I believe, fast enough to satisfy any experienced sportsman.

"The four-hour heats of the late Central Field Trial Club were good tests of pace, as well as other qualities, and demonstrated the fact that fast, nervous weeds do not amount to much as shooting dogs. Some men make a point of never hunting their dogs for more than an hour or so at a time on purpose, to get them into the habit of going at great speed, because they expect (and are often correct in thinking) that great credit will be given them for it; but one would suppose that experience ought to have taught most field trial men by this time that excessive speed is a downright fault."

That the above are words of wisdom is something sure in the mind of any plain, unvarnished sportsman who goes shooting in the field for his own pleasure and who knows the least thing about shooting from actual experience. As such a plain and unpolished soul I wish to chronicle my approbation of them. In common with many others, I have been much troubled by men who wanted to tell me how fast their dogs were, when the sport at hand was shooting and not coursing. Then, as I have already mentioned in these columns, I have openly and ignorantly wondered why the field trials seemed to be trying to produce a sort of dog that nobody who knows anything about shooting wants to shoot over. I confess I can't see the reason why even yet, though I reckon it is because I ain't a dogman. The meat dog is still my ideal. When we begin to see large, upper-case Whys right in the kennel department, and also plain, common-sense statements like that above quoted, it surely does look as though the meat dog was going to have his innings yet one of these fine centuries. For all of which I apologize again.

The War Cloud Thickens.

The diplomatic situation in regard to Mr. Noel Money's buckskin riding breeches is, I regret to state, becoming strained, and at this writing it seems that it will be difficult to avert war between England and America. In support of this assertion I shall be forced to make public, exclusively in *FOREST AND STREAM*, certain dispatches from diplomatic circles bearing on the matter. Exhibit A is in the form of a communication from Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., which states:

"I notice what you say in the *FOREST AND STREAM* about appropriating Mr. Money's buckskin pants in the event of war. That would be a terrible hardship on Money, for to my certain knowledge he had very few clothes, and his mainstay was the buckskin pants. He wore them for three weeks on a hunt without ever pulling them off, night or day."

Exhibit B consists in unqualified admission on the part of Mr. Divine that Mr. Money left in his care a very fine Irish setter dog, which dog was nowhere to be found at the time Mr. Money started back home in the East.

Exhibit C comprises certain polite expressions from Mr. Money to Mr. Divine, such as, "Never mind about the dog. It wasn't your fault he got lost," etc., etc.

Exhibit D covers Mr. Money's question to me, "Do you think Tom stole him?"

Exhibit E is covered by the statement in Mr. Divine's letter to Mr. Money, under date of Jan. 4, "It was a great pleasure for me to have you here, I assure you, and I will be lonely till you return again. I will take your advice about the dog. It doesn't bother me any. If I find him, it's all right, and if I don't I shall not worry over it."

Exhibit F comes in form of Mr. Money's letter to me, date of Jan. 7, in which he speaks as follows:

"OAKLAND, Bergen County, N. J.—*My Dear Hough:* Knowing your righteous antipathy and your fearless, plain speaking in regard to such rogues as dog thieves, I send you inclosed a proof of the very elastic conscience of my former friend, T. A. Divine. I have little doubt in my mind that it was this holy rascal who took half a ham, a whole cheese, my boots and Bobo's blankets from the camp in Mississippi. I am really almost sorry that this matter has come to light, as Memphis is too good a place not to go there again, and when there you know how hard it is to get rid of Divine, and how as long as you are in town this man never has any work to do.

"Did he try to sell you a very handsome Irish setter after I left? I'm afraid I'll never see that dog again. Bobo warned me against leaving such a good dog in such bad hands, but truly I didn't know my man then. What a pity a man gifted by nature to such an extent both mentally and physically should fall so low.

"It is lucky it was too cold in camp ever to take off my leather breeches, or he'd have had them and your rifle 'bucket' too.

"If you consider that by publishing this letter you can warn any other fellows to look more carefully after hams, cheeses, boots, blankets and dogs when near Memphis you have my full leave to do so.

"Yours faithfully, NOEL E. MONEY."

In the light of the above special intelligences it must be admitted that the war cloud is thickening. For my own part, I can not with any dignity recede from my position in regard to Mr. Money's pants, although I admit he has international law on his side in doubting the wisdom of taking any chances while Tom Divine was around. Upon the other hand, Mr. Money can hardly depart from his position on the Schemburgh line as regards the city of Memphis, and the question is rendered more grave by the fact that Mr. Divine has swiped his dog, the latter act being generally recognized among nations as an overt act of hostility. The great issue involved, however, is really that of the Monroe doctrine; inasmuch as Mr. Money has admitted boastfully that he got his leather pants in Lunnon, and asserted that they were better than he could get here. We can not, as a nation, suffer foreign buckskin pants to find a lodgment on this continent. As Mr. Cleveland has said very ably, there can be no worse calamity than that. We must therefore leave the issue as above until further light is offered in the regular course of diplomacy.

The Annual Possum Club Dinner.

To the sportsmen of Chicago there is only one leading caterer, and his name is William Werner, alias Possum Bill. For six years Mr. Werner has prepared the annual winter banquet of the Possum Club, of Chicago, and each year he does it better. The dinner this year fell on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 8, and at the hour of 8 there assembled at Mr. Werner's place, at 72 Bryant avenue, nearly a dozen hungry gentlemen: Messrs. R. B. Organ, C. B. Dicks, Charles Wilcox, E. Bingham, J. E. Isgrigg, D. Rad, Coover, F. A. Place, George Andrews, W. H. Haskell and John La Vally. The first thing called for was a look at Mr. Werner's dogs, and he produced them—one fine cocker spaniel, one dachshund, one Yorkshire terrier and two fine pointers. After a good romp with these the members sat down at dinner. The parent of the Possum Club never asked his children to sit at a handsomer table, nor could one be found anywhere. A huge silver epergne filled with holly made the central table decoration, and this was flanked by two horns of the big horn or Rocky Mountain sheep, out of which fell abundant holly into a long stream continued midway along the table. The effect was very rich and strong and eminently appropriate to the occasion. A new thing on the table this year was the procession of dishes full of fine ripe persimmons, which notoriously are the correct thing with possum. A good laugh was raised at the expense of the *FOREST AND STREAM* representative, who lately ventured to suggest that in the South a possum is always cooked with an apple in its mouth. Everybody else had carved possum except the *FOREST AND STREAM* man, who got none, until at last the waiters brought in a whole possum, baked brown as a nut and with a big apple in its mouth. But he laughed best who laughed last, and everybody envied the owner of a whole possum. The evening was enjoyable in every way.

Hennepin Election.

Hennepin Club elected officers this week as follows: President, W. W. McFarlane; Secretary and Treasurer, G. W. Sibley; Directors, W. W. McFarlane, G. M. Sibley, N. A. Partridge, G. M. Davis and F. E. Willard. The reports showed 2,000 ducks had been shot on the marshes of the club during the last season. There had been no shooting before sunrise or after sunset, or on Sunday.

Game Scarce in the Markets.

Merchants on South Water street here say that game was never so scarce and hard to get. They complain that Oklahoma is shut up tight and that they can get no quail out of there. Kansas is much the same, and is letting very little game out to market. Minnesota is called "air tight," and no venison is coming from there. This state of affairs is by Mr. Bortree, of the National Association, thought largely traceable to protective work in the West the past season.

There was a meeting of the executive committee of the N. G. B. & F. P. A. on Friday evening of this week. Mr. Baird, of the law committee, is drafting an amendment which the Association proposes to bring before Congress if possible, modifying the Interstate Commerce laws in such way that it shall be an offense against such laws to ship game out of any State against the laws of that State. This if done would be placing protective work in national hands.

La Crosse Bass.

Mr. Sam. D. McMillan, of West Salem, Wis., paid *FOREST AND STREAM* a visit this week. He speaks very enthusiastically of the fly-fishing for bass in the Mississippi River near La Crosse, and exacts a promise to sample it next August, at which season it is at its best.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Cannot Sell "Pet" Venison.

CHAS. A. BURCKHARDT, proprietor of the Franklin Market in Portland, Oregon, was arrested for having elk unlawfully in possession during the close season, and was tried for the offense before Judge Geisler and a jury. The statute is explicit in setting forth that it shall be unlawful to have elk, deer and other animals in possession during the close season, except for household pets, or to offer the meat for sale.

It was on the household pet contention that the defense relied for acquittal. The elk in dispute was born in captivity at Seattle and afterward figured as a wild denizen of the forest in the Gleason horse taming show last winter. Later Burckhardt purchased the animal and after keeping it for ten months slaughtered it at an unfortunate time and offered its stall-fed carcass for sale at the modest price of 15 cents per pound; to be classic—it "was butchered to make a Portland—not a Roman—holiday."

The household pet claim was a trifle gauzy under the circumstances, although Burckhardt cheerfully testified that the elk was just as much a household pet when it hung in the market in the cold embrace of death as when it leaped and gamboled beautifully in life. The jury evidently took this view of the matter and brought in a verdict of guilty, sustaining the contention of the vigilant Game Protector McGuire.

Burckhardt is deserving of sympathy, as he undoubtedly had the elk slaughtered in good faith, believing he was within his rights in so doing, but the verdict was a just one and will be heartily indorsed by every sportsman in Portland and throughout the State. A principle was in-

volved and triumphed. The principle is that the game laws must be observed to the letter and no excuses for their violation, however plausible, given a standing in court.—*Northwestern Sportsman*.

A RIFLE FOR MOOSE.

It always pains me to see an account of the losing of an animal which has been wounded. The thing which makes me enjoy duck shooting less than almost any other sport is the fact that so many birds are hit and not killed. It is in the shooting of large game, however, that the matter assumes much more serious importance. Especially does it seem a terrible thing to hit a moose without killing him. When a man wounds several animals before getting one, he is almost certain to destroy more than the limit allowed by law; and to any right-minded man the presence of a few moose in a wilderness makes it a paradise, where otherwise it would be a desert. I have always found that the hunters and guides in the moose country, at least the more intelligent ones, regard the needless wounding of an animal as a matter of extreme regret. They are anxious that the sportsman shall get his moose, but they want him to do it without allowing a wounded animal to escape.

FOREST AND STREAM this season has recorded an unusual number of moose stories. Anything concerning the noblest game animal on the continent is always of interest, and it has saddened my heart to read the numerous accounts of moose wounded and lost. Last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* alone contained no less than five instances of this. I believe in almost every case it is directly chargeable to the use of too light weapons. I have seen several cases mentioned where the .40-82 has been chosen for moose shooting. No doubt a moose can be killed with this bullet and powder charge. If I had no other rifle, and saw a bull moose in the woods, I should probably try to stop him with it; but knowing what little I do, from my own experience and the statements of others, I consider any one almost insane who deliberately selects this rifle to take into the woods for this purpose.

Every lumberman and crust-hunter has stories to tell about the ease with which the moose can be killed in the spring, when he is enfeebled by the scarcity of proper food and the severity of the weather. But I am sure that in October, when he is in his best condition, there is no other creature in North America which possesses so much vitality, so great tenacity of life. The man who expects to kill a large moose during the legitimate hunting season with anything less than an ounce of lead and 100 grains of powder is pretty certain to be disappointed, unless he strikes the animal in the heart. If one gets a fair shot at a moose which is facing him and can remember to shoot low enough, he may do this; but if he gets only a broadside shot he is not likely to strike either heart or lungs. I have seen a moose run a considerable distance with more than a quarter of a pound of lead in the region of his shoulders, and every guide in Eastern Canada can tell any number of true stories which go to show that the moose dies as hard as the grizzly bear. Anyone who has ever seen one of these magnificent animals at close quarters, his eyes blazing, the hair on his back bristling and every motion showing tremendous muscular energy, has certainly wished he had a small cannon in his hands. The great bulk of the animal serves as well as a coat of armor, as far as immediate disablement is concerned. And there are plenty of places where, if a moose runs half a mile before falling, it is very difficult to track or find him. I know at least a score of cases in which moose wounded with bullets as heavy as the .45-90—most admirable for deer—have been lost to the hunter.

There is another phase of the matter which makes the ordinary repeating rifle fall short of being the ideal weapon for moose. The company who lead the world in the manufacture of repeating rifles state frankly that they do not aim to make long-range weapons; that every concern which has meddled with long-range rifles has gone to the wall, and that their own rifles are made to do their work at 200 yds. or less. This is undoubtedly good business, on the theory of the best average for the greatest number; and the number of those who will ever look at a moose through the sights of a rifle must be comparatively limited. But the patient few who watch the lonely lakes and barrens of the vast Canadian wilderness often have opportunities for clean standing shots in good light at 300 or 400 yds. The broadside of a large moose presents fully a 3 ft. target, and the man who with a proper weapon on a still day, in a good light, shooting over water at 300 yds., sitting or lying down, cannot strike a 3 ft. ring, is not a good enough shot to go into the woods after big game. But if he shoots at a moose at this distance he should do it with a rifle that will kill.

In the old buffalo days, of which, I am sorry to say, I saw only the last hours, there was a rifle in considerable use for which I have always had the utmost admiration and respect. It was not a weapon to play with in one's back yard, but it was a rifle that was business from the start. This was the single-shot Sharps .45, 500 grs. patched bullet, 3½ in. shell, taking 120 grs. of powder. This rifle cannot now be bought, but the cartridges are made, and last summer, after some correspondence, the Winchester people kindly made for me a rifle, single-shot, of course, with an extra heavy barrel, taking this cartridge. A more satisfactory weapon I have never seen. Contrary to what the Winchester people expected, it shoots with very little recoil, its trajectory is quite low, and it is extremely accurate. Just as might be expected, its windage is almost nothing, and of course its killing power is terrific. The cartridges cost 6 cents apiece, but when one is hunting big game, and does not fire a dozen shots during the hunting trip, the cost of the ammunition is of no consequence whatever.

In the mania for small calibers, steel bullets, and all that sort of thing, I have been expecting to read of some idiot who had tried to kill moose or caribou with a .30-cal. Undoubtedly one of these crochet needles, with its penetration of countless yards of solid timber, would go clean through a poor moose, and he would probably die of peritonitis or tuberculosis, just as he would from the wound made by a .40-82; but if any reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* wants to kill a moose or caribou without having to follow his victim half way to the North Pole, he can rely on the weapon I have described. There are a number of English rifles which are equally deadly, but I know of no other weapon to be obtained in this country which has an equal amount of combined penetration and paralysis concealed about its person. FREDERIC IRLAND,

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

JUDGING from the manner in which applications for space have been coming in since diagrams were sent out last month space at the Second Annual Sportsmen's Exposition, to be held under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, March 16 to 21 next, will be at a premium long before the doors of the Garden open.

The Exposition of last May was largely in the nature of an experiment. No exhibitor had a very clear idea of just what lines his own exhibit would assume when completed, and it is doubtful if any one of the thousands who visited the display during the week had formed the vaguest conception of what they beheld on passing through the Madison avenue entrance of the Garden. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a first exposition, however, and that few of its exhibitors, if any, had ever before engaged in a like enterprise, the exhibit offered exceedingly few points for criticism either from an artistic or meritorious standpoint. The display of sportsmen's goods and appliances was a revelation to the uninitiated and a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to the experienced sportsman; the spectacle was a grand one in its many and alluring representations of sport with the gun and rod; and the forty odd thousand people who looked upon the Exposition as the most altogether new and original, as well as one of the most attractive and interesting industrial and recreative exhibits they had ever inspected, gave the stamp of public approval to the First Sportsmen's Exposition in a most gratifying manner, both as to the standpoints of quality and numbers.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that exhibitors, many of whom had gone into the Exposition with no little degree of apprehension as to the outcome, should have been gratified to an extent that resulted in their making inquiries as to space for the second Exposition almost before the first was well under way. The date for the opening of the second Exposition is still more than two months distant, and not a manufacturer outside of New York city has been seen as yet by the Exposition committee. A majority of the spaces have already been taken, however, applications and requests for reservations in every instance having come in by mail and without solicitation other than the receipt of a diagram and the price list of spaces. Many of the more prominent exhibitors of last year, such as the Winchester Arms Co., Parker Brothers, Overman Wheel Co., A. G. Spalding & Brothers, Herman Boker & Co., Hazard Powder Co., Francis Bannerman and Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, have taken increased or more prominently located spaces; while such houses as the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., United States Net & Twine Co., H. H. Kiffe Co., Electric Boat Co., and others of equal importance in their respective lines, who were not in last year's exhibit, have taken liberal space for the exhibit of next March.

The creation of an Exposition committee composed of Messrs. Dressel, Von Lengerke and Chasseaud, and which, together with Manager Sanger, will have entire charge of all details of arrangement and preparation for this year's exhibit, has been a step in the right direction. The members of the committee, working in perfect harmony with Manager Sanger, have quickly eliminated the faulty features of last year's show, and have provided substitutes which can scarcely fail to give additional attractiveness to the Exposition of '96.

Last year the efforts of the Sportsmen's Association and of the Exposition management were centered in but one direction, that of filling the spaces in the Garden with a desirable and representative list of exhibitors, and of demonstrating beyond all question that an exhibition devoted to the interest of sportsmen was wanted, and would be appreciated and supported. Having accomplished this, and feeling sure that the Exposition of '96 would take care of itself so far as its spaces and attendance by the public are concerned, the Exposition committee and the Sportsmen's Association are now making tremendously strong, but very quietly prosecuted effort, to give the second exhibit a value, from a trade standpoint, which the exhibit of last spring did not know to any considerable extent. In other words, it is intended, if possible, to bring to the Second Annual Exposition, not only of the sportsmen of the country, but sporting goods dealers from all sections, to the end that closer relations may spring up as the result of personal contact between buyer and seller, and that points of mutual interest to manufacturer, jobber and dealer may, under the auspices of the Second Annual Exposition, be discussed with profit to all concerned.

The presence at the show of a thousand leading dealers in sporting goods, brought there as delegates to a sportsmen's convention, would unquestionably give the Exposition a value to the exhibitor far greater than it had last year, and that too without detracting an iota from its value as an educator, and its interest to the general public. In this direction the Sportsmen's Association is working, and within a fortnight will be able to announce its perfected plans, and the measure of success that has attended its efforts.

DESPERATE DAYS IN WISCONSIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 I have just read Mr. E. Hough's article headed "Desperate Days in Wisconsin," in which he says that never in the history of Wisconsin have there been so many hunters from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters, oh yes! from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters because they came from outside the State. And they hunted illegally, certainly, because they came a good way to hunt.

Well now, I know of several cases of illegal hunting in Wisconsin; and it was not done by outsiders either. At Phillips this fall I was told by prominent men that they did not like the law against hunting with dogs, and that they did not care a copper for the law; they would hunt with dogs, and they would kill deer whenever they wanted meat, season or no season. It was no secret that deer were hounded within two miles of Phillips by residents only, and in October at that.

At Wolfers, a noted hunting camp twelve miles from Phillips, some hunters from Chicago were placed on stands and deer driven to them by residents. Keep out non-residents.

A camp of three hunters, residents again, camped three miles from our camp, killed five deer and sold them to a logging camp of Mr. Cramer, of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Residents! some more. The hunters told me that they

would hunt until January, as they got a good price for their deer, viz., 6 cents per lb. These hunters were not pot-hunters. Certainly not, for they were residents of Wisconsin and had the right to the deer of the State.

My partner and myself killed one deer apiece and were satisfied, if we did come from Ohio. Pot-hunters again.

In regard to Michigan's law, I do not think it right to tax non-residents. It certainly is not in the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. I have hunted in Michigan for the last twenty-three years, off and on, and every deer killed by me has cost me \$1 or more a pound; so you see that somebody gets the benefit of my money. I have given away plenty of venison, but never sold a single pound—in fact, never sold 1 cent's worth of any game in my life. Still, I must be a pot-hunter from Ohio.

In Mr. Hough's summing up of results of accidents in Wisconsin, I fail to see where there were any accidents caused by Ohio or Indiana men. So you see there are some flighty hunters from some other States besides Ohio and Indiana.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there were a good many deer in the western part of Ohio, and hunters came from outside of the State to hunt; and they were welcome, too, as long as they hunted in season; and if they killed a deer they took it outside of the State, too, for it certainly was their property if legally obtained. But alas! the deer are nearly all killed, and Ohio hunters will have to go to wilder places to hunt.

As to northern Michigan and Wisconsin, it will be a good many years before the deer will be killed off if left alone in close season by residents. If the game wardens of those two States will enforce the law against real pot-hunters there will be enough game in those States to last a good long time yet. If a man is a citizen of the United States and wants to hunt in any State of the United States in season, and kills game, it is unquestionably his, and he should certainly be allowed to take it anywhere in the United States according to the Constitution. This State rights business cost this Government millions of dollars about thirty years ago. So I think if a man hunts in season he should not be legally restrained from hunting in any State of the Union.

POT-HUNTER.

MEGANTIC CLUB DINNER.

A STRANGER who entered the Copley Square Hotel, in Boston, on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, could have fancied with no vivid stretch of imagination that he had strayed into some colossal Maine camp, luxurious perhaps in its appointments, but still possessing many of the best features of camp life. The occasion which called forth this large assemblage of sportsmen and wonderful display of the fruits of rod and gun was the ninth annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club. The decorations of the spacious dining rooms in the way of game, fish and sportsmen's accoutrements surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in this city, and reflected great credit on Mr. Abbott Frazer, to whom belongs a large part of the credit for the arrangement. Back of the table at which sat the presiding officer and the invited guests American flags were arranged in tasteful folds, at the top of which was placed a large eagle. Further decoration at this end of the hall consisted of tiger and white bear skins, while in each corner was a magnificent painting of a salmon by Brackett. Around the rooms were deer, moose, elk, caribou and mountain sheep heads. In the arch at the center hung suspended a birch bark canoe and at another place on the walls snowshoes, fishing rods, moccasins, net stiffs and various other paraphernalia of the sportsmen's life were displayed. The tables actually groaned beneath the weight of choice viands, and during the progress of the dinner Henry's orchestra played many of the popular songs of the day, and a colored minstrel band sang plantation melodies with great effect.

After cigars were lighted the 250 or more gentlemen present settled back in their chairs prepared to listen to the flow of oratory which was assured by the presence of many well-known speakers. At the guests' table sat President A. W. Robinson, Lieut.-Gov. Roger Walcott, B. C. Clark, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association; the Governor's private secretary, Col. H. A. Thomas; Hon. A. A. Strout, Henry O. Stanley, Rev. E. C. Butler, Capt. T. J. Olys, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Walter M. Brackett, the artist; Andrew S. March, president of the Eaglewood Fish and Game Club; D. J. Flanders, general manager of the Boston & Maine R. R., and Hon. Jas. E. Martine and Wm. H. Brower, of Plainfield, N. J. Letters of regret were received from Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Russell, Hon. John D. Long, Mayor Josiah Quincy and others.

An interesting feature, just before the speaking began, was the bringing in of an immense pie (accompanied by torch bearers, etc.), which when uncovered exposed to view a beautiful little girl dressed as a pink fairy, who presented to the lieutenant-governor a handsome basket of flowers. Mr. Walcott made a neat speech of acceptance and was cheered to the echo as the next governor of the commonwealth.

The first regular speaker was the club president, A. W. Robinson, and it did not take him long to convince his hearers that the Megantic Club was a prosperous organization. His statement that the membership rolls were full gave joy to the members and brought sorrow to the outsiders. Many were also surprised to find that the club had under control 250 square miles of territory. Other facts which he brought out were that there are on the preserve twenty-three ponds and lakes, eight streams, eight bogs and about thirty public and many private camps. The fish hatchery at Big Island Pond has been very successful; 40,000 trout and 14,000 landlocked salmon have been hatched therefrom, and next year it is the intention to place a large number of trout in Long Island Pond. His statement of the club expenses was pretty good evidence of prosperity. In 1887 the expenditures were \$1,694 72, in 1895 over \$15,000.

Lieut.-Gov. Walcott followed Mr. Robinson, and was at his best. He considered it a privilege to attend this giant camp meeting, where he recognized an old friend in that loin of caribou on the menu card. At a former dinner of the club he had heard of the death of an old horse on the preserve, and knowing the possibilities of cold storage, etc., could only conclude that he had found a former acquaintance. The next speakers in regular order were A. A. Strout, of Maine, who has just returned from a year's trip in Europe, and says there is no sporting country in the world like Maine; Messrs. B. C. Clark, Col. H. A. Thomas, Capt. T. J. Olys and Rev. E. C. Butler.

The last speech brought the hour up to midnight and the president with a few remarks closed the festivities. The officers of the club are: President, Arthur W. Robinson; Vice-Presidents, Walter C. Prescott and Nathan F. Tufts; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, L. Dana Chapman; Clerk, Dr. George W. Way; Superintendent, Robert Phillips; Canadian Warden, William Boyle, Jr.; Steward, Fred M. Viles.

HACKLE.

IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 4.—The ruffed grouse season, which closed Dec. 31, proved in all respects unusually successful. Birds were to be found in plenty throughout the counties of central New York. In Tompkins county especially more birds were found and bagged than during any single season for several years past. The mild fall weather prolonged almost to the very last day of the open season, has constantly tempted sportsmen afield who ordinarily stop shooting about Dec. 1, if not sooner. Consequently more birds have been killed by this class of shooters, while the market-shooter has plied his trade with irrefragable energy from early morn till dewy eve. Nevertheless, as a result of our personal investigation, made during the closing days of December, I can vouch for a good supply of birds left over for next season.

There is urgent need, however, of a readjustment of the grouse season in central New York at any rate. The season should not open until Sept. 15 or Oct. 1. Sept. 1 finds the birds too small and floppy. With full-grown birds awaiting the sportsman on opening day we shouldn't hear so much of the remarkable scores made on that day by "record shooters." A great many shooting men in this section are also in favor of closing the season Dec. 1.

Woodcock shooting was a failure, but comparatively few birds being shot. The splendid covers hereabouts, which usually afford fine shooting on these beautiful birds, were pretty regularly found tenantless.

The long continued dry weather knocked the anticipations of the lovers of rabbit hunting into a forlorn hope. The owners of beagles failed to find rabbits afoot in sufficient numbers to give their dogs needed exercise. I don't happen to remember a more unsatisfactory season for sport with the agile bunny.

The rabbit season, it is unanimously agreed by all those with whom I have conversed, should be extended to Feb. 1, and the use of ferrets should be rigidly discounted by the statutes.

It is the hungry chap with the pink-eyed rodent in his inside pocket that is fast exterminating the rabbit supply.

The duck shooting on the inland waters and marshes of New York during the season of '95, so far as I have been able to discover, has not been up to the average.

A few noteworthy scores, already reported in FOREST AND STREAM, were made in the early part of November, but aside from these the shooting has been of a poor quality.

Taking the season as a whole upon the game familiar to this section of the State it can scarcely be estimated as a fairly good one. Indeed, if one were to exclude grouse shooting from the category, the season might be summed up as "flat, stale and unprofitable." "Stop the sale of game!"

M. CHILL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last session of the New Hampshire Legislature some changes were made in the game laws. Previously the season opened on ruffed grouse, woodcock, squirrels and rabbits Sept. 1. One of the changes was to make the opening on grouse and woodcock Sept. 15, leaving the opening on rabbits and squirrels the same as before. Such a change does not benefit the grouse and woodcock to the extent intended. It gives the impatient gunners an excuse for being out Sept. 1. Some of them might regard the law enough to shut their eyes when running across a brood of grouse. A good many of them would not. The opening on all such game as I have named should be uniform.

Again, another change in the law relating to deer. For a number of years efforts had been made to stop hounding, resulting in a compromise allowing dogs to be used a part of the season, and as usual in such cases, the result was neither one thing or the other. As the law now stands, dogging is prohibited altogether, and it should have been years ago. Not contented with making a law which is really of great benefit to the deer, the open season on them had to be changed, making it from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15. Now, with hounding prohibited and the season closing Nov. 15, which is usually before we can expect the first snow, it practically means no deer hunting in many parts of the State. I know of some good deer grounds in New Hampshire, but I do not know of a place where deer are numerous enough to offer much chance of success when still hunting on bare ground. With a good tracking snow it is by no means as easy as is often represented. What a howl would arise from the numerous camps in the State of Maine should the season be closed there Nov. 15!

With the ever increasing army of sportsmen game in all parts of the country needs about all the protection it is likely to get; yet in making game laws it is well to remember that it is much easier to make a law than to enforce it.

A good deal is said about killing game simply for a record and leaving it to rot where killed; nearly all game wasted in this way is killed early in the season. The sportsman of to-day as a rule cares more for the head of a moose or caribou he kills than for the meat, and should he get a good specimen early in the season in some place far back in the wilderness, and if, as is often the case, he does not know how to skin and save the head, his only object will be to get it out before it becomes tainted, leaving the meat to take care of itself. Should the open season on large game be considered too long, as was evidently the case in New Hampshire, the opening should be made later instead of closing earlier, just as the weather is becoming cold. Cold weather is the time to kill large game, and the time when it can be saved.

A clause in the game laws of Nova Scotia struck me as very sensible; it reads about as follows: "The meat of such game as moose or caribou must be brought out of the woods within ten days of its being killed." Of course ten days from the time of killing in the early part of the season would give it time to spoil, but I noticed in my hunting trips to the Province that great pains were taken to get it out in good condition. One of the first questions

asked whenever I came out with the head of a moose was, "Did you get the meat out all right?"

Such a question would prove rather a facer for some of the hunting parties to answer who go to the Maine woods.
C. M. STARK.

CURRITUCK DUCKS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—Perhaps the few notes following about Currituck may interest your readers, especially those to whom the whistling of the wings of wildfowl forms the sweetest music.

We have been to the Old Currituck Inlet Gunning Club, kept by Leon White, for the purpose of winding up the old year in a blaze of—shotguns, and we certainly have had the finest kind of shooting. Currituck Inlet is on the east side of Currituck Sound, and I think it is the finest shooting ground in the South. The sound is about forty-five miles long by twelve miles wide, the water shallow, averaging 3ft., with plenty of wild celery and "widgeon grass," so called by the natives. It runs into Albemarle Sound, but the birds trade mostly in Currituck.

Canvasbacks have just come in and are in good numbers. The geese have been very plenty and swans in fair quantity, and as for ducks, you could not look anywhere without seeing ducks, and the variety is large. We shot mallards, canvasbacks, redheads, widgeon, black ducks, sprigs, ruddy ducks and teal, besides brant, Canada geese and swans. Also English snipe are found on their marshes now.

The law allows four days in a week for shooting, which gives the fowl some chance to rest and feed. The season commences on Oct. 20 and ends March 20.

My first morning out it blew great guns and it was bitterly cold. We started at sunrise and were soon located on a point, the boat being drawn out of sight in the reeds. Our shots were mostly long ones, and I tell you it takes a good gun and some pointing ahead to induce a duck to stay over to be introduced to Mrs. White. I laughed more than once over Mr. Robinson's account of Uncle Lisha and the teal; and I wished I had some of my snap shot brush shooting friends with me so they could at least see how "sudden" a bunch of teal or canvasbacks with the wind back of them can be.

Leon White has a number of live decoys of all kinds—swan, geese, brant and duck. In particular, I want to mention an old gander who must be possessed of at least seven devils; I have often wondered why he is so revengeful against his own tribe. May be he was jilted in his younger days and is now getting even; but the fact remains that he will call a bunch of geese to him, and when the guns go off and a number are killed or wounded the old fellow will sit right down and laugh, and get gay and kittenish; but if the shots are not successful he will turn right round and sulk. May he live long and prosper. He is the best linguist in the goose family I have ever heard.

Besides the "old reliable" 10-gauge, I took down with me a 12, as past experiences have taught me to have two guns in the blind, and oftentimes when shooting the small gun I was able to get three or four shots into a bunch of ducks, while for cripples it was the right thing.

The best way to get to Currituck is to go from Norfolk to Virginia Beach and then drive to White's. It will take about five hours, but while a little more expensive it is quicker and surer than by boat through the canal, especially in the fall. I am now looking forward to my trip there in August after the bay birds.
IDAHO.

AN OTTER FUR HAT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read with interest Mr. Hough's articles on "How Fur is Caught," but none was more entertaining than No. 6, in which he described the manner of setting an otter trap. It carried me back to my boyhood days, nearly half a century ago. Now, don't for a moment think that I ever caught an otter, nor that I ever set a trap for one, as described by Mr. Hough. But what it reminded me of was an incident in connection with that beautiful animal.

My father was a country doctor, and to eke out a living he dabbled a little in politics, and for many years was justice of the peace, supervisor and postmaster. In 1846 (or to impress the time more vividly on the minds of some of your older readers, I might say it was the first year of the Mexican war) he was elected Member of Assembly for Jefferson county. He always wore a high, light-colored fur hat, and of course to go to Albany as Assemblyman he must have a new one. After the returns were all in he began to think of a new hat, which he always had made to order in Utica. One Saturday morning at breakfast he said, "Lester, this afternoon get on to your skates and go down the river to Mr. Cheesman's and get the two otter skins that he has; he said that I could have them for \$5 each." As I had intended going skating I was pleased to be commissioned to combine business with pleasure. It was only three miles to where the otter skins were, but that distance did not satisfy me, as the skating was good, and I kept on down to Red Lake, six miles from the village. As the wind was in my favor it was easy getting there, but returning was a different matter, and when I got back to where I was to get the otter skins I was quite willing to stop and warm myself while the man was getting the skins and tying them together at the nose; but as soon as I was on my skates again I cut them apart, and putting my hands and arms in each there were no cold fingers going home. The otter skins were forwarded to the hatter in Utica and in due season came back in the shape of a light brown high hat, which father wore for at least ten years, and I would give all the old hats I have to have it now.

Twelve years after the above incident I saw two otter that were killed at one shot, but that is another story.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Jan. 2.

A Christmas in Texas.

OUR old friend Charles Hallock writes entertainingly in *FOREST AND STREAM* of "A Christmas in the Rio Grande." It recalls a Christmas the writer passed not many miles from that river, in Texas, in antebellum days. There was not a mile of railroad in the State and no bridges west of San Antonio. We were returning from a paying rip to Fort Davis and intermediate garrisons with an

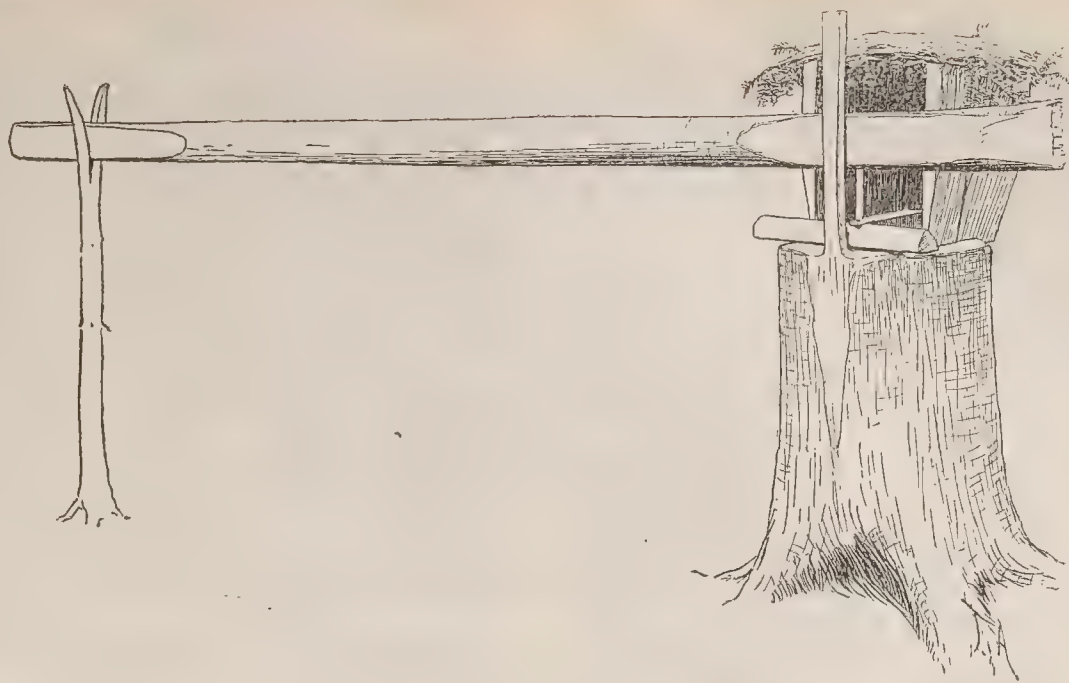


FIG. 1.—DEADFALL FOR SABLE.

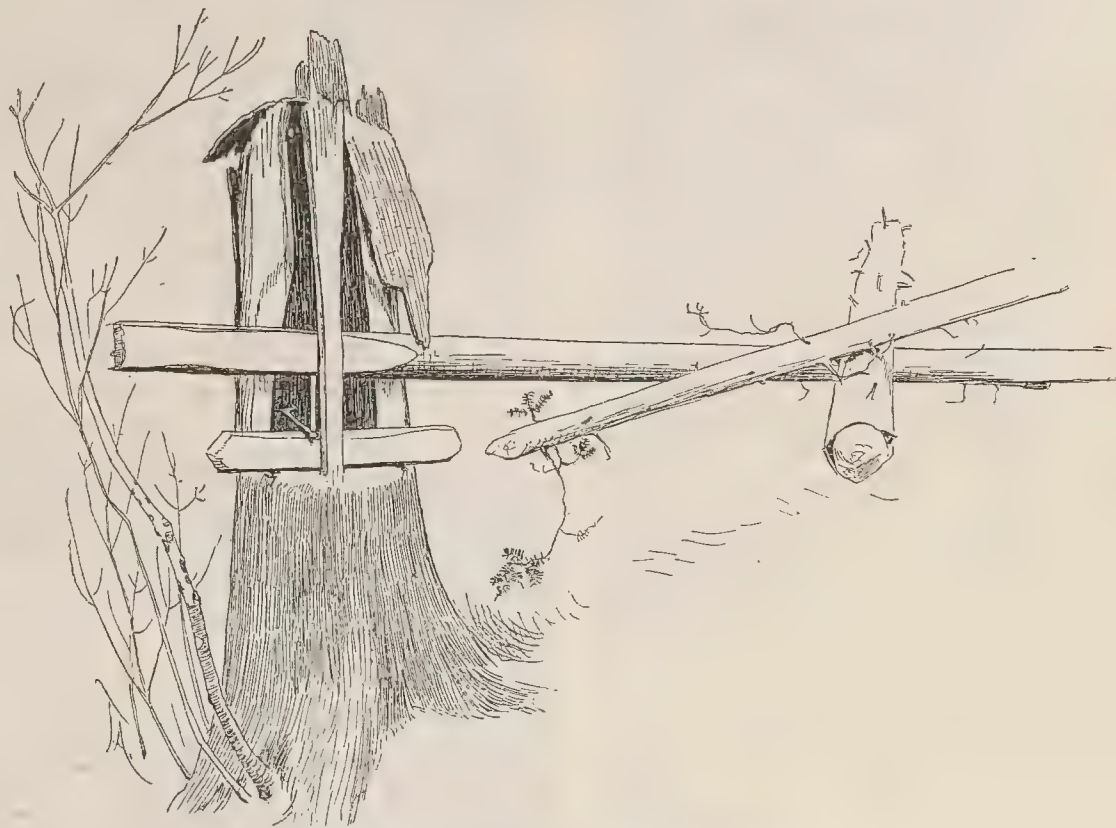


FIG. 2.—DEADFALL FOR FISHER.

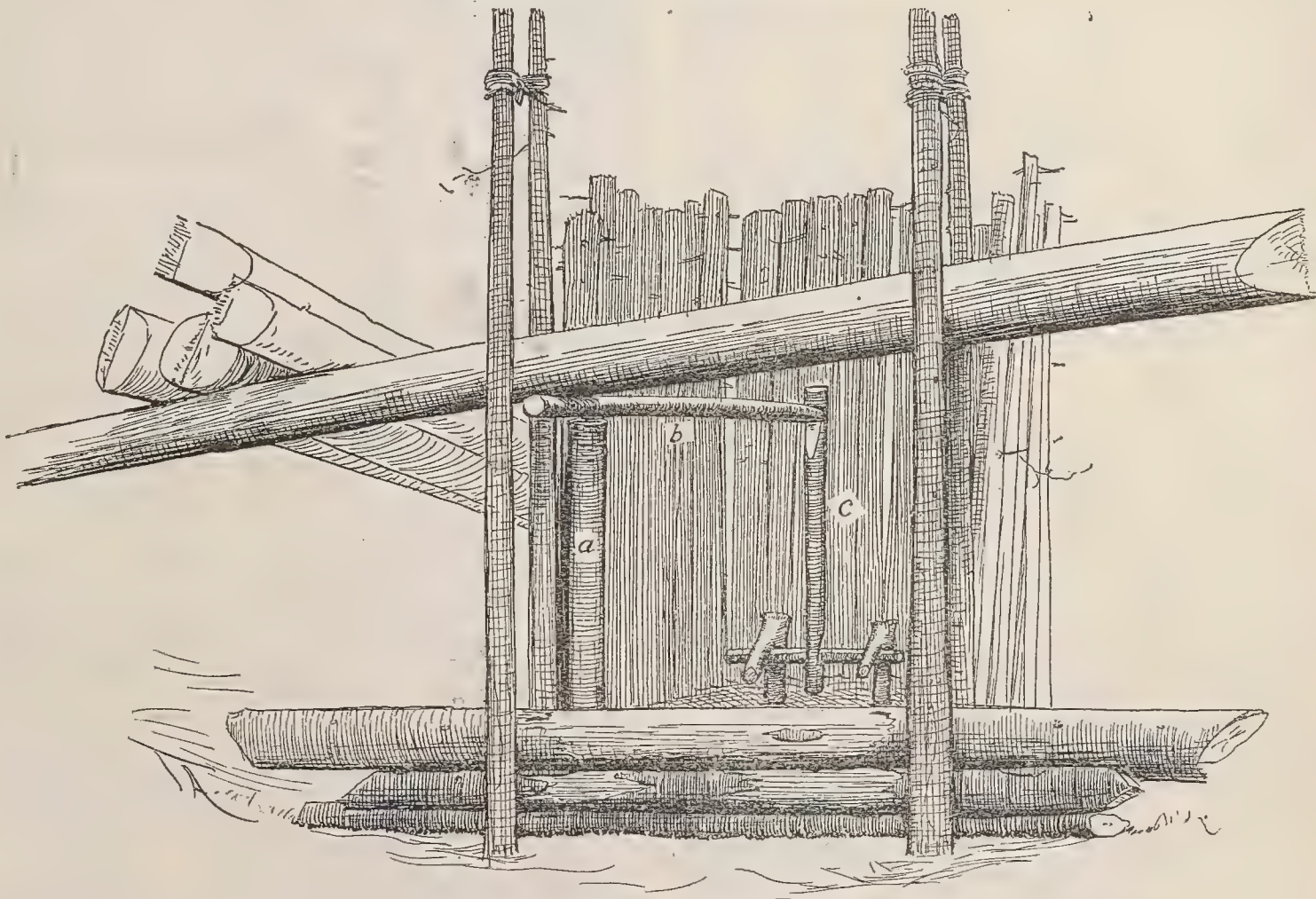


FIG. 3.—DEADFALL FOR BEARS.
Drawn by Tappan Adney. (See page 47.)

ambulance and two baggage wagons drawn by mules, and had expected to join in the Christmas festivities at San Antonio. Arriving at Castroville Dec. 24 in a pouring rain we found the river bank full and of course unfordable. There was nothing to do but to go into camp until the water subsided, with San Antonio less than thirty miles away. It was not a merry Christmas.—*Charles A. Pilsbury in Belfast Journal.*

Ducks by the Square Mile.

ROCKLEDGE, Fla., Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As you invite contributions to your valuable paper, I venture to send the following facts with which I am fully conversant. The place of which I speak might well be called the sportsman's paradise—it is the east coast of Florida to which I refer—because of its attractive features, lying as it does adjacent to the conjunction of the Banana and the Indian rivers. The rock bound point of Merritt's Island and that of the peninsula opposite mark the mingling of the waters of both rivers, where oysters thrive and fish of great variety abound.

To say that ducks are plentiful would be but a mild assertion. As I arose a little after daybreak, I heard what I thought to be the wind roaring in the tree tops surrounding my cottage, but on looking out I saw no motion in the foliage. Upon walking to the bank of the river I

saw myraids of ducks alighting and as they struck the water they produced the noise which I had thought to be wind; while the water was black the space of a square mile with the ducks, the air directly above them and as far as the eye could reach was filled with them. They were not permitted to remain, however, for when the approaching daylight enabled the marksman to draw a bead a fusillade of shot laid a few of them low and the immense flock again took wing, alighting at a safe distance from either shore. Should this account be discredited, I will prove its truth by the man who took the shot.

AGUR WHEELER.

Florida Quail.

ESCAMBIA, Fla., Jan. 4.—I shoot a few quail now and then; big bags are an impossibility here because birds drive into the densest thickets imaginable, but I go after them; and nailing three or four as they tower over a wall of trees or dodge around one is the nicest kind of sport—makes you feel like patting yourself on the back—and is far greater satisfaction than twenty-five birds killed by easy shots in the open. These quail are certainly wild and wary; they do not lie well to the dog while in the covey, but when once scattered in good cover they work all right. While I was up in the big woods last week we tried for deer and turkeys. Both are there, as we found tracks of them, but the hunt had no further results, I

shall try again. Last winter the Florida woods were full of robins and bluebirds. I have seen only a few of the former, and none of the latter. I suppose that points to a milder winter in the north than we had last year. They say that there are a good many ducks around here, but I have not yet investigated. E. H. O.

A SPORTSMAN'S RECEPTION.

AN invitation, couched in gentle, cordial terms, and ornamented with a noble portrait of an elk's head bearing majestic antlers, from the deft hand of Mr. Carl Rungius, was extended by Dr. C. Fulda, 107 Kent street, Brooklyn, to a number of sportsmen friends. Among the favored ones was the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, but he being "chained to business" denied himself a pleasure and permitted a member of the staff to appear in his stead.

The event was in honor of Dr. Fulda's son, Mr. Carl Fulda, and his nephew, Mr. Carl Rungius, both of whom had recently returned from the far West. Mr. Rungius is known to many of the sportsmen of America through his painting, "The Moosehead," which in itself has wide fame and much admiration. They had returned safely from a successful trip in the home of the big game, in the wilderness which tries the intrepidity, patience, endurance and woodcraft of the best of hunters, and in which successful pursuit requires more than common skill.

A rare gathering of mighty hunters responded. As they arrived they were ushered into the large double parlor by an Indian in the full gorgeousness of war paint, feathers and brave trappings, an Indian who could not understand English till later, when a sudden transformation to a prepossessing young man cast the Indian into oblivion.

The two young men in whose honor Dr. Fulda had extended his hospitality were in full Western hunters' panoply, and graciously assisted Dr. Fulda in receiving the guests. Of these there was a group rarely equaled, mighty men with the gun, and some of the gentle art of the revered master, Izaak, whose memory grows apace with the years and the art of angling.

Some of the veterans could count their summers from the first quarter of the present century, while others were in the flush of early manhood, and others again were on the middle ground of vantage from which to look boldly into the future or the past. Whatever difference in years there was, however, no difference was in the hunter's enthusiasm; age then counted not.

The skill of meadow and mountain, of stream and wood, was there. Of the big game of Montana and the West, Dr. Bennett had brought down many head. Last summer, in his tour of the Yellowstone country, he had gone over a large part of the route taken in by Mr. Hough in his *ski* trip through the mountains, and met many of his friends.

Then there was Mr. Theo. Tapken, skillful with the shotgun on birds a wing; and Mr. Robert Weider and his son, Mr. Charles Weider, whose pleasure afield was in pursuit of small game.

The Messrs. William and Fred Schleger, quick of eyes and hands, solved the flight of the erratic snipe.

Mr. Oberg, of camera fame, calmly bore the honors of an all-round hunter of game, great and small; and Mr. Weiss also had fame as an all-round hunter.

Mr. Townsend Braagaw was famous for his doings in bringing the prince of the grouse family to bag, the partridge, whose swift flight dense thickets and high hills do not lessen.

Then there was Mr. John Averill, taxidermist, and his brother, Mr. Frank Averill, both of whom were trout fishermen.

Mr. George C. Call knew the ways of deer and the approved ways of bringing them to possession.

Mr. Al Duryea, who was listened to with attention on all matters pertaining to snipe and other game birds, and Mr. Louis Chevalier, sage in the habits and habitat of the woodcock, were conceded to be graduates in the lore of the craft and dextrous in the use of the gun.

Mr. Sauter, taxidermist, is well known to fame.

Mr. Hair was a sure snap shot with a camera.

Mr. F. M. Defoe, Jr., of the *Long Island Star*, had dexterity with a lead pencil, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM was in sympathy with all who hunted and shot and fished—that is, with every one; and appreciative of the fact that there was not one who was not an ardent friend of FOREST AND STREAM.

The violin, flute and piano, making sweet music, were supported by a diapason of voices discoursing the themes of sport.

On one side of the long parlor, on a rack extending from floor to ceiling, and about 12 or 14 ft. wide, were the trophies of the hunt—some were of the game killed by the young men, others they found in the wilderness, mementos of long ago.

There were eleven pair of elk horns, two of mountain sheep, four of mule deer, twenty of antelope and a number of abnormal horns which they found; four buffalo skulls, and smaller skulls of beaver, porcupine, rabbits, mink, badgers and weasels. These were artistically placed on a background of skins, which also were trophies. There were five skins of elk, six of porcupine, eight of antelope. There were two eagles, one of 7 ft. spread of wings, and specimens of the mountain grouse, sage hen, mountain jays, magpies, moose birds and owls, all neatly prepared for mounting for scientific purposes. The collection was a large one.

A number of realistic sketches of the mountain and plain, of the moose, elk and antelope, all from nature, were placed on the wall beside the collection, adding color and beauty to it. The industry which produced such results must have been unceasing.

Before the gathering had realized that any time had passed, the band struck up an inspiring march and supper was announced. To enumerate the *menu* would convey but a faint idea of the delicacies and substantialities, all graced by good will and good fellowship. Dr. Fulda arose and said a few words—words impressive in their simple elegance. In substance he said they were all gathered together for a pleasant meeting, that the pleasant meetings of life were not too many, and that he wished everyone to feel a brotherly welcome and participate and enjoy; and to talk of the fields and the streams, the woods and the flowers, the moose and the deer, the snipe, the quail, the woodcock, the fishes, the sports which they loved best, the sport that they liked to talk about, and to listen to the talk which they were happy in hearing.

And were they happy? And did they not talk of the sport of this year, next year, last year, of years ago, when New York was a village comparatively; of famous grounds for snipe, and quail, and woodcock, and partridge; of rare shots on cunning birds; of hard days afield, barren in result till the last moment, then happily redeemed; of the habits of game birds and deer and moose? The enthusiasm of each! Young men were boys, and elderly men were young; cheeks glowed and eyes glistened as events of stirring interest with rod and gun were lived over again. Midnight came and half had not been said. The bright places in the stretches of the years were all present at once and could not be told in a moment.

But everyone was at his best; everyone admired the two young men who uttered not a boast of their prowess, who only told the history of a trophy when asked, and who told it then in mild words and becoming pride.

And of Dr. Fulda, the gentle, the whole-souled—his happiness grew as his guests waxed enthusiastic in reminiscence and recountal of days and deeds.

And of the guests—the raveled threads of friendship which time and separation multiply were gathered together into a homogeneous whole.

May all their shadows never grow less.

New Jersey Rabbit Trapper Fined.

WM. DILL, a farmer living near Old Bridge, N. J., was charged with setting a rabbit trap on Dec. 1, 1895, by Game Warden Tooker. On Thursday morning Dill appeared before Justice Stricker in this city and paid the fine, which amounted to \$50.—*Perth Amboy Republican*.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

In the midst of all the criticism of Lord Dunraven, it would be a mistake for anyone to suppose that he is not at heart a thorough sportsman. A few years ago he made a trip through the wilderness of New Brunswick, just to fish a little and to see the country, accompanied only by an Indian guide. A New Brunswick hunter told me that one day, when he was up near the head of the Sou'west Mirimachi River, he met two people, a white man and an Indian, coming down the stream. The water was shallow in places, and the white man, who turned out to be Lord Dunraven, was plodding along in the water towing the canoe, while the Indian, whose feet had become sore from the stones on the river bed, was sitting in barbaric state in the stern of the boat. When the pair got down to the railroad, at Boiestown, the Earl looked a little more disreputable, if anything, than the Indian. In some way Mr. Duffy, the keeper of the little hotel at that place, had heard he was likely to have a distinguished guest; and it just happened that two young persons of the plaid suit and monocle variety came along on the accommodation train, and loudly called for food. Mr. Duffy had done his best, and these two occupied the place of distinction in the dining-room. Just at that time the real Lord Dunraven, with a moccasin on one foot and several woolen stockings on the other, his trousers out at the knee, limped up from the river in company with the sad-eyed red man. They were promptly shown to the kitchen, where the unpretentious Earl and his forest brother, without comment, ate a large meal from the end of the bare pine table. Mr. Duffy shows signs of annoyance yet when he remembers the glad laughter of the boys which greeted the announcement of the telegraph operator that evening, that the vagabond of the stocking feet had been sending and receiving messages which revealed him to be Lord Dunraven, while the dukes were unconscious frauds from Boston. FREDERIC IRLAND.

"THAT reminds me" of my great rifle shot made eight or ten years ago. Doc and I were out at the range practicing for the annual inspection. Doc's shooting was all right and is now, but I was off; couldn't hit a whole covey of targets, and gave up in disgust with the remark that I was "no good on bullseyes, but if I had something alive in front of the gun I could show results."

Doc laughed and pointing across the pond, near where we were shooting, to a dead tree, on the top limb of which sat a small bird, said, "There's your game." The distance was certainly 100 yds., perhaps 25 more, and the bird looked about the size of a cent, but I dropped on my knee, said "Dead bird," and bang! went the old .52 cal. Remington.

The bird was gone. Doc wouldn't believe I had hit, but as I did not see it fly I put up a good bluff, and a small bet started us around the pond, where we found the head, a strip of the back and a couple of tail feathers of a poor little cedar bird. It was a great shot; it happened at least eight years ago, but Doc and I speak of it to this day whenever a good shot is mentioned. H. R. B.

He Paid It.

A SCOTCHMAN named Sandy McLean was the head game-keeper of a certain nobleman, and great praise was due to him for the well-keeping of the duke's preserves. Sandy did not like dogs—that is to say, other people's dogs—and one day, when seeing somebody else's dog chasing a hare just inside the boundary of his domain, he had a pop at it and killed it. As it happened, its owner was close by, and demanded £10 compensation. As Sandy refused to pay it, he was served next day with a summons. The duke's solicitor went to the court to speak for Sandy, who sat and listened very intently to the speech which was made in his behalf; but when for the defense the lawyer said that Sandy aimed at the hare and shot the dog by mistake, Sandy jumped up. "Hoot, mon!" he shouted. "Sandy is no bad shot, ye ken; I'll pay the ten pouns!" —*British Fancier*.

"The Singing Mouse Stories," by E. Hough, published by Forest and Stream Company, New York, is a unique and beautiful booklet which will thoroughly entertain the thoughtful reader if taken at the right time and place. It abounds in the genuine philosophy of life and is told so pleasingly and illustrated so quaintly as to command more than usual attention. It is, however, as we observe, like a tonic in medicine, to be taken only *quantum sufficit*. More than that would be "dissipation."

Sea and River Fishing.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Syracuse on Thursday of last week, Jan. 9. The convention met in the assembly room of the Yates House, which was kindly put at the service of the Association by Proprietors Averill & Gregory. Delegates were present from twenty-two clubs, representing a membership of 4,800, distributed through the State from New York city to Buffalo and Alexandria Bay.

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF ONONDAGA.—Delegates: Amos Padgham, M. J. Trench, Geo. B. Wood, C. H. Mowry. Alternates: R. A. Molyneaux, D. H. Bruce, Walter S. MacGregor, J. E. Bierhardt, Thos. Woods, Henry Loftus (400 members).

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, A. C. Cornwall, R. B. Grant, E. N. Brown (300 members).

AUBURN GUN CLUB.—Henry C. Carr, Chas. G. Curtis (80 members).

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME, Utica.—W. E. Wolcott (250 members).

CANANDAIGUA ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Dr. C. T. Mitchell, A. B. Sackett, H. B. Whitney, C. B. Lapham (350 members).

CENTRAL NEW YORK FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Lyons.—W. S. Gavitt; J. D. Alden, Henry Carr, E. G. Gould (400 members).

CONESUS LAKE FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—H. S. Woodworth (30 members).

ERIE COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Buffalo.—R. H. Hoyt, T. C. Welch (300 members).

FAIRPORT FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

FRANKLIN COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—W. E. McClary, A. R. Fuller (150 members).

GENESEE VALLEY PROTECTIVE AND PROPAGATING FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—James Annin, H. S. Woodworth, Frank J. Amsden, H. H. Weidner (250 members).

HONEYOUE FALLS ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Aaron Mather, Dr. D. G. Brown (300 members).

NAPLES FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK (city) ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME.—Robert B. Lawrence, Charles L. Whitehead (500 members).

NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' CLUB, Lockport.—W. E. Huston, H. K. Wickes, Will R. Smith, Dan'l Pomeroy, protector for Niagara and Erie counties (225 members).

ONONDAGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—N. Ayer, Wm. Prettie, A. R. King, M. Weidman, A. S. White, John Stedman (200 members).

OSWEGO AND JEFFERSON COUNTIES FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Savona (150 members).

OUNDIAGA GUN CLUB OF ONONDAGA.—Solomon George, Martin Hill (50 members).

SPENCER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—Henry Killick, W. S. Gavitt (20 members).

STEBEN COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Bath.—J. G. Parker (50 members).

SUNDOWN FISHING CLUB, Poughkeepsie.

SYRACUSE GUN CLUB.—W. E. Hookway, G. H. Mann, Horace White, D. M. Lefever, H. McMurchy (75 members).

There were also present Fish and Game Commissioners Henry H. Lyman, of Oswego, and Charles H. Babcock, of Rochester; Chief Game Protector J. Warren Pond; Elon R. Brown, of Watertown; C. H. Bannister, of Lyons, and others, to whom the privilege of the floor was extended. President Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, was in the chair, and Secretary John B. Sage for the twenty-ninth year recorded the minutes. In his opening address President Amsden said:

As usual, the time of the meeting was chiefly taken up with discussion of proposed recommendations to the Legislature respecting amendments of the game and fish laws. The recommendations had been submitted to the law committee in December and Chairman Cornelius W. Smith, of Syracuse, had prepared his report upon the various measures so systematically that the consideration of them progressed rapidly and intelligently. The amendments approved for recommendation were as follows:

Amendments Approved for Recommendation.

Special Protectors.—Sec. 3, which now provides that the Fish Commissioners may appoint special protectors on recommendation of boards of supervisors, to be amended that the appointment shall be made upon the recommendation of incorporated clubs instead of that of supervisors.

Destruction of Nets.—Sec. 32, to be amended as to require that all nets or other illegal devices seized by a protector shall be taken by him before a justice of the peace, sheriff or deputy sheriff, supervisor or two taxpayers, and destroyed in the presence of such person or persons, and that they shall make a certificate thereof. Sec. 33 to be amended so that upon the certificate provided for in Sec. 32 the expenses of the taking of such nets shall be paid as a county charge.

Deer Season.—Sec. 40, which now provides a deer season from Aug. 16 to Oct. 31, to be amended so as to make the season from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. This cuts off fifteen days from the first part of the season.

Venison.—Sec. 41, which now permits the sale of venison from Aug. 16 to Nov. 10, to be amended so as to limit the possession of venison to ten days after the close of the season.

Floating, Jacking, Hounding.—Sec. 44 to be amended so as to prohibit all floating or jacking, or hunting with dogs; and so that no dogs for hunting deer shall be allowed in the Adirondack preserve.

Squirrels, Hares, Rabbits.—Sec. 49, which now permits the killing of black and gray squirrels and hares and rabbits from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, with many counties excepted, to be amended so as to make the open season for squirrels, hares and rabbits everywhere from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31, except on Long Island.

Spring Shooting.—Sec. 70, which now permits the killing of web-footed wildfowl except geese and brant from Sept. 1 to April 1 following, to be amended so as to abolish all spring shooting of wildfowl after March 1.

Long Island Wildfowl.—Sec. 161, which makes the close season for wildfowl on Long Island from Sept. 30 to

May 1, so to be amended as to stop all shooting of wild-fowl on Long Island after March 1.

Meadow Hens.—Sec. 175, which now provides that the close season on meadow hens from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31, to be amended so as to make the open season for meadow hens from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

Quail.—Sec. 72, which makes the open season for quail Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, to be amended so as to make the open season from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Sec. 73, which provides for a close season on quail in many of the counties of central New York extending to Nov. 1, 1898, to be amended so as to repeal all existing limitations forbidding the killing of quail before 1898.

Woodcock, Ruffed Grouse.—Sec. 74, which now provides an open season for woodcock and ruffed grouse from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31, to be amended so as to make the open season from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.

Sale of Woodcock and Grouse.—Sec. 75, which permits the possession and sale of woodcock and grouse from Aug. 16 to Jan. 31, to be amended so as to limit possession to ten days after the close of the season.

Transportation of Woodcock and Grouse.—Sec. 76 to be amended so as to prohibit the transportation of woodcock and grouse, unless accompanied by the actual owner.

Snipe.—Sec. 77, which makes the open season for snipe and shore birds from Aug. 1 to May 1, to be amended so as to make the season from Aug. 31 to March 1.

Sec. 100, relative to the pollution of streams, which reads:

No dyestuff, coal tar, refuse from gas houses, sawdust, shavings, tanbark, lime or other deleterious or poisonous substances shall be thrown or allowed to run into any of the waters of this State, either private or public, in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same,

to be amended so as to remove the present limitation by erasing the words "in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same."

Black Bass in St. Lawrence River.—Sec. 110 to be amended by striking out the words "in St. Lawrence River" from the title of the section, as the waters of the St. Lawrence are not referred to in the body of the section.

Black Bass Size.—Sec. 111, which prescribes 8in. as the legal length of bass, to be so amended as to make the length 10in.

Muskallonge.—Sec. 112, which provides a penalty of \$25 for each violation and \$10 for each fish illegally caught, so to be amended as to make the penalty for each fish \$25 instead of \$10.

Sec. 132, which in its present form reads as follows:

No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling, in the waters of Lake Erie, within one-half of a mile of the shores thereof, or of any of the islands therein, nor in the Cattaraugus Creek, or within five miles of the mouth thereof, or of any island therein; nor in Lake Ontario, within one mile of the shore, or of any island therein, nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River, the waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson, included between Blue Rock Point, in the town of Brownville, and the town line between the towns of Lyme and Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin Bay and Three Mile Bay, in the county of Oswego, between the northerly line of the town of Mexico and Jefferson county line, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act, * * *

to be amended so as to prohibit all netting, except one mile from shore, in Lake Ontario and all of its bays, in the Niagara River or within three miles from its mouth, or in Lake Erie within one mile from shore, or within three miles of the Horseshoe Reef Lighthouse.

Meshes of Nets.—Sec. 134, which provides that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario and the Cattaraugus Creek shall not be less than 1½in. bar, to be amended to make the legal mesh not less than 2½in. a bar.

Hudson River.—In Sec. 136, to erase the clause forbidding all netting in the Hudson River, because it is permitted by the balance of the section.

Ice Fishing.—Sec. 142, to be amended so as to erase the clause permitting spearing in Oneida Lake and Oneida River; to permit the catching of maskallonge in December, January and February, and the exception in favor of Cortland county.

Eel Weirs.—Sec. 143, which now provides that weirs of which the laths are not less than ½in. apart may be maintained at any time in inland waters, to be amended so as to increase the space between the laths of eel weirs to 1in.

Minnows for Bait.—Sec. 145 to be amended so as to require all bass, pike, wall-eyed pike or maskallonge, caught in minnow nets, to be put back.

Nets.—Secs. 149 and 151 be repealed. They provide for the taking of frost and white fish from the waters of Otsego Lake and from inland lakes not inhabited by brook trout, during such times and in such manner as the Commissioners may stipulate, and for the licensing of nets used for this purpose. This will stop all limited licensed netting, and prohibit the granting of licenses for netting in inland waters.

Sec. 235 to be amended so as to provide that in all cases in which costs are not collected the witness fees and actual disbursements shall be a county charge and paid as other such charges are paid.

Sale of Game.—It was unanimously resolved to urge the absolute repeal of Sec. 249, which permits the sale of game the year around.

In addition to the foregoing, these recommendations were adopted:

a. To provide for the payment of bounties for foxes, owls, hawks and cranes.

b. To prohibit the exhibition or sale of brook trout during the first five days of the open season.

c. To give protectors power to examine any boat or vehicle of any angler or hunter, or any box, locker, crate, basket or other package therein or in his possession, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any provision of law has been violated.

d. To establish a system of bounties to be paid to private individuals who may take nets in illegal use, graded according to the kind of net; each person to take such net before a justice, sheriff, deputy sheriff, supervisor or two taxpayers, destroy it in his presence, obtain from him a certificate of such destruction, and receive the bounty upon production of the certificate to the county treasurer.

The resolution introduced by Mr. Wolcott, of Utica, was adopted:

Whereas, The Legislature of 1894 authorized the purchase of 75,000 acres of land within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park, and Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners and State Commissioners of the Land Office had since brought about the purchase, and

Whereas, We believe this action to be in accord with the policy which the Association has for years earnestly advocated, viz.: The State ownership of the entire Adirondack region, therefore

Resolved, That we hereby signify our hearty approval of said purchase and urgently request the present Legislature and Commissioners above mentioned to take such steps as may be necessary to acquire additional lands in the Adirondacks as rapidly as possible, with a view that the whole wilderness may eventually be owned and preserved as a public park for the benefit of the people of this great commonwealth.

On motion of Mr. C. E. Gould this resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That whereas it is the sense of this Association that all licensing of nets by the Commissioners of Game and Forests in the lakes and streams entirely within the boundaries of the State be prohibited; also that we request the said Commissioners not to issue any license to nets in said waters; also that the secretary notify said Commissioners at once.

The committee on nominations, which was composed of R. P. Grant, of Alexandria Bay; C. B. Reynolds, of Forest and Stream, and H. S. Woodworth, recommended a re-election of the president and vice-president of the past year, and they were unanimously re-elected as follows: President, Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester; Vice-President, Robert B. Lawrence, of the New York Association for the Protection of Game and Fish; Secretary and Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, of the St. Lawrence Association, to succeed John B. Sage.

Game Protector Pond and Commissioners Lyman and Babcock were made honorary members of the Association. Mr. Lyman made a brief address telling of the work of the State Commissioners and the difficulty which they encountered by reason of conflicting personal interests. He thought that there should be some common ground upon which the sporting and commercial interests ought to meet without friction.

President Amsden appointed the following Legislative and Law committee: Chairman, Cornelius W. Smith, of Syracuse; Elton R. Brown, of Watertown, in place of J. S. Van Cleef; Chas. B. Lapham, of Canandaigua; Howard H. Widener, of Rochester, and Z. L. Parker, of Bath. The auditing committee are W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; H. S. Woodworth, of Rochester, and W. H. Chase, of Lockport.

New York Legislative Committees.

THE New York Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game Laws is made up of Messrs. Hobart Krum, of Schoharie, chairman; Richard Higbie, of Babylon, L. I.; George Chahoon, of Ausable Forks; James Ballantine, of Andes; Charles Davis, of Saugerties; Frank Gallagher, of Brooklyn, and Timothy J. Sullivan, of New York.

Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game: Uriah S. Messiter, of Sullivan county; E. F. Post, of Suffolk; F. E. Laimbeer, of New York; M. N. Cole, of Wyoming; C. J. Clark, of Jefferson; John A. Hanna, of Dutchess; O. H. Springer, of Herkimer; H. W. McClellan, of Columbia; A. J. Galligan, of New York.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER WATERS.

REPORT of the New York Senate Committee on Fish and Game:

To the Honorable the Senate of the State of New York:

The Committee on Fish and Game, to whom authority was given to sit during the summer recess and visit such places as they might in their judgment deem best with a view to arranging, if possible, with the Dominion of Canada for a uniform system of laws for the common waters of the St. Lawrence, respectfully report as follows:

That in the month of August your committee attended a meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River at Alexandria Bay, at which the Hon. Joseph Mullen was present, where the questions of needed legislation for the waters of the St. Lawrence were fully discussed. A few days afterward your committee had a conference with Sir Adolph Coron, Acting Premier of the Dominion of Canada and Ottawa, at which were present several persons representing the fishery interests of Canada.

At this conference Sir Adolph Coron assured your committee that we could rely upon the cordial co-operation of Canada in joining with the State of New York in the adoption of a uniform system of laws for the protection of the waters lying substantially between Cape Vincent and Kingston, at the head of the St. Lawrence, and Ogdensburg and Prescott down the river.

Sir Adolph Coron was very earnest in the expressions of his desire that these common waters should be open to and enjoyed by the citizens of both countries and under the same privileges and restrictions as to the open and close seasons, the prohibition of fishing with nets and penalties for violations of the law, but was also clear and forcible in the expression of his opinion that it would be difficult to attain this object unless Canadian boatmen could be entitled to the same rights, privileges and courtesies in American waters that have been extended to American boatmen in Canadian waters.

The attention of your committee was called again and again to the fact that the Alien Labor Contract Law has been interpreted and is being interpreted as applying to Canadian boatmen employed by American citizens, and that it was largely on account of this interpretation that a year ago a license fee of \$5 was imposed upon Americans fishing on the Canadian side of the river, which license fee, however, has not been exacted during the past year in the belief that a more liberal course would be pursued by us in the future.

As the Alien Labor Contract Law is a National Act, your committee was unable to give the Dominion authorities any assurance as to its definition or modification with reference to these waters, but gave the assurance that they would use their best efforts to obtain such amendment, modification or definition of this law by the United States authorities for the purpose of exempting these common waters wholly from the operation of this law as applied to persons visiting them for the purpose of recreation or pleasure.

As the law now stands, American citizens who employ Canadian boatmen in American waters are liable to the penalties of this law, and when they frequent the waters on the Canadian side with American boatmen they are

liable to visitation by the Canadian authorities, and under a strict construction of Canadian law their boats may be seized and confiscated.

Unless this evil can be remedied, your committee is impressed with the belief that much friction and trouble are liable to result in the near future, and as most of the persons who visit these waters and who have invested their money in summer residences on the islands therein are Americans, our own citizens will be the greatest sufferers, and your committee therefore suggests that prompt measures should be taken by the Legislature of this State to procure the exemption of these waters from the operation of this law.

If this object can be accomplished the committee is of the opinion that no obstacle will remain in the way of a uniform law which will be acceptable to and adopted by both the Dominion of Canada and the State of New York.

After the conference at Ottawa your committee returned to Montreal, accompanied by Dr. Wakeham, representing the Dominion of Canada, for the purpose of preparing a uniform law to be submitted during the coming winter to the respective governments for adoption.

For the purpose of this law it is proposed that the waters of the St. Lawrence on the American side from Tibbets Point Light, four miles above Cape Vincent, to Ogdensburg, and from Snake Island Light, four miles above Kingston, to Prescott, on the Kingston side, shall constitute a special district, to be under the charge of special protectors on each side; that the open and close seasons on both sides shall be the same; that the penalties now provided by the law of this State shall apply to all of these waters, and that net-fishing, except for the purpose of taking minnows for bait, shall be wholly abolished.

Your committee is also impressed with the necessity of limiting and conforming practically to the present Canadian law as to the limit in the size and catch of the black bass, which is the principal fish in these waters.

The waters in question constitute one vast spawning ground for the black bass of the eastern or lower portion of Lake Ontario.

The bass descend the river in the early spring, and remain upon their spawning beds for the purpose of spawning and breeding their young until about the middle of June, and in many instances later, and then gradually work back toward Lake Ontario.

The failure to place a restriction upon taking these fish as to size and numbers in the past has resulted in their very large depletion within the last few years, and these waters can only be restored to their former wealth by incorporating in the law a proper limit both as to size and numbers.

The Canadian authorities are willing to extend somewhat the open season for taking black bass, allowing it to commence on June 10 instead of 15, as now provided by their law; but they insist, and in the judgment of your committee very justly, that their present limit of twelve fish to a rod and two rods to a boat, or twenty-four fish to a boat in a day, should be adopted by us, and also that no bass less than 12in. in length should be killed, which is about the size of a fish weighing 1lb.

In the interview with Sir Adolph Coron he stated to your committee that it was the earnest desire of the Dominion of Canada that certain islands or portions of islands in the St. Lawrence River should be set apart by the respective countries for and dedicated as a perpetual public park without restriction to all persons, whatever might be their nationality, who might frequent the waters of the St. Lawrence in the future for the purpose of pleasure or recreation or as summer residents, and he assured your committee that the Canadian authorities would gladly co-operate with us in carrying this measure into effect by appropriating certain islands now within its waters if the boatmen of both countries could be relieved from the embarrassments which now so frequently arise under the present interpretation of the Alien Labor Contract Law.

Your committee is advised that an effort in this direction is now being made by the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence, and although this matter is not within the line of the duties imposed upon them, they recommend that such proposition, if any, as may be made in this direction should be most cordially and favorably considered by the Legislature of this State.

Your committee also desires to call attention to the present lack of facilities for discovering and punishing violations of the present laws for the regulation of fishing in the St. Lawrence, for the reason that the protectors have not at present the means provided for detecting or catching persons while actually engaged in violation of the law, especially in regard to fishing with nets, and unless such violators can be caught in the act it is very difficult to obtain sufficient evidence to insure their conviction.

If the protector in charge of this section could be provided with a swift steam yacht it would be possible for him at all times to overhaul and examine the contents of any boat engaged in fishing, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the law was being violated not only as to fishing with nets, but as to the number and size of the fish taken by angling.

Your committee feel assured that if such a yacht will be provided by this State for use in the waters on our side of the line, the Dominion of Canada will make like provision for the enforcement of the law and the detection of violators of it in its own waters, and your committee therefore earnestly recommends that the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest of this State may be authorized to procure a steam yacht to be used for such purpose, and that a reasonable appropriation be made for that purpose.

For the purpose of carrying into effect the results arrived at by your committee in its conference with Dr. Wakeham, at Montreal, for the purpose of establishing a uniform law to apply to the waters in question, an additional article to be added to the present fish and game law is herewith submitted.

This article defines the waters in question and applies exclusively to them, and your committee feels assured that the provisions of this article will be acceptable to and adopted by the Dominion of Canada if adopted in this State.

Such proposed amendments to the present law as will be necessary to make it conform to the proposed new article are also herewith respectfully submitted.

DATED Dec 31, 1895.

The amendments proposed by the Senate Committee provide for the exemption of the St. Lawrence River, between Tibbet's Point Lighthouse and the city of Ogdensburg, from all restrictions as to bass, pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike and muskallonge contained in Sections 110, 111, 112 and 131, and supply a new Article XV., with provisions, in brief, as follows:

Article XV., Special Provisions as to the Waters of the Thousand Islands.

Sec. 320. This article applies exclusively to the waters of the St. Lawrence River lying between an imaginary line drawn from Tibbet's Point Lighthouse about four miles southwest from Cape Vincent to the Snake Island Lighthouse, about four miles southwest from the city of Kingston in Ontario, and an imaginary line drawn from the northern part of the city of Ogdensburg to the northern part of Prescott in Ontario, situated on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence River, and to be known for the purposes of this article as "the waters of the Thousand Islands."

Sec. 321. The Board of Fisheries, Game and Forests is authorized to appoint a protector, to be known as the protector of the waters of the Thousand Islands, whose duty it shall be to patrol under the direction of said board the waters of the Thousand Islands and to enforce the provisions of this article.

Sec. 322. Black bass under this article includes small-mouthed black bass and large-mouthed black bass, otherwise known as Oswego bass.

Sec. 323. Black bass, pickerel, pike and maskinongé, commonly called muskallonge, shall not be caught in the waters of the Thousand Islands between the first day of January and the ninth day of June, both inclusive.

Sec. 324. No fish shall be caught through the ice in the waters of the Thousand Islands between the first day of January and the ninth day of June inclusive.

Sec. 325. No black bass less than 12 in. in length shall be intentionally taken alive from the waters of the Thousand Islands, nor shall the same be killed or possessed, and in case any such fish is caught or taken the person taking it shall immediately place such fish back in the waters from which it was taken without unnecessary injury.

Sec. 326. No person shall take, catch, kill or possess more than twelve black bass of the size permitted by this article in any one day. Where more than two persons are fishing or angling from the same boat the aggregate number of bass taken, caught, killed or possessed by the occupants of said boat in any one day shall not exceed twenty-four.

Sec. 327. No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling in the waters of the Thousand Islands, except that it shall be lawful to take minnows for bait in the manner provided for by Sec. 145 of this act; provided, however, that if any black bass, pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike or maskinongé are taken in such nets they shall be immediately returned to the waters alive.

Sec. 328. The use of dynamite or other explosives in any of the waters of the Thousand Islands is prohibited, except for mining and mechanical purposes. The possession by any person on the shores or islands of the waters of the Thousand Islands of dynamite or other explosives, where the use of the same is prohibited by this section, shall be deemed a violation thereof.

Sec. 329. Every person fishing in the waters of the Thousand Islands shall, whenever requested by any fish and game protector, permit such protector to inspect and examine the fish taken by him or in his possession, or in the boat occupied by him, and the implements by which the same were taken, and in case of his refusal to permit such examination or inspection, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and also be liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each such refusal.

Sec. 330.—In case any angler or person fishing in the waters of the Thousand Islands shall, upon the request of any fish and game protector, refuse permission to such protector to inspect and examine the fish taken by him or in his possession or in the boat occupied by him, or the implements by which the same were taken, such inspector shall have power and is hereby authorized with or without a search warrant to examine the contents of such boat or of any box, locker, basket, crate or other package therein, or in the possession of such angler or person so fishing, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the provisions of this article have been violated, and to use such force as may be necessary for the purpose of such examination.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at the Thorndike Hotel in this city Wednesday evening last. For nearly twenty-five years this body of men—business and professional men—men who love the sports to be had by the proper and intelligent use of the rod and gun, has done much to foster and encourage a healthy sentiment for the enforcement of the laws relating to the protection of fish and game not only in our State, but in the other New England States as well. When funds have been wanted for these and other purposes connected with the objects of the Association, its members have always nobly responded to the calls made upon them and in all those years; large sums in the aggregate have been spent, not only in stocking our covers with birds and our streams and ponds with fish, but in aiding wardens and others in the proper enforcement of the laws relating to their care and protection. Much has been done, but much more needs to be accomplished, and judging by the past there will be no relaxation in the efforts of the Association in that direction. President Clark is an ideal sportsman, a man who enjoys the sport for the relaxation from the cares of business, and who is never better satisfied than when helping others to a day with the rod or gun at his charming place at Cohasset. Secretary Kimball is a hard worker and his knowledge and experience are always at the service of all who are in any way interested in the good work.

But to the meeting. The board of government at its session disposed of various matters of routine work, an important report from a committee making several excellent suggestions as to enlarging the scope and work of the Association being referred to the new board of government for its consideration. At 6 o'clock sixty members sat down to dinner, at the close of which the regular business was proceeded with. The report of the treasurer showed a balance on the right side of the ledger, and that the sum of \$209 had been added to the permanent fund, making that fund \$2,403, safely invested. Messrs. Arthur P. Selfridge, Benj. F. Wild, James L. Power, C. Edward Sweet and Charles C. Williams were elected to membership. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Benjamin Cutler Clark; Vice-Presidents, George W. Wiggin, C. J. H. Woodbury, J. Russell Reed, Edward Brooks, Robert S. Gray, Edward E. Allen, Dr. Heber Bishop; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Charles G. Gibson, William B. Smart, Dr. J. T. Stetson, Dr. W. G. Kendall, Rollin Jones, Edward E. Small, Loring Crocker, Charles A. Allen, William F. Almy, Walter C. Prescott, Sidney Chase, Charles Stewart; Membership Committee, Edward T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson, John N. Roberts; Fund Committee, Warren Hapgood, Edward J. Brown, George O. Sears.

President Clark thanked the members for their renewed confidence, briefly reviewed the work of the year and pledged his best efforts in behalf of the work in which they were all interested. The committee on the annual dinner—always the event of the year—reported the arrangements well nigh complete. It will take place at Young's Hotel, Thursday, Jan. 23, at 6 o'clock sharp. That among the guests sure to be present were Gov. Greenhalge, Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott, Judge Shurtleff, Fish

Commissioner of New Hampshire; Capt. John C. Wyman, Rev. E. A. Horton, Collector Winslow Warren, President Titcomb, of the Vermont Fish and Game League; Fish Commissioner Wentworth, of Maine; A. N. Cheney, Esq., Fishcultivist of New York, and others, from which it will be seen that the occasion promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

PITTSFIELD ROD AND GUN CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Rod and Gun Club was held on Friday evening of last week. The officers were re-elected: President, J. M. Stevenson; Vice-President, J. F. Noxon; Secretary-Treasurer, W. W. Tracy; Captain, H. S. Russell. Executive Committee—J. H. Wood, C. A. Byram, George W. Clark. Field Officers—W. W. Tracy, Ben Smith. After the banquet President Stevenson read this report, showing that the club had been active and useful during the year.

Mr. Stevenson's Report.

"It seems to be within reason to say that the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club has accomplished something during the past year and still gives evidence that it should have an existence. The aim of this club is to aid all lovers of the rod and gun in their efforts to enjoy their favorite recreation near their own homes. It is not an exclusive society for the benefit of a few members, but believes rather in 'The greatest good to the greatest number.'

"Through the efforts of the executive committee the State Board of Commissioners of Fisheries and Game have this year paid for the services of Deputy Commissioner Smith, and consequently relieved the club of quite an item of expense. He has continued to do efficient service in following up the law breakers, but the result of his work I consider to have been rather in the line of prevention than in cure. There is good evidence that the number of partridges has been larger than for a number of years; the supply of trout keeps up, notwithstanding the drought of last year and the increased number of fishermen.

"The fact that a competent officer is on the track of the pot-hunter or fisherman keeps him in check and gives the honest sportsman a chance. By special request of the Commissioners, Mr. Smith has devoted considerable time to the violators of the law against shooting on the Sabbath, with the result that there is not so much of it done in the localities which have received his attention. It is quite a broad field to cover and he has done the best he could with it. The arrests made were as follows: Three for liming trout brook; three for snaring partridges; one for netting fish. Of these four were convicted, paying \$10 each and costs, and one had the papers filed away on payment of costs. Warrants are also held for further evidence against four other parties for snaring partridges. Set lines have been destroyed, two each in Pontoosuc and Onota lakes and one net destroyed in Trout Brook.

"In May last the club received from the State hatchery at Winchester 50,000 brook trout, which were placed in School House Brook, Pittsfield; Town Brook, Lanesboro; Potash Brook, Hinsdale; Windsor Brook, Dalton; Flintstone Brook, Cheshire; Whipple Brook, Lanesboro; Shaker Brook, Hancock.

"We also received 10,000 Lake Superior trout, which were placed in Pontoosuc Lake. These are the same variety as were placed in Onota a year ago, and we shall have the opportunity of seeing whether they will survive in either lake.

"As you have seen in the public press, an effort is to be made to have the State establish a hatchery at some suitable location in Berkshire. This, if done at all, will be under the direction of the State Board of Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. I have been in correspondence with Commissioner Buffington, of Worcester, and find that the Commissioners are very anxious to establish such a hatchery. I have assured him the members of this club will do what they can to bring it about, and in answer to an urgent invitation we expected to have him with us to-night, but a letter received this morning states that he is not able to leave home at this time. He promises to soon visit Berkshire and to do what he can to help along the enterprise.

"It has been my privilege during the year to make several visits to Winchester and see the progress made by Chairman Brackett in breeding Mongolian pheasants. He has met with a good many obstacles, had some things to learn about the traits and peculiarities of these birds, but succeeded in raising about 150 young birds, quite a majority of which he regrets to inform me are males. There were enough, however, to send a few to different parts of the State to be used for breeding. This club were allotted three, one cockerel and two hens, which arrived the middle of November and were placed under the charge of Albert Walker at Colonel Cutting's Meadow farm. Mr. Walker has taken great care to have a suitable place fitted up, and as he has had a long experience in the care of fowls, we look hopefully for a large brood of young pheasants the coming year. He certainly shows a great interest in making the experiment a success. Mr. Brackett tells me the coming report of the Commission will contain considerable new matter in regard to the pheasants, which, with the other subjects treated, will make it interesting reading for the members of the club. I advise each one of you to obtain a copy.

"An interesting event of the year has been the conclusion of the Follett case. You will remember that Follett, then a fish and game commissioner of Connecticut, was convicted at the Great Barrington District Court for taking trout illegally from a brook in Sheffield. He was convicted and fined \$150, from which he appealed to the Superior Court, where he was also convicted and the fine raised to \$300. A further appeal to the Supreme Court was decided against him and the fine of \$300 must be paid. A full report of this case will be printed in the report of the State Commission referred to. This club cannot give too much credit to District Attorney Gardner and Deputy Commissioner Smith for the interest and zeal shown in the prosecution of this case.

"The treasurer's report will show you the financial transactions for the year. The debt of \$93.71 came from the expense of fitting up the new range, and we have practically in sight the ways and means of meeting it. The greater part of the expense of this new range has been met by subscriptions from those who use it most. We have now one of the most complete ranges in the country, and it should have a larger attendance at our weekly meetings. The range is open every Wednesday and Saturday

afternoons, and let me urge you to take advantage of its privileges. In addition to the rifle you can now use your fowling pieces and enjoy trap shooting. A sufficient sum was raised by subscription to purchase and equip three traps and we now have a complete outfit for any who wish to enjoy this sport. It has, however, been the same with the shotgun as with the rifle; the patronage has not equaled expectations. The opportunity is given you to make yourselves good wing shots and if you do not use it the club is not to blame.

"With the prospect of having a hatchery located in the county to supply our trout streams, and the probability of our hills being well stocked with pheasants, added to what we now have, I would ask if there is not enough to encourage all sportsmen to enjoy the privileges offered by this club. We need their moral and financial help, and have every reason to believe it will be given, so that the work of the club can show even better results than it has in the past."

The report of W. W. Tracy, treasurer of Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club, for year ending Dec. 24, showed receipts of \$320.27 and expenditures of \$286.44.

NEAR MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is comparatively recently that I have become a devotee of rod and gun, and still more recently that I began to read FOREST AND STREAM, but it will be a long time before I cease to read it.

Hunting, in this section of the country, entails a great deal of hunting and the finding is often problematical. As for the fishing, well, 3 and 4 lb. fish do not strike two at a time. Consequently I can boast of no large bags or thrilling escapes. Fortunately, for me a full game bag or large string of fish is not a *sine qua non* of a day spent in the field or along the water. The day of which I wish to speak was one of small things, and would have been forgotten ere this except for an incident which may amuse some as it has amused me.

Just north of Mason and Dixon's line Marsh Creek flows along the rocky foot of a line of pine-clad bluffs. In the succession of pools connected by shallower water thus formed the black bass find their lurking places.

Thither, one summer's day, I made my way in hopes that I might be successful in persuading some of them to sample my wares. Vain hope! My most tempting flies were of no avail. As a last resort I tried the despised still-fishing. Mulligrubs followed minnows, and after a wearisome chase I captured a grasshopper. My hopes rose, only to sink again. I turned over stone after stone, but alas! dry weather had made the beetles scarce. I sat me down by my rod, and as the shadows lengthened the ripple of the water and the murmur of the pines above me caused me to forget my disappointments, and I fain would console myself with the memory of some former day and see again the lithe rod, now bending as the taut line flies from the reel, now springing back as the bass makes a vicious dash forward to gain slack line, and I can almost feel the thrill of exultation—a fat black cricket scurries by me. I capture him, draw out my line, remove the sodden remains of the poor grasshopper and impale the cricket. I make the cast and as the bait touches the water away it goes. In one brief instant upward my imagination soars. I begin to reel in. Alas! it is not the pull of the gamy bass; but the music of the reel calls to mind one of the finest fights that I ever ended successfully which began just so, but this time I land—a sunfish!

MEDICUS.

Sagamore Fish and Game Club Dinner.

THE sixth annual dinner of the Sagamore Fish and Game Club, of Lebanon, N. H., was held in Social Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 30. The committee selected to make the necessary arrangements for the dinner concluded to diverge from the usual methods employed on such occasions, and instead of securing the services of a caterer, as in former years, to let each member of the club (all members being men) take hold and get up a dinner such as one would expect at the club house on Birch Island, Holeb, Maine.

The hall was very tastefully transformed into a veritable hunters' camp in the wilderness. The dense forest; the hunters' tent, with the realistic log fire in front (an arrangement of logs and red lights); the bough bed, the hunter's pack basket, gun, snowshoes, etc.—in fact, a pleasant reminder of many happy times "way down in Maine."

There were displayed about the room guns and fish rods of many kinds, dip nets, paddles, pack baskets, snowshoes, cooking utensils and a variety of things found about a trapper's cabin in the woods. There was also a fine display of trophies of the hunt in the shape of a mounted black bear, deer heads, caribou heads, partridges, loons, trout, and skins of many kinds were spread about or hung around the room.

The dinner was entirely under the charge of the men and was fit to set before a king. It was cooked and served by the men and was a success in every detail—quantity, great; quality, fine. The tables were very tastefully laid, and at 8 o'clock the members and their ladies to the number of twenty sat down to a Maine woods dinner, of which venison formed the most important part. The dinner over a social time followed, and last, but not least, the party was photographed by flashlight, the woods and hunters' camp making a very pretty background. All present pronounced it the best annual the club has had, and certainly it was a novel affair, and when December, '96, rolls round we hope to again meet on as enjoyable occasion as the annual of '95.

K.

The Cuvier Club.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 9.—The Cuvier Club held its annual meeting last night, Vice-President J. M. Doherty in the chair and a large number of members present.

The report of the recording secretary, J. F. Blackburn, showing a cash balance for the year 1895 of \$870.26 and investments in stocks and bonds of \$11,100, was read and accepted.

It is the duty of the corresponding secretary to make an annual report of all prosecutions for violations of the game law throughout the State. Corresponding Secretary Charles Dury reported that game of all kinds becomes scarcer each year and the protection for what remains is certainly of a great deal of importance. Mr. F. B. Sturr, the game warden for Hamilton county, together

with the State Fish and Game Commissioner, has been very active and efficient in prosecuting offenders in this county. The arrests made have been 124, convictions 106, cases pending are 10, fines collected \$630—a much larger showing than has ever been made in this county.

In his report he showed that the museum and library were in an excellent state of preservation. Numerous visits have been made by citizens and schoolchildren, and he took occasion to remind members, their families and the public that the museum is always open free to visitors, and strangers in the city are especially welcome. The large and fine collection of birds is well worthy of a close inspection. The additions to the museum are: One red-throated loon, from Mr. J. H. Miers, of East Columbia City, which is the only specimen ever taken here; one gannet, presented by the club's president, Mr. Clay Culbertson; one young owl, from Mr. Ralph Kellogg, of Avondale; one case of ring pheasants and partridges, from Wm. Longmead, city; one albino quail, from the Sabina Rod and Gun Club, of Sabina, O.; one prickly ray, a curious fish, from J. E. Frey & Co., city; one barn door skate, a Florida fish, from Mr. Culbertson; one mounted cat in case, an odd variety, from J. D. Fahnestock, city; a series of crustaceans and marine invertebrates collected in Florida, Mr. Culbertson; one egg of crocodile from Florida, presented by Mr. Culbertson; one egg of alligator, also from Florida, from Charles Dury, of this city, and on deposit a series of nine rare birds not before in the collection.

The officers elected for the year 1896 were: Alexander Starbuck, President; J. M. Doherty, First Vice-President; Henry Hanna, Second Vice-President; P. Roach, Third Vice-President; Trustees: Capt. C. M. Holloway, E. G. Webster.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 13 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CROPPING.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of last week was a letter from a gentleman of long experience in all matters of the kennel world—Mr. Harry L. Goodman.

Discussing the matter of cropping, he says: "The only way to abolish it is through the medium of the public. When the public refuses to purchase dogs with cropped ears and docked tails, the breeders of these breeds will themselves discontinue the practice, but neither the A. K. C. nor any body of men can force anything upon the public that it does not want," etc.

True. Cropping, for instance.

Here Mr. Goodman palpably takes a wrong view of the matter. He bases his argument entirely on a commercial consideration that is not the true consideration.

There are many matters which society will not tolerate, aside from all consideration of traffic. If society considers that cropping is cruel it may not disapprove of it in the passive manner suggested by Mr. Goodman. Instead of saying, "We will not buy your dog because we think it is cruel to crop his ears," it may say, "Cropping a dog's ears is a cruelty and we will not permit it."

Mr. Goodman seems to overlook the fact, as have many others, that it is the public which is now opposing cropping actively. Different clubs from different sections through their delegates have by their vote recorded their opposition against it; a large part of the press opposes it; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is against it; the statutes of most of the States are against it, etc. There might be those who would continue to sell and those who would buy cropped dogs, and the public might disapprove of both if they favored mutilation.

Mr. Goodman further advances the argument that "the only way to propagate the individuality of a breed of dogs is to leave it in the hands of the breeders. Once let the breeders give a breed up for want of popularity or favor with the public and it will soon disappear. In proof of this note at our big shows the absence of the once numerous and popular Newfoundland. From the time the first St. Bernard landed in America the Newfoundland has gradually disappeared—not, however, from any fault of his, but because the breeders could no longer keep him to advantage against the more popular St. Bernard. So with the cropped and docked dogs, if the public will not have them they too will soon disappear."

This same argument was used by Mr. Wood at the A. K. C. meeting in December. It has no relation whatever to the subject under consideration. The change cited was brought about by the breeds competing legitimately for public favor. The question of inhumanity, of mutilation, of specialty clubs, of the powers of the A. K. C., had no more relation to the victory of one breed over another than it had to the victory of one individual dog over another. There thus is no analogy.

It surely is illogical to lay down as a proposition, that because the St. Bernard by competition won favor over the Newfoundland in the esteem of the public, that therefore it is correct to cut off a great Dane's ears. That is precisely the proposition when stripped of its fallacy. A legitimate competition on one hand, so sound that it never was brought into question, is set against a matter of mutilation on the other, a matter which is in question. Could anything be more irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial?

What is the Value of Ears?

Let us examine the relative value of ears as compared

to the other parts of the dog valued in the scale of points.

From the outcry against the action which contemplates the abolishing of cropping, and the predictions of disaster which is to follow if it is abolished, one would infer that the cropped dog's ears held an overwhelmingly large value in the scale of points. Indeed, it is easy to imagine that with uncropped ears the great Dane or bull-terrier were out of competition and undesirable as companions; that with their ears on their value ended.

In "The American Book of the Dog" Mr. J. H. H. Maenner gives the great Dane standard as follows, explaining that it is that of the Great Dane Club, of England, which is the same as that laid down by the breeders of Germany, with some differences which are not essential. Values in points: General appearance 3, condition 3, activity 5, height 13; head 15, and this includes the ears, of which it is stated that "Ears very small and greyhound-like in carriage when uncropped; they are, however, usually cropped." Neck 5, chest 8, back 8, tail 4, belly 4, forequarters 10, hindquarters 10, feet 8, hair 4.

It will be seen that ears are not considered of sufficient importance to give them a special value in the scale of points, but are lumped in with the head. Thus it is evident that in the values and literature of the great Dane, cropped ears are but lightly considered and have not a remote relation to the exaggerated importance set forth within a recent period.

In the "German Mastiff or Great Dane Dog," published by the German Mastiff or Great Dane Club of America, ears are valued at 3 points in a total of 100 in the American scale, which is said to have had the approval of Herr Gustav Lang, of Stuttgart, Germany.

Under the "German Standard of Points" it treats ears as follows: "Ears medium in size, placed high, and when cropped running to a point and standing erect."

The American club deals with the ears in this wise: "The ears should not be too wide apart, small, set well up and carried high, something like those of the greyhound. The ears may or may not be cropped; when cropped, they should run to a point and stand erect, somewhat like those of the bull-terrier."

In short, in the great Dane standards and literature there is not the insistence for cropped ears which the advocates of cropping so strenuously maintain, nor is it insisted upon at all.

The plea that the Great Dane Club should be permitted without interference to abolish cropping from its standard when it is not in its standard at all, and is not treated at all as a matter of type, would go to show that a matter of more or less common usage has been confounded with a matter of type and club prerogative.

In "The American Book of the Dog," Mr. Frank F. Dole, in writing of the bull-terrier, says: "The bull-terrier is essentially a fighting dog," etc. Of the bull-terrier's ears he says: "The ears are always cropped for the show bench, and should be done scientifically and according to fashion."

Of course Mr. Dole meant the fighting dog far from literally, as at the present time the bull-terrier is not supposed to be used for fighting purposes. His ears are valued low in the scale of points, and as Mr. Dole states, cropping them is merely a matter of fashion, therefore not a matter of type.

Type and Cropping.

Confounding cropping as a type or a part of type makes false reasoning and unnecessary complications. It really seems to be one of the evasive afterthoughts. Mutilation is no part of breeding. The mere cutting off of the ear, or the tail, or the leg, is a mutilation, not a type.

The kennel world has unqualifiedly condemned all forms of faking. Painting, staining, plucking, using the knife and other artificial aids to conceal defects or to make a dog seem better than he naturally is, in plain words practicing deception, is odious to dogmen, and is an offense which is ruled against and punishable by disqualification. Mutilations are closely related to faking.

Most of all, and in this relation it bears strongly on cropping, the fact is that the condemnation of faking is a direct recognition that artificial changes do not make a type and are obnoxious to the fancy.

But, as shown above, many advocates of cropping, in referring to cropping and type, claim more than their standards cover, more than they have a title to, and more than is claimed by the specialty clubs.

The extravagant claims seem much more like making the best of a bad case than in presenting a good one. As cropping is not valued in their standards, the specialty clubs have not any claim to jurisdiction over it.

Canker and Cropping.

The absurd plea is advanced in favor of cropping that it prevents canker. So absurd is this that it scarcely deserves serious reply.

Of course, it is conceded that a dog cannot have canker in the parts of his ears which are cut off. A man would not have corns on his feet if the latter were cut off. It has thus a ridiculous feature. But cropping is not practiced for the purpose of curing canker. The curative claim is a crafty evasion. Cropping is to gratify the fashion set by the few. It is entirely a matter of fancy. When the question of cruelty arose it was necessary to trump up some plea to justify cropping on the ground of necessity or utility; and thus is the plea that it prevents canker.

It is not a common nor necessarily a serious disease. When it does seriously exist, or exist at all, it is mostly the result of neglect and mismanagement on the part of the owner. There is no inherent tendency to canker in the ear itself. No veterinarian gives long ears as a cause of canker. No one of them would make himself so ridiculous as to call cropping a remedy for canker. Many veterinarians denounce it. If any man will claim that canker is common in his kennel, he makes a confession of neglect of his dogs. He can find the causes of canker as set forth in the works of veterinarians. They are not complimentary to owners.

Canker in the ear is a rare disease with dogs which have a reasonable degree of care, or rather with dogs which have reasonable opportunities to care properly for themselves. The utter feebleness of the argument is shown in the rarity of the disease in other long-eared dogs—setters, pointers, hounds, etc.

Canker is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the ear and the passage of the ear, and can therefore exist in the ear passage even if a part of the ear is cut off. The ear is a sensitive organ, as all know, and cutting it

off deprives it of the protection provided by nature. The delicate inner passage is left exposed. Nature does nothing in vain.

But supposing that one dog or two dogs in 1,000 have canker, is that sufficient reason to justify cutting off the ears of the remaining 999 or 998? It is a simple disease, easily treated, easily cured, and still more easily prevented. Such a plea of conceded good would justify pulling out the dog's teeth because he might have tooth-ache, removing his eyes for fear of cataract, his legs because he might have rheumatism.

But canker has nothing to do with cropping. It as an argument is merely an evasion, a false issue, a far-fetched plea to satisfy the humanities. Cropping has in its purpose no reference to preventing canker, nor is it a proper method of treating canker if it were specifically practiced for that purpose. Bear in mind cropping's true purpose; that is, to gratify a whim. Crying on a false trail should not deceive anyone.

Sentiment and Cropping.

There are trivial sentiments and serious sentiments. A sentiment which expresses a determination of the mind is simply the expression of the conviction of the individual. So with the serious sentiment of society. It is not in the realm of notion, or whim, or caprice, or freakishness. The statutory law is the sentiment of society as to the proper rule of action for all. This is supplemented by an infinity of unwritten law which all recognize and obey. To disobey carries with it certain punishments, moral or physical.

The sentiment against cropping and other mutilations is not the freakish notion of a few individuals. It is the expression of a world-wide principle, the principle of humanity. It differs in degree from that which prohibits slavery and maltreatments and cruelties in general, but is the same in kind. It is a sentiment resting on a sound basis whose boundaries are greater than those of civilization. Its beginning was not with that of cropping. It exists from time immemorial. It is a sentiment whose material forms hide not in dark corners. It fears not the light of day on it or the principles on which it rests. It has a solid foundation in statute law, in common law and in the better instincts and observances of humanity. Nor is it a dead letter. It is forceful, active, gaining. A sneer does not check it; a flout does not answer it. To refer to it slightly is to confess an ignorance of its force and its importance. Also to refuse to obey the law is not a popular act. It is a good thing to heed it when it is but another name for society's behests, which have been long matured, accepted and established.

Mr. Burritt on Cropping.

Mr. Burritt claimed that, the laws of the States being different, the A. K. C. should do nothing till there was a federal law against cropping. This seemed to have a catchy jingle about it which pleased many. Seldom has more fallacy been crowded into so few words. In the first place, the federal Government can not make such a law; its concern is with the affairs of States as States. It does not meddle with the strictly domestic affairs of States.

Second, each State in the Union has a law amply comprehensive in preventing mutilations and cruelty, some more severe than those of New York. Several of the States recently admitted have adopted the laws of New York concerning mutilations and cruelties, even to their phraseology. This in effect is the same as a federal law would be. In the main the humane laws of States are alike.

Third, the laws of the A. K. C. are not founded on federal laws. It makes its own laws to conform to its own interests and requirements, which are in some few particulars different from the laws of the United States, as Mr. Burritt will see should he investigate slightly. But several delegates adopted Mr. Burritt's views, making them their own, of whom were Mr. Brooks, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Little and Mr. Morris.

But there is one feature of Mr. Burritt's argument that seems to have escaped the notice of himself and those who approved of it, and also those who opposed him; that is to say, the reluctance to disapprove of cropping till a supreme law, much greater even than the laws of the States as individuals, abolished it. Must the law teach the kennel world humanity? While Mr. Burritt's argument was weak and fallacious as argument, it was strong in seeking pretexts to evade a record on the real issue. It would seem to be the proper action for the clubs to conform of their own motion to healthy public sentiment and statute law, instead of waiting till outside forces made observance compulsory. They should be teachers instead of students.

Cropping and Sales.

It has been pointed out that if cropping were abolished breeders would abandon the breed and it would be lost through neglect. In fact, some breeders or breeder had sold their dogs in anticipation of the A. K. C. action against cropping. Here is a contradiction of terms. The breed was being abandoned. A breeder sold his dogs. Who bought them? So long as there are those ready to buy there is no lack of interest. Twelve men owning twelve dogs are more desirable than one man owning twelve dogs. There are still people who love dogs for their own sake and who may love them none the less if they are not mutilated.

But supposing some breeders do retire, what then? If they cannot prevail upon themselves to observe the sentiments of the dog world and the requirements of the law is it not better for themselves and for others that they should retire? Surely the whims of a few breeders or owners cannot be set up against the wishes of the kennel world and the law of the land.

Of course the commercial interests are worthy of consideration, and have consideration so far as their value entitles them, but the business interest of a few and the personal fancy of a few are not all of the canine world.

Dr. Phillips's Letter.

Much was made of Dr. Phillips's letter to Mr. Higginson, and the fact that Dr. Phillips was a special agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty was paraded with much unction. That letter was not written by Dr. Phillips in his capacity as an agent of the Society. It was an expression of his individual opinion, and in no wise was it the opinion of the Society. Moreover, the letter was a personal letter and never intended to be used in the manner in which it was used.

But Dr. Phillips and all the other advocates of cropping who have based their arguments on an attempt to show that cutting off the dogs' ears is not a cruelty in itself fail to consider that it is the beginning of a cruelty, as the dog must suffer much pain for many days after the effects of the anæsthetic have passed away.

Mutilation.

But there is more to the matter than the question of cruelty. It is the question of mutilation. Granting, for the sake of the argument, that cropping is not cruel, it does not remove it from the law's action.

There is still the matter of unjustifiable mutilation. The law specifically mentions "a person who unjustifiably mutilates."

As had been said hereinbefore, a plea of fashion is no defense.

The humane laws of the United States are practically unanimous.

Why does not some one come forward and explain these matters away?

Judging St. Bernards.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York show is the hub of the dog show universe, and a win there is looked upon with pride by the exhibitor. Upon the exhibitor the Westminster Kennel Club depends for its show, and it would seem to me to be more business-like to cater to their customers.

In but a few cases do the prizes pay or begin to pay for the care, time and expense spent in preparing dogs for the show. A large majority show for the pleasure, and of course are very jealous of their pets.

Now, to trifle with them is very detrimental to the furtherance of the kennel and kennel interests. Of what benefit is it for the novice or expert to get a prize from an even casual judge if that judge is not the cream of experts? The novice is misled. He breeds on misleading lines, and not only hurts his reputation and the breed, but has his trouble for his pains.

It is obvious to even very modest intelligence that a judge with no reputation as a breeder, exhibitor, owner or judge of a breed cannot as judge command the respect and confidence of those in the fancy.

A great deal of time and great care should be spent in awarding the ribbons in any show, and in the Westminster Kennel Club's, the premier show, special efforts should be made in that direction.

A judge can not do himself justice with eighteen breeds to look after, and he must be a wonder if he acquires himself creditably. It is well known in the ordinary walks of life that the specialists in every branch of trade or occupation can command better attention financially and intellectually than his brother tradesman or workman who has a sprinkling of everything.

In this progressive age it is impossible to be an expert in everything pertaining to one's occupation. I think a novice who tries to breed to the best is going to take a whole year's step backward in this very important breed.

There are many exhibitors and breeders (among them myself) who seriously object to the treatment of the St. Bernard Club. As that club has a list of competent judges, if the W. K. C. wanted a change (which I deem a mistake), they should, in justice, select some good, able judge from the list of the club that fosters the interests of St. Bernards; that offers handsome prizes; whose members have spent thousands of dollars and much time in trying to perfect the type in this country; whose members, as exhibitors, have been the means of bringing more money in the treasury of kennel club shows than any other club; and in doing all this for its future benefit is giving the kennel clubs the first benefit by offering prizes at its shows.

Mr. Raper may do perfectly well, but the fact remains that St. Bernards are not his breed; and however varied his ability and knowledge, he has too much to do and must of necessity slight something.

I wish the Westminster Kennel Club and the public at large, as well as the members of the St. Bernard Club and exhibitors, to know of the probable injury done by the Westminster Kennel Club's latest action to the St. Bernard Club of America.

It would have been far better to let things have been as they were than to make such a change as this. There is yet time, by vigorous and concerted action on the part of breeders and exhibitors, to have an acceptable and capable judge appointed by the governors of the Westminster Kennel Club.

NOVICE.

Dogs and Turkeys.

GIBSON WELLS, Tenn.—A few days ago my son Dan, 14 years old, with an old turkey hunter, went in the bottoms near our kennels, about a mile and a half.

Dan had never seen turkeys in woods before, but he thought he would like to get one shot at them. Unluckily for him they took no dog. The hunter said he had better not.

They started a bunch of fifteen or twenty, which scattered. Fixing themselves in a favorable position, the hunter commenced calling them, and he soon had two young gobblers headed their way. Dan thinking them near enough shot and killed one dead, and he thought he crippled the other. At all events, when it rose to fly he knocked him down with the second barrel; and then commenced a chase between Dan and the turkey, which ended in the turkey getting the best of it.

The one he secured weighed 15lbs. and furnished us a Christmas dinner.

Since my coming here I bought a liver-colored setter dog, 3 years old, that has the reputation of being a great turkey dog as well as a good dog on quail. So a day or two afterward I had Platt, my kennel man, see what Mr. Heck (the dog) would do for turkeys. He started for the bottoms. The dog struck a trail and followed it for at least a quarter of a mile and pointed in a tree top. On Platt's going to him out flew a turkey, which he killed. It was a nice young gobbler also, so I think I am well fixed for a turkey dog.

I know of thirty different gangs of turkeys within six miles of the kennels. I will have a try for them in the near future.

R. B. MORGAN.

New York Show Judges.

Mr. J. F. KIRK, Toronto, has kindly consented to judge all sporting spaniels for us in place of Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, resigned.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In respect to the disbanding of the Southern Field Trial Club we have been informed that the action was not taken through any effects of mismanagement or financial difficulties. On the contrary, the finances and management were sound. There was money enough at all times to meet the club's obligations and that is all the club desired, as it was not nor intended to be a money-making concern. The action was the result of natural causes. Mr. Brumly had long objected to filling the office of secretary. Major Renfro is in Tacoma. Mr. P. H. Bryson has removed from Memphis to St. Louis. These changes, with some loss of interest on the part of a few other members, may be accepted as the real cause of the club's dissolution.

Under date of Jan. 4, Maj. J. R. Purcell, of Gainesville, Va., writes us: "Prof. Osthaus presented me with a painting of Lady Margaret on point, taken from an actual study in the field near Newton, N. C., when the bird was killed and most beautifully retrieved by her. To me, as a work of art, it is the most accurate and beautiful picture that I ever saw."

Maj. J. R. Purcell, well known to the sportsmen of the United States through his many years' field trial competition and devotion to the improvement of the pointer, is now engaged in lecturing on "Religious Rambles by Hickory," the lectures covering matter of war and religion. As to the purpose of the lecture, Maj. Purcell says: "Every cent of the proceeds, together with my own bought ticket, goes to aid a church struggling in its infancy."

Mr. G. S. Meyers, of St. Louis, is considering the matter of purchasing in the South 5,000 acres of land or more if necessary for use as a shooting preserve, if he can find a suitable place. It is possible that he may decide on a place near Grand Junction, Tenn.

Mr. A. P. Gilliam, formerly the trainer for the Manchester Kennel Co., is now engaged on a salary to train Mr. G. S. Meyers's shooting dogs. Mr. Meyers is of the firm of Liggett, Meyers Tobacco Co., St. Louis. It is rumored that the Manchester Kennel Co. contemplate retiring from business.

Mr. John White, of Fredericksburg, Va., may move to Mississippi, taking a string of dogs with him and there remaining all winter. He may run Sandford Druid at West Point.

Mr. Frank Richards has changed his plans, and may not take a trip South this winter, which is to be regretted, as he is a genial companion and always makes the competition interesting for all comers, observing fair play at the same time.

Owing to the fact that the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association could not secure a building for their contemplated show they will not hold a show this spring.

There is room for several more journalistic claimants to the honor of inaugurating and successfully promoting the recent A. K. C. legislation in behalf of the bench show interests of the Pacific coast. Claims should now be filed promptly, as already there are three or four filed and proven.

We hope for smooth and happy times in the kennel world during the year that has just been whelped. We cannot refrain from commenting upon the inconsiderate action of President Cleveland, whose recent bellicose dispatch may have a worse effect upon the approaching New York Dog Show than the absence of mustard in the New York cruet-stands. The trouble in the Transvaal is also regrettable at a period when the Uitlanders were getting along so nicely with kennel matters.—*Stock-Keeper*.

[Let us hope that, if President Cleveland has a warm spot in his heart for the dogs, he will see that war does not begin till after the New York show is ended. Let good friendship and abundance of mustard grace the event.]

Runaway Dogs.

My dog is getting to be a runaway. He is a finely bred, finely trained pointer, 4 years old. About a month ago he began to disappear when let out morning or evening, and would not return for an hour or so. Next he vanished when I took him out for a run on the streets. I thought at first I had lost him, or rather that he had lost me, so kept him to heel, but he has now run away twice before my eyes and in spite of my whistling. With tail between his legs and crouching body he scuds straight away like a rocket.

How can I break him of his bad habit? MARSTRAND.

[There is no recognized treatment for curing a dog of the runaway habit. When he is at liberty and inclined to run away, he does so. The pleasures of a hunt in the fields or a vagrant romp are pleasures which he cannot resist. Perhaps some hobble could be devised similar to those used in converting pacers to trotters and *vice versa*, which would permit the dog to trot about at moderate speed, but not to run fast enough to escape. Restraint by mechanical means is the only solution of the annoyance.]

English Bloodhound Club.

THE executive committee of the English Bloodhound Club have voted to offer the following specials at the Westminster Kennel Club show to be held in February next: English Bloodhound Club trophy for best dog or bitch in the show; one gold medal for best dog and bitch respectively; one silver medal for best dog puppy and bitch puppy respectively.

Open for competition to members of the club only.

CHARLES H. INNES, Sec'y.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 10.—The second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association will be held on the Preserve Grounds, Green county, Pa., Oct. 28 to 31, 1896.

S. B. CUMMING.

American Spaniel Club.

IN addition to the Spaniel Club sweepstakes for all sporting spaniels whelped in 1895 (the second forfeit for which \$3 will be due and payable on or before Jan. 1, 1896) the Spaniel Club has decided to offer at the Westminster Kennel Club show "The Novice Sweepstakes" for all American bred spaniels never having won a first prize in the open classes at any show prior to date of entry. All entries to be sent to the secretary on or before Jan. 15, and to be \$2.

The Spaniel Club to add to each of the stakes which are to be as follows: First, all breeds of spaniels over 28lbs. Second, cocker spaniels. Seventy per cent. of the stakes to the winners of first prizes, 30 per cent. to the winners of the second prizes.

The annual meeting of the Spaniel Club will be held at the Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 4 P. M. It is hoped that all members of the club attending the New York show will be present, and that they will also attend the dinner which will be given the same evening. Tickets for the dinner will be obtained during the show from any members of the Spaniel Club executive committee.

The committee wish to make this dinner a reunion of all the members of the Spaniel Club, and therefore would especially request them to make a point of attending.

The club has offered seven of their best cups and trophies at the Westminster Kennel Club show, and rely upon the members to respond as heretofore to their appeal for specials.

All specials must be sent to the secretary on or before Feb. 1, and be accompanied by the equivalent (whether money or otherwise) to insure publication in the catalogue.

ROWLAND P. KEASEBY, Sec'y.

Champion Field Trial Association's Entries.

POINTERS.

E. O. Damon's dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).

J. L. Adams's dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsey L.).

Edward Dexter's dog Rip Rap (King of Kent—Hops).

Edward Dexter's dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

W. D. Henry's dog George Croxteth (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott).

N. B. Nesbitt's dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen III.).

SETTERS.

Fox & Seiler's dog Terry's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.).

W. W. Titus's bitch Minnie T. (Dick Benhu—Betty B.).

W. H. Beazell's dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevin).

Avent & Thayer's dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).

Avent & Hitchcock's dog Count Gladstone IV. (Count Noble—Miss Ruby).

N. T. Harris's dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress).

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

Dachting.

THE report of the America's Cup committee of 1895 has just been made public in a pamphlet of 60 odd pages, issued by the New York Y. C. As a summary and record of the "challenge, conditions and result of the match, Defender against Valkyrie," it is interesting and of permanent historical value; but there is nothing material in it which has not been published. The full correspondence preceding and accompanying the races is given; but nearly all has appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM from time to time. The report ends as follows:

"In conclusion, the committee feels that, in view of the unfortunate termination of the match, it is only proper to place on record a statement of Mr. Iselin's attitude and actions in connection with the matter.

"Prior to the first race Mr. Iselin wrote inquiring of the committee what he should do in case of a serious accident to Valkyrie after the preparatory signal. The answer given was that the 'accident clause' was held to fully provide for any case of accidents, and the committee had no right to tell him to turn back, but must reply to his question by telling him to go on.

"As already stated, the committee sanctioned Mr. Iselin's offer to resail the protested race of Tuesday, and this offer Lord Dunraven declined.

"On Thursday, immediately after crossing the starting line, Mr. Iselin hailed the committee boat and inquired, 'Shall I go on?' and again at the finish inquired, 'Shall I cross the finish line?' The reply to both questions was in the affirmative.

"On Friday following the last day, Mr. Iselin laid two propositions which he desired to make to Lord Dunraven before the Cup committee, the regatta committee and the flag officers, assembled at the club house:

"1. To propose to resail the last two races; and when it was decided by those committees and officers that the match was ended and could not be reopened, then,

"2. To propose to sail a new match for the America's Cup wherever and whenever Lord Dunraven might desire.

"The decision was adverse to the second proposition as well.

"In view of these decisions neither proposition could be submitted to Lord Dunraven."

ONE matter of minor importance disclosed for the first time in the report is the first official measurement of Defender as follows:

	Defender.	Vigilant.
Length on load waterline.....	88.85	86.14
Square root of sail area.....	111.85	106.14
Racing length.....	100.10	96.12
Persons on board when measured: Defender 48, Vigilant 50.		

As these measurements were not taken until Aug. 12, after the New York cruise, and some changes in Defender, they fail to give the exact corrected time of Defender and Vigilant in the first races in July. As Vigilant in no event could have saved her time, this is a small matter; but had the result been closer some injustice would be done to one boat or the other. The final measurement of Defender as given in the report is as follows:

	Defender.	Valkyrie.
Length on load waterline.....	88.45	86.85
Square root of sail area.....	112.26	114.14
Racing length.....	100.36	101.49
Persons on board when measured: Defender 50, Valkyrie 60. Valkyrie allows 29s. over a 30-knot course.		

THERE is as yet no news from the special committee, though it is known that the report is in the press. Presumably it will not be made public until presented at the club at a special meeting, but no such meeting has yet been called.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. will have the sympathy of all American clubs in the loss it has sustained through the burning of its town club house.

O! bold Sir George, be warned by me,
And stay your eager hand!
Don't waste your Tid-Bits on the sea,
But cleave unto the Strand!

—Punch.

YACHT DESIGNING.—III.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.
[Continued from page 56.]

In every estimate and comparison of yachts, as in purchasing or deciding on a design, there are three important subjects for consideration—cost, speed and size. The relation of these three variables is complex in the extreme, and it is a most difficult matter to establish a fixed standard of comparison for either one; they demand, however, the closest attention of designers and intending owners, and in fact of all who own or race yachts. While certain standards of “size” and even of speed are recognized from time to time, they are at best indefinite and devoid of all scientific basis.

There are a few fortunate yachtsmen with whom cost does not figure. Having decided that they want a yacht of a certain size or class, they are in a position to place a *carte blanche* order with some famous designer. With the great body of yachtsmen, however, even the wealthier ones, cost must always be considered to a certain extent. A man wants a fair return for his money, and if he decides to build to a certain class, he does not expect to pay as much as in the next higher class.

Throughout the following discussion we shall assume that the cost is a fixed quantity to this extent: that a yachtsman desirous of building to some certain class is prepared to set aside a sum sufficient to cover every possible item of construction and equipment, allowing for good sound material and a workmanlike job throughout; or, to put the same thing in another way, having a certain sum to devote to a yacht, the estimates will be made to cover the largest possible yacht that can be built of good materials and workmanship and with complete outfit, for the assigned sum. Such a reasonable and business-like method is not followed as a rule; but having decided that he can afford a certain outlay, the prospective owner proceeds to plan a larger yacht than can be fairly and honestly built for the money. He neglects entirely the smaller items of equipment which, though absolutely necessary before the yacht can be used, do not present themselves as actually part of the construction. He plans a large hull of necessarily inferior construction, he underestimates on ballast, sails and interior fittings, and, to crown all, he ignores that large margin which is necessary in every vessel to cover various contingent expenses. Having started out in this way, he is generally able to find a builder who, being either a fool or a knave, will sign a contract to build the yacht.

The general result is always a disastrous failure, it being merely a matter of detail whether the builder being a fool suffers a heavy loss, or being a knave saves his pocket by giving the owner a worthless vessel. In either case the owner is apt to find by the time the yacht is really in commission that she has cost double his original estimate. If he can afford to pay the money and if the work has withal been well done, it is merely a case of “all’s well that ends well,” but in the majority of cases of this kind the owner finds that the unlooked for expense of building has so embarrassed him that he is unable for the time to race or even to run the yacht properly; and, what is very much worse, that he has a craft which requires expensive alterations and strengthening before she can be used at all. A yacht is, small or large, essentially an article of luxury and a most expensive one at that; so much so that very few men can afford to build one that is unsound, unseaworthy or unmanageable and consequently worthless.

We would impress upon all yachtsmen the folly of that false economy which refuses to recognize at the outset all necessary and legitimate expenses. The question is much the same whether the yacht has a double skin of mahogany or a single skin of cedar, whether she is ballasted with lead or iron, whether her fin or board is of an expensive bronze or plain steel, whether her sails are of some special brand of canvas with a costly name or whether they are of plain honest cotton duck. This method of procedure is not confined to the small and cheaply built craft, but is found in the large steam yachts as well. The wise owner will start in with an estimate which will include every detail down to mops, brooms and squillees; and though the circumstances may impel him to accept cherry in place of mahogany, iron fastenings in place of copper, and iron ballast in place of lead, he will allow for sound seasoned wood, for an adequate amount of fastenings properly and carefully placed, and for shipshape and workmanlike construction, however plain the finish may be.

It should be borne in mind that it is always possible to get a very low estimate on any specifications; yacht building is by no means the only trade in which there are men who, through lack of experience or lack of principle, are willing to sign a contract for a sum far below that at which the work can be done, the latter sort trusting to the chances of “getting even” through some evasion of the contract or a long bill of extras before the yacht is completed. It is very seldom the case that several reputable builders cannot be found to give estimates on a complete set of specifications, from which the fair and reasonable cost of the proposed yacht may be ascertained. In the event of the figure being too high, there are three courses open to the owner: first, to cheapen the construction by substituting less costly materials, such as cherry for mahogany, iron for lead, etc., as already mentioned, of course, providing that the original specifications are not made out on the cheaper basis; secondly, to reduce the size of the proposed yacht, thus retaining the quality of finish with a lesser outlay; and third, to hunt up some builder who will agree to underbid the others. This third course is not only of questionable honesty and unfair to the men who have estimated in good faith, but it is foolish in the extreme, and in the end most costly and unsatisfactory.

In that general consideration of the question of cost which is the first step toward a new yacht, the owner will save time, money and annoyance, and will obtain in the end a better vessel, by facing boldly every possible item of construction and equipment, and by allowing for a fair compensation to both designer and builder for their very best efforts in his behalf.

As long as one of the chief functions of a yacht is to move from place to place, the question of speed can never be ignored entirely. Between the racing machine on the one hand, and the houseboat snugly moored in some sheltered spot on the other, there is the fast cruiser or ex-racer, the cruiser and the tub; but, even though a man’s ideas may lead him to deliberately plan and build a comfortable tub, there is still the question of speed. He is

presumably prepared to be left miles astern by even the ordinary cruiser, but his soul will still revolt at being out-sailed by another tub that in his estimation is of less “size” than his own. Though it may be relegated to the lowest position on the list and subordinated to cost, convenience and comfort, speed to a certain extent must be considered by the designer, if not by the owner.

When we come to the question of what constitutes speed in a yacht we are met by the perplexing but incontrovertible proposition that there is no such thing as absolute speed in yachting, but that it is in every sense a relative quality. Those to whom the proposition is new will probably be inclined to deny it on sight, but it cannot be disposed of in this summary way; and not until a man realizes the truth of it will he be at all qualified to discuss the endless question of measurement—to which no final answer will in all probability be found.

By way of practical illustration let us assume that two yachts of utterly different types, as, for instance, the narrow and deep cutter Madge and her shoal and wide opponent Schemer, have the same waterline length, and sail a certain distance in company in exactly the same time. To the landsman, and to that certain portion of the yachting fraternity which believes in a measurement of waterline alone, they have the same absolute speed; but what say the respective owners and their friends? The owner of the sloop claims that his yacht has less displacement, smaller “cubic contents,” or shorter over-all length and a shorter “mean length,” and consequently she is a smaller yacht than the cutter and must hence be considered as the faster of the two.

The owner of the cutter has equally good arguments on the other side; by his standard of “size,” the old tonnage rule, his yacht measures but 10 tons, while the wide shoal craft of his opponent measures at least 15 tons; hence his is the smaller and consequently faster vessel. Both are right, for the fact is that yachts are fast or slow only under certain rules which attempt to establish an equality of “size,” and until some standard of “size” is adopted no comparisons of speed are possible. The truth of this proposition must be fully recognized by the designer before he sets to work to design a “fast” yacht; he cannot ignore all rules, nor can he take cognizance of two or three at once and attempt to fit them all; but he must take the one particular rule of measurement,

indifferent at best, and probably very bad, as a measure of the quantity or qualities of a yacht; and study to produce a fast yacht for a certain mean length, waterline length, racing length, tonnage or rating, according to the unit of measurement established by the rule. It sometimes happens that a yacht may be successful under two or more rules; but this cannot be looked for in most cases.

Even when limited to one rule, most erroneous comparisons of speed are often made by experienced yachtsmen, as in the oft-repeated statement that the cutters of 80 to 90ft. waterline are the “fastest” yachts in the world. It is true that these great racing machines can attain a speed upward of 14 knots, while the little 15-footers are forced to be content with about 6 knots; but it is equally true that the winners of the 15ft. class are, by all yachting usage, considered as “fast,” while there have been many yachts in the 90ft. class within the past ten years which, though capable of upward of 12 knots, are recognized by yachtsmen the world over as failures, because they were “slow.”

Speed, then—the great desideratum to many yachtsmen, and of more or less importance to everyone—is a mere relative quality, dependent on measurement and class; and only to be considered by the designer in connection with certain rules and conditions.

The Herreshoffs.

AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Nov. 29, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A good deal of discussion has been occasioned in local yachting circles lately regarding the Herreshoff Brothers. The New Zealand *Herald* lately published a note referring to the America Cup, in which one of the brothers is described as being blind, but that he is the designer of the famous yachts for which the firm is celebrated the world over. In a letter to the same journal Mr. A. Buchanan, one of the most active local yachtsmen, says that this is wrong, and that it is not the blind Herreshoff who does all the work credited to him, but his brother Nat. To definitely settle the matter will you kindly oblige by stating who is right and who is wrong?

[From the clippings inclosed with the above we should say that both sides are in part right. N. G. Herreshoff is not blind and is the designer for the firm, while J. B. Herreshoff, who has been totally blind since boyhood, is the president and business head of the company. While the actual designing of *Vigilant*, *Defender*, *Dacotah* and other famous yachts is the work of N. G. Herreshoff, there is no question that the elder member of the firm, who at one time, in spite of his blindness, carried on yacht building on a small scale, attending to all details, and even working at the bench, has worked with him in the planning and discussion of dimensions and details. J. B. Herreshoff

is in many respects a wonderful man, thoroughly conversant with yachts and yacht building, and with a delicacy of touch in handling a model that goes far to compensate for his great misfortune.]

Illawarra.

THIS handsome steam yacht is now building at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., for Eugene Tompkins, of Boston, Mass. The keel was laid during the latter part of December, and the vessel will be completed next May, in time for the yachting season of 1896. The designer of the vessel is Charles Ridgley Hanscom, of Bath, Me., designer of the beautiful steam yachts *Peregrine* and *Eleanor*. The principal dimensions of the *Illawarra* are:

Length over all.....	129ft. 10in.
l.w.l.....	106ft. 3in.
Beam.....	18ft. 6in.
Depth of hold.....	10ft. 6in.
Mean draft.....	7ft. 6in.

The vessel is remarkably roomy and seaworthy for a boat of her class, and all her fittings and furnishings are designed to be elegant and tasteful. The accommodation will comprise all the requisites necessary for comfort and convenience, the owner’s quarters (consisting of four staterooms) and main saloon being on the lower deck aft. The officers and crew are berthed forward on the lower deck and a deck house on the main deck forward is devoted to a galley, dining and observation rooms.

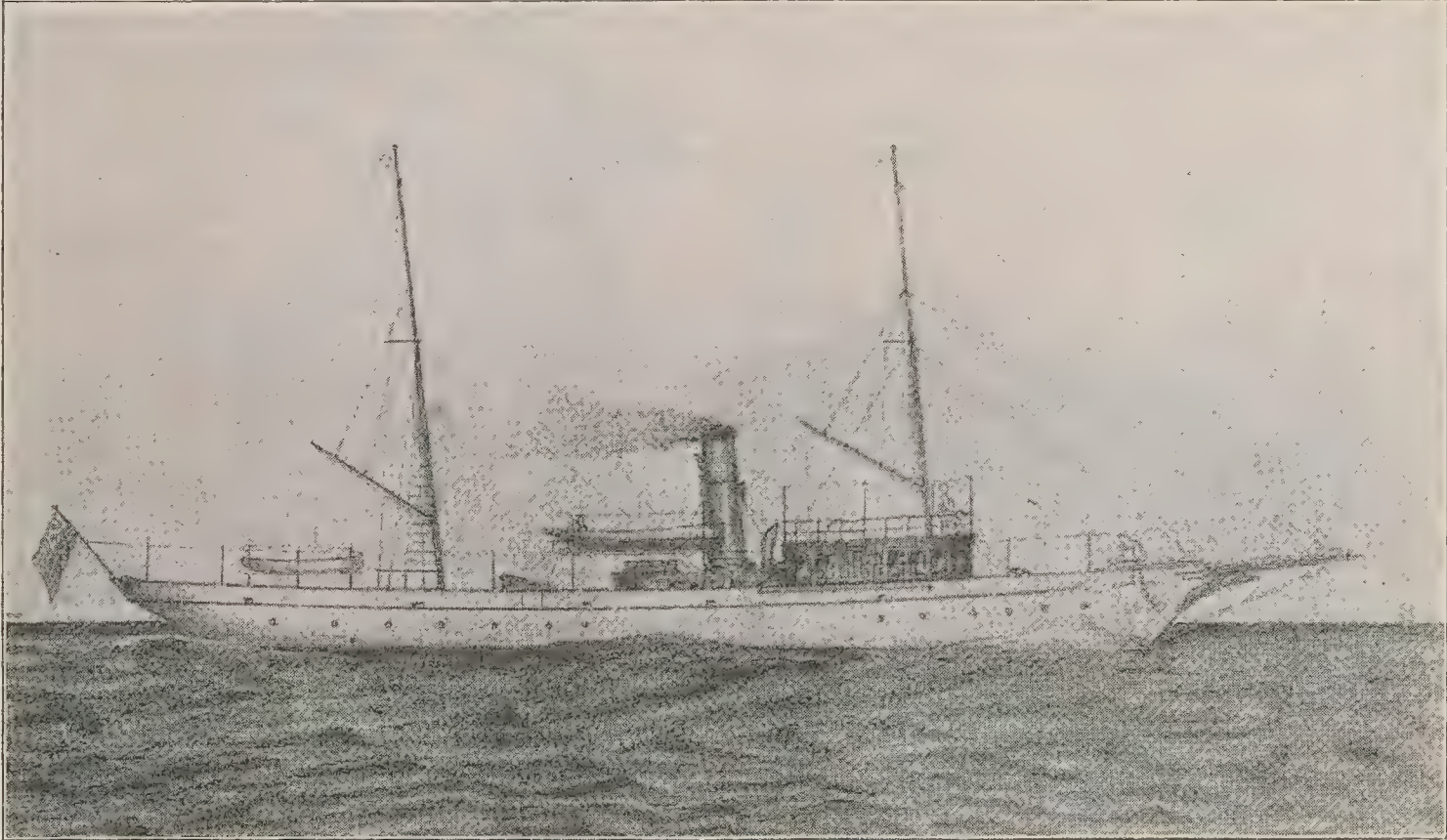
The motive power consists of a vertical triple expansion engine of 350 h. p., with cylinders 11, 19 and 30in. The condenser is separate from the engine frame and the high pressure cylinder is placed in the center, with the low aft. The propeller is four-bladed, of manganese bronze, 6ft. 6in. diameter. There will be two Almy water tube boilers with a working pressure of 200lbs. The coal bunkers have a capacity of about twenty tons of coal, and fresh-water tanks are provided with a capacity of 2,500 gallons. The vessel is provided with a Williamson steam steerer and a Hyde steam brake windlass. She will have a very complete electric plant, including a 12in. search light and a storage battery of ten hours’ endurance.

The *Illawarra* will carry three boats—a 20ft. naphtha launch, a 20ft. gig and a 14ft. dinghy. She will have two pole masts, each about 52ft. high above deck, and will be rigged as a two-masted schooner with French sliding gaffs. The total sail area will be 2,500 sq. ft.

A New Cape Cod Cat.

THE new boat which Nelson Huckins, Jr., of Onset, is building from his own designs specially to defeat Rooster, the crack 20ft. cat owned by the “Adams boys” of Boston, is attracting considerable attention, not only from the promise of speed which she gives, but also because of the reputation her builder has already made with *Gilt Edge*, *Melro* and *Rex*, which captured so many first prizes in and around Boston last season.

■The boat is an enlargement of one of Huckins’s most successful boats of last season, the 20-footer *Sylph*, which was easily the best boat of her class in the bay. Even *Grise*, the importation from Lake Minnetonka, had to lower her colors on several occasions. As *Sylph* was a wide departure from prevailing models of her size, and an eye-opener in the matter of speed, so is the new boat a wide departure



STEEL STEAM YACHT ILLAWARRA—DESIGNED BY C. R. HANSCOM FOR EUGENE TOMPKINS.

from anything yet seen in a 20-footer. If she shows a speed proportionate to that shown by her smaller sister, the other boats of her class will need to be very fast to keep in the procession.

The new boat is about 29ft. over all, 10ft. beam and 1ft. draft. Her six feet of overhang is about equally divided forward and aft. She will have no ballast outside or inside, unless a little should be needed for fore and aft trim, but in place thereof will have a lead weighted centerboard weighing 600lbs., which will be hung in the usual way and be raised by a winch at the after end. The board will be made of 1½in. oak and the lead will be so run into the after end and lower side as to be at the lowest possible point when the board is down and yet not come above the waterline when the board is raised. The board will be rising 8ft. in length and have a depth of 5ft.

The boat will also have a metal board forward 3ft. long and 2ft. deep, a feature which her designer has found to be of great value in last season’s experiments, especially in his shallow or light draft boats. She will have about 1ft. at least freeboard and very little sheer. In model she shows long and easy lines, while every inch of her overhang will be utilized aft when she heels and forward when she goes into a sea. The midship section shows a little keel below the garboard, a quick turn at the garboard into a straight floor with considerable dead rise, which in turn runs into a very easy bilge and a topside with no tumble home. The fore and aft lines show no hollow in the main body either above or below the waterline. The forward overhang carries out the lines of the upper forebody in splendid shape, while the after overhang extends the lines of what is an unusually clean looking run.

The line of the keel is an easy upward sweep forward and aft until close to the waterline; then a sharper upward turn and then a reverse curve, taking the overhang along close to the water. The features of the model, outside the peculiar overhang, appear to be straight floor and easy bilge, and the exceedingly long fore and aft lines on both floor and side. The deck line is not a segment of a circle, but is noticeably flattened amidships, giving that long side to sail on when heeled which many good judges of modeling deem an essential feature. The diagonals are of course long, easy and sweeping, and although the boat has an extreme beam, she has not much body to drag through the water, and will be all on the surface.

In construction she is extremely light, yet the details show that strength is provided for. The keel is of white oak and the frames of the same wood ¾×½in. They are, however, spaced only 6in. centers, so they make up in numbers for smallness in size. Extra strength is gained by bent knees of the same size as the frames on every other deck carlin, while the frames forward at the shrouds are extra heavy. The boat has extra bilge strakes running the whole length 1½×2in.

The planking will be of the best ½in. pine, running full length, and copper riveted. The deck, which is flush, is of ½in. matched pine covered with canvas.

The mast is 6in. spruce, 30ft. long, and hollow. The boom is 33ft. and gaff 20ft., both hollow. The mainsail has 15ft. hoist. The boat will be steered with a balanced metal rudder.

Mr. Huckins expects great things of the boat, and she gives many indications of not disappointing him. He will also build a large second-class cat for David Whittemore, of Newton, which he expects will be a winner. She will be 33ft. over all, on similar lines to the *Rex*. Huckins’s business has increased so that it has become necessary for him to build a large addition to his shop, something which he intends doing early in the spring.—*Boston Globe*.

Arcturus, Steam Yacht.

The large new American auxiliary steam yacht Arcturus, 500 tons Y. M., has sailed from Leith for Cowes, to stay for a few days preparatory to sailing for the Mediterranean, where her owner, Rutherford Stuyvesant, will go on board for an extended cruise.

This yacht, which has been designed by Mr. St. Clare Byrne, Liverpool, and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, Limited, Leith, presents many novel features, the most striking of which is a water tube boiler of American construction, supplied by the Almy Water Tube Boiler Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A. On the official trip on 10th ult. sufficient steam was easily generated at 150lbs. pressure to keep the triple expansion engines going 140 revolutions per minute, giving the highly satisfactory mean speed of nearly 11¼ knots on the measured mile, being fully a knot more than was expected.

In firing the boilers and feeding with fresh water no difficulty whatever was experienced. A comparison could thus easily be made, as duplicate engines in other vessels lately have been supplied with steam from other types of boilers, but with much less efficiency and notably inferior speed.

The dimensions of the Arcturus are 138ft. length B. P., 27ft. breadth, and 17ft. 6in. depth moulded. The engines are triple expansion, with cylinders 18, 21 and 34 in., working at 165lbs. pressure, and having a Bevis gun-metal feathering propeller.

Three taunt Oregon pine masts spread a large area of fore and aft canvas, which should make the yacht give a good account of herself under sail alone.

From statistics furnished by the Almy Water Tube Boiler Co., it appears that boilers of their patent type have been largely supplied to American steam yachts, as well as other small craft; so, with the Arcturus in these waters, it may be possible to make some instructive comparisons as to the relative merits of English, French and American types.

The cabins below, as well as deck houses above, are fitted up in an unusually tasteful manner, with a few transatlantic innovations which might well be adopted on this side.

Altogether the Arcturus is one of the most notable auxiliary steam yachts turned out at Leith for a long time, and her advent in English and Mediterranean waters is watched with much interest by yachtsmen generally.—*The Field*.

"One Design" 15-Footers.

The members of the Winthrop Y. C. who are building 15-footers to the number of a dozen at Acker's shop, South Boston, have agreed to sail the entire fleet to Winthrop on May 15. The boats are described as follows by the Boston *Globe*:

They will be built from a design by Parker Kemble, will be identical in model and construction and will be selected by lot when finished. The design shows a square-sided boat, 22ft. on deck, 14ft. 6in. water-line, 4ft. 6in. beam and less than 6in. draft. The least freeboard is 11in., and there is quite a sheer. The floor has considerable dead rise, and the lines have an easy sweep, which promises a good form to drive. It is a neat-looking design all around, and the boats built under it should be just as speedy, if not quite so handsome, as some of the more expensive ones.

The rig will be jib and mainsail without bowsprit. The sail area will be 235sq. ft., of which 189 will be in the gaff mainsail. The racing length will be 14.89ft. The dagger centerboard, a ¼in. galvanized iron plate, is 5ft. long and 17in. wide, and will drop to its full length. It will weigh about 70lbs., and no other ballast will be carried. The cockpit is 4ft. by 18in., with washboard set well out on the deck, and is self-draining into the centerboard box. Some novelties for lightness of rig aloft are promised. The mainsail will have a 17ft. boom, a 10ft. gaff and a hoist of 11ft. The jib will be 7ft. on the foot.

In construction the boats will show oak keels, spruce frames and ½in. planking of clear white pine. The decks will be lighter pine and will be canvased. The bottom planking will run lengthwise and be galvanized screw fastened. Cousens & Pratt will make the sails, which will be of light cotton duck.

The price of the boats is so low that the owners cannot fail to have more than their money's worth of sport. Several more of the club members are considering the matter of joining those who have already ordered, and there is certainly sport in view.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. house was burned to the water's edge on Monday morning, Jan. 6, the loss being \$10,000 on building only. The wind being favorable was the only thing that saved the Toronto C. C. from a like fate. As it was, the house ignited twice, but the prompt action of the firemen prevented the flames from spreading, and only slight damage was done. The commodore of the R. C. Y. C. has received a communication from the canoe club offering any assistance required until future arrangements are made.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Y. C. on Jan. 3 the following officers were elected: Pres., Bradford Gay; Com., Charles S. Plummer; Vice-Com., John H. Scannevin; Rear-Com., George S. Slocum; Sec'y, Wm. M. Arnold; Treas., W. H. Holmes; Meas., W. M. Arnold; Fleet Surgeon, Charles D. Mueller; Regatta Committee, Henry P. Williams; Bradford Gay, Charles W. Crandall; House Committee, J. H. Scannevin, C. A. Palmer, George Ritchie, W. H. Holmes; Library Committee, W. M. Arnold, W. H. Holmes, C. W. Crandall; Committee on Admission, Wm. H. Westcott, James W. Langley, F. Goldthwaite Kimball. Two members were elected, making the total number 119. The club is in excellent financial condition and the new club house will soon be ready for occupancy.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, sailed from New York on Jan. 8 for Port Royal, N. C., where her owner and a party of friends will join her, proceeding at once to Nice for the Mediterranean regattas.

On Jan. 8 the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held at the club rooms, the following officers being elected: Com., C. H. Humphreys, ssp. Kangaroo; Vice-Com., Henry R. M. Cook, cutter Lapping; Rear-Com., William D. Groatage, ssp. Royal; Meas., Frank W. Kearney; Pres., P. H. Jeannot; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, William Cagger. Trustees—Charles H. Oliver, S. S. Golding, E. H. Chandler, George B. Lyons, Albert Clunan, Edward Salt, Louis Wunder, Joseph N. Gans and R. C. Hopkins. Membership Committee—George Chaffier, Charles H. Frost and A. S. Richoffer. Regatta Committee—Henry Stanwood, James R. Finlay and George L. Robinson. Notice was given that the following amendment to the by-laws would be offered for adoption at the next meeting: Article 11, rule 5—Yachts of 30ft. and over may be steered by other than members of the club. Article 11, rule 7—Cabin yachts may carry any sail they please, except square sails, club topsails extending above topmast or beyond head of gaff. The club voted to give a subscription dinner on Friday, Feb. 21.

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held at the Arena on Jan. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles T. Willis, ssp. Daphne; Vice-Com., Wm. B. Higgins, str. Clarietta; Rear-Com., George G. Tyson, cutter Vorant II.; Sec'y, Charles F. Stewart; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., Frank B. Jones. Trustees—to serve three years, Charles A. Moore and C. Stuart Somerville. Regatta Committee—George E. Garland, chairman; D. Willis Merritt and Charles E. McManus. A letter was read from the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. thanking the club for its aid in defending the Seawanhaka cup in the 15ft. class. The announcement was made that the club would be located in the future on Rocky Point, Greenwich.

Hermione, steam yacht, H. L. Pierce, sailed from Norfolk on Jan. 8 for the West Indies.

Immediately on his arrival at Liverpool, Lord Dunraven proceeded to Penrith, Wales, where, with the Prince of Wales, he was the guest of Lord Lonsdale. Mr. Asquith remained in New York until Jan. 7, sailing on the St. Paul for Liverpool. He has made a very favorable impression on all who have come in contact with him here.

The annual meeting of the Commonwealth Y. C. of Boston, was held on Jan. 2, the following officers being elected: Com., Hiram Patterson; Vice-Com., Charles L. Ellis; Rear-Com., John A. Evans; Treas., Albert E. Justice; Sec'y, Luke S. White; Meas., Thomas S. Condon; Trustees, Edward J. Gallagher, W. A. Purdy and C. H. Wilson.

The scheme of a yachting harbor at Norton's Point, Coney Island, is again under discussion in connection with a new organization, a "country club" under the name of the Sea Gate Club. Overtures have been made to the Atlantic Y. C. to establish its station on a proposed harbor and basin to be built inside the Point. The location is in many respects an admirable one, if existing obstacles in the way of expense can be overcome.

Eleanor, steam yacht, W. J. A. Slater, called at Valparaiso, Chili, for coal on Jan. 9, and sailed again for New York.

Star of the Sea, steam yacht, now owned by A. J. Cassatt, has been renamed Enterprise. She is still at Erie Basin, where a new boiler has been shipped and other alterations made.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, reached Port Royal on Jan. 10, where her owner joined her, sailing next day for Nice.

Hermione, steam yacht, H. L. Pierce, was at Brunswick, Ga., on Jan. 10.

The Atlantic Y. C. has nominated these officers, the annual meeting being on Feb. 10: Com., George J. Gould, smtr. Atlanta; Vice-Com., F. T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Rear-Com., John H. Hannan, smtr. Embala;

Sec'y, David E. Austin; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., H. J. Gielow; Trustees, Philip G. Sanford, Thomas L. Arnold, J. Fred Ackerman, J. Rogers Maxwell, Alexander P. Ketchum and Thomas L. Watson; Membership Committee, Louis F. Jackson, H. W. Banks, Jr., and Spencer Swain; Regatta Committee, John L. Bliss, W. L. Gerrish, Henry J. Gielow, David E. Austin and George W. McNulty.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, held its annual meeting on Jan. 8, electing the following officers: Com., Clement A. Griscom, schr. Alert; Vice-Com., R. E. Tucker, cutter Mermaid; Rear-Com., Robert Barrie, cutter Mona; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Meas., G. Herbert Millett; Regatta Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, William R. Ellison and Isaac W. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Robert K. Neff and Brereton Pratt; Trustees, to serve three years, Clement A. Griscom, John W. Brock, William L. Elkins, Jr., and Richard P. White. The remaining Trustees, whose terms will not expire for one and two years, are: Col. Anthony J. Drexel, Victor J. Petty, Robert J. W. Koons, Frank H. Rosengarten, Edgar T. Scott, Russell E. Tucker, Addison F. Bancroft and Robert K. Neff.

Beverly Y. C. fixtures, 1896, for Buzzard's Bay: June 17, open sweepstakes; 27, club championship; July 4, open sweepstakes; 11, club championship; 25, open sweepstakes; Aug. 1 and 22, club championships; Sept. 5, open sweepstakes; 7, open regatta; 12, club championship. The race of July 25 will be off West Falmouth; all the others off the club house on Wing's Neck.

John D. Barrett, of New York, formerly owner of the sloops Madcap and Swanannoa, has signed a contract with the Lawley Co., of South Boston, for a steel centerboard schooner from the designs of H. C. Wintringham. She will be 38ft. over all, 63ft. l.w.l.

Queen Mab, cutter, has been sold by Percy Chubb to N. L. Francis, of Boston.

The *Yachting World* is responsible for a blunder by which George Bullock, of Cincinnati and Oyster Bay, is confused with George Bulough, of the Isle of Rum, Scotland. It is the latter gentleman who has lately purchased the large Watson steam yacht Maria and renamed her Rhouma.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Finances.

The following report of the Board of Governors of the American Canoe Association has been filed with Com. Huntington, and is here-with published for the information of members. The Association has much to be thankful for in the excellent showing due to the good management of its officers for the past two or three years:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS' STATEMENT.

Receipts.

Nov. 14, 1894, Charles E. Cragg, Secretary-Treasurer, A, as per report.....	\$609 15
Nov. 12, 1895, Thomas H. Stryker, Secretary-Treasurer, amount loaned C. E. Cragg Nov. 14, 1894, B.....	250 00
Thomas H. Stryker, Secretary-Treasurer, balance in full received from C. E. Cragg, Nov. 12, 1895, B.....	511 60
Interest to July 1, 1895.....	7 18
	\$1,377 93

Disbursements.

Nov. 14, 1894, C. E. Cragg, Secretary-Treasurer, as per resolution, Nov. 12, 1894, C.....	\$250 00
Thomas H. Stryker, Secretary-Treasurer, as per resolution, November, 1895, D.....	250 00
	500 00

Balance in hands of Board.....	\$577 93
The above amount was deposited:	
Nov. 16, 1894.....	\$359 15
Nov. 18, 1895.....	511 60
Interest on above.....	7 18

In the Brooklyn Savings Bank.....	\$577 93
Dec. 26, 1895.....	
Audited and found correct, Jan. 3, 1896.....	

MORTON V. BROKAW,
H. C. WARD.

Toronto C. C.

The handsome and commodious rooms of the Toronto C. C. were the scene of a very pleasing event on the evening of Jan. 4, when a large number of friends of Mr. Herbert R. Tilley took the occasion of his recent retirement from the commodoreship (which he has held for the last two years) to express their hearty appreciation of his services. In a brief and very felicitous speech the present commodore, Mr. Geo. Wilkie, referred to the advances that had been made and the prosperity which the club had enjoyed during Mr. Tilley's term of office, and then, in the name of his many friends, presented him with an appropriately worded address, beautifully illustrated with sketches of canoeing incidents and scenery, and signed by over sixty of the club's most prominent members, the whole forming a highly artistic and handsome souvenir. In his reply Mr. Tilley warmly thanked those assembled for their good will and kindness, which affected him more deeply than he could express, to which the boys responded with three hearty cheers for the ex-commodore and a spirited rendering of "For he is a jolly good fellow." Laudatory speeches were also delivered by Captains J. T. R. Stinson and Geo. Sparrow and ex-Commodores J. L. Kerr, H. C. Neilson and G. R. Baker.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Annual Meeting of the Hudson Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 8.—The annual meeting of the Hudson Rifle Club was held this evening in the club's new headquarters. The attendance was unusually large, the election of officers for the ensuing year creating great interest. The following were elected: Captain, H. Mahlenbrock; Shooting Master, Henry E. Boddey; Corresponding Secretary, John L. Reynolds; Financial Secretary, C. Holden; Treasurer, John Rehban; Sergeant-at-Arms, Schuyler G. Coats. Board of Directors: Capt. H. Mahlenbrock, George W. Morgan, Samuel A. Middleton, Anton Braun, Sr., Thomas Howe. Board of Trustees: George W. Morgan, Thomas Howe, Henry E. Boddey.

After the election of officers the treasurer handed Capt. Mahlenbrock a handsome diamond ring on behalf of the members of the Hudson Rifle Club for his efficient services during his last term of office and the valuable assistance he has rendered toward securing the present headquarters of the club. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion with a lunch.

A match between teams from the Our Own Club, of Newark, and the Hudsons will take place on our ranges Thursday evening, Jan. 16. All riflemen of like organizations are invited to be present and inspect the model home of the Hudson Rifle Club, where any neutral match can be shot at any time. The ranges are at the disposal of any and all clubs who may wish to use them for team matches. Full particulars as to dates can be had by addressing Capt. H. Mahlenbrock, 21 Marion place, Jersey City.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—At the shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, held this evening at the headquarters of the club, 219 Bowery, the following scores were made:

R Busse.....	235 240 215 242 242	H D Muller.....	236 236 240 237 239
Dr J A Boyken.....	232 240 240 241 233	H Munz.....	234 230 235 234 228
S Buzzini.....	225 231 242 240 241	Gus Nowak.....	237 241 242 243 244
G W Downs.....	227 232 233 229 235	F O Ross.....	244 244 247 242 240
M B Engel.....	241 238 242 247 243	C G Zettler.....	236 243 241 238 241
L Flach.....	243 242 242 246 244	B Zettler.....	237 240 244 243 246
Dr J W Furness.....	244 235 232 232 233	C F Roedel.....	206 180 209 171 180
H Holges.....	240 242 239 248 245	F Fabarius.....	219 221 229 235 198
A Kronsberg.....	224 237 240 237 232		

A MIDWINTER TOURNAMENT.

The following programme has been issued by G. A. Schurmann, secretary of the Zettler Rifle Club, B. Walthers, president, for Jan. 31 and Feb. 1:

Ring target: Open to all comers; any .22 caliber rifle, short cartridges, 25-ring target; 50 cents per ticket of three shots; number of tickets unlimited, but only one prize can be obtained by any one shooter on this target; best two tickets to count. The 15 best scores will receive prizes in order of merit as follows: \$35, \$30, \$15, \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2, \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c, 5c. Premiums for the most points will be given as follows: For the highest number of points—\$5; for second highest—\$3; for third highest—\$2.

Bulls-eye target: Open to all comers; 50 cents per three shots; 4in

bull, entries unlimited. Ten cash prizes for the 10 best bulls by measurement in order of merit as follows: \$10, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5, \$5, \$3, \$3, \$2, \$1. Premium for highest number of bulls—\$3; for next highest number of bulls—\$2.

Shooting commences each day at 2 P. M. and closes each night at midnight.

Shooting committee: H. D. Muller, chairman; H. Holges, Phil. Feigel, M. B. Engel, Louis Flach. Shooting master—B. Zettler.

Prize Winners at Walnut Hill.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Jan. 4.—To-day was the first shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill for the year of 1896. The scores made were as follows, the blustering wind having much to do with the scores:

Gold Seal Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 85 or better by	
H E Tuck.....	88 88 85 86 89 89 85 86 86 87
The Bronze Membership Badge.	
Won on 10 scores of 100 or better by	
T E Russell.....	101 100 109 101 109 115 103 112 109 110
All-Comers' Off-hand Match.	
C A Coombs.....	4 8 6 6 10 8 10 8 9 8—77
F Williams.....	8 8 6 4 7 9 0 6 7 6—69
M T Day.....	66 S D Martin.....62
A W Hill.....	62
All-Comers' Military Target.	
M Underwood.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4—43
A W Hill.....	4 4 4 5 3 4 4 5 4 4—41
G W Cole.....	37 W S Giles.....35
C A Moore.....	37
Military Medal Matches.	
A J Litchfield.....	3 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
G W Cole.....	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
A W Hill.....	39 C A Moore.....36
S M Dudley.....	37

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE YEARLY MATCHES.

Below is a list of the prize winners for 1895, together with the winning scores. The prizes are decided by the aggregate number of points in the ten best scores of every match:

Military Prize Match, Twelve Prizes.	
O P Nutter.....	47 47 47 47 46 46 46 46 46 46—464
J H Keough.....	47 47 46 46 46 46 46 46 46 46—463
G R Russell.....	48 47 46 46 46 45 45 45 45 44—457
G H Nason.....	46 46 46 45 45 45 45 45 45 45—453
A R Schulze.....	47 46 46 45 45 45 44 44 44 44—450
A T Tornrose.....	46 44 44 44 44 44 43 43 43 43—438
W Claupen.....	45 44 44 41 41 41 44 43 43 42—437
J W Clary.....	44 44 43 43 43 43 43 43 43 42—432
G W Reid.....	46 44 44 43 43 41 41 41 41 41—424
G H Brigham.....	44 43 42 42 41 40 40 40 39 39—410
H S Robbins.....	40 39 39 38 37 37 35 34 33 33—368
W A Cook.....	40 39 37 37 36 35 34 34 34 34—363
Off-hand Prize Match, Four Prizes.	
J E Kelley.....	89 89 88 88 88 88 88 88 86 86—879
J Busfield.....	90 89 88 87 86 86 86 86 86 86—872
J T Humphrey.....	90 88 87 87 86 86 86 85 85 85—865
S O Merrill.....	92 89 88 87 86 85 84 84 84 83—862
Rest Prize Match, Four Prizes.	
*F Daniels.....	118 118 118 117 117 117 116 116 116—1172
*H L Willard.....	120 119 118 117 117 117 116 116 115—1170
*J Francis.....	119 118 117 117 116 116 116 116 115—1165
*J French.....	114 113 113 112 112 111 111 111 110—1117
*Telescope sight.	
Pistol Prize Match, 60 Yds., Four Prizes.	
H S Harris.....	97 96 95 95 95 95 95 95 95 95—953
T Anderton.....	99 95 95 95 94 94 94 94 93 93—943
O M Howard.....	93 94 94 94 92 92 92 91 91 91—927
F Williams.....	93 92 91 91 91 91 90 90 90 90—909

FALL PRIZE WINNERS.

The fall prize matches closed on Dec. 23; they commenced on Oct. 1. The winners were:

Class A—Off-hand Match, Four Prizes.	
J E Kelley.....	89 86 86 86 86 86 85 85 84 84—857
J T Humphrey.....	88 87 86 86 85 85 85 83 83 82—847
C A Coombs.....	82 81 79 77 77 77 75 75 74—772
C O Clarke.....	77 72 71 70 70 69 67 67 67—688
Class B—Off-hand Match, Three Prizes.	
F Williams.....	83 80 79 78 78 75 74 74 74—770
A Law.....	82 75 75 74 73 73 71 71 67—734
C E Davis.....	76 76 74 71 70 69 67 67 67—706
Class A—Rest Match, Three Prizes.	
*H L Willard.....	119 118 117 116 115 115 115 114 114—1158
*F Daniels.....	118 115 115 115 115 115 114 114 114—1150
*J French.....	113 110 108 108 107 107 107 106 106—1099
Class B—Rest Matches, Four Prizes.	
W M Foster.....	110 110 109 108 107 106 105 105 103 103—1066
C A Coombs.....	104 105 103 103 103 102 102 102 101 100—1039
S O Sampson.....	108 102 102 101 100 100 98 98 95—999
F Williams.....	94 96 95 95 92 89 89 87 86 86—913
Class A—Pistol Match, 60 Yds., Four Prizes.	
H S Harris.....	97 95 94 93 92 92 91 91 91 90—926
T Anderton.....	92 91 90 90 90 90 88 88 87—894
E P Ignots.....	89 87 87 87 87 87 86 83 83 81—858
E C Davis.....	84 84 83 82 80 80 79 79 77 76—804
Class D—Pistol Match, 50 Yds.	
F Williams.....	93 89 89 88 87 86 86 85 83 83—869
J Hadley.....	90 89 87 87 87 86 85 85 84—865
C A Coombs.....	77 80 80 77 79 71 76 81 78 82—781
S O Sampson.....	82 75 74 74 73 73 73 68 67 62—722
F F Sewell.....	69 69 65 61 62 61 61 61 53 58—628
*Telescope sight.	

The Cottage Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 8.—The Cottage Rifle Club, with headquarters at 517 West Side avenue, are making remarkable progress. Several matches have been shot with the Hudson boys, the Cottagers giving a good showing of their strength in each instance. P. J. O'Hare was the organizer of the club; he is also a member of the Hudson Rifle Club, of this city. Any communications regarding matches can be addressed to P. J. O'Hare, 517 West Side avenue, Jersey City.

THE EAGLE.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 23-24.—UTICA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fulford, Manager.

Jan. 30.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, targets extra. Nare Astfalk, Manager.

Feb. 1.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1,000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, \$2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FAROO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Our Mountville, Pa., correspondent, Tell, writing us in regard to the New Year's shoot there, says: "The day opened very cold, and when the sun rose the wind rose with it, growing into a gale later in the day. As a result, although we had a fair crowd present, only ten shot. We began with five men, 10 targets, 25 cents entrance, targets extra. To my surprise, this style of event and entrance money was kept up all day, and during the afternoon several of the lookers-on got inspired with the sport and chipped in their quarters 'just for fun.' In all 1,500 targets were shot at during the day. Mr. Burnham, of York, Pa., who won the State championship at targets in '95, was the only shooter to make 10 straight, and he did it only once; the 'just for fun' men could not get more than 1 or 2 out of 10; it was hard to locate the targets correctly in the high wind that was blowing. All had a good time and lots of sport (and that's what we're after) at very little cost. I think the A. I. I. (all in it) system will bring back the shooters to the traps."

A. de Krulft, treasurer of the Zealand (Mich.) Gun Club, in sending us an account of the recent match between his club and the Holland (Mich.) Blue Rock Gun Club, gives a resume of the clubs' history, together with an account of the scores made in the team races: "The first contest for the championship of Ottawa county took place at Macatawa Park—one of the best and loveliest summer resorts on the shores of the lake—on Aug. 1 last; score: Zealand 123, Holland 81. The second contest was shot on our grounds on Oct. 15, the home club winning by 12 breaks; score: Zealand 101, Holland 89. The third race was shot on Dec. 26 on the same grounds, the home team again winning; score: Zealand 103, Holland 91. Both clubs were organized about the same time—a year ago last August—and since that time we have had several friendly contests with our neighbors, who beat us in the shoot for the West Allegan & South Ottawa Fair Company's medal; score: Holland 107, Zealand 103."

In our issue of Jan. 4 we made a note in "Drivers and Twisters" of a proposition made by Louis Duryea to shoot on six consecutive days with any six amateurs who were members of the Carteret, Larchmont, etc., gun clubs; Duryea to shoot with a different man each day and each race to be for \$100 a side, with something extra on the outside on the general result. During the Larchmont shoot on Jan. 10-11 the matter was talked about, the result being that a proposition was made to Duryea to shoot a race with six men, all members of the Carteret or Larchmont Clubs, but for a sum of \$250 a side each match, it being claimed that with \$50 to pay for the birds there was nothing in it at \$100 a side. To this change of his proposal Duryea objected, but said that he would stand by his original statement. The six men whom it was proposed to match against him were: Edgar Murphy, George Work, J. P. Knapp, H. Yale Dolan, H. E. Wright and Fred Hoey.

The programme for the midwinter tournament of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, which will take place at Utica, N. Y., on Jan. 23-24, has been received. The first day's events are at targets, entrance in all events is at the rate of 10 cents per target, 2 cents extra being charged for each target. The programme for that day contains one event at 25 targets, four at 20 targets and three at 15 targets, four moneys. The second day is live-bird day; the first event is 10 birds, \$5; the second event is the "Central New York Handicap," 20 birds, \$15, handicaps ranging from 26 to 32yds., four moneys; No. 3 is at 7 birds, \$5, three high guns. Entrance in the main event should be made to O. A. Wheeler, Utica, N. Y., by Jan. 20, a forfeit of \$5 being inclosed. The shooting grounds at Utica have been recently equipped for the special purposes of a winter shoot, so that all visitors will find that they will be comfortable, no matter what the weather is.

H. B. Perkins, Jr., ex-secretary of the Warren Gun Club, sends us the following report on the condition, financial and otherwise, of the club: "The annual meeting of the Warren Gun Club, Warren, Ohio, was held on Jan. 7, 1896. The past year has been a very successful one in every respect. Three public tournaments have been given, all of which have been well attended. The members have shown a keen interest in the regular club shoots, which have been once a week in the summer, and once in two weeks during the winter. The finances of the club are in very good condition. A handsome club house, tower house and a shed to cover the traps have been erected and the equipment is one of the best in the State. During the past year over 31,000 targets have been thrown and the percentage of targets hit for all shooters is 63.6. The following is a list of the officers for the coming year: President—G. D. Kirkham; Vice-President—Z. F. Craver; Secretary—R. W. Ewalt; Treasurer—W. H. Abell. Directors—W. A. Neracher, T. G. Dunham, G. H. Jones. Capt.—C. L. Schoonover."

Clinton C. Howell, secretary of the Independent Shooting Club, of Vienna, Warren county, N. J., writes us under date of Jan. 9 as follows: "The Independent Shooting Club, of Vienna, N. J., was organized on Dec. 26, 1895, with a charter membership of sixteen members. The following is a list of members and officers elected: Pres., W. B. Martenis; Vice-Pres., William Parks; Purchasing Agent, David Vreeland (all the above reside at Danville, N. J.); Sec'y, Clinton G. Howell; Treas., Aaron B. Howell, both of Vienna, N. J. The other members are: John Cox, Isaac Aber, Michael Preston, Edward P. Gibbs, R. Z. Flummerfelt, David Henry, John Jaynes, R. Ansel Parks, James Howell and Jay Oreager, of Danville, N. J., and Sanford L. Hibler, of Vienna, N. J."

During the progress of the Larchmont championship shoot last week some one remarked that whenever one of the clubs around New York was having a big shoot it ought to allow Murphy to enter and shoot free of charge, a receipt in full being given by Murphy's ready wit, good nature and abundance of good stories—some of them very mossy ones too, but still worth listening to when the "dear little Shamrock" relates them. His account of his 100-bird race with Bradley—given elsewhere in these columns—was the funniest thing we've listened to for many moons.

Nate Astfalk, of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club, announces a 100-target handicap race for Jan. 30, at 10 A. M. The entrance will be \$5, targets extra, an allowance of targets being awarded by a handicap committee composed as follows: Jacob Peutz, J. M. Taylor and Edward Banks. The event will, of course, be shot at unknown angles, A. S. A. rules to govern. It is some time since a 100-target handicap race has been shot in this part of the country. Astfalk's shoot ought to draw a good entry list; it is open to all.

The Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has elected the following officers for 1896: President, Joseph A. Bourke; Vice-President, Major E. Spott; Secretary, John H. W. Fleming (better known as Johnny Jones); Treasurer, Louis H. Schortemeier; Steward, E. J. Meyer. The Rockaways are generally known among their friends as the Cuckoos. They number among their members many of the best shots in New York city and Brooklyn.

The annual meeting of the Orange Gun Club was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 7. The following officers for 1895 were elected: President, L. A. French; Vice-President, C. H. Edwards; Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Mann; Captain, L. A. French; Directors, O. D. Hapgood and Moses Hilton. The secretary writes that "the club is in a thriving condition, and is anticipating lots of 'dead birds' next season."

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gun Club will give a tournament at targets on June 23-26, the week following the Chamberlain tournament at Cleveland, O. The club will add \$500 to the purses. On the first day of the tournament, June 23, there will be a 100-target handicap race. The shoot will in all probability be held at Homewood Park, within easy reach of the center of the city.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of 302 Broadway, New York city, have assumed the agency of the Walsrode smokeless powder in the United States. Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales write us that all the business connected with the powder in this country will be conducted through that firm.

The series illness of Mr. J. Seaver Page, of this city, is, we are glad to learn, passing away, although Mr. Page is as yet by no means ready to take up his gun and shells and walk to the score with the determination to bring down a "darter to the right." As a matter of fact Mr. Page's absence has been very much felt in the amateur shooting circles of this city.

Phil. Daly, Jr., that is, the management of Elkwood Park, N. J., where the Grand American Handicap is to be brought off, will give a valuable cup as a trophy for the winner in the Handicap. This will not be a challenge trophy, but will be the absolute property of the man who shoots all the others out, and will be a valued memento of his success in one of the largest live-bird events of 1896.

In another column Mgr. Shaner, of the Interstate Association, calls special attention to a further slight change in the dates for the Grand American Handicap. The change was made with the idea of giving visiting sportsmen a chance of seeing the Sportsmen's Exposition and taking part in the handicap with practically only one week's stay in New York city.

Plans are outlined in Pittsburg, Pa., for the organization of a club somewhat on the lines of the Carteret and Rivington gun clubs. The membership of the new club is to be limited to fifty. Brushton, on the line of the P. R. R., is hinted at as the probable location for the club house and grounds.

Louis Duryea's record of 47 out of 50 live birds, 23yds. rise, one hand only, is a mark that is likely to stand for some time. The same score made by any shooter who was allowed both hands would be good work indeed; as a specimen of one-handed shooting it is remarkable.

Dexter Park's live-bird handicap, which is to come off some time early in February, will be a popular event if one or two of the big fellows are barred.

EDWARD BANKS.

Doylestown Gun Club.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Jan. 3.—The second big shoot of the season was held on the Athletic Grounds here yesterday and to-day. Many well-known sportsmen were present. It was a two-days' live-bird and blue-rock tournament. The first day was occupied mostly with small sweepstake matches; the most interesting events occurred upon the second day. A high and piercing cold wind which swept across the grounds made first-class work impossible. Following are the target scores made on the

First Day.																								
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8									Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8															
Targets: 10 10 10 10 20 15 10 15									Targets: 10 10 10 10 20 15 10 15															
Breunan.....	7	6	9	8	17	12	9	13	Allhouse..	..	9	6	17	13	9	..								
Boileau.....	9	8	9	8	14	13	9	10	Delly.....	..	10	7	13	11	3	..								
Heist.....	7	7	..	16	13	7	11	Headman.....	7	..	14									
Weaver.....	7	7	10	9	19	14	10	13	Funk.....	..	7	6									
Yeakel.....	6	6	6	9	14	15	9	13	Groom.....	..	7	10									

Second Day.														Following are the live-bird scores shot to-day:											
No. 1.														No. 2.											
G Arwine.....	22121	—5	01111	—4	10	—1	20010	—2																	
Heist.....	12122	—5	11111	—5	111	—3	11103	—4																	
Edgar.....	11103	—4	12201	—4	121	—3	20123	—2																	
C Arwine.....	01211	—4	02000	—1	10	—1																	
J M H.....	21120	—4	21000	—2																	
Thompson.....	11111	—5	21111	—4																	
Walford.....	12312	—5	0	—0	21123	—5																			
Apgar.....	21011	—4	211	—3	12120	—4																			
Brey.....	22112	—5																	
Gosner.....																	
Felker.....																	
No. 3.														No. 4.											
G Arwine.....	221	—3	021122121	—9	22012	—4																			
Warford.....	110	—2	010002121	—6	11102	—4																			
Apgar.....	220	—2	0102110020	—5	21200	—3																			
J M H.....	220	—2																			
Gosner.....	10	—1	0000022001	—3																			
Heist.....	1200122211	—8	00122	—3																			
Ely.....	2120202022	—7																			
Felker.....	0011022202	—6																			
Deweese.....	11101	—4																			
Edgar.....	22020	—3																			
G Ruos.....	11112	—5																			
Garner.....	11122	—5																			
														A. MACREYNOLDS.											

Protect the Amateurs.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read Mr. D. S. Wadsworth's article in your issue of Jan. 11, and it afforded me much matter to consider. I think he is partly right and partly wrong.

As I have mentioned before, I am an amateur and I am proud of it. Were I an expert I would be proud of that too; and were I a champion I would belong to a class which in numbers is not much less than the amateurs.

But out of the fullness of my heart I desire to say a good word for the professional; for, though he can shoot well with a gun, a pen is too light for the hand accustomed to the gun—a weapon so much more potent, so much surer, and so much more profitable.

Mr. Wadsworth directs his arguments more particularly against the manufacturers' agents—the class which works for a salary on the one hand and picks up the amateur's dollars on the other, sometimes concealing the fact that they are paid agents. No doubt such concealment is from their innate modesty, a desire to keep fame at a respectful distance. But do not the manufacturers' agents do much good? Do not they devote all their attention to the study of correct loads, experimenting as to the best powders, kinds of shot, primers, chokes, guns, etc.? And are they not ever ready to inform the amateur on any point desired? Do not the papers team with the results of their researches? Have they not shown us how a man can win shooting singly by himself and shooting in combination with his fellow agents, so that all the money is at their wish? A man with a talent sufficient to command a big salary on the one hand and sufficient to skin the amateur on the other is worthy of awe and veneration, particularly if he makes the amateur think he is having a good time while being skinned.

The much abused and long suffering class, the professionals, have my sympathies and my services in their defense. It is no ordinary class of men who can go forth in the land and blithely extract the amateur's dollars while the amateur is intent on having some fun. Of course, the paid agents might be paid in a class by themselves, but no amateur would for a moment sanction such injustice. It would so discourage talent that it might quit, and then the amateurs might have to struggle along by themselves. With no one to skin them, the sport would cease to be interesting. The amateur likes what he is used to.

I hope that Mr. Wadsworth will reconsider his opinions and withdraw his criticisms on a hard-working, two-handed class of men.

AMATEUR.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Jan. 8.—Several members of the Lynchburg took part to-day in a shoot at the club's grounds. The weather was fine and the day a pleasant one for target shooting. As usual all the events were at 25 targets, unknown angles. Scores:

No. 1.										No. 3.									
Nelson.....	110111111101111101011111	—21	1101111110101010111110	—19						11111200111100101011101	—18								
Terry.....	110011100101100001101010	—13	1111110110111111110101	—17						10111101111201000111000	—16								
Scott.....	010101010101111111010101	—17	1111111111111111110101	—18						111111111111111111110101	—23								
Dornin.....	1110101111001111110110101	—18	011011111111111111010011	—20						0011111110010111101111	—19								
Moorman.....	011011111111111111010011	—20	110011111001011111111001	—17						1111111111110100110111	—20								
Dawson.....	1110011111001011111111001	—17								
Stearns.....								
No. 2.										No. 4.									
Nelson.....	110111001111111111111111	—22	1111100111110100111111	—20						1111110010111101101101	—19								
Terry.....	101011100101110111111111	—19	110011110110000101100111	—15						110011110110000101100111	—15								
Scott.....	111001010111110001111111	—19	111101111111000111111111	—21						110011110110000101100111	—15								
Dornin.....	1111011111000111111111	—21	111111111111011111110111	—23						110011110110000101100111	—15								
Moorman.....	010100111100101111011111	—17	011000101111011111011011	—18						110011110110000101100111	—15								
Dawson.....	11011000010001000010000	—9	100110001000000111101011	—13						11001111011010101110111	—20								
Stearns.....	1111001010001111111110	—18	1101111111011010101111	—20						11001111011010101110111	—20								
No. 5: Nelson 15, Terry 17, Scott 22, Dornin 23, Moorman 21, Dawson 14, Stearns 20.										F. M. D.									

Larchmont's Amateur Championship.

WHEN J. P. Knapp started out at the end of 1894 to get up a large live-bird sweepstake for the members of the prominent amateur clubs of this section, he fixed the number of birds at 100 per man, the entrance fee at \$100 each, and named the Larchmont Y. C.'s shooting grounds as the place where the shoot was to come off. The dates chosen were Jan. 11 and 12, 1895, and the title given to the event was the "Amateur Championship." On the above dates 9 men shot for the cup and the money (4 high guns), Knapp winning easily with the magnificent score of 95 out of 100. On the second day he scored 49 out of 50, his 62d bird falling dead out of bounds; this bird seemed to receive the full charge of shot from his first barrel and fell to the ground with its wings spread out; Knapp, thinking it was surely scored, broke his gun and left the score without using his second barrel; that spoiled a 50 straight, as the bird rose when the dog went to retrieve it, managing to get over the boundary before being gathered. The other scores in the shoot were: George Work 89, Louis T. Duryea 88, C. Fergusson, Jr., and F. G. Moore 86, Capt. Money and W. S. Edey 80, W. Wynn 79, and B. Madison 65.

IN 1896.

So successful was the above event that it was decided to repeat it this year. Entries came in very fast, and the gathering at the Larchmont grounds on the morning of Friday, Jan. 10, was a much more representative one than that of last year. The conditions of the shoot were precisely similar to those of the previous shoot: 100 birds per man, \$100 entrance, 30yds. mark everybody, cup valued at \$250 presented by the Larchmont Y. C., and 45 per cent. of purse to the winner, 25 per cent. to 2d high gun, 15 per cent. to 3d high gun, 5 per cent. to 4th high gun, and 10 per cent. to the club. As there were 14 entries, the purse of \$1,400 was divided as follows: \$630, \$350, \$210 and \$70 to the 4 high guns, and \$140 to the club.

The preparations for the shoot were very complete. Fred Knopf, the superintendent of the shooting grounds, having put everything in apple-pie order before the shooters arrived on Friday morning. There was thus no delay in starting on almost schedule time—10 A. M. on Friday morning, Jan. 10. The weather conditions were very similar to those which prevailed last year. There was about the same amount of snow on the ground, but perhaps a little more in the air, snow squalls being very frequent during the first day's shoot, particularly in the morning, when the air at times was full of snow. The wind on Friday, too, was very raw and cold, and was coming from the wrong direction, being almost directly in the shooter's face. Under the circumstances everything was against the birds and large scores were looked for.

Regarding the birds, something must be said in praise of them. With a cold, chilling wind right in their faces, with snow all round them on the ground, and with snow squalls in the air to add to their bewilderment, sitters were only to be expected. And plenty of them there were; but what a deceptive lot those same sitters proved to be! It wasn't very long before the shooters got shy of waiting for one of the "loafers" to be scared up; they were too hard to size up correctly. Many of the best birds of the day were some of those that shooters waited for patiently—in many cases to their regret. It is true that some of them flapped along lazily like owls, but there were several that took a sudden spring and were off like a flash to the woods on the right of the score. Those birds were hard to stop on account of the poor background.

THE GROUNDS AT LARCHMONT.

So far as background goes these grounds are about as bad as any in the vicinity of New York. To the left is a steep rocky little hill, whose gray rocks, bare of snow, and scattering trees make a pigeon that take a left-quarterming flight very hard to locate; in front is a swamp, an arm of Long Island Sound, we believe, the far side of it fringed with some heavy timber; to the right is a big bunch of large trees on a knoll, the base of the rise being practically the boundary line of the shooting grounds. As a matter of fact, the grounds would make a very pretty spot for a lawn tennis ground and summer house, but they are hardly up to the mark for pigeon shooting.

To return to the birds: Outside of the climatic conditions there seemed no reason why the birds should not have been great flyers; we have seen some excellent birds leave the traps under just the same conditions, and now and again during this shoot we struck a crate or two that created lots of havoc in the scores. Still it is a fact that the birds as a whole were below what they should have been when so much money and a certain amount of glory was at stake. The management had done their part. A stove had been specially erected so that the coop in which the birds were kept prior to being selected and crated for the match might be warm and pleasant for them. They were not placed in the crates for any length of time before being needed at the score, and when they did arrive at the score the crates were kept in the pulling house, where a small stove made things warm and comfortable for the trap-puller. Everything likely to make them slow had apparently been carefully guarded against, and the birds themselves were a beautiful looking lot; it was, therefore, a great disappointment to the management to have so many of them loiter when the traps were pulled.

NAMES OF THE SHOOTERS.

The entry list contained fourteen names, the draw for position on the score resulting as follows: 1, H. B. Wright; 2, W. Gould Brokaw; 3, F. G. Moore; 4, H. Yale Dolan; 5, Edgar Gibbs Murphy; 6, George Work; 7, Louis T. Duryea; 8, J. B. Ellison; 9, W. S. Edey; 10, Charles Macalester; 11, E. F. Thomas; 12, W. H. Stafford; 13, Fred Hoey; 14, J. P. Knapp. The above was the order in which the men went to the score, the detailed score, which is given later, placing the men in the order in which they finished. Fred Hoey was in doubt at first as to whether the No. 13 hole was a hoodoo; he is now of the opinion that there is more in those figures than meets the eye.

As usual John S. Hoey acted as referee, and did his best to hustle the men up to the score, as there was a big day's work ahead if the first 50 rounds were to be completed that day. But for the number of "no birds" called by the shooters and the referee, the 700 birds necessary to complete the 50 rounds could have been trapped before it was too dark to shoot; as it was 644 birds (46 rounds) were disposed of before Mr. Hoey called the shoot off for the day. The official score was placed in our charge, while A. L. Camancho faithfully braved the cold and placed red and white buttons on the score board in a thoroughly impartial manner. Mr. Camancho's efforts deserve special mention, it being by no means as easy feat for him to reach the two or three top rows on the board.

Taking this shoot right through from beginning to end, it was an exciting and highly interesting contest. The cup winner was not decided until a tie for first place had been shot off, Edgar Murphy and Charles Macalester tying on 92 each. In third place, but only 2 birds behind, was last year's winner and this year's favorite, J. P. Knapp; Duryea, Work and Wright were closely bunched with 1 kill less than Knapp's total. It was a pretty race, no less than four of the shooters having the lead at one time or another during the two days' shoot.

FIRST DAY OF THE SHOOT.

As above stated, the event commenced close on schedule time; it was just 10:10 A. M. when Wright stepped to the score and made the first kill of the race; everybody followed suit with the exception of Brokaw, who failed on a driver from No. 2 trap. Round No. 2 was marked by four losses, Moore, Duryea and Ellison losing easy birds, Stafford drawing a hard bird from No. 1 that fell dead out of bounds. In the third round Moore scored his second miss; this time it was a hard bird that fell to his lot. Brokaw lost his bird dead out of bounds, making his second miss too. The surprise of the round was Macalester's miss of an easy incoming bird. Work killed a fast bird from No. 5 in this round, using his second barrel with telling effect. In the fourth round Thomas was the only one to lose a bird, a driver from No. 3 getting a long lead before the second barrel was sent after it. Dolan's bird in this round was one of the "best birds in the match;" it was a splendid kill that scored it to him. Wright and Edey spoiled their straight scores in the fifth round, Wright's bird falling dead out of bounds; Stafford was unlucky enough to lose his bird in the same manner, though a little more care on his part should have saved the bird. The best birds in this round were Wright's, Work's, Duryea's and Macalester's, Wright's being a very fast one.

Duryea lost a bird in the 6th round, making his second cypher; Brokaw also scored a lost bird, this being his third marked with a white button by Camancho, who was rooting for him to the best of his ability. These were the only losses in this round. In the 7th round Work lost a very hard bird indeed, a right-quarterming driver from No. 5, that went like a streak as soon as the trap was opened, reaching the boundary before coming to the ground. Brokaw, Duryea, Thomas and Stafford also lost birds in this round, five white buttons in all being the result of the 14 shots. Murphy and Knapp spoiled straight scores in the 8th round, both men losing birds that they certainly should have scored. The only other shooter to miss in this round was Edey, who lost a comparatively easy bird, the pigeon like Murphy's falling dead out of bounds. Duryea, Ellison, Thomas and Stafford were the unlucky ones in the 9th round, their scores showing at this early stage of the proceedings: Duryea 4 losses, Ellison 2, Thomas 3 and Stafford 4. As there was something wrong with his old gun, Duryea at the end of this round changed to his new one, and killed from that point until the end of the shoot (the birds included) 94 out of 101, 3 of the 7 lost falling dead out of bounds. The 10th round saw but one white button go up, Edey being the only one to lose a bird. At the close of this round there were only 2 straight scores—Dolan and Hoey; 5 others had 9 each to their credit.

HOEY IN THE LEAD.

Fred Hoey was left in the lead after the 11th round closed, Dolan drawing a very hard bird that beat him out; Hoey's kill of his bird

was a good piece of work, the pigeon being a very fast one. In all 13 lost birds were scored in the rounds 11-15, inclusive: Wright 1, Moore 2, Dolan 1, Ellison 4, Macalester 1 (a very hard bird indeed), Edey, Thomas and Stafford 1 each. This left Hoey still with the lead at the commencement of the 16th round, there being 4 right after him with 14 each: Dolan, Murphy, Work and Knapp—a hot quartette.

In the 16th round Murphy, Ellison and Thomas drew hard birds, scoring them by good second-barrel work. There were only three lost birds in the 16th, 17th and 18th rounds: Brokaw's 16th, Hoey's 17th and Thomas's 18th. Owing to Fred Hoey's loss the leaders were closely bunched, but it was still very early in the game. The two next rounds saw Camancho place 7 white buttons on the board: Hoey and Dolan each got two, their 19th and 20th birds; the other three were placed opposite Work's, Edey's and Stafford's names. Hoey's 19th was a fast bird, but his 20th should have been scored; as it was it fell dead out of bounds. Work and Dolan drew hard birds in the 20th round. The score at the commencement of the 21st round, so far as the leaders were concerned, was: Murphy and Knapp 19, Macalester, Work and Wright 18, Dolan and Hoey 17.

Ten more losses were recorded in the next 5 rounds, 5 of them falling in the 21st round—Brokaw, Moore, Work, Ellison and Macalester. Everybody scored in the 22d round, Ellison and Edey being respectively responsible for a loss in the 23d and 24th rounds, both birds falling dead outside the boundary. In the 25th round three more white buttons went up on the board, but none of the leaders were candidates for them.

AT THE QUARTER POLE.

The close of the 25th round, one-quarter of the match, found the scores as follows: Murphy and Knapp, 24; Wright, 23; Dolan, Work, Macalester and Hoey, 22; Duryea, 21; Moore and Thomas, 20; Stafford, 19; Brokaw, 18; Edey, 17; Ellison, 16.

It would be tedious, perhaps, and take up too much space, to go through the shoot round by round; we will therefore only touch upon the more important features of the race, taking into consideration the scores of the leaders.

In the 26th round Macalester went back to join Duryea, a towering right-quarterming driver getting away from him. Then Murphy and Work lost their birds in the 26th round, Murphy joining Wright and Work following Macalester's example; this left Knapp alone in the lead by a single bird. The 30th round saw Wright go back to join Hoey and Dolan, both of whom were shooting very well. The next round, the 31st, saw Macalester again lose a bird; this time it was another difficult bird from No. 5 trap. The 32d round gave Camancho lots of work to do, 6 white buttons being required before the last man on the list had left the score. Among the six were Dolan, Work, Hoey and Knapp; the latter was once more tied with Murphy for first place. Murphy lost his 36th and 38th birds, while Knapp lost his 37th, the latter keeping the lead from the end of the 38th round until the referee called a halt at the close of the 46th round.

The scores at this stage of the proceeding were: Knapp 43, Dolan 42, Murphy and Hoey 41, Macalester 40, Wright, Work, Moore and Duryea 39, Stafford 37, Thomas 36, Ellison 34, Brokaw 33 and Edey 30. Owing to the match being less than half over, the referee decided that the three last-named shooters should retire in order that matters might be hastened.

THE SECOND DAY.

The second day, Jan. 11, opened clear, bright and cool. There was only a light wind, but that was rather more to the west than that of the previous day, and was therefore more favorable to the birds. The bright sun made the white of the snow very dazzling and painful



EDGAR MURPHY—IN SUMMER ATTIRE.

to the eyes. It hardly looked possible for the boys to roll up big scores, but they did; so appearances must have been deceitful and our judgment at fault. Some great scores were made to-day. The following is an analysis of some of the best work: Murphy, 61 out of 64; Macalester, 60 out of 63; Duryea, 60 out of 64; Work and Wright, 59 out of 64; Knapp, 47 out of 64. As a squad of six men, the above shooters scored 346 out of 373, an average of 92.7.

Shooting began at precisely the same time as yesterday—10:10 A. M., Wright leading off with a kill. As a natural consequence of the survival of the fittest, the scores were not so marred this day with white buttons, only 38 losses being recorded in the rounds 47 to 75 inclusive. The commencement of the 51st round found Knapp still in the lead with what seemed like a comfortable margin of two birds over his nearest opponent, the scores showing: Knapp 47, Murphy and Hoey 45, Dolan and Macalester 44, Wright, Moore and Work 43, Duryea 42, Stafford 40, and Thomas 39.

KNAPP LOSES THE LEAD.

The first 10 rounds of the 3d series saw quite a change come over the score board. Knapp, who had not been shooting in his usual steady and effective manner, managed to lose 4 birds and with them of course the lead. The 60th round, therefore, saw the scores as follows: Murphy 53, Macalester 54, Wright, Work, Hoey and Knapp 53, Moore and Dolan 52, Duryea 51; everybody bunched, as it were, and anybody's race. In the 65th round Wright and Work each lost a bird, both pigeons falling dead out of bounds and spoiling runs of 18 straight since the start this morning. In the 67th Murphy lost a bird, the shooter going back to join Macalester in a tie for first place. Work and Knapp lost their birds in the 69th round, Moore dropping his 70th, an easy circling incomer that fell dead against the house. At the end of the 70th round the scores stood: Murphy and Macalester 64, Hoey 63, Wright, Dolan and Knapp 62, Moore, Work and Duryea 61.

The next five rounds saw as many losses recorded on the score sheet; the unfortunates were: Murphy, Macalester, Hoey, Dolan and Duryea. The score at the commencement of the last series of 25 stood as follows: Murphy and Macalester 68, Hoey and Knapp 67, Wright, Moore, Dolan and Work 66, Duryea 65. If that's not a close race at the three-quarters pole with nine men left in, we'd like to know what is a really close race.

Macalester's loss of his 75th bird, which fell dead just over the boundary, was received with groans, the white button it called for bringing to an end a run of 28 straight since the start to-day, which added to the 7 straight he killed the previous evening made a consecutive run of 35 without a miss. Just about this stage of the proceedings, so cool and so sure was Macalester in his work that Murphy and the rest of the boys were whispering one to the other that it looked as if "Macalester was it." Duryea was plugging away in a quiet but effective way, making a run of 21 between his 52d and 74th birds. The scores for the third 25 were: Macalester, 24; Wright, Moore, Murphy, Work and Duryea, 23; Dolan and Hoey, 22; Knapp, 20.

SHAMROCK AND ORIOLE NECK AND NECK.

The last series of 25 was a hard fight; of the seven that finished in the race three scored 24, three more scoring 23, out of their last 25 birds. Murphy lost his 76th bird, a driver from No. 2, which he seemed totally unable to locate with his second barrel, his time being very poor. This loss made it look still more as if "Macalester was it!" The Baltimorean, however, evened up matters by letting his 81st get away with the loss of only a few feathers. From the 75th to the 85th rounds inclusive Dolan lost 3 birds, Work and Knapp 1 each, Hoey 4, the latter losing 2 dead out of bounds. At the 86th round then the score stood: Murphy and Macalester (the Shamrock and the Oriole), 77; Wright and Knapp, 76; Moore, Work and Duryea, 75; Dolan, 74, and Hoey, 73. With only 15 more birds to shoot at, there was still a chance for some changes, so closely were the leaders bunched.

The next ten rounds saw the retirement of Fred Hoey, additional losses in the 88th, 91st and 95th rounds making the requisite number of 15 white buttons on his score. Wright lost 2—his 90th and 95th birds; Dolan also scored 2 losses—his 88th and 89th birds. Work and Duryea lost a bird apiece; while Moore, who up to this time had been doing great work to-day, lost 3 birds in quick succession—his 92d, 94th and 95th. Thus, with only 5 more birds to shoot at, the scores stood: Murphy and Macalester 87, Knapp 86, Wright, Work and Duryea 84, Moore and Dolan 82, Hoey 80. In those next 5 rounds only 3 losses were recorded: Knapp's 96th dead out of bounds, and Moore's 96th and 98th, the latter causing his retirement. Moore's loss of 5 out of his last 7 birds was a great surprise, coming as it did after great shooting during the entire day.

The final scores showed Murphy and Macalester still a tie for 1st place with 92 each; Knapp alone for 3d money with 90; Wright, Work and Duryea tied for 4th money with 89 apiece; Dolan, the only other man to finish, came out with 87. As a proof of how tough a struggle it had been, we quote the following figures: Wright, Duryea and Work, who were tied at the close of yesterday's shoot with 39 each out of 46 shot at, to-day scored 50 out of 54; Macalester, who last evening was 1 bird behind Murphy, to-day killed 52 out of 54 to Murphy's 51 out of 54, ending by tying him for the cup.

HIS DEFEAT BY BRADLEY WIPED OUT.

Ties were ordered to be shot off at 10 birds. At the start of the shoot-off Murphy seemed to have entirely lost his time, being desperately slow on his first two birds, his friends being given cause for heart-failure on both birds. Then he quickened his time and came back to his old form when Macalester let his 5th bird, a slow circling incomer to the right, get over the boundary before being gathered. The last 5 birds didn't bother Murphy a bit, all were easy except the last but one; he didn't give it chance to get hard, but snapped it up within a few feet of the trap. He did, however, succeed in giving his friends one more little scare on his last bird; this was a slow incomer, which he cleanly missed apparently with his first; he then held his second barrel until the bird was less than 10yds. from him before letting it have the contents.

Murphy's victory was a very popular one, and he received many congratulations on his success. Macalester shot well enough to win almost any match, and it must be stated in all fairness that Murphy had a bit the best of the birds. That fact, however, should not be allowed to detract from the brilliancy of his victory, for a win in such company would be a feather in any shooter's cap.

One of the pleasantest features of the race to us was the form displayed throughout the match by Wright, who shot excellently the last day, and was by no means favored by the birds. We never like to question a referee's decision, much less a decision made by such an excellent one as Mr. John Hoey; we feel sure, though, that Mr. Hoey will not take it ill if we say that we think his ruling on Wright's 94th bird was acting a little too strictly to the letter of the rule and not taking into consideration its intent. As we were not at the score, we can only give Wright's account of the affair: The bird, a driver from No. 1, left the trap very fast and low; it was hit hard with the contents of the first barrel, the second barrel also hitting it; the bird flew to the boundary and fell against the wire fence; the dog went to retrieve it and the bird flipped up, getting over the fence before the dog gathered it. A balk was claimed by the shooter on the following grounds: First, that the dog was let go before the second barrel had been discharged; and second, because the trapper in his efforts to make fast time had started for the traps before the second barrel had been discharged. The question as we take it is: Was the shooter balked by either man or dog, or was the bird chased out by the dog being released too soon? Since the shooter used both barrels we think his claim to a balk on the first query is negative, and we think Mr. Hoey so ruled on a case in which Mr. Thomas claimed a balk on Friday, Thomas claiming that a rapping on the window while he was at the score balked him, causing him to miss the bird, his attention being attracted by the rapping. On the second query, we can only say that in our judgment the difference in time between when the dog did reach the bird and when it would have reached it had it not been released until the second barrel had been fired, would have been so slight that it would have made no difference in the result. Under the circumstances, the shooter having used his second barrel, we think he should have been made to abide by the result. Of course, we have only Mr. Wright's account of the affair to base our argument upon. The referee's decision was based upon the following rule of the Larchmont Club: "Rule 10. If, in the opinion of the referee, the shooter is balked by any antagonist or looker-on, or by the trapper or dog, whether by design or otherwise, he may be allowed another bird." Acting under such a rule, the referee was strictly within his limits; the only point we differ on probably is as to "opinion."

The tie for 4th money was shot off at 10 birds, Duryea beating out Wright and Work by killing his 10 straight, his opponents each losing their first tie bird.

THE HIGH RUNS.

During the two days' shoot some good runs were made, notwithstanding the uneven character of the birds, their very unevenness making no two alike for either speed or direction. The following are most of the double-figure runs: Macalester 35, 19 and 11; Murphy 24, 20 and 20; Wright 24, 16 and 14; Duryea 23, 20, 14 and 11; Knapp 23, 15, 14 and 10; Work 20, 14 and 12; Dolan 17, 14, 11, 11 and 10; Hoey 16, 14, 11 and 11; Moore 15, 15, 13, 10 and 10; Brokaw 10.

GUNS, SHELLS AND POWDERS.

Gun.	Shell.	Powder.	Grs.	Loaded by.
Murphy....Purdey....	V. L. & D.....	E. C.....	45, V. L. & D.	
Macalester...Purdey....	Trap.....	E. C.....	48, Self.	
Knapp.....Francotte. V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 45, V. L. & D.			
Duryea.....Francotte. V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 48, V. L. & D.			
Work.....Purdey....	Trap.....	E. C.....	48, Dannefelter.	
Wright.....Purdey....	V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 48, V. L. & D.		
Dolan.....Purdey....	Trap.....	Schultze, 48, V. L. & D.		
Moore.....Purdey....	Trap.....	Schultze, 48, U. M. C. factory.		
Hoey.....Purdey....	Eley's V. L. & D. Schultze, 50, V. L. & D.			
Thomas.....Greener....	Trap.....	E. C.....	48, Self.	
Stafford.....Purdey....	V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 45, V. L. & D.		
Ellison.....Purdey....	Trap.....	E. C.....	42.	
Brokaw.....Purdey....	V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 45, V. L. & D.		
Edey.....Francotte. V. L. & D.....	Schultze, 48, V. L. & D.			

The above is a complete list of the guns, shells and loads of powder used by the shooters in this event.

HOW THE TRAPS FELL.

It is always of interest to know just how the traps fell to each shooter. In this event an automatic pulling apparatus was used, the traps being pulled for "good birds" just 1,173 times in the match itself; the traps pulled in the shoot-off are not included, as a comparison of the figures would then be hardly equitable.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Murphy.....	21	25	19	9	26
Macalester.....	18	23	13	12	34
Knapp.....	16	22	17	21	34
Duryea.....	20	29	13	13	25
Work.....	27	15	19	13	26
Wright.....	18	23	17	15	27
Dolan.....	23	24	19	12	22
Moore.....	17	28	15	15	23
Hoey.....	23	18	11	22	21
Thomas.....	9	20	15	9	18
Stafford.....	14	18	14	13	12
Ellison.....	3	17	8	9	46
Brokaw.....	13	14	7	5	7
Edey.....	11	9	14	4	8
	233	235	201	172	282

An average for each of the five traps would be about 234; No. 1 was just about right, but Nos. 2 and 5 were away above the average; No. 4 was pulled very seldom in comparison to the others. A curious feature is that Ellison drew No. 2 trap just 17 times out of 46.

THE SCORE IN DETAIL.

The score in detail, showing just what sort of bird each man drew, which trap it came from, and what was done with it, follows:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 2 5 3 4 2 2 3 3 4 2 3 1 5 3 1 2 2 1 5 3 5 4 4	
↑ ↓	
E G Murphy... 3 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—24	
5 3 4 5 5 2 4 3 1 1 5 4 5 5 1 5 2 3 5 5 1 2 1 5 5	
← ↑	
1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21	
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233514521511425143223331
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15135431322331252333
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Tie for cup:
 1521552132 432144124

Murphy... 2221222-10 Macalester... 212-8

Ties for fourth money:
 2351453431 4554232252

Duryea... 212112222-10 Wright... 022222222-8

2351453431 4554232252

2351453431 4554232252

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2351453431 4554232252

5315351115

Work.....0222112222-9

The following table shows the number of lost birds in each round of the shoot:

First 25.....143132534133223112550113-60
 Second 25.....1216346312433230213012012-56
 Third 25.....0523310021000130102122012-32
 Fourth 25.....301013011100221111320100-26-174

EDWARD BANKS

All-Philadelphia Won Again.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 4.—In the second match between teams from the Philadelphia gun clubs and the Delaware State Sportsmen's Association the All-Philadelphia team won after a close fight by 9 breaks. The scores were 489-480. The conditions of the shoot were: 25-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The following were the scores:

All-Philadelphia.

Walker.....10111111111111111111-24
 Jas Cowen.....11111111111111111111-23
 H Blondin.....01011111111111111111-22
 Duke.....11111111111111111111-22
 H Landis.....11111111111111111111-22
 W Wolstencroft.....11111111111111111111-22
 B Peters.....11111111111111111111-22
 Debeau.....11101111111111111111-21
 H Henry.....11111111111111111111-21
 J Leaning.....11011111111111111111-21
 Trombone.....11011111111111111111-21
 E Davis.....11011111111111111111-20
 J Fitch.....01111111111111111111-20
 McFalls.....10001111111111111111-20
 J Thurman.....01101111111111111111-20
 H French.....11110101011111111111-19
 G Anderson.....11111000111111111111-18
 J Burton.....10111011111111111111-18
 C Irvin.....00111001101011111111-18
 H Thurman.....11101101101101101111-18
 J H Wolstencroft.....01111100110111111111-18
 Yost.....01110100111111111111-17
 Pepper.....11001000111111111111-15
 T Whitcomb.....01100001110100111111-15
 N Swope.....0011101010001100101010-12-489

Delaware State.

Ewing.....11111111111111111111-23
 Stark.....11101111111111111111-23
 Cleaver.....01101111111111111111-22
 Marshall.....01111111111111111111-22
 Buckmaster.....11101111111111111111-21
 Creeden.....01110111111111111111-21
 Maul.....11101111111111111111-21
 Marten.....11100111111111111111-21
 Bob Miller.....01111111111111111111-21
 Springs.....01111111111111111111-21
 Ford.....11010111111111111111-20
 J Huber.....00111011111111111111-20
 Evans.....10000111111111111111-19
 Lyman.....11001111111111111111-19
 Gaughen.....11111010111111111111-18
 Hartlove.....10201111111111111111-18
 Mason.....10010111111111111111-18
 G Miller.....01111111111111111111-18
 Bilderback.....10111111111111111111-17
 Bird.....01110111111111111111-17
 Burroughs.....01110111111111111111-17
 Springer.....01011001111111111111-17
 G Huber.....11111000111111111111-16
 King.....11000011111111111111-15
 Young.....10010101111111111111-15-480

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 4.—A special meeting of the Baltimore Shooting Association was held recently in the Carrollton Hotel, the meeting being very well attended. The president of the Association, H. A. Penrose, presided. The following is an account of the business transacted as reported in the Baltimore Sun:

"The report of the treasurer showed that the Association is not only self-sustaining, but that a small balance is in the treasury. The club had spent considerable money upon improvements in the last year, and it is now the desire of the members to liquidate the indebtedness, as quickly as possible. It was decided not to wait until next year's membership dues become available—which will be several months hence—to accomplish this, so a subscription list was started and nearly \$200 were quickly subscribed. The total indebtedness was but \$800 before the subscription was started.

"The Association determined to require the procurer of live pigeons to pay one cent into the club's treasury for every bird trapped. Heretofore the club has received no revenue from this source.

"Resolutions were adopted to have a meeting of the prize committee called and have it submit a report.

"To circulate the subscription list among the members to liquidate the indebtedness, the president being instructed to collect the subscriptions.

"To provide for the reimbursing of the subscribers as soon as the club's treasury contains sufficient surplus.

"To give James R. Malone exclusive privilege of furnishing live birds.

"To have the buildings and traps insured for the benefit of Messrs. Wilson and Harvey, the club creditors.

"To provide for the payment of the money now in the treasury to Messrs. Wilson and Harvey on account.

"The following were elected members: W. McKinney, H. W. Kingsbury, Charles Macalester and Thomas B. Whistler, of Baltimore; F. W. Sacket, Seymour Cunningham and James Green, of Washington, D. C."

SCORES MADE TO-DAY.

Bert Claridge and W. H. Kingsbury shot a 50-bird match to-day, Claridge winning easily, although his score was not a high one; this was no doubt due to the high wind and extremely cold weather. Kingsbury retired in the 42d round, the score standing: Claridge 33, Kingsbury 26.

Kingsbury also shot a 25-bird race with Thomas Whistler and again met defeat, the score at the end of the 23d round, when Kingsbury withdrew, showing Whistler 19, Kingsbury 16.

A couple of sweeps at 5 birds, \$3 entrance, were decided, the scores being as follows:

No. 1: Claridge, 5; Macalester, Sims and Penrose, 4; Kingsbury, Smith, Buck and Hawkins, 3; Whistler 1.

No. 2: Claridge, Sims and Macalester, 5; Penrose, Kingsbury and Hawkins, 4; Smith, 3.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 1.—With a foot of snow on the ground and no cars running within a mile of the grounds, the New Year's pigeon shoot of the Limited Gun Club promised to be a failure for lack of entries; but the faithful would not be denied, and by 11 o'clock eighteen shooters were on hand. The out-of-town visitors were A. W. du Bray, of Dayton, Ky.; Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville; Hyatt L. Frost and J. E. Shipley, of Connorsville, and G. G. Williamson, of Muncie, Ind. The birds were a fine lot of old strong fellows that had been properly handled and cared for, but they proved a poor lot of flyers—probably because of snow blindness. That was the only real drawback to the day's pleasure, but everyone was cheerful and enjoyed the big log fire and a dinner of turkey and "fixin's."

There was one 5-bird race, entrance \$3, and two of 7 birds, entrance \$5 each. George J. Maratt, who led with 18 out of 19, and John W. Cooper, who followed with 17, had never before shot a pigeon out of a trap. The following is a summary of the shooting:

Shot at. Killed. Shot at. Killed.
 Maratt.....19 18 Voris.....19 13
 Cooper.....19 17 Frost.....19 13
 Britton.....19 17 Williamson.....19 13
 Westling.....19 16 Du Bray.....19 12
 Griffith.....19 15 Lilly.....19 12
 Shipley.....19 15 Wiedhack.....19 12
 Holliday.....19 14 Buch.....19 7
 Parry.....19 14 Grube.....19 10
 Robinson.....19 14 Moore.....19 10

ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

Washington Heights Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—The Washington Heights Gun Club held a shoot to-day, but after disposing of two events it was decided to postpone the remainder of the events until Jan. 11, the weather being so cold and windy. In the live-bird event Organ took first money alone on 9; Romer won second money after shooting off the tie miss-and-out. Score:

No. 1, 10 live birds: J. J. Organ 9, R. Searles, R. Romer and J. A. Belden 8, F. W. Sherry, Sr., and F. W. Sherry, Jr., 6.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: J. A. Belden 14, J. J. Organ 13, R. Romer 12, F. W. Sherry, Sr., and R. Searles 10, F. W. Sherry, Jr., and H. W. Oliver 9.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 6.—Harry Thurman and W. H. Pack picked teams of 10 men and shot a match to-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, the losing team to pay for the birds. Each man was to shoot at 10 birds—100 birds to the team. The result was an easy victory for Pack's team by 6 birds, the scores standing 82 to 76. The only straight was made by Landis, who during the shoot scored all his birds, killing 23 straight; W. H. Pack was right after him with 22 out of 23, one dead out of bounds. Of the two events shot in addition to the team race, No. 1 was a miss-and-out, \$2 entrance; No. 2 was a 5-bird sweep, \$3 entrance, one money. Scores were:

Pack's Team	No. 1.	No. 2.
Capt Pack.....	8012222222-8	120 -2 220-2
W H Wolstencroft.....	2222222222-9	0 -0 2022-4
Henry.....	1212220121-9	0 -0 2120-3
Fieles.....	220212121-9	120 -2 2020-3
Longenecker.....	80122221-6	1212210-7
J Thurman.....	112101101-7	2001 -2
Krouse.....	2222120212-9	
I H Wolstencroft.....	2102021222-8	
E Johnson.....	2112012220-8	20212-4
J C Shallcross.....	2222021212-9	

Thurman's Team.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Capt H Thurman.....	821222211-8	12222212-8 21110-4
W M Pack.....	2222222222-9	12212222-8 22222-5
H Landis.....	1122121212-10	22122222-8 22222-5
J W Donnelly.....	2201221222-9	1110 -3 11221-5
Wilson.....	2200222222-5	
Paddock.....	2220122201-8	
W Garvin.....	0002001022-4	120 -2 22220-4
Swope.....	0220101002-5	
Jas Wolstencroft.....	2112212220-9	
Jas Bowers.....	0222221222-9	

*W. H. Wolstencroft..... 0 -0
 *Henry..... 12222222-8
 W E English..... 20212-4

*Wolstencroft and Henry re-entered in No. 1.

At the annual meeting of the club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John C. Shallcross; Vice-President, I. H. Wolstencroft; Treasurer, Edward Johnson; Secretary and Assistant Secretary, to be chosen later; Field Captain, Harry Thurman; Assistant Field Captain, H. Landis Davis; Official Scorer, Nathan Swope.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., Dec. 25.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its last shoot for the season of 1895 on this date; the attendance of members was only small. Owing to the cloudy day, the scores were poor. This has been our first year at trap-shooting, and as most of our members never fired at a flying target until quite recently, we hope our poor scores are excusable:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	25	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	25	10	10	10	10
Renehen.....	4	12	3	3	4	7	Mack.....	3	2				
Brier.....	5	7	1				Matson.....	13	4				
Bailey.....	9	18	7	6	9	3	Wilmot.....	11	4	7	8		
Daly.....	6						Raymond.....	5					
Dr Allen.....	3	11					Gusher.....	5	1	5			
Ober.....	3	5					Billings.....	1	8				

Wilmot and Renehen shot a match against Bailey and Gusher, defeating them by a single break. The match was at 10 targets per man. Score: Wilmot 5, Renehen 8-13; Bailey 8, Gusher 4-12.

C. H. BAILEY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sportsmen at the Chicago Cycle Show.

There were more than 400,000 pretty girls at the cycle show in Chicago each night this week, and it need not be added that such sporting goods representatives as G. Harry Marlin, Paul North, Louis Ehrhart, of Atchison; Fred Quimby and other well-known ones were also gathered together to see what was going on in the cycle world. One would never guess how many sorts of cycles there are in these days if he had never seen the show. All the Chicago and all the outside firms had exhibits, and among names familiar to FOREST AND STREAM readers were those of Montgomery Ward & Co., A. G. Spalding & Bros. and the Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N. Y. Of course everybody knows the names of the above firms, but one might wonder what the Hunter Arms Co. were doing at the bicycle show with L. C. Smith guns to exhibit. The fact is that they had no guns along, but had instead the new Hunter wheel, which is as "good as the L. C. Smith gun" in every way, and apt to be as popular in the near future. The firm had an elegant display of new wheels, and did a good business with them. The display included five different models, in weight from 18 to 24 lbs., each showing all the '96 improvements, and each made fine as a watch. The record of the Hunter Arms Co. in the workmanship of their gun will be of lasting benefit to them in the sale of these wheels. The latter are very graceful and handsome, and are finished most showily in a strong "Hunter green" enamel. Mr. Quimby was at the exhibit, and Mr. John Hunter, Jr., and Mr. Robert Hunter were on from the firm. It is heard with regret that the senior of the firm and father of the big family of Hunter boys is at home very ill this week, though his condition is now improving. Mr. McMurchy is at the factory at work. He will read the opening sentence above with sincere regret.

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Von Lengerke & Detmold.
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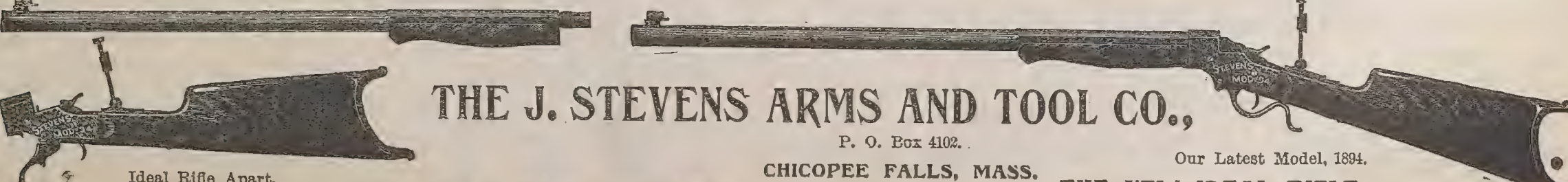
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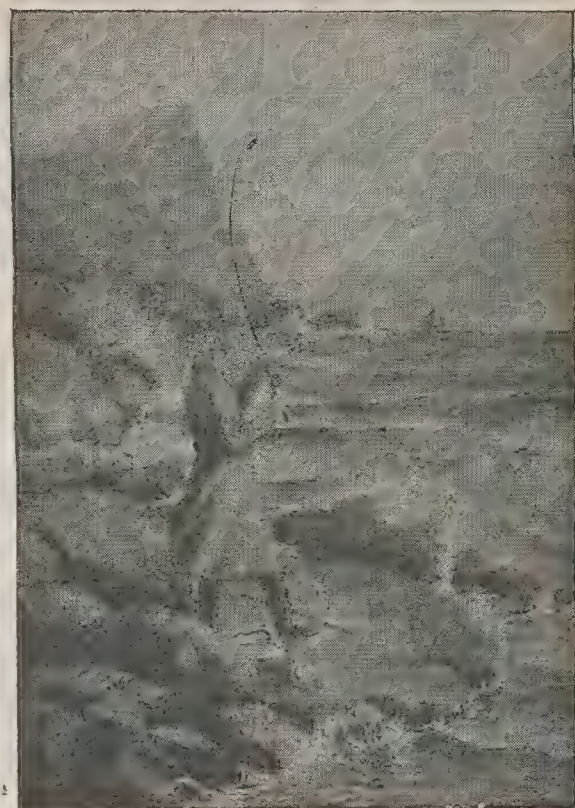


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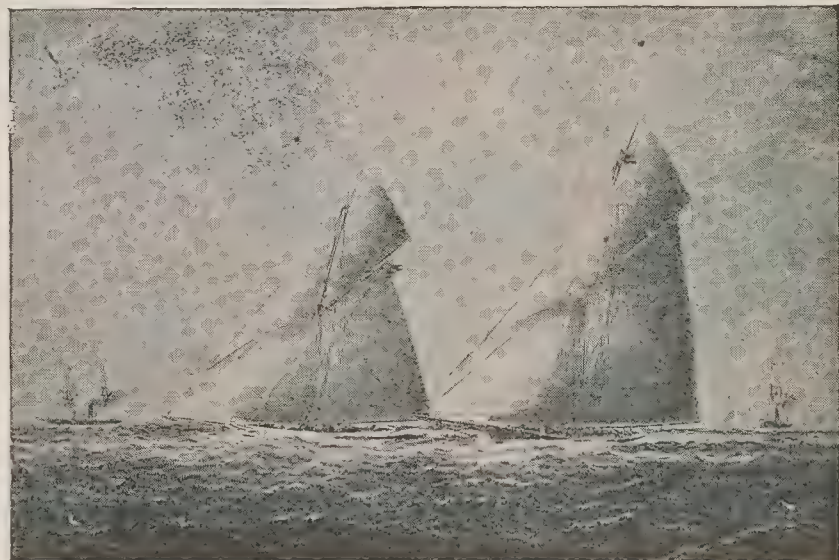
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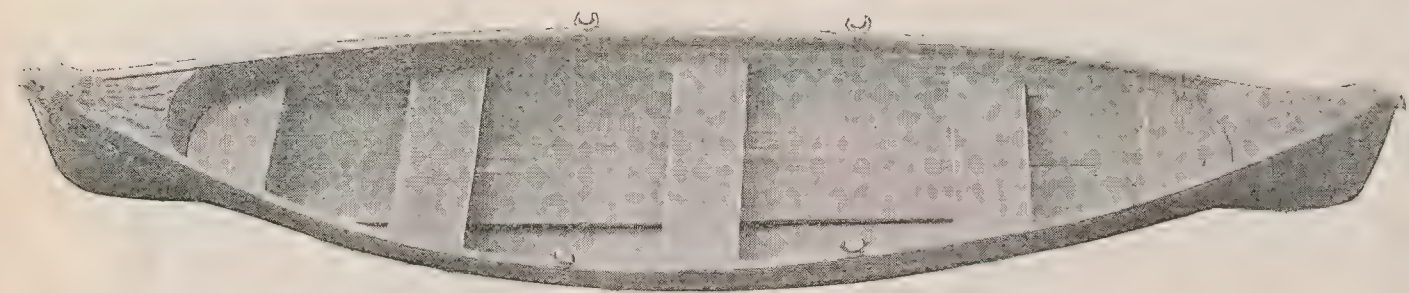


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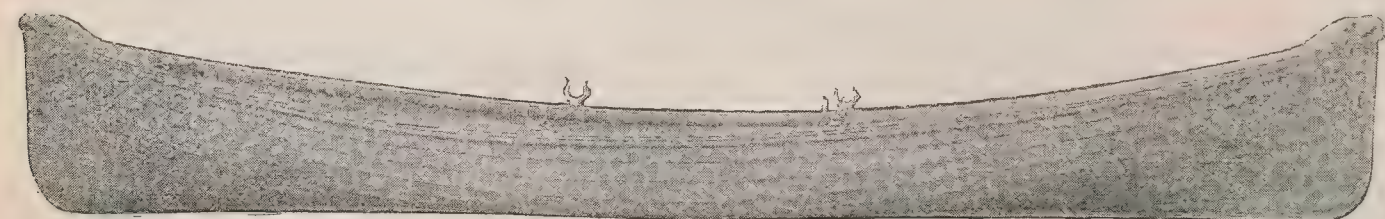
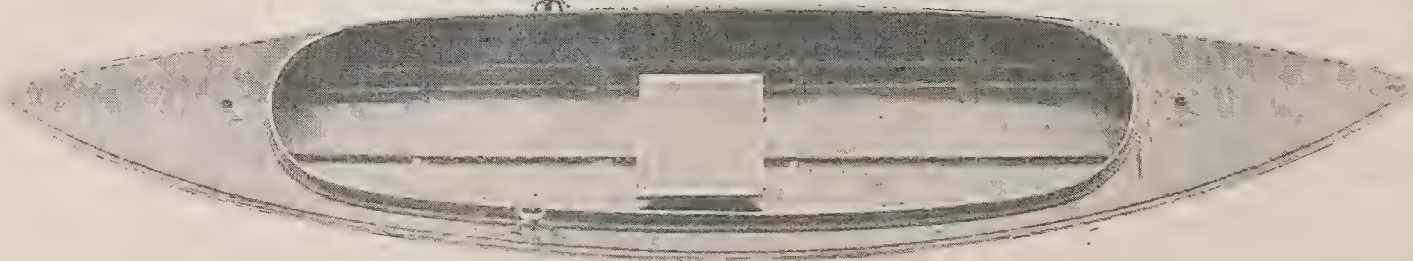
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ADIRONDACK DEER.

THE recent official report on the destruction of deer in the Adirondack region last season is, we believe, the first attempt ever made to enumerate the deer killed during a given period in any one quarter of the country. It is not likely that the numbers reported are exact—possibly they are not even approximate—but we may feel assured that they are not overstated. Very likely the deer killed may have been many more than the number given. It is certain that they were not less.

Of the 5,000 deer reported killed more than half were females, and of these females it is altogether probable that four-fifths or more than 2,000 were breeders, which next year would have produced between 3,000 and 4,000 young. This gives a suggestion of what the deer supply in this region might become if the practice of killing female deer were entirely given up. Such a change in hunting methods in the Adirondacks would preserve the deer there for all time and would insure their existence in numbers quite up to the winter food supply of the region.

This report, together with Gov. Morton's remarks on the importance of preserving deer in the Adirondacks and the action of the State Association, have called renewed attention to this matter, and several bills looking to the preservation of the deer supply have been introduced in the New York Legislature. These bills cover the practices of hounding, jacking or fire-hunting and water killing.

The bill to forbid the killing of deer in the water, introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Husted, while praiseworthy in its motive, is loosely drawn, and even if it should become law is practically impossible of enforcement. It would be unfortunate to have this bill passed, for to enact game laws which cannot be enforced is only to bring such laws and the whole subject of game protection into public contempt. Water killing is not a practice that appeals to sportsmen. A deer may indeed be killed in the water by a good sportsman who is in need of meat, but he would not regard such killing as sport, any more than he would consider it sport to chop off a chicken's head or to slip a noose over the neck of a gentle grouse which he might find sitting on the lower limb of a tree near the trail. The true way to put an end to water killing is to remove the cause that obliges the deer to take the water. If an end were put to hounding there would be no more of the water butchery of which we hear so much.

Jack-lighting is justly objected to on grounds of humanity, both because it is practiced at a season when the fawns, being still dependent on the mother for nourishment, must starve to death if she is killed, and because of the large proportion of wounded deer which escape under cover of darkness and are not found at all, or if found later, are useless to the slayer, because the meat is spoiled. The practice is one which should be abolished, and he who should jack deer would carry with him a weapon more dangerous than a camera and some flash-light powder.

It is objected that, if water killing and jacking are put an end to, deer killing in the Adirondacks will cease for the general public; in other words, that few or no deer would be killed except by expert sportsmen. For a year or two something like this might be true; but by the end

of that time the deer would have so increased that successful still-hunting would then be possible by persons whose experience in this pursuit was very limited. On Dr. Webb's preserve, where neither jacking nor hounding takes place, it is an every-day matter for his guests—many of whom have never before hunted deer—to start out on foot and successfully still-hunt these animals. It cannot be doubted that if an adequate system of game protection were in force throughout the Adirondack region the deer would become so abundant that there would be enough for all, and that even tyros could without difficulty kill them by legitimate methods.

The two bills introduced in the Senate by Mr. Malby and in the Assembly by Mr. W. Cary Sanger, if passed and properly enforced, would do much to preserve the Adirondack deer, and the results of such preservation would soon be evident in an increased supply of these animals, which would bring joy to the heart of the hotel keeper, summer visitor, guide and hunter. We should be glad to see added to these, or to any other bills with a like purpose, a further provision that no deer without horns shall be killed at any time; for we believe that in the preservation of the females of any of our big game animals is to be found the means of indefinitely prolonging the existence of that species in any locality.

READ HISTORY.

WE have from time to time taken occasion to point out the reasons why the recurring scheme of a national game and fish protective association must inevitably prove futile. In doing this we have stated principles, and have not made any personal comment upon the individuals promoting the associations. For the most part we believe that they have been well-meaning enough, though mistaken. The national association project is something that appeals to those who do not closely and carefully consider the actual practicability of securing the results sought to be obtained. The present association is, if we mistake not, the fifth of the kind we have had in this country within the last twenty years. One trouble with the promoters of the scheme at this late day is that they refuse to read history and to be taught by its lessons. The correspondent in Iowa who sends us this week an elaborate plan for a new association, or for the modification of the one which already more or less exists, would find in the story of the associations which have gone before and are now of blessed memory abundant teachings of experience to prove the impracticability of such an organization as he proposes.

The same principle of human nature applies here as with the victims of the perpetual motion delusions. When a man once gets wheels in his head and dreams that he can discover perpetual motion, he shuts his eyes and his ears to the principles of physics and the teachings of experience only, and abandons his search for the impossible when life itself gives out. It seems to be asking too much of human nature to expect that the repeated failures of this national association project, each successive failure being due to the inherent principles involved, should have in them any deterrent influence upon the new victims of the delusion.

We need not rehearse the principles, which must now be familiar. The chief reason why the national scheme is futile is found in the fact that the delegates to such a body represent no solidarity. They are commissioned with power by nobody having any power to commission. They meet in convention and adopt resolutions to do things which they have no power to do and which no one can give them the power to do. The scheme appeals to persons who recognize the perplexity and complexity of their own local game protection problems and who are impelled by a vague conviction that if they can only unload their troubles upon a national association they will have solved all these local difficulties. When the delegates get through with their convention and its resolutions they go home, but they return with no more power to protect their own game than they had before, and the local situation remains precisely as it was before the national association held its convention and spoke its speeches and adopted its resolutions, and as it would remain after 365 conventions a year.

We question very seriously whether it is possible for a national association in these days to adopt a more high sounding platform or more resonant resolves than the platforms and the resolutions of the national associations which have gone before; and there is no reason for believing that talk at a national convention, though as cheap

as ever, will accomplish a whit more now than it could then.

The influence which a national association would be likely to have through its appointment, in different States, of gentlemen whose amiability prompts them to permit themselves to be named as Vice-Presidents of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is well enough shown in the case of New York State. The Vice-President for New York of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is, if we mistake not, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is an accomplished sportsman, an author of some charming books on fishing and shooting, one of the most felicitous of after-dinner speakers in a city renowned for the plenitude of its post-prandial oratory, a delightful raconteur and a politician of influence. As president, whether of the Holland Society or of the New York (City) Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, he sheds luster upon each in turn; but his incumbency of the office of Vice-President for New York of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association has absolutely no more effect upon game legislation or game protection in this State than it has upon the water supply in the canals of Mars.

What we are all of us concerned to know, in respect to our own several States, is how to care for our own game interests. Until we shall have solved that ever present problem, we cannot afford to throw away effort in trying to take care of the whole blessed country, no matter how enticing and powerful may be the notion of a national association.

Read history. Profit by the experience of the past. Don't dream that you have a brand new scheme when it is one which has been tried and discarded.

SNAP SHOTS.

The annual grinding of the grist of game legislation has begun at Albany in full force. Last week we noted the bill which embodies the recommendations of the senate committee with reference to the St. Lawrence River waters, and we specified the numerous amendments recommended by the State Association. In addition to these, measures have been introduced to forbid the hounding of deer at any time; to prohibit the use of jack lights for killing deer at any time; to forbid the killing of any deer while swimming; to exempt certain portions of Lake Erie from the law relative to nets; to provide a penalty of \$25 for killing minks, coons, skunks, muskrats or foxes in Wayne county from May 1 to Oct. 31, except that foxes may be caught in October; to permit bass fishing in Otsego Lake from Jan. 1 to Oct. 31; to forbid the hunting of rabbits in Ulster county, except from March 1 to Sept. 30; to permit the killing of rabbits in Chemung county between March 1 and Sept. 13; to make the open season for woodcock and partridge from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, with possession from Nov. 1 to Sept. 1.

And so it goes. The outlook is for a greater infliction than ever of local laws and exemptions of certain waters from general statutes. The local bills should not have any attention whatever from the Legislature. This entire branch of legislation should be intrusted to a committee printing the Senate and Assembly Committees, the Fish Commission, the Chief Protector and the New York State Association. If the two Committees would agree to refer proposed legislation to a conference made up as suggested and would defer to the decision arrived at by such a conference we would be saved much foolish legislation, and the time of the committees and of the Legislature would be economized with advantage to itself and to the State. What we need in New York more than anything else is a game and fish code, good, bad or indifferent, unchangeable for a period of fifty years. We shall never have a law which will be given the respect of the community so long as this annual wholesale doctoring shall be permitted.

City-Attorney F. A. Williams, of Denver, has sent to Congressman Shafroth a bill, printed elsewhere, to forbid inter-state commerce in game. Is it true that the Inter-state commerce provision of the Constitution interferes with a State's control of game shipments? The Minnesota law and others have been upheld by the Supreme Courts, and the lesson to be drawn from them appears to be that the laws are quite efficient if applied. Mr. Williams' proposed law raises an interesting question as to the province of Congress in such matters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part I.

WHEN in 186—Congress granted a right of way over all Government and Indian lands in the Indian Territory, from the south line of the State of Kansas to the north line of the State of Texas, for a north and south line of railway, in the latter part of that year the incidents took place which will be narrated in this series.

On the 10th day of October of that year a small caravan of four prairie schooners (covered farm wagons), each drawn by four horses, was fording the Arkansas River, two miles south of the frontier village of Arkansas City.

The coverings of the wagons had been partly rolled up on the sides of each, exposing the bags and boxes with which each wagon was loaded, showing four men seated in each wagon and a number of guns tied to the bows holding the wagon coverings in place, while between the two colored men seated in the rear wagon a fine large water spaniel was to be seen. In front of the teams were four men riding upon Indian ponies, and hanging from the horn of each saddle was a short repeating rifle of large caliber, of a model then very popular upon the frontier and known by the name of "saddle gun." The horseman upon the right was a man of the age of 35, of a tall, muscular frame, answering to the title of Captain; next to him rode a large, robust man of 45, of a very dignified, sedate manner; the rider upon his right was a young man of about 25, bearing the appearance of a student; and the horseman upon the extreme left could not have exceeded 40 years, of a very spare yet muscular frame, with long dark hair and copper-colored face and hands, that showed him of part Indian blood; while gamboling in front of the horsemen were three large foxhounds.

A stranger to pioneer ways looking at the party, each dressed in a brown duck hunting coat and corduroy pants, with a broad-brimmed brown felt hat, would have asked, "What band of border ruffians is this and on what plundering expedition are they bound?"

A preliminary survey had been ordered of the line of railway to which the right of way had been granted for the north and south line of railway through the Indian Territory, and the horseman addressed as Captain was the engineer in charge of this party; the one riding on the extreme left was a noted half-blood hunter and guide, whose father, a white trapper, had married a woman of the Chickasaw tribe, and the son was one of the best hunters and guides to the Indian Territory then known on that frontier, having been named by his mother's tribe the King of Buck Hunters from his early success in deer hunting, which name had been shortened by the whites to Buck King or King, a name very pleasant to him and by which he was generally known all over the Territory. The sedate looking horseman was an eminent Western lawyer, who had very lately resigned from a district judgeship of one of the Western States; while the young horseman, the historian of the party, was a lawyer with a good practice, a former law student in the office of the Judge, and the occupants of the wagons were the axemen, Surveyor Cook and other employees of the party, and the servant of the Judge.

This surveying party was one of the many engaged in the preliminary survey, the object of this party being to find a suitable crossing of the South Fork of the Canadian River in the southern part of the Indian Territory, and the Judge and young lawyer, intimate friends of the Captain, were accompanying the surveying party as his guests to enjoy a much-needed vacation in the sports of the field, hunting and fishing, with the hunter King as guide to the party.

Our march to the southward was relieved, for us horsemen, of its tediousness by the daily excursions parallel to the line of march in pursuit of deer and antelope, with which the uplands of the Territory at that time abounded; or after our arrival at our evening camping ground the Captain, Judge and I would shoot grouse, quail and prairie chickens over the spaniel Carlo, who was a fine bird dog either setting game or retrieving. In the bird shooting King never joined, having, as he said, "No use for the scatter guns," as he termed our breechloading shotguns, but he gave us an evidence of his skill as a sportsman that won the admiration of the rest of the party and left the Captain, Judge and I badly defeated at our camp on the second day's close upon the banks of the Red Rock Creek.

Where we camped the Red Rock was but a succession of deep, rocky pools, connected by a small flowing stream of clear, pure, sweet water—sweet, because the alkali which impregnated the waters of the Arkansas and the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River, both of which streams we had forded on our march, rendering them unfit for use, was entirely absent from the waters of the Red Rock, and its pools were filled with a great number of large-mouthed black bass of large size. Within a few minutes after halting, the Captain, Judge and I, equipped with our jointed rods, reels and fly-books, were industriously at work "having some fun with the bass," as the Judge had expressed his intent as soon as he saw them in the pools; but if there was any fun, the bass had it all, for with all our skill not one of us could cause a "bass to rise" with the most tempting of artificial flies, although we worked until we were called to supper just at dark. And on entering camp we met King just coming in, with the haunches of a fine fat doe and a pair of antelope hanging to his saddle, the result of his afternoon's divergence from the line of march.

Why smoking after supper should be the almost universal rule of life in camping out is left to be answered by some person more inclined to inquire after the cause producing this effect than I am; but my experience, after thirty years of annual vacations spent camping out, is that the weed never gives as much solace and satisfaction as when at the close of a day spent on the tramp or in the saddle, after the supper is ended and a well-seasoned briar-root pipe is filled, a congenial party of hunters or fishermen surround the camp-fire for a talk and smoke.

After our pipes were lighted the Judge told King of our fishing experience, and opening his fly-book showed him the flies that had been used by him without success.

A smile overspread King's face as he said, "Those pretty

things were only made to catch the men who buy them. The Red Rock bass are no fools; wait till morning and I will show you how to catch bass."

The glowing accounts of past achievements with bass caught with such bait related by the Captain and the Judge produced no effect on King further than to cause him to shake his head and say, "Wait till morning." At early dawn we three were again at work with our flies, to meet with no better success than the night before, when King approached us prepared to fish. His pole was a young sapling to which was fastened a large line and hook, of which the best description was afterward made by the Judge to me when lamenting over the result, "To think that we should be beaten by a half-breed Indian with a pole just the right size for a liberty pole, a line large enough for a picket rope, and a hook just fit to fish for alligators with." Putting a large grasshopper upon the hook, King lightly cast it upon the surface of the water, when to our surprise and disgust a rush was made for it by a dozen or more of the largest bass, and King swung one out on the bank of about 4lbs. weight, with two more soon following it, with the same bait. It is needless to say that our flies were quickly consigned to our pockets, and we began work with grasshopper baits, but King's hook seemed to be charmed, as he caught more than the three of us put together, until about twenty beauties had been caught, when he wound up his line, saying, "Enough now; leave rest for next time," the truth of which was so plain that we reluctantly followed his example, the Judge speaking the intent of each of us three, "that we would yet beat King catching fish if it took till Christmas," which we never did, for he always "had such good luck" that we were fortunate if all of us together could equal his catch in the many contests we had that fall. At our camp upon the North Fork of the Canadian, where we were delayed a day by the straying of some of our stock, King badly beat us again by shooting more wild geese with his rifle than the three of us did with our "scatter guns." While it seemed as if the number of geese could only be computed by millions, they would only stop upon the sand bars in the middle of the river, and we could only use our shotguns, as they flew over us going out of the river to feed at daylight in the morning, returning to the river from the feeding grounds at 10 o'clock, going out again at 2, and returning again just at dusk, which gave us four flights a day; while he went some distance above us and waded out and secreted himself in a tuft of willows at the head of a sand bar about three acres in extent, erecting the ones he shot for decoys, and I have never seen his equal in arranging a dead wild goose as a decoy.

On the afternoon of the eighth day out from Arkansas City we approached the South Fork of the Canadian, and King led us down from the upland prairie into a gently sloping park region with a few trees, from fifteen to twenty-five to the acre, scattered over its surface, the varieties being the white, jack, burr, red, yellow, chinquaquin and post oak, mixed with a large number of trees of pecan and shellbark hickory, with the surface of the ground broken occasionally by ravines—mere depressions of the surface at the upper side of the park region, becoming deep, rocky cañons at the lower side of the park land, which ended in an abrupt rocky precipice from 30 to 50ft. in height.

Over the greater portion of the surface a fire had swept, long enough before our coming for the new grass to cover the ground with a soft carpet of emerald green, while the unburned surface was covered by a growth of blue-stem prairie grass from 3 to 4ft. high.

After a march of more than a mile through this park region King suddenly stopped his pony, and springing from his saddle said, "Here we camp." The Captain in surprise asked, "Where will we get water?" For a reply King walked a few steps to an outcrop of rock, and pointing below it with his hand said, "There." Gushing from beneath the rock was a stream of clear, soft, cold water, sufficient in quantity to have supplied the wants of a good sized army. Our stock was soon hobbled and turned out to graze, the tents erected, a camp fire burning, and we were settled in the camp which was to be our temporary home for nearly two months.

Camp life seems to bring out the best there is in a man and has no equal in rubbing off the dignity of official position, creating a freedom of intimacy, cementing friendships that time cannot break, as well as giving appetites and digestive powers to those suffering with dyspeptic stomachs and livers. The chief of the party, addressed as Captain on the first day's march, had become plain Cap; the writer, who had on the first day's march been called Son by the Judge, had become Son to all the members of the party; while the Judge had entered the abandon of camp life with a joyousness that would have badly shocked his city friends, while his dignity had disappeared with his dyspepsia and no one of the party was better liked; while the hardest worker of the party could not dispose of a quart of coffee, black and strong, drank out of a tin cup clear and accompanied with a ration of 2lbs. of bacon or game and three or four half-loaf sized biscuits made after the recipe of 7 parts flour, 3 lard and 2 of baking powder, with water enough to mix, with a better appetite than the surfeited Judge of the first day's march.

While the others of the party were arranging camp, the Judge, Cap, King and I walked a short distance from the camp to a little knoll, and seating ourselves upon the green sward drank in the beauties of the scene before our delighted eyes. From our feet the land, with a very slight and gradual descent, could be seen through the openings among the trees for a distance of over a mile, seeming to blend with the forest of heavy timber skirting the canebrakes along the river, over two miles away, across the grassy bottom lands, between the park lands and the heavy-timbered land by the river. The Judge broke the silence, saying, "We ought to be in a game paradise, King. What kinds of game can Son and I find about to here to hunt?"

"Bear, panther, bobcat, wildcat, deer, opossum, coon, wild turkey, pigeon, duck, geese, chicken, and more wild hog than the rest put together," was the reply.

"Why do you put wild hog last?" asked Cap. "Wild hog is a devil, and won't let us alone if we leave him alone. He is only good for coyotes to eat, unless you get a young one, and an old sow can whip the devil. We will have trouble in camp till we kill a lot of them," was the answer.

"Haden't we better build a fort about the camp, King, to keep wild hogs out?" smilingly asked the Judge.

"You'll see," was the reply.

But the second and third days following, when the wild hogs did charge our camp, a fort would have been very acceptable even to the Judge, the account of which we will give in its proper place.

The wild hog, or razorback, of the Southwest is of an unknown origin, those best acquainted with them contending that it is descended from tame hogs lost or loosened by the Spaniards during the period of American discovery, as it presents many of the characteristics of the tame breeds, and will not mix with the smaller native wild hog, the jacqui or peccary, of the timbered lands of the Southwest, with which it seems to be engaged in an endless war, soon destroying or driving it out of whatever region the razorback preempts for its home.

Seated about the camp-fire that evening, King stated that we were in a region more infested with razorbacks than any other part of the Indian Territory, due to the abundance of food in the acorns, pecan and hickory nuts, with which those trees were loaded, and he further said, "You hunters are likely to run against them everywhere, and they are devils, worse than panther and bear, and when you shoot at them, or they charge you without shooting, climb a tree as quick as you can, and shoot them out of the tree." To which the judge replied, "I'd like to see anything in the shape of a hog that would make me climb a tree," and he saw it next day, four of the party being treed by the devils, and he was one of the treed.

Next morning the Judge, Cap, King and I, taking our rifles and followed by the hounds, left camp to examine a large ravine, described by King as being about two miles from camp, to see if the same could be used by the railway to make a descent through the rocky boundary of the park region to the bottom lands below, and incidentally to take care of anything in the shape of game we might meet with on our travels.

As we approached the upper end of the ravine the Judge started the hounds ahead, saying to us, "The hounds need exercise, and it will do them good to start a deer and make a little sport for us."

King, with a very serious look, said, "They'll start fifty hogs before one deer."

The hounds crossed the ravine, and as the high grass upon its further side had escaped the fire, they at once disappeared from our sight.

In a few minutes we heard the tongue of one of the hounds, at which the Judge said with gladness, "That's Spot, boys; venison for supper," but even as he ceased speaking we heard the squealing of a young pig, followed by the whoops of older hogs and the yelping of the hounds. "Tree, tree, git up out of the way of the devils," shouted King, as he ran up the slope to a good-sized burr oak tree with low limbs, and rapidly climbed up into its branches, followed by all of the rest of the party but the Judge, who stopped at the foot of the tree and snorted out, "Cowards to run from hogs; stand by me and we'll have fresh pork for supper," and then faced the hounds, which, followed by the hogs, had crossed the ravine and were coming direct to our tree. The Judge tried to get an aim at the hogs, but dared not shoot for fear of hitting one of the hounds, until they had approached within about 100yds., when he shouted, "Home, home," at which the hounds changed their course and ran toward the camp, and the Judge shot three times at the hogs without effect, save that they changed their course and charged directly at the Judge. Realizing his danger, he dropped his gun and climbed up into the tree, just escaping the jaws of the foremost hogs. As the Judge placed himself upon a large limb Cap pointed down at the upturned heads and foam-covered jaws of the hogs and said, "There, Judge, is something in the shape of a hog that can make you climb a tree. It's a pretty big lot of pork for one supper, ain't it?"

"Don't insult me by thinking I would taste of a piece of one of that drove of devils," was the reply; "but if I hadn't dropped my gun I'd soon be even with the whole lot."

"How many did you kill shooting from the ground, Judge?" asked Cap, but no answer came from the Judge.

By King's advice Cap and I had followed his example and had left the straps fastened to our guns by which we slung them from our saddles, and we had followed him in throwing the straps over our shoulders and taking our rifles up the tree with us, the benefit of which we realized as King said, "Boys, we've got to kill every one of those devils before we leave this tree," as he pointed his gun at one of the hogs and fired. Cap and I joined him in the shooting, and in a few minutes we had the entire drove of thirteen stretched out under the tree, and then descended to the ground, satisfied with the result, but not very much elated with our new experience in being hunted in place of being the hunters, and in addition we had to listen to the mirth of the balance of the camp that night when the Judge described our marksmanship, saying, "I never saw such a waste of ammunition; it took five loads to each hog, and they were so close they touched them on the backs with the muzzles of their guns, and yet one of them made a clean miss and splintered the stock of my gun where it was lying on the ground." One of our bullets or a tusk of one of the hogs had chipped a piece out of the stock of his gun, but he always insisted it was done by a bullet.

Looking over the bodies of the hogs, King pronounced them all old ones but one small sow, which he quickly dressed for taking into camp, and while we had "fresh pork for supper," it had a strange flavor from the mass upon which it had been feeding that was entirely new to every one of the party but King, and yet it was excellent juicy and tender.

That night, while taking our smoke around the camp fire and laughing about the incident with the hogs, the Judge, with pretended seriousness, regretted that the rest of us had killed all the hogs without giving him a chance, and closed by saying, "The most I am sorry for about it is that I'm afraid you killed all the hogs before the hound had got used to them so they could have some fun with them."

King's reply was, "Wait, our trouble with the devil has not yet begun."

The next day, Sunday, all of us lounged about the camp except King and the two darkies. While King left camp in the early morning to make a visit to a Chickasaw village some miles away, the negroes, taking Carlo with them, took a walk out in the direction of our hog killing of the day before. After cleaning and oiling our rifles we leaned them against a pole placed in two crotches a

one side of the camp, and had just seated ourselves for a quiet smoke, when one of the men called to us from a short distance below the camp that he had found "some pecan trees just loaded," and we all joined in the gathering of the pecan nuts, leaving our guns in camp.

To our surprise in a few minutes the hounds burst in sight a short distance away, followed by a small drove of razorbacks, and everyone of us hastened up a tree as quickly as possible, while the hounds, followed by the hogs, passed on to camp. All our tents had been shut up to keep the dry leaves and dirt from blowing in except the store or provision tent, through which the hounds charged, while the hogs stopped at the door of the tent a moment and then entered and began feeding on our provisions. The Judge, Cap, Shorty, the assistant engineer and I descended, and making a circuit of the camp soon had our rifles, and each one of us taking position by a tree up which we could climb if necessary, when a shot was fired by Cap and the hogs came charging for us, only to be killed before any of us were forced to tree. An examination of the hogs showed them to be five old sows, which were hauled out away from camp for a treat to the coyotes, which had nightly been serenading us. King returned in the evening, accompanied by two large-sized, disreputable looking Indian dogs of some mongrel breed, which made their triumphant entry into the camp by quickly whipping the spaniel and the hounds, while King, as if to add insult to injury, calmly said when asked why he brought those worthless curs to camp with him, "Them dogs are worth more for hunting in this country than all the hounds west of the Missouri River." After he had been told of the capture of the camp by the hogs he gravely said, "We'll have trouble with the devils as long as them hounds are loose, and they ought to be tied up."

The Judge replied, "No, no, let the hounds run a few days till they get used to the hogs, so that we can use them hunting bears and panthers in the canebrakes down by the river."

Next morning, just as we had gathered around our breakfast table—composed of the loose top side boards of the wagons resting on two poles supported by four crotched stakes—the camp was charged by the hounds and seven razorbacks, and we treed until we could shoot the hogs, which in the meantime had been helping themselves to our breakfast, and the Judge ordered his black boy, Sam, to "tie up the hounds and keep them tied."

The Friday afternoon following the Judge and I had been down in the river bottoms with our shotguns, shooting quail over Carlo, and climbing up through a break in the rock wall of the park land had gone along the top of the wall until we came up with the surveyors at work, when we were startled by the faint yelping of the hounds down near the river, either in the timber or canebrakes. As the entire party walked to the edge of the park land the Judge stated that he had told Sam to let the hounds loose for a run after we had been gone three hours, supposing they would follow our footsteps over the bottoms, and down in the bottoms there would be no chance to run against any hogs. King startled the whole party by saying, "All through the heavy timber close to the river are lots of white oak and pecan trees, and there are lots more hogs down in that timber and the canebrake than there is on the bluffs."

The hounds were then seen coming out of the heavy timber on a burned strip, followed by hundreds of hogs, running toward the rocks on which we were standing, and when they reached the rocks the drove of hogs was about a hundred yards away; but we were standing at the inner point of a bend of the rocky wall, and the drove surrounded the hounds upon the bottom side, cutting off any chance of escape along the side of the rocky wall. While the Judge and I fired all our heavy shot at the advancing hogs, we could not break their ranks, and in a minute or so at the bottom of the rocks there was a tumult of angry hogs, in which the hounds disappeared. When the hogs went back toward the river in a short time the only trace we could see of the hounds was some widely scattered bones.

In his anger at the death of his hounds the Judge declared a vendetta against the hogs, and as long as we remained in camp he never let an opportunity slip to kill every hog he could get a shot at; and thereafter never left the camp for bird shooting with a shotgun unless followed by Sam, carrying a rifle to use if any hogs were seen.

When seated around the camp-fire that night King told of a squaw-man (a white man married to a squaw) who, concluding to catch some young pigs to tame and fatten, had caught two young pigs and put them into his wagon, when their squealing called up a small drove of four old sows and a boar, which charged his team and killed his horses by ripping them open before he could shoot all the old ones, and thus disastrously ended his pork speculation.

The Judge, who had listened attentively to King's narrative, at its close asked the chief, "Can King go with us to-morrow, and can I have one of the teams? I've got a new plan for a hunt to-morrow, and need three men to help me besides a teamster and Sam."

"Certainly; I am only sorry that the work is in such shape that I can't leave it to go with you, or I'd only be too glad to go myself," was the reply.

In the morning the lightest wagon and fleetest team were selected, while the Judge and Sam fastened two spring seats, facing backward, near the rear end of the wagon. When his reasons for the placing of the seats in that position was asked, the Judge only said, "It is part of my plan, and you'll see the good of it before we get back to camp."

Directed by him, each of us filled the pocket of our hunting coat on the left side, as well as our belts, with cartridges, and King and I took the middle seat, while the Judge and Sam took the rear one, and we were driven up and out upon the prairie about five miles to a thicket of hazel and sumach bushes, near a timbered ravine and the edge of the park land.

Giving Sam his rifle to hold, the Judge jumped out of the end of the wagon and ran into the bushes, from which a loud squeaking was soon heard, and the Judge then came out of the bushes, grasping in each hand the hindlegs of a young pig weighing about 20 lbs. Calling to me to change seats with Sam, the Judge ran to the side of the wagon and handed the pigs to Sam, ordering him to hold fast to them; he then jumped into the rear end of the wagon, with the order to the driver of "Run your

team for camp as fast as they can run." Before we had gone 100 yds. a drove of ten razorbacks broke out of the bushes, led by a gaunt boar of an extra large size, and came charging after us, while we began shooting as fast as we could fire. One after another of the hogs dropped until the boar alone was left, upon whom our shots seemed to have no effect, when, from stumbling or stepping into a badger's hole, one of the horses fell, the wagon upset, and we were all thrown sprawling upon the ground except King, who striking upon his feet ran off quartering a short distance from the charging boar, when he stopped and by a well directed shot brought him to the ground, where a second shot finished him before he could rise to continue his charge.

While we were righting the wagon the Judge stated that King's story of the squaw-man the night before had recalled to his mind an account he had read of the Russian way of wolf-hunting, and having discovered the nest of young pigs a few days before while looking through the brush for wild turkeys, he had concluded that the Russian way of wolf-hunting would be a good plan to shoot wild hogs with, and though the plan worked all right he had made no calculations for any chance of the wagon being upset by one of the horses falling into a badger hole, and one such trial was enough to last him a lifetime.

On my inquiring of King, "Why did you run off to one side to shoot the boar?" he led us back to the body of the boar and told me to take my knife and rip his hide open on the neck. Taking out my sheath-knife, which had a razor edge, I made a slight stroke at the hide, when, to the surprise of all but King, the knife seemed to make no impression upon the hide. He then took the hide and by careful and continued cutting opened the hide upon the back and skinned it down over a shoulder, and cut off a piece of the hide, which to our astonishment was over 3 in. thick. He then stated that as a wild boar grows old from some cause his shield or hide over head, neck and shoulders thickens and hardens until it becomes bullet-proof, and is his great defense in his battles with others of his kind, and with bears and panthers, which he does not hesitate to attack, generally coming off victorious. He then pointed out places on the shield where our bullets had hit him and glanced off, making slight scratches, and said that he ran off to one side to get a shot at the boar behind his shield.

Returning to the wagon, the Judge asked Sam what had become of the pigs, and Sam replied, "King threw them out of the wagon before we got upset."

King then explained that he had cut the throats of the pigs and thrown them out of the wagon to stop their squealing, and had just thrown the last one out as the wagon upset, and but for the upset the boar, when he came to it, would have stopped to examine it until we got out of the way.

The bodies of the pigs were picked up and taken to camp, and while we found the roast pork delicious, and thereafter during our camp life used it frequently to vary our bill of fare, none of us ever cared to hunt hogs again after the Judge's improved Russian plan, and the pigs we roasted thereafter were obtained by careful work of the Judge, King or the writer, always watching and shooting the old sow first, and then killing the pigs by shooting them through the head, taking no chances of causing them to squeal to call up a drove of old ones.

A BOAR HUNT IN FRANCE.

CHATEAU BAUDELLOT MIGEON, à Harancourt, Ardennes, France.—The woods of the Ardennes, noted throughout Europe, are located in the extreme northwest of France and border the countries of Belgium and Germany. They cover an immense district and belong to the French Government. The province of Ardennes has always been famous for its wild boars and other game, for Kings Charlemagne and Clovis had hunting lodges in them and used to come with their courts for an annual hunt in its famous woods. It has also been a battlefield, from times immemorial, upon which some of the most momentous events of history have been transacted. The Normans left countless ruins behind them in this historic province, and the battlefield of Waterloo is almost within rifle shot of it, and the fateful battle of Sedan (its capital) bathed its peaceful valleys and hills in blood, and marked the transformation of France from a monarchy into a republic and the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty.

The sun was vainly struggling to find its way through the clouds; from the chateau window could be seen the fog, in woolly like masses, tumbling among the tree tops on the hills across the valley. Within all was comfort, there was the merry blazing logs in a huge open fireplace, and the song of birds came to the ear softly from amid the foliage of an adjoining conservatory; without, dampness and drizzle and fog—fog everywhere. Suddenly there came the quick tapping of finger tips on the window, and the animated face of Charles Albert Antoine Baudelot was disclosed, his eyes blazing with excitement. "Hola!" he cried, "the wild boars! Uncle's gamekeeper has just come in and reports that several were in the woods near Montjoie, in the preserves. We must not lose a moment!"

No fire, no earthquake, could create more excitement in an Ardennes chateau than the cry of "wild boars!" In a moment servants were scurrying hither and thither to notify neighboring gentlemen to come and join in the chase, for a wild boar hunt to be successful needs not only courage, but numbers. It seemed but a trice when behind a giant gray mare—which the excited Albert, a very youthful cousin, urged at a smart pace along the broad macadamized road—we were on the way. Albert explained how every morning the gamekeeper makes a tour around the forests and keeps with an observing eye about him for signs of game. This morning his practiced eye had seen in the soft mud the imprints of the feet of the wild boar, the toe marks all pointing to the forest, and as no footprints were seen leading away he knew the boars were still there; for they are nocturnal animals and nest secluded during the day in the shades of the wood, and they were likely to be there all day; so the faithful fellow hurried to the chateau to give the tidings.

The Ardennes are not all forest; it is one of the best cultivated parts of France, only certain hills and valleys not specially cultivatable are reserved by the wealthy for wood for fuel and hunting preserves. The forest of the Ardennes proper is a deep fringe of woods bordering on Belgium mostly.

Our way to the forests of La Comette, the preserves where the boars were seen, led us upward through

a peaceful cultivated valley—the same by the way in which the exhausted French army slept after the battle of Beaumont on the eve of the battle of Sedan—and Albert pointed out the places in the woods where in 1871, unknown to the sleeping army of France, the videttes of the German army looked down upon them, sure of their prey on the day following. Very soon we left the main route and journeyed over a road through the fields, always upward. To the right could be seen the mist enshrouded valley of Veudresse and rising above the fog the bold outlines of Storm Mountain, once in ancient times a camp and burial place of the Romans, and over which still runs one of the famous roads, beautifully paved and 50 ft. wide, but now overgrown and running without any deviation for hill or ravine as straight as a line for 131 miles, from Rheims, France, to Trave in Germany.

On and up, still we toiled. In half an hour [the forest of La Comette comes into view, a long, low line of wood across the top of the mountain, dipping down into the mist-covered valley of the Storm. For generation after generation La Comette has been used for the chase in the same family, and it has roads and paths especially devised for convenience in passing through its hundreds of acres. In its depths is a little hunting lodge located for shelter from wintry winds in an old narrow quarry.

The chase began about time of our arrival. The hunters had all assembled with guns and dogs. Absolute silence was maintained, for the wild boar is a timid animal when not wounded, and then he becomes a fiend incarnate and fights desperately. We carefully hid our horses in the edge of the forest and waited, while the master of the hunt, a tall, grizzled veteran, placed the hunters around the piece of forest the boars were thought to be in. Silently and surely was the cordon drawn; even the dogs seemed to catch the spirit of silence, and uttered not a sound. Albert and I being guests and unarmed were placed at the best point of observation—at a corner of the wood looking down a road through the center, and to the left affording a view along the side of the forest. We were enjoined not to speak above a whisper. It was a dramatic sight—the view to our right down that narrow forest avenue—to see, stationed a few rods apart, a line of four or five armed men standing like statues, silently awaiting their savage quarry, when the signal should be given that all was ready and the dogs should be let loose to hunt the boars out. Minutes passed, and to us they seemed hours, as we stood there amid the dripping boughs with ears strained, waiting to hear the bay of the dogs as a signal of commencement.

Albert leaned over and whispered, "In the excitement and hurry of leaving I forgot to bring a revolver, which it would be well to have in case we are attacked by a wounded boar."

"Ah, Albert! you are a forgetful boy! Why not a gun?"

"Oh, no, no!" answered Albert, "neither of us have hunting permits, for hunting is an expensive luxury in France; every one who is lucky enough to have a place to hunt in must pay the French Government a good round sum for a permit to carry a gun."

"Do you feel easy here without some sort of arm?"

"To tell you the truth I don't," whispered Albert in reply.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a wild and prolonged bay from a dog, which rang out, echoed and re-echoed through the woods with startling force.

"The hunt is on!" cried Albert. "Keep your eyes open," and quickly following came redoubled the frantic yelps of the dogs keen on the scent; then gun shots and cries of "hoo! hoo!" from the hunters at the other side of the woods. It was wildly exciting to us as we stood there gazing at each other and not knowing what was taking place in the woods out of our sight. We were, however, not destined to remain long in suspense; there was a crash and snapping of boughs and twigs in the forest very near us; then there came out into the open not more than a rod from us a huge wild boar. The bristles on the back of his great brown body stood erect, like the spines of a fish, his mouth was agape, with tongue lolling, and his gleaming tusks were clattering viciously together. He saw us at the same moment and half paused, turning his great long head for a better view, and then with a snarling growl, half grunt, he turned and loped cumbrously over a plowed field, on the edge of which we were standing, and disappeared into the valley beyond, leaving us not very fully recovered from our astonishment and consternation.

Of all the wrathful sights of man or beast, commend me a wild boar! Never will I forget that clattering display of tusks.

"If he had been wounded he would have attacked us," said Albert.

"Albert, how did he look to you?"

"About the size of an elephant, with a mouth the size of a barn doorway and teeth a yard long," replied Albert.

"Bang! bang!" "Yow, yow, yow!" from the dog. We were again in the midst of it. It seemed as if the hunt was concentrated around us two poor, unarmed and badly scared spectators, and so it was. There was another great crashing and snarling in the bushes at our left, and a huge boar broke through, closely followed by dogs. He leaped across the road and disappeared in the forest at the other side. Hardly had we recovered our startled senses from this when the smashing and breaking of branches near us was renewed; a shot rang out, and a great wild boar tumbled with a half somersault almost at our feet, dead. At the same moment Cousin Emil Baudelot appeared with a smoking gun, preceded by his dogs.

"Il est mort!" ("He is dead!") he shouted.

The other hunters rushed up and congratulations were showered on young Emil, only 20 years old, and this his first boar.

That day two wild boars were the result of the hunt. Space forbids the telling of how the hunters all adjourned to the old Chateau Montjoie; how in the banquet hall came the feast and toasts which invariably follow a successful hunt, and at which stories were recounted of adventures with wounded boars in long past hunts, songs were sung, and the liver of the day's quarry was served, smoking amid a savory sauce, as had been the custom for centuries past in the same old hall; for in this country, whose civilization dates back into the dawn of history, a century is but as a decade.

THEO. H. SEYMOUR.

* Signal that boars were seen.

ABOUT OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer, as doubtless all the other readers of FOREST AND STREAM, was deeply impressed by the extraordinary excellence of the Dec. 28 number of "our own sportsman's journal." It would be difficult or impossible to find elsewhere grouped together such an array of talent and ability in this field as is presented by the galaxy of stars who constitute the list of contributors to that number, and I may remark in passing that FOREST AND STREAM appears to be coming out stronger from year to year in the number and ability of its active contributors.

Mr. Robert T. Morris heads the list with an idyllic description of "Hopkins's Pond," and arouses a lively sympathy in the bosoms of all the old boys who cherish the memory of boyhood days. Mr. Rowland E. Robinson gives "A Bee Hunter's Reminiscences" in his usual happy vein, which never fails to enchain the interest of his readers. I learned from a chance allusion of one of your contributors that Mr. Robinson has been totally deprived of his eyesight, in which affliction he will certainly have the warmest condolences of a host of FOREST AND STREAM readers.

Next comes Mr. Charles Hallock, with a most enjoyable description of "A Christmas on the Rio Grande." Then "Close Quarters with a Grizzly," by Mr. Morton Grinnell, is a well-told and most interesting narrative.

Your readers will all share in regrets at the recent death (announced in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM) of Mr. Edward Jack, who contributed a short but very interesting sketch of the "Maliseets and Mohawks."

The gifted El Comancho soars aloft among the cloud wreaths of dreamland most entertainingly in "The Talking Pine," with a suggestion that we will have further opportunity to enjoy the production of his mystical pen in the No. 1 in the caption of his article.

I have reserved the adjective "charming" to characterize Alice D. Le Plongeon's little picture of domestic life in British Honduras, in "Cat, Kittens and Kid."

"Teal and Tarpon at Tampico," by F. S. J. C., is a well written and most readable narration.

Mr. Paul Pastnor deserves a place away up in the art gallery for his very amusing and highly entertaining story of "The Christmas Grouse," with its lucid illustration of the battlefield.

But where has Ransacker been keeping himself all this while? Surely he has been most reprehensibly "hiding his light," and withholding from FOREST AND STREAM one of the raciest pens that has adorned its pages. While contemplating the magnificent array of rich contributions in FOREST AND STREAM's "banner number," amid a good many doubts as to their comparative excellence, I believe I am inclined to cast my vote to "At Sunrise in the Sierras" as being entitled to the prize.

I trust we shall hear more from Ransacker.

Mr. W. S. Smith's description of his trip "To the Eckenlockhatchee" is exceedingly "picturesque" and full of refreshing scenes of forest and stream.

And now I come to our own inimitable Mr. E. Hough, in whose fascinating pen all of FOREST AND STREAM's readers feel a proprietary interest, for he belongs to all of us. An attempt at commendation from my Faber No. 2 would be a bootless task—a "measuring of a mountain with an ell yard wand." I hope we shall soon have Mr. Hough's story of his second bear hunt with Bob Bobo in the Mississippi canebrakes, where, as Horace Kephart says, when a man enters "he is alone with his maker." Mrs. M. E. Warren's delightful chat about "Curly" has made me fairly in love with—the dog—I might have said with Mrs. Warren, if I knew she was a widow; but in these days of annihilated distances a possible Mr. Warren might possess an arm long enough to reach away down in Mississippi, with an intimation that I would better keep my affections until called for or words to that effect. Last, but not by any means least, comes "The Realization of a Dream," in which Mr. H. N. Curtis "does himself proud" in a good story, well told and superbly illustrated.

In thus briefly noticing the principal contributions in FOREST AND STREAM's Christmas number I have of course done poor justice to any of them, as each one of the articles affords matter for extended comment, my purpose being to express my high appreciation, which is shared by thousands besides myself, of FOREST AND STREAM's growing excellence and of the individual merits of each and every one of her splendid corps of contributors, which I do without any feeling of constraint, being myself a "back number." COAHOMA.

Natural History.

CUNNING COCKROACHES.

In the Caribbean Sea we once had to take passage in a small sloop that was a regular Noah's ark, such a diversity of creatures had been stowed therein.

On the deck there was only one clear spot large enough for a human body to repose at full length, and that space was in possession of a man from Spanish Honduras.

On the floor of the cabin, which was 10ft. long and 6ft. wide, a few turtles, each weighing 300 or 400lbs. lay helpless on their backs, their flaps sewn together. From time to time those victims heaved gasping sighs. Finding sufficient room to lie down on the floor, I utilized the soft side of a turtle in the absence of a more inviting pillow. When quite exhausted, a weary mortal can sleep under any conditions.

Never having been partial to cockroaches, I had sent no invitations to those inhabiting the sloop. Nevertheless, Neptune had only just lulled me to sleep when a company of winged callers assembled and, finding me in a passive mood, simply walked over me. The visitors were well worthy of consideration, being of the full grown 3½ in. kind; and when one member of the party bestrode the bridge of my nose I felt called upon to arise and resent such unjustifiable intrusion. After some persuasion the impertinent wretches retired, my pillow and I heaving a sigh of relief. The largest cockroaches are not necessarily the smartest. Those Caribbeans were big, but in cunning they could not be compared with some that invaded our domicile in the city of Merida (Yucatan, Mexico). They lacked beauty, but were as clever as they were ugly.

All the apartments of our house were on the ground

floor, in a line, parlor, bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, in very primitive style. The cockroaches preferred the kitchen, and they being much given to nocturnal wanderings whole regiments paraded the walls after nightfall. As there was no chimney, the walls were begrimed with soot, but the enterprising insects cared nothing about that. We were assured that the invaders could not be exterminated, but we had a decided objection to their multiplying to such an extent as to prevent the cook from doing her work. We decided to enlist the co-operation of a snow-white, frisky, sagacious hen. At 9 o'clock at night we lifted her from her perch. She was indignant at being forced to get up in the middle of the night, and loudly expressed her opinion. Coaxing her into calmness we carried her and a lighted candle to the stronghold of our enemies, that were out in full force. The amiable chicken entered into the business indicated to her with considerable spirit and besides frightening many of the winged tribe killed a few, though each execution was a task. The cockroaches, obeying an instinct which is common to many creatures, availed themselves of the damp and sooty stains on the wall, hurrying to such as were of their own color, thus making it more difficult for the hen to see them. The lazy cook had left small pieces of charcoal scattered over the floor. These were at once utilized as dodging posts, each being held by a wily insect that, peeping upward and round the corners, kept a sharp lookout and shifted from side to side evading our ally's beak. As soon as the dear creature lost patience and turned her head in another direction the dodger scampered off to seek better shelter.

Anyone who has studied the cockroach family knows that the above is all quite true.

Every night we induced our chicken to renew the campaign and we thus prevented a too rapid increase of the winged colony. ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

SOME FEATHERED FOREIGNERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been pleased at reading lately in American sporting papers that clubs are being formed to shoot *Passer domesticus*, and hope they will continue at work until he is exterminated; but I beg to protest, for several reasons, against the name "English sparrow" being given to him. Firstly, it is annoying to see England credited with being the source of such a pest; secondly, I have read in an American paper that the bird was really introduced by a German clergyman; thirdly, the sparrow is no more English than he is French, German, or Russian. He inhabits the Old World from the western coasts of Europe to, I believe, the eastern coasts of China. He swarms in India, where the grain annually destroyed by him amounts probably to millions of bushels.

Some individuals who believe that "everything was created for a wise purpose" contend that the sparrow does more good than harm by eating insects and the seeds of weeds. So far as I have been able to ascertain he collects caterpillars and grubs for the nestlings, but only while they are unfledged. From the time the young birds can fly they subsist almost entirely upon vegetable food, and the damage they do in gardens is most irritating.

Early in the spring sparrows pluck bunches of blossom off the currant bushes and drop them on the ground, apparently from sheer mischief. Later in the season they eat the currants.

Young peas must be protected by netting as soon as the shoots appear above ground, otherwise the sparrows stop their growth by eating the tops. When the pods begin to fill, sparrows peck holes in them, eat one or two peas in each pod and leave the remainder to shrivel.

I once planted a large bed with radish seed and neglected to cover it with netting for two or three days. In that time the sparrows worked so industriously at digging up and swallowing the seeds that only six radishes ever grew.

Although sparrows sometimes rob house martins of their nests, they do not drive away our insect-eating birds to the same extent as is reported in America. Our robin, which greatly resembles your bluebird in structure, size and habits, is such a desperate fighter that sparrows are afraid of molesting him. If it were not for this pugnacity I would gladly see him introduced into the States, but fear that he would hunt away the lovely little bluebird from the neighborhood of houses. He is certainly one of the most useful birds in this country, singing for about ten months in the year and living almost entirely upon insects and worms. He may perhaps occasionally eat a few currants and will take bread crumbs in cold weather. He is so tame that he often hops within 2 or 3 yds. of anyone digging in a garden, ready to pick up wire worms and grubs. During a very sharp frost he sometimes comes inside our houses and remains until the weather becomes milder.

Not long ago I read in an American paper a suggestion to import the European blackbird, but earnestly hope that this will not be attempted. The blackbird sings beautifully during three months out of twelve, and lives largely upon insects. He is also, unfortunately, the greatest stealer of fruit in this country, beginning with the earliest currants and raspberries, and stripping whole bushes if not stopped. All through the rest of the season he feasts upon plums, cherries, grapes, figs, pears and apples. Of the last he destroys fully four times as many as he eats, by pecking holes in them and leaving them to decay on the trees. At one residence I had a small orchard where the blackbirds spoiled in this way many bushels of apples annually. They are so watchful when stealing and quick at putting a tree between themselves and a gun, that a man who can shoot one out of every four that he catches a glimpse of ought to be a match for the wariest old ruffed grouse or woodcock.

In another American paper I saw an objection made to the European starling being introduced on the ground that he is mischievous. The writer must have been misinformed about him, for it is doubtful whether there is a more innocent and useful bird in existence. During the whole year his food consists of grubs and insects, although he will eat bread crumbs when starving in frosty weather. He has indeed been occasionally accused of taking fruit, but I have never seen one starling doing so, and they have built nests in the chimneys of every house I have lived in for many years past. The accusation probably arose through young blackbirds being mistaken for young starlings, which they resemble in size and color before the bills of the former acquire their bright yellow tint.

I lately spoke about this to a friend who is very fond of natural history and has always lived in houses where starlings bred. He stated that he had never known them steal the fruit.

Starlings make great efforts to sing, but only succeed in producing a low warbling noise. If they persevere in this for a few more thousands of years, they will perhaps develop into fine songsters.

I find a paragraph in FOREST AND STREAM about the successful introduction of pheasants into the States. It is to be hoped that they will be protected until they spread over wide tracts of country. Besides being first-rate game birds, they devour immense quantities of wire worms and other pests by which farmers are persecuted.

If the raleej or silver pheasant has not been imported he would be quite worth trying. He lives on the slopes of the Himalayas up to a height of 6,000ft. above the sea—so would probably thrive in the mountains of the Southern States.

Another bird which ought to repay the trouble of acclimatizing is the large bustard of India. He subsists to a great extent upon beetles, grasshoppers and above all locusts, so he would be especially useful in Utah and some of the other Western States. His flesh is excellent and he affords fine sport with the rifle, being as difficult to stalk as an antelope.

There are two smaller kinds of bustard in India, called houbara and floriken. Both of them live upon insect food and are good for the table. They are less wary than the large bustard—so can usually be approached within range of a shotgun. J. J. MEYRICK.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

BIRDS, NOT MONKEYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Darwin was a very great man, but like a man he made his mistakes, and probably the most remarkable of all was that he should have believed that men were mere improved monkeys. Of course no one believes that now. Lots of people used to think monkeys were mirrors, reflecting their own faces and forms and all that, but they would feel insulted if they were told they looked like monkeys or monkeys looked like them now. The real ancestors of the human race were, of course, birds; of one kind or another, not yet exactly determined. It is evident, however, that the birds of paradise (*Paradisea*) family are as closely allied to the human race by way of brains, the artistic senses especially, as any, while the human form is not so different from the heron family as might be. The seeming difficulty in the matter of teeth and bills is not so hard to explain. The *hesperornis* had socketed teeth, while the mandibles of birds themselves are nothing but projecting jawbones.

Monkeys don't build houses, men and birds do. The housekeeping of many birds is not dissimilar from that of human beings. It is the male bird who seeks the favor of the female, and although we consider the male birds handsomest as a rule, who is to say that the males of birds do not have a "fairer sex?" Surely no one till the languages of birds are understood. And there is a bird language of which we are already able to distinguish this much: love songs, war cries and cries of fear of many if not all birds.

Many birds are human in their actions, or shall we say many actions of mankind are birdlike? We do say so. We admit it in our language. In the southern Adirondacks there is a dance in which two of the figures are expressed by "Birdie fly in and hawkie fly out, birdie fly out and give hawkie a swing." I doubt not that in the dances of the herons there is a "Birdie fly out" call, but do not know as to the "Hawkie fly in." We say: "She is a bird," a "dove" and "now, birdie!" all of which expressions in one form or another appear in the written literature of all languages and ages, indicating the closeness of birds' lives to our own.

We have a custom of giving to our relatives or friends a little tidbit or ornamental trinket. It is the old bird instinct that crops out in our lives. The bower and gardener birds, who are our next of kin as far as brains go, when they visit their wives or sweethearts in the reception room of their country house always take along a flower, a beautifully colored feather, a bright shell, a handsome insect or a bit of ornamental fruit, not a few of which articles are acceptable to human sweethearts and wives. These birds are not American birds, but no doubt there are American birds that give presents.

Vanity is not lacking among human beings (*Ornithus humanici*) or birds. In fact, the most beautiful birds are as conscious of their splendor as any human beau, and there are a lot of birds who think they are lovely when they are not, likewise as in the human family. And there are birds that do not think much of personal adornments, and if we only knew their talk what wonderful histories, romances, fables and tales of travel, might we hear from the plain night birds—herons, owls and the like; and what a lot of bad stories the cowbirds must have to tell one another. The feathered sportsmen, or, as we would say, feathered pot-hunters, hawks, eagles and so on, no doubt tell one another about sly partridges and quail quite as much as do our sportsmen.

How immeasurably above the improvident bluejay must the one that has stored up its acorns, bush nuts and the like feel, and how he must swagger around when the improvident one whines when hungry. What a punishment must the improvident one get when it gets caught stealing the wealthy one's fortune. And when human beings do such things they are but carrying out the old bird instinct.

Then there are families of birds in which, when half a dozen of them get together, they pitch on to some one little bird and proceed to do him up. It is the English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) that is most notorious for this. This little immigrant has got an idea it owns all birdland, going about in bands of half a dozen or more to prove it. There is a little bird not quite so big as the English sparrow, belonging to the same class, known as the chipping or American sparrow (*Spizella socialis*). Six of the English sparrows proceeded to whip one American sparrow out on Long Island once. It looked pretty serious for the Yankee bird for a while, with all the others a-pecking him from all sides, but pretty soon the Yankee got in enough blows to make the others stand back a bit. After that he soon had all but one of the birds out of sight. This one paraded around like a cock turkey till the Yankee sailed in and sent it clear up on to the fence, pecked it along for 20ft. or so, and pretty soon

the English sparrow took refuge in a cedar tree where the American bird couldn't find it. After that the same six tried to whip the Yankee bird again, but got whipped as badly as before. When human beings stand up against odds for their rights, it is but the cropping out of the bird instinct as shown in this case of *Socialis*. (D. G. Elliot, *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. II., p. 23.)

In regard to the games played by birds and men there is a marked resemblance, which shows conclusively the survival of old bird instincts. Tag and hide-and-seek are as popular among children of men as they are among the birds. Variations are frequent in both families. Puss-in-corner is but a development of bird play.

One sees a high-hole (*Colaptes auratus*) fly at another perched on a tree branch. The other flies away, only to return and fly at the first as it had been flown at. Swallows are the swiftest tag flyers. The instinct to chase one another still abides in human beings, having been ingrained before our letters were formed. Some crusty old men are very cross at boys for making a noise. A drum is one of the most used, most acceptable presents one can give a boy; toys with bells or rattling joints are more popular than mere books with pictures in. Boys delight to yell, to shriek, to blow whistles and horns of all sorts. In fact, the blowing of horns is not confined to small boys, as witness New Year's, when the more noise a man can make the better he likes it. The boom of cannon is thrilling. We are an odd mixture of bird life. The boom of guns, cannon and drums is but the echo of our pheasant ancestors calling to their sweethearts. The small boy who delights himself while going down to the village street rasping the picket fence with a stick is but carrying out the instinct he inherited from the woodpecker family, whose chief delight is in the rattle and bang of some splinter of an old dead tree. The whistles, horns, shrieks and cries are but the quaverings of birds' voices in the distance of past ages.

When men were more like birds than they are now many of them found it difficult to break off their old habits of life. This is no better shown than in the workings of our divorce courts. Some men live happily all their lives with their wives. So do some birds. Other birds must needs change every year, and so some men feel as though they ought to. They are not to be blamed too harshly; it is the old bird instinct.

A moment ago I spoke of the herons' dances. Herons are not the only feathered dancers, but those whose forms most resemble the human form dance most. I have seen the little tip-up, so common along our country streams, in a kind of dance. These dances are as varying as the dances of the human family. Jigs are not unpopular with both; gliding, graceful marches, two-steps, double and single dancers and all together in forms intricate and simple. Spectators are not inconsiderable in either class. The glittering of a ball room crowded with human beings glistening with jewels is no more inspiring now than it was in the days when the human race had wings and feathers. The colors on our ancestors' backs were just as beautiful to their eyes as the jewels of to-day are to ours, and the love of glittering objects is as manifest in the babies as it is in the birds. A bluejay will steal a thimble from an open window and a baby will reach for the moon, or a gas or wood flame. For brilliancy of color, the splendor of sunsets is as much admired by birds as by men, as witness the worship of the sun by the Aztecs and by the best known bird of paradise (*Paradisea apoda*), the great emerald, which "flies from branch to branch, opens its wings, extends them to their full length, raises and depresses its long plume-like feathers, * * * utters loud cries" on seeing a brilliant sunrise or sunset from the tops of the tallest trees, where it "abandons itself to the most passionate excitement" (*FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. II., p. 66). This most beautiful of birds feels the thrill of beauty which we feel on seeing the sun, tended by the colored clouds, in the low west or east.

"We love our brothers," too often "not wisely, but too well." The young boy, and many an old one, delights in a bird in a cage. Hundreds of nests each year shelter life only to be robbed of it by a boy who wants a pet bird. We like to have a bird around the house singing, or if they won't sing we look to them joyful at their life. We even kill them and perch them, dead and stuffed with straw or something else, in our rooms to look at. Many a bird would be glad to have a mounted man or man cub in its playground. The gardener bird (*Amblyornis inornata*) of Papua, for instance, would be most pleased if it could take one of those little white china dolls, the size of a crow's bill, to its sweetheart in its reception room, where the doll would be one of the most conspicuous of ornaments. No creatures agree quite so well as birds and men. In a few days a man in an isolated hut in the woods will have a dozen or hundreds of fearless visitors of the feathered tribe if he will but act the chickadee or duck, instead of the hawk or shrike. It is brotherly love.

Columbus yearned toward the west for years. There was a tearing at his heart. Voices without him said, "Come!" Voices within said, "Go!" He went. And here we are in America while voices from all directions say, "Come!" It is the old migrating instinct of the goose. Travelers among us tell their tales of far-off lands, of what they saw, just enough to make us wish to go there too. The old ganders tell the goslings of the far-away south, of food a-plenty, of beauties, of kinsmen and friends, and a little perhaps of dangers. The trials, the storms, the gauntlet of hawks, eagles and men of prey are scarcely thought of. A voice says, "Come!" We go. As there are men who have never tried on their wings—the awkward beam ones we have made to serve the purpose—there are birds that are also sedentary. I have known a partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) that never traveled a dozen miles from his native hillside in his life; so have I known men that never cared to migrate.

We win our wives by our good looks, our genius, our wealth, our skill or by main strength, whipping all our rivals, fighting them to the death with our artificial spurs, or we don't win them. It is the same with birds. The *Amblyornis inornata* that builds the finest bower and makes the most beautiful presents is the lady *Inornata's* choice. As the taste as to what is finest differs among women, so it differs with birds.

"What on earth can she see in the likes of him, I'd like to know" is spoken quite as often among birds as it is among our kind. If you don't believe it study the birds next spring as they are waiting. Every year there are bachelor birds and these birds raise all sorts of trouble in bird life. Take the crow for instance. Seldom

in a large swamp, never in a small one, is more than one nest built. Let another crow come near that swamp and one of the crows of the nest starts for it, whereupon the other follows and the two birds put the one to flight quickly. Sometimes there is no rush at the odd crow and it is but justice to presume that one of the mates is away intriguing perhaps. If that characteristic don't show in the human family what does? The two are alike. The *Cervidae* are allied to the *Paradisea* distantly and men are allied to both. It has been argued with some effect on not over exact minds that the tree instinct of monkeys still abides in man. It is said that the delight of boys and girls and men in climbing up steep cliffs or grasping topmost branches of tall trees is the cropping out of monkeyism. But we have gone farther than the monkey ever could conceive of. A monkey can climb to a treetop, but only a bird would think of going beyond. Why was a balloon invented? Why do inventors pass their lives trying to make themselves a machine that will bear them aloft? The bird in us will not down. We must fly, and till we are birds in the air once more we will be dissatisfied.

We like to be among the trees, in their branches. The lull and soothing music of rustling leaves puts us to sleep as quickly now as when our nests swayed on the tree branches. Our easy rocking-chairs are substitutes for treetops, our hammocks are orioles' nests.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

California Academy of Sciences.

THE officers elected for 1896 are: President, David Starr Jordan; First Vice-President, William E. Ritter; Second Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Corresponding Secretary, J. O'B. Gunn; Recording Secretary, G. P. Rixford; Treasurer, L. H. Foote; Librarian, Charles A. Keeler; Director of Museum, J. Z. Davis; Trustees, W. C. Burnett, W. S. Chapman, Charles F. Crocker, W. S. Keyes, E. J. Molera, George C. Perkins, G. W. Stewart.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

TO APPEAL TO CONGRESS.

WE have received from City Attorney F. A. Williams, of Denver, Colo., the following report of an interview printed in the *Denver Times*:

The problem of protecting the wild game of this and adjoining States is becoming more and more serious, and seems to require Congressional aid. City Attorney Williams yesterday sent to Congressman Shafroth, by arrangement with him, a copy of a bill for an act to prevent interstate commerce in the carcasses, meat, hides and horns of wild game.

In conversation with a *Times* reporter Mr. Williams explained the purpose of the bill. He said: "All the wild game killed by ranchmen and sportsmen in the ordinary course of things would not greatly reduce the game still remaining in this State, and, were it not for the wholesale slaughter made by Indians and pot-hunters, the elk and antelope would be preserved a long time, and deer would always take care of themselves. During the season when ranchmen and sportsmen can reach the game, the game is scattered; but when the annual migrations occur, and the game is collected in great herds, it is easy to destroy them in great numbers. This has been done every year for a series of years, and I understand that the destruction this fall by Indians was alarming in extent.

"The decision of Judge Riner, in Wyoming, in the habeas corpus case against Racehorse, one of the Bannock Indians, is probably good law, but unless reversed or modified by the Supreme Court I fear it seals the fate of wild game in Wyoming and Colorado unless the treaties with certain Indian tribes can be altered. This is a matter requiring attention on the part of the representatives of these States in Congress, and I am hoping that when the matter can be brought in the proper way to their attention and the proposition formulated that these treaties can be so altered that an Indian will have no more right to destroy the natural attractions of these States than a white man.

Indians and Pot-Hunters.

"The motive for Indians and pot-hunters is the same—the hope of gain. The Indians dispose of the hides to their agents and the agents to merchants. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand that Indian agents are very willing for the Indians to take their annual hunt in Colorado under the pretext of looking for 'ponies.' I think hides bring the pot-hunter about 50 cents each and the Indian much less, and for the sake of this small sum an animal is destroyed, for the pleasure of taking which a local sportsman would spend anywhere from \$35 to \$100, and a non-resident \$200 to \$300, in money that would be distributed principally in the immediate vicinity of the game preserves.

"One of the principal difficulties confronted by the game wardens is the fact that the game preserves lie so near the boundary line of other States. The game is killed in this State, taken over the line to Utah or Wyoming, and on the representation that it was not killed in those States is shipped to markets extending all the way from New York to San Francisco, some of it being shipped directly back to Denver and other points in Colorado. The hides nearly all go East to the glovemakers, and the number shipped from points in Colorado is something appalling.

States are Handicapped.

"Every State is handicapped in attempting to prevent the shipment of hides and meat out of the State by the limitations of the United States Constitution, which reserves to Congress the sole power to regulate interstate commerce. We can prohibit shipments from points within to other points within this State, but not from points within to points without the State. If we could prevent interstate traffic in the hides and meat of wild game there would be no motive for Indians or pot-hunters, as there would be no sale for the hides or meat, and the wholesale destruction of our rapidly diminishing herds would be arrested.

"It may be said that Congress has no interest in the preservation of these local attractions, and ought not to exercise the federal power for the preservation of State interests, but this argument fails when we consider that because of the reservations of the federal Constitution the States are powerless, and it is therefore right for us to ask the assistance of Congress.

"The bill gives federal aid only so far as it is necessary to enable each State to protect itself, and while in terms absolutely prohibiting the interstate traffic, practically leaves the matter to the regulation of each State by statute.

"The reason why the States of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah are alone included in this bill is that their interests in the matter are inseparable. I believe the principle is correct, and there is no reason why the bill should not be made general in its application throughout the whole country. If adopted it should be supplemented by a suitable act of the Legislature of each State affected."

Following is the bill as prepared by Mr. Williams:

The Bill.

A bill for an act to regulate interstate traffic in wild game.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

"Whereas, It is necessary to the preservation of wild game in the States hereinafter named that interstate traffic in the hides and meat of the wild animals hereinafter mentioned should be regulated and prohibited; and

"Whereas, By reason of the exclusive power of Congress to regulate interstate traffic, the States are powerless to regulate or prohibit the transportation of said articles to other States, and the enactment of the following provisions will enable each State by legislation to protect the wild game within its own borders; therefore,

"Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company, or other common carrier, or any of its agents, officers or servants, to receive for shipment or to transport, or for any person or corporation to ship or to offer to any common carrier for shipment, from any place within the State of Colorado, the State of Wyoming or the State of Utah to any place without the same State, for market or for storage, any carcass, meat, hides or horns of any deer, elk, antelope, bison or Rocky Mountain sheep.

"Provided, That nothing herein contained shall prohibit the shipment of any such of the said articles and in such quantities as may be expressly authorized and permitted by the laws of the State in and from which the shipment is made; or the transportation of any of the said articles through any of the said States from any place to any place without said States.

"Section 2. Every person and corporation guilty of violating this act shall upon conviction be fined in a sum not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000 for each offense, or punished by imprisonment not less than one month nor more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

Mr. Bostwick's Views.

The reporter called upon Mr. H. M. Bostwick and asked his opinion of the bill. Mr. Bostwick said: "I approve the bill and think if it can be passed it will prove a great benefit; in fact, I believe that law breakers fear punishment in the United States courts more than in the State courts. If this law can be passed and the transportation companies will lend their aid and the Indian treaties can be modified the game in this State will steadily increase, as it has in Maine since the passage of the protective laws there.

"The railroads recently refused to receive a shipment of 20,000 lbs. of deer meat at Grand Junction which had been killed in Colorado, taken in wagons over to Price, Utah, where the Rio Grande Western Railroad refused to ship it, and which was afterward hauled to Grand Junction, where the other roads refused to receive it. The railroads can do more than the officers of the law, and if they will maintain this stand we will have little use for protective laws except to justify them in refusing to receive such shipments."

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Under the lead of President B. C. Clarke, the governing board of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association are getting into shape for the active work for which they were elected, and it will not be his or their fault if they do not make an excellent showing in the interest of fish and game protection the present year. The board held a largely attended meeting at the Copley Square Hotel last evening, at which the following committees were appointed. On publication, President Clarke, Secretary Kimball, Heber Bishop, Dr. J. W. Ball, Dr. W. G. Kendall; on enforcement of the fish laws, Wm. B. Smart, Rollin Jones, Chas. G. Gibson, Secretary Kimball; on enforcement of the game laws, Arthur W. Robinson, Chas. A. Allen, Loring Crocker, Secretary Kimball, Luther Little; on legislation, President Clarke, Secretary Kimball, John Fottler, Jr., Edward P. Brown, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. John T. Stetson, Wm. F. Ray, J. Russell Reed, Geo. W. Wiggin, Robert S. Gray, Loring Crocker; on finance, Charles Stewart, Sidney Chase, Edward T. Barker; on entertainments and meetings, President Clarke, Secretary Kimball, George W. Wiggin, Edward E. Small, Chas. A. Allen, Wm. B. Smart, Dr. Heber Bishop. It is understood that among the subjects of legislation to be brought before the Legislature now in session is that of shortening the season on black duck, which is now from Sept. 1 to April 15, and while there is an honest difference of opinion as to dates, that the question is one of importance no one doubts. It is well known that in the southern part of this State, on Cape Cod and in Plymouth county, a good many ducks are to be found in the winter, and wherever there is open water on the coast or inland they are to be found, and it is needless to say that they are slaughtered right and left. In the months of January and February it is often difficult for the birds to get proper feed, and they are not fit to eat, much less to be killed; and it is the opinion of all concerned that the season ought to be shortened to a considerable extent. But there will be opposition, no doubt, as there always is, and it will come from those who don't want any close time at all, but want to shoot anything that flies at any and all times.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last week's issue appeared two articles from your able correspondents, Messrs. Oliver and Spears, who take the most common sense view of the situation, and solve at once the problem which is now being agitated in reference to the better protection of our Adirondack deer. Living in the Adirondacks all the year, I can vouch for the truth of the statements of your correspondents. From personal knowledge of the facts I would say that the proportion killed by hounding and floating where one is killed by all other methods combined.

The simplest remedy must be apparent to all, namely, prohibit hounding and floating. There can be no effectual protection of deer so long as hunting them with dogs is permitted. To shorten the season for hounding might prevent a few deer being killed by sportsmen who go into the woods and employ guides, and would not kill more than the legal number of deer—but it would make but little difference with the horde of people who live all around the borders of the woods. Call them pot-hunters, meat-hunters or sportsmen—it does not matter; but this is the class that is decimating the deer. They occupy every lake, pond and stream all around the woods, employ no guides and camp on the ground. If only one week of hounding was allowed all of this class of hunters would go to the woods during that week, and the woods would be so full of hunters and dogs that wherever a deer might run when fleeing from the hound it would be killed. One week would suffice to clean out all the deer in a given locality.

Some have suggested that to stop killing deer in the water would be a great protection. This would strike only honest sportsmen who employ guides, but it would afford no protection from the other class, for where are the game protectors to watch the hundreds of lakes and ponds? These hunters will not report each other. It would be an easy matter for the hunter to place himself where the deer will come out of the water and shoot the deer when it gets well on the bank. Besides, there is such a multitude of hunters that they kill hundreds of deer on the runways in the woods. I have known about 100 deer killed in one season along the road leading from Number Four to the State dam. This road runs parallel with the Beaver River. About 100 men and boys would string along this road within shooting distance of each other, then put out their dogs on the opposite side of the road. A deer when pursued by dogs almost invariably runs toward the river and is killed when crossing the road. I am credibly informed that one hunter took out from along this road thirty-five deer in one season.

It is reported that during the past three or four years dead deer have been found in the woods during the latter part of the winter. Guides and hotel men that want hounding continued know the cause. But they endeavor to impose upon the ignorant by reporting the plausible story that deer are getting so plenty that they are starving to death. A moment's reflection will convince any man of common intelligence that this cannot be so. Away back in the fifties I traveled all through the Adirondacks during February and March on snowshoes. For the purpose of trapping marten and other furs. I have passed through deer yards where I have no doubt there were a thousand deer on two or three miles square. And in all my travels in the woods during fifty years I have never found a dead deer whose death could not be traced to other causes than starvation until the past four or five years, since hounding became general. It must be borne in mind too that at that time there were probably at least twenty deer in the Adirondacks where there is one now. Yet they found plenty of food to pull through the winter. There is as much food for deer as there ever was and only a comparatively few deer to be supported.

The cause of deer dying of late is brought about by being run by dogs until overheated and then plunging into the cold water. What few deer escape the hunter are likely to be so crippled that they can't get about in the deep snows and then starve when plenty of food is all around them. I have seen deer on the bank of the North River in Essex county so crippled by being run into the cold water that they crawled out on the bank, laid down and died there, being unable to get on their legs again. I have come across deer while still hunting in the woods so crippled in the same way that they were hardly able to keep out of the way. Hounding is responsible for all the dead deer that have been found in the woods of late years.

Again I assert that there will be no effectual deer protection so long as even the shortest time is allowed for hounding. Deer dogs are rapidly increasing and are educated by being taken to the woods on the deep snow and allowed to kill a deer. The preservation of our Adirondack deer is made plain by your correspondent. Simply abolish hounding—the most inhuman, the most unsportsmanlike, the most destructive method of killing deer.

MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, JAN. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have recently received two letters, brimful of the right sort of game preservation ideas, from a valued friend and correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM who has spent a lifetime in the Adirondacks, but I regret that I have not his permission to have them published, or I would send them to you.

I, however, take the liberty of quoting from them, and as they are the opinions of one of such a long experience and a most careful observer they have—with me at least—a sort of *ex cathedra* weight. He says, "From my long experience I am satisfied that there can be no real deer protection so long as hounding is permitted, no matter if for only a week each year." This gentleman's experience tells him that as soon as the hounding season opens, men, women, children and dogs living on the outskirts of the wilderness flock to the woods for meat after the manner of our Western Indians on their annual meat hunts; and, like Mr. Lo, these people are not sportsmen, employ no guides, stop at no regular camps or hotels, but camp on the trail and watch every lake, pond, stream and runway, and the chances for escape of any deer started by dogs belonging to them or anyone else are slim indeed. Again he says, "To become a successful deer butcher in the hounding season no experience is required; a dog, a boat, an old shotgun, even an axe or a club will answer, and the women and children can accomplish as much in a killing of this sort as men." I am satisfied that these statements are correct and that in nine cases out of ten

where deer are started and the party owning the dogs fail to kill, the chances are that one of the other fellows got him.

In one of his letters the gentleman took me to task mildly for having in a recent article sent to FOREST AND STREAM suggested the cutting of the hounding season one-half instead of wiping it out altogether, and in this connection permit me to say that an amendment to prohibit hounding will always find in me an earnest advocate, and my only reason for suggesting a half-way measure was the idea that nothing better could be had at this session of the Legislature. The interest in the matter shown by Gov. Morton in his recent message may tend to bring about better results than I had anticipated, and the anti-hounding measure introduced by Senator Malby may become a part of our game law. I fear, however, that absolute prohibition of hounding and jacking will not be brought about until the scarcity of deer in the Adirondacks makes the necessity for action apparent to even the average legislator. This discouraging view of the case will not, however, deter me from doing everything in my power in the interests of the Malby bill, and trust that the effort in that direction will be general among the friends of game preservation and that we may succeed.

M. SCHENCK.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 18.

MARYLAND ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 17.—Many interesting things were done at the annual meeting of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association last night at the Carrollton Hotel. The meeting was largely attended by representative men from every section of the State. The rapid destruction of the game and fish of the State, was discussed from the standpoint of experience and study, and laws were recommended as absolutely necessary for the continuance of Maryland's supply of game and fish. If the solons at Annapolis give a sympathetic ear to the delegations which the Association will send to offer these laws, there will be a closed season for 1896 for partridges, rabbits and woodcock. If this law is passed and strictly enforced, as the Association means to see it enforced, the Baltimore market for partridges, rabbits and woodcock will be sealed during the balance of the year. Anyone possessing these things for the proscribed term will suffer the penalty, so that that sort of game may not be sent to this market from other States.

In addition to this protection to the game, the bill provides for the appointment of a game warden by the Governor. This warden is to receive \$1,000 a year and a share of the fines imposed on those caught violating the game laws. Game wardens will be appointed throughout the counties, and commissioned by the Governor, with the same power of arrest on sight as possessed by constables.

The bill that is to protect bass, pike, pickerel and other game fish of the Potomac was also unanimously favored. This law was recently fully explained in *The American*.

A law was proposed to prevent the pollution of streams of the State.

Committees were appointed to frame laws for the betterment of the ducking interests of the Susquehanna, and for the staying of the destruction of food fishes on the Chesapeake, and for the propagation of insectivorous and song birds. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, and a number of new members elected.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Judge D. G. Wright. There were present a number of gentlemen from various sections of the State, who represented branches of the organization in those counties.

After the meeting had been called to order, the first business was the reading of the report of the law committee, which had been instructed to frame certain laws to be asked of the Legislature. Mr. George Dobbin Penningman read these bills, and explained them fully. The first read was for the appointment by the Governor of the game warden, and a system for this warden's recompense and of the recompense of the deputy wardens in various sections of the State. This law contemplates that the only expense to the State for the protection of its game and fish and for the enforcement of the game laws will be the salary of \$1,000 to the game warden, the compensation to the other wardens being gotten from their share as informers of the fines, as already provided for violations of the game laws. If this bill becomes a law, the Governor will make the appointment immediately, the term of the warden's office to be until April, 1898, when appointments of the warden are to take place every subsequent two years. The warden's province in game will be deer, wild turkeys, pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, Mongolian and English pheasants, wild geese and all species of wildfowl. It shall be the duty of this warden to prosecute any person or corporation having in possession any game or fish contrary to law. This will operate to prevent the restaurants and dealers from handling game out of season, and it is calculated to stop the abuses of the pot-hunters by shutting off the market. The laws already provide for the payment out of the fines for information of violations of the game laws. When the game warden wants deputy wardens, he is to arrange with them for payment out of their share of the fines, and then to ask the Governor for their appointment. These deputy game wardens will be fully commissioned to make arrests, and they will wear badges like policemen.

Col. McCarthy thought that the members of the Association should be appointed to these positions, but it was pointed out that the Governor would give such powers to so many people. Mr. Wm. H. Armstrong thought that it would be a multiplication of offices to make a game warden, and that the ends could be accomplished by the Association. Ex-Mayor Latrobe thought that the game and fish interests of Maryland were surely worth \$1,000 a year. He and Judge Wright thought people had not reached that state of moral rectitude when the mere passage of a law meant its enforcement, and Mr. Penningman pointed out that the people were not crying against useful offices, but mere sinecures. The motion to present the bill was unanimously passed.

The matter of the closed season brought out some discussion. Mr. Miller, of Montgomery, thought rabbits were already plentiful in his neighborhood, and that they did much damage to young trees. Others thought that men armed with dog and gun for rabbits would very likely blaze away at any birds that came their way. Dr. Massamore said he believed more in feeding the birds during severe weather than in closing the season. The motion for a closed year was unanimously carried.

As an addenda to the game warden bill, one will be offered empowering the various game protection clubs of the State to employ game detectives in the same manner as corporations employ policemen. By this method the clubs will ask the Governor for the commission of the man or men, and then pay them.

The matter of the destruction of game fish in the tributaries of the Potomac, of good fish in the Chesapeake, and ducks on the Susquehanna, was discussed in general by nearly all present. It was decided to appoint a committee to frame laws for these matters, which laws were to represent the sense of the Association.

Accordingly the following committees were appointed: On ducking and fishing on the Chesapeake and its tributaries, ex-Mayor Latrobe, M. H. Ould, Joseph Rosenfeld, J. Olney Norris, H. C. Coburn, R. H. Gilbert, Walter T. Jackson. This committee will meet to-day in Gen. Latrobe's office. On game fishes in the tributaries of the Potomac and the pollution of the streams of the State, Wm. H. Armstrong, H. H. Miller, Dr. W. Harlan, F. F. McComas and A. C. Strite.

Officers elected were: President, Judge D. Giraud Wright; Vice-President, Hon. Charles E. Coffin; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George W. Massamore; Counsel, W. H. DeCourcy Wright; Executive Committee, George Dobbin Penningman, James Scott, John Henry Keene, Jr., L. M. Levering, E. C. Eichelberger, William H. Fisher, Col. William H. Love, M. A. Ould, M. Gillet Gill, Col. W. F. Mason McCarty, H. A. Penrose, Dr. George W. Massamore, F. C. Kirkwood, F. C. Latrobe, A. T. Dressel, Robert Gilbert.—*Baltimore American*.

ON BACK CREEK.

I took the night train leaving the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 7:30 P. M. and reached Alexandria Bay the next morning, proceeding by rowboat to St. John's Island, my father's summer home, where I meant to fit out as our old Rideau party, whose voyages of discovery you have more than once chronicled, had been wont to do. None of them could go with me this time, so I went alone, with William Patterson for guide.

Bill and I took a wagon and drove out into the wilderness south and east of Alexandria Bay about fifteen miles with the intention of ascending gradually some of the many streams until we got well into the Adirondack Mountains. We pitched our camp on Back Creek, near where it joins Murder Creek, and spent our days hunting for ducks, porcupines and partridges, and our nights dreaming of them. We found game very shy, but all other creatures very bold. Frogs climbed up the sides of our tent in thousands every night and sat on the ridge pole singing "We won't go home until morning;" snakes intruded on us in the most unseemly manner, and as to the foxes, they almost stole our shoes off our feet.

Three days after we were settled in camp we found a perfect beauty of a little raccoon fast in a trap we had set for an impertinent fox, and on the same morning shot a porcupine, the first I had ever seen. When I went to pick him up he filled my skin as full as his own with his tooth-pick quills. We lugged him home to camp and then went out after partridges, hoping to stumble over some in the thick brush on the hillsides. We didn't, but we stumbled over a 20ft. bluff instead. Bill received all the damages, filling his left breast and shoulder with ugly little cuts and bruises. Consequently I sent him back to civilization to carry home the porcupine and raccoon, to be stuffed and mounted and himself patched up. I remained in camp alone for ten days. It was a cheerful experience and calculated exactly to drive away the blues.

Back Creek is the outlet of Butterfield Lake, near Redwood, N. Y., and runs nearly twenty miles parallel or nearly so to the St. Lawrence into Black Lake, which is twenty miles long, and whose outlet empties into the Asswegatchie River, and that in turn into the St. Lawrence below, at or near Ogdensburg. Now you can find the spot.

The creek itself is not over 50ft. wide in all its twenty miles of length, and is bordered on each side by a bottomless swamp which is utterly impassable. At times rocky hills approach the water, seldom getting nearer to it than a couple of hundred yards, with the swamp intervening. Trees grow along the banks in great profusion, and in many places arch completely across it. An artist would find it beautiful. The animals, birds and fishes are numerous, but very wary, although if you are not armed they are bold enough to sit in your lap. Frogs sit in rows on every log, of which there are millions, and knocking off their heads with a small rifle is a simple way of earning a savory dinner. There are, besides, cranes and herons and ducks, raccoons, foxes, a few wildcats, porcupines and muskrats.

The day after Patterson left I was walking unconcernedly in the woods when an old tree about 120ft. long fell across my path. I took the hint and went back to the tent. Another day I wished to get ashore, and stepped out of my punt into the mud, going up to my armpits and losing my revolver, hunting knife and temper at the same time. Our camp site being chosen with characteristic skill, we were half a mile from the nearest spring of drinkable water, and one evening when I upset the pail by accident I went forth in the dusk and filled it. Coming home, I attracted the friendly but entirely undesired interest of a large, gaunt animal, who escorted me to camp, evidently fearing that I should get lost. As I had no gun with me at the time, and being naturally bashful with strangers, I did some rather quick traveling through the dark woods, spilling on the way every drop of water in the pail. But I had lost my appetite for water. That was why I did not go back for more. I was not frightened. No indeed.

The next night all the rain in the region of Jefferson county fell on the two hills on each side of my tent, slid down their sides, and uniting just above my canvas home flowed through it. Being very clean already, I felt that it was unnecessary. In addition a thunderstorm raged and the lightning was incessant, enabling me to see the wreck that the deluge was making, while my anathemas were accompanied by the creakings of a dead giant pine tree which from its position could only fall one way—across my tent—if it fell at all.

The last night I stayed in that villainous spot I found three men, one of them with an exceptionally evil face, spying on me through the bushes. They were in a canoe in the creek, and their only response to my repeated hails was to drop their paddles into the water and go back the

way they came. Being alone, I dared not go to sleep, but got into my punt and shoved it out of sight—a tremendous labor—in the reeds on the opposite side of the creek, where I remained until 3 o'clock in the morning, intending to take them in the rear if they returned during the night to loot my tent, as I believed from their actions and the place's name and reputation they would do. I was armed with a Winchester shotgun, and even in the dark felt confident of killing all three from the position I occupied, in case of matters coming to an exchange of shots. They did not come, but the next day I went home anyway, thinking that the presence of such neighbors was too rich for my blood. Besides, I was tired to death of my own cooking. Being in camp alone, I had to cut my own fire-wood, hunt for my food, and having shot, trapped or caught it, cook it myself. All these were labors, but the real hard trial was the eating of it. Having no alternative but to eat my own cooking or starve, I ate, but I felt all the time like a newly wed man whose wife has been at a cooking school.

I enjoyed my experience greatly despite getting only three ducks. I could have killed many, but as I had no dog, without which it was impossible to secure one out of ten on account of the marsh, I let them go by in flocks unmolested. The creek would delight the eye of an artist. If any of your correspondents feel like taking advantage of the first-rate facilities for summer and autumn outings in that section of the country, the Redwood Lakes and Back Creek, the Rideau Lakes on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence, or the twenty miles of the St. Lawrence itself in the neighborhood of Clayton and Alexandria Bay, I will be glad to give him any information in my power about it. Fifteen very happy summers passed in that section and several autumn hunting trips have contributed to give me considerable knowledge of its secrets.

FRANK LAURENCE DONOHUE.

DON'T SHOOT!

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is decidedly amusing to note the manifold remedies suggested by FOREST AND STREAM correspondents to augment the rapidly diminishing game supply. In all these suggestions laid down I read between the lines as plainly as ever Daniel did the handwriting on the wall, "Preserve the game, so I can shoot it."

I put myself in the list when I say that probably the most selfish class of people on earth are the sportsmen. When one of us finds a good woodcock cover, grouse thicket or deer lick, do we at once advertise the fact? When we meet a friend with his gun over his shoulder, wearing a broad smile and a hunting coat with plethoric pockets, do we ask him, "Where did you get 'em?" with any idea that he will answer truthfully? Certainly not; for we know our selfish question is only worthy of a selfish response.

One man wants the game laws changed so that the open season will come at the time of his vacation; another cries, "abolish hounding;" a dozen others, backed by our beloved journal, shout, "stop the sale of game." A few wealthy ones band together and by virtue of a large outlay of money block out a tract from the virgin forest for their very own, police it and protect it for their selfish purpose. States enact non-resident laws engineered by a few selfish, influential sportsmen, prohibiting the citizens of other States from hunting within their borders without paying an exorbitant fee. Non-export laws prevent the shipping of game into other States; and underlying the whole thing crops out that petty selfishness that makes a man blush for his kind.

Listen to the voice of Mr. Lakey, of Kalamazoo: "How can we best check and in a great degree stop this hellish work is the main object of our National Association." And he asks "Who is it that makes up the powerful lobbies in our State legislative halls? Is it the lovers of field and stream sports, or is it composed of those whose only object is self?" I don't know much about State legislatures, but it really looks as though those "whose only object is self" were making a big effort to get a crowd down to Chicago Feb. 12 and try to fix the thing to suit themselves, in spite of "the powerful lobbies in our State legislative halls."

The "information blank" of the "National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association" is a rare addition to the comic literature of the day. In reading it over I am reminded of the life insurance agent's question to Artemus Ward, "Did you ever commit suicide, and if so, how did it affect you?" For general irrelevance they take the cake. Still there are two of them I will answer according to my lights. "Who are the true sportsmen? What is their object and chief delight?" They are those who have fired a gun at least three times, and their object and chief delight consists in getting all the game they can and concealing the source of supplies from their dearest friends, although they have been known to give away some of the game they could not use.

"Who are the pot and market-hunters? What is their chief object and delight?" They are exactly the same as the sportsmen, only poorer, and their chief object and delight consists in selling their game instead of giving it away.

Game legislation, like tariff legislation, is based on the selfish ends of the party in power. Sportsmen should have nothing to do with it. No two of them think alike. What A. considers needful for his section B. declares would not do at all for his. The growing scarcity of game, the increase in sportsmen and improvement in sporting weapons have developed an alarming state of selfishness in lovers of field sports that is rapidly eliminating all semblance of the old-time camaraderie that existed in those good old days before a network of laws made shooting possible only to the few and made poachers out of honest men.

But there is one way that game can be made to increase, and only one. Stopping the sale won't do it. Legislation won't do it. National conventions and "Information Blanks" won't do it. Tinkering with the game laws won't do it. But voluntarily to stop shooting it will. Now I don't advance this proposition as a feasible one, but it is a fact nevertheless, and just as feasible and much more sensible than nine-tenths of the suggestions printed in these pages. How many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will recall with pleasure the series of articles published years ago under the heading "Hunting Without a Gun." What delightful camera trips are detailed in these columns, where the only report that breaks the forest quiet is the click of the shutter. Oh, it is not

all of shooting to shoot. There was a time, not so many generations ago, when the shooting of game was a necessity, wild game was the main article of food in the settler's cabin, and even to-day in some sections of our land the same conditions prevail, but to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers of this paper the killing of game is only a dearly bought luxury. Then why not give the game a chance? Don't give up the woods, the camp, the tramp, nothing of the sort. Let so-called sportsmen make what laws they choose, they all will learn that it will do no good. Take your vacation without the gun, you will never miss it, and I am very sure in time you will take far greater delight in seeing game increase than you ever did in trying to bring it to bag.

H. W. D. L.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION NOTIONS.

DES MOINES, Ia., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association information blank printed in your last week's issue and beg to submit the following outline, which is of course subject to much elaboration:

1. The National Association should consist of every shooter and fisherman in America—I would call it the National Sportsmen's Association of America. Each member should be subject to fixed yearly dues, and there should be a national organ devoted to the interests of the Association, published monthly, and be furnished each member free of cost, a part of his dues being reserved for that purpose.

2. There should be national officers elected each year or once in two years, their duties to be provided for in the constitution. There should also be State officers, and each election could be the promoter of a grand meeting and tournament and general fellowship. The State officers should endeavor to have necessary laws passed to meet requirements of their State. There should be local consuls in every town, appointed by the State officers, who should look to the prosecutions. Each member of the Association should consider himself a special committee to see that the game and fish laws of his State were not violated, and should file information with his local consul. Local consuls so far as possible should be attorneys and should receive compensation from their State Association funds for each conviction only. Where the local consul is not an attorney the county attorney should conduct prosecutions and receive the same compensation. Fines should go either all to the State for maintenance of State wardens and other expenses, or part to the State and part to the informant.

3. I believe the above would be in a sense national protection, as members of the Association would endeavor to have only such men in Congress as were in sympathy with their interests, and their vote could be made effective through the official organ.

4. A true sportsman shoots no game bird or animal with a shotgun that is not on the wing or run. He never chases rabbits into a sack with ferrets. He never nets or snares any game bird, animal or fish, nor spears a fish except perhaps those which are known never to take the hook. He kills only a reasonable quantity of game or fish and can be contented with total failure occasionally. His object and chief delight are in owning a fine outfit and in using it lawfully and skillfully. He loves the sport for the recreation and pleasure it gives him, not the profit, for every bird, fish or animal that he kills costs him many times its market value. The term true sportsman is synonymous with true gentleman, and the man who takes advantage of a wild creature is not to be trusted implicitly. Laws of the National Association should prohibit members killing game and fish by any of the above methods.

5. The pot and market-hunter is the opposite of the true sportsman. His object is to kill two birds with one stone, and the whole flock if he can. His chief delight is when he does it.

6. A uniform license law does not seem practical on the ground of being too easily evaded. If a sportsman belongs to the National Association his dues will be his license.

7. I do not see that spring shooting is any more harmful than fall shooting. If a bird is killed in the fall he can have no family next spring, which is the same as if killed in the spring. There may be exceptions in the case of birds which do not re-mate when once separated in the spring, if there are any such. To offset this, it should be considered that birds in the fall are young and more easily killed. In the spring they are veterans. Let us shoot a little at both seasons; we would rather kill only one-half as many each time than be deprived of going. Let us at all times hunt from love of the sport, not to see how much game we can slaughter.

8. It does not seem practical to have State preserves in all States. Let all State laws be as nearly uniform as consistent with the conditions existing in each State. I here beg to say a word about State license laws. Because we have no forests or natural habitat in Iowa, is it right that we should be compelled to pay a license to hunt deer or other game in any State which has these conditions? Are the residents of any State to be credited with preserving their forests or their lakes for sporting purposes? Is it due to the efforts of these States that they still have their forests and their lakes? Where did they get them in the first place? Did they plant the forests and build the lakes? If so, then people who live where there are none have no right to use them without license. There is manifestly no sense of justice in these laws, and those who are responsible for them would do well to have them repealed and not identify themselves with pot-hunters and, to use a bicycle term, road hogs. I am equally opposed to laws which prevent game being taken out of a State. These should be modified to allow it when accompanied by the sportsman who killed it, oftentimes at a great expense of time and money.

9. I think with proper restrictions that fish should be allowed in the markets at all seasons.

The propagation of fish is much more easily accomplished than of game, and a body of water, though entirely depleted, can easily be restocked in a few years. Besides the absence of fish in the markets would be felt many times more than of game.

There is nothing to take the place of fish as food. There are domestic fowls and animals to take the place of wild game. I believe the greatest factor in the destruction of our game is the market, and am convinced that in closed seasons should be entirely prohibited.

I believe the first offense for violators should be a fine, the second a term in the penitentiary.

There is no use in mincing matters when dealing with willful violators. As to whether game should be allowed in the markets during open season is, perhaps, a matter for each State to regulate according to existing conditions, both as regards its own supply of game and that of adjoining States.

10 and 11. I think national and State wardens should be maintained and should co-operate with national and State officers of the National Association. Yours truly,

HAWKEYE.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Jan. 11 there appeared a short vindictive editorial against the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association. This is the last of several unpleasant things your paper has said about this infant organization. When it was only a few days old you began making faces at it. Though precocious, it has manifested a very amiable disposition and has not in any way resented or noticed your intended annoyances.

As one of the officers of this organization, I deem it my privilege and duty to address this communication to you. I am well convinced in my own mind that you know little of the aims and purposes of our National Association. If you did you would know that it is not in any way antagonistic to your personal interests nor to the cause of game protection; that we are not working for revenue or glory. You say that "it is a self-constituted organization." Well, it is a body containing more than 200 members who reside in different parts of the United States. We inquire if it is not evidently of as much importance as the self-constituted enemy and critic, who is one individual who speaks through the only sportsman's paper that has shown an unfriendly spirit toward us. We inquire respectfully and reverently that you please inform us from whom we should have had permission to organize. If from yourself you should have given notice long ago. However, I will explain how it came about that there was a national association created.

For some years past, as all know, there has been a strong sentiment frequently expressed through sportsmen's journals and elsewhere that there should be a national association to look after the game and fish interests of the whole country, to see if there could not be a greater interest aroused to have better laws passed in many of the States and a combined effort to have all the States work in harmony in having uniform laws and better methods of enforcement for the protection and increase of game. The past and present condition is this: Each State makes its own game laws regardless of what neighboring States do, often antagonistic to each other's interests. For instance, there is a wide difference in the dates for open and close season on game in all the Northern States, as well as in the Southern States. Again, many Western States forbid shipments of game out of the State and only allow it to be killed and sold at certain seasons. The game laws of several Eastern States allow its citizens to invite shipments from these Western States the year around. The effect of this is to encourage the Western pot-hunter and illicit game dealer to violate the laws, and is one reason why the game of the West is rapidly disappearing in the Eastern markets. Last winter was an illustration of how the business is carried on from another view of the case. Just before the close of the selling season of game in Illinois dealers in Chicago had a large quantity of game on hand which had accumulated and which could not be sold here—game which should have been alive to increase in its native domain. It had to be gotten out of here. The officers of the National Association had given notice that the law would be enforced against possession of game here after Feb. 6. What must be done? Why, send it down to New York city. (The amount of game sent, according to Mr. Barnett's statement last year before the game committee in the Illinois Legislature, was over \$40,000 worth.) There where our critic resides it may be sold at any time of the year right under his nose and the game dealers can listen with unconcerned com- placency to the sweet music of his weekly organ (the FOREST AND STREAM), "We are opposed to the sale of game." It will be only a few days until there will be another cleaning up and a scurrying time to get the game all out of this State down to where you sit scolding us fellows who have our coats off enforcing game laws. The success that you have had in having good laws in your own State makes you appear about as ludicrous as the boy who whistled against the wind thinking he would change its course.

Now, the thing which seems to have most aroused your enmity to us are eggs, eggs, Alaska eggs. Ever since last summer you have been excited about eggs. We are at a loss to understand that since no one has objected to your indulging in a continuous adulation of yourself in what you did in the egg business, that you should get so awfully fired up at the National Association. We are all ever so glad that you found out that nobody was robbing the wildfowls' nests away up in the Northwest, although your proof did seem to come almost entirely from persons who were supposed to be accessories to the crime. Nevertheless, you positively know that for years there have been rumors that the eggs of the wildfowl in the far North were being gathered by Indians and natives and sold or used. You also know that at our annual meeting last winter among many reports was one from W. A. Story, Portland, Ore., which stated that the Indians were gathering wildfowls' eggs in great quantities and shipping them. This was simply a reiteration of the old story. You know that shortly after this the Hon. J. J. Mitchell from Oregon presented a resolution in Congress to have this matter investigated, and every one felt that this was a most proper and highly commendable thing to be done under the circumstances. Since the events referred to have transpired the officers of the Association have been busy with other matters, but we discover that you have been determined to keep the subject before your readers, and now I entreat you in the name of the Association and for the sake of those who are associated with you to quit fumbling with these eggs; get them out of your sight and mind. You are on the verge of eggphobia. Further contact with them may make it necessary to purge yourself of something worse than "contempt."

Finally, Mr. Editor, I am sorry that you do not know more of the plans and good intentions of our N. G., B. & F. P. Association, and that you are not acquainted with some of the splendid men who belong to it. Some of us take your paper and often say nice things about you. I

was recently told that you were a splendid fellow and that I would like you if I got on the right side of you. Now do not try to tear us up by the roots, let us go on awhile and see if we do not amount to something.

MAURICE R. BORTREE,
President of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association.

[We print Mr. Bortree's letter partly because he asks us to and partly because of the interesting revelation it gives of Mr. Bortree himself as president of the "National" Association. The chief officer of an institution which aspires to recognition as being national in its sympathies, scope and influence, must be possessed of certain qualities fitting him for the place. Among these are elevation of thought, breadth of horizon, personal dignity and an uplifting consciousness of the greatness of his cause. All of these qualities or any one of them would forbid his falling into such coarse and vulgar personality as marks certain passages of this letter. The fact that Mr. Bortree has written a letter of this character should be taken into careful account in making up our estimate of the spokesman of the association which he here assumes to represent.]

TROPHIES AND CAMP LIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM of course I derive an immense amount of pleasure therefrom, and the accounts of hunting and fishing trips are for the most part thoroughly enjoyable, but occasionally I read of some exploit of arms which is enough to wring tears of blood from any thoughtful sportsman. I refer particularly to the recent account of the Western duck hunters and their slaughter of 4,102 ducks, and also the Long Island duck shooters' score of 264 ducks. These are not the only ones, as a perusal of FOREST AND STREAM for 1895 will show.

How in the face of everything that is just and fair and honorable a man or a party of men can commit such depredations on game, as well as against their fellow men, in this day and age, is a question I have seen propounded in this paper for years, and I have never yet seen it answered except in bitter denunciations of such transgressions against a written or an unwritten law. But I suppose until game is exterminated such men will be found, utterly regardless of other men's present or future sport and heedless of the damage they are committing upon their own. While there are always a few who will indulge in and defend such practices, I know and rejoice in the knowledge that the vast majority of the sportsmen of America are not of the class who uphold these wrongs.

But, to speak on a more pleasant subject, having read an unusually great number of reports from big game hunters who have visited Maine this past season, I am led to make a few remarks. I observe from a careful perusal of many of these interesting bits of reading that a great number of hunters seem to consider the trophy or head of deer or moose the prime object to be sought in a hunting trip. If Mr. A. shoots a moose with a spread of antlers of 54in., Mr. B., who hears of it, can hardly be satisfied until he has taken a better one. The mere fact of having shot a fine moose or deer counts for little. Now, while the desire for a nice head is all right in a way, and while I am only giving my opinion, and do not wish to criticize any who are actuated by the true love of the sport, still I think those who go to the woods simply for heads fail to put upon game its true value.

As it seems to me camp life in forest and on stream or lake where game and fish abound is the true essence. I do not mean to be understood as putting camp life alone ahead, but living in the grand free woods, shooting plenty of deer, moose or other game, making sumptuous fare from the meats and fish so taken, and finally staying just as long as you can; all this, I believe, is what gives to game its real and highest value. Of course if you are fortunate enough to secure good heads, they will be prized for the associations.

I have been with a party to the Maine woods in October for several successive seasons. We have each time got deer in abundance to use and some to take home to friends. To be sure the chance of getting good heads at that time of the year is small, but we believe that our game will afford us a higher degree of sport at that season than if we waited for snow and all made a try for a fine set of antlers. Some may not fancy the camp life and will use it only as a means to an end, and such sportsmen will of course choose the manner of hunting or object in hunting from which they derive the most enjoyment.

However, I am sure that anyone who as keenly enjoys as do I every phase of woods life and hunting could not be satisfied alone with the killing of a fine head of game.

L. A. J.

A QUERY.

In these days, when game is steadily growing scarcer, we are becoming a trifle "finicky" as to what constitutes true sportsmanship. There was a time when "dogging" deer and "shining" deer were considered perfectly legitimate acts—the ex-reverend "Adirondack" Murray approved of them, anyhow—but hyperfinical sportsmen have of late condemned such methods because they do not give the game a fair chance for their lives. It may also be said that they give the pot-hunter a better chance than the highly moral sportsman has. The latter knows when he has killed enough and quits; the former keeps on killing as long as there is anything to kill, and then brags about his big score.

There is one practice, however, which is common to all classes and distinctions of hunters, one that I have never seen questioned in these columns or elsewhere in print. Having in mind the torrent of ridicule and—I had almost said abuse—and scorn which was poured down upon the devoted head of poor Dr. Ellzey after his statement that the black bass are not addicted to saltatory performances in the air, I shall take very good care not to set myself up as a court of final appeal regarding this practice aforesaid, but will meekly ask a question and then proceed to compare it with a practice which is generally condemned as unsportsmanlike.

This is the question:

Is moose calling any better than deer "shining"?

I have been a party to moose calling in the long ago, and my recollection is that it was a mighty cold and

tedious piece of business. Also, that the only part which I took in it was to do the shooting after my guide had succeeded in calling a moose up to me.

The conditions necessary for successful moose calling are these:

1. A caller who can imitate the cry of the cow moose with some degree of faithfulness.
2. The presence of a bull moose within hearing of the call.
3. An inclination in the bull strong enough to overcome his natural caution and lead him to the supposed cow.
4. Sufficient skill in the use of the rifle to enable the hunter mortally to wound the bull when he comes in to the call.

Now, as there are very few moose hunters who have acquired the art of calling, the great majority must depend upon their guide or some other hunter to do it for them; consequently their part of the business is covered by the fourth condition only. True, it requires no mean skill to hit a moose in the evening twilight, by moonlight, or in the gray of the early dawn, but the animal usually comes up within short range and his bulk is so huge that the shooter has only to keep cool—he is pretty sure to be cool in body if not in mind—and the game is his.

Considering that the bull moose is not himself during the rutting season, that his judgment is warped and his caution largely destroyed by the raging passions within him, has the sportsman very much to be proud of when he has slain one which has been called up to him by another person?

The conditions necessary for successfully "shining" deer are these:

1. A party to paddle who can noiselessly handle a canoe or boat and who otherwise knows his business.
2. The presence of deer in or near the particular water on which the "shiners" are.
3. Sufficient curiosity on the part of the shinee to cause him to await the close approach of the shiners.
4. Skill enough on the part of the shooting partner of the firm of shiners to fatally wound the shinee, whose blazing eyes only, reflecting the light of the "jack," can be seen.

As in moose calling, the part played by the shooting partner is covered by the fourth condition, but he must be a more skillful marksman than the moose hunter to bring down his game with certainty.

The "shiner" has much the pleasanter time of the two, because his hunt takes place when the weather is still warm, and has he not as much reason to feel proud of his game as a moose caller? Has he not done just as much to insure success?

If there be a great similarity in these two methods of hunting, so far as the shooter is concerned, and if "shining" is unsportsmanlike, then what is moose calling? Is it all right?

F. A. MITCHELL.

MANISTEE, Mich., Jan. 15.

CALL DUCKS.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 4 I ventured to explain what call ducks are, and it has brought me so many letters of inquiry that I wish to say: I have none of these birds, and do not know who has any for sale. Mink killed all mine. A change in my business has forced me to part with all my pets, and I have not a wood duck, teal, mandarin or pintail left. Should opportunity offer, I will again take up this fancy of domesticating our beautiful wildfowl and will import some call ducks, which are not wild, but so tame that they may be picked up from the ground, if kindly treated.

The letters that my note called out show what interest is taken in call ducks all over the land, for they came from Texas to British Columbia and from Montreal to California. I notice, however, that all wanted them for actual work, and some wanted to know about "anchoring" them. This might make them wild; but the female, if alone in a box, will call all day long from any place. Three years ago I sold a few pairs at the Poultry Show in Madison Square Garden to people who wanted them for pets, for, as I said, they are dwarf mallards, and valued like bantams in proportion to their smallness. None of these persons raised any young, or if they did they lost them, or they were all drakes.

One writer questions my statement that only female ducks make a loud quacking call and cites the mallard as one where the drake calls. This is contrary to my observations. A drake mallard has a call that on a still day may be heard 100ft. or more, but it is comparatively soft and not like the loud harsh "quack" of the female.

Who ever heard a pintail call? I have kept them for years and never heard the call but once. As the giraffe is an animal without a voice, and the pintail is a long-necked bird, I had come to consider them to be related somehow in the distant past before the process of evolution had gone so far as to develop hoofs from webbed feet. The voices of our wildfowl have received no attention in FOREST AND STREAM, and perhaps this may start some one to write of them. Did you ever hear a pintail, sprigtail, or whatever you call it, make a sound? FRED MATHER.

Calibers for Big Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. H. in your issue of Jan. 11 appears to be in the same state that I am in, viz.: expecting to have a chance of a shot at big game at some future time, and I fully agree with all his views.

I have studied the subject from all points presented by the rich stores of information of FOREST AND STREAM and have come to this conclusion: I shall take a double-barreled shotgun, 12 cylinder bore, fitted with a Lyman shotgun rear sight, loaded with 3½ to 4drs. of good powder and a well fitting patched round ball of soft lead. This load will carry about 100yds. point blank, and I should like to see the animal that will stand the shock of such a missile, and will not bleed to death in a very short time from such a wound.

It would of course be necessary to experiment with such a combination at home before starting, so as to get the hang of the business and to know what the gun and the load will do. Besides such a gun gives one a chance for a shot at ducks or grouse with small shot if desired.

What say others to such verdant views of a

GREEN AMATEUR.

Game in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the only week that finds me home since last February. It was a pleasure to receive FOREST AND STREAM and enjoy its readings during my few leisure moments on the road.

I have had the pleasure of several good days' sport fishing and hunting this summer and fall, never at any time making large bags, partly on account of not having the proper dogs, chiefly on account of bad shooting, on one occasion having one quail in nineteen shots.

Birds are plentiful, especially quail and snipe. Woodcock have arrived and some good bags are reported. One at Rayne, La., numbered fifty-one.

One of the best days on snipe which came to my knowledge resulted in a bag of eighty-four, killed by Mr. H. Hebert, of Jeanerette, La. He started at 8 A. M. and returned at 2 P. M. for dinner the same day.

Ducks in Acadia and Calcasieu parishes are numerous, and the professionals have already put in their appearance.

One day recently was one of the pleasantest of my life. We were shooting quail. The bag was small, though we found enough birds to have killed fifty. Our dog, Spot, was the champion of flushers. Our little friend Master Armand Leland kept up with the dog, while Mr. F. A. Cousin, Jr., and myself located the flushed coveys, then kicking up the birds singly while the dog was held back. We bagged fifteen quail and one cottontail. After our return to New Orleans, at the pretty home of Mr. Cousin, we enjoyed a dinner fit for kings, which was awaiting our neglected appetites. Mr. Cousin is one of New Iberia's leading trap shots, and he also can shoot quail. He possesses a good and lively disposition which alters not on or off the field. ANODRAC.

A Grouse-Hunting Incident.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—While ruffed grouse hunting with a friend a very singular thing happened. I was taking the edge of a cover, with my chum about a gunshot inside, and the dog covering the ground between us, when two birds flushed wild ahead of us and flew back through an apple orchard which joined this cover and sailed into the woods behind us. After working the woods through, I told my friend that we would go back and come up over the same ground, he going out in the orchard, and then if they tried that trick over again we would be enough for them. We went around and started in again, and had gone only a short distance when the dog made game and drew to a point. I walked in, and up got an old biddy and flew straight ahead. At the report of the hammerless down she dropped with that ever welcome thud. We had sent the dog to run down a winged bird that morning, and consequently he was a little fresh; so I put him to heel, and started leisurely along toward where I thought the bird fell. When I was nearly there, up jumped the bird right at my feet as lively as ever. Quick as a flash the gun spoke, and she was down again. "I wonder if she will stay down now!" I exclaimed to my friend, who was just over the wall in the orchard. As it was quite open here, I went on to pick up the bird, keeping the dog at heel. When I arrived at the place where the bird had fallen the second time, I called, "Herb, come here." What did we see? Not one bird, but two, lying there side by side, flat on their backs, toes up, dead as a hammer, and the span of my hand would touch them both. OMAR.

Mongolian Pheasants in Illinois.

MACOMB, Ill., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Simpson, of Alexis, Warren county, Ill., turned loose on his farm four miles west of Alexis seven pairs of Mongolian pheasants three years ago, and now there are large flocks of them, which can be seen gathered together any day a short distance from his farm. This looks as if this beautiful game bird has come to Illinois to stay when we take into consideration that Judge Denny only put eleven of these birds out in Linn county, Ore., twenty years ago, and now the State boasts of having millions there.

The Chuckor partridges that were turned loose in the spring have not been heard of since the 1st of September. They are somewhere in the country if they have not been killed. We knew of one being killed nine miles from where he was turned loose. He was among a man's domestic chickens and was taken for a prairie chicken.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Pattern Good, but Poor Penetration.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 16.—Two of our darky mill hands had a quarrel about Christmas. One of them became so enraged he drew his pistol and shot the other one square in the forehead. The pistol was .38cal. The bullet, instead of entering the darky's skull, flattened out almost as flat as a penny, and was afterward cut out with a knife. The darky was laid up for a few days from the shock, but soon recovered and is now at work.

This may seem like a tough story to tell, but we have the bullet here in our office to vouch for it. E. H. R.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Mon. day and as much earlier as practicable.

A Stray Shinplaster
Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief," but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE BIG TROUT OF BLOSSOM'S HOLE.

BOB was a long-legged boy, fond of books, angling and shooting. Or, perhaps, to put it more accurately, fond of books and passionately in love with his rod and gun. Who should know this better than the writer, who was, long years ago, Bob himself. It was as many years ago since that same Bob was a youth of 15 that the writer can scrape but a partial acquaintance with him. He seems to be a kind of pathetic, shadowy self, who enjoyed all the pleasures and but few of the cares of life. A boy whose only anxiety was lest he should be kept at home on his Saturday holidays in the glorious months of May and June, before the summer droughts had shrunk his beloved stream and the trout had deserted the shallow ripples to skulk in the shadowed depths of the deep pools.

July and August were abhorred months in the boy's calendar. Neither fishing nor shooting could be enjoyed, because the trout would not bite, and no well-brought-up boy would shoot anything in that season of the year. At that time the passenger pigeon was still fairly plentiful in that part of the country and gave some summer sport, but that was all.

The following event so often occurs to Bob's older self that he recalls it for the pleasure of other "brothers of the angle," even at the risk of having the story—if story it be—considered too juvenile. It may be somewhat mouldy, it having occurred forty years ago, but still the writer hopes it may not be a "chestnut."

It had gone out through all the surrounding country that there was an immense trout living in Blossom's Hole. None of your ordinary big trout such as are chronicled every season, but a Big trout, with a big B—one that was known by the boys as "an ol' sockdolager," or "an ol' whopper." One that caused the juvenile eyes to protrude from their sockets when caught a glimpse of, and that caused an angler's heart to jump up and lodge crossways in his throat when he came lazily wagging his way up for a nearer inspection of the gaudy cheat that danced so alluringly over the surface of his favorite feeding ground.

He was a trout of great dignity and deliberation, as became a fish of his age and size. He had been discovered in the pool soon after the ice went out, and had been lured with every device known to honest fishermen, but as the end of June approached he still remained untouched by steel. He was seemingly untroubled in the presence of man, and never ran back into the recesses of the pool unless threatened by too palpable demonstrations. His feeding ground, which he strictly policed and preserved for himself, was just at the foot of the riffle, where the turbulent rush of the water broke into and merged with the deeper waters of the pool, and where the boils and swirls came whirling to the surface of the calmer reaches. Here he could be seen, day after day, lying without apparent motion, about midway of the stream.

Among the shadows of the rippling waters, it was not given to every eye to detect him. But once seen it was impossible to see anything else in the wide pool. He filled the eye and captivated the heart.

The river, in which this monster of the trout family dwelt, was a little one as rivers go, but a lasting pellucid stream. It ran within wooded banks almost from source to termination. Its life was a turbulent one throughout its course. Running through a hilly country with steep and broken banks, unfit for the husbandman's use, excepting for pasture for stock, its waters were unsullied by the debris washed in from cultivated fields. It was an ideal stream for trout, and anglers made long pilgrimages to worship at its shrine. Bob loved it as he loved no other inanimate thing, and knew every pool, rapid and shallow in it for ten miles, better by far than he knew his arithmetic.

Blossom's Hole was the largest pool on that portion of the stream. The hills at this point receded from the stream in a semi-circle, leaving a beautiful little meadow, or intervale, on the south bank, some half a mile long. Just at the upper end of this opening in the hills the river came dancing down a long chute of broken limestone, and plunged with a headlong leap into the level of the little valley. Here it plowed out a deep pool, limited on the south side, against which it leaped in its spring fury by a strong bulwark of limestone. On the north side the head of the pool was banked by water-worn boulders growing gradually smaller as one went down stream, until it ended in a long sweep of silvery sand, covered with ripple marks and the prints of feet of various creatures. Here of old the moose, the caribou and the deer came to quench their thirst; but even as early as Bob's day these creatures had receded before the wave of incoming humanity, and at the time we write of anything larger than a coon's footprint was matter of serious talk in the neighborhood.

This pool received its name of Blossom's Hole in the earliest days of settlement, in the end of the last century. A pioneer settler of that name chose a home on the banks of the river, of which this little valley formed a portion. He came in one summer and cleared a part of the rich intervale and planted a crop. He garnered it into stout log buildings erected by his own hands, when autumn had ripened his corn and the frosts had withered his potato vines. When the frost king came and had locked the little stream fast in his tightening arms, and had blanketed the earth with its winter mantle, our sturdy settler started out for the settlements to claim a waiting bride and bring her to this rough but cosy home. He yoked up a pair of oxen that he had brought in with him, and with a load of corn upon an ox sled started through the woods for the double purpose of getting his corn ground at the distant mill and to bring back his flour, together with his bride and what "plenishing" she might chance to have. Those were not the times of journeying for pleasure. Those were *fin de siècle* days, but an entirely different kind of a *siècle* than the one we are enjoying.

Those were the days when one had to travel on horse-back or on ox sleds, along stumpy trails, cut through the primeval forest; and across corduroy bridges, where the way was too swampy to venture without these safeguards against sinking into the oozy depths, where only the bull-frog could safely go.

In these days of steam, electricity and bicycles, we look back with a shudder upon what we call such hardships! But those hardy pioneers asked no commiseration at any

one's hand. Their lives were healthy, happy and honest. Can we boast of as much?

But I have digressed from the main theme. At this rate Bob will be gray-haired before he catches that trout.

On starting out for his bride, Blossom crossed the river at this point, and the new ice being treacherous in the middle of the pool, dumped the whole outfit into the depths of the icy water.

He rescued everything after a gallant struggle, and the next day started again with a new load of corn.

This unpropitious start proved to be of no ill omen, as I knew him long years afterward as a bent and gray-haired man, finishing out the end of a well-spent life in a comfortable home.

But from that day this pool in the river was known as "Blossom's Hole."

In this particular summer that I write of, when Bob was 15 years old, this big trout was discovered. Whether Bob was rightfully entitled to this trout by virtue of first discovery I have no means of knowing, but he always believed he was. But others soon found him also, as the noise of his fame soon spread; and Bob would rather have lost one of his front teeth than to have given it away that such a monster trout dwelt in the whole river.

He wanted the glory of capturing that noble fish himself; and when the whole fishing fraternity knew the secret, what chance was there for him?

He fished for him early and late. He got up at 3 o'clock in the morning and fished till schooltime—and sometimes later! He resumed after school hours, and stayed with his job till the darkness settled down and he had to quit. His mother scolded and his father threatened, but the boy was bewitched and could not leave off.

He tried the dunghill hackle and all kinds and devices of flies that his slender pocket money would afford. Under his grandfather's direction—who fully entered into the spirit of the thing and was Bob's aider and abettor all through—he manufactured flies of all kinds, sorts and description. He created devices that, after they were completed, he could have safely worshipped untroubled by the decalogue, as they resembled nothing "in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." He tried all kinds of worms he could dig out of the earth or find lurking under stones, the barks of rotten trees or in the wood itself. He tried minnows and the ventral and thoracic fins of other trout and suckers. All kinds of grasshoppers and flying things were in turn shown to that trout without avail. He and his grandfather even bred some "gentles" in a piece of liver, but with no better success. And then came the great time of anxiety in the boy's life. Whenever he went for another try he would find some one else after the same object, and would sit eating his heart out, fearing that they would succeed where he had failed.

At last one day he gave up hope, when he saw the greatest pot-fisherman of the whole country sitting trying to snare the fish with a wire loop. That was the time when Bob took a solemn vow never to snare a fish "because it was a low-down kind of way to catch 'em." "Unsportsmanlike" it would be called nowadays. But old king *Salmo salvelinus* was "onto his job," and paid no more attention to the snare—only to avoid it—than he did to all other devices. When he saw the tremendous loop approaching his nose or tail he would edge away with a gentle motion, and when it had passed by resume his old station. When the loop-wielder became too persistent he turned and darted into one of the caverns of the rock and was seen no more that day. In these days of dynamite such a fish would not have lived a day with such a man in his vicinity. But, thank God! dynamite was unknown in those days, and a fish with wits had a fair fighting chance.

Bob had procured a nice little reel, carrying 50yds. of line, and, with his grandfather's help, had woven enough line out of horsehair to fill it. This he attached to a home-made rod of good temper, and still hoped for victory.

He had a chum named Sandie, the son of a newly-arrived Scotchman, who had "guddled for trout" in Auld Scotia, and he tried his skill upon the fish. The boys first alarmed the trout and drove him into his rocky fastness, and then Sandie dived after him. Bob could see his gleaming white skin at the bottom of the pool, as he lay clutching the rocks with one hand as he sought to beguile the fish with the other. Suddenly the trout shot out in positive alarm and sought safety in the deepest part of the pool, where he disappeared under some huge boulders.

Sandie came blowing to the surface with his eyes protruding with excitement.

"Losh, mon!" said he, "but yon's a gran' troot. I gruppit him weel, but he wes that muckle that my han' wadna haud him, an' he just slippet through ma fingers as easy as ye wad say humph!"

And so another scheme came to naught; and Bob was glad of it. He wanted the honor of the capture himself.

It was approaching the end of June, and the maple leaves were losing their green and brittle tenderness and were getting leathery. The grass was ready for the mower's scythe, and the bobolink's song was losing some of its rollicking freshness. Wild strawberries were going out, and raspberries would soon be in. And worst of all, school would soon close, and summer heats would put an end to fishing. And still the great trout held undisputed sway in his little kingdom, but was dropping more and more into the shadow of the rocks.

And then came a big storm and summer freshet, and the boy's heart leaped, for he knew that this gave him one more chance.

On the last Saturday in June Bob and Sandie started for another try at his majesty. The storm had ceased, but light clouds were still sailing across the sky. A pleasant south wind was blowing and everything was so fresh and beautiful that the boys were intoxicated with the mere fact of existence—though they knew it not.

The water was subsiding fast, but was still murky from the effects of the storm. The boys could not see into the water and consequently the trout could not see out. Bob slipped his shoes and stockings off and softly approached the bank, bidding Sandie stand afar off to await the result. With a common brown hackle and green drake on his cast, he once more threw his line across the pool and let his flies drift down in a pretty curve over the home of the trout.

A breathless instant, and then came a swirl of the water, a heavy weight on the springing rod—and the fight was on! The boy's heart fairly leaped into his throat and

choked him. For one awful instant he thought he was going headforemost into the water, so dizzy was he, and then, with a yell to Sandie, he braced himself for the fight.

It is of no use trying to recall the incidents of that battle. The whole affair passed in a whirl of delirious excitement, and the only clear-cut fact remains that victory perched upon the banner of the boy.

After some moments of hard and desperate fighting by the fish, and the use of some skill and more luck on the part of the boy, the giant trout came gasping into shallow water, where he was "grupp'd" through the gills by Sandie, and borne in yelling triumph far up the bank to be gloated over.

The brown hackle and muddy water had finally deluded the king of the stream—the big trout of Blossom's Hole.

AREFAR.

CONNECTICUT FISHING INTERESTS.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I think perhaps it may interest some of your readers to read of how the future of Connecticut's fish and game interests looks, and perhaps some may like to discuss plans for still further advancement. By the courtesy of the management of this paper I was permitted to have published an open letter, in which I called upon Connecticut sportsmen to rally and help in an effort to advance at least on a line with other States. They responded to that, or to others, I know not which, but I never expect to see a more determined support accorded any measure than was given to the bill for the reorganization of our Fish Commission. Mr. Collins and myself, though personally behind the measure, do not for a moment take but our individual share of the credit and success, and it is most gratifying to know that Connecticut sportsmen are a unit in this line of advancement now so splendidly begun under the guardianship of a most practical and energetic commission.

But our work is not done. We can advance further, and I want to see if we cannot rally against the market-shooter and fisher (at least so far as game fish are concerned). The future value of game and inland game fish cannot be measured by their market value. Their value is represented by what they create by being sought after, and therefore we should stop their passage through the open market and turn the productiveness of their existence directly into the more remote districts where they live. That is a method of distribution of wealth, although not great in one place, yet out of the many resorts there is much.

When we consider that the sportsman buys of the dealer in tackle, pays carfare to the railroad, pays for livery teams at the hotel, board, hire for guide, often a sum for privilege to enter private land and many other expenses which help distribute money in numerous channels, will any one say that the value of wild game and game fish is measured by the market price? Then if it is not, why not take at least game, which we cannot propagate artificially, out of the market and make it a permanent source of revenue, as above stated?

This may seem radical to the more conservative, but it is the only alternative if we save our game as a permanent source of wealth. No law of any kind concerning game or game fish should be tolerated if it does not permit the districts where the game and game fish are found to reap all the benefit possible.

Our State law regarding trout prevents July fishing, and I am fully convinced it is wrong, as more general good would come from having that month open season than any other, for that is a month of vacations, and if trout are not intended for laboring people to catch, then the State should stop propagating them. As regards low streams at that time we had lower streams in June of 1895 than July; it was a simple question of rain, and it is as likely to come in July as June. Let us start now on a crusade against the open market and ultimate extermination, and in favor of a broad and liberal distribution of benefits to be derived from the pursuit of game, together with its permanent preservation. CHAS. W. HALL.

A Fresh Mullet from the Sky.

OXFORD, Fla., Jan. 15.—Yesterday afternoon, while sitting on our front piazza enjoying the warm sunshine and deeply interested in reading *FOREST AND STREAM* about the "Lost Man," my attention was diverted from that very strange character by the swooping noise that is often made in this country by a buzzard from a very great height by closing his wings and pitching toward the earth at a great speed. I also have heard the same sound made by brant and geese.

Almost at the close of the swooping noise was a heavy, dull thud on the earth not exceeding 50ft. from where I sat, and on looking in that direction I saw a 1½lbs. mullet lying in the yard. I then bethought me of the screaming, noisy racket I had heard from the fighting birds, and on looking up saw the fish hawk and eagle half a mile away, both wending their way coastward. I then made a more careful survey of my supper, which as a supper for the eagle failed to connect. It was still wet with sea water, and only for the fall from so great an altitude would have been alive, as it was only slightly marked by claws and beak of the fish hawk. It certainly was a very fresh mullet for one living fifteen miles from the Gulf, and made a good breakfast for three of us in family.

J. P. M.

Michigan Bass Season.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Will you kindly inform me through the medium of your valuable paper whether the inclosed cutting from *Game Laws in Brief* giving the Michigan law on black bass can be construed to mean that there is a close time on that fish in this State?

HENEAGE GIBBES.

Trout, Landlocked Salmon, Grayling, Muskallonge, Bass.—Act of May 24, 1889.—Sec. 1. No person shall catch any speckled trout, landlocked salmon, grayling or California trout, from the 1st day of September in each year until the 1st day of May following thereafter; nor shall any person catch any muskallonge, or any black, strawberry, green or white bass, by any means whatever, except by hook and line, from any such lake, river or stream, from the 1st day of March in each year to the 1st day of July following thereafter.—*From the Game Laws in Brief*.

[The law makes a close time only for modes of fishing other than with hook and line, and permits hook and line fishing the year around.]

TROUT FISHING IN WISCONSIN.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I live on the shores of Lake Superior it is natural I should take an interest in the FOREST AND STREAM, as there is probably no better hunting and fishing territory so readily accessible as Ashland county and Bayfield county, Wis. I can catch a good string of trout any day in Hazard's Creek, a half mile from the end of the street car track. They are the wild brook trout in their native retreat, and not the liver-fed, sluggish fish called "trout" in cultivated ponds.

I was going to challenge anyone to show a like condition of affairs so near a city of 20,000 inhabitants, but on second thought I don't believe there is such a chance to catch trout in the United States. Sitting outside one day by the Knight Hotel here I told a couple of guests I could catch wild trout within a mile and a half of where we were then sitting, or half a mile from the end of the street car line. This nearly paralyzed them with astonishment, but I furnished the baskets and rods and took them out. We were gone from the house two hours and a half and returned with a large and beautiful mess of trout, on which we dined that evening. The boys spent the rest of the evening writing home (East) about their fishing trip.

In Lake Superior, all along the rocky shore on the other side of Chequamegon Bay, opposite Ashland, you can catch fine brook trout. Of course they come from the numerous trout streams emptying into the bay. But I have a boy who knows better than I do where the trout streams are. I think FOREST AND STREAM has inspired him considerably. We have taken this excellent magazine for a long time. This keeps up our interest in fishing and hunting, and, as Ben says, prepares him for some of my tall hunting stories. But a poor fishing or hunting trip discourages us, and we stop buying FOREST AND STREAM for a while. I have not seen a copy lately, as our last trip was not very successful. As Ben likes the paper, he endeavors to have me successful—well knowing that if I come back empty-handed I will denounce FOREST AND STREAM as a fraud. So, on our last trip across the bay, while I had "set" my line and was eating dinner off to the left with my back to the line, Ben made himself busy about it. When I returned to the pole I found Ben eating his lunch in the distance, and noticed my pole bending toward the water. I supposed I had a prize. Ben said I bent over and crawled up quickly, as though I had a two-pounder. I grabbed the pole and made ready for a long fight, but drawing up steadily I found a stone instead of a fish. I stopped taking FOREST AND STREAM then for three weeks, but I am on good terms with it now.

JOSEPH COVER.

Tri-County Association.

PORT HURON, Mich., Jan. 15.—A meeting of the Tri-County Fish and Game Protective League, comprising the counties of Wayne, Macomb and St. Clair, was held in Detroit last week. J. F. White represented the Port Huron fishermen. A letter was read from Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, State game and fish warden, informing the league that Henry L. Avery, of Detroit, had been reappointed county game warden and deputy game warden for 1896. The announcement was received with satisfaction. Mr. Avery has been diligent and untiring in his duties, and the league is working hard to have his salary increased to \$600 per annum. A. R. Avery was elected vice-president of the league and H. N. Botsford a member of the executive committee. J. B. McGregor, A. R. Avery and H. N. Botsford were appointed to represent St. Clair county in all matters pertaining to the league. It was the unanimous opinion that the work of Special Deputy Avery has been especially valuable. Fish now have a chance to breed and grow, and hook and line fishing is fast getting back to its old-time form on the St. Clair flats.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CROPPING.

A. K. C. Powers.

It has been paraded with much affectation of earnestness that the A. K. C. has no right to meddle in the matter of cropping; that it had no right to take any action which would harm a member; though whether one member had a right to harm all the others was wisely left sleeping.

The second article of the A. K. C. constitution, aside from other pertinent legislation, in defining the object of the A. K. C., reads as follows: "The object of this Association shall be the protection of the mutual interest of its members. It shall admit such clubs to membership, or persons as associate members, as may be deemed desirable. It shall adopt and enforce such rules as shall tend to uniformity in the regulations governing bench shows and field trials, and to the proper conduct of persons interested in the exhibition, breeding or sale of dogs. Furthermore, it shall publish an official Stud Book and a Kennel Gazette."

It is plain to those who will read the constitution of the A. K. C. that it has jurisdiction in the matter of cropping. It would seem that a delegate should know the constitution of the A. K. C., and not be groping in the dark in representing his club. The argument of the absence of

jurisdiction has not been dignified by even an attempt to prove it. It is possible that some members take it as a pretext to avoid the issue and a record. No doubt but what if it is settled that the A. K. C. has jurisdiction, some other pretext—no matter how absurd—would be seized upon as a makeshift argument.

Of course, the A. K. C. should legislate for the benefit of its members. When a majority of the delegates vote to adopt or abolish certain things after careful deliberation, whose wishes should prevail: those of the majority or minority?

It is claimed that to abolish cropping would work a harm to the specialty clubs which have jurisdiction over it or which have adopted it. It has not been shown that any harm would be done. The claim is empty. It has not been shown that any club has adopted it. It has not been shown that any specialty club has jurisdiction over it. That is, it has not been shown aside from assumption and assertion.

But the issue on cropping is not a one-sided affair. The question is whether cropping is so obnoxious to the fifty odd clubs which make the A. K. C. membership that they will abolish it from their jurisdiction. The practice of cropping may do more harm to the forty-seven than it can possibly do good to the two or more specialty clubs, if good there be.

The fanciers of cropped ears can still enjoy their ideas of the beautiful regardless of the A. K. C. The latter can say that it considers the mutilation harmful or obnoxious, and will not permit cropped dogs to participate in its benefits. Section 655 of the Penal Code covers all the rest.

The question when broadened is not alone whether the abolishing of cropping would be harmful to a few specialty clubs, but whether it is not harmful to all the clubs in the A. K. C. membership. The mutilation is not a type. It is not a matter over which any specialty club can sustain a claim to jurisdiction. As individuals, nearly all the croppers admit it is not right, but as club members they claim it should not be abolished lest it harm some one's financial interests; yet in their official capacity they make speeches in support of it, disclaiming all cruelty, and thus they cannot believe their own speeches, since their convictions are otherwise than their speeches.

A few skirmish on the outskirts, making wry faces, referring to the ancients, yet steering quite clear of the issue and the moderns, and particularly steering wide of Sec. 655 of Title 16 of the Penal Code of the State of New York, and similar laws of all the other States.

The right inheres in every organized body, which has a legitimate existence, that it should protect itself from unfriendly forces from within and without it, which may or do threaten its peace, safety or integrity. The A. K. C. has that right quite as much as any other body, and exercises it. The fancy of the individual cannot be set up as against the public good. It would be most absurd to assume that an organization was to remain passive while forces affecting its peace, safety or integrity were in action. Nearly all public bodies which have been properly organized have specifically adopted rules against harmful agencies, the A. K. C. being no exception.

And in this matter, by the way, however much we all may differ on the matter of cropping, let us all rejoice at the proper juncture with those timorous, though discreet, individuals who are astride the fence accumulating a hoarse bellow, the which to discharge later when they fall off pleasantly on the safe side, the successful side, whether it be for or against.

Dr. Foote's Resolution.

The resolution which is to be presented at the next A. K. C. meeting, and which is to abolish all mutilations after a certain time, is faulty in its ironclad requirements. There are mutilations which are justifiable and there are others which are accidental. It is justifiable to cut off a dew claw, since it is more or less a constant source of trouble to the dog; is often sore, yet being pendulous and rudimentary, causes no serious pain in its removal or afterward. Rounding the ears of hounds can be defended on grounds of utility, as can also the docking of spaniels' tails. Till these matters are definitely settled, the resolution should be qualified to read "justifiable mutilations," then it would conform to the law and to the humanities.

Cropping and the Law.

The duty of considering cropping as being opposed to the law of the land is unpleasant, though necessary. It is regrettable that circumstances exist which make unavoidable such consideration of it. It is regrettable that any practices in the kennel world should in the eye of the law be in the same category with cock-fighting, dog-fighting and the host of other wanton cruelties which it covers. There is a humiliation in discussing fashion, cruelty and law all under the head of cropping, when the law condemns it in terms too plain to be misunderstood, and there are dog fanciers, on the other hand, who seek to ignore it or dispute it. No doubt but what the law is not generally known, nor its sweeping force understood.

Dog fanciers have been advocating the elevation of the dog to a higher place in public esteem. They have appealed to better classes of society and have sought for the canine world an atmosphere of greater refinement. Deserved success attended their efforts. The dog has grown more and more in public appreciation. He has been conceded an intelligence akin to that of man, and better than ever before the public knows that from time immemorial his friendship and fidelity have been proverbial. In the advancement of the dog in public favor individuals of the kennel world have many times been convicted of wrong-doing, but their acts were considered individual and were never countenanced by organized clubs. Were clubs to advocate violations of law what would the effect be upon the public mind, aside from all consideration of doing right for its own sake?

Bench shows have been great object lessons for public instruction. At them could be seen the dogs, their owners; in short, the kennel world. In the future the bench show has its mission as in the past. After the direct issue on mutilation and cruelty has been raised so publicly, and the law is found to be so stringently against it, can any club advocating mutilations hope to hold public favor? Will the esteem of a law-abiding public be with those whose law-abiding is in question?

To the end that the law and its bearings on the subject may be placed in their full light before the kennel world, FOREST AND STREAM recently sent a member of its staff to interview on this subject Mr. John P. Haines, the president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In this connection it will be necessary to show how much at variance is the law governing mutilation and cruelty with the law as expounded by Mr. Clifford Wood, delegate of the Great Dane Club, in his speech delivered at the recent A. K. C. meeting. It is but fair to mention that Mr. Wood's speech did not do him justice. As he disapproves of cropping it is probable that he had no faith in his own arguments against it. He seemed to presume more on a false estimate of the intelligence of his audience than upon sound argument, law or merit.

In regard to the A. S. P. C. A., Mr. Wood stated that, on consulting the Society's counsel, he had learned that the Society had secured no convictions for cropping. So ambiguous is this statement that one is left in doubt as to whether the Society had tried cases and lost them or had not tried, or what you please. He could not mention any cases, no, but he knew there had been cases. In short, it was all vague and general; glittering irrelevancies.

On this point Mr. Haines said that there was not the slightest doubt of the unlawfulness of cropping. The great trouble was in securing evidence. Cropping was done guardedly in secret, out of the public sight and the sight of those who would testify against it. There was not the slightest doubt about the meaning and efficiency of the law. A conviction was merely a matter of catching the offender and securing evidence. He was quite sure that convictions had been secured for mutilating dogs. The law in its general term, "unjustifiably mutilates" or "injures," covered definitely all mutilations and cruelties. To give the law vitality it was not necessary to enumerate all cruelties or mutilations specifically.

One very important point had been settled by repeated decisions; that is, that fashion does not justify mutilation. The plea that a mutilation is a fashion or a fancy is no good in law. This is a very important point in reference to cropping. Thus to plead that it is a fashion is no defense in law, and to plead that it is a preventive of canker has no support from law, veterinary practice or common sense.

Mr. Wood held that the English law, under which conviction and punishment were secured in England, was different from the law in this country. Here he is wrong again. The English law does not specifically mention cropping. The general terms of it are much like those of the American law. Before a conviction in England was made the same difficulty was encountered in obtaining convictions, that is, obtaining evidence. The efficacy and intent of the law were never in doubt.

Mr. Wood held that the English law had nothing to do with the American law. Wrong again. The English law and decisions in these matters are recognized as precedents in this country. But is our humane law, supported by the sentiment of society, any different from the English law? Are our standards of humanity different from the standards of a similar race of people? It has been said that the matter should rest till a conviction was made before cropping was abolished. A conviction has been made in England beyond all doubt, under a law similar to our own, by people who speak the same language as ourselves and whose interests in dog matters are similar and equal to and possibly greater than our own.

There is no merit in obedience which comes only from the strong hand of the law in action. Obedience then is compulsory. It is much better to graciously and voluntarily abolish the offensive practice. All the credit then would be with the dog fanciers themselves. Wait till the law compels obedience and the credit is not with the fanciers. A few who base their conclusions on the recent vote of the A. K. C. may think that the matter is definitely settled. It is far from settled. That vote was but a beginning. Those who are interested would do well to think of it deeply and wisely.

The A. K. C., instead of meddling in the matter of cropping unwarrantably, is endeavoring to help the specialty clubs and all the clubs to set themselves right before the world and the laws of the land. Advocacy which contemplates a violation of law is not a proper appeal for public countenance.

A Test Case Desirable.

If a test case were made it would undoubtedly settle the point definitely. If cropping is lawful and beneficent there is much to gain and nothing to lose in a test case.

Mr. Haines was asked what would be the probable outcome of an exhibition of cropping, a test case made before the officers of the Society. His answer was prompt and earnest. He said he would arrest the man at once. He said further that he would give \$50 reward for information and evidence of cropping that would lead to conviction—the direct evidence is all that is necessary to procure conviction.

Here now is an opportunity to act as well as talk. Take some cocaine and scissors and balsam and other delectable things which confer so much pleasure to the dog in having his ears cut off, then slice away, explain that it makes a type and prevents canker, then take the \$50 reward. The chances are a million to one that conviction and the penalties will follow; still they might not, for has not Mr. Wood said that the Society has secured no convictions.

No one will make a test case. No one dare make it. The affectation of belief in the law's incompetency is sham. The fact that dogs are cropped in secret goes to show a recognition of public disapproval, and the offensiveness, inhumanity and unlawfulness of the mutilation.

A Cure for Warts.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hamden (see his cure for warts in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM) is evidently one of those men to whom "one swallow constitutes a summer." But when he has puzzled his brain over the uncertainty of medicines he will have less faith in alum water. Remedies are usually given credit which have produced like results in similar cases after repeated applications only, and to use valuable space with guesses reminds me of a cure for warts given me when a boy by an old lady.

Her remedy was: Roast three chestnuts (and only three), bury them under a stone on the north side of a barn. I employed her remedy and kept my warts. Just here let me say if Hamden understood the physiological action of the drug he applied to the stumps of the amputated warts or growths, namely, nitrate of silver, he then would see why the vegetations were removed. The silver applied caused an extra flow of saliva, which became in

corporated with it, and bathing as it did the entire mucous surface the warts were cured. No fault to find with Hamden, but "every man to his own trade."

DR. W. H. HACKER.

445 WESTMINSTER STREET, Providence, R. I.

FOOT BEAGLES.

THE decadence of this old English breed and its decline in popular estimation is a matter of real regret to all sportsmen who venerate and love and jealously preserve those national breeds which have helped to make our English sport what it is. The desire for "some new thing," so characteristic of the present age, has attracted into the ranks of the "Basset hound fancy" many a young fellow, sound in legs and wind, to whom we should have looked as the natural supporter of our national breed; and a meretricious admiration has been inculcated for the foreign dog by the yard, with legs by the inch as crooked as art can make them, utterly opposed to an Englishman's idea of a hound in almost every particular. They are fashionable, and that is sufficient. It matters not that at every high bank or thick fence the entire pack await the panting master to lift them over or to take them round by an easier path to try and regain a scent left to cool until convenient to begin hunting again.

But the beagle has suffered also from the modern desire for pace; the old love of seeing these little hounds working out the scent for themselves perseveringly, musically, slowly, but very surely, over a bit of plow or on a bit of dry road, has been quite replaced by a frantic desire to "get on and kill," "keep up the average," and show to the field that the master "knows how to kill his hare." In consequence the size of the hounds has been increased, pace is bred for, and a modern pack "go off" in a manner which destroys all pleasure for foot-hunters, and renders necessary the presence of at least one horseman in the company; so the proceedings are voted "rather dull." It is true that, thanks to the hare, the pack will surely come again to those who know how to wait; but as most of the pretty pieces of work and exhibition of hound cleverness take place out of sight, there is not much to recommend the modern beagle pack. The fall is between two stools. A field on foot see little except perhaps the find and the finish; a mounted field seldom get a good gallop, and often receive scant welcome from the sorely tried farmer. If hounds were kept only for their legitimate business all this would be altered. In large open tracts of country, where little damage can be done, much sport will be provided by the speedy 17in. or 18in. harrier, and enjoyed by those whose means are too limited to allow of fox hunting, or whose increasing years warn them to take their pleasures more sedately. The true vocation, however, of the beagle is quite different from that of the harrier; none but those who have tried it know the amount of sport which can be given by a little pack rigidly kept under 12in. On a burning scent, the strongest and the best must do all he knows to keep with them, but soon the hare gets far ahead, her scent gets colder and very catchy; real hound work now begins, and nothing can be more fascinating than to watch a few couple of these clever miniature hounds working out for themselves a solution of the great problem. Seldom, indeed, should the master interfere with beagles; it rarely helps them much; they are self-opinionated little personages, entirely devoted to the scent, and so long as a particle is left, "a lift" is not a proceeding for which they are thankful; it often takes a considerable time to again get them on a line once their own plans have been upset by human interference. Besides, it should be remembered our object is not the same as in fox hunting; we are out for a good healthy run across country, young men and maidens, old men and children, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing beautiful little hounds hunting every yard of a run; watching what they will make of that bit of plow, how they will work that hedge row, race over the meadow, pick it up again in the lane; notice what a good voice that puppy will have, and how well that first season hound worked in the turnip field; observe how cute old Melody is hitting off the line on that main road just when we were giving it up in despair, and we are all there to see it, every bit of it; then before we get cold, a fresh burst of music, a touch of the horn, and we are off again. Very possibly we return without our hare, but we have had what we wanted, a good run, have got up a healthy glow, and have done much to dissipate many of the ills to which our flesh is heir. At very slight expense we have provided amusement for the young and old alike, without doing a bit of harm to our neighbors' crops, hedges or gates.

But supposing there are no hares? Still can we get real fun out of our miniature pack; only in this case our hounds must be reduced in size to still smaller dimensions, and we must try to obtain what used to be called the sleeve, pocket or toy beagle, which should never exceed 10in. By carefully netting a few rabbits, and turning them down quite uninjured in a field of roots or a hedge row far from their usual haunts, an afternoon's excellent sport will be obtained. Giving bunny twenty minutes' law to shake off any feeling of stiffness or fright and enable him to take stock of the new country, we bring up the toys. Let them find him, hunt him, kill him if they can, all by themselves. You are not there to kill the rabbit, but to see your toy hounds hunt him like a little pack of tigers with a burst of music which will often put to shame the local pack of foxhounds. However small our hounds, there is no danger of the field getting cold. Short sharp bursts, then a pretty bit of slow hunting, up jumps bunny again, down the hedgerow, through and out of sight, but lay forward for another burst, the little toys working like demons after the excitement of their "view." Many a corner you will have to cut if you wish to be always there, even with these hounds; but the rules of the game must be observed. See that your rabbit is perfectly uninjured before he is turned out. Give him a fair start, i. e., no shaking out of a bag in front of the hounds, make them find him. Do not cramp your rabbit up in a small box or dark bag for twenty-four hours before expecting him to run. Do not help your pack; bunny is sufficiently handicapped by the strangeness of his surroundings. Do not let your hounds exceed 10in. Then even rabbit hunting will give you and your friends many an hour's amusement and drive away many an ache and pain. In the sporting world what can exceed the beauty of a well-bred pack of these beautiful little toys busy at work? See them picking up the line over the grass field—sterns lashing with excitement, coats shining like satin, the brilliant

black, white and tans, the favorite blue mottle, the somber hare color, the lively tan and whites of various shades—all blending together in one harmonious whole. "Toys" they may be, but they seem terribly in earnest about the business on hand, and Mr. Cony must look very sharp if he means to run again another day, even although you should be able, if the necessity arises, to carry home in the great coat pocket an average specimen from your pack.

There is yet another use we can make of our miniature hounds. We all know the pleasure boys—and sometimes pretty old boys too—find in a paper chase. It seems natural for us to hunt something, if only our fellow creatures, laboriously marking out their steps with bits of paper. With a few "toy beagles" this fun and excitement can be increased tenfold, and a new joy found for the Christmas holidays. Give an active boy fifteen minutes' start with a rabbit skin attached to a piece of string, his orders being to keep it on the ground, but to twist and double and cause all the difficulties he can invent. Then put on your hounds; however small, they will soon give the best among you enough to do, and it will be real hunting with cheery music. The master must be a good goer on his own legs, always with his hounds, watching and legitimately helping them when help is required, for our little pack have to compete now with human intelligence, and many a useful lesson may be learned, even when hunting a drag.

Again, if within our shooting rights we have patches of gorse holding rabbits, nothing can be better than a few couple of small beagles; they will creep about through the smallest rabbit runs, and sooner or later force every rabbit in the patch to face the gun posted half way between that and the next. A burst of music coming nearer and nearer will warn you to be ready and quick, for the pace at which bunny will make for his new haven renders his death by no means a certainty, even with an experienced shot.

Having tired of rabbits, we can go and try for that old cock pheasant in the copse; our "toys" will hunt him with equal joy, and eventually force him up when they have driven him to the corner, where a gun awaits him, or should await him, for this combined hunting and shooting requires some activity in order to be at the right spot, guided by the music of your pack, and you may be kept running backward and forward for half an hour before the old cock will condescend to rise, which he generally does when you least expect him to do so.

Yet, with all this fun to be obtained out of "toy beagles," the true breed has become nearly extinct; but the formation of a pack, the breeding difficulties to be overcome, the various types of beagle now existing, and the true type at which we should aim ought to be discussed.—Breeder, in *London Field*.

Pace in Shooting Dogs.

WAVERLY, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* I noticed that very sensibly written article of Capt. McMurdo's under the above caption.

The Captain's position is well taken, as my observation has been that it is not always the fastest dog that is the most effective bird finder.

Pace is necessary when it is regulated to within the compass of the possessor's endurance; but if a dog uses his greatest efforts to maintain the high rate of speed of which he may be capable, he is apt to select ground as free from obstructions as possible in order that he may go as fast as he wants to, and his thoughts are not on finding birds when racing in such a frivolous manner.

Speed is something that can be spared to a greater extent than any other quality possessed by a first-class dog, and my experience is the same as the Captain's, namely, that wherever a dog is very, very fast, in the majority of cases he is not a first-class bird dog.

A dog with the proper stay-out qualities, and whose pace is uniform, will search out a larger scope of country, and generally find more birds; for while the dog's pace is sufficient to enable him to hunt the country within a reasonable distance by systematically beating it out with good judgment, and with as little tax on his endurance as would be necessary, he also does it in a more thorough manner, going well up into corners of every field, and often by his more leisurely methods getting scent and finding birds where his more speedy competitor passed by too hurriedly to be successful.

It is really surprising how little speed is needed to cover as much country as is needed when the dog stays out and loses no time in passing in and out, keeping track of his handler, avoiding getting lost by not casting too far out of the reach of the gun, not running himself down, and then taxing his already exhausted condition by racing hither and all over the country to find his master. A stay-out dog never does this; he hunts out the country as he comes to it, and does so in such a thorough manner that he finds all the birds possible to find, generally showing himself at stated intervals on some knoll or rise just long enough to be directed or to see if you are still pursuing the same course.

Such dogs add much pleasure to a day's hunt. To begin with, at the start they are not racing or keeping their owners constantly on the alert to make them remain at heel. They either take a position at heel or calmly saunter along the side of the road, investigating such matters from time to time as generally interest a passing dog.

A dog should be a clean galloper, and his pace should be natural enough to need no great effort on the dog's part to maintain it. He should carry a high head and pay no attention to any scent that was not strong enough to allow him to determine the whereabouts and location of the bodies that produced it, unless of such nature he could by good judgment road to his birds.

It has always been a mystery to me why spectators at a field trial always manifest more enthusiasm over a point made by a dog that jumps right into it than one with less snap, but made through a good nose and good judgment in following up a faint scent until the birds could be located.

A dog that jumps into a point looks pretty, I admit. His posture is unstudied and apt to be more spirited, but the very evidence of his surprise, manifested by his actions in pointing, shows the scent was met abruptly and unexpectedly, and all he did was what any good dog should do, and that was to point. In other words, the find was accidental in one sense, while in another he

was hunting out the country with the object of finding birds in view.

Still, at the same time, the birds were right there ready to be pointed and he could not escape pointing any other way than by flushing them. It is a different matter when you see a dog cast down into a ravine getting the wind at a certain point from a bevy on the opposite side of it perhaps. The moment the dog passes below the scent, loses it and casts back, strikes, but loses it again; he casts down the ravine and up, but being too low fails to get the scent, then swinging up the opposite side-hill a passing air brings to his delicate nostrils a faint indication of the source of the scent. With head high in the air he gallops up nearer and nearer, until the gallop subsides into a trot, the trot into a walk, and presently, with head erect and tail quivering with delight as he daintily poses it in a graceful attitude, he stops, having found and pointed birds that could only have been found through his judgment and bird sense.

A very fast dog would have passed without noticing it the slight scent that he caught in descending the hillside, and unless he had cast to the right place on the hill opposite where the bevy was, he would not have found them.

The point I wish to make is that the dog that did find them would also have jumped into the point as the other dog did, had he come on to birds unexpectedly, which a dog doesn't often do when he is always looking for birds.

A dog can be moderate in pace, have a good nose, plenty of bird sense and judgment enough to "stay out" and keep hunting, and at the end of a day's hunt he will be doing effective work, while his speedier companion will have shot his bolt long before and only be able to keep up with the procession without hunting—which means "at heel."

W. W. TITUS.

The Bull-Terrier Club of America.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At a meeting of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, held in Pittsburg, Jan. 13, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America that, although Mr. Raper is perfectly satisfactory as a judge to the Bull-Terrier Club, still as matter of precedent, we, the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club, wish to notify all kennel clubs holding bench shows at which we offer specials that we would deem it an act of courtesy to ourselves to have such clubs, if they do not select a judge from our list, to at least consult us as to whom they will have judge the breed.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, that Dr. H. T. Foote and Mr. H. F. Schellhass, by their persistent and unreasoning assaults on the practice of cropping and on those who practice it, have constituted themselves enemies of the Bull-Terrier Club of America; and that the said Dr. H. T. Foote, by his proposal to disqualify all dogs not in "a natural condition," is assuming a hostile position toward the exhibition of spaniels, fox-terriers, poodles, great Danes, bull-terriers, Boston terriers and black and tan terriers, and is hereby hostile to the American Kennel Club, which is maintained for the advancement of all canine interests regardless of breeds; and, be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Foote, Mr. Schellhass and the American Kennel Club; also the various press mediums for publication.

The following specials will be given by the Bull-Terrier Club of America at the Westminster Kennel Club bench show: Club's silver medals for best dog and bitch in open class over 30lbs.; club's silver medals for best dog and bitch in open class under 30lbs. To be competed for by members of club only.

W. D. BRERETON, Sec'y.

The Status of Field Trials.

WAVERLY, Miss.—The papers have not made the effort for field trial prominence in their columns for the past several years that has been necessary, and many of the comments and criticisms, while merited as applied to the individuals for whom intended, yet they have been accepted by the public as representing the general tenor of field trial goers, and the result has been a falling off of interest in field trials. It is impossible for the public to know anything about field trials, except what they read, unless informed by a friend who has been present, or by being present themselves.

When non-field trial goers ask a party who is going, "What he is going down among that crowd of wranglers and mud slingers for?" it would be very interesting to know through what influence or medium of information he arrived at such opinion of field trials in general.

If he gets his impressions from what he reads in the sporting journals, then those papers, instead of being a benefit to field trial interests by reporting matters as they are, have been a detriment by prejudicing sportsmen who probably would enjoy field trial sports if they would only go and see for themselves. A public press is a great blessing, but too close a scrutiny of matters to be made public cannot exist.

Public sentiment in such matters generally represents pretty fairly the views in general regarding it, and I have never in all my recollection heard so many harsh comments as I have in the last three months.

A party with a grievance is always to be found in any description of competitive contest I have ever witnessed, from the insipid game of croquet all along the line, not even expecting yacht racing. It is time when that character of men seeks the public journals for means of airing their "grievances" that they should furnish the best of proof that what they accuse of is so, and unless they can do so refuse point blank to publish their communications. I know the stand taken by *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I am glad to see the matter being treated heroically by others.

It is no doubt but what this style of field trial criticism is harmful. It gives the impression as it exists in the brain of the disappointed competitor, and oftener by those who were not present and make the complaint on hearsay without first hearing the other side. W. W. TITUS.

Game Laws in Brief.

The Game Laws in Brief, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

WINTER MEET OF THE BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

THE seventh annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Brunswick, Me., during the week of Jan. 13. The meet was a successful one. The club headquarters were at the Tontine Hotel, where everything possible was done for the accommodation of the visitors.

Too much praise cannot be given to the club members residing in Brunswick for the many courtesies heaped upon their club mates and visitors, and to their efforts in due the pleasure of the week.

Foxes were easily found and the hunting conditions were unusually favorable for midwinter. A little more snow would have been an advantage, but the weather was excellent and there was no room for fault finding.

The work of the hounds was good. Clay, the veteran of many a hard chase and field trial, was hunted every day, and bore himself as gallantly as in the past. Bonnie ran as true as ever. Billy was in the thick of the fight each day. Jerry showed great endurance, and had the happy faculty of getting into most of the runs whenever he was hunted. Piper showed some wonderful bursts of speed, and almost every hound in the pack earned words of praise at one time or another.

Among the sportsmen present during the week were: Dr. A. C. Heffenger, W. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; J. W. Jones, Needham, N. H.; H. A. Dwell, Weston, Mass.; L. E. Conant, W. B. Stone, Waltham, Mass.; F. C. Mower, Auburn, Me.; E. H. Bragg, North Sidney, Me.; A. B. McGregor, Poland, Me.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.; G. S. Ellis, Portland, Me.; Allen Chamberlain, Boston, Mass.; F. W. Noyes, C. A. Chandler, Nathan Stewart, H. C. Harmon, Ed Barker, Gorham, N. H.; S. L. Adams, Minneapolis, Minn.; Geo. Johnson, Bailey's Island; E. M. Snow, F. E. Roberts, S. Knight, Jr., H. A. Stetson, H. J. Given, E. A. Graves, F. P. Shaw, Hon. C. J. Gilman, W. A. Stetson, E. S. Bodwell, Edgar Barron, Melville Thomas, A. G. Hall, Capt. E. B. Nickerson, Brunswick, Me.; A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.; Marshall Parks, Bradford, N. H.

The hounds at the meet were:

White Oak Hill Kennels' b., w. and t. dogs Clay and Duke (Goodman), and b., w. and t. bitches Sunmaid (July) and Frisky (July—Goodman).

F. C. Mower's blue mottled bitch Gypsy (Buckfield).

M. Park's tan dog Billy (native).

A. W. McDonald's b. and t. dog Texas Jack and b. and t. bitch Queen (natives).

L. E. Conant's b., w. and t. bitch Nancy (native) and b. and t. dog Bonnie (Conant).

E. A. Graves's b. and t. dog Hunter (native).

E. E. Barker's b., w. and t. dog Rex (imported from France).

N. Stewart's b., w. and t. dog Bud (English—Cook).

W. A. Bragdon's b., w. and t. dog Piper (Walker) and b. and w. dogs Minstrel (native—English) and Dock (Walker).

H. J. Given's blue ticked dog Jerry (native).

F. H. Wilson's blue ticked dogs Banker and Wonder (natives).

W. H. Stetson's b., w. and t. dog Golden Rod (Cook).

G. F. Smith's b., w. and t. dog Boney (native).

President Heffenger called the annual meeting to order at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were accepted. The club is in a good financial condition. Following is the list of the official foxhound judges of the club: Messrs. John Davidson, Roger D. Williams, A. C. Heffenger, J. M. Taylor and Joseph Lewis. The election resulted as follows: President, Dr. A. C. Heffenger; Vice-Presidents, L. O. Dennison, S. Knight, Jr., O. F. Joslin; Master of Hounds, R. D. Perry; Secretary, Bradford S. Turpin; Treasurer, W. A. Bragdon; Executive Committee, A. B. F. Kinney, A. G. Hall, G. W. Pierce, A. McDonald.

F. J. Hagan, Louisville, Ky., was elected an active member of the club, and H. L. Aldrich, Sheldonville, Mass., and W. H. Flagg, Waltham, Mass., were chosen honorary members.

The week of Oct. 19 was selected for the field trials. H. J. Given was appointed M. F. H. to serve during R. D. Perry's absence. President Mower, of the Monmouth Fur Club, made a brief speech, inviting all B. F. C. members to the annual hunt of his club, to be held at Dixfield, Me., during the week of Jan. 27.

L. E. Conant, H. J. Given and Geo. E. Carr were appointed the Committee on Membership. R. D. Perry, Bradford S. Turpin, W. B. Stone, A. B. F. Kinney and A. McDonald were chosen as the Committee on Field Trial Grounds. O. F. Joslin, N. Q. Pope, W. A. Bragdon, H. A. Stetson and W. R. Dean were appointed to select field trial judges.

Hon. C. J. Gilman, of Brunswick, made an address of welcome.

Tuesday.

The club was favored with a perfect day for a winter hunt. There was no wind, the thermometer was about at the freezing point, and an inch or two of snow covered the ground. The hunt took place in Topsham, in the section of country known as the "Undivided." It is a beautiful hunting ground, partially wooded with spruce and pine, and giving many opportunities in the open pastures and clearings to view the chase.

Four foxes were started during the day. The first one jumped was driven prettily by Bonnie, Nancy, Hunter, Billy and Texas Jack. They followed him for an hour before any one got a shot. Then Mr. Conant was the lucky man, but he did not succeed in stopping the fox, though he hit him hard. The hounds were close behind, and it was thought that they would run down the fox, but he escaped.

While this chase was going on a second fox was started by Duke, Clay, Sunmaid, Frisky, Piper, Dock and Minstrel. He ran but a few minutes when Mr. Parks secured a shot, failed to kill and the fox quickly went to earth.

Another fox was started later in the day by Frisky, but how the chase ended is unknown.

A fourth fox was jumped by Gypsy and was doubtless shot by an unknown outside hunter.

During the day Clay broke through the ice while crossing a small river and narrowly escaped drowning.

Wednesday.

The day was clear and cold, but the enjoyment of the chase was greatly diminished by the high wind, which made it impossible to hear the hounds unless they were directly to windward. Foxes were easily found, but the

hunt as a whole was dull. Part of the hunters went to Rocky Hill and others to the grounds that were hunted on Tuesday. On the Freeport road, on the extreme eastern boundary of the Rocky Hill grounds, Gypsy was cast off alone. The little Buckfield hound soon trailed to a start and jumped a fox which refused to give the hunters any sport at all. He led off through the Thousand Acre Swamp and nothing more was heard of the chase during the day.

At the west end of the grounds two foxes were started. Billy drove one prettily along the banks of the Androscoggin far to the south. Finally Reynard turned to the west, but only to go to earth at the first opportunity. The other fox was followed by Hunter and Jerry. He crossed the Durham road safely, though a number of hunters were on the lookout for him, but a few minutes later George Johnson brought him to bag. The fox proved to be a remarkably handsome one—a woods gray with glossy black ears, legs and brush.

Further north Bud and Rex started a fox from the first thicket they entered. He ran to the southward and the chorus was soon swelled by the voices of Hunter and Jerry, who barked to the running hounds. When he crossed the Durham road E. A. Graves fired at him, but failed to score. The chase led away toward the Androscoggin, where the pack was thrown off and made a complete loss.

Far to the south Wonder, Banker and Gyp started two foxes. Gyp drove one far out of hearing, and did not bring him back. Wonder and Banker followed the other for some time and supplied some excitement for the sportsmen in that vicinity.

Meantime Sunmaid, Clay, Frisky, Dock and Minstrel had been cast off in Topsham and were having the best run of the day. For seven hours the chase continued, and then a farmer put an end to the fun by wounding the fox. He was probably run into by the hounds and killed.

Mr. Johnson's fox was on exhibition in the evening and excited general admiration. It was a vixen and weighed 9½ lbs., and put its owner in the lead for the handsome *skis* offered as a prize for the largest fox.

Thursday.

The morning was clear and still, with the thermometer 3° below zero. The bitter cold, however, did not last long, and by noon the mercury stood at 20° above. The day was a comfortable one, as there was no wind.

All the hunters went to Rocky Hill, and the hounds were put in on both sides of the Durham road. Two foxes were jumped on the west side. Nancy and Jerry took one, and made a pretty drive along the river bank. The fox was shot by an outsider. Meantime Billy and Bonnie drove the other across the Androscoggin River and to the grounds in Topsham, where the first day's hunt occurred. The race was one of the best of the week, and continued till sunset. Then his brush was captured by a local hunter.

Clay, Frisky, Sunmaid, Piper, Dock and Golden Rod were cast off on the east side of the Durham road. Piper and Dock drove a fox for an hour or more, and finally ran him to a loss. The others, joined by Nancy and Jerry, had an exciting chase in the Thousand Acre Swamp, and at last brought the fox within range of E. A. Graves. He improved the opportunity and captured a vixen weighing 9½ lbs. He also won the 25-cent pool which had been made up for the hunter who secured the first brush. Mr. Johnson killed the first fox, but was not in the pool.

In the evening the club was entertained with banjo, guitar and mandolin music, and the fun lasted till a late hour.

Friday.

Another perfect hunting day much warmer than Thursday. The Thousand Acre Swamp was the scene of the hunt. There was no trouble in finding game and the music began almost as soon as the hounds were cast off. Banker, Wonder and Boney started two foxes which ran for some distance together, but no one was fortunate enough to see them and the chance to make a double was lost. Meantime Clay, Billy, Nancy and Hunter were driving a fox toward Quaker village. They pressed him hard and finally drove him to earth after a two hours' race. They then started another fox, but quickly lost him. This was a handsome fellow that looked almost black when running.

The meet was now at an end. George Johnson was the winner of the handsome *skis* offered for the largest fox killed during the week.

Some of the visiting sportsmen returned home on Friday evening and the others on Saturday morning.

J. A. F.

Fox Hunting in Virginia.

BOYDTON, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All lovers of sport will read with pleasure and pride a fox chase which occurred in Halifax county, Virginia, in December last. It is the most remarkable race within the knowledge of the writer, and he doubts whether the most experienced fox hunters among your readers can recall its equal.

The frozen ground and cold weather had not terrors sufficient to induce those veteran huntsmen, the Hon. R. G. Sneed and Mr. E. A. Lewis, of Townsville, N. C., to forego a camp hunt which had been planned for the middle of December. For some time they had heard of a certain old red which had had his way for so long that he seemed to defy hunters and their packs. It was believed by some that he had been run half a hundred times, and those best acquainted with him were of the opinion that he would not be caught. When they learned of the determination to catch him on this occasion, they prepared to gey the hunters at the end of the chase, believing it would result in broken-down horses and dogs, sore riders and a free fox with new laurels.

On Dec. 14 the above-named gentlemen, who rode sixty miles through the country to get to the hunting ground, in company with Col. W. B. Wilkins, Thos. Adams and Samuel Oliver, of Halifax county, Va.; C. A. Raine, of Danville, Va.; Nat Palmer, of Milton, N. C.; Walter Jones, of Person county, N. C.; John B. Boyd, of Boydton, Va., and several others began their camp hunt of a week.

After hunting several days without success, and while considerably disheartened, as the prospects seemed poor for a test of speed and endurance between dogs which had never failed to catch whatever got up before them

red foxes not excepted, and the old red whose reputation was co-extensive with that section of country, they were delighted, about 11 o'clock on Thursday, to receive assurance from the energetic and indefatigable pack that they would at least have the chase.

From the locality and the trail, some of the hunters felt satisfied that it was the famed old red, and that he was preparing for one of his long journeys. In this they were not mistaken. In a few minutes he was seen about a mile in front of the pack and was recognized by those who had previously chased him. At the sight of him their enthusiasm knew no bounds. With full confidence in the superiority of the fox, they rose in their stirrups and yelled, "There he is, now catch him!"

The fox had the advantage of being familiar with the country, while very few of the dogs had ever hunted there before. His long experience made it unnecessary for him to consume much time in determining what to do.

Starting near Pace's Ferry on the Dan River, he virtually followed the river, passing News Ferry and Barksdale's Ferry and going thence to Milton, N. C., which on a straight line is fully thirty miles from the starting point. He then turned and went by South Boston, Virginia, and finally came back to his starting point. Whether it was his intention to take this long jaunt again can only be surmised. After getting back to the starting point, he turned again toward News Ferry and ran seven miles. As dog after dog gave up the race, it seemed that his admirers had not claimed too much for him; that he was destined to win another victory. None of the hunters any longer doubted his ability to break down the majority of foxhounds, and they were beginning to doubt whether any of the thirty-five dogs which started in the race would be equal to the occasion. They were not allowed, however, to remain in doubt, for at 3:35 o'clock this proud old hero of many similar contests had to succumb, and thus prove the superiority of the few dogs which had followed him through the entire race.

It is estimated that he ran not less than seventy-five and perhaps one hundred miles. The chase lasted four and a half hours. In the beginning of it the pack numbered thirty-five, but only thirteen had the endurance to run it through. Ten of the thirteen were bred by Messrs. Sneed and Lewis and Dr. Wm. Townes, of Memphis, Tenn.; two were bred by Consul-General W. T. Townes, and one, an imported Irish bitch, was from the Homer Kennel of Memphis, which is owned by J. W. Alley. Those which ran the entire race are Maud S., Nancy Hanks, Sophie, Davy, Leate, Domino, Rio, Venus, Sal, Limber, Rock, Rye and Old Lottie.

The last named is 9 years old, while all of the others are not less than 5 years.

The old red weighed 11½ lbs. after the brush had been removed, and minus some of his entrails.

No account of this hunt would be complete which did not specially mention the fact that the party was entertained by Col. W. B. Wilkins, and to those who know the full meaning of it nothing more need be said than that he entertained in the true old Virginia style.

JOHN B. BOYD.

City of the Straits Kennel Club.

THE board of directors of the City of the Straits Kennel Club are now making active preparations for their fourth annual bench show, to be held in the Auditorium March 3 to 6. The following Bench Show Committee have been appointed: President George M. Hendrie; Secretary R. Humfryes-Roberts, and A. T. Knowlson, Ed. Wiles, R. McDonald, Major James C. Cuillott, W. Howie Muir, Chas. A. Parkinson.

Committee on Specials: Chairman, Miss Anna N. Griffin; W. Howie Muir, George M. Hendrie, Richard Bangham. Advertising Committee: Chairman, James R. H. Wagner; A. T. Knowlson, Guy D. Welton; R. Humfryes-Roberts, Secretary.

The bench committee have begun their work, and the following judges have been employed: Special judge for collies, R. McElwen, London, Ont.; for spaniels, E. M. Oldham; New York; Messrs. James Mortimer, New York, and John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., will divide the other classes between them.

The premium list is being prepared and shows an increase of about \$400 over last year, being very near \$2,000 now, and the Committee on Specials hope to increase this to \$2,500. The Secretary is in active communication with several of the large breeders and handlers already. The show comes after the New York Show and before the Chicago. The Committee feel hopeful that they can gather in the large Eastern kennels, which will exhibit later in Chicago.

A great deal of enthusiasm was aroused by the local show held in December, and there is no doubt that Detroit dogs will compare favorably with the best specimens which prominent outsiders will bring here.

The Committee on Specials report that they are meeting with a liberal support from the merchants and admirers of the dog in general and hope to swell this year's special beyond that of any former year.

Sportsmanship and Field Trials.

WINNIPEG.—I read with some interest "A Review of the Year," but I cannot quite agree with the conclusions re field trials. I am "on the fence" now, and I think I can look at them as they were, as they are and as they should be.

When you eliminate sportsmanship from field trials or any other branch of athletics, and replace it for pecuniary considerations, then I am willing to agree with you as to their management and success. But I say right now, and I am speaking from no slight experience, that if field trials are run for sportsmen it does not require one dollar of capital to run a field trial club.

The Northwestern Field Trial Club held three successful trials. They donated 90 per cent. of the total of moneys received for entry and starters' fees, besides valuable trophies, and for three years no member was called upon to contribute a single cent; in fact, not even their annual club dues were collected.

If you organize a club with expensive machinery, then you must have a very liberal support or you die a natural death; but I contend there are enough of the genuine article of true sportsmen to be found who are capable and willing to be the machinery. However, for their services they demand a guarantee that they will be supported by

those who have not the almighty dollar in mind the whole time.

It has and was demonstrated at the late Manitoba trials that dogs were "born" and not made to order by a professional handler. You will bear me out when I mention Dido, the winner in the Amateur Stake. No, money is no longer the desideratum for a successful field trial, but a genuine love of sport is; and my contention is—and it is based on fact and experience—that field trials can be successfully run if properly managed, and the capital required is a few thorough sportsmen, who are willing to give their services to what many think the greatest encouragement to the development of the pointer and setter.

THOS. JOHNSON.

From the Seat of War.

WAVERLY, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Little Ned, the pointer who has made quite a field trial reputation, arrived here on Jan. 12, and he will face the judges again in the U. S. trials at West Point next February in the All Age Pointer stakes.

Mr. W. N. Kerr, Little Ned's owner, has been shooting over him at Thomasville, Ga. I judge he has given Ned plenty of good substantial work, as he is as hard as rocks and looks as though he was ready for business to-morrow if necessary.

It is surprising how many up-to-date sportsmen shoot over dogs of either field trial reputation or quality good enough to run in any field trial company.

Mr. J. Tredwell Richards, who has been shooting in this vicinity and for whom I have some dogs in training, owns and had with him a very superior bitch which he regards as his best shooting dog, and he makes no mistake when he does so. She has plenty of pace and range, good bird sense, handles sweetly to the gun, is one of the old time retrievers and is a pleasure to take in the field. Mr. Richards brought her over to get my opinion of her field trial qualities, with the view of running her in the future if I thought favorably of her, which I did.

I got a letter not long ago from Jack White, inclosing me a cocked hat in outline cut from a sheet of wrapping paper, and on it he informed me that he had organized a guerilla corps in view of preying on the shipping and merchant service of England, should matters proceed to that unpleasant extent, and if they did not, he thought that he would declare war against England any way on his own account *à la* Dr. Jameson. The cocked hat he informed me was the first instalment of our uniform and that I held the position of lance corporal, and was on the list for early promotion.

Since Bradley was appointed to the position of "auger bearer," as Jack thought he could wade out about half way across to England, and scuttle the ships by boring holes in their bottoms with his auger. By the way, Jack arrived in West Point last Wednesday, and as he had previously written to me in reference to a location, I had him one picked out near Griffith, and sent him there. He had nineteen dogs, among which was the well-known pointer Sandford Druid, who will run in the pointer stakes of the U. S. Club. When Jack unbuttoned his trunk after his arrival, he found that a bottle of blackberry cordial he had therein, presented to him by a sweetheart of his in the old North State, had become fractured and the contents had become (cordially) acquainted with his clothing. The stains left thereon resemble in color the kind of gore that Jack expects to revel in, in his warfare against Great Britain.

Mr. C. E. Buckle writes me from Landsford, S. C., that he will arrive in West Point about the 29th, and if he can secure a good location, he will remain and handle his puppies, for next season's trials, until April 1st or thereabouts.

The West Point field trial grounds I noticed were badly burned off as I passed through them the other day on my way to West Point, to meet Jack White. I also hear lots of shooting over in that direction, but then there is shooting in every direction, and it is pretty hard to locate it.

Mr. Tatham, of the shot manufacturing people, was a shooting companion of Mr. J. T. Richards and Mr. Theo. Sturgis for a week or so.

I learned through Mr. Richards that both Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Wm. Hammond, his trainer, are delighted with their location. Mr. Hammond averages in the neighborhood of thirteen bebies daily, which is good enough.

Mr. C. A. Draper, a friend of Prof. E. H. Osthaus, from Toledo, O., is at present in the country near West Point on a shooting trip. He is accompanied by a friend whose name I did not learn. I have not heard what success they are having, but expect it will be satisfactory, as they are in a good bird locality.

Mr. C. A. Tucker was out to see me last week. He was in search of a good locality, where he could handle the youngsters of the Rancocas Kennel, of which he has about thirty very promising puppies. Charley thinks that out of the bunch he will get Derbies of the right kind of field trial quality to carry the colors of the Rancocas Kennel right up to the front in field trial competition the coming season. He went to Eupora and Grady, west of West Point, on the Southern Road, but did not find open country enough to suit him, and had about decided to locate at Baldwin, Miss., just north of Tupelo. Nat. Nesbitt in writing to me recently casually mentioned that he had Jingo out for a three hours' spin in his preparatory work for the Champion Stake and that Jingo found fifteen bebies, and made single-bird points in a way to have delighted any one that was not running in competition against him. In the setter line Nat. thinks he has a wonder in a puppy by King Leo out of Minnie T. He writes that he expects to make things hot in the All-Age Stake next season with this same dog.

I hope to have some good ones myself, but I have not got time to give any attention to that matter just now. What I am worrying about is not the "future," but the "right now," which means the coming trials in February.

George Gray did not think the country was open enough at Una, Miss. He moved ten miles north to Buena Vista, Miss.

In a letter recently received from Mr. E. O. Damon he speaks of Minnie T. and Strideaway possibly running up against each other in the champion, so I infer that Strideaway will be a starter. Mr. Damon is to be congratulated on his decision to start him, as he can lose nothing by defeat, and as he has an equal chance with any for winning the cup it shows great wisdom on the part of Mr. Damon.

W. W. TITUS.

New England Beagle Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first futurity stake of the New England Beagle Club closed Jan. 15 with thirty-seven nominations, as follows:

Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee), Aug. 15, 1895.

Howard Almy's b., w. and t. dog, unnamed (Clarion of Glenrose—Trill), July 22, 1895.

George F. Reed's w. and t. ticked bitch Mag R. (Zeno—Nell R.), April 12, 1895.

George F. Reed's w., b. and t. dog Scorch (Wanderer—Triumph), April 14, 1895.

George F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Lead (Bugle—Betsy Lee), Oct. 25, 1895.

George F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog Millard R. (Millard—Haida), July 31, 1895.

Joe Lewis's b., w. and t. dog Robins II. (Ringleader—Spinaway), Aug. 30, 1895.

Joe Lewis's b., w. and t. dog Ringwood (Ringleader—Spinaway), Aug. 30, 1895.

Wm. Saxby's b., w. and t. bitch Dime's Daisy (Clyde—Dime), Jan. 25, 1895.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch Whaler (Wanderer—Triumph), April 14, 1895.

H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice), June 29, 1895.

C. J. Prouty's b., w. and t. bitch Rachel (Diamond Forest—Zoe Reed), Oct. 7, 1895.

C. J. Prouty's b., w. and t. dog Rubin (Diamond Forest—Zoe Reed), Oct. 7, 1895.

Mrs. S. A. Parry's w., b. and t. bitch White Thorn (Drive—Nancy), June 15, 1895.

Mrs. N. A. Smith's w., b. and t. bitch Fancy S. (Little Corporal—Frances), March 31, 1895.

H. L. Kreuder's b., w. and t. bitch Gypsy Buckshot (Buckshot—Blanche), Jan. 18, 1895.

H. L. Kreuder's b., w. and t. dog Bob of Rockland (Frank Forest—Zillah), June 10, 1895.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Starlight (Zeno—Fannie Reed), Jan. 21, 1895.

Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog King Philip (Spark R.—Welcome), Aug. 10, 1895.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. dog Glenwood (Little Corporal—Frances), March 31, 1895.

W. E. Deane's w., b. and t. bitch Topsy Glenwood (Rove—Wenonah), July 7, 1895.

A. D. Fisk's w., b. and t. dog Bradford (Clyde—Lady Novice), June 29, 1895.

A. D. Fisk's w., b. and t. dog Clyde II. (Clyde—Lady Novice), June 29, 1895.

F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. bitch Impetuous (Clarion of Glenrose—Trill), July 22, 1895.

F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. dog Grit (Paderewski—Gypsy A.), Aug. 6, 1895.

F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. dog Ripple (Thor—Beatrice), Nov. 30, 1895.

F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. dog Glide (Bannerman—Butterfly), Aug. 27, 1895.

F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. dog Preble (Bannerman—Iona), Nov. 18, 1895.

Robt. Hindle, Jr.'s b., w. and t. dog Tenney Lee (Lake—Sweet Fern), July 6, 1895.

W. S. Clark's b., w. and t. bitch Lou Burr (Ringleader—Baby Deane), June 1, 1895.

W. S. Clark's ——— (J. Bull—Sunbeam), January, 1896.

W. S. Clark's ——— (J. Bull—Sunbeam), January, 1896.

W. L. Redfern's w., b. and t. bitch Mischief (Melrose—Louise), 1895.

H. A. P. Smith's ——— (Clyde—Slip), 1896.

H. A. P. Smith's ——— (Clyde—Slip), 1896.

Frank Whalen's b., w. and t. bitch Alice Rattles (Lake—Sweet Fern), July 6, 1895.

Arthur Parry's w., b. and t. bitch Bell of Franklin (J. Bull—Belle), July, 1895.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. James Mortimer, Superintendent of the W. K. C. show, under date of Jan. 18, writes us that "we have an unprecedented demand for premium lists and entry forms, not only from exhibitors in this country, but also in England, and there is every indication that we shall beat the record. We shall be glad to receive from intending exhibitors photographs of dogs for illustration in the daily press." Do not forget that entries close on Feb. 4, and that premium lists, entry blanks and all necessary information can be obtained of Mr. Mortimer, Room 26, 32 Pine street, New York.

Mr. E. M. Williams, Charlottesville, Va., writes us: "I have sold to Mrs. Smith, of North Carolina, my fine Skye bitch Scotland's Bonnie Belle. I have also had such a demand for puppies through your grand paper that I am now reduced to one. I have imported recently a very handsome Skye bitch. She is very handsome, and if I show her she will make many Skyes take a back seat."

The officers elected at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club were: President, Francis G. Taylor; Vice-Pres., W. G. Fleer; Treasurer, S. Murray Mitchell; Secretary, Dr. A. Glass; Delegate, Francis G. Taylor. A large number of members attended. In the matter of a preserve for field trial and shooting purposes, the club agreed to lease 10,000 acres near Thomasville, N. C., the shooting members of the club to pay \$25 dues instead of \$12; kennel members, \$12. It was decided to hold a bench show which would follow Boston, and steps to secure a building will be taken at once.

Mr. N. T. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., made a very pleasant call in FOREST AND STREAM office this week. He is justly confident that his celebrated pointer Jingo will make an excellent competition in the forthcoming trials. Jingo is a reliable dog every time when cast off in the game country.

The Great Dane Club (England), in consequence of the English Kennel Club's rule against cropping, dissolved on Dec. 31.

On this action *Our Dogs* says: "If, however, a club can only exist upon an illegal, as well as inhuman practice, which 'cropping' is, then in our opinion the club is better dead. This being so, we consider the death of the

Great Dane Club an inglorious one. A new club is being formed upon more up-to-date lines." *Our Dogs* continues: "One of the first objects to which the new club will have to address itself will, of course, be the size and carriage of ears of the Dane, which, we are sure, can be bred with as pleasing ears as the Irish terrier, mastiff, or St. Bernard. It is all use. There was the same cry against the abolition of cropping among a section of the Irish terrier fancy, with the mighty difference that, instead of this club being in favor of continuing this inhuman practice, it was, to its everlasting credit be it said, the first body to take initiatory steps for its abolition. Now, a cropped Irish terrier looks wrong and something short about him, so used have we all become to the neat drop-ear with which all our best Irish terriers are adorned."

We are indebted to Mr. H. L. Keyes, Worcester, Mass., for a spirited portrait of his setter dog Montell (Mark's Mack—Katie B.). Mr. H. B. Tallman is the painter of it.

In our kennel advertisements this week Mrs. E. M. Williams, Charlottesville, Va., offers Skye terriers. Mr. H. W. Page, Auburndale, Mass., offers English setters. Waban Kennels, Newton, Mass., offers St. Bernards. Seaforth Kennels, Orange, N. J., announces the St. Bernard's Rose King and Sir Hugh at stud.

There will be a meeting of the executive committee of the Spaniel Club on Tuesday of this week. On Thursday the Metropolitan Kennel Club will hold a meeting.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Seaforth Kennels' (East Orange, N. J.) Lady Anna (20,331), rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Nov. 16, to champion Melrose King (21,885).

Mr. C. G. Hopton's (Roseville, N. J.) La Belle Charlotte (39,162), rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Jan. 9, to Seaforth Kennels' champion Melrose King (21,885).

Mr. G. W. Patterson's Clara Barton, St. Bernard bitch, Dec. 10, to Altoner.

Lady Lomond, St. Bernard bitch, Nov. 26, to Count Odo.

Eulalie II., St. Bernard bitch, Nov. 9, to Jim Blaine.

Mr. E. B. MacNair's Beverwyck Luna, fox-terrier bitch, Jan. 9, to Hillside Royal.

Nancy, smooth fox-terrier bitch, Jan. 13, to Wawaset Trick.

Mr. Ashton H. Tatum's Fox, fox-terrier bitch, July 23, to Hillside Royal.

Mr. B. S. Horne's Warren Damson, fox-terrier bitch, Oct. 22, to Hillside Royal.

Mr. F. L. Cheney's Clytie, Boston terrier bitch, Dec. 23, to Commissioner.

WHELPS.

Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Beaumont II., Gordon setter bitch, whelped Dec. 2, eleven (seven dogs), by Buck.

Mr. B. S. Horne's Warren Damson, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 17, four (one dog), by Hillside Royal.

Mr. E. B. MacNair's Nancy, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 7, four dogs, by Hillside Royal.

Mr. A. R. Tatum's Fox, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 18, four (three dogs), by Hillside Royal.

Mr. F. T. Peet's Beulah I., Gordon setter bitch, whelped Dec. 25, eight (five dogs), by Merikland Ranger.

Mr. Robt. L. Soper's Duchess, Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, eight (four dogs), by Gordon Grouse.

SALES.

Miss Cecelia Evstaphie has sold Wawaset Royal, fox-terrier dog to Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt.

Dr. James Ferris Belt has sold Wawaset Royal II., fox-terrier dog, to Mr. Wm. H. Churchman.

Wawaset Molly, fox-terrier bitch, to Mr. Robt. Wallis.

Wawaset Royal, fox-terrier dog, to Mr. B. S. Horne.

Yachting.

MR. AND MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN sailed from New York on Jan. 15 for England their purpose being to make a long trip abroad. There is every probability that Defender will not be fitted next season.

If any evidence were needed of the serious mistake made in holding secret sessions of the special committee, it may be found in the comments heard about New York from non-yachtsmen. The popular and general interest in the Dunraven charges and investigation is still very active, and among business men and persons entirely unconnected with yachting the question is constantly heard as to why the report is withheld and what the committee are doing with it that cannot be made public. The impression thus far made immediately at home by the original secrecy and the apparently needless delay is distinctly bad, and it is likely to be much worse on the other side of the water. Strong as its case has been from the first, the New York Y. C. cannot afford to weaken it by even a groundless appearance of shirking the most complete publicity.

The report of the regatta committee is at last made public and covers very thoroughly the details of the famous foul in the second race. There is little room for doubt that the blame lay entirely with Valkyrie on account of her erratic maneuvers just before the gun; she had ample room inside of Defender to clear the committee boat, though it is possible that she would have been at the line before the gun. The report does not give the evidence of both sides as taken by the committee, interesting as it would be.

In these great international races the yachtsmen of the two nations have certain rights, and unless some special reasons exist to the contrary it is in every way desirable that such questions as that of the foul, and of the variation of Defender's trim, should be investigated in public and the evidence given out at once.

ONE of the results of the continued attempt to withhold the report of the special committee is the premature and unauthorized publication of a large portion of the evidence by a New York paper. The decision itself is not yet known, but by some means the paper in question has apparently obtained a copy of the evidence. The responsibility for this premature publication is disowned by the club, the matter being characterized as follows by the secretary of the special committee:

"Mr. Rives states with regard to the publication of the evidence taken by the investigating committee this morning, that he has not examined it to see whether it is a correct transcript of the proceedings before the committee or not. If it is a correct statement of such proceedings, or any part of them, it must have been obtained by theft or by some other means equally dishonorable to the newspaper that published it."

This is all very well, but it is extremely unjust to those journals which have waited in good faith for the general publication of the re-

port that they should be unable to obtain it even after it has practically been made public by underhand means. Taking the matter from first to last, it must be said that it has been very badly managed so far as the great public of both America and England is concerned. It might now be in order for the club to appoint a committee and investigate the circumstances attending this premature publication of the evidence.

YACHT DESIGNING.—IV.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 59.]

SPEED, as it is properly understood in yachting, is not the actual rate of a vessel in knots, or miles per hour; but it is the ratio of this actual speed to the sum total of the speed-giving elements, whatever they may be; and for lack of a better term we are compelled to use "size" to express this total. Indefinite and inadequate as it is, no better term has yet been devised to express this general idea. "Measurement," "rating," "mean length," "corrected length," "tonnage" and other similar terms have been used at various times for the same purpose, but they are even more limited in their application. The "size" of a yacht is not measured by any one dimension, even length, nor the sum of a number of the dimensions; it is not the sail area nor the sail-carrying power, but it is a combination of dimensions of hull, sail area, amount and depth of ballast and of other less plainly apparent elements. Thus far, after two centuries of yachting, nothing approaching an accurate and scientific formula including the main elements of speed in their true relations has been produced; and yachtsmen are perforce content with some rough and ready approximation which is more convenient than accurate.

One of the most mischievous and erroneous of the many attempts to measure "size" in a simple manner is the length rule, based on length alone, taken in various different ways. The general acceptance in this country, as well as in other places at times, as an axiom, of the false and misleading statement that "length gives speed," has worked no end of harm to yachting in the production and perpetuation of faulty models. As long as it is recognized that no possible combination of all the dimensions of a yacht has yet been discovered which will give a reasonable measure of her initial elements of speed, it is idle to expect that one single dimension will do so. Another fallacy which hindered and impeded the progress of design for years was that so long used as the basis for the measurement rule of Great Britain, that any product of length, breadth and a third function, which bore no relation whatever to any dimension of a yacht, but was purely imaginary, constituted a true measure of the "size."

The assumption that "length gives speed," for many years the practical basis of American yacht racing, is true in a limited sense only when associated with the very important qualification, "other things being equal," and the same applies to the old tonnage and many other rules. In yachts of exactly the same proportions, model and ballasting, a single dimension or a very imperfect formula of measurement may give very satisfactory results; but when applied to yachts of different types they fail entirely and encourage some one special type, the skimming dish or the narrow cutter, or something equally exaggerated and undesirable, to the exclusion of all others.

The best of the many rules yet tested in actual practice is the "length and sail area" rule, based on the rough assumption that, while length is used directly, the two other important dimensions, beam and draft, are reached indirectly through their resultant, the sail plan that they will carry. In this country, with a comparatively limited amount of building and keen class racing, the rule worked well in actual practice for over a dozen years, or as long as it was applied to yachts which, whatever their proportions, carried the ballast directly attached to the hull. The introduction of a long lever, of no appreciable displacement, the fin-keel, between the hull proper and the ballast, a lead bulb, has produced certain important elements of speed of which the rule takes no cognizance, and it now fails to measure fairly the honest keel yacht, such as *Minerva* and *Gloriana*, alongside of the fin-keel racing craft.

In Great Britain, with more building and racing in established classes and under different modifying conditions, the same rule in a slightly different form lasted but five years, from 1887 to 1892, before the introduction of the fin type destroyed its value.

Those elements of "size" which are most plainly apparent are length, beam, draft, displacement, amount of ballast, depth of ballast, and sail area; and as the relative values of these may vary in different types, such as the shoal and wide centerboard yacht, the moderate cutter and the racing bulb fin, it is hardly to be hoped that any satisfactory formula expressing the sum total of their values will ever be discovered. In the meantime the best that can be done is to adopt such a formula as may be practical, convenient of application, and reasonably fair to existing yachts, and at the same time tend to produce a better and not a worse type. However carefully framed, and however well it may work for a time, the best of such formulas will sooner or later develop some weak points which will produce undesirable types. They must be watched continually and amended as occasion demands, before the evil has gone so far as to require a radical remedy that will be opposed by "vested interests."

In this connection we would point out that every yachtsman who is in any way interested in racing has a direct and personal interest in the question of measurement and classification; he should post himself as far as possible upon existing rules and those that have been tried and discarded in the past; he should discuss the question with other yachtsmen, and he should study carefully all complaints against the existing rule and proposals for its improvement; being prepared to take deliberate and intelligent action when such proposals are discussed and voted upon.

Unfortunately there are many even among good racing men who pursue an opposite course; as long as their own yachts do fairly well under the existing rule they care nothing how unfair it may be to other yachts or how bad in its tendencies; they oppose all movements for a change and discourage all attempts to "talk shop" in discussing the question. Their interest in the matter only begins when, through one chance or another, their own yachts are adversely affected; and even then the consideration is purely a selfish one, and they work only for themselves and not for the general good of the sport. While there is small ground for the hope that a satisfactory formula

of measurement, universally applicable to all types and for an indefinite time, will ever be discovered, there is still a wide field for practical and valuable improvement in racing rules, and it should be the pride of every earnest yachtsman to aid in the good work.

So far as the immediate subject is concerned, the designing of yachts, it rests with the designer almost at the outset to take the rule as it stands and study it carefully with a view both to its intent and its possibilities, as the success of his yacht, as we have already pointed out, depends on its performance as measured by the rule as a standard. It is quite possible that the yacht may be expensive to run, hard to steer, of inconvenient draft and generally useless, but still she may be a success in that she wins the prizes under the given racing rule. Of course the case is somewhat different in a cruising yacht, but there are comparatively few even of the cruising classes that do not find the occasion to race at some time during their career, and in nearly every yacht the designer should consider the existing rule and its classes.

It is hardly to be expected that the designer will throw away his chances through a purely sentimental regard for the general good of yachting; but in studying the rule with a view to building under it, he will do well to consider first what its intent may be, presumably the production of a yacht of all-round excellence, and, as far as the conditions will allow, to conform to it. There is comparatively little credit to a designer in winning merely by taking advantage of some extension or evasion of the letter of the rule that has thus far escaped notice; and though the competition of match sailing must always put a premium on making the most out of the rule, it will be more satisfactory for the designer and better for the sport if he rests content with the average dimensions and construction of the class, and relies on superior care and skill, than if he takes some one detail and carries it out to an extreme degree. The temporary triumph which results from the latter course is dearly paid for by the infliction of a new extravagance or absurdity on future yachts.

However he may interpret and observe the intent of the rule, the designer cannot afford to neglect its utmost possibilities; and after assuring himself of them he must decide what good features are possible under the rule, what extreme ones and what evasions, and which he will accept and which reject. It is possible that he may foresee some development of the rule which, though undesirable, is so plainly inevitable that there can be no good reason for neglecting it. On the other hand, he may discover some weak point in the wording by which he may evade the plain spirit of the rule and gain an unfair advantage for the season, or until the rule can be amended. It is not always an easy task for the designer to decide just what he may and what he will do under a given rule; but his judgment should always be influenced by a spirit of fair play and a regard for the general good of the sport.

We have already pointed out that the work of the naval designer is done under many more limitations than that of the architect on shore, and a thorough consideration of these limitations and of the general conditions is the first step in designing. The various limitations and conditions may be divided under three heads: the measurement rule, local conditions and the special requirements of the owner. In the case of a purely cruising yacht the former may be disregarded entirely; but it is well, even in such a yacht, to build under the rule and to recognized class limits. It very frequently happens that an owner builds a yacht with no intention of racing, selecting such dimensions as chance suggests; when the yacht is completed she turns out a smart craft, and the owner is seized with the desire to race her, but he finds that she is between two classes and needlessly handicapped. As a rule it is quite as easy to build closely to the limits of some one of the many existing classes as to fall in between, and the owner may change his mind and wish to race himself, or he may desire to sell the yacht, in which case her value will be decidedly higher if she comes within some regular class.

Assuming that a yacht is to be built under some one rule and for a certain fixed class, the first point is to study the rule both as to the various factors included in it, such as waterline, beam, sail area, girth, etc., and the relative value of each in the formula. In the case of the present "Seawanhaka rule," in which the factors are both length and sail area, the best proportions for each must be decided, and this is dependent in turn on whether the classification is by waterline length alone, or by the racing length as found by the rule. The details of measurement of waterline and sails, the limitations of crew and ballast, must all be carefully considered in determining the general dimensions and type of the proposed yacht; certain existing yachts in the same class, whose dimensions, etc., are known, being used as the basis of the investigation. An inspection of these, the unsuccessful as well as the successful, will suggest a certain type and various dimensions as giving the best promise of success.

Closely associated with the rule and class limits are the local conditions, the nature of the waters, open or sheltered, with low shores or surrounded by hills and mountains, the direction and force of the prevailing winds, the extreme depth of water allowable on the anchorage grounds and the usual racing courses; these and many other considerations have an important influence on the design. To reconcile the limitations imposed by these natural conditions with the requirements of the owner is no easy task, but one involving much thought and deliberation before the designer is ready to set pencil to paper.

The demands of the owner are many and conflicting. In the first place is safety, including certain qualities of seaworthiness and non-capsizability—at least under all ordinary conditions and with reasonably skillful handling. This is only to be obtained at a certain sacrifice of speed, and also of that convenience of use which comes from very light draft.

Speed, on the other hand, if carried to any extreme, involves extra cost, both of construction and running, a loss of certain cruising qualities, limited accommodation owing to the large crew space, sail lockers, etc., a shorter life to the yacht, and a lower sail value after the first two or three seasons.

In all but the extreme racing craft the questions of comfort and convenience appeal strongly to the owner, but these involve a loss of speed through smaller sail plan, greater weight of fittings, smaller crew space, and higher freeboard and cabin trunk, as well as a greater draft than is always desirable. Headroom and floor space, a mini-

mum of 6ft. for the former and 30in. for the latter, are essential to comfort in most yachts, but they involve considerable draft and high freeboard. The latter is good in many ways: it gives room below, an increased range in stability, and dry decks; but it involves an amount of windage and a raising of the weights which are seriously detrimental to speed, especially where the sail area is a material factor in the rule.

The draft is a dimension which it is always desirable to reduce to the lowest possible limit consistent with other essential features; even though an extreme draft may be justifiable through the room that it gives, the added safety and weatherly qualities, and the fact that the yacht is used mainly in deep waters, as in offshore cruising, there will be many times when it will be more convenient, if not safer, to draw 10ft. than 12, or in a smaller yacht 6ft. than 8. The advantages of a comparatively deep yacht are too great to be ignored; but the designer should use every effort to secure a fair average of these advantages without taking an amount of draft that is excessive under the conditions of the case. In the first rough planning of a design it is well to remember in laying out the various dimensions that the height of a man, or about 6ft., is the common measure of both height and length; a headroom of 6ft. under the beams is necessary in order to stand erect; and the fore and aft accommodations are regulated by the length required for sleeping, or about 6ft. 3in. for each compartment.

A very careful survey of the whole situation is necessary in order to decide on such dimensions and general features as will produce a yacht that will fit a certain class under the given measurement rule, and will embody a fair average of those requirements demanded by the individual tastes of the owner.

In most cases the yacht may be considered in two parts: the vessel viewed purely as a floating structure, and the house, including the various living compartments; each opposed to the other. It must be borne in mind that at the outset the vessel is usually limited to a certain length of waterline and a certain extreme draft, and that these of necessity impose certain limits on the size of the house. It is very often the case that the owner after fixing the waterline and draft proceeds to carry out the hull in long ends, builds up a high freeboard and caps the structure with a lofty cabin trunk, giving fine room below; but when he has finished his house is out of all proportion to the vessel which is to carry it and the result is a failure. The limit of length is one that appeals to a man at once as one of the main factors of cost; the limit of draft is also readily appreciated from a knowledge of the waters where the yacht will be used; the natural limits to the expansion of the out-of-water body are quite as real and as rigid, but not as plainly evident at first sight.

Save in exceptional cases, and these only in racing, the way to success in yacht designing is not through the use of certain good features to an extreme extent, but through a thorough harmony of all details of the design, producing a well balanced whole. This applies to dimensions, to the general arrangement and to the actual lines; it is not enough that a part should be perfect in itself, but it must harmonize with all others, and this idea should be before the designer from the start. Later on we shall come to specific facts and figures relating to the selection of dimensions, type, etc., but in this work aid is always at hand, not only in those yachts within reach of the designer, but through the many designs of yachts that are now published in yachting books and periodicals. In default of a long personal experience, such designs afford the material for that comparison which is the basis of practical designing.

The Report of the Regatta Committee.

THE annual report of the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. was made public last week, containing much interesting information concerning the celebrated foul of the second international race. The report gives the usual summary of the events of the year, with winners and prizes, all of which has already been published as the races occurred. The most important part, that relating to the foul, we reproduce in full, as follows:

The Match for the America's Cup.

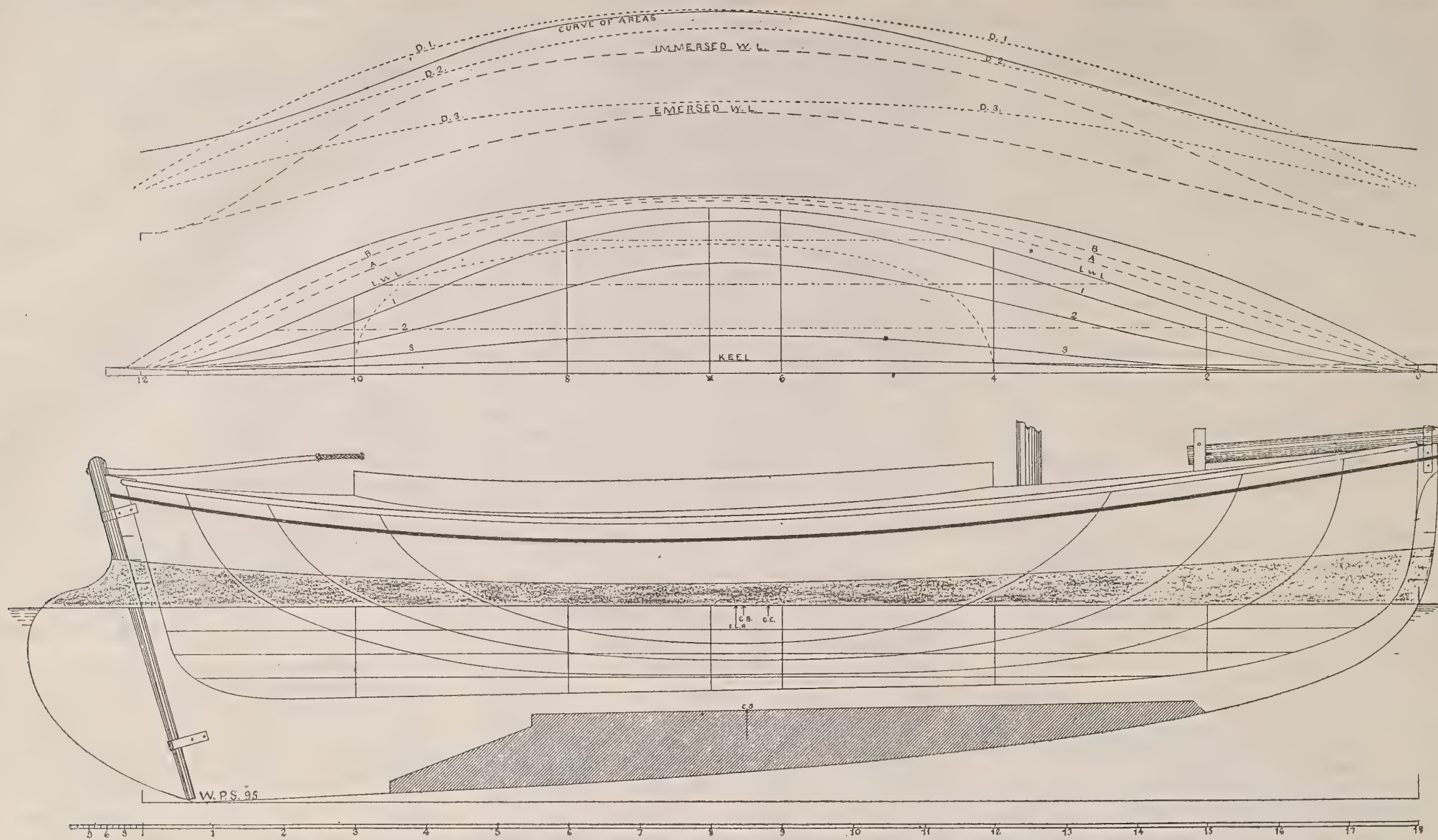
NEW YORK, SEPT. 7, 10 AND 12.

DEFENDER.—Wm. K. Vanderbilt, ex-Com. E. D. Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin (in command)—of the New York Y. C.—for the club.
VALKYRIE III.—The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, K. P., and others—for the Royal Yacht Squadron.

OUTLINE OF CONDITIONS.—It was agreed between Valkyrie and the Cup committee that the match should consist of best three out of five races, over two courses to be sailed in alternation; one, 15 miles to windward or leeward and return, and the other, once around a triangle 10 miles to a leg. The start was to be made from Sandy Hook Lightship, but when the direction of the wind would not permit laying the first course from the Lightship, the start was to be made further out. The preparatory period was ten minutes, and two minutes were allowed to cross the line. The regatta committee could postpone a race on account of fog; they could also postpone the start until 1 P. M., with the assent of both contestants, and from 1 to 3 the matter was left to their discretion; but no race was to be started later than 3 o'clock, the time limit for each race being six hours. Subject to these limitations, it was obligatory on the committee to make the preparatory signals at 10:50 and the start at 11. Reasonable time was to be allowed for the repair of accidents prior to the preparatory signal, and in case of accidents occurring during the race sufficient time was to be given for their repair before the next race was started. But from the time of making the preparatory signal the racing rules applied and the race was on, with all of its responsibilities and obligations.

COURSES, ETC.—The starting points were well out at sea; and as the courses were laid seaward, they were "ocean courses, outside of headlands," as called for by the deed. The turning points were floats carrying a 14x10ft. red flag with horizontal white stripe, on a 16ft. pole. Each float was marked by a two-masted tug showing an 8ft. red ball swung from the triatic stay, from 45 to 50ft. above the water. To distinguish them from other tugs these marking tugs (which were among the largest and most powerful ocean tugs on the United States coast) were instructed to fly no flags unless a float were wrecked, in which case the tug marking it would take its place and display the club burgee in addition to the ball.

The courses were laid by Lieut. C. McR. Winslow, U. S. N. (N. Y. Y. C.), in charge of the ocean tug *Edgar Luckenbach*. In order to reduce the chance of error in laying out the courses, Mr. Winslow, assisted by Lieut. V. L. Cotman, U. S. N., took the tug to the Lower Bay on Sept. 6 and adjusted her compasses by swinging her on channel ranges using a pelorus. He also compared the New York Y. C.'s patent log, which he accepted as a standard, with the tug's log, and found that they differed by "5-100 of a knot in a 6-knot run." The N. Y. Y. C.'s log and the deviation tables obtained from swinging the tug were used in laying the courses. On Sept. 10 (triangular course) Mr. Winslow set the first float and remained to mark it until relieved by Lieut. Henry Morrell, U. S. N. (N. Y. Y. C.), who had assisted in patrolling the start and the earlier portion of the race with the *E. L. Luckenbach*. When relieved, Mr. Winslow delayed at the first turn in order to give both yachts a lead down the second leg, and then proceeded to run the second course, allowing for 20 of easterly deviation, as called for by his tables. Both yachts had already received the compass course for this second leg by signal; the weather was clear, with no sea, and the wind broad upon the quarter; and excepting Mr. Winslow's tug there was nothing on the course (which was only ten miles in length) ahead of the leading yacht, which was Valkyrie, except a small tug well off to the northward and westward. Mr. Winslow recorded the time of setting the second float and of Valkyrie's turning; and as his report shows the float was anchored and the ball displayed when Valkyrie was over two miles distant. Mr. Winslow



CRUISING CANOE YAWL TRENT.—DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS.

Cleveland Y. C.

THE annual election of the Cleveland Y. C. was held on Jan. 8 at the club house and resulted as follows: Com., Geo. H. Worthington; Vice-Com., Percy W. Rice; Rear-Com., P. P. Wright; Sec'y-Treas., Benton D. Munhall; Treas., F. W. Radcliffe; Ass't Treas., R. Carleton; Surveyor, H. Richter; Fleet Surgeon, E. E. Beeman. Regatta Committee, P. P. Wright, G. H. Gardner, W. R. Huntington. House Committee, J. D. Cox, Jr.; F. G. Overbeke; E. W. Radder. Auditing Committee, W. R. Huntington, G. H. Gardner, J. R. Miller.

The following constitute the Board of Directors for 1896: J. D. Cox, Jr., G. H. Gardner, W. R. Huntington, E. W. Radder, B. D. Munhall, L. Allen, G. H. Worthington, F. G. Overbeke, W. P. Francis, H. K. Lyman, J. N. Richardson, P. W. Rice, P. P. Wright, E. E. Beeman, John Barth.

The new club house is now fully paid for and the club is in a most flourishing condition.

Com. Geo. H. Worthington and Dr. E. E. Beeman proposed at this meeting the establishment of an international challenge cup, valued at \$1,000, to be known as the Cleveland Cup and to be sailed for by any first-class schooner on the Great Lakes. There are about a dozen such boats on the lakes, including Priscilla, of Cleveland; Idler, of Chicago; Oriole, of Toronto; Wave Crest and Wasp, of Buffalo, and others. Among the members present \$500 was pledged toward this cup. The racing for it, together with the Cleveland centennial regatta, should give yachting quite a boom, not only in Cleveland, but over the whole chain of lakes.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A meeting of the board of governors of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, on Jan. 13. The following officers were nominated for the annual meeting on Feb. 3: Com., Henry Andruss, slip. Sasqua; Vice-Com., Henry Doscher, slip. Bantsee; Rear-Com., Wm. H. Simonson, yawl Aura; Sec'y, J. C. Lippincott; Treas., B. B. Strong; Meas., H. A. Gouge; Trustees, Ph. J. Krackehl, John W. Rough, E. T. Smythe, G. W. Fuller and O. W. Adams; Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, L. Talbot and Wm. N. Bayer; Membership Committee, Eugene Lambden, Wm. S. Spencer and Wm. E. Moore; Law Committee, John F. Lambden and Chas. W. Voltz; Delegates to the Yacht Racing Union, Chas. P. Tower and Henry A. Gouge.

The dispute between the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, and the Hamilton Y. C. over the Queen's cup sailed for on Dominion Day of last year, and won by Vedette, who was protested by Echo, of the latter club, as measuring over the class, has been referred to the commodore and sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for a decision, on the suggestion of the Governor-General of Canada. The decision was unanimous in favor of Vedette.

The annual dinner of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held on Jan. 11 on board the old war ship St. Louis, training ship of the Naval Reserve.

The following nominations for officers have been posted at the New York Y. C.: Com., E. M. Brown, steam yacht Sylvia; Vice-Com., H. C. Ward, schr. Clyde; Rear-Com., L. Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Archibald Rogers and Gouverneur Kortright; Committee on Admissions, F. T. Robinson, Charles McK. Loeser, L. Cass Ledyard, Daniel F. Worden and Joseph Stickney; House Committee, E. E. Chase, Arthur Ingraham, H. Edwards Ficken, Robert S. Bourne and Frank M. Cronise; Library Committee, Fordham Morris, A. H. Clark, Theodore D. Zerega; Committee on Club Stations: No. 1, Bay Ridge, W. H. Thomas; No. 2, New York, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; No. 3, Whitestone, L. L. Clarence McKim; No. 4, New London, Conn., L. Vaughn Clark; No. 5, Shelter Island, N. Y., Tarrant Putnam; No. 6, Newport, R. I., E. P. Sands; No. 7, Vineyard Haven, Mass., G. S. Payson; No. 8, Atlantic Highlands, N. Y., Henry C. Ward.

On Jan. 17 the Hudson River Ice Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Archibald Rogers, of Hyde Park; Vice-Com., Norman Wright, of Poughkeepsie; Sec'y and Treas., John Hopkins, of Hyde Park; Meas., Thomas Newbold, of Hyde Park; Regatta Committee, Archibald Rogers, Guy C. Bayley, Thomas H. Ransom, C. W. Swift and H. Livingston.

The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 11, the following officers being elected: Com., Wm. H. Crane; Vice-Com., Henry W. Lamb; Rear-Com., Albert L. Pope; Sec'y, Wm. A. Cary; Asst. Sec'y, Caleb Nichols; Treas., James E. Hooper; Meas., Wm. E. Sheriffs; Executive Committee (for two years), Wm. Lambert and J. W. Dutton; Membership Committee (for two years), L. Stewart Jordan and Geo. A. Dill; Regatta Committee (for two years), Clarence V. Souther.

The annual meeting of the Hudson River Y. C. was held last week, the following officers were elected: Com., E. Langerfeld; Vice-Com., J. E. Grover; Sec'y, A. G. Buckholz; Ass't Sec'y, John Kelly; Treas., E. Spencer Peets; Meas., C. Walden; Fleet Surgeon, D. B. Spence, M.D.; Steward, J. T. Hufnagel; Regatta Committee: J. E. Grover, A. G. Buckholz, Wm. Pink and E. Spencer Peets; Finance Committee: John Kelly, Wm. May and J. E. Grover; Board of Trustees: John Kelly, chairman; Dr. E. J. Ranhofer, Joseph Stilger, E. Spencer Peets, John Wallace, C. Walden, E. E. Voelmy, Wm. Pink, J. E. Grover and R. V. Freeman. R. V. Freeman declined renomination as treasurer, after serving almost a quarter of a century in that position.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., James Schuessle; Vice-Com., John Lawes; Rear-Com., John Esmen; Rec. Sec'y, Wm. Martin; Oor. Sec'y, Wm. Schleicher; Treas., Joseph Northrup; Meas., Wm. E. Long; Sergeant at Arms, H. Anderson; Steward, J. Clifford; Board of Trustees: Wm. B. Richards, Joseph Lange, A. Fredericks, N. C. Roekell and J. White.

Canoeing.**TRENT.****A Handy Canoe Yawl.**

WE are glad to say that we still receive many applications for designs for small cruising craft such as were in vogue a few years since, before the advent of the *fin de siècle* racer with bronze fin and mahogany double skin; and it is evident that the use of such slow, but safe and comfortable, craft as Vital Spark and Windward has not entirely ceased. This week we have had an inquiry for a canoe yawl from two young men who propose to take a long cruise, which suggests the publication of the accompanying design. With the full details which we propose to give, the little yacht, as she really is, may be built by

any intelligent amateurs who are familiar with tools and in a general way with boat building. The boat described was built by a carriage builder, C. L. Scott, of Gagetown, N. B., who made an excellent job of the construction.

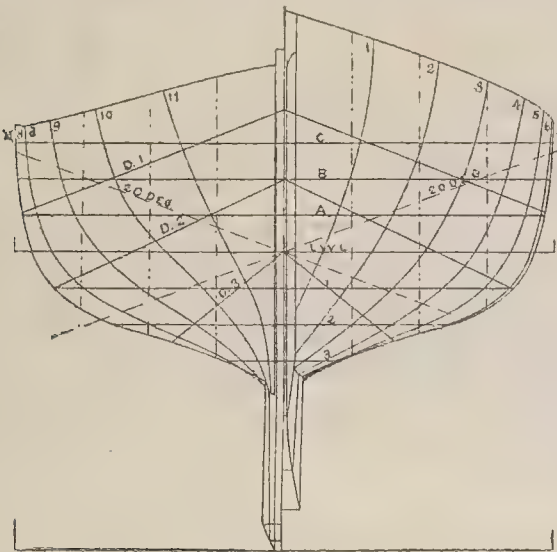
The little keel craft of the Mersey that first gave their name to the type had much to recommend them as safe, snug and inexpensive for the young amateur or the single-hand cruiser, and, apart from racing, they are as good to-day as they ever were.

In this and the following number we shall give the complete building plans for such a boat, which is quite within the powers of a careful amateur builder. The lines of the Vital Spark, built by Bond, of Liverpool, in 1892, are well known to canoeists through Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing." Some years ago the writer was the owner of an 18ft. boat nominally built from these lines, but by no means what such a boat should be. The various experiences of her good and bad points, the latter predominating, suggested the idea of a new design



TRENT—SAIL PLAN.

on the same general dimensions, but in which the form and details might be considerably improved. After the new design was completed, no opportunity presented of building to it, but it was finally turned over to a correspondent of the **FOREST AND STREAM**, Mr. L. I. Flower, of MacDonald's Corner, New Brunswick, whose canoe and boat cruises on the St. John's River are familiar to our readers. The boat was built in 1890 and is, we believe, still in use, having proved very satisfactory. She was intended, in this special case, for afternoon sailing in summer on Washademoak Lake, an offshoot of the St. John's, and for short cruises with two or three aboard, so the large sail plan shown was given her; for such single-hand cruising in open waters as these boats are mainly used for, a smaller and different rig would be used. The midship section of the old boat was practically retained,



with the same beam, length and displacement, but the draft was increased about 5 in., with a more effective keel outline. The dimensions and elements of the Trent, as she was named by Mr. Flower, are:

Length over all	18ft. 7 1/2 in.
l.w.l.	18ft.
Beam, extreme	5ft.
l.w.l.	4ft. 8 in.
Freeboard	1ft. 2 in.
Sheer, bow	2ft. 9 in.
stern	2ft. 9 in.
Draft, extreme	2ft. 9 in.
mean	2ft. 9 in.
Displacement	2,440lbs.
Ballast, iron keel	1,006lbs.
inside	200lbs.
Area, midship section	3.92sq. ft.
l.w.l. plane	49.22sq. ft.
lateral plane	36.87sq. ft.
rudder	3.90sq. ft.
Fore side of stem to midship section	10ft.
C. B.	9.45sq. ft.
C. L. R.	9.65sq. ft.
C. E.	9.20sq. ft.
center of mast	5ft. 6 in.
Mast, deck to hounds	14ft.
hounds to truck	6ft.
Bowsprit beyond l.w.l.	6ft.
Boom	16ft.
Gaff	10ft.

The foundry weight of the iron keel proved to be 1,006lbs., to which was added 200lbs. stowed close inside. The boat carried her sail well and proved quite fast in sailing in company with other local boats, though she has never raced. Though a crew of two or three is needed to carry full sail in a breeze, the sails and spars are so light that they are easily managed by one man alone. The details of construction, which we shall give next week, have been worked out very carefully to insure a strong, light hull, with as much internal room as possible at a moderate cost, and the work itself would not prove difficult to any one familiar with ordinary boat building.

Steam Launches for Mexico.

The first of several steam launches, of special design for Southern Mexico, has just been shipped by the Marine Iron Works, Olybourn and Southport ares, Chicago, the destination being 3,200 miles from that city. Shipments of this character are safely made by rail for the small and medium-sized launches, but for larger work the same company build only the "complete outfits" of marine machinery and equipment for the native boat builders.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 12.—Messrs. Payne and Hasenzahl shot their third 50-shot match to-day, Hasenzahl winning by 4 points, the scores standing: Hasenzahl 401, Payne 387. The scores given below were also shot to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: Standard target, 200yds., strictly off-hand, 7-ring black: Gindele.....85 84 80 89 Randall.....77 74 73 62 Louis.....78 75 73 73 Topf.....69 69 63 60 Payne.....88 86 86 84 Speth.....74 76 72 71 Weinheimer.....75 74 71 70 Brumback.....81 74 71 70 Wellinger.....78 75 73 78 Drube.....82 74 71 69 Roberts.....83 82 77 79 Strickmeier.....70 68 67 64 Frank.....68 57 53 54 Murphy.....53 62 56 70 Hasenzahl.....82 82 80 81

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Jan. 10.—The season's shooting at the London Revolver Gallery in Swallow street, Piccadilly, finished on Dec. 31, 1895. Walter Winans won the challenge revolver bowl with a highest possible score, and is now the holder of that trophy. The bowl has to be won three times in succession, at intervals of four months, to become the absolute property of the winner. It was instituted on Oct. 1, 1895, so Mr. Winans is the first holder. The conditions are 6 shots, 20yds., any revolver and ammunition. Mr. Winans used a Smith & Wesson and U. M. C. gallery ammunition, black powder. After making a highest possible, he shot 15 shots more in case of a tie. This was not necessary, as no one else equaled his score.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The scores made at the weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club held this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery, were as follows: R. Busse.....239 240 243 243 243 H D Muller.....244 241 237 243 243 Dr J A Boyken.....235 241 240 244 244 E Muenz.....234 237 231 235 244 S Buzzini.....238 239 233 239 232 G A Nowak.....235 242 241 244 241 G W Downs.....231 232 242 238 237 F C Ross.....245 240 244 245 247 M B Engel.....238 236 240 240 239 C G Zettler.....244 240 235 240 239 L Flach.....245 244 243 247 238 243 245 244 241 242 246 242 242 246 247 B Zettler.....241 244 245 242 244 H Holges.....238 241 239 243 246 F Fabarius.....185 219 234 218 180

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., Jan. 10.—The scores for the January shoot of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association were shot to-day by the different clubs forming the Association; the Bradford Club did not shoot.

The weather was bitterly cold and the scores are below the average owing to the inclemency of the weather. At 200yds. we use an 8 in. bullseye, a 4 in. bull at 100yds. Scores as made:

Parry Sound Club.

	100yds.	200yds.
R O Stokes.....	9 8 9 10 10-46	10 10 10 9 10-49-95
W Stafford.....	9 9 9 8 9-44	9 10 8 8 9-44-88
J Morrish.....	8 9 9 9 10-45	10 10 7 10 2-39-84
F Laurie.....	10 8 8 8 9-45	6 6 8 8 9-36-81
G White.....	8 8 7 9 9-41	7 8 10 7 7-30-80-428

King City Club.

A Carley.....	10 9 10 9 10-48	10 10 9 10 8-47-95
W J Ross.....	9 9 9 9 8-44	9 10 10 9 9-47-91
J W Crossley.....	9 9 10 10 9-47	7 6 10 9 10-42-89
E Braund.....	10 9 8 9 7-43	10 10 7 10 5-42-85
A B Crossley.....	3 9 9 9 9-39	8 7 0 3 4-22-61-421

Toronto Club.

W J Graham.....	9 4 8 9 7-37	8 10 10 10 7-45-82
I L Scholes.....	8 10 8 9 9-44	9 6 7 0 9-31-75
G Allen.....	9 10 8 6 6-39	0 5 6 10 10-31-70
T S Bayles.....	8 4 8 8 8-41	9 6 1 3 8-27-63
H M Cusack.....	8 6 7 10 4-35	10 0 4 9 10-28-63-358

Parry Sound No. 2.

D F Macdonald.....	9 8 9 3 7-36	10 10 2 9 8-39-75
I R Leggett.....	8 10 9 10 6-44	6 3 4 8 7-25-72
D Henman.....	5 8 10 9 10-42	6 6 6 5 7-30-72
E I Clarkson.....	7 9 9 4 8-37	8 4 8 5 5-30-67
G Richardson.....	9 9 6 8 8-40	0 5 10 2 9-26-66-352

D. F. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 23-24.—UTICA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fulford, Manager.

Jan. 29.—YARVILLE, N. J.—Live-bird sweepstake at Fair Grounds; 25 birds, \$25, birds included.

Jan. 30.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, targets extra. Nat Astfalk, Manager.

Feb. 1.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team.

Feb. 12.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association Handicap; 25 birds, \$25; no one allowed back of 30yds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

Feb. 23.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 26-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forest Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to all comers. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Thirtieth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1,000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Harvey, Mgr.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, \$2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

In our report of the Larchmont Amateur Championship, which appeared in the issue of Jan. 18, we criticised a decision of the referee, John S. Hoey, in regard to Wright's 94th bird. In that criticism we argued that "the referee was strictly within his limits, the only point we differ on is probably as to opinion." At the time of the occurrence, owing to Mr. Hoey's sudden departure to catch a train, leaving before the ties for second money were shot off, we were unable to talk to him in regard to the bird, our only information being the story as told by Wright. A letter from Mr. Hoey explains the reasons for his decision. "Man and dog were both in the field when the second barrel was fired and a balk was claimed; the bird was hit with both barrels. While the dog was running for the bird (which was within bounds), I asked Wright, 'Quick; do you positively claim a balk?' He replied, 'Yes, it's a balk.' This was before the dog got the bird, which was still in bounds. As he positively claimed a balk, I would not have given him a good bird, even had it been retrieved in bounds; as I acknowledged his claiming a balk, it had to be a 'no bird.' The club rule on this point, as quoted in our issue of Jan. 18, says: 'If in the opinion of the referee the shooter is balked * * * by the trapper or dog * * * he may be allowed another bird.' In Mr. Hoey's opinion, therefore, and he was so situated as to be able to judge correctly, the presence of man and dog in the field did balk Wright, and a balk being claimed he allowed him another bird. Under the circumstances and under the above rule, we repeat 'the referee was strictly within his limits.'

H. S. Lippack, of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., announces that he will hold a live-bird handicap shoot at his grounds on Feb. 6, the shoot commencing at 10 A. M. sharp. The following are the conditions: 25 live birds per man, handicaps ranging from 26 to 31yds., 50yds. boundary, \$10 entrance, birds extra; if 10 entries, \$15 added to purse; if 15 entries, \$25; 20 entries or more, \$40; class shooting, four moneys, A. S. A. rules to govern. Entries close Feb. 4, and must be accompanied by one-half of the entrance fee. All communications on the subject should be addressed to H. S. Lippack, P. O. Station E, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jacob Pentz, Major J. M. Taylor and Edward Banks will act as handicapping committee. The above should prove a popular event, Long Islanders not having had a chance of joining in such a shoot for some time.

The annual report of the Knoxville Gun Club is given in another column. In sending us the report, Secretary Van Gilder writes: "I wish more of the gun clubs would follow these same general lines, and let the shooters know what they are doing, even if it is only once a year." We echo Mr. Van Gilder's sentiments, and would point out that it is a fact that a live club has a live secretary, and that it is the live secretary that keeps his club before the shooting public. The natural conclusion is, therefore, when you don't see anything about a certain club in **FOREST AND STREAM** for a month or two that club and its secretary are both dead.

J. Emmett Harvey, manager of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association tournament for 1896, writes as follows under date of Jan. 16: "Please announce that I claim the dates April 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24, for the twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association, at Houston. Open to the world; \$1,000 in cash and merchandise prizes. There will in all probability be a Texas State championship challenge handicap at live birds inaugurated at this meeting, for valuable diamond badge and \$500 cash, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance, badge open to State shooters only, money open to the world."

At the annual meeting of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., the following officers were elected for 1896: President—Z. P. Fletcher, M. D.; Vice-President—Frank Post; Secretary—J. A. Creveling, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City; Treasurer—J. D. Polhamus; Captain—G. H. Piercy; Directors—E. P. Ingram, H. L. Corson and G. H. Piercy. The club had a very prosperous season in 1895, and has increased its membership by 12. It was also decided to hold an all-day shoot at the club's grounds, Marion, N. J., on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

Fred. Hoey shot a marvelous uphill race on Saturday last, Jan. 18 on the Hollywood grounds. With Louis Duryea 4 birds ahead at the commencement of the 76th round, it looked like a foregone conclusion that Hoey would be in the rear when all was over, but by killing 44 out of his 25 he managed to tie Duryea, who lost 5 birds out of his string. Both men scored 86 out of 100; this does not sound such very big work, but it should be remembered that the birds were a capital lot and that the Hollywood boundary is only 21yds.

The South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., held its annual meeting on Jan. 7. The following is a list of the officers chosen for the year: President, John F. Burnham; Secretary, Adolph Gropper; Treasurer, C. W. Milbrath; Directors, T. M. Drought, H. S. Siefeld, and Dr. J. P. Carmichael. The club is formulating plans for another series of State team shoots to take place at its grounds, Lake Station, during the coming season. The Secretary's address is 350 Twenty-eighth avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

A 25-bird sweep, \$25 entrance, birds included, will be decided on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J., on Wednesday, Jan. 29. Zwirlein writes: "I think I will have 20 entries if half of those who have promised to come show up at the traps. I have a fine lot of birds on hand now and will have about 600 in my coops by the above date, so there'll be lots of birds to pick from." As a general thing, Charlie doesn't have to "pick" much; they're all good in his coops.

In sending us a report of the Rochester-Buffalo target shoot (which report unfortunately came too late for this issue), DeWitt, of Rochester, says: "The Buffalo boys did all they could to make things very pleasant for us (the Rochester team). At the return match, which comes off on our grounds on Feb. 22, the Buffalo team will have a good old-fashioned time which they will not forget for a long time."

Elmer E. Shaner is in the city, making final arrangements for the successful outcome of the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park. Elmer regrets that he could not do better than break 16 out of his last 25 in the 100-target sweep at the Herron Hill grounds on Jan. 14. His only comfort is that his grand total of 81 beat the totals of Jim Crow and Old Hoss.

Paul North writes us that the programme for the Chamberlin tournament will be ready for distribution next week. The programme will be a work of art and contains a great deal of information that will be of much use and interest to members of gun clubs and others interested in trap-shooting. Paul adds: "Send stamp for 1896 catalogue and programme of tournament." We'll do nothing of the kind, Paul; we're deadheads, sure.

In writing us in regard to the E. C. tournament next May, Noel E. Money adds a postscript that has a good deal of pith in it: "At San Antonio we took first, second and third averages for the whole five days, while the E. C. cup was tied for by Parmalee and Worthington, both of whom broke 49 out of 50, and both of whom were using our powder."

In our list of guns, shells and powders used by those shooting in the Larchmont championship event on Jan. 10 and 11, we stated that Murphy shot a Purdey gun. This was an error, as Murphy has always of late years shot a Francotte gun, and did so on this occasion, when he won the cup, beating out the best amateurs of this section of the country.

It looks like old times to see the name E. D. Miller in the list of those shooting at San Antonio. It's a long time since Enoch picked up his stakes and joined the boys in front of the traps at any large tournament. Let's hope that this is but a beginning, a turning over of a new leaf for the season of 1896.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will shoot a series of team races with the Boiling Springs Gun Club, the first of the series taking place to-day (Jan. 25) on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Club, at Rutherford, N. J., at 1 P. M.

A new gun club has been organized at Cambridgeboro, Pa., under the title of Cambridge Springs Gun Club. It has the following list of officers: President, W. D. Rider, Jr.; Secretary, Clark D. Eckels; Treasurer, F. L. Winchester.

George Work and J. P. Knapp shot a series of four 100-bird races last season, breaking even, each winning two. This season thus far they have shot a couple of races, and in each one Knapp has easily beaten his opponent.

The Forester Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., will hold a live-bird and target shoot, open to all comers, on Feb. 26, 27 and 28. For further particulars address J. F. Kroy, secretary, Davenport, Ia.

The Algona, Ia., Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on May 5 and 6.

EDWARD BANKS.

South Side Club, of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 16.—At a meeting of the board of directors and officers of the South Side Gun Club, of this city, the prizes for club scores, season of 1895, were awarded to:

Class A: H. F. Seefeld first, 288 out of 300; J. H. Johnson second, 283 out of 300; Dr. J. P. Carmichael third, 277 out of 300; Wash. Okershauser fourth, 271 out of 300; E. Hirschbush fifth, 233 out of 300.

Class B: T. M. Drought first, 291 out of 300; W. C. Holtz second, 262 out of 300; John Muenier third, 258 out of 300; C. W. Milbrath fourth, 254 out of 300; J. F. Burnham fifth, 238 out of 300.

Class C: J. E. Roehr first, 238 out of 300.

Best attendance prizes were awarded to H. F. Seefeld, Class A; F. M. Drought, Class B, and J. E. Roehr, Class C.

The club is getting up a State team shoot for the John F. Burnham medals; 5 members of any regular organized gun club of the State of Wisconsin to constitute a team, 50 targets per man, to be shot off in squads of 4, rapid-firing system, targets to be thrown from 3 traps. Entrance per team, \$10, which sum will be refunded to the team winning against the South Side Gun Club team. The John F. Burnham medals are 5 fine gold medals, and will be awarded to the team making the highest score. The shoots are to take place on Saturdays, beginning about May 9.

The club will also arrange for a State championship team shoot for the Pfister Hotel medals, which are diamond medals valued at \$100, 2 men of any organized gun club of this State to constitute a team; 50 birds per man. The date for this shoot has not been set yet, but we will make it known later.

ADOLPH GROPPER, Sec'y.

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., Jan. 16.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Warren Gun Club, each event being at 25 targets, unknown angles:

No. 1: R. W. Ewalt 23, W. A. Neracher 16, W. Wakefield 11, A. J. Sutcliffe 9, Stambaugh 11.

No. 2: W. A. Neracher 13, A. J. Sutcliffe 16, Stambaugh 15, C. L. Schoonover 20.

No. 3: C. L. Schoonover 19, W. A. Neracher 17, R. W. Ewalt 22.

No. 4: C. L. Schoonover 22, W. A. Neracher 15, R. W. Ewalt 21.

ROBERT W. EWALT, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., was held to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill. C. E. Felton won the club shoot with 13 out of 15, Kleinman and Bingham not being members. Following is the score: C. E. Felton 13, J. E. Price 12, J. H. Amberg 12, H. Foss 11, J. Macaulay 11, C. Morris 6, *G. Kleinman 15, *Eddie Bingham 13, *Barro 11, *Levi 11, *Cummings 10.

*Not members.

Interstate Tournaments in 1896.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 16.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give tournaments as follows: Charleston, S. C., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club; Birmingham, Ala., April 29 and 30, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club; Portland, Me., July 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

ELMER E. SHANER.

Enterprise Gun Club.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 17.—The Enterprise Gun Club, of this city, held a live-bird sweep at Rye, N. Y., to-day. The main event was a 10 live-bird sweep, of which the following is the score: Morris Beers 10, W. Burroughs 5, Tom Wilson 9, E. James 7, G. Metcalf 3, J. Clarkson 8, Wm. Tuttle 9, V. Blakslee 8, G. Saunders 8, R. Sealey 7, Jas. Wilson 9, Wm. Thomas 7.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

VALENTINE DEFEATS NEVINS.

KNAPP AGAIN DEFEATS WORK.

ERIE GUN CLUB'S ANNUAL MEETING.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

AT DEXTER PARK.

BOILING SPRINGS WON THE FIRST.

DURYEA AND HOEY SHOOT A TIE RACE.

Both men shot in excellent form, many of the birds being scored by

Trap Score Type--Copyright 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

In New Jersey.

AT THE RIVERTON GUN CLUB.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Riverton Gun Club.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

RIVERSIDE GUN CLUB.

Trap score type—Copyright 1886, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Sparrows vs. Pigeons.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind.—During the past year a good many of us in this section have been shooting English sparrows at the trap and find them very satisfactory. They are as hard to hit as pigeons but I think fewer of the hit ones get out of bounds. In killing sparrows the shooters are riding the country of an unmitigated nuisance instead of killing pigeons, that are so pretty and innocent that it goes against the conscience of a good many men to hurt them, and hurt the feelings of a good many tender-hearted people who do not shoot them. They are cheaper than the pigeons, costing here only 7 cents each. In many places they are so numerous that they could be furnished for a nominal price. Pigeon traps will do to trap them from

O. H. HAMPTON.

Chicago Trans.

DEPARTED.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL'S BIG TARGET SHOOT

Washington Heights Gun Club

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The Washington Heights Gun Club, with grounds at 175th street and Kingsbridge road, held its shoot-to-day six members shooting in the club event, which is at 10 live birds. The pigeons were a good lot of strong flyers, hard to stop when once fairly on the wing. J. A. Belden and C. E. Terwigger tied for first money of 9 out of 10. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Belden won by killing birds to Terwigger's 1. J. J. Organ and R. Romer tied for second money, shooting off miss-and-out. Both missed their first tie bird. Organ ultimately winning by killing 2 to Romer's 1. Scores:

J. A. Belden.....	111211121-9	R. Romer.....	0111021210-
C. E. Terwigger.....	1112210213-9	F. W. Sherry, Sr.....	1202011210-
J. J. Organ.....	0021121202-7	F. W. Sherry, Jr.....	212002011-

San Antonio's Midwinter Tournament.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Jan. 11.—The great tournament which closed here to-day demonstrated clearly what pluck and a determination to carry out an object in view can do when the right people are back of it. Few, if any, shooters thought it possible to gather together, away down here in Texas, such a representative body of trap-shooters as stood before the traps in the Jockey Club's grounds, and took part in the midwinter tournament promoted by Messrs. J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz. Both in quantity and in quality the number of shooters reached the highest point estimated by the most sanguine, and very seldom has there been a tournament that was productive of so much good fellowship, and which gave such general satisfaction to all concerned.

San Antonio's welcome to her visitors was most cordial, the management and the citizens doing their best to make them feel at home. Everything was thrown wide open to them, and all was done that could in any degree make the time pass pleasantly. When Capt. Money said that the only thing he regretted was that the tournament was over, he voiced the sentiments of the crowd very correctly. It is hardly necessary to add that in 1897 all present at this tournament will be found on deck again, if it is possible for them to get to San Antonio, and will bring their friends with them.

LOCATION OF THE GROUNDS.

The tournament took place in the grounds of the San Antonio Jockey Club, about two miles from the center of the city. A line of electric street cars landed shooters at the entrance to the grounds, so that no trouble was experienced in reaching them. The appointments at the grounds were thorough and complete and were up to date in every respect. Everything that one sees at all large tournaments was in evidence, except that there was no awning to protect the shooters, and this was not necessary at all, with the climate of San Antonio at this season of the year to guide one.

The officials and their assistants were well up in their work and the whole shoot ran along without a hitch. The programme each day was finished in ample time to permit of an extra or two being shot off. The programme was strictly adhered to throughout, although some efforts were made to get the management to change the conditions of the State team race, in order that more entries might be had; several States could have entered two-men teams, but the management wouldn't have any change.

Jim Elliott had charge of the traps (five sets of empires throwing empire targets) and the trappers; that everything worked all right may be inferred from the fact that Jimmy shot through the entire programme, and that there was never any delay beyond a single break in the wire of the pulling apparatus. The traps were placed directly in front of the beautiful club house, the property of the Jockey Club, where the shooters found everything at their disposal; nothing was lacking and the house was theirs for the week.

EACH MAN GOT A MEDAL.

When the visitors arrived at the station they were met by the management and escorted to the hotels, where rooms had been engaged for them in advance. Each guest was presented with a souvenir of solid silver in the shape of a medallion, on which was stamped in bold relief a miniature of the Alamo, encircled by the words "Midwinter Tournament, San Antonio, Texas, 1896." On the reverse side, surrounded by a wreath, were the names of the three citizens of San Antonio who had brought the midwinter tournament into being.

In addition to the above souvenir of a great shoot, the management also presented each visitor with a bronze medallion nearly 3 in. in diameter. On one side were the figures of a white hunter and a red man, their guns and dogs being very artistically portrayed; in the background were the tepees of an Indian village; around the edge were the words: "Midwinter Tournament, San Antonio, Texas." On the reverse side were the names of the management, encircled by a wreath bearing the date of 1896. So pleased were the shooters with the souvenirs and the enterprise of the management that, at the close of the tournament, they presented to each one of the three promoters, Messrs. George, Steves and Guessaz, a solid gold counterpart of the silver medal, with a suitable inscription. These were presented to the management along with a resolution of thanks, referred to in the notes, which appear at the end of this account of a big shoot.

It was a cause for much regret that official duties kept Mr. George away from the tournament during almost the entire shoot. Mr. George is postmaster of San Antonio, and on Tuesday he was called away by wire to attend the trial of a man who had sent a certain letter through the San Antonio post office; Mr. George therefore had to appear as a witness against him, and was detained at the trial through the entire balance of the shoot. The responsibility, therefore, of running the shoot and of entertaining the visitors fell upon the shoulders of his colleagues, who were equal to the occasion.

THEY CAME TO STAY.

That the majority of shooters had come to stay was evidenced by the regularity with which the entry lists on each day of the shoot were kept full. Altogether 39 shooters shot through the entire programme; these figures will explain to the initiated how successful the tournament must have been. The highest number of entries in any one event was 64; the lowest (on the last day) 45.

The weather during the whole week was propitious, with the solitary exception that it rained the whole forenoon on Monday, the preliminary day, making it wet and disagreeable under foot. On Tuesday the sun came out and soon dried things up.

On Tuesday, Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., who recently won the Du Pont Smokeless Powder cup at Baltimore, Md., carried off first honors with a percentage of 94.3.

COULDN'T KEEP HIM DOWN.

On Wednesday, however, Rollo Heikes came once more to the front with a percentage of 93.7. From that point until the close of the tournament Rollo kept smashing the targets in a way that landed him top of the heap when all was over.

The main event on the third day was the contest for the E. C. Powder cup. This event was responsible for some remarkably fine shooting. Frank Parmalee and Redwing tied for the cup on 49 out of 50, Parmalee losing his 34th bird. Gilbert and Redwing ran straight until the 40th round, when both lost one, Gilbert losing another almost immediately afterward. The tie was shot off under the same conditions: 50 targets per man, unknown angles. Parmalee won the shoot-off, scoring 47 to Redwing's 45. In all Parmalee scored 96 to his opponent's 94. Parmalee also won first average for the day with 95.8, the highest yet made.

OHIO'S BIG FOUR.

On the fourth day the main event on the programme was the State team race for four-men teams. Before the shoot it was generally conceded that Ohio's Big Four would win, and so they did, piling up the fine score of 185 out of 200 at unknown angles. The surprise of the day was the excellent showing made by the team representing the State of Illinois, which gave the Ohio men a great race, finally landing in second place, only two breaks behind the leaders. During the day John Conner, of Knoxville, did some great shooting, missing but two birds all day, and running out with a percentage of 93.3 for the day.

The highest average for the fifth day was made by Frank Parmalee, who ran up an average of 97.5.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

When it comes to figuring up the general averages the same old story has to be told once more, Rollo Heikes being in the lead as usual with a percentage of 93.3 for 770 targets shot at. Next to him came O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., but 3 breaks behind Rollo, with an average of 92.9. In third and fourth place respectively came two of the cracks of the country, John Conner and Chan Powers, with 92.7 and 92.4. The table below shows how those who shot right through the tournament averaged for their 770 targets.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
R O Heikes.....	719	93.3	R Merrill.....	663	86.1
O R Dickey.....	716	92.9	A H Piety.....	662	85.9
J W Conner.....	714	92.7	J J Sumpter.....	656	85.1
C Powers.....	712	92.4	Fritz.....	655	85
F Parmalee.....	711	92.3	A W Adams.....	655	85
F Gilbert.....	710	92.2	C M Grimm.....	654	84.9
T W Latham.....	708	91.9	F E Rodgers.....	650	84.4
Redwing.....	707	91.8	E D Miller.....	648	84.1
C W Budd.....	704	91.4	Crizler.....	648	84.1
H G Wheeler.....	703	91.3	T H Keller.....	646	83.9
E D Fulford.....	702	91.1	C H Damon.....	642	83.3
R Trimble.....	702	91.1	P Whitworth.....	641	83.2
C A Young.....	696	90.3	Col Anthony.....	632	80.7
J A R Elliott.....	694	90.1	Capt Money.....	621	80.6
W Sergeant.....	688	89.3	J A Jackson.....	611	79.3
G Miller.....	682	88.5	McGinty.....	592	76.7
B A Bartlett.....	681	88.4	G Read.....	567	73.6
G Loomis.....	678	87.4	H B Lindsay.....	538	69.8
C N Calhoun.....	672	87.3	A Steves.....	532	67.7
F Van Dyke.....	671	87.1			

SHOOTERS WHO WILL REMEMBER SAN ANTONIO.

Among those present were: C. H. Calhoun, Weir City, Kan.; G. W. Sergeant and J. A. Thurman, Joplin, Mo.; K. M. Moore, Farmersville, Tex.; E. D. Miller, Springfield, N. J.; John W. Conner and Judge Lindsay, Knoxville, Tenn.; C. S. Burkhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.; Miles F.

Miller and Wallace Miller, Austin, Tex.; Frank Parmalee, George Loomis, J. C. Reed and John Field, Omaha, Neb.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Charles Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; H. G. and W. D. Thompson, Paducah, Ky.; John J. Sumpter, Jr., and George Hughes, Hot Springs, Ark.; Joe Genery, Minneapolis, Minn.; William Thielman, St. Cloud, Minn.; F. E. Rodgers, Hiawatha, Kan.; J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; W. C. Hope, Wayside, Miss.; W. Y. Sedam, Denver, Col.; Col. A. W. Adams, Chicago, Ill.; J. A. McIlhenny, Avery Island, La.; Henry Hank, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. C. Highhouse, St. Paul, Minn.; Chauncey Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Percy Allen, Houston, Tex.; D. J. C. French and Dick Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; T. J. Liles, Aurora, Mo.; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; J. E. Haney, Houston, Tex.; T. W. Latham and Ralph Worthington (Redwing), Cleveland, O.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; Fred McKay (Pon Jay), Minneapolis, Minn.; L. J. Lockett, Brenham, Tex.; W. H. Wheeler (McGinty), Hempstead, Tex.; F. L. Pfeiffer, Centralia, Ill.; J. D. Smith, Oakdale, Ill.; W. J. Graber, Brenham, Tex.; E. J. Nally, Austin, Tex.; John Ellis, Galveston, Tex.; Bryan Heard, Taylor, Tex.; Oliver Lippincott, Jr., Waco, Tex., and W. A. Settle, Madisonville, Tex.

The sporting goods dealers and manufacturers were well represented: R. O. Heikes, J. A. R. Elliott and Ferd. Van Dyke representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; O. R. Dickey—Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn.; Fred Gilbert and Ralph Trimble—Du Pont Smokeless; B. A. Bartlett and C. A. Damon—Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y.; J. H. Mackie—King's Smokeless; T. H. Keller, U. S. Cartridge Company; Capt. A. W. Money—American E. C. Powder Company, Oakland, N. J.; E. D. Fulford—Schultz Powder and Shooting U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition; U. M. C. Thomas—the representative of the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn.; W. H. Skinner—W. A. Powder Company, of New York.

EACH DAY'S SCORES.

The following tables give the totals of each day's scores, with each man's score in any one event, together with his average for the day:

First Day—Jan. 7.

Sixty-six shooters in all took part in to-day's events, the scores and averages being as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Keller.....	16	17	18	16	17	14	14	20	160	127	79.3
Grimm.....	15	19	19	16	14	18	19	16	160	136	85
Budd.....	17	17	16	20	18	18	19	19	160	144	90
Dickey.....	20	19	18	17	20	19	18	19	160	150	93.7
Bartlett.....	19	17	19	17	18	16	17	19	160	142	88.7
Merrill.....	17	17	17	20	18	14	16	19	160	138	86.2
Heikes.....	18	17	17	20	19	18	16	19	160	145	90.6
George.....	13	16	16	15	13	15	10	10	160	108	67.5
Elliott.....	16	16	16	17	18	19	17	19	160	139	86.8
Hope.....	16	18	17	17	16	19	19	19	160	131	81.8
Van Dyke.....	17	19	18	19	16	20	14	16	160	139	86.8
W Miller.....	18	19	18	18	19	18	19	18	160	147	91.8
Money.....	17	18	15	19	17	17	16	16	160	138	86.2
Sumpter.....	17	18	17	15	17	16	11	18	160	127	79.3
Hughes.....	17	19	18	16	16	20	17	18	160	141	88.1
Core.....	17	15	18	17	17	14	14	14	160	131	81.8
E D Miller.....	19	18	16	19	19	16	19	15	160	141	88.1
Anthony.....	19	16	16	17	13	16	14	15	160	125	78.1
Loomis.....	18	14	16	18	19	17	13	13	160	133	83.1
Parmalee.....	17	16	15	16	16	16	19	19	160	134	83.7
Fritz.....	16	17	14	17	17	16	16	16	160	129	80.6
Latham.....	19	19	19	17	19	16	16	17	160	142	88.7
Redwing.....	20	16	18	16	20	19	19	16	160	144	90
Plumber.....	16	15	12	15	11	12	12	11	160	104	65
Young.....	19	18	19	18	19	16	18	16	160	143	89.5
Conner.....	20	18	18	16	19	17	20	19	160	147	91.9
Trimble.....	18	19	20	15	18	19	20	20	160	149	92.1
Lindsay.....	16	13	17	12	13	13	14	17	160	114	71.2
Fulford.....	15	18	19	20	17	20	17	17	160	143	89.5
Wheeler.....	18	18	19	17	20	19	18	17	160	146	91.2
Piety.....	19	17	15	17	18	18	17	20	160	141	88.1
Rogers.....	16	17	17	15	16	18	10	17	160	126	78.7
Calhoun.....	15	17	15	20	18	18	19	17	160	139	86.8
Sergeant.....	18	20	16	18	17	17	17	16	160	139	86.8
Gilbert.....	20	19	20	19	17	19	18	19	160	151	94.3
Guessaz.....	15	15	16	18	16	11	11	11	120	91	75.8
Damon.....	17	15	17	17	19	15	17	17	160	134	89.7
Adams.....	18	17	17	17	17	16	18	17	160	137	85.5
Powers.....	17	17	18	17	19	20	19	18	160	145	90.6
Field.....	15	18	16	11	13	12	10	10	140	95	67.8
Whitworth.....	15	16	15	15	15	15	15	15	160	122	76.2
24-Gauge.....	17	16	17	13	16	17	17	15	160	128	80
Lockett.....	19	16	18	17	15	14	15	17	160	131	81.8
Pon Jay.....	15	13	17	14	18	16	16	17	160	126	78.7
Haney.....	16	17	17	16	18	14	18	18	160	134	83.7
McGinty.....	14	16	14	12	16	14	15	16	160	117	71.8
Mackie.....	9	13	12	14	8	16	12	12	160	96	60
Jackson.....	17	15	12	17	14	10	15	15	160	115	71.8
Highhouse.....	15	16	16	20	20	18	16	19	160	140	87.5
Steves.....	7	12	13	11	14	9	13	8	160	87	54.3
Thielman.....	17	14	16	19	19	19	19	19	120	104	86.6
Genery.....	18	15	16	14	14	15	15	15	120	93	77.5
Novis.....	10	16	18	15	16	17	15	15	20	10	50
Marshall.....	16	18	15	16	16	17	15	15	140	115	71.8
Burkhardt.....	13	18	19	17	17	15	13	13	120	95	79.1
Sedam.....	10	10	10	10	18	14	13	13	80	55	68.7
Lisle.....	10	10	10	10	12	16	15	15	60	43	71.6
Foster.....	10	10	10	10	17	15	14	14	80	60	75
Winchester.....	10	10	10	10	17	12	10	10	40	29	72.5
Settle.....	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	20	15	75
Thurman.....	10	10	10	10	15	16	10	10	40	31	77.5
Nalle.....	10	10	10	10	14	16	11	11	60	41	68.2
Hank.....	10	10	10	10	16	17	15	15	60	48	80
Skinner.....	10	10	10	10	12	10	10	10	20	12	60
Brooks.....	10	10	10	10	12	10	10	10	20	12	60
Glockner.....	10	10	10	10	12	10	10	10	20	12	60

Second Day—Jan. 8.

Exactly seventy shooters shot along in to-day's events. Following are the scores and averages:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Keller	16	17	14	17	18	10	17	17	160	126	78.7
Grimm	19	16	17	18	17	20	20	18	160	143	89.5
Budd	17	18	17	19	20	17	16	19	160	143	89.5
Dickey	18	19	18	18	19	18	18	19	160	147	91.8
Bartlett.....	15	14	15	17	17	18	19	19	160	134	83.7
Merrill.....	13	15	16	17	12	17	18	16	160	123	76.8
Heikes.....	19	18	18	20	19	19	19	18	160	150	93.7
24-Gauge.....	16	13	14	16	20	19	16	19	160	133	83.1
Elliott.....	19	17	15	17	15	14	20	20	160	137	85.5
Hope.....	16	18	14	15	16	13	17	16	160	125	78.1
Van Dyke.....	20	15	19	16	18	17	17	16	160	138	86.2
W Miller.....	17	19	16	16	18	18	15	18	160	137	85.5
Anthony.....	15	19	18	18	17	14	17	15	160	133	83.1
Sumpter.....	16	16	16	17	18	18	17	19	160	137	85.5
Hughes.....	17	18	16	17	18	17	15	15	160	133	83.1
Moore.....	27	13	14	17	17	12	16	18	160	124	77.5
E D Miller.....	19	17	18	18	17	18	19	17	160	143	89.5
Mooney.....	16	15	15	15	14	17	15	19	160	126	78.7
Loomis.....	18	17	16	19	19	15	19	18	160	141	88.1
Parmalee.....	19	20	15	18	20	19	18	16	160	145	90.6
Fritz.....	18	15	18	19	16	19	16	20	160	141	88.1
Latham.....	17	20	17	20	20	19	19	17	160	149	92.1
Red Wing.....	20	19	18	19	18	16	20	19	160	149	92.1
Plumber.....	17	12	11	15	17	15	12	16	160	115	71.8
Young.....	17	20	16	18	16	17	19	17	160	140	87.5
Conner.....	19	18	19	17	16	20	19	18	160	146	91.2
Trimble.....	17	19	17	16	19	18	17	18	160	141	89.1
Lindsay.....	11	14	15	15	15	15	16	15	160	116	72.5
Fulford.....	19	17	18	18	20	19	20	16	160	147	91.8
Pietz.....	13	20	18	16	20	17	17	18	160	139	86.8
Jackson.....	15	19	17	16	15	18	14	14	160	123	80
Calhoun.....	17	20	18	17	18	18	19	19	160	145	90.6
Gilbert.....	19	18	19	19	19	17	19	19	160	149	93.1
Lisle.....	13	16	15	14	11	100	69	69
Haney.....	20	16	15	19	16	13	17	15	160	131	81.8
Adams.....	19	17	16	19	16	17	19	15	160	138	86.2
Powers.....	18	18	19	18	18	19	19	17	160	146	91.2
Marshall.....	18	17	19	18	18	17	20	15	160	142	88.7
Whitworth.....	17	19	16	20	19	18	17	19	160	143	89.5
McIlhany.....	15	12	19	14	18	13	13	10	160	125	78.1
Guessaz.....	17	18	15	17	15	11	15	14	160	122	76.2
Thielman.....	13	14	..	18	19	18	17	11	140	110	68.5
Nalle.....	11	15	18	16	16	13	10	9	160	108	67.5
Highhouse.....	16	13	16	14	20	13	20	15	160	126	79.3
Lockett.....	15	18	15	19	17	14	120	93	81.6
Hank.....	11	20	11	55
Wheeler.....	16	19	19	19	17	19	19	13	160	146	91.2
U M C.....	12	14	11	14	12	100	63	63
Stevens.....	14	16	12	11	9	14	9	12	160	104	65
Damon.....	11	16	17	15	18	17	17	17	160	128	80
Mackie.....	13	11	11	9	80	44	55
McGlnty.....	15	16	12	12	14	13	17	13	160	114	71.2
Allen.....	8	10	14	10	11	..	11	13	140	77	55
Genery.....	12	17	40	29	72.5
Rogers.....	15	16	15	16	15	15	18	19	160	129	80.2

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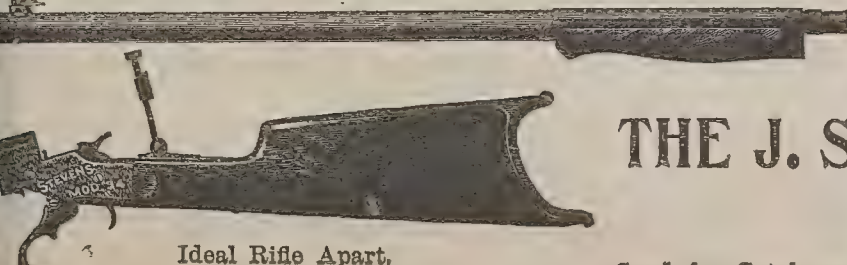
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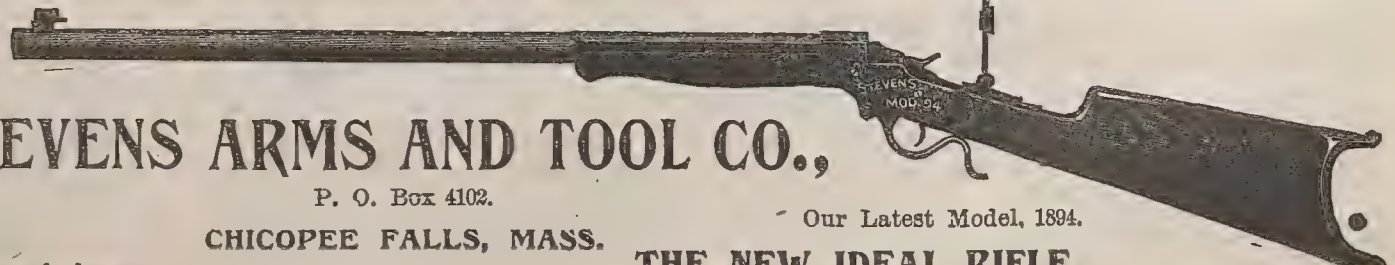


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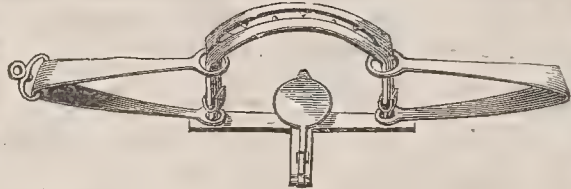
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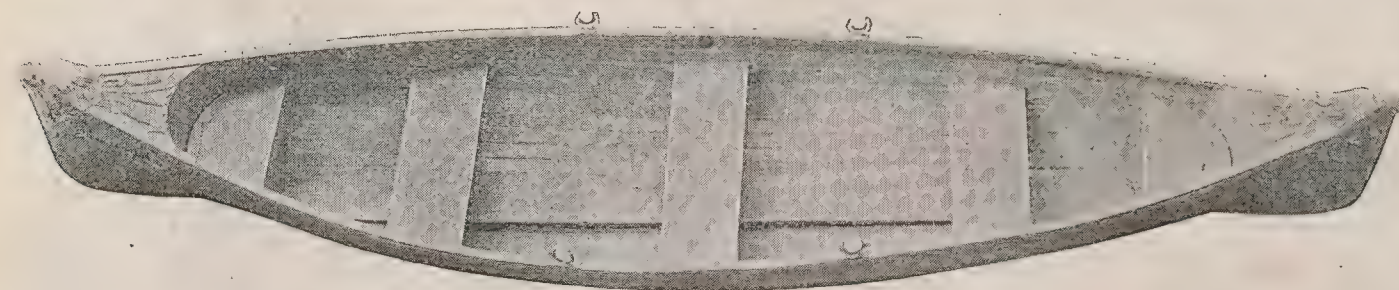
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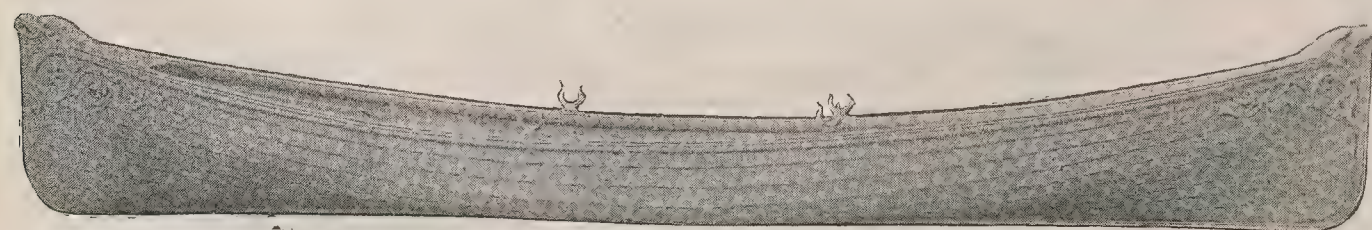
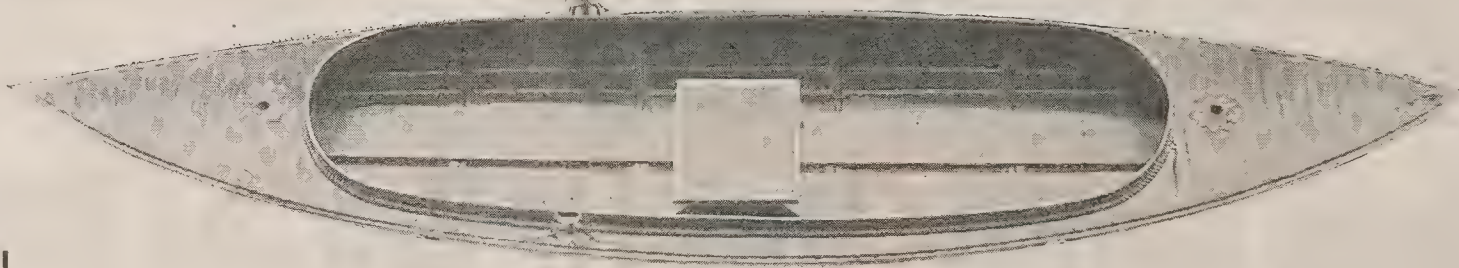
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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THEN AND NOW.

"THE good old days," a phrase so often uttered with tenderness and regret, appeals to nearly every hearer who has arrived on the middle ground of life, where work is earnest and pleasure-seeking is only for times often far between. The good old days, associated with the hopes and pleasures of youth and mellowed in memory by the passage of time, seem better than all other days.

Then, as pictured in memory, everything was rose-colored. Friends were truer, hospitality was greater and more genuine, human nature was better, and the game birds, animals and fishes were more abundant. The sun shone brighter, the birds had sweeter songs and the flowers were more beautiful. There were no irate land-owners who rudely ordered the wandering shooter off their grounds, nor were there fears of the more methodical ones who posted up notices tersely proclaiming that all hunting was forbidden on their premises, and that trespass would be followed by prosecution to the extent of the law.

The shooter with gun and dog simply sauntered forth at pleasure. Sport then seemed to have a zest which is absent from the changed conditions of later years. The times seemed more pleasurable and life was more worth the living. And yet no legend is more deceiving than that of "the good old times."

In youth or early manhood everything is comparatively new and novel. Life is accepted for all it appears to be on its face, and the future seems to be a perspective of pleasure, success and happiness. In youth everything seems to reflect one's own faith in the beautiful, the good and the useful. The cares, labors and responsibilities which accumulate as the years pass by, and the hard lessons which life teaches to all, are unknown. When they do come, greater knowledge comes with them, and the individual is prone to think that the world is changing when the change is in himself.

Sportsmanship is no exception in the estimate in respect to things of the good old days. Regrets for the pleasures and better ways in the sportsmanship of times gone by are not uncommon.

And yet what we are pleased to call the old ways and old methods are not old when measured by the lapse of time. The muzzleloader with its percussion cap is now considered obsolete. The flint-lock gun is now a relic whose associations and uses seem to be far back in the vague and ancient past. Yet it is but a few years since the muzzleloader was in common use, and elderly sportsmen are still living who have shot many days afield with the flint-lock gun. Changes have followed changes in such rapid succession that the transformation process has left a great distinction between the so-called old and the new. The practice of sportsmanship has been revolutionized. The improvement in sporting implements and their uses has taken place so gradually and so naturally that they have been accepted as a matter of course. The innumerable intermediary stages between the practical sportsmanship of to-day and that which obtained twenty-five years ago have been stages of incessant improvement. The lapse of time between the old and the new has been within the lives of men who are yet active hunters. The old methods were once their methods. The old ideas were then the best. They were in the good old days. In reverting to those days, who would really care to be thrust back a quarter of a century in the world's progress?

In those days the hunter was forced to rely on his own ingenuity, skill and industry from the time he resolved on a hunting trip till its realization. Did he need gun wadding, he must use his judgment in selecting it from such refuse material as had incidentally such texture as would serve his purpose, hence the common use then of old newspapers, hornets' nests, etc. Old cardboard boxes and old shoes were approved by the more painstaking hunter, who with mallet and wad cutter laboriously punched out one by one his supply of wadding. He was venerated as a man of exact science, for did not his tight-fitting wads drive the air through the nipples with a sharp hissing, and was not his loading done so quickly as to appear marvelous?

The hunter then carried his powder in bulk, sometimes loose in his pocket, or in the original brown paper package as it came from the store, or in a bottle or tin spice box; and it was much the same with the shot. The perfect equipment was a metal powder flask with fantastic hunting scenes stamped in relief on the sides and a leathern shot pouch, both of which were carried slung over the shoulder. In loading, all was left to individual judgment. The powder was poured into the palm of the hand till the shooter's eye was satisfied. The same measure served for the shot.

Did the hunter use a rifle, he cast his own bullets, cut his own patches, and had his own personal theories as to the best loads and the best twist to make the bullet "hold up." For success, it was necessary that he should know the habits and haunts of the game; in short, he must have a knowledge of woodcraft. He had to rely on his own efforts. Gossip with his neighbors and local comparison of methods were his sources of improvement.

How changed is the new order of things. The hunter of to-day, in an age where specialties have made rapid action and enhanced the value of time, determines to take an outing or "go on a hunt." He consults FOREST AND STREAM for the whereabouts of the best game country and finds information covering the ground from ocean to ocean. He consults the Game Laws in Brief and finds the laws of all the States. He takes a parlor car and rides swiftly to the very middle of his game country. He employs a guide who furnishes all the lore of the woods. He takes a rifle or shotgun using fixed ammunition. To reload he has but to push a lever. In short, he is brought directly to the game with no cumbersome detail to delay him, and to enjoy his sport he has but to aim and pull the trigger. As between the bang of the gun in the old times and the bang of the gun in the new, there is a difference.

THE NATIONAL PARK BUFFALO.

THE testimony taken in the case against Courtenay, the buffalo killer tried last December in the Yellowstone Park, shows very clearly how weak the case against him was. While it may very probably be that Courtenay killed these buffalo in the Park, it is yet within the bounds of possibility that they may have been killed in Idaho, and the Government evidence contained nothing which directly connected Courtenay with the Park. The testimony for the defense was direct, and though some of it appears to have been flat perjury, yet the burden of the evidence could not be disregarded.

The arrest and trial of the man Courtenay can hardly fail to have a good effect on the Idaho poachers, who from it have learned that Capt. Anderson is well acquainted with their methods. He has had detectives living right among them for a long time, and their reports have taught him not only what men he must look out for, but how and when they perform their wicked work.

It must not be forgotten that it is the great State of Idaho that is responsible for this most recent slaughter among this diminished herd of buffalo. A few years since the Idaho statutes protected the buffalo, but a new law—passed, we believe, in 1893—repealed the protective clause and left any one who wished to do so free to kill these animals in Idaho. There are not a few well-informed people who assert that this repeal was passed at the request and for the benefit of the Henry's Lake poachers, who were sharp enough to see that the repeal would give them free license to prey on the Park herd. For at that time there was no Federal law protecting the Park and its game. It is hoped that before the last buffalo shall have been killed the State of Idaho—though so late—will pass a law protecting these animals.

At a meeting of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution held recently in Washington, it was proposed to capture the Yellowstone Park buffalo *en bloc*, and to transfer them to the National Zoological Park at Washington. Here is a proposition for the lawful extinction of the wild buffalo in the United States which is most extraordinary, and could have been made only by people who are ill-informed respecting the animal in question and of the regions which this herd inhabits. We believe it to be true that no adult buffalo captured and closely confined has ever lived more than a few hours. At all events we have personal knowledge of many cases in which buffalo have been caught and tied up for transportation, but most of the individuals died within an hour and all within a day. The capture and close confinement of the adult buffalo of this herd would mean to

them death as certain as the bullet of the poacher could bring. If such a capture could be made the Smithsonian Institution would have a lot of heads and hides, but the buffalo would be extinct indeed.

However, the rough, broken and wooded character of the country where the buffalo inhabit makes it quite certain that no attempt at wholesale capture can be made. Probably none will be attempted, but if it be attempted it is foredoomed to failure. A few animals may be captured in Captain Anderson's buffalo trap, and in course of time may be so gentled that it may be possible to ship them, but even this cannot be done without great risk.

The Yellowstone Park buffalo should be protected and allowed to increase. It will not be time to try fool experiments with them until after they have become more numerous than they are at present.

SNAP SHOTS.

The non-resident license system for visiting sportsmen came up for consideration in the recent meeting of the Maine State Sportsmen's Association. The plan of such a tax was suggested as a remedy for out-of-season game killing in the woods. Violators of the law, it was alleged, were principally sportsmen from other States; and to put an end to their killing game in September a tax of \$10 was advocated for the license to take moose in season, and \$5 for deer. The convention did not indorse the proposition; and even if it had done so, we question if the Maine Legislature would have followed the recommendation.

Just how the purchased privilege of hunting in the open season was to prevent illicit slaughter in the close season was not explained. It is something which we have never yet seen clearly explained by those who recommend the non-resident tax system. Neither has it been demonstrated in actual practice where non-resident restrictions have prevailed. So far as our observation goes the demand for non-resident tax licenses comes from quarters where the game has been cleaned out by residents and non-residents working together in season and out, killing for sport and killing for the market; and the proposed recourse to a non-resident law is to provide something new in the way of legislation, where there is already quite sufficient legal restriction if it were half-way enforced.

Our estimate of these non-resident discriminations as being un-American in spirit has been expressed frequently and freely. Such considerations aside, would it be good business for Maine to impose a penalty upon her visiting sportsmen? There is no other State in the Union whose fish and game interests constitute such an important natural resource. Sportsmen visitors leave in the State hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. The revenue is increasing annually with the growing hosts of tourists. No one questions that if the game supply shall be maintained the revenue will continue. As a business proposition, then, the policy to be adopted by Maine would appear to be this: Encourage the coming of sportsmen and keep up the supply of game to bring them into the State. That is the system to bring money into Maine pockets. It is a system which is perfectly practicable with the laws already on the statute books.

Our correspondent H. W. DeL. alleges that sportsmen are actuated by selfishness in their discussion of the various phases of game legislation and game protection. What if they are? Personal interest is an impelling motive in most walks of life, where it is recognized as perfectly natural and altogether commendable. Why should it not obtain in the activities of sportsmanship and game protection? The fact that one is a sportsman does not eradicate his human nature. More than this, self-interest or selfishness is the impelling motive to the active agency of which we must look for the accomplishment of whatever is attained in these fields as in all others. If it had not been for the alertness of the multitude of sportsmen, each individual prompted by his personal self-interest, and so all together working for the common good, we should have been in a much worse condition as to game supply than we are.

We are informed by a sportsman who resides in the deer district of Long Island that there are constant violations of the law protecting deer. Since the death of Mr. Benjamin some weeks ago, there has been no one to take proper interest in the law's enforcement,

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—X.

Le Feu Follet.

THE northern horizon was glowing with the pulsating flame of the aurora, and the dark forest of the eastern shore echoed at intervals with the solemn challenges of the horned owls, remotely answered by their brethren who held sway over the somber realm of the Porterboro woods that stretched their dark expanse along the west bank of the South Slang and beyond the sluggish rivulets of its source.

"'Cordin' tu the signs we're a-goin' tu git some sort o' fallin' weather," Uncle Lisha remarked as he gave an eye and ear to these prognostics of a storm.

"The north'n lights is shinin' tol'able bright," said Joseph, peeping through the trees at the celestial display. "If the sun hain't crawled 'raoun' an' sot back side o' Canerdy. 'Roarer Borer Alice,' Solon calls it."

Antoine rolled himself off his seat onto all fours, and in that position intently regarded such glimpses of the flickering arch as could be seen between the tree trunks that stood in black relief against it.

"Wal, Ah'll a'n't hear it roar, me, but Ah'll can see it bore some in de sky. Dat was what Solon prob'ly call it de borer Alice for, a'n't he? But Ah do' know what for he'll call it roarer, hein."

"Wal, the fact on 't is, Solon val'es words 'cordin' tu the bigness more 'n the meanin', seems 's 'ough," Joseph explained, while Antoine, turning his searching gaze to the creek, descried a light moving about in the black shadows of the further shore.

"Look, see dar!" he said in a suppressed tone of alarm, as he pointed to the moving light. "Dat was de feu follet!"

"Few follies is better 'n many, Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha; "but that 'ere hain't nothin' but someb'dy nuther wi' a lantern."

"O, no, no, no, Onc' Lasha, dat a'n't belamprin, sah; dat was feu follet! Ah do' know haow you call it in Angleesh, but he was very bat t'ing, Ah tol' you."

"What is 't, Ann Twine?" Joseph inquired; "sort of a one-eyed lew grew critter sech as you was a-tellin' us on oncte?"

The Canadian watched the light till it vanished in fitful gleams among the woods, and then heaving a sigh of relief he turned and stooped to the camp-fire to rekindle his neglected pipe before he answered.

"No, seh, Zhoeff, he'll a'n't so hugly for keel someb'dy lak de loup garou; he more kan' o' funny for fool-ish somebody. Ah'll had some experiments of it mahsef, an' Ah'll goin' tol' you of it, me."

Before seating himself at the fire he looked again in the direction where the light had disappeared. If he had been given the vision of an owl he might have seen a boat with two figures in it stealthily landing at the further shore; but the faint light of the aurora, that barely defined in dimmed silver the course of the channel, revealed nothing to him.

"W'en Ah'll was leewe in Canada," he began, as his pipe responded satisfactorily to his energetic drafts, each ending in a smack like the stroke of a paddle blade upon the water, "one tam, w'en Ah'll han't more hol' as 20 year an' was goin' for see de gal one naght—he a'n't Ursule, but nudder one dat Ah tink more of as ev'rybody dat tam," he paused a moment in dreamy retrospect of long past days when eyes were bright and cheeks were rosy that now were dim and faded, and then resumed, "wal, seh, Ah'll was rode 'long on mah leetly mare. Oh, he was good one, Ah'll tol' you, for draw, for rode, for go fas—ev'ryt'ing 'cep' t'rashin' machine, dey a'n't gat it den, an' it was kan' o' daks in de naght, an' Ah'll see lit over in mah fader, hees farm where dey was be some swamp side of de meader. Ah'll a'n't know if he was somebody steal de hay or what he was do, but Ah'll tink he a'n't gat some beesness dar, an' Ah'll go see what he was do. So Ah hitch mah hoss—dat was, mah mare—on de fence an' gat on de lot for see what Ah'll see."

"Ah'll go very softle as leetly maouses, but more funder Ah'll go de more funder de lit was go. Den Ah'll begin for run fas, but he run more fastes' as Ah was, an' den Ah'll gat mad an' run more an' more faster, an' de more Ah run de more Ah'll gat mad, an' de more Ah'll gat mad de more Ah'll run an' holler sco'ndrel name to it an' tol' it for stop, an' what beesness he got, go to diab' for see his Onc'—ev'ryt'ing Ah can tink me, but he jus' jomp raoun' dis way, dat way on de swamp an' say not'ing, only mek motion, an' dat mek me so mad Ah'll run on de swamp at it."

"Ah'll fregit Ah'll gat on all mah bes' clos'. Ah'll gat mah new moccasin, mah bes' tow traowser, mah han'-some shirt mah mudder weave pruppis, an' seh, fus' Ah'll stubble mah toe an' sloop! Ah'll go all over raght on de black mud an' water. Den Ah peek up mahsef' careful, an' w'en Ah scoop de mud off mah heye, Ah'll see de lit go dance 'way off 'cross de swamp where somebody can never go, an' den Ah'll know it was de feu follet, an' Ah feel 'f Ah'll a'n't wort' much, me."

"Wal, Ah go back where mah mare was, spluck, spluck, in my wet moccasin, an' seh, mah mare he a'n't dar. He gat scare an' run home, an' Ah gat for go 'foot all de way; spluck, spluck, all de way. My clos' all sp'il up so Ah'll can' go for see de gal dat naght, an' sem naght nudder feller go an' see it an' cut me all off, so Ah'll lose it. Dat was pooty bad lucky for me, but not so very bad, for den Ah'll go marry Ursule, an' she more as feefy paoun' bigger as dat gal."

"Why, man alive, what you was a skivin' raoun' in the maash arter wan't nothin' but a jack o' lantern. I s'pose it's fox-fire 'at's broke loose from rotten wood an' sich, an' goes fluripin' an' driftin' 'raoun'. But what you seen over yonder was jest someb'dy wi' a lantern, Samwil's niggers a fishin', like 's not. I wonder what's come o' Samwil," and Uncle Lisha got up and moved restlessly about, peering out upon the creek and toward the landing. "Good airth an' seas! I don't see what in tunket he wants to be a rarin' 'raoun' nights for, when honest folks ort to be abed. I wouldn't never ha' come here with him 'f I'd s'posed he was goin' tu cut up so. I'm a dum good min' tu go tu bed an' let him go tu thunder, I snum I bel!"

Preparatory to the execution of this threat he retired into the tent and spread his blankets, but presently came

forth, sat down by the fire and lighted his pipe, emitting snorts of impatience between silent intervals of listening. The owls had quit their dismal calling and not a sound was to be heard from the woods nor waters save the occasional splash of a fish or a waterfowl or a muskrat busy with its nightly labors.

"What ye s'pose has become o' that 'ere tormented boy?" Uncle Lisha demanded sharply, after some inward fuming at the apparent apathy of his companions, "or don' ye car' whet'er he's draounded or lost in the maash? Why don't ye say suthin'?"

"Wal, Ah guess Sam gat hol' 'nough for took care hee-sef' of it, prob'ly," Antoine answered with some sharpness. "He'll a'n't leetly boy, a'n't it?"

"I was kinder meditat'in' it over in my mind," Joseph said apologetically, "an' I don't seem tu feel r'al'y oneasy 'baout Samwil, ner yet ezackly easy, it don't seem 's 'ough. It's a-gittin' consid'able kinder late, an' then ag'in it hain't so late as it might be."

"I wish't I had a rope hitched 'raoun' his neck, I'd fetch him almighty quick. I don't see what in tunket's come o' him," and Uncle Lisha stumped about, making the circuit of the fire, and gazed out into the surrounding darkness. "Wal, it's high time honest folks was abed, and I'm a-goin' right stret off."

Again he retired within the tent, where he could be heard laboriously pulling off his boots, and with deep-drawn sighs disposing his stout form upon his low couch. But not many moments elapsed before he reappeared in his stockings. Uncle Lisha deigned no reply to the Canadian, but asked anxiously:

"Wal, Onc' Lasha, you a'n't so hones' you tink you was, a'n't it? Hain't that 'ere tarnal boy come back yit? Wal, I swan." Then after a moment of intent listening, "Wal, I'm a dumbed good min' to holler, anyway. I c'n make him hear if he's alive with'in a mild o' here."

As he drew in his breath for a mighty shout they heard disturbed waterfowl, one after another, nearer and nearer, taking sudden flight, the flutter of uprising and cries of alarm continually drawing nearer, till at last the thump of a paddle was heard at the landing, and then the lantern began to sway and undulate, now hidden behind a tree or knoll, now shining brighter till it's sprinkled light disclosed Sam's illuminated legs quite close at hand.

"Wal, folks, here I be," he announced as he let the full light of the candle upon his face through the open door and then extinguished it with a puff.

"An' high time 'at you was," and Uncle Lisha spent his hoarded breath in a growl. "What ye be'n shoolin' 'raound these 'ere ma'ches for, a ketchin' the fever 'n' aig an' freezin' tu death? I'm a tarnal good min' ter shake ye, so I be. Sed daown there by the fire an' warm ye whilst I put on some more wood. An' say, Ann Twine, hain't ye got a col' duck for him an' a hunk o' bread? I know he's hungry."

"I hain't a mite hungry, ner cold nuther," Sam declared, seating himself by the fire and preparing for a restful smoke. "On'y a leetle mite tired. I staid tu Mr. Bartlett's longer'n what I meant tu an' it's kinder slow poky work a-keepin' the channel in the dark 'specerly in the Slang. I'm sorry you got worried."

"Sho, I wan't worryin' none, but I was a leetle riled," said the old man as he ran his hand down Sam's long shank. "Why, your laigs is kinder damp. You want to dry 'em good 'fore you go tu bed! I'm a goin' naow, tu stay."

"Hol' a'n't worry!" Antoine scoffed. "Bah gosh, seh, he was be fusster, fusster raoun' more as one hol' sheekin wid one hen."

"Yah, if you ever tol' the truth folks 'ould b'lieve you oncte in a while," Uncle Lisha growled back from the depths of the tent, where, after a prelude of sighs and yawns, there came a regular succession of sounds where-with he was wont to proclaim his presence in dreamland.

"Wal," said Joseph sleepily, "I s'pose if I don't never go tu bed I shan't never git up, an' it's the wust o' goin' tu bed 'at you du hafter git up some time er nuther," and he went to join Uncle Lisha.

"Say, Sam," Antoine whispered cautiously, "Where you was, hein?"

Sam cast a scrutinizing glance upon him as he answered, "Why, up to Mr. Bartlett's. Where d'ye s'pose. Le's go tu bed."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE TALKING PINE.—III.

The Wind Dance.

"COME, T'solo the wanderer, when the wind is strong in the southwest, and see the wind dance and hear the wind song of the pines." So said my friend, the Talking Pine, when we parted the last time.

This wise pine, which is so old that it can remember the first white man's coming, had promised to tell me the secrets of the woods and this was to be the first lesson, so when the wind came from the southwest I got in my canoe and journeyed across the Lake of the Mountains until I came to the place where the wise one lives.

The Talking Pine and all his large family and all their relations were dancing the wind dance and singing the wind song when the canoe scraped the sand.

The Talking Pine saw me and nodded his head, but did not stop dancing, for you must know that when the pines once begin dancing they will sing and dance the wind dance just as long as they can get the wind to help them with the music. They love to swing and sway with the wind that comes from the sea to help them sing, and you know the pines cannot sing alone and they always sleep when the wind goes away.

I came to the foot of the Talking Pine so he could talk as he danced, and he told me why the pines dance the wind dance and sing always when the wind is in the southwest. This the Talking Pine said about the wind dance:

"Many, many years ago, before I was born, or my father or my father's father was born, when the Wind was still a little boy, there were many strange and horrible creatures in the world and they were always at war."

"Far away to the southwest was a Skall-lal-a-toot that the wind loved to play tricks on."

"This Skall-lal-a-toot had a daughter about the same age as the Wind, and the Wind loved the little one for her winning ways and pretty face, for you know they are all this way. The old Skall-lal-a-toot loved his daughter very much too, and hated the Wind because he was always traveling and playing tricks, and had a bad temper."

When the Wind got old enough to marry he went to this girl and wanted her to go away with him to his lodge. She was willing, but the old Skall-lal-a-toot was very angry and hid his daughter.

"Now, you know the Wind can make himself very small and invisible too, so he came in the night and took the Skall-lal-a-toot's daughter in his arms and started away across the big water to take her to his lodge. Soon the old Skall-lal-a-toot missed his daughter and went to find the Wind and get his daughter back, and at the same time to punish the Wind for the trick he had played on him."

"After a long journey he overtook the Wind, and while the Wind slept he took his daughter and then struck the Wind so hard on the head that he was like a dead man for a long time."

"Then the old Skall-lal-a-toot took his daughter and started for home again."

"When the Wind woke up he was pelton in his head, crazy the white men call it, and he could not remember anything, and had lost the power to change himself back to his visible shape again, so now you can only hear him sing, but can never see him."

"After a long time the Wind remembered that the Skall-lal-a-toot's daughter was with him, and he thought she had been stolen, so he went to look for her."

"The Wind was very strong in his body because he was wrong in his head, and he traveled very fast and got very angry when he thought of the old Skall-lal-a-toot, and at last he overtook the old man with his daughter and fought him a great battle, away out over the big water. Soon the Skall-lal-a-toot was forced to drop his daughter and take care of himself, and when her father let go of her the girl fell down into the big water and was drowned."

"Then the Tah-mah-na-wis took her up in the sky so the Wind could not see her always."

"The white men call her the Moon, but they do not know why her face is white like the face of a drowned person or why you can always see the ghost of the moon in the water when you look on moonlight nights. That is because she was drowned in the big water, and now she must always stay there until the Wind finds her, and the Wind is crazy and does not know her face, but travels always and looks for his wife and sings to call her from the woods."

"The Wind thinks the pines know where his wife is, and he is always singing to them to tell him, then he gets crazy again and thinks she is with him, and he goes away laughing and singing."

"The Wind loves to dance and to sing, and the pines always help the poor fellow and he tells them many things that he sees in his travels."

"He is not always crazy and then he moans and cries for his wife and looks everywhere, but soon he gets crazy again and sings and shrieks, and rushes along looking for the old Skall-lal-a-toot again."

"The Tah-mah-na-wis changed the wicked old Skall-lal-a-toot into the sun and put him in the sky, and now he is always running away from his daughter and she is always following him."

This the Talking Pine told me as he danced the wind dance and sung the wind song.

"I would sleep now, T'solo the wanderer," said the Pine when the Wind went away.

"When there is more to know I will tell you by a message and you will come then, T'solo the wanderer, and we will see more."

Then the pine slept and I came again to my lodge.

EL COMANCHO.

BEE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication on bee hunting in your columns has stirred my old memory box clear down to the bottom. Next to hunting and fishing, "bee lining" was the pride and joy of my boyhood days. When the boy grew to manhood it was a toss up as to which of the three sports afforded greater pleasure.

You say in your pleasant editorial on the subject, "Who shall say that bee hunting may not become a fine art among sports, and that in the increasing dearth of fish and fowls and beasts of venery the wild honey bee may not come to be legitimate game, and the hunting thereof the contemplative man's recreation?"

I say amen to this sentiment, and would add: That the lover of sports who has never enjoyed the pleasure of bee hunting has missed one of the most enjoyable things of this life.

It would be useless for any one to attempt to "line" bees without some knowledge of the manner in which the sport is conducted. For the benefit of those who may desire instructions, I will give the method followed in the State of Maine, where "bee lining" is reduced to a fine art.

First, let us start right. The sport is not called bee hunting for the same reason that trout fishing is not called trout hunting. "Bee lining" is the term used.

The first requisite is a bee box. The dimensions are usually as follows: Length 6in., width 4in., depth 3½in. The box is in two parts, connected by brass hinges. The lower part, or bottom, is 1½in. in depth. The upper part is fitted with a slide at the bottom and glass at the top. The slide should be the full width of the box, and when closed should project about 4in. The projection can be whittled down into a convenient handle. Fit a piece of empty honeycomb into the lower half of the box if you can get it, otherwise use a block of wood filled with shallow holes. Your box is now ready to take into the field.

You will have to procure some strained honey, the pure article; made honey don't go. Dilute your honey with water—about one-third water. The pure honey is too thick to run well when you are filling the empty comb, and it takes the bees too long to load up. Besides the bees daub themselves and are worthless while they are cleaning their wings and bodies. Do not mix over one-half pint of honey and water at a time, as the mixture sours in warm weather.

The next requisite is a slender staff about 4ft. in length. Whittle one end to a point and nail a shingle or small piece of thin board on the other end.

A light axe and a compass should be added to the outfit and then you are ready for business.

When you find a locality which you think will afford wild bees thrust the staff into the ground and you have a handy stand for your bee box. Take the empty piece of comb out of the box and go in search of bees. When you

find a bee on a flower open your box and thrust it over him, immediately closing it. Turn your box glass up, pull out the slide and the bee will come to the light; close the slide and you have your first prisoner. Follow this up until you have the required number. Most "bee liners" catch only odd numbers—three, five or seven. Seven is usually the limit. It takes so much time to catch a larger number that the first bees caught grow restless and will not "line."

One might think that trapping bees was unskilled work, and that the amateur could equal the expert, but this is not the fact. In any locality where wild bees abound tame ones will also be found. The amateur would not know one from the other, while the expert would seldom make a mistake. He would know the wild from the tame bees not by any distinguishing mark, but by their actions. The tame bee is acquainted with man, and when approached will drop off the flower, swing to and fro before the intruder, as if scolding him for his intrusion, but finding he will not go away concludes to seek other flowers. The expert would not follow him, but the amateur would probably chase him till caught. The wild bee will usually cling to a flower till brushed off. The expert knows the bees apart because the tame bees are wild and the wild bees are tame.

You will now take your bees to the stand. Put the comb in the lower part of the bee box and turn on the honey. Now close the box and pull out the slide. Exclude the light with your coat or a soft hat and the bees will soon find the honey. After the bees get to work gently open the box. The first bee to load will rise 1ft. or more above the box, swing to and fro, examining the whole outfit, until he is satisfied that he can find the spot when he shall return. He will then commence to fly in circles, the circles increasing in size as he rises higher and higher. The other bees will follow the same line of action.

The bee evidently finds the way to the hive through his keen sight. In the "bee lining" affair he is carried in a box until he is bewildered and lost. The only course open to him is to rise and circle, that he may see some familiar landmark by which he may shape his course to the hive.

The bee will circle the second and sometimes the third trip, after which he will drop off the box and go directly to the hive. It would seem that a bee is very much like a human being, and must become familiar with a path to be assured of the right direction.

It takes a bee anywhere from ten to thirty minutes to make a trip, owing not so much to the distance as to other things, one of which is a long crawl into and out of the tree.

It will take three hours or more to get the bees to work in any great number. You need not wait so long, but can commence work so soon as some of the bees give you the course. Do not expect a "bee line." You will have to look in the books for that. While a bee keeps to a general course, he swings a good 50ft. each side of a straight line.

You will now be guided by circumstances. If the line is to a narrow strip of woodland, and you know there are open fields beyond, you must imprison a few of your bees, pull up the staff, and with your whole outfit remove to the other side of the woodland. Set up your stand and handle the bees just as you did before. If you find the bees take the back track you know the hive is in that belt of woodland. If the bees go the other way you have saved yourself the useless work of searching the trees on or near your line in said woodland. Some of FOREST AND STREAM's correspondents claim that the bee will not return if carried by the hive or tree. I have carried bees by the hive scores of times, and I can remember but one time when they refused to "line," and it was my fault then. I had let the bees have access to the honey while carrying them, and when loaded they made frantic efforts to escape, daubing themselves with honey meantime. When I released them they dropped into the grass and spent an hour or more cleaning up. Under such circumstances bees will not "line."

When you desire to take bees to a new spot turn your box cover over them before they have time to load. Shake or rap the box and they will fly up to the glass, when you can shove in the slide and keep them away from the honey. Bees so caught will "line" no matter where you carry them, if not over four miles.

We will now suppose that your first line leads into the forest, with no fields beyond. In such case you must imprison a few bees. Leave the honeycomb on the stand and take your box, with another piece of comb, one-half mile to the right or left of the first line. Place the box on a rock or stump and bait your bees as at first. Stay there until the bees "line." Then if you are on high land you may form an idea as to where in the forest the two lines intersect. Take your box and return to the first stand, leaving some honey for the bees to work on. Place your compass on the stand and get the course of the first line. Follow this line into the woods, cutting enough brush so that you can use your compass.

Do not make an extensive search for the bee tree. Content yourself with examining the trees near your line. When you are satisfied that you are beyond the hive, leave this line and go to your second line and follow it into the woods. If your first line extends beyond the hive or bee tree the second line will intersect it, and you can feel assured that you have your bees corralled near where the lines intersect.

Don't imagine that the bees swarm in and out of the tree and that you cannot miss them. If you will take notice of a hive of tame bees you will find that they come and go, while at work, singly. Wild bees follow the same law and you must search every tree with great care. An opera glass is an excellent aid when searching lofty pine trees. If you fail to find the tree after a diligent search, go to the stand and trap a half dozen bees and take them into the woods and set up your stand where the two lines intersect. You will not have much trouble after this. The bees will be so near home that they will arouse the whole hive and you will have them all about your ears. Watch the loaded bees and they will direct you to the bee tree.

There are two methods of "taking up" the bees when found. One is to kill the bees with brimstone and the other to cut down the tree while the bees are very much alive.

Most bee trees are hollow or rotten from the ground up. By cutting into the tree you can introduce the fumes of burning brimstone which will rise and kill the bees. The tree is left a few days so the honey may cool off. The

honey can be handled, when cool, much better and a saving is made. The "bee liners" for revenue almost always follow this method.

I did not take kindly to the brimstone method in my "bee lining" days. First, I did not care to add murder to robbery, and second, I rather enjoyed the excitement of "taking up" a hive of wild bees.

The killing with brimstone must be done toward night, when the bees are all in the hive. If possible the hole used by the bees should be plugged.

When "taking up" a live swarm you will need a hat with a wide stiff brim. A veil made of netting should be tied about the crown of the hat and buttoned under the coat. It is necessary to have this netting bee-proof, or you will want your life insured. Thick gloves that button over your coat sleeves are also desirable. If the bees are in the top of a high tree you will not need the veil until the tree is down. Do not fell the tree on the bare ground. Chop down several small trees for "bedding." This will break the fall of the tree and save the honey from being wrecked. After your tree is down put on your veil and gloves and chop out the honey. The first blow will bring two or three quarts of red hot bees onto your veil and hat. Tell about your buck fever. It never commenced with bee fever. The angry onslaught, the spiteful determination, will usually demoralize an amateur, and he will often drop his axe and run away.

When the honey is uncovered a singular thing happens. The bees, realizing that they are to be robbed, cease fighting and commence to load themselves with honey. Now you may take off your veil and gloves, take off your coat and roll up your sleeves and work in comfort. The bees are harmless. The fierce warriors of a few minutes ago are now peaceful and earnest workers.

A wasp, after his nest is destroyed, will chase you all over a ten-acre lot to get revenge. A bee is too wise to fight over a "lost cause."

There are yet other ways to "line" bees. After you capture your first swarm you will have on hand dark and broken comb. To get the honey from this you must resort to straining through a thin cloth. This strained comb can be used to "line" bees. A basketful (about four quarts) placed near your stand will soon attract the bees. You can carry the basket into the woods along the line, if you stop now and then to give the returning bees a chance to find the comb. I have carried a basket of comb, with not less than a quart of bees at work, directly to the tree.

There is one other method, called "matching bees." This is never engaged in until the weather is too cold to allow the bees to work on flowers.

To "match bees" you go into the woods where you think there is a swarm and kindle a fire. Heat a flat rock and burn honeycomb on it, at the same time have your stand with honeycomb near by. If there are bees outside the tree they will scent the burning comb and you will quickly have a "line."

You must choose a sunny day. Do not try this method early, when the weather is warm. The bees will then seek the flowers and too you would "match" hornets, wasps and flies until you would be reminded of Egypt's plague.

HERMIT.
GLOUCESTER, Jan. 9.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part II.

WHILE enjoying for our supper the juicy roast pigs secured in the Judge's improved Russian style of hunting, he expressed his regrets that all the comforts of civilized life could not give such delight as it was our good luck to find encamped in the woods, 150 miles from any town or city; and while he had enjoyed canvasback and terrapin with champagne, etc., in some of the famous Eastern clubs, yet for a good supper he had never seen anything to equal ours of roasted pig, roasted venison, and fat quail spitted and broiled over the coals, and he did not believe anything known could better it. To this Cap replied by inquiring, "Judge, have you ever tried roasted possum or coon, stuffed with sweet potatoes?"

"No," was the answer; "and I would as soon eat a muskrat as eat a possum."

Cap's reply was to turn to the darkies and ask, "Boys, how would roast possum and coon and sweet potatoes compare with this supper?"

With staring eyes they looked at each other without replying.

"Speak up, boys; don't lie about it," said the Judge. And the cook replied:

"Oh, golly, Massa Judge, you and Son git me some coons and possums, and you'll say dis supper hain't nowhere."

The manner of the cook in saying this brought a hearty laugh from all the party, and the Judge, with shaking side, said: "Boys, I'm beat; but if we get the coons and possums, where will you get your sweet taters, Jim?"

"Oh, I've been keeping half a bushel sweet taters for de coons and possums," said Jim, whose eyes fairly shone with the delight of expectation.

"Well, King, I guess Son and I will have to get Jim the coons and possums, if you will tell us how it is done," said he Judge.

"Find a good 'simmon grove and there'll be no trouble, and there are a good many close here; and I'll bet Son found one this afternoon and got three turkeys near it."

"How do you know?" was my surprised reply.

"Oh, I saw the turkeys' crops were full of 'simmons when Jim drewed them, and that you had your coat pockets full," was the reply.

"Son, have you got a private 'simmon and turkey farm that you are hiding from me?" asked the Judge.

"I have not been hiding it, for I only found it this afternoon, and intended to tell about it after I had my pipe lighted. All there is to it is that while out on the prairie after grouse and chickens this afternoon, about three miles from camp, I marked some chickens down near a grove in a large swale, and not knowing but I might start a deer out of it I put in some heavy shot, and when I got close to the grove a large flock of turkeys ran out to take wing and I dropped two on the ground with one barrel, and one on the wing with the other one, and on examination I found the grove was nearly all persimmon trees, and that it ran down to the timber land, and

while the ground was littered with ripe fruit, the trees were still covered with bushels of perfect fruit, well ripened and frost cured," and emptying the pockets of my hunting coat, the persimmons were passed around for dessert. They were pronounced most excellent by every one, and Cap ordered Jim to be sure and keep a good supply on hand for every meal as long as possible.

When we had our pipes all lighted after supper the Judge asked King, "When will we go for possums and coons?"

"There is a full moon and if you all ain't too tired we'll go to-night."

Every one in camp volunteered to form a party and start at once, but the Judge said, "Boys, a possum hunt is a darky's private snap. They ought to go, and who will keep camp? It was finally settled that the two darkies, Sam and Jim, two axemen, King, Cap and the Judge and I should form the party, and at 8:30 we left camp with Carlo and the Indian dogs, King carrying his rifle, while Cap, the Judge and I carried our 10-gauge shotguns, as King had said, "We won't need our guns for possums and coons, but we are liable to run on to bigger game on a night trip like this one." Under my lead the three miles were quickly passed over, but as we approached the grove King took the lead and commanded perfect silence. When we reached the junction of the grove with the timber land, King by a wave of his hand started his two dogs into the grove, from which in a few minutes there came the sounds of snarling, growling and the yelps of the dogs. "More razorbacks," said the Judge.

"No, bear," said King, as he hurried toward the sounds of the conflict, which suddenly ceased except some short barks from the dogs. "Treed," said King, as he ran to the foot of a large pecan tree, which the dogs were trying to run up. Some large animal could easily be seen near the upper portion of the tree in a fork of the tree.

"Put in your heaviest loads," said King, as he walked from the tree toward the moon for a short distance; then turning he took careful aim with his rifle and fired, seemingly without having any effect.

"You've missed him," said the Judge.

"No, I've killed him, and he won't move as long as he can hang on to the tree, but when he drops he'll drop dead," said King, and in a minute or so a dead body fell from the tree, which proved to be that of a young black bear "about 3 years old," as King said, "and fat as butter."

Sending the axemen back to camp for a team and wagon we started up the grove, when King called our attention to some balls upon the limbs of the persimmon trees and said, "Possum." Cutting a green pole while Jim climbed the tree, he handed it up to him, and a smart blow upon each ball caused it to fall to the ground, where a shake from one of the dogs converted each ball into a dead possum.

When one tree had been cleared of five the Judge said, "Enough," but Jim, the cook, said, "No, no, Massa Judge, we're about out of lard, and hog fat hain't in it with possum fat for short'nin'," which statement King said was true, and he and the whites filled their pipes and sat down for a quiet smoke, while the darkies and dogs continued the war upon the possums, moving up the grove.

"Are there any more large trees in the grove?" asked King, and the Judge asked before I could reply, "Where will we get our coons?"

King's answer was: "If there is another large tree up the grove the noise made by the dogs and bear will have every coon in the grove treed in it, and that's why I asked Son if there were any more big trees?"

"There is one more big pecan tree near the upper end," was my reply, and King led the way up the grove.

When we came up to the darkies Cap inquired, "Boys, how many possums?"

Jim's reply was, "Nearly a hundred, but we hain't warmed up yet," and they followed up to the foot of a large pecan tree near the upper end of the grove.

"Coons!" said King, as Judge, Cap and I each aimed and fired our guns, each bringing one to the ground.

"Stop that shooting; it's no fun for the dogs, and a coon fight always does dogs lots of good," said King. Sam then volunteered to climb the tree and knock the coons down. "No, no knocking down, stamp limbs and coons will come down in fighting shape," said King.

Two good fights were the result of Sam's stamping upon the limbs, in which the dogs were easy victors, but when Sam had stepped upon the third limb and stamped once he called out: "Oh, Massa King! dis coon's eyes shine like de debble!" when to our surprise the creature made a spring and Sam and it came tumbling down among the limbs, Sam catching upon a lower limb. The animal struck the ground upon its feet near one of King's dogs, which it whipped in an instant, and then sprang at the other dog, which turned and ran. "Shoot! shoot! wildcat!" yelled King, and Cap's gun and mine instantly spoke, putting a quietus upon it, and upon examination it proved to be a bobcat, or a short-tailed wildcat as large as a good-sized pointer dog, but very thin in flesh. On examining the dog's ears we found them cut with its claws, as if cut with a sharp knife. Sam came down to the ground, and although badly scared was uninjured in everything but his courage, which was badly shocked, as he said, "When dat debbil jumped I done forgot whar I is and fell ober backwards just as he landed on my breast, but de fust limb knocked him off; but dis chile don't clime no mo' trees for coons in dese woods."

We then returned to our bear, gathering possums as we went along, and found ourselves possessed of nineteen possums, five coons, one bobcat and one bear. While waiting for the team King asked Cap, "Will the three turkeys Sam brought in to-day be enough for all of us for one meal?" To which Cap replied, "Not if the Judge's appetite keeps on growing, for he told me to-day if it kept on he would yet be able to eat a whole deer for one meal."

After the laugh was over, in which the Judge joined loudest, King said: "While we are waiting for the team we can go to a big roost about a mile from here that I found the other day, and get three or four more turkeys, if you fellows will be satisfied to shoot one apiece and quit at that, as it is no use to kill more than we want to eat."

Each promising to be satisfied with one shot, we had to start a fire and leave King's dogs with the scared darkies before we could leave them, and then King silently led us to the head of a ravine, in which many large oak, sycamore, walnut, pecan and cottonwood trees were standing, and conducting us in the shadows of the trees he led us beneath a large pecan tree and pointing up to what

looked like squirrel nests, he said in low tones, "Turkeys; take sure aim and all fire when I say shoot." Each one took aim and as King gave the word there seemed to be but one report. Then King said, "Sit down and keep still" in the same low tones, and he and Carlo left us for a few minutes. When they returned he gave each one of us a turkey, and carrying one himself he silently led us away from the roost. When we were nearing the fire he stated that the roost was a very large one, and by keeping quiet and only shooting once we would not break up the roost, but could "get turkeys whenever we wanted them." When the Judge expressed wonder how he could aim a rifle by moonlight, he said it was easy, "Turn your back to the moon, get your end sight, draw it down to your hind sight and then draw it on the game and you can shoot nearly as well as by daylight." (We were surprised at the result of our subsequent trials of moonlight rifle practice by this method.) Reaching the grove we found the wagons waiting and we soon ended our triumphant march to camp.

As the Judge and I had adopted and were rigid adherents of the rule of only killing game when we could make use of it, we spent the next day in lounging about camp cleaning guns, loading shells and watching King and the darkies dress the game and prepare it for the table. While our bear was fat and in prime condition, I must award the prize of fatness to the opossums; I have never yet seen anything that would compare with them.

After the game was all dressed King left camp with a basket for about an hour to return with a basketful of tubers, which bore some resemblance to artichokes and were called truffiles by the Judge, but King called them camas roots. As we afterward learned, they were the tuberous roots of a kind of lotus or pond lily.

When the game was prepared for the roasting the 'coons, possums and turkeys were filled and heaped over with sweet potatoes mixed with these camas roots, some persimmons and some boiled acorns of a small sweet variety; King and Sam each striving to make our supper a feast to long be remembered. While I will not attempt to estimate the number of pounds of roasted meat that graced our rude table that night, there was yet sufficient for all of every kind—bear, raccoon, possum and wild turkey—and the charm of the flavoring imparted by the filling made it one whose pleasant recollections yet imparts a relish to an appetite whenever memory lingers upon that supper, accompanied as it was with pure spring water and strong black coffee, free from trimmings.

Feasted at the clubs of famous epicures of the East as the Judge had been, he awarded the honor to that supper, it was the richest and rarest feast he had ever enjoyed; and while we had frequent repetitions of it during our camp life, subsequent feasts lacked the charm of the novelty of the first one. Yet neither of us could ever find anything in the game line to compare with the flavor of an acorn and persimmon fattened turkey and an opossum. When we were smoking about the camp-fire that evening, the "possum" was voted by a unanimous vote *par excellence* the game of all game for a table luxury. As we kept adding new persimmon groves weekly to our domain, we always had a dozen or more possums festooning the trees about the camp. As the Judge said, "Like the Dutchman who put up thirteen barrels of sauerkraut for family use, 'we had shust a little kraut (possum) on hand to use to keep off sickness.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—I.

A Goodly Party.

THEY went into camp with the Bobo bear pack, after bears, in the Delta of the Mississippi. The party was a goodly one, and embraced Capt. R. E. Bobo and son Fincher, and Mr. Felix Payne, of Bobo Station, Miss.; Messrs. T. A. Divine and L. J. Lockwood, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. R. W. Foster, of New Orleans, La.; Col. Dick Payne, of the Yazoo Valley, Miss.; Capt. N. L. Leavell, of Clarksdale, Miss.; Col. Bob Edwards, Mr. James Dunn and Mr. James Dailey, of Coahoma county, Miss.; Mr. Noel Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., Oakland, N. J., and others to the number of a dozen or more, who joined the party when they moved in from the railroad or after they had gone into camp. These, with their servants, made quite an extensive body for operations against the bears of the Delta. The total number of the pack at the beginning of the hunt was fifty-three dogs, and the famous pack of the famous bear hunter had never been in better fighting shape.

Nov. 17 had been set by Messrs. Bobo, Foster and Divine as the date for going into camp, and promptly at the appointed hour, as the society reporter says, the high contracting parties moved down the aisle. All was merry as a marriage bell—in camp. Here in Chicago it wasn't. An unexpected crowd of business had kept me from joining my friends on the date mentioned, and I was made the more unhappy by telegrams from them. At last I concluded the business very nicely by pitching it in a heap and taking the Illinois Central train South. The hunt had then been in progress four days.

At Memphis I was met at the train by Tom Divine, whom I had supposed to be down in the woods killing bears. It seemed that he and Mr. Lockwood had both been called home by business. Mr. Divine calmly told me that the party had killed six bears before he left. "Go on down in there and kill yourself a few bears for your winter meat," he said. "They're thicker'n rabbits." Then he told me where to go and I went.

"Right Here."

I am not at liberty to say where Mr. Divine told me to go. "Right here let me say," as the amateur writer always remarks. Yes, right here let me stop the story of the Bobo bear pack and say something important.

Last fall, as I related in the "Sunny South" articles in *FOREST AND STREAM*, I was the guest of Capt. Bobo, who took me out with him and gave me a royal hunt in which we killed three bears in four days. In describing this hunt I took pains to say that the country was not open country for the public, that non-residents could not hunt without invitation in Coahoma county, and that Capt. Bobo was not a hunter nor a guide, but a gentleman planter who hunted only for his own pleasure. Reference to those issues will show that while I did not wish to keep such pleasant experiences altogether secret, I deprecated attempts on the part of strangers, who did not understand the ways of the country, to duplicate such experiences *in*

toto. I was afraid then that some annoyance would ensue to the kindly man who had been my host, and who had still left near his home one of the rarest of all possessions in America—a bit of good game country. In speaking enthusiastically over this country and over Capt. Bobo's prowess as a hunter—for beyond doubt America never at any time saw his equal as a hunter of bears, nor one who approaches him in the number of bears killed—I had no thought of injuring that country or that man. I had some uneasiness when I found I had to ignore some bold requests from strangers to be "put into" that country with Capt. Bobo. Still it never occurred to me that strangers would write to Capt. Bobo and ask to be invited to his house, any more than they would write and ask Mr. Vanderbilt to invite them to his house. The right would be equal in either case. I would rather be asked to Capt. Bobo's house because I think he sets a better table than Mr. Vanderbilt does; but if they both didn't want me, I think I would rather ask Mr. Vanderbilt for an invitation. As politely and as fairly as I could, I tried to make everybody see this, and yet tried to give *FOREST AND STREAM* the news.

The News of One Year.

I gave *FOREST AND STREAM* the news in 1894. Now, one short year afterward, I want to give it the news again. Then people can draw their own conclusions about certain things, and can incidentally draw some conclusions about the game supply of America, and the scramble to get at the remnants of it.

Capt. Bobo told me that since the publication of the articles above mentioned he had letters from almost every country in Europe and from all over the United States—actually hundreds of letters and from all kinds of men, offering all sorts of things, wanting all sorts of things, inquiring all sorts of things. He told me that he had a great stock of these letters all left unanswered. Surprised and mortified at learning of so unexpected a result of my happy chronicle of last fall's sport, I begged to be allowed to answer these letters for him in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and so to make what reparation I could. He deepened my chagrin into painfulness with the sadness of his voice as he replied, "It is too late now."

Of the details of this, of the remedy which is proposed for immediate application by the men of the Delta I shall have more to say elsewhere. What I must say here is that Capt. Bobo, anxious to please his friends Mr. Divine and Mr. Foster and their friends, set out to locate the bears before pitching the camp. He went out into the country where we had had such sport last fall—the country where all his life he has had such abundant sport—and he tried to find the game which heretofore had always been so accessible. He found no bears; but he found over 100 campers, who in some way had gotten into the region. There were five parties from different parts of Illinois and two from Kentucky. They had actually cut trails into the cane and were camped all over the old Bobo bear grounds. A few of them had dogs. Not one of them had killed a bear, nor were they apt to kill one; but they had been shooting at everything that moved, from a squirrel to a deer, and they had tramped and burned the country off, and frightened the game entirely away. In one season it was ruined. Capt. Bobo pressed on down into another part of the Delta, trying to get below the camps of still-hunters and trying to locate the bears. He did locate them and killed two before the main party came in. But all through this hunt there was sadness in Bob Bobo's heart. To rob him of his sport of bear hunting is to rob him of his comfort and pleasure in life.

I am telling the news of 1895 when I say that in one year this country has been ruined over a large portion, and that in two years it will be ruined entirely unless swift measures are taken to prevent it—wiped out, depopulated, done for. The bears can not be killed in numbers in that country, but they can be disturbed and troubled until they cease to breed, as is always the case with big game when harassed.

When Bobo saw this state of things he consigned all newspapers to perdition, and when he saw me he said, "I wish I had killed you last fall instead of the bear." Then he invited me to sit down and talk it over.

This, frankly, is the statement which covers the situation in that part of the Delta. It is the news. I regret that I must write it so. Alas! that the influence of a great sporting journal should be in some respects what it is—not through its own fault, but because human nature is what it is. Next to the game markets a great sporting journal is the greatest of all factors in the destruction of game. I know that in my work—and I was born with an honest desire to see the game of this country preserved—I get the fewest of responses to the records of efforts at game protection. But if by innocent good fortune I speak of a good game country, as I always like to do, behold the results in Capt. Bobo's desk full of letters.

I do not blame a good fellow for wanting to spend his week or so of vacation in a place where he can get some shooting (or thinks he can), and I do not blame any fellow for wanting as good sport as he can get; and I am sure I would like to see both these fellows, and all the other fellows, have all sorts of fun in God's free, open world, away from the houses. But I do say to both these fellows, and all the other fellows, You see how it is. Here is the news. You can't be always running a little further and a little further away from your own homes to get at the good game countries. The game countries do not last, they soon will be gone. You must begin to improve your own game countries.

On with the Dance.

It may be seen that the sentiment of the country where our hunt took place quite forbids my naming the locality. But now on with the dance. I am going to tell my story now of the hunt, albeit somewhat sadly since the situation is so embarrassing a one, and all the more sadly because of the death (since the hunt) of Mr. Felix Payne, which event I have mentioned earlier in these columns.

Tom Divine told me where to go, and I went. I came at last to the railroad station, and there I chartered what in New York is called an Afro-American, and what in Mississippi is called a "nigger" (negro), and embarking in a rickety buggy preceded by a sort of horse, headed for the camp. The driver didn't know the road and was plenty scared, but we headed into the wilderness just the same, and when we couldn't find any trail we followed bayous, and at last, to make a long ride short, just before dark we crossed the river, and a blast of my horn brought out a roaring chorus from apparently a thousand dogs.

The camp I found to consist of two old buildings once used as a timber camp. And there was a rousing fire. And there was Bob Bobo himself, smiling; and there was Mr. Foster, as pleasant as if he had not just awakened from a profound slumber. And there was Noel Money leaning over the fence. And there were some gentlemen I knew and some I did not know. But I knew Jim, the colored cook who had presided over the camp at the mouth of the Mississippi last winter, and so I knew that all was well in the shanty where the cook stove was.

I soon found that Mr. Divine's statement of the number of bears killed, large as it was, was not large enough. The party had killed eight bears in six days! Two had been killed the day after Mr. Divine and Mr. Lockwood left. Capt. Bobo assured me that the bears were fat as hogs and really "thick as rabbits" on a fine piece of mast they had found, about six miles away. "You ought to have been here with us," he said. "The dogs are crippled up a good deal by this time—we've got eleven tied up now—bit up too bad to go, and there are about six or eight more that are nearly as bad off. You've missed a heap of fun by being so late."

I explained the reason of my delay, and then calmly told Capt. Bobo I had come to stay till February but what I killed a bear; which he said was much better than our four days' trip last year.

It may be urged by many that to kill so many bears in so short a time was indulging in too much killing, and that the meat must have been wasted. In regard to the latter point, I must say that the objection could not hold, for none of the meat was wasted. Almost as soon as I got into camp I asked Capt. Bobo for a piece of bear meat, which I wished to send out to the railroad by my driver, to be shipped North to my friends who might like a taste of bear. Much to Capt. Bobo's surprise, he was unable to find any bear left around the camp except one small one, which was inside one of the sleeping rooms. In accordance with the customs of the country, those of the party who had gone home, all the visitors and all the departing servants had helped themselves each in accordance with his own ideas. The dogs were fed very little meat, except at the skinning of the bear after the kill. But around the Bobo camps there are always a great many hanging who can use up a good deal of meat, and these, with the members of the party and their friends, could and actually did get away with a bear a day and more, to say nothing of the skins. It was a lavishly generous host and an abundance of supply which obtained here in this rich and generous land. It was sport on a great scale, though not sport to which actual waste of meat was attached.

The Record of the Week.

That night in camp we sat up late around the fire and discussed the events of the day—that is to say, some of us did. Mr. Foster had soon after my arrival put in practice his theory of a vacation, and had peacefully dropped off to sleep, with his boots on. At midnight we roused him up and told him he would sleep better with his boots off; whereupon he woke up fresh and bright, and told stories to the rest of us until daybreak. You could never tell what Mr. Foster's methods of taking rest might mean. As for Col. Dick Payne and Capt. Leavell, they both sat astride of a bench, facing each other, and fought the war all over again from start to finish, and then fell into a sociable game of poker, in which a white chip was won worth a plantation. These two gentlemen had never met before this hunt, but at once struck up a great friendship and were inseparable throughout the stay.

Inquiry as to the details of the hunting done in the past week showed that the sport had been almost too abundant and easy to be exciting. On Thursday, just a week and one day before my arrival, Capt. Bobo killed the first bear. On Thursday it rained and they did not hunt. On Friday Capt. Bobo killed another bear. On Saturday and Sunday they did not hunt. On Monday following Mr. Felix Payne killed one and on Tuesday Capt. Bobo killed another. On Tuesday a hunter belonging with another party from an adjoining timber camp killed one, and on that day Noel Money got his first shot. This was at a bear that had treed, and Money aimed to shoot it through the brain, but struck it a little too far forward, on the jaw, the bullet ranging down and not dropping the bear, which went higher up the tree, Money and others firing several shots at once, which tumbled him out dead. On Wednesday a very large bear was started, weighing at least 500 lbs., and was fired at by Bobo early in the chase. This bear went to the "Hurricane," a very bad piece of windfall and cane, and fought the dogs savagely, killing one fine dog and crippling five more. Pressing into the dense cover, Fincher Bobo found this bear lying down, as if hurt, and put a bullet through his head. No other bullet mark was found on this bear. On Thursday a bear was treed, and Mr. Foster was told to come up and kill it, Felix Payne sitting meantime on his horse watching the bear to keep it up the tree.

Here Mr. Foster's kindheartedness lost him his shot. Bill, one of the colored bear hunters of the party, was having trouble with his mule, which had slipped its bridle, and Mr. Foster stopped an instant to help him. While he was occupied there the bear slipped down the tree and made off again. It passed by Bobo and Money, who both made into the cane to head it. Bobo lost his hat a time or two, and when he stopped to get it the last time Money passed him and was first to shoot. He knocked the bear down, but it got up, and a moment later Bobo knocked it down with a second shot, and I understand one of the colored hunters also shot into it. It was a very big bear and would not quit easily, but went on eating dogs. Both Bobo and Money started in to kill it with their knives, when Bobo tripped and fell almost in the bear's mouth. Money stabbed the bear in the back with his knife (a handsome East Indian weapon of fine steel, inlaid with gold, which was given him by an East Indian dignitary whose life he once saved in a pig-sticking expedition or some close call of the kind, I believe). He plunged the narrow blade into the furry hide once or twice, though not at once dropping the bear. Bobo at the next instant was up and stabbed the animal with his huge bear knife, and at last the bear gave it up. So nearly as I could learn, this was the best fun of the whole trip. Ordinarily, the killing of a black bear is a very tame performance, and the chief sport consists in the riding and the music of the chase. Of these bears, two were big ones. The others were mostly about the average size. The one killed out of the tree was small. The number of hunters had been so large that it was sometimes pretty

NORTHERN IOWA.

VINTON, Ia., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I remember a few years ago reading in *FOREST AND STREAM* a series of articles written by Mr. Orin Belknap as to the early trapping days in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. I was greatly interested and pleased, and I always think of Mr. Belknap when I am in that section of the State, and wonder if in his far away mountain home he forms a true picture of the country as it is now.

In 1891 I was in Emmet county. A few miles east of the West Branch of the Des Moines River it was all open country, with very few settlers. Large herds of cattle, some with several thousand head, were being summered there. The tall grass that once shaded the ground and held the moisture around the numerous sloughs has been tramped out, and what were once lakes in some cases are now sloughs, and many of the sloughs are now dried up for good. Swan Lake, once a fine body of water eight or ten miles long, as I was told, was then not much better than a frog pond. A mile or so north of this lake I put to flight a pair of sandhill cranes that were nesting there. But from every slough or water hole, with hardly an exception, there arose wild ducks, either mallards or teal. This was in July, and it did me lots of good to see the little black broods skulking away in the rushes. I rode along the south shore of Tuttle's Lake, which is the head of the East Branch of the Des Moines. It is a fine body of water, extending across the State line for several miles into Minnesota. I started up quite a number of ducks that were nesting in the grass. Small flocks were flying along the shore line. It was a bright, warm day; perhaps I didn't enjoy that ride. What would be old age without pleasant things to look back to?

I went up to Lake Okabena, thirty miles northwest of Spirit Lake, where, I believe, Mr. Belknap had a little experience with the Indians, but now on the north shore of West Okabena there nestles the busy town of Worthington. All along between Spirit Lake and Worthington there was hardly a slough close in by the track from which the train did not scare ducks.

In the fall of 1893 I was again at Worthington, and went down to Lake Ocheda and "shot at" some ducks. Over on the north bank was a tent occupied by some city sportsmen who had been there a few weeks, and twice a week sold their game in Worthington.

In 1894 I was again in eastern Emmet county. I went by the way of Forest City and a branch railroad running west into eastern Emmet county. Along this road I saw prairie chickens, northern hares, and seemingly from every slough wild ducks, as the train sped along. In a slough a mile or more north of Swan Lake a flock of eight wild geese were summering.

In the last three years Emmet county and the county east have been fast settling up, and those that love to be alone with wild life will soon have to go into the northern wilds of Minnesota. But what a country northern Iowa must have been in Mr. Belknap's day, with deer, elk and moose added to the wildfowl.

MOUNT TOM.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Number One.

THROUGH the twilight haze, gathering over a section of the old buffalo range, which is fast deepening into shadow to the eastward of the low sandhills in the background, long irregular lines of deeper tint than the somber brown face of the silent prairie crawl off snake-like into the gloom beyond; and we know them for the trails of the wandering buffalo, now fast passing forever.

A few belated prairie dogs, returning to their holes at the coming of night, pause for a moment at the doors of their subterranean retreats to glance curiously at the intruding hunter, who leans idly on the muzzle of his rifle watching their little movements; while from far out over the darkened plain a little burrowing owl comes, low flitting, ghost-like, through the gathering shadows, and is suddenly lost to the eye in the deeper gloom of the entrance to his underground home.

Not a breath of air disturbs the peace of the summer evening, and the drooping eyelids of the parting day close gently down over the lonely scene, indelibly painted upon memory's tablet by the last ray of the fading light.

Number Two.

A lonely mountain side far west of the Rockies. Time, December. A tenderfoot enthusiast pauses in his eager search for the cunning whitetails, and under the shelter of a drooping fir takes his stand where, charmed for the time into forgetfulness of the very existence of the *cervidae* by the spectacle of the first snowstorm he has ever seen in the Western mountains, watches for hours the wondrous beauty of this strange pantomime of Mother Nature as she gently sifts through the frozen fingers of the great tamaracks her wealth of crystals, which shall turn the mountain side in front and the great cañon yawning to the left into a very land of fairies; and as they eddy slowly downward through the silent air the deer sleep undisturbed in the thickets beyond, and only the gathering shadows of advancing night rouse him at last from his reverie. Small wonder if, for the time, his heart wavers in its allegiance to the goddess of the chase, and he loves dear Mother Nature with a devotion which brooks no rival!

Number Three.

An October sunset on the prairies of western Minnesota ere the coming of the white settler.

Away to the northward for miles in width stretches the level plain, bounded by low, gently rising hills, just tipped with the gilt of the sun's last rays.

Across the foreground a small rivulet furrows its way through the plain.

Looking across the little stream toward the sun-kissed hills, the hunter sees, standing grouped, a band of a hundred wapiti, just alarmed by his advance, and gazing intently backward across the 500 yds. of intervening space at the motionless figure holding in the hollow of the arm his only weapon, the almost useless shotgun, and watching the beautiful creatures he is powerless to harm.

But see! Directly to the eastward of the startled game, and a quarter of a mile distant from them, come two shadowy figures, recognized instantly as Sioux Indians, trying the hazardous experiment of an open stalk upon the wary creatures, while intent in their watch upon the pale-faced intruder.

Stooping low down, and one directly in the wake of the other, they are flitting silently across the intervening space, and as the distance rapidly lessens the hunter watches expectantly for the tiny puffing smoke wreaths which shall announce the success of the bold maneuver.

Look, look! A sudden commotion in the herd, an instant's uncertain huddling closer together, and with a swinging stride, which banishes instantly all hope of pursuit, the frightened creatures, still bunched together, speed northward across the wide plain and over the distant hills like a drifting cloud; while, borne on the wings of the dying zephyr, a long thin line of dust rising steadily from their spurning hoofs floats slowly away to the eastward and is lost in the advancing shadows.

Plain pictures these, and only in neutral tints, yet they are among my treasures of value.

I have pondered over their quiet beauty a thousand times, and to me they are beautiful still.

They are without value in Wall street, yet cannot be purchased with its money.

I am willing, however, to grant to each true brother and sister of our own great family a passing glimpse. No others can see them, try as they may.

My little son at my elbow (happily more like his own practical mother than the old visionary who holds the pen), curious to know what papa is writing to *FOREST AND STREAM* this time, insists that its readers cannot see these things while living in the big cities, so far away. I can only explain to the juvenile Thomas that I shall depend upon the intelligence and sympathy of the reader to enable him to see the wonderful things in the pictures as I point them out. The small skeptic shakes his head and looks incredulous.

ORIN BELKNAP.

A Bright Light in a Dark Place.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Came to me when I was in a strait and reviewing the past, with the future, so far as existence was concerned, in doubt, the gem number of *FOREST AND STREAM* for 1895—its issue of Dec. 28.

I was on a couch, uncertain whether my foe would be victor, if my visitation might compel, as a forlorn hope, the use of the surgeon's knife and resignation to be crippled for the rest of my span, or if a strong constitution and rest could win me the day, as I had phlebitis in dangerous form.

My mental faculties and critical perceptions were acute—keyed up by the crisis. I, so those who were the experts in my case said, had to be sentinel over myself to watch for symptoms which, once declared, would immediately necessitate heroic treatment. The intellectual strain was tense and I tried to relieve it by sending for all the daily newspapers and current periodical literature, whose pages I would cut and scan; and I had lapsed into dogged resolve to accept any fate in store for me when I received the Christmas number of your paper.

I need not deal circumstantially with its many excellencies, from the best written and best illustrated trout-*ing* article extant, "The Realization of a Dream," by Mr. H. N. Curtis, and the fascinating serial on "How Fur is Caught" by Mr. E. Hough—may he write forever on the subject—to the very "ads."

I have read that number of *FOREST AND STREAM* thrice from title page to end, and had planned to have that pleasure again, but an appreciative friend put the thumb and dog-eared copy in his pocket when he ended his visit. But I have just procured another copy and am going to record in memory what I believe toned, soothed, encouraged and vitalized me when I stood in dire need of such ministrations.

In gratitude therefore and in remembrance of a bright light in a gloomy and despondent visitation I tardily join the many who have recorded their appreciation of 1895's Christmas number of *FOREST AND STREAM*. AMATEUR.

Natural History.

Deer and Lilypads.

AFTER seeing half a dozen deer all the season through every day eating among the lilypads and not a lily touched, ought to qualify one to speak of the subject with something like authority. But these lilypads were of the yellow variety. Near Higgins Lake, in Michigan, there are numerous small, shallow lakes, and the surface of the water is almost covered with lilypads. Deer are plenty and they frequent these lakes constantly, yet they never eat the white lilypads which are so abundant there. At Otsego Lake, in northern Michigan, there grows in abundance a lily of the pink variety, and old resident settlers in that country tell me that the deer never touch the lilypads of that variety. So it seems to me that I have well established the fact that deer do not eat some lilypads.

Mr. Rossman, of Greenville, called at my office this afternoon. He is one of the best known deer hunters of Michigan, and has hunted deer every year since boyhood. He states that he does not know whether deer eat lilypads or not. He has seen deer feeding among the lilypads and shot hundreds of them while in the water feeding among the lilypads, but he never saw a lilypad in a deer's mouth or found one in the throat or in the stomach. He never saw one nip a lilypad, but has watched them feeding for hours, when the nose is plunged into the water up to the eyes and the deer evidently feeding, but on careful examination he never in a single case found a lilypad that had been picked by the deer.

JULIAN.

Golden Eagles.

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 22.—On Jan. 8 H. Shipley, of Fayette county, killed two large eagles, which our taxidermist pronounces as the golden eagle. They measured 7 ft. 6 in. and 7 ft. 3 in. respectively from tip to tip of wings. The birds were killed with a .22 short Stevens rifle at the distance of 75 yds. One was killed dead, the other flew some quarter of a mile before it fell. Is not this remarkable shooting for that size gun and that size bird? Are they not rare birds for this locality? BASS.

[The shooting was extremely good. The birds are not common in Indiana or anywhere else in the East. They are most often found in a mountain country.]

hard to tell who was the lucky man. On the last day there were thirteen hunters out in the party.

This brought the proceedings up to the time I struck camp. At that time the party was temporarily smaller, Messrs. Divine, Lockwood, Dailey and Edwards having gone home with one or two of the servants. We still had eight men and seven servants in the camp. Capt. Bobo had sent out to the railroad for more dogs, and on the whole it looked as though the bear industry could be kept up for a little while longer if the luck held.

A Walled City.

The camp as it was arranged was well adapted to the requirements of a large party. There were two good-sized houses of one room each, built of upright boards and connected by a roof and back wall. The front side of the space between was left open, except for a low fence and gate, the latter intended as a barrier to the swarm of bear dogs which always was fighting for place beside the fire. The fire itself, always the center and chief comfort of any camp, was built in this space between the two buildings—a glorious big fire of oak and ash and hickory slabs, so comforting that it is no wonder it needed a walled city to keep the dogs away from it. Indeed, they could not be kept away, but eluded all attempt thereto and made a continuous ring of fur about the fire, lying in the hot ashes, crouching, standing or sitting as near as possible to the comfortable warmth, each dog's contiguity being determined by his ability to lick a series of other dogs.

The Life of the Bear Dog.

The life of the bear dog is one of war and tumult. His training is of the rudest, consisting mostly of a half-killing with a club when he is caught running anything but bear, and an entire killing when he is afraid to run that. In the bear chase it is his duty to fight the bear, and if he be not wary as well as bold he gets killed or crippled there. After the bear is dead he gets his reward—if he can lick all the other dogs which jump on to him as soon as he gets a mouthful of liver or other tidbit in his jaws. At the camp his wounds have small attention and he must fight in spite of wounds. He will not be fed too highly there, be sure, for cornmeal bread is thought enough for him to run on. For this also he must fight and for place at the fire he must fight, being aware the whiles that he escape a swift and nimble foot if he gets in the road of the human beings who engineer his destinies for him. There are few such caresses for the bear dog as there are for the bird dog. He knows no kindnesses and no comforts. He grows up rough, unkempt, shaggy, surly, suspicious and highly belligerent. He will fight anything on earth with the greatest of pleasure, from a buzz saw up, and if he gets a grueling you never will hear him complain. His life is short, but full of action, as that of the warrior should be, and while he lives he walks through his daily round of activity with a continual chip on his shoulder. The only thing he fears is man and for him he bears the odd foxhound reverence. Some of the best bear dogs in the pack would yell most dolefully if one but reached for a long cane and threatened with it. Others, however, for instance old Rock, had a cross of bull or other sterner breed in him and would resent condign punishment at once. Old Rock would not hasten when told to get away from the fire, and if one made advance to poke him in the ribs would stand with lowered head and bared teeth awaiting the onslaught very calmly. Rock usually slept pretty close to the fire. All around him and back of him raged the continuous conflict for precedence among the other dogs, but this disturbed him not, for he had fought himself up to his bad eminence, and the rest of the pack knew he was entitled to the hottest ashes in the place.

The pack presented the usual mixed appearance. There were a few straight foxhounds, or nearly so, and the rest were a varied lot, with some big terrier cross—apparently the Irish terrier—or of staghound or pointer; almost anything in the way of a dog would do, it seemed, and the Lady Clara Vere de Vere idea was evidently buried in the mist of antiquity which enveloped the history of the bear pack's pedigree. As I saw the Bobo pack now, it had not over a half dozen of the dogs which composed it one short year before. Raphael, our best strike dog then, or one of the best, was gone, killed by a bear on the field of honor. The little pointer-looking dog called New York was still alive, and so was a shaggy-headed little nondescript called Texas. Old Henry, the aristocrat of the pack, was also still living, as haughty and notional as ever, and still refusing to eat unless served in a clean dish by himself, nor sleeping anywhere in touch of another dog. Nearly all the pack of last year had gone the final road over which bear dogs go sooner or later, and usually sooner; but the building up of the pack had gone on, as it had for the past twenty years, and the survivors stood in the tracks of those who had fallen. A look at said survivors showed them willing to take all the risks of the field on which their ancestors had been slain. There was "war" written over each rough face—a very goodly thing to see when one is afoot for war himself, and looking for able allies.

Poor Place for Still-Hunting.

In spite of Capt. Bobo's best efforts to get away from the pestilence of still-hunters, we learned that there were no less than five big parties in camp on a space not more than four miles square, comprising in all about thirty-five or forty men. Not one of these men had killed a bear. A party of ten from Illinois had been there four weeks, and killed only four deer in that time. A worse place for deer hunting or any other kind of hunting than just the sort which the Bobo bear pack made possible it would be difficult to find. The still-hunters were pretty blue, and were pulling out and going home every day, none the better for the trip except for a trifle of experience and perhaps a little chills and fever—which latter are almost a certainty for a stranger in that country even as late as the end of November, as both Money and myself can testify.

Now I have told some of the pleasant as well as some of the awkward things about the hunting of the Delta region; from this time on I shall have only the pleasant things to speak about—all the more vivid and pleasant to me, as falling under my own observation after I joined the party.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Deer Horns and Velvet.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In offering an additional suggestion to the discussion in your columns of the subject of "rubbing off the velvet," common among deer, I can but think of the old adage that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Although there has been nothing in the question to frighten the angels, and I do not admit that I am quite in the former category, I must confess that my knowledge of "venison on the hoof" has been confined to such glimpses of it as I have occasionally had when trout-fishing, and the nearest approach to the connection of a gun with a deer that I ever had is that when a boy, 60 years ago, I saw the gun with which the last deer in this region was shot!

Seriously, I wonder that none of your medical or surgical correspondents have ever suggested the true cause of this action on the part of the deer. We all know by experience probably, how a wound or sore itches when it is healing, and it seems a reasonable conclusion that the deer suffers in the same way, when the nerves and bloodvessels with which the growing antler is amply provided begin to dry up and wither. His horns itch, therefore he scratches them, as all other animals would do, without any particular intention of polishing them, or getting rid of the velvet, which comes off naturally in the operation. Is not this the simple solution of the whole problem?

VON W.

A One-Eared Rabbit.

WAYNESBURG, Greene County, Pa., Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by mail the skin of a rabbit killed near here some time ago. It is rather a strange freak, as it had but one ear, and that one situated on top of the head. You can see by examination that it was born with but one ear.

Rabbits were plenty here this season. Quail very scarce and grouse almost extinct in our country.

An Allegheny county sportsman's association has leased a number of farms in this county and released quite a number of quail on their preserve last spring. I think but for that we would not have had a bird in the county this fall.

Squirrels are fairly plentiful, but our forests are being destroyed as fast as the industrious portable saw mill can eat them up.

W. L. ALLISON.

[The specimen came to hand and is, as Mr. Allison states, a curious one-eared freak.]

An Expedition to Mashonaland.

STARTING in March next, Mr. D. G. Elliot, the eminent ornithologist, curator of the Department of Zoology of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, Ill., will leave for East Africa to lead an expedition from his museum for the purpose of collecting zoological specimens for that institution. The expedition is likely to devote itself chiefly to the collecting of the larger animals, and will probably be absent until next December. The present plans are to push directly to Mashonaland and pass westward through that country to the other side of the Zambesi River. Mr. Elliot's eminent fitness for the work he is about to undertake is well known to all who are familiar with his past career, and it can hardly be doubted that his expedition will accumulate a great mass of useful and valuable zoological material.

Peregrine Falcon in Massachusetts.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 16.—It is with pleasure that I have to offer for record the capture of an adult male peregrine falcon or duck hawk (*Falco peregrinus*) at West Boylston, Mass., Nov. 12, 1895. The bird has been mounted, and is now in the possession of Mr. C. K. Reed, the local taxidermist. I have been unable to learn any circumstances attending its capture.

R. H. HOLMAN.

Ohio Mockingbird.

LAKEWOOD, O., Jan. 17.—I killed a fine male mockingbird which I saw feeding upon the berries of a red cedar that stands in my yard. It was not an escaped cage bird. This bird is only occasionally seen here in summer, and never before in winter. It breeds in this vicinity. I also saw to-day a small flock of crow blackbirds, those first harbingers of spring; but I fear they have come too soon.

A. HALL.

A Florida Opportunity.

OXFORD, Fla.—For some poor unfortunate brother who likes to shoot and who is a sufferer from pulmonary troubles, there is a bit of forest here called the Scrub, where at a small expense ten or fifteen thousand acres could be made into a splendid shooting preserve. It is very hilly for Florida and is covered with small oak bushes, spruce pines, etc. These oaks furnish vast quantities of mast which the deer, turkeys and an occasional bear are fond of feeding on.

I was out on one hunt when we took two deer, a turkey and a very large panther. As many as twenty-five deer have been killed on it during the winter. Besides these there are quail, foxes, wild hogs, squirrels, coons, possums and a half section deep clear lake with plenty of bass in it. Besides I expect soon to turn loose on it some pheasants.

Beside the lake is a small 200 acre hammock. The balance is scrub, two or three miles wide and eight to ten long; it is very thick good cover for all kinds of game and really fit for nothing but shooting ground, and could be bought for a few cents an acre. The distance is seven miles to railroad station and fifteen to Gulf coast.

J. PIERPONT MURDOCK.

In Bear-Trap Peril.

MAKING a reconnaissance survey in Phillips county, Ark., I had dismounted and crossed Yellowbanks Bayou on a fallen tree trunk. On jumping from its end into a pile of dead leaves I was startled by a sharp "click," and discovered that I had struck my foot on a 20lb. bear trap with teeth of a tenacious length, near enough to the place where the teeth are, to spring the trap, but fortunately without getting caught.

Its owner had illegally set his trap without a proper signal to passers-by, and for fear other trap owners are sometimes as heedless of the comfort of their fellow creatures, it may be well for wanderers in the forests not to jump into piles of leaves.

TRIPPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

SOME COMMON SENSE.

TORONTO, Can., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much pleasure the very interesting and instructive letters which have lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM from your able correspondents on the important question of fish and game protection, and have arrived at the conclusion that the question is very imperfectly understood by the general public. The impression prevails that the game laws are for the sole benefit of wealthy sportsmen. This impression is not sustained by facts, as I shall endeavor to prove, and try to convince those opposed to efficient administration of such laws enacted in the interest of the public at large.

In the United States and Canada, unlike the European countries, the game and fish are not protected for the benefit of a special or privileged class. The poorest man here has equal rights with the richest to hunt or fish in the open season. This being an undisputed fact, it should be the duty of every man in the United States and Canada to assist the Governments of the respective countries in their efforts to prevent the destruction and extermination of these most valuable sources of food supply.

There is also another feature to be considered: supposing our Legislature had allowed the game and fish to be exterminated like the buffalo, before taking action, where would the people—either rich or poor—go for relaxation? Our game and fish supply is also a prolific source of profit to a number of people, viz.: proprietors of pleasure resorts, guides, etc.; and will so continue if these parties do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

The question for consideration is, how can the extermination of these sources of food supply be prevented? My answer is, by complying with the laws of nature and common sense. It is not in accordance with either to allow fish to be taken during the spawning season or to allow game birds to be shot en route to their breeding grounds. We would have grave doubts of a farmer's sanity who would kill his stock of poultry in the spring and expect to have a supply of chickens in the fall. Advocates of spring shooting lay themselves open to the charge of being both selfish and unwise.

Last, but not least, comes the question of hounding deer. From our experience in Ontario, if hounding is continued to the same extent as indulged in during the fifteen days of the open season of 1895, deer in northern Ontario will in a short time be like the wild turkeys in the southern part of the Province, things of the past. Imagine upward of 3,000 deer being slaughtered in fifteen days in about a dozen counties, and you will agree with me that it is time for the brake to be applied. Very few fawns were seen during the past season, and an immense number of barren does were killed. Does chased with hounds for two or three weeks at that season of the year cannot be expected to be prolific.

I have been amused at the many definitions of a sportsman in recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM. I have not seen one so appropriate as Dibdin's epitaph on a sportsman:

"His course was honor and correct his aim,
His bold pursuit was fair and manly game,
No sports he loved but those which could be shared,
Nought kept he which to friendship might be spared.
Let fame praise whom she will, we are free to let her,
Yet underneath this turf she'll find a better!
His placid kindness, felt where'er he went,
Arose from worth, health, exercise, content!
He 'looked before he leaped' with steady eye,
Never o'erlooking fallen adversity.
In short, as says the song, 'Like fruit that's mellow
Gently he fell, a downright honest fellow!'"

RANGER.

A HUNT IN THE SEMINOLE NATION.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., Jan. 5.—"Ting-a-ling-ling. Hello? Yes, this is Reed & Harper's. Is this Reed? Yes. Well, will you join us in a trip to the Seminole Nation. Who is this talking? O. A. Mitcher? And say, Reed, we have everything ready, provisions for a week, 700 shells, tent and all. And start in two hours, so tell your wife and babies good-bye. All right, count me in. Ting-a-ling."

The above conversation was over the telephone on Dec. 25, and two hours later we loaded our traps and dogs on the Choctaw Railroad, with tickets for Shawnee. It was a party of four, Messrs. Mitcher, Cronk, Kenyon and myself. After a ride of two hours we reached the thriving little city of Shawnee and in a few minutes left overland with carriage and baggage wagon, reaching the town of Boom-De-Aye by dark. At Shawnee we struck Mr. E. E. Whittaker with his dogs on, bound for a trip after the Bob Whites; and upon an invitation for him to join us, hesitated up the outfit and climbed in. Upon his recommendation we employed a certain colored individual named Sambo, said to be an all-around good man and equal to a French cook. More of Sambo later on.

After a bad supper at Boom-De-Aye we retired to a worse bed, arose early to a worse breakfast and were soon on our way to camp, where we arrived about noon. Leaving Sambo to put things in shape, we hurriedly donned our regalia and started out for meat.

About 25yds. from camp our big pointer Pat froze, and we had a covey of quail, soon getting an even dozen, which Sambo said he would serve us for supper. We then started for deer, turkeys and bears. Separating, we worked up the draws and thickets. Soon two heavy reports were heard on the right nearly together; then one more, and a yell from Brother Cronk which could be heard a mile. Fearing that he had shot himself, we hastened to him, and found him dancing and waving his hat; so excited that he could not speak. He pointed to where lay a noble buck. Brother Cronk was the proudest man in the Seminole Nation. After spilling half a sack of tobacco he managed to fill his pipe, but could not steady his nerves to get a match to it. After firing up for him we hastily dressed the deer, and each taking a leg proceeded to carry him to

camp, a distance of two miles. We arrived about dark with our load; four as tired men could not be found in that "neck o' woods," and with appetites as large as hay stacks.

Sambo met us with a grin and we sat down to our first camp meal. Soon a blankety-blank-blank from Brother Whittaker, and looking up we found that our French cook had forgotten to remove the insides from the quails' gizzards, and as Whittaker had eaten three before making the discovery, he became very sick, and in fact we all complained of a sort of an ill feeling. And while Whittaker's supper was coming up we sat with short appetites and glared at the "French cook."

The next five days were devoted to the speckled beauties, which were quite plentiful, with an occasional shot at a prairie chicken. Our game consisted of quail, chicken, rabbit, possum, turkey, and Brother Cronk's big buck. As my business would not permit of my remaining longer, I reluctantly left camp, hoofing it over to the railroad station, reaching Oklahoma City when the New Year was less than two hours old.

FRED. H. REED.

DEER HUNTING METHODS AND ARMS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From the time I killed my first deer in 1868 I have been interested in everything pertaining to the pursuit of this wily quarry. Two points I wish particularly to touch on in this communication: the methods of pursuing deer and the caliber of rifle appropriate for the sport. I am pleased to read in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM a number of articles condemnatory of hounding deer into lakes and rivers and then butchering them in cold blood, or paddling along their mighty feeding grounds and discharging a handful of buckshot in the direction of all suspicious sounds. All this is far removed from ideal sportsmanship. It certainly affords a man of hunting mettle no satisfaction, for what is it that gives one his keenest pleasure in the pursuit of game? It is the measuring of his wits and skill against the crafty instincts and acquired cunning of his quarry. I look upon shooting a deer swimming in the water from a canoe very much as I would upon killing an animal fastened in a trap or inclosed in a corral. Though I have never tried it I should think "fire hunting" capable of affording satisfaction only to individuals of meager and lean natures.

Shooting deer in front of hounds on runways with a rifle is a totally different matter, and a practice I do not condemn. The deer is in his native element, and is in a position to use his natural means of escape. The hunter must act promptly and skillfully, and even then the chances are much in favor of the deer. Of course, pursuing deer when they can only flounder around in deep snow, without any chance of escape, goes logically in the same category as lake shooting—mere killing, not sport. This, barring runaway shooting, leaves only one sportsmanlike method of pursuing this game, viz., still-hunting, a method that will afford in a surpassing degree satisfaction, both physically and mentally, to the hunter. In this instance the deer knows every rock, bush and stump in his environment. He is ever on the alert to detect the least sign of danger. Eye, ear and nose are pressed into constant service by him when feeding or moving, and fortunate is he who can discover his horned majesty unobserved by the latter. It is wit against wit, cunning against cunning, and proud may the hunter feel who under such circumstances successfully stalks his game. No undue or unfair advantage has been taken. There was a "fair field and no favor." Single-handed and alone has the game been secured, and the hunter rightfully feels a degree of genuine satisfaction denied to the followers of less sportsmanlike methods.

As to the most satisfactory calibers of rifle for deer hunting I have a pronounced opinion. My earliest experience was with the old-fashioned muzzleloader of small caliber. I then tried a Henry rifle, next a '73 model Winchester, then a .45-60 W., and now I use exclusively a .45-90 W. I have killed deer with all of these, but would as soon think of riding in the old stage coach in preference to a Pullman. I would, of course, shoot a small caliber in case it were proven that with the metal jacketed bullet with a soft lead nose it will expand to two or three times the diameter of the bullet on striking a deer. This claim, however, I am not yet convinced of.

With the weapons now available to sportsmen generally, I lay it down as a postulate that the express system is far and away the preferable one. This consists essentially of a relatively light bullet with a very strong propulsive force behind it, giving thus a very flat trajectory and ample penetration. Given an expansive soft bullet of .40 or .45cal. that will mushroom on striking, a cartridge constructed on these lines is the most satisfactory combination yet devised. Of course it must be fired out of a rifle adapted to it. I have found the Winchester satisfactory, but there are others equally good. The sights, shape of butt-plate, drop of stock, etc., would of course vary according to the varying tastes of the shooter. Personally, I consider the curved butt-plate on the factory sporting rifles as an inexcusable abomination. A shotgun butt is to be preferred on every account. Sights constructed on the principle of the Lyman tang sight are a great step in advance of the old V, as not only a quicker but a more accurate sight can be thus taken. I also think a half magazine better than a full one, as the rifle balances much better, and holds enough cartridges for a careful shooter. Whence my advice to all sportsmen who can shoot and who contemplate a trip to a deer country is to take, say, a .45-90 and a .22-7-45, or .25-20 for small game. Thus equipped, it is a very inefficient or very unlucky sportsman who cannot make a good showing as the fruits of his trip.

Though a little aside from the object of this writing, I feel impelled to say a word about marksmanship as bearing on deer hunting. Probably not one man in a dozen who goes forth to slay deer is a good rifleman. Most know just enough to point the rifle toward the game, shut their eyes and pull the trigger.

These are not sportsmen in fact, though they may be in intention. The last time I was out one of the party, who considers himself a pretty good hunter, left camp with thirty-five cartridges and his .44-40 rifle. When he returned some hours later he had only empty shells and one deer. Now, if a man has a laudable ambition to be known as a deer hunter it is his duty, and ought to be a pleasure, to develop a good degree of accuracy in his marksmanship. This is possible to nine out of every ten men of good constitution and good habits. It can not be ac-

quired by taking a few practice shots once or twice a year, but is the reward of frequent practice; and here I must put in a plea for target practice as a means of improving one's marksmanship in the field. When I hear the remark, as I often have, "Oh, I can't do anything at target shooting, but I don't take a back seat in killing deer," I don't dispute that the speaker kills deer, but I do assert that he does so by an unnecessary repetition of shots. He is the one who loads himself down with several pounds of cartridges and develops proficiency in the use of the lever for cartridge pumping, a waste of energy that ought to be employed in cultivating that nice co-ordination of eye and finger which is acquired by the practiced targetshot. For more than twenty years I shot a rifle more or less at squirrels, deer, etc., and thought I was a pretty good shot; but a few years ago a friend induced me to join a target rifle club containing some of the best shots on the Pacific Coast. I soon learned that the art of rifle shooting is a great deal bigger and broader than I had imagined. One thing also very shortly impressed itself on my mind, viz., my hunting rifle began to develop an accuracy on game that I formerly never dreamt of acquiring.

The bearing of this digression on the proper caliber of rifle for deer shooting is this: You may have your .40 or .45 express accurately sighted and well fitted to you, but all this avails nothing unless you by practice and good judgment are fitted to use your weapon.

DR. L. O. RODGERS.

THE COURTENAY BUFFALO CASE.

FROM a transcript of testimony offered at the trial of James Courtenay before Commissioner John W. Meldrum for the Circuit Court of the United States of America for the Yellowstone National Park, we are enabled to give the following abstract, which is of considerable interest. The defendant was charged with violation of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to Protect the Birds and Animals in the Yellowstone National Park, etc., approved May 7, 1894.

It will be remembered that Courtenay was arrested in Butte, Mont., after he had delivered to a taxidermist named Wittich four buffalo scalps. It was charged that these buffalo had been killed by the defendant in the Yellowstone National Park, but the case was not proved against him and he was acquitted. The trial was held Dec. 26 and 27, 1895.

The first witness for the prosecution was Capt. George S. Anderson, 6th Cavalry, U. S. A., the acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. He testified that he was familiar with the territory embraced in the Yellowstone National Park and boundaries; that in October last he found in the western part of the Park, west of Summit Lake, the remains of two buffalo which had been killed within two months, the heads and hides of which had been taken away; that the place where these buffalo were found was about forty miles southeast of the town of Lake, Idaho. Capt. Anderson stated that the last remaining herd of buffalo in the country within the National Park, southern Wyoming and eastern Idaho, live almost entirely within the limits of the Park, its summer range being near its southwest corner and its winter range near its center. There are a few buffalo that range both winter and summer east of the Yellowstone River, and a small bunch near Heart Lake. He further stated that he had been studying the ranges and habits of these buffalo since the spring of 1891, and had been through these ranges every season since then, and that for the last two or three years no buffalo have ranged within or on the line of the northeast corner of the Park.

On cross-examination he testified that the western boundary of the Park was three miles west of the Wyoming line; that where trails crossed this boundary it is usually marked by stakes showing its location. He stated that in his opinion there were about fifty buffalo in the herd that range in the southwest corner of the Park, and probably not more than half a dozen in each of the others. Within the past year he had visited the range east of the Yellowstone once, that in the southwest corner once, that near Heart Lake once, and the one in the center of the Park several times. In October last he made nearly a complete detour of the Park, during which he made every effort to ascertain the location and condition of the few remaining buffalo. His investigations included the territory ten or twelve miles west of the western boundary of the Park. He testified that he believed that Island Park is from five to eight miles outside of the boundary of the Yellowstone Park.

On redirect examination Capt. Anderson testified that he saw the tracks of one or two buffalo made in the spring so close to the Park line that he could not say on which side of it they were; but that within the Park, for eight or ten miles from the line, there were abundant signs.

Lieut. Elmer Lindsley, Second Lieutenant 6th Cavalry, on duty in the Park under the command of the Superintendent, testified that he had been in the Park since the 30th of May, 1892, and during that time had traveled through it a great deal and was thoroughly familiar with portions of it. That he spent the month of October, 1895, scouting along the western boundary of the Park, between Falls River and Riverdale, and during this month saw two buffalo skeletons on the Madison Plateau, near Summit Lake. Of one of these the head only had been taken. A fire had been built close to the carcasses and a horse tied to a small bush 3yds. away. These buffalo appeared to have been killed last spring. Four or five miles southwest of Summit Lake and near the State line were found the remains of two other buffalo, the heads and part of the hides of which had been taken. What meat had been left by the bears and birds was only slightly decomposed, and the animals appeared to have been killed only about two weeks. Near them were found an empty carbine shell and a seamless sack containing half a bushel of oats. During this scouting trip Lieut. Lindsley struck the Park line about west of the Lower Geyser Basin, traveled as nearly due south as possible along the Park line to the edge of the Falls River Basin, and then scouted the country for about three miles west of that line pretty thoroughly. No buffalo were seen outside of the Park on the trip. An occasional old buffalo track was seen very close to the Park line, made when the ground was soft, probably last spring. The range of the buffalo, as personally known to Lieut. Lindsley, is in summer on the Madison Plateau about Summit Lake and on the slopes to the east and north of them. The country south of the continental divide and western edge of the Park is dry after

the snow water has gone, and only one or two small springs are to be found there. All the summer sign of buffalo seen was within the Park in the neighborhood of Summit Lake, Madison Lake, the head of Bechler and the Little Fire Hole River.

Louis Eschle, a plumber in Butte, testified that he was acquainted with the defendant and had had correspondence with him about selling buffalo scalps. He had been directed to bring this correspondence with him, but averred that before he received the subpoena he had destroyed the letters. The defendant had spoken to him and also written to him about buffalo heads. He had said that he had four which he wished to sell, and inquired whether they could be sold in Butte. In a letter received in October or November, Courtenay stated that he would be up in a week or two with the heads. It was evident that the prosecution wished to show that in one of these letters Courtenay had written to the witness saying that one of the Park scouts had resigned and that everything was clear for the hunter, but the witness denied recollecting anything of that sort in the letter. He also denied that he recalled any statement by the defendant that he had the buffalo corralled where he could get them and kill them in a few days. The buffalo scalps had been brought to Butte about a month before. They had been unloaded at witness's place of business and kept there for two days. On cross-examination witness said that when he saw the heads the skins were dry and he could not tell whether they had been taken from animals recently killed.

David Micklejohn, Deputy United States Marshal, testified that he arrested the defendant, who in conversation expressed no surprise at the arrest because the people in the Park were prejudiced against him and his friends, who live near Henry's Lake. The defendant stated that he had never ventured in the Park, and that he intended to do right and not break any law. Defendant stated that he killed buffalo in Idaho, and not in the Park. The heads were found in the possession of Wittich, the Butte taxidermist. The defendant acknowledged having turned them over to Wittich.

Jas. Courtenay, the defendant, testified that he had resided for five years at Lake, Idaho; that he had buffalo scalps in Butte in the month of November, which scalps he had killed in Idaho about Oct. 10, 1894. They were killed about twenty miles southeast of the Lake, and when he was alone. He did not know where the western boundary of the Park or the western boundary of the State of Wyoming was. To the best of his judgment these buffalo were killed fifteen miles from the Park line. This was at a place not far from Island Park, perhaps twenty-five miles west of the National Park. In the two letters which he had written to Eschle he had said nothing about the discharge of one of the scouts in the Park. From the time these buffalo were killed until he took them to Butte the heads were at the house of Silas McMinn, a neighbor. He had seen buffalo feeding in Idaho outside of the boundary of the Park. He mentioned about twelve head seen last spring about June 25. These were twelve miles from and a little east of south of Henry's Lake on Big Spring, one of the heads of Snake River. He saw signs of other buffalo a year ago last October. That he had never killed or been connected with the killing of any buffalo in the Park.

On cross-examination the defendant stated that he had killed these buffalo about twenty miles southeast of Henry's Lake, and gave the distance from Henry's Lake to the Park boundary as twenty-five miles. The buffalo were killed about fifteen miles west of the boundary and ten or twelve northeast of Island Park. He said that he had killed no buffalo in 1895; that he took the scalps to McMinn's because he lived alone and had no place to take them to.

Silas McMinn testified that he had resided for eight years at Lake, Idaho. He had supported himself by hunting and fishing until the last year, when he then kept a small store. He was familiar with the territory in Idaho adjacent to the Park, remembered James Courtenay having killed some buffalo in that region and knew very nearly where the buffalo were killed; thought that it was about fifteen or twenty miles from the Park boundary. He had seen buffalo ranging in Idaho outside of the Park frequently during the last seven years. Saw some last spring and signs of two other bunches, three in one bunch and seven in another. In October, 1894, Courtenay brought some green scalps to him. They were left at his place until May, 1895. He believed Big Spring to be twelve or fifteen miles west of the Park line; had seen buffalo range there and signs of others. That in the summer and fall of 1895 Courtenay was building a house, stable, corral and wood house west of Targee.

On cross-examination witness testified that Courtenay had been at home all the past summer, that he knew this was so because witness's wife baked his bread for Courtenay, and he got his milk at witness's house. He usually came after his bread every day. He was not related to defendant until after this case began, when Courtenay married his stepdaughter.

Al. Courtenay, brother of defendant, who resides at the Lake, knew of the defendant having killed some buffalo in 1894 and where they were killed, but believed that these buffalo were killed fifteen or twenty miles west of the western boundary of Wyoming. Had seen buffalo in Idaho outside of the Park last spring, when he and another man chased a band trying to catch a calf. He had seen buffalo at Big Spring, which he believed to be twenty miles from the Park, and also at Island Park. On cross-examination stated that he had seen buffalo in the vicinity of Big Spring last June, twelve or fifteen head. That he believed these buffalo killed by the defendant were killed ten or twelve miles from Island Park. He had no knowledge of it except what his brother told him.

John Golden, who has lived at Lake, Idaho, off and on for four or five years, knew of Courtenay's having killed buffalo about October, 1894, and saw the scalps last winter at McMinn's. Did not know that Courtenay had killed any buffalo since that time. Was at Courtenay's place last October for ten days and saw no green skins brought in. On cross-examination stated that in October, 1894, he stopped with McMinn at Henry's Lake, that he did not see Courtenay bring any buffalo heads there, but he saw the buffalo heads at McMinn's. He knows that Courtenay brought them in because he was at the house when he brought them in and saw him bring them in. Thus he flatly contradicted himself and could offer no explanation. Courtenay told the witness that these buffalo were killed on the head of Big Spring. He did not know just how far from the Park line, but thought fourteen or fifteen

miles. Knew of no law in Idaho against killing buffalo.

On the 27th of December Wm. Ahrens, an enlisted man residing at Fort Yellowstone, testified that last season, while scouting on the western border of the Park, he saw buffalo west of Summit Lake, at a point which Burges, the Park scout, stated was two or three miles outside the Park. These were seen in the early summer and appeared to have been there during the spring. Remains of a buffalo cow and calf were seen at a point so near the line that the scout could not state whether they were in or out of the Park. They seemed to have starved to death.

Silas McMinn, recalled, gave some testimony with regard to the boundary line between Wyoming and Montana and the Park line.

MR. CLARK'S CARIBOU.

MR. CLARK, the able and courteous paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank, of this city, a keen sportsman and a cool shot, has recently returned from a very enjoyable and successful trip in New Brunswick. Mr. C. has been through the various degrees of an amateur sportsman from his boyhood days with the woodchuck and bushy tails, grouse, quail and we believe turkey; and now aspires to the sublime degree of a Master Sportsman in the big game line. Last year he journeyed westward an- elking. He had had glowing promises of the sure capture of this noble animal in the region he proposed to visit. But alas! he found that the Indians had been let loose from their reservation and had scoured the country, butchering for their hides what game they could and firing the grass and brush, driving everything living away. His party found only a devastated land, with here and there half-burnt carcasses of the noble elk, killed for their hides alone. He returned agreeing most decidedly with General Sheridan as to the character and value of the noble red man—"the only good Indian is," etc.; you know the rest.

This year he went for caribou and was deservedly successful. The party secured five caribou and one 2-year-old moose, but it had no horns of any account. Two of the deer fell to Mr. Clark's gun. We had a good look at one finely-mounted caribou head that now adorns the walls of his dining room, and of which he is very proud, as this was his first caribou. The party secured several fine views with their camera of various camp scenes, the barrens as they are, the feeding grounds of the game, the road in, which is a veritable "rocky road to Dublin," and reminded us very strongly of the old road from Moose River to Arnold's below the Forge in the old Adirondacks, in the years 1848-50. Many of your old readers will remember that rough road where we used to tie and ride, as they called it.

At one time upon stealthily approaching an open spot Mr. Clark's party discovered a drove of some twenty-five or thirty caribou leisurely trotting along. While two of the men dropped each one of the young bucks, another secured as he thought two or three fine views of the drove before they were out of sight. Unlike the common deer, caribou will not take alarm at a noise only, but easily notice the movement of a body. The dropping of two of their number did not seem to startle them at all out of their gait. Alas! upon attempting to bring out the moving drove the negative proved a dead failure. The party came across several of the stamping or fighting places of the bucks, where the ground would be all cut up by the hoofs and struggles of the infuriated animals. During the rutting season the bucks are very bellicose and the weaker has to run or succumb to the stronger. One of the guides shot a buck that was very lean in flesh and the animal seemed weak. Upon removing the mask a deep suture was discovered almost entirely across the forehead; the skull had been badly fractured, so that one of the horns fell off upon removing the skin. The crack in the frontal bone had commenced to heal, but the jaw seemed to have been entirely or partially paralyzed, so that the poor thing could not take any nourishment. Could it have kept up its vitality, the broken skull would undoubtedly have healed up and have been as good as new. Some of these fights are very much in earnest and to the death, as the many pairs of locked horns found from time to time amply testify.

Mr. Clark and party will go again in the same direction next fall, but to a different part of the county, where he hopes to capture a big bull moose, the head of which he will place opposite his first caribou. Then for an elk. After that I presume he will not be satisfied until he visits Africa and bags an elephant, a lion or a hippopotamus.

JACOBSTAFF.

Three Shots, Three Ducks.

LICKING, Va., Dec. 15.—My father owns a millpond which covers an area of about fifty acres. Numerous ducks come to feed—mallards, bluewinged teal, shovelers, wood ducks, etc. One day I took my gun and started down to the pond to see if I could get a duck. I had a setter along to retrieve the game. On my way down there the setter started a wild turkey, but I did not get a shot at him.

As soon as I got to the pond up flew a flock of about eight black ducks. I turned loose on the flock, not aiming at any particular one, and a crippled one flew by and fell about 20yds. from me. I was just about to go and get the one I had killed when the flock came back over me and I dropped one more. I got these and tied a string around their necks, swung them over my shoulder and started down the pond.

I had not gone far before I saw a flock of five mallards about 50yds. from shore. Making the dog stay behind me I crept as near as I could get, picked out a fine drake, took good aim and pulled the trigger. At the crack of the gun the whole flock got up. How could I miss such a pretty shot? But as I was thinking of this I saw that one of them, instead of going with the flock, changed and went across the pond. He flew about 100yds. and fell. I went over there and picked him up. He was a beauty—a great mallard drake. With a light heart I went home. Out of three shots I had got three ducks—two of them flying.

My father also owns 100 acres of woodland right around our home. We do not allow anybody to shoot in them, and gray squirrels constantly come up in the yard.

Deer are getting abundant about here. Some time ago while I was out hunting wild turkeys an antlered deer jumped up right before me. I did not have any buckshot in my gun, or I could have killed him as dead as a ham-mer,

W. A. LEAKE.

AN ADIRONDACK TRAPPER.

MR. GEORGE L. BROWN, of the *Elizabethtown Post*, sends us the following interesting account of the life of Elijah Simonds, one of the last of the line of historic pioneers and trappers of the Adirondacks:

The Adirondack region is characterized by the numerous labyrinths of lakes and ponds that are scattered over it in every direction, divided from each other by mountainous ridges clothed to their summits (in many instances) with giant pine trees and the many varieties of hard woods peculiar to this latitude, originally not only giving beauty to the landscape, but affording food and shelter for every kind of Northern game. On the hillsides and extensive flat meadows that edge these lakes and ponds or form the margin of many of the numerous noble rivers in the hollows and ravines, the monster moose was found three-quarters of a century ago, his choice of quarters being regulated by the change of seasons. At that time the panther, the accepted monarch of the American wilderness, frequently intruded upon the homestead of the Adirondack settler. The howl of the wolf was then as common as the bark of the fox is to-day. Deer and bears were plenty. Otter "fished the streams" and beavers built their wonderful dams, thereby creating some of the best farming land that is tilled hereabouts to-day.

Thinking that perhaps a narrative of some of the achievements of one who hunted and trapped when the "good old days were in full bloom" might prove interesting, we have decided to chronicle some of the events in the life of a man who is the essence of modesty, but who is nevertheless as distinguished in his line as Napoleon Bonaparte was in his. The subject of our article is none other than our venerable and well-known townsman, Elijah Simonds. He was born on Simonds Hill in this town Feb. 10, 1821. His father, Erastus Simonds, was one of the early settlers of Elizabethtown, his trade being that of a carpenter and joiner. The elder Simonds was fond of fishing, liked to "still-hunt deer," and occasionally caught a bear, but was not given to spending much time in the woods. However, the father of the subject of our sketch had three brothers who were passionately fond of hunting, fishing and trapping. Hence the instinct that led Elijah Simonds as a boy of 6 years to go down to the water, set a "wood trap" of that day and catch a mink. The same instinct led him to try for a fox, and when only 8 years of age he was rewarded by catching his first "yellow skin." When 10 years old his neighbor, Willis Gates, lost a horse. There were wolves on Simonds Hill, and young Elijah discovered signs in the vicinity of the dead horse. Again he tried his hand, catching a wolf the first night. When 11 years old he caught his first bear, an exploit over which many full-grown men would hasten to brag. He continued to trap around Elizabethtown until he was 17 years old, and then went West, going by canal from Whitehall to Buffalo. He went from Buffalo by way of the Great Lakes to Spring Harbor, Mich. There he worked as a carpenter and also made traps. Again his inclination led him to try his hand at trapping, even in a country which was, comparatively speaking, unknown to him. His operations were carried on at the head of the Kalamazoo River, there being no inhabitants in that section at the time except Indians, and he met with fair success, capturing several otter, mink, etc. After a while he started back East, and on his way home was commissioned captain of a lumber raft.

Shortly after his return home from Michigan he caught his first and only silver gray fox. About 1840 the late Congressman Orlando Kellogg, of this village, sent word to Elijah that a black fox had been seen in the Bouquet Valley and advised him to give chase. Accordingly Elijah got up early one clear, cold autumn morning and started out after the black fox. He had gone only a few rods when he heard footsteps behind him. It was then about 4 o'clock in the morning. He stopped and found that it was his brother William, afterward owner and proprietor of the Mansion House, who was following him. They came down into "the valley" together. Separating near where Robert Wood now resides, William went on the river side of the road and Elijah went up on the hill. Just as the first gray dawn appeared he discovered what looked like two foxes digging at the base of an old stump. He made a noise, imitating the "squeak" of a mouse. Immediately one of the foxes and, strange as it may seem, it proved to be the very black fox he was after, came up within a few feet of him. He discharged his pistol, killing the fox instantly. The other fox, a large red one, hearing the noise and not knowing just where it originated, ran up to where the black fox lay dead. Elijah took advantage of the situation, loaded his pistol, putting down a ball without any patch, and shot the fox dead within 6 ft. of the first one.

About this time he decided to go to Salmon River and trap otter. He went there and caught eight of the "sleek fellows."

He next went to Long Lake, being accompanied by his brother William. There was at that time no road into that section.

He visited Saranac Lake and Tupper Lake for the first time in 1842, being accompanied by his brother William and our venerable neighbor and friend, A. McD. Finney, who will be 80 years old the 20th day of next month. They went fishing and were rewarded by catching a barrel of trout, four of which weighed 100 lbs.

Elijah's father died in 1842 and the next year he again decided to go away from home to trap. He wended his way to Blue Mountain Lake, the forests around which were then in their thrifty prime, not having been disturbed by the hand of the white man. Moose were then plenty in that region, and he often heard them tramping on the ridges above where he was attending to otter traps, etc. He also went to Little Tupper Lake, where he caught several otter.

He caught his first panther near Ampersand Pond in 1850. The second panther that fell a victim to his prowess was caught near Moose Pond, between North Elba and Preston Ponds. The last-named panther had "kits," one of which, a spotted little fellow, was sent to that greatest of modern naturalists, the late Spencer F. Baird, and the specimen is, if we are rightly informed, still on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Elijah visited Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa in 1853, but shortly returned East and went to trapping in the Boreas region.

It was at this period of his career that Elijah shot and killed six deer without moving from his tracks, a feat sel-

dom if ever performed before or since. He hunted for the New York market several years. He once took 102 deer (saddles) to New York at one time, all having been killed by him.

He visited Michigan again in 1860. This time he trapped in Michigan waters for beaver, catching twenty-six. He visited Michigan a few years since, but found that the advance of civilization had been so rapid that wild game had disappeared almost entirely from the regions which had been his favorite trapping grounds nearly half a century before and therefore he came back East and decided to spend the evening of his life under the shadow of Mount Raven in Elizabethtown.

Elijah, now on the eve of celebrating his 75th birthday, is remarkably active for a man of his years, especially when we stop to consider the hardship and privation to which he has been subjected during his long hunting and trapping career. On Tuesday of this week he walked from his residence on the east side of Mount Raven to the office of the *Post*, a distance of four miles, and did not seem a bit the worse for wear. As of old he was neatly dressed, his white starched shirt and collar being noticeable, as few of the old time hunters don such habiliments even upon extraordinary occasions. His clean shaven face, high forehead and iron gray hair surmount a form which is slightly bent with advancing age, but the eye is still as bright and the propensity for enjoying a good joke is just as prominent as ever.

Venerable and much respected friend, the last survivor of a family who loved the woods dearly, the record of your life is the reflection of forms and conditions which have ceased, in great measure, to exist! It mirrors the image of an irrevocable past. Last Tuesday we felt the friendly pressure of that right hand and looked into those venerable but bright eyes, and decided that the man who had killed 3,000 deer, 3,000 foxes, 150 bears, 7 panthers and 12 wolves, and who had without any reasonable doubt whatever caught more mink and marten than any other man living, deserved to have some of his achievements chronicled. It was nothing for you in your palmy days to kill three bears in a day, to catch two foxes in one trap between sunset and sunrise, or to kill four partridges at a single shot, and yet you are the only man living who is known to have performed the last named feat.

MAINE GAME CONDITIONS.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—Reports from the Maine big game are unusually good for the time of the year. At present there is very little snow in northern Maine, nor has there been since the close season begun. This is a condition particularly favorable for moose, deer and caribou. Not only does it allow these animals to move around freely and get at the best feeding grounds, but it also absolutely precludes crust hunting. I have heard from several of the best guides, and they express satisfaction that the chances are so good for the big game. Edgar Smith, of Round Mountain Lake fame, has been in Boston on a visit, and he says that it has so far been a particularly favorable close season for the big game, as well as the partridges. His idea is if the winter continues open the partridges will winter admirably. These birds are lost in great numbers when the snow is deep, especially from being "crusted under." Mr. Smith thinks that there are a great many more birds now in the woods for breeding stock than a year ago.

Another feature of much interest to the lovers of the gun is the fact that there is so little venison coming to Boston this winter. From the trade in the markets there goes up a wail of venison very scarce. Not only are the Maine deer not coming, but the usual "rafts" of Minnesota deer are not coming here this year. There is also a complaint that they are not to be had even in Chicago. A prominent marketman told me the other day that his partner was in Chicago with a view of buying venison to bring to this market, but that the scarcity was so great that the prices were beyond what this market would bear.

But occasionally there is a sight in the Boston markets that makes the hunter's blood boil with indignation. The head and skin of the neck of a big bull moose was carried from a Faneuil Hall Market stall yesterday, to be put into cold storage till it could be sold. The skin was fresh and could not have been taken off many days. It had come by some underground railroad out of Maine; for there are no moose in any other near State.

Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston yesterday. Right here it may be stated that he has been reappointed for three more years by the Governor of that State, in spite of a rather vigorous fight made by one or two other men who desired the office. But the endorsement by prominent sportsmen was too great, and the work he is doing too important, for him to be set aside at this time. A number of good letters were written to the Governor of Maine in his favor, by prominent Boston sportsmen. I know of three Boston merchants, interested in fishing and shooting in Maine, and owning camps and cottages there, who have worked earnestly for Mr. Stanley's reappointment. Commissioner Oaks, who is also Commissioner of Forestry, has been reappointed.

Commissioner Stanley, who is a fox hunter, as well as a lover of the rod and line, says that he has been into the woods on several occasions and that he is perfectly surprised at the number of partridges that are wintering over; there being almost no snow whatever to trouble them. He also has a good many reports from his wardens and men in other sections of the state, all indicating a great number of ruffed grouse that are sure to winter provided deep and dangerous snows do not come later in the season. The deer also are wintering in great numbers. Mr. Stanley calculates that the deer are now far more numerous than they were a year ago. They have not yarded at all, but are ranging around just as freely as in the early winter. This he regards in a very favorable light for hunting prospects next season. Concerning the moose he is not quite as hopeful, though he says that he has reports of a good many moose still alive, since the hunting season closed; largely cows, however. He says that caribou have not been as numerous at any time the past season as moose.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have carefully prepared estimates which show that fully 4,000 deer have been killed in that State the past season by hunters, with over 200 moose, and not quite 200 caribou. What a sporting record! All this has also been without perceptible injury to the breeding stock. It is safe to conclude that their estimate is not too high, for there have

been transported over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad alone, according to express Company's returns, over 1500 deer, 112 moose and 130 caribou. The commissioners and the railroad officials are daily in receipt of letters asking for information concerning the hunting and fishing in Maine. These letters are some of them from the South, some from the West, and some even from the countries of Europe, each indicating a desire to hunt big game in Maine. What the next season in that State will show remains to be seen. Thousands of hunters have been into that State the past season, the number promising to be greater next.

SPECIAL.

NEW ENGLANDERS DOWN SOUTH.

BOSTON.—Mr. Fred Rollins will leave for a two months' stay in Florida and will devote the time to the pleasures of rod and gun. J. K. Souther and S. A. Carleton are preparing to go to Altamonte Springs, Fla. Mr. Souther has been there for several years in succession, and delights in the excellent black bass fishing to be found. He gets a great many of them running to large size and fishes day after day, apparently never tiring of the sport.

Quail shooting in Georgia is the plan outlined by Mr. G. L. Bailey, and he will soon leave for a month's vacation in that State.

A party consisting of A. M. Tucker, John F. Hutchinson and Alfred Pierce, of Lexington; N. L. Chaffin, of Arlington; M. E. Tucker, of Lynn; Capt. Harrison Aldrich, of Somerville, and probably two or three others whose names are unknown to me, will leave soon for a week's trip to Salisbury, N. C. This is the tenth consecutive year that the party have made this trip, and as they have always had good shooting in the past their expectations for the coming event are running pretty high. Last year they had very cold weather during their stay in the South, but are hoping for better weather conditions this time. A comfortable hotel at Salisbury is their stopping place, and the plan is to drive off a few miles in the surrounding country for the shooting.

H. B. Stowell, of Boston, accompanied by a friend, will leave in a few days for California. They expect to be gone most of the winter and will visit principally the Southern Coast, going also to the island of Santa Catalina. Fishing and shooting will be the features of the trip, and they are looking for royal entertainment in that line.

Chas. Schworer, of Boston, and W. B. Farmer, of Arlington, returned about Jan. 1 from a two days' hunt in the vicinity of Ashby, where they killed eighteen birds. They found them very plenty indeed. William Leverett, of Dedham, has also had good luck with the birds in that region, coming back with an excellent score after a short hunt not very far from his home.

HACKLE.

HUNTING THE WILDCAT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

We admit that the highest enjoyment the field can afford is reached in hunting the red fox of New England. There are no red foxes in Southern California, hence there is one defect and only one to make this paradise imperfect. If I had my Connecticut hounds as good as they were when I bade them a sad farewell eight years ago, I would feed them on porterhouse steak every day and let them sleep in the drawing room at night. How homesick I have been for the fox-hunting of other days and yet there was first-class sport at my very door, of which I have been as unconscious as I was of the gold of Leadville when I walked over its present site twenty-three years ago. Eight years is a long, long time to be deprived of the music, to have only in "memory bright" those perfect November mornings when Sport and Rex had reynard well warmed up by sunrise and 10 o'clock found him trying in vain to discover some material, stone wall, rail fence or traveled road, on which he could lightly tread and not leave the tell-tale scent.

But the longest night is ended by the dawn and those who have examined into the matter say "that it is a long lane which has no turn."

At last one beautiful morning in March who should ride into the yard but that litterateur, linguist and prince of good fellows Mr. Arturo Bandini, with his celebrated pack of foxhounds.

One melodious blast of his bugle and I had nearly upset the breakfast table, and as the dogs responded with their eager bay all the hunting blood of thirty years' standing began coursing through my veins like a mill-race. Quick work to saddle, a short gallop and we were in the cañon of the Arroyo Seco. It was the morning of a perfect day. Can I describe the beginning of such a day in Southern California? No more can I "paint the lily." Not only the sky, the air, the trees, the grass and flowers were full of harmony and color, but the very ground was in just that perfect condition to make the scent lie fresh and warm.

Pilot headed the pack, a black and tan with a fund of information in his line as complete and up to date as the standard dictionary in two volumes. There is not a wildcat or coyote in Los Angeles county who admires the sound of his mighty voice. Besides when the cat (*Lynx maculata*) takes refuge in a live oak, with great limbs low on the trunk, he has a habit of climbing the tree very annoying to its occupant. We had gone slowly down the bed of the cañon, perhaps a mile, when high up on the hillside a clear, prolonged, pure note rang out. That is Pilot. Yes, now look well to your saddle cinch, the curtain is about to rise for the opening scene. Yes, there sounds Chump and Ranger and Turk and Trilby and the rest. "Look!" shouted Mr. Bandini, "there he is, a great big red cat," and I saw him for an instant as he crawled across the face of an almost perpendicular ledge of rock and disappeared in the tall bushes.

Away go the dogs in a sweet confusion of sound echoing up and down the cañon and ringing out in the morning air like a chime of bells. You forget brush, holes and steep banks, and rushing your horse into some convenient cattle trail away you go.

Soon we come to a hilltop, and from this vantage ground we sit in our saddles maybe half an hour while the battle raged below us. Round and round they go, at each turn adding some new and rare notes to their choir. Ranger with his basso profundo, Trilby the prima donna soprano assoluto, and Turk the tenor.

We are on the hills of the San Rafael Ranch directly

west of Pasadena. Lift your eyes and look to the west. Green hills billowy in rank growth of grain, grass and flowers melt away into the verdant plain that stretches away to the surf of the Pacific thirty miles distant, and over the blue waters, Santa Catalina Island, the fisherman's earthly heaven. Turn to the east and you survey the famous valley of the San Gabriel, while your vision is at last limited by the great San Bernardino range, 11,725 ft. in the clouds, white with snow and profound in majestic solitude.

Where are the dogs now? We cannot hear them. No fault of theirs. Wait a few moments. There they come up the Main Cañon, Pilot singing his sturdy baritone to as fine an accompaniment as was ever played. Mr. Bandini said that the big cat was looking for a tree. He proved a true prophet, for soon the musical train swept into a side cañon, the melody was at an end, and only the ow! ow! of the excited dogs as they jumped at the body of a tall, smooth sycamore was left to indicate that the last act in the drama (it proved a tragedy) was ready for the audience.

The emotionless watch marked the chase at two hours and fifteen minutes, but had I written from unaided recollection I should have omitted the two hours.

The play demanded and received a hearty, soul-felt encore. The dogs drank from the brook, rolled in the sand and straightway set out, new worlds to conquer. Presently the leader gave the signal, the orchestra struck up and we were off again. This cat trusted to his superior craft, even refusing a tree of refuge at the last. Misguided lynx! his doom was sealed in his very confidence, for with his companion in defeat he too was finally strapped on behind our saddles, and we came riding into town at 1 o'clock with 75 lbs. of as good cat meat as ever was brought into camp. Our homesickness is better.

BENJ. M. PAGE.

CALIFORNIA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Around the Yellowstone.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 18.—Mr. E. Hofer writes from Gardiner, Mont., on the Park line, that the winter is passing away without much snow. The Park buffalo are not much banded up. There have been four buffalo seen in the corral built for them on Hayden Valley, and it is hoped some more will go in and get acquainted. The Yellowstone River is full of ducks.

Mr. Hofer was to come East with a lot of animals from the Park for the National Zoo, but the weather grew cold for freight car shipping, and some of the animals were sent by express, so Mr. Hofer was not lucky or unlucky enough to make the long trip as planned.

He was Surprised.

The State game warden of Colorado is said to have been surprised last week when told by a Denver dealer that the latter had lately sold thirty-five tons of Colorado game. The warden just confiscated half a ton of illegal venison himself. Chicago gets it. What Chicago is afraid to keep in stock here goes East, to the delectable 365-days' market in New York City. And would you wonder men want new shooting grounds these days?

Chicago Bear Dead.

The most popular bear the Chicago parks ever had was Old Bob, the big grizzly whose death at the teeth and claws of another bear was chronicled in these columns some years ago. The bear which killed Old Bob was known as Jake, and he was always spoken of as "the murderer." He was an ill-natured cinnamon, and is said to have killed two men before coming to the pits at Lincoln Park. This week Jake died, for no known reason except such as may have been satisfactory to himself. Jake weighed 500 lbs. after death. Old Bob, his victim, was nearly twice as large as Jake.

Wisconsin Fish.

The daily dispatches give the following showing of the work of the Wisconsin Fish Commission:

"MADISON, Wis., Jan. 11.—Superintendent James Nevin, of the Wisconsin State fish hatcheries, has submitted his annual report to the State Fish Commission. It shows a largely increased distribution of fish during the year 1895 over previous years, about 2,000,000 more fish having been distributed in the State last year than in 1894. The total number distributed was 65,152,895, at a cost of about \$15,000. The fish distributed during the year were as follows:

Wall-eyed pike.....	23,000,000	Rainbow trout.....	1,470,000
Lake trout.....	22,000,000	Black bass.....	116,300
Whitefish.....	16,000,000	White bass, full grown..	2,345
Brook trout.....	2,556,000	Carp.....	8,250

"The Madison hatchery has now 3,221,000 eggs of the brook trout, and anticipates a successful hatch. At the new hatchery at Bayfield some 3,000,000 of lake trout eggs have been laid down, and there are 17,000,000 of whitefish eggs now in process of incubation at the Milwaukee hatchery. The State fish car has traveled over 23,000 miles distributing fish during the year."

Willing to Arbitrate.

The latest diplomatic advices in regard to the war situation between this country and England are at hand in the form of the opinion of a gentleman learned in international law whose home is in New York. He writes:

"In regard to Mr. Noel Money's English leather riding clothes I am disposed to think that your special message was too belligerent and likely to provoke an evasive reply. As Mr. Money had occupied the territory within the boundaries of those trousers and had exercised sovereignty over them without any dispute until the recent invasion, I think all the principles of the law of nations would maintain his claim. However, friendly arbitration might hasten a settlement, and to that end you and Mr. Divine might appoint a commission to survey and investigate the disputed territory and make due report later."

Rather than see these two countries bathed in gloom, I am entirely willing to arbitrate the matter as proposed, and hereby appoint myself one-half of the commission above mentioned and Mr. T. A. Divine the other half. When we meet Mr. Money we will sit on him, and if in our judgment he is occupying the mooted territory in contravention of the amity hitherto existent between these two powers, we will take forcible possession of the territory. It shall never be said of us that we were not willing to arbitrate.

Something about "Desperate Days."

Life is too brief and business too pressing for the most part to dispose one to pay any attention to comment on writing done in the course of newspaper business. Nothing is less conclusive or more disgusting than a newspaper controversy, for one side or the other is practically sure to try to be sarcastic or crushing, and sure to succeed in being unjust and illogical. I am so sure of this that I am reluctant to deviate from my usual custom so far as to notice recent comment of one or two anonymous parties on my statement of the Wisconsin deer situation printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 under the heading "Desperate Days in Wisconsin."

"In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 I have just read Mr. E. Hough's article headed "Desperate Days in Wisconsin," in which he says that never in the history of Wisconsin have there been so many hunters from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters, oh yes! from Ohio and Indiana—pot-hunters because they came from outside the State. And they hunted illegally, certainly, because they came a good way to hunt.

"Well now, I know of several cases of illegal hunting in Wisconsin; and it was not done by outsiders either," etc., etc.

The above statements do well as a sample. They are all right except in one fundamental point—they are not true. In this they differ from the statements which they criticize, which were true in all regards, and which gave the news of the situation exactly. This news I gave is taken from letters and local papers from Wisconsin. If there be heat or caustic comment in those, blame those at the origin, not this writer, who reprints them. I have not entered upon any crusade against the hunters from Ohio and Indiana, or any other State.

It is of course absurd to credit all the illegal killing of Wisconsin deer to the non-resident hunters, be they from Ohio, Indiana or any other State. This is so absurd that of course I never thought of making such a statement—nor had I until now thought any one absurd enough to suppose any such absurdity. I think reference to past columns of FOREST AND STREAM will clear me of any disposition to shield illegal shooting by Wisconsin men or any other men, resident or non-resident.

It is of course absurd to charge me with making out a list of accidents and attributing them to Ohio and Indiana hunters, or to any other non-resident hunters. I charged them to the crowded condition of the Wisconsin woods, and I told the truth about it.

In short, the whole criticism of my resumé of the crowded condition of the Wisconsin woods—this "scramble of all sorts of hunters," as I called it—is equally absurd with the above misstatements. If my unknown friends will allow me to be undignified with them for a moment, I would like to say that their toes must be very sore, or they would not have imagined them stepped upon. There has been no attempt to step on anyone's toes, and no attempt to show non-resident hunting wrong when carried on with respect for the laws of the State where the hunting is done. I regret if any gentlemen are sore-toed, but I am not responsible for it. They should read twice before they criticize once—a plan simple in its nature, but one which will often save a world of chagrin. In effect, these gentlemen accuse me of stepping on their toes. In reply, I must ask them to believe that the sensation is rightly to be traced to the subjective and not the objective sense of feeling; or, to be more plain, they thought they were hurt, but were not. In the dark they struck back. In the dark one may strike a friend. I have no enmity to these unknown gentlemen.

Here is where the Enmity is.

But I have enmity for any man or men—be they from Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin or anywhere else—who unduly hasten the clearing out of such few spots as we have left supplied with game. How few these spots are and how soon they are cleared out, I am, perhaps, in a better position to say than my unknown critics who, perhaps, do not make a business of getting at such knowledge. But I shall waste no space on them, and shall make one of my critics talk for me. He says:

"Twenty-five or thirty years ago there were a good many deer in the western part of Ohio, and hunters came from outside of the State to hunt; and they were welcome, too, as long as they hunted in season; and if they killed a deer they took it outside of the State, too, for it certainly was their property if legally obtained. But alas! the deer are nearly all killed, and Ohio hunters will have to go to wilder places to hunt."

The history of the Ohio deer is the history of the Wisconsin deer. I imagine that both residents and non-residents will combine in the latter case as they did in the first, to exterminate the game. If you look on one picture you will see the other. I have merely sought to call attention to the painting of the latter picture. In my work, do I tread on the sore toes of the pure selfishness and suspiciousness of my unknown friends?

"American" Ways.

The record of extermination being what it is, the bulk of the shooting population of the United States to-day would have no shooting if they did not shoot as non-residents. No one, so far as I am aware, has attempted to pronounce such shooting wrong when done legally and decently. We are told that it is an "American" idea for the non-resident to shoot where he likes. True, it is American. The American idea has nearly stripped this country of game. There is a scramble for what little there is left. While I am able to write of these things I shall protest at that scramble when it becomes indecent and illegal. I am an American, and my family have been Americans, I may say, for hundreds of years, but not all things "American" seem right to me. I know too well the "American" hoggishness which has meant and is meaning the annihilation of the game real Americans ought to be proud to keep alive on this continent. Be it American or un-American, there is no escape from the inevitable conclusion that unrestricted non-resident shooting means a scramble for the game of the few good game countries, a scramble too often illegal and indecent, and a scramble whose end is one part more of the same old "American" record of extinction. You pay your money and you take your choice. You can be "American" and butcher the rest of the game, or you can restrict the killing of game, and so keep it longer—keep it forever if the restrictions are correct.

The Michigan License Law.

There is no doubt that the Michigan license act drove out many non-resident hunters into Wisconsin—so many that the complaint was general and just all over the State. I do not pretend to say whether the Michigan law is constitutional or not, whether it is American or not, nor do I care. What is plain is the fact that numbers of Michigan deer were saved which otherwise would not have been saved. If Wisconsin should pass a similar law it would be her privilege, and for one I should be glad to see that or any other kind of measure which would make it harder to kill a game bird or animal by resident or non-resident shooters.

Any antagonism to this sentiment is more theoretical than practical, though it might be popular. Any such objection presupposes either a wish that the game be exterminated, or a belief that under the present system it will not be exterminated. This is *reductio ad absurdum* sufficient for any well-posted and thinking man who is also a sincere man. He can admit this and still not declare the State license act the solution sought for. One need say no word as to that. He need only point to Ohio, to Illinois, to Indiana, to Iowa, to Minnesota, to Dakota, to Wisconsin. If commentators know what the game situation there has been and is to-day they will go a trifle slow, perhaps, with their generalizations and their abstract theories. For my part, I am tired of theories. I am in favor of anything that will save the game.

A Great Subject.

This subject is a great one, and it is its greatness and its closeness which dispose me to allow myself to be carried along so far with it—much further than a wish to "set myself right" with my unknown critics would take me. I do not care for that, for I have been right with the facts, and hence could not be set wrong in any question where it could make any difference to me. But I just wish in closing to take up one of the theories of one of my unknown critics, and show him what he means when he says what he does. Perhaps he is not willing to follow this to its logical conclusion. Perhaps he is afraid to face the unwelcome truth. A great many men are. But this is what he says:

"If a man is a citizen of the United States and wants to hunt in any State of the United States in season, and kills game, it is unquestionably his, and he should certainly be allowed to take it anywhere in the United States according to the Constitution. This State right business cost this Government millions of dollars about thirty years ago. So I think if a man hunts in season he should not be legally restrained from hunting in any State of the Union."

Our friend is very wise—much wiser perhaps than the Supreme Courts of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio, which have all taken opposite grounds to the above dictum. This hypothetical citizen may be a market-hunter, and he may rob the people of an alien State of thousands of dollars' worth of their goods. If a head of game once killed by him is his, and has about it no vested police regulations which the people of that State may enact for it, then of course our "citizen" may ship it and sell it. Of course, then, he conveys title with it, and it continues to be absolute property. If it is such, the dealer who buys it has the same rights as the shooter who killed it, and the State has no right to impose police regulations here any more than where it was killed. Hence, as property, that game can be sold the year round, free of any of these odious police regulations which our friend does not like. Hence we are to have open game markets, not in some cities, as we do now, but in all cities; not open for part of the year, as they are in Chicago, but open for all the year, as they are in New York. This is what my unknown critic and my wise man means—exactly and fairly and actually what he means—when he says a non-resident should hunt where he likes without restriction, and that the game he kills is "unquestionably his."

It Unquestionably Isn't.

It unquestionably isn't. FOREST AND STREAM says it isn't when it says "Stop the sale of game." That very sentiment is the highest statement possible of the police powers of the several States over their heritage of game. FOREST AND STREAM and every man connected with it, I am sure, would like to see every man, whether he hails from Ohio, Indiana or Wisconsin, have a good time where times are best; yet would none the less like to see any fair and impartial remedy suggested which would make such non-resident shooting legal and decent, and which would yet assure the States still having game that their property was not to be hurriedly and wantonly destroyed. Perhaps one help to the attainment of such an ambition may be a continuance in the habit of printing the truth where found in regard to what is going on in the game fields. I much regret if in the effort to do this in regard to the Wisconsin deer-hunting country there was offense given in any specific quarter, for such could not be the wish. I beg my unknown friends who have wrongly thought this to be in future more careful in how they read and more thoughtful in what they say.

Early Geese.

Jan. 24.—Wild geese were reported seen this week in the Kankakee marshes of Indiana. They are said to have come as far north as Cairo, Ill. I think it more likely that many of them have never been much further south than that, as the winter has thus far been mild for most of the time, with a week of quite warm and rainy weather.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream.

All true sportsmen who read your paper—and I take it that there are but few who do not—will be interested in the report of the proceedings of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, the annual meeting of which was held recently at Syracuse; and while they will find in the proceedings much to commend and very little to condemn, they will, I think, find matter in some of the recommendations that could have been materially bettered.

The proposals to amend the game law so as to prohibit hounding and jacking, and to wipe out the infamous Section 249, will undoubtedly receive, as they should, the unqualified indorsement of every sportsman and friend of game protection.

The same may be said of the recommendations relative to spring shooting, the shortening of the snipe and shore bird season, and that relative to the pollution of streams. The correction of an obvious error in the game law, fixing the open season for meadow hens, and several other minor recommendations are all in the right line. I believe, however, that a majority of sportsmen would prefer to have the date of opening of the deer season fixed at Sept. 15 instead of Sept. 1, as recommended, even if the time for closing was extended to Nov. 10. While we must admit that under favorable conditions a large number of deer would be killed during the first ten days of November, we would still have the satisfaction of knowing that they were in a majority of instances killed by sportsmen and in a sportsmanlike manner.

I also beg to take exception to the proposed amendment to Section 74, fixing the date of opening of the woodcock and ruffed grouse season at Sept. 1. The open season for ruffed grouse, at all events, should not begin before Sept. 15, for the reason that more half-fledged grouse are killed during the last two weeks of August and the first two weeks of September than there are shot of full-fledged grouse during the balance of the season. I know of an instance in central New York where eight partly fledged grouse were killed about Sept. 1 from two adjoining trees in a space of less than ten minutes. These grouse were driven into the trees by a cur dog that happened to be following the hunter, and sat there until they were killed. What a glorious day's sport these grouse would have furnished some sportsman a month or two later, and he would, unwillingly perhaps, have left some for seed at that.

The recommendations relative to amending Sections 72 and 73 I believe to be wholly bad and a retrograde movement of the first order. The open season for quail as fixed by the present law is quite long enough when the condition of the quail supply is taken into consideration, and the prohibiting of quail shooting until 1898 in some of the counties is the only practical means of restoring the quail to localities where it has become almost extinct by unfavorable climatic conditions and too close shooting. It will not do to say that inasmuch as the season for other birds is longer the quail would be killed anyway, for this is true only in a limited sense. The sportsman will not kill them illegally on general principles, and in four cases out of five the pot-hunter will not for fear of the penalty, at least he will not hunt for them specially, even though he may kill a few occasionally when in pursuit of other game. That portion of the present game law should be left as it is, unless we amend so as to cut off the last two weeks of the season, when the quail often have quite enough to do looking out for number one, without being harried by hunters of the genus homo.

M. SCHENCK.

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 30.

MAINE ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association in Bangor, Secretary Farrington reported that the fishing interests of the State were in a prosperous condition, and that as a result of protection and of the activity of the Commission the outlook for the next season was most promising. He recommended that the Legislature should appropriate separate funds for game protection and fishculture, and urged that the close time on beavers should be extended.

The plan was discussed of exacting a license from sportsmen coming from outside of the State, but the proposition failed to receive the convention's approval.

Officers for 1896 and committees were appointed as follows: President, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; Vice-Presidents, A. M. Spear, Gardiner; C. A. Marston, Skowhegan; E. C. Burleigh, Augusta; W. P. Frye, Portland; A. R. Nickerson, Boothbay Harbor; J. H. Kimball, Bath; F. H. Appleton, Bangor; Secretary, E. C. Farrington, Augusta; Treasurer, W. S. Choate, Augusta; Superintendent, J. A. Fairbanks, Hallowell; Consulting Attorney, W. T. Haines, Waterville; Directors, P. O. Vickery, *ex-officio*; E. M. Hersey, Bangor; J. F. Hill, Augusta; J. F. Sprague, Monson; J. H. Kimball, Bath; G. H. Fisher, Winterport; E. C. Farrington, Augusta; G. G. Gifford, Auburn; L. T. Carleton, Winthrop.

Committee on Legislation: F. E. Timberlake, J. F. Hill, J. F. Sprague, L. T. Carleton, E. C. Farrington, A. M. Spear.

Committee on Hatcheries: George G. Gifford, Auburn; E. M. Blanding, Bangor; E. E. Hastings, Fryeburg.

Committee on Protection: L. T. Carleton, E. M. Hersey, J. F. Sprague, G. H. Fisher, O. A. Dennen, Jonathan Darling.

Committee on Exhibits in the State House: Messrs. S. L. Crosby, E. C. Farrington and C. T. Crosby.

Committee on Law Enforcement: Messrs. L. T. Carleton, E. M. Hersey, O. A. Dennen, Jonathan Darling.

Bull Moose do the Hunting.

OUR correspondent Prowler sends us this from the Frederickton, N. B., *Gleaner*, Jan. 8: Mr. Murray Glasier, of Lincoln, had a thrilling adventure Friday which he will remember for a long time. Several of his father's cattle had strayed away into the woods a day or two previous, and Murray was sent out yesterday to search for them. After traveling and hunting for an hour or more he espied what he took to be two cows browsing near a stream, and proceeded toward them. They turned out to be two large bull moose, and as soon as they noticed Mr. Glasier approaching they turned to attack him, bounding toward him with great speed. The young man saw the very dangerous predicament he was in and real-

ized there was no time to lose if he wished to save his life. He ran for and climbed up a tree 10yds. distant and just succeeded in reaching the lower limb when his infuriated assailants arrived at the bottom. They shook the tree furiously and seeing they could accomplish nothing this way they began a siege. They kept the boy treed until dark and he would not have escaped them had not his parents become alarmed and sent the hired man, Mr. Murdock, to search for him. When this gentleman discovered the difficulty he returned for reinforcements in the shape of men and firearms. They put the maddened animals to flight and rescued the boy from his perilous position. His nerves were badly unstrung from the effects of the scare and it is not likely he will go cow hunting again.

New York Game Seasons.

GLOVERSVILLE, Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A meeting of representative sportsmen of Fulton and Hamilton counties was held at Gloversville on the evening of Jan. 21 which was largely attended and at which, after considerable discussion of the present game laws pertaining to this and Hamilton counties, it was decided to submit to the State Legislature the following changes, which, it was decided, would be of material benefit toward the protection of the game supply:

1. That the close season on woodcock and ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge) should be from Dec. 31 to Aug. 16.

2. That the close season on rabbits and hares should be from Jan. 31 to Nov. 1.

3. That the close season on deer should be from Oct. 31 to Sept. 10; and that the hounding season be from Sept. 10 to Oct. 10 inclusive; that jacking or floating be prohibited.

It was further decided to recommend to the Fish and Game Commission the advisability of appointing special protectors—as far as practicable—in each township, to co-operate with the regular game protectors of the counties.

It was also decided to ask the Legislature to designate some special day, to be known as fox day, upon which a request be made that every sportsman in the State turn out and help exterminate foxes.

It seemed to be the general impression that if the present law on deer was more vigorously enforced any change in the same would be unnecessary.

CAYADUTTA.

More Frost Pictures.

TWO MORE of Mr. A. B. Frost's artistic series of pictures of sport on land and water are now ready for distribution to the subscribers. Both treat of sport with the ducks, one being entitled "Ducks from a Blind," the other "Ducks from a Battery." They are treated in a most pleasing manner, and include all the features so dear to the duck shooter's heart—the expanse of water, the low-lying shore in the distance, the decoys reposing so realistically on the water's surface, and the gunners so alert to pit their skill with the gun against the swift wing and cunning mind of the birds. It is unfortunate that there are a few matters of detail which might not win the highest approval of those who insist on undeviating fidelity, as for instance in "Ducks from a Blind," the duck shooter in a boat is in cover all too short and thin to conceal himself or his boat, and he is wearing a highly colored coat, which could be instantly discovered by the ducks when many gun-shots away. However, overlooking such matters of detail, there is much in the spirit of the scenes and the artistic execution which will appeal to the memory and to the anticipation of every shooter who has reminiscence of good days afield or afloat and hopes for them again.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I noticed an article regarding the deer of the Adirondacks by Mr. J. C. Allen, and while admitting his assertion to be true in some respects, my experience has led me to believe that hounding is one of the most destructive methods of hunting deer now in existence.

If deer are being killed off too rapidly (I for one certainly think so) hounding should be prohibited; then, should this not remedy the evil, stop "jacking" also. Laws like these theoretically would do good, but in practice would they not be like the laws that are to protect the Armenians? Good laws, but no enforcement.

While deer driven to the water often take to other ponds than those occupied by the owners of the dogs, are there no hunters watching those ponds? Most decidedly so. There are mighty few ponds in the Adirondacks, no matter how small, that are not being watched 'most all the time during dogging, and deer once started rarely escape; at least, that is what has come under my observation, and in pretty out-of-the-way localities, too.

S. P. M. T.

Balls in Choke-Bores.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Please give me your judgment in regard to shooting ball cartridges in a 12-bore choked. I have before now cut my cartridges and made some good shots at long distances, but always thought I would injure my gun and stopped such work. If a ball cartridge can be used without injury to the choke it is a good thing, for one not knowing what game they will meet with can always carry some ball cartridges and feel that they have the proper load with them. I have seen these ball cartridges at Spalding's, and they claim they will not injure a choked gun.

HENRY C. WEST.

Minnesota Game and Fish Commission.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The recent decision of our Supreme Court, making it illegal for any one person to hold two State offices at the same time, has caused the resignation of A. L. Ferris from our State Game and Fish Commission, Mr. Ferris being also a member of the Legislature.

As an official compliment to the voluntary protective movement Governor Clough has appointed Mr. C. S. Benson, St. Cloud, and first vice-president of this Association, to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term.

Mr. Benson is thoroughly well known as a game protectionist and an honorable gentleman throughout Minnesota and his appointment gives general satisfaction.

WM. L. TUCKER, Sec'y.

Special Fares to the Sportsmen's Exposition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The past week has seen the efforts of the Sportsmen's Association crowned with success in the direction which, unquestionably, means much to the coming exposition. This has been the securing of a concession from the Trunk Line Association, embracing all of the prominent roads centering at New York, of a one and one-third fare rate, to be enjoyed by all accredited delegates to the sportsmen's convention to be held at Madison Square Garden during exposition week. By this provision accredited delegates will purchase their tickets from their homes to New York, and on having their credentials viséd here by the Trunk Line agent, and by the assistant secretary of the Sportsmen's Association, they will be sold a return ticket for one-third the regular fare, which will give them the round trip for one and one-third of the regular rate. The leading members of the Association, who are also exhibitors at the coming exposition, have heartily endorsed the project for a sportsmen's convention during exposition week, which in itself will be an educational feature of decided importance. Plans are on foot to make this convention one that will be memorable in the history of sport and sportsmen's displays. These plans will be announced a little later. Meantime leading exhibitors will see to it that among those who receive credentials as delegates to the convention will be representatives of some of the oldest and most prominent out-of-town houses in the retail sporting goods trade. An opportunity for exhibiting manufacturers to meet their customers personally, and to cement the tie of good fellowship by a little personal attention upon so memorable a visit as the coming journey to New York will prove to many of the delegates, will be improved to the utmost extent.

A Maryland Quail Country.

STOCKTON, Md., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We have plenty of quail here now, notwithstanding the severe shooting of this last fall. Our season is not out until Feb. 1, but I know of no one doing any shooting, as all our local population are at work on their oysters in the bay. I am breaking a young dog, but seldom kill a bird, and then only to encourage the dog. I find plenty of small coveys of from three to eight birds; they are very wild and make long flights to heavy cover, or feed out only at the edge of the closest thickets. I think what are here will be well able to avoid the shot of any ordinary shooter. With a favorable season we will have as many birds and as good shooting as we did in the fall just passed. Plenty of geese here now, but ducks and brant will not be back before the middle of February, and after them will come the early flight of jacksnipe.

O. D. FOULKS.

Cumberland Association.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Jan. 16.—At a meeting called by several of the sportsmen of this city last night there were present about twenty representatives, and the following organization was perfected: Mr. Harrison Swartzwelder was called to the chair and Zack Laney appointed secretary. The name was made "The Game Protective Association of Cumberland." The following gentlemen, F. G. Luman, T. H. Hobbs and J. A. McKee, were appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of purchasing birds for propagating. Also committee consisting of Messrs. Swartzwelder, P. J. Smith and Zack Laney, were appointed to draft a law to be submitted to Senator Sloan for the better protection of game in Alleghany county.

New Hampshire Deer.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Protection has done something for large game here. Two buck deer were seen within the limits of the city in one day last fall. Some three or four have been killed in Merrimac and Rockingham counties. They seem to be working down into this part of the State, where none have been seen for a great many years until lately. For the last three or four years some have been seen quite often. There ought to be protection in the southern part of New Hampshire for five or ten years. Long life to you!

J. HODGE.

A Mississippi Deer Chase.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us under recent date as follows: "Major Valentine Young, of Waverly, Miss., unintentionally jumped a deer with his pack of red fox dogs the other day and had quite a race after it. It finally ran off up the river, and two young men out in the bottom shot it, but it escaped across the river. It is against the law to shoot deer in this county for five years, but the above shows how well game laws are observed. Major Young has about three fox races a week, and some of them are extra good ones."

Shooting in China.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My friend, C. J. Ashley, of Shanghai, China (on your subscription list), writes me under date of Dec. 23, just received: "Just back from our annual shooting trip. Had fairly good weather and fine sport. Fifteen days shooting, four guns. Bagged twenty-five deer, thirty geese, about sixty duck and teal, a few hares and enough pheasants to reach a total of 1,000 head." They go up country in a boat propelled by coolies.

J. K. DRAPER.

The Mill at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 27.—[*Special Correspondence Forest and Stream*]: Assemblyman Alld's bill adds Chemung and Chenango to the counties in which rabbits may be hunted except from March 1 to Sept. 13. Senator Brum's bill adds Otsego county. Assemblyman Budd's bill makes it lawful to take frostfish and whitefish in Seneca Lake at any time with nets having meshes not less than 1½ in. bar. Senator Malby's bill includes bitches in the prohibition of dogs hounding deer.

MATHER.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE Game Laws in Brief, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"THAT reminds me" of a day my friend W. E. M. and myself went out to see if we could locate the feeding grounds of geese which were in the habit of flying to and from the lake here and some cornfields west of town every morning and evening. We drove out around the lake, taking my .38 Winchester along in case we might get a chance shot. We drove out about three miles and tied the horse to the fence while we strolled down along a line fence between two large fields where we had an idea the geese would be apt to pass over on their way to the feeding grounds.

While we were sitting there a young lad from a neighboring farmhouse came over to see us, and while we were talking to him, giving him a little "joshing" about how far the little rifle would shoot, we heard the musical honk of a flock coming up from the lake. Lying down behind the fence we watched the geese approaching in a long V-shaped line, quite high up, but apparently coming directly over us. They soon got sight of our rig, standing 20 or 30 rods away, and veered off so they would pass us about 60 rods to the right. As they got nearly even with us W. E. said, with a wink in the direction of the kid, "Well, Dean, guess you better take that big one and hit him in the eye so you won't tear him up too much."

"All right," said I, raising up and taking aim at the long narrow line of birds and I let it go, with about as much hope of getting one as I had of joining them in their flight.

As the little gun cracked, the fourth goose in the line stopped suddenly and came down "heels over head," striking the soft stubble with such force as nearly to bury itself in the ground. "That's the stuff," said W. E. as he started in a run after the goose, while I kept on "turning it loose" at the flock. I fired six or seven times at the flock, but failed to get another feather.

W. E. soon came up with the goose and as he laid it down remarked, "You didn't come within 2 in. of his eye. If you can't shoot better than that, I'll do the shooting myself after this." Sure enough, I had caught the goose just back of the head, cutting the top of his neck bones off and killing him instantly.

The eyes of that kid were a sight to behold. They stuck out like saucers and W. E.'s "joshing" about the poor shot seemed wonderfully out of place to him. He probably thought I was the greatest shot that ever took up a gun and W. E.'s talk probably helped the matter along. We started home well satisfied with our hour's hunt, and the kid went off to tell the folks about the wonderful shot he had seen. D. J. HOTCHKISS.

FOX LAKE, WIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

MR. J. W. OSWOLD sends us this illustration of the Castalia Club House, the latest addition to the Castalia possessions. This club enjoys possession of one of the most wonderful fishing waters on the continent; it is remarkable for volume, purity and natural supply of food for the fish, and not least of all for the beauty of streams and their setting.

We are often asked for fishing club rules. Here are those by which the Castalians have agreed to be governed:

Rules and Regulations.

RULE 1. The fishing season in the waters of Cold Creek, owned or controlled by the club, shall commence on the 15th day of March and end with the 15th day of September.

RULE 2. Not more than 10 lbs. of trout shall be taken from said waters by any one person in any one day.

RULE 3. No trout less than 8 in. long shall be caught and taken away from said stream, except such as it may be impossible to remove from the hook without fatal injury, and all members or guests fishing in said waters shall take all possible care not to injure such undersized fish, that when accidentally caught they may be returned to the water alive.

RULE 4. No fishing shall be done in the waters of the club except with rod and line, and all angling shall be with artificial bait, no natural bait of any kind or description being allowed. The board of directors, however, may authorize the taking of fish with nets or otherwise in or out of season for the purpose of propagation, for the benefit of the club, but shall in such cases return to the stream as many of the fish so taken as possible.

RULE 5. Each member of the club shall be entitled to twenty-six days' fishing during each fishing season.

RULE 6. Each member of the club shall be entitled, during each fishing season, to extend the privileges of the club to five friends, not members of the club, providing such member shall accompany such friends in person, remaining with them during their stay, and shall charge his time with the number of days of fishing indulged in by said friends.

RULE 7. A register being furnished by the club, it shall be the duty of each and every member, upon visiting the stream, to register therein, and carefully fill out in detail the different columns of said register.

RULE 8. No member shall invite a friend to the club at the annual or semi-annual meeting.

RULE 9. No fishing is permitted on Sunday.

Adirondack Lakes Set Apart.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—Attorney-General Hancock has written an opinion in which he holds that the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission has no right to set apart two lakes in the Adirondacks for the propagation of trout. He says that the Commission has not the power to designate any lake in the State without special legislative enactment.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association at Young's Hotel last evening was a great success in every way. The walls of the dining hall were adorned with several specimens of Walter Brackett's high art in the way of salmon painting, a new creation, "A Leaping Grilse," being especially noticeable. His son Arthur also exhibited several of his game pictures, while scattered about the tables were fine exhibits of the taxidermist's art. The invited guests were: Gov. Frederick T. Greenhalge and Lieut.-Gov. Roger Wolcott; Hon. Winslow Warren, Collector of the Port; Judge Dunbar, of the Superior Court; Rev. E. A. Horton; A. W. Robinson, president of the Megantic Fish and Game Club; E. A. Brackett and E. D. Buffinton, Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts; Judge Shurtleff, Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire; H. O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner of Maine; J. W. Titcomb, president of the Vermont Fish and Game Association; H. W. Bailey, Fish Commissioner of Vermont. Other members of the Association, with their guests, were: A. S. Adams, Benjamin F. Stevens, Loring Crocker, George A. Sears, L. D. Chapman, M. K. Churchill, C. A. W. Bartlett, Robert Read, Col. H. T. Rockwell, E. E. Small, C. J. H. Woodbury, T. B. Doolittle, of Branford, Conn.; Hon. George W. Wiggin, Dr. J. T. Stetson, John N. Roberts, Ivers W. Adams, Edward Brooks, W. H. Childs, Robert S. Gray, Geo. H. Sprague, Heber Bishop, John M. Graham, Sidney Chase, C. G. Gibson, T. H. Cooney, S. W. Rich, J. Russell Reed, W. G. Hanson, Charles Stewart, Charles Messenger, Rollin Jones, A. D. Thayer, Charles J. McKenzie, Dr. M. G. Kendall, F. M. Childs, C. F. Monroe, J. P. Bradley, Warren Hapgood, W. B. Kehoe, J. S. Dunclee, C. M. Blake, W. B. Hastings, M. G. Benedict, W. A. McLeod, S. F. Johnson, H. W. Sanborn, Myron W. Whitney, J. C. Ryder, E. C. Norton, Charles Vose, L. C. Marshall, H. F. Collins, A. H. Wright, H. P. Plimpton, Joseph Noon, N. Arnold, E. F. Lewis, J. G. Wildman, Alexander Pope, S. A. Gould, E. P. Wilbur, E. H. Clark, Secretary Kimball, A. B. Holmes.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S ADDRESS.

BRETHREN of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association: I feel great pleasure and satisfaction in having the privilege of congratulating you on this brilliant gathering on the occasion of our twenty-second annual feast, and of extending to all our guests, in your name and on your behalf, our most cordial greeting and our warmest welcome.

It is indeed good for us once a year to gather from forest and stream, from

"the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side,"

from all the haunts of fish and game endeared to us by a thousand recollections, to renew old friendships and form new ones, to revive old memories and to commemorate with thankful hearts, in speech and song, what to us stand for some of the most agreeable and profitable experiences of our lives. How many of those whose days we can all recall when whether life was worth living was not a debatable question, and how bright the halo which encircles them.

I have so recently reviewed the work of the Association for the past year that it is superfluous to dwell upon it on this occasion. It may be said briefly that information relating to fish and game has been disseminated broadcast throughout the State by our efficient secretary. No party has come to us with complaints of violations of law without receiving assurance that on the presentation of the proper evidence counsel would be furnished without expense to the party complaining.

Realizing that ignorance of the law excuses no man, large numbers of posters containing an abstract of the game laws, on cloth, have been sent out, several hundred of them in Italian as well as in English, and hundreds



THE CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

containing the Sunday laws. We attended the hearings at the State House before the Legislative Committee on fisheries and game, and presented the views of the Association on the various matters which engaged their attention. Several new associations have been formed, and we have been glad to furnish information as to methods and work. The formation of such associations is a most encouraging feature of the times.

Reference should be made to two cases in the courts of great interest to every sportsman throughout the country. Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Follett was a complaint charging the defendant, who was at the time a fish and game commissioner, with having taken from Lee Brook, in Sheffield, sixty trout with a net; he admitted the fact, but sought to justify himself under the claim that he was engaged in the artificial propagation of

trout, that he owned the trout so taken, that they were taken from waters under his control; and further that after taking them he kept them until they were ready to be delivered of their spawn, that he then stripped the spawn from them and turned them back into the brook alive. He also claimed that all the trout so taken were turned by him from his own pond into Lee Brook, and he contended that, as the owner of these trout, he had a right to take them in the way he did for the use to which they were put. There were other trout in the brook, other than those which came from the defendant's hatching, to which the defendant made no claim. He was convicted at the Great Barrington District Court and fined \$150, from which he appealed to the Superior Court, where he was also convicted and the fine raised to \$300. He then appealed to the Supreme Court, which overruled his exceptions, thereby confirming the previous decisions, such fish not being of the class of animals which, without confining them in private waters, can become the absolute property of anybody.

The other case is that of the Commonwealth of Connecticut versus Geer. Geer was convicted in New London of having bought in the open markets there certain woodcock, grouse and quail, with unlawful intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of that State, the birds being in course of shipment to New York under contract of sale. The exact question presented was, can a State, after permitting the killing of game birds, and after allowing them to be bought and sold in the markets of the State, impose the restriction that they shall not be transported beyond its limits? The Supreme Court of Errors, in Connecticut, was of the opinion that the State could do it. The case was taken to the U. S. Supreme Court and argued November 22, and its decision, not yet rendered, is awaited with interest. If I read aright the remarks of Chief Justice Field at a late public dinner, he stated that there had not been much advance in the law for the last hundred years, but the application of its principles to new questions constantly arising is certainly most interesting and instructive even to the minds of laymen.

As usual, we have not escaped criticism, which we should have welcomed had it been of a more consistent character. On the one hand, the Association has been charged with representing wealth amounting to \$16,000,000 and as giving magnificent banquets and employing roundabout methods for accomplishing its ends against the desires and interests of the people; and on the other, with a lack of interest in, and neglect of, its proper duties as enjoined by its charter. These criticisms ought to be made at greater intervals, and then their inconsistency would at least be less glaring. They are about as fair as it would be to condemn popular education and Harvard University because a train robber, caught recently in the West, was proficient in several languages.

I want to say a word in relation to those gentlemen who have recently resigned their membership with us to form another organization having for its object solely the enforcing of the game laws, and leaving out the social element. Of their action we can make no complaint, and our only regret is that we lose several members whom we esteem and who have been with us for many years. Let us be thankful and proud that such good men have graduated from this old Association, and let us also remember that some of the best enterprises and movements which have blessed the world have been started by conscientious men, who, dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, have gone out to do good work in new organizations more congenial to them. If we are unable to recall any case in which our Association has refused to consider or adopt any proposed scheme having for its object the better carrying out of the purposes of our organization, or if we think that there is no better way to enforce the laws than by the machinery we have already in operation, still let us in charity rejoice to proceed in harmony and sympathy with all kindred associations, and if, embarking on a common sea, we seek divergent points, let us at least part with the friendly hail and the manly cheer. If the new club is as successful on the lines marked out for it as its originators believe, and as we hope, it will be, then we will rejoice, and if not, let us not by word, thought or deed prevent the return of our friends to their old home, but stand by ready to cordially welcome them back and give them the warmest seat by the old fireside.

Let us then resolve, on this our twenty-second Anniversary, to take up and do more faithfully than ever the work which is waiting to be done. We claim no perfection for what we have accomplished in the past. No individual or institution can do that, and when they do reach that state of complacency, they are dying at the top. I think we ought to feel as the man did who came to the end of a long life, and in reviewing it said that he was sure he had not been what he expected to be when he set out on his career; he was equally certain that he had not been what he might or ought to have been; but at the same time he thanked God that he was what he was. There will be need of this Association until the time comes when all men obey all laws as to fish and game, and until our legislators have absorbed all wisdom. When seventy-eight years from to-night, in 1974, some of the grandsons of men within the reach of my voice shall attend the 100th Anniversary of this Association, may they reap the benefit of what we have tried to do, and may our work last so long as a feather cuts the air or a fin cleaves the wave.

Lieut.-Gov. Wolcott responded for the commonwealth in a stirring speech, dwelling upon the delights to be found in true sport with the rod and gun. Hon. Winslow Warren, collector of the port, congratulated the Association upon the good work in which it was engaged. Judge Dunbar urged that there was no true sportsmanship until a man has reached the point where the rules of fair sport were strictly enforced; he is law-abiding himself, and is determined that others shall be. Rev. Dr. Horton spoke forcibly upon the pleasures of outdoor life, enforcing the idea that the man who is a good sportsman is a better citizen. Gov. Greenhalge, who arrived during Judge Dunbar's speech, was warmly greeted when introduced. He referred to the banquet from which he had just come the Fruit and Produce Exchange as a gathering where the means of making a living were paramount interests, and said that a fish and game organization was for the purpose of making life better worth living; that restrictions were necessary in the matter of the taking of fish and game no one would deny, and it was the duty of all well-meaning

citizens to do their utmost to foster a healthy public sentiment for the enactment and then the enforcement of proper laws to that end. Other speeches were made by Arthur W. Robinson, president of the Megantic Club, Judge Shurtleff, chairman of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission; Henry O. Stanley, of the Maine Commission, and others. Tom Henry's orchestra and Callender's minstrels furnished plenty of music. Myron W. Whitney sang "I'm a Roamer Bold" and a parody on the "Three Fishers," and Dr. Bishop led the choruses, in which it was judged the entire company joined. Taken altogether, it was an evening of rare enjoyment.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Michigan Association.

THE Michigan Fish and Game Protective League held its annual meeting at Lansing on Wednesday, Jan. 22. Judge Vance, the president, was unable to be present, but sent a written address. Among other things, President Vance said "That, while the game laws were being enforced better than formerly, as well as meager funds at the disposal of the game warden would permit, they were yet being flagrantly violated in the northern portion of the State; partly because of the hostile sentiments among residents of that portion of the State who think they ought to be permitted to shoot deer at their pleasure, and also because prosecuting attorneys and justices of the peace refuse to aid in its enforcement." He advised that charges be preferred against some of these officials, with a view to having them removed from office.

President Vance urged that the next Legislature be asked to pass measures which the last Legislature failed to pass, and also to enact a law prohibiting the use of fish nets in Detroit, St. Clair and Sault Ste. Marie rivers, Lake St. Clair and the channels about the Les Cheneaux islands, which are the great runways for food and game fish on their journeys between the great lakes.

In accordance with President Vance's recommendations, committees were appointed to take charge of needed legislation, as follows:

On game laws: H. N. Botsford, Port Huron; Mart Norris, Grand Rapids; A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo; P. T. Glassmire, Manistee; F. A. Russell, Hart.

On fish laws: A. R. Avery, Port Huron; W. S. Humphrey, Saginaw; J. H. Bissell, Detroit; H. A. Wyckoff, Pontiac; R. J. Crane, Detroit.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. W. Vance, Port Huron; Vice-Presidents: S. B. Daboll, St. Johns; Joseph Hills, Pontiac; Secretary, A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo; Treasurer, E. Crofton Fox, Grand Rapids; Executive Committee, George A. Royce, Marquette; A. R. Avery, Port Huron; Jason E. Nichols, Lansing.

How shall they be lured?

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a small pond in the Adirondacks, about five miles by road from Euba Mills, facing west, which fairly swarms with trout of the speckled and California varieties, the latter species having been placed there by the State Fish Commissioners about ten years ago. During the day there is no sign of any fish being in the pond, but during the rising and setting of the sun the jumping and splashing of fish are incessant, and I have seen scores of them out of the water at one moment, varying in weight, I should judge, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 lbs. I have fished in this pond for the last five years, during June, July and August, many dozens of times, and my total catch for that long period amounts to less than forty fish of about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. average weight, including one of 3 lbs. 8 oz., the largest I have caught there; all of which were killed after darkness had set in or before sunrise, and by using a light-colored fly, trailing it about 2 in. under water. At other times I have used grasshoppers, frogs, beetles, suckers and worms, but to no purpose. Others have fared no better than I, and I am satisfied that not 300 fish have been taken from this pond in five years. If any of your readers can suggest a more tempting bait, or can account for such poor results, after most patient and careful fishing in a small body of water that I am confident contains many thousands of fine fish, I will be greatly indebted to them.

J. E. FORBES.

201 WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

Wanted, a Screen for Fish Waters.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey is anxious to put a stop to the annual loss of fish sustained on account of the canals in the State. One of the feeders of the Morris Canal is Greenwood Lake; the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan Canal is the Delaware River. Every year hundreds of thousands of game fish are lost on account of these canals, and the Commission would very much like to put a stop to this loss. The difficulty which presents itself is the construction of a proper screen which will not foul too readily and which will stand the pressure of the water without materially interfering with the flow. Do you or any of your readers know of any such contrivance in existence anywhere? Any information on this subject will be very gratefully received.

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

For Manitoba Fishermen.

PORT ARTHUR, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Margher, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, some time ago was granted a permit by the Ontario Government to take with a net a limited number of speckled trout and black bass from Silver Lake, near Port Arthur, to distribute in some small lakes near Rat Portage (for the benefit of the Manitoba anglers). Mr. Margher was not successful with his catch of speckled trout, having only caught a few. He was then granted permission to take some speckled trout from the Nepigon River, which he did, taking them by train to Rat Portage. Mr. Margher was nite pleased with his success, not having lost a single fish, although the journey was near 400 miles.

J. E. N.

Florida Fishing.

MELBOURNE, Fla., Jan. 21.—Yesterday two ladies caught from a rowboat seventeen sea trout and two large channel bass. To-day they caught seven trout; and a gentleman caught ten trout and one large channel bass. They lost three very large bass on account of flaws in the minnows.

W. T. WELLS.

Pennsylvania Association.

THE officers of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association for the year are, as elected at the last meeting: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents (three to be elected), first, Edwin Hagert; second, Dr. Bushrod W. James; third, Howard A. Chase; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer; Executive Committee (nine to be elected), Henry C. Ford, George T. Stokes, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm. P. Thompson, Edw. A. Selliez, Thos. M. Longcope, Alfred Hand, S. E. Landis; Trustee (three years), Collins W. Walton.

Pennsylvania Pike-Perch.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—The total distribution of pike-perch by the Pennsylvania State Fish Commission for 1895 was 72,345,000.

M. G. SELLERS.

This is not Mr. Gill's theory, but the teaching of his actual experience.

Forest and Stream
No 318 Broadway New York

Guile
In the last six years
I have spent several hundred dollars
advertising *Gill House Henderson*
Hartford Ct. and the results of
my *Forest and Stream* add are far
ahead of those of any other paper
and I heartily recommend its columns to
fishing and hunting resorts
Yours truly
J. H. Gill

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CROPPING.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your editorial warfare against cropping you disagree with Dr. Foote's latest resolution to abolish all and every mutilation, and thereby show how inconsistent your whole standpoint is. I admire Dr. Foote's nerve to do what was the only thing to do, since so far the A. K. C. is forced to waste its time on such questions as you and all neutral logical men contend it is the business of the A. K. C. to enforce—the law of the land. I contend that Mr. Haines and his society is big enough for that, or at least should be.

Now, when the original promoter of this whole question after the first defeat comes to the only defensible point, and conforms his resolutions entirely to the law as it stands, you immediately step back and call it faulty, and, how consistent! declare docking and rounding of ears justifiable. Do you think that it makes a difference to the dogs if you go all round an inch or two or if you cut twice lengthwise to crop? Pshaw! where is your horror of cruelty then?

The American foxhounds are not rounded. They hunt in a more severe country than their English cousins, and so your utility defense falls to nothing.

No! no! Dr. Foote's resolution does honor to him, as it covers just that which the law statutes mean, although I bet dollars against doughnuts that the delegates will do with such theoretical nonsense what should be done with it—kick it sky high.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

[We differ from Mr. Arnolt on every point which he has advanced. He can hardly be serious in maintaining that the A. K. C. is wasting its time in considering a matter which interests and is important to the whole dog world. Moreover, instead of endeavoring to enforce the law the A. K. C. is endeavoring to conform to it. As for ourselves, it is difficult to imagine on what grounds Mr. Arnolt can consider FOREST AND STREAM as being "neutral." He further charges us with inconsistency where there is none. In respect to Dr. Foote's resolution he claims that it conforms to the law of the land. It does so only in part; for the rest it exacts much more than the law or necessity or humanity requires. "Justifiable mutilations" are specifically justified under the New York laws—Dr. Foote's resolution justifies no mutilation. We objected to this resolution because it is too sweeping. A dog with a torn ear, a dog with a dew claw removed, etc., would under it be ineligible. Praise for it coming from a source which would be considered as being opposed to it might be justly viewed askance. There is

nothing to justify a mutilation made to gratify a whim, a fancy, a fashion. The law and common sense both provide that necessity or humanity justify some mutilations. In this, contrary to Mr. Arnolt's views, the law recognizes specifically justifiable mutilations. Thus we are not inconsistent in opposing mutilations which are a matter of fashion and defending mutilations which are a necessity, that is if we had done so. What we did really say, and this in reference to Dr. Foote's resolution, is as follows: "Rounding the ears of hounds can be defended on grounds of utility, as can also the docking of spaniels' tails," but whether successfully or not, remains to be determined.

One has but to compare this statement to Mr. Arnolt's version to perceive how mistakenly he has understood it. As the matter of docking had never been brought before the A. K. C., it was but fair to mention that the mutilation of spaniels' tails could be defended on material grounds; but is that declaring that docking is justifiable? If Mr. Arnolt will do us the justice to read what we really did say on the subject till such time as he clearly understands our plain statements, he will clearly perceive that he has a misapprehension on every point he touches upon.]

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Jan. 22.—In answer to the attack upon me by the Bull-Terrier Club, I will not at this time question the propriety of a club a member the A. K. C. making public charges against a delegate with the evident intention of influencing the vote of the associate members, but seriously, what an acknowledgment on the part of the croppers that their practice is indefensible! With no arguments to maintain their position, they seek to do so by muzzling the opposition.

My resolution that dogs be shown in a "natural condition" was not intended to interfere with any justifiable mutilation or trimming (as in the case of French poodles), but simply to meet the principal objection of an anti-cropping rule—that it would be special legislation—and there will be no difficulty in amending my resolution so that it will only do away with unnecessary cruelty in all breeds.

The removal of dew claws and the docking of spaniels used in the field may be justifiable, but docking for fashion is not justifiable, and while it entails no cruelty of consequence, its continuance, saddled with cropping, is objectionable.

At the December meeting of the A. K. C. but one delegate defended cropping, seven others voted against the amendment for its abolishment because they considered such an amendment would be special legislation.

The abolishment of unjustifiable mutilation in all breeds is unquestionably within the province of A. K. C. legislation and in five years' time will do more to perfect the various types than has a century of mutilation.

In presenting the above I do not do so with any desire to continue as an A. K. C. delegate. I trust the vote of the Associate Members upon my name will express their sentiments upon the cropping question. The vote should be a guide to the new delegates when the question again comes up for action. As a breeder of black and tan terriers and fox-terriers, and an admirer of all terriers, I have been firm in my convictions and have believed that I have acted for the best interest of all breeds in which cropping is practiced. Upon my convictions I am ready to stand or fall, and trust no Associate Member has voted my name, regardless of friendly or other reasons, who does not approve of my action on the question of cropping.

H. T. FOOTE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I quote the following from the official communication of the secretary of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, which appeared in your last issue and which was also sent to me: "Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America that Dr. H. T. Foote and Mr. H. F. Schellhass, by their persistent and unreasoning assaults on the practice of cropping and on those who practice it, have constituted themselves enemies of the bull-terrier fanciers of America."

The above, originated, sanctioned and circulated by the officers of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, is such a palpable and gross misrepresentation of the facts, and so unqualifiedly false as far as myself is concerned, that I deem it a duty to myself and the reputable kennel world to expose and refute the same and to state facts as they exist, namely:

As a member of the A. K. C. Rules Committee, I was one of the five who unanimously voted to suggest the cropping rule. At the December A. K. C. meeting I made a few remarks in which I stated why I thought the kennel interests would be benefited by passing the rule. These remarks appeared in the official minutes.

A business appointment called me from the room a short time, and on my return I was surprised and disappointed to find a vote had already been reached and the opportunity to record mine lost. Had I voted on the question the result would have been but one vote short of a two-thirds majority in favor of the rule. The above constitutes my entire public record in the matter.

I have neither even been interviewed by any newspaper nor written either private letters or letters for publication on the subject. The public can judge for themselves of the extent of my "persistent and unreasoning assaults" in the matter. On the contrary, shortly after I voted with the rules committee, as above mentioned, a member of the Bull-Terrier Club saw fit to publish in the kennel press what I think any unbiased reader would consider a virulent attack and vilification of myself. Undismayed, I expressed my views at the following meeting, I am proud to say, as my conscience dictated. The result is the resolution herein referred to.

I quote further from the same resolution: "Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Foote, Mr. Schellhass and the American Kennel Club, also to the various press mediums for publication."

In plain, every delegate to the American Kennel Club is hereby warned that no matter how inactive a part he may take in the cropping question, if he shall dare to vote on the same at the coming A. K. C. meeting or express his conscientious views contrary to the wishes of the Bull-Terrier Club, he is liable to be formally advised that he is to be paraded and advertised by misrepresentation in the kennel press throughout the country.

From the above resolutions there is therefore only one inference I can draw, and I trust that no delegate to the American Kennel Club will allow himself to be intimidated and coerced into voting otherwise than his con-

science and judgment may dictate, be it either for or against the measure in question, or as for that, any other measure at any other time; for otherwise the very foundation of justice and the protection, sacred to us all, which we, the public, feel we have in the American Kennel Club would be undermined, and sooner or later the entire structure would surely fall, and the protection now possessed by us swept away. HERMANN F. SCHELLHASS.

Specialty Clubs.

PERHAPS of all the clubs the most recent and most criticised are those which are known as specialist dog clubs. To the general public, who may be unacquainted with such bodies, it may be well to state that these are clubs formed by individuals, sometimes even by a single individual, to look after any special variety or breed of the dog. This "looking after" is, unfortunately, in many cases, almost entirely confined to the supervision of personal interests; the club, or whoever runs it, taking care that not the dogs of the general public are benefited thereby, but his own dogs or those which belong to its members. Sometimes scales of points and descriptions of the animals are produced, the model from which they are taken being such as may be in the possession of the club, and not, as a rule, bearing the type and general character which the British public consider to be the correct article. The next thing is the appointment of judges. Now, with certain isolated exceptions, a specialist dog club will not employ a judge who is not one of its own members. It does not matter whether he can tell a good dog from a bad one or not; his knowledge is a secondary consideration, his payment of subscription the primary one. These clubs will on no account accept, in the usual fashion, any individual's knowledge unless he joins their ranks. And he may join them for a year or two, gaining experience during the time; then he resigns, and heigh presto! all becomes changed; he is struck off the list of judges, and in future is not considered knowledgeable enough to make the awards at any show. These are ordinary dog club methods; and thus reasons are not far to seek why such bodies have become unpopular, and are in a manner more injurious than useful. In writing in this strain, we are aware that some few clubs are not carried out on such terribly conservative and greedy lines, but there is no gainsaying the fact that many of them are. Why should half a dozen individuals, Tooley street tailor like, band themselves together and tell the whole world that they alone know anything at all about a certain variety of dog? and act accordingly. Unfortunately this state of things has been carried on until it may be said to have become chronic, and thus difficult to eradicate or to cure. Some of the less independent dog show managers look to these clubs to provide them judges and to increase their prize money; others, better conducted, will have as little to do with clubs as possible. Their dictation is annoying, and, as we have said, is more for the gratification of private ends than for the good of the public or of the canine race. Something ought to be done by the Kennel Club to put a check upon their proceedings, and we are not without hopes that action may be taken in the matter, especially as the president, Mr. S. E. Shirley, quite recently expressed himself very strongly on the matter, taking pretty much the same opinions so repeatedly expressed in the columns of the *Field*.

There is no doubt that some of the earlier dog clubs had considerable influence in leading the fashion in the way of popularizing certain varieties of the canine race, but without exception such were conducted on more liberal lines than is the case with those of later establishment. The Fox-Terrier Club, the Bulldog Club, the St. Bernard Club, the Dachshund Club and the Irish Terrier Club may be mentioned as among the most successful bodies of their class. By their means the varieties they have dealt with have become popular, but whether individual specimens are better now than was the case, say a dozen years ago, is a matter of opinion. Then, as it were on the other side, instances can be adduced where valuable breeds of dogs have actually degenerated under club influence; and, again, other varieties have progressed without club influence at all. Of the latter, bloodhounds and flat-coated retrievers are excellent examples; of the former, the case of the noble mastiff is particularly apparent. We are fully aware of the difficulty there may be in dealing with these specialist dog clubs, but it is a subject which the Kennel Club ought not to avoid. In many cases the presiding body over our canine affairs has set itself against the dictatorial system as to the appointment of judges, and we think the time has now arrived when it and others may go further, and refuse to accept cups and other donations unless such are for open competition, and not confined to certain members. Exceptions could, of course, be made in the case of valuable challenge cups—but the ordinary prizes ought to be open to all. Until this is done there is no likelihood of stopping this dictatorial policy, which it was generally thought reached a climax at the late Crystal Palace show, when a certain unimportant body seriously asked if their classes might be judged over again by a person of their own appointment, and this, too, when the original judge was considered to be one of the first authorities on this special variety in the land.

We are writing solely in the interests of the dog and of dog shows, and in the belief that unless something is speedily done with regard to the matter we have alluded to, our usual canine exhibitions will cease to exist, and in their place specialist gatherings run in the interests of clubs or cliques will become the order of the day. Allusion has not been made to the various petty quarrels and asperities which are continually arising among certain of these clubs; that they are constantly taking place the columns of papers which are devoted to matters concerning dog shows plainly indicate, and such personalities as result therefrom are, to say the least, exceedingly mischievous, and by no means likely to improve either the appearance or intelligence of the canine race.—*The Field (England)*.

There will be a meeting of the executive of the Canadian Kennel Club at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Feb. 14, at 8 P. M. The business to be considered, besides matters of routine, is: Boyle vs. Trebilcock; field trial rules; incorporation; revision of constitution and by-laws; to receive and count ballots *re* cropping; and reception of new members.

The American Spaniel Club.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club was held at the residence of Dr. S. J. Bradbury, treasurer, on the 21st inst. Present—Messrs. E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, James Watson, S. J. Bradbury and Marcel A. Viti. Mr. Oldham in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The secretary reported that the club's sweepstakes had closed as follows: Of twenty-one dogs nominated twelve had filled, making a total of \$78 received for entries. The Westminster Kennel Club and the Spaniel Club have each added \$25, making a grand total of \$128, to be allotted as follows: 40 per cent. to the first, 30 per cent. to the second, 20 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth. For the novice sweepstakes thirteen entries had been received, which, with 50 per cent. added by the American Spaniel Club, made a total of \$39 to be competed for.

Messrs. R. P. Keasbey and James Watson were appointed a committee to audit the treasurer's books.

The secretary read a letter from Miss Anabel Green offering two challenge cups, as follows: (1) The Sunning Hill Brace Challenge Cup, for the best brace of American bred black field spaniel puppies, to be won five times before becoming the property of any one member. (2) The Sunning Hill Challenge Cup for the best Irish water spaniel, to be won five times. It was resolved that the cups be accepted and the thanks of the club extended to Miss Green for her generous donation. It was resolved that the following cups be offered at the Boston Show: The American Field Cup, the Sunning Brace Cup, the Bell Paintings and the Sunning Hill Irish Water Spaniel Cup.

It was resolved that the following cups be offered at Detroit, provided that the club's classification No. 1 was adopted and a judge be engaged: The A. S. C. Cocker Cup, Bell Cup and the Saybrook Trophy.

It was moved that the club's delegate to the American Kennel Club use his own discretion in voting on the cropping question.

The M. K. C. Premium List.

THE premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club can be obtained on application. The club's address is 1102 Madnack Building, Chicago.

The entry fee is \$3. Entries close on Feb. 24. The specialty clubs' trophies and prizes are numerous and valuable. The club offers kennel prizes of \$20, \$15 and \$10. In some challenge classes the prizes are \$15, in others \$10. Open classes vary from \$15, \$10, \$5 and \$3, and \$10, \$5 and \$3, to \$10 and \$5. In such breeds as have puppy and novice classes the prizes are: Puppies \$5 and \$3. Novice classes \$10, \$5 and \$3, and \$10 and \$5. The special prize list is a long one and will be augmented still more, as there are specialty clubs yet to hear from and many more private specials expected, all of which will be announced later.

Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and that skillful expert, Mr. E. M. Oldham, is engaged to superintend. The management desires photographs from exhibitors for use in press notices. To appreciate the full value of the premium list send in your address to the club and have one mailed to you. The list of judges is as follows:

Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, spaniels, collies, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and Irish terriers, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, New York.

Newfoundlands, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, English, Irish and Gordon setters, Chesapeake Bay dogs, old English sheep dogs, Dalmatians, Scotch terriers, whippets, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmonts and Skye terriers, schipperkes and miscellaneous, Mr. John Davis, Monroe, Mich.

Great Danes and dachshunds, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Bloodhounds, Boston terriers, beagles, black and tan, Yorkshire and toy terriers, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles and ruby and Japanese spaniels, and Italian greyhounds, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.

Parturition and Care of Puppies.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My pointer bitch Floss died in labor. She was due to whelp on Jan. 11. On the morning of the 13th she had one fine dog puppy. On the 14th one more; then I called a veterinarian, and he treated her during the day without any good results. In the evening he operated on her. At midnight she was so much worse and seemed in so much agony we thought best to give her chloroform.

She was in good condition and had the best of care; was very heavy with litter. The first puppy removed by the surgeon was tail first. The water had run off and left it dry and hard. I am trying to raise the dog puppy on a bottle, and have some hopes of doing so. He is now 6 days old and doing well.

I thought possible some of your contributors may have had experience in this line and could give some information that would be of help in raising my puppy and also give some information as how to proceed with a bitch during pregnancy and labor, and inform me as to the cause of the trouble. Is it a common thing to have such trouble? I never knew one to die or have such difficulty.

I feed the puppy milk, one spoon lime water to six of milk, in a bottle with common nipple, and he feeds and sleeps and is really no trouble. He seems to be doing well. This may bring out some valuable correspondence on the subject.

C. L. SLAXTON.

Gordon Setter Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In addition to the \$320 cash prizes (same as to other setters) offered by the Westminster Kennel Club to Gordons at the coming New York show, the Gordon Setter Club offers \$40 in cash prizes to dogs and bitches in open classes, belonging to members whose dues are paid up before close of entries on Feb. 4 next; also the *American Field* silver vase (cost over \$100).

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Thursday evening (the second night of the show), Feb. 20, at 7:30 o'clock, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Members are requested to send in their annual dues (\$5) and the names of those to be proposed for membership to L. A. Van Zandt, secretary-treasurer, 938 Prospect avenue, New York city.

W. K. C. Show.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER, superintendent of the New York show, desires that attention be called to the fact that entries positively close on Feb. 4. The following additional specials are offered:

The Boston Terrier Club offers the following special prizes: The club's breeders' trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch bred by the exhibitor; the club's challenge trophy, value \$100, for the best dog or bitch owned by the exhibitor six months prior to the close of entries; entries to be made with the secretary of the Boston Terrier Club on or before Feb. 4, accompanied by an entry fee of \$3. The owner of the best dog to receive 50 per cent. of the stake, the second best 30 per cent. and the third best 20 per cent.

The winners of the trophies will receive a silver medal in commemoration of the award.

Each trophy must be won five times before becoming the absolute property of the winner. Trophies to be competed for annually at the Westminster Kennel Club and the New England Kennel Club shows.

The American Scottish Terrier Club offers two silver challenge cups, one for the best American-bred dog puppy, and one for the best American-bred bitch puppy.

Dwight Baldwin, Esq., offers a silver bowl, value \$50, to be known as the Boston Terrier Puppy Bowl, open to club members only, for the best Boston terrier between the ages of 6 and 16 months registered in the A. K. C. Stud Book. To be won five times.

George N. Phelps, Esq., offers a silver vase, value \$50, for the best Boston terrier brood bitch shown with two or more of her produce, which must be entered in their regular classes, but need not be the property of the same exhibitor. To be won five times. Donor not to compete.

Kindly note that the special prize offered by Dr. C. A. Lougest for the best bloodhound sired by Alchymist, Belhus, Berry's Bradshaw, applies to dogs born after 1893.

The Westminster Kennel Club will give a special prize of \$20 for the best exhibit of four spaniels over 28lbs., entered and owned by one exhibitor, and the special already announced in the premium list shall be for the best exhibit of four cocker spaniels, entered and owned by one exhibitor.

Class 106, for spaniel puppies under 12 months, is for any variety except toy spaniels.

The Westminster Kennel Club will also give a special prize of \$20 for the best exhibit of four Boston terriers, entered and owned by one exhibitor.

Class 238, ruby spaniels, will be divided by sex.

U. S. F. T. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of sportsmen attending the field trials of the United States Field Trial Club at West Point, Miss., commencing on Feb. 3 next, and the Championship Field Trial, commencing on Feb. 10 at the same point, the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, running from St. Louis to Mobile, Ala., and on whose line the town of West Point is situated, have generously made a low rate as follows: At all junction points on their line and also all important towns, a one-fare round-trip ticket will be sold on Feb. 1, 2 and 3, good returning till Feb. 29; and to those sportsmen who can only attend the Championship trial, a one-fare round-trip ticket will be sold on Feb. 8, 9, and 10, good returning till Feb. 29; and also for the benefit of those sportsmen attending the trials who desire to secure some of the very fine quail shooting along the line of the Mobile & Ohio Railway, a round-trip ticket will be sold from West Point, Miss., to points within fifty miles of that place, good for twenty days. Such tickets will be sold only to persons holding return parts of tickets reading to West Point. Dogs are to be carried free in baggage cars. The prospects are that this will be the most successful trial the Club has ever held. The quality of the dogs entered in the several stakes is of the highest order. Quail are plentiful and the country open, so that ample opportunity is offered to see the dogs in their work. The Holt House will be headquarters, a reduced rate being given to sportsmen. Good saddle horses will be obtainable.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

Metropolitan Kennel Club.

THE executive committee of the Metropolitan Kennel Club held a meeting at Rockwell's, New York, on Jan. 23. Present: Messrs. H. T. Foote, A. L. Lankota, A. C. Wilmerding, G. W. H. Ritchie and E. M. Oldham. Dr. H. T. Foote, president, in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, it was resolved that the president, Dr. H. T. Foote, and the secretary, Mr. E. M. Oldham, compose a committee to select suitable rooms adjacent to Madison Square Garden for the accommodation of the club and its friends during the dog show week and to arrange for such entertainment as they may deem necessary.

It was resolved that the club should at once make application to the American Kennel Club for membership. Mr. J. H. Mathews was unanimously elected vice-president of the club.

The annual meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19, at Madison Square Garden.

Irish Setter Club Meeting.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—A meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club of America was held on Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 54 Stone street, New York.

Present: James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements and G. H. Thomson, and by proxy, Dr. G. G. Davis, W. L. Washington, F. L. Cheyney and Ray Tompkins.

George H. Thomson was elected delegate to the A. K. C.

It was decided to offer the following specials at the W. K. C. show in February, 1898: \$5 for the best dog, \$5 for the best bitch, \$5 for the second best dog and \$5 for the second best bitch; to be competed for in open class by members of the club whose dues are paid by the time of closing of entries, Feb. 4, 1896; and \$5 for the Irish setter having the best field trial record made in 1895.

It was also decided to hold the annual meeting at Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1 P. M.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The lovers of the dogs may be breezy in their expressions of opinion among themselves once in a hundred years or thereabouts, but be this as it may they are disposed to make common cause against an invader. A correspondent who objects to the kennel department being called the "dark and bloody ground" writes us as follows: "I heard recently of a dog which found fifteen bevs in three hours and pointed single birds like a hen picking up corn. If your friend Hough had only been along he would have deadened all the timber along Coonewah Creek and made the men who killed those geese in North Dakota feel as though they had fooled their time away. Still a field trial dog would not do to shoot over, and a thirst for gore such as Mr. Hough's will never be appeased shooting over meat dogs. It appears to me that a man who has lost bears, and even has the temerity to go and hunt for them, should not be allowed to allude to the kennel department as the 'dark and bloody ground'. A friend of mine who lives near where Mr. Hough killed his bear, tells of a hunter from Chicago who was with Bobo, and who killed a bear and tied it to his dugout (or rather his dugout he tied to the dead bear, as he took the tired bear to be) and then went to investigate a noise in the cane which sounded as though made by a bevy of bears. Failing to find anything, he returned for his bear, and was surprised to find both bear and dugout gone. Following the trail that seemed to have been made by his dugout being dragged off, he finally lost the trail at the foot of a very tall gum tree. Happening to look up, he espied about half his dugout sticking out of a hole in the tree 70ft. from the ground. It was some trouble to climb the tree and pull the boat and bear out of the hole, but he eventually retrieved both without danger or mutilation. I looked as though I doubted this tale, but I was convinced of its truth when the narrator offered to show me the tree."

The American Kennel Club meeting is fixed for Thursday, the second day of the New York show, an unfortunate date in so far as several clubs will hold their meetings at the same time, and thus will not have an opportunity to instruct their delegates in matters of importance in respect to the A. K. C. If it is possible to postpone the A. K. C. meeting till a day later, it would be an advantage to all concerned.

Under date of Jan. 24, the Muckcross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., write us that they have started a beagle kennel, all hunting stock and from the best lines of blood obtainable. Three of their bitches are in whelp to noted dogs. The kennel will be represented by both beagles and setters at the New York show.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., known to the fanciers by the endearing title "Uncle Dick," has begun suit against the express company for the loss of an Irish setter which was smothered in its crate *en route* to the Newburgh show. As the matter contains a principle of interest to all fanciers, and as Uncle Dick has all the pluck necessary to grapple with a big corporation, but not its resources, Mr. W. J. Higginson, Rochester, N. Y., has suggested that the brethren chip in to help Uncle Dick carry on the good fight, and as evidence of good faith he donates \$5. Let the brethren hear and heed.

From Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr., we have received some sketches, abounding in pleasant humor, from the deft brush of Mrs. Meares, who, with Mr. Meares, followed and enjoyed the competition in the field trials at Newton. One portrays a misguided setter in hot pursuit of a rabbit in moments too precious to be wasted if prizes and honors are to be won. Another shows a dog ranging close to the line of the horizon and his handler is watching him with anxious expression. The third is entitled "Point, Judge," the dog pointing a bevy the wrong way for accuracy.

Mr. W. B. Meares, Jr., Hillsboro, N. C., has sold his setter dog Joyful to Mr. J. Otto Donner, of New York. Joyful favorably distinguished himself in the recent field trials at Newton, N. C.

Mr. L. W. Blankenbaker, of Louisville, is at Cherry Creek, Pontotoc county, Miss., where he has a number of dogs in training. He intends to start Lad's Lady in the trials if nothing unfavorable intervenes.

Mr. John Armstrong, we learn, is making satisfactory progress in the schooling of Mr. Gould's pointers at Pheba, Miss.

Quite a number of Pittsburg gentlemen are intending to visit the field trials at West Point. The Champion stake seems to have excited a field trial interest in a measure equal to that manifested a few years ago.

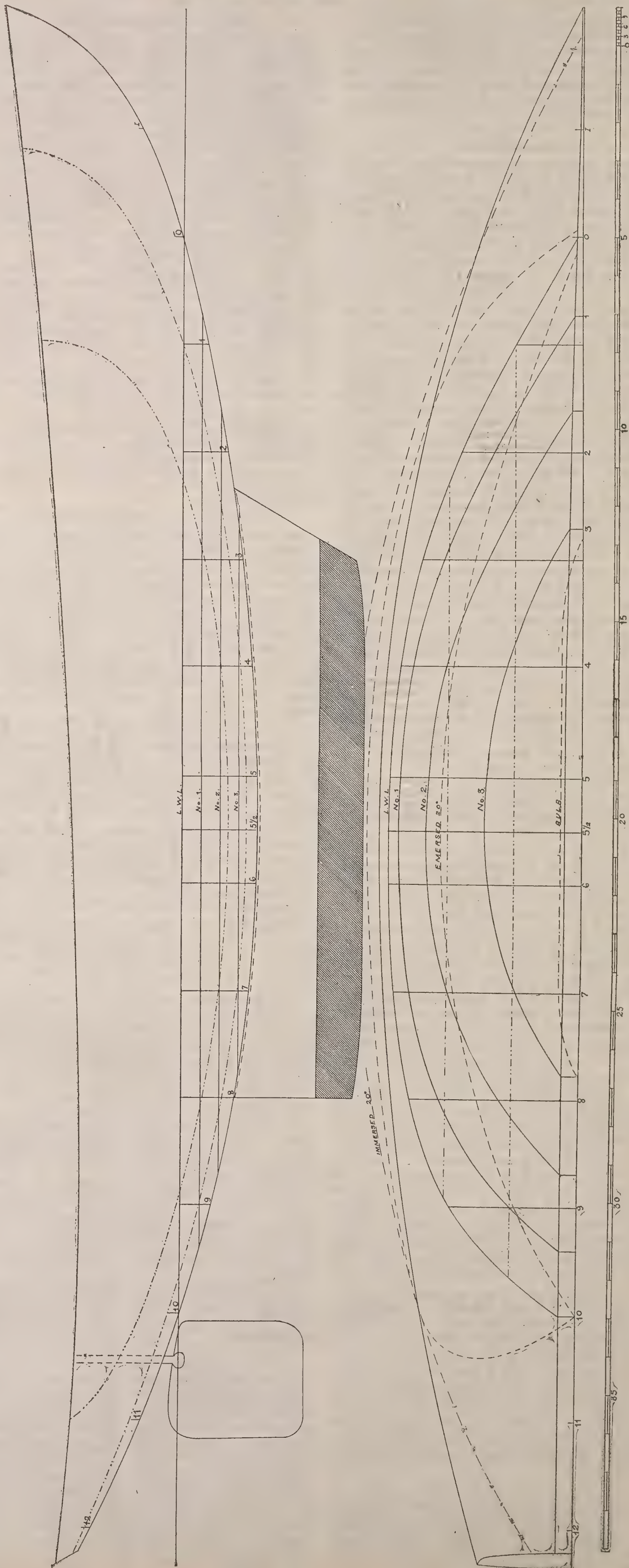
Nine couples of basket beagles arrived on the steamer Martello on Jan. 23, consigned to Mr. A. Delancy Kane. These are intended particularly for sport afoot with the tiny hounds. Mr. Kane rides quite regularly with the Quaker Ridge Kennels in their runs.

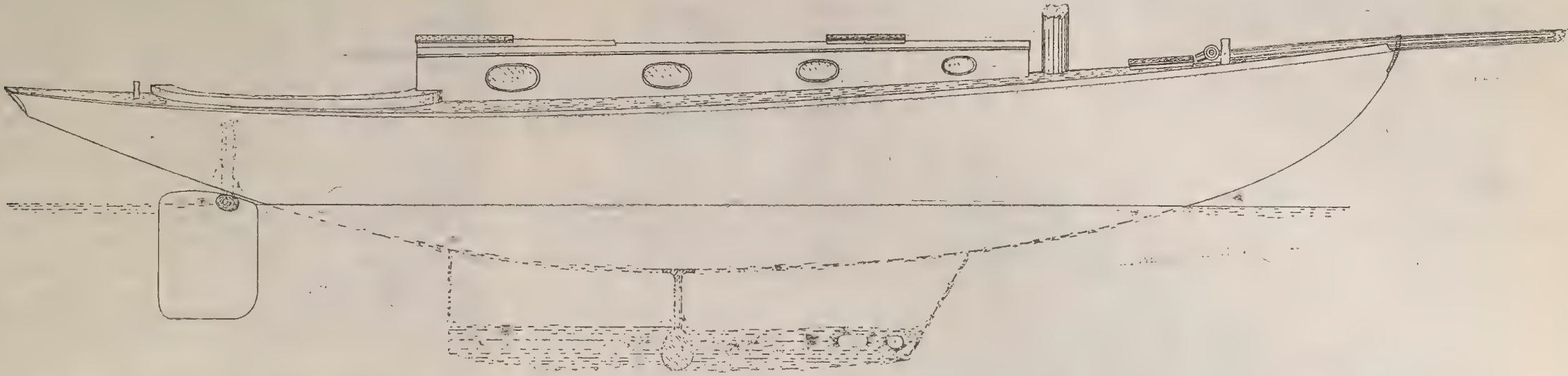
The constitution and by-laws of the Metropolitan Kennel Club can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. E. M. Oldham, care of Spratts Patent.

At the curling bonspiel which was concluded in Duluth last week, that sterling sportsman, Mr. Thos. Johnson, was a member of the rink which captured for the third time the Hall diamond medals, which are now the rink's property. Manitoba sent eight rinks of four men each, which were pitted against eight selected rinks made up of picked men of all American rinks, and Manitoba was victorious.

Owing to delicate health Mr. Whyte Bedford has disposed of nearly all his kennel of setters, and is considering whether to quit field trial interests entirely or not. He may remain at West Point after the trials and enjoy the shooting which there obtains and also at the same time enjoy the curative benefits of West Point's artesian water. All good dogmen like pure water and abundance of it.

We are informed that Capt. Joseph H. Dew intends to be present at the forthcoming field trials at West Point,





PALMYRA.

Miss., and that a number of Nashville gentlemen will accompany him, among whom will be Mr. J. D. B. De Bow, assistant general counsel for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad. Mr. De Bow has an excellent puppy or two, and contemplates joining in field trial competition next season. Capt. Dew was a pioneer in field trial interests and in the improvement of the setter and pointer. His dogs and their doings hold an enviable place in the records.

In our advertising columns, J. F. Curly, Fitchburg, Mass., offers pointers; West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, offer bulldogs and terriers; J. A. Durrell, Pleasant Ridge, O., offers pointers; Seaforth Kennels, East Orange, N. J., announce the St. Bernards Melrose King and Sir Hugh in the stud.

National Beagle Club of America.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—A quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Feb. 3, at 3:30 P. M. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Yachting.

RUMORS of all sorts are flying about as to Mr. Iselin's visit to Europe. One is to the effect that he carries with him the finding of the special committee and will present it to the Royal Y. S. Another states that the main object of his trip abroad is to meet Lord Dunraven on the field of Honour. A meeting of these two noted yachtsmen on the sands of Boulogne, armed with cutlasses, boarding pikes or other appropriately nautical weapons, would give renewed interest to international yachting, which is just now in a bad way.

ONE of the leading representatives of that sort of sensational and claptrap journalism which bribes draftsmen and workmen, hires spies, sends divers under water and balloons in the air, concocts fake designs and sends eavesdroppers to the yacht clubs, has met with a severe rebuke from the special committee. Unfortunately a mere rebuke, however severe and public, has no effect whatever upon this class of offenders, and if the New York Y. C. is honest in its expressions of indignation and desirous of putting an end to such occurrences, it will take some active measures to discover the means by which the report was obtained and to punish both the paper and its tools.

WHILE we have no sympathy whatever with the dishonesty which has made public the evidence, neither have we any with the foolish and unnecessary secrecy with which the New York Y. C. has enveloped the whole matter of the foul and of Lord Dunraven's charges. The special committee, in its statement published elsewhere, gives for the first time its reasons for secrecy, as follows: "That the report and evidence being published together, all the facts and conclusions might come simultaneously before the public, whose opinion could then be formed upon the whole case without the inevitable prejudgment for or against either party consequent upon a partial hearing from day to day."

We confess that such a simple and childlike statement as this has lowered materially our opinion of the special committee. It apparently never occurred to them that this great case, in which two nations were interested, would be taken up by the newspapers to the exclusion of everything else, and that one of two things must happen: either the truth would be obtained by some fraudulent means, or the papers would print lies. The result has been a combination of these two undesirable contingencies; unable to obtain any reliable or definite information during the sessions of the committee, the mind readers of some of the larger papers have filled columns each day with the pleasing pictures of their fancy, and it is on these stories that the public has already made an "inevitable prejudgment." Further than this, the continued and apparently needless concealment of the report has placed so high a premium upon journalistic dishonesty as to defeat its own end.

We are surprised that the gentlemen of the committee did not appreciate at the very outset the fact that both the press and the public demanded news of some kind and were certain to get it; and also that the only way in which the average man could form an opinion was through the reading of the evidence from day to day in the daily papers. From what we hear of the extent of the testimony, when it is made public some time in the future there will be so much of it that no paper will be able to publish more than a *resumé*, more or less garbled and incomplete. Those who are specially interested and are able to obtain a copy of the report, may get at the truth by taking a day to read the whole evidence, but to the general public of both countries the matter is largely at an end now.

Whatever danger existed of incomplete and misleading reports being published, had the hearings been open to the press, was not to be considered alongside of the harm actually done by the futile attempts at concealment.

THE case of the testimony as to the foul in the second race is similar to that of the Dunraven charges; the examination of the witnesses should have been public and the proceedings reported from day to day. The report of the regatta committee gives none of the evidence taken by them, important as it was.

Idlewild—Constellation.

An important case was decided in New York last week, the suit of Charles Cooper Clark, owner of the schooner yacht Idlewild, against Bayard Thayer, owner of the schooner yacht Constellation. The suit grew out of a collision between the two yachts as they were running into Newport on Aug. 4, 1892, at the end of the squadron run from

New London. Idlewild was not racing, but was making for the harbor, as the big racing schooners Constellation, Merlin, Lasca and others were near the finish line of the run, off the Dumplings. All were before the wind with spinakers and all racing kites set. Idlewild had no spinaker set, and kept away as far as she could without jibing, though finally compelled to jibe. Constellation ran up on her and their spars came in collision, the main boom of Idlewild being unshipped. Mr. Clark was standing forward of the mainmast, and as the end of the boom flew forward it struck him in the head, inflicting serious injury.

Mr. Clark claimed \$25,000 personal damages, \$1,250 for damages to the yacht, and \$1,500 for the loss of her for two months during repairs.

Concerning Mr. Clark's personal injuries, evidence was introduced to show that he had also been injured in a railway collision and a runaway accident, and that such injury as he suffered from was due in part to these. It was also shown that the damage to the yacht was comparatively trifling.

The main point of the case was whether, under the rules of the road at sea, Constellation, as the overtaking vessel, was obliged to keep clear; or whether, under the racing rules of the New York Y. C., to which both yachts belong, Idlewild, not being in the race, was obliged to keep out of the way of the racing yachts. The judge's charge favored the latter view, but the jury gave a verdict of \$5,000 for Mr. Clark. Messrs. Charles Francis Adams 2d and Sigmund Butler, both expert yachtsmen, were associated with Peter B. Olney in the defense.

The Bulb-Fin Palmyra.

LOOKING at what was understood to be the original aim of its founders, the 34ft. racing length special class of the Larchmont Y. C. can hardly be called a success; though some of the boats built last year are better than others and more nearly in accordance with the letter of the requirements, in all the faster ones speed has been purchased at the cost of other important qualities. About Larchmont, the home of the class, only the centerboard type has been tried, with the single exception of Vorant II., a moderate keel cutter, the fin type being entirely passed by. The yacht whose lines are here shown, through the courtesy of her owner and her designer, was built for another locality and has never met the main class; but she is a successful study in the fin keel type under the special Larchmont rules. These, as is well known, limit the l.w.l. to 28 to 30ft., the deck length to 35ft., the racing length to 34ft., and call for not less than certain limits of headroom and floor space, the idea being to produce a yacht with some internal accommodation such as is not possessed by the racing fin-keel. One important detail of the rules is the practical limitation of the midship section coefficient to a minimum of 35 per cent.

Palmyra was designed by Mr. George B. Wilbur, the well-known amateur, of Taunton, Mass., and was built for Mr. William F. Palmer, of the same place, formerly owner of the fin-keel Paralos, also designed by Mr. Wilbur. By a judicious combination of dimensions with a powerful but easy form and a long shoal fin of cast iron, a yacht has been produced which fulfills in a marked degree the requirements as to floor space, headroom etc., complying not merely with the letter, but with the spirit of the rules, and in addition has proved a fast boat in her home waters, Narragansett Bay, where a number of good 30-footers are found during the racing season. The construction and use of the yacht are both such as pertain to cruising and general sailing rather than extreme racing; but she has during the season started four times and won three firsts, being once disabled; and has shown satisfactory evidence of good speed in addition to her accommodation and light draft. The designed dimensions and calculations are as follows; but in both racing and cruising the yacht carried 1,500lbs. of water in her tanks and 1,250lbs. of fittings, which brought her to a lwl. of just 30ft:

Length, stemhead to taffrail.....	42ft. 6in.
l.w.l.....	28ft.
Beam, extreme.....	10ft. 6in.
l.w.l.....	10ft. 1in.
Draft, hull.....	2ft.
extreme.....	4ft. 9in.
Freeboard, bow.....	4ft. 9in.
least.....	2ft. 9in.
stern.....	3ft. 2in.
Displacement, hull, long tons.....	6.14
fin and bulb.....	3.10
Headroom, cabin.....	6ft. 2in.
forecastle, over.....	5ft.
Midship section, coefficient.....	36%

Palmyra was built by E. H. Brown, of the Taunton shipyard, being launched on July 17, 1895. The construction is most careful and thorough, being superintended by her owner, who has built and owned a number of yachts. The fastenings are brass screws throughout. She is handsomely finished in mahogany on deck and below, the cabin house and carlins being of mahogany, the roof of the house of Oregon cedar, and the interior of mahogany and butternut in the cabin and the latter wood alone forward.

The forecabin extends across the boat for a length of 6ft. and is fitted with a sink piped to the sea and plumbed to tanks of 180 gallons capacity, an ice box extending from ceiling to deck of 350lbs. capacity, and a china locker is built in compartments for a full dinner service. The cabin has four berths and four transoms, the berth boards of the after berths being removable, making each of these berths as wide as an ordinary bed. The headroom, 6ft. 2in. under carline, and the raised house make a light, roomy and airy cabin, and the

arrangement and fittings are all planned with a view to regular cruising service.

From a long experience with different types, having built and owned five 30ft. l.w.l. yachts, Mr. Palmer is convinced that the broad and shoal fin-keel is the ideal type for a cruiser, combining as it does the greatest amount of living room with a small displacement, fine lines, a form capable of being easily driven with a small sail area and at the same time of great sail-carrying power. As the drawings show, with all the fullness of sections and waterlines the lines are very easy and fair in spite of the contraction before alluded to. The rig is shown in the smaller cuts.

YAMPA'S VOYAGE.—I.

New York to Gibraltar, 1895.

ON the morning of Jan. 10, 1895, the seagoing tug Tarus left the harbor of Boston with the schooner yacht Yampa in tow, bound for New York. Yampa had on all her seagoing togs, and was armed and equipped for distant service, "bound foreign."

After rounding Cape Cod, and while still on the Shoals, we ran into a heavy snow squall from the S.W. and put into Vineyard Haven for the night.

Under way at daylight next morning, still blowing half a gale from the S.W., found quite a jump of a sea on in Vineyard Sound, and occasionally we would stick our jibboom into it. Everything went along nicely until we were abreast of Faulkner's Island, when the gale increased and another blinding snowstorm set in. The skipper of the tug decided to run into Morris Cove and make a harbor for the night. While rounding up to let go the hook Yampa's jibboom got afoul of the cabin house of a coal barge, and gently shifted the cabin top over the side.

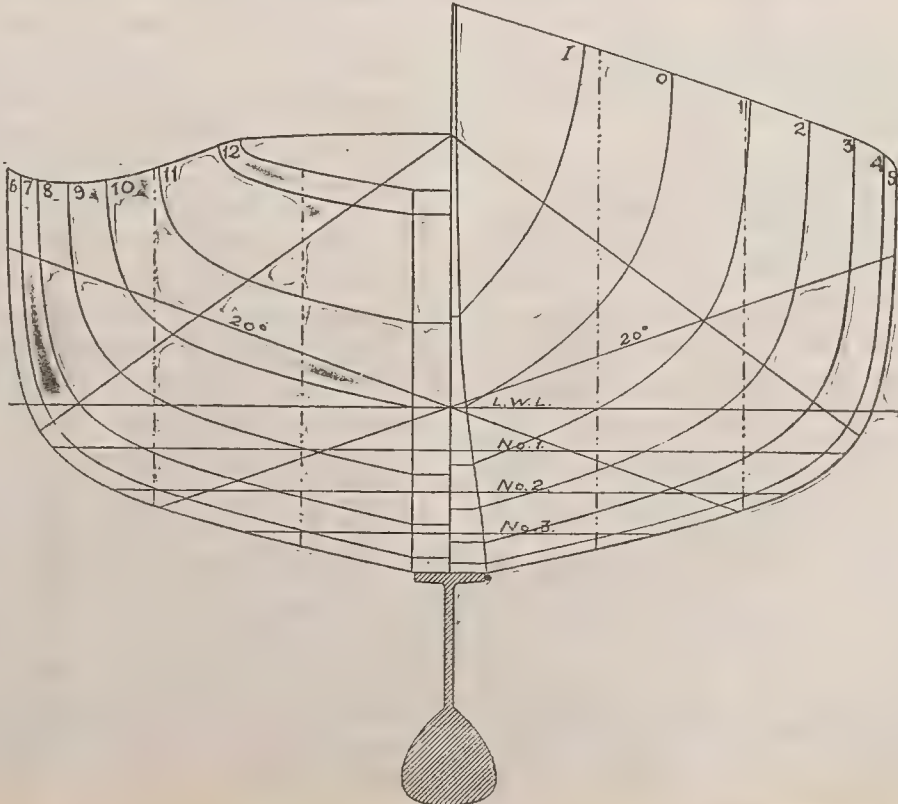
Luckily no one was injured, and it was so nicely done that not even a rope yarn on Yampa parted.

Jan. 12.—Left Morris Cove at 6 A. M.; the wind had moderated, and the sea was smooth as a mill pond. We had an uneventful trip to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, New York, where we arrived about 3 P. M. Moored ship between the piers of Twenty-eighth and Twenty-sixth streets, then sent out stern lines and hauled her stern into the Twenty-sixth street dock, rigged out a gang plank, and then the ship was open for inspection to the numerous friends of her owner, Richard S. Palmer, New York Y. C. Yampa certainly did look rather small when compared with the school-ship St. Mary and the old line of battle ship New Hampshire, now used as headquarters for the First Naval Battalion; but after once having been aboard and explored the accommodation and room below, she gave one an idea of a much larger boat than she really is. Being built of steel, and as there are no large knees and frames to cover up with joiner work, she has great spaced below. The following are her dimensions:

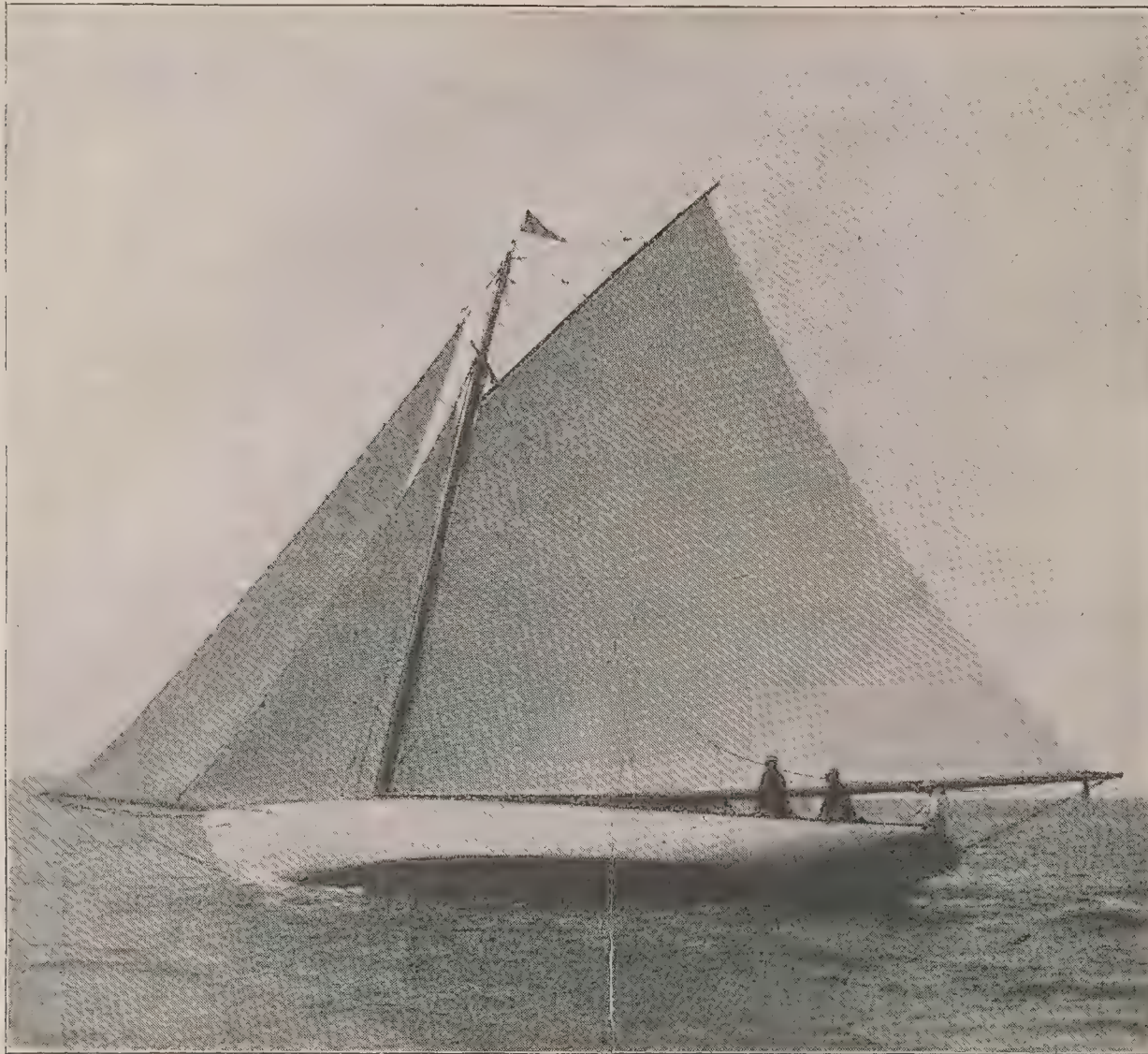
Length over all, 135ft.; l.w.l., 110ft.; extreme beam, 27ft.; depth of hold, 13ft. 3in.; draft, 14ft. She was designed by A. Cary Smith and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., in 1887, and beyond doubt is the finest schooner in the world.

When I mentioned to my friends that my cousin and I were going to make the trip across, the comments were numerous and rather funny. They were about evenly divided and can be classed in just two sets: those who thought we were fools, and the others who thought we were lucky to have such a chance. Needless to mention that we both agreed with the latter.

Yampa was in the finest trim for a "dipsy" voyage. All sails, standing and running rigging were brand new and of the very best. Mainsail, foresail and forestaysail were made of No. 0 duck, jib of No. 1, and topsails and flying jib of No. 2. Besides the above sails we carried a square-sail on the fore. It was rigged to hoist on a wire pennant that ran from the hounds to the deck, and was set up with a turnbuckle. It was a very handy rig, and the yard could be cockbilled and used as a spinaker boom in a



BODY PLAN.



PALMYRA.

very short time. Our squaresail was made in two sections: the upper of No. 1 duck, 20ft. in hoist, and permanently attached to the yard. The sail was bent to the yard on hoops, and when not in use was tightly brailed up and furled. It hung parallel with the foremast, and was securely lashed to keep it from swinging about. The bonnet, or lower section of squaresail, was of much lighter canvas and 34ft. in length, which gave the whole sail a hoist of 54ft. when set. Six brailing lines were rove off every time the sail was set, two on the upper section and four on the bonnet. Each brail and outhaul worked independently, and as there was a tack in the center of the foot of the sail the weather side of the squaresail could be set at any time. We also had main and foretrysails, and numerous kites, such as jibtopsails, maintopmaststaysails, etc.

Open house was kept on Yampa until midnight of Jan. 16, at which time all hands were ordered to report on board and stand by for an early start next morning. It was a most unpleasant night to start out on a yachting trip—raining hard and as cold as charity. After bidding farewell to all my relatives, friends, etc., and wading through the numerous ponds that are always to be found in East Twenty-sixth street on a rainy day, I must confess that I felt rather blue. However, one look at the sign ("Charities and Correction") over the pier seemed to inspire me with new life. Had quite a time rousing the watchman of the dock, as it was 1 A. M., but at last succeeded, and went aboard Yampa and reported for duty. The rest of the boys were all on board, and were going down as far as the Hook next morning to give us a good send off. Our crew consisted of nineteen men all told, to say nothing of the dog (Dapper, a fox-terrier): Capt. Edward Sherlock, First Mate John Burt and Second Mate Wm. Carrol, two cooks, two stewards and twelve men before the mast. They were all deep-sea men, and as good a crew as ever trod a vessel's deck.

Jan. 17.—Turned out at 7 A. M.; beautiful morning, but cold. Wind W. and very puffy. All hands were hard at work stowing away things and making the decks look shipshape. While we were eating breakfast about 8:30 A. M. the tug came alongside and passed us a line; we got in our stern lines and started heaving up anchors. By 9 A. M. we had both anchors catted and were moving down the East River.

It was horribly cold on the trip down the Bay, and the snow-covered hills of Staten Island did not tend to cheer us up. At 12:30 we had a light lunch and the boys drank numerous toasts to T. and me and wished us all kinds of good luck, etc. Off Scotland Lightship at 1:15 P. M. the tug dropped us and came alongside and took off Mr. Palmer and the rest of the party. Being still on crutches from a fall in riding Mr. Palmer could not make the passage, but was to join us by steamer at Gibraltar. We then manned the side and gave them three cheers, which they returned with a will, the tug assisting with numerous blasts from her whistle.

Then it was "all hands make sail," which was done in a very short time. In hoisting the mainsail and foresail large lumps of ice (which had frozen in the numerous bights of the sails) fell to the deck. I thought T.'s remark at that time—"It's— poor weather to go yachting in"—came very near being correct.

Started under full sail except flying jib, with a fine old westerly breeze and smooth sea. The tug followed us until 2 P. M., when we commenced to walk away from her. She whistled us a sweet farewell and we answered the salute by firing a gun. The last we saw of the tug she was making tracks for New York, and the next land we expected to see was St. Michaels, Azores.

At 3 P. M. the wind hauled to N.W., and we downed foresail and forestaysail and set whole squaresail. Quite a good sea on now and Yampa riding like a duck and logging 11 knots. At 4 P. M. wind increased some; found that jib was simply slatting about and doing no work, so we downed it.

On deck all afternoon trying to get acclimatized, but found it rather cold work. Took a trick at the wheel and managed to warm up. When dinner was ready at 6 P. M. found I was hungry as a wolf. T. was rather squeamish and did not eat very much. Sea picking up all

the time. On deck until 9 P. M. Wind N.W., blowing steadily. Yampa under whole mainsail and squaresail and doing 10 knots. Read until 10:30, then turned in.

Jan. 18.—Wind continued steady, and at 3 A. M. we ran into the Gulf Stream; found quite a sea on and all over the shop. Steward called us at 8 A. M. and brought some tea biscuits, which we stowed away before turning out.

On deck in a very short time, and found the weather very much warmer. Wind still N.W., and Yampa under mainsail and squaresail. Fine, clear day, and very few of the clouds that are usually seen hanging over the Stream. We are now running dead squared and the sea is cut up so that it gives her a very peculiar motion. Spent all morning reeving off life lines and putting on chafing gear.

The amount of chafing that occurs on a sailing vessel at sea would surprise one who has never seen it. Every place that a rope touches it chafes, and to quote our second mate, "A packet like this will do more chafing in two days off shore than she would in five years knocking along the beach." From what I have seen I think he is right. Drew a bucket of water about noon and found its temperature was 70°. So much warmer this afternoon that we have been knocking about without overcoats.

Took a short trick at wheel and found it rather hard work. At 6 P. M. wind backed round to west again, and we downed squaresail and set foresail, forestaysail and jib.

Breezed up all the evening, but we hung on to everything, and drove her through it until 11 P. M., then turned out all hands, double reefed mainsail and put single reef in foresail. Midnight—wind increasing and sea picking up all the time.

Jan. 19.—Kept her going all night under the same sail. On deck at 8 A. M. Blowing half a gale from the west and a howling old sea on. Going like a race horse. T. was too sick this A. M. to turn out for breakfast, and resolved to remain in his bunk and await developments. Oilskins and boots were the uniform for the day, as it rains occasionally and we are driving her. Gale increased during the morning and sea getting worse all the time. Took in double reefed mainsail at 11 A. M., and set maintrysail, which eased her up a good bit. At 11:30 set the upper part of squaresail and hoisted the yard about half-way up the foremast. We are now doing 12½ knots. Had a large and elegant appetite for luncheon and as T. was still too sick to turn out I ate both rations. We battened her down about noon, as sea was getting worse all the time. At 2 P. M. wind shifted to N.W. and blew harder than ever. Brailed up squaresail and jibed over. Took a green sea over the weather quarter that stove in the port quarter of our lifeboat.

The lifeboat was stowed on the starboard quarter of Yampa and made a very handy deck locker. Wind continued very squally all afternoon and it rained occasionally. At 6:10 P. M. we had logged just 500 miles from Scotland Lightship. Had to dine alone this evening as T. was still confined to his bunk. At 8 P. M. a flying fish (who evidently mistook our port light for the rising sun) flew aboard. He struck the maintrysail and fell on deck. One of the crew caught him and we examined him by the light of the binnacle. Gale increased about 11 P. M. and we took bonnet off forestaysail and put another reef in foresail. Yampa now under maintrysail, double reefed foresail, reefed forestaysail and jib. Several seas boarded us during the night, but did no damage.

Jan. 20.—Wind hauled more to the north during the early morning. When I got on deck at 8 A. M. wind was N.N.W. and blowing a gale. Mate wanted to heave to, but the skipper would not have it. "Keep her running and we will run out of it in a day or so"—were the orders. Kept her running all the morning with wind off the port quarter. The sea was now mountains high and one of the finest sights I have ever seen. When we were down in the hollow it looked as if the next sea was coming aboard and would sweep the deck. We did ship one or two over the weather quarter, one of which soaked me to the skin. Had to go below and make a complete shift.

At 11 A. M. we put out an oil bag from the weather cat-head and it acted like a charm—in fact seemed to take all the top from the seas and they were feathery white. On looking astern when on the top of a sea our track marked by the oil looked like a beaten trail through some dense woods. At noon sighted a bark bound west, hove to on the starboard tack, under lower topsails and forestaysail. She seemed to be making very poor weather of it and I could not help thinking of that old proverb, "It's an ill wind," etc., as at that time we were logging from 13½ to 14 knots an hour.

During the afternoon we had some heavy rain squalls, but not enough to make any perceptible difference in the size of the sea. Crew had been hard at work all day renewing chafing gear. The sea for the last two days had been enough to chafe out anything. T. spent all day in his bunk reading, and now feels much better. Have had to use the companionway of the galley as an entrance and exit to the cabin ever since we battened her down. Gale moderated a little about 8 P. M., but was still rather squally. Sea also smoothing some, and we took in oil bag. Had been running all day under maintrysail, double reefed foresail, reefed forestaysail and jib. At midnight wind had become steady, so shook out one reef in foresail. Sea smoothing a bit.

Jan. 21.—Carried the same sail all early morning. On turning out at 8 A. M. found that sea had smoothed some. T. turned out for breakfast as fresh as a 2-year-old. It was a beautiful day, and as warm as toast. Sat around on deck in the sun all morning, and felt sorry for all the poor devils that were freezing in New York. Dapper (the fox-terrier) also made his appearance on deck this A. M. and looked very fit for a dog that had eaten nothing for two days. Tried to tempt him with all kinds of biscuits and at last he succumbed to some gingersnaps, which seemed to brace him right up.

At noon the skipper, T. and I took altitude of sun, and on working it out found we had run down to 33° N. Found it rather hard work at first to keep my feet and take a sight. Finally I got a brace in the lee rigging and succeeded. At 12:30 the lookout reported, "Sail ho!" dead ahead. All hands and the cook tumbled on deck to see the show. After a few minutes we made her out to be a tramp steamer bound to the westward, with mainsail, foresail and jib set.

We got our ensign out and, as mainsail was not set, we lashed it to one of the topping lifts. Also got our number, K. D. W. S., and sent it up to the maintop. The tramp passed about a quarter of a mile to leeward of us and hoisted English colors. Shortly afterward she sent up answering pennant. She was a small vessel, light and rolling like a log. The small rags of sails she was carrying did not appear to be doing her much good, for she seemed to roll as much to windward as to leeward. Wind lightened up some at 1:30 P. M. and we shook out the reef in foresail. Sea still pretty bad, but has lost all its angry look. Carried same sail until the second dog watch and then put single reef in foresail again. At 7 P. M. we had logged just 1,000 miles from Scotland Lightship. Wind steady and sea still very high. On deck until 10 P. M.

Jan. 22.—Wind shifted to N.W. about 3 A. M. and let up a bit. Sea smoothing all the time. At daylight shook out reef in foresail and put bonnet on forestaysail. On deck at 8 A. M., beautiful morning and as balmy as June. Sea smooth enough for us to take off all battens and give the cabins a chance to air. At 9:30 A. M. set foretopsail. Yampa now under maintrysail, foresail and topsail, forestaysail and jib, and doing about 10 knots.

Crew spent all morning making chafing gear and overhauling running rigging, etc. At noon took sight for latitude. 12:30 downed maintrysail and set double reefed mainsail. Spent all afternoon on deck reading, etc. Wind continued the same until 5 P. M., when it hauled more to the westward. Clewed up foretopsail and downed forestaysail and set the upper part of squaresail.



PALMYRA.

During the evening it clouded over and we had numerous rain squalls. None were very heavy. On deck until 10 P. M.; rain had knocked down the sea somewhat. Wind still west.

W. IRVINE ZEREGA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Special Committee's Report.

Com. Brown has called a special meeting of the New York Y. C. for Jan. 31, at which the report of the committee appointed to investigate Lord Dunraven's charges against Mr. Iselin will probably be made public. A special meeting of the committee was held on Jan. 21, and the following announcement was made public:

New York, Jan. 21.—The evidence given before the special committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to take action upon the statement made by Lord Dunraven covering the America Cup races having been surreptitiously obtained, and having been published by the *New York Herald*, contrary to the purposes of the committee and in advance of its report, the committee thinks it due to itself and the public to make the following statement:

In view of the feeling which had been excited and the international interest involved in a thorough investigation, the committee, with considerable reluctance and at no small personal sacrifice, undertook the duties assigned to it.

It sat with closed doors, and made every effort to keep the evidence private, in order that, the report and evidence being published together, all the facts and conclusions might come simultaneously before the public, whose opinion could then be formed on the whole case without the inevitable prejudgment for or against either party consequent on a partial hearing from day to day.

That this purpose has been defeated the public knows—and how! Important papers have been prematurely made public against the will and well-understood efforts of the persons in charge of them who were responsible for the proper discharge of an extremely delicate duty.

In what way a copy of the evidence was obtained the committee does not know; but, in its judgment, the publication under the well-known circumstances is a disgrace to the journal that made it, and the committee believes that this view can scarcely fail to be that of every respectable member of the community, conscious of the existence of an evil of which this is one of the worst instances.

EDWARD J. PHELPS,
ALFRED T. MAHAN,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
GEORGE L. RIVES.

Grilse and Sylph.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The *FOREST AND STREAM* in a recent issue reprints an article from the *Boston Globe*, which, speaking of Mr. Hickins's boat Sylph, calls her a 20-footer and easily the best boat in the bay in her class, and says that Grilse had to lower her colors on several occasions.

Now Sylph measured just under 15ft. waterline at the first races and later with a heavier mast just over 15ft. She was built especially to get round last year's measurement, while Grilse was not, and though really decidedly larger than the figures show, got a very large allowance from Grilse. The record of races where either started is given below. Sylph does not belong to the Beverly Y. C. and could not enter the championship races, but twice sailed the course and was timed by request.

June 17.—Open. Sylph dismasted just before start. Grilse won.

July 4.—Championship. Howling gale and blinding rain N.E. Sylph on hand to sail over course, but made no attempt to start. Grilse won in very fast time.

July 13.—Open race. Hard blow, squall, etc. Sylph not on hand. Grilse won easily.

Aug. 3.—Championship. Sylph sailed course in 1.57.31. Grilse in 1.53.4, which lead is more than the allowance.

Aug. 17.—Open. Fluky, boats separated. Actual time, Grilse 1.22.47; Sylph 1.23.37. Corrected: Sylph 1.07.49, Grilse 1.03.59.

Aug.—Sippican Y. C. Open to entire fleet. Grilse beat Sylph some minutes and took the cup from entire fleet.

Aug 31.—Open.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Grilse.....	1 53 46	1 37 11
Sylph.....	1 55 53	1 36 42
Sept. 2.—Open race.		
Grilse.....	2 52 56	2 36 21
Sylph.....	3 02 12	2 43 11
Sept. 14.—Championship. Grilse wins. Sylph sailed course and was beaten about 10 minutes.		X. Y. Z.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

William Judson Averill, until recently in charge of the yacht and boat department of the New York store of A. G. Spalding & Bro., died on Jan. 21 of consumption, at the age of 23 years. Mr. Averill was the youngest of four brothers, well known among the younger yachtsmen and canoeists of New York and Brooklyn, one of whom, H. R. Averill, died under very sad circumstances about two years ago. The other two are now in business in Yokohama, where they take an active part in yachting. Mr. Averill was an ardent lover of yachting, and for some years has been connected with the boat business about New York. He was a good Corinthian sailor, and from his readiness to work his passage at tiller and sheet, as well as his personal qualities, was always welcome aboard racing yachts. Within a very few years the family has been completely broken up through the deaths in succession of the father, mother and second son, and Mr. Averill has never recovered from the final shock caused by his brother's death. Last winter he visited Bermuda and returned somewhat improved in health, but during the summer he was taken seriously ill, and while on board Mr. Hoyt's Norota on the New York cruise was compelled to give up all work. Consumption developed rapidly, and he grew steadily weaker to the end. His last actual work was in connection with Ethelwynn, and his energy and perseverance, though ill at the time, contributed materially to the rapid and perfect construction of the yacht, the details of centerboard, spars, sails, fittings, etc., being prepared in advance, while the hull was building. No one connected with her was more deeply interested in her success or took more pride in her, and yet he never saw her. His thorough integrity and honesty of purpose, his earnestness in everything which he undertook, and his plain and unaffected manners endeared him to all who came in contact with him socially, in business or in yachting.

Mr. W. D. Hodge, of Sandquay, Dartmouth, who died yesterday from congestion of the lungs, was widely known all along the South coast. Mr. Hodge was the builder of small half-racing craft, notably the Picaroon, Corrinette, Semibreve and Halo. Some of his best efforts in the 1-rating class were the Nanette and Scourge, while Scaramouch, Jack-o'-Lantern and many others were built at his yard. With Capt. Bayly, of Exmouth, he jointly owned many racing craft, and few will feel his loss more than Capt. Bayly. He was an esteemed member of the committees of Dart Boat Sailing and Minima Yacht Clubs. Mr. Hodge, who was 48 years of age and only ill ten days, was a staunch Wesleyan, and had held nearly all the offices open to laymen. Much sympathy is expressed with his widow, son and daughters.—*Western Morning News*, Jan. 14.

"Steam Vessels and Marine Engines" is the title of a handsome quarto volume by G. Foster Howell, of the *American Ship Builder*, and published by that paper. Mr. Howell has collected a large number of illustrations of both sail and steam vessels, yachts, steamers, tugs, etc., with engines and boilers, the whole making a valuable and interesting book of reference in modern practice, as well as a history of marine engineering. All types are illustrated and fully described, from the original Savannah and the packet ships to the St. Paul and Lucania.

The yacht brokerage business established two years since by Ashton Lemoine will in the future be conducted under the name of Tams & Lemoine, Mr. J. Frederick Tams having joined Mr. Lemoine on the first of the year. Both of these gentlemen are very well known to yachtsmen, and Mr. Tams in particular has been prominent in the New York and Seawanbaka clubs, and in New York yachting, for more years perhaps than he would care to have us state. In addition to his thorough familiarity with sailing craft and yacht racing, he has had charge of the construction of two of the finest of American steam yachts, Mr. Vanderbilt's Alva and Mr. Morgan's Corsair. The firm will carry on a general business as yacht and ship brokers, marine constructors and insurers, and they are prepared to furnish plans, place contracts and superintend all classes of marine work. Their office is at 44 Pine street, New York, and their London agents are Messrs. Berryman & Turnbull.

The 1896 catalogue of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. is similar in size and style to that of last year, but of improved appearance, and the list of boats, canoes and yachts has been materially enlarged and improved. The success of La Gloria, Scarecrow and Ethelwynn has led the company to devote special attention to this class of small yachts, and to seek for every improvement in model, construction and rig. They have added this season a new design by W. P. Stephens, in two sizes, 19ft. and 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., to be canvassed, if desired for racing, to the 30ft. and 15ft. racing length classes. In construction all of these boats have been strengthened and lightened, and the double-skin method has been worked out to a high degree of perfection.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Changes of A. C. A. Racing Rules.

The following recommendations to the regatta committee of amendments and changes to the racing regulations were made by the executive committee meeting Nov. 11, 1895:

By Mr. O'Brien, seconded by Mr. Scott, that Rule 1 be amended by the addition after paragraph 5 of a paragraph, "Canoes for four men crews shall not exceed 20ft. in length, with minimum beam of 30in."

By Mr. Scott, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, that the regatta committee shall place a limit of not less than 30in. beam and 55lbs. weight to canoes in event 16, tandem paddling.

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Schuyler, to amend Rule 1, paragraph 2, by omitting the words "must not drop more than 18in. below the garboard."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, in Rule 1, paragraph 5, to strike out down to "no standing sail shall be used."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, to add in Rule 5, paragraph 2, after the word "men," "provided ten or more finish; if less than ten finish a prize shall only be given to each two or fraction of two finishing."

By Mr. Scott, and seconded by Mr. Schuyler, to change Rule 5, paragraph 2, by striking out the words after the word "with" to the word "thereon," and substituting therefor the words "paddling, sailing or record." The letters A. C. A. and the year expressed in four figures.

By Mr. Quick, seconded by Mr. McKendrick, an amendment that in place of flags, shields or some more lasting memento be substituted.

By Mr. Sparrow, seconded by Mr. Backus, the prizes shall be allotted before the races are run.

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, to change Rule 5, paragraph 6, by striking out the words "rig or."

By Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Quick, in Rule 5, paragraph 6, to substitute the word "trial" for "unlimited."

The above recommendations by vote were approved.

I approve of the above changes.

W. C. WITHEBEE,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Mr. Butler, seconded by Mr. Backus, moved that it is the sense of this meeting that after paragraph 1, Rule 1, of rules and regulations shall be added: "Sail area shall be limited to 130sq. ft." Carried.

Mr. Butler moved, seconded by Mr. Smythe, that it is the sense of this meeting in Rule 1, lines 7 and 8, beginning with the word "except," to strike out all the remainder of the paragraph. Carried.

I approve of the above changes.

W. C. WITHEBEE,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

The Canoeists' Club of New York.

A NUMBER of the members of the Canoeists' Club of New York and their friends had their customary yearly dinner at Browne's chop house on Jan. 25. The proposed camp on Lake Hopatcong on Decoration Day was discussed and much enthusiasm was shown. Members of the various committees of the Atlantic Division made remarks incidental to the occasion and the evening was enlivened by the old favorites: Australia, Allouette and "Roll a man down." Among those present were Messrs. Vaux, Smythe, Ward, Moore, Nadal, W. M. and I. Brownell, Burtis and Hand, of the N. Y. C. C.; R. J. Wilkin, of the B. C. C.; W. E. Barlow and N. S. Hyatt, of Sing Sing; P. B. Rossire, Thomas Hale, Jr., and Leo Shire, of the Yonkers C. C.; L. B. Cawley, of Bound Brook; R. H. Peebles, W. T. Berry, J. P. O'Shea and W. L. Dudley, of the Knickerbocker C. C.; J. V. Dorland, of the Arlington C. C. Mr. Hand was elected President of the Canoeists' Club for the ensuing year and Mr. Hale Secretary-Treasurer. Another dinner is to be held late in February. The committee in charge were Messrs. Dorland, Hale and W. M. Brownell.

[The notices of this dinner were sent out too late last week for publication in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.]

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	Club.	City.
Edw. W. Kinsley.....	Lakeside Boat Club	Worcester.
H. A. Bellinger.....	Lakeside Boat Club	Worcester.
Nelson C. Keyes.....		Worcester.
Edmond J. Somers.....		Worcester.

Associate: Miss Alice Kirby, Miss Nellie Kirby, Miss Mabel Moser, Rochester, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

California Riflemen.

COLUMBIA PISTOL AND RIFLE CLUB.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 12.—There was a good turn-out of the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club to-day; the firing points at Shell Mound range were patronized very freely, although the weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable to good scores. A heavy haze hung over the Berkeley shore, while the north wind blew the smoke right back into the shooter's face.

The new target invented by F. O. Young was the center of attraction. This target has been adopted by the club and will be used by the members in their competitions. In describing the target the *San Francisco Call* says:

"It is strictly an American target, and those who did not have a chance to use it during the experimental period were anxious to see what they could do upon it with rifle and pistol, for it is adapted equally to both.

"The Columbia target is a decided departure from all other targets in several particulars. In the first place the count is reversed, starting from the unit in the center, whereas in other ring targets an arbitrary number is placed in the center of the bullseye. In order to get the inch as the unit of value, the $\frac{1}{16}$ in. lines have been adopted. This makes the diameter of the inner circle, or center ring, 1in. This gives two values to the figures: the diameter value in inches and the distance from the center in half inches. On being shown by the marker a 1, 2, 3 or 4, the marksman knows that his bullet has struck within a 1, 2, 3 or 4in. circle. He also knows the distance of each bullet from the center in half inches. These circles are carried as high as 26, the outer circle being 26in. in diameter, or 13in. from the center. Thus the total of a string of shots is the approximate string measure in half inches. The total divided by the number of shots shows the average size of the circle in inches. A score of 10-shots, total 45, shows that the marksman has an average of a 4.5in. circle.

"To express Creedmoor points on the Columbia target the rule is very simple. Between 1 and 8 Columbia is 5 Creedmoor. Between 8 and 26 Columbia is 4 Creedmoor, and outside is a 3 Creedmoor, at 200yds. The same size target can be used at shorter ranges. At

100yds. the 4 Columbia is the 5 Creedmoor. At 50yds. the 2 is the 5, at 25yds. the 1 is the 5 Creedmoor. This does away with the necessity of reducing targets for shorter ranges. A 12in. black disk or bullseye is used, but its use is principally for the convenience of the eye, and not an object upon which to base computation.

"To be thoroughly American, another innovation was made. When shooting on the point target and a center or 25 was made, the marker waved a red flag. No red flag waves in front of the Columbia target when a center is announced. It is the stars and stripes."

To return to to-day's scores: The club has decided to offer cash prizes for the first and last center shots made on the pistol and rifle targets. Dr. Rodgers made the first center early in the morning, F. O. Young making the last center in the afternoon; this was on the rifle target. On the pistol target Young made the first center, C. M. Daiss making the last.

The new targets were voted a thorough success, the shooters being satisfied that they obtained full value for every shot. The scores made to-day were as below:

Unfred diamond medal and cash, 3 shots, all comers: F. O. Young 12, D. W. McLaughlin 15, Dr. Rodgers 15, W. Glindermann 18, A. R. Darrell 19, A. H. Pape 24, J. Gorman 32, E. Jacobsen 34, A. H. Gehret 81.

Champion class, 10 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 56, A. H. Pape 79, Dr. Rodgers 84, P. Bohr 96.

First class, 10 shots: H. R. Crane 80, A. B. Darrell 88, A. Gehret 106, G. Schultz 109, J. E. Klein 139, F. Baumgartner 134.

Second class, 10 shots: A. H. Kennedy 94, O. A. Bremer 108, J. E. Gorman 112, E. Jacobsen 119, G. M. Barley 125, G. Manuel 128, M. J. White 160, A. H. Hesse 70, F. Dennis 167, W. F. Unfred 144.

Pistol: All comers' medal and cash prizes, 3 shots: G. M. Daiss 9, A. H. Pape 9, J. E. Gorman 10, F. O. Young 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 11, E. Jacobsen 13.

Champion class, 10 shots: A. H. Pape 43, F. O. Young 45, Ed. Hovey 49, C. M. Daiss 59, J. E. Gorman 61.

First class, 10 shots: M. J. White 49, Dr. L. O. Rogers 50, D. W. McLaughlin 59, F. Baumgartner 74, F. Dennis 84.

Second class, 10 shots: E. Jacobsen 75, G. M. Barley 85, A. Fetz 94, W. Glindermann 98, A. H. Hesse 106, L. Zimmermann 109, W. F. Unfred 110, A. H. Kennedy 119, W. E. Lawrence 142.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its opening meet of the season to-day, the occasion being the monthly medal shoot of the club. The following scores were made:

Champion class medal, W. Glindermann, 434; first class, F. P. Schuster, 410; third class, J. Thode, 395; fourth class, H. Burfeind, 399.

First best shot, W. Glindermann, 25; last best shot, J. Thode, 25.

GERMANIA SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The first monthly shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Verein was held to-day, the following scores being made:

Champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 444; first class, G. Alpers, 416, second class, H. Heilburg, 421; fourth class, W. Garmes, 344.

First best shot, F. P. Schuster, 25; last best shot, A. Mocker, 25.

NORDDEUTSCHER SCHUETZEN VEREIN.

Jan. 12.—The members of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Verein held their first monthly bullseye shoot for the season of 1896 to-day. Following are the scores:

B. Glindermann 233, H. Heilburg 240½, A. Mocker 261, J. Peters 364, E. Thode 406, G. Alpers 469, H. Huber 761, J. Gefken 909, H. Stelling 909½, D. Vondermehren 1,083, F. Schuster 1,084, A. F. Meyer 1,087.

ROEEL.

Rifle Match at Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 18.—J. Johnson and B. Maskell shot a match here recently under the following conditions: 100yds., 20-ring target, ¾in. rings, 25 shots, Johnson conceding Maskell 15 shots. Both men shot poorly, especially Maskell. The scores were:

J. Johnson..... 8 10 10—28
B. Maskell..... 8 7 8—23

18 20 17 16 15 17 15 14 18 18 19 15 19 20 17 19 16 13 16 14 18 16 17 19—418
J. Johnson..... 8 10 10—28
B. Maskell..... 8 7 8—23

10 14 18 16 10 13 16 18 13 11 20 18 11 14 16 17 15 18 15 20 16 13 18 15 18—383
DUTCHER.

The De Lisle Rifles.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 16.—Following are the scores made by the De Lisle Rifles at their indoor range, 473 Mount Elliott avenue, this evening:

Conditions: off-hand, Winchester rifles, open sights, standard American target reduced, 3 shots per man:

R De Lisle.....	10 10 10—30	L De Lisle.....	8 10 10—28
W Threiner.....	10 10 10—30	M Metliher.....	8 7 8—23
A Collier.....	10 10 10—30	M Collier.....	10 9 0—19
J Bertrand.....	10 10 9—29	C Hellenberg.....	0 0 0—0

J. BERTRAND, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The following scores were made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, at its headquarters, 219 Bowery:

R Busse.....	240 241 241 237 240	Dr I W Furness.....	235 236 237 238 240
Dr I A Boyken.....	242 247 245 246 244	H Holges.....	235 242 245 245 242
S Buzzini.....	232 235 231 233 242	I F D Muller.....	243 237 239 243 241
G W Downs.....	231 240 226 229 233	F C Ross.....	243 245 240 245 243
M B Engel.....	229 238 247 244 242	C G Zettler.....	243 242 241 244 239
L Flach.....	245 246 245 248 243	B Zettler.....	240 244 239 244 242

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 23-24.—UTICA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fulford, Manager.

Jan. 29.—YARDEVILLE, N. J.—Live-bird sweepstake at Fair Grounds; 25 birds, \$25, birds included.

Jan. 30.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, targets extra. Nat Astfalk, Manager.

Feb. 1.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team.

Feb. 12.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association Handicap; 25 birds, \$25; no one allowed back of 30yds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; morning—live birds; afternoon—targets.

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 26-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forrester Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to all comers. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Harvey, Mgr.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club, May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, \$2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. B. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FAROO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 313 Broadway, New York.

A dispatch dated Jan. 20, to the San Antonio, Texas, *Daily News*, from Austin, Texas, the home of Wallace Miller, says: "A hunting party composed of Capt. Harry Owens, Geo. Mendell, Gus Southernwood, Pat Lochridge, John Neff, Monroe Miller and Wallace Miller, of this city; O. R. Dickey, of Boston, and Tom Keller, of New York, returned last night from a week's deer hunt on the Frio River, thirty miles from Cotulla. The party had fairly good luck and killed altogether ten deer, seventeen turkeys and one large wildcat. Mr. Lochridge killed three of the deer, Capt. Owens two, and Messrs. Mendell, Monroe, Miller, Dickey, Southernwood and Wallace Miller one each. Mr. Neff killed the cat, while all the hunters had a hand in bagging the turkeys. They report a great time and are figuring on returning to the Frio at an early date to enjoy another hunt."

The most recent big match in the amateur circles of New York city, the four-handed match which was shot on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club on Jan. 23, was remarkable for the closeness of the finish rather than for the scores made, the latter being all below the average that might be expected from such shooters as Knapp, Work, Murphy and Yale Dolan. At one time, the end of the 55th round, when Work and Murphy were 5 ahead, it looked as if that team was about to run away with the match; then came a great brace on the part of Knapp and Dolan, which, coupled with a slight falling off on the part of Work and Murphy, tied the score at the end of the 74th round. The 100th round closed with Murphy going to the score and having to kill to win.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting on Saturday night, Jan. 18, and elected the following list of officers for 1896: President, G. T. Bell (re-elected for a fourth term); Vice-President, J. R. Eustace; Secretary, W. S. Bookwalter; Treasurer, R. N. Fay; Captain, J. F. Killits; Directors, Ed. Kottman, T. J. House, Michael Bastian, W. W. Wilson, J. F. Killits and W. E. Bell. The subject of holding its annual tournament next June was broached at the meeting and Messrs. Killits, Kottman and Bookwalter were appointed as the tournament committee to make all the necessary arrangements.

The programme for the E. C. tournament in May is now well under way and will be in the hands of the printer before long. Of course the main features will be the championship events, which will be run on the lines suggested by FOREST AND STREAM last fall, with probably a few slight deviations from the plan then outlined. The choice of grounds on which to hold the championship is still under advisement, but it is more than likely that Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., will be decided upon, if the use of the grounds for such a purpose will not interfere with the baseball season of the Paterson Baseball Club.

Note the change in the announcement of the Cleveland tournament. The change is both novel and startling: "June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free of charge; \$770 in cash added to the purses." "Targets thrown free of charge" means (if 40,000 targets are thrown at the tournament) practically the same thing as \$1,200 added money. In addition to the above, \$770 in cash will be added to the purses. Paul North is nothing if not original. The "man from Ohio" has a great head!

The Boiling Springs-Eudeavor team shoot on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 25, resulted in a good race, the Boiling Springs men winning by 7 breaks. The afternoon was delightful for target shooting; the consequence was there was a good turnout of shooters, particularly on the part of the home club—Boiling Springs. The most notable guests of the club were swarms of real Jersey mosquitoes that did their song and dance act in warm, sheltered nooks in the club's grounds, just as if it was summer, and not a bit as if zero weather had only been gone a week or so.

The Interstate Association announces that it has completed its Southern circuit by arranging to give a tournament at Natchez, Miss., as announced in a letter from Manager Shaner to us, given elsewhere. The Rose system will be given a trial at the Charleston tournament, the purses on one day being divided on that system; as a good means for testing the present system in company with the Rose system, the purses on the remaining day of the shoot will be divided the old way—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Elliott-Morley match will probably take place the latter part of next week. Elliott is back again from San Antonio and expects to be in form by that date. The conditions are: \$100 a side, 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Elliott will shoot a Winchester, Morley using his double gun. This will be one of the most interesting matches of the season. Both men will surely try hard to win. Morley says Elliott will have to kill over 90 to win.

Don't forget that all entries for the Dexter Park handicap on Feb. 6 must reach H. S. Lippack, the proprietor of Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by a forfeit of \$5, not later than Feb. 4. The conditions of the shoot are: 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 26 to 31yds., 50yds. boundary; if 10 entries, \$15 added to the purse; if 15 entries, \$25; if 20 entries or more, \$40; class shooting, 4 moneys, A. S. A. rules to govern.

The annual report of the secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters League, together with an account of the proceedings at the annual meeting, appears elsewhere in these columns. The League has done a great deal in past seasons for the benefit of trap-shooting in New Jersey, and much of that good may be directly traced to the efforts of the secretary, W. R. Hobart, of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., in behalf of the League.

J. P. Knapp has added another cup to his already long list of trophies won by him at the traps. On Saturday, Jan. 25, he went down to Eddington, Pa., the home of the Philadelphia Gun Club, and carried off the cup in the 50 live-bird event by killing 45 in the sweep and 9 in the shoot-off with Macalester, who had tied him with a like score of 45.

There is gloom in the Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club. Old Hoss, one of its old stand-bys, and one of the most popular men ever seen at a tournament, threatens to give up shooting altogether because he could not break more than 75 out of 100 targets at unknown angles the other day. We don't think the boys need fear that Old Hoss will leave the field yet; he'll be on deck at Elkwood Park and will shoot for the \$1,000 guaranteed in the Grand American Handicap.

E. S. Rice, general agent for the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company, located in Chicago, Ill., writes us under date of Jan. 23, that the Du Pont Company will hold a target tournament in Chicago on August 4, 5 and 6. He gives us no details, but we suppose that this tournament will be on the same lines as all the big tournaments of the present day.

The Hazard "Blue Ribbon" Powder Company is distributing among the gun clubs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the New England States individual score cards for the use of club members at their club shoots or tournaments. John L. Leguin, secretary of the company, writes us: "If we overlook any clubs, it will not be done intentionally, but because we have not their names on our list."

The Montana State Sportsmen's Association claims May 22-24 as the dates for its tournament at Missoula, Mont. The shoot will be under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

The Troy, N. Y., Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1896: President, Dr. R. S. Dinsmore; Secretary, John S. Norman; Treasurer, C. V. Shirley.

EDWARD BANKS.

Grand American Handicap.

We have received notice from Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, that the Association will make a radical departure from its usual methods of dividing the purse in the Grand American Handicap, which event will be decided at Elkwood Park during the last week in March. The proposed change has been under advisement for some time and has taken shape as follows:

One thousand dollars is guaranteed in this event, to be divided among the three high guns as usual, in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. It requires forty entries to clear the management of any loss in this guarantee; forty entries at \$25 a head means \$1,000 in the purse. Hitherto it has been the custom to divide all the surplus among the three high guns in the same proportion, but this year the Association has determined to divide the surplus over the guarantee of \$1,000 among some of the other shooters on the following plan:

If there are over 40 but not more than 50 entries, all surplus will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the 3 next highest guns; if over 50 but not more than 60 entries, the surplus will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. to the 5 next highest guns; if over 60 and not more than 70 entries, the surplus will be divided 25, 20, 15, 12½, 12½, 10 and 5 per cent. to the 7 next highest guns; if over 70 and not more than 80 entries, surplus to be divided 12, 12, 10, 10, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 11 next highest guns. Practically the above plan may be defined thus: If 40 entries or less, \$1,000 to the 3 high guns; 41 to 50, 6 moneys, high guns, the 3 high guns of course dividing \$1,000; 51 to 60, 8 moneys; 61 to 70, 10 moneys; 71 to 100, 14 moneys. In all these cases the 3 highest guns divide \$1,000—50, 30 and 20 per cent. It must be remembered also that this is not class shooting, but is "high guns" all the time.

In formulating this plan the Association had in its mind the idea of popularizing the greatest trap-shooting event of the year in live-bird circles, by giving others besides the three high guns a share in the purse. The idea is a good one, it seems to us, and should have the desired effect of inducing additional entries sufficient to approach the highest notch named—100 entries. There is no doubt that the high-gun plan of past grand American handicaps has had the effect of bringing the event into prominence, the possibility of winning \$500 by taking first place in the handicap being a great inducement when the outlay is only a little more than \$30. We think, however, that when a shooter figures that he may pull out more than even, supposing that he does drop a bird or perhaps two, he is more apt to enter an affair of this kind than he would if he felt that he had to be one of the three favored ones to get anything at all. Like all other new moves of a similar character, the actual result can only be determined by trial, but it looks very much like a go.

Trap Around Buffalo.

ROCHESTER DEFEATS THE AUDUBONS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 16.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club brought a team of 21 men to shoot to-day against a team of a similar number selected from the Audubon Gun Club. Rochester won by 31 breaks, the scores showing 404—373 in favor of that team. The full scores were as follows:

Rochester.	
Byer	00111111111111111111—23
Glover	01111111111111111111—23
Hicks	10011111111111111111—22
Lowden	10101111111111111111—22
Mann	11111111011001111111—22
J. Bissinger	11001111010111011111—20
Quirk	01011111111111111111—21
Hadley	1111111111110110110111—20
Norton	11111101100011101111—20
Stewart	1011111101111101111010—20
Tassell	1110111011111100110111—20
Kay	0011111111011111011011—19
Nichols	1110011011111111100110—19
Rickman	1101010111111111110010—19
Springins	1101011111111100100101—19
Woodcock	0110101101110101111111—18
Babcock	1110111010101101110100—18
Jones	0101111010011000110111—18
C. Bissinger	0110001110110101010111—16
Borst	1010001111101010101010—15
Wride	01101101000001100111010—13—404

Buffalo.	
Andrews	0111111111111111111100—22
Fisher	1111010111111100111111—21
Forrester	1111010111011011101111—21
Heinhold	00111101011111111111—21
Northrop	0111111110111011011011—21
Kirkover	1001111011111111011010—20
McArthur	1111111111110101110000—20
Miller	11010100111111011111—20
E. C. Burkhardt	1101001101101111110111—19
Kelsey	1011001111111100111011—19
Swartz	0111110110111111001101—19
Talsma	1101011101011010101111—18
Brown	0111111011100000101111—17
Bennett	1100111101011010101011—17
B. F. Smith	1111100100011011111010—17
C. S. Smith	0100111101101101101101—17
Williams	0111111010110000100011—15
V. G. Meyer	10110000110111000010101—14
Story	0001000010101001110111—13
Hanks	11110000100101100000110—11
Frees	1101101010011001011111—16—373
DE WITT.	

EMOND MAKES A BIG SCORE.

Jan. 15.—The second of the series of three 100-bird races arranged between Jake Koch and W. Emond was brought off to-day at Audubon Park. To-day's race was one of the best ever seen in this city, and a large crowd was out to witness it. Emond shot wonderfully well, actually killing 99 out of his 100, eight of them dropping outside the boundary; he shot a very careful race, being particularly careful about drivers; this made him a trifle slow on some birds, as his lost birds, with the exception of two, were all drivers; one of these two was a left-quarterer that went away apparently untouched; the other was an incomer that fell dead just behind the score. Koch also shot a great race, having slightly the worst of it in the matter of luck; his gun broke down during the race and he was obliged to shoot another while it was being fixed up.

After tying at the end of the 50th round on 46 all, Koch made a bad break, losing his 51st, 53d, 54th and 55th, thus giving Emond an advantage which he never lost, ultimately winning by three birds. At the end of the 75th round the score stood: Koch 65, Emond 69, the latter being still 4 ahead. High runs were: Emond 20, 19, 11 and 11; Koch 27, 18, 13 and 12. Score:

W Emond	12312•22221121212•22•2112—22
	1212111221121212112•22—24
	11232121•12201312121212—23
	11123111•12122•21112•112—22—91
J Koch	•31212220•11112211211021—21
	1211111211111121111221—25
	•02•0121112•22111112212—19
	10211011111122122111—23—88

Jan. 18.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon, the main event being the badge contest, No. 1 in the table below. Bennett won the Class A badge, E. H. Rounds the Class B badge, and Miller the badge in Class C.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	15	10	Targets:	25	15	10
E H Rounds	19	9	3	B Talsma	20	8	..
J Fisher	18	9	6	E A Fisher	17
Gifford	15	L Erb	17
Storey	13	7	5	Brown	14	11	8
Lawson	13	Read	13	9	..
Meyers	15	10	4	Williams	16	9	..
McArthur	16	11	6	L Bennett	24	13	8
G O Miller	22	8	7	E W Smith	18	13	9
D Sweet	10	6	3	H Erb	8
Hanks	17	10	9	Woodwards	14
Nortrup	14	14	9	A Combs	14
E O Burkhardt	17	11	6	Dr Sauer	8	7	3
Brenicke	14	10	3	O'Brien	16	11	5
Fewster	18	15	9				

After the above target sweeps had been shot, a sweep at 5 live birds, \$3 entrance, 2 moneys, was gotten up. It resulted as follows: E. C. Burkhardt and B. F. Smith 5, L. W. Bennett 4, Dr. Woodbury and Reed 3, Dr. Sauer, H. Williams, G. McArthur and J. P. Fisher 2.

B. F. SMITH.

Philadelphia Gun Club.

The Philadelphia Gun Club, with grounds at Eddington, Pa., completed a two-day's shoot at live birds on Saturday afternoon last, Jan. 25. On the first day, Jan. 24, the weather was anything but pleasant, but on Saturday it was all that could be asked with the exception, perhaps, of a lack of wind to help the birds. On the previous day a strong northeasterly gale helped to make the birds very hard, its effect being only slightly reduced by a heavy downpour of rain that lasted all day.

The first day's programme consisted of three events: 10 birds, \$10 entrance; 25 birds, \$25 entrance, and a \$5 miss-and-out. In the first event George Work carried off first money alone on 10 straight. Four men tied for second and third money; Lent winning second on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, by killing 4 straight. Macalester and Dolan divided third.

The 25-bird sweep was productive of some very fine shooting, Fred Hoey, from the 30yds. mark, taking first alone with a clean score of 25 kills. Macalester and Davis tied for second and third money on 24 out of 25, Macalester losing his 23d bird, and Davis actually running straight up to the very last round when he lost his bird dead out of bounds. Work and Dale tied for fourth place on 23 out of 25. Davis's run of one-barrel kills in his score of 24 is something remarkable, his second barrel only being called into service six times, five of the six with effect.

Work and Davis won the miss-and-out on scores of 11 straight, Davis again using his first barrel with telling effect. During the day he scored 45 out of 48 shot at. Fred Hoey shot in great form, making a run of 35 straight before he dropped his bird in the miss-and-out.

The attendance was hardly as big as had been expected; perhaps the bad weather had a great deal to do with it. The most notable absentee was J. P. Knapp, who was present on the second day and shot as usual well up to the front. The scores in to-day's events were:

No. 1.	Ties.	No. 2.
Geo Work (30).....2222122222—10		201210121222222222222212—22
C Macalester (30).....2112121212—9	1120—3	122212211222122122122021—24
W W Lent (28).....222202222—9	8222—4	00020w—1
J H Davis (29).....2120122121—9	110—2	1111112111122211212111—24
H Yale Dolan (30).....2222021221—9	2120—3	22202222•2302202220w—15
M B Henry (29).....100212222—8	..	1120•10101211210100w—12
B M Vaughan (27).....112120210—8	..	0•00111110w—4
S Price (27).....1210212100—7	..	
E Dale (28).....22112•0110—7	..	211•121211210121212111—22
Fred Hoey (30).....222220020—6	..	22222222222222222222—25
C Vortex (26).....210110000—4	..	
T E Russell (28).....	22220•12222222222222220001—20	

In a \$5 miss-and-out Work and Davis killed 11 straight and divided. The other scores were: Hoey 10, Lent 8, Dolan 4, Macalester 1, Dale 0.

Second Day.

The main event on Saturday, Jan. 25, was a 50-bird sweep, \$50 entrance, 30yds. rise all, 50yds. boundary. The trophy was a cup presented by the Philadelphia Gun Club, which, with 40 per cent. of the purse (less 10 per cent. for the club), went to the winner.

This affair had only six entries, the quality of the shooters presumably scaring out several who might have entered had the event been just half as long. As it was, it resolved itself into a New York vs. Philadelphia match—six-handed at that—three men to a side. On the New York side was a strong trio—Knapp, Work and Hoey; Philadelphia had as her representatives Charles Macalester, Junius Davis and B. Parker.

Hoey and Davis, both of whom had made excellent scores on the previous day, failed to hold up their ends on this occasion, both of them retiring before the 50th round was called. While Knapp was the favorite, naturally so from his recent form, Macalester and Work are always dangerous and were looked upon as certain to give the ultimate winner, if Knapp should bring off the good thing, a hard rub for the prize. As matters turned out, Knapp and Macalester had to shoot off a tie for the cup, both scoring 45 out of 50. On the shoot-off Knapp won by killing 9 out of 10 to Macalester's 8. The latter has thus been unfortunate enough to lose a chance of two big trophies recently, the Larchmont cup being one, after tying for each cup and having to shoot off for the trophies. Parker gave Work a tight race up to the 45th round; he then lost his 45th bird and followed up this misfortune by losing his 49th dead out of bounds. Work took third money on 43 out of his 50. The scores made were as follows:

J P Knapp	22•222222222222222222222222—23
	•222222222222222222222222—23—45
Chas Macalester	020212121121121122121210—22
	20211221221012222222222222—45
Geo Work	2222222222222222222222222220—20
	212022222222222222222222121—23—43
B Parker	2122•22210222022222222222—21
	202210021111212221101222—20—41
J H Davis	201210212210122112220212—21
	21•12201102112122222w—16—37
Fred Hoey	2222222222222222222222220012—19
	222222222222222222220w—13—32

The tie for the cup and first and second money were shot off at 10 birds, as below, Knapp winning the cup. Work took third money.

In a 15-bird sweep three men killed 14, tying for the money. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Work and Macalester divided on the first round. Scores:

	Tie for cup.	No. 2, 15 birds.
Knapp	2222222222—9	
Macalester	2220222212—8	11222122•112121—14
Work		21221122222222—14
Parker		122121121220•2—13
Hoey		22222122222222—14

South Side Club, of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 21.—Below are the scores made by our club at its first shoot for the season of 1896. The day was dark and windy, which accounts for some of the scores not being up to standard. The live birds were a fast lot, and being heavily feathered at this time of the year, they took a lot of stopping. Scores:

No. 1, 20 buerocks per man: H. F. Seefeld 12, Wash. Okershauser 16, Emil Yahr 14, J. F. Burnham 17, Rock 14, John Meunier 16, St. Meunier 18, H. F. Bosworth 16, F. C. G. Brand 14, J. Weidner 13, Lewis 19.

No. 2, match, 25 live birds per man: J. P. Carmichael.....111111101101100110001—18
F O G Brand.....101011111000010101101—16

No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Carmichael	01111—4	011111111—9
Bosworth	1111—5
Lewis	1110—3	1111—5	010—1
Yahr	1111—5	1111—5	101—2
Burnham	0111—4	111—3
Brand	1101—4	111—3	010010101—5

No. 8. This was a match at 20 buerocks per man, the teams being: Yahr and Seefeld vs. Burnham and Lewis. The scores were: Seefeld 18, Yahr 16—total, 34; Lewis 17, Burnham 13—total, 30.

ADOLPH GROPPER, Sec'y.

Dedham Sportsmen's Club.

DEDHAM, Mass., Jan. 18.—A shoot was held to-day by members of the Dedham Sportsmen's Club on its grounds at Islington. Some excellent scores were made, Smith making 9 clean scores and breaking 126 out of 100 shot at, an average of almost 97 per cent. W. W. Bennett won the shoot for the gold medal by breaking 19 out of 20. Following are the scores:

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AT SINGAC.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Fred Hoey (31).....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
W H Stafford (28).....1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—18

WILLARD PARK.

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

AT THE SOUTH SIDE TRAPS.

AT YARDVILLE.

BOILING SPRINGS VS. ENDEAVOR.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Dawson0010001001101010100110111-12
Moorman111111001011101110011110-18
F. M. D.

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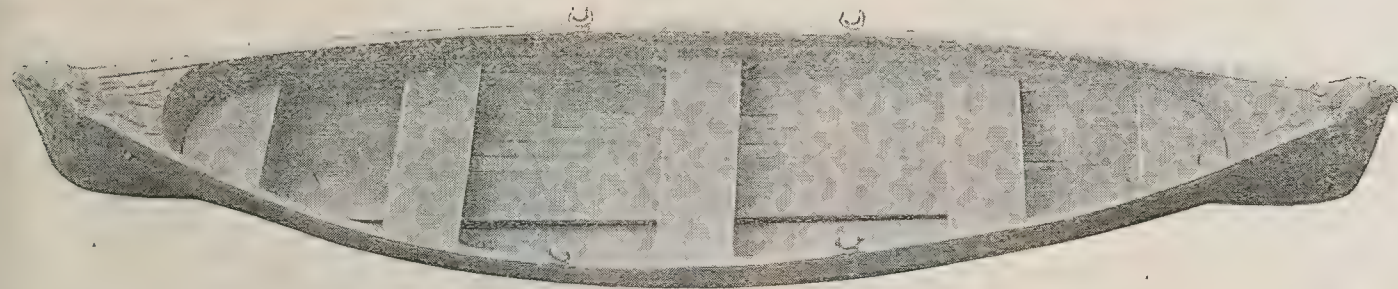
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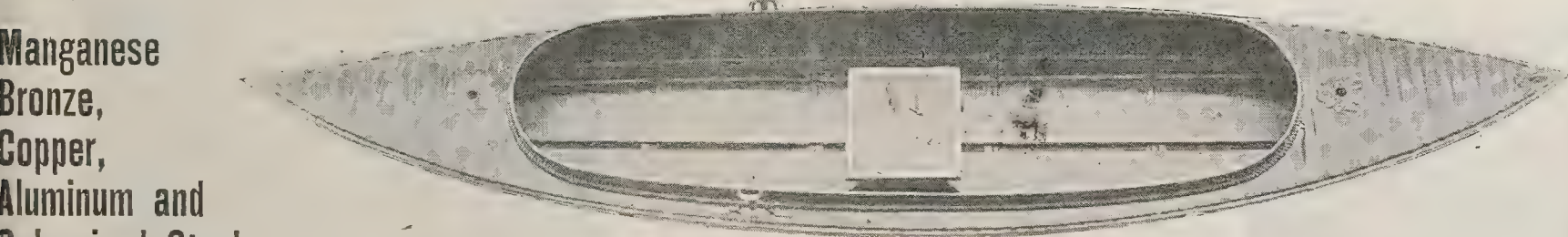
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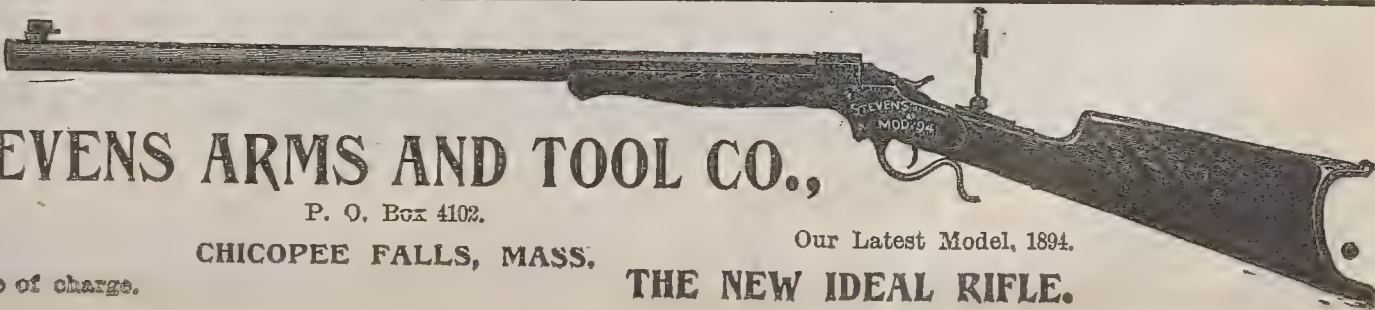
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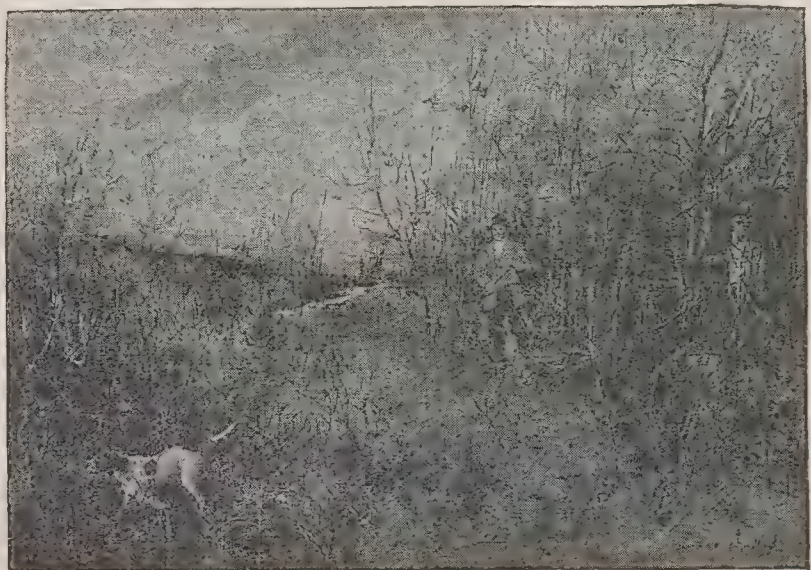
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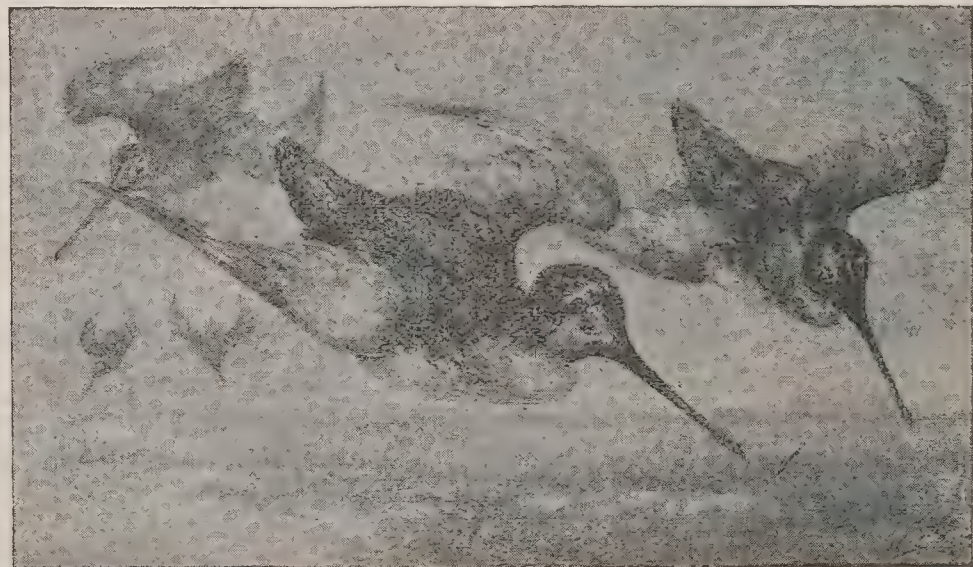
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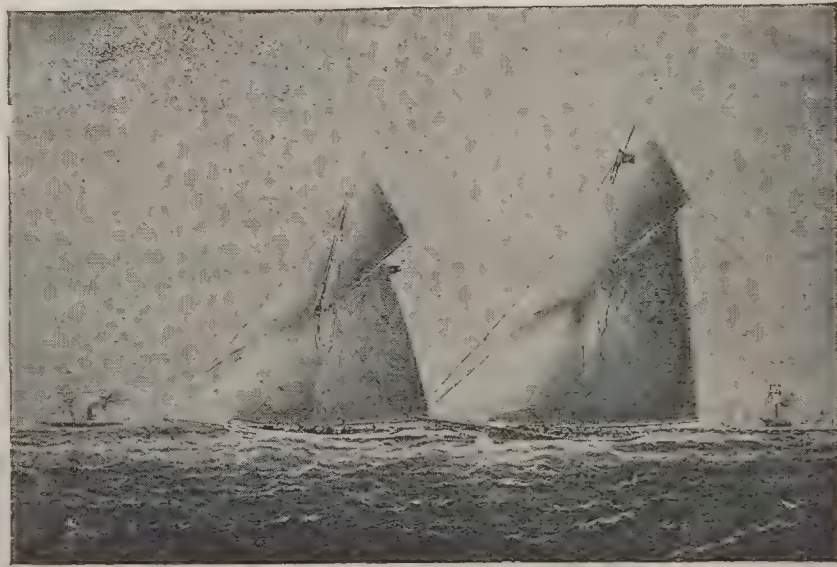
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THE LORD AND THE DEED.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is, we believe, the only paper in the world which has been consistent in its estimate of Lord Dunraven since his peculiar and we hope exceptional character first began to disclose itself in the beginning of his brief and not over-brilliant yachting career. What he is to-day he was a year ago, when he forced the Squadron to indorse his third challenge for the America's Cup; three years ago, when he was haggling and dickering with the Cup committee of the year for the match of 1893; and seven years ago when he wasted a season in a like fruitless negotiation. As for the American papers, it is barely one short twelvemonth since they were praising as broad, generous sportsmanship the same selfishness, obstinacy and obtuseness which they are roundly condemning to-day. The only difference is that while then these lordly qualities were being employed in the ignoble task of inducing the Royal Yacht Squadron to stultify itself and eat its own words for the benefit of the New York Yacht Club, now they are employed in seeking some excuse, however paltry, for a second ignominious defeat. As long as Lord Dunraven was willing to condone the illegal alteration of trust conditions, to use the powerful influence he once possessed against the interests alike of fair play and of British yachting, and to subordinate all matters of principle to his own selfish interests, he was, to American critics, brave, generous, noble and an ideal sportsman. To us his treatment of American yachtsmen last summer and fall appears very little worse than his treatment of his fellow yachtsmen a few months previously; the sole consideration in each case has been himself alone.

We have before pointed out the exact nature of what may deservedly be termed the "deal" by which the last match, to say nothing of that of 1893, was arranged between Lord Dunraven and the New York Y. C. At the time that Wyndham Thomas Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl, abandoned in a pique a political career and for the first time interested himself in yacht racing, the whole yachting world was agitated over the recent illegal and unfair alteration of the terms of trust of the America's Cup; this alteration being condemned alike by British yachtsmen and by many American yachtsmen both within and without the New York Y. C. All international racing had ceased with the declaration of the Royal Yacht Squadron and other British clubs that they would never again challenge under conditions which they believed to be entirely illegal. Before the end of his first season as a yacht owner, Lord Dunraven had set his eyes upon the America's Cup, and to all appearances determined to win a name among British yachtsmen by possessing it at whatever possible cost. As the situation then was, no British yachtsman with any respect for himself or his compatriots could even look toward the Cup with an idea of challenging. Not only was the New York Y. C. as yet unprepared to grant such perfectly fair terms as it has since twice given to Lord Dunraven, but it absolutely refused to entertain any overtures for a match save upon the basis of a full and complete recognition by the challenger of the right

of the club to do what it pleased with the America's Cup, and of the legality and fairness of what it had recently done. To the credit of British yachtsmen be it said, there was but one man in the United Kingdom, the Earl of Dunraven, who was so completely blind to the right and justice of the case as to agree to anything and everything that the New York Y. C. demanded, provided that the club in turn would give him a series of three out of five races on the open sea. Willing as he was from the first to barter principle for a mere temporary personal advantage, it was four years from the date of his first challenge before a match was finally made on terms that no one has ever been able to understand clearly; and the Valkyrie II.-Vigilant races of 1893 were sailed.

The only good that came of this match was the clearing up of a number of misunderstandings and contradictions for which Lord Dunraven was largely responsible, and the emphasizing more clearly of the exact issues and the mortifying position which any British club must assume in order to be allowed to race for the Cup. This, however, was of no importance to Lord Dunraven, but his misdirected efforts were renewed with such success that the proud and haughty Royal Yacht Squadron was brought to a most complete and ignoble surrender.

While as Americans, and with no special reverence for a yachting organization which does so much to retard and so little to advance the sport as the Squadron, we should perhaps rejoice at this; yet looking as we do at the fraudulent deed of 1887 as a national disgrace, we still view with regret that indorsement and acceptance of it, through various shifts and subterfuges on both sides, to which the Royal Yacht Squadron was forced through the personal efforts of Lord Dunraven.

We need not recall in detail the various incidents of his long struggle for the Cup—how in 1889 he professed a most disinterested desire to race Valkyrie I. against American yachts for a nominal prize or no prize at all, and yet refused to cross and race for the 70ft. cup specially offered by Gen. Paine; or how, in the following year, he refused the challenge made through Mr. Stephen Peabody for a series of international races with Titania, Katrina and Shamrock, of Valkyrie's class; or of his flat and positive statement that he would never challenge for the Cup under the terms of the new deed; the only conclusion that can be drawn from his words and actions through a period of seven years is that he cared for the possession of the America's Cup and nothing else, and on no matter what ignoble terms.

Whatever sympathy we may feel for Mr. Iselin in the very unpleasant position in which he has been placed for the past three months does not extend to the New York Y. C. No one knew better than the men who made the new deed of gift, and who have since been mainly in control of all negotiations for Cup matches, that the better class of British yachtsmen—such men as Sutton and Henn and of the older generation that raced such yachts as Kreimhilda, Egeria, Miranda, Formosa, Vanduara, Iona, Bloodhound and Cetonia—would never again challenge for the Cup; and no one was quicker to recognize the true character of the vain and ambitious tyro who could so easily be bought to do their bidding. The deal was a fair and open one (of its kind); Lord Dunraven was to secure the recognition of the new deed from the Squadron, and in return he was to have the number of races, fair courses and other conditions which had thus far been denied to Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and the Clyde syndicate.

On its part, the New York Y. C. has carried out its agreement to the letter. In spite of all talk about the collision in the second race and the crowding of the steamers, the matches of 1893 and 1895 will go down into yachting history as among the fairest ever sailed between two nations. In spite of this, for the unfortunate sequel the New York Y. C. has no one to blame but itself; had its actions from the first been fair, open and straightforward, it would never have been under the necessity of seeking the aid of one who was willing to betray his own friends to advance his private ends; nor would it have suffered the annoyance which this selfish, erratic and whimsical lord has inflicted on it since the early autumn.

And now a final word as to the New York Y. C.; taking matters by and large, it has even in spite of this last trouble been peculiarly fortunate in the last few years. The worst mistake in the club's history was made on that night in the fall of 1887 when its evil advisers led

it to disdain the challenge of Mr. Charles Sweet and to make sure of the undisturbed possession of the Cup by such a change of terms as should make a fair contest impossible. That two matches have been sailed since then is due solely to the assistance of Lord Dunraven, purchased in the manner we have stated. Through his aid the club has been able to face down and to force an unwilling but absolute retraction from the Royal Yacht Squadron, thus shutting off to a great extent all future objections against the legality of the new deed. The club is fortunate to-day in that it has triumphed over the proudest yachting organization in the world; and has finally asserted its right to do wrong and to perpetuate an unjust and illegal act. In one sense the club is fortunate because it has at length had its own way in spite of all opposition; and though it has had to make certain concessions to the cause of fair play, it has been able to restore the America's Cup to international competition. Such a triumph as this, however, in a bad cause, is in itself a disgrace; nor is the wrong of 1887 likely to be forgotten; long after Lord Dunraven has passed out of yachting and after the true circumstances of the foul and of his charges are accepted by yachtsmen, it will be remembered, to the discredit of the New York Y. C.

There never was a better time to end the whole nauseous episode of the new deed than with the disappearance from yachting of the only man who has raced under it; and with the many unpleasant experiences of the past ten years to warn it the New York Y. C. will be wise if it avails itself freely, and when under no possible pressure of compulsion, of the opportunity to rectify the mistake of 1887. The men who made it have long known, and admitted by their many efforts to misinterpret it, how bad the new deed is; the members of the club now know it, and the yachting world has always known it. While new challenges may come in time, we are just as firmly of the belief that there can never be a permanent resumption of fair international racing under it as we were three years since, when the final agreement on the Valkyrie II.-Vigilant matches was hailed by the club as the end of all controversy over the deed of gift. What we said then has twice come to pass—the two matches that have been sailed have each been followed by quarrels and ill-feeling.

There is no step that would do so much good for the New York Y. C. and for American yachting to-day as the reconsideration of the action of 1887 and the restoration of the original deed of gift under which the trust was created, with its "mutual agreement" clause in the foremost place; and, if deemed necessary, supplemented by such additional conditions as, without conflicting with the obvious intentions of the original donors, shall secure for all future races such generally fair conditions as have twice been given to the most unworthy of all Cup challengers.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

We give elsewhere generous extracts from the first report submitted to the New York Legislature by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. The document has added importance and demands more than the ordinary attention given to papers of its class, because it may fairly be accepted as furnishing a gauge of the new board, and as an indication of what we are to expect from it. Considered in this light the report is satisfactory and promising. It is written with intelligence, common sense and an evident grasp of the situation. It shows—and shows very clearly—that the Commissioners have set about their task in a businesslike way, and it contains the promise that they so intend to administer the affairs of their office.

SNAP SHOTS.

Didymus calls attention again to the Florida quail killing tourists who emulate the big scores of the butchers before them. Happily there is now a legal limit of quail killing; the law prescribes that no one shooter may take more than fifty birds in a day. That ought to satisfy any but the insensate destroyers, male and female, who have been wont to brag of their hundreds. We trust that there may be found at Tampa and other centers of quail killing activity people who will have the law of these score shooters.

Convicts and non-residents are joined together in a class by themselves in an excise measure now before the New York Legislature. And a very proper classification it is, if we are to accept all that the advocates of non-resident game laws tell us.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XI.

The Canada Boat Departs.

In prompt fulfillment of the night's prophecies, the morning dawning dully through a thick veil of clouds brought a drizzle of rain. This fell with such a drowsy patter on the canvas roof that the inmates of the camp felt little inclination to bestir themselves till impelled to do so by hunger.

Then Sam and Antoine crept out and after inspecting the lowering sky set about building a fire and making other preparations for breakfast, though Uncle Lisha advised a cold bite in the shelter of the tent.

"No, sah," Antoine objected as he moved around the fire, quite regardless of the slow drizzle of rain except when the drip of an overhanging bough aroused a spiteful sputter of the pan wherein two split ducks were frying. "We'll a'n't goin' for discourage de inside of us wid col' victual w'en de rine comin' on de aoutside. Ah tol' you, if mans wan' have hees heart warm he'll gat for had hees stommack warm. Ah'll can' faght wort' four cen' fore Ah'll gat good breakfis' wen Ah'll was in Papineau war."

"Ner arter, nuther, I guess," Uncle Lisha commented, but Antoine took no notice of this imputation of a lack of valor.

"But w'en Ah gat good big hot breakfis' behin' mah gaun, den Ah tol' you, dey gat for ta' careful if dey a'n't wan' me for hurt it."

"Sho, Ann Twine! I cal'late," said Uncle Lisha in sentences interrupted by the labor of drawing on his boots, "at it's a dum foolish business—ugh! I got tu grease these 'ere boots—a fillin' up wi' good victuals—m-m-mugh! They're stiffer'n sap troughs—afore a feller goes aout a-fightin' an' run the resk on't bein' wasted s'posin' he gits killed. Then again, s'posin' a feller hed tu run, he'd stan' a better chance if he was light-loaded. There! you be on, an' ye don't come off ag'in till you're 'iled, if I haffer rub ye with a fat duck!"

"Ah, Onc' Lasha, you a'n't know not'ing 'baout war," cried Antoine, lifting the potato kettle off the fire and emptying the water from it. "Fetch de dauk in de coop, Sam. We'll can't sit aour table in de rine," and he swung the kettle over Uncle Lisha's imperiled legs to a place inside the tent and Sam bestowed the sizzling frying pan beside it.

Peering under his glasses, Uncle Lisha forked a potato on to his plate as he snorted contemptuously, "Honh! do know nothin' 'baout wars! Why, you poor ig'n'ant infant, I was a sojerin' wi'in a mild o' here afore you was borned. Yes, sir, the Hawley place hain't a mild f'm here, where we was posted, a-waitin' for the British, an' abaout a mild funder is Fort Casin, where they come an' fit an' got licked tew. I'm a-goin' tu take Jozeff over there an' show it tu him some day. An' wa'n't I tu Plattsburgh? Sho, Ann Twine, your leetle Poppynew muss wa'n't the jab of a paigin'awl tu what we hed them times. Lord, if you c'd ha' seen them ships arter they fit. The mas's an' sails an' riggin' all tore tu rags an' kin'lin' wood, an' the decks kivered wi' blood wus 'n a slotter haouse. An' the poor wounded critters, aour'n an' their'n. It wa'n't no putty sight tu look at. It made me praoud 'nough tu bust tu see the stars an' stripes a-flyin' over all them ships, but when I see them 'ere poor Britishers waounded an' dyin' fur from hum an' their women folks, it took all the spite agin 'em clean aouten on me."

"You tink prob'ly dey heat too much breakfis', a'n't it, Onc' Lasha? So he can' run."

"I do know haow 'twas wi' them, but we hedn't hed none tew much, I c'n tell ye," Uncle Lisha answered as he sawed laboriously on the thigh of a duck with a dull knife, and was reminded to remark, "I tell ye what it is, boys, it was a terrible good idee they useter hev when I was young, o' cuttin' up the meat victuals intu maouth-fuls fore it was put ontu the table, an' then let ev'b'dy fork for hisself aouten one dish. It saved lots o' time an' rastlin' wi' tough meat when folks was in a hurry tu git aout tu the work."

"Ah'll a'n't want for chaup more as de meat for mahse'f, bah gosh," Antoine declared.

"The' useter be some tol'able lively hustlin' tusslin' for ch'ice pieces," the old man continued, reminiscently. "Father useter tell of a neighbor o' his'n 'at said haow he'd broke his child'en's temper wi' maple sugar. One mornin' father happened in of an arrant, when they was eatin' the' breakfas', all a-fishin' the fried meat aouten one dish, an' the ol' man hed got him the best and biggest maouthful in the hul lot ontu his fork, when one o' the boys up an' flipped it off an' hed his fork into 't an' into his own maouth with 't quicker'n scat. Father 'lowed the maple sugar hed worked fast rate. Wal, I b'lieve I've hed enough for oncte. Ann Twine, be you a-goin' tu eat all day?"

"Ah'll was been lis'lin' to you, Onc' Lasha," Antoine answered, settling himself to his work. "Naow Ah'll was goin' for heat. Dat was de bes' ting we can do w'en it was rine, 'cep' go feeshin'."

"An' I cal'late tu stick right by ye, Anntwine," said Joseph from behind a duck's wing that he was gnawing, holding it with both hands. "I hain't the kind er man tu desert a friend in no sech scrape, don't seem 's'ough I was, not as I feel naow."

Uncle Lisha filled his pipe and went out to enjoy it by the fireside under shelter of his blue umbrella, and Sam, after providing a present supply of firewood with a few axestrokes, wandered out to the bluff overlooking the creek.

Through the windows of the woods, mullioned with gray trunks and curtained with gay branches, there could be gained narrow glimpses of the nearer marsh, tinted with many blended colors and dotted with green islands of button bush; then the broad channel, leaden gray under the sunless sky and drizzling rain, the dull expanse broken here and there by ducks reveling apart or in companies, enjoying the weather that set all the rest of the world a-moping.

Beyond was the further border of marsh and then the sheer wall of forest, making the horizon against the low sky that enveloped far mountains and nearer hills in common obscurity.

The yellow poplars and the scarlet pepperidges shone through the veil of rain as if yesterday's sunshine was still held in them to brighten to-day's somber monotony of gray.

Like outlooks on the lakeward side revealed only the dull expanse of gray water receding into the gray mist toward unseen shores, except where Garden Island loomed, blurred and undefined, between shrouded water and low sky, with one yellow-leaved birch flaring like a beacon half quenched on the western point, and off the eastern point a black rock, like a fast-anchored buoy.

Further away, Long Point lay like a fallen cloud afloat on the water, moored to the stable earth by nearer drawing shores of rock and sandy beach and the willow-clad bar of Little Otter.

Here and there were dots and lines of swimming water-fowl on the unreflecting surface of the bay, and occasionally a flying flock faring out to safety of wide waters or in to the abundance of the marshes, dissolving in the mist or materializing out of it as they went or came.

A scattered company of crows straggled in slow flight athwart the screen of rain and mist; a kingfisher hung in stationary poise against it, then plunged like a plummet into the water and far out on the shallows; a heron stood waiting in statuesque patience for breakfast to swim to him.

Far or near there was no visible sign of human life, nor amid the continuous purr of the rain, the contented gabble of the ducks, the whistle of passing wings; the raucous call of some stray or laggard and the metallic clatter of the kingfisher, was there any sound of it except from the quarter where the Canadian boat was taking in its cargo.

Thence through the heavy vaporous atmosphere came the lumbering of laden wagons, the rumble of their discharging freight and then the brisk rattle of departing empty wagons, all mingled with the shouts of teamsters and the vociferous jabber of captain and crew.

For one who had no apparent reason for being interested in fruit trade, Sam was uncommonly well pleased that the rainy day was not hindering it, and having assured himself of the fact he returned to camp.

Uncle Lisha still sat by the fire, the staff of his umbrella resting across his shoulder while he diligently greased his boots with the tallow in the bottom of the lantern, the accumulated drip of many candles, Joseph and Antoine looking on with interest from the tent door.

"You don't want tu burn your boots, Uncle Lisher," said Sam, standing by the fire and letting the water from his hat brim drip into it. "There's more profit tu you in hev'n' other folks burn up their'n. I do b'lieve I smell burnt luther."

I guess they hain't gittin' tew hot," said Uncle Lisha, running his finger over the soles. "Makes me think o' the feller 'at went tu a neighbor's a-visitin' wi' a pair o' bran' new boots on, which for all he spread 'em aout on the stove ha'th, an' stuck 'em top o' chairs, the' wouldn't nob'dy notice 'em, an' so when he see they wa'n't a-goin' tu say nothin' about 'em, he up an' says, says he 'Ye needn't think strange if ye smell new luther.' Wal, Sam-will, what ye diskivered?"

"Nothin' but water an' ma'sh an' woods, lookin' lunsomer'n they did a hundred year ago, fer there hain't even an Injin in sight. I heard the Frenchman lwudln' his boat though."

"Wal," sighed Antoine, "Ah wish Ah'll was be apples, me, so he was bought me an' took it to Canada. But so as Ah can' do dat, Ah guess Ah'll do nex' bes' an' go feesh some bull pawt. You'll goin' long to me, Zhoeff? We go on de scaow, an' took some funs."

Joseph looked out upon the dismal drizzle with a rueful countenance and answered, "Wal, I don't sca'cely seem tu feel like goin' not ezactly. It's kinder unconfortable an' sorter exposin' a-fishin' in the rain an' I'm mortal afeared o' ketchin' a eel. I like tu eat 'em, but I swan I don't luffer ketch 'em."

"O, come Zhoeff," Antoine urged in a persuasive tone. "If you a'n't want for ketch it, Ah'll ketch it, an' you can ketch de udder leetly feller. Come, Zhoeff."

"Well, I ruther guess I won't, I'm b'legged tu ye," and Joseph settled himself more comfortably in his seat. "I don't 'pear tu hanker much fer fishin' tu-day. Mebby Uncle Lisher'll go, er Sam-will, mebby."

But Sam shook his head in decided negative, and Uncle Lisha audibly declined, "Good airth an' seas! You don't ketch me goin' fishin' fer sech fish in sech weather, I hain't a loon er a shell duck."

"Den, bah gosh, all Ah'll ketch Ah'll heat all," Antoine declared and went out to grub for worms in the adjacent pasture. After a while he returned from a successful quest, and getting a hook and line from among his stores he cut a cedar pole and set forth. Presently his camp mates heard the creak and splash of his departing oars, then a hollow clank as they were dropped in board and the rattle of the chain being wound about the nearest fishing stake, and then they imagined that they heard the whistle of his line and the spring of his heavy sinker as he made the first vigorous cast. Two hours later he appeared, dripping but happy, bringing a number of dressed bull pouts which, fried to a turn, he did not devour alone as he had threatened, but shared with his companions.

The afternoon was spent in the tent. Uncle Lisha discoursed of the past and Antoine of various men in Canada who were always the heroes of his tales, while in the breaks of conversation Sam several times went out for the ostensible purpose of a general inspection of the weather, though the examination was mostly confined to the direction of Lewis Creek.

Late in the afternoon the wind freshened from the northeast, the tossed branches dropped sudden showers upon the canvas with a startling, ripping sound, and amid the sullen murmur of the wind-swept woods and the louder patter of the driven rain could be heard the regular wash of the rising waves and the shrill whistle of frequent flocks sdudding in from the lake.

Then Sam saw the Canada boat gliding down the unseen channel, the great square sail stalking between the trees like a gigantic ghost, till at last it walked forth upon the vexed lake amid the taller phantoms of mist and vanished in the thronging host.

Sam re-entered the tent with a satisfied visage and remarked:

"Wal, that 'ere Frenchman's got started fer Canerdy with his apples."

"An' like 'nough a blackbary," Uncle Lisha added, with a significant twinkle in his eye.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FITCHBURG, MASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our paper grows better and better every year. It has got so now that we must have it. I inclose a little "game hunting incident." Wish you all a prosperous and happy New Year.

IRVING O. CONVERSE.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part III.

THE day following our introduction to "possum and sweet 'taters" was, in the morning, one of the most unpleasant days we experienced during this trip. We were greeted by a cold, high wind from the northwest accompanied by a heavy rainfall, confining the members of the party to their tents, where we whiled away the forenoon in various occupations. The Judge, Cap, John, the assistant engineer and I engaged in the old but ever good game of "seven-up" or "old sledge," the stake being that the side losing a jack from capture by opponents must lay pipes down and quit smoking until the other side lost when that side ceased smoking. I do not recall more fun connected with any game than we had during that dismal forenoon; and from our tent the contagion spread to the other tents, as we could hear the peals of laughter accompanying the commands, "Lay down your brier-roots and enjoy our smoke."

After dinner King and I tried to make up a hunting party, but the Judge and Cap declining, he and I accompanied by Carlo the spaniel started out, clad in "slickers" and long-legged rubber boots, as he said, "Just to take a tramp to keep our bones from getting stiff," and went down through the park land, across a burned part of the bottom land, to the heavy timber along and adjacent to the river. As we entered the tall grass in the timber I was surprised at the harmony between our "slickers"—as yellow oilskin waterproof coats are called in the West—and the wet leaves and grass at that season of the year, as they shone with their raindrops, and I called King's attention to it, but his short reply was, "Yes, I knowed it; no trouble to get up to game if we work right."

We had walked but a short distance, with King leading armed with his rifle, I with my 10-gauge, when he stepped into a game path, and pointing to a fresh deer track, said, "Your gun no good for deer, I will go and kill it." But I was determined, if an opportunity presented, to make that despiser of the 10-gauge change his contempt to admiration, so I withdrew my No. 1 turkey shot cartridges and loaded the gun with brass shells, whose load was 5drs. Hazard powder and 1½oz. 000 shot, and kept close to him.

We had gone not over an eighth of a mile when King pointed to a large fallen tree top, and by a shake of his head gave me to understand that we would find our game in it. When about 50yds. from the top he stopped, and taking a quick aim fired his Winchester. As he fired I stepped up by his side, just in time to see a deer spring toward his path, and with a quick shot I sent it rolling into the path, with both forelegs broken close to the shoulder, and in a moment King had cut his throat, when I saw that it was a buck with a proud head of eight points to each horn. As I saw my trophy I shouted, "How's that for a scatter gun?" and turned just in time to see King cutting the throat of another deer lying in among the branches of the fallen tree top. Turning slowly toward me, he replied, "I got one deer, you got one," and he then dragged his, a small doe, to the side of my very large buck, and looking at them, said, "Scatter gun good gun, when good man shoot him quick," which admission was to me the highest compliment for my 10-gauge and my skill in handling it.

When I proposed to return to camp for horses to take the game into camp, King said, "No, hang them up; more fun for scatter gun before we go back." Bending over two young trees and fastening a deer to the top of each, after the deer was disemboweled, each tree rose high enough to carry our game out of the reach of all forest prowlers of the "varmint kind," as he said, and he then led through the grass to the bank of the river, which we reached at a point where it made an abrupt bend from a course nearly north and south to one east and west; or, to make my meaning plain to all, the river, which had been flowing nearly directly south, changed its course to flow in an easterly direction, and at the bend a "towhead"—as a small island covered by grass and short willows is termed—was nearly connected to our bank by a sand bar, making a protected pond of shallow water from the bank to the towhead, and it was covered with countless numbers of wild ducks when we looked through the grass along the bank. A shot from King's rifle at the ducks on the water, and with both barrels of the shotgun on the wing, dropped seven dead ducks, which Carlo soon brought to us as we reached the lower end of the towhead, where they were fastened with a pointed stick in the throat for decoys at a short distance from the shore of the island, and as we secreted ourselves in the grass, King said, "If you shoot as good at duck as at deer we get some duck," pointing to the flocks coming toward us. Never at any other time of my life have I seen ducks so plentiful and so fearless, as they would swoop down over the dead ones used for decoys, paying no attention whatever to Carlo retrieving dead ones, and never did I have such luck in duck shooting as I had that afternoon.

When I had fired all my No. 4 shot away and said so, King said, "Got enough; help dog get dead ones," and we soon had them piled upon the bank. And what a glorious pile they made, all large ducks, mostly mallards and redheads, with a few widgeons, canvasbacks and bald-pates, a grand total number which I will not give or sportsmen might term that afternoon's work pot-hunting; but after King had arranged two packs by tying the necks together, we each had a good load to carry to camp.

As we were crossing the sand bar to the bank King pointed to another sand bar about a half mile up the river covered with wild geese, and upon which we could see flock after flock alight, and said, "We'll go fix it so you and Judge get plenty goose shooting." Marching along the bank until we were opposite the island, we dropped our packs and guns and waded over to the sand bar, where he spread his slicker out on the sand and said, "Put yours down too; goose get used to him; you and Judge get under slickers and shoot lots of geese." Placing my slicker a short distance from his we waded back to the bank and watched the wary geese circling over the sand bar for a few moments and then we proceeded to camp. The rain having stopped about the time my duck shooting ceased, we did not miss the slickers on our march. We reached camp about 4 o'clock, when King and one of the teamsters took a team and went down and

brought our deer to camp, while I related the incidents of the afternoon's hunt to the Judge and Cap, who were both greatly surprised at King's appreciation of the shotgun, and Cap and Judge both declared their intention of having fun with King about my beating him.

When seated around the fire after supper, the Judge, pointing to the strings of ducks hanging near us, said, "King, only scatter guns kill ducks like that," and Cap followed by saying, "King, Son's scatter gun beat your Winchester this afternoon; don't you want to trade with him?" at the same time pointing to our deer, and a good laugh was the response from all the party, in which King joined, and then said, pointing at the deer, "Scatter gun good gun when Son shoot him; shoot bang-quick—no time take aim; King too old to learn," and then, as he pointed at the ducks, he said, "Water deeper, shoot one duck, catch all rest without shooting," and then explained that if the water had been 4 or 5 ft. deep where the ducks were sitting, he would have killed one with his rifle, skinned it, and arranging it upon his head so that he could see, he would have waded out and secured all the ducks he wanted by catching their feet and drowning them.

As not one of us had ever heard of such a plan before, we could not deny the success of it, but the Judge said, "Son's beating you this afternoon evens up the Red Rock bass fishing and shows you how we will all beat you fishing if we ever get another chance," but the reply was, "Come good day we go seven miles to Walnut Creek, where plenty of big bass, and I beat you all again." And then and there it was arranged that the first day King called a "good day" we would have another fishing contest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GONE TO SEE HIS GIRL AT NEW CASTLE.

It was on a Saturday afternoon when I and my boy (who is always my companion on hunting trips) got out of a train at a little railroad junction in western Pennsylvania. Here four railroads crossed each other to cross purposes, for no two of the roads would connect with any one of the others. You could not come by any one of them and get away from that junction (that had four little frame houses on the side of a hill) by any of the other roads for at least two hours, and in my case it was worse. My train would not be along for four hours; so there we were, a man and a young boy, two beagle hounds and two guns, with four hours of time to put in and nothing to do.

The country round about was rolling, with a good sized stream winding its way through the valley, here and there a cornfield, or a bit of swampy ground, then a dense copse of hazel bushes and white birch trees. Just the country for rabbits.

There was a half-grown youngster of about eighteen summers in charge of the station and its three clicking telegraph instruments. Of him I requested permission to leave my baggage in the station house, asking him to keep a friendly eye upon it till our return.

"Where be ye goin'?" he said, all curiosity. I told him that from the look of the country around I thought a short distance down the creek rabbits might be scared up, and if there were my two beagles would soon have them running.

The youth's manner changed at once. He was sure we would get some rabbits 'cause he'd seen lots on 'em all fall, but no one round here had any dawgs to hunt 'em with.

Yes, he'd watch our baggage; so we got our guns out of their cases, put a few shells in our pockets, unloosed the two beagles and started, the youth eyeing us wistfully down the railroad track. We had gone perhaps half a mile when the dogs started a rabbit, and away they went yelping with their short sharp bark, which is always sweet music to a sportsman.

I had forgotten about the station boy, although his earnest and intense interest in the subject of the rabbit hunt had impressed and pleased me; but all at once as we rounded a wooded hill we saw him running at full speed to join us. When he came up he asked if we had any objections to his going with us, as he was "tarnally fond of a rabbit hunt."

I told him he was the roughly welcome to join us and we would soon have some fun, as the hounds had a rabbit on the run.

He started to say something, stopped short, rubbed his hand over his brow and then without a word he turned and fled back as if bereft of wit and sense.

We watched him until he was out of sight, wondering what could have gotten into him to make him act so strangely, but could not think of any reason for his curious behavior.

We got a couple of rabbits and returned to the station just as it was beginning to get dark; and our erratic young man accounted for his sudden bolt by explaining that it was Saturday night, and that in the excitement of the rabbit hunt he had forgotten that there was always an extra workmen's train on Saturday night, which came along about 6 o'clock, and which he had had orders to hold on this night until the regular passenger train (which was late) should pass. After reaching us he remembered his duty and speeded back with all his might, fortunately just in time to turn the red semaphore and switch the workmen's train on a siding, when the express rolled by.

It may be imagined what our feelings were when we found how nearly we had been the innocent cause of a railroad wreck, with the probable loss of a number of lives; for from the winding nature of the track, had the workmen's train not been held up, nothing would have prevented a "head on" collision.

For a while the youth wouldn't talk much. He was badly scared, as he well might be, but the story of the rabbit hunt gradually won him round and he invited us into the little telegraph office, where we talked a while and listened to the clicking of the three telegraph instruments. He explained that one of the instruments was repeating messages for the movement of the trains, and a message just then going over the wires was to the operator at the next station to hold the down train (the one we were going on) until the up train arrived.

I asked him if he was an expert operator. He laughed and said, "I guess not, I've only been learnin' three months and I get no pay, and you don't suppose that if I was a good hand at the key that I would work for nothing, do ye? If the talk comes slow and the day

is clear I can make out pretty fairly, but if it's wet or damp and the fellow that's callin' me is in a hurry, then I can't take it at all."

"But you're not the station master," I said.

"Oh no," he replied. "He's Sam Aldrich, an' he's gone to see his girl down to New Castle, and he won't be back till Monday mornin' on the regular passenger train."

"Good heavens!" I thought. "Here is a callow youth, wholly irresponsible, who cannot take messages on a bad day, left in charge of a junction station where four roads cross (of all places one that should be in charge of an expert operator), and that from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning."

Visions of dire disaster flashed across my mind. Rear end collisions, upturned passenger coaches and locomotives, the ring of the axe upon the panels of the car to liberate the passengers, the crashing of glass, the fire from the deadly stove, the "agonizing shouts of the wounded," the weary wait for a doctor, the special train bringing assistance and the newspaper reporters—all passed before me as rapidly as thought can be born and leave its impressions.

My own train was nearly due and soon there came clicking over the wires the message that after leaving this station it was to pass on to the station next beyond and there pass No. 4. At least so the boy said the wires said. Now the conditions were bad, he said, and he was not exactly sure of the dispatch, so he had it repeated, with the same result; and almost at once, it seemed, the flashing headlight of our train burst into view and pulled up at the station.

The boy gave the conductor and the engineer the message, they signed for it, and we entered the train. She started off with ringing bell and escaping steam, and you may be sure I was ill at ease until, on rounding a curve at the next station, I saw the headlight of the down train waiting for us upon a siding, and then I leaned back and indulged in the "what-might-have-beens," all because "Sam Aldrich had gone to see his girl down to New Castle."

THOMAS MARTINDALE.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE WILD MAN OF CHILHOWEE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your numbers of Dec. 14 and Jan. 4 you give descriptions of the "Lost Man in New Brunswick," and ask correspondents if they can throw additional light on the questions, who is he, and where did he come from. Apropos of the question asked, I can give you a description of his first cousin. The subject of my sketch is known as "The Wild Man of Chilhowee Mountain." To come to the real facts with as little circumlocution as possible, the man was found by a party of hunters several years ago. The four hunters were camped at the base of Chilhowee Mountain, on a deer hunting expedition.

The Chilhowee Mountain is a rough and very wild and brushy knob or single pinnacle that raises its head far above the other peaks of the Cumberland range of mountains. It stands somewhat aloof from the main mountain range and therefore has a name of its own. It is situated some miles west of Cleveland, Tenn., and ninety miles northwest of Chattanooga. This part of the Cumberland range is extremely difficult of access, as there are practically no roads into the wilderness. Nature seems especially to have ordained that this brushy, repulsive region should be the home of animals alone. It is entirely uninhabited by man, excepting it be an occasional "wildcat distiller."

One afternoon in November one of the party of hunters was returning to camp. He was riding and was following a cattle trail that meandered about the base of the old Chilhowee. It was growing dusk and the somber shadows were fast fading into gloom. The wind was whispering to the overhanging cliffs, and the tall trees were nodding their silent good night to their nearest neighbors. The birds were settling themselves for the night, and the hoot owl was making the gorges reverberate with his demoniacal laughter.

Thus engrossed in his own thoughts, and somewhat depressed by his weird surroundings, our lone horseman wended his way along the mountain path. At a sharp angle in the path his horse shied, and giving a peculiar snort, turned so quickly and abruptly as almost to unseat the rider. The man sprang to the ground, and quickly tethering his horse, advanced along the path with rifle cocked and ready to meet whatever foe or game was there. He expected to find a bear, as he hardly thought his horse would act so strangely over a deer or domestic animal. After advancing a few steps he came face to face with the object he was seeking, and to use his own expression, "his hair all turned the wrong way."

There, half crouching like a wild animal, in the path was a human being; but that was all. Our friend spoke to the naked, starved-looking creature, but receiving only a snarl in return, very wisely concluded to let him religiously alone.

Returning quickly to his horse he mounted, and making a wide circuit so as to avoid the unexpected acquaintance, made his way back to camp. After reporting the find to the others of the company, the question now arose what to do.

All were of the opinion that if the man turned out to be a "wildcatter" it would be decidedly unhealthy for this outfit even to attempt to form his acquaintance. Because the ragged denizen of the forest was sure to have confederates and they taking the party for revenue officers would ambush the outfit. The entire party being native East Tennesseans and Georgians did not require any great amount of explanation to understand what would be their fate if they aroused the illicit distillers. A few words will explain to others who are not familiar with this class. There would have been a few rifle shots ringing out from among the rocks and brush and one by one the hunters would have been picked off, until none would have been left to tell the tale. Then a searching party would have come out to the old Chilhowee. The woods would have been searched, it is true, by relatives and friends; but the camp and all vestige of their whereabouts would have disappeared and the searching party would have gone home without success. As I said before, there is no one within fifty miles of the Chilhowee of whom to ask the question, "Have you seen them?"

John, who had found the wild man the evening before, said that he was sure the man was a maniac, as he had an unnatural gleam in his eyes, so after due deliberation the whole party agreed to go and investigate. Mounting and taking a rope, some food and extra clothing, they started. They were at the location described by John in the course

of an hour. Here all dismounted and keeping close together, in case of an attack, began the investigation. After following the cattle trail for a quarter of a mile, they discovered a very dim trail leading up the mountain. Here they halted and held another consultation. They were sure that they had stumbled on to a den of illicit distillers, and as they were not officers they did not care for the empty glory of an uneven fight with those fellows on their own ground. John, braver than the others, declared that if they would not go with him he would go by himself. Ashamed to desert a comrade in the hour of danger, they told him to lead and they would go with him. Up the mountain they climbed, keeping a sharp lookout and anxiously awaiting the result. They had climbed probably 300 yds. upward when the trail ended at the mouth of a shallow cave or stone house, and there they found the object of their search. As they approached the old man sprang forward with a tremendous club, swinging it over his head. All hands leveled their rifles at him and tried to intimidate him, but he only laughed and snarled and chattered to himself in some unintelligible jargon. Realizing that he was crazy, the men lowered rifles and offered him food. He finally became composed enough to accept some of the food. He was almost starved and ate ravenously. He was the most pitiable object the men had ever beheld. Almost as naked as Adam, and covered with dirt, sores and vermin. He could only talk in broken, unconnected and totally unintelligible sentences; could not tell who he was, where he had come from, nor how long he had lived on the mountain side. His beard was long, filthy, coarse and matted with gum, blood and other foreign substances. His hair was half-way to his waist and hung in tangled twists or ropes done up in the same substances that had stuck to his beard. His fingernails were several inches long and curved like the talons of the eagle, excepting when broken off, as some of them were. The toe-nails were thick and unsightly, being broken off at various lengths from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. The teeth were all gone excepting a tusk on each side, like a wild boar. Great Jupiter! Did anyone ever see such a specimen of the human race before?

The men who found him report that the man and his lair had a stench clinging to them that was almost unbearable. Scattered about in his den and on the ground outside were the bones and hoofs of calves and pigs, showing that the old man lived upon the young of the animals that were out on the range. He had no gun, axe, nor even a knife, and no matches; so he must have killed his prey with a club or stone; and carrying the carcass to his den, torn it to pieces by main strength. In summer and fall he lived on the mast and mountain berries, as the stains on his hands and beard indicated.

Well, while the old fellow was gorging himself, dog fashion, the men were plotting how to capture him without hurting him. He was down on his knees with his pile of food in front of him, shoveling good things into his mouth with both hands. But he watched his new friends with an eagle's eye, and every time one of them moved he would grab his club. The muscles in his bare arms and legs were significant evidence that he was a powerful man; and the fact that he was crazy and not responsible for his actions made him all the more dangerous. Nothing but feelings of kindness and humanity prompted our four hunters to attempt his capture. They wanted to carry the old man to Cleveland, and from there send him to the insane asylum at Knoxville, where he would have care and kind treatment for the rest of his life. The old man of course did not understand, and it was evident that he had no intention of being captured. All four of the hunters were young and athletic men. John, a blacksmith by trade, stood 6 ft. in his stockings, weighed nearly 200 lbs., and was a match for almost any man. Two of the party were strong young farmers, and the fourth man was a city man, but somewhat of an athlete, and a fair match for any of the others. After summing up the strength of the four, they concluded that with their combined efforts the old man could be overpowered without serious injury to any one. So, removing the rifles to a safe distance up on the mountain side, they set about their unthankful task.

While the city man was trying to attract the old man's attention with new supplies of food, the other three pounced upon him. Then the city man took a hand by grabbing hold of the old man's club.

From the start the four realized that they had an herculean task. With a scream resembling the cries of Pluto's archangels the old man rose to his feet, and then the battle began. John had thrown his powerful arms around the old man, endeavoring to pinion his arms to his body; the two farmers each had hold of an arm, and the city man had a death grip on the club, which the old man retained with a tenacity equaled only by death. For a moment it seemed as if they had him. If they had only had a fifth man to pass the rope around his body and secure his arms they would have had him sure enough. But alas! there were only four of them, and each one had "bit off just about as much as he could chew," to use a common expression.

The battle continued with unabated fury for several minutes, until finally John's strength gave out, and the old man broke the cordon around his arms and body. John then grabbed the club with the city man, as he knew some one would die if the old man got possession of that implement of destruction. All at once the old man turned the club loose and began to scratch with his terrible claws. John said he was half a mind to fello the old fellow to the ground, as he was about to ruin one of the farmers, but his big heart would not allow him to strike. So throwing the club as far into the bushes as he could send it, he and the city man waded in again. They grabbed the arm that was doing such terrible execution, and the fight continued.

Finally after much exertion John succeeded in tripping the old man off his feet and all went down in a heap. They thought now they had him sure; but in some way one or two turned loose their grip in falling and the old man shook off the others and rose to his feet with a large stone in his vise like hand. He seemed to have a special grudge at John. Entirely ignoring the others, he sprang at John and striking him a heavy blow felled him to the earth. Then dropping the stone he gave vent to an unearthly yell and bounded down the mountain side. Our hunters picked John up and found that he was not seriously hurt, as the old man had struck him in the chest, merely knocking the breath out of him for a moment or two. The others had various and sundry bruises and one

of the farmers was badly scratched about the face. They left the remainder of the food and the clothing in the old man's den and sorrowfully took themselves back to camp. The next day they packed their tents and luggage on the horses and started out the way they had come in—that is on foot, leading the horses, as there were no wagon roads.

They went to Cleveland and showing their battered forms to the officers of the law reported their experiences. Then the officers collected a large body of humane men, who were willing to go out after a forlorn human being, and under the guidance of one of our hunters went back to the scene of conflict. After much tracking and beating of brush, the party finally bayed the old man in his lair and surrounding him with a large force captured him. He was brought to Cleveland, and after being washed and shorn of his matted hair and beard was sent to the insane asylum, where I dare say he now reposes in comfort, unless death has relieved him of all earthly cares.

Such are the experiences of sportsmen. What do you suppose some of them will find next? A. B. WINGFIELD.

SNOWSHOES.

SEEING Mr. Hough's references to snowshoes in his excellent article on trapping, I thought it might interest some of your readers to know something about their manufacture, as when a child I used to watch the squaws who were making them for my father, and later I had hundreds of pairs made for myself, I have had good opportunities to learn how they are made.

The best bows are made from coarse-grained white ash, although sometimes brown ash and even yellow birch are used. These bows are made from green wood and shaped in any desired form by bending them round a small round stick placed on the side of the knee. For nice shoes they should always be hollowed on the outside of the heads and tails with a crooked knife, so that the strings may be protected from wear where they pass through the bows. Fifty years ago nearly all our snowshoes were made with a very large square-ended toe. These required more skill to use, as they tripped easily, and many white men used to fasten several ounces of lead on the tails to counterbalance the weight of the toes, though an expert always preferred them without. The toe and heel bars were made of seasoned wood, usually hornbeam or rock maple. In those days the heels were fastened with wooden pegs, later with common cut nails heated in the fire so they could be clinched, and later still by copper rivets with washers.

Common sole shoes for lumbermen were then, as now, rough, coarse affairs. They were filled with moose, cow or horse hide, cut very coarsely, and not stretched before filling, and consequently when wet sagged badly. They were intended more to stand and chop in than for steady travel, and were sold as cheaply as \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pair. Snowshoes made for trappers, scalers and explorers were an entirely different article, and their making required a great deal of skill, and only a very few women in the tribe could make a really first-class shoe, and they would never make but a few pairs in a season as well as they could for any reasonable pay, as drawing the filling so tightly soon made their fingers sore, so that they preferred to do inferior work for less pay. The best shoes were filled with either fall-killed caribou, deer or nice calf.

It is a widespread but entirely erroneous belief that no filling can equal caribou. Fall-killed caribou makes an excellent filling, but having traveled thousands of miles on all kinds, and in all kinds of traveling, I believe that those filled with deer killed in August, September or October, or those made from a calf six or eight weeks old, are just as good. When the hair of either caribou or deer grows long, it is at the expense of the thickness and strength of the hide. The hide of a winter or spring killed animal is not only thinner, but is not so tough. I once traveled in company with a hunter whose shoes were filled with the skin of a caribou which he had shot in February, and he had seen the shoes filled with it; but in March, when I was with him, his shoes were all in ravelings as soon as it grew warm, while a pair of calf-filled, which I had worn a great deal more than his had been worn, were in perfect condition. This was all owing to his caribou having been killed after the hide had become thin.

In filling with either, the hair is first removed and then the hide is cut in square or oblong pieces, then the corners are rounded, and the pieces are cut into strings with a knife by going round the piece till all is cut. The work of removing the hair and cutting the strings used to be done almost entirely by the men when the shoes were made by married women. Great care and skill were required to cut the strings of an exact width, as thin parts had to be cut wider than thick, so that when stretched all the strings would be of the same size. Thin parts of the skin or thinner separate skins were used for heads and tails, as they were filled with much finer filling.

As fast as cut, the string was wound tightly in balls. Afterward these balls were made into skeins and stretched. This, when they camped in the woods, was done by cutting the tops off from two small trees which grew within 2ft. of each other. The tops were bent together and the skein was slipped over them; the natural spring of the trees drew the skein very tightly, and then a stick was passed through the skein and it was twisted very hard many times. When not near woods, the squaws put one foot in one end of the skein and passed a short stick through the upper end, and then twisted with the stick till all the stretch was taken out. The string was then wound into balls. In filling, the ball which was being filled from was always kept in water. On this account shoes were never filled in warm weather, as the warmth caused the tightly wound hide to heat and rot.

In filling, the heads and tails were filled first. These were often filled in fancy figures. Where the string passed through the bows, it was protected by a tag of dressed leather which it passed round, and which kept it from being cut by crust. The middles or bodies of nice shoes were filled with coarser string than the heads, drawn as tightly as the person filling had power. I have seen it drawn so tight as to bend the bows in. The middles were usually filled close out to the bows in plain filling, but some fancy shoes had a row of round twisted strings an inch long going round the middle at right angles to the bow and the fine filling inside, and I have seen shoes which had two and even three such rows, one inside of the other, separated from each other by work so

that all the real filling there was was a quite small pad for the foot to rest on. This kind of filling was not common, as it was expensive and would not stretch more than the plainly filled. I have seen such fancy filled shoes sell at \$10 a pair.

The only instruments used in filling were the snowshoe needle, which was 4 or 5 in. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, tapering toward each end, with a square hole in the center, through which the string to be used passed, and a punch made of hard wood with one end blunt when the hand pressed it, the other end sharp and hardened in the fire. Sometimes the horn of a spike-horn buck was used with leather fastened on the base to prevent wearing the hand. Snowshoe needles were at first made of bone or hard wood, later they were made of iron. The skin of the neck of a deer was not used in filling, unless for the standards on each side the foot hole, as it was too thick and spongy.

Indians protected the shoes which they used themselves from wear by winding the bows with coarse string of either raw or dressed skin. They also worked dressed leather under where the foot came, and sometimes wove in strings of dressed leather where the wear from the heel came. They also used to turn their shoes over, wearing them on both sides. Protected in these ways shoes would last much longer.

In later years most shoes were made with round pointed toes, to suit the demands of trade. Also some with toes as wide and round as a section of barrel hoop. These were called Esquimaux shoes. I have never known an Indian (the Penobscots and Passamaquoddy) to make any of the narrow shoes turned up at the toes, so common in Canada. Most of the shoes sold for caribou hide are not filled with caribou, as I have seen plenty of so-called caribou shoes for sale in years gone by when there was not a caribou in the State. Shoes filled on honor with either fall-killed caribou, deer or calf, will when worn on dry snow usually sag so as to show the print of the foot, but when wet they tighten, so when one strikes a pair of wet shoes together, after they have been taken off, they will hum as if one struck a tightly stretched line. Many shoes look as if tightly filled when they are not. This is done by filling loosely and placing them near an open fire when drying; the heat contracts the string and they seem tighter than the really honestly filled, but as soon as wet they show what they are. An expert can tell what they are by trying to move the filling on the bow back and forth with the thumb and forefinger. If they are honestly filled the string round the bows can be moved. If tightened by fire the filling adheres to the bows as if glued. To any one buying nice snowshoes I would give the old Indian's advice, "She very honest man, best way you watch him." M. H.

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—II.

At the Home of the Black Bear.

THE soil of the Mississippi Delta is for the most part exceedingly rich, else it could not produce the extremely abundant and heavy growth of vegetation that it carries. The region on which we were hunting was covered with a solid mass of cane which stood about 15 to 25ft. high and was thick as the hair on a dog's back. All through the growth of cane stood great forest trees—ash, oak, hickory, gum and other trees which reach giant size. Across the brakes ran an occasional cypress swamp, at the head of which the growth merged into shorter and less bulky trees, often those of the persimmon, the holly or other trees, which were sometimes covered densely with the wild grapevines. It appears, however, that all the soil is not uniformly rich, or rather that parts of it are more so than others. Some of the ridges are especially strong and rich of soil, and here the heavy blue cane grows most densely and impenetrably—so much so that if I should say how solid a front it offers to the hunter I should hardly be believed. On these richest and heaviest ridges the natural food of the bears was most abundant, and the hunter craft of Bobo had found out the very place where the bear was feeding—a series of blue cane ridges about eight miles from our camp. Here the party had been able so far to get a start in less than half an hour after turning the dogs loose each day. On two separate days, as I have above remarked, they got two starts and killed two bears before going back to camp.

It was therefore with feelings of practical certainty that we all started out on the first hunt after my arrival in camp, which fell on a Friday morning. We numbered about a dozen hunters in all. Col. Dick Payne and Boney Leavell stayed in camp and fought the war over again some more, but this on Capt. Leavell's part was an act of generosity to myself. I had no horse, of course, and he insisted on my riding his hunting mare Gladys. This I did reluctantly, as it unhorsed him for the day. But when I forgot that part of it I was very glad, for a better mount for the work in hand no one ever had, and I soon saw that staying with the pack was much simplified by the sagacity of Gladys, who had evidently been on many a bear hunt before and knew what was expected of her.

We got a late start on this morning, but no one minded that, for it seemed sure that we could kill a bear in a few hours and get back to camp before dark all right. But for some reason the luck took its first turn against the party and we met with only disappointment. We had out only about half the pack, the rest being crippled or lost, but among our dogs we had some good bear dogs as any of the pack. We cast off on a heavy ridge and some of the young dogs soon opened, but for over an hour we had no token of serious business from any of the old reliables. At length we heard old Ronce running alone, but we could not be sure what was his course, and none of the rest went to him, as the pack was as usual split up into several eager sections, all hustling for themselves. In fox hunting it may be possible to keep the pack in part at least well together, but in bear hunting this is impossible. The dogs are of different nose and speed, and training and experience, and if considerable time passes before a bear trail is struck they scatter out and break away in spite of the efforts of all hands to confine them to bears and bears only. Had Ronce struck his trail near by a good number of the other dogs, they would all have gone to him, and we should have had our run in less than three-quarters of an hour after we got on our grounds. As it was, we went working back and forth across the ridges till late in the afternoon. It was feared the bear ha-

moved out of the country on account of being hunted so steadily, and perhaps this was so. But finally, as we were riding down one of the long sloughs which made up out of the head of a big cypress swamp, the dogs struck a hot trail and went off roaring most delightfully, more than half the pack, with a lot of the reliable bear dogs among them. We could then hear the wild answers of one dog after another, from all over the country, as they hurried in to join the pack. The savage chorus grew and grew and then faded away as the chase swept on. Bobo's face brightened, and he went off after the pack in happy frame of mind. In a moment the hunting party was split into half a dozen groups, each riding as seemed best to him. I found myself in company of Mr. Felix Payne, Mr. Foster, Mr. Dunn and one or two of the negroes. Then we lost each other somehow and somewhere, and I was for a time alone with Mr. Payne, a very good bear hunter, and one pretty safe to be near when the bear was killed. We kept on riding across the ridges, and at length started down a long slough, paralleling the course of the pack, which could barely hear at times by the intentest listening.

A Wild, Mysterious Region.

"They are going to the Hurricane, sure!" said Mr. Payne, and then we settled down into hard riding for a while, trying to head the pack. Noel Money had at this time joined us, coming across a heavy cane ridge to get into our slough.

I should explain that the "Hurricane" is a strip of country about eighteen miles long and perhaps a mile or more wide, which marks the course of an ancient cyclone across that region. I presume there does not exist on earth a worse bit of country of its size. The giant trees—many of them 5, 6 or 8ft. in diameter at the stump—lie heaped and crossed in a Titanic windfall whose like few men have ever seen. Over all this the heavy cane has grown, and as fire has once passed over a portion of that country, a dense crop of blackberry, bittersweet and other thorny vines has sprung up over all, binding the cane fast in a network fearsome to face. Into this cover no horseman on earth can ride, not even Bobo, and the foot traveler is but little better off, for he cannot get over a mile in half a day, and could not follow a straight course even to save his life. Woe to the man who ever should be lost there, for no mortal could be of service to him. He might know his way to camp, but unless fortune brought him soon at the edge of the matted windfall he could never get out alive; and no matter how loud and long he blew his horn, he might as well blow it in his grave, for no earthly ear would hear it if he were half a mile from the edge. There was something frightful and uncanny to us all about this weird strip of solitude. One bear had gone into this Hurricane—as they all tried to do—and was killed not over 200yds. from the edge. It took over an hour to get him out, and when the rest of the party came up they thought the kill had been made at least half a mile away, for they could barely hear the horns which were blown to call in the chase. There was some strange quality in the acoustics of the Hurricane which made it impossible to hear anything more than 200 or 300yds. at the furthest. The loudest horn at that distance sounded faint, and even the whole pack running would then sound as if it were nearly a mile away. If ever the chase got into this mysterious, demonish stretch of ghostland it was all up for the day unless the dogs bayed the game close to the edge or drove it out again—which latter was not apt to happen, for the locality was the high fastness of no one knows what amount or kind of game. Certainly the Hurricane was a protector of game, and it was no doubt the home of many wolves, panthers and wildcats. The bears may winter there, but they do not like that country and do their feeding elsewhere, heading for the place of safety when started from the fat cane ridges where they are reveling in hickory nuts, acorns and persimmons.

No wonder then that we rode hard to head the pack when the chase lined out for the haunted Hurricane. Mr. Payne, Mr. Money and myself and one colored boy broke through a mass of cane and found ourselves at the edge of a vast cypress swamp, which served as moat to the fastness beyond. This a man or a horse could not cross, so we stopped. Far on ahead we heard faint and phantom-like baying, as of the pack of the Wild Huntsman baying in the clouds.

Disappointment.

"It's all up," said Mr. Payne. "They've headed us and gone on in." Mr. Payne thought the dogs were running a wolf, something which was not likely they would do; but we could hear but very faintly, and could not distinguish any voices of the bear dogs. Mr. Payne therefore thought it best to try to call back the pack out of the Hurricane, and we all blew for a long time. This, we learned afterward, was a mistake.

Our detachment had waited for half an hour or more, and we began to find a wandering dog or two coming in now and then to us before we started out of the Hurricane to find the rest of the party. We met Bobo not far up the slough, and learned the unfortunate news that the bear had gone by him with a good lot of the bear dogs an hour before, and that our blowing had simply called off part of the pack. Bobo had thought that the bear was killed when he heard us blowing, or he could have followed on and headed the bear himself and killed it. This was very awkward, as it was now late. We tried to mend matters by riding down another slough along the side of the Hurricane, but though we once in a while heard a faint note or two we could not locate the pack. At dark Bobo, Payne, Money and myself were still waiting at the side of the Hurricane, into which our pack had passed and been swallowed up completely. The others of the party had gone to camp, and at length we also rode home, despondent, with seventeen dogs out of the twenty-three starters missing. The day had been most disastrous, and it seemed as though our hunting had come to an end, and that the Bobo bear pack had run its last chase. On the way home through the woods Bobo sang very loud and continuously—a sure sign that he was in a deuce of a temper over things.

So we got no bear that first day, though we had something of a run. For my part, I think they get bears entirely too easily down there, and believe it would be better fun if it were not so easy, as well as a great deal better for the bear supply, which surely cannot last forever. As I was only having the sort of fun I am somewhat used to, through hunting in countries where game is not so abundant, I had no complaint to make; but the others, who had been killing a bear or so every day, protested loudly against this unkindness of fate.

Accident of the Field.

During the day Mr. Money met with one of the accidents of the field which may happen at any time in the riding necessitated on the bear chase. A dry stalk of cane flew back and struck him full on the ball of the eye with much force. He said that at the instant he was sure the eyeball was broken quite open, and put up his hand expecting to feel it on his face. He said nothing, but a few moments afterward I saw him unsteady in his saddle and fairly faint with the excruciating pain. I found by rolling back the lid that there was a deep red, bloodshot spot on the eyeball where the cane had struck, and it was an awful eye the plucky fellow had. But I could assure him the eyeball was not ruined, which seemed to please him a lot. I had no notion he would see much with either eye for several days, but to the surprise of all he got over it so quickly that he could ride the next day, though his eye was inflamed for a long time.

A Pointing Bear Dog.

One odd thing I noticed that day, and one which perhaps has rarely been recorded on a bear hunt before. We had one little nondescript dog in the pack which was called "New York," which looked a great deal like a pointer, and which, no doubt, had pointer blood. While we were riding along a path some of the dogs began to sniff about and scatter into the cane. I distinctly saw this dog come up, sniff at the edge of the cane, where a tree had fallen, and then for an instant stretch out into an unmistakable point, as a bird dog would on birds. A moment later all the pack were off together on a trail which we took to be that of the bear we afterward lost. I have heard of dogs pointing deer, but never before saw one point bears. I feel quite sure there was no mistake about this, and that the dog actually pointed the trail.

By the time we got into camp that night we found that nine of the dogs had come in. One by one they came straggling in throughout the night, until by morning there were only a few missing. By noon only two were out, but one of these was Scott, which Capt. Bobo considered his best bear dog. What became of Scott we never knew, nor did we ever find Fly, another fine bear dog, which with four others had gone one day before into this same Hurricane and never been heard from again. The colored boys shook their heads mysteriously, and Col. Bob Edwards's Sam plainly allowed "Dat Harricane sho' mus' be harnted by somethin' er other."

The Dogs of Chase and Dogs of War.

On Saturday we all lay in camp except Capt. Bobo and Fincher, his son, who put in the day riding far over to the east, trying to find some of the lost dogs. Capt. Bobo told one of his servants, Bill, to ride over toward the Hurricane and blow there for the dogs, which we were all satisfied by this time had been either baying or fighting until late in the night. Bill was very philosophical about starting out, but developed a bad case of stomach trouble which kept him in camp until nearly noon, by which time six more dogs had come in by themselves, without his help. This I should call good generalship on Bill's part. The rest of us had a good time resting about the camp. Col. Dick Payne and Capt. Boney Leavell had the war fought from the first Manassas up to Shiloh by the time Jim, the cook, showed his calmly smiling face at the shanty door and beat his lardcan gong for lunch. It was always a hardship for these two veterans to break away from the war to stop and eat, and it required persuasion to get them from astride the bench which made their meeting ground. Moreover, there was danger for them in leaving their rear unprotected. All their war maps were drawn in the ashes around the fire, and it was very trying for them to come back from lunch—even such a lunch as Jim and his assistant could get up—and find the battlefield of Shiloh or Manassas knocked into a cocked hat by the swipe of a bear dog's hind leg. This always necessitated the beginning of the war all over again.

Ghosts, Spirits and Conjuring.

Mr. Foster, I found, could sleep as well as ever, and that is saying a great deal. He averaged about twenty hours a day, but when awake was cheerful and amusing as ever. He showed us how to carry a shirt, cavalryman fashion, folding it so it would all go into one sleeve and be snug and tight. Then he started in on Col. Bob Edwards's boy, Sam, and kept that poor fellow guessing for the rest of the trip. Sam is one of those who believe in ghosts and "speh'its," and he and Mr. Foster had great times discussing these matters. Mr. Foster professing a similar belief. Sam told of a spirit cat which had tried to rub against his legs one night as he was going home from church.

"I done tried to stomp it, but it wasn't thah," said Sam. "Then I pulled my pistol an' tried to shoot it, but the bullet done pass right th'oo it an' ain't hurt it none. Then I starts an' runs. The fellah I wuz with he hollahs out, 'Whah yo' at, Sam?' 'Ovah hyah by Col. Wah'nah's place,' says I. Bimeby he hollahs out again, 'Whah yo' is now, Sam?' 'Ovah hyah by Col. Johnson's plantation,' I says. Then he hollahs out again after awhile, 'Yo' Sam, whah yo' at now, Sam?' Den I says, 'Ovah hyah at Cunnel Edwards's place.' Praise Gord, dat wuz about four miles. So I lone run in de house and git in de bed an' covah up mer head. I sho' was scared. I looken fo' dat cat to come into my room any minnit all dat night. I allus 'lowed dat cat vuz a speh'it. I ain't nevah seen ve'ly many speh'its, but done see lots of folks what has!"

To all of which Mr. Foster listened with the greatest gravity and sympathy. But his masterpiece of work was with old Ben, who was fond of calling himself "a ole spei'unced bah' huntah." By dint of inquiry among the others, Mr. Foster got a knowledge of the names of some of Ben's best dogs, which once made up a pack which has now been dead for twenty years or more, but about which Saul was always talking. Getting him to one side one day, Mr. Foster carelessly began to tell Ben about his old pack, describing the color and peculiarity of several dogs as well as if he had known them himself, though he had never seen or heard of Ben or his dogs before this trip. Ben looked at him sharply for a while and then moved away and would not come near him again all day. He would go off by himself and sit on a log and hang his head in thought. At last he came up to Mr. Foster with a question, "Wha' kine er dog you sayin' my ole Ring dog is wah?"

"Oh, old Ring," said Mr. Foster, who had been posted well on Ring in advance. "Why, don't you rememb

Ring? He wouldn't ever let anybody tie a rope around his neck."

"Dat him—dat him sho'!" exclaimed Ben; but suddenly recollecting that Mr. Foster had no earthly right to know anything about old Ring, his face dropped and again he moved away. He told the other servants that Mr. Foster was a "conjurer," and the next day Ben left the camp, never having anything to do with Mr. Foster afterward.

The Negro as Bear Hunter.

Most of the negroes of that region we found simple, ignorant and not of courageous disposition. For instance, Hopson, the driver who brought me into camp from the railroad, was scared about to death at the thought of going back through the woods alone with a big piece of fresh meat in his wagon. He was sure that the bears would catch and eat him, and Capt. Leavell added to his disquietude by gravely assuring him that a panther would be sure to follow him and jump on to him in the darkest place on the road, as panthers preferred to eat black men above all other delicacies. Mr. Foster's friend Sam, who had such an experience with the spirit cat, recounted how once he and several other negro boys were out hunting coons one night, when they heard a panther scream near by. From all that could be learned the whole party ran home, about five miles, without stopping to take breath. Sam declared he could hear "dat critter comin' right clost up on top his heels, a-grittin' his teeth every jump he make." Sam was a very frank and fearless sort of coward. On the other hand, nearly all the servants about the camp, including all of Capt. Bobo's, were old and excellent bear hunters, as good as any white man could be, and these had no fear whatever of the wild creatures with which much experience had made them familiar. Bill, Tom, Pete and big Sam were Capt. Bobo's right-hand assistants all the time in his bear hunts, and owned some of the best dogs in the pack. Every one of them knew each dog in the pack, and could describe intelligibly to the others the performances of "that ring tail fise dog," "that stag-terrier," "that crooked tail dog," "that little foxhound with the bad ear," "that brindle dog of so-and-so's," etc., etc. Moreover, every one of these men knew where every one of the dogs came from and whom it belonged to, and what it was worth in the chase; and still more remarkable to the stranger, each of them, in common with the gentlemen who directed the hunt, could always tell the voice of each dog heard in the distance, and tell what that particular dog was up to at that particular time. It is a wild, free life these bear hunting negroes have led down in the Delta—better than they could have in any other country—and exciting enough are some of the experiences they have had out with the Bobo pack. More than once Capt. Bobo has taken a notion he wanted to take a bear home alive, and this he has done, roping and leading him behind a wagon, albeit with his reluctant consent thereto. Once Bobo caught and tied a live wild panther, and trussing his feet together took it into camp slung on a pole carried by two men over their shoulders. All of these exploits were seen and shared in very often by these trusty colored hunters, so that it is natural to find them well posted on the habits of their game. Thus Bill told me how a bear carries off a fat hog. "He just grabs the hog by the neck," he said, "and straddles over him, with the hog between his fore legs, an' he shore make that ar hog walk fast." Sometimes a bear will bite a big piece out of a hog and leave him alive. A panther is usually supposed to sling its quarry over its shoulder, as the lion and tiger are said to do, but these hunters all said that when a panther kills a deer it does not carry it in that way, but drags it by the neck. Two panthers will often operate together in this way, one taking hold on each side of the deer's neck, and they will go through the thickest cane at a great pace in that way.

The Biggest Coward on Earth.

There is no doubt that we were in a country and among men where the hunting of the black bear is about as old and oft-told a story as anywhere on this continent, yet I could not learn of any great danger ever attaching to this sort of hunting. I heard of the killing of many hundreds of these bears, possibly of actually thousands, but I could not learn of any bear that ever showed any fight, except one she bear which Bobo once said came at him with her ears back. The black bear will fight dogs, but these seem to prevent all thought of fighting man, from whom the bear always endeavors to escape as fast as possible. The unanimous verdict of all these many bear hunters was that the black bear is the biggest coward on earth for his size, unless it be the alligator.

This cowardliness robs the sport of hunting these bears of much of its zest, and really I do not think the rifle is the proper weapon to use in their pursuit, as Bobo often proves by going in and killing one with the knife. Noel Money told us that in India they were accustomed to use some heavy seize dogs in hunting bears, which nailed the bear always by the head. The bear was then always killed with the knife. He thought that by using some of these heavy dogs, slipping them only when the game was at bay, the black bear of the canebrakes could be killed in a similar way. I should be disposed to think that a short spear would be a very practical weapon for killing the bear, at least in some chases where the dogs had the bear well stood up. The only trouble in its use would be in the habit of the bear of moving on with the pack as soon as the hunter appears in sight. The custom is to shoot the bear as quickly as possible in order to save the dogs, which rush in as soon as they see a man come on the scene. With these light dogs, such as make up most of the pack now, the use of knife or spear would no doubt mean the loss of a great many more dogs, though it might afford more fun; and as so many dogs are killed as it is, it is not likely that the bear hunters of the Delta will change from their present customs. None the less, they all have a great contempt for the bear, and can not understand why some people will believe the stories they read in the papers about desperate fights in which the black bear figures so largely. Capt. Boney Leavell, like all his friends, had been a bear hunter all his life, as had been his father before him. He has to-day on his plantation an old white-haired negro servant, who is known to everybody as Uncle Joe (about whom we shall hear more later on). Uncle Joe is one of the old-time darkies, and has never changed his ways, and has a life lived on the Leavell plantation, with no wish leave for other scenes. Uncle Joe was the favor servant of "Ole Marse Leavell," as he is now of "Ma

Boney," and can tell many a tale of bear hunting with both of them. He has killed a great many bears himself, and understands the sport thoroughly. It was one of the treats of the trip to see Uncle Joe quietly smiling while Capt. Leavell told of a certain bear hunt in which they both figured not so very long ago. It seems they got up with this bear when they had no weapon between them but one knife, which belonged to Joe, and which he prized very highly. Capt. Leavell bears a lasting reminder of the war in an injured member of his body, having lost a foot and ankle from a gunshot wound received in one of the closing battles of the war; he could not, therefore, get about very well with his wooden limb and the cane, and when it is added that the only weapon he could find was a stout club, it may be surmised that he and Joe were not very well equipped for a bear fight. None the less, they sailed in with club and knife and had a very interesting time of it for awhile. Capt. Leavell would smash the bear over the head and knock it down, and Joe would try to do business with his knife. The main concern of the bear was to get away, and this at last it did, unfortunately, just at the time that Joe had struck it with the knife, so that in its flight it carried that weapon with it. "Hit him! Marse Boney, hit him!" called out Joe. "He's got my knife! Hit him!" Capt. Leavell, much convulsed with laughter at Joe's concern over his knife, did his best to get the bear, but could not do so, and Joe ran after it and grabbed it by the long hair of the back, and so at length by perseverance stopped it long enough to recover his much valued knife and finish up the bear.

The Bear Pack in Camp.

With many bear stories and the discussing of much bear lore we put in most of the time on Saturday while we were resting. We were visited that day by Mr. L. N. Kimerer, an owner of some timber lands adjoining us on the north, who rode down with a Mr. Ristenberger, of Indiana, who was visiting at his camp for a time. Like everybody else, these gentlemen were anxious to kill a bear, and were disappointed that no chase was on for the day.

On Saturday night we had a hard rain, which persisted over Sunday, so that everything was very wet and disagreeable about camp. The dogs, which were now much disabled by continuous fighting, lay around in different stages of discomfort. Some of the dogs were now beginning to grow very thin and sorry-looking from their wounds, especially those which had been bitten through the back by the bears. It seems that a dog bitten in the small of the back is unable to lie down, or to get up if he does lie down. We saw several of them which stood around with heads drooping and ears depressed, the picture of misery, actually asleep, for a moment or so at a time at least, standing up. They would waver and stagger as the drowsy influence overcame them; then there would be a swaying of the body and a sharp cry of pain as the wrenched back felt the sore muscles used, and then the poor creature would move slowly away a yard or so and go through it all over again—almost dead from lack of sleep. It was sad to see the consequences upon the dogs of the sport which had so little danger to the human participants.

In wet weather the dogs are more uncomfortable, and fight each other more cheerfully; so we had something at least to do in trying to preserve the peace and dignity of the camp. One black foxhound created considerable amusement in the evening, after most of the party had gone to bed, by sneaking into the sleeping room and stealing a whole cheese and the biggest part of a cake which the cook had placed on the refreshment table in the main room. He was driven out before the loss was known, but came back again persistently, and no one could tell what he was after, unless it was a glass of whisky, which was all he had left on the table.

The Party Diminishing.

The rain rather put a wet blanket on the party and on Monday morning some of the gentlemen were obliged to return home, among these Mr. Felix Payne, Capt. Leavell and Mr. Dunn. When Felix Payne rode away that morning we all bade him good-bye with regret, though his absence was to be but for a few days, as he said he only wished to be gone long enough to arrange some business matters. But alas! that was the last time most of our party ever saw Felix Payne. His untimely illness and death, which I have earlier chronicled, took place all too soon after his departure.

It was still raining on Monday, or at least enough to stop hunting, so the party did not go out at all, this making three days since the dogs had been out. On Tuesday morning the weather broke bright and fair, and the only thing to mar the prospective pleasure of the day was the fact that Mr. Foster and Col. Dick Payne were obliged to end their stay and return home. We put them across the river to their wagon in the early morning and said good-bye to them with reluctance, one may be sure, for two such gentlemen leave a vacancy not to be filled when they leave a camp. Neither of these gentlemen had his shot at a bear, which was a matter of regret to all the others of the party, though all knew that the luck of the chase was very fickle and sometimes refused to select the fittest for its favors. But both our friends went away declaring themselves delighted with the experience in camp. With them went the head cook Jim and also Sam, the colored boy, who lived out near the railroad. This subtraction from the ranks left the party small, though warlike. Mr. Foster quit-claimed to me a little rat-tailed roan swamp pony which he had been riding and which he said had belonged to some darky who lived somewhere or other, and would some day or other appear on the scene and collect the rent on said pony. This left me in a very good frame of mind, for I did not like to ride a horse belonging to a friend who would thereby be set afoot.

On Tuesday we went afield again, and this time we got something in regard to which we must defer reference till the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Natural History.

A TAME RUFFED GROUSE.

BEEDES, N. Y., Jan. 28.—In your paper of May 11, 1895, is an article on "A Grouse in a House," and if you will allow me space I would like to speak of a grouse here called very tame by many persons who have seen him.

Within 250ft. of the house I live in, and not over 100ft. from a barn occupied every day, on the property of the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, is a log on which a ruffed grouse has drummed for the last eight years. I desire to have the opinion of some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM on the age of the grouse, or rather, how long any have been known to live if left to die a natural death. It is possible—and seems quite probable to me—that the log I speak of has been used by one and the same bird for the time above stated. I have had rare opportunities to observe this bird's habits, and have seen and heard him do the drumming act hundreds of times. He is so tame that one may stand within 50ft. of the log, in plain sight, and it will not disturb him at all. A person can walk quite close to this bird before he will leave his log, and he has been photographed several times. I have seen him drum in every month of the year except July and August. In the spring he is more active than at any other time, and when the moon was full and giving clear light I have known him to keep up his drumming until midnight, after having been at it all day. I have brushed the snow from a spot on his log in January, February and March, and he would find it bare and use it.

Some people claim—even those who are deemed good authority on the habits of our Northern and Eastern birds have written—that a grouse walks or struts when he drums and beats his wings against the log or sides of his body. The bird I speak of was never known to do this. In drumming he stands erect—so straight that his tail feathers touch the log—and does not move his feet. His feathers are thrown out or ruffled, especially about the neck and breast, before a sound is heard. Then the wings, thrown slightly forward and up, move slowly at first, are raised higher and more to the front as the beats increase in force and velocity, and his wing motions end in very rapid rolling beats. So far as I could ever see, the wings do not touch each other, or anything else but air, and the sound produced, in my opinion, is concussion. At each stroke of the wings a vacuum is made, and the air rushing in makes the noise heard. A peculiar thing about this drumming is that it sounds as loud to one when quite a long distance from the bird as it does when no more than 20ft. away.

I have also watched this bird during the mating season—when he was conducting his courtship—with a hen grouse near at hand. On such occasions the female seems indifferent to the charms of the male; but he, on the other hand, is most earnest and persevering in his devotions, and appears smitten beyond cure. To win in this contest the male uses no words or force, but depends wholly on his looks—his form and show of plumage.

At one time, in May, I watched a pair of these birds for an hour and a half, and during all that time the grit and patience shown by the male bird were something remarkable. This was near the drumming log above referred to, and it was without doubt the "tame grouse" I was watching. The female was in a tree about 15ft. from the ground and spent the time in oiling and dressing her feathers. Apparently she did not regard the close attention her faithful admirer was giving just below, under the tree she was in. From her actions one could not judge that she knew a male bird was within a mile of her. I sat on the ground, with both birds within 30ft. of me, and had a plain view of all that took place. The male bird stood perfectly still during the whole time—ninety minutes—with his eyes looking toward the object of his affections. He stood erect, with his tail feathers spread wide, his wings out from his body a little, and drooping so that the outer plumes touched the earth, and his neck and body feathers all ruffled out. He did not take one step, nor move his head or body at all, except to shake himself twice, as he was getting wet. A shower of rain came up and I left the scene. Evidently the male did not like to have his plumage get wet, as it would detract from his good looks. He shook the raindrops off his head and back twice, and these were the only signs of life he showed during the period I watched him. When I left him he stood there motionless, with the rain pelting down on his gay attire. Whether he won his suit I never knew, though it is fair to presume that such fortitude in love would meet with success in the end.

I would like to hear from some of your readers who are familiar with the habits of the grouse, and to know if their observations compare with mine on the age and tameness of the bird, and on the question of how he drums and acts when choosing a mate.

W. SCOTT BROWN.

Another Captive Grouse.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 30.—A Mr. Miles, of the town of Wilson, this county, has a grouse in his barn that came in with the hens last October, and is now so tame that it feeds regularly with the fowls; while it will not allow one to handle it, you can walk around it the same as you would the hens. I understand that the party expects to cross it with a bantam in the spring. I hardly think he will succeed in that, but will watch the outcome, and if it is a success will report through these columns.

J. L. DAVISON.

A Caged Grouse.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As there has been considerable discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM of late in regard to the peculiarities of the ruffed grouse, and as it is generally believed that they do not thrive well in captivity, I will endeavor to disprove that theory by noting a circumstance which came under my own observation.

William McLaughlin, a farmer living about two miles north of this city, has a cock grouse which came into his possession under rather peculiar circumstances. About sunset, one cold October day in 1890, as Mr. McLaughlin was going toward his barn, his attention was attracted by the flight of a bird through the stable door, and on closing the door he discovered a "partridge." After capturing the bird he placed it in a large cage, where it has

remained most of the time since. It is quite tame, feeding from one's hand even though he be a stranger, and will eat almost anything given it, including all kinds of grain, as well as cooked potatoes and crumbs from the table. It is a most voracious feeder, and is very fond of the berries from the mountain ash; Mr. McLaughlin has several ash trees in his yard. It has never been sick a day since its captivity, and is the family pet. J. E. G.

A Nuthatch's Device.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out walking this afternoon I found five pigeon woodpeckers in some oak trees; also saw a number of crows flying over. Among the bushes in an old fence corner tree song sparrows were busy turning over dead leaves looking for food. I know that the sparrows pass the winter with us, and think that the woodpeckers do also, as I have seen one or two for the past three winters. Once, while passing through the grove across the street from my house, the note of a nuthatch caught my ear. Looking up, I saw that he had an acorn or nut in his beak. He flew to the dead limb of an oak, on which was a decayed knot. In this he dropped his prize and hammered at it vigorously, occasionally getting a morsel which he ate with relish. Upon my throwing a stick he flew to a limb a few feet higher up, keeping one eye on me and the other on his supper, all the while protesting by a series of "hanks." He then flew to another tree and seemed in no haste to return to the nut, so I went into the house and left him. The next morning I climbed up and sawed the limb off to find what kind of a nut he had, but it was gone. The knot was hollow and of an inverted cone shape, thus making an excellent place in which a bird might hold a nut to crack. It may have been instinct or luck that prompted this nuthatch to use a knot hole for his vise, but it looks like brains.

NUTHATCH.

A Feathered Progidy.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday I received the following letter: FLUSHING, Mich., Jan. 28.—J. L. Davison, Esq.: Dear Sir—I have just purchased an American bald eagle which I will dispose of at a reasonable figure. I thought you might want it yourself. If not will you kindly help me sell it? It weighs about 35lbs. and measures 17ft. from tip to tip, and is a very fine specimen according to the cyclopedia. Now, Mr. Davison, I thought the bird was probably worth \$25. Please give me your views at once and oblige

J. W. DYSINGER.

I wrote Mr. Dysinger at once that if he had a bird that weighed 35lbs. and measured 17ft. from tip to tip it was not "an American bald eagle," and asked him to weigh and measure the bird correctly and write to the United States Museum, Washington, D. C.; the American Museum of Natural History, New York, N. Y., and Zoölogical Society, Philadelphia, Pa. On April 7, 1890, I had given to me a bald eagle in good condition that weighed only 10lbs. and measured 8lin. from tip to tip of wings. If Mr. Dysinger has an eagle that weighs about 35lbs. it is worth all he thought it was, \$25, even if it does not measure more than one-half of what he reports it to be.

J. L. DAVISON.

[Perhaps an immature roc.]

Fox and Eagle.

A SETTLER near the town of Estevan, situated a short distance north of the international boundary line, and a few miles east of the western boundary line of North Dakota, while driving across the prairie recently remarked a fox some distance away crouching ever and anon in the tall grass and acting generally in a very unusual manner.

Assuming that he was stalking a mouse or other small rodent he gave him his attention, but soon the true cause of his movements became apparent as a large brown bird (presumably an eagle) was seen to drop on him like a flash. A fierce combat ensued (the bird underneath), as the fur and feathers scattered on the snow amply testified.

He hastened thither with his team, and as he drew near his dog charged on the combatants, when they promptly separated, the bird alighting on a knoll a short distance away, the fox meanwhile making a lively dash for freedom. Soon, however, hostilities were resumed by the bird, and this time with fatal consequences to the victim; for as the man again approached the scene the bird, as in the former instance, flew away; the fox, however, alas! for reynard, was prone in death's embrace on the prairie.

W. M.

Linnean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Feb. 11 and 25, at 8 o'clock.

Feb. 11.—Arthur H. Howell, "Impressions of Some of the Birds of the Northwest, with Remarks on their Distribution." Postponed from meeting of Dec. 10.

Feb. 25.—Walter W. Granger, "Mammals of the Bitter Creek Desert, Wyoming." Arthur H. Howell, "Remarks on the Mammals of Montana, Idaho, and parts of Washington and Utah."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Deer Horns.

OROVILLE, Okanogan County, Wash., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 6th of this month Ed. Lathrop, of this place, killed a big blacktail buck that had shed his horns. This is the earliest I have ever known a deer to lose its horns. Sometimes they carry them till March 1.

The snow is about 1ft. deep and crusted, which will be bad for deer unless it snows more soon. At present coyotes have the advantage. A few days ago while at Oroville I noticed quite a number of mallards in the Okanogan River.

LEW WILMOT.

PORTLAND, Ind., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If our friends in discussing the question of deer shedding the velvet will make a note of the fact that the horning of bushes continues from midsummer on through the rutting season, and is not only more general late in the fall, but in a majority of instances is attended with pawing the earth at the base of the bush, they may come to other

conclusions than those mentioned. At the proper season, no doubt, a buck could get rid of much of the velvet by horning a bush, but I can't see how he could possibly determine when he had his horns polished uniformly. I have seen willows and other small bushes stripped of their bark while in the sap, and some had even been twisted entirely off, while large bushes showed where the points of the horns had ripped bark and wood into shreds. The buck was evidently prompted by some other motive than that of getting rid of the velvet.

My humble opinion is, that as soon as his horns are fully grown and can be relied on for the purpose of defense and offense he begins to get saucy, and, as is the custom of his kind, leaves his mark on the bushes. As the season advances he horns more frequently, and paws the earth in defiance of his rivals.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

THE CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL.

COMING from the East to spend the winter are many tourists, health and pleasure seekers, to escape the rigors of an Eastern climate. Many are lovers of rod and gun, and would pass many an agreeable hour if they were possessed of the knowledge. Having come here a couple of years ago, and being fond of the field, I have become pretty well acquainted with the home and haunts of the game of southern California.

The California Valley quail is a pretty bird, handsomer, I think, than the Eastern bird. Its color is a slate blue on back and wings, merging into brown and light on his breast, the only point in which he resembles the Eastern bird in color. A white line about an inch and a half long runs up along the side of the head above the eye, and he is possessed of a stately topknot that rises gracefully from the crest of the head, which makes him as graceful a member as any of his family.

He is a plentiful bird in southern California, being found in all of the valleys that afford any undergrowth for protection; loving the valleys that border on the larger range of mountains, and not being so plentiful nearer the coast. His habitat extends to an elevation of about 3,500ft., rarely higher. Above this dwells his harder brother, the famed mountain quail of California.

We shall take a hunt for him this fine December day—my friend who has just arrived from the East and I. We start from home in the morning with a horse and buggy for a three or four mile drive, out past many orange groves, the golden fruit and blossoms hanging side by side on the same tree and perfuming the air for acres around; on, past finely cultivated vineyards and orchards, the trees and vines set in one straight, unbroken line that stretches far away in the distance. What a different recollection the visitor has of his last quail hunt back East, with the bitter cold, snow and slush under foot and dark skies overhead, the fingers so cold and numb that they could scarcely pull the trigger when you heard the welcome whir and saw the dark object disappear in the distance.

The country and scenery begin to change rapidly as we approach the mountains; the orchards become scarcer and scarcer and are scattered around in a more broken manner, some situated on the rolling land at the base of the mountains, and in every gulch and gully where a few acres of ground can be cleared and cultivated. They also partake of the character of the scenery, being unkept and weedy, spindling and crooked, as if any regularity of form and line were out of place. There are deep gullies and cañons cut out of the mountains by ages of water that has rushed down the mountain side; and beds of dry runs covered with greasewood, the characteristic undergrowth of southern California; these never have any water running in them except for a few weeks of each year.

Lying to the right of us is one of these large marshes, being several miles long and averaging about a quarter of a mile wide, and pretty well stocked with the feathered tribe, so we will journey thither. Leaving the horse and buggy we will take our guns and dogs and journey the rest of the way afoot. As we approach the marsh we pause on the edge before we enter, and as we make preparations to start out again our attention is arrested by a peculiar cry. It is four syllables, *kuk-kuk-kuk-ka*, with a prolonging of the last syllable that gradually dies away in the distance, and is taken up again and again and repeated at regular intervals as if coming from one throat. It is the cry of the valley quail. When they are frightened or have been scared they have another cry, a short *chip, chip, chip*; it is generally their warning note, and is heard just before they flush. And now for your plan of action. If you have never hunted these quail before it is likely that you will return with a light bag, and in your heart disgust toward the quail. That is why a good many Eastern hunters come here with the best of guns and return with all manner of utterances against the quail, claiming that they will not lie to a dog; that there is no gameness about them, and that there is no pleasure in hunting them.

March on boldly to that covered knoll from which you heard the sounds proceed; work and work quickly. You should get on the mountain side of them and try and keep them down toward the valley; if you do not you will have difficult shooting; if they reach the mountains and get into the thick underbrush you will have hard work to get them, but will have torn clothes and disappointment staring you in the face. When they rise shoot at them, hit or miss—it matters not if you expend a few shot into space; you will be repaid for it after a while. After they have been flushed the first time they will not fly very far, but before you come up to them their swift legs will have carried them some distance.

After you have flushed them three or four times and spent several loads in vain effort to overtake them, you will have them scattered well, and your heart should rest content, as you will enjoy some excellent shooting, and your dog, which in the meanwhile should have been kept in the background, will work as well as he ever did. From behind sagewood, clump and stone within a radius

of a quarter of a mile, the whirl, whirl of feathered wings and the gleam of dark disappearing bodies will greet the sight of the busy shooter, and many a tuft of feathers will greet the eye—a poor consolation for 3drs. of smokeless and 1½oz. of No. 8 shot.

Many use No. 10 shot and claim that it gives best satisfaction in shooting and I think that it does to a certain extent; but although you will have more birds wounded you will not have so many killed, and a valley quail with his wing broken will often lead a dog a weary chase through the greasewood before he is bagged.

I prefer a cylinder bored gun in hunting, as most of the shots are got at 20 to 25yds., and have never been able to withstand the excitement of the moment long enough to let the bird get a better distance for a choke gun. But as you journey homeward you will think that the quail is the game bird the broad land through, and that his qualities are the same. whether hunted in the cold of the East, that has nourished a more vigorous constitution, or bred by the mild winds of the Pacific.

W. M.
PASADENA, California.

MOOSE HUNTING WAYS AND WEAPONS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 10, 1895, a correspondent—Tiam—gave an interesting account of a hunting trip, on which he killed two moose. With the issue of the following week began a series of criticisms upon his action which were to me, and some of my friends who know a little about hunting, very amusing. His conduct was described by one writer as “flagrantly unsportsmanlike” and “wantonly and unfeelingly cruel,” because (1) “the second moose was not needed for food,” and (2) “there could be no possibility of a reasonably certain shot at 200yds. which would kill. * * * A distance at which he could have no certainty of killing it, even if it stood immovably quiet. * * * The moose shot at was out of the range established by humane reasoning or the conventions of sportsmanship.” Another critic thought that whether he had or had not killed a moose was irrelevant as affecting his ability to discuss Tiam’s conduct; that the latter should have considered the rights of the people in all *ferce nature*, and that two moose were more than his share; also, that he should not have shot at the moose running at 200yds., as “the range was uncertain, since with all his skill the moose was wounded and lost.”

Answering this last remark first, I beg to say that the moose was lost only because of Tiam’s ignorance of hunting. Every hunter knows that it is only in exceptional instances that game animals when shot drop in their tracks. A moose hit as the one mentioned would, if undisturbed, go a few hundred yards and lie down, where it could be finished and secured easily after an hour or two. Tiam knew no better than to follow the wounded animal at once, and so lost it, of course. The value of any observation depends upon the ability and qualifications of the observer, and the man who knows something about moose hunting should be better able to discuss it than one who is ignorant of the matter.

As to the point that the moose was not needed for food, I say that few, if any, moose are killed by sportsmen because so needed. I have been compelled to shoot muskrats for food, but none of the many moose I have killed was shot because I needed the meat. A sportsman kills his game as the culminating act in his sport. The pleasure does not lie in the killing—the taking the life of beast or fowl—as such, but in that as marking the success of his efforts as a hunter. The moose hunter matches his brains and acquired skill against the instinct and natural gifts of the animal; kills the latter to prove that he has beaten, taking the head and horns as a trophy, and making sure that the meat is not wasted. The pleasure is in the hunting, not the mere killing.

As to Tiam’s invading the rights of the public and taking more than his share, I venture to remark that one man’s share of the existing moose cannot be ascertained by dividing the number of moose by the population of the country. The law in his country contemplates the moose hunters as forming a very limited class numerically, and so provides that each hunter may kill two moose in a season. There is no reason why both should not be killed in one day if the opportunity offers and the hunter chooses to make use of it. I have done it a number of times.

The only remaining point made by the critics—in Corea they have a proverb, “Good critic, bad worker”—is that 200yds. is too long range. This is simply ridiculous. A man who cannot kill a moose standing still at 200yds. would better stick to fishing or criticism and let guns alone.

I wrote a long letter on all the foregoing matter in October last, intending to send it to you, but put it aside and it lay unused. In your issue of this week comes Mr. Irland and discourses with some vigor upon “A Rifle for Moose.” I read his article this evening, and that incited me to write you a new and different letter.

The aim of mankind everywhere nowadays seems to be to get the most for the least; to secure the greatest result with the least labor, or, I may say, with the least of one’s own labor. Hunters or would-be hunters are no exception to the rule apparently, from the tone of modern literature on the subject. To a real hunter, of course, the difficulties of the chase only add to the pleasure; but the would-be’s great idea is to get a “hunting rifle”—one, I suppose, that, like the cheetah or hunting leopard, can kill his game for him. Now all the calibers and powder charges you can give a man who doesn’t know how to find his game or get within range of it, and to shoot after he does get, or is taken by some one who knows how within shooting distance, will not enable him to kill it. A good hunter can find moose and get within range of them, and when there does not need a cannon to kill one.

I have hunted for years with a ’73 model .44-40 Winchester having a 20in. round barrel and just 17in. between the sights, and have killed a good many moose with it. The first shot with this gun at a moose was at 210 measured yards, made just as the animal, a big bull, turned to run, showing its side. The ball hit a rib, cut the aorta and lodged under the skin on the other side. The moose ran 100yds. The next shot was at a bull running at its best, and went clear through without hitting a rib. The distance was a little over 220 measured yards; the moose ran about 30yds. and dropped dead. Both these shots were made while still-hunting late in October, when I had been twelve days in the woods, without rain

or snow, the leaves dry and noisy, and on a day without a breath of wind.

The next year I killed several moose, the largest I shot from a canoe and so could not measure the distance, but it was certainly over 200yds. I knocked the moose down, but while my Indian was rejoicing at the shot it got up and went off. We landed, ran over a knoll and headed it off on a bog, where I finished it. I shot two moose once that were going along on a bog some distance back from the opposite shore of a pond on which I was camped. I could not measure accurately the distance across the pond, but it was much more than the land distance and that was 90yds.

These moose were all killed before I wrote you the letter on “The Hunting Rifle,” printed in your paper of Feb. 9, 1888—a letter I wish some of your correspondents would look up and read. I still have the same little gun and the same ideas as then: that the man should do the hunting, not the gun, and that there is no use in carrying a cannon into the woods when a gun will do. It would not occur to me to carry a .50-110 or even a .45-90 for hunting. I might use such a gun at a 500 or 600yds. target match. The advantage of the light gun is in its all-round qualities; it will kill a moose, deer or bear, and yet is not too heavy to use for grouse, squirrels, ducks, etc. I killed my last moose with a .40-65 Winchester, which I took on my hunt because it had been presented to me by an old hunting friend who was anxious for me to use it and report on its merits. I think I shall have to write you an account of that hunt when I get leisure. I killed the moose on a very cold day, with hard and extremely noisy crusted snow, such as would have made getting a shot at a common deer problematical, yet I got within 70yds. of these moose through a dense mass of standing and fallen spruce and flat-leaf cedar, and killed the bull as he got to his feet. This gun is an inch or so longer than the other, but the latter would have done just as well. I killed a number of grouse on the same trip; shooting their heads off, as I may remark, for Dick’s edification.

My views as to the subject discussed by your correspondents may be put thus:

If the law allows a man to kill two moose and he chooses to do it, there is no reason why he should not, and both in one day if he prefers and can, so long as he does not waste them.

If a man has a gun that will kill a moose at 200yds. and thinks he can hit it, standing or running, there is no reason why he should not fire at it. The question of range depends entirely on the gun and the man’s ability to use it. I would not hesitate to shoot at a moose, if I had the opportunity and wished to, at a good deal more than 200yds., and would shoot off-hand, as I always do.

Jan. 23.—Since writing the above, two more correspondents write in your paper for this week, one asking how a 12-bore shotgun would do for moose; the other whether calling is a legitimate way of hunting moose. The 12-bore will kill a moose all right, of course; the Canadian and northern Indians and half-breeds until within a few years used the Hudson’s Bay Company’s smooth-bores, but I would stick to the medium caliber moderate charge rifle.

I killed a very good bull some years ago with a Winchester shotgun, my rifle being at the moment three-quarters of a mile off on a portage where I had left it with my first load. The gun was a 12-bore, cartridges loaded with 3½drs. of powder and 12 buckshot. I got a chance at the side of the neck at 50yds., fired once only and the moose fell dead after running 100 or perhaps 150yds. There was no particular pleasure in that performance; there was no hunting, as the moose came along within range at his own motion and no skill was required; for any one tall enough to stand on his tip-toes and look over the corner of the tent, as I did, and know what the foot square black patch through the thick spruce brush was, could have killed it. I shot it because I wanted it for the National Museum, to which I gave it, and it is mounted there.

In calling, the moose does not come within range casually and unexpectedly, as the one just mentioned did, but in response to the efforts of the caller to bring him there. The sportman seldom does the calling, so that the bulk of the credit lies with the guide; for any one should be able to do the shooting, which is generally at very moderate range, except in occasional instances, when it is very dark or the shooting has to be done by sound—locating the moose by the noise he makes—which requires experience and judgment; for none of all the creatures of the woods that I know can sneak about as silently as the moose does when he wishes to, despite his great antlers and huge bulk.

I never had but one moose called to me, and that, a bull whose horns spread 5ft., I killed with a single shot from my .44-40. It was the first week in October, 1884, about 9 P. M. I was in a canoe shoved up among the bog willows and brush as far as it would go toward the timber; the water was backed up by a splash dam, so that there was no bank, and the overhanging spruce and balsam made the darkness absolute. We had heard the bull a mile off on the side of a ridge, and I had let my Indian call it, once only, with his hands. We had no horn, for I never hunt calling. The bull came within twenty steps for some distance in the water, which was a foot deep some yards in the brush. “Splash!” as he stepped, “Woh!” A pause—“splash!” Another step—“woh!” We could see nothing before us but an impenetrable black wall. There was no way to shoot but by the sound, but it was so close something must be done at once, for we could not move the canoe. I rose to my feet, having already estimated the probable depth of the water ahead of us and the height a moose would be above it, fired one shot, and that was enough. The moose went about half a mile. I have killed other moose in the dark when I could make out nothing but an indistinct mass a little blacker than its surroundings, or could see absolutely nothing; yet every now and then some one writes that a moose cannot be located by sound. Any man who has ever watched a deer lick knows what little sound will enable him to locate a deer.

Opinions depend upon the point of view. Personally I have never cared to call moose. It is a sort of hunting where the credit is all due the guide or caller, all that the sportsman has to do being to hit a creature so big he could not well miss it.

Of all legitimate methods I prefer still-hunting. In that one matches his ability to catch against the animal’s ability to elude, and there is plenty for both to do. The pleasure of a hunting trip should extend over every hour of every day. The mere being in the woods is a deligh

and chapters are needed to cover the varying pleasures of the camp life; the enjoyment of land, water, mountain, lake, forest and barren; of scenery, of rainy days, of successful and of unsuccessful ones, and of toilsome tramps and wearisome paddling. I like hunting that requires ability and work; there are kinds of shooting that almost any sort of human being can do; but there is charm only in that which takes skill enough to reflect credit on the successful hunter. So I sum up my views as to your last two correspondents thus: Do not go after moose with a shotgun. Do not call moose if you can get a chance to still-hunt.

As to Mr. Irland, who thinks a man almost insane who goes after moose with less than an ounce ball and 100grs. of powder, I say for his information that my two guns are .44-40 and .40-65 Winchesters; the latter used only on one trip, the other hunted with for many years. I have never had to make a journey for any moose after shooting it with either of these guns. The one killed with the .40-65 did not go five steps. Of the considerable number killed with the .44-40, one went half a mile; one, shot also in pitch darkness, went a quarter of a mile; no other one went over 300yds., most of them very much less. My conscience is clear on the letting moose get away point. The only moose I have let get away are the many I have refrained from shooting at. So many men nowadays, who know little or nothing about hunting and shooting, want to kill game that they can only do it by having a good guide to do the hunting, and by using—and that is what many of them clamor for—a gun so big as to make a shot almost anywhere—“on the tail, on the wing,” etc., as the old ducky said in the story—fatal.

My advice to would-be moose killers is, learn to hunt and learn to shoot; you will soon see that you do not need a heavy gun nor pack load of ammunition. Enjoy the hunting, of which the killing is a small part.

CECIL CLAY.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 11 I noticed a letter from A. H. on rifles for big game, and he closes his letter by asking advice on the matter.

Now if I may be permitted to offer a word or two, I would say, get the biggest bore and all the powder you can, and you won’t be sorry.

Mr. Irland, in last week’s paper, has named about the right cartridge for moose; let A. H. study that up and bear in mind that Mr. Irland knows what he is talking about.

I have a .40-82-260. I put three bullets into a bull moose this fall with it and lost him after all, and one more in another moose and lost him. I am quite sure I would have got both of them with a larger gun.

Now some, no doubt, will say that I did not hold on the right spot of the moose. I will just say to such that in hunting moose in the thick brush of a New Brunswick forest you cannot always pick out the particular spot on a moose’s hide you would like to perforate.

Our record this fall was a bad one: four wounded moose lost on one hunt and two brought to bag, or a total of two killed and four lost—three of them with horns. I am like Mr. Irland, I feel badly about it. I never had it happen before, always heretofore having had the luck to bring to bay every animal I hit. The first rifle I had was a .32 Remington, the next a .38 Remington, the next a .40-60 Winchester, and last a .40-82 Winchester; and now I am in the market for something about .45 or .50-cal. and anywhere from 100 to 125grs. of powder and solid ball.

Don’t take an Express rifle in the brush; it is not good for that work. If you want more testimony, here it is:

Yesterday I had a long talk with old Joe Mitchell, our best Indian guide. I shot my first caribou some years ago under Joe’s direction, and we are old chums. He has been away with parties since Sept. 18, and has had his share of luck as usual. He is home for the winter now, and we were comparing our experiences this fall.

When I told him of my bad luck with the big moose, he said, “Your gun is too small. I always knew that. No good, no good. I have the gun now for moose.” And he proudly showed me his new .50-110 Winchester. “That’s the gun for moose,” said Joe. “He no run far with that in him; make big hole, bleed fast; get him sure.”

When I first hunted with Joe he had a .38-40 old silver-mounted Winchester. Next he got a .44-40, and now the .50-110. So you can see what he thinks about it.

Let A. H. consider this when he speaks of weight. A .38-56 Winchester weighs 10½lbs.; a .40-82, 9½lbs.; a .45-90, 9lbs., and a .50 still less. Now, what do you gain by taking the smaller cartridge? Nothing; and you cannot get a lighter one unless you take one of the new model .38-55, and that, in my opinion, would be a mistake. The .38-55 cartridge only holds 48grs. any way; the name sounds big, but the stuff is not there.

As Mr. Irland says, the number of men who have a chance to look at a moose through the sight of a rifle is small, and when they do see him they want a gun that will bring him down, and the quicker the better.

I noticed that the FOREST AND STREAM man who was hunting with Jock Darling had trouble with his gun rusting. Perhaps a wrinkle I got from Henry Braithwaite would not come amiss.

Get a good piece of calfskin and have a cover made to fit loosely over the gun, and only cover it back to the cone of the stock. Keep the cover well greased, and no matter how it rains or snows your gun will come out ready for business.

You can load the gun and stalk your game and still leave the cover on till the last minute before firing, which is an advantage, as in the woods you are apt to get snow in the muzzle if you are not careful. A canvas cover, as supplied by the gun stores, is of no use in wet weather, or in snow in winter; it freezes and then it takes too long to get the gun out. The kind I refer to can be pulled off in a second, and leaves the stock to carry the gun by. I have never had the slightest trouble since I have used this kind of cover; and when I am in the woods I carry the gun in every kind of weather. Otherwise it is impossible to keep a repeating rifle in working order in the winter traveling through the bushes loaded with snow; the only way to do is to have a cover which is waterproof and can be removed quickly.

BLUE NOSE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

ON HUNTING ISLAND.

COL. T. G. WHITE contributes to the *Charleston News and Courier* this account of a recent hunt on Hunting Island, near Beaufort, S. C.: Decidedly the best and most elaborately appointed hunt of the season is that of the hunters on Hunting Island this week, from which the hunters have just returned, bringing with them nine splendid deer as the result of their week's sport.

Last Monday morning Matthew O. D. White, John Wallace, Major W. H. Lockwood, Capt. H. D. Elliott, D. Mabie, J. Barrien Walker, C. E. Danner, H. T. Danner, W. P. Sanders, W. H. Burn, Dr. C. G. Richardson and Dr. Berryhill, surgeon at the naval station, set out in the steamer Lorena, Capt. Vaden, for a week's outing.

The party landed at Frapp's Inlet and reached their selected spot for encampment on Monday afternoon. They carried with them six commodious wall tents and a bountiful supply of bedding and other necessities. The cry of hounds was a magnificent one of fifteen dogs, headed by Matthew White's famous hound Christian, and other dogs of great scent from the packs of J. B. Walker, John Wallace, and W. F. Sanders and others.

With the experience of old Confederate veterans like W. H. Burn, formerly of the Brooks Guard, and Capt. H. D. Elliott, and Dr. Berryhill, an old officer of the United States army, the tents were soon pitched, and the evening consumed in trying the ducks. At an early hour the next morning the series of chases commenced and between Tuesday and Friday night Mr. Walker had killed two superb bucks, Mr. Mabie had secured one, John Wallace had killed two, Dr. Richardson downed one, Matt White shot one, and W. H. Burn scored one, and the ninth deer one of the colored drivers, Joe Roberts, brought down on the drive.

Altogether the hunt is pronounced one of the most successful and enjoyable undertaken in many years. Dr. Berryhill, an old army officer and an old hunter, with experiences in hunts in the Adirondacks and in Alaska and the far West, says it is the most delightful and interesting outing he has ever experienced and he had never been on one where so many deer were killed in the same time.

The weather was unfavorable, wet and rainy for two days during the week, and five of the deer were killed yesterday, the last day of the hunt.

Mr. Walker had the misfortune to smash his elegant Parker gun stock upon the second buck he shot; it being wounded by his first barrel and crippled by his second, when apprehending its escape he belabored the deer with the butt of his weapon.

The negro drivers and cooks who accompanied the party were veterans in the chase. Sam Jenkins, Dennis Freeman, Joe Roberts, Joe Danner, Aleck Key, Willie Freeman and John Freeman, names well recognized by our old-time hunters, contributed to the entertainment of the party by their unique experiences related in their native gullah.

Dr. Berryhill, beside being a most charming and accomplished gentleman, is a thorough musician, and with his banjo entertained the party around the camp-fires.

The nine huge carcasses, mostly of huge bucks with spreading antlers, as they were loaded in a cart to be butchered, were a sight that commanded general admiration. At this season the bucks are in what is known as the "blue skin," and as they dash through the covert look blue; while in the months of July and August, the best season by the bye for fat bucks, they are in the "red skin" and the color of autumn leaves.

The hunters say that the islands are filled with deer, owing to the close watch that was put upon them against marauders by the Beaufort Hunting Club, who have secured them as a hunting ground. T. G. W.

NON-RESIDENTS AND LAWLESS CITIZENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In former communications I have contended that deer were in more danger of extermination from violations of the law by resident hunters than from the influx of non-residents. What I said was largely in self-defense, and applied to the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, where I have spent many happy days wandering in the evergreen forests.

I want to be understood as finding no fault with any one except those who accuse me, with other unfortunate non-residents, of doing things we were not guilty of. I have found among the forest residents of those States whole-souled hospitality and a friendship that is reliable. But there are "game hogs" in and out of the hunting territory, and they grunt in a mischievous way sometimes. I inclose herewith a letter from a gentleman I met last fall in northern Wisconsin. He speaks the sentiment of the average settler or citizen of the northern portion of the State. You have permission to publish what he has to say touching game and fish protection.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The letter to Mr. Cunningham reads:

I would not favor a non-resident license law, nor any law that would hinder in any way a sportsman from hunting in Wisconsin in season, no matter in what part of the Union his home might be.

My opinion is that the game supply is decreasing. This is my observation in an experience of six years past in the woods and in a deer country. In giving my reasons for so thinking I shall answer your third question, which was: "Are the deer in more danger from native hunters who hunt out of season than from hunters of other States during the open season?"

In the first place, the law of our State is not enforced. The only time of the year that deer are not slaughtered is when they are too poor to be eaten. There are towns which I could name where venison has been peddled on the street from house to house for the last three months. This is done mostly by the Indians. A great many deer, too, are killed in June and July and during the greater part of August by shining. A bullseye lantern is used for this, being suspended from the boat. The method is a favorite one for many, for it is so easy, and if they understand it at all they are sure to get deer. Being in one of our little towns last July and seeing a man I knew to be an old shiner, I asked him if there were many deer being killed around there. "Well," said he, "until about two weeks ago there were a good many, but the shiners overdid the matter and shined the lakes to death. I and one of our neighbors got a team yesterday and hauled my

boat to a lake which is three miles from town, where we thought we would be sure to find a place where the deer had not been bothered. By the time it was dark enough to shine there were so many lights on the lake that we left and came home. It is not safe to be out nights on the water. A man is liable to get shot."

I have told this to show how extensively shining is carried on. This is done altogether by white men, but not altogether by natives, for I have known men from other States who tried their hand at shining too.

Whenever we get deep snow, deep enough to make it hard for the deer to travel, white men and Indians both run them down on snowshoes. When you were here you saw how men of our own State run deer with dogs in such a free and high-handed way that you would hardly imagine that there was a law against it. It would be a wonder if deer should hold their own against all this. If we would or could enforce the laws we have now and let every one hunt in season who wishes to, I am sure that there would be plenty of deer for a great many years to come.

There is only one provision I would be in favor of adding to our game laws, and that is to prohibit the sale of game of all kinds.

The snow here is about 16 in. deep, and the ice on the lake is about as thick as the snow is deep. Our boys go to school every day with their dog team. They have made the four miles in twenty-eight minutes.

To illustrate how the game laws are enforced in northern Wisconsin, I went down to M. last Friday, and on one lake in sight of the town from the car window I counted six little houses built on the ice to spear from, yet our law forbids fish spearing at any time.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER SUPPLY.

SCHROON LAKE, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To allay any suspicion on the part of my readers, I will state that I am not a guide and that I do not make my livelihood by hunting deer.

In the articles which appear from time to time in the sporting journals of the day, there appears to be a strange lack of familiarity with the conditions of deer hunting in the Adirondacks on the part of the writers.

Hounding of deer is spoken of as a "slaughter of innocents." One dead deer to sixteen good starts is considered the fair ratio for computing your chances on a day's hunt. Two starts is considered a good day's work for the starters on their part, which gives you a deer for eight days' hunting of say six men and three dogs. This is what is called "slaughter."

I hunted twenty-four days during the hunting season of last fall; there was a party of seven of us; we killed eight deer, and considered ourselves in luck. But on comparison, you see, it is an average of one deer to a man for twenty-one days' hunting. Twenty-one days uses up pretty nearly all of a year's hunting season, and after a man has hunted twenty days without success and on the twenty-first day brings down his first deer of the season, he does not feel like a "slaughterer of innocents" in the sense in which that term would be used when applied to a participator in the Armenian atrocities. P. S. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So much has been said of late as to the scarcity of deer in the Adirondacks, I would like to express an opinion through the columns of your valuable paper relative to the same. I own property in Hamilton county, N. Y., on the shore of Lake Piseco, and besides rent a large tract, which is probably as good feeding ground for deer as any in the Empire State. Indeed, I think figures will bear me out in saying that more deer have been killed in Hamilton county than any county in the Adirondacks for the past three years. Now as to the scarcity of deer, this cry of no deer, or a great reduction in their number, in my opinion is all bosh. You will remember, Mr. Editor, that the Morgan Lumber Company and other similar concerns have hundreds of men operating in the West Canada section, and that the timber is being cut off down to sticks of no more than 5 in. in diameter. That a new railway has been built through the Adirondacks, which, prior to its building, was among the most favored retreats of the deer family; and the deer of that section have not been killed off, but have retreated to the more remote forest far away from the howling mob, which, before the railroad was built, was not enabled to infest their feeding grounds, and again the hotels and boarding-houses had more city people last year than ever before. That every white-coated dude who visits the mountains in the summer brings with him a gun or revolver and a package of cigarettes [the latter is sufficient to drive all the deer into Vermont], and from the time they arrive until they leave there is a constant fusillade which renders forest and field dangerous to animal life.

Those who know the nature of the deer well know that they seek secluded spots, and the native hunter can to-day take you to yards where deer are as plentiful as they were ten years ago; but they have moved back into the denser wilderness, and when men, sportsmen, will cease their eternal howl about hounding and night hunting, and spend more time making an effort to preserve our forests, shutting out lumber monopolies and securing to the deer a suitable dwelling place, unmolested for six months in the year at least, they will see for themselves that deer are more numerous in Hamilton County than sheep.

Now, to prove my statements: in the rear of my summer residence on Piseco is a "fly," or a low marshy bog; not more than fifty rods from the house this opening is surrounded by timber, and has a stream of pure water running through it—an ideal place for deer. My man, who has charge of the place during the winter months, probably does not discharge a gun twice a year outside of the hunting season; the place is quiet and up to the time the summer boarders commence to come in I am sure it is safe to say that in that immediate vicinity there are not less than twenty deer.

Mr. Charles Baldwin and wife, of Brooklyn, came to "Spring Knoll Lodge" the early part of June last year, and remained a month; during that time they both saw no less than ten deer feeding in the open fields and in the edge of the timber; and they were not the same deer seen at different times. Below "Spring Knoll Lodge" it was a morning custom of a family of three deer to cross the open fields and go down to the lake shore to drink for about six weeks; but after the city people came and

the never-ceasing target practice commenced, and parties out upon the lake shouting, and camp-fires built through the woods, the deer moved, nor did they return till after the closed season.

There are just as many deer to-day in the Adirondacks as there were five years ago, and during the closed season just as easy to get at; but when the rabble commences next season, they will go back to the more inaccessible parts of the forest, and by virtue of a few disappointed city pot-hunters going home empty handed there will be a cry of no deer. But through the open season look into the larder of the native sportsman; there you will find venison and, if you are willing to make the effort and pay for it, he will show you deer to your astonishment. Timothy Crowley, a Piseco guide, and myself surprised four, in one bunch, one night last summer in a locality where other guides said there were no deer. It is a mistake to attribute the apparent scarcity to hounding or night hunting.

In my opinion, if the timber be preserved and the land sharks kept out, the Adirondacks would always afford ample material for the sportsman's rod and gun.

WILLIAM H. HACKER, M. D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AN ADIRONDACK ELEGY.

PORT RICHMOND, Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose to you a poem composed by Patrick Sheehy, a guide and hunter of repute who lived for many years near Schroon Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains.

The poem commemorates the death of Old Golden, a buck deer of fabulous size and strength which for many years eluded the hunters and their dogs, and was at last granted immunity from harm out of respect for his great size, endurance and beauty.

As related in the poem, the deer was finally killed by a party of visiting sportsmen, to the consternation and sorrow of the local hunters, to whom the name of Old Golden was a loved one.

The stories of the many chases after this famous deer have become legends in the vicinity of Schroon Lake, and are related by Samuel Sanders and Edward Jenks, who as young men had the honor of hunting the deer.

The poem was recited to me by Patrick Sheehy, Jr., himself a famous guide and hunter, and who, at my request, presented me with a copy.

The poem has evident merit and shows that the muse had not been wooed in vain by this old hunter-poet.

EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

IN MEMORIAM.

"BRAVE GOLDEN" OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

On the Adirondack Mountains, where bracing breezes blow,
And purling streams dance merrily to valleys down below,
There buck and doe are daily known to ramble side by side,
And often cross the hunter's path, which fills his heart with pride.

Both grandeur and rare beauty in summer can be seen
All through those lofty mountain peaks, when clad in fragrant green;
In lonely glens are verdant glades, where footmen seldom stray;
It's there wild game do congregate, to romp, to sport, to play.

There was one deer among them bred, "Brave Golden" called by name;
Both far and near his fame had spread to be the king of game;
His spreading antlers and noble form were grand for to behold;
Each hunter's eye compared his size to a bullock two years old.

This matchless deer, while young in years, selected, out his range
Betwixt Mount Pharaoh and Schroon Lake; for this was nothing strange.

He was protector of his herd when stormy winter came,
Full twenty summers brave and bold he bore his honored name.

Brave Golden's keen, discerning eye knew well each road and run,
To him it was no great surprise to hear the hunter's gun;
He seldom looked for refuge to river, pond or lake;
For he was well shod and mounted a bold defense to make.

The sportsmen all around Schroon Lake they would not shoot the king,
Though on his trail the hounds all day would make the valleys ring.
When night came on he took his stand to hold them all at bay,
With steel-like feet and spikes of horn they dare not come to play.

At the foot of Blue Beard Mountain, where fountains spring so free,
There grows the pine, the beech, the birch and noble maple tree,
In a low, rich, verdant valley, well shaded from the gale;
This was the place to meet the king, the hero of our tale.

Many a well determined shot from strangers passed him by;
Many a bound and hungry dog their rage he did defy.
Our noble king had left his friends, through which he met his fate,
The way he was foully dealt with is sad for to relate.

A party of young gentlemen came north to kill some deer;
They did not know Brave Golden was well known to hunters here;
They struck his track with well-bred dogs and boasted of the same,
Lo! soon the king through grove and glen proved both grit and game.

For three long days they chased him o'er hills and mountains high,
Till hounds and men surrounded him, each moment pressing nigh;
He seemed to plead for mercy. Alas! it was in vain;
He was shot and shed his life's blood on the bosom of Champlain.

We miss Brave Golden from his herd, we miss him from his home,
We miss him from each grove and glen through which the king did roam;
Our hounds will never strike his track to make the valley ring;
The stranger's cruel, deadly shot laid low our noble king.

A matchless deer has left thy park, fair Diana of the chase,
For which sad notes will soar aloft from the harp of old Orpheus;
That gifted muse called Melpomene in doleful notes will sing
Brave Golden's mournful funeral dirge while we this tribute bring.

In memory of Brave Golden we pen this last farewell
From men of game all 'round Schroon Lake, who knew his fame right well,
The hunter's pride, the noble guide, so faithful to his flock,
Both one and all we mourn his fall this day upon Watch Rock.

Rabbit Hunters in Trouble.

SATURDAY afternoon Henry Mettske, of Second street, and William Eisman, of Quail street, were returning from Kyrons on a locomotive, when they were arrested by Officer Mason, of the Central-Hudson road, and arraigned before Justice Dayton, charged with jumping on trains, and each sentenced to ten days in jail. When arrested they had in their possession a bag containing three rabbits and a ferret. When released they will be arraigned on the charge of violation of the game laws.—*Albany Argus.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Minnesota Decision.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—There is at hand information from St. Paul, Minn., in the shape of a decision of the Supreme Court of that State, handed down Jan. 28, which at first sight appears to record a serious blow to the game law of the State of Minnesota. Closer scrutiny than a first glance will show it to be not so serious as one might suppose. It is a blow at the law, but not a blow which will damage the situation of protection in Minnesota very much or very long, unpleasant as the latter reflection may be to the dealers who just now are so jubilant. In brief, the Supreme Court of Minnesota confirms the Minnesota statutes on game only so far as Minnesota game is concerned, but says the law is not valid so far as it forbids importing game from other States. This again would seem to be contrary to the decisions of Illinois, Ohio and Michigan, which take opposite ground; but a close study of the Minnesota decision will show that the opinion of the court is rendered on a technicality, namely, that the title of the law does not cover all that the law itself covers. Even in the wording of the opinion, which is written by Justice Start, there may be seen a very plain and friendly tip that there should be another law enacted at the next session of the Legislature, governing explicitly the shipment of game into the State. The law is held unconstitutional, but only technically unconstitutional. It is too early for the game dealers to begin to crow. The proceedings in this case are as below:

One Edwin O. Keith had in possession a prairie chicken which he admitted to have imported from Dakota. He had himself arrested, and then asked for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was denied. He appealed to the Supreme Court and was ordered released.

The syllabus, handed down by Chief Justice Start, is as follows:

State of Minnesota, *ex rel.*; Edwin O. Keith, appellant, *vs.* Charles E. Chapel, Sheriff, respondent.

Syllabus—Section 2171, General Statutes, 1894, making it a misdemeanor for any person to have in his possession within this State any game or fish which has been captured in or shipped out of any other State or county in violation of the laws thereof, is unconstitutional, because its subject matter is not expressed in the title of the act whereof it is a part, as required by Article 4, Section 27, of the State Constitution.

Order reversed.

—START, C. J.

In the opinion accompanying, the chief justice relates the facts of Keith's arrest and imprisonment and the denial of the writ by the lower court, and adds that the only question before the court is the validity of the statute referred to, which is as follows:

"No person at any time shall have in possession or under control any bird, animal or fish which has been caught, taken or killed at a time, in a manner or for a purpose forbidden by the laws of the State, Territory or county where the same was caught, taken or killed, or which was shipped out of said State, Territory or county in violation of the laws thereof."

It is claimed by the relator, the opinion continues, that this statute does not comply with the provision of the constitution that "no law shall have more than one subject, which shall be expressed in its title."

"This constitutional provision must be liberally construed," says the opinion.

"In *Stuart vs. Kensella*, 14 Minn., 524, the insertion in a law of matters which may not be verbally indicated by the title, if suggested by it, or concluded with, or proper to the more full accomplishment of the object so indicated, is held to be in accordance with its spirit; but a more liberal construction cannot be given without letting in the evils which the provision was intended to exclude.

"This rule has been repeatedly approved by this court. The question is therefore: 'Do the provisions of the statute in question tend in any reasonable manner to the accomplishment of the purposes of "an act for the preservation, propagation and protection of the game and fish of the State of Minnesota?"' If so, it is germane to the title and is valid, for the necessity or propriety of such a regulation is a question within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Legislature."

"Do the provisions of the statute tend in any degree to preserve the game and fish of this State? Does the statute on its face indicate any such purpose? We answer these questions in the negative. Its object, unequivocally expressed, is to protect the game and fish of other States by refusing to the violators of the laws of those States a cover and market for game secured by such violation."

"This statute relates exclusively to foreign game, while the subject with which its title deals is the protection of the game of Minnesota. No lawyer or layman can place the statute and its title side by side without being at once struck by the radical discrepancy between them."

"It is, however, claimed by counsel for respondent that the provisions of the statute prevent evasions of our game laws and facilitate the detection and punishment of persons violating such laws, and, therefore, the statute tends in a greater or less degree to protect the game of Minnesota."

"If the premise of the argument is correct, the conclusion is also. The statute is not limited to the closed season in this State. If it were and the prohibition applied to all foreign game, then the tendency would be to prevent evasions of our laws and protect Minnesota game; but by excluding foreign game during our open season, when it is perfectly lawful to take, have and possess Minnesota game, only increases the demand for the latter and tends to its extinction rather than its preservation. * * * Such being the case, the subject of the statute is not expressed in its title within the rule we have stated."

"Order reversed and violator discharged."

Executive Agent Fullerton, of the Fish and Game Commission, does not believe the above decision would prevent the Commission from seizing the game shipped illegally from other States, though it would prevent the prosecution of the offenders. The reason assigned for this is that if those who ship the game attempt to recover, they will have no standing in court, because they cannot go in with clean hands. To say that game illegally killed could not be seized outside the State would be like saying that the authorities could not seize a stolen horse which had been brought to this State from some other.

Still Another Minnesota Case.

There is yet another Minnesota case which has been argued and submitted before the Supreme Court, on which a decision may be handed down any day now, and which will be an interesting thing to watch when the returns are all in. This is the case of the State of Minnesota, *ex rel.*, Wm. Corcoran *vs.* Chas. E. Chapel. Corcoran was arrested in Ramsey county, Minn., for shipping part of a deer "other than the head and horns" "to a commission merchant," the latter being the well-known dealer, R. E. Cobb, of St. Paul. Corcoran also asked *habeas corpus* and was denied, and appealed. It is not certain what will be the result on this case. The statute was well meant by the sportsmen, who wished to break up the traffic in venison. Corcoran's attorney, however, argues that such a law is class legislation and unconstitutional. It is a law at least frank and plain in its purposes, and let us hope it will stand.

Interstate Commerce Law Amendments.

In view of the above interesting news from Minnesota it is especially apropos to refer to the question of interstate commerce law amendments. As was duly chron-

icled in *FOREST AND STREAM* last week, an amendment has been proposed from Utah, which it was hoped could be passed by Congress. The attempt there was in effect simply that of regulating this same question of shipping game, but the bill as framed was asked to apply to only three States. It is not at first plain how the interstate act can apply to three States and not to all the States alike, and it would at first thought seem that this too might be called class legislation and so might be refused by Congress. In this connection comes up the bill to which I have made earlier reference as drafted by Mr. F. S. Baird, of Chicago, for the National Association here, the text of which I offer below, as just completed by Mr. Baird. Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, has promised to introduce this bill in the Senate of the United States, and Mr. White, of Chicago, member of the House, has promised his hearty assistance in the House, as have all the upper Illinois members yet approached. Is it too much to hope that we shall at length have a law which will effectually and permanently stop the conflicts of the State courts and give the sportsmen, in the powerful and respected federal courts, the opportunity they have long needed to stop the wrongful and shameful traffic in the game of such States as remain fortunate enough to have a little left?

The provisions of the bill drafted by Mr. Baird appear to be simple and effective. If Congress will give us that law we promise to make an entirely different showing in protection in this Western country. The text reads:

A bill for an act to amend an act entitled An Act to Regulate Commerce.

SECTION 1. To regulate interstate traffic in wild game. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States assembled in Congress, that it shall be unlawful for any railroad company, or express company, or other common carrier, or its officers, agents or servants, to receive for shipment, or transport, or for any person or corporation to ship or offer to any common carrier for shipment, from any place within any of the States or Territories of the United States or District of Columbia to any place without any of the States or Territories of the United States or District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, for sale, for market or for storage, any moose, elk, deer, buffalo or bison, caribou, antelope, mountain sheep or mountain goats, or any parts of the same, or any wild turkey, prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, sage hen, Mongolian or ringneck pheasant or partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, brant, swan, woodcock, snipe, rail, plover, or any other waterfowl.

Second—Provided that nothing herein contained shall prohibit the shipment of any wild game animals or birds or parts of the same that may be expressly authorized or permitted, by the laws of the State in and from which the shipment is made, if the same is conspicuously labeled "wild game," on which label shall be stated the kind and quantity of said wild game animals or birds or parts of the same, and the date and the place of shipment, and the name or names and address of both the consignor and the consignee, and a copy of which label shall be kept on file by the common carrier at the place from where said wild game animals or birds or parts of the same are shipped.

SEC. 2. Any person or corporation guilty of violating the provision of this section shall upon conviction be punished as provided in Section 10 of this act, and the powers and duties of the Interstate Commerce Commission shall apply to this section the same as they now apply to each and all other sections of this act.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

BALL IN CHOKE BORE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—In your last issue I notice a request for information as to the effect of shooting solid ball through a choke bore, and having done so repeatedly possibly my experience may be of use.

My gun is a 12-bore, 7½lbs., 30in. barrels, right cylinder and left modified choke—at least that is what I ordered when I sent it back to the factory for a boring.

The balls I use run twelve to the pound and pass through the right barrel without difficulty when pushed with the wiping rod, but in the left they begin to stick about half way down and jam so tight in the muzzle as to require half a dozen smash blows of the rod to force them through. When they come out they have a zone of about a fifth of an inch in width where they have been compressed by the barrel.

Nevertheless they do not seem to break the barrel and I have fired a number through the choke, though I must confess I prefer to use the right and always do except when I need another shot immediately.

I load with 3½drs. of powder, a thick pink edge wad, and then a pure lead ball, which I grease with tallow after placing in the shell. I use no wad over the ball, but crimp down on it bare, as this mode has the advantage that one can always feel the ball with one's finger when loading the gun, and thus not use small shot by mistake when it is so dark that one could not possibly read the markings.

I have used this cartridge on moose when calling at night and can recommend it for that purpose, as under those circumstances one is so near the game that the additional accuracy of a rifle is of no importance and the making of a big hole is. I have killed two moose this way, and one of them threw its head back and wilted immediately and the other jumped but twice.

HORACE BARNARD, JR.

The Florida Quail Supply.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your contributors says: "Quail are quite scarce here in Florida this season. Some attribute it to a wet spring and others to some disease."

We can assure him that the disease is in the game exterminators, and that the only cure for such disease is a sensible law applied in heavy and disagreeable doses.

Here is an extract from the correspondence of the *Florida Citizen*, from Tampa Bay, which proves that civilized ideas in regard to shooting do not count in that wild region: "TAMPA BAY HOTEL, Jan. 13.—Dr. and Mrs. Karsner, of Germantown, Pa., are among the arrivals at the hotel to-day. Dr. Karsner has been a regular visitor ever since the erection of the hotel, and for four successive seasons has held the game record, until last season, when he made the second best day's record with eighty-four quail killed, G. W. Bugner, of Philadelphia, winning the honors of the season with ninety-one quail killed in one day's shooting. The Doctor is here with the intention of making a new record. The hotel guide went out to-day for a couple of hours to work the dogs, and returned with twenty-seven quail."

These men are adopting a singular method if their object is to convince the world that they are sportsmen, for only idiots will see it in that light. A real sportsman will get far more enjoyment out of ten or twenty birds a day than a selfish, small-souled record smasher will in slaughtering 50 or 100. How long will the supply of quail hold out if such stupid work is allowed to go on?

A few years ago Thomasville, Ga., was one of the best

stocked quail regions in the South and "game hogs" reveled in it for awhile, but some of the wiser ones woke up to the fact that killing 100 birds a day was not only making hard work of what ought to be a pleasure, but that their chance for future sport was being damaged, so it was agreed among them that only a reasonable number should be killed in a day; but I think the place is already pretty well cleaned out.

Tampa is now an attractive place for sportsmen, but how long will it remain so? It would be very much to the interest of hotel keepers as well as sportsmen if a check could be put on these senseless exterminators, but it will probably go on till those who wish to gratify their tastes in that line will have to leave for other parts.

St. Augustine is probably more thoroughly cleared of quail than any place in Florida, and for this there are two reasons: In the first place, not the slightest regard is paid to the game laws, and by the time an honorable sportsman will shoot a quail—Nov. 1—there is scarcely one for him to shoot within five miles of the place. Secondly, there are scores of men who think it easier to spend a loafer's life in the woods, picking up an occasional dime, than doing any kind of work.

Tallahassee keeps her legal eye wide open, and anyone who ventures to bag a feather before Nov. 1 will pay the penalty. If their game wardens are ever pining for lack of business they can find all they want to attend to by riding through the woods around St. Augustine any Sunday during October, or even September.

DIDYMUS.

Pot-Hunting Deer.

AND now, Mr. Editor, I would like very much to know what is meant by pot-hunting as applied to deer. I feel that I am entitled to some information on this subject. If I go out into the forest with my rifle and by being sly see a deer lying down and kill it before it either hears, smells or sees me, am I a pot-hunter? If I wander around until wearied and take a position on a stump, log or hill, and standing motionless get a shot at a deer that, unconscious of my presence, comes my way, am I a pot-hunter? If, as is generally the case, a deer bounds from its bed and dashes off through the forest, and I turn, cock my rifle, catch a bead on him and drop him, am I a pot-hunter? In fine, has the term pot-hunter reference to the manner of hunting deer or to the hunter's place of residence?

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Ball and Shotgun.

SALEM, Mass., Jan. 23.—While working in the gun factory during the last war I procured a pair of barrels and made as good a double gun as could be made. It carried a ball the size of the old Springfield rifle. I tried to make it do good shooting, using fine, soft leather patches, and in fact all kinds of patches, but all to no purpose; the balls went where they would. At last an old backwoodsman came along and told me to trundle the ball into the gun and place a wad over it and try it that way, which I did, and found to my surprise that I could place a ball just where I chose to every time up to about 100yds.

A better gun for both shot and ball could not be found. I have the gun yet. There was only one objection to it; I found it rather heavy. Although the barrels were reduced in length, it insisted on weighing 9lbs.

The common shotgun cannot be depended upon for shooting with a ball, especially any gun having a bore as large as 12-gauge, for the reason that the ball is too heavy for the light, thin barrels; a 16 or 20-gauge would be far better.

I find a .40-65 Winchester with Lyman sights all any one can possibly desire. I find no trouble in placing balls in the space of my hand on a deer at 110 paces, and I secure partridges by removing their heads, which I find far better than killing them with shot.

If there is a call for information on the art of boring guns I might give some points that may not be generally known, which would enable any one to bore a gun so it would shoot just as was desired.

BREWIN.

Companion for a Southern Trip.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I expect to make a horseback trip from Chattanooga, Tenn., to New York city, leaving April 30, going first to Mammoth Cave, Ky., then to Chattanooga by train; the route for horseback takes in the following towns: Cleveland, Tenn.; Paint Rock, N. C.; Asheville, N. C.; Bakersville, N. C.; Roanoke, Va.; Natural Bridge, Va.; Luray, Va.; Harper's Ferry, Md.; Gettysburg, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Trenton, N. J. I should like to have a companion, and if you can help me in obtaining one would greatly appreciate it. If you hear of anyone who would like to go would be pleased to confer with him and furnish any information needed.

WENDEL ANDREAS.

New York Association.

THE 1896 officers and committees of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game are:

President, Frank J. Amsden, Rochester, N. Y.

Vice-President, Robert B. Lawrence, New York City.

Secretary, John B. Sage, Buffalo, N. Y.

Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Legislation and Law Committee: Cornelius W. Smith, Syracuse, Chairman; E. R. Brown, Watertown; Chas. B. Lapham, Canandaigua; Howard H. Widener, Rochester; Z. L. Parker, Bath.

Auditing Committee: W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; H. S. Woodworth, Rochester; Wm. H. Case, Lockport; Thos. C. Welch, Buffalo.

Eheu.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I perceive thy correspondents, and even thou, ye editor, persevere in preserving that word *eheu*. If you intend to promulgate it further, either as a thing unique, antique or curious, I will quote ye from the journal of Lord Byron, written in 1813: "Give me a republic or a despotism of one, rather than the mixed government of one, two, three. A republic! look in the history of the earth—Rome, Greece, Venice, France, Holland, America, our short (sheu!) Commonwealth, and compare it with what they did under masters."

Eheu! indeed. If it was worth preserving Byron would have rhymed to it. He found stronger materials without "making fritters of the King's English." When I have anything to say that I cannot express — me if I will resort to *eheu!*

R.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A GREAT SHOT.

It was on a California ranch in early spring time. John, the cook, aged about 17 years, had offered to slay several thousand of the myriads of blackbirds which were swarming around the ranch, if Brown, the boss, would furnish powder and shot. The birds were so numerous that the wheat had to be covered as soon as possible after sowing; if this was not done the ground would be cleaned as free of the seed in a very short time as if it had never been seeded. Under these conditions Brown was not slow in furnishing the necessary ammunition.

The next morning, after the breakfast dishes were cleared up, John made his appearance in the field, armed with the old muzzle-loading double-barrel shotgun. After stowing away a liberal amount of ammunition in the old gun, he took deliberate aim at a place where the blackbirds seemed to be most numerous on the newly seeded ground. With a tremendous report the old gun belched forth its deadly charge. When John had recovered from the recoil of the gun and the smoke had cleared up, he was surprised and delighted at the havoc he had caused in the swarm of birds. Perhaps forty or fifty lay dead on the ground and others dropped every few yards as the birds flew toward a clump of trees about 150 yds. distant.

Loading the barrel which had been discharged, John proceeded toward the trees, intent on securing another shot, but as he drew nearer he was surprised to see the birds still dropping to the ground. When within about 30 yds. of the trees he stopped, undecided as to whether he had better fire again or not, for it seemed as though he must have wounded all of the birds, so continuously were they falling. As the birds did not seem to be alarmed by his presence, he concluded to count the dead ones and find out how many he had killed with one load. Cautiously making his way under the trees he commenced counting and the birds kept falling. After counting about 200 dead birds, and seeing that they were still falling, he commenced to feel a little suspicious and noticed that the birds were acting in a very unusual manner up in the tree.

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled Brown, who had been taking it all in at a short distance unseen by John. Laughing until he could scarcely walk, Brown approached and John, who was sure something was wrong, demanded an explanation. "Well," said Brown, "I had just sown about a peck of poisoned wheat when you came out and the poison commenced taking effect just after you fired." The boys all call him "Blackbird John." JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Sea and River Fishing.

SHAD, SNIPE AND HYACINTHS.

SHAD fishing has already begun in the Neuse and New rivers, and stake nets are out, though the fish do not run lively as yet. In a week or so fishing will begin on Albemarle Sound, where the business is the heaviest. Dr. W. R. Capehart, who is one of the leading candidates for U. S. Fish Commissioner, to fill the place of Col. Macdonald, deceased, is one of several operators of steam fisheries and large seines. The length of his big seine, with its rigging, is 6,700 yds. In it he has taken the immense number of 200,000 herring, 4,800 shad, and 37,000 lbs. of rock (striped bass) at one haul. The net reaches 1,900 yds. out from the beach. He has 50 to 100 men salting in barrels and packing in ice for Northern markets. Herrings are chiefly salted; the others shipped fresh.

Colored men are doing some profitable hand-line fishing now. They use bitter-heads, or roach, for bait, and fish in deep water, where black bass, locally known as Welshmen, and pickerel (or jack) collect in schools. Last week three men caught \$40 worth in one day, and they didn't get big pay either. Anderson Slade took in \$18.75, Bob Crawford \$10.35, and Buff Wilson \$10. They sold to the shippers. Some striped bass are caught occasionally in the same way now.

As the season advances angling improves, and by the end of February a great variety of salt and fresh water fish are shown. The salt-water fish come from below, around Beaufort and Morehead. Between Feb. 24 and 29 the ninth annual New Berne Fish and Oyster Fair will be held here. On these occasions the display of wild game is something delectable to sportsmen, while as many as eighty varieties of fish have been on view at once, besides nineteen kinds of oysters, not to mention other species of shellfish, terrapin and crustaceans.

I have just come in from a two hours' row on the Neuse and Trent rivers with a couple of ladies. As I grow older I become fonder of their society, though I have to pull harder. We visited Moore & Brady's oyster cannery (a Baltimore concern), the fish market slip, the new iron drawbridge of the A. & N. C. Railroad over the Trent, and made a reconnaissance of Lawson's Creek, which worms through a two-mile snipe marsh just beyond the city limits. The water was almost a dead calm, with the temperature near 60°. (The average noon temperature so far for the month of January has been about 59°, with only four gray days.) On Saturday a party of us went yachting, with a nice ladies' breeze from the southward and westward, and the air grateful and balmy. Most of the party were from the North, and this midwinter experience was new to them. Indeed, January is the favorite month for yachting at New Berne, the weather being usually calm, whereas in summer the wind is apt to be too fresh for sailing.

Now, lest those who read my frequent notes in FOREST AND STREAM should think me unduly enamored of this New Berne climate, I think I can explain its immunity from storms and its habitually docile moods in blustering seasons by saying that the town seems to lie in an atmospheric eddy. When storms which form in the tropics pass up the Atlantic coast we are just on the edge of the whirl, and when they come down from the northward and eastward we feel only its minimum force. I have ample data to clinch this theory. Why it is so I prefer the meteorologists should demonstrate. Weather forecasts, however correct for any given region at large, do not

apply here. Winter here is short at the longest. I think we have a typical winter this year, though February and the complications of Venus and Mars may change the expression. We have now violets, hyacinths, Japan quince, fuchsia, orange-jasmine and some other flowers blooming in southern exposures; the maple buds are red on the trees, and peas and potatoes are going into the ground. Next month we shall have radishes and asparagus, weather favoring.

Eight swans were brought into market this morning and some fine bunches of quail. Only a few brant have come up from below. Wild geese are for the most part lean and tough. Last week R. F. Stillely shot the largest wildcat on local record just across the Neuse River, opposite town. Sportsmen can get game by going where it is, but it will occupy two days or three, out and back; shelter and comfort guaranteed. E. P. Jepson and wife (with R. G. Dun & Co.) and G. W. Smythe and wife, all of East Orange; J. M. Hewlett and wife, of Hempstead, L. I., and E. H. Goodnough and wife, of New York, are among the latest arrivals. Shooting is open here until March, though it should end by the middle of February. Jacksnipe are here. They come with the shad.

CHARLES T. HALLOCK.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Jan. 27.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Juggling for Cats.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, the well-known sportsman of Little Rock, Ark., calls to attention a newspaper clipping recounting the doings of his old father, an old-time fisher known all over the State of Missouri as "Uncle Joe." Mr. Irwin, Sr., still lives and is a famous angler still. Speaking of one of his trips when he went "juggling" for catfish in the Big Muddy he says:

"I made one phenomenal catch on a trip made during the sixties, and on my arrival at home had the fish hauled through the streets on a dray and weighed and viewed by more than 500 people there who are alive and remember the fact. On that trip there were twenty in the party. I caught forty fine fellows that weighed nearly 1,600 lbs., but had an experience with one that was as exciting as it was unusual and it afforded no end of sport for all of the party. The fish was the largest one I ever caught and weighed 159 lbs. He took the hook shortly after we got out into the stream from Leavenworth and he took that jug under water for more than 100 yds. Then he came up, but went under again and continued that performance for more than five miles, giving us a chase that was grand and exciting even for one who had followed the jugs for years, as I had. At length he was tired out, and by shoving and crowding him about we managed to run him out on the sand bar and land him and capture the monster."

The Longest Fight with a Fish.

But I have a fish story which will cause envy in the bosom of Uncle Joe and other anglers, who must admit that the record is broken in one way. A muscallonge brought to boat only after sixteen hours of fighting—that certainly is something of a story. This comes to me from O. W. Sayner, of Plum Lake, Wis., who says the fish was caught by John Coleman, of Chicago, who was at Plum Lake on a visit with his brother Chas. Coleman, of Rockford, Ill., and Mr. E. C. Glover, of 167 Dearborn street, Chicago. Mr. Sayner describes the occurrence which I offer in his own words:

"Mr. Coleman took along his light steel rod, also a minnow bucket containing a few large minnows (some about 1 ft. long). He had a good large snell hook on his line, to which he attached one of the minnows and let it follow the boat on about 30 ft. of line. He had proceeded up the lake about a mile, with his rod resting in one of these patent pole holders, when slap! the tip end of the rod struck the water. Mr. Coleman took in his oars and took the rod in his hands, and just as he did so the fish gave a lunge clear from the water, and this was the beginning of the longest fight, I think, between man and fish on record.

"He played the fish fifteen or twenty minutes and got it near the boat, when he happened to think that he had no gaff hook or gun of any kind in the boat, and the fish was too large to think of lifting him over the side of the boat, especially with no oarsman to manage the boat. At last he decided to run him ashore. There was an island about a quarter of a mile away, with a sloping beach, so he made for the island. To have his rod handy he just put it under him and sat upon it so he could row. He never thought about his patent pole holder. He had to bend to the oars, in fact, he kept pulling harder and harder until he pulled a stroke that just raised him from the seat a trifle. Just at this instant the muskee gave a jerk, and away went rod, reel, line and all!

"Mr. Coleman had a good laugh and came to the house. He said he had out about 50 ft. of line when the rod jumped overboard, so I advised him to take some drag hooks I had made a few days before and try and pick up the line. He thought the water was too deep, and there was no telling where the fish had the pole by that time, judging from the way it left the boat.

"When the others came back that evening they talked the matter over, with the result that by 7 o'clock next morning they were ready to start to drag for the line. The second time they let down the hooks they caught the line in 50 ft. of water. The fish came to the surface before the rod, but by a little fine work they succeeded in getting hold of the line, and after pulling in nearly 100 ft. of line and letting the fish have it, up came the rod. As luck would have it, when he put the line on his reel he had tied the end fast to the reel. They had to fight the fish all over again, for through the night he had got all rested up, and being on the hook so long he had got good and mad. He fought worse than the day before, and pulled so hard that Charles Coleman could not make much headway rowing the boat. They fought till 9:30 A. M., during which time they towed him a mile and a half, when they got him near enough to shoot. He weighed 15½ lbs."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at latest by Mon day and as much earlier as practicable.

Those Kansas Fishermen at Saynor's.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Jan. 31.—In the interest of justice, honor, patriotism and comity, we demand a hearing in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. We have been maligned, vilified, humiliated and degraded. We were pained beyond expression and wounded most fatally, in your issue of Dec. 28, by a most diabolical and outrageous libel upon some of the very best citizens of Kansas, the acknowledged *crème* of its metropolis. This occurred in a letter from the ever versatile E. Hough, who retailed the garrulous gossip of one Joe, the guide, as follows:

"He told me of a party of gentlemen fishermen from Kansas who put up at Saynor's place the summer previous. They sold their fish and marketed over 1,000 lbs. (so Saynor told me also), but they kicked because they did not pay expenses! There was an amateur photographer in that same Kansas party who sold Saynor pictures of his house at \$1 a picture. It would seem that the Kansans put up rather a hard game for Mr. Saynor to lay up money on."

Now the nude facts are, that the fishing party referred to was composed of some of the brainiest, wealthiest and most reputable residents of Leavenworth. They had theretofore made several trips to the resort and intend to make more. They did not "sell" a single fish (and they resent the very scaly insinuation), but packed all of them in ice and shipped them to the National Hotel at Leavenworth, where the muscallonge were served at a magnificent dinner given by the gentlemen on their return to a distinguished party, embracing the best people of both sexes hereabouts. The club always winds up each fishing excursion with a banquet of a similar character.

As to the "amateur photographer" mentioned, he was Mr. Horace Stevenson, the leading photographic artist of Leavenworth—a professional—who was taken along professionally, not as a fisherman, and paid for his time and services. If, as alleged, he did any work for Mr. Saynor, it was a strictly business transaction between them, and the Leavenworth fishermen knew nothing of the dicker. They had no interest in Mr. Stevenson's professional contracts or engagements.

T. W. SCARD,
Fish Warden of Kansas and the First President of the Club.

Pickerel Fishing on Overflowed Land.

BOSTON, Mass.—The Parker River, in Byfield, is considered by the local fishermen a good river for pickerel in the summer time, but they have just begun to find it good for winter fishing. On a short distance of river are several dams, and these dams overflow considerable stretches of meadow lands, more especially in the winter. The other day Mr. Claude Tarbox and Representative C. O. Bailey started out with the idea of trying the river once more for pickerel. It is not particularly easy to locate the real river current when the meadows are overflowed and all is covered with snow and ice. But they cut the holes and put in their lines as near to the deep part, for the river, as they could hit. But the fish did not bite well. In one case they had cut a hole that happened to be over the meadow, and the water was not more than a couple of feet deep. Just for an experiment Tarbox put a line with a baited hook into this hole. Hardly had the hook had time to sink when it was savagely seized by a big fish. He was safely brought out on to the ice—a magnificent specimen weighing over 2 lbs. Here was a hint, and when others were caught from the same hole the men began to cut holes on the overflowed meadows and put in their lines. The music had begun, and for several hours it was about all the boys wanted to do to tend the flags. They caught big pickerel in a foot of water. Hereafter they will fish the overflowed meadows when the conditions are favorable. SPECIAL.

Florida Fishing and Shooting.

GULF HAMMOCK HOUSE, Levy County, Fla.—Your favored request to hand. Sportsmen are having great sport with rod and gun. Mr. J. H. Price and wife, from England, have been here since the 16th of November. He says this is the best place he ever struck for all-round sport. Mr. Price is well known as a thorough sportsman in many countries. Mr. W. Singleton, from Philadelphia, has been here eight days, and his average is over 100 fish per day—viz., black bass, sea trout, sheepshead, channel bass, etc., etc. There are others camping out three miles below the house, who are having fine sport. One gentleman caught ninety-six sea trout in about two hours (darky baiting and taking off fish).

My hunter brought in five turkeys yesterday; weight, from 10 to 15 lbs. each. Turkeys are plentiful this year. Last April and May were very dry months, which was very favorable for their young.

Two gentlemen are going down the river to try the tarpon. I will report their luck. It's not often I can leave the house, but stole away on Monday evening for about two hours and caught eleven black bass running from 2 to 8 lbs. They are taking the Spinner in good form and are very lively.

Darky just in with three fine turkeys; can't take them; have them spoiling now. CAPT. C. B. WINGATE.

Canal from Eel Bay to Lake of the Islands.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have sent to the Committee on Fish and Game of the New York Senate a communication requesting a small appropriation for the purpose of making survey of a canal from Eel Bay to the Lake of the Islands, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River. A glance at the map of the locality, aided by a knowledge of the situation, will show the great advantage of the canal, both as a means of communication with the lake from the upper end, together with the improvement of the fishing in the lake by reason of the current that will be thrown into it. In the event of the Canadian authorities withdrawing the privilege of free fishing among their islands, whatever leads to improve our side of the river will be decidedly advantageous. One familiar with the river I think will appreciate the situation. I have no interest in the matter other than that I am a summer resident on the river, and I think it will be a good thing and will benefit us all.

R. M. HARTLEY.

Drought and Trout Streams.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Trout anglers fear that the long-continued dry weather of last summer and fall proved disastrous to the brook trout supply of this part of the State. Many of the small trout streams of this locality dried up completely, and one farmer, a Mr. Schutt, up Slaterville way, affirms that he saw chickens picking the little fingerling trout from the water impoverished rivulets. Other reports confirm Mr. Schutt's opinion that the summer and fall of '95 was a dreadfully fatal one to the brook trout supply of Tompkins county. W. H. Willson, the veteran angler of this city, is discouraged at the prospect, but avers that when the moon gets gay and the bluebird pipes his lay once more, the planting of young fry will promptly begin.

Cayuga county hailed the first robin of the year Jan. 23. M. CHILL.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

Extracts from the report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, made to the Legislature Jan. 30, 1896.

Special Protection of Stocked Waters.

The Commissioners desire to call attention to the fact that under the old game law, Sec. 273, Chapter 31, of the General Laws, 1892, power was conferred upon boards of supervisors "to pass at their annual session such laws and ordinances as shall afford additional protection to and further restrictions for the protection of birds, fish, shell-fish and wild animals, except wild deer, and to prohibit the taking and killing of the same." This law was repealed by the game law now in force, Chapter 974, Laws of 1895, Sec. 302, except as to Suffolk county, and all protective laws must come from the Legislature. The Commissioners have occasion, not infrequently, to stock new waters with plantings of trial fish, to restock old, worn-out waters with the fish that once abounded therein, and to introduce new species into the lakes, ponds and streams of the State; and to obtain the best results, the fish so planted should remain unmolested until they establish or re-establish themselves. Special laws to cover such cases seem only to make the general game law burdensome and conflicting.

Following the precedent established by sister States, we would recommend that power be conferred upon the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners to close streams or other bodies of water in the State for a term of years, not to exceed five, when in their judgment it is necessary to resort to such procedure to enable fish planted by the Commission to obtain suitable size, before fishing of any kind is permitted. The waters to be closed by a printed notice signed by the Commissioners and erected on the banks of stream, pond or lake, and by a similar notice published in the papers of the county in which the water is situated.

Consideration of Proposed Laws.

The Commissioners would also recommend that all bills relating to the fisheries, game and forest interests of the State should be referred to them for their consideration by the legislative committees having them in charge before action is taken upon them. The Commission is in session practically throughout the year, and through its agents and employees distributed over the State is in a position to know of and advise intelligently regarding needed legislation in its department. This course would tend to do away with conflicting legislation, make the laws more simple and less confusing, and the State would be protected from the harmful influence of ill-advised fish and game laws.

Pollution of Streams.

All just fish and game laws, broadly stated, are enacted to protect the fish and game of the State during the breeding seasons and to allow for recuperation afterward, and without such laws, rigidly enforced, artificial propagation, which is simply aiding and improving upon nature, would be practically useless to maintain the supply of food which comes under the head of fish and wild game.

Of necessity there are auxiliary laws to support the laws governing the breeding seasons, and one which demands attention at this time is that which relates to the pollution of streams. The present law on this subject is almost inoperative, because of the provision that dyestuff, sawdust, etc., shall not be allowed to run into any waters "in quantities destructive to the fish life," and it is a difficult matter to prove just where the dividing line between life and death may be. Seven years ago a select committee of the Senate of the Dominion Parliament conducted an inquiry into the expediency for preventing sawdust and other refuse being cast into Canadian waters, and in summing up the situation, after obtaining testimony on the subject from engineers, fishculturists and scientists in the Dominion and a number of the States, the following language was used:

"Settling here and there in its course down the stream, the sawdust forms a compact mass of pollution all along the bottom and the margins of the rivers and inlets, filling up the crevices on the gravel beds, and among stones, where aquatic life is invariably produced and fed. It becomes a fixed, imperishable foreign matter, and adheres to the beds of streams and other waters, and forms a long, continuous mantle of death and constitutes an endless graveyard to the innumerable colonies of insect life which inhabit this well-adapted abode for their existence. These, then, are only some of the pestilential effects produced by sawdust and mill rubbish in the waters of the country on fish life, and independent of its evil influences, from a sanitary point of view, on human life, and its damaging effects by seriously impeding navigation on many waters. Then why should the few, for self-aggrandizement only, be permitted to continue this wicked, devastating work for depleting the waters of their legitimate supplies of food, originally supplied by an all-wise Providence for the use of mankind? And why should the many suffer for the few who still pursue and unscrupulously advocate a continuance of this insidious and direful proceeed for entailing ruin upon the fisheries of our country?"

It is claimed by some that sawdust and refuse from mills and factories will not injure adult fish. Be that as it may, if the young fish and the food for both young and adult fish are destroyed there will be no adult fish.

To extract briefly from a report prepared for the Vienna

Exposition on the decrease of food fishes: "The basis on which a rational system of pisciculture is founded is very simple. Preserve the natural conditions of those places where the fish spawn, conditions which favor the spawning process and tend to preserve the spawn and protect the first development of the eggs; thus everything which diminishes the supply of fresh water; everything which changes the quality of the water or the character of the bottom; everything which hinders the growth of aquatic plants; in fact, everything which at its source can destroy the health of fish of a whole basin. * * * Leave a free passage for the fish to pass to the places which are favorable for spawning. * * * Protect the young generation so that it can arrive at the age of maturity and contribute its share toward the increase of its species."

We know personally of two instances where mill refuse has been diverted from a stream in this State with but little cost to the mill owners. In one case the poisonous chemicals of a pulp and paper mill have been conducted to vats on the shore, and later the contents of the vats have been marketed. In the other case the sawdust of a large mill plant has been conducted by a series of boxes and belts, requiring no hand labor, to a central storage pit and used for fuel. Under the circumstances we think we are warranted in recommending that the law be changed to forbid the pollution of our streams and waters without conditions of any sort.

Fishways.

It will be observed that one of the rules upon which a rational system of fishculture is founded is that fish shall have a free passage to the places which are favorable for spawning. This means that fishways must be built over natural and artificial obstructions in our streams containing food fishes if the supply is to be kept up. We have a law that provides that in the future no dams shall be built in any stream over six miles long unless at the same time a fishway is built in the dam, but concerning the dams already built the law is silent.

The United States Supreme Court has given a decision as to the rights of proprietors to erect and maintain dams on any stream. This is the language in part of the decision: "Ownership of the banks and bed of the stream gives to the proprietor the exclusive right of fishing opposite his land, as well as the right to use the water to create power to operate mills; but neither the one nor the other right, nor both combined, confer any right to erect obstructions in the river to prevent the free passage of fish up and down the river at their accustomed seasons, as such obstruction would impair and ultimately destroy all such rights owned by other proprietors, both above and below the obstruction on the said stream."

"Fish rights below a dam constructed without passageways for the fish are liable to be injured by such a structure as well as those owned above the dam, as the migratory fish, if they cannot ascend to the headwaters of the stream at their accustomed seasons, will soon cease to frequent the streams at all, or in greatly reduced numbers."

Hudson Salmon.

Through the contributions of young salmon planted in the Hudson River by the United States Fish Commission, it has been demonstrated that the waters of the stream are suitable for this grand fish. Planted in the headwater trout streams, the smolts have, in season, descended to the sea, and at the proper time returned as adult fish to the river and attempted to ascend to the streams of their babyhood to reproduce their kind. Dams, and falls without passageways, and fyke nets in which they are taken contrary to law, have thus far conspired to prevent the Hudson from becoming a self-sustaining salmon stream.

The river Tay, in Scotland, commands for its salmon fishing (and it is a smaller river than the Mohawk in this State) an annual rental of \$200,000, and the expenditure of a sum less than a quarter of that amount would open the Hudson to salmon from mouth to source, and to shad up to the point, at least, where they were known before the building of the Erie Canal.

Streams other than the Hudson are in need of fishways to provide the best results in furnishing the people with an abundance of suitable and cheap food fish.

Fingerlings Instead of Fry.

It will be the policy of the Commission, so far as its means and facilities will permit, to change radically the manner of rearing and planting young fish. Heretofore it has been the practice largely to plant the fry of the fall spawning fishes soon after the yolk sac was absorbed. At this period of their existence the young fish are helpless and an easy prey to their enemies. Fry of trout are of necessity planted in the spring, at a time when they are just beginning to feed, and the waters are apt to be high and roily, and the natural food produced in the streams is not fully hatched out, as it will be later, when the sun has warmed the air and water and developed the larvæ of all insect life.

Fingerling trout planted in the fall are stronger, larger and more active fish, and find an abundance of food hatched out for them; the waters having been tempered by the summer's sun and subsided from the spring freshets, the trout have a better start in every way to fight the battle which they must fight in wild waters. Improved methods demand that the young fish be retained in rearing boxes or ponds and fed until they reach the age of from 4 to 12 months before they are planted in wild waters. This will require additional rearing boxes and ponds, and a greater expenditure for food and labor, but the advantages and benefits to be derived from this method of planting fish, in a great measure able to care for themselves, has been demonstrated, and will well repay the outlay. It will be some time before all the young of the fall spawning fishes can be reared to fingerlings before they are planted, but so far as practicable this will be the method pursued.

Game Fishes and Food Fishes.

Occasionally it has been charged by those ignorant of the subject that this Commission is largely if not chiefly engaged in propagating game fishes for the few at the expense of the many. The absurdity of this charge is demonstrated by an examination of the tables of fish reared and planted by the Commissioners. In the abstract, all fishes are food fishes, but there is no fixed standard by which to determine which fishes are the so-called game fishes. For the purpose of showing how idle this charge is, we will divide the fish into commercial and hook-and-line fish. During the year ending Sept. 30, 1895, the State has

planted 196,247,840 fish of various kinds and ages. Calling the brook trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, landlocked salmon, sea salmon, masalonge and black bass hook-and-line or "game fishes," there have been planted of these species 8,627,908. Of whitefish, pike-perch, tomcod, smelts, ciscoes, shad, bullheads, frostfish, etc., or of the commercial or "food fishes," there have been planted 187,619,934. In other words, for every single "game" or hook and line fish planted in the State, the Commissioners have planted twenty-one and a fraction of "food" or commercial fishes. It must be taken into account that the so-called game fishes are the highest order of food fishes, and that the love of angling is on the increase among the people as a healthy relaxation from the counting house, the pulpit, the workshop, the forge and the factory, and the whole people must be considered in the matter of propagating and planting fish in the waters of the State. The angler and the commercial fisherman both have rights which we are bound to respect, but our efforts are directed entirely to the propagation of food fishes, by whatever special names their adherents may choose to call them.

Diminished Sources of Supply.

Almost since the date of the creation of the New York Fish Commission in 1868 it has been dependent in great degree upon the waters of the great lakes for a supply of lake trout and other fish eggs. In recent years the supply of eggs from this source has been growing gradually less, and it is a matter of serious consideration where we shall look for a supply of eggs of the food or commercial fishes. With our increasing population and the growing interest taken in hook-and-line fishes, it is also a serious matter to obtain a sufficient quantity of the eggs of such fishes to supply the demand for young fish for distribution in State waters. The demand each year is several times greater than the supply.

We would recommend as a public necessity that two bodies of water in the Adirondack region, to be selected by the Commission, be set aside by law, to be controlled by the Commission and used as stock waters to supply eggs of lake trout and other fish for public waters of the State. For this purpose the waters would be thoroughly stocked with the species of fish most in demand and maintained as natural stock ponds. It would not be necessary to erect hatcheries on the shores of these stock waters or disfigure them in any way, as the eggs would be taken at the spawning season and conveyed to State hatcheries for development.

Food Fish Output.

It is the desire of the Commission to greatly increase the output of commercial or so-called food fishes. Last year the Commission planted 41,205,000 pike perch fry (also called wall-eyed pike), one of the best of table fishes, and a hook-and-line fish as well; 24,080,000 whitefish and 18,000,000 ciscoes. These are the very choicest of food fishes, but the annual output should be doubled or trebled, and we would recommend a special appropriation of \$25,000 to be used for the purchase of suitable lands (and water if necessary), and to erect buildings in such place or places as may be selected by the Commission for the propagation of pike perch, whitefish, ciscoes, black bass, etc.

Black Bass Hatching.

The initial experiments conducted last year in hatching black bass artificially convinced the Commissioners that it may be quite possible to hatch black bass in large quantities and thus supply the demand for this excellent fish, which each year is far in excess of the number to be obtained by the Commission.

We feel that we must utter a word of caution to those who apply for fish, particularly for the different species of trout other than lake trout, and for black bass. The annual applications call for more of these fish than it is possible to supply under the most favorable conditions. Applications are made for 25,000 trout when the water named may not support more than 5,000. The question of food for the fish seems not to be considered, and really it is of vital importance. Without food in abundance fish will not thrive any more than farm stock. Last year the applications for black bass amounted in the aggregate to several millions, while the State by strenuous effort was able to obtain less than 20,000, and some of them had to be purchased. One application called for 1,000,000 black bass for Lake Ontario when we were looking to this lake to furnish a small number of black bass for other waters. During thirteen years of the life of the New York Fish Commission a total of 8,048 small-mouthed and 4,821 large-mouthed bass were distributed, or a grand total of 12,864; and from this it will be seen how idle it is to ask for black bass in million lots.

A dozen adult black bass thoroughly protected will do wonders in the way of stocking a pond.

Food for Fish.

A trout stream can be more certainly stocked by planting 5,000 fry annually in the headwater rivulets of the stream than by turning in 25,000 in one year and leaving it to fate. If there is no food for the fish in the stream planted, it is simply a waste of fish to plant them. We have just received a letter on the subject, from which we make an extract.

A good trout stream in this State seemed to lack fish food, and it was suggested to a resident at its headwaters to plant shrimps for food. He not only planted the shrimps—obtained from the Caledonia Station—but procured a lot of trout eggs from the United States Fish Commission and hatched and planted them. A small pond was built on a tributary stream, and in it the fry were placed and reared until they were fingerlings, when they were allowed to run down into the main stream. The letter says: "Our river holds out wonderfully well and the trout are fat, showing plenty of food. I think the shrimps I put in account for the condition of the trout. I do not know anything about the shrimps in the river, but do know that since they were planted the trout have grown noticeably fatter. I do know, however, that the shrimps that I put in the little pond multiplied wonderfully. For once when I drew it down the bottom was fairly alive with them, and I have no doubt but there are millions upon millions in the river. I think that the question of food supply for the fish in our streams and ponds is of the utmost importance, and I also know that the fry we hatched and fed in our pond for weeks after the sac was absorbed were worth very much more for stocking. In fact, planting fry as soon as the sac is

absorbed is largely a waste of effort, judging from my own experience."

Fish and Game Laws.

The language of the various sections of the game law relating to the use of nets in different waters is loosely worded. In one section the size of the mesh is described by length of bar, in another as "suitable meshes," and in others the size of the mesh is not mentioned. We would recommend that the size of the mesh be explicitly stated where nets are permitted to take commercial fishes, and so far as possible the netting laws be made uniform in their application.

The present law provides an open season for catching black bass beginning on May 30 and ending Jan. 1. The continuance of this open season is a menace to the future of this species of the fish in the waters of the State.

Black bass spawn all through the month of June, and to open the season during the breeding time is most ill advised, and no amount of artificial stocking within the means of the Commission will make up for the waste of killing spawning bass. It is difficult for the State to obtain any large number of black bass at this time, even by purchase, and every section that is visited to obtain bass for transplanting protests most vigorously. The black bass is the one fish of all hook-and-line fishes that guards its spawning bed during the development of the ova, and watches over the brood of young fish after they are hatched, so they really require more consideration as to length of close season than any other fish in the State. When cold weather approaches, black bass gather on deep shoals and lie partly dormant, as a rule, until warm weather returns. Within recent years this habit of the black bass has led to their destruction in some waters, as their winter habitat has been sought out by unthinking men and the bass have been pulled from their winter quarters in a scandalous manner. We would suggest that the open season for black bass fishing begin on July 1 and close on Oct. 15.

The "landlocked salmon" of the game law is no other than the sea salmon with a fresh-water habitat. And yet the law presents the inconsistency of limiting the legal length at which the anadromous fish may be killed to 18 in., while the fish with a local home may be legally slaughtered when, in its babyhood, it reaches the length of 6 in. Landlocked salmon run from the lakes into tributary streams to spawn, and the young remain in the streams for two years before going down to the waters of the lakes, and during the two years in the streams grow to exceed 6 in. in length, and it is almost a criminal waste of raw material to permit a 6 in. baby salmon weighing 2 oz. to be killed, when if allowed a chance for its life it will grow into a magnificent fish of 25 to 30 lbs. in weight. We would suggest that the legal limit of length at which salmon and landlocked salmon may be killed should be made identical, 18 in.

Section 143 of the game law provides that "eel pots of a form and character such as may be prescribed by the rules of the Commissioners of Fisheries may be used in any waters not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, or landlocked salmon." Eels are notorious spawn eaters, and as such seriously interfere with the propagation of better food fishes by natural processes, and if the Commissioners had power to set eel baskets in waters containing *salmonidae* for the purpose of taking eels that come on to the spawning beds to eat the spawn of trout, it would aid materially in minimizing the devastation from this cause.

Carp.

The Commissioners feel that they must in the future discourage the planting of German carp in any of the waters of the State that may contain other fish. It is no more desirable as a food fish than the common sucker, and instead of being a strict vegetarian, as was heralded when introduced from Europe, it has been convicted of eating spawn and the fry of better fish.

Beaver.

There is a colony of beaver near the Adirondack hatchery, probably the only one in this State, and if this rare animal, supposed to have become extinct in New York, is to be preserved, there is urgent necessity for the enactment of a law to protect them at all seasons. During the past year a beaver of this colony was killed and then it was found that there was no law for their protection.

By every means in our power we would encourage the formation of fish and game protective associations in every county and town in the State. Already many societies of this kind have been organized, and they are not only public educators of the objects and aims of fish and game laws, and supporters of this Commission in its work, but they do much to enforce the laws and stand as a menace to law breakers in the communities where they exist. The observance of fish and game laws is largely a matter of education; the first lessons were most difficult to learn, but great strides have been made in this direction during the past ten years, and the fish and game associations should have full credit for their share in it.

Adirondack Deer.

At the close of the deer shooting season in 1895 this Commission made a systematic investigation to determine the number of deer killed in the counties including the Forest Preserve. It was the first attempt to make a careful and thorough canvass of deer killed in this State. For this purpose the Adirondack region was divided into 161 districts, and 249 separate reports were received. A recapitulation shows that a total of 4,900 deer were killed—2,207 being bucks and 2,693 being does. As to the manner of killing, 1,293 were killed by night hunting, 2,694 by bounding and 973 by still-hunting. In view of this enormous slaughter—for we are convinced that the returns are accurate as far as can be obtained—we would recommend that further and more stringent laws be enacted to preserve the deer from extinction either by a shorter season, by regulating the manner of killing, or both.

Utah Legislation.

A LARGE meeting of Utah county people, comprising fishermen, hunters, sportsmen and fish and game dealers, was held in the county court house, to agree upon suggestions to be furnished to the Legislature. The following recommendations were agreed upon, and a committee was appointed to present them to the Legislature and urge their enactment:

To the Legislature of the State of Utah:

We, the representatives of the people mostly interested in the fish

and game laws of Utah county, present the following recommendations for your earnest consideration:

1. That we be allowed to export fish and game to other States and Territories.
2. That the season for angling for trout remain as it is now, and that the angling for black bass shall not commence until July 1, instead of June 15; that seining be allowed for common fish between Sept. 15 of each year and the first day of May following, providing that each person using a seine shall pay a license and also give bonds for \$500, conditioned on the faithful observance of the law.
3. That the seiners be released from paying the commissioner's fees.
4. That the commissioner be allowed very lenient privileges in regard to making arrests or searching parties or their effects before obtaining warrants; and further, that the commissioner's and deputies' salaries be paid annually, one-half by the State and one-half by the county, that he may be able to devote his full time.
5. That no seine be allowed to be drawn in any natural stream or within one-half mile from the center of the mouth of any mountain stream or body of water connecting two other bodies of water.
6. That any or all persons be allowed to catch carp any time of the year with spear or line.
7. That it shall be unlawful for any person to sell, take, kill, destroy or have in his possession any trout, mountain herring or imported fish which have been taken from the public waters of this State, less than 6 in. long, excepting carp; that until otherwise provided it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to catch, offer for sale or have in their possession any catfish, rock bass or whitefish.
8. That Section 12 of the fish laws of 1894 be adopted, with the addition of the penalty for this offense being placed at not less than \$50 or over \$300.
9. That the present laws for the protection of game and birds remain as they are, with the exception that the season for the killing of deer be closed on Nov. 15 instead of Dec. 1.

Utah Fish and Game Interests.

[From the report of Commissioner B. Milton Musser.]

IN January, 1894, and in answer to my appeal, 200,000 lake trout eggs reached me by express from Northville, Mich., but they arrived in a heated condition and were practically valueless. I regret this very greatly, because the lake trout is a fine fish, and no doubt would thrive in our waters. Being also anxious to introduce the brook trout, or speckled trout of the East, I asked for and received 2,000 fry (about 3 in. long) from Leadville, Colo. Five hundred of these I planted in Salt Lake City Creek, and 1,500 in Utah Lake.

During the month of March last, a car with a princely consignment of 2,000,000 whitefish eggs reached Salt Lake. These were hatched on the car opposite Pleasant Grove and put in the lake at that point, in most excellent condition. I have no doubt but what they are doing well. In a letter received from Mr. Newel, Fish and Game Commissioner of Utah county, this passage occurs: "In regard to the whitefish, I firmly believe that Mr. Andrew Madsen (an experienced fisherman) saw some eight or ten of them last, as he is well acquainted with all the fish we have; he says he never saw anything like them before. They were under his boat and are some 3 in. long." This to me is most glorious news. The whitefish is one of the best fresh-water fishes. They develop rapidly and multiply to the tune of 20,000 to 70,000 to one spawner.

In August last I delicately felt my way for another consignment of whitefish for Bear Lake, assuring the Commissioner that not only Utah, but Idaho and Wyoming, would be the beneficiaries, as the north half of the lake is in Idaho and a long stretch of Bear River runs through Wyoming.

These are promised on condition that I again procure transportation. I am also perfecting arrangements to secure a few thousand landlocked salmon fry for Bear, Weber and Sevier rivers, and Utah Lake.

As an experiment I have planted in a lakelet south of this city a few black bass, crappie, rock bass, whitefish and brook trout, all of which, I learn, are doing well.

In July I planted about 100 gold and silver fish in Utah Lake; many of these were spawners.

In November following I received from Neosho, Mo., 190 rock bass; 100 of these I sent to Commissioner Crookston, Logan, to be planted in Logan River; seventy I put into Utah Lake, and the remainder in the lakelet above noted. The same car brought brook trout for Messrs. Welby, Wilson, James *et al.*, which I secured for them.

Nov. 25, 1894, Mr. J. Frank Ellis wrote me: "In compliance with your request of the 20th inst., your application has been changed from golden ides to (European) trench. These will probably be sent to you next season."

A great number of applicants for black bass spawners for private ponds and lakelets have been honored. I have seen a number of bass that weighed 5 lbs. apiece when dressed. A great many people say that they like the bass even better than mountain trout, and the local fish vendors assert that bass is the best seller on the market. I regret to learn that a large if not the largest percentage of the catches have been expressed to points in Colorado, where the shipper no doubt received a higher price for them than he could realize in Utah. This, to my way of thinking, is all wrong, and should be promptly stopped, for I have not intentionally labored for these many years to secure the best fishes for Utah waters and Utah's people to have them caught and carted out of the territory for the benefit of those who snap their fingers at our discomfiture. Let Utah's citizens first be fed, and when the supply exceeds the demands of their tables it will then be soon enough to enter the byways of our neighbors for appetites to appease. We should stop the exportation of our fish. What a crime to permit our fish and game to be exported, and oblige local consumers to eat the often tainted imported articles and pay express charges and commissions to middlemen. In my opinion the bass should be protected one year more from all takers. This was intended when I first planted them, and I had a four-years' catch-them-not clause put into the law, but the last Assembly, on the solicitation of ill-advised and selfish persons, canceled two years of the inhibition.

Among the most formidable enemies of the fish are several kinds of worthless birds, such as the pelican, blue crane, and several kinds of fish hawks, loons, "squaks," fish ducks, etc., which I am credibly informed "actually catch more fish than the fishermen." I am also told that pelicans by the thousands from Pelican Island, Salt Lake, swarm the lakes of Millard county, and that they seine the fish almost as artfully as the experienced fishermen. In imitation of fishermen, they will surround an area of water and gradually close up the semi-circle, driving their prospective prey into shallow water and on to the beach; then, after appeasing their own appetites, they load their pouches and wing their way homeward laden with food for the young. Skunks, weasels and crows, too, are very troublesome, in that they eat the eggs of the wild ducks and geese. The crows carry large numbers of eggs in their talons to the nests of their young. A very small bounty, it is believed, would result in decimating the fish and egg-eating birds and animals so very destructive to fish and game; and why, let me ask, should we spend money in prosecuting human poachers and violators of the fish and game laws, and permit worthless birds and animals, which are infinitely more destructive, to go scot free? This, I take it, is not a matter confined to one or two localities, but applies to almost every county in the State.

Many of the counties are without fish and game commissioners, and in consequence the lawless have it pretty much their own way. However, a goodly number of arrests have been made and fines imposed by commissioners and others acting under instructions from local officers.

Utah, Carbon and Grand counties are especially exposed to violations of the fish and game laws. Neither has a fish and game commissioner to enforce the statute. I venture the assertion that there are more infractions of particularly the game law in the three counties named than in all the other counties of Utah combined. Within the last two or

three months there have been three shipments of venison (the last shipment amounting to 11 tons) and several consignments of deer hides aggregating, I am told, several tons, all from Vernal, the hides being consigned to Chicago. I believe the last shipment of 11 tons of venison was in violation of law, and the lawless could have been arrested and the venison confiscated had the county officers promptly done their whole duty in the premises. Being handicapped for funds, I could not personally undertake the arrest and punishment of the offenders, and with all my urgent appeals by wire and mail to effect these ends, those whose plain duty it was to execute the laws seemed stolidly indifferent, and permitted the offenders with their unlawful booty to escape over the Utah line. The officers knew that the business was unlawful (as the railway officials would not handle the meat), yet they witnessed its reloading and the freighters wending their way through Carbon and Grand counties without protest. When the venison reached Grand Junction, Colo., Sheriff Innis promptly arrested the men in charge and seized the venison and held the whole outfit subject to the order of the local court. The trial was held, the chief law breaker was jailed for sixty days and fined \$300, the venison was confiscated and sent to Denver and disposed of according to law. Had our officers promptly acted, no doubt several offenders could have been convicted and the venison saved to Utah, where, without question to my mind, it rightfully belonged, which conclusion is made more apparent by the fact that the single conviction secured at Grand Junction was effected on the sole testimony of witnesses from Utah, who, at my urgent invitation, went from Price to Colorado to testify in the case. Uintah, Carbon and Grand counties should each have a wide-awake and thorough fish and game commissioner. The general outlet for these counties is the Rio Grande Western Railway, which runs through Carbon and Grand counties, while Price is the nearest shipping point for the people of Uintah county.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

- Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
 March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit. Entries close Feb. 20.
 March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
 March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
 April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
 May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Feb. 10.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
 Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

THE BULL TERRIER CLUB'S RESOLUTIONS.

In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM Messrs. Foote and Schellhass made a reply to the extraordinary resolutions of the Executive Committee of the Bull Terrier Club of America. It may be questioned as to whether they acted wisely in dignifying with a reply such a display of peevish ill nature and bad taste. The more correct treatment might have been to ignore it entirely as an act of super-officiousness, ill-temper and bad judgment, which meant no more than resentment, and had no force outside of the minds of its authors.

But, accepting the resolutions as an expression of temper and opinion of the Bull Terrier Club, what a harmful intolerance of legitimate criticism is displayed by it; what an intention is shown to intimidate all opposition; what a determination to have its own wishes prevail, regardless of the wishes or interests of all others!

The Bull Terrier Club has not been long in existence, nor has it been long in the American Kennel Club, and for these reasons alone it might not have been amiss for it to have assumed only the same rights and privileges as all other clubs, instead of adopting a policy of intimidation, a policy which is sure in the end to recoil disastrously on it; for on the one hand any number of "be it resolved" have no vitality when they proceed from arrogance and assumption, but on the other hand they do lower the standing of the body which passes them.

Every delegate had a perfect right fully and freely to discuss the A. K. C. affairs, and the right was equally good whether a delegate was for or against cropping.

The liberty of speech has been held dear by all Americans, even some years before the Bull Terrier Club in its feeble way tried to muzzle it.

Any direct censure of Dr. Foote and Mr. Schellhass for their action as delegates of the A. K. C. is quite as direct against all other delegates who voted in favor of the amendment against cropping. To single out those two men for expressing the sentiments of the anti-croppers cannot separate them invidiously from others who did the same thing. It is really a censure of the A. K. C.

When men have the manhood to maintain what they believe to be right, when they are striving to promote the general good, when they are in authority to express their minds and to act officially as they are instructed to do or as they deem best, no upstart opposition should have a grain of weight against them. The A. K. C. affords legitimate channels for legislation, and in those channels is the proper place for official action.

The A. K. C. has not only power to abolish cropping if its members deem it for the general good to do so, but it has the power also to discipline—even to the point of suspension or expulsion—any club or clubs which are inimical to it or which do not know what constitutes decent behavior. Once sanction the doctrine that one club is at liberty to censure the delegates of other clubs because those delegates do not agree with it, and harmony and progress is at an end in the A. K. C. jurisdiction. If one club censures the delegates of another, that club in turn can censure the censor; so that what should be a dignified federation of clubs might in time degenerate into a modified Donnybrook Fair procedure. If the kennel world is to be one of public interest and progress, the right-thinking delegates should see that the new order of intimidation, impotent though it be, is brought to a quick end. There is a vast difference between legitimate criticism and gratuitous abuse.

OUR FIRST DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We were two little boys, living on a new farm in the woods. We wanted a dog. Of course we did. There was never a live boy that did not want a dog, but mother did not want a dog, and the more she did not want him the more we did want him.

After five years of asking and being refused by mother, there came a litter of puppies to one of our intimate friends and neighbors, and we were offered one of them. Then we laid siege to mother and plead the cause to such effect that she consented, and no doubt we love her better for it to this day.

The puppy's mother was a smooth-haired Black and Tan terrier and his father a long-legged "yaller dog." The pup was colored after his mother, but shaped like the father, and as we bore him home in triumph one bright Sunday morning we agreed that he was the handsomest pup and was bound to make the smartest dog in the world.

The pup was consigned to a box in the kitchen and we went to church, but our thoughts that day ran more on the pup than on the church services.

When we returned from church one of the neighbors was waiting for us, a man whom we had always feared and hated on account of his evil countenance and bullying ways. He said he had the promise of that pup, had come for him and was going to have him. There ensued a war of words, which ended by the fellow going away full of threats against us and swearing he would kill the pup rather than let us keep him. Next morning the pup was christened Watch and given the liberty of the premises. Ten minutes afterward the sounds of a great commotion were heard in the barn lot. The mothers of a half dozen broods of young chickens had combined to defend their chicks from the pup, whom they took for some strange varmint. When we got there we ran six old hens in a heap, squalling, pecking, spurring and flopping, while from the midst of the mass came puppy yells of agony and terror. Scores of little chickens were "cheeping" and running everywhere, and several lay where they had been trampled to death in the battle.

After the affair was over mother said she would not be troubled that way, and Thomas should come and get the pup. Then, for the first time in our lives, we rose in open rebellion and said that Thomas should not have the pup. We even went so far as to declare that we would kill Thomas before we would give up the pup. Then we plead for the pup and laid the whole blame on the old hens until our tears were too much for mother, and we carried our point.

A few days later an uproar broke forth in the hog lot, where we found the pup was being chased by some furious old sows, and in immediate danger of being torn to pieces, for he was too badly rattled to get out of the inclosure. Armed with clubs, we sprang to the rescue, thinking nothing of danger to ourselves. While I clubbed the vicious brutes, brother grabbed the pup and threw him over the fence; but in spite of my clubbing, one vicious old sow sprang at my brother as he took hold of the fence to climb over and caught him by the seat of his trousers. He held to the fence, the sow held to the trousers, and I plied the club over her head with all my strength.

Presently suspenders and buttons yielded to the strain and brother got over the fence, leaving the trousers with the hog, which soon tore them to shreds. Here was trouble indeed, for the loss of those trousers would be charged to the pup; but when father and mother heard the story, they were too glad over our fortunate escape to regret the loss of the trousers.

Next washday the indigo bag disappeared, and we found the pup trying to make a meal of it. Mother said indigo was poison and hoped it would kill the nasty pup. His mouth was thoroughly dyed with the stuff. Full of anxiety and almost hoping against hope, we washed out his mouth as best we could with soap and water, the pup resisting to his utmost, and his sharp teeth drew the blood from hands and fingers in a number of places. Many a laugh have we had over it since, but there were no smiles in the party at the time. After the washing we concluded a dose of tincture of camphor ought to be given, so I held him on his back between my knees, and held his mouth open with both hands, while brother poured the camphor from the bottle. I don't know just what happened next. I know the bottle was broken, and the pup went through a lot of contortions which we thought were his death struggles, and nothing but the thought of the broken camphor bottle and the punishment that was sure to follow kept us from yelling for help. The pup ran under the house and refused to be called out. We could not bear the idea of him dying under there all alone, so I crawled under after him. There was barely room for me between the ground and the floor, and the pup met my approach with snaps and growls. I did not hesitate, but grabbed him by an ear and backed out.

Father now appeared on the scene and sent us to the woodhouse, which was our steady job when there was nothing else to do. The pup ran away toward the barn and we saw no more of him that day; but the thought of his dangerous condition and the fear of being brought to judgment over the broken camphor bottle made it a day of misery for us.

That night we thought best to explain about the camphor, take the consequences and have it off our minds, which we did, and were let off without punishment.

Next morning the pup showed up, seeming entirely well; so once more life looked bright to us. A few weeks later the pup took a sudden and great aversion to me; would not come near me, and was very suspicious. I could not account for it, until brother said it was the camphor I had put on my sore toe a few minutes before; and we afterward always found the pup suspicious when we had any odor of camphor about us.

Things from now on ran fairly smooth with us until the latter part of the summer; but one afternoon brother came to me looking so troubled that I asked him if he was sick.

"No," said he, "but Watch is."
 "He will get over it in a little while," said I.
 "No, he won't," said brother. "He is awful sick. He's going to die. He's thrown his insides up."
 At that I laughed, but he broke into tears, and said, "Come out here and see if you don't believe it."
 I went out and found a handful of intestines on the ground and the pup making violent efforts to eject the

rest of himself. It looked like a hopeless case, and we stood helplessly by waiting for the end, which we thought must come very soon. After several minutes of violent effort he threw up the head and two feet of a chicken. Then we remembered that we had killed a chicken for supper about an hour before. Neither of us said a word. We just went back to the woodhouse and sawed wood.

In spite of his mishaps and many puppyish pranks that often got him into disgrace, he grew apace and learned a lot of good dog sense. He was never gifted to the extent of some of the dogs we read about, but he knew enough to spot any stray hog that got with ours, and to note any change of the farm animals from one field to another. If he was with us when such changes were made he considered it all right, but otherwise he was after the stock as soon as he saw them in a different field. He was alert and full of watchfulness for our interests, and saved many a young chicken from the "varmints" that used to prey on them.

One day he "treed" a mink in a big pile of rubbish close by the barn. The whole family, hired man and dog surrounded the pile and proceeded to tear it down. In spite of our watching, the mink slipped out and was 60 yds. on his way to the woods before he was seen by any of us, and but for the dog we would have torn the pile down and been wondering to this day what ever became of that mink. Just as the mink was getting out of sight over a little knoll, the dog saw him and giving an excited yelp straightened himself in hot pursuit. Dog and mink disappeared over the knoll, followed by the writer, armed with grandfather's old three dollar shotgun. The chase was alongside a rail fence. Seeing his legs were too short to save him, the mink climbed the fence and when the boy saw him was running along the top rails, coming toward the boy, who laid the gun along the top rail and waited motionless until the mink was within 2 ft. of the gun muzzle and coming right toward it. The dog was keeping him so busy he did not notice boy or gun. Then the boy pulled the trigger and the mink was knocked 15 ft.—that is, part of him was; the rest was spattered all round. The charge struck him fairly in the breast and laid him wide open from the collar to the tail.

Then the boy let out a lusty whoop of triumph and threw his ragged old straw hat into the air and the pup pounced on the biggest piece of mink and shook it into several more pieces.

For nearly ten years this dog was our constant companion on the farm, but at last disease overtook him, and as the whole family stood around him one bright Sunday afternoon, while his eyes grew dim and the loving and faithful old heart ceased beating, none of us were ashamed of the tears that dampened all our cheeks. We buried him in a neat box at the side of the garden. Peace to his bones.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Beagle Field Trials.

NANUET, N. Y., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have now had beagle field trials for five or six successive years; and practical results toward the advance and betterment of the breed as are liable to accrue from such work should have manifested themselves by this time in a tangible form. Has it?

A mild "yes" and an emphatic "no" would each be suitable answers. Having used and put to a practical test such ideas as have been advanced heretofore, I think the time has come when new theories should be introduced and reduced to practical working methods, to acquire the purpose of a specialty club, i. e., advancement of the breed.

As bench shows are now conducted, a useless dog for all practical purposes may become a prominent champion. The same principle applies to field trials, inasmuch as the most wretched specimen in form may acquire high honors there, and how does either one advance the breed in the broad sense of the term?

With a view to overcoming what is now a radical weakness (from this standpoint) I propose introducing at next quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club a scoring system for reducing each dog's field and bench qualities to an average, thereby establishing and recording each dog's actual merit in both forms, winners, losers and all.

Under such a system each entry at trials will be first scored for its actual bench show merit by a practical judge of such form. Then the dog to pass into the hands of judges for field quality form and each dog scored at the termination of each heat. Those scoring above a certain average (for field work) to pass into the second series, the same to apply for third series with a higher average. The winners of each class to be those scoring the highest combined average of both field and bench qualities, and awards to be rendered by the field trial committee.

Under this system each owner to receive a certificate of each dog's work and form, and unless radical defects may be discovered in my calculations, the most practical results can thus be obtained in advancing a breed by a specialty club.

This, of course, is a somewhat brief synopsis of a radical change and is a subject matter for reflection and discussion, and eventually to be reduced to a satisfactory working system.

I bring this matter out at this time for two reasons: First, to draw from the many members and breeders and others a liberal exchange of views through the ever available and obliging press, and secondly to give other beagle clubs than the National sufficient time to consider, act or adopt the scoring system if deemed advisable.

H. S. KREUDER,
 Proprietor Rockland Beagle Kennels.

United States Field Trials.

WEST POINT, Miss., Feb. 4.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The grounds are in fair condition after the recent heavy rains. Birds are plentiful.

There were ten starters in the Pointer Derby: Sister Sue, Wrestler, Nabob, Rip Saw, Tory Jessamine, India, Ridgeview Cash, Virginia, Cracker Jack, and Hessie D. The judges were A. Merriman and Theo. Sturgis. Following were the winners: First, India; second, Nabob; third, Rip Saw; fourth, Tory Jessamine; fifth, Sister Sue.

There are 12 starters in the Setter Derby: Sam T. Forzando, Harwick, Feu Follet, Tory Fashion, Bob Taylor, Arapahoe, Domino, Gleam's Ruth, Conor, Accelerando, Marie's Sport.

B. WATERS.

The Altcar Produce Stakes.

FOR dog and bitch puppies at \$20 each, half forfeit; or if declared out by Sept. 1, \$5 forfeit; or if declared out by June 1, only \$2 forfeit. Entries, which must be accompanied by \$2, close March 15. Second forfeit of \$3 must be paid on or before June 1. Third forfeit of \$5 must be paid on or before Sept. 1; balance \$10 must be paid on or before 6 P. M. the night of the draw, viz. Oct. 20.

Moneys: To winner, \$100 added by the Altcar Coursing Club of America and 35 per cent. of all moneys; runner up, \$50 added by the Altcar Coursing Club of America and 25 per cent. of all moneys; third and fourth, 10 per cent. each of all the moneys; four winners of two courses, 5 per cent. each of all moneys. (Should more than thirty-two dogs start, division of moneys will be made satisfactory.)

Conditions: Breeding and date of birth of puppies and breeder's name must be furnished the secretary at time of entry. All payments of forfeits must be made promptly to the secretary-treasurer.

Ten per cent. deducted for expenses.

T. W. BARTELS, Sec'y-Treas.

City of the Straits Kennel Club.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 1.—Inclosed please find advance proof of our Premium List, which will be issued on the 3d inst. More interest is being shown this year, locally, than ever before in the Dog Show and we are getting a number of inquiries from outside, and I am very sure that we will have one of the finest exhibitions of beagles ever had in America. Will you please notice that our entries close on Feb. 20.

R. HUMPHREYS-ROBERTS.

The premiums are \$15 for first and \$10 for second in mastiffs and St. Bernards; and \$10 and \$5 for all other classes, with \$3 for third in pointers and setters.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We have received from the Olombia Publishing Co. a copy of a work entitled "Heads, or In the Wilderness," which professes to treat of an outing in the Adirondacks, but which in reality is devoted to the introduction and advocacy of a religious doctrine. The outing features serve as a vehicle for presenting and advertising the doctrine in a pleasing form. It would seem the better way, if the doctrine has merit, to strip it of pretense and present it by itself. Told as it is here the new doctrine is not clearly to be comprehended.

The following is taken from a copy of the New York *Clipper*, published many years ago: "The Mayor of Janesville, Wis., is becoming perfectly desperate. He issues a formal proclamation in the words following, threatening death to some of his fellow-citizens: 'Take Notice! All persons residing in the city of Janesville, owning or having in his or her possession any dog or bitch, and suffering the same to run at large without being securely muzzled, so as to prevent their biting, will be killed, if found running at large after April 15.'"

The correspondents who have no names to sign, or having names do not care to sign them, would do well to ponder over the reasons why anonymous queries are not answered in our columns.

The sheep industry of South Carolina is receiving special consideration by the State government. Recently a bill was passed by the House in substance providing that a dog found "committing any depredation," such as stealing eggs, killing poultry or sheep, "or destroying any other property," "or showing symptoms of hydrophobia," upon any premises other than those of the owner of the dog, could be killed lawfully, and the proof that he was so depredating shall amount to a full and complete defense. In respect to the matter of hydrophobia or rabies no proof is required, the owner of the premises being the sole judge of whether the dog is afflicted with rabies or not. The bill, shorn of its circumlocution, provides that an owner can kill any dog which comes on his premises if he chooses to do so.

Mr. A. J. Gleason, manager of the Kinloch Kennels, Kinloch, Mo., will take some of his dogs South soon to give them a term of schooling on quail.

An excellent opportunity for securing a really first-class field dog for Southern shooting is offered in our advertising columns this week by Mr. C. Du Bois Wagstaff, Babylon, L. I. Mr. Wagstaff advertises two dogs, pointer and setter. Among other new advertisements the Seaforth Kennels advertise the St. Bernards champion Melrose King and Sir Hugh at stud, also puppies for sale. Henry Hood, East Orange, N. J., offers a prize-winning bull terrier brood bitch, and the Standard Kennel, Georgetown, N. Y., beagle bitches. "Pointer Dogs," Cincinnati, advertises a brace of field dogs.

We have received for the Manice Dachshunde challenge Cup, to be competed for at the New York show, the entries of Mr. Manice's Princetta, Junetta and Minnie, and Mr. Matthews's Polly Finders. The entries properly closed with the A. K. C. entries. It is possible that other entries may be accepted later, if so we shall announce them next week.

Yachting.

[Other yachting news on first page.]

ACCORDING to the London *Daily Chronicle* of Feb. 4, Lord Dunraven has gone to Sandringham to confer with the Prince of Wales, commander of the Royal Yacht Squadron, as to his future action.

UNDOUBTEDLY the one weak point of the committee's report is that in which it expresses a confidence that will be shared by very few—that Lord Dunraven is eagerly awaiting an opportunity to do what little is still left to him in the way of an honorable amend by a full and frank apology. We have very little hope that the anticipations of the committee will be realized, or that Lord Dunraven will even now admit that he is and has been in the wrong. Some criticism has been directed against the committee because it has dealt so leniently with his Lordship, and because it has not proposed some punishment adequate to the offense of which it has actually found him guilty.

Whether the committee is wrong or right in this we do not propose to argue; it is quite enough that it has to all appearances conducted a fair and impartial investigation, in which the whole truth has been laid bare; the question of its future dealings with Lord Dunraven is one that may well be left to the New York Y. C. as a body. That in the continued absence of a retraction and apology some fitting punishment will be inflicted can hardly be doubted from the present temper of the members.

An interesting question that suggests itself in this connection is the possible action of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Thus far the Squadron has devoted its efforts solely to keeping clear of the whole matter; but it is quite obvious that it must sooner or later take some positive action either indorsing or repudiating its chosen representative. The position is a very plain one; the Royal Yacht Squadron has guaranteed to the New York Y. C. that Lord Dunraven was a gentleman and a yachtsman fully worthy to represent it. This representative is now in the position of having publicly preferred charges of foul dealing against a member of the New York Y. C., its representative in the international races. These charges having now been proved groundless, the Royal Yacht Squadron can in no way ignore the public acts of its representative, but must express itself in approval or disapproval; in fact, in our view of interclub ethics, the club indorsing a challenger should be prepared to accept full responsibility for all of his actions throughout the entire contest. It is only by the enforcement of this reasonable rule that clubs holding valuable challenge trophies can be protected from challenges by improper or irresponsible individuals. If a club is prepared to indorse as its representative a man of unknown or doubtful reputation, it must be held strictly to account for his conduct.

The methods pursued by Lord Dunraven are only too characteristic of his whole career as a yachtsman—erratic, vacillating and altogether devoid of any rational principle. The charges made by him have one plain meaning, and one only: that Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has been guilty of fraud and cheating. In making his charges, no matter how they were worded, he must have known, as all the world did, exactly what they meant; and yet he has shirked and squirmed and quibbled over simple English words until, in his examination by the opposing counsel, he was compelled to admit that *cheat* spelled cheat and was synonymous with fraud. What little respect he might have claimed by boldly formulating his charges and standing by them has been forfeited by consistent cowardice throughout; by his denial that in making such charges he was imputing fraud to Mr. Iselin personally; by his announcement on his arrival in New York that he did not come as a complainant, but only to aid the club; and by his sudden and unexpected disappearance when the only honorable course open to him was obviously to remain until the conclusion of the inquiry and then to make the most complete apology possible. From first to last, his conduct in the matter has been craven and childish, and utterly lacking in that boldness which of itself commands a certain amount of respect, even from an adversary.

At last the long-expected report of the special committee, accompanied by the evidence, has been made public; and every one interested may form his own conclusions from the evidence. The report itself is in every way an able one, and save in the foolish and abortive attempt to secure absolute secrecy for an indefinite time, the whole work of the committee reflects the highest credit upon the five gentlemen to whom this unpleasant task was allotted by the New York Y. C. The report is clear, logical and conclusive, and no comment of ours could add to it in any way. The committee has seen fit to go no further than to pass upon the evidence, and has left the question of the punishment of the offender entirely to the club, contenting itself with fully exonerating Mr. Iselin and opening to his defamer a way for an apology. Incidentally it will be noticed that the report itself refutes the various "exclusive" rumors of the daily papers as to the proposed action of the committee which have appeared from day to day since the closing of the examination. The committee, in concluding, take pains to score severely, but deservedly, the New York *Herald* for the surreptitious publication of a part of the testimony.

There are many yachtsmen, British as well as American, who have feared above all things a "Scotch verdict"; that after such a lapse of time the truth as to Lord Dunraven's charges could not be ascertained, and that the dispute would live and rankle for years. To all such the evidence will be an agreeable disappointment, as from its nature and extent it is as convincing as could possibly be desired. On the side of the protestant the evidence is weak and faulty in the extreme, amounting to nothing more than that Lord Dunraven and several of his party thought that Defender was too deeply immersed. There is absolutely nothing in their presentment of the case to justify the serious charges of foul play and fraud.

The evidence for the defense, on the other hand, is not only most voluminous, including the direct testimony and cross-examination of witnesses by the score and the sworn depositions of others; but it deals with actual facts and figures, with surveys of the yacht made at different times and by independent parties; every detail of her ballasting is brought to light, and it is shown beyond doubt that such a fraud as is charged was clearly impossible. The evidence of Lord Dunraven alone would go far to convince most men that he had no case, but the evidence on behalf of Defender must convince all who take the trouble to read it.

APART from the many vital points, there are some side issues which are of little importance, and which it is needless to waste time and space in discussing; the principal one being the apparent attempt to suppress the whole matter and Lord Dunraven's letter to Mr. Kersey, the latter's interview with ex-com. James D. Smith, and the cable message to the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron. There is more or less mystery about all this correspondence, which to all appearances is not worth the trouble of attempting to clear up.

In our opinion the most important of the side issues is that raised by Lord Dunraven in his charge that his request that the Cup committee should place men on each yacht until they could be measured was disregarded. As originally made, this charge reflected severely on Mr. Fish, the member of the committee who sailed on Valkyrie. Mr. Fish very wisely said nothing until the proper time came, and then he gave before the committee a clear, succinct and business-like statement of Lord Dunraven's first complaint, producing a written memorandum made by him at the time and submitted to Lord Dunraven for his approval. It is only necessary to compare the bold, positive and straightforward story of Mr. Fish with the lame and uncertain statements of Lord Dunraven on the stand, failing to remember about the memorandum until all the details were recalled to him, to agree with the conclusion of the special committee that no demand was made by Lord Dunraven that men be placed aboard each yacht.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

The special meeting of the New York Y. C. called to receive the report of the special committee appointed to investigate the charges made by Lord Dunraven against Mr. C. Oliver Iselin was held on Jan. 31, with Com. Brown in the chair, and a very large attendance of members. The meeting was called to order at 9 o'clock, the members of the special committee being all present with the exception of Mr. E. J. Phelps, who was out of town. In his absence Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan read the report for the committee: The body of the report is as follows:

Upon cross-examination Lord Dunraven admitted in substance that he judged by the eye solely, and that the Defender might not have been sunk more than 2in.; that he could not be tied down to a definite statement in this respect; that the discharge hole mentioned was the only mark by which he was enabled to verify the accuracy of his observation; that in observing the vessel on the morning of the 7th, through the glass, he saw only her starboard side, the pipe hole being on the port side; that there was then a ripple on the water of 3 or 4in.; that at the distance of 200yds. he could not accurately estimate a difference in immersion; that the only other opportunity he had of observation that morning was when he rowed out to the Defender to put his representative on board, and passed round the port side; that he thought the bobstay bolt was about 12 or 14in. above the water on the 6th, and some 8 or 10in. on the 7th, judging from observation alone; that he thought the l.w.l. was lengthened by the increased immersion about 1ft., though he did not judge from that, but only from the apparent depth of the vessel in the water as compared with his recollection of her in the basin the day before.

The testimony of Mr. Glennie, who appeared before the committee in person, and of Mr. Ratsey, whose *ex-parte* statutory declaration was read, was also produced on the part of Lord Dunraven. These witnesses spent the night of Sept. 6 on board the City of Bridgeport with Lord Dunraven, and at about 6 o'clock in the morning of the 7th they rowed around the Defender in a small boat. Their evidence was to the same general effect as that of Lord Dunraven, on the point of the apparent increase in the immersion of the Defender.

Mr. Glennie placed the apparent immersion at about 1½in. more on the 7th than on the 6th.

Testimony to the same effect was also introduced in the shape of an *ex-parte* statutory declaration of Mr. Watson, the designer of the Valkyrie, who testified that on the morning of the first official measurement, at Erie Basin, he plainly saw above water the pipe hole mentioned by Lord Dunraven, but did not see the Defender on the morning of the race, and that on the day of the remeasurement he again saw the pipe hole above water.

Similar *ex-parte* declarations from Capt. Cranfield and Sycamore, of the Valkyrie, were also read. They confirmed from general observation the statement of Lord Dunraven as to the apparent increased immersion of the Defender, but neither of these witnesses saw the Defender except from the deck of the Valkyrie, at a distance of about 300yds.

Three other witnesses were mentioned by Lord Dunraven to the committee as persons whom he thought would give evidence to the same effect as above stated: Mr. Kersey, a resident of New York, who had been the representative of Lord Dunraven in the United States in matters connected with this match; the captain of the steamer City of Bridgeport, which was used at the races as a tender to the Valkyrie, and the pilot of the Valkyrie. These witnesses were not produced. It was not claimed that their evidence would be other than cumulative to that given by the other witnesses on the part of Lord Dunraven, and of the same character. Nevertheless the committee, on their own account, not being authorized to issue compulsory process for the attendance of witnesses, invited the attendance of Mr. Kersey, which he declined to give, stating as his reason the objection of those for whom he acted in his business. And they made such efforts as they could to obtain the other two witnesses, but without success. Mr. Young, the pilot, was at sea. Capt. Parker, of the City of Bridgeport, though quite willing to appear, was unable to attend.

It will be perceived, therefore, that considering this case in the first place, upon the evidence introduced on the part of Lord Dunraven alone, the only proof in support of the charge it involves consists in the opinions of the witnesses above referred to, formed merely by looking at the vessel in the water on two successive days, that on the latter day she was from 1½ to 4in. lower in the water than on the former, and that these opinions were based solely upon the general appearance of the vessel as apparent to the eye, and upon no measurement or other data whatever by which they could be verified, excepting only that a pipe hole of about an inch in diameter, which on the first day was just at the water's edge, was the next day not to be seen. The committee attach no importance to the opinions of the witnesses who only saw the Defender from a distance of 200 or 300yds. There remain, therefore, but three persons—Mr. Glennie, Mr. Ratsey and Lord Dunraven himself—who ever got near enough to the Defender to see the pipe hole, even if it had been visible.

It is obvious that a very slight list of the vessel to starboard might have made this pipe hole visible on the first day, and that a similar list to port might have made it invisible on the second, quite irrespective of its actual position in reference to the l.w.l. A difference of 3 or 4in. in the distance of the bobstay bolt from the water might, if it existed, have easily occurred from a change in the trim of the vessel in consequence of the presence of the crew and their belongings in the fore-castle or other temporary cause, bringing her a little down by the head. Lord Dunraven himself says in his publication, above quoted, that the difference in the height of the bobstay bolt above the water might result from an alteration in trim.

The Erie Basin, where the Defender was observed on the first day, is a small, entirely inclosed space, where the water is practically smooth. On the second day the Defender lay inside of Sandy Hook in the lower bay of New York, a large body of water open to the ocean for five or six miles on its easterly side. Its surface is necessarily at all times in motion, and during the night between the two days the wind had been blowing heavily. It is obvious that the difference in the condition of the water in which the Defender lay upon the two days might well have produced a difference of apparent immersion.

The fraud that is involved in the charge thus made, if it is found to be true, is a very grave one, utterly destructive to the reputation of all who should appear to have been concerned in it, and especially odious under the circumstances of a friendly contest between citizens of different countries, exciting international interest, and supposed to be conducted by gentlemen, upon a high plane of honor and mutual confidence.

From the magnitude and difficulty of the operation necessary to its consummation, it must unavoidably, if it occurred, have been participated in not only by Mr. Iselin and those concerned with him in the management of the Defender, but by all officers and crew of that vessel, and many others incidentally employed.

It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Herreshoff, the designer of the Defender, confirmed by other witnesses, that to have produced an increased immersion of 1in. on the Defender would have required 7,155lbs. of additional weight, or about three and a quarter long tons; that to have produced such an immersion of 3in. would have required about nine and three-quarters tons; and an immersion of 4in., about thirteen tons; and that an immersion of 1in. would have lengthened the l.w.l. 8in., and in the same proportion for each additional inch of immersion. If such a result was produced, therefore, all the weight thus shown to be required must have been removed from the vessel before the first measurement on the 6th, replaced during the night of that day, and again removed during the night of the 7th, in time for the remeasurement on the 8th. And this was Lord Dunraven's theory, as finally stated upon cross-examination.

Such a fraud should not even be charged without due regard, first, to the established character of those upon whom the imputation of guilt must fall; and second, to the kind and degree of the evidence upon which it rests. To justify even accusation, suspicion must at least be reasonable; yet upon the hearing before the committee, the evidence above summarized (and hereafter appended in full), so slight, so extremely liable to mistake, is all that is offered in justification of the charge publicly made in the London *Field*. It is not readily to be believed that any expert, however skillful, could determine by the eye, between one day and another, and under circumstances so diverse, a difference so trifling in the displacement of a vessel, especially one with which his previous acquaintance was small. Lord Dunraven himself had the candor to say that he did not claim that this evidence, even irrespective of anything that was shown to the contrary, established the truth of his charge; he did claim, however, that the omission of the Cup committee either to remeasure the Defender on the evening of the race or to put a representative on board to remain during the night, so far prevented the proof or disproof of his claim as to justify him in renewing it after the matter had been revived by the Cup committee's report of Oct. 24; and that point will be specially considered hereafter.

But the case was not left to stand upon the evidence thus far reviewed.

On the part of Mr. Iselin there was introduced the testimony of a large number of witnesses, including, besides his own, that of the designer of the Defender, the official measurer, the captain, all the officers and all the crew of the Defender, numbering thirty in all (excepting five seamen, who were shown to be at sea and therefore inaccessible), all the gentlemen who were on board the Defender at the time of the race and all other persons, so far as the committee could learn, who had such means of observation as enabled them to know any facts material to the issue. These witnesses were personally present, except thirteen seamen, whose testimony was taken by *ex-parte* affidavits.

By this evidence there was established, to the entire satisfaction of the committee, the facts now to be stated.

The Defender, by her original design, was built and intended to sail without any loose ballast whatever, all weight thought necessary being introduced into the keel by a single casting, to the amount of about 85 tons. This calculation was based upon the rule of the New York Y. C. requiring yachts to sail in such races with their tanks, fittings, bulkheads, etc., on board, as when prepared for ordinary use.

During all the sailing of the Defender after her completion down to the time of this race, including various trials with the Vigilant to determine which of those yachts should be entered in the competition for the Cup, the Defender had sailed without any loose ballast whatever, but with her tanks, fittings, etc., on board. She was measured officially for the trial races on Aug. 31, 1895, and her load waterline was then found to be 83.55ft. She sailed with this line in all races prior to the Cup race now in question, when her load waterline was found by the official measurement of Sept. 6 to be 85.45ft., a difference of but 4.8in. in length, corresponding to 3.5in. of immersion. She is a boat of unusual stability and power, and all the evidence, both scientific and practical, was to the effect that additional ballast beyond what she originally contained was not required, and would certainly have diminished rather than improved the speed of the boat. Such was the opinion at the time of the race of Mr. Herreshoff, the designer; Capt. Haff, her sailing master, and Mr. Iselin.

It is plain, therefore, that no motive existed for increasing the ballast of the Defender. It cannot be supposed that there could have been an intention to place the vessel upon a different trim from that previously determined by her designer and manager to be the best.

After the arrival of the Valkyrie in the United States it was found that she was stripped of her fittings, water tanks, bulkheads, etc., and not in a condition to comply with the rule of the New York Y. C. above mentioned. A clause was accordingly introduced in the detailed agreement for the Cup races, executed on Sept. 4, waiving that rule.

On Sept. 4 and 5 the Defender, while at New Rochelle, was stripped and had all her fittings, water tanks, bulkheads, etc., taken out of her, which were weighed and found to be about 7,000lbs. Before this material had been removed from the upper part of the vessel, Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin had estimated that its weight could be efficiently replaced by two tons of loose ballast in the hold. Two tons of lead, consisting of forty-two pigs, were therefore obtained from New York, carried by steamboat to New Rochelle, and there put in the hold. The weight of the material removed proved, however, to be greater than they had anticipated, and they accordingly decided to add one ton more of lead ballast; and another ton was thereupon sent from New York to the Erie Basin. On Sept. 6, the day of the first official measurement, at the Erie Basin, and prior to the measurement, this ton of lead, consisting of twenty-one pigs, was placed temporarily on the cabin floor of the Defender, above the place it was to occupy in the hold. On the evening of Sept. 6, the day before the race, it being found that this lead could not be stowed in the hold without the pigs being cut in two, it was carried on to the Hattie Palmer, her tender, which was alongside, and each of the twenty-one pigs was cut in two, carried back again, and stowed in the hold of the Defender.

About five tons of lead ballast were in like manner put on board the Valkyrie shortly before the measurements, some portion of which at the time of the first measurement was temporarily placed on her cabin floor.

It was very clearly proved that the Defender had not been lightened in any way before the first official measurement on Sept. 6, except by the taking out of the tanks, fittings, etc., above mentioned (the weight of which had been replaced by lead ballast to the extent indicated), and by the substitution of a steel boom and gaff for the wooden spars theretofore in use. Nor was any other ballast or weight of any description put upon the Defender after the official measurement of Sept. 6 and before the race on the 7th, or taken out of her after the race on the 7th and before the remeasurement on the 8th.

There were no tanks left in the boat into which water could have been introduced as ballast, and the hold was examined and found to be dry immediately before and during the race. Lord Dunraven admitted that water could not have been used as ballast without tanks to contain it. After the Defender's bulkheads were removed at New Rochelle she was open from stem to stern, so that no ballast could have been concealed. Mr. Iselin personally examined the hold before the measurement on Sept. 6. Immediately before the race on Sept. 7 both Mr. Iselin and Mr. Herreshoff examined the hold again to see how the twenty-one pigs had been stowed the night before, and the condition of the hold as to water. No ballast of any kind, to any material amount, could possibly have been put on board or taken off the Defender, as the committee believe, without the knowledge of all the officers and crew, and of Mr. Iselin and his guests.

The work referred to by Lord Dunraven as done on board the Defender the night before the race was the moving and cutting and replacing of the lead before mentioned, and likewise work done by a party of riggers in fitting new wire ropes forming bridges for the mainsheet blocks—several riggers from New York, as well as the officers and crew of the Defender, testifying before the committee that they were engaged on such work that night, and that it lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning, and was of a nature to make considerable noise. The Hattie Palmer, after lying a short time alongside, left the Defender for the night before 10 o'clock both on that evening and the next, and did not return to the Defender on either night.

In respect to the pipe hole on the port side of the Defender, noticed by Lord Dunraven at the time of the measurement the day before the race, and which proved to be the discharge of the bilge pump, it was shown by a careful measurement and survey made by Mr. De Luze, a civil engineer experienced in such work, assisted by Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, and testified to by them, that when the vessel lay in still water, trimmed and ballasted as she was on Sept. 3, the discharge hole would not be visible, being entirely below the l.w.l. as defined by the external marks affixed on that day, as above stated; and this was shown upon a drawing prepared by Mr. De Luze.

This hole was not, as thought by Lord Dunraven and his witnesses, about an inch in diameter, but was 2½in. in diameter.

It is not disputed that the Defender was in substantially the same trim and the same degree of immersion on both the 6th and 8th of September. And Mr. Hyslop testified positively that the marks which had been painted on the Defender in his presence by Mr. Watson were still visible at the time of the hearing before the committee, identically as they had been put on.

The committee had no reason to doubt the accuracy of these measurements, or the correctness of the evidence in respect to them. But they deemed it most important that it should be settled beyond any possible question whether the discharge hole of the bilge pump was or was not visible above the l.w.l. if the vessel was upon an even keel. At the request of the committee, therefore, Capt. Mahan kindly undertook to make a further examination of the Defender, now lying at New Rochelle, with reference to this point. He made a visit to the yacht in company with Mr. Iselin and Mr. Askwith, but found that under the uncertain weather conditions prevalent at this season a measurement direct from the water surface was scarcely practicable, and recommended that the matter in question should be settled by measurements starting from points of origin within the yacht herself. He therefore obtained from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, through the kindness of Naval Constructor Bowles, the services of Mr. Hibbs, an assistant naval constructor in the United States Navy, who, without being apprised of the result reached by Mr. De Luze and Mr. Hyslop, or seeing the drawings, went to New Rochelle and made a careful measurement of the location of the bilge pump discharge in reference to the l.w.l. as marked on the Defender externally by Mr. Watson. The request made to Constructor Bowles for the committee was as follows:

"The committee would like to have accurately determined by measurement the exact position of the bilge pump hole on the port side of the yacht Defender, indicated in plan submitted, so as to show conclusively the vertical distance of the lower rim of the hole from the racing waterline, two points of that line being shown at the lower edge of the red disk and of the mark on the stem.

"These two marks were placed by the measurer when the yacht was in racing trim and on even keel.

"Committee would also like to know the vertical drop of said hole, corresponding to 1°, 2° and 3° of list to port.

"Also, would noticeable trimming by the head be produced by shifting thirty men—say two tons—from center of gravity to the men's berthing quarters?

"N. B.—Note if red marks are of some standing.

"A. T. MAHAN."

Mr. Hibbs reported in writing to Constructor Bowles, by whom the report was transmitted to the committee through Capt. Mahan, that the lower edge of the discharge hole was 2½in. below the l.w.l., thus confirming the accuracy of the previous measurements by Mr. De Luze and Mr. Hyslop. Mr. Hibbs followed a different method of measurement from that adopted by the others, for he ascertained the position of the bilge pump hole entirely by measurements starting from within the yacht herself and not from the water. It follows, therefore, as a mathematical certainty, that upon an even keel, in the Erie Basin, this discharge hole would have been below the level of the water.

By further experiments made at the same time, Mr. Hibbs also ascertained that:

1. A weight of two tons moved from a position amidships through a distance of 13.75ft. athwartships would incline the Defender one degree, and would drop the discharge hole 2½in.

2. That a weight of five tons similarly moved through 11ft. would incline her two degrees and would drop the discharge hole 4½in.

3. That a weight of ten tons similarly moved through a distance of 7.25ft. would incline her three degrees and would drop the discharge hole 6½in.

4. A weight of two tons was moved from the center of gravity of

the water plane, forward on the middle line to the horizontal position of the center of gravity of the crew's berthing quarters, a distance of 32ft. 6in. The change of trim thereby occasioned on the waterline was as follows:

Forward, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. down.
Aft, 2 in. up.

Mr. Hibbs further stated that he carefully examined the paint marks on the stem and side of the Defender, and that it was evident that they were of some standing.

The proof showed that as the vessel lay in the Erie Basin just before the official measurement on Sept. 6 she had a slight list to starboard, probably occasioned by the movement of the crew to that side of the vessel before they were put in position amidships for that measurement. And it was further shown that the quarters of the crew were in the forecabin; that their cots, bedding, etc., there were of the weight of about 40lbs. to each man; that these cots, etc., were taken out before the race and transferred to the Hattie Palmer and returned to the Defender after the race, and that their presence on board at the time she was seen by Lord Dunraven and his witnesses early on the morning of the 7th, or the congregating of the crew forward for any reason, might have brought the vessel a little down by the head, as shown by the experiments of Constructor Hibbs, and so have brought the bobstay bolt nearer the water.

On the occasion of Lord Dunraven's coming alongside the Defender in his gig, there was a general and perfectly natural movement of nearly every one on board to that side of the yacht.

If, as Lord Dunraven suspected, the Defender had entered upon the race of Sept. 7 with her racing line increased by the addition of ballast after the measurement of Sept. 6, she would have been violating the rules of the New York Y. C., under which the race was sailed, one of which is as follows:

"If any yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight, increase her l.w.l. length, or in any way increase her spar measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement."

This rule is specifically reproduced in the special agreement of Sept. 4 governing the Cup races.

Lord Dunraven did not make any written or other communication to the Cup committee or to Mr. Iselin on the subject of the increased immersion of the Defender, except that made to the committee through Mr. Fish.

The rule of the New York Y. C. on the subject of protests for violation of the rules of a race is as follows:

"A yacht having cause during a race to protest against any other yacht for a violation of these rules shall display flag B of the club signal code, which shall be known as the protest flag, and keep such flag flying till answered from the judge's boat by the answering pennant. A protest must be supplemented by a written statement of the facts, which must be sent to the regatta committee before 6 P. M. of the day following the race."

Lord Dunraven did not raise his flag, as required by this rule, nor make any protest at all against the Defender on that race.

With reference to the suggestion of Lord Dunraven that the omission of the Cup committee to remeasure the Defender on the same day of the race, or to put a representative on board of her to remain during the night, justified his suspicion that her displacement had been tampered with between the race and the remeasurement on the following day, a few words should be said.

It has already been pointed out that a remeasurement of the Defender after the race and on the same day was impossible, because the Erie Basin, where alone it could take place, was too far distant to be reached until too dark to make it, and that Lord Dunraven was so informed by Mr. Fish when the request was made. It was fully proved that such a measurement could not be made by artificial light. The remeasurement that took place on the next day (Sunday), at 10 o'clock in the morning, was, therefore, the earliest possible.

In regard to the request, which Lord Dunraven states that he made to Mr. Fish for transmission to the Cup committee, namely, that each of the two yachts should be taken into the charge of the committee for that night, it is conclusively shown that no such request reached the committee.

Mr. Fish denies that any such request was included in the message with which he was charged. That he did not understand that it was included is shown by the fact that in delivering the message a few hours afterward, gravely impressed as he says with its importance, he made no mention to the committee of such a request.

It further appears that a memorandum of the message sent was made by Mr. Fish in writing, which was produced and put in evidence, and contains no allusion to the request in question. Mr. Fish testifies that he made this memorandum in Lord Dunraven's presence, because unwilling to trust his own memory, and in order to be assured that it should be accurately conveyed; that he read it over to Lord Dunraven, who suggested a correction, which was underlined; and that this memorandum contained the whole message as given to him, and as delivered by him. Lord Dunraven remembers that some memorandum was made by Mr. Fish at the time concerning this message, but does not recollect that he himself suggested any correction. But even upon his own recollection of the facts, the written memorandum seems strongly to confirm Mr. Fish's statement.

It is testified by the Cup committee that the memorandum was delivered to them by Mr. Fish as the message he had received, and it is clear that it was acted upon by them as such, and that the publication by Lord Dunraven in the *Field* was the first knowledge that committee had of any alleged request that they should take charge of the vessels pending remeasurement. It is also to be observed that Lord Dunraven in his letter to Mr. Kersey of Sept. 27 makes no mention of such request, for all he says there is: "I don't know whether Fish ever told the committee I wished the ships measured immediately after the race."

It was shown that the message from Lord Dunraven as to the increased immersion of the Defender, and the reason for his request for a remeasurement of the Defender, were not communicated to Mr. Iselin by Mr. Fish or by the Cup committee, and did not come to his knowledge till long afterward.

It has not been suggested that the members of the Cup committee, or any of them, were or could have been parties to any tampering with the waterline of the Defender. The complaint of Lord Dunraven, made through Mr. Fish, was not stated in such terms as to suggest to them, in the absence of any definite request, that they ought to put a representative on board the Defender that night. This is apparent from Lord Dunraven's own statement of it in his publication in the *Field*. The committee have not been referred to any precedent for such action, nor to any rule of any yacht club in which such a remedy has been provided for. It necessarily implied distrust of all persons connected with the management of the Defender, and from their knowledge of these gentlemen it would doubtless never have occurred to the Cup committee unless specially demanded.

But whether the Cup committee should of their own motion, upon the suggestion that was in fact conveyed to them by oral message from Lord Dunraven, have taken that step as a matter of precaution, becomes now in the present case totally immaterial to consider, because, as has been shown, the evidence is conclusive that nothing did take place or under the circumstances could possibly have taken place on board the Defender that night tending to support the charge made by Lord Dunraven. A representative of the Cup committee, if he had been on board, could therefore have discovered nothing and prevented nothing.

The only other circumstance that the committee deem it material to allude to is the omission by the Cup committee, until after the first race, to cause the l.w.l. length of the competing yachts to be marked externally on the vessels.

This was indicated on both yachts by the measurer at the time of the official measurement by means of copper tacks placed in the decks. That these marks were accurate is not questioned. This method of marking the waterline length was in accordance with the uniform practice of the New York Y. C.

At the last race for the America's Cup, which took place in 1893, and in which a yacht belonging to Lord Dunraven took part, the l.w.l. length was so marked, and without objection by him.

On the present occasion the first request made by Lord Dunraven for an external marking was contained in a note dated Sept. 5, 1895, the very day upon which the boats were to be measured, addressed to Mr. Canfield, the secretary of the Cup committee. That committee without delay convened a meeting and acted favorably upon the request, provided Mr. Iselin consented, his consent being necessary to any modification of the terms of the agreement. He at once assented, and within a few hours after the receipt of Lord Dunraven's request the committee had sent a sub-committee to the Erie Basin, where the boats were to be measured, to see that they were marked externally as requested by Lord Dunraven.

But the Valkyrie had already been measured and had left the basin, and could not return on account of the tide. It was therefore arranged that the marking should take place on Sept. 8, the day following the first race. And the measurer was ordered to preserve the batten used in the first measurement, and to take steps to make sure that the yachts should be at the same point of immersion.

It is apparent, therefore, that the reason why the external marking was not made until after the first race had been sailed was because Lord Dunraven was so late in his request for a method of marking not customary and not provided for in the agreement for the race that it was impossible that it should be had any sooner.

Lord Dunraven must be in error in his recollection that in his conversation with Mr. Fish he demanded and as a result secured the external marking of the boats. And the suggestion that Lord Dunraven had repeatedly asked to have the vessels marked externally before the first race is not sustained by any evidence.

It is very much to be regretted that, if Lord Dunraven's suspicions were not dispelled at the time of the remeasurement of the Defender

on Sept. 8, he did not say so then, instead of accepting in silence the result which verified the previous measurement. The remeasurement was the committee's response to the communication which they had received through Mr. Fish. In connection with their knowledge of the circumstances, which made it impossible that the imputed fraud could have been perpetrated without Mr. Iselin's concurrence, and their knowledge of Mr. Iselin, it satisfied them; and, as we have seen, it justly satisfied them.

To all appearance it satisfied Lord Dunraven. He was present at the remeasurement and met there the members of the committee and Mr. Iselin. He made no request for further action. He made no objection to proceeding without further action. He made no inquiry as to how or how fully his oral message through Mr. Fish had been delivered, and no suggestion that any request which he supposed to have been contained in that message had not been complied with.

He sailed the next race in the series that had been agreed on without protest or objection on account of the change which he had told Mr. Fish he believed to have been made in the load waterline of the Defender before the first race. And he testified that his belief that such a change had occurred did not influence him in his final withdrawal from the match at the third race. The Cup committee seems to have been warranted in supposing that Lord Dunraven's suspicions were allayed, and that no further steps were necessary to settle any question of fact or to vindicate any one's reputation.

Upon careful consideration of the whole case, the committee are unanimously of the opinion that the charge made by Lord Dunraven, and which has been the subject of this investigation, had its origin in mistake; that it is not only not sustained by evidence, but is completely disproved; and that all the circumstances indicated by him as giving rise to his suspicion are entirely and satisfactorily explained. They deem it, therefore, but just to Mr. Iselin and the gentlemen concerned with him, as well as to the officers and crew of the Defender, that the committee should express emphatically their conviction that nothing whatever occurred in connection with the race in question that casts the least suspicion upon the integrity or propriety of their conduct.

And the committee are not willing to doubt that if Lord Dunraven had remained present throughout the investigation, so as to have heard all the evidence that was introduced, he would of his own motion have withdrawn a charge that was so plainly founded upon mistake, and that has been so unfortunate in the publicity it has attained, and the feeling to which it has given rise.

The committee append a full stenographic report, revised by the counsel on both sides, of all the evidence laid before them, and of all the proceedings on the hearing, and likewise copies of all the documents and papers introduced on either side, as considered by the committee.

And they ask to be discharged from further consideration of the subject referred to them.

The committee cannot take leave of the case without expressing their regret that a part of the evidence now annexed should have been surreptitiously obtained by a New York newspaper owned by one of the oldest members of the club, and published with comments very adverse to one of the parties on the morning of Jan. 20. They had deemed it important under the peculiarly delicate circumstances of this case, and the interest it had excited both in England and the United States, that no part of their proceedings should be laid before the public, or become the subject of discussion, until the whole evidence and their conclusions upon it could be made known in both countries. Their request to this effect was so obvious in its propriety that it was most honorably observed by all the many persons who had access, in a greater or less degree, to the proceedings of the committee. It was, therefore, in spite of the committee's efforts, in opposition to their well-understood wishes, and in disregard of the best interests of the yacht club, that this premature and imperfect publication was made.

E. J. PHELPS,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
W. C. WHITNEY,
A. T. MAHAN,
G. L. RIVES.

JAN. 21, 1896.

During the reading of the report Mr. Morgan was interrupted by applause. At its conclusion ex-Com. James D. Smith moved that it be accepted and the committee discharged with thanks, the motion being unanimously carried.

Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard then moved that the consideration of the committee's report and of the matters referred to therein be postponed until the next general meeting of the club, Feb. 13, and that in the meantime copies of the report and the evidence be sent to each member of the club. This was also carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

The full report of the committee, a pamphlet of nearly 600 pages, and which, it is understood, was distributed in London at the same time as in New York, contains, with the evidence taken by the committee, the following report made to it by the America's Cup committee on Dec. 14 and now published for the first time:

To Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and George L. Rives, a committee appointed at a special meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., held Nov. 18, in reference to certain published statements by the Earl of Dunraven, regarding the late match for the America's Cup:

GENTLEMEN:—In pursuance of the intimation conveyed in your letter of Nov. 22, 1895, that your committee would be glad to receive any statement which the members of the America's Cup committee desired to make, we propose to submit herewith a somewhat detailed review of the events involved and to consider the character of the charges made by Lord Dunraven against the yacht Defender, his evidence, his procedure and the action taken by the committee in the more important circumstances of the contest.

It is proper to state at the outset that the responsibility for the course pursued falls on the committee solely, as those in control of Defender were not informed of the charges made against their vessel.

(I.) As to marking the yachts.
In his published statement Lord Dunraven seems to imply that his request that the yachts be marked on the outside at the ends of the l.w.l., was made prior to the signing of the agreement of terms, and that the committee neglected to take action in the matter until after the first race and only as a result of his charge against Defender. Such an implication is a misrepresentation of the facts, which are as follows:

On Aug. 30 Lord Dunraven met the committee to discuss the conditions of the race. He then suggested marking the yachts at the water level. The committee replied that this was not the custom of the club, and Lord Dunraven waived the point. A draft of the conditions, with some few alterations, was prepared by the secretary and was submitted to Lord Dunraven and signed by him on Sept. 4 (not Sept. 6, as he now says). After the meeting on Aug. 30 Lord Dunraven did not recur to the subject until his letter dated Sept. 6 (not 5) asking that the yachts be marked on the outside at the l.w.l. On this day, Sept. 6, the yachts had agreed to be at the Erie Basin for measurement. Upon receipt of this request two of the committee proceeded to the Erie Basin in order to arrange, if possible, that the yachts should be marked that day.

It was found that Valkyrie had been measured and taken out of the Basin, and that it would be impossible for her, on account of the tide, to return and be marked that day. It was therefore arranged with Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin that the yachts should be marked, as the former requested, on the morning of the day following the first race, and that the representatives from each side should be present.

As Mr. Watson had undertaken to affix the marks, the measurer was instructed in his presence to preserve the marked batten used to locate the ends of the l.w.l., as measured from the end of the overhang, to apply the same when the marks were affixed, and thus insure that the l.w.l. was the same as when first measured on Sept. 6.

(II.) As to the complaint made by Lord Dunraven during the match that Defender exceeded her measured l.w.l. during the first race:

(a) The facts in the matter are as follows:
Prior to the start, on Sept. 7, the day of the first race, Lord Dunraven stated to Mr. Latham A. Fish, a member of the committee and the representative of the N. Y. Y. C. that day on Valkyrie, that he, Lord Dunraven, and some four or five others whom he named, were confident from their own observation that Defender was 3 or 4 in. deeper in the water than when measured the previous day. He stated that he believed this alteration had been made without the knowledge of the owners of Defender, but it must be corrected or he would discontinue racing.

He said he did not wish to say to the committee what action they should take, but he desired a remeasurement that day, after the race. Mr. Fish remarked to Lord Dunraven that, in his opinion, it would be too dark after the race to remeasure that day.

The first intimation that the committee received of this conversation was when, in response to a hail from Valkyrie, Mr. Fish was taken on board the committee boat shortly after 6 P. M. Mr. Fish immediately reported to the committee. Owing to the lateness of the hour it was a physical impossibility to take Defender to a proper place and remeasure her that day. The committee took steps to insure that a remeasurement the next day, in connection with the marking, should be thoroughly done. This remeasurement showed less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. difference in the l.w.l. length of Defender as compared with Friday's figures. And thus the matter ended.

It is proper to note here that Lord Dunraven is in error in asserting that he asked or suggested that a watch be placed on both vessels until measured.

We do not make this denial as a defense of the committee's action or as implying that such a request or suggestion would have been followed.

As will appear from what follows, the committee decided upon a course of action which did not involve proving or disproving Lord Dunraven's implication of fraud.

As bearing somewhat on the case, it is only fair to Mr. Fish to say that he was in no way acting as a member of the committee that day on Valkyrie, but merely as the representative of the N. Y. Y. C., to see fair play during the race, and his only function in this matter was that of a trustworthy messenger.

(b) As to the nature and gravity of the charge made by Lord Dunraven against the yacht Defender:

Lord Dunraven's complaint contained an assertion that his adversary exceeded her measured l.w.l., and a call for remeasurement. If it went no further than this, it was completely satisfied by the remeasurement made at the earliest opportunity. If it went further, then it was a charge of fraudulent violation of the rules by the yacht Defender, and the owners were directly responsible. A plea that by their neglect the fraud had been committed without their knowledge would have been puerile. Any attempt to treat such a charge informally, or to evade the gravity of the accusation, was and is futile. With no knowledge as to what supervision had been exercised by Mr. Iselin, Lord Dunraven expressed to Mr. Fish his belief that the owners of Defender were in ignorance of the alleged alteration, and he knew says:

I told * * * him (Mr. Fish) I thought some mistake had been made and that all the weight put into Defender after measurement had not been taken out.

Did Lord Dunraven seriously think he could relieve the owners of the burden of his charge, or that a matter of at least 20,000lbs. of weight might have been left in Defender by "mistake" when removing such weights as had been put in after measurement, and that a watch should be set to prevent this "mistake" from being corrected before remeasurement?

(c) As to the evidence on which the charge was based:
Lord Dunraven based his charge on his observation of the bobstay, a pipe hole amidships, and the line of the bronze plating. He further cited that Defender was 6 in. longer than when measured for the Goslet Cup race, and that men were working on the Defender until 1 A. M. on the night of Sept. 6. These last two points seem to us, as matters of evidence, about equally devoid of importance.

The bobstay, as Lord Dunraven admits, would be of little value as a guide, unless the position of the crew, sails, etc., were the same as during measurement. The pipe hole "amidships," his other mark, awash when seen in the basin during measurement, would be immersed by a list of less than 2° in a vessel of Defender's beam at the l.w.l.

On these grounds Lord Dunraven unhesitatingly attacks the good name and faith of every man on Defender during the nights of Sept. 6 and 7, and the owners of the vessel as well, whatever he may be pleased to say to the contrary.

In vessels of the outline of Defender, the l.w.l. length increases about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for each inch of immersion. Perfectly still water is necessary to locate the end of the l.w.l. when measuring, and the slightest disturbance of the surface is certain to produce the illusion that the l.w.l. is longer and the vessel more deeply immersed; it seems probable that Lord Dunraven and his friends were suffering from such an illusion.

The complaint made to Mr. Fish was of an increased immersion of 3 or 4 in. This would involve the transference of 20,000 to 30,000lbs. of ballast. In his public statement Lord Dunraven claims that Defender's l.w.l. was about 1ft. longer; this would correspond to an increased immersion of less than 2 in.

It is not our province to reconcile these statements; we can only say that, in our opinion, it would be hardly possible in open water to recognize an increase of 1ft. in the l.w.l. length, or of less than 2 in. in the immersion, of a vessel of Defender's outline.

(d) As to the course of action adopted by Lord Dunraven in the matter.

In explanation of his course of action, Lord Dunraven now says in his published statement:

"I was reluctant to make a formal complaint to the Cup committee on a matter which it was of course impossible for me to verify; in any case nothing could be done before the race was started."

A charge of such gravity admitted of no alternative. If made at all it demanded imperatively a formal complaint.

"Nothing could be done before the race was started."

Before the start on Sept. 7 Lord Dunraven asserted to Mr. Fish that a condition of the contest had been violated. He had ample opportunity between the time he made his alleged discovery and the start of the first race to formally signal his protest and announce his refusal to race an opponent whom he suspected of fraud, until an investigation of the accusation and evidence had been made.

In this way a remeasurement could have been secured that day and the charge verified, if true.

(e) As to the course of action and the position taken by the committee.

When Mr. Fish reported to the committee it was too late to remeasure Defender that day. Lord Dunraven asserts that the remeasurement the next day proved nothing, and intimates that it was the duty of the committee to place a watch on Defender until measured in order to prevent the perpetration of a new fraud which would conceal the previous one.

As between Lord Dunraven and us the question is: Was this the duty of the committee under the circumstances?

Leaving aside all question of the power of any committee to take such action or of this committee, under the powers delegated to it, we reply that such action was not incumbent on the committee, and for the following reasons:

First—The charge was of a disgraceful and shameful action, and in order to receive attention it demanded to be presented in an unqualifiedly formal manner.

As a matter of fact it was made in an informal verbal message, unaccompanied by protest or signed statement of any kind, and was coupled with inadmissible pleas advanced by the accuser to the effect that the owners were probably ignorant of the alteration and that it was due to mistake.

Second—As a basis for treating Defender as an accused criminal, the charge was founded on most illusory and insufficient facts.

Third—The accuser neglected his opportunity to protest before the race and so secure a remeasurement that day, and in view of such neglect the onus of taking up the charge of fraud did not rest on the committee, and, *a fortiori*, they were not bound to have recourse to methods unprecedented in the history of American yacht racing.

The charge involved the transference of 20,000 to 30,000lbs. of weight and the connivance of the whole crew of the American yacht and her tender, and was considered by the committee absurd and preposterous.

The committee decided to treat the complaint simply as a call for remeasurement, and to disregard all imputations of fraud, and by so doing to force upon the accuser the issue either to support his charge and protest against his treatment by the committee, or to drop the subject and go on with the match.

We maintain that the circumstances justified such a treatment of the matter by the committee.

Lord Dunraven did go on with the match until a further grievance induced his withdrawal, and he made no further reference to the subject in his dealings with the committee.

We maintain that the committee were entitled to regard his action in continuing the contest after his complaint, and especially after his threat of withdrawal, as tantamount to a withdrawal of his charges, and an acknowledgment that he no longer had grounds of complaint, and that he was also in honor bound to so regard it.

If this is so, the statement in the *Field* of Nov. 9 that Defender sailed the first race immersed below her measured l.w.l., must, in justice to Lord Dunraven, be considered, not as a recurrence of his former complaint, but as a new accusation, and must, in justice to the owners of Defender, be treated as such.

Some surprise has been expressed at the equanimity with which the committee's report to the N. Y. Y. C. was received, as compared with the indignation aroused by Lord Dunraven's published statement.

The difference of feeling seems to us perfectly rational. By the report it appeared that a charge of fraud had been made or implied by the challenger, which by his continuation of the contest he subsequently withdrew or abandoned.

In his published statement Lord Dunraven asserts: That Defender exceeded her measured l.w.l. in the first race, and criticizes the measures adopted by the committee as ineffective, thereby implying that Defender, by means of the opportunity afforded, was restored to her original length before the remeasurement.

(III.) As to Lord Dunraven's complaint that the committee would not postpone the last race in order to consider his suggestions for avoiding an overcrowded course.

After sailing two races, Lord Dunraven informed the committee that he considered the circumstances unsuitable for yacht racing, and would race no more until a remedy was found.

Strenuous efforts were made to control the accompanying vessels. These efforts gave every promise of success on the morning of the third race, when a part of his grievance was removed by securing a clear start.

Lord Dunraven's proposed conditions as to changing the course or not announcing the dates and times of racing the committee did not think possible to grant.

It seemed to them time to end the matter. It seemed to them useless and undignified to delay the start for further parley with a challenger who in the middle of a contest had seen fit to advance new conditions in the form of an ultimatum under a threat of withdrawal.

(IV.) As to Lord Dunraven's withdrawal from the match.

Lord Dunraven justifies his withdrawal from the contest on the grounds that he did not have a fair field and a reasonably unobstructed course.

If by "a fair field" he implies any discrimination against him by accompanying vessels, we must affirm that he is in error; but from his letters we infer that he admits that there was none.

In the absence of such discrimination, the only reason left for his action was the obstructed course, equally objectionable to both contestants. We fail entirely to see that this justified a withdrawal any more than any other material difficulty which might arise and which might, to the mind of one contestant, spoil the sport. At all events, on the day of the last race the physical objection did not exist up to the time that Valkyrie withdrew, and it would seem that Lord Dunraven must have been moved by other considerations.

With a perfectly clear start and every indication of good intentions on the part of accompanying vessels, it seems to us impossible to justify Lord Dunraven's conduct, as a sportsman, in not starting and sailing the race at least until such time as he had reason to complain that his vessel was suffering from interference.

We have the honor to remain your obedient servants,

JAMES D. SMITH,
LATHAM N. FISH,
J. FREDERIC TAMS,
GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT,
A. ROGERS,
J. R. BUSK,
A. CASS CANFIELD.

The affidavit of Lord Dunraven, on which the case is based, is as follows:

I, Wyndham Thomas Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount-earl, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

On Aug. 31, 1895, I was on board of Valkyrie in the Erie Basin. Defender came into the basin and lay close to us for some time previous to going into the dock. That being the first occasion on which I had an opportunity of seeing her in smooth water and close to, I observed her very closely and carefully noticed her trim, her line of immersion and general appearance. I again saw the Defender on Sept. 6, when she was in the Erie Basin for the purpose of measurement.

I noticed at once that the Defender was floating much lighter than when I saw her on Aug. 31. I myself carefully looked at the port side of the Defender, the starboard side being next the quay and so not visible, and I specially noticed an outlet hole about midships, which was just cut by the water a little above the base. The hole was rather more than an inch in diameter.

I also distinctly noticed the line of bronze plating and also the bobstay bolt. Mr. Watson was on board the Defender before she was measured, and immediately on his return from the Defender he also pointed out to me the pipe hole and the bronze plating and the bobstay bolt indicating the flotation line of the Defender.

Both yachts lay inside Sandy Hook on the night of the 6th and I slept on board the City of Bridgeport, which lay a short distance from the Valkyrie. About half past 6 in the morning of the 7th September I was awakened by Mr. Glennie, who requested me to come up and look at Defender. I looked at her carefully through a pair of glasses and I was convinced that she was lying deeper in the water than when measured. I went in the gig to put Mr. Henderson on board the Defender as my representative.

I then inspected the Defender with great care to see whether the pipe hole and other marks which I had previously observed were in the same position as when she was measured.

The outlet hole on the port side was nowhere visible above the water, and in my judgment and belief the line of bronze plating and the bobstay bolt were nearer to the water than when she was measured. Judging from the fact that the pipe hole was immersed and by the position of the bronze plating and bobstay bolt, I came to the conclusion, which I still believe to be a true conclusion, that the vessel was immersed 3 or 4 in. deeper in the water than when she was measured.

I also looked carefully at the general trim of the Defender. She was lying true on the water and had no list to port or starboard.

In forming the aforesaid conclusion I also took into account the general appearance of the Defender and her trim in addition to the other matters before mentioned.

Declared before me at 11 Ely place, Holborn, in the County of London, this 10th day of December, 1895.

WILLIAM JACQUES,
Commissioner of Oaths.

The testimony of Lord Dunraven, when examined by Mr. Choate, was as follows:

Q.—I should like to have you say whether you then believed a fraud had been committed on the Defender, or on the part of the Defender, on the first day's race? A.—I believed that the vessel was immersed deeper in the water. I stated that it was possible or probable that a mistake had been made and that all the weight put into the vessel had not been taken out.

Q.—Did you have a realizing sense of the charge that was involved in the statement which you made? A.—I quite realized the facts that the complaints that I made involved the possibility that some person had intentionally altered the w.l. length of the vessel.

Q.—Did you know what the measurement of her l.w.l. length had been on the 6th in the Erie Basin? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you know that it was 89 85ft.? A.—Well, I cannot say now.

Q.—Well, you knew what it was? A.—I knew at the time. I don't know what it was now.

Q.—Now, it appears by your statement that you complained to Mr. Fish on the morning of the 7th that she exceeded that day her measured length by about 1ft.? A.—In my opinion—of course I did not calculate it out—the vessel being 3 in. deeper in the water, it would have made her about 1ft. longer.

Q.—But you did not suppose that that would lengthen her l.w.l. more than 1ft.? A.—Judging by the eye and roughly calculating, I should think about 1ft.

Q.—You knew it was capable of being definitely and mathematically ascertained, did you not? A.—Yes, I should suppose so.

Q.—But your belief was that some substance or substances to the amount of nine or ten tons had been secretly introduced into her after she was measured and before you saw her on the morning of the 7th? A.—Yes; that a weight of nine or ten tons had probably been introduced into the vessel. But I should like to say that speaking of 3 or 4 in. of course is more or less vague. I was judging by the eye solely, and cannot be tied down to a definite statement that the vessel was sunk 3 in. It might have been 2 3/4 or 2 1/2 in. Of course, I was merely judging as well as I could by the eye.

Q.—Well, you have stated in your public statement that on the occasion of putting Mr. Henderson on board not only that you felt perfectly certain that the Defender was immersed deeper than when measured, "but that she was in my deliberate opinion floating about 4 in. deeper in the water than when measured." That is correct, isn't it? A.—Yes.

Q.—Can you describe that otherwise than as an intent to cheat and defraud? A.—Cheat in the ordinary sense of the word, certainly.

Q.—Was there more than one conversation that you had with Mr. Fish on the Valkyrie on the 7th? A.—On this particular subject?

Q.—Yes. A.—No.

Q.—Quite sure? A.—To the best of my recollection only one. I don't think I alluded to the subject at all again to Mr. Fish.

Q.—Did not Mr. Fish, after you had had your conversation with him in the morning, and much later in the day, say to you that it was too important a matter to be conveyed by word of mouth? A.—No.

Q.—What? A.—No.

Q.—Did he ask you subsequently during the day to repeat what you had said? A.—No; not to my recollection.

Q.—Let me see if I cannot refresh your recollection. Did he not take pencil and paper and ask you again to say what you had said? A.—No; Mr. Fish made some pencil notes. I think that was at the time of the first conversation—the only conversation I had with him.

Q.—He did have a pencil and paper then? A.—Yes.

Q.—That was after you had—? A.—I won't say whether it was a piece of paper Mr. Fish wrote on or his shirt cuff. I did not agree to supply him with any paper, and it may have been a newspaper.

Q.—What passed between you and him, to your recollection, about the paper, and what you wrote on it, or his shirt sleeve, if it was that? A.—I think Mr. Fish asked me if I could give him any paper to make a note of what I was saying, but we had no writing materials on board the ship. I think Mr. Fish made a note of some kind on, as I say, a bit of newspaper or something.

Q.—He did not do that, did he, until after you had stated to him what you had to complain of? A.—Yes; at the time.

Q.—As you spoke did he write? A.—As we were sitting and talking, certainly. It may have been a minute or two after I had spoke, or while I was absolutely talking on the subject. There was no lapse of time.

Q.—Do you remember his reading what he wrote? A.—No.

Q.—You don't remember whether he did or not? A.—No, I don't think he did.

Q.—Do you think if you saw that paper you would recognize it? A.—No.

Q.—Or would you know where the paper came from? A.—No.

Q.—Did you produce the paper or he? A.—I don't think I did; I don't know. I think Mr. Fish may have produced it himself, or somebody may have given him the back of a letter. Really, I don't remember.

Mr. Askwith—Will you produce it?

Mr. Choate—It is in the possession of Mr. Smith, and it will be produced.

Q.—Isn't it correct to say that it has been stated by you with some variation three or four times? In your statement to day you said, "Mr. Fish asked me what I wished to be done, I said that I wished

the committee to put one of their members or some reliable representative on board each of the yachts immediately after the race." Is that as nearly as you can recall exactly what you said? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you think that nine or ten tons of any material could be loaded on board the Defender, after she was measured and before the race, without its being known to a very considerable number of people? A.—Lead could not be loaded, of course, without its being known to a considerable number of people. I presume water might be introduced without its being known to a number of people.

Q.—Did you believe that water had been introduced? A.—I really had no opinion as to what was done.

Q.—Had you any intimation from any of your friends or acquaintances that the Defender at any time had, by the use of water ballast, accomplished any such thing? A.—No.

Q.—Now, to come back to the original measurement of Sept. 6. How far were you from the Defender? A.—I suppose about 15 or 20 yds.

Q.—The Valkyrie had some lead ballast on the cabin floor, had she not, when she was measured? A.—Yes.

Q.—And that, of course, was not left on the cabin floor during the race? A.—No; it was put below.

Q.—Did you have any representative upon the Defender when she was measured? A.—Yes. Mr. Watson.

Q.—At this time you were satisfied that she was floating considerably higher than when you had seen her on Aug. 31? A.—Yes.

Q.—Then you were of the opinion that some weights had been taken out of her and not replaced? A.—She had been lightened up, yes.

Q.—Do you know that there is more than one hole on the port side, one pipe hole? A.—No, there was only one that I noticed.

Q.—Under the masthead runner? A.—Yes, I should think so.

Q.—Well, supposing that there are in fact two, did you see two on that day? A.—No.

Q.—You saw only one? A.—I saw but one.

Q.—And that was about amidships, just cut by the water? A.—Yes. Cut by the water a little above the lower edge of the pipe.

Q.—And it was a hole rather more than 1 in. in diameter. Now, where was this bobstay iron or bolt? A slight depression of the bow in the water would considerably change the relation of that bobstay bolt to the water? A.—Yes, a depression, of course, would bring it nearer the water.

Q. (by Mr. Rives)—How high above the water was it when she came to be measured? A.—I should think 12 or 14 in.

Q.—How far was it above the water when you saw her the morning of the 7th, down at the Horseshoe? A.—I should think about 12 or 14 in., but that is, of course, a mere estimate of what the perpendicular height would be.

Q.—What time were you towed down to the Horseshoe on the evening of the 6th? A.—About 6 o'clock.

Q.—And how far away from the Defender did you anchor or lay? A.—About 200 yds.

Q.—Then, how far away were you when Mr. Glennie woke you up and you came on deck and looked out with your glasses? A.—About 200 yds.

Q.—How was the water that morning? A.—Smooth. Not as smooth as it is in the dock.

Mr. Rives—I have here a statement from the advance sheet of the New York Y. C. committee's report, giving the direction of the wind that morning.

Mr. Choate—You can show that, then?

Mr. Rives—Wind, 10:50 A. M., was northeast, and therefore, according to agreement, starting line was shifted from the Lightship, compass course for going out, east by south.

Mr. Whitney—You are speaking of different time; earlier in the day?

Mr. Choate—Yes.

Q.—Do you recollect, with the light now thrown upon it, the wind at 10:30, how it was at 6:30, and how the water was? A.—The water was quite smooth, and I think the wind may have been northeast. However, I do not dispute the facts. As a matter of fact, there was scarcely any wind at all.

Q.—What did Mr. Glennie say when he called you? A.—That the Defender appeared to be much deeper in the water.

Q.—Was the port side or starboard side then exposed to you; the Defender's? A.—The starboard side.

Q.—Well, with your glasses you did not look for these special marks on the bobstay bolt and the pipe and the bronze plating at all? A.—The pipe was on the far side.

Q.—On the far side? A.—Yes.

Q.—And you didn't have any aid from that? A.—No.

Q.—Did you with your glasses look at the bobstay bolt? A.—I looked at the vessel all over, yes.

Q.—And you could see the marks of the bronze plating; how the bronze plating lay on the water? A.—I could see the difference between the bronze and the aluminum.

Q.—Then you made up your mind very satisfactorily, did you not, that she lay deeper in the water than when she was measured? A.—Yes, I felt pretty sure she was.

Q.—And in your opinion could any judgment be formed—accurate judgment—as to that at the distance of 200 yds. as she lay in the water? A.—I don't think any man looking at the vessel could say certainly, more than that she was very considerably deeper.

Q.—Then for any definite judgment you cannot rely upon the eyesight or opinion of any one on board the City of Bridgeport or the Valkyrie, who did not approach the Defender more nearly? A.—Not as to a definite statement.

Q.—As to whether the load waterline had been lengthened 1 ft. or 3 ft., or whether she had been immersed 1 in. or 4 in. deeper than when measured? A.—Oh, yes; I don't quite agree with that.

Q.—Did you get any definite statement or opinion from anybody else on the Bridgeport or Valkyrie as to how much deeper she was immersed than when measured? A.—No.

Q.—You never could have got one? A.—I don't think so.

Q.—Or how much her load waterline had been lengthened? A.—That is a matter that I would sooner not put in that way, because I have no possibility of saying accurately at all how much the vessel was lengthened by every inch of immersion.

Q.—You have no definite statement from any one on the Valkyrie or Bridgeport as to either of these points, how much deeper she was immersed or how much her load waterline was lengthened? A.—I don't think so.

Q.—Then your whole statement rests on the general idea that you got, and that others might have got, from the distance where they were, on the City of Bridgeport and Valkyrie—your whole statement rests upon your own observation as you approached the Defender with Mr. Henderson to put him on board? A.—I am not sure whether Mr. Ratsey and others, who mentioned it, made any estimate of the amount the vessel was immersed or not; but as far as I am concerned, if you mean that I made this complaint that the vessel was immersed some 3 or 4 in. deeper, I made it on my own observation, yes.

Q.—And that was when you put Mr. Henderson on board the Defender? A.—I should think very probably not.

Q.—Your opinion in going yourself to put Henderson on board was to observe narrowly the situation? A.—Yes, partially. I rowed under her stern on the starboard side and put Henderson on board on the port side, and then, having left him, rowed ahead of the vessel, if I remember right.

Mr. Choate opened the case for Mr. Iselin as follows:

Mr. Choate—I do not think it requires any opening statement upon my part. We shall call several witnesses, we shall satisfactorily disprove what Lord Dunraven and his counsel have expressed their entire inability to prove. They have shed no light upon the statement contained in this letter, that it was possible for those three separate acts of fraud—for those three episodes in one scheme of fraud—to be accomplished without the knowledge of the managing owner of the Defender. We assert that it is utterly impossible that any such thing could have been done without the full knowledge of Mr. Iselin, and that any experienced yachtsman must know that perfectly well. We propose to prove by the designer of this boat, Defender, on what theory and scheme she was built as a competitor, and a successful competitor, for the America's Cup. We shall show that she sailed in the trial races without any ballast whatever, and that she sailed those races as she was designed, and fulfilled the expectations of her designer; and that, as she had then been a successful competitor over the Vigilant, it was his purpose, as well as the purpose of her owners, that she should be prepared and trimmed and ballasted to sail the Cup races as nearly as possible as she was upon the trial races.

After the arrival of the Valkyrie, to carry out this plan and expectation of Mr. Herreshoff, a great deal that was in her was taken out—water tank, waste tank, the trimmings of the cabin, and a great many other things that will be described by him and by those who took them out—and they were weighed and found to weigh about 7,000 lbs. Now on consultation between Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin it was decided that as those objects of weight had been to a considerable extent in the upper parts of the Defender, 6,000 lbs. packed and placed as lead ballast down by the keel would be an equivalent and would take the place as nearly as possible of the 7,000 lbs. that had been taken out. She was taken to New Rochelle, was stripped, as I have said, and 2 tons of lead, 42 pigs, I think, were put in her. It was found, before the weighing of what was taken out had been completed, that the 2 tons was not enough to equal what had been taken out, 7,000 lbs. Accordingly, when she was to come down to the Erie Basin before measurement, another ton was purchased to make the 6,000 lbs., and 21 pigs of lead were bought and ready to be put upon her when she came to the Erie Basin, and were placed upon her cabin floor immediately over the place where they were to be finally stowed as ballast, and were on her cabin floor when her measurement took place.

Now, it is perfectly apparent, to me at least—I do not know what

view the committee may take of it—that upon the evidence that has been furnished by Lord Dunraven, practically the whole matter rests by his observation by eyesight, aided, as it is, by Mr. Glennie's much less definite observations by his own eyesight, upon which he hardly feels that reliance can be placed. I think we shall show you by satisfactory evidence covering the period from the time this yacht left New Rochelle until the Sunday when she was remeasured and found to be exactly as she had been when measured the first time on Friday, that this is a mere delusion or illusion on the part of Lord Dunraven and his friends, originating possibly from these affidavits of the seamen that they saw or heard something going on between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender on the night of Sept. 6, until well into the morning. There was something going on there. There is no doubt about that. It was the preparation among other things, of this 21 pigs of lead, which in order to be properly stowed with the 2 tons that were there before, had to be cut. For the purpose of cutting them they were carried from the Defender's cabin floor over to the deck of the Hattie Palmer, and were there cut and were carried back, and were properly stowed below, where they were intended to be, and where they finally were when she sailed on her race. I understand that the only object of this inquiry, as announced by the chairman of the committee, is to determine whether she did sail on the race more deeply immersed or with a longer load waterline than she had when measured. We shall prove incontestably, if any human evidence can be relied on, that there is no foundation whatever for the charge. We are fortunately able to furnish the closest observation and watch upon her, and what went on her during these episodes of the scheme of fraud.

I shall put Mr. Herreshoff on the stand and shall put Mr. Iselin on the stand at the outset, and shall afterward, by such a preponderance of proof, establish this negative, if you please to call it so, to disprove this charge that has been made, that I think even Lord Dunraven himself will have to withdraw it. We will call Mr. Herreshoff first.

Q.—State what your general plan was by which the Defender was to be adapted within the 90 ft. limit by the deed.

A.—My design for the Defender's waterline was about 89 ft. There must be some leeway in case we should want more ballast. I figured very carefully to get the whole amount of ballast in one casting in the keel. This we were very fortunate in, the casting coming out exactly as we intended, and the vessel being very near to the intended waterline. In that condition she appeared to have plenty of stability, more than seemed to be necessary, and it was decided to increase her sails. There was no change in the ballast of the boat from the time she first floated until her cabin was taken out previous to the Cup races.

Q.—How much would her l.w.l. be lengthened by an immersion of 4 in.? A.—It would be lengthened 33 in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Reed Bros., of Fall River, have now on the stocks a yacht of their own design for A. Homer Skinner, of Fall River. She will be 44 ft. 6 in. over all, 30 ft. l.w.l., 12 ft. 6 in. beam and 4 ft. 9 in. draft, without board. The iron keel weighs 6,000 lbs. and she will carry 1,500 sq. ft. of sail. There is a large cabin finished in quartered oak and a stateroom, w. c., refrigerator and all cruising fittings.

George Matthews, of New York, former owner of Culprit, Fay, Carlotta and Republic, is now building a cruising yawl from his own designs, the work being done by John Coughtrie at Mr. Matthews's place on the East River. The new yacht will be 40 ft. over all, 28 ft. l.w.l., 10 ft. beam and 6 ft. 6 in. draft, with a lead keel of 4 1/2 tons.

YAMPA'S VOYAGE.—II.

New York to Gibraltar, 1895.

Jan. 23.—Kept going under the same sail until daylight; then wind shifted to W. by S., which made us dead squared before it. Put bonnet on squaresail and downed foresail and jib. On deck at 8 A. M. Wind W. by S. and very squally. Running dead before it under double-reefed mainsail and whole squaresail. Rather a heavy sea on. Spent most of the morning aloft helping reeve off chafing gear on the different halyards, etc. Found the motion aloft entirely different from going aloft "on the beach." At noon took sun and made us lat. 35° 12' N. A heavy rain squall about noon smothered down the sea a bit, but also deadened the wind some.

Four P. M. Noticed that the bonnet of squaresail had chafed a hole by continual rubbing against the forestay. Lowered it on deck and sewed on a heavy piece of canvas to prevent any more chafe. At 5 P. M. reset sail. Wind now getting very light and sails commencing to slat around some. At 7 P. M. were becalmed, so downed and furled mainsail to keep it from slatting to pieces, and set maintirysail. 8 P. M. wind struck in light from the S.W. Sea now all over the shop and we are only doing about five knots. Such a fine night that Teddy and I paced the deck until 11:30 P. M. Wind still S.W. and very light.

Jan. 24.—Kept jogging along all night under maintrysail and squaresail. Wind still S.W. and light. During the midwatch a shark had mistaken the rotator of our log line for something edible and swallowed it. He also bit the line off as clean as you could cut it with a knife.

Luckily, we had a large stock of rotators on board, and had a new one out in a very short time. At 7 A. M. another hole was discovered chafed in the squaresail. Lowered it down and patched it; then sewed on a lot of chafing mats, which did the business. On deck at 8 A. M., in time to lend a hand setting squaresail. Took sight for longitude this A. M. and worked it out. Wind continued very light.

Jan. 25.—Kept her going under the same sail until 5 A. M., when wind struck in from the north. At daylight set foretopsail; a fine whole sail breeze. At 6:30 A. M. downed maintrysail, shook out reefs and hoisted full mainsail. On deck at 8 A. M. in time to help set maintopsail. Yampa now under full sail and going fast; sea comparatively smooth. Teddy and I took sight for longitude about 9 A. M. and worked it out. Took a long trick at wheel and managed to raise a fine blister on my left hand. We had been logging off twelve and one-half to thirteen knots an hour all morning.

Just before noon all hands were rather startled for a second by a large whale—a finback—that came up to blow not more than 150 ft. to leeward, and paid no more attention to us than if we had been a piece of driftwood. Had a good shot at the sun at noon and made our position lat. 36° 33' N., lon. 42° 53' W. Spent some time aloft this afternoon searching the horizon for "chums," but not a vessel was in sight. Wind continued steady all afternoon, and we were doing twelve and one-half knots and standing up like a church. At sunset wind freshened up and we clewed up and furled both topsails. Sea also picking up some. From noon until 8 P. M. we logged 103 miles, an average of twelve and seven-eighths miles an hour. Wind started to lighten up after 9 P. M., and kept shifting about from N. to N.E. At midnight we had hardly steerageway, and at the change of the watch we downed mainsail and set maintrysail.

Jan. 26.—During the early morning we ran into a rather heavy sea from the N.E. and had little or no wind to back it up. Looked as if it had been blowing very hard here from the N.E. a day or so ago. Wind still very light and shifting from N. to N.E. At daylight set foretopsail. On deck at 8 A. M., hardly steerageway and a heavy sea on. Under maintrysail, foresail and topsail, forestaysail and jib. Discovered a chum this morning, a barkantine, bound to the westward, with everything set. Went aloft with a glass to get a good view of her and

discovered another "chum," a "square-rigger," hull down to leeward, and bound east. Rather a hazy morning and could not see very far. Wind continued very light all morning, and we only logged about one and one-half or two knots an hour. Tried the new Winchester rifles this morning, towing bottles astern for targets. Sun broke through the clouds about noon and we managed to get a good sight. Our position at noon was lat. 36° 43' N., lon. (by dead reckoning) 39° 34' W. Wind died out completely at 2 P. M. and we were becalmed all afternoon and evening. Spent most of the time reading. Had the skipper to dinner and we all dressed for the occasion. First time any one has had on a "b'iled shirt" since we left New York. At midnight we were still becalmed and rolling around a bit.

Jan. 27.—Were becalmed until 4 A. M., when a light air struck in from the E. Sea had smoothed down a good lot during the night, and we were moving along at a three-knot gait. Turned out at 8 A. M. Wind still very light; under maintrysail, foresail and topsail, forestaysail and jib. Had a good sight for longitude this morning. At 10:30 wind shifted to S.E., and we took in maintrysail and set double-reefed mainsail. At 11:30 shook out reefs in mainsail and set maintopsail. Wind freshening somewhat, and we are now close-hauled for the first time this trip. Took a trick at the wheel for an hour or so, and found she was beautifully balanced on the wind. Our noon position was: Lat. 37° 05' N., lon. 38° 55' W.

Freshened up a little in the afternoon, and wind kept shifting from E. to S.E. Our course is now full and by. The change in temperature is very perceptible as we run up our latitude, and to-day is very raw and penetrating. All hands are now wishing for a warm S.W. wind. It clouded over somewhat during the afternoon and wind freshened up considerably. At sundown we clewed up and furlled both topsails to snug her down for the night. Sea also started to pick up some. Wind continued steady all night, and we were on the starboard tack heading E. by N., two points to the north'ard of our course.

Jan. 28.—During the early morning it freshened up some, and by 8 A. M., when I got on deck, there was quite a big sea on. Wind still about S.E., but shifts a point or so either way at times. Our course is again full and by. Breezed up hard about 9:30 A. M., and we called all hands to double reef mainsail. Spent most of the morning at the wheel. My hands have now toughened up from pulling and hauling and will not blister again. Had a good sight at the sun, and our position at noon was: Lat. 38° 30' N., lon. 36° 02' W. We are nearly a degree and a half further to the north'ard than we wanted to be. Spent some time aloft in the afternoon looking for "chums," but there was nothing in sight. About 3 P. M. it clouded over and we had rain squalls all afternoon. Wind lightened up a little at sunset and sea was smoothed some. About 9 P. M. a heavy drizzle started in, and boots and oilers were called into play. Wind too let up all the time, and at midnight we had hardly steerageway.

Jan. 29.—Were becalmed until 3 A. M., when wind struck in from the S.S.E., and it started to rain in earnest, and smoothed down the sea a little. Wind rather light all morning, and at 8 A. M. shook out reefs in mainsail. Yampa now under full lower sails, and logging about seven knots. Wind continued about the same all morning, and it rained until nearly noon. Sun then broke through and gave us a chance for a sight. Our noon position was lat. 38° 45' N., lon. (by dead reckoning) 34° 04' W.

About 1 P. M. wind shifted to S.W. and struck in very light. Set maintopsail and started sheets all around. Such a sea on and wind so light that we do not run down our longitude very fast. About 4:30 it clouded over again and wind kept decreasing all the time. At 8 P. M. we were again becalmed. Clewed up and furlled main- topsail and lowered and furlled mainsail. Light air struck in soon after from the W., and we set maintry- sail. Wind did not last very long, and at 10 P. M. we lowered and furlled foresail to keep it from slatting to pieces. At midnight it was a dead calm. Yampa under maintrysail, forestaysail and jib, and rolling like an old tramp steamer.

Jan. 30.—Were becalmed until 4 A. M., when light air struck in from the N.W. Downed maintrysail and set mainsail and foresail. Still quite a heavy sea on and we were not making much headway. At daylight set both topsails, which helped her along a bit. Turned out at 8 A. M.; beautiful, clear day, but wind very light; we are only doing about three knots. Had a fine sight for longi- tude this A. M. Wind died out completely by 10 A. M. and we started in rolling again. Teddy and I spent all morning making sand bags for the lifeboat. She has a centerboard in her, and we are going to rig her up and knock about when in port. Still becalmed at noon. Had a good shot at the sun and our position was lat. 38° 25' N., on. 32° 35' W. After luncheon we had some rifle prac- tice, which lasted until 2 P. M., when light air sprang up from the S.W. It gradually increased, and soon we were ogging ten knots. Took a trick at wheel and found she tanded very easily.

Wind kept freshening all afternoon and we were doing 2½ knots. We resolved to drive her for all she is worth to-night, and try and make up for time lost while be- calmed. On deck soon after; still carrying both topsails and going like a torpedo boat. Sea has commenced to pick up a bit, and we are throwing spray all over the lace. From 7 to 9 P. M. we logged 26½ knots, an average of 13½ knots an hour, which was fine work considering her large sea on. Wind and sea increased so much that t 10 P. M. we clewed up both topsails. Drove her along under full lower sail until midnight, then at the change of the watch double reefed mainsail, which eased her up bit.

Jan. 31.—Wind kept breezing up all early morning ntil we were going like a horse. Sea increasing all the ime. At 3 A. M. maintopsail clewline carried away, nd as the topsail had not been furlled it slammed and aged around for some time before it could be secured. ent two men aloft to do the work and after some trouble ey managed to lash it to the lee shrouds. At daylight ind moderated a little, but with heavy sea still running. et foretopsail about 6 A. M., which made her steer much asier. Turned out at 8 A. M., rather a hazy morning nd very raw. Sent two men aloft to reeve off a new yamp- topsail clewline.

Yampa under double reefed mainsail, foresail and top- ail, forestaysail and jib and going very fast. Sun man- ged to eat its way through the haze about 9 A. M. and ave us a sight for longitude. On figuring it out found

were abreast of Pico, Azores, but about thirty miles to the south'ard. Went aloft with a glass, but on account of the haze could see nothing. The fox terrier evidently could smell land. He kept standing with his paws on the lee rail and snuffing in the direction of Pico. Wind continued steady all morning, and were running down our longitude at a 10-knot gait. Had another good sight at the sun at noon, and our position was lat. 37° 51' N., lon. 27° 28' W

Rather a heavy rain squall at 1 P. M., which lasted for an hour or so; smoothed down the sea some. At 3 P. M. wind shifted to west and it cleared up. Headsails were doing no good, so we downed jib and took bonnet off forestaysail. At 4 P. M. we took an azimuth and also a sight for longitude. Wind increased a little about 5 P. M. and we clewed up and furlled foretopsail. Crew then started in to rig up ground tackle. Took the plugs out of the hawse pipes, led the chains through the hawse pipes and back to the rail, where they were secured and ready to be shackled on to the anchors at a moment's notice. At 6 P. M. we lowered mainsail and set maintrysail. We were running down too fast and did not want to get to leeward of Ponta Delgada. Wind started to increase after sundown and a howling old sea picked up. At 10 P. M. it was blowing half a gale, so we double reefed the foresail. At 10:30 gale increased, so we hove her to on the starboard tack under maintrysail, double reefed foresail and forestaysail, bonnet off. It started in to rain hard about midnight and the sea is running very high. We are jumping into the sea a lot; but Yampa is very dry and riding like a duck.

Feb. 1.—Wind shifted to W.N.W. during the early morning and blew harder than ever. Kept her hove to on the starboard tack until 5 A. M., then wore ship and stood in toward St. Michael's. During the night we had been headreaching a little all the time and had worked nearly twenty-five miles off shore. Our log only gave us credit for doing about three miles. On deck about 7:30 A. M., still blowing a gale and raining hard. A howling old sea on and a cold dreary morning.

At 8:15 sighted St. Michael's dead ahead and kept her on the wind so as not to get to leeward of Ponta Delgada Harbor. Found we were not doing very good work under such short canvas and at 9:30 A. M. downed main- trysail and set double reefed mainsail. That at once put new life in her and also made us put our lee rail under. The skipper and I went aloft to look for the entrance of the harbor. Did not have to hang on very much, as the wind flattened you to the rigging so that it made it very hard to move. It was a grand sight from aloft to watch her plunging into the seas and the way she threw the spray from her bow was beautiful. Made a lee of the island about 10:30 A. M. and shook out the reefs in fore- sail and set jib.

Found we were a little to windward of the harbor and started sheets a little, and stood in toward the break- water. Set a signal for a pilot. Just outside the entrance of harbor the pilot came alongside in a whaleboat. We luffed up and threw him a line. He would not come aboard, as the quarantine laws are very strict, and re- mained alongside in his boat and did the piloting from there. At 11:30 we let go the hook just inside the break- water and sent up the quarantine flag. Teddy and I both agreed that the sail this morning surpassed any other we had ever experienced.

Our hook had hardly touched the bottom before we were surrounded by a fleet of small boats. The natives in them seemed to regard us as a curiosity, although Yampa had been here a few years ago. After waiting about an hour the health officer boarded us and gave us *pratique*. Made an arrangement with the pilot to tow us into the harbor proper and moor us. At 2 P. M. a little tub about 20ft. long came alongside and gave us a line. We then started heaving up anchor. Just as we broke out our anchor a squall of wind came along, and we started to drag the tug out of the harbor stern first. Had to let go the hook again. We repeated the operation three times before the tug managed to get us started. When we were at last under way and slowly moving up the harbor, the skipper, Teddy and I went ashore in the gig to have a look at the town. While rowing ashore we had a good look at Yampa; and from the condition of her paint, one would think she had been battling with the elements for months. The rust had managed to work through the cement, and left dirty yellow streaks all along her white sides.

W. IRVINE ZEREGA.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Steam Yachts and Launches
BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—Adv.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot on its indoor range this evening; the range is 40yds. It tel again made the best average, and score in one string 90 out of a possible 100. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Average
Ittel.....	90	78	76	81
Whiting.....	71	75	81	78	76
Staib.....	79	65	70	75	69	70	71
Lawrence.....	72	69	68	62	68
Hofmeister.....	73	60	69	69	69	62	64	..	67
Sorg.....	63	60	66	64	67	60	69	73	65
McClelland.....	..	65	67	62	65
Brown.....	63	56	70	77	48	67	64
Schmidt.....	59	67	58	69	69	57	63
Burt.....	..	60	55	52	56
Lautenslager.....	58	57	40	52

On Saturday, Jan. 25, A. Sorg and W. Hodgdon, two members of the club, shot a match on the out-door range at Wilkinsburg; the match was one of 60 shots, 200yds. range, highest possible score 600 points. Hodgdon won by 25 points, scoring 457 to 432. Scores were: Hodgdon, ... 79 77 70 76 81 74—457 Sorg, ... 68 70 77 66 75 76—432

Zettler Rifle Club's Tournament.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The two days' tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club closed this evening. The affair was a thorough success and the attendance of riflemen was very satisfactory. The headquarters of the club are at 219 Bowery, this city, and in those headquarters were gathered together during the tournament some of the very best rifle shots in the world. The range is 75ft., three tunnels. On the ring target three shots are allowed, the two best scores to count; the highest possible, of course, is 75.

The winners were:

M. Dorrier, Greenville R. C., 74, 72; F. C. Ross, Williamsburgh Shoot- ing Society, 73, 73; L. Flach, Zettler R. C., 73, 73; G. S. Weidman, Our Own R. C., 73, 73; Henry Holges, Zettler R. C., 73, 73; Dr. James A. Boyken, Zettler R. C., 73, 72; Charles Horney, Williamsburgh Shoot-

ng Society, 73, 72; M. B. Engel, Zettler R. C., 72, 72; R. Busse, Zettler R. C., 72, 72; L. Buss, Empire R. C., 71, 71; C. G. Zettler, Zettler R. C., 70, 69; W. F. Uhler, New York R. C., 70, 69; B. Zettler, Zettler R. C., 69, 69; J. A. Deats, Empire R. C., 70, 70; B. Walthers, Zettler R. C., 70, 69.

The winners on the bullseye target were as follows: C. G. Zettler, Zettler R. C., 6 degrees; Dr. James A. Boyken, Zettler R. C., 9; Henry Holges, Zettler R. C., 11; Philip Feigel, Zettler R. C., 11; L. Flach, Zettler R. C., 12; H. D. Muller, Zettler R. C., 13; F. C. Ross, Williams- burgh Shooting Society, 13; Charles Horney, Williamsburgh Shooting Society, 14; B. Zettler, Zettler R. C., 14; James Bodenstab, Empire R. C., 14.

Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 26.—Payne and Hasenzahl shot a match to-day of 8 scores; Payne won by 10 points, scoring 634 to 624. The scores below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association under the following conditions: 200yds. range, strictly off-hand, standard target:

Payne.....	8	8	7	10	6	9	8	9	8	9—82
	6	9	9	7	9	10	7	9	9	8—83
	8	9	8	8	10	7	10	9	8	5—82
	9	10	8	10	5	9	9	6	7	8—81
Gindele.....	7	9	8	8	10	9	10	9	9	9—88
	8	9	10	9	10	8	9	9	9	8—89
	7	8	10	8	8	8	10	9	6	10—84
	9	7	8	8	10	10	8	7	9	7—83
Louis.....	10	6	8	7	5	6	9	10	8	8—81
	7	6	9	9	9	5	7	6	10	6—74
	5	8	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	8—89
	6	8	10	9	5	10	10	7	8	7—80
Roberts.....	7	8	9	10	5	10	9	10	7	9—84
	9	8	8	7	6	10	6	8	9	8—79
	6	7	6	9	7	8	6	10	8	7—76
	6	9	8	8	5	6	10	10	6	7—75
Weinheimer.....	8	6	6	8	10	8	4	8	7	10—78
	8	6	5	9	7	10	4	8	6	5—68
	5	5	9	8	6	6	7	5	6	9—65
	8	5	8	6	8	6	5	6	7	6—65
Wellinger.....	5	9	9	6	6	9	7	10	8	7—76
	9	7	7	6	6	8	10	8	8	6—75
	8	8	8	7	10	7	5	9	7	8—77
	6	5	6	9	9	7	8	7	7	8—72
Hake.....	4	6	8	6	9	4	9	6	6	6—63
	3	5	9	5	5	6	8	9	5	3—58
	5	6	7	7	7	5	4	7	8	9—66
	6	6	4	7	4	3	9	5	3	6—53
Randall.....	5	10	10	10	8	7	9	7	8	10—84
	8	10	7	8	8	7	8	9	9	9—83
	10	6	10	10	9	10	6	6	7	6—60
	9	6	6	7	8	3	10	8	10	8—75
See.....	7	6	10	9	5	7	9	10	10	8—80
	8	8	9	8	7	8	10	9	4	6—77
	6	9	8	9	7	9	6	10	9	7—80
	5	8	5	10	8	9	9	7	4	8—73
Brumback.....	9	7	8	4	7	6	7	8	5	7—68
	7	5	6	8	6	6	10	6	5	7—66
	6	9	7	5	5	9	6	6	4	8—65
	7	5	7	6	6	7	8	6	5	8—65
Speth.....	7	7	9	8	10	9	10	8	8	8—85
	9	7	8	8	8	6	6	10	10	7—79
	8	5	8	10	9	7	8	10	7	7—79
	9	8	5	9	5	7	7	4	5	9—71
Topf.....	6	1	9	8	9	4	4	4	5	8—58
	3	8	9	5	5	8	8	5	6	4—61
	6	7	7	9	6	9	7	5	5	5—66
	7	6	4	8	5	9	4	7	4	3—57
Hasenzahl.....	9	10	8	9	8	9	7	7	9	9—85
	10	8	8	9	9	9	10	10	9	6—88
	10	8	10	10	8	10	6	9	4	6—81
	7	7	9	10	7	6	8	8	10	9—77
Drube.....	5	7	9	6	8	9	10	10	10	10—84
	8	8	7	9	7	10	9	8	10	10—86
	9	6	9	10	8	5	8	7	7	10—79
	7	8	8	5	8	6	7	10	6	7—75
Strickmeier.....	8	7	5	7	6	5	9	9	8	6—70
	8	5	5	7	10	7	6	6	9	10—73
	6	9	5	7	7	9	8	5	6	8—70
	8	8	7	5	10	6	4	9	6	8—71
Trounstein.....	10	2	5	10	5	1	5	6	3	5—59

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 26.—To-day was one of the worst our rifle- men ever experienced, and the wonder is that a single good score was made. The wind blew almost a hurricane, changing at times during the day to every point of the compass on the south. The members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were out in force despite the weather, and considering the conditions and the light bullets used, some excellent work was done. The new target is becoming better liked as the marksmen become better acquainted with the system of scoring. The scores to-day were:

Pistol: All comers', 3 shots; C. M. Daiss 8, A. H. Pape 13, F. O. Young 14, J. E. Gorman 16, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 22.

Rifle: medal and cash prizes: E. Jacobson 11, Ed. Hovey 28.

Rifle, Unfred medal, 3 shots: D. W. McLaughlin 12, F. O. Young 17, Dr. Rodgers 18.

Military rifle, Glindemann medal: F. O. Young 45, F. Poulter 45.

In two practice scores A. H. Kennedy made 103 and 126 with a pocket revolver.

Dr. Lee O. Rodgers, president of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, announced the cash prize winners for January and their scores, as fol- lows: Rifle—First, McLaughlin, 12 points, Columbia target; second, F. O. Young, 12 points, being below McLaughlin according to Creed- moor rules; third, Dr. Rodgers, 14 points. Pistol—First, Charles Daiss, 8 points; second, A. H. Pape, 9 points; third, J. E. Gorman, 10 points.

ROEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 11.—DETROIT, Mich.—All day shoot of the River Range Gun Club; targets. R. H. Hall, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the Union Gun Club; targets. Open to all. E. D. Miller, Manager.

Feb. 12.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Invitation live-bird shoot of the Boil- ing Springs Gun Club. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association Handi- cap; 25 birds, \$25; no one allowed back of 30yds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Feb. 12-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park, under the management of B. F. Smith.

Feb. 21-22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; targets; team match, Rochester versus Buffalo, on Feb. 22. E. D. Hicks, Manager.

Feb. 21-22.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Winter tournament of the Memphis Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The local trap-score-fake reporter has been at work again, hunting for "space" at the expense of truth. The following appeared in a Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday paper: "About fifty persons witnessed a live-bird match at Dexter Park yesterday afternoon between Wil- liam J. Clarkson and Allen W. Woods, two well-known experts at the traps. The contest was at 25 birds per man, 30yds. rise, with a 50yd. boundary, for a nominal sum and the cost of the birds. Numerous wagers were made at even money, but Clarkson won by the small margin of one bird." The actual facts were as follows: Allen Willey and Bill Clark wandered down to Dexter Park on the afternoon of the 25th, expecting to find some sweepstake shooting going on. When Clark got there he found Willey, the solitary arrival, trying his best to beat the proprietor, Lippack, in a game of "old sledge." Nobody else showing up, and Lippack being too good for Willey, the latter and Clark went out to shoot a few birds for practice. They shot at 15 each, for \$10 and the price of the birds; each man scored 14 out of 15, one dead out of bounds; they then agreed to try 5 more to settle it; both killed their five and quit. Each man paid for his 20 birds, packed up his gun and slid out of sight on a trolley car. Fifty persons pres- ent! Numerous wagers!

In New Jersey.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Jan. 29.—The attendance at to-day's regular Wednesday afternoon shoot of the Carteret Club was very slim. Five shooters were all that could be mustered—Work, Knapp, Stafford, Lent and Morris. The latter indulged in some private practice prior to the arrival of the other shooters with a view to getting his hand in for a match that he was booked for; having shot at a large number of birds before the sweepstakes began, he was quite ready to take a back seat when his gun broke down and had to be put away. As a result, the other four shooters were kept busy walking to the score, twelve events being shot off by 4:30.

There is very little to be said about to-day's shooting; everybody was in poor form, nobody seeming to be half trying. Misses were so numerous that it became almost monotonous placing ciphers and little black dots on the score sheet. Knapp made the best average with 46 kills out of 57 shot at. Work came next with the low score of 13 kills to 61 shot at. Stafford scores 38 out of 60, Lent 27 out of 41, and Morris 12 out of 17. Work was shooting an old gun of his, a Baker, one with which he has done some great shooting in years past, but which has been laid on the shelf while its owner dined pigeons with a Purdy; the latter has been sent in for some repairs, hence the reappearance of the Baker on the scene. It is true that Work shot two or three different kinds of shells during the afternoon, but that wouldn't account altogether for his low score; the fact was he couldn't make the gun go where he wanted to point it, as he did of old; it apparently "fitted" him no longer. Peter Morris took a fancy to the gun and went out and killed 5 straight with it, some of them rattling good birds.

Of the other shooters, Knapp shot well at times, but seemed to lose interest, and consequently his time, at certain stages of the proceedings. This was particularly noticeable in No. 10 and in the first part of No. 11. He said he felt tired and slack, and he acted as if that was just what was the matter with him. Stafford was away off, and, drawing some very difficult birds, tried too hard to find them, getting slow and only filling his birds full of lead to see them drop dead out of bounds. Lent was as erratic as usual, killing some good birds and then slipping up on birds that anybody ought to kill.

So many small sweeps were shot that the score given below may be a trifle confusing. Following are the results in detail: No. 1 was a 5-bird sweep, \$5 entrance; Knapp won first money on 5, Stafford winning second money on the shoot-off with Work and Lent. No. 2 was the same as No. 1; at the end of the 5th round Morris had only to kill to win first alone; he missed, letting in Stafford, Knapp and Lent; on the shoot-off Knapp and Stafford divided first and second on the first round. No. 3 was a \$10 sweep, unlimited number of birds; 29yds. men and back, two misses and out; 28yds. men, three misses; 27yds. men and forward, four misses; Work and Lent divided, Work having killed 7 straight, and Lent being credited with 5 out of 6, with three more misses up his sleeve, against Work's two misses. Both men were shooting the same (Lent's) gun just then, and this was an important factor in the decision in favor of a division. No. 4 was a 10-bird event, optional \$10 or \$5 sweep; Knapp won first alone on 9 out of 10, Lent taking second money with 8 to his credit. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were \$5 miss-and-outs; Knapp and Lent divided the first at the end of the 2d round; Knapp and Work cut up the other two at the end of the 1st and 3d rounds respectively. Six rounds deciding three \$5 events was a little too rapid, so recourse was had again to the favorite "5 birds, \$5, high guns." For some cause or other, probably a misunderstanding, Knapp won No. 8 on 3 out of 4, although had Work killed his 5th bird and Knapp lost his, the two would have been tied for first place. Work and Knapp divided No. 9, and then Stafford shot out Knapp and Work in No. 10. No. 11 was a curiosity; at the end of the 5th round Work and Knapp were tied with 3 each, Stafford having lost 3 birds; on the shoot-off Knapp won at the end of the 2d round. In No. 12 Knapp won first alone with 5 straight, Stafford shooting out Lent on the tie for second money.

The last event we saw shot was a 5-bird race, \$5 entrance, Bogardus rules, with the exception that the shooters stood at the 25yds. mark. That this was too far back under the conditions was clearly shown by the scores made, Knapp winning with about 3 kills to only 1 or 2 to his opponents' credit.

Considering that there was really little or no wind to help the birds, Superintendent Lumbreyer had an excellent lot of flyers on hand. They left the traps very fast and were very largely outgoing in flight. The best bird trapped during the afternoon was Work's 5th in No. 4; it was a pure white bird that lit out for Newark Bay as fast as it could fly, twisting like an English snipe and apparently evading both charges of shot. The weather was spring-like, the shooters sitting in the sun behind the score as if it was May instead of the heart of winter. The traps were pulled as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Work.....	11	10	11	18	11	61
Stafford.....	7	11	16	19	7	60
Knapp.....	10	6	11	19	11	57
Lent.....	10	9	7	11	4	41
Morris.....	2	4	3	3	5	17
	40	40	48	70	38	236

The full scores were as below:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Geo Work (31).....	5 4 2 2 1 2 2 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	1 5 4 5 1 ↑↑↑↑↑	1 4 4 2 3 4 4 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑
W A Stafford (28).....	4 1 2 2 1 1 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	2 3 4 4 2 3 ↑↑↑↑↑	3 4 5 3 2 1 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑
J P Knapp (31).....	2 3 2 1 1 ↑↑↑↑↑	1 3 4 4 3 4 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 4 3 5 2 ↑↑↑↑↑
W W Lent (26).....	5 3 2 4 3 2 ↑↑↑↑↑	5 3 5 4 2 2 ↑↑↑↑↑	5 4 5 1 1 ↑↑↑↑↑
P H Morris (24).....	1 2 1 0 1 0 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 2 0 0 4 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 1 1 1 0 ↑↑↑↑↑

No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. No. 7. No. 8.

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Work (31).....	1 1 5 4 1 3 2 4 4 1 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	2 4 3 ↑↑↑	5 1 2 ↑↑↑	4 2 5 5 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 0 2 0 2 ↑↑↑↑↑
Stafford (28).....	1 3 4 4 3 2 5 4 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	4 5 ↑↑	3 4 3 ↑↑↑	5 1 2 ↑↑↑	2 0 2 0 2 ↑↑↑↑↑
Knapp (31).....	1 5 3 1 1 4 4 4 3 4 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	4 5 1 ↑↑↑	3 4 3 ↑↑↑	1 4 2 1 ↑↑↑↑	2 2 2 2 3 ↑↑↑↑↑
Lent (26).....	3 3 4 4 4 ↑↑↑↑↑	1 5 5 4 ↑↑↑↑	2 3 3 4 1 5 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	5 4 3 4 3 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 0 2 2 ↑↑↑↑↑

No. 9. No. 10. No. 11. No. 12.

	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Work (31).....	2 2 2 2 2 4 ↑↑↑↑↑	0 2 0 2 2 3 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 2 0 2 2 4 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 0 2 2 ↑↑↑↑↑
Stafford (28).....	2 3 4 4 5 ↑↑↑↑↑	4 3 5 4 ↑↑↑↑	1 4 4 4 2 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 4 3 3 4 4 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑
Knapp (31).....	4 5 4 4 4 ↑↑↑↑↑	4 2 5 4 ↑↑↑↑	5 5 5 4 3 3 3 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	1 4 5 5 5 ↑↑↑↑↑
Lent (26).....	4 4 2 4 ↑↑↑↑	2 4 3 4 4 2 ↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑	2 2 2 2 2 0 5 ↑↑↑↑↑↑↑

THE TARGET HANDICAP AT ELIZABETH.

Jan. 30.—The tournaments and other shoots held on the Elizabeth Gun Club's grounds have always been favored with fine weather; it has grown into a proverb with the New Jersey trap-shooters that Elizabeth shoots bring fine weather. To-day's target handicap race was no exception to the general rule, although it was perhaps the least favorable day for target shooting experienced by this organization. Early in the morning the sun came out bright and strong, the white frost on the roofs, sidewalks and lawns quickly disappearing. There was every prospect of a lovely day, one like its predecessor. Wednesday, one of the most perfect days of this remarkable winter. Between 10 and 11 a change came over the aspect of affairs; the clerk of the weather felt a touch of dyspepsia and turned off the sun, sending out a heavy leaden-colored pall to do duty for a sky, making everything gloomy and dull, turning what was originally a very fair background into something as near the color of the targets as one could imagine. The result is shown in the scores. Lower ones may have been made, but not on these grounds and not with such a body of shooters. Anybody who would have been willing at the start to bet that 85 would win first money would have been laughed to scorn. Yet J. S. Shaw won first money alone on 84 out of 112!

The weather was not altogether to blame for the poor scores; the way the targets were thrown had a great deal to do with it. More diffi-

cult shooting we have never seen. The targets were lined up and down the screen, the elevation at which they were thrown being entirely too low if A. S. A. rules were in force. This lowness of flight would not have been such a handicap had not the screen been too high by about a foot; a right or left-quartering target from either Nos. 2, 3 or 4 gained about 4 or 5yds. start of the shooter. With the targets thrown in such a manner, and with a background of a natural-colored fence, a few trees and a dark sky, it was no wonder the best of them fell down at times, the total scores suffering in consequence.

We do not believe in making the shooting too hard; it is apt to discourage beginners and get the best shots guessing for a time at least. For this reason we approve most highly of the plan now adopted by the manufacturers of both the standard target traps—the bluerock and the empire—that of placing stops on the traps, so that extreme angles in either direction cannot be thrown at will by the trappers.

The entry list could not but be satisfactory to the management; 19 entries at \$7 a head, \$2 out of each \$7 paying for the targets, is an entry to be proud of, and is decidedly encouraging for future efforts. We understand that similar handicap races will be run monthly, alternate months, at the Elizabeth grounds and at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, the next one being set for Feb. 25 at the South Side Gun Club's grounds. Besides the above 19 entries, the management permitted seven other shooters to enter the race for the price of the targets, making a total number of shooters just 26. Considering the number of targets required to be thrown to complete the shoot, something over 2,700 (including the handicaps), it seemed poor policy to permit men to enter for the birds; it does not matter so much when the sweeps are short and small, but it seems a wrong principle to allow a squad of 6 men to go out and keep the others, who have put up their money, waiting while that squad shoots at 150 targets, 25 targets to a man. If the management is wise, and this refers also to the South Side Gun Club, it will announce when giving notice of its next handicap that no entries for birds will be taken in the handicap race. Elmer Shaner's face would be a study if a shooter went up to him and asked to be allowed to enter in the Grand American Handicap "for the birds."

The event was shot off in series of 25 targets, the handicap allowance not being shot until all had completed their scores for the 100 targets. No person knew his handicap until he had shot at the last target of that allowance. Men went out to the score with any where from 15 to 25 targets in their pockets and shot along until they were called out by the referee; those with 2, 3 or 4 handicaps soon had their agony ended, while others kept shooting along as if "they never would stop." Out of the 19 entries, 7 got money; J. S. Shaw, with 12 extra targets, scored 84 and took first money; Carl von Lengerke and Capt. Money tied for second place with 83 each; Von Lengerke had 5 extra and Money 8 extra targets to shoot at. Third money went to J. Grier, of Dunellen, who scored 81 out of 110; fourth money was divided between Jim Elliott (scratcher) and E. D. Miller (2 extras), who broke 80 each. Dutchy took the fifth money with 79 out of 104. Edwards, Folsom, Elmer Sickley, Piercy and Schrafft were all within easy reach of the money, an extra break or two being all that was necessary to make everything lovely for either one of them. Sickley's case was rather a curious one; he has been shooting a Winchester for the past year and has been shooting it well. Quite recently he sold it, but, borrowing his brother's gun, came over to Elizabeth and entered for the handicap, expecting that the handicappers would take this matter into consideration. Sickley is a very good target shot, one of the many good ones in the New Jersey League, and was right in it with his 5 extra to shoot at; it should be well understood that in handicaps it is the men and their target-breaking capacities that are handicapped, not the gun. In framing the handicaps for this event the handicappers figured that a scratch man under the conditions as they then existed would not break more than 88 or 90 at the most; the object then was to bunch the others as close to the scratch man as possible, extra targets being awarded in such proportion as seemed likely to bring each shooter up to the 88 or 90 mark. After the start the light grew worse instead of better, a brisk breeze springing up at times and playing havoc with the scores, Jim Elliott, the scratch man, scoring only 16 out of his first 25! Noel Money's total of 50 out of his 100 was due largely to the breaking down of his gun; Morley, who is a good target shot, also fell down very badly. Miller led by a good margin at the end of the 75th round with 62 breaks, and looked all over a winner; his last 25 caused him a lot of trouble, 9 of them getting away from him. The scores for each 25 and for the handicap allowance are as follows, the targets of course being thrown at unknown angles:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Handicap.	Total.
J S Shaw (12).....	16	20	17	22	9	84
C von Lengerke (5).....	18	21	18	23	3	83
Capt Money 2d (8).....	18	19	20	20	6	83
J Grier (10).....	18	23	15	18	7	81
J A R Elliott (0).....	16	19	22	23	8	80
E D Miller (2).....	20	21	21	16	2	80
Dutchy Smith (4).....	19	22	17	17	4	79
E Edwards (10).....	19	16	19	17	7	78
H Folsom (16).....	14	16	18	18	11	77
E Sickley (5).....	18	19	17	19	4	77
Schrafft (13).....	15	19	17	16	8	75
G H Piercy (12).....	14	18	13	20	9	74
Hassenger (10).....	17	15	18	16	6	72
T W Morley (5).....	20	17	17	12	w	68
M Herrington (10).....	18	12	15	12	7	64
L Thomas (8).....	14	15	13	14	5	61
Duff (12).....	14	6	18	14	8	60
Capt Money 1st (8).....	12	16	10	15	6	59
N E Money (2).....	11	10	10	19	2	52
Reibold*.....	16	19	20	20	8	75
W C Collins*.....	17	21	16	17	7	71
Dr Jackson*.....	17	19	16	18	7	70
Agneau*.....	13	18	11	11	5	53
Ehrhart*.....	5	16	6	13	5	40
Dodds*.....	9	6	6	14	5	35
Huber*.....	4	7	10	9	5	30

* Only shot for price of the targets.

Both before and after the big event 10 target sweeps were shot off, entrance in each event being \$1. Nos. 1 to 7 were at unknown angles; No. 8 was one man up, standing at No. 3 score, 5 unknown traps, one shot and retire, squads of 6 men; No. 9 was the same in all respects save that the second barrel could be used. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dutchy.....	7	9	8	8	7	10	9	7	9
Edwards.....	5	9	8	9	8	7	6	8	8
Herrington.....	6	7	10	9	8	9	9	9	9
Hassinger.....	6	8	4	10	5	9	8	4	11
Grier.....	6	6	6	4	6	8	8	8	8
Folsom.....	4	7	6	6	1	4	3	10	10
Thomas.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Astak.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
C von Lengerke.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Collins.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Dodds.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Agneau.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Shaw.....	7	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Morley.....	7	7	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
Apgar.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Piercy.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
N E Money.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Leutheiser.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Winters.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Capt Money.....	7	8	6	7	7	7	7	7	7
Schrafft.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Reibold.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Duff.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Koegel.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3

EDWARD BANKS.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Feb. 1.—The monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., was well attended notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather. Platt Adams, one of our members, did some excellent shooting, tying Eddie Collins in the club shoot, which is shot as follows: 25 unknown angles, 25 reversed order. Scores:

Un-known, versed.	Total.	Un-known, versed.	Total.			
P Adams.....	21	44	James.....	21	15	36
E Collins.....	21	44	Paul.....	20	16	36
W J Simpson.....	21	42	Barron.....	14	16	30
G E Greiff.....	22	18	Thornton.....	16	12	28
Frank.....	19	20	Marvin.....	8	10	18
W H Huck.....	18	20	Hartman.....	12	6	18

Other sweepstakes were shot as follows, all being at unknown angles with the exception of No. 4, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Adams.....	10	9	10	9	9	9
Greiff.....	8	8	9	8	8	20
Huck.....	8	8	9	8	9	31
Collins.....	6	8	10	9	9	9
Thornton.....	6	4	8	8	9	19
Marvin.....	4	4	7	2	2	2

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Feb. 1.—A heavy fog and moist surroundi s could not dampen the

ardor of the South Side's Saturday followers. Over 800 targets were thrown during the afternoon, the scores being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	10
W M Smith.....	5	4	6	6	4	3	5	19	9
J Dawson.....	6	6	5	5	7	9	6	14	5
A Whitehead.....	7	9	9	6	8	9	9	17	9
I H Terrill.....	7	5	9	6	4	4	17	17	9
L Thomas.....	6	7	8	3	6	6	20	9	9

No. 8 was shot as a team race, Thomas and Smith scoring 39 to 31 by Terrill and Dawson. W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

As announced in our issue of Feb. 1, the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League decided, at its annual meeting held on Jan. 22, to change the conditions of its monthly team races from five-men teams and unknown angles to six-men teams and known angles.

The change from five-men teams to teams of six men from each club is one of which we fail to see the benefit. It has been proved by the past history of the League that it is hard enough for some clubs to put five-men teams in the field; the necessity for six-men teams will correspondingly increase the troubles of the captains of those clubs. We suppose that the idea of the League in adopting six-men teams was to do away with the breaking up of teams to fill a squad. For instance, the first squad consisted of a full team and a pivot man from the next team; second squad was made up of the remaining four men of that team and two of the third team, and so on. Of course, six-men teams will avert all that, each team being a squad by itself, if the system of shooting off the team races that prevailed in 1895 is observed this season. As, however, that system was in our opinion altogether wrong, we trust that the League will see fit to change the conditions still further.

Hitherto it has been customary to shoot off the teams in the order in which the respective captains handed in the names of those composing their teams. If the weather was dull and it was early in the season, a wise captain would hustle his men together and hand in the names of his team as soon as the manager was ready to receive them; he thus secured for his team the best light there was going. If there was a prospect of a thunderstorm it was just the same. The New Jersey League's shoot on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club last summer was a striking instance of the injustice of shooting the race by teams, the Endeavors themselves shooting under most unfavorable conditions. We believe firmly in splitting up the teams and shooting them so that no two men from any one team are in the same squad. Suppose there were nine teams entered: The first squad would consist of a man from each of the first six teams; squad No. 2 would be made up of men from the last three and the first three teams; squad No. 3 would be composed of men from the last six teams; thus at the end of the third squad each team would have two men that had shot off their scores. This system, one that is most generally adopted where there are only three or four teams, could easily be applied as above to the team races of the New Jersey League. It would do away with the advantages of better light and less wind liable to accrue to one or more teams while a lengthy team contest is being decided on the system of each team a squad by itself.

It is true that the system suggested would mean more work for the manager of the League, but what is a manager appointed for, if he is to have no work to do beyond figuring up averages at the end of the year and taking care that the League score book is on hand at all the monthly shoots?

There is an additional benefit attached to the above-suggested plan: Many men can only get to the grounds somewhat late in the afternoon, while others again have to leave early; it often happens that these men are members of the same team. League contests are advertised to commence at 2 P. M., and they should commence certainly not later than 2:30. With squads split up as above suggested, there is no reason why the League contests should not be started on schedule time. The feature of the idea that recommends it most strongly to us is that it is the nearest approach to absolute equality of conditions, a feature that has been strikingly absent in some of the previous contests, the conditions of light and wind in those contests having been very changeable.

The change from unknown to known angles is in accordance with our opinions expressed in our issues of Feb. 23 and April 27, 1895. As these contests are tests of skill, and only short ones at that, 25 targets per man, it seemed to us wrong that so great an element of luck as is permitted under unknown angles should be allowed to exist in the League contests. In a long race, say at 100 targets, we believe the "luck of the birds" will be equalized, but the League contests are not long races. By adopting known traps and angles, every shooter is treated alike; each man gets 5 straightaways, 10 right-quartering and 10 left-quartering targets. "Known traps and angles" is not a sporting, perhaps not even an interesting, way of shooting at targets, but it is more favorable to young and struggling clubs than unknown angles. It does away also with the possibility of some of the visiting shooters getting the impression that the home club has "fixed the trappers," or that the trappers are favoring the home team.

Split up the teams and give the boys known angles, and there cannot be any grounds for a kick, however slight, at any of the League contests in 1896. The interest in each monthly shoot will also be kept up until the last round, instead of fading away rapidly after some team has made a big score.

Peters Defeats Blake at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 29.—M. C. Peters and F. H. Blake, both of this city, shot a live-bird race to-day under the following conditions: 100 birds per man, \$100 a side, 30yds. rise, A. S. A. rules to govern. Although neither man made a large score, Peters won very easily scoring 80 to his opponent's 70. Both men used Greener guns, 48grs. of E. C. powder and No. 7 shot; Peters used a Rapid shell, Blake a Smokeless. The scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
M C Peters.....	1	2	0	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	0	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
F H Blake.....	1	2	0	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	0	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

F. S. PARMALEE.

Cobweb Gun Club's Programme.

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, one of the most go-ahead organizations in the State of New York, has taken another important step in its onward movement. The announcement that the club will hold a four days' tournament, March 18-21, will not astonish any shooter who is acquainted with the personnel of the club's management. Under date of Feb. 21 F. L. Train, captain of the Cobwebs, writes as follows:

"Will you kindly insert the inclosed notice of our tournament under the head of 'Fixtures' in your paper. We have chosen the dates March 18-21 inclusive with a view to giving the visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition an opportunity of indulging in a little recreation at the traps. A great deal of care has been given to the selection of the events, and it is our aim to make it satisfactory to all sportsmen. There are in all 28 events, 20 at targets and 8 at live birds. On Saturday, March 21, the Cobweb handicap will be shot; conditions: 15 live birds per man, \$15 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 25 to 35yds., 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., guaranteed purse of \$50 and all surplus added. This, as a preliminary to the Grand American Handicap, will give the boys an opportunity to 'sharpen up a bit' and get 'fit.' The privilege of the grounds are extended to all visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition."

The club's grounds are located at Baychester, N. Y., and are easily reached from this city by trains on the Harlem division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., which leave 129th street station of the Third Avenue Elevated every hour. The club's headquarters are at 2312 Third avenue, New York; any communications in regard to further information should be addressed to the captain, F. L. Train, as above.

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Jan. 23.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park, the attendance of members being remarkably good; 29 shooters took part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds per man. Louis Schortemeier was the only one of the 29 to go straight, the club's 1895 champion, P. Woelfel, falling down to 5 out of his ten. That the birds were a good lot is shown by the fact that there was only one 9 and four 8s. The scores made were as follows:

L. Schortemeier (28).....	2222222222—10	J. P. Dannefelser (28).....	0121022002—6
G. Dege (28).....	2111220112—9	R. Regan (28).....	21001001—2—6
G. Nowak (28).....	22222222—8	F. Trostel (28).....	2100100011—5
C. Weber (28).....	1202111011—8	P. Woelfel (28).....	1010100011—5
S. J. Held (28).....	20112221—11	P. Gespil (28).....	0101201010—5
H. Block (28).....	0211011121—8	A. Steffans (28).....	0200211010—5
A. Schmitt (28).....	112021110—7	C. Rieger (25).....	0102200012—5
J. H. Voss (28).....	2102201012—7	J. Scheu (25).....	1210010001—5
A. Knodel (28).....	0200112221—7	C. Newman (25).....	121020200—5
A. Kriebel (28).....	2011012101—7	E. Marquardt (28).....	2100001000—3
E. Peterson (28).....	2011010122—7	C. Robenstein (28).....	0120000000—2
E. Doenick (28).....	121002222—7	H. W. Voss (28).....	1000020000—2
A. Kreuder (28).....	0210122011—7	J. Long (28).....	0002000002—2
J. Schlicht (28).....	0211201010—6	J. Link (28).....	0000100000—1
R. Lindicer (28).....	2210012010—6		

SWEEPSTAKES AT DEXTER PARK.

Jan. 30.—A few friends gathered together this afternoon at the Dexter Park grounds and shot the following events at live birds:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
J. Weberson.....	0021212022—7	22—2	211—3	1120—3	01010—2
P. Flaherty.....	0210011002—5	11—2	110—2	01100—2	
J. Burg.....	1002120100—5	00—4			
A. Schlemmer.....	1131111101—9	11—2		11122—5	11121—5
W. Batts.....	0100010100—3	10—1	102—2	12110—4	00000—0

EXCELSIOR ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 28.—The Excelsior Rod and Gun Club held its opening shoot for 1896 at the North Beach grounds this afternoon. The club shoot is at 10 live birds per man, and to-day this event was won by W. H. Archer, who tied for first place on 9 out of 10 with two other members of the club, Heimburger and Jackson. The three shot off the tie miss-and-out, Archer scoring 3, Heimburger 2 and Jackson 1. The scores in the club shoot were:

W. H. Archer (26) 9, H. K. Jackson (26) 9, H. K. Heimburger (29) 9, G. W. Orton (26) 8, T. E. Richards (26) 8, S. R. Williams (27) 7, D. J. Kingsland (27) 6, R. E. Deegan (28) 7, B. J. Williams (26) 6, A. T. Siegel (28) 5, T. L. Henderson (26) 5, J. W. Odell (26) 5, D. G. Nelson (26) 3, L. G. Wilson (26) 2.
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BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 30.—The Bergen Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its annual meeting this evening at the club's headquarters, Court street, near Atlantic avenue. The distribution of prizes for 1895 was part of the evening's proceedings. Robert J. Valentine won the first prize with 96½ per cent.; second prize went to J. W. Reynolds with 94½ per cent.; third prize was won by P. J. O'Brien with 89½ per cent.

The following is a list of the officers elected for 1896: President, Robert L. Valentine; First Vice-President, James W. Reynolds; Second Vice-President, Carroll B. Williamson; Secretary, Leonard J. Brown; Treasurer, Charles L. Pierson; Captain, Patrick J. O'Brien; Board of Trustees, James W. Reynolds, Henry L. Raymond, Charles L. Grey, Daniel W. Longman and Albert D. Griffiths.

DR. LITTLE DEFEATS LAIR.

Jan. 29.—Dr. Little and W. H. Lair shot a 50-bird match to-day on the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn. The birds were only a moderate lot, not up to New Utrecht standard. The conditions of the race were: 50 birds per man, 25yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, use of one barrel only, loser to pay for the birds, and a stake of \$50 a side. G. Van Nostrand acted as referee throughout the race.

At the end of the first half the score was a tie, each man having 18 out of 25 to his credit. Out of his next 5 birds Lair lost 3 to his opponent's 2; the next 5 birds were fatal to Lair's chances, as he lost 4 out of the 5 while Dr. Little only lost 1 of his lot. At the end of the 49th round Lair withdrew, being practically shot out of the race, the totals showing 31 to 25, a lead of 6 for Dr. Little with only 8 more to shoot at. The winner shot 48yrs. of Schultze in a V. L. & D. shell, his gun being an L. C. Smith; Lair's gun was a Greener, and his load was 49grs. of Schultze in a trap shell. Below is the score in detail:

Dr. Little.....	3 1 2 2 3 4 1 5 1 2 3 1 3 4 5 3 3 5 4 1 2 3 1	13—31
W. H. Lair.....	1 1	7—25

The following four sweeps were also shot. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were 5-bird sweeps, ties being shot off miss-and-out; No. 4 was a 3-bird sweep. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Lair.....	120—2	022222—6	21222—5	202—2
Little.....	22021—4	102220—5	21200—3	20—1
Van Ord.....	12212—5	2100—2	2200—2	21—2

Trap Around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 20.—To-day the third and last 100-bird race between Fred. Emond and Jacob Koch was brought to a conclusion, Emond winning easily by 11 birds. In the first match darkness put an end to the contest at the end of the 98th round; in the three matches, therefore, each man has shot at 298 birds; out of that number Emond has scored 261 to Koch's 247. Koch made an excellent score in the second match, but did not win; on that account he changed his shells; this change was, I think, in a great measure the cause of so many of his birds going out of bounds before dropping. After the 75th round Emond shot in a careless, easy-going manner, as if the match was all over, as it really was, since Koch kept on losing bird after bird dead out of bounds. There is some talk of a match between Otto Besser, Jr., and Emond, but it seems hard to get them to come to terms. The score of to-day's match is below:

J. Koch.....	2002212201121220220121—18	
F. Emond.....	011212121211111111111111—22	

Jan. 25.—At the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot to-day the scores given below were made by the members present:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
H. Kirkover.....	14	7	13	9	4	Miller.....	9	6	13	7	6
Forrester.....	7	13	9	4	6	J. Fisher.....	9	9	9	8	5
Dr. Woodbury.....	13	8	12	9	7	E. Burkhardt.....	10	7	9	7	
L. W. Bennett.....	8	12	9	7	6	E. W. Smith.....	10	6	12	9	
Norris.....	8	12	9	7	6	Storey.....	10	4	9	5	3
Rennicke.....	13	5	13	9	4	P. Meyers.....	11	8	5	3	
Hanks.....	9	5	13	9	4	J. O'Brien.....	12				7
Williams.....	11	8	11	10	6	B. Talsma.....	12				
McArthur.....	11	8	11	10	6	Brown.....	8				11

In a miss-and-out, \$1 entrance, B. F. Smith defeated Kirkover by 2 to 1. E. C. Burkhardt then tackled Smith in a similar race, 25 cents being added to the stakes for each additional bird shot at; Smith won this event by 6 to 5. A similar event was won by Burkhardt, who scored 2 to Smith's 1. These two then shot another event of the same nature, darkness putting an end to it with the score a tie. B. F. S.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Jan. 29.—A few members of the Meadville Gun Club shot some target events this afternoon, H. A. Johnson doing some capital work in the two 25-target events, the scores of which are given below:

No. 1, unknown angles:	No. 2, same:
H. A. Johnson.....	11111111111111111111—24
P. Adams.....	11111111111111111111—21
Hayes.....	11111111111111111111—17
Frenatt.....	11111111111111111111—17
Stein.....	11111111111111111111—20
Krider.....	11111111111111111111—17
Reisinger.....	11111111111111111111—22

CHOICE BORN.

The Utica Tournament.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 24.—The two days' tournament which ended to-day was a very pleasant affair, although the attendance was not large. Quite a number of targets were thrown, 23 shooters in all taking part in the programme and extra events shot yesterday. Among those present from a distance were: Chas. Wagner, of Syracuse, A. and M. Barker, of Richfield; McCauley, Brainard and Paddleford, of Sherburne, etc. The scores made on that day were as given in the table below, all the events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Glover.....	12	13	11	18	13	15	11	11	11	15	11	11
Wagner.....	13	17	10	16	14	14	9	10	12	13	13	14
M. Barker.....	13	14	12	14	12	11	12	9	14	12	13	13
A. Barker.....	12	18	11	17	9	10	10	12	10	12	12	12
Youmans.....	8	7	6	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
E. D. Fulford.....	13	19	12	18	14	12	14	13	13	10	14	14
Conley.....	7	14	9	8	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J. Fulford.....	10	16	10	17	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
M. M. M.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Mayhew.....	17	9	14	10	12	10	13	11	11	11	11	11
Williamson.....	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Barlow.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Tuttle.....	8	10	9	10	9	11	12	10	11	11	11	11
Buner.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Judson.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Armstrong.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
C. Browne.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Fairchild.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Biddlecom.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Steel.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Holmes.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Carr.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Cackett.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

To-day was live-bird day and in consequence there was a good attendance of both shooters and lookers-on. Among the new faces were: E. C. Burkhardt, Buffalo; T. C. Pegnim, Canajoharie; George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company; A. S. White and George, of Syracuse; etc. From the commencement of the shooting until about 1 P. M., the weather was most disagreeable; after lunch the weather improved a little and the birds in consequence flew much better. The handicapping was placed in the hands of H. L. Gates, of this city, as he was the best posted man on the merits of the shooters. As a whole the day was an unfavorable one for live-bird shooting, and the scores suffered in consequence. The scores were:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Pegnim.....	02220—3	120—2	02200122010222201—13
Weller.....	221202122—9	21010—3	0201122200221221221—16
Burkhardt.....	0212021000—5	1122202—6	1021222203400112222—14
Glover.....	221202000—6		210122222222222002—16
A. S. White.....	1021212122—9	211010—4	2222006121220211212—15
George.....	102202221—7	2221011—6	00212011222020210210—13
B. F. Smith.....	022020202—5	0022222—5	2002202211122202022—14
Williams.....	022001010—4	1100012—4	112121212222222222—18
Gates.....	0121200002—5	1200203—3	022002000—2
E. Fulford.....	22220112—8	12111—5	22222121111222011011—17
Mayhew.....	2222202112—9	11221—5	22222012010222222021—15
Paddleford.....	1122211021—9		20222012221111221212—18
Hunter.....	2122111—7	21111—5	
Scott.....	2001110—5		
Brainard.....			20021102200200—7

No. 1 was 10 birds, \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, \$5; No. 3, a miss-and-out; No. 4 was the "Central New York Handicap," 20 birds, \$15. Birds at 25 cents each included in all the above entrance moneys.

J. W. FULFORD.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—Another beautiful afternoon greeted the shooters of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington this afternoon, and evidently the conditions were not to be denied, as nineteen in all graced the club's platform during the different events. The traps were allowed no leisure until darkness came to their rescue. Only one straight score appeared out of about 800 targets thrown 10 bird, known angles, and it is hardly so much the absence of skill on the part of the shooter as the variety of the known (?) angles which can be held accountable for the nines, eights and sevens that are so much easier to secure. Such a thing as monotony is unknown at the Boston Gun Club, and the targets are thrown with the greatest regard for fairness, but with a certain disregard for regularity. The target may be high, low, fast or slow, and nothing so confuses the modern trap-shooter accustomed to the regulation five-trap angles as the promiscuous flights from assorted traps. The nearer one can approach field shooting, the nearer such comes to be the highest form of practice, and together with the ever-present zero, we derive a certain amount of consolation from this and from the fact that "there are others." Scores below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	5	6	10	10	5	10	10	10
Sheffield (15yds.).....	6	3	5	10	8	2	8	4	3	7	5	5	5	5	5	5
Howe (17).....	7	5	2	6	8	4	4	8	5	3	6	5	5	5	5	5
Williams (15).....	6	5	2	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Horace (14).....	5	9	6	5	9	6	5	9	6	5	9	6	5	9	6	5
Gordon (17).....	9	8	3	9	3	9	3	4	8	5	2	7	6	5	5	5
Brown (15).....	9	4	4	3	9	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Johns (15).....	7	5	2	7	2	3	5	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Mason (18).....	7	4	5	9	3	4	8	9	4	8	7	2	5	5	5	5
Miskay (17).....	9	3	4	8	4	5	8	3	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Sawyer (16).....	4	4	7	3	6	8	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Spencer (17).....	7	2	4	6	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Avery (16).....	5	7	2	4	6	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Nichols (16).....	6	3	3	8	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Adams (16).....	5	1	3	9	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Leroy (24).....	8	3	4	7	1	4	1	4	1	4	1	4	1	4	1	4
Wettergreen (16).....	6	2	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Gard (15).....	4	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

Four miss-and-out matches were also shot; one each won by Gard and Brown, and two by Miskay.

Events 1, 4, 5, 8, 11, 14, 15 and 16 were known angles (the two last at 20yds. distance). No. 12, known reversed; 2, 6, 9 and 13 were unknown angles. Nos. 3, 7 and 10 at pairs. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 composed the prize score, in which the following totals were made: Brown 17, Miskay 17, Gordon 16, Howe 16, Mason 16, Sheffield 15, Spencer 14, Horace 14, Adams 13, Nichols 13, Sawyer 13, Leroy 12, Johns 12, Avery 11, and Williams 9.

Smith and Hanson shot two matches at 10 pairs. Scores: Hanson 16, Smith 14; Hanson 12, Smith 15.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Jan. 23.—The following scores were made by members of the Lynchburg Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot held to-day; all events being shot at unknown angles:

No. 1.	No. 3.
Nelson.....	100111110110000010011110—14
Dornin.....	101101101110011111111111—18
Scott.....	011100111111111111111111—19
Moorman.....	011010110111111111111111—19
Stearns.....	10111000011

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1896

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A NEW JERSEY SCHEME.

HERE is something novel and interesting from New Jersey. Some student of game protection and politics has evolved a scheme to combine the two; and the plan has been embodied in a bill introduced into the Senate. The plan is this:

Exact from every non-resident of the State a license fee of \$10 for the privilege of shooting or fishing; and if he seeks to evade the tax, fine him \$100 or clap him into the common jail, there to "remain until the same shall be paid." The county clerk gets \$1 extra from the victim for his services in issuing the license, and the fine is to be divided, one-half to the persons who prosecute for it, and the other half to the county collector. The license appears to be good only for the one specific county in which it is issued. So far there is nothing new in this non-resident tax system; the novel feature is found in some entirely new county game commissioners' provisions.

These provide for a board of ten commissioners, who, on petition of twenty-five residents of a county, shall be appointed by the presiding justice of the Supreme Court. The duties of the ten commissioners are designated to be the enforcement of the game laws; their term of office is three years; and they are to "serve without any compensation whatsoever." The officers of the proposed Commission are a president, a secretary and a treasurer; and they are given authority to dispose of all funds which may come into their possession for the purpose of enforcing the laws and restocking the covers; they are authorized to arrest game law offenders; may employ agents to purchase game, birds and fish for stocking purposes, and may also employ aid to enforce the laws; all this provided that the funds expended by them shall come from their own treasury. The treasury is to draw its revenues from two sources: all sums received from non-resident licenses, and one-half of the fines collected by justices of the peace.

Such a plan may have originated with some person who is intensely interested in game protection, who would perhaps be willing to give his own time gratuitously to the cause, and imagines that in the several counties there will be found material for the boards of ten commissioners.

It is one of those schemes which with honest, earnest and competent men might work wonders; but which would be quite as likely to prove a failure and to give opportunity for fraud. Indeed it is just such a plan as the pot-house politicians would certainly welcome and make the most of.

There used to be a law in New Jersey which provided that non-resident sportsmen wishing to shoot or fish must first comply with the by-laws of the organized game societies. One game society got up a set of by-laws which required a non-resident to hand over into its treasury ten dollars before he could shoot birds; and as there was nothing small nor mean about the society, when a New Yorker had paid in his money, it gave him a license to pot song birds, the law of the State to the contrary notwithstanding. The fat income from New

York city song bird shooters was cut off when the ridiculous statute was repealed; but if this new measure should go through, doubtless ten thrifty individuals could be mustered in the same county to revive the profitable plan on lines suitably modified.

We beg to call the attention of the West Jersey Game Protective Society to Sec. 10 of this bill, which provides for the repeal of the charter of any organized game protective society now existing. That means that if the county commissioners go in the West Jersey Society goes out.

The charter of the West Jersey Society delegates to it the making of laws for non-resident sportsmen in the six southern counties of the State, and the society has enacted that no non-resident may shoot in that country until he shall have become a member of the society, \$5 the first year and \$2 per annum afterward. In the last annual report to the Legislature the New Jersey Fish Commissioners said of the law creating the West Jersey institution:

The law in our opinion is not in accordance with the spirit of American institutions. To exclude a man from certain privileges because he cannot afford to pay \$5 therefor does not speak well for the hospitality of New Jersey. Numerous complaints concerning this law have been received, and information obtained from our wardens is to the effect that the violators of the law who have been prosecuted in the counties where this law applies were almost invariably members of this society. Your Commission is also informed that the membership of this society is composed principally of sportsmen from Philadelphia and other places. Your Commission would accordingly suggest the repeal of this law.

There is not the slightest reason to believe that this extraordinary and preposterous delegation of the law making power to individuals would stand the test of the higher courts; unquestionably it would be declared unconstitutional. The only reason why it has not been tested is that those who have had their guns confiscated, or who have been fined under its provisions, have preferred to settle rather than to go to the expense and worry of fighting the imposition in the higher courts.

And now that we have mentioned the New Jersey Commission here is a pertinent suggestion: The members of the present board are doing excellent work; they have proved themselves to be intelligent, earnest, trustworthy officials. Game and fish protection under their direction gives promise of amounting to something. Instead of trying any new schemes give the present system a chance; back up the Commission with the funds they require; let them have the wardens they need for the work; and if there shall be found in any county ten men to co-operate with the Commissioners and their wardens the problem of how to protect New Jersey game will not long remain unsolved.

SALE OF GAME IN CLOSE TIME.

WE recorded last week a Minnesota game law decision, in which it was held that the law forbidding the sale of game in close time did not apply to game imported from outside of the limits of Minnesota. The immediate result of this ruling is that the game dealers of St. Paul and Minneapolis are sending broadcast to the hunters and commission merchants of adjoining States invitations to ship to them game, which, they explain, they can now openly expose for sale; and under the present conditions, as determined by the decision of the Supreme Court, they are enabled to offer more than usually enticing inducements to these outside dealers in game. The wardens of Minnesota, then, have to contend with the same obstacles which are encountered in New York State, where also it is lawful to sell during the close season game coming from outside the limits of New York.

The practical operation of a law which thus permits the sale of game all the year around is this: There are absolutely no restrictions upon the amount of game dealt in, nor upon the sources of supply from whence it is drawn. The way is perfectly open for traffic in game killed illegally in local covers. Under one bill of lading honestly covering a shipment of game from abroad, a dealer in New York may go on perpetually selling game received from New York hunters, or in Minnesota from Minnesota hunters. The protectors, wardens and voluntary associations of sportsmen cannot be expected to secure convictions of illicit traffic when the dealer has this sufficient shield in his invoices received with other game from other States. In New York city even so powerful and shrewd an association as the New York Association for the Protection of Game does not feel warranted in bringing action against a dealer, although the counsel of the

Association may be convinced that he is dealing in New York game, for in one single invoice the dealer has that which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

At the last meeting of the Association, held on Monday of this week, a committee of three was appointed by the president to endeavor to effect the repeal of Sec. 249, which is the provision permitting the universal sale of game, and to procure the passage of such other laws as may prevent the selling of game out of season in the State of New York. The members of the committee are Messrs. Charles E. Whitehead, Robert B. Lawrence and Benj. L. Ludington. The sum of \$500 was appropriated for the expenses of the committee, and we feel assured that they will make a strenuous effort to carry out the spirit of the resolution under which they were appointed.

The sportsmen of this State should band together and unite in an effort to repeal this iniquitous measure. The contest will not be an easy one, for it is almost certain that it will be necessary to overcome moneyed influence at Albany. The lobby is strong there this year and the interests at stake for the dealers are of such magnitude that they may be expected to spare no expense in holding their own.

Happily, as the defect in the Minnesota statue is one of title only, there is reason to believe that it may be remedied without special difficulty.

SNAP SHOTS.

Recent advices from the Yellowstone National Park indicate that the winter there is late and light, but little snow having fallen at last reports. A scouting party, which came in a short time ago from the southern part of the Park, reported that only six buffalo were seen on the trip. Of these three were in the recently-constructed corral and one just outside of it, one was near the head of Fox Creek just north of Two Ocean Pass. This one, the scout said, looked thin and was restricted by the snow to a small area where there was very little grass. The scout did not believe that it would live through the winter. The other was on Falls River, not very far from Beula Lake. There is an open tract of country there with warm ground and water, and this buffalo will probably live through. However, the party saw the carcass of another, recently dead, lying in the middle of the stream, only a short distance from where they saw the living one. Three moose were seen, yarded on Snake River. There was plenty of elk and other game.

Deer were formerly counted among the game animals of Massachusetts, for the protection of which laws were provided. Subsequently the species became extinct or was supposed to be extinct in the State outside of Cape Cod, and as the law was altered by successive Legislatures, in course of time it came about that protection for deer was no longer afforded except in the counties of Plymouth and Barnstable. This condition appears to have resulted from inadvertence rather than from any deliberate design of the Legislature, and now that the game is once more appearing in the northern and western counties of the State there should be no delay in restoring ample protection for it in those sections. Massachusetts should have a law providing for a close term of several years on deer everywhere within her limits. If this is supplied there is no reason to doubt that the species may gradually increase and add to the woodland attractions and possibly in time to the available game stock of Massachusetts covers.

The Bannock Indian matter has now reached the very stage where it should have begun months ago. The people of Jackson's Hole started in to negotiate with the Bannocks with repeating rifles, and demonstrated their skill in negotiation by killing a number of inoffensive Indians. Now a bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the appointment of a commission to treat with the Bannocks for a surrender of their treaty rights to hunt on unoccupied Government lands. We ought all of us as citizens to rejoice that the repeating rifle has been put aside, and that civilized methods have been resorted to to secure the desired end. If the Indians can be induced to surrender their hunting privileges by fair means a decided advantage will have been gained. The next step in order would be to restrain the lawless whites who kill game out of season and have been accustomed to lay upon the shoulders of the Bannocks the blame for the depletion which ensued.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE KING OF CAMPERS.

WINTER is upon us and the moose have yarded, secure from the pursuit of honest men. The pools where the salmon splash in summer are smoothly blanketed in white and the whole wilderness sleeps, that in a few months it may greet us anew, fresh as a blooming girl. The rifle withholds its thunderbolts and lies lazily stretched on its row of pegs. The big reel that has sung the death song of many a hapless victim is a prisoner in its box. Rifle and reel, paddle and rod, these never grow old. If one could only live a thousand years to use them! They are the cure for business and politics, the refuge from the places "where discord rears eternal babel."

Amid the half-formed plans for next season my mind turns often to the stories of the heroes who found for us all the grand Canadian wilderness, that summer heaven on earth. The story of those men's voyages, as told by Francis Parkman, is in my opinion without an equal in the literature of outing. First among these explorers, of course, stands that ideal woodsman, that king of campers, Samuel de Champlain. As one reads the account, one does not know which to admire the more, the indomitable spirit and cheerful resourcefulness of the great explorer, or the marvelous genius of the historian. Surely Parkman is the monarch of wilderness description. Who that has read it can ever forget the voyage of Champlain up the Ottawa as described in "Pioneers of France in the New World?"

"All day they plied their paddles. Night came and they made their camp-fire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain has but to encamp with Indian guides on the upper waters of this same Ottawa—to this day a solitude—or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or of Maine.

"As, crackling in the forest stillness, the flame cast its keen red light around, wild forms stood forth against the outer gloom—the strong, the weak, the old, the young; all the leafy hosts of the wilderness; moss-bearded ancients tottering to their death, saplings slender and smooth, trunks hideous with wens and goitres and strange deformity; the oak, a giant in rusty mail; the Atlantean column of the pine, bearing on high its murmuring world of verdure; the birch, ghastly and wan, a specter in the darkness; and aloft the knotted boughs, uncouth, distorted shapes, struggling amid dim clouds of foliage."

Then follows the description of the scene as they ate their evening meal and then lay down to rest. A shiver creeps over you as you realize the night's cold, for he says:

"Perhaps, as the night were on, chilled by the river damps, some slumberer awoke, kneeled by the sunken fire, spread his numbed hands over the dull embers, and stirred them with a half-consumed brand."

The sunken fire! How those three words bring up the whole scene. Not merely burned low, but eaten down into the mossy earth, below the level of the surrounding ground. Who can fully appreciate it except one who has looked in vain for a good camping chance away from the peat bogs that line the shores of so many Canadian rivers?

"Then the sparks, streaming upward, roamed like fire-flies among the dusky boughs. * * * As he lay once more by the replenished fire sounds stole upon his ear, faint, mysterious, startling to the awakened fancy, the whispering fall of a leaf, the creaking of a bough, the stir of some night insect, the soft footfall of some prowling beast; from the far-off shore the mournful howl of a lonely wolf or the leaping of a fish, where, athwart the pines, the weird moon gleamed on the midnight river."

O, good Mr. Parkman, you were there! You knew how it was yourself. And then the morning:

"Day dawned. The east glowed with tranquil fire, that pierced, with eyes of flame, the fir trees, whose jagged tops stood drawn in black against the burning heaven. Beneath, the glossy river slept in shadow or spread far and wide in sheets of burnished bronze; and in the western sky the white moon hung like a disk of silver. Now a fervid light touched the dead tops of the hemlock, and now, creeping downward, it bathed the mossy beard of the patriarchal cedar, unstirred in the breathless air. Now a fiercer spark beamed from the east, and now, half risen on the sight, a dome of crimson fire, the sun blazed with floods of radiance across the awakened wilderness."

"The paddles flashed, the voyagers held their course; and soon the still surface was flecked with spots of foam; islets of froth floated by, tokens of some great convulsion. Then on their left the falling curtain of the Rideau shone like silver betwixt its bordering woods, and in front, white as a snowdrift, the cataracts of the Chaudière barred their way. They saw the dark cliffs, gloomy with impending firs, and the darker torrent rolling its mad surges along the gulf between. They saw the unbridled river careering down its sheeted rocks, foaming in unfathomed chasms, wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage. * * * Over the rocks, through the woods."

That was the portage. "Over the rocks, through the woods!" We who have done it know, do we not?

"Then they launched their canoes again and with toil and struggle made their amphibious way—now pushing, now dragging, now lifting, now paddling, now shoving with poles."

As we read we wonder if Champlain really did learn to handle a setting pole and to trim the ends as they "broomed up." I think he did. Parkman did, anyhow.

"Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour they moved prosperously up the long winding of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. * * * Now they glided beneath overhanging cliffs, where, seeing but unseen, the crouched wildcat eyed them from the thicket. * * * In the weedy cove stood the moose, neck-deep in water to escape the flies, wading shoreward, with glistening sides, as the canoes drew near, shaking his broad antlers and writhing his hideous nostril, as with clumsy trot he vanished in the woods."

Parkman understood the charm of the presence of the wild animals. He knew what a sense of companionship there is in a caribou track along the shore. The next

paragraph is, to my mind, one of the finest things in the English language:

"In these ancient wilds, to whose ever verdant antiquity the pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday; where the sage wanderer of the Odyssey, could he have urged his pilgrimage so far, would have surveyed the same grand and stern monotony, the same dark sweep of melancholy woods; and where, as of yore, the bear and wolf still lurk in the thicket, and the lynx glares from the leafy bough;—here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his faith."

It has been suggested by some one that Parkman was too rhetorical for accuracy. The very opposite is true. He attains, by his selection of words, at once a conciseness and an accuracy impossible to any commonplace attempt. "Ever verdant antiquity!" Do you realize the tremendous sweep of the description? It is like a lightning flash by night, in whose brief brilliance the wilderness, eternal, primeval, evergreen, is revealed to the vision of one who, in more leisurely daylight, has become familiar with the details.

"The lynx glares from the leafy bough." What other word than "glares" can be found which so sums up the characteristic conduct of the lucivee? Did you ever see a lynx in a tree? Well, the first time you do, his bulging eyes will be all you will remember probably. It seems as though Parkman had hunted the language through for just the word that meant all he wished to say.

Read the account of how the dauntless Champlain, following a red-headed woodpecker, the first he had ever seen, became lost; how he wandered for three days. "He had found paths in the wilderness, but they were not made by human feet." How he finally followed a little brook to the big river, how he figured it all out and found himself, is told as only Parkman could tell it.

Among all the camp makers of Canada—the world's greatest camping ground—Champlain is foremost. Honor be to his name, and no less to that of Parkman, who, with an imagination of transcendent power, has illumined a minute familiarity with woodland affairs. The picture is so lifelike that we can see through the mists of 280 years the very flickerings of Champlain's camp-fire, and as we do so we thank the good God that we are privileged to gaze upon the same majestic scenes of rock and river, of mossy, barren and placid lake, unmapped and unnamed, in large part, as in the olden days. Oh, Canada, to thy gray and venerable hills, thy ever green shores, thy gentle, bounteous wilderness—to thee fond memory turns, while the repose of the snowdrift is upon thee, and the rifle hangs upon the wall. Brave is "the bright roll of thy forest chivalry," and no less brave is he who, with pen of light, has written the portrait of thy foremost hero and placed it in the gallery of imperishable renown.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XII.

The East Slang.

DURING the night the rain ceased and the morning broke through rifted clouds which slowly scattered in white-fleeced flocks and drifted away across the azure field. Though the storm had partially stripped the trees of their ripened leaves, they seemed none the less brilliant when the unveiled splendor of the sun fell upon them, for each unfallen leaf had gained more intense color, and like every branch and twig sparkled with innumerable drops of liquid crystal.

Leaving their companions to the pursuit of sport on shore Sam and Antoine took their guns and went down to the upper landing, where they were surprised to find a couple of blanket-coated swarthy men, just landed from a bark canoe, bending intently over the dew-beaded bottom of Sam's upturned canoe and conversing in unintelligible, low and musical tones.

"Dar was you Injin, jes' Ah tol' you," said Sam triumphantly.

At their approach the Indians turned toward them without any manifestation of surprise, and one of them, a good-looking man of middle age, greeted Sam with a pleasant smile of recognition.

"How do, Lovet? Know me? Me Joe Tocksoose. Make um dat canoe five, six year 'go."

"Why, yes; so you be," said Sam, giving him a cordial hand, "but I never s'posed I'd run ag'in ye here. Trappin' be ye?"

"Yaas, ketch um moosquas, some."

His companion ignored the presence of the white men after the first glance at them, and turned his back upon them and pottered lazily over a useless rearrangement of the traps and muskrats in the bow of his canoe. His low-browed face was sullen, his little eyes as cruel as a snake's, and he looked as if he might be a savage brother rather than a civilized descendant of his barbarian ancestors.

"You no trap um musquas?" Tocksoose asked.

"No, hunting ducks. Shot many, hev ye?"

"No, rather have musquas. Better for eat. Better for skin. Shoot um plenty duck?"

"Wal, some. Hain't hunted a turrible sight. Where be you a-campin'?"

"Up dar," the Indian answered, pointing toward the Slang. "Make 'em good canoe. Very good bark. Come see some day."

"Nawab, Tocksoose," the other Indian growled with gruff impatience as he shoved the canoe afloat and stepped into it.

"Onh-onh, me come," Tocksoose answered, and followed his companion. "Goo-by, Lovet, come see canoe," and getting clear of the weeds they paddled away as silently as if they were ghosts of their long-departed progenitors haunting the changed scenes of their earthly life. The Indians went across and down stream, examining and resetting their traps in houses along the border of marsh.

Sam and Antoine shaped their course up stream, finding no game on the ground which the trappers had just passed over, but after passing the South Slang ducks arose, singly and in flocks, frequently enough to give them all the shooting they could wish. But they missed much oftener than they killed, for Sam had not acquired the knack of cutting down his birds in the moment that they labored upward from the rushy covert before they began to climb the air in a swift ascending slant, or scurrying away in swifter level flight, when he continually made the mistake of shooting behind his mark.

Antoine always dwelt long on his aim, and when he attempted a shot at a single flying bird poked after it till it was out of range and then lowered his wabbling muzzle or blazed away into empty space. Now and then a duck succumbed to Sam's shot and came down with a head-long, surging splash into the marsh, perhaps to be lost in the even sameness of the sedgy level; perhaps to be retrieved after a groping search in the maze of wild rice stalks or denser tangle of more diversified marsh growth. Achieving such indifferent success, they came to the East Slang and entered the narrow channel, when a dusky duck arose from the weeds on their left with a prodigious flutter and outcry of alarm. Sam caught aim and fired in the instant during which she hung almost stationary after the upward spring. Confident of the correctness of his aim, he was surprised and disgusted beyond measure to see the heavy bird continue her flight climbing the air almost perpendicularly and with continually increasing speed to a height at which she looked no bigger than a swallow.

"Wal, by the gre't horn spoon!" was all he could say, and Antoine offered such soothing condolence as one is apt to receive when he has made an unsuccessful shot.

"Wal, Ah'll was spec' for see it tomlow, he was so beeg lak geese an' so close Ah can mos' stroke it wid mah paddle. Prob'ly you'll was hit it, but he was fool dauk an' a'n't know de way for fall, so he fall up, prob'ly, 'less prob'ly he was gat tire of dis wicked worl' an' goin' look for de angel. Bah gosh, he mos' gat where dey was."

They were still watching the towering bird when suddenly her wings closed spasmodically and she came down like a plummet, striking the water so near them that the canoe was sprinkled with the upbursting shower of spray, while in the center of the circling wavelets the inert, lifeless bird rose and sank like a balancing scale.

Again Sam ejaculated, "Wal, by the gre't horn spoon!" and Antoine was surprised into an expression of astonishment. A close examination proved that the bird had been hit by a single shot, which had bored the brain.

"Jes' Ah tol' you," said Antoine complacently; "you'll was mek him crazy in hees head of it, so he'll a'n't know de way for fall. Ah'll know what hail it jes' soon Ah'll see him fall up dat way, me."

Sam's gun was reloaded, and they were again moving forward when a small, dusky-hued waterfowl swam boldly into the channel before them within short range.

"Hol' on. Don't shot," Antoine said in a low but intensely earnest tone as Sam leveled his gun on the easy mark, but as the words were spoken the trigger was pulled, and out of the cloud of smoke the shot rained upon the spot from which the daring fowl had instantaneously vanished.

"Dar," cried Antoine in supreme disgust, as the rebounding echoes came rolling back from hill and woodland, "A'n't Ah'll tol' you? What for you shot at dat mis'bly leetly hell-davver? You can' keel it more as hit litlin, an' if you'll was gat it, he a'n't wors more as notin' 't all. Naow he gone daown for see his fader, de dev', an' in minute he come back for laft at you. Dar." And there indeed the uncanny, keen-eyed, sharp-billed head popped just above the surface two gunshots away, swimming for the marsh, where it presently disappeared.

Then they were startled by a rush of multitudinous swift wings, and a great flock of teal swept past, following every turn of the channel in their arrowy flight till they alighted with a long, resounding splash fifty rods further up stream. Standing up and peering cautiously over the marsh, Sam saw the flock swimming in the channel opposite to a clump of low-branched trees on the eastern bank.

"They hain't six rod from a good place to crawl up tu 'em," he whispered, as he settled back on to his knees and took up a paddle. "Le's run int' the brook here an' land an' tackle 'em from the bank. If we git a good lick at 'em we won't want tu hunt no more to-day."

They landed on the bank of the brook and held across the field till the clump of trees were in range with the place where the teal had alighted. Turning at a right angle, they advanced cautiously in this direction and were soon close behind a screen of low-hanging oak branches, looking between which they saw at least a hundred unsuspecting teal swimming and feeding within easy range, the blue wings gleaming in the sunlight in brilliant contrast to the dull color of the general plumage.

"You pour it int' the thick on 'em a-settin'," Sam whispered, as they silently cocked their guns, "an' I'll let 'em hev when they rise."

Antoine nodded and poked his gun through an opening to what he imagined to be a perfect aim on the thickest huddle of the flock. Sam felt a pang of contrition for the impending slaughter of the innocents, but held his gun ready to do his part in it. The roar of Antoine's gun was prolonged by the roar of a hundred pairs of wings starting to simultaneous flight, and quickly echoed by Sam's discharge. Rushing forward to the verge of the marsh, the shooters peered eagerly under the lifting cloud of smoke and saw one solitary wing-tipped teal struggling toward the cover of the marsh through the frost-blackened lily pads. Antoine had quite over-shot the sitting birds, and Sam, aiming at the whole flock, had missed all but the chance-struck victim.

As far up stream as there was water enough to float one, it must have been alive with ducks, for now the air was swarming with them, a disturbed congregation, uttering cries of alarm, some circling about in confused flight, some making straight away over the woods to the two creeks, and some following the course of the stream, passing overhead and before the chop-fallen gunners.

"Sam, bah-a-gosh!" Antoine ejaculated in most abject self-disgust. "Le's we load off aour gaun an' shot one 'nudder. We gat too fool for leeve some more."

"By the gre't horn spoon, Antwine," Sam replied in utter contempt of their performance, "we couldn't hit one 'nuther erless we helt the muzzles o' aour guns in aour maouths. We might's well go an' git the canew an' see if we c'n find that 'ere wounded duck," and he began carefully reloading his gun.

"Dat dauk? You maght jes' well hunt for haystack wid needle as hunt dat dauk. Nobody fan' him but mink or prob'ly de hawk. What for you load off you gaun? Bah gosh! Ah'll a'n't load off mah gaun some more. He a'n't so good as stick hwood. Ah, Sacre hol' damashin' gaun!" Antoine growled at his musket and handled it as if with an intention of smashing it on the nearest tree,

but at last shouldered it. Sam finished reloading and remarked as he set a cap on the nipple:

"It hain't no use o' blamin' it ont' the guns, Antwine."

They took the shortest way to the canoe, each engaged in the unprofitable silent self-communion which is a common but not happy experience of sportsmen. To what one of the brotherhood does not the missing of a lost opportunity come like a ghost to haunt his waking hours and trouble his dreams?

Their moody silence was continued as they paddled down the Slang, each plying the paddle industriously, quite regardless of every chance of a shot offered by rising or passing birds. Of the last there were not a few, for a boat was coming down the creek, disturbing the waterfowl with more frequent shots than Sam had ever heard except at a general muster of the militia, or had Antoine since the Papineau war.

"It was probly some boy jes' shot for mek nowse," Antoine commented.

The heads of the two occupants of the approaching boat could now be seen above the wild rice that hid craft and channel. Presently a pair of wood ducks sprang into the air a few rods in advance of the moving heads, one flying to the right, the other to the left, and in the same instant the polished barrels of a gun flashed upward in the sunlight, a jet of smoke puffed out, followed by another as quick as a finger could shift triggers, and as the double report rolled up wind to their ears the two canoe-men saw the ducks tumble limp and lifeless back into the marsh. Three more ducks, alarmed by the echoes that rebounded from the wooded shore beside which they were resting, got up together at long range, but the alert sportsman picked up a second gun and brought down two with the first barrel and with the second hit the last of the three so hard that it came down with a long slant in front of the canoe now emerging from the Slang. Sam finished the wounded fowl with a charge from his long single-barrel and exclaimed in reply to Antoine:

"Boys, I call'te that feller's a man, an' one 'at understand his business. By mighty! don't he jest clear the sky o' ducks? Le's let him go ahead, for I'd dumb'd sight rather see him shoot 'an tu shoot myself, leastways as I pear tu shoot tu-day."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE TALKING PINE.—IV.

The Kloo-kwallie.

WHEN the leaves turned brown, the third moon after the ripening of the first salmon berry, I left the city of Squin-tum, the white man, and journeyed to the Lake of the Mountains, and smoked the chinooks until the moon rose; then I went in my canoe across the lake, and when the moon was only so high as the pine that has seen only one snow, I sat by the foot of the Talking Pine to see the light of the Kloo-kwallie, and watch S'doaks, the son of Yelth, the Raven, become a Tah-mah-na-wis man.

It was a good sight.

A fire was started and soon made to blaze high, that the Maschee Tah-mah-na-wis would have his power burned away.

Paints of many colors were brought out and soon all the dancers were painted so bright that the evil eye was blind. Spudt-tee-doch, the protector, was brought and stood up in the light.

"Listen," said the Talking Pine, and I heard a low song that came from a long way, and was faint like the voice of the lake when the wind ripples its face, and the kloo-kwallie was begun.

It was a low-toned song that had not many words, yet those words were not in the Twana language which was spoken by the tribe of S'doaks, and the Talking Pine told me he did not know the words, though he had heard the song many, many times when he was young.

Louder it sounded and many voices joined in, and then the klootchmen who do not dance gathered their skirts close and sat down to beat drums in time with the medicine chant that the men were singing. Like the beat of the surf on the ocean sand the song rose and fell, louder, and deeper and full, until a great noise like the sound of the streets in the white man's town across the mountains came in the air and filled it.

That was the song of the Kloo-kwallie, the song that nobody knows except the wild men who dance until all are hoo-ie and their eyes stare and see nothing, like the crazy folks who have looked on the evil eye.

With a great roar of voices and the beating of many drums came the dancers, all in line and all dancing slow. Each one would jump and then stand stiff like a man carved from wood, and then jump again. Around the fire they all moved until they looked like black shadows, and the light of the fire went up in the air and made bright the arms of the Talking Pine, and no light shone through the circle because so many were dancing.

After the men had danced for some time and the song was fast and the dancing wild, the Talking Pine whispered and told me to watch now and listen, for S'doaks would soon be tested by the fire.

As I watched the dancers seemed to get pelton, crazy the white men say, and two ran up to S'doaks and caught him, one by the neck and one by the heels, and they carried him to a small fire that was built to burn slowly. Over this fire they held S'doaks with his back close to it until it was burned and cracked, and blisters came and caused pain that would make any but a medicine man moan and cry out.

But S'doaks had strong medicine, and laughed while his back burned. Then they carried him back and set him down again in the circle to dance. As he danced around the fire and sang the medicine song the klootchmen gave him sticks pointed with bone, and with these he scourged himself until the blood began to flow and dried black against his skin.

The other dancers lashed his back and arms with switches and put cedar splinters which blazed like a torch against his skin, and S'doaks still danced, for his medicine was strong and his Tah-mah-na-wis made him so he did not feel his hurts.

Until the moon was straight over the head of the Talking Pine the dance went on, and then S'doaks fell down like a dead man with his eyes open. But he could not see, for his medicine had gone and he was like other men and like a man who was mem-a-loose—dead, you know.

Then the mid-win-nie men, who do not dance, took S'doaks and carried him to the medicine lodge and brought him back to life again and he got well in time.

The Talking Pine told me that he must go through the

torture as many times as he could before the moon when the birds nest, and that if he did this and his medicine was strong so he would not feel his hurts, then he would be a new Tah-mah-na-wis man and be one of the mid-win-nie clan and be a doctor.

This I know he did, for I saw him cure a boy who had looked on the evil eye and was already dead, but the medicine of S'doaks was strong and brought the boy back to his body and made him alive again.

And this was the dance of the Kloo-kwallie that was danced at the foot of the Talking Pine. When it was over, I got in my canoe and crossed back to my lodge and waited for word to come again from my friend, the wise one.

EL COMANCHO.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part IV.

THE second day came clear with a strong north wind, and the Judge and I with a full supply of cartridges for ducks and geese went to the river after an early breakfast, but to our surprise we found no ducks where King and I had found them in such numbers, and I then led the way up the river toward the goose sandbar, on which a few could be seen sitting, the Judge laughing at the joke upon King and me, if the slickers should be found stolen; but when we drew near we saw the slickers lying on the sand and the few geese upon the bar paying no attention to them. Knowing that the main forenoon flight in from the feeding grounds would begin about 10 o'clock, we at once waded out to the bar, and each of us soon had a shooting hole scooped out in the sand in which we could lie and be covered by the slickers, and then the work began with a straggling one every few minutes until the main flight came, and then it was shoot until all of our shells were empty.

As we arose and looked at our work the Judge most emphatically declared, "Carried away by excitement, you and I, Son, have been worse than two pot-hunters; but I am done; I have had goose shooting enough for a lifetime." I felt that we were both unworthy the name of sportsmen.

A hail from the bank apprised us that Cap had sent a team down for our game, and though we ate every goose at camp neither the Judge nor I engaged in any more goose shooting on that trip, although they used that sandbar for a roost during our entire stay in camp.

While waiting for a suitable day for bass fishing the Judge, Cap and I had several conferences, planning to invent some method by which we could beat King catching bass, but the only result was that Cap and I determined to ask King to provide us with tackle so that ours should be as near like his as possible; the Judge contemptuously refused to give up his jointed rod and reel, declaring that "If three expert bass fishermen with civilized rigs could not beat a half-breed Indian with his bungling outfit, it was time we quit the business."

A few days after the storm we were aroused by King before daylight and told to "Get up before the morning star sets and get ready to go fishing." We found a warm south wind gently blowing, while the stars were shining with intense brightness in a cloudless sky. After a breakfast by lamp and fire light combined, we mounted our ponies and followed King down into an unknown land to fish for bass in a stream somewhere in that country called the Walnut. Forging the river, we followed King down the river about six miles until we came to the Walnut Creek, which proved to be a stream nearly three times as large as the Red Rock had been, but presenting many of the same characteristics, except that close to the river upon the bottom land is formed a wide deep pool resembling a bayou, extending nearly three-quarters of a mile, where it became a chain of deep pools connected by shallow ripples, like those we had found in the Red Rock near the northern part of the territory. In a canebrake near the river King, Cap and I each cut a fish pole to suit our individual tastes and King in addition cut a heavy stout cane, to the top end of which he tied a very large hook; in reply to the Judge's inquiry as to what use he would make of it, he said, "Would come handy to get big fish to shore," a remark which caused the rest of the fishing party considerable amusement.

Picketing out the ponies, we carried fishing tackle and guns and followed King up the stream, noticing the gunny sack carried by him, but having no idea of the use he would make of it until we came to a narrow and shallow pool well stocked with large minnows, when to our surprise King soon made a minnow seine of the sack, with which he caught a goodly supply of the minnows, and then used the sack to keep the minnows in and to keep them alive by placing it in the water. As the Judge had arranged his jointed bamboo rod while we were cutting our cane poles, when we reached a deep pool he was the first one to get a cast. He seated himself on a rock overhanging the pool, and as luck would have it, as his minnow struck the water it was seized by a black bass of about 3 lbs. weight which he soon landed, shouting, "Rod and reel forever." Returning his hook and bait to the water it was seized by a fish which darted away, resisting all the Judge's attempt to check him, in fact breaking the tip when the Judge tried to give him the butt, at which he said: "Boys, I've hooked the King of all the bass," and King replied, "No bass at all, but dum'd big catfish;" and with a broken rod the Judge worked upon his catch for nearly an hour while the rest of the party were catching bass, until he called upon King to help him land the fish, and as King gaffed his catch and drew it to shore the Judge moaned: "Boys, I've fooled away an hour's time playing a big flathead catfish, so big I could do nothing with him, and I thought all the time I had a big black bass, and he's broke my pole, and now we've got him shall we keep him or not?" King declaring his flesh better than any bass, the 20 lbs. of catfish was safely tied to shore.

Upon the Judge's declaration that his rod was ruined, King went out in the timber to a tree festooned with vines, and from beneath the vines drew a well-seasoned cane pole which he gave to the Judge, who soon had it rigged, and then joined us in catching bass. But there was no playing them. When we hooked one he was unceremoniously dragged to shore and placed upon the string, and so plenty were they that by 10 o'clock we all agreed that we had all we could use while fresh, although we had

returned to the water all that we thought weighed less than 3 lbs. Yet no two of us had equaled King's catch, and in spite of the fact that each of us copied King's methods and we fished the Walnut two or three times each week thereafter during our camp life, yet no two of us could ever catch as many pounds together as King would catch alone. While our fishing trips added to the variety of the food of the camp, even the Judge, scientific sportsman as he had theretofore been, in the hope of equaling—if not beating—King, degenerated with Cap and me into pot-fishermen, each using thereafter a large line, large hook and a cane pole strong enough to pull out to shore any fish that we might catch without waste of time; our efforts were fruitless, and King remained high hook in every contest. But oh! the delight that the well-broiled black bass gave as a change of diet whenever we wished a change from turkey, quail, possum, venison or bear-steak. And how memory lingers over the picture of those bass from 3 to 4 lbs. in weight that the cook placed before each of us! The aroma from some of those feasts yet lingers. Surely, the gods while feasting on ambrosia never surpassed in solid comfort the enjoyment we had at table during our camp life on that trip.

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—III.

Footprints in the Trail.

A FEW moments after saying good-by to Col. Payne and Mr. Foster, who waved adieus from the opposite side of the river, the remainder of the party started from camp with the entire available pack, bound to break the monotony of life by bringing one more bear into custody. Two days before Noel Money and myself, while prowling around on foot through the heavy cane near the river, had seen a fresh bear track, apparently of a big bear, not over three-fourths of a mile from camp. We were pleased to see Bobo head in that direction and not toward the Hurricane country. As luck would have it, our bear—or another bear which did just as well as ours—actually materialized. We had not gone a mile and a half from camp before the dogs began to sniff suspiciously along the trail. At first we thought it was only the deer trail, whose tracks were thick in the soil softened by the rain; but a moment later Bobo, leaning over in the saddle, pulled up and called for the others to stop.

"Here's your bear!" he said, pointing to a series of deep holes in the leafy mold along the path. "And you can bet he's a big one, too. Turn in the dogs!"

A moment, and all the dogs were sniffing at the trail. Another moment, and the entire pack was strung out, each dog giving mouth at the top of his voice. It was indeed a glorious chorus, enough to set every drop of blood tingling in one's veins. I presume every one shouted, and I know every one rode, each at his best. In an instant the path was silent and deserted, and in half a dozen different directions men and horses were seeking riding ways through the cane.

The Plan of the Battle.

In describing a battle no two eye-witnesses will speak of it alike, because of course no one man can see all of even a dog fight, let alone a battle, by himself. The description of a bear chase, therefore, can not be called comprehensive, for it is impossible for any one man to see much beyond his own nose. From what I could learn by converse with the various commanders of detachments as we rode back over the country where the battle was fought, I should imagine the situation to have been something like the following: The bear headed north and was in a few moments jumped in very thick cane. The chase bore to the left, Mr. Money and Bill, one of the colored men, bore also to the left and made down into a slough which took them half a mile from where they started.

Capt. Bobo, Fincher Bobo and myself went to the right. The others of the party kept still further to the right over toward a big bayou. Between Capt. Bobo's party and this bayou there ran a native hunter by the name of King, who was living in a shanty near the Bobo camp. King was on foot, but knew the country well.

We now were scattered over a couple of miles of country and we had the bear surrounded on all sides but one—the far side. It was this that made the weak point in our line and it was Capt. Bobo's part to head the bear. He knew that a certain direction would bring him to the dry bed of an old bayou which penetrated the middle of the battle-field, along which he could ride for a mile, and so perhaps by riding back again into the cane to the right could get in ahead of the pack, whose course we took to be about halfway between these two big bayous. If the chase was thus headed we had it in our hands, for the bear could not break away from the mile or so of heavy cane without being seen and killed by some one.

Trials of the Chase.

I knew nothing of this state of affairs until afterward. My own concern was to keep in sight of Capt. Bobo, who was going a hot pace through some stinging switch cane on his ride for the bayou. I found Mr. Foster's roan pony was master of but one gait with any speed to it, namely, a high-headed gallop, not altogether suited to grapevines and briars in combination with cane thickets. Moreover, he had notions of his own about following a trail, and was continually flying the track and getting lost out in the middle of the wide, wide world. A good bear horse will not do this, but will stick to the "hack" and follow it steadily, even when the rider can hardly distinguish it. The pony and I had several arguments over this, more especially when the trail began to lead up and down over the points of the bluffs along the bayou. Wherever the pony saw an opening or a thin place among the trees he wanted to go there. He hadn't lost any bear, and all he wanted was to get into thinner cover, where he wouldn't be continually rapped over the head by the canes which hung so heavy on all sides. In one of our arguments we plum lost the trail and Bobo got entirely out of sight. Then I let my angry passions rise, and spurred the pony to get him back into line. Then he ran me into a tree, and very nearly broke my leg, and the saddle came off, and I hopped around on one leg and thought of the army in Flanders. It was impossible to make the saddle any tighter, because the pony wasn't big enough to fill out the girth (we had to stuff hay around him to make him fit the saddle); so I set the saddle on top of him again, and with many groanings made on after Bobo with the saddle loose, except in so far as I could tighten it with a knee exceeding sore.

AN ADIRONDACK NIGHT.

BY FRED MATHER.

This was what was happening in my immediate vicinity. Meantime Fincher Bobo had left us and was following another hack to our right. The man King was now about abreast us on the right. Money and Bill were charging up and down their narrow slough about half a mile from us, expecting every minute to get a shot. Money had met misfortune also and had broken a saddle girth, changing saddles then with Bill, who got a very poor one in the bargain. As they rode on down in the slough a big buck jumped up in front of Bill's mule, frightening that placid creature nearly into a dead faint at first, and later into mulesquian pyrotechnics which must have been fun for Money to witness. The immediate result of all of which was that Bill came off the mule and landed on the ground in a sitting posture. At this he fetched a most grievous hollow groan. "W—whoa, mule!" he said, as soon as he could speak; and then, "Mr. Money, I've hu't in my innards! I've hu't in my innards, sho'h's you bohn. Whah's that bottle you has, Mr. Money?"

Mr. Money gave him the bottle, which he offered to carry after half emptying it. *Par parenthèse*, Mr. Money later asked Bill for the bottle, and Bill told him it had "done leaked 'most all out"—a statement in the main part quite accurate.

What the Bear was Doing.

While Money and Bill were engaged as above, the bear was fighting the pack within 100yds. of them in thick cane. Had they only known it, this cane was thinner a little away from the edge of their slough and there was an old hack out right across that body of cane. They rode past the hidden mouth of this path a dozen times, but did not see it. The fight was going on in an old burning, and here the dead cane and the briars made such a mat of cover that a man could not get into it. Money told me that the bear was once within 20yds. of him and he fully expected to get the shot, but he could not see either bear or dogs so thick was the cover.

The bear never crossed this slough at all, but paralleled it, Money losing his chance by not knowing that 20yds. more of scramble would have brought him into easy going and in sight of the bear. The bear kept right in the middle of this easy going, being now between Money and the man King, who was in the thin cane off to the right.

Meantime I had overtaken Capt. Bobo and we both rode on up the bayou. For a long time we could hear nothing and could not tell whether or not we had headed the bear; but at length as we got into a cross-hack leading over to the right from the bayou we could hear the chase very plainly. Capt. Bobo now sent Fincher in to find a hack leading into the heart of the brake (which he did not strike in time), and then Capt. Bobo and I chased back and forth along that narrow trail, according to the varying direction of the flood of savage music which came swelling down to us from the heart of the wilderness of cane.

"It's a running fight," said Capt. Bobo, "and they'll cross in here somewhere. He's our bear, sure, and you'll never have a better chance to kill one. Just tie your horse when they get a little closer, and run in on foot."

It seemed absolutely certain that I would kill this bear, and no thought to the contrary entered our minds. The dogs were less than 300yds. away. The noise they made may be judged when I say that I could hear not the least reason for Bobo's surprised statement that "he thought he heard a shot." I heard nothing but the dogs.

But the sound of the fighting grew less, became stationary. Puzzled, we set spur to the horses and rode the hack clear across to the big bayou beyond. We were now on what had been at the outset the right-hand side of the chase, and we were now riding back toward the start. There were therefore now on our right hand Fincher Bobo, Money and Bill and the man King.

How the Bear was Killed.

Where was this man King? None of us had given much thought to him, he being welcomed to the privilege of running after the dogs on foot if he liked. He did like it, and he ran so well that he got through the thin cane and kept abreast of the bear and the pack as they fought back and forth in the "burning." He heard the pack turn toward the bayou, and ran into the only clear space there was and climbed up on a fallen tree. He could hear the panting of the bear long before he could see him. At last the bear came out of the cane into the open. He was half standing up and looking back at the dogs, his tongue hanging out and himself blowing like a bellows. The little one-eyed cur dog called Bad-eye was the first dog to come in sight. The bear had never seen King at all. Bad-eye made a spring at the bear's head or neck. At that instant King fired the shot which Bobo had heard, and which lost me my bear on that day. King said he aimed at the bear's ear. The distance was 20yds., and he missed it by just 5in. He shot three times with a .38-56 Winchester, all bullets striking the neck or passing through.

So Bobo and I rode up from the bayou just two minutes, or 250yds., too late. There on the ground, summoned as if by magic out of the depths of the wilderness, lay a vast black object, inert save in such motion as twenty fighting dogs gave it in their still unappeased rage. "He's the bull of the woods," said Bobo. "I knew by his track he was a big one." And very big indeed he was for a black bear, just over 7ft. long along the top of his back from nose to tail, and 8ft. 6in. across his fore paws when his arms were extended. We thought he must have weighed between 500 and 600lbs., though he looked as if he would weigh 800lbs., to a novice.

Then we blew high and long to tell all men the bear was dead, and to us there came Fincher Bobo and Mr. Money and Bill, and also a gentleman who was a stranger to some, Mr. Beard, an old friend of Capt. Bobo's, who had arrived in that country that morning and was headed for our camp when he heard the dogs running and so joined the chase.

Our bear being much too large for any horse or mule to carry, we cut him up into sections of a few hundred-weight each and took him into camp. His hide, larger than that of my pony would have been, was given to me to wrap about my pony so the saddle would fit him. And if any man doubt the bigness of said hide, let him come up into the FOREST AND STREAM office and take a look at it.

But this was not the last bear we killed.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

THERE is one particular night in camp which always comes to the fore when the pigeon-holes of memory are overhauled and dusted. The night itself did not differ materially from hundreds of others of equal beauty spent among the lakes and mountains of the Adirondack region, but from a very singular occurrence it stands alone among camping experiences, often among wilder scenes and wilder men; and this is the way it happened: Near the head of Fourth Lake, of the Fulton chain, is a small island which at that time, fifteen years ago, was occupied by the cabin of Fred Hess, guide, hunter and woodsman, and his family. On the eastern end of the island, and only separated by a few feet, lies a smaller one of less than a hundred feet in length, and on this my tent had been pitched for some days while I was investigating the aquatic life of the lake. Jack Shepard, my guide, had gone down to the Old Forge, at the foot of First Lake, for mail and supplies, and I had been alone for two days and one night. I had taken trout enough for supper and breakfast, and was boiling the tea-kettle and preparing to fry the trout for an early supper, when a volley of rifles and terrific yells came from the head of the lake. This was surprising, because few take rifles into the woods in early June, and most men who love the woods are silent in order to observe such life as may be stirring. Soon three boats put out, and with much argument the party came in my direction, two men in each boat, and it soon appeared that the dispute was concerning a place to camp, their guide, who had brought them from Blue Mountain, urging them to go down the lake where there was wood at hand, but they overruled him and landed, because, as one said, "there's a camp there now, and if it's good enough for them it will do for us."

To say that I regretted their decision is mild. They were a noisy lot of rude fellows, rarely found in the woods, and not at all to my taste. My tent was well back from the water and they paid their respects in this fashion: "Say, mister, how are you?" said the tallest of the five; "we just come up here f'um N' York to do a little shootin' an' fishin' an' have some fun. I'm Slim Jim, an' these 's me fr'en's. This is Patsy Bolivar, Corky Jack, Ikey the Mug, and Baldy Sours." I acknowledged the introduction and remarked that the place was a poor one for a camp because wood had to be brought from the main land. This had no effect in inducing them to move on, and they returned to the boats to unload. Their guide, George Chamberlain, soon had their big wall tent up and started some of them for wood and then he came to see me. I hailed him with, "Well, George, where did you catch that crowd?"

"Over at Blue Mountain. They wanted to go across to Old Forge and do their own rowing and camping, but no one would let them have boats to go alone, and they never could have found the carry at the Brown Tract Inlet, so I agreed to come along and take the boats back."

"Will they pay for the round trip, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, they're all right in that, and they pay well. They ain't as bad as they make out to be—but green? Well, I've had green men in the woods before, but nothing like this party. They are hotel bartenders on a vacation, noisy and trying to enjoy the woods, but you'd enjoy seeing them fish."

"Did they get any?"

"Not a trout. They had good rods and everything in good shape, but the man they call Baldy stepped on two split-bamboos and broke them, and one rod was splintered on a log by Ikey, who used it as a club on a bullfrog, but the frog got away, and there's only one good rod left, and that I took care of, for they broke the second joint of one before they got to the lake. The stage ran over it, I believe."

"Perhaps their coming here is not so bad, after all; they may relieve the monotony of camp by their freshness. I was afraid they were a different class of men."

"They're all right, only a little strange in the woods. Here they come with the wood, and I'll go get supper ready."

By this time the sun had gone down and the stars were out in all their glory; Aldebaran was glaring red in the eye of Taurus, above the chair of Cassiopea, and the voices of the night were beginning to be heard. Our camp was still, for the men were resting. There was no wind and frogs began their sonatas; a baritone opening with a slow movement, which was taken up in a higher key and run through the allegro, andante and adagio, when the smaller ones ran it into a minuet, all the while emphasized by a powerful basso profundo on the northern shore. It was one of the grandest of nature's musical efforts performed by her most versatile soloists and choristers! It was a night for a lover of nature to commune with her and leave all thoughts of man and his ways as though they did not exist, when the boiling over of the kettle roused me to the fact that things far below Aldebaran and the Pleiades needed attention.

I am, or was, an old duffer! How long that state had existed I have no idea, nor how long it lasts does not seem to be laid down in the cyclopedias. Neither am I aware of the precise characteristics of an old duffer, or what mental or moral traits entitle one to that exalted rank, which, of course, must be far above that of a young duffer. By reason of my gray hair and beard no one would suspect that I was a young duffer, and this is the way I attained the honor. Supper had been cooked and eaten, pipes smoked while listening to a fine male and female quartet at the permanent camp of a gentleman on the south shore, to the accompaniment of a well-fingered banjo, when the following conversation took place at the camp below:

"What you doin', Baldy?"

"Mixin' a sheep-herder's delight."

"Must be good! What do you put in it?"

"A thimble full of cayenne, five dashes of tabasco sauce, same of Jamaica ginger, three dashes of gin, new apple jack to taste and serve hot."

"Ever drink one yourself?"

"Oh, no! I never care for mixed drinks; got the prescription from old Col. Todd, of Texas, who always took plain whisky for his, but he said that down his way where they raised great lots of sheep it was a favorite with the men who were exposed to the night air, and it is what you need to-night. Never made any before, only once when I had a day off and went to Coney Island. I tried it on a man who wanted a warmer to break a chill

and I volunteered to make him one, as I knew the proprietor."

"Did you attend his funeral or only send flowers?"

"Come off! He's still doin' business at the old stand, a boss plumber, and he straightened right up after the drink, and you'd never see anything wrong about him, except that the setting had melted out of his diamond scarf pin and the filling in his teeth had disappeared. Here, take this one up to the old duffer while it's hot."

Then I knew that I was an old duffer! It was a revelation such as Burns wished for, and Baldy Sours held the mirror up that I might see myself as "ithers" did. The "sheep-herder's delight" turned out to be a very palatable hot toddy; "sweet, strong and plenty of it," and after smelling its fragrance I joined the party below and proposed long life to the concocter of the harmless beverage with the formidable name. From across the lake came Foster's good old song, "Come where My Love Lie Dreaming," and while the island party were rapt in the melody there was one whose memory drifted back to the time when the author of the song was a living friend and charmed the public with his "S'wanee River" and other melodies that still remain with us after the gifted writer of them is forgotten by the public; and while I was thinking of the evanescent character of popularity the song ended. A loon uttered its weird cry near the head of the lake and the frogs hushed their clamor at the uncanny sound. There was silence for a moment when Billy asked in a low tone: "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," answered Jim cautiously, "I wonder what it was."

"Maybe it was a deer," ventured Corky.

"Deer your granny! a deer don't make a noise like that. I've seen and heard lots of 'em in Central Park, and they call like a goat. I tell you that was a bear," was the assertion of Patsy.

"They say there's lots o' bears in these woods," said Baldy, "but I don't want to see any. We've got guns enough to kill a dozen bears if we didn't get too scared to use 'em, but I'll let the rest of you have all my bears." Then turning to me he asked: "Could a bear swim across the lake to this island?"

I assured him that bruin was a good swimmer and that several bears had been killed right where we were, and seeing the effect of this not only on Baldy, but on the whole party, the temptation to go further could not be resisted, and I added: "There was a bear on the island last night and it took my pail of butter, a loaf of bread and the trout that were laid out for breakfast."

"Did you wake up?"

"O, yes, he made a great racket with the butter pail pounding it on the rocks, for the cover was on tight. got up and threw a chunk of fire at him and he splashed in the water and swam off with the pail."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Baldy, "I wish I was in N' York that's good enough for me. I tell you this camping out is all well enough to read about; but luggin' a boat over the carries an' sleepin' on the groun' when you doan' know what kind o' snakes an' pinchin' bugs is under you an' bears a-comin' in the night, I don't see where the fun comes in. Was that a bear made that noise a minutt ago?"

"Yes, that was a bear," I told him, and at that moment the loon lifted its voice again like the wail of a lost spirit and there was a hush. The banjo on the main shore was resting and the frogs were quiet once more. "That bear is up at the head of the lake, where you launched your boats and fired off your guns. What were you shootin' at?"

"Nothing," said Jim. "Baldy thought if we fired our guns it would scare the bears away, and so we fired."

"That's where you were wrong. Never take guns into the woods in June, or at any time in summer; there's nothing to shoot, and they are a nuisance. When a bear hears a gun he knows that a man is about and there is chance to rob his camp when he is absent or asleep, and would advise you not to shoot any more."

"Tell him about the trout you caught, Baldy; show the professor the fish if you've got it yet."

From "an old duffer" I had suddenly become a "professor," and there were two reasons for it: one was that few fruit jars were in front of my tent containing specimens of newts, dobsons and small fishes that had died of alcoholism, and the other was a probable doubt of the propriety of using the older name when in the presence of the "duffer." Baldy went to one of the boats and brought forth a fish about a foot long, saying: "There it is, and the gang says it's a sucker; but our guide, Mr. Chamberlain, says it's a small salmon. He ought to know, but I'll leave it to you." That the fish was one of the species of the sucker tribe needed but a glance to determine, but a look from the guide was sufficient and answered: "No doubt Mr. Chamberlain is right, but the only name that science knows this species by is *Catostomus longirostris*. You will observe, Mr. Sours, that it differs from the trout in having the mouth underneath instead of being terminal, the lower lip being bi-lobed and tuberculated, the pectoral fins are long and reach to the insertion of the dorsal, while in the trout—"

"There! I told you it wasn't a sucker! Much obliged, Professor; these fellows think they know a lot about fish. Say! what do you fish for trout with? We bought a lot of tackle on Broadway; know Tom Conroy? Bet you do. Well, he's a nice fellow, but he put us up the queerest lot of stuff to catch trout with that you ever did see—a lot of poles like coach whips, some fiddle strings and then the hooks! look at these! and not a sinker! I've caught fish off the dock and I know what fishin' is, but Conroy thought he'd be smart and play a trick on us, but I'll give square with him yet, you bet!"

I looked the tackle over. One rod that the guide had cared for was a good ash and lancewood fly rod, the line were waterproof silk, the "fiddle strings" proved to be good silkworm gut, and the "hooks" were artificial flies of proper sizes and assorted patterns. "Well, these are about what I use," I replied; "what's the matter with them?"

He stood in the light of the camp-fire, his short, stocky figure casting an exaggerated shadow on the tent, and his bald head shining in the starlight above his good-natured face, looking at the artificial flies he had in his hand. After a moment he said: "Trout won't bite on the things, for I've tried 'em. I cut a pole in the woods and put a lot o' these flies on it and tied a bullet on for a sinker, an' fished more 'n an hour where a man took the trout with a worm a while before, and I never got a nibble."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OLD HICKORY made an effort the other day, and wrote me a short note. There were but eight pages of it (letter size), but it served to remind me that I had not done much in that way of late. I have always something which I would like to say in FOREST AND STREAM, but somehow or other it seldom gets written. I could give reasons, but instead will offer a few disjointed remarks:

Mr. Hough's correspondence is always entertaining, but I have taken special interest in the papers on trapping. I have done a little in that way in the old days, and my wife has a set of furs (in good order) made from the skins of fishers which I trapped in Maine, away back in the fifties. We used deadfalls a good deal at that time, but the fishers were taken in steel traps. The Boston furrier who dressed them told me they were the finest he had ever made up—they all went to Russia at that time.

I never trapped for a livelihood, and regard this calling as one of the hardest and most uncertain of employments. Those young fellows who are anxious to get their living in that way can do no better than read what Mr. Hough has to say about it in his recent articles in your columns.

I have read also with interest what he has said of snowshoeing. Nowadays I don't take any thirty mile tramps on maine, though I sometimes find them convenient to beat a trail through a snowdrift when I go out to inspect the trout-horse. I believe that your readers are not acquainted with this excellent animal (which his name it is Jo-Jo). Some other time I may enlarge upon this subject.

Yes, the caribou snowshoes are the best; but the genuine are often hard to get. They may be had by following a formula analogous to that recommended for obtaining pure port wine: "Go to Oporto, see it made, then sit on the cask all the way home."

To a man who for many years has been deeply interested in the subject of game and fish preservation, and has spent much time and effort in the hope to accomplish something substantial in those matters, there is something inexpressibly dreary in the reading of the programmes of the various "national associations" which have and will be organized in this interest. I wish they—or some one of them—might accomplish the purposes of their organization, but I hardly think they will. I suppose, however, that I should not be eligible as a member, for I sometimes fire sitting shots. In fact, about all the shooting I have done in the last five years was at sitting objects last spring, and yet I have long opposed spring shooting. However, the temptation (or whatever it was) was too strong, and I knocked 'em endways. The gun was my old 10-bore Parker, commonly called Aunt Hannah. Like Aztec, and for similar reasons, I am a "black powder fiend," and the charges consisted of 3½ drs. of the blackest kind of Hazard's Duck Shooting No. 4, with 1oz. No. 6 leaden shot. I am thus precise in detailing the constituent elements employed in the destruction of these cats because it seems to be the fashion. The distances were from 5 to 15 yds., and after the gun cracked there ensued a slight vibratory movement of the extreme end of the tail. I used the brand of powder named because I have shot it for more than forty years and know just what it will do under any circumstances, besides the shells were the last that I loaded for ducks some seven or eight years ago, and there have been very few ducks here since.

I shot the cats because they were after my song-birds in the shrubbery about my place, and they now sleep peacefully at the foot of my Cat-awba vines. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Feb. 1.

P. S.—To-morrow is Candlemas, and bear and ground-hog are sure (so I am told) to be out looking for their shadows.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has now been several days since I read the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM, and in its later numbers the many sincere compliments bestowed by its many contributors and readers. I have waited for my blood to cool, so that with a steadier pulse I might endeavor to put some of my appreciation into words to its credit.

As Byron says:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

I have written a good many words or things which have been printed and have gone—the Lord only knows where. Like most authors, I presume, I have enjoyed seeing that my words were considered worth putting into type and thereby being preserved, and have enjoyed conning them over myself chiefly for that reason. I believe writers generally feel a commendable kind of pride in this way—a kind of pride that none should be the worse for, and which is indeed the impetus to good writing, if it is not the essence of inspiration itself.

I say that I have written things which have been printed in various publications and which have gone abroad in the world, but I know of nothing I have sent adrift that has given me more pleasure than some of the not over carefully worded sketches printed in FOREST AND STREAM from my pen.

In my opinion, it is something worth living for to have a place with and even receive compliments from a corps of such men as contribute to these columns. I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for over fifteen years, and have been often amazed at the graphic and true character of its gleanings from nature everywhere, from the wilds and wildernesses of the world. That many of its pen pictures have been etched by the able and talented, the sensitive and refined, the rough, honest hands of backwoodsmen and those most intimate with the lore of woods and streams, no one who reads may doubt. Its columns contain engravings cut with the pen with all the art and precision to be found anywhere, pictures touched with all the tints and profusion of color in nature herself, and cruder sketches made in haste here and there that only need a little shading and retouching; but I will retract even that—they need nothing. They are natural and that is—perfect.

All in all, FOREST AND STREAM is a sort of natural inspector, or the chronicle of nature's doings in her far-away nooks and crannies, noting now and then where man and his arts come in collision with the infinite and invisible around him. It has patrols and scouts all over the earth, and is especially rich in resource in its own land and immediate realm.

It does not consider the rod and rifle, or guns, dogs and boats as mere implements for profit and pleasure alone, or that they are merely toys or playthings. They are but incidental conveniences or necessities that enable us to profit otherwise than in narrow or selfish channels; and in my opinion they are chiefly valuable as inducements which persuade us to get out of musty offices and edifices of boards, or brick, or stone and the realm of art, and back to, or within hailing distance at least of, nature and natural conditions. Nature is the source and end of all. We only deceive ourselves with art. Originally we all have to learn to like or bear the artificial, but after a while we have to school ourselves back to nature. Too large a portion of our populace is centered in cities and towns. Too many of us are "chained to business," and too many to something worse.

"God made the country, man made the town," is an old phrase. We will have to embellish it and append before the period, "with the devil's help." The couplet of Goldsmith's—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

would read just as nicely and be even a little more explicit as follows:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where towns accumulate and men decay."

All history will bear me out in this slight revision.

But, as usual, I wobble sometimes like a toboggan or a pair of Mr. Hough's skis on a rough tack. I intended to devote these words entirely to an unsolicited testimonial to the worth of FOREST AND STREAM; and I would like to eulogize a very long list of its contributors, but I would exhaust my choice phrases upon any name of a score that I know of. The Hallocks, the Houghs, the Arefars, the Robinsons, Coahomas, El Comanchos, Morrisies, Starbucks, Nessmuks, Shoshones, and the almost endless list who have contributed and contribute to these columns are of the fraternity of true sportsmen and they will grieve for no nobler title. They are men with all the higher and most elevated instincts and attributes.

They glean from the true field of the worthiest things within the reach of mankind, and they are magicians and conjurers even to those who have the same opportunities and experiences.

A yellow primrose by the river's rim
A yellow primrose is to them—
And it is something more.

May your staff of such contributors never diminish, and I believe it never will. Younger rambles and scouts will replenish the passing of the present generation and prolong the line until there will be nothing worth living for and men will quit the world. CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

Natural History.

CALL NOTE OF THE PINTAIL.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: Replying to Mr. Fred Mather's query in last week's number as to the call note of the pintail or sprig, I wish to suggest that Mr. Mather must be unfamiliar with the bird in its winter home—the waters and marshes of the South—to have conceived the idea that it was mute. The writer made the acquaintance of this bird and several others of the duck kind on a ducking trip of four months' duration in the waters of Galveston Bay, Texas, last winter, and is now as familiar with the notes of all as with those of the robin or chickadee.

The drake sprig has a single note, a low-pitched whistle, not very loud, which I used to hear all day long (and sometimes in the night), mingled with the myriad cries of widgeons, teal, mallards, spoonbills, broadbills and a dozen other kinds. The sprig invariably utters this call note when he is approaching your decoys, but it is very noticeable that it is the note of the drake only; the duck has a quiet, modest quack. In fact, that is the case with nearly all ducks. The teal (greenwing) often utters a reedy, high-pitched whistle, not very loud, as they come in; but it will be found that the little drake is the author of it, his mate having a quiet little quack. The widgeon ("bald-pate" they call them there) has a lisping whistle, which may be imitated to perfection by whistling softly through the teeth; but this also proceeds from the drakes. A good gunner, familiar with all these birds, will call any of them without any artificial aid—"make an old duck ashamed of himself," as they say on the Texas coast.

It may be that the sprig doesn't have anything to say when he is in the North. Birds act differently in different sections. I surprised the Texans very much by telling them that the robin was a singer with us in the North.

If any one wonders why some of our songsters have been so rare the past year they should have seen, as I did, the ground strewn with bluebirds, robins, meadowlarks, yellow-hammers, even English snipe, that froze to death in the cold snap of last February, when over a foot of snow fell in Galveston, followed by extreme cold. These birds were gathered up and brought into the market by the bushel.

I was led to this region by Mr. Hough's accounts of the gunning there. Though I can't get away to repeat the trip the present winter, I certainly intend to next year, for we don't get anything in the North to compare with the duck shooting down there by the Gulf of Mexico, "but that's another story."

IPSARRAKA.

A Captive Eagle.

STAUNTON, Va.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have to report the capture of a large golden eagle about eighteen miles from this place. Weight about 20lbs., measure 7ft. tip to tip. The bird was caught in a bear trap baited with a fowl, which he had just caught and which he was caused to drop by being shot at with a rifle, but not hit. No effort was made to conceal the trap and he was caught in less than twenty minutes after trap was set. The bird is now in my possession alive and doing well.

A. E. DABNEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Couldn't get a worm; they say there's no worms in these woods, and the man brought in some for himself from North Creek. You can't make me believe a trout would bite at such dry fodder as that—no, sir!"

"The trouble with Baldy was that he didn't spit on his bait," said Slim Jim, sententiously; "he was in a hurry."

"If you had spit on it all the fish in the lake would have been killed," retorted Baldy, "but our guide took some trout before we got up yesterday morning, and he used some kind of a grub that he got out of a stump, and he let me try one, and that is how I got that fish that I showed you. What did you say its name was?"

"Catostomus longirostris is its full name."

"Say, would you mind writing that down for me? I want to remember that name and have it stuffed when I get home. I knew it wasn't a regular trout, for I've seen lots of 'em down to Fulton Market, at Blackford's, on the first of April, but these fellows tried to make me think it was a sucker. What's that?"

An enormous bullfrog, with a voice several tones lower than any that we had heard, opened his throat down by the boats and startled some of the party. A rustle of wings overhead as some wandering waterfowl hastened on and was lost in the night added to the surprise, and Baldy's question remained unanswered. The frog plunked into the water, and after a moment Patsy Bolivar remarked that he wished that there was a good hotel near, to which Ikey agreed and Corky thought the Bowery a much better place o' nights. "For," said he, "on the Bowery you know where you are, an' you know what all the noises are, an' there ain't no spooky things makin' you start. I don't believe I'll sleep a wink to-night. Say, Baldy, make us another o' them delights, cow-punchers, that's it? That's a good name for it in the woods, but it tasted like a common hot whisky, or what one of my patients from the South, who drinks peach an' honey in summer, would call a hot toddy, only it lacked the pinch of lemon peel to finish it."

"I didn't have all the necessities for a genuine sheepherder's delight, or you wouldn't want another until yer throat got well," said Baldy, "but I tell you we've got to go slow on the booze, for there's only two bottles left after that smash when you dropped your end of the boat on that first carry, and if anyone goes short it ought to be you and Ikey. We don't get any until we get through the woods, and I won't take any more on this trip myself."

Slim Jim raised up his head and said: "Stick to that, Baldy; there will be more for the rest, but make us a hot tod before we turn in; use half a bottle and that will leave a bottle and a half. We'll use the half to-morrow noon and have the full one for our last camp. How's that, boys?"

This proposition was approved and all agreed to go on short rations during the great emergency, yet there seemed to be grave doubts as to the expediency of letting Baldy sacrifice himself as he had proposed, because, explained Jim, "Baldy is fond of the old stuff, but never touches it except on his vacations, and then he sometimes makes up the deficiency, although he has been very moderate on this trip."

By this time it was evident that the guide's estimate of this party was correct, and that they were not the gang of toughs that I first thought, although a strange party to meet in the woods, and I began to feel at home and glad of the chance to study this strange form of life. The guide, like most of his class, had taken no part in the talk unless appealed to, and was evidently enjoying his novel experience. The night had worn on until the belated moon had risen, and by her waning disk it should be near 10 o'clock. The brew was finished, good nights were said, and all retired. My fire had gone out, but the night was warm, with just breeze enough to keep the mosquitoes off without a smudge; the black flies, which abound in June and had tormented the new arrivals so much until they consented to use the tar and oil, do not work at night, and I sat in my tent contemplating the grandeur of the night, watching the rising moon and the formation of a few fleecy clouds while alternately listening to the singing across the water and again to the magnificent chorus of the frogs. It was well worth while to live on such a night. Even a song of the concert halls of the vaudeville, softened by distance and the water, did not seem to jar upon the senses, or on the voices of the night. Perhaps it was a case where "Dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay." Be this as it may, there was a sense of rapture in the scene and sounds; a small bird in the fullness of its life trilled a sonnet to his lady love in his dream, as a cloud drifted across the moon. The music of that night, the well assorted chorus of the frogs, the carol of the bird and the gentle lapping of the water on the rock blended in memory has often been enjoyed.

"God is its author, and not man; He laid
The keynote of all harmonies; He planned
All perfect combinations, and He made
Us so that we could hear and understand."

It was near midnight before I thought of lying down. The tired party below slept audibly when I crawled under the blankets and floated off into dreamland. Suddenly there was an alarm, a heavy splash in the water, a cry of "Bears!" and a volley of rifle shots. The commotion in the water continued, and just as the clicking of the repeaters announced readiness for another shot a voice between the boats cried: "Help! Don't shoot! It's me, Baldy Sours. O, dear! Help or I'll drown! Help!" Some one kicked the fire into a blaze, and they pulled poor Baldy out, dripping from his rim of hair to his feet, but hanging fast to the bottle from which he had been trying to extract an unnoticed and unrecorded nip, and as he stood there in his underclothing, with a sad look upon his usually cheerful face, a shout went up which startled the loon into a ghostly laugh that drowned the guide's remark about "two boats all shot to pieces," while from the opposite camp, which had been listening, came the strains of the banjo and the song:

"The twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing at you and me."

Baird's Sandpiper on Long Island.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: On Sept. 17 last I shot at East Hampton, L. I., a specimen of Baird's sandpiper. This is the specimen recorded by Mr. W. Vaughn in the Auk. F. GALLATIN, JR.

[No mention is made in Mr. Vaughn's note of the individual who killed this interesting specimen.]

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

ALTHOUGH the Yellowstone Park has been known to the general public for more than twenty-five years, and during that time has perhaps been more fully exploited in the periodical press than any other like area of the world's surface, yet no attempt has ever been made to write a complete historical and descriptive account of it. For the first fifteen years of the Park's history it was only imperfectly known; continually studied and explored, fresh discoveries were being made in it each season, and not enough was known about it for its history to be written. During the last decade, however, the investigations carried on in the Park have been rather about matters of detail than about its general features, and it might have been supposed that before this some historian would have taken up the subject of the people's pleasure ground and would have treated it from a broad standpoint. This has never been done. Articles in magazines, newspapers and Government reports have appeared at very frequent intervals. A large number of people deeply interested in the protection of the reservation have written about it at length from some special standpoint, and tried to interest the public in it; but it has remained for Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, to write the Park's history.

For a number of years Capt. Chittenden was detailed by the War Department to take charge of the roads and bridges in the Park, and it was while engaged in this interesting service that he formed the idea of writing the history which has just made its appearance from the press of the Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. The volume is one of more than 400 pages, copiously illustrated by engravings drawn from all sources and giving the reader an excellent notion of very many of the natural features of the reservation. It is divided into three parts, treating respectively of the Park's history, its physical features and relation to the tourist, and its future. Besides this there are five appendices which are extremely useful, for they give (A) the geographical names in use in the Park, (B) legislation and regulations now in force there, (C) appropriations on account of the Park, (D) list of the Park superintendents, and (E) bibliography of the literature of the region.

It is extremely gratifying to be able to say that this work is admirably done, and that the volume is really worthy of its subject. Capt. Chittenden is certainly to be congratulated on the volume which he has given the public, which is likely to stand for a long time as the final popular authority of the region.

The name Yellowstone is very old. It was used by the Lewis & Clarke expedition, and even by David Thompson, who sojourned with the Mandan Indians on the Missouri River in 1797-98. The French trappers called it *Roche jaune*, and the yellow of the rocks and stones which form the river's bluff is certainly conspicuous enough to justify it this name. Mr. Chittenden gives a Minutari word translated as "rock yellow river," which he regards as the origin of the subsequent French and English names. The author calls attention to the fact, however, that the Crows called the stream Elk River, and the same is true of the Blackfeet and other tribes.

The theory was long ago advanced that the Indians who occupied the country about the Upper Yellowstone River avoided this region because they regarded it with superstitious fear and considered it the abode of spirits, and that for this reason little or nothing was ever heard of it from aboriginal sources.

It is doubtful whether there is any foundation for such a belief. The better explanation appears to be that given by the author, who thinks that as a matter of fact the country was unknown to the Indians, who did not visit it because, since it was snow-covered for much of the year, and was not a game country, there was nothing especial to induce them to enter it. A small band of Sheep Eaters did reside there, but they inhabited the rough peaks of the Absaroka range on the east side of the Park, and it is even doubtful whether they knew of the existence of the geysers.

The actual discoverer of the wonders of the Park appears to have been John Colter, who, before Lewis & Clarke had reached civilization on their return from their expedition in 1806, applied to them for a discharge, desiring to return to the mountains and trap there. In the course of the next few years he went up the Yellowstone River, Pryor's Fork and the Wind River, and crossed the mountains to Pacific waters. Thence he followed Snake River up, crossed over to the Yellowstone Lake, and passing through what is now the Park, struck across to Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, and following it down left that stream and went over to the Stinking Water, and thence to his original starting point. The reports which he made on his return to civilization were not believed by those who heard them, and it was thought that the mountain man was trying to impose on the credulity of those with whom he talked.

Soon after this the trader and trapper began to penetrate the mountains in all directions. It was the beginning of the Western fur trade, and the young country was sending out into the wilderness its heroes, who braved the dangers from savage men and beasts, and the equal perils of cold and hunger in the mountains. Some of these men unquestionably penetrated the Yellowstone Park, but no reports of its wonders which they brought back had any endurance. A Mormon paper, published at Nauvoo, Ill., contained in its issue of Aug. 13, 1842, what is perhaps the best description of the geyser regions that appeared prior to the year 1870. It is brief, but faithful and free from exaggeration.

James Bridger, whose name will always stand in the first rank among the pioneers of the West, visited the Yellowstone Park and told true stories about it, but Bridger had a reputation for drawing the long bow and people laughed at his descriptions of the region just as earlier generations had laughed about the stories told by Colter. In 1860 Capt. Raynolds made a trip through the country giving rise to the tributaries of the Yellowstone

River, and made an almost complete circle around the Park. He tried to penetrate it, but was unsuccessful and was obliged by his orders to leave the region and to pass on north. About this time exploration and investigation of the mountains received additional impetus from the discovery of gold in Montana, and the ever busy prospector began to run over the mountains and to sink his holes in every valley. During this mining excitement some parties at least crossed the Park and the repeated confirmation of the old trapper tales was at last beginning to have its effect on the people living in Montana.

It was in 1869 that the Park was really discovered so far as the general public was concerned. The discoverers were David E. Folsom, C. W. Cook and Wm. Peterson, who saw most of the main features of the Park, and returning to the settlement after an absence of thirty-six days, told their friends some of the things that they had seen. They themselves were so astonished, however, at the marvelous things they had beheld that they were unwilling to risk their reputation for veracity by telling the whole story.

The discoveries of the expedition of 1869 led to the fitting out of that of 1870 known as the Washburn-Doane expedition, which with a small Government escort spent about a month traveling through the Park. It was during this expedition that Mr. Evarts was lost and was out for thirty-seven days alone in the mountains.

The men who composed this expedition were many of them persons accustomed to writing and they did all that they could to spread abroad a knowledge of the wonders of the National Park. Articles were written for newspapers and magazines, lectures were given and a general interest in the region was awakened. This resulted in the sending out in 1871 of two expeditions by the United States Government—one under charge of the United States Geological Survey, the other under the engineer corps of the army. Full investigations were made and excellent work done by both these expeditions, and following closely on this work came the proposition to set aside this wonderland as a National Park, which idea crystallized in the bill passed by Congress and signed by the President March 1, 1872. At last then we had a National Park.

Capt. Chittenden very justly gives to George Catlin, the great Indian painter, the credit for originating the idea of such a Park. It is true that the wonders of the Yellowstone were unknown in Catlin's time, nor did he define the territory which he proposed to have set aside for a park, but he did suggest that in some suitable locality of the West a large tract of land should be preserved forever as a "nation's park, containing man and beast in all the wildness and freshness of their natural beauty." Such an idea would probably have received no attention except for the discovery of this region about the head of the Yellowstone, where, as it seemed, all the wonders of the world were collected together in small compass. But the authentic accounts of the region appealed strongly to the imagination of Congress and induced that body to pass the necessary legislation. The example thus set has been followed by other countries, and it may be hoped that other national parks will be established here and elsewhere.

The history of the later explorations of the National Park and of military campaigns within its boundaries, and of the administration of the Park and the passage of the protective act which became a law in 1894, are treated in this volume, but are matters of such recent interest that they cannot be spoken of here.

In his second part Capt. Chittenden treats of the boundaries and topography of the Park, its geysers, hot springs, the fossil forests, its fauna and flora; of the Park as a health resort and of the region when it is covered by winter's snows. Considerable space is given to the description of the roads, hotels, transportation and the various tours that may be made in the Park, and the attractions to be seen on them. Of these chapters little need be said save that the author writes of a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar and gives advice which is well worth following.

His chapters on the Park's future are of great interest. Like most of those who know the region, he is bitterly opposed to the handing over of this great national possession to railroads or to mine owners, and he is equally opposed to changing the boundaries of the Park. Railroads will mar and even destroy the natural conditions, which are the great charm of the Park; they will cripple the tourist routes; they will destroy the large game and the Park forests. No railroad franchise should be granted in the Park, since to grant such a franchise will either create a perpetual monopoly or will turn the Park over to be grid-ironed in all directions.

The chief danger to the Park is from the greed of private enterprise, and until the people shall be taught that the Park belongs to the public and that any interference with the public's rights here will be strongly repressed and severely punished, individuals and corporations eager for gain will still try to obtain from Congress concessions and rights which Congress should never grant.

Capt. Harris, formerly superintendent of the Park, has well said that "in the unsurpassed grandeur of its natural condition it is the pride and the glory of the nation; but if, under the guise of improvement, selfish interests are permitted to make merchandise of its wonders and beauties, it will inevitably become a byword and a reproach."

We have spoken already of the admirable appendices of this volume, of which probably the one treating of the bibliography of the National Park is the most important. We presume that this is as nearly complete as can be made. The illustrations are numerous and of varying degrees of excellence. An excellent index and a large folded map close a volume which is of the highest interest, and which is creditable alike to author and publisher.

Snowshoes.

I HAVE had much experience in snowshoeing in Maine. I always found the caribou O. K. I would not accept moose, deer or cow hide under any circumstances. The next best thing to caribou is horse hide. It is a very fair substitute.

A caribou filling will not sag in wet weather, but instead will "strain up" and sometimes will twang like a bow string.

I have paid \$12 for a pair made by a Penobscot Indian in years past, and such shoes are first-class. I would not buy of any house in the trade, but would have my shoes made by an Indian.

HERMIT.

A BEAR HUNT.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is an ever welcome visitor, and it is with pleasure that its readers learn from it the many interesting incidents and experiences of those who enjoy hunting and find a real pleasure as well as healthful recreation in camp life in the woods. Although the writer has often participated in the pleasures of the chase, he has seldom reduced his excursions to writing, and it is with no little reluctance that he now ventures upon the task of relating the incidents of a bear hunt which occurred in 1890.

During the summer of that year, while engaged in locating and estimating pine timber tracts in Minnesota, my work required the penetration and exploration of extensive forest regions, and often for days and weeks at a time I was far removed from all signs of civilization. I was accompanied by a half-breed Indian, who acted as my packer and general assistant.

We carried one rifle between us, but gave little attention to hunting except to supply our immediate needs for fresh meat, this supply being mainly furnished by the small game, which was abundant and easily procured. Our luggage was no small load to carry on foot, and the one rifle was generally packed with other articles wherever it could be carried with the least inconvenience.

We often sighted game, however, and during one six weeks' outing I saw seven moose, three caribou, a bear and numerous deer. It would have been an easy matter to have shot some of the moose, as they were often very stupid and would stand and gaze at us for several moments before getting out of our way. On one occasion we suddenly came upon a large cow moose that at first acted as if she did not intend to allow any intrusions into her solitary domain. She faced us, and with glaring eyes shook her head as if really determined to make a charge upon us. She looked so formidable that the half-breed became alarmed and threw a dead limb at her, which succeeded in frightening her into a hasty retreat. I am of the opinion that moose are keen-scented, but at certain times they certainly act quite indifferently to the sight of man, and will often permit a near approach before taking to their heels.

About the middle of August our course led us into a section of country where we found bear signs very plentiful. As it was somewhat near the close of my work in the woods for the season, and as I had promised a couple of my friends to take a hunt with them after my work in the pine lands was completed, I concluded to make further investigations and acquaint myself to some extent with the immediate country about, and to locate the range of the several bears which, from the number of tracks and other signs, appeared to be holding an annual reunion in the neighborhood.

After making an extended circuit I found that the range of the brutes extended over a region between two lakes which were about three miles apart. About midway between the lakes was a narrow valley or gorge, through which bruin passed in going from one lake to the other. The tracks differed in size, and as near as we could make out at least three bears—one of them a very large one—were enjoying to their fullest extent the excellent food conditions afforded by a circumscribed area of a few square miles in extent, and they would probably not leave their present locality without cause at least for a few weeks. This appeared to be a very likely place to succeed in getting a shot at a bear, and I decided to return to this region with my friends at a near future date for the express purpose of hunting them.

Early in September I had finished my work in the pine lands, and arrived at Cloquet, where I remained a few days to complete my field notes and await the arrival of my friends George and Frank, whom I had written to join me at that point with their hunting outfits and big bore rifles in readiness for a sojourn in the woods. At the appointed time they were both on hand, full of enthusiasm and determination to undergo any hardship which a bear hunt might require of them. After a two days' journey my two genial companions, the half-breed and myself finally arrived to within a short distance from the bear range and established our permanent camp, which was to be our home until after our hunt was ended, unless we should find it advantageous to change our quarters.

The next morning we were off early and soon found tracks and signs as fresh as ever. The black brutes were still there, but how best to find them was an unsettled question. Not wishing to frighten them out of their present locality, we carefully and quietly still-hunted and watched for them in likely places for three successive days. The wary creatures appeared to do the greater part of their rambling and feeding at night and did not show up.

I had planned this particular bear hunt mainly for the pleasure of my two friends whom I had invited, and I began to fear that the affair would turn out to be an unsuccessful campaign. On the evening of the third day we talked the matter over after supper and finally decided to take a "drive" on the following day. We planned to all start out early, each prepared with a generous lunch prepared for remaining away from camp until night. The half-breed was to circle around to one of the lakes, I was to go on the other lake; we were then to zigzag toward each other with the hope of routing the game and causing it to pass through the gorge, where the other two hunters were to station themselves and keep a sharp lookout. After an early breakfast we all started out for the hunt. I was within a short distance of the lake to the north by daybreak and as I ascended a slight elevation I saw in the dim morning light several dark objects about 200 yds. to my left as they passed into a thicket. They were bears and were traveling very leisurely. They would probably soon lie down and something seemed to tell me that I would soon eat bear meat.

A light rain had fallen during the night and it was still cloudy. The leaves were moist and favorable to quiet walking. I never exercised greater caution in following game than I did on this occasion. After reaching their trail I followed it slowly, at times creeping and crawling along over fallen timber and through brush as noiselessly as possible and halting every few moments to listen and to look over every foot of ground. After following the trail for about half an hour, I was somewhat startled by seeing a large bear rise from his bed behind a log only a few yards ahead of me. He arose slowly. My rifle was ready. As he was turning his head toward me, I sent a

ball crushing into his skull which caused the bear to wilt down as limp as a rag, and I am of the opinion that he never fully realized what killed him.

After I shot, I heard the brush cracking further ahead as other bears scampered off through a thicket. As they appeared to be headed toward the other hunters, I fired a couple of shots to cause them still greater alarm, hoping that they would attempt to pass through the gorge where my friends were stationed and watching for them. After sticking and bleeding my bear, I marked the spot well and proceeded southward along the trail, blazing the trees to facilitate an easy return to the game. All at once I heard shooting in the gorge, and such a fusillade of rifle reports as rang out I had never before listened to in the pine lands. I hastened to the scene of battle and found that my companions had killed a she bear and her two cubs. They had wisely waited until the animals, which were traveling together, had reached an open place, near where they had stationed themselves, and then began the bombardment, which was so effectual that not one of the three bears escaped. The half-breed soon arrived, and all seemed to feel that the killing of four bears in one day by our party was more than ordinary success.

George and Frank were more than elated, and cheer after cheer rang out through the trees until the whole forest seemed to tremble for miles about. We spent the remainder of the day in skinning our game and in packing the pelts and choicest portions of the meat to our camp, not neglecting in the meantime to gratify our keen appetites with generous and juicy slabs of roasted cub. Feeling satisfied to let whatever other bears that might yet be present in the locality remain to enjoy their pranks, we bade farewell to the smouldering embers of our campfire and started homeward on the following day. In due time we reached civilization again. Although I had killed a number of bears before, I had never taken a more enjoyable trip, and as my friends departed with trophies of the hunt I almost regretted that it had not also fallen to their lot to have killed the large bear which had fallen from my own rifle, for it was one of the largest of its kind that any of us had ever seen.

ALBERT NEMIC.

MOOSE HUNTING IN MAINE IN 1850.

In 1850, before any laws were passed in the State of Maine for the protection of game, moose were very numerous, even more so than deer, in Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties. They were frequently seen in summer time in lake and stream, and in winter it was a forsaken mountain that did not contain one mooseyard. The settlers of the wild regions depended on moose meat to supply solid food for their families. In the Rangeley Lake country especially was moose the prominent large game of the forest.

Deer were reported plentiful in the eastern part of the State, especially in Penobscot county, and hundreds of them were sent to the Boston market. I once saw a large storehouse in Boston packed solid full of deer carcasses, a great many hundreds of them, and venison hung outside every provision dealer's shop in the city. Caribou were not plenty and were considered migratory animals, roving through the vast wilderness of New Brunswick and Maine, some years flocking into the State in droves, then not showing up again for years.

Crust hunting in the deep snow late in winter was the common method of capturing moose, with dogs and snowshoes; but the caribou were exempt from annoyance of dogs, for it was futile to put a dog on the trail of a caribou. Caribou when started would settle on their haunches and leap like kangaroos, and even in 4 ft. of snow a dog had no business with them. But the moose was an easier prey, and in a favorable time could be secured in a few miles' drive.

In spring and summer time, on lake and river, many moose were killed; they took to the water to rid themselves of the myriads of flies and gnats that infested the forests in those wild regions in the warm seasons, and also to feed on the water plants abundant in the ponds and lakes of Maine.

And this reminds me of an incident in my hunting life in the year 1850 on Mollychunkemunk Lake, one of the Rangeleys, on the border of which lake I lived with my family twenty miles from a neighbor many years.

I started one day to go down the lake in my boat to get out to settlements for supplies, which I had to lug on my back through the woods and over the mountains on blazed lines. Within two miles of my house as I was paddling down the lake there was a bog of many acres covered with tall grass, through which a sluggish brook made its way. This brook was bordered with alder bushes, and as I was paddling along approaching this bog I saw the alders beside the brook waving as if some large animal was coming out toward the lake. I at once ran my boat ashore and taking my gun, which, by the way, was a single-barrel muzzleloader (for breechloaders were unknown in those times in the backwoods of Maine), and creeping along through the tall grass and scrub bushes toward the brook I soon got within range of the unknown animal in the alders, and just as he emerged from the tall bushes into the open bog I rose up from my cover, and there within 30 yds. of me stood a majestic moose who had just then lifted his head high in the air and gave a fearful snort and started on a run for the lake. I at once fired, the ball striking the moose on the gambrel and breaking the leg. He at once turned on me and came leaping on three legs swiftly toward me. I dove into the tall grass and crept along as rapidly as possible for a few moments, then carefully looking up over the cover I saw that the moose had stopped and was stretching his long neck in every direction looking for me. I then loaded my gun as quickly as ever I could under the cover and again rising up saw the moose wading into the water as if to cross the narrows. I walked along toward him as he made his way into the lake and when I reached the shore he heard me and turned partly round and looked toward me. He was then some 7 rods from me and stood broadside on in the shallow water, which came well up his sides. I aimed just back of his fore shoulders and fired. The ball skipped twice on the water beyond him and I thought I had overshot him, as he did not fall. I again loaded my gun and as I was ramming down the last wad the moose fell. I then ran to my boat and paddled out to him and cut his throat, but he did not bleed any. I then tipped my boat over on one side and filled it with water, sinking it under the moose; then standing in the lake, which was breast deep, I bailed out my boat in a short time, had my moose loaded and

my boat in trim and made my way up the lake toward my home, proud of my prize.

My wife was surprised at my sudden return home, but went with me to the lake and helped me dress the moose, which I found had bled inwardly, the bullet going through his vitals. Of the meat I salted some, put some in my ice house and smoked and dried some, and in this manner it supplied us with meat a long time. But it still seems queer to me that a bullet after passing through a moose should make two distinct skips on the water beyond.

J. G. RICH.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a general wish among sportsmen for a change in the existing law for the protection of deer in the Adirondacks, and I notice that many game associations have passed resolutions to be forwarded to the Legislature asking it to prohibit the hounding of deer; but I have failed to hear of any demand for a change in the law from the residents of the region in question.

An experience of many years in those mountains has enabled me, I believe, to form a very just estimate of the character of its inhabitants, and I think, without very many exceptions, the sportsmen (?) of those parts would really prefer an open season all the year round. I am equally confident that, were a law passed by the Legislature prohibiting hounding, more of it would be done than under the present statute, simply because the Adirondack people are strongly opposed to having such a law.

I know of a case where the law was openly violated some few years ago, and an arrest was made and a conviction was obtained much to the dissatisfaction of the people of the township in which it occurred. The violator could not pay his fine, so a contribution was made by the people with which to meet the amount of the fine and costs, and the culprit was discharged.

If the Legislature prohibits hounding, it must appoint five times as many game wardens as are now employed to enforce the laws, or hounding will become general, the season opening when you please and closing when you please, few arrests being made and still fewer convictions.

It is my belief that the open season for hounding should not commence till Oct. 1, for by that time the fawns are weaned and able to take care of themselves; and it should close Oct. 31. Still-hunting should not open till Sept. 15, and should end at the same time as the hounding season. Eight out of ten deer run to water by dogs in September are does, and "wet" ones at that, leaving an unweaned fawn to die from starvation and cold after the first hard frosts of October. Few are the dogs in the Adirondacks that will search out the bucks among the high ridges—where they await the hardening of their horns—and drive them to water. Not until Oct. 1, when this hardening process is accomplished, will the bucks leave their bachelor quarters and descend to the lower levels in search of the does. Were it not for the large preserves, where few or no deer are killed, the most skilled huntsman's efforts in pursuit of this game animal would be futile to-day in several counties. Let us have a good law enacted, but above all let us have provision made for its proper enforcement.

JOHN E. FORBES.

POTSDAM, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been keeping track of the subject of Adirondack deer protection which is being discussed in FOREST AND STREAM from week to week, and as the time draws near in which legislation on the question will take place, I feel that I too must add a mite to the contribution.

My position is one that has been voiced by several articles in your paper and is this: stop hounding, stop jacking, and leave the season as it stands.

The greatest good to the greatest number should not, in justice, be lost sight of in any changes that may be made. Any arrangement that will give the deer an equal advantage with the hunter, and at the same time give all classes an opportunity to try their hand in the sport, would seem to me at least to best secure protection for the deer and justice for all classes.

I should like to see a list of those who are in favor of prohibiting both hounding and jacking, together with their argument therefor, laid before the Legislature.

Do away with these two methods in which the deer is taken undue advantage of, and we could hunt from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1 for years to come and still have a goodly supply on hand. This is no idle fancy or theory, but the opinion of hundreds of honest sportsmen, and statistics would go to support it.

I see that the game commission have formulated a law to lay before the Legislature in which they recommend that the season open Sept. 1. Now as far as giving all parties a fair chance is concerned, what would this change mean? It would mean that the great majority of teachers, as well as the great majority of parents who have to be at home during the school year, would be entirely shut out from participating in the sport, while the wealthy sports and nabobs (whose time is "any time") together with the guides and natives would have it all to themselves. It seems to me that the injustice of such a course should be apparent to the most biased mind.

It is self evident that to secure protection a sacrifice must be made, but the dish of sacrifice and sport should be served up to all alike. There is no justice in saying to one class, "Now help yourselves freely to the sacrifice, but do not touch the sport," and to another, "Eat your fill of the sport with just a tiny pinch of sacrifice as an appetizer."

Aside from the unfairness already mentioned, in shutting off August shooting there is another and perhaps graver feature to be considered. Already we deplore the number of deer killed out of season every year. In fact those of us who know much about the woods are aware that in some sections the deer killed illegally each year outnumber those killed legally almost three to one.

Now, game laws should be of such a nature as to command the respect and support of all to the greatest possible degree. Cut off August shooting and the result will be to create an extra inducement for illegal shooting, and that too by a class who under a just law would be least likely to violate it.

The many and frequent shifts and changes made in the game laws, and the inadequate manner in which the people at large are informed of the laws, is in itself enough to stimulate a certain disgust, and a lack of conscientious scruples in regard to their observance. To illus-

trate: In 1894 a man can step out at midnight of the 14th and shoot a deer with all impunity, but if he does the same thing before midnight of the 15th in '95 he is a criminal liable to fine or imprisonment; again a man can stand in a certain spot and shoot a deer driven before a hound, but if he should take a step or two to one side (just over the "dead line") and repeat the act he incriminates himself.

Granting that the hotel keepers and guides are the chief ones to be cared for in regulating the game laws (which, however, we do not believe), it seems to me that the fear of the summer and fall exodus to the woods diminishing if hounding and jacking are prohibited is more imaginary than real. Those who go to the woods for the sole purpose of deer hunting will doubtless go just the same, even if they have to try their hand at the only "fair way" of hunting deer, viz., still-hunting; and most of them will be much more in need of a guide than now. More than that, it will make many of our citizens more rugged, more skilled in woodcraft, and more proficient in the use of the rifle, which are factors of no small consideration.

Nor is there much doubt, if this course were adopted, that in a few years it would be just as easy to secure a shot still-hunting as it now is to secure one before a hound or under a jack.

It is all very well to have the different views published in the sporting papers, but I fear that very few of them meet the eye of our legislators. I should like to see all interested see to it that the representatives from their own districts are posted early in regard to the moves that are likely to be made. The game laws are usually left till the last minute and then shoved through with little or no consideration; at least it looks that way.

Hoping that a wise course may be pursued in the matter and good results obtained therefrom, I am

J. M. GRAVES.

DUCKS FOR THANKSGIVING.

CENTREVILLE, Jan. 14.—The day before Thanksgiving I made up my mind that I would like to have some black ducks for dinner next day if possible, so getting up at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, I got breakfast, fed and harnessed my horse and started for the marshes over at Barnstable.

When I started it was about as hard a storm as one going duck shooting could wish for, and it was rather lonesome driving down through the woods for six or seven miles alone; but the thoughts of the ducks down there were enough to "keep the bears off," as the children say.

Arriving at the stable, I put up the horse, got my boat and decoys ready and started out up into the marsh. As I pulled along the ducks were quacking all around me, and once in a while a bunch would get up from the grass when they heard me coming.

Stopping at the point I had selected, I put out my decoys, seven wooden ones, with a tame duck on one side and a tame drake on the other, then pushed my boat into the grass, covered her up well and lay down to wait for daylight to come.

In a few minutes my drake began to call, and looking sharp I saw a bird coming in, which I found by calling to be a brant. All my calling had little effect, for he wouldn't come "worth a cent." Just then a black duck came in and lit. As it was quite dark I thought I'd make sure of him and shoot him sitting, but when I fired he immediately left for parts unknown in spite of the way I pulled the other trigger.

I thought that was "rather hard on a feller," so when the next came in, which proved to be a pair, I thought to myself, now I will make amends for the last miss; so shooting at the one which I knew I would kill, I turned and let the other one have it before looking at the one I knew was dead. On looking through the smoke I saw both of the ducks going as fast as their wings could carry them.

I now began to think my dinner next day would look scarce as to ducks, but when one came down before the wind and I killed him dead and then a pair came in and I got them both, I felt better.

All the time I could see a great many brant flying around down the harbor, and was wishing some would come my way. Three sheldrake came in over the 'coys and I got two dead ones. Then a small flock of brant came in and lit on the water about a quarter of a mile from me, then jumped up and came right in when I called to them. They came straight for me until I rose to shoot, when they went into the air again just like ducks. I got one with the second barrel, missing with the first, as I was sure of getting two with the first.

After a little while a pair of whistlers came in; one lit; the other didn't. I killed the one that didn't, and the other one sat right there with the decoys as if I hadn't shot. About the time the shot struck the water a coot came around the point and lit right in range of the whistler. What could I do but shoot them both, as I had but one cartridge in my gun? I killed them both, as I thought, but as I was fighting with a shell that stuck, the coot got up and flew away, whence I do not know, as I've not seen him since.

One more black duck came down before the wind and was killed dead and that ended the morning's shooting, which being one of many, but entirely different from any, will be remembered as long as I shall live.

WM. F. HALLETT.

Timber Wolves in Canada.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—Timber wolves were almost unknown north of Lake Superior until three years ago an old trapper, who had some snares set to catch lynx, caught three wolves instead, one of which was almost black in color. A short time ago he caught two more wolves in the same manner. They are getting quite numerous in this district; they are supposed to have come from Minnesota in pursuit of deer.

On Monday two Indians were camped near Pigeon River, south of this place. They were alarmed to hear wolves howling in pursuit of a deer. They quickly put on their snowshoes, loaded their rifles and gave chase. The Indians had gone about 300 yds. from camp when they saw five wolves worrying a buck red deer, which was almost dead from fright. The Indians shot three of the wolves; the others escaped. The men cut the deer's throat, then returned to camp with their prizes.

J. E. N.

LONG ISLAND DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the very many bills introduced at this session of the Legislature, designed for the amelioration of the condition of New York game birds and mammals, is one "authorizing the hounding and killing of deer in Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties on each Wednesday of the month of December."

Not having read this bill, I am of course unacquainted with its provisions, but would suggest that some provision be made for the removal of all non-combatants from the island on field days, or else provide that they be safely housed in shot-proof structures. This suggestion will not appear out of place when the many sad events of the season of 1894 are called to mind.

Owing to the somewhat depleted condition of the Kings county deer supply it would perhaps be well to cut off a portion of the hounding season for that county, say one or two of the several Wednesdays of December.

It would also be well to provide for regulating the speed of the Brooklyn trolley cars on field days, for nothing would be more distressing than to have a trolley car dash through the pack when "in full cry," or run down some unlucky sportsman who might be stationed on one of the choice Kings county runways.

The law should also provide that in the event of any deer being driven into Kings county waters, they be killed in the good old way with a club, and that the use of steam pile drivers and other deadly engines be strictly prohibited, also that the carcass of any deer killed in the waters of Newtown Creek be thoroughly fumigated before being placed on the market.

Of course these points may all be fully covered in the bill—bills amending our game laws are usually quite full and comprehensive—and my suggestions are merely offered in a friendly spirit, in the event of the provisions named having been omitted.

There are, however, persons very well informed on the subject who will tell you that the existing law relative to Long Island deer ought to be let alone long enough to give it a fair trial, also that should this bill become a law, Long Island deer—should there be enough to last that length of time—would be slaughtered during the whole month of December, but perhaps these people may be prejudiced.

S.

Trox, N. Y., Feb. 8.

Boone and Crockett Club.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club, which took place last week, Feb. 5, was an occasion of much interest. More than thirty members were present, among whom were: Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, Gen. W. D. Whipple, Hon. W. Cary Sanger, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Archibald Rogers, Owen Wister, W. A. Wadsworth, W. A. Chanler, the African explorer; Winthrop Chanler, W. B. Devereux, of Colorado; Lewis Morris, C. Grant Lafarge, Madison Grant, De Forest Grant, H. A. Munn, Dr. J. West Roosevelt; Dr. W. B. James, Dr. W. K. Draper, Mr. Frank Billings, W. Milne Grinnell, Alexander Lambert, J. Walter Wood, Jr., Geo. Bird Grinnell, Dr. John Rogers, Alden Sampson, H. L. Stimson, Dr. J. L. Seward, Jas. L. Watson and other well-known sportsmen. The principal business of the meeting was the presentation of the reports of committees. The editorial committee announced the publication of the club's last volume, "Hunting in Many Lands," and the treasurer reported the satisfactory financial condition of the club.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year were: Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, President; C. Grant Lafarge, Secretary; W. A. Wadsworth, Archibald Rogers, Winthrop Chanler and Charles Deering, Executive Committee; Geo. Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt, Editorial Committee.

The discussion after the dinner turned on the effectiveness of the Männlicher rifle, and Messrs. W. A. Chanler and W. B. Devereux, who had used the arm—the one in Africa, the other in Colorado—gave their experiences, which were listened to with close attention.

A Quail Shooting Limit.

NEWARK, N. J.—A letter on quail slaughter in Florida leads me to pay a tribute to Dr. C. S. Packard, of Welaka, Fla., a charming little village on the St. Johns nearly opposite the mouth of the wild and romantic Ocklawaha River. Dr. Packard is 60 years old and is still an ardent gunner and a better shot than most of his visitors from the North. Moreover, he can tire out the best of them upon a day's tramp. He is the owner of one of the best broken red Irish setters I ever had the pleasure of shooting over, a dog that never needs a word of caution and minds every gesture of his owner. A low whistle attracts his attention and he looks to see what his master desires. A wave of the hand will send him on down right, left or to heel.

Dr. Packard loves quail hunting too well to destroy the future prospects in his neighborhood when quail are reasonably plenty. He goes out frequently in season and invariably stops when he has killed six birds. He enforces the same rule upon any of his friends who may be visiting him and shooting over his dog. He says with sound reason that six quail are enough for any man to shoot in a day, and it speaks well for his skill with the gun to say that he carries all the shells for an afternoon's shooting in his waistcoat pockets, which are of the normal size. In fact, I never knew him to take out more than a dozen shells, and his usual quota is ten; but then he never starts out before 3 o'clock in the afternoon and usually gets his six birds within half or three-quarters of a mile of the house.

HARRIMAC.

In Virginia near Washington.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a short article on woodcock, and where good shooting may be had, for the benefit of visiting sportsmen. Migratory birds arrive from the South about March 1, and breed here in March and April in swampy woodland around Alexandria. A great number of these birds can be found in Fairfax county, about six miles from this city, at a place the sportsmen here call the Double Ditches; good shooting may there be had at this fine game bird from July to September, excepting in a very dry season. The open season here is July 1 to Jan. 1. Good shooting may be had at the Big Dyke, two and one-

half miles from this city, on the line of the Mt. Vernon electric railway, in the last two summer months. Sportsmen here get fine shooting at flight birds from the north at Franconia and Long Branch, on the line of the A. F. R. R., from the middle of October to Dec. 1. I see no decrease in woodcock around here, they were more plentiful last fall than for a number of years. There is nothing to shoot at present; we are all waiting now for a flight of jacksnipe. Quail are almost exterminated in Virginia, owing to the severe blizzard of last February; we hope they will catch up again, as the Legislature of Virginia has passed a law protecting them in the State for two years.

CHIP.

A Tavern Club Caricature.

EVER since the announcement was made at the Tavern Club that each of the men was required to paint a portrait of himself or some other member of the club, the fun has been fast and furious, and the present exhibition is the outcome of the artistic efforts of the entire club. Of course some of the pictures are mere daubs, by men who never before held a paint brush, while others are clever in the extreme. One of the most noticeable is a sketch by R. Clipstone Sturgis, Esq., of his cousin Mr. Charles W. Sturgis, of Marlboro street, who is an enthusiastic sportsman. It is entitled the "Coot Hunter," and represents Mr. Sturgis in a frappe hunting costume, unshaven and unshorn, and sunburned to an appalling extent. His nose is an excellent match for Fair Harvard's banner, made so no doubt by too familiar sunbeams, not, as it has been unkindly suggested, by alcohol. Mr. Sturgis is opening a market basket, showing too clearly his noble game has not been brought from the forest primeval, but from a produce dealer's.—*Boston Courier.*

One of Secretary Lakey's Questions Answered.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot answer all of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association secretary's questions, but on one of them I feel sure I can turn pure and radiant light. It relates to the true sportsman, and Secretary Lakey asks, and I answer:

Q.—What is his chief delight?

A.—To read FOREST AND STREAM.

Contrary minds, no. The ayes have it.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Bell on the Moose.

NOSUTCHE-CHUNK-AMUG, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents asks information about the bell on the moose which I am able to give, being the one who put it on. This is how it happened: I had some years ago young cattle and an old cow running in a clearing on the other side of the pond, and having trouble in finding them when I wanted to salt them I thought I would put a bell on the cow, which was very tame. So one day in the summer I took a bell which was made for this use and fitted it with a strap and started across the pond in my boat. When about half-way over I discovered a moose swimming across and started in pursuit of it just for the fun of a race. The moose turned straight down the pond and after a long hard pull I caught up to him, a very large bull with the widest horns I ever saw, though not yet full grown. I caught hold of his tail and tied the painter of my boat to it, and so let him tow me for some distance. I thought I would like to mark him in some way, and it came into my head to put the bell on him; so I took it in my hand and crawled along his back to his neck, which I sat astraddle of, and reaching down around it fastened the strap after lengthening it with cord. It was a hard job, but I made out to do it after a while, and crawled back into the boat. When we were about 10 rods from shore I unhitched the rope, and the moose swam ashore, turned and faced me, and I think would have charged upon me; but when he shook his head the bell, now clear of the water, began to ring and put him in a great fright. He dashed along the shore for some distance and then stopped and listened, evidently trying to make out where the sound came from; then dashed away into the woods at a great pace, stopping every now and then to listen, as I could tell by the sound of the cow bell, till the noise of it died away in the distance. In the fall I hear it frequently, and at that time the cow moose got to know the sound of it and followed the bell in droves, as shown by the tracks, like a herd of cattle. One night I got a shot at him, but over-shot and only cut the cord that held the bell on the top of his neck. He is as much my moose as any wild well moose ever was any man's, but I have not got him. If any one wants proof of this story I can show him the bell with the strap and cord on it.

JAMES MONKHOUSE, JR.

Skinner's Great Sport.

SKINNER—"Did I ever tell you of the great sport I had on one of the little lakes up in Maine? No? Well, sir, in the course of half an hour I caught fifty trout, some of them twenty inches long, and all of them over a foot. But, as luck would have it, I lost every one of them overboard coming ashore."

Walton—"And I can swear to the truth of what Skinner says, for I saw him when he came ashore, and there wasn't a single fish in the boat."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Yes," said the meek-looking man. "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed"

"Buffalo hunting—"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting—"

"Of course."

"Well, you just come round, and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."—*Tit-Bits.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE ANGLER IN COLOMBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has always been an open question in my mind which sport was the best, shooting or fishing. In summer I used to decide mentally that fishing was the thing, all considered, but in fall and winter generally changed my mind, particularly if during my annual trip the ducks were plenty. Now that I am here in a perpetual summer it would be logical to suppose that my mind and gun were both at rest, but as of old my gun and rod are both in use, and my mind still perplexed. One of my old friends in Jersey puzzled over this same question for many years, but now, his sight having begun to weaken and the woods and fields having apparently grown to double their former size, he has definitely decided that fishing is the only real sport, and perhaps with patience I may one day bring myself to concur in that opinion.

Fish and game are both abundant here in Colombia, but among the former I recognize some old friends, notably the black bass, calico bass and the humble but succulent catfish, and I find that difference of latitude makes little difference in habits and tastes. Rivers here in the tropics grow longer year by year, the growth taking place at the big end, known in local parlance as "the bar mouth."

The bar is always shallow and the continual deposit carried down by the stream and washed back by the waves keeps the river banks growing, and mangrove trees spring up in the mud, and so, slowly but surely, the growth in length of the river itself goes on. Entering one of these streams from the lagoon, you pass through a long stretch of mangrove swamp. Here the water is brackish, and tide rises and falls. This is the home of the catfish, often weighing 15 to 20 lbs.

At high tide schools of mullet and "jacks" (a second cousin of the bluefish) often run in this reach of the river. Leaving the swamp and continuing the ascent of the river, we find that the stream above the swamp soon grows shallow, with deep pools and many riffles, and here in the pools under some old stump is the bass and also a species of trout.

A friend of mine (call him H.) has a plantation on Spanish Creek, and during August I was a visitor at his camp. One morning on visiting the commissary for supplies, we found our ham had fallen down from the rack and was almost destroyed by ants. It looked as if breakfast would be a slim meal, but H. said to me, "Can you fish?" I owned up, and in five minutes we were off. Our equipment was of the simplest: pole, cord and hook, and I certainly regretted not having my rod and reel. The pool he went to was full of tree tops, lying just as they had fallen when cut from both banks. In places I could hardly see any water. We dug a few worms and at it we went, and I am satisfied that had we wished we could have caught a barrel full of bass. In less than an hour we were back at camp with thirty-eight—or two apiece for all hands. They ran about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., one I am sure going all of 2 lbs.

For a week we kept this up, and when I came away I had not once wished for a new ham.

The bass bite at anything. The trout only at a small red berry that grows in the woods, and not very certainly at that.

Planters often get them by using dynamite, but this can only be done effectually when the water is low and clear—conditions, fortunately, rather uncommon.

Set lines baited with small fish are used for the jacks, and often a catfish is caught on one of them.

The little white perch about 3 to 4 in. long are very plenty and the sweetest of all fish, but too small for comfort, as about twenty-five of them make a mess for one man.

Many a fine string of bass have I brought in in time for breakfast, and I can assure you they are always welcome.

HUNT.

THE BEST LURE FOR TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Forbes, gives an interesting account of an Adirondack pond very full of trout, but of which none can be caught unless under exceptional circumstances with any bait or fly tried by him, and he does not think 300 fish have been caught out of it within five years. He asks of your readers suggestions as to something better to try with, or explanations of the failure of the trout to take baits and flies usually successful. He further states that nearly all of the very few he has caught were taken late in the evening or early in the morning, when almost dark.

I believe from his statement that the trouble is not with bait or flies, but in the clearness and stillness of the water and the ease with which the trout can see the angler and his shadow in the water and every movement he makes at distances greater than any cast can be made. I have never known a trout to take any kind of bait or fly in any case in which it was certain that he could see the angler when the cast was made. I have known bass to do so in a few instances, but never a trout. Even in fishing mountain streams we find deep, still and glassy surfaced pools in sundry places, and we all know that to approach such pools carelessly and cast over them in daylight is merely time wasted. But I have demonstrated in many instances that the large trout in those pools will take any good fly after sundown and before dawn, when there is barely light enough to see the flash where the whip strikes the water.

I have demonstrated that by keeping entirely out of sight of the water and casting from complete concealment these same trout can be taken at high noon under the full blaze of a glaring sun. In order to accomplish this I have waded water up to my chin to approach the spot where I wished to place my flies on the water from behind a huge boulder in the stream, and have had rises at the first cast where all attempts to catch a trout by casting from the shore, either bait or fly, had uniformly failed, unless when nearly dark. I have constructed, a times, an artificial screen or blind in order to approach a pool of this sort and make my cast unseen by the trout and have succeeded in catching a number of fine trout in a full strong sunlight.

I could give a great number of incidents illustrating this principle which would, I suppose, interest Mr. Forbe

and others of your readers, but I cannot ask too much of your space. One incident I may venture to detail in brief which gave me amusement and satisfaction: I was in the habit of fishing a fine trout stream in company with a young man who lived on its banks and was a most successful angler. I had observed his methods very closely and soon became convinced that his art consisted in not frightening the fish by abrupt and demonstrative movements. He, like myself, always waded the stream when casting for trout, and he always cast as short a line as possible, but his movements resembled those of an Indian more than those of any white man I ever saw. He glided through the water with so stealthy a step as scarcely to produce a ripple, and knowing every pool perfectly he got to the best position to make his cast without alarming the trout, with astonishing skill and success. Standing for several minutes as motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the spot where he intended to place his flies, he made his cast with less display of motion than any other man I ever saw cast a fly. I doubt if there is another man in the United States who can go to that stream and catch out of it as many trout in a week's fishing as he can.

On the day I speak of he and I agreed that we would fish along down the main stream together two or three miles, when he would cross the ridge and get on a fine tributary of the stream and fish down it to the confluence, and I should take the stream alone from the point where we separated, and whoever got to the mouth of the creek first should await the arrival of the other. He got there first, and lying down on the sandbar at the confluence of the two streams in the full blaze of the hot sun, after unsuccessfully trying the big pool at the junction of the streams, he went sound asleep in a few moments. When I came to the place I took in the situation, and resolved that I would repeat a maneuver which I had practiced successfully shortly before at that place. So I got over into the channel, from which the water had receded, and crawled along the sand out of sight of the pool until I got under cover of the sandbar on which the young man was lying asleep, and rising on my left elbow to a half-sitting, half-reclining posture, made my cast right across his body, and hooked and landed a very large trout, which I had just taken off the hook as he awoke, much astonished at what was going on while he slept. He said he had been there half an hour, and on his arrival had fished the pool with the utmost care, hoping to have a big one to show me when I got there. I would not tell him how I made my successful cast, and he said, "All right. I owe you one; but I was going to tell you a trick I know about the blue role, and now I won't tell you 'thout you tell me how you done it."

I have always considered this an excellent illustration of the general principle for which I contend, viz., that when game fish refuse to rise to the fly the reason is that the angler is seen by the fish before he makes his cast in the very great majority of all such cases. I believe if Mr. Forbes will fish his pond from sunset until dark he will get some trout as often as he does it. If he will try in the daytime when a good breeze roughens the water, he will probably invariably get some trout. If he will try artificial blinds along the shore from which to cast without the possibility of being seen by the fish; if he will bring to bear upon the problem all the arts and devices of the still-hunter to approach his game unawares, I believe he will be successful with any good bait or fly.

DR. M. G. ELLZEY.

FLORIDA FISHING.

MRS. MARY ORVIS MARBURY, author of "Favorite Flies and their Histories," is spending the winter at Sarasota, on the Florida Gulf coast, where her brother, Robert J. Orvis, is conducting the Palms. Under date of Jan. 28 she sends us a chatty letter, from which are taken these enticing paragraphs:

We found the place much pleasanter than we anticipated even, although before coming we had been told so much of the natural beauty and healthfulness of this locality. We began to be quite anxious on our journey down. The country in the northern part of the State seemed so dreary, and the sand in Jacksonville, where we stopped to secure some old servants, perfectly disillusioned me from all "Florida enchantments," as extolled in the guide books; but after leaving Jacksonville the country improved so in its aspect that my brother began to look more cheerful, and as it became more and more luxuriant and interesting he kept saying: "Now this is better, this is something like!"

Arriving at Tampa we viewed the luxury of the gorgeous Tampa Bay Hotel, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Henshall, then came on to our winter home, and very home-like it is. It really is free from the usual Florida drawbacks of deep sand, mosquitoes and general desolation of aspect peculiar to many parts of the State. My brother so far has had but little time for hunting and fishing. Christmas Day he went out with a friend and they shot forty-one quail, said they saw more than 200, but they were trying a young dog for the first time, and he was over eager and flushed many birds. Without poor Toddy they would have done better, but so much game turned the head of our Northern bred dog, who has been thankful to find two or three partridges of an afternoon in our Vermont woods.

The first tarpon of the season was caught week before last by Thal. Henson, a native fisherman. Mr. George Marsh, who has a place here, dined with us a few days ago and said he had seen many tarpon in the creek near his house. The "northerners" have been of such brief duration this year in this locality that the water has not become so chilled as many times, therefore the tarpon fishing promises to begin earlier and be better than last winter.

Mrs. Stagg and Mrs. Henshall have called upon me several times, coming in Mrs. Stagg's yacht, the Tarpon, from Tampa. When you advise your lady readers about coming South, if they intend going outside the fashionable hotels, you should suggest that for real pleasure in this country they bring with them one or more suitable outing costumes and a riding habit. The walks and drives in this vicinity are delightful, through open pine woods; but the sharp-pointed leaves of the low palmettoes are unpleasant to meet in low shoes and delicate stockings; therefore a pair of high shoes and canvas leggings that fasten with leather straps are almost indispensable to comfort. A moderately short skirt of canvas or duck, or any heavy linen or cotton, to be worn with shirt waists,

and a warm jacket; for in sailing or at any time, though it is warm when exercising in the sun, the cool breezes are often searching, and a snug coat important to health and pleasure. Your southern-bound sporting friends may all be informed on these points, but I was not, and have had the bother of sending for all these things. I noticed Mrs. Stagg wore often real boots, made like riding boots only with heavier soles; they were very pretty and quite the thing for many occasions. But if one does much yachting, it is of course courtesy to your host or hostess to wear rubber-soled shoes while on board. To complete an outfit a soft, snug cap for windy weather, a broad-brimmed straw hat and veil for sunny days, long-wristed chamois gloves, and a big pongee sun umbrella are all needed. With these one can enjoy many tramps, sails and drives that would otherwise be only tiresome and perhaps painful.

A few evenings ago I went out in a small rowboat with my brother, and we rowed into a big school of bluefish that were jumping in all directions. You felt as though you could wade out and catch them with your hands, they were so many and so near. They rose eagerly to the fly, and while the sun was setting we caught enough for our breakfast, all within sight of the house and sound of the tea bell, which interrupted our sport. As I write by an open window I can see the pelicans diving and the pretty gulls hovering over them, watching to seize their catch. The little herons are walking daintily up and down the beach, and I can hear the occasional splash of a jumping fish. The roses are in full bloom, and one may pluck great handfuls of them from the broad veranda. Away in the distance are the white sails of the fishing boats, and the sun, as the moments pass, is growing all red and gold, sending a flood of warm color across the water, touching every ripple with changing hues that glitter and glow with sunny life and delight. All this color and seashore life is new to me, and the air is so balmy, yet with the freshness of a June morning, that I feel I am having more than my share of pleasure as I read the letters from home relating tales of cold and chills.

MARY ORVIS MARBURY.

NARCOOSSEE, Fla., Hotel Runnymede, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have fished in almost all the waters of this country and have made some fine catches of trout in the Yellowstone and waters of Montana and Idaho, and of bass and pickerel in Michigan and Wisconsin and many places noted for great catches. But the best fishing in America to-day is here. This section is filled with lovely lakes, with broad sandy shores, and not a stagnant pool in all the country, and it can well be called the beautiful lake region of Florida. Black bass are here in great abundance; the waters are alive with them; they are of a large size and run from 3 to 12 lbs. in weight. They bite rapidly and are full of fight. On Christmas in an hour's fishing I had all I could carry. To-day Mr. John Harmer, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, and myself in one hour with common cane rods and artificial minnow caught twenty-five bass with an average weight of 2 lbs. I landed bass here as large as 8 lbs. and Mr. Harmer repeatedly caught two at a time by using two hooks. The waters here literally swarm with fish. Bait is easy to get; the banks are clean, and ladies and children fish here with no fear of wet feet or soiled clothes. ALEX. H. IRVIN.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 8.—F. W. Wardwell, of Boston, with a party of New York and Cleveland men, will leave in a few days for Florida and will devote a few weeks to blue fishing off the mouth of Indian River. They were down there last year and were so taken with the sport that they determined to repeat the trip this year.

C. D. Boss, of London, Conn., has gone to Punta Rassa, Fla., and will fish for tarpon in that vicinity. Mr. Boss is an enthusiast on tarpon fishing and has been at it for many years. It is his custom when on the fishing grounds to go out almost every day, and, as he expresses it, never leaves for home until he wakes up some fine morning and finds himself disinclined to go out fishing. He then concludes that he is unconsciously growing tired of the sport and packs up for his return trip. Not a bad method this.

F. H. Talcott, of Boston, has joined the band of winter fishermen and has been down to Lakeville, Mass., fishing through the ice. He came back with 27 lbs. of pickerel, and although willing to vote it cold work still thinks it pleasant enough to be repeated in the near future.

HACKLE.

Pennsylvania Association.

At the monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association at 1020 Arch street, Feb. 8, the question of establishing club membership by taking in the various fishing clubs throughout the State, with the idea of securing more concerted action on matters affecting the fishing interests, was referred to the executive committee with instructions to prepare and report at the next meeting an amendment to the by-laws providing for club membership. One hundred and fifty dollars was appropriated to the trustees of the permanent fund. The committee on reunion reported having selected March 26 as the date of holding the reunion in Wesley Hall, 1018 Arch street. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Burkhardt, Fitzgerald and Hartley, was appointed to procure a portrait of the late Frederick Brown for the Association room, and it was decided to appoint a counselor-at-law.

Considerable discussion arose over the proposed amendment creating a life membership and this finally passed, the fee being increased from \$30, the amount specified in the notice, to \$50. After its passage it was thought by some that \$50 was too much and a motion was made to reconsider, but was lost. Mr. Ingham gave notice that he would at the next meeting move an amendment making the fee for life members \$30.

Free Fishhooks.

ONE member of the House is in a regular stew just now. He is telling the story on himself:

"I was slightly surprised a few days ago to receive a letter from a constituent, as follows:

"DEAR JUDGE: Tim Dooley says that Government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not; but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half-pound packages, called boneless cod. And they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away any fishhooks I wish you would send me some, for the Major, Ransom Brown,

Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you last time."

"For the sake of the joke I dropped into a sporting goods store and bought a tin box of hooks for \$1.50, sent it to my friend with a note saying that I was very glad I had some fishhooks still left from my quota, though there had been a great demand for them and the horse book. The supply of fish had run out, and the President had been so occupied with bonds and had Congress on his hands so long that our supply was exhausted. I regretted also that the ducks have been wild or could maybe have got some, but last trip Grover only got thirteen and he needed most of those himself.

"The result was fourteen requests for fishhooks within a week, and they are still coming. It is no use saying that Uncle Sam does not handle fishhooks, as here are the hooks and there is my letter, and if I don't send them every last man that I refuse will sharpen a knife for me next campaign, and if I do I will go broke. Don't fool with the granger."—*Washington Times.*

Salmon Off the Cape of Good Hope.

BOSTON, Feb. 3.—Mention has been made on occasions of catching salmon in the sea with a fly, especially on the California coast, and a few days since a friend sent me an account of some fine catches in Santa Cruz Bay, California. An old blue water captain who sailed for years to China and the East has told me more than once of taking salmon off the Cape of Good Hope. By accident he discovered he could catch salmon on certain banks situated from five to fifteen miles from the Cape with soundings of from eighteen to thirty fathoms. The fish were true salmon in all appearances with the exception of having white flesh. They were caught with a dail, baited with a piece of white rag, as bluefish are caught, and they would weigh from 10 to 20 lbs. Some fifty fathoms of line were used and a light breeze required. He stated he had caught them there on three or four occasions and plentiful enough to furnish the crew and cabin with all the fresh fish they needed, and on one occasion they salted down a barrel or two. My friend is familiar with the salmon and informed me he could see no difference in every appearance and their eating qualities save their having white flesh. Have you ever heard of "Cape salmon" before?

REIGNOLDS.

Business and Pickerel Fishing.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—Maine lumber manufacturers and other producers in Maine have got into the custom of treating their Boston agents or receivers to fishing and hunting trips when they come down on business. F. A. Kimball has been down over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, among his lumber manufacturers. By one concern he was assigned a guide, to look entirely after his entertainment and business interests. A pickerel fishing trip was proposed to South Twin Lake. Such fishing, Mr. Kimball allows, he never saw before. They had five lines each—all that the law allows. They caught a great many pickerel, some weighing 3 or 4 lbs. Mr. Kimball is much pleased with the State of Maine, and particularly with pickerel fishing at South Twin Lake. He has an idea that the lake must be a jewel in the summer, with old Katahdin always in sight. They found the signs of deer very abundant in the woods they had to cross, but did not get a sight at one, though the lumbermen report seeing them very frequently.

SPECIAL.

Boston Smelt Fishers.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 8.—Fishing for smelt through the ice is a pastime which finds favor with some of our Boston anglers, and those who have indulged in the sport lately report excellent luck. The Weir River in Hingham and the Weymouth River generally prove very productive places for winter smelt, and are the chief points to which Boston fishermen go. One young man captured 40 lbs. in a very short time a few days ago, and they were beauties as to size and quality. The anchorage of the Nantasket steamers at Nantasket has also provided good sport during the past week. An acquaintance took 80 lbs. there on the turn of the tide a few mornings ago, and he estimates that fully 700 lbs. were taken that day at this place by all the fishermen present.

HACKLE.

Symptoms of the Fever.

AS SOON as I get things settled I've some trout notes I want to send you. Reading and writing and talking trout, and perhaps unwrapping tackle for a glimpse or two, are all we cranks who already feel the first burnings of the annual fever can do for relief. I hear that my favorite old stream in Connecticut is being thoroughly "posted," so my actual experiences this season may be very light.

B.

Fishculture.

Instructions for Transporting and Planting Young Fish.

By State Fishculturst A. N. Cheney, of the New York Commission.

BROOK, brown, rainbow and Loch Leven trout should be planted in small spring rivulets tributary to the larger stream intended to be stocked. From the rivulets they will work down as they grow into the main stream.

Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks on a shoal in mid-lake, very near to deep water, into which the young trout soon find their way. In the absence of such shoals with rocks to afford hiding places for the young trout, they may be planted on spawning beds when they are known.

In transporting young trout, if they come to the surface of the water in the cans, it is a sign of exhaustion, and the water should be frequently aerated by dipping it from the can in a dipper and let it fall into it again from a considerable height. It is safer to aerate the water placed in the cans at the hatchery than to add fresh water during the journey, the qualities of which are unknown. Should the water in the cans become warm, the temperature should be reduced by the addition of ice broken into small pieces.

If the water in the cans containing young trout should be warmer or colder than the water in the lake or stream at the time of planting the fish, the temperature should be equalized by mingling the two waters in the can before the fish are turned out, as marked changes in the temperature may kill the young trout.

Fish cans ordinarily hold about 5,000 trout fry, and not

more than three cans of fry should be planted in one year in a stream from six to eight miles long, and the fry should be well distributed throughout the length of the stream (by planting in rivulets as previously stated), as by bunching the plant there is danger of exhausting the food suitable for the young fish.

Fry or yearling fish should be planted as soon as received and never under any circumstances kept over night without constant watching and aerating the water. Trout are sent out by the State in the spring or fall, as transportation during the hot months is attended with great risk.

Applicants for fish should so far as possible ascertain the kinds and quality of fish food in the streams they desire to plant.

Caledonia Hatchery.

ALBANY, Feb. 8.—Assemblyman Kelsey has introduced a bill appropriating \$5,000 for acquiring certain lands and water rights on Spring Creek above the Caledonia fish hatchery, in Livingston county, for the protection of fish culture at the hatchery.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit. Entries close Feb. 20.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

THE U. S. F. T. C.'S TRIALS.

THE winter trials of the United States Field Trials Club began on Feb. 3. Much interest was manifested in the competition. The attendance of sportsmen was large and distinguished. Among the number were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, New York; Edw. Dexter, Buzzards Bay; J. L. Adams, Stanley Adams, Norwin T. Harris, St. Marc M. Mundy, and L. W. Blankenbaker, Louisville; E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent M. & O. R. R.; J. R. Rogers, Jackson; J. D. Posten, Columbus, O.; P. M. Essig, Natchez, Miss.; J. M. Taylor, New York; W. L. Kidwell, Washington; J. L. Barker and Dr. C. I. Shooch, Racine, Wis.; J. T. Sergeant, Mason; W. B. Stafford, Trenton; C. D. Stuart, Benton Harbor; A. Raefle, N. Manchester, Indiana; and from Birmingham came Messrs. Ashford, Odum, Smith, and Dr. Chisholm and Dr. Ubank, and many others.

The judging was done by Messrs. A. Merriman, Memphis, and Theo. Sturgis, New York. The two judges, Mr. King and Dr. Grimstead, originally announced to judge with Mr. Merriman, could not attend. There were not many competent gentlemen present whose services were available, so the management decided to run the competition under two judges. Mr. Merriman had long experience.

As to the judging itself, some of it gave satisfaction, while other parts of it were not well received. Mr. Merriman kept the handlers in hand with admirable skill. He stopped in a great degree that most harmful feature of many competitions, scrambling for points. He kept the handlers together in a way that would be a profitable study for those judges who, not trying, think it cannot be done or who do not care to risk possible loss of popularity.

On the other hand, the general management of the competition was loose and thoughtless. Heats would often end more or less of a distance from where the wagons were, and much time in the aggregate was lost in sending for the wagons and waiting for them to be driven up, or in riding to them. There was available material for this work. It was inexcusable negligence. A very little competent effort would have avoided so much wearisome and purposeless delay. It will be noted that there is thus much waste of time between many of the heats. Again, in the first series of heats, nearly all the dogs were run an even thirty minutes. This limit was intended for a minimum time. It was not an arbitrary limit. The first series should be run till there are such positive differences that the judges can make for the second series their selections understandingly. By taking up the dogs at the expiration of thirty minutes, when nothing has been settled, requires that all the dogs shall be run over again, which was sometimes nearly done, and that extra running consumes unnecessary time and confuses the judgment more or less. There is nothing definitely determined as the competition progresses, and except in the case of the dogs of extraordinary merit the judgment is not very certain. The first series is a very important one and should be run till the judges know something definite of the dogs' merits.

Again, the rules were not always strictly observed. For some reason wholly beyond conjecture it was decided that the judges would not announce any second series, but instead call up the dogs brace by brace as they required them. A more stupid method could not be imagined. Men whose dogs were not to be called up were kept in waiting the same as those who would be called up, and there was not the opportunity for each to arrange in turn for the competition. Had the rule been followed, the common sense embodied in the rule would have been in action at the same time. Then the unfortunate blunder of Friday, when Komus was run as Von Gull, could never have happened. At least, such a blunder has never happened before. The rule reads as follows: "After the first series has been run through the judges shall announce which dogs they wish to see run again and the order of running them," etc. By violating this rule the judges placed themselves in as humiliating a position as if they were novices.

The grounds are excellent for the running of dogs. Unfortunately for the equity of the competition, some parts of the grounds contained abundance of birds, while

other parts had very few, and this important matter the judges seemed to heed not. The dogs were rated according to the results shown, whether there were birds or not.

In both stakes the pointers as a whole made a much finer competition and exhibition than did the setters.

There is one unfair matter which has been in practice for some years, and which all field trial managements should abate, that is, the leading of dogs on chain as close as possible to the competition, dogs which are to run in the following stake, and thus observe the finding of the birds and their whereabouts. Mr. Avent is the offender in this matter. No other handler favors or follows the practice. They wait till the competition begins before showing the grounds and birds to their dogs. And in this connection it may not be out of place to remark that kicking a dog in the head, as he did Cynosure, is not a part of skillful handling, nor a pleasing spectacle to the spectators, nor a good way to make the reputation of field trials.

A regrettable incident of the meeting was the cavalier manner in which Mr. J. L. Adams, vice-president of the club, was treated in the matter of his resignation. He sent in his resignation on Dec. 18. He received a reply from the secretary, informing him that it would be acted on at the annual meeting at West Point. On Sunday evening, Feb. 2, the club held a special meeting and Mr. Adams was not asked to attend. The secretary stated that Mr. Adams's resignation had been accepted. On inquiry, there was no record of it. On Feb. 4, two days after the meeting, Mr. Adams was notified that his resignation was accepted. This action engendered much unfavorable comment. To be deprived of his club rights before his resignation was accepted was a most arbitrary act.

The Pointer Derby.

The competition began with this stake. The work was exceptionally good, though the abundance of birds found on this day contributed materially to the good showing. They in fact were found too numerous at times to test the "bird sense" and searching qualities of the dogs. Nevertheless the competition was keen and good.

The running in this stake was managed skillfully and the decisions were accurate. Mr. Merriman cautioned the handlers at the outset against rushing and separating, the good effects of which were distinctly noticeable throughout the stake.

The dogs were run in the following order:

N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. bitch Sister Sue, N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Wrestler, C. E. Buckle, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' blk. and w. dog Nabob, C. E. Buckle, handler, with H. S. Smith's blk. and w. dog Rip Saw, J. H. Johnson, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. bitch Tory Jessamine, J. M. Avent, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' o. and w. bitch India, C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Thayer's l. and w. dog Ridgeview Cash, J. M. Avent, handler, with H. K. Devereux's l. and w. bitch Virginia, Geo. Gray, handler.

Adams & Thompson's l. and w. dog Cracker Jack, J. H. Johnson, handler, with T. T. Ashford's l. and w. bitch Hattie D., D. E. Rose, handler.

This stake was for all pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1894. Two forfeits of \$10 each and \$10 additional to start. Five prizes—\$150, \$125, \$100, \$75 and \$50.

India and Nabob, first and second respectively, ran excellently well. Their point work was very sharp and clean. They ranged in a satisfactory manner, were industrious, showed good judgment, and worked pleasingly to the gun. A rule was violated in not running them together for first and second place.

A remarkable feature of this stake is that the winners of first, second and third are all sired by that hero of many a field trial competition, Rip Rap.

Rip Saw and Tory Jessamine, third and fourth respectively, made a meritorious competition. Their work, though pleasing and commendable, was not so sharp nor so uniformly maintained as was that of first and second winners.

Sister Sue, fifth, began in a most promising way. Her first heat was excellent, but her work in subsequent heats gradually declined in merit till at the finish it was common.

Monday.

The weather was clear and warm.

First Round.

SISTER SUE AND WRESTLER were cast off at 8:53. Down 35 minutes. Sue cut out the work and had a decided advantage in every particular. She pointed two beavies nicely, and was steady to shot. Sent on in woods, Sue nicely pointed a single bird. Next she flushed one. Next Wrestler flushed an outlying single in corn, then stood and the rest of the birds flushed. On the scattered birds Wrestler secured a point; Sue a flush. The heat soon thereafter ended.

NABOB AND RIP SAW started at 9:35. Rip pointed a bevy in a growth of sedge and plum bushes, and Nabob pointed or backed. Each then made a point on scattered birds. Nabob pointed, held point, then moved on, came back and was cautious when the birds flushed. Nabob next pointed a bevy in open sedge. Next in heavy weeds he pointed birds, doing excellent work. Up at 10:13. Rip Saw ran a fairly good race. He pointed and backed steadily and showed good training.

TORY JESSAMINE AND INDIA started at 10:08. India pointed a bevy and was backed. As the bevy flew across the open field another bevy rose and flew away nearly in the same course. Following after the birds, India pointed a bevy in the open, which made the third bevy found within a few minutes and within a small space of ground. Jessamine drew by independently and pointed the same birds. On the scattered birds, Jessamine made three points in quick succession, they lying well. India pointed a single at the moment it flushed in woods. Jessamine at the same time in the open roaded to a flush on a single. Sent on. The dogs were separated for a while, and Jessamine pointed a bevy. Next, India made two good points on singles. Up at 10:45. Both were industrious and did good work, India the Superior. Both backed and worked well to the gun.

RIDGEVIEW CASH AND VIRGINIA were cast off at 10:49. Cash pointed a bevy; on the scattered birds he flushed one, then standing still he began to steady to a point, when several more flushed wild; he steadied to a point

and more were flushed close by him; it was sloppy work. Virginia pointed a bevy. Cash made two points on singles; next he made a point which proved barren. Virginia pointed a single. Virginia's work was the better. Cash's work deteriorated as the heat advanced. Up at 11:25.

CRACKER JACK AND HESSIE D. were started at 11:41. Hattie pointed a bird well and Jack backed indifferently. Sent on, Hattie nicely pointed a bevy in woods. Both pointed; those who saw this piece of work from the start said that Hattie pointed the birds first. Sent on, both got a point on the same bevy, the merit of the find and point being practically the same. Jack next pointed a bevy; Hattie backed well. Jack next flushed a single and was a bit unsteady. Hattie next made two good points. Up at 12:36.

Lunch next engaged the attention of the party.

Second Round.

SISTER SUE AND TORY JESSAMINE began at 1:39. Sue pointed a single. Jess roaded to a point on several birds. Sue pointed a bevy in weeds; sent on, next she pointed; nothing found. Up at 2:46. Both dallied in ranging at times and were lacking in good finish to their work. They lost some good opportunities to point.

INDIA AND RIP SAW were cast off at 2:54. India soon pointed a bevy. She made two points on singles. Sent on, she pointed a bevy and four good points on singles. She was ordered up at 3:15. Rip then ran alone two or three minutes, when he also was ordered up.

NABOB AND RIDGEVIEW CASH were started at 3:32. Nabob was first to point; then both roaded, Nabob locating and securing the point on the birds. Cash made two barren points and Nabob pointed a single. Cash pointed a bevy in very poor style. Cash apparently pointed a single and Nabob backed, but those who saw the first of it said the point was Nabob's. Cash made two more points to which nothing was found. His range was narrow, his manner was not merry and his work inferior. Nabob had the better of the heat in every respect.

HESSIE D. AND VIRGINIA ran from 4:40 to 5:10 without finding.

SISTER SUE AND RIP SAW began at 5:15. Rip pointed a bevy. Sent on, he pointed a single, after which he pointed some scattered birds. He next pointed in open sedge, Sue crossing in ahead close by; both roaded after the birds, which were running and scattering. One bird flushed wild ahead of Sue and two ahead of Rip. Up at 5:40. Sue was falling off in the quality of her work and ran poorly. Rip had the better of the heat.

The judges placed the dogs in the following order after the return to the hotel: India, Nabob, Rip Saw, Tory Jessamine and Sister Sue.

The Setter Derby.

There were twelve starters, drawn to run in the following order:

R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog Forzando, J. H. Johnson, handler, with W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. dog Sam T., owner, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick, Geo. Gray, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennel's b., w. and t. bitch Feu Follet, J. M. Avent, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. dog Tory Fashion, J. M. Avent, handler, with R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. dog Bob Taylor, Geo. W. Richards, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Arapahoe, C. Tucker, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Domino, D. E. Rose, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Ruth, N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with B. V. Sudbury's b., w. and t. dog Conor, J. H. Johnson, handler.

R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. bitch Accelerando, J. H. Johnson, handler, with H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport, Geo. Gray, handler.

This stake for setters had the same prizes and conditions as to age, forfeits and prizes as the Pointer Derby.

Tory Fashion ran a superior race and rightly won first. Harwick, winner of second, also made an excellent competition.

Marie's Sport, third, was faulty in his point work, often pointing on footscents and oftener pointing inaccurately.

Bob Taylor, fourth, should have been spotted out after his first heat, which abounded with errors. His later work improved, but aside from speed and range his work was not remarkable.

Accelerando ran fairly well, doing some good work on birds.

Gleam's Ruth, in my opinion, should have been third. She had fairly good range—neither extremely wide or close—and her point work was excellent, accurate and sharp. She was perfectly stanch till her handler walked up to her, when she would follow behind or at his side and help him on the way to the birds. It was a useful display of knowledge and training, far surpassing the senseless points which are held while the trainer beats out the ground all alone, then sends the dog on to do what he should have done at first. Gleam's Ruth is the very sort of dog which should be in the money and honors.

Tuesday.

The competition began a bit late. The weather was warm and cloudy. The quality of the work was ragged and sloppy, but two or three good heats out of the day's work relieving the monotony. There was abundance of opportunities for work on birds, but the general results were flushes, raggedness and lost opportunities. As a whole, it was far inferior to the pointer competition of the previous day. Owing to the absence of some dogs at the start they were not run in the order drawn.

First Round.

TORY FASHION AND BOB TAYLOR began at 8:40. Down 38 minutes. Bob's work was marked throughout by headiness and errors. He soon found birds, flushed and was unsteady and willful. Next he flushed part of a bevy, while Tory pointed the remainder of it some yards to one side. On scattered birds Bob pointed a single. Both were steady to shot. Tory had the advantage in every way. Bob's work was so full of error that he was not entitled to further running.

FORZANDO AND SAM T. were cast off at 9:30. Down 34 minutes. A bevy was seen to flush. It was followed. Some uncertain work was done by Sam. Forzando made a point so far as could be determined through the vista of brush. Forzando made two points on beavies. The work as a whole was ragged. Sam T. was not in form and For-

zando was erratic in his range, though he had a way of getting on birds. All the work was lacking in ease of finish and smooth handling.

HARWICK AND FEU FOLLET at 10:15 were cast off. Harwick pointed, moved on about 50yds. and pointed the bevy. Feu had crossed the trail a couple of times or more without recognizing the scent. Feu pointed a single. Harwick a single and a bevy. He showed good nose and point work, ranged intelligently, but seemed difficult to manage when ranging. Feu needed a deal of helping to make a good showing. Her performance was so inferior that she was not entitled to further consideration in the competition. Up at 10:50.

ARAPAHOE AND DOMINO began at 11:03. Domino failed to score on two bevs, partly through hard luck and a large part through his own fault. Next he flushed two birds of a bevy and stopped to wing, and soon the rest of the bevy flushed wild. On scattered birds Arapahoe pointed a single nicely. Domino flushed twice and pointed once, finding nothing. Arapahoe's opportunities were marred by Domino's errors. Both ranged fairly well, Domino headstrong and careless. Up at 11:34.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND CONOR were cast off at 11:44. A bevy was flushed and followed. Ruth made a good point on some scattered birds. Conor backed. Up at 12:36, with the advantage in favor of Ruth.

ACCELERANDO AND MARIE'S SPORT were cast off after lunch at 1:30. A flushed bevy was followed. Sport's point on a single was backed in a half-hearted way. Accelerando made two points on singles. Sport roared to a point on a bevy and Accelerando backed or pointed. The birds flushed wild. Up at 2:18. Accelerando showed but indifferent judgment in ranging. In speed, range and judgment Sport was much superior.

Second Round.

It was said that these dogs were not a part of the second round, but after the first round was run through it is difficult to imagine what round the second one was if it was not the second. Of the dogs kept in Feu Follet and Bob Taylor had no just claim to a second trial.

FORZANDO AND BOB TAYLOR were cast off at 2:45. Bob pointed a bevy well and Feu backed to order. Forzando made two good points on singles. Up at 3:38. The performance was a fair one.

HARWICK AND TORY FASHION ran the heat of the day, beginning at 3:43. The work was the first of the stake approaching field trial form. Harwick took a long cast, pointed nicely on a side hill, Tory backing prettily, both being plainly in sight, making a spectacular field scene. Sent on, Harwick found and pointed another bevy in woods, Tory backing nicely. Soon afterward Tory pointed a bevy and Harwick backed. Tory pointed once on a single. Harwick made two points on singles. Tory pointed a bevy in the open field and was inclined to unsteadiness when the bevy flushed, but steadied to order. Both dogs ranged well, with some advantage on the part of Harwick. Time 4:14.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND FEU FOLLET commenced at 4:29. Ruth pointed, moved on to locate the bevy; Feu was permitted to join in against the rules, and shared the point; both handlers shot when the birds flushed. The find and point were Ruth's. Feu next pointed; nothing found. Sent on, Ruth pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Sent on, Feu pointed; Nesbitt let his dog go by and take the point. Nothing found. The heat was being badly conducted. Sent on, Ruth wheeled prettily to a point on a bevy; good work. Next she pointed a single. The judge cautioned Mr. Avent. Feu pointed a single; Ruth backed. Feu made a good point, next a flush. Ruth made two points. At this juncture Ruth had beaten Feu, with a lot to spare. Ruth worked on her own judgment, while Feu needed a deal of coaching. They were then turned into the open to range a while. This heat ended the competition of the day.

Wednesday.

A heavy rain during the night having soaked the ground thoroughly, birds were not found plentiful. The heavy clouds of the morning broke away, then the sky again was overcast. Rain set in about the middle of the afternoon and stopped the work.

MARIE'S SPORT AND FORZANDO were started at 9. Forzando flushed two bevs. Sport pointed in woods, moved on about 30yds. and pointed again; nothing found. At the same time Forzando pointed a rabbit, which he chased. Each made a good point on scattered birds. Sport pointed; nothing to it. Up at 9:30.

ACCELERANDO AND BOB TAYLOR began at 9:30. Both pointed; nothing found. Accelerando pointed a bevy and Bob coming in to back pointed some outlying birds of it. On the scattered birds Bob pointed a single. Accelerando made three points on singles. Bob flushed twice. Each made a barren point. Up at 10:40. Both were industrious.

ARAPAHOE AND SAM T. were started at 10:54. Sam pointed a bevy, which flushed wild. Arapahoe made three points in succession, one of which was on a bevy. Sam flushed a single and chased it a short distance. Each pointed singles and each made a point which proved barren. Up at 11:37. Sam was speedy and dashing. Some days before the trials he had escaped on a self-hunt, which broke up his work to the gun for the time being.

The judges placed the dogs in the following order: Tory Fashion, Harwick, Marie's Sport, Bob Taylor and Accelerando.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake was for all pointers which had never won first in an all-age stake in any field trial in America. There were five prizes: \$150, \$125, \$100, \$75 and \$50. There were twelve starters.

W. N. Kerr's l. and w. dog Little Ned, Geo. W. Richards, handler, with Dr. G. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Komus, D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Tippoo, C. E. Buckle, handler, with Furlough Kennels' l. and w. bitch Diana, J. Armstrong, handler.

Ashford & Odum's l. and w. dog Von Gull, D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, l. and w. bitch Rancocas Belle, C. Tucker, handler.

Tway & Haswell's black dog Jumbo, C. W. Tway, handler, with F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog Elgin's Dash, N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Westminster Kennel Club's l. and w. dog Sandford Druid, John White, handler, with Stoddard & Kidwell's b. and w. dog Tick Boy, J. B. Stoddard, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. dog Jingo, N. B. Nesbitt,

handler, with H. K. Devereux's l. and w. dog Tamarack, Jr., George E. Gray, handler.

First was won by Tippoo, a pointer of remarkable merit in the competition. His range is wide and speedy, his point work accurate and sharp. As between him and Jingo the competition was very close. Jingo excelled in bird sense, in beating out his ground with judgment and in skill in handling his birds. He was lacking in the dash of Tippoo and did not have his speed in point work. He ran three heats on Thursday; Von Gull ran one. Von Gull went to his birds with a high nose and showed excellent capabilities, but he showed no work that entitled him to a place over Jingo.

By the blunder in running Komus with Diana instead of Von Gull, and the further blunder of not running him with Diana afterward, but with Jingo instead, the stake was carried over into Friday. All this leads up to the fact that Jingo was ill on Friday. He ran four heats, Von Gull two. In the competition with Rancocas Belle, he had no advantage of her whatever, excepting in the manner of pointing his birds, he carrying a higher nose. She found the bevy too, on which the points were made. Outside of first place the remainder is a jumble.

First Round.

LITTLE NED AND KOMUS began at 11:52. Komus pointed a bevy and Ned coming across flushed it. Ned pointed a bevy in woods. Next Komus made two good points on singles. Komus pointed. Ned backed and a bird flushed a short distance away. Up at 12:31.

The party went to lunch.

TIPPOO AND IGHFIELD DIANA started at 1:34. Both were soon found pointing the same bevy. On scattered birds each pointed a single. Sent on, soon Tippoo pointed a bevy and then twice on singles; Diana made a point and a flush on singles. Sent on, Tippoo found and pointed two bevs. He next pointed a single nicely and Diana backed. He made a good point on a single, then moved forward and flushed it. Diana pointed a single bird. Up at 2:03.

The next brace was called, but rain having set in, the competition for the day was ended.

Thursday.

Heavy rain fell during the preceding night. The grounds were muddy and heavy. Birds were found in fair numbers. Quite a lot of time was wasted in delays which could have been avoided. Toward midday the clouds cleared away.

VON GULL AND RANCOCAS BELLE were cast off at 10:17. Belle pointed a bevy in open sedge. On scattered birds each pointed a single, Von backing handsomely about 50yds. away. Von made three more points on singles. Belle two points more and a flush. Up at 10:50. Both ranged fairly well. Von carried a high nose and worked skillfully on his birds. The heat was very close.

JUMBO AND ELGIN'S DASH started at 10:53. Jumbo pointed a bevy stanchly and was steady to shot and wing. Dash pointed a bevy and was well backed. On scattered bird she pointed a single. He was far the better in range and speed. Up at 11:48. The heat was ordinary.

SANDFORD DRUID AND TICK BOY were started at 11:55. Tick flushed a bevy. The dogs were up 16 minutes while being taken to new ground. Tick pointed a single. Druid pointed a bevy and at the same time Tick pointed a single. Druid made three flushes in succession, two of them seemingly willful. Sent on, each made a point on a bevy in sedge. Up at 1:15. Both dogs showed good speed and fair range.

The running was suspended while lunch was served.

JINGO AND TAMARACK, JR., started at 1:57. Both dogs going at speed ran into a bevy and flushed it. Jingo pointed, moved on, located and pointed a single. Tamarack pointed and a single was flushed close by while the dog was moving on. Both had good speed and range. Tamarack narrowed his range toward the end of the heat. Up at 2:31.

Second Round.

The judges called up the dogs brace by brace, which made it a difficult matter to forecast their intentions, besides keeping many unnecessarily in waiting after they had no chance to win.

KOMUS (NOT VON GULL) AND IGHFIELD DIANA were started at 2:35. Diana pointed a bevy which flushed wild, and then pointed on the footscout of it. Komus made an indifferent back. Sent on, Diana pointed a bevy. On some marked birds Komus made a good point in open weeds. Sent on, he pointed a bevy in the open. Diana pointed a single in corn. Up at 3:18. Diana was the more systematic ranger. Rose made much noise in handling Komus. A somewhat annoying though ludicrous feature attached to this heat. The judges had called for Von Gull and Komus was run instead. The judges detected the error in the evening. In this heat the photographer of the M. & O. R. R., a most affable gentleman, attempted to photograph Komus on point, Mr. Stafford requesting Mr. Rose to not flush the bird till the photographing, taking a moment's time, could be done. Mr. Rose discourteously refused, with the explanation that he was not in the photographing business just then. The M. & O. R. R. had been extremely obliging to owners and handlers in making special rates and in extending courteous attentions. The company intended to have some large field trial views made and for that purpose the photographer was there. Aside from the direct discourtesy of the act, it is not a manner to enlarge its growth nor make it beloved by those who are gratuitously snubbed.

TIPPOO AND RANCOCAS BELLE were started at 3:24. Tippoo pointed nicely a bevy in sedge, and afterward made two good points on singles. Belle made a good point on a single. Up at 3:56. Both worked diligently and showed good range. Tip had a decided advantage in every respect.

JINGO AND TICK BOY were started at 4:05. Jingo pointed a bevy. Tick backed, then willfully broke his back, went ahead and flushed the bevy. Jingo remained steady under great provocation. The handlers were about 50yds. away at the time. In woods each made a point on a single bird. Down 15 minutes. Jingo was the better in range, judgment and bird work.

TAMARACK, JR., AND SANDFORD DRUID were started at 4:26. Each made a point on a bevy at the same time. Sent on, Tamarack pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds they pegged points at a rapid rate. Tamarack made five points on singles, and near the close of the heat he made another point on a bevy. Druid made six points on singles and one flush. 5:04. Both dogs ranged fairly

well. Druid was difficult to handle. Tamarack had the better of the heat.

JINGO AND TIPPOO were cast off at 5:17 and gave a most excellent exhibition of good field work. They beat out their ground with judgment, ranged wide and fast, and their bird work was a masterpiece, taken as the performance of two dogs in a competition. Jingo pointed a bevy, which flushed. Tippoo pointed a single. Jingo pointed a single and Tippoo backed. Jingo roared with extreme caution in woods to a point on a bevy. In woods, Jingo pointed; Tippoo backed; nothing found. Tippoo drew quickly to a point on a bevy in woods; Jingo made game at the same time and pointed. The point work on scattered birds was now fast, sharp and accurate. Tippoo made four single points and Jingo made three. Tippoo was quicker on his birds and went to them with a higher nose. Darkness ended the heat. Time, 5:52.

Friday.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant in the morning. In the afternoon, clouds overcast the sky. The temperature became oppressively close and rain threatened. It set in in the night and fell heavily.

The mistake of the previous day in running Komus instead of Von Gull with Ighfield Diana took an unexpected turn when the judges announced that Von Gull was to run with Jingo. To correct the error, the proper way would have been to run Von Gull with Diana, as originally intended. The first mistake was awkward enough, but it was still further aggravated by a greater one. Von Gull had been called to run with Diana. By a combination of mistake and inattention he did not do so. The proper way then to have corrected the error was to run the brace as it had originally been called to run. It was indeed a very loose manner of conducting a stake.

Mr. Avent's dogs were in evidence to the fore led on chain, as they had been in days before and trials before. His dogs were to run in other stakes and therefore were out of place when led over the grounds in that manner.

JINGO AND VON GULL started at 8:14. Both dogs ranged wide and fast, Von the more dashing in his manner. Von pointed a bevy in corn; Jingo backed. Von made two points on singles. Jingo pointed and nothing was found to it. Jingo was suffering from bowel trouble and fell off in range, speed and interest in his work toward the close of the heat. Up at 8:49.

TIPPOO AND TAMARACK, JR., were cast off at 9:10 and run three minutes to comply with the rule which requires first and second to run together.

The judges then announced the winners as follows: Tippoo, Tamarack, Jr., Von Gull, Jingo and Ighfield Diana.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

This stake had eleven starters, which were run as follows:

C. M. Power's b., w. and t. dog Revenue, W. W. Titus, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch Tory Dotlet, J. M. Avent, handler.

Philip M. Essig's b. b. bitch Maud E., owner, handler, with D. F. Schoolfield's b., w. and t. dog Joe Bowers, W. W. Titus, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy, D. E. Rose, handler, with R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog Tony's Gale, J. H. Johnson, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. bitch Cynosure, J. M. Avent, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Lady Mildred, D. E. Rose, handler.

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog Rod's Top, J. M. Avent, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's lem. and w. dog Tory Fashion, J. M. Avent, handler, a bye.

The prizes and conditions in this stake were the same as in the corresponding stake for pointers.

Tony Boy made an excellent competition. His endurance, as shown in the heat with Tory Dotlet, stood the test, while Dotlet was thoroughly tired.

Tory Dotlet, second, was about two or three classes inferior to every dog placed after her. She lacks judgment in ranging and her "bird sense" is ordinary.

Tory Fashion, third, Lady Mildred, fourth, and Tony's Gale, fifth, are all well-known performers.

The fact of the matter is that the 30-minute limit, the inconclusive running of the first series, made the placing of the dogs largely a matter of guesswork. There were not the decisive results which are attained by running on common-sense lines instead of arbitrary time limits. The decisions were made on too meager data.

First Round.

REVENUE AND TORY DOTLET were cast off at 9:54. Revenue pointed a bevy and made four points on singles. Dotlet, called in to back Revenue's bevy point, pointed the same bevy; she also made a single-bird point and one flush. Each backed and were steady to shot. Both ranged well, Dotlet some of the time out of bounds. Down 30 minutes.

MAUD E. AND JOE BOWERS started at 10:43. Both ranged well. One of the handlers flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds each pointed a single. Down 30 minutes. The bird work was light, though the dogs worked diligently, Joe in particular beating his ground out well.

TONY BOY AND TONY GALE started at 11:20. Tony Gale pointed a bevy at the same time Tony Boy pointed an outlying single of it. He also pointed a single and made one point to which there was nothing found. Tony Boy pointed an outlying single of a bevy and also two or three other singles and made one flush. Both dogs worked well and diligently. Their range was wide and conducted with fairly good judgment. Down 30 minutes.

CYNOSURE AND LADY MILDRED were cast off at 11:57. Cynosure pointed a bevy and made three points on singles, one of which she flushed while being coached with the whistle, and she pointed one on which her work was marred by the same overdoing. She pointed two or three times, apparently on footscout. Not pleasing her handler while working on birds, he gave the little bitch a brutal kick in the head, which partially upset her and made her yelp, but she amiably went on with her work. Mildred made three points on bevs, four points on singles and one barren point. Both were steady to shot and wing and back. Down 35 minutes.

Lunch was next in order.

ROD'S TOP AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE started at 1:24. Each had good speed and range, but their point work was not equal to their opportunities. Harold made three points

on bevy. Down 55 minutes. Top made one point, which he left when he heard his handler's whistle.

TORY FASHION ran a bevy. He was started in on marked birds. Sent on, he roaded, pointed, went on and flushed the bevy. He then took a long cast after the scattered birds on forbidden ground and pointed them. Sent on, he pointed a bevy and next made a point on the scattered birds. He ranged well. Down 32 minutes, beginning at 2:23.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in this round.

TONY BOY AND TORY DOTLET started at 3:08. Down 59 minutes. Dotlet after the heat was half over was very tired, and her range had gradually lessened. Tony Boy was going strong and ranging wide at the finish. He was brought in to back one of Dotlet's bevy points, when he independently joined in the point, and she did the same when called in to back his point on one bevy. He made a good find and point on a bevy, and also pointed two singles well. He flushed one single. Dotlet made a good find and point on a bevy, and a point on scattered birds.

REVENUE AND TONY GALE were started at 4:14. Down 40 minutes. The heat was light in point work. Much ground was beaten. Revenue appeared to be out of form, as he was going heavily and not up to his first heat. Tony Gale worked diligently. He made a point on two singles. Mr. Titus withdrew Revenue after running 36 minutes.

LADY MILDRED AND TORY FASHION started at 5:05. The handlers rode horseback in this heat. Tory pointed a bevy, one single, and made one barren point. Lady made five points on singles, three of which were indifferent, and she made two points which were worthless. Down 32 minutes. They ranged well.

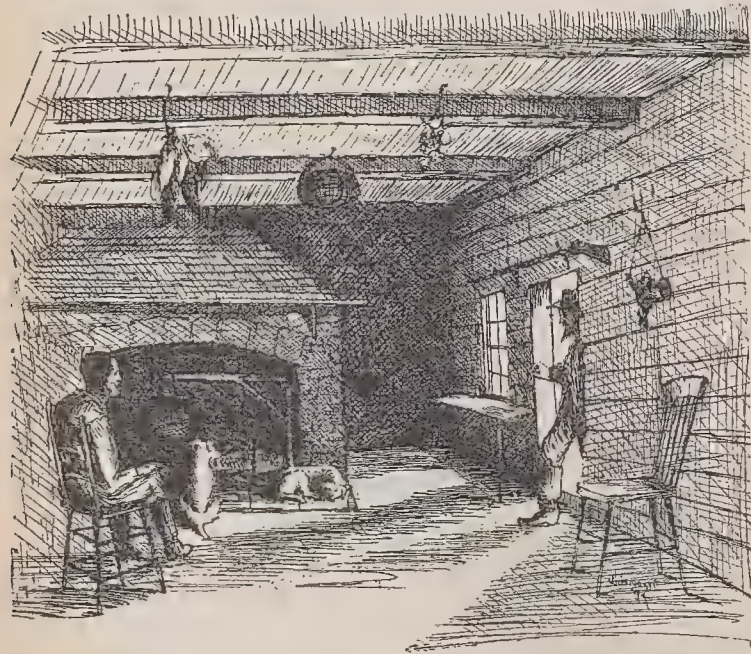
A COON HUNT IN THE SNOW IN OLD VIRGINIA.

IN December of 1892, when the whole country was covered with snow, my brother Walter and I, in talking over matters one day, conceived the idea of taking a trip to Virginia, to visit one of our old friends in the country, Mr. S., and to take a coon hunt in the snow. We were not long in making up our minds, and arranged to start a few days later. After getting together our traps, rifles, etc., off we started, reaching the old plantation without a mishap. Our friend was delighted to see us, and we at once proceeded to get into trim for a hunt. We had just been in the country a day when Tom S., son of our host, came unexpectedly upon the scenes. This settled the much-talked-of affair immediately, as Tom was as fond of hunting as we were ourselves.

The snow was at least 12 or 15 in. deep, which indicated at once that we were to have a glorious time, and as our host's old dandy—Coleman—had been reconnoitering the whole of the day before to find out where the best hunting grounds were, and had just returned, informing us that "I never see so many coon tracks before in all my born days," we knew that our most ardent hopes were about to be realized. So that night old Coleman was instructed to have his two dogs, Ranger and Jack, ready early the next morning for the fray, and after other minor details were looked after we repaired to bed to dream of the "free wool" that would fly the following day.

By 5 o'clock in the morning we were all astir. Both Ranger and Jack, whom Coleman had brought over, seemed to know by instinct what was coming, as they kept up an incessant yelping and howling until we started.

At 6:30 we were off. The sun was just peeping over the snow-clad trees on the banks of the adjacent river, causing them to resemble myriads of sparkling diamonds.



COLEMAN AT HOME—"B'ILING THE POSSUM."

There were six of us altogether, as Mr. C., a jolly old farmer from the neighborhood, came to Mr. S.'s the night before to join us. We were all armed with sixteen-shot Winchester rifles, .32 cal., with the exception of our host and Coleman. Mr. S. had a five-shot Winchester repeating shotgun, with which he claimed he could down an elephant, although he had on several occasions stood and looked with wondering eyes at a nimble buck which had been made to leave unwillingly its lair, by the wary huntsman with his hounds, forgetting entirely that his trusty Winchester was in his hands until the game was out of range. It is unnecessary to explain to the huntsman the cause of Mr. S.'s bewilderment on these occasions. Coleman was armed with an old Springfield "musket," as he termed it, and an axe.

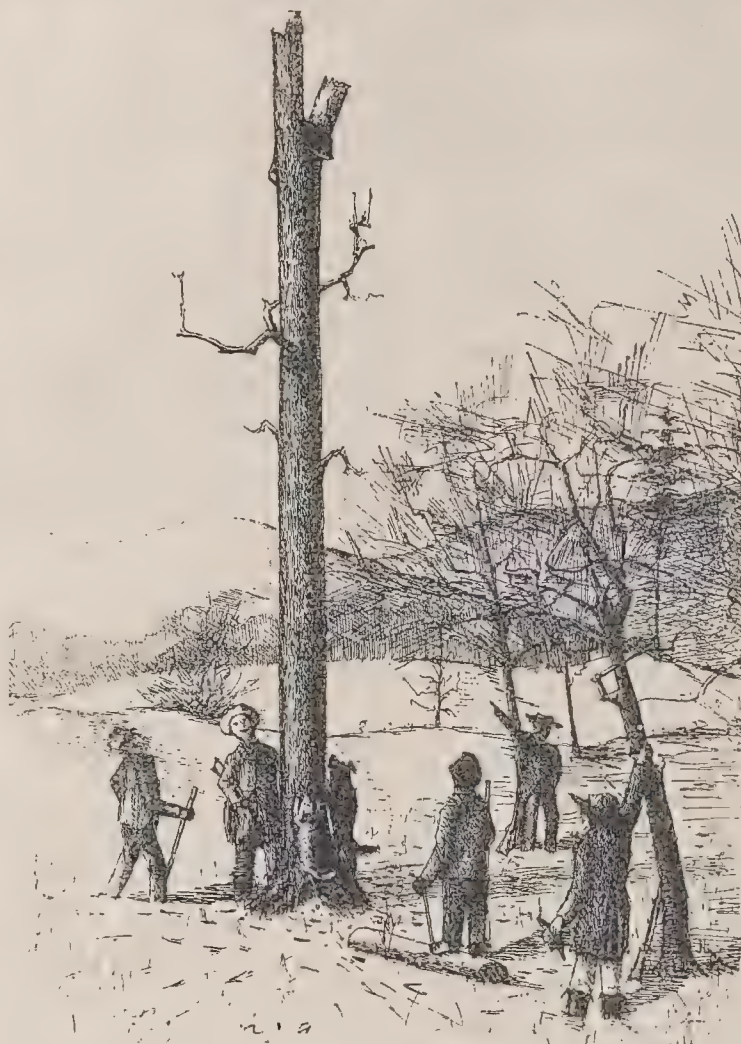
Well, we had in a few minutes gotten over to the river and started up through the woods, Coleman leading the way to his coon tracks. As soon as we got pretty well into the woods we let the two dogs loose. They started up the river bank at full tilt, as though trying to see which could scent game first. We had perhaps traversed about half a mile of the woodland when Ranger began to yelp, a sure sign that game was near. In about twenty seconds later, off the dogs bolted. We could see from the slight elevation we were on down into a ravine ahead of us and

in which direction the dogs were running. Suddenly Tom S., who was slightly in advance of the rest of us, raised his rifle and fired twice in rapid succession, and in looking in the direction of his aim we saw the coon (for coon it was) going over the hill ahead, with Ranger and Jack in hot pursuit.

Tom's rifle had not done the execution he had expected. He exclaimed as we got up to where he was, "Confound the luck! those two shells were the old ones I reloaded and failed to crimp the bullets tightly in; I was afraid that I would miss."

"Well, there is no use in crying over spilt milk," we all exclaimed. "Let's be after those dogs or they will be entirely out of hearing in a few minutes." So off we started on a dead run through the deep snow, which greatly impeded our progress as a matter of course; but after we had kept up our gait for a quarter of a mile, we heard the dogs baying. I said, "Now, boys, we'll have it!"

In a short time we came up to where the dogs were at the foot of an immense pine tree—a coon's haven usually in this section, as the pines are so tall and thick it is impossible to see anything in the tops of them. The dogs



TREED.

were running around the tree, jumping upon it, scratching and biting madly at the bark. I told Tom S. to go on the lower side of the tree next to the river, while the rest of us scattered around on all sides to see if we could get a glimpse of his coonship. Old Coleman, who had been shading his eyes and peering up into the thick branches of the pine, suddenly called out, "Here he, boss! here he! I see his eyes a-blinkin'." I went over to where he was and in looking in the direction he indicated I could just see the coon's head; he was lying close to a large limb at its junction with the body of the tree about 60 ft. from the ground. Raising my rifle I fired. My bullet, however, only struck the limb he was against, as I could see from the flying bark, and only served to make him change his position slightly. Just as he moved, Walter, who was on the opposite side of the tree from me, spied him and fired. Almost at the crack of the rifle down he tumbled. When we got to where he had fallen he was quite dead, the ball having entered his head on the right side and gone entirely through. Walter was very much elated to have bagged the first game.

After we had stood around discussing for a few moments what direction we should now take, and after watching old Ranger and Jack nosing the coon and growling at each other as to which should have possession of it, we started off again, following, as before, the meandering course of the turbulent stream below us. We moved along in silence for some time, expecting every moment to see the dogs make a break for game in some direction, but in this we were disappointed to a certain extent, as we had perhaps traveled a mile from the point where we had killed the first coon before anything of interest happened.

We were all beginning to get pretty well tired out by this time tramping through the snow, when suddenly old Coleman, who was slightly in advance of us, dropped to the ground as though he had been shot, looking back as he did so and beckoning us to stop. There was a little rise of ground some 50 yds. ahead of us which cut off our view, and we could not see the object of Coleman's precaution. We knew, however, that his keen and hawk-like eye had discerned something in the way of game, and our only trouble was to get the dogs in. They had gotten behind us and were coming up the hill as we stopped. As they trotted along in the path that we had made through the snow, we did not have much trouble in catching them, as they came up to where we were. Tom S. caught the collar of Jack and Walter caught hold of Ranger. As soon as Coleman saw we had the dogs secured he waived his hand to us to keep still, and he crawled along through the snow until he reached the little hillock ahead of us, where he could get behind some holly bushes which entirely obscured him from anything that might be in the ravine below.

He had been crouching for fully a minute behind the bushes as though he were inanimate, when just then he slowly raised his musket and let drive. With the report of his piece up flew a flock of about twenty wild turkeys. We saw then what had caused him to so suddenly drop in the snow. The turkeys evidently did not know from which side they had been assailed, and being so frightened they flew in our direction and within gunshot of

Mr. S., who was equal to the occasion; picking out a big gobbler, he banged away and down it came with a thud in the snow. His aim, though, had been rather too low, and he had only broken one of the gobbler's wings, and as soon as he touched the snow he started to run and we had to turn the dogs loose before we could catch it. Old Ranger soon ran it down, however.

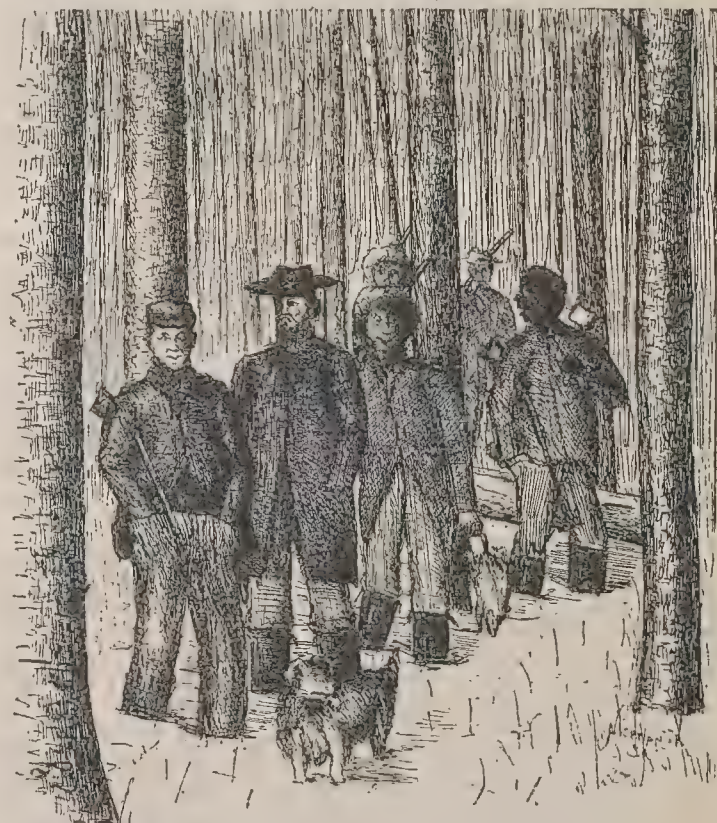
As soon as we had secured Mr. S.'s trophy we turned our attention to Coleman, who was just then coming up to us with one of the largest gobblers we ever saw. He was a monster. We afterward weighed him and he tipped the scales at 24 lbs. Coleman was so excited he could scarcely talk, but when he regained his equanimity he blurted out: "Boss, I sure did knock him dat time. When I peeped from behind dat bush and saw dis here old gobbler a-lookin' as doe he done specked somethin' was wrong in de air, I thought he looked big as a elephant, but; I jest knowed ole Betsey (this is what he called his musket) would lay him out. She neber fails when you p'int her in de right d'rection."

Mr. S.'s turkey was much smaller than Coleman's, but still it was quite a large one. We now had quite as much game as we could carry between us, and we took turns at carrying the two turkeys and coon. Our exercise by this time commenced to tell upon us; we were all beginning to get pretty hungry and tired, and as it was nearly 12 o'clock we decided to eat our lunch before proceeding further. Picking out an old fallen hickory, after brushing away the snow, we seated ourselves and set about enjoying our cold dinner and to spinning yarns.

After eating our lunch, which we were not long in doing—it being too cold to keep still for any length of time—we were about to continue our journey, when Coleman (who had sneaked off with the dogs), just as Mr. C. was in the midst of relating an amusing account of one of the many turkey hunts he had taken a few years back, came up, holding by the tail a tremendous possum. The dogs had found him in a hollow stump down near the river and Coleman had captured it alive. "What are you going to do with him, Coleman?" I asked. "Lor! boss," he replied, "we just gwine to hab de finest time you eber hearn tell of, eatin' dat 'possum' and drinkin' 'simmon beer." (The colored people in the South take ripe persimmons in the fall and winter, and after mixing them with the siftings from wheat flour—using a little water to make the mass stick together—make immense cakes of them, which they bake in a large oven. After they are sufficiently cooked they then put the cakes into a barrel of water, letting it stand for a week or two, when a beverage is secured of which they are extremely fond.) And as he said it he smacked his lips as though he had already begun his contemplated feast.

We now moved on, and soon had another coon treed, this time in a tall gum tree with but few branches where he could not shelter himself. We told Mr. C. to try his hand at this one, and he soon had him bagged, firing only one shot at him. It was now impossible for us to carry all of our game. We were getting more or less tired from our tramp, so we sent Coleman over to a neighboring colored man's house to ask him if he would not take our game home for us. Coleman soon returned with this man, and after telling him he could take one of the coons for his trouble, we were off again.

We now left the river, as Mr. S. insisted upon our going over to a body of woods surrounding a large mill pond not very far distant from where we were, as he thought we would find more game there. We had just gotten



THE CROWE.

into the edge of the woods when the dogs began to cry. They were running from us very rapidly, and owing to the snow we could scarcely keep within hearing of them. However, we soon heard the deep bass voice of old Ranger, treeing.

Making our way in the direction of the sound as rapidly as possible, we soon came up to where the dogs were, at the foot of an old hollow gum tree with the top broken off. About 30 ft. from the ground we could see an opening into the hollow. We were satisfied the coon was inside, as old Ranger never gave a false alarm, but how to get him out without cutting the tree down was the question. Presently Tom S. said, "If one of you will hold my rifle I'll try and climb the tree and run a stick down into the hollow and see if I cannot make the coon or whatever it is come out."

Then old Coleman, hearing him say this, remarked: "Boss, you better be keerful how you climbs up dar, 'cause a coon when he find he cornered like dis am gwine to be mighty savage, and he might took a notion to bite you if he comes outen dat hole."

Tom, however, paid no attention to what Coleman said and, handing his rifle to Walter to hold, he started to climb the tree. Mr. S., who had heard what Coleman said, did not want Tom to go up the tree and said, "Don't go up that tree, Tommy." Mr. C. was getting excited by

this time, and so he yelled at Tom to go on up—and then they had it. The spectacle was ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. S. would tell Tom not to go and Mr. C. would tell him to go on up, and there was Tom clinging to the tree for several minutes, not knowing what to do. Finally, though, he paid no attention to either his father or Mr. C., and began to climb again. He managed after a hard struggle to reach the hollow. By this time Mr. S. and Mr. C. had quieted down. I threw Tom a long stick I had cut and he began to push it down into the hollow. Soon we heard a great growling and snapping in the tree. Tom had touched the occupant with the stick and he did not like to be molested in that manner. Tom kept punching at him for about five minutes when, with a sudden growl, the coon, as it proved to be, ran out of the hollow and up the tree. He came so close to Tom and so suddenly that he almost caused him to let go of his hold, he was scared so. We now thought we would like to see the dogs and the coon have a fight. So we tried in every way to get him down from the tree. First one of us and then the other would shoot at the limb he was on, in this way trying to make him jump down, but without success.

Finally Tom's father put in his gun a shell loaded with bird shot and, going off some distance from the tree, fired directly at the coon. This was too much for him, and running out to the end of the limb he jumped to the ground. As soon as he touched, Ranger and Jack were upon him, and then they had it hot and heavy. Above the fuss of the growling, snarling and snapping, every now and then one of the dogs would yell as the coon fastened his teeth in him in some soft spot. First the coon would be on top and then the dogs. After they had fought for a few minutes in this way the coon made a sudden spring, knocking old Ranger down and jumping over Jack's back, made for the pond, which was in sight and only frozen around the edges. We would not shoot at him, as we knew he was just trying to get to the water, which is a coon's stronghold when cornered. They can whip, usually, several dogs if they are allowed to get into water. As soon as the coon got to the edge of the pond he looked back as though to see if the dogs were following him. Seeing that they were, he swam out into the pond about 20 yds. from shore and turned around, apparently awaiting the attack from the dogs. By the time he had turned the dogs were in the water right after him, and now we had an exciting time. The dogs would swim around the coon, attacking him whenever they could see an opening. Just as old Ranger tried to seize him from behind, while Jack was barking at him in front, the coon suddenly turned and grabbed old Ranger by the ear. What a yell he gave! one would have thought he had been killed. We let them fight in this way for about ten minutes, when the dogs were so completely used up that we instructed Coleman to kill the coon; so, going to the edge of the pond and taking aim at his head, when the dogs were at a little distance he fired. His aim was true, and with a few struggles the coon was dead. We now sent Coleman around to the mill not far away to get a boat, so we could get the coon out, and after we had secured him we started for home, as it was then growing late. On our way back the dogs freed a coon and a possum, both of which we bagged. I also shot a pheasant on the wing with Mr. S.'s gun.

When we got home we found that the old darky had faithfully performed his mission and all of our game was there. We had killed four coons, two possums, two wild turkeys and a pheasant. We all said that we had never had a finer hunt in our lives, and we then agreed that the next winter we would, if possible, try our luck again. We stayed in the country for three or four days longer, when we left our host with much regret to return to our city duties.

R. S. POLLARD.

Fox Terriers and Docking.

WELLESLEY, Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed letter, stating the views of the American Fox Terrier Club concerning docking, is being sent to all the delegates of the A. K. C.

H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR.,
Sec'y pro tem A. F. T. C.

AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 1.—DEAR SIR: At the coming American Kennel Club meeting in February there is a resolution coming before the Club which prohibits the docking of tails and the cutting off of dew claws.

Docking vitally affects the American Fox Terrier Club, and we strongly protest against this resolution. In favor of docking, we will say the following:

First—Fox terriers have been docked ever since they have been classed as a distinct breed, the earliest pictures of fox terrier taken in the very beginning of this century showing docked tails.

Second—A fox terrier with a long tail gives the impression of being an entirely different type of dog from the short-tailed one. Occasionally (not often) one sees a fox terrier with a long tail, and one is always impressed with the lack of breeding he shows, and also how much smartness and alertness—imperative characteristics of the breed—he loses by reason of his long tail.

Third—Fox terriers' tails vary in length and style of carriage, and if the rule preventing the cutting of tails were adopted it would completely destroy the uniformity of the breed. In appearance the dog would be changed from a very smart looking animal to a very inferior looking one.

Fourth—In order to improve our strains in this country we must occasionally import terriers from England, and as the English Kennel Club has not adopted any measure prohibiting docking of tails, and is not not likely to do so, the dogs imported to this country from England would, in consequence, be barred from the bench by reason of their docked tails; thereby depriving the importer from having his dog known and seen by other breeders, to the detriment of the best interests and improvement of the breed.

With regard to the cruelty of the practice: We, who have been docking for many years and are best capable of judging, fail to see wherein it lies. The tails are cut when the puppies are so young—being from a week to ten days old—that they can scarcely notice it in the least, the bone being at that age very soft. A puppy will sometimes give a slight squeal, but before it has been placed by its mother's side seems to have forgotten all about it. There is little if any bleeding, and the tail heals in an incredibly short space of time. Never, we might add, has a

terrier puppy, to our knowledge, been made ill or died or been in any way inconvenienced by an operation. All this shows that the amount of cruelty is infinitesimal and hardly worth considering, especially when such a great advantage in appearance is obtained.

In regard to the cutting of dew claws: We admit it to be a more painful operation than docking, and one that takes longer to heal; but, as that affects all breeds of dogs as much as the fox terriers, and as every one knows that a great deal of future trouble and suffering is prevented by cutting the claws off—especially when they hang very low, as is often the case—we will not dwell on the subject, feeling confident that humanity now dictates the practice and always will.

We hope that you will give this matter your careful consideration, and, realizing how vitally it affects the breeders and owners of Terriers, will conclude to give us your support in defeating a resolution to prevent docking and cutting dew claws,—a resolution the first provision of which might be the death blow to the American Fox Terrier Club. We are yours most respectfully,

JOHN E. THAYER, President,
AUGUST BELMONT,
W. RUTHERFORD,
CLARENCE RATHBONE,
H. W. SMITH, Sec'y.
H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR., Sec'y pro tem.
Governors of the American Fox Terrier Club.

Special Car for the Show Circuit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Mascoutah Kennel Club has been making every effort to arrange for a special express car for the accommodation of exhibitors, leaving New York soon as convenient after the close of the W. K. C. show, and make the circuit, returning to New York. The plan proposed was that each club interested should contribute proportionately and defray half of the cost of the car, the other half to be made up by exhibitors, thereby giving them the advantage of less than half the usual express charges; Spratts to manage the business, exhibitors to make application to them for space, etc. But Detroit has refused to contribute anything for the purpose, consequently the Mascoutah Kennel Club and the St. Louis Kennel Club have arranged to have a car leave New York a week after the close of the W. K. C. show, in time to arrive in Chicago the Monday preceding the opening of the show there; after that going to St. Louis, and returning to New York. This, of course, will deprive exhibitors expecting to stop in Detroit of the advantage of low express charges from New York there, or in fact from New York to Chicago.

This arrangement will be carried out providing the car can be filled in New York with dogs for Chicago and St. Louis shows. The usual charge on a crate of 60 lbs. to make the circuit would be \$10. The estimated cost to exhibitors for the same size crate is \$5, on a crate say about 3 × 3 × 2; a crate twice that size would be charged more in proportion, but the same ratio of saving would exist. This estimate is based upon crates, not dogs, no matter how many dogs there would be in a crate. It simply requires a certain number of crates to pay the expenses of the car. The car will be heated and ventilated, and two attendants to look after the dogs, which alone is worth more to the owners than the money saved in charges. The first plan was to have Spratts fit out a car, and the same car continue on the circuit, but the express company could not afford to lose the use of the car for two or three weeks, as the car would have to remain in each place about a week without earning anything.

The St. Louis Kennel Club and the Mascoutah Kennel Club have done all that can be done for the benefit and saving to exhibitors, to say nothing of the comfort of their dogs. There have been many complaints about excessive express charges, etc. The matter is now in the hands of the exhibitors to avail themselves of the benefit, and they will have no one to blame for excessive charges but themselves if they do not see fit to take advantage of this proposition.

Field Trial Champion Association.

THE F. T. C. A. held a meeting on the evening of Feb. 8 in response to a call of President Dexter, the purpose of which was to consider the rules and to set a time for the drawing of the stake. It was carried that entries close on Sunday night at 8 P. M.

Then came a discussion as to what was meant by the definition of eligibility. The matter was defined on the club's entry blanks as follows: "For pointers and setters that have been placed in any public field trial. Entries close Jan. 1, 1896, except for dogs qualifying after that date and before the trial is run." Both the letter and the spirit of the rule are so plain that those who run may read. Dogs which qualified before Jan. 1, 1896, were barred if they were not entered by that date. They suffered no hardship, for they had their opportunity to enter. Under the strained construction of the rule it gave two opportunities to some dogs to enter, besides the advantage of knowing what all the entries were. In plain terms, under the published contract, dogs which had qualified after Jan. 1, and had not done so before, were given an opportunity to enter and start.

The following motion smoothed matters and was carried: "All dogs qualifying after Jan. 1, 1896, shall be eligible to start irrespective of previous winnings." This is a strained interpretation, as it is an entirely different statement.

All of which was illegal, as it was not within the jurisdiction of the Association to take such action at an Association meeting, for the rule on this matter is explicit, as follows: "The management of the meeting for the annual championship field trial shall be intrusted to the directors of the Association, and with them lies the interpretation of all rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in these rules."

The directors did not take the action, as a directors' meeting was not called. It is therefore illegal and void.

Continental Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 8.—The annual meeting of the Continental Field Trials Club will be held at Battery D, in Chicago, Ill., Thursday, March 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Business of importance will come before the meeting for consideration, therefore a full attendance is desired.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas. DR. N. ROWE, Pres.

In the Matter of Delegates.

THE next meeting of the A. K. C. will undoubtedly be an important one, therefore all clubs should endeavor to be represented at it.

The acceptance of the office of delegate carries with it more than a perfunctory assent to a club's request to represent it, and more than silently sitting in a chair through a club meeting. Representing a club properly is not fully done by merely answering the roll call and subsequently reading one's name in the report of the proceedings. A delegate owes it to himself, to his club, to all of the clubs of the A. K. C., that he be informed on important questions of the day, and on the constitution, by-laws and rules of the A. K. C.

A delegate who declares that he does not know what is the jurisdiction of the A. K. C., or whether it has any jurisdiction at all in certain matters, confesses ignorance of the duties of the office he professes to fill. As a delegate he should know the jurisdiction of the A. K. C. It is his duty to know it and also related subjects. A delegate who is groping aimlessly in the dark, or who grasps at any flimsy evasion to avoid going on record, is about as efficient as a delegate as a wooden Indian is as an organic being.

There are many questions before the A. K. C. which require the exercise of moral courage and fearless action. If a delegate cannot bring himself to a point to act with determination and directness, he should hesitate to accept an office which he cannot efficiently fill.

A delegate who asserts that he does not know, that he is in doubt, that he has a timorous feeling respecting results, and so on *ad infinitum*, should have all such matters settled in his mind before the meeting. He should know what to say and how to act. He does not cut a dignified or pleasantly impressive figure airing his inefficiency in solemn council, if inefficiencies there be.

It is possible that the doings of the individual delegates may be subjected to a closer scrutiny at the coming meeting of the A. K. C. than commonly is bestowed on such matters. The manner of club representation is worthy of careful notice, for if a part of the machinery is useless the results must be more or less short of what is desired.

National Beagle Club of America.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, Monday, Feb. 3. The members present were Hermann F. Schellhass, H. L. Kreuder, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, John Bateman and George W. Rogers. The new officers for the coming year installed were: President, Hermann F. Schellhass; First Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, George B. Post, Jr.; Third Vice-President, John B. Lozier; Secretary, George W. Rogers; Treasurer, George Laick; Executive Committee, A. Wright Post, John Bateman, N. A. Baldwin, and officers.

Joseph Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., was nominated as one of the official judges in the place of George B. Post, Jr. Messrs. Mifflin Wharton, Islip, L. I.; W. C. Duff, Philadelphia, Penn., and C. F. Lewis, New York, were elected to membership. Messrs. J. W. Appleton and A. Wright Post were appointed committee on special prizes, and on pedigrees, W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

The Futurity Stake that was proposed at the club's last field trials has been placed in the hands of a committee comprising Messrs. J. W. Appleton, George W. Rogers and H. L. Kreuder, who will formulate plans to be submitted at the next adjourned meeting, which will be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19, 8 P. M.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

FEBRUARY 3.

Westminster Kennel Club.

THE entries for the Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden next week beat the record with a total of 1,610, or 204 more than last year's. The classes are represented by these entries: 19 mastiffs, 159 St. Bernards, 11 bloodhounds, 40 Great Danes, 4 Newfoundland, 18 Russian wolfhounds, 6 deerhounds, 22 greyhounds, 17 foxhounds, 6 Chesapeake Bay dogs, 92 pointers, 59 English setters, 55 Irish setters, 38 Gordon setters, 148 spaniels, 111 collies (rough-coated), 3 collies (smooth-coated), 86 poodles, 8 Old English sheep dogs, 73 bull dogs, 7 French bull dogs, 73 bull terriers, 81 Boston terriers, 2 Basset hounds, 26 dachshunds, 45 beagles, 151 fox terriers, 40 Irish terriers, 22 Black and Tan terriers, 13 White English terriers, 6 Dandie Dinmont terriers, 18 Bedlington terriers, 35 Scottish terriers, 7 Skye terriers, 7 whippets, 15 Yorkshire terriers, 9 toy terriers, 21 pugs, 59 toy spaniels, 8 Italian greyhounds, 2 schipperkes, 20 miscellaneous.

United States Field Trials.

WEST POINT, Miss., Feb. 10.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Champion Stake was commenced this morning in pleasant weather and in the presence of a large attendance of sportsmen. There were ten starters: Jingo, Topsy's Rod, Delhi, Cynosure, Tony Boy, Harold Skimpole, Tippoo, Count Gladstone, Strideaway, Terry's Gale and Lad o' Rush; the latter drew the bye in the first round. The stake will probably be finished on Wednesday.

B. WATERS.

Death of the Beagle Speedie.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 7.—Dr. A. White's beagle bitch Speedie, that won first in Class B and championship in 15in. class at Northwestern trials, is dead. Speedie was kept at Columbus, Wis., by a friend of the Doctor, when his barn caught fire and the bitch was burned with the other contents. Mr. Hough spoke very highly in his report of trials about her.

LOUIS STEFFEN.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Feb. 8.—A meeting of the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held in Madison Square Garden Feb. 20, at 3 P. M.

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

"The Singing Mouse."

MR. HOUGH, through his medium, "The Singing Mouse," writes poetical rhapsodies on various topics. The river, the mountain, the mill, are all poetically treated. The thoughts are happily expressed, and the make-up of the book a most dainty one. All along the margins of the pages run the little pictures.—*New York Times.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to Mr. W. B. Stafford, secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., by Mr. George J. Gould: "I should be glad to donate to the United States Field Trials Club two cups or plates, and in order to make them of more than passing or yearly interest, I desire that they shall not become the property of anyone until won three times, not necessarily nor desirably in succession, nor by the same dog. If the winners from time to time desire possession of the trophies, satisfactory security should be exacted for their safe keeping and return. It might be well to give a diploma for each time they are won, and keep the trophy on exhibition until some one becomes the actual owner or owners, but that I will leave to the discretion of the officers of the club. I offer the trophies under the following conditions and restrictions: Derby trophy—The winner of the Pointer Derby and the winner of the Setter Derby to run a final trial for the trophy, the heat or heats not to be shorter than one hour and a half. All-Age trophy—The winner of the Pointer All-Age Stake and the winner of the Setter All-Age Stake to run a final trial for the trophy, the heat or heats not to be shorter than two hours. The judge or judges to insist on thoroughly broken dogs. My reason for wishing the heats of the above length is a desire to encourage the breeding of dogs that have good staying powers combined with all other necessary qualifications of a good field dog. I consider the thirty or forty minutes racing dog utterly useless as a field companion and therefore do not wish to encourage their breeding. I would not consider a Derby entry worthy of merit that could not work one hour and a half, or an all-age dog that could not work four or five hours."

At the Dog Show FOREST AND STREAM will be located in box number 6, near the Madison avenue entrance to the Garden.

The following clubs will hold their meetings next week at Madison Square Garden, during the show: Metropolitan Kennel Club, Wednesday evening, Feb. 19; on Thursday, Feb. 20, the list is as follows: Irish Setter Club, 1 P. M.; Eastern Field Trials Club, 3 P. M.; American Spaniel Club, 4 P. M.; Gordon Setter Club, 7:30 P. M. The A. K. C. will also hold a meeting during the dog show week.

Yachting.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S AFFIDAVITS.

THE full report of the evidence taken before the special committee is so voluminous, forming an octavo volume of 590 pages, that it is impossible to publish all of it, interesting as it is. We give this week the affidavits offered by Lord Dunraven in support of his case, with the evidence of his principal witness, Mr. Glennie. Mr. H. Maitland Kersey declined to testify for business reasons. After the examination of Lord Dunraven, as given in part last week, the inquiry continued:

Mr. Askwith—I propose now to put in affidavits, sworn in England, from various members of the crew of the Valkyrie, commencing with Mr. George Lennox Watson, the designer of it, and also to examine Mr. Arthur Glennie, the commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., upon the same points.

Mr. Choate—I do not know how far the committee will receive mere affidavits. Of course it gives very little opportunity for us to put them to the test. If they come at all, they will have to come for what they are worth. Perhaps the committee has not considered that question yet.

The Chairman—I think we should receive them, subject to the consideration, of course, that you have just mentioned.

Mr. Askwith—Of course we were unable to bring over a dozen witnesses from England. These affidavits have been sworn in England and vided by the United States Consuls in various towns where the witnesses resided.

The Chairman—Who is the first witness?

Mr. Askwith—George Lennox Watson, of 108 West Regent street, Glasgow, yacht designer.

I, George Lennox Watson, of 108 West Regent street, Glasgow, yacht designer, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows: 1. I am a yacht designer, carrying on business at Glasgow, and have been a designer of racing yachts for nineteen years, and during that time have had great experience in all matters connected with the trim, measurement, sailing and management of racing yachts.

2. On Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Defender as representative of the Valkyrie at the time that she was measured. Her crew were in position and all arrangement of weight had been completed for the purpose of measurement. I then examined the Defender very closely. I clearly saw a little aft of amidships a hole just below one of the runners. The hole appeared to be the outlet of some pipe and to be about 1 1/2 in. in diameter. At the time the vessel was measured the waterline cut the outlet of the pipe. I further observed the position of the bobstay bolt with regard to the waterline. It was the same distance above a plate landing as the plate landing was above the water. The Defender at this time was lying true in the water and I immediately pointed out these marks with great care to Lord Dunraven.

3. I was not present on the Valkyrie or the City of Bridgeport on the morning of Sept. 7, previous to the race, and I therefore had no opportunity of inspecting the Defender. I attended at the Erie Basin as representative of Valkyrie on the afternoon of Sept. 8, when the yachts were remeasured by order of the Cup committee. Valkyrie was placed in position for official measurement first and her crew, including Lord Dunraven, were placed in position. She was then measured and I placed load marks on her forward and aft in conjunction with Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Herreshoff. I afterward assisted at the measurement of Defender when Mr. Herreshoff put like marks on her. The result of such measurement was that both boats came out practically at the same length as that on which they had been previously measured. On the occasion of the remeasure I again observed the sides of the vessel and the pipe hole and marks which I had previously noticed were then in the same position with regard to the water as they were when I saw them on the 6th.

4. During the evening of Sept. 6 the wind was blowing strongly and was rising. There was every appearance of there being heavy weather next day. It was not till early in the morning of the 7th that the wind suddenly dropped, leaving a still very considerable sea running.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

GEORGE LENNOX WATSON,
G. L. WATSON.

[SEAL.]

Declared before me this ninth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at Glasgow, Scotland.

PETER H. WADDELL, Notary Public.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit I will offer is that of Thomas White Ratsey, of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, sailmaker.

I, Thomas White Ratsey, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, sailmaker, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am a sailmaker, carrying on business at Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, and have carried on such business continuously for twenty-nine years. During that time I have had great experience in all matters relating to the sailing, measurement and management of racing yachts.

2. I was sailmaker for the yacht Valkyrie, and, acting under the directions of the Earl of Dunraven, I went to America in August, 1895, to be present at the American Cup races.

3. Upon my arrival in America I occupied a cabin on board the City of Bridgeport, upon which vessel I remained during the greater portion of my stay in America. I therefore had many opportunities of observing the yacht Defender.

4. I was on the City of Bridgeport on the 6th September, 1895, when the yachts Defender and Valkyrie were measured in the Erie Basin. I carefully observed the Defender, my object being to see the level at which she floated in the water, and on that day I noticed that the Defender appeared to be floating much lighter than she floated upon occasions when I had previously seen her. I have no doubt of the fact, and so certain was I at the time that I immediately communicated to the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. Glennie and Mr. Watson, my con-

viction that the yacht Defender was floating lighter than upon previous occasions. I did so because I thought it was right the fact should be communicated to Lord Dunraven and Mr. Glennie, and particularly Mr. Watson, who was to attend on board the Defender as the representative of the Valkyrie upon the occasion of the measurement of the Defender.

5. I carefully observed the Defender when the measurement took place, and I distinctly saw that the l.w.l. intersected the outlet of a pipe as nearly as possible amidships. I also distinctly observed a line of bronze plating, and also saw the position of the bobstay bolt, and I was present when Mr. Watson pointed out these marks to the Earl of Dunraven.

6. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I slept on board the City of Bridgeport, and retired to rest about 11 o'clock P. M. At that time the Defender was lying about 300 yds. from the City of Bridgeport, and the Valkyrie was also lying about 300 yds. from the City of Bridgeport.

7. At about 5 o'clock A. M. on the morning of Sept. 7 I was aroused by Mr. Glennie to look at the Defender, and I got up. At that time the Defender was not lying alongside the Hattie Palmer. I then observed the Defender with very great care, and I saw without any doubt whatsoever that at that time she was lying lower in the water than she had previously been.

8. In consequence of my observation I and Mr. Glennie got into a boat and rowed up to the Defender to look at her closely. At that time she was lying true on the water with no list either port or to starboard. We both looked for the marks we had previously seen and we saw that the bobstay bolt and the line of bronze plating were considerably nearer the waterline than when I saw the Defender measured in the Erie Basin, and the pipe before mentioned was nowhere to be seen. I then returned to the City of Bridgeport.

9. I again carefully observed the Defender shortly before the race on Sept. 7. At the time I so observed her the Hattie Palmer, which had previously been alongside her, had left her; the Defender was then lying floating as nearly as possible in the same trim as when I saw her in the morning, and she was floating several inches lower in the water than when she was measured in the Erie Basin.

10. At about 9 o'clock on the said Sept. 7 I saw Lord Dunraven row to the Defender and put Mr. Henderson on board as representative of the Valkyrie during the race. I then saw Lord Dunraven row round the Defender and return to the Valkyrie. Shortly after the race the Defender was taken hold of by her tender and towed up to Bay Ridge and the Valkyrie after waiting some time was towed to the same place.

11. On Sept. 8, the following day, an order reached the Valkyrie that the yachts were to be remeasured, and I was present on Sept. 8 when the yachts went into the Erie Basin and the crew were placed in position and everything prepared for the measurement of the Valkyrie, but a delay of two hours occurred before the official measurer came to measure the Valkyrie. So soon as the Valkyrie was measured she was moved away and the men on board the Defender were placed in position for the remeasurement of that yacht, but I did not see the Defender remeasured.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

Declared at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, this sixth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five,

Before me,

H. C. DAMANT,

A Commissioner to administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit is by William Wardley Cranfield, sailing master.

I, William Wardley Cranfield, of Rowhedge, in the county of Essex, England, sailing master, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I have been employed as sailing master on racing yachts for fifteen years and have been sailing in racing yachts for twenty-two years, and have had great experience in yacht racing.

2. I was master of the Valkyrie in America during the Cup races in September, 1895. I arrived in America on Aug. 18, 1895.

3. I was present and saw the Defender towed into the Erie Basin a day or two after the last trial race, and this was the first time I had an opportunity of carefully looking over her at close quarters. I paid great attention to her waterline and trim, and I saw that from the inspection I then had of the Defender no pipe hole was then visible in her port side.

4. I saw the Defender again on Sept. 6 in Erie Basin before she was measured. I then carefully observed her as to her waterline, and I saw that she was very much lighter and had the appearance of a ship going to be laid up. I then observed a pipe hole on the port side amidships, and the waterline just cut it on the lower edge. I saw the pipe hole distinctly, and there is no doubt whatever of the fact that it was plainly visible just above the waterline.

5. I again saw the Defender lying inside of Sandy Hook on Sept. 7, before the race, and in my opinion she was much lower in the water than she was when I last saw her. I was not near enough to see the pipe hole, but I am convinced that she was lower in the water.

6. I again saw the Defender when she was measured on Sept. 8, and I then again saw the pipe hole on the port side in the same position on the waterline as when I saw her on Sept. 6, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

WILLIAM W. CRANFIELD.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this tenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me,

(Signed)

WM. JAKES, JR.,

A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit is of Edward Sycamore, sailing master.

I, Edward Sycamore, of Brightlingsea, in the county of Essex, England, sailing master, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows, that:

1. I have been sailing master of yachts for fourteen years, and during the last twenty years have had great experience in yacht racing.

2. I was assistant master of the Valkyrie in the Cup races in September, 1895, and arrived in America in August, 1895.

3. I saw the Defender in the Erie Basin a day or two after the last trial race, and I then carefully observed her at close quarters with a view of looking at her waterline and her trim. No pipe hole was then visible on the port side above the waterline.

4. I next saw the Defender on Sept. 6 in the Erie Basin before she was measured, and I then observed a pipe hole in her port side amidships, the waterline cutting it on the lower edge. It was distinctly visible. I also observed that she was very much lighter than when I saw her on the previous occasion.

5. On the morning of Sept. 7 I again saw the Defender, but I was not near enough to see the position of the pipe hole, but I distinctly saw that the vessel was much lower in the water than when I saw her upon Sept. 6.

6. I again saw the Defender in the Erie Basin, where she was lying for remeasurement. I saw her both before and after she was measured, and I clearly observed the pipe hole on the port side in the same position as to the waterline as when I saw her on Sept. 6.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

(Signed)

EDWARD SYCAMORE.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me,

(Signed)

WM. JAKES, JR.,

A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is the affidavit of Mr. Arthur Glennie, which I propose to take in the same way as I did Lord Dunraven's, reading it as a part of his evidence, asking him some further questions upon it.

1. Arthur Herbert Glennie, of 15 Devonshire street, Portland Place, in the County of London, England, Rear-Commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am a yacht owner and have taken an active part and a great interest in yacht circles for the last fifteen years.

2. On the invitation of the Earl of Dunraven to be present on the Valkyrie during her contest with the Defender in September, 1895, I went to America, arriving there on Aug. 14, 1895, and stayed during my visit in America on board the City of Bridgeport.

3. On Sept. 6, 1895, I saw the Defender and the Valkyrie in the Erie Basin for the purpose of measurement. I distinctly noticed that the Defender was floating very light, and remarks of this fact were made by those on board the Valkyrie. I carefully looked at the Defender and I distinctly saw a pipe hole on the port side, amidship; and that the water came up high enough just to cover the lower edge of the pipe hole, but leaving the whole of the pipe hole clear.

4. After the yachts were measured they were towed down to Sandy Hook, the Valkyrie going first and the Defender coming later, taking up her position about 300 yds. ahead of the City of Bridgeport.

5. On Sept. 7 I got up about 5 A. M. and looked at the Defender through a pair of opera glasses, and I was very much struck when I clearly perceived that the Defender was much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I thereupon without any delay awoke

Mr. Ratsey and he and I at 6 A. M. got into the gig and rowed to the Defender. We rowed around the Defender, inspecting her carefully, and I saw distinctly that she was at that time much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I looked for the pipe hole before mentioned and it was then covered by the water and could not be seen. In addition to this the vessel looked much deeper.

6. From my knowledge of yachts and of all that pertains to them, I was then and am still quite convinced that the Defender was much deeper in the water at that time than when she was measured. We returned to the City of Bridgeport about 6:30 A. M. I then woke Lord Dunraven and told him of the condition of the Defender as I had just seen her.

About 9 o'clock I, with others, went on board the Valkyrie and Lord Dunraven steered the gig to the Defender to put Mr. Henderson, his representative, on board that yacht. Lord Dunraven told me before he started that he would go and look for himself, and when he returned he told me he had not the slightest doubt that the Defender was much lower in the water than when she was measured.

7. Mr. Latham Fish, the American representative, came on board the Valkyrie about half-past 9 and I saw Lord Dunraven talking to him. I did not hear the whole of the conversation, but I heard Lord Dunraven say that he would put him on board the committee boat directly the race was over, and Lord Dunraven, directly after I had seen him in conversation with Mr. Fish, told me he had put the whole case before him and asked for the vessels to be taken charge of directly after the race until they were remeasured.

8. After finishing the first match both vessels were towed to Bay Ridge for the night. The Hattie Palmer went alongside as usual.

9. Both yachts were remeasured on the Sept. 8, and when the Defender was in the basin for remeasuring I saw the pipe hole showing above the water in exactly the same manner as it did when the Defender was first measured, and the yacht appeared to be at that time in exactly the same trim as when she was first measured.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and in virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

Declared at No. 7 Ely place, Holborn, in the County of London, this fifth day of December, 1895,

A. H. GLENNIE.

Before me,

GEO. READER,

A Commissioner for Oaths.

Arthur Herbert Glennie, called as a witness: By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I would like to ask you a few further questions. You were on the Valkyrie when you were going down to the first race? A.—Yes.

Q.—And Lord Dunraven gave you the conversation that he had with Mr. Latham Fish? A.—He told me that he had had a conversation with Mr. Latham Fish, and had told him everything about everything; but what time of the day it was I do not know.

Q.—Did he say anything to you about what he had asked Mr. Latham Fish to do with regard to taking charge of the yacht? A.—Certainly. He told me he had told him everything and asked him to put it before the committee.

Mr. Rives—This is not exactly evidence.

Mr. Askwith—No; legally, I suppose not.

Mr. Choate—I do not know how far it could be heard without objections. I assume that it is not evidence at all.

The Chairman—It is not legal evidence, of course.

Mr. Rives—I suppose we will take it for what it is worth.

The Chairman—Yes.

Mr. Askwith—It is, of course, conversation, taking place without other parties being present, but there have been a good many other conversations of that kind.

Mr. Rives—I only called your attention to it, that it is not of very much value, of course, in determining the question.

Mr. Askwith—It is an endorsement of Lord Dunraven's statement, that, according to his view, which he published in the pamphlet, he had very earnestly brought before Mr. Fish his desire for charge to be taken of the yacht and for remeasurement.

Q.—In regard to one of two questions that were put to Lord Dunraven, are you certain that on the Sunday when the remeasurement took place you saw the pipe hole showing above the water in exactly the same manner as you did when the Defender was first measured? A.—Exactly in the same condition.

Q.—Of course you indorse every word in this affidavit. Have you any further statement to make upon it? A.—No.

Q.—In your opinion you have no doubt whatsoever that the Defender was more deeply immersed upon the day of the first race than she had been at the time when she went to be remeasured? A.—Not any.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—When you returned from the Defender that morning it appeared that you, as your affidavit says, wrote Lord Dunraven. That means "awoke," I suppose? A.—Awoke.

Q.—And told him the condition of the Defender as you had just seen her, that is, you told him that the water pipe or outlet pipe could not be seen, did you not? A.—I told him that in the opinion of Mr. Ratsey and myself the boat did not appear to be floating the same as when she was measured.

Q.—Is that all you told him? Did you not tell him that the water pipe had disappeared? A.—I may have.

Q.—Did you or not? I want to get at, if I can, just what Lord Dunraven learned from you, and of course believed before he started to look at the Defender. Did you not tell him that the water pipe, which had been plainly visible when she was measured, had disappeared? A.—I should think not. I doubt it. I said—I told him straight that in the opinion of Mr. Ratsey and myself, who had been to the vessel, she did not appear to be floating the same.

Q.—Is that all you told him? A.—As far as I know.

Q.—Let me read your affidavit, or a part of it: "We rowed around the Defender, inspecting her carefully, and I saw distinctly that she was at that time much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I looked for the pipe hole before mentioned, and it was then covered by the water and could not be seen. I awoke Lord Dunraven and told him the condition of the Defender as I had just seen her." Did you not tell him that the water pipe— A.—I may or may not. I should think not. I think I told him generally.

Q.—You simply told him that you found her much more deeply immersed than she was before? A.—In my opinion that she looked more deeply immersed.

Q.—Did you measure the extra immersion? A.—No; I did not gauge it at all. I should not dream of doing it.

Q.—Why not? A.—Because it would be very hard to gauge. The bronze plating showing, and the ends of the pipe hole, and the general appearance of the boat struck me; but I should not attempt to gauge the amount of immersion.

Q.—You mean you did not think you could rely upon your naked eye to do that? A.—Individually, no.

Q.—I have heard that you are described as rear-commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. You are an experienced yachtsman, are you not? A.—For an amateur, yes.

Q.—You think it would require a very remarkable faculty of vision, do you not, to determine 3 or 4 in. difference of immersion on two observations of a yacht? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Some people might have keener eyes than others.

Q.—Do you know of anybody but Lord Dunraven whom you think could do it? A.—I should think that many an expert could do it.

Q.—You think it is attainable by sufficient practice? A.—I should think so, sir.

Q.—At what date did you arrive in America? A.—On Aug. 14.

Q.—Your affidavit says that from your arrival you stayed during your visit to America on board the City of Bridgeport. Did you go right on board of her that day? A.—No; I was on board the Bridgeport from the moment she was ready.

Q.—About when was that? A.—On the Saturday evening, Aug. 17.

Q.—So that you were here some days before? A.—I was here on the evening of the 14th and the 15th and 16th.

Q.—Did you meet Mr. Kersey after your arrival? A.—I did.

Q.—How often did you see him from that day until Sept. 6? A.—I saw him for the first three days in New York—the first two days and a half that I was in the town—and I forget what day he came on board the Bridgeport to live. He ran down occasionally. I saw him naturally very often.

Q.—Had the trial races all been sailed? A.—No; I saw I think it was the second one. I can explain what the race was. I believe it was the second one. When they were stopped—

Mr. Glennie—In what way?

Mr. Choate—About her in any way.

Mr. Glennie—As regards what?

Mr. Choate—About her ballast.

A.—Nothing at all.

Q.—Did you receive any intimation before Sept. 6 that an attempt had been made by the Defender in the trial races, and might be made in the Cup races, to increase her ballast? A.—Certainly not.

Q.—No intimation of any kind from any source? A.—None whatever that I am aware of.

Q.—And then, when you first saw her, your mind was entirely free from any prepossession on the subject? A.—Absolutely; yes.

Q.—When did you first see the Defender? When she sailed in the second trial race? A.—No, in the dock, when I first arrived in the dry dock.

Q.—That was before she sailed the second trial race? A.—Before she sailed the second trial race.

Q.—I suppose you saw her during that race? A.—Yes.

Q.—And there was a third trial race, was there not? A.—Yes.

Q.—And you saw her on that race? A.—Yes.

Q.—You say in your affidavit that you distinctly noticed on Sept. 6 that the Defender was floating very light? A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you mean by that very light as compared with what you had seen her before? A.—No, not with what I had seen her before, but her general appearance.

Q.—I would like to get your idea of what you mean by stating that you noticed the Defender was floating very light? A.—My idea was this: that when she came into the dock instantly there was general conversation among our leading men, the sailing master and assistant sailing master and others; a general conversation: "How awfully light she looks."

Q.—"Awfully light?" A.—Cranfield said, "Yes, she looks very much like our vessels going up on the slip in the winter taking out any spare stuff there was to take out more or less water." And I made the joking remark, "There is no telling what she will do. Mr. Herreshoff is an extremely clever man, but she looks extremely light." That was the speaking all through.

Q.—She looked as if she had no ballast then? A.—Oh, certainly not; she looked as if she were extremely light. She looked as if she was extremely high in the water.

Q.—Did you go aboard of her? A.—Never.

Q.—You say that on that occasion—on Sept. 6—you carefully looked at the Defender from the City of Bridgeport? A.—From the City of Bridgeport and the Valkyrie.

Q.—How far away were they respectively from the Defender when you so looked from them at the Defender? A.—A very few feet. The Bridgeport was at the tail end of the little jetty at the dock, and the Defender was with her starboard side alongside the quay, where there was a ship that had been burned with jute. A very few feet.

Q.—Which side of the Defender was toward the dock? A.—The starboard side.

Q.—Then it was her port side that you carefully looked at? A.—The port side, where everybody practically at the same time called attention to the pipe hole and the bronze.

Q.—You did not row up to her from the City of Bridgeport or the Valkyrie at all? A.—No.

Q.—Was the Bridgeport lying at all outside of her or on the same line on the dock? A.—The Bridgeport would have been practically at right angles to her.

Q.—At right-angles to her? A.—Her nose facing the Defender's nose, like that (describing).

Q.—At the corner of the dock, or what? A.—One alongside of the pier here, and the Bridgeport alongside a little jetty, if I am not mistaken.

Q.—How about the relative position of the Valkyrie at that time, when you looked from her? A.—The Valkyrie was practically alongside the Bridgeport. You could walk from one to the other.

Q.—Could you tell the size of that pipe? A.—In my mind at home, I carried it away as about the size of a two shilling piece. Of course, I can't guarantee accurately what it was.

Q.—That would be about in.? A.—I suppose about that.

Q.—And was it circular? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you see two pipe holes? A.—No, one.

Q.—You, of course, formed no judgment as to what her w.l. was, independent of the measurement?

Mr. Glennie—In the dock?

Mr. Choate—On Sept. 6, before the measurement was announced? A.—No; I thought she would be getting very near the dimensions of the Cup racing boat.

Q.—90ft.? A.—90.

Q.—But you could not rely much on your eye for that? A.—No; she looked a very deceiving boat indeed—looked a very small boat.

Q.—What do you mean by saying she looked a very "deceiving" boat? A.—She looked a very small boat, carrying an enormous amount of canvas.

Q.—You did not get the idea that she was a deceiving boat?

Mr. Glennie—Toward the end?

Mr. Choate—At that time?

Mr. Glennie—What way do you mean?

Mr. Choate—Any way.

Q.—What started you up so early on Sept. 7? A.—It is my usual hour for getting up, if not before.

Q.—I understand you were then 300yds. away from the Defender? A.—I should think it must have been really less than that. It was a great deal too far off to see without the opera glasses properly.

Q.—You say, "The Defender coming later, took up her position about 300yds. ahead of the City of Bridgeport?" A.—Yes, sir. It is a wee bit difficult to estimate the distance.

Q.—That was about where she lay from the time she took up her position until you looked at her through the opera glasses? A.—Yes.

Q.—You do not know of any change of position? A.—No.

Q.—Where was the Valkyrie at that time? A.—The Valkyrie was on the port bow of the Bridgeport. Here would be the Bridgeport and here would be the Valkyrie and here would be the Defender (describing).

Q.—Which was the nearest to the Defender, the Valkyrie or the City of Bridgeport? A.—The Valkyrie.

Q.—How much nearer? A.—I should think about less than half way.

Q.—Lord Dunraven has put it, I think, at 200yds. That would be about your judgment? A.—That would be about it.

Q.—And from neither, in your judgment, could this pipe hole be seen, even with glasses? A.—I did not attempt to look for it with a glass, because I considered it too far.

Q.—What did you look at with the opera glasses? A.—It was the general appearance of the boat, and I did not make up my mind or form any definite opinion until I had waked Mr. Ratsey.

Q.—After waking Mr. Ratsey did you come to a conclusion and make up your mind? A.—We both of us came to a very decided conclusion.

Q.—That she was deeper in the water than she had been when measured? A.—The remark that we made to each other was that she looked really quite a different vessel.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Was the sun up at this time, at 5 o'clock? A.—We did not go at 5. I turned out at 5. We did not go until 6.

Q.—When was it you first saw the Defender that morning? A.—I turned out at 5 and had my tea. I dare say possibly it would be about half-past 5.

Q.—The sun would be about rising at that time? A.—I should think so.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—From the City of Bridgeport, after you had waked Mr. Ratsey, did you form a conclusion, after talking with him, before you got into the gig? A.—No definite conclusion, no. That is the reason I got into the gig. I would not commit myself.

Q.—And in your judgment, from the City of Bridgeport at that distance, no definite conclusion could be drawn? A.—It depends upon the eye of the person looking.

Q.—It would require a capable expert, would it not, to determine definitely from the City of Bridgeport, 300yds. off, a difference of three or four inches in her immersion? A.—I do not say anything about three or four inches. She looked a different vessel.

Q.—Are you sure it was the same vessel? A.—Yes.

Q.—How close to her did you go in the gig? A.—Quite close, comparatively. About as far off as—half again as far off as the window, perhaps.

Q.—Did you row around her? A.—No, sir, not around. Along the port and ahead, before going back.

Q.—How near to the port side did you go? A.—I should think, roughly, about twice as far as that window from where I am now (indicating).

Q.—You did not come in actual contact with her? A.—No.

Mr. Rives—How was the boat heading at that time? Lying head to the westward?

The witness—I forget what the westward was. More to the north, I think; more towards Brooklyn. That would be north would it not?

Lord Dunraven—That would be south.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Was her starboard side toward the City of Bridgeport? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you row around her stern or around her bow, or both? A.—Beginning on the port side, we rowed practically from the stern, on the port side, and then straight ahead for a few yards and then home again.

Q.—Did you row the whole length of her port side? A.—Oh, yes.

Q.—And around again to the starboard side? A.—No.

Mr. Choate—You must have got on the starboard side to get back to the City of Bridgeport?

Mr. Glennie—Why?

Q.—Did you not say the starboard side was toward the Bridgeport? A.—No, head on.

Q.—Down there at the Horseshoe, where she lay that morning—

Mr. Rives—At this time the boats were lying head to the northward, according to Mr. Glennie.

Mr. Glennie—Whichever way it was, they were lying the same.

Mr. Rives—And subsequently when Lord Dunraven saw them, the boats had swung so that they were lying head to the westward.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—What sort of weather was it there, as you remember it? A.—Perfectly smooth when we went alongside.

Q.—Perfectly smooth? A.—Perfectly smooth.

Q.—You did not observe the ripple that Lord Dunraven spoke of? A.—There is a difference in the baur of the morning. There was practically no ripple then, when we went out; no ripple and no swell.

Q.—And no lifting? A.—No.

Q.—You formed no judgment as to how much her waterline had

been extended beyond what it was at the time of the measurements on Friday, did you? A.—No, I have not committed myself in any way. It is very difficult to gauge the depth. The thing I went by most was just the general appearance of the vessel, and no pipe hole.

Q.—Did you form any opinion as to how much she was immersed? A.—I have on one or two occasions said that I considered that she was immersed about an inch and a half, but I have not committed myself.

Q.—You say you formed what opinion you did, not from determining the degree of her immersion, nor the length of her load waterline, but from the general appearance of the vessel. What did you observe except the water pipe? A.—First of all the water pipe, which would bring practically 1½ in. there; and then Mr. Ratsey and I both thought she was trimmed more by the stern.

Q.—You observed nothing about the bobstay iron? A.—In the dock it looked very high.

Q.—Did you look at it as you rowed around the Defender in the morning? A.—The whole vessel looked as if she were lying deeper.

Q.—I asked you if you observed particularly the bobstay iron? A.—Not particularly.

Q.—Did you observe the bronze plating? A.—Yes.

Q.—What did you observe about that? A.—I observed that the whole way along there appeared to be less of it.

Q.—Then you gave Lord Dunraven no particulars whatever, because you did not observe them, except the disappearance of the pipe? A.—Not because I had not observed them, but because he was going to look himself. He told me he was going to look himself.

Q.—You did not tell him about the pipe then? A.—Not that I am aware of.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Fish when he came on board? A.—Yes.

Q.—Was he in your sight until he left the boat? A.—Not if he was down below and I was on deck.

Q.—How much of the day did you see him? A.—I cannot say really.

Q.—How many times did you see him in conversation with Lord Dunraven? A.—I really cannot say; several times.

Q.—Did you see him writing? A.—No.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Kersey bring him a piece of paper? A.—Not that I remember.

Q.—Were you present at the remeasurement on Sunday? A.—Yes.

Q.—And I understand your testimony to be that you saw the pipe hole just as you did on the Friday? A.—I considered the vessel looked identically the same.

Q.—Lying very light? You thought she was floating very light? A.—I say, identically the same.

Q.—Did you not see some lead put into the Defend at the Basin? A.—No.

Q.—Or into the Valkyrie? A.—I saw Valkyrie's lying on the floor. I never saw the Defender's and never knew that they had any put in until just lately.

Q.—Do you know how long the Hattie Palmer lay alongside the Defender at the Hook? A.—No, only by hearsay from our second mate.

Q.—Was it your second mate who gave you the information that she lay there until 1 o'clock in the morning? A.—That is what he told Mr. Ratsey and myself; or until midnight, or sometime—I think he said 1 o'clock.

Q.—Do you know how long she lay alongside at Bay Ridge the night after the race? A.—No, sir.

Q.—I suppose you did not regard it as any of your business to do anything about this difference between the Defender, as she was when remeasured and as she was on the race? You had no function to perform? A.—Not the slightest.

The Chairman—Anything further from Mr. Glennie?

Mr. Askwith—No, I have no further questions to ask.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Where did the Valkyrie go that night of Saturday? Was she at Bay Ridge? A.—She went to Bay Ridge.

Q.—Did you see the Defender up there? A.—I won't be certain. I think the Defender lay a little bit ahead of us.

Q.—Not far off? A.—Not very far.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—There was a pretty light wind at the first race, was there not? A.—The first race was a light wind and the remains of a sea which left a nasty swell.

Q.—Had you seen the Defender carrying her sail in any heavy weather before in the trial races? A.—Yes; the day that she broke her mast, I believe, or they were afraid of her mast. I heard something of that kind.

Q.—What did you think of her stability and ability to carry sails? Mr. Glennie—What did I think about her?

Mr. Whitney—Yes.

A.—I thought she was a beautiful vessel.

Q.—I mean as to that point. I will ask you this question: What effect do you think, as it afterward turned out, the deeper immersion would have had in regard to her speed on day of the first race?

Mr. Glennie—The deeper immersion than what?

Mr. Whitney—Than her true line?

A.—I should think that no boat would sail better on a deeper immersion than her true lines. The question is: What are the true lines?

Q.—In light weather like that—you assume that she was below her measured line and the lines on which she sailed in subsequent races, do you not? A.—I do not assume that she was below her proper line at any time.

Q.—I thought you did, below the line at which she had been measured—do you not? A.—Not necessarily below her proper line, sir.

Q.—She certainly was entitled to race on the lines in which she was measured, was she not? A.—Certainly.

Q.—I understand you to suppose that in the meantime she had had ballast put in? A.—I do not know that she had.

Q.—So that she was lower, or at all events was lower in the water than when she was measured? A.—She looked lower in the water.

Q.—What effect on that day, as it turned out, do you think it could have had upon her speed? A.—Oh, I really do not know.

Q.—Would it have increased or decreased her speed? A.—It is very hard to say.

Q.—Do you think it would be an advantage or disadvantage to forge through the water, on that day with the same amount of sails, with a larger hull? A.—I should think very likely, with a heavy swell, the slight extra weight might be better, possibly.

Q.—Is that your judgment? A.—Well, I really do not know. My judgment does not go for much.

Q.—I was only asking for your judgment as a yachtsman? A.—It is a pretty hard question to answer, sir.

Q.—You would not like to express an opinion. Mind you, I suppose the idea of additional ballast is to give more stability in heavy weather is it not? A.—Certainly.

Q.—You thought, as the wind blew that night, it was going to be a heavy-weather day? A.—So they told me.

Q.—Did not that condition arise from that? A.—I had been so deceived by the weather ever since I had arrived that I would not express any opinion, because every time they said it was going to blow it turned out to be a calm.

Q.—Judging by your statement that all night there was a promise of heavy weather the next day— A.—It would be so in our country. It looked as if there was to be a breeze, and very heavy, and it was not the fact.

Q.—Did you not think from that fact that they were going to get more stability by putting in heavier ballast? A.—I never gave the thing a thought.

Q.—Did you form in your own mind an opinion as to how this deeper immersion had been caused? A.—No, I did not. I did not know what to think. We have had trouble in England, and sometimes it has been water, sometimes it has been not taking the gear out, sometimes it has been a little extra lead. There have been forty and one ways.

Q.—Did you form any idea how much must have been put in her to cause the immersion that was caused? A.—No; I am told that—my estimate would have been, roughly, I suppose about six tons.

Q.—Then you did form the opinion that after she was measured on Friday six tons were imported into her and taken out again before the measurement on Sunday, did you not? A.—I suppose it will have to be answered yes.

Q.—And you could believe that in this way a fraud had been committed? A.—I do not know about the word fraud. I am sorry to say that these things have happened in England; and that is the reason of putting on external marks in England.

Q.—It must have been intentional in your judgment? A.—It would hardly have got there by itself.

Q.—It must have been carried in? A.—Not necessarily carried in.

Q.—Do you know whether, when you made your observation, the bedding had been taken off the Defender, when you went down at 6 o'clock in the gig? A.—No.

Mr. Askwith—In obtaining as much information as we can to lay before this commission, I have here various affidavits of the crew of the Valkyrie, which I do not think it is necessary for me to read at full length. What they go to show is that until 11:30 the Hattie Palmer was lying alongside the Defender, and work was going on upon Defender throughout the night; that a knocking, and apparently movements of different kinds were going on upon the Defender. That was what was noticed from the deck of the Valkyrie.

Mr. Choate—During what time do they say? Up to what hour? A.—During the time that the Hattie Palmer was there beside her.

Mr. Choate—What time do they give—up to what hour? Midnight or morning?

Mr. Askwith—Perhaps it would be more simple, really, to read

them. The first is of William Russell, Sidney street, Brightlingsea, yachtsman.

I, William Russell, of Sidney street, Brightlingsea, in the County of Essex, England, yachtsman, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am now in the service of Mr. Walker, the owner of the yacht Ailsa, lying at Fay's Yard, in the town of Southampton, as an A. B.

2. In September, 1895, I was an A. B. on the yacht Valkyrie in America.

3. I was on watch on board the Valkyrie from 8 to 10 o'clock in the evening of Sept. 6. During that time the Hattie Palmer was alongside the Defender, and I saw lights during the whole of that time passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Declared at the Town and County of the Town of Southampton, this tenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five,

Before me,

E. T. WESTLAKE,
A Commissioner for Oaths in England.

Mr. Askwith—The next one is the affidavit of Luther Gould, yachtsman.

I, Luther Gould, of Silcott street, Brightlingsea, in the County of Essex, England, yachtsman, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am now in the service of Mr. Walker, owner of the yacht Ailsa, lying at Fay's Yard, in the Town of Southampton, as A. B.

2. I was second mate of the Valkyrie in America in September, 1895.

3. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I was in charge of the anchor watch on board the Valkyrie. I took charge of the watch at about 8:30 or 9 o'clock and remained in charge of that watch till about 5:30 on the morning of the 7th. I did not turn in before 12 at midnight on the 6th. I went on deck at intervals up to about 5:30 on the morning of the 7th.

4. I observed the Hattie Palmer lying alongside the Defender at about 10 o'clock, and she remained alongside until about half past 11 that night, and a light was passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer until half past 11 that night.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

LUTHER GOULD.

Declared at the Town and County of the Town of Southampton, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

E. T. WESTLAKE,
A Commissioner for Oaths in England.

Mr. Askwith—The next one is John Clark, able seaman:

I, John Clark, of 1 Williams Walk, Colchester, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie about 6 o'clock, and was at various times between 6 and 10 o'clock on deck, and I saw the Hattie Palmer lying alongside the Defender. At 10 o'clock I went on duty in the anchor watch until 12 o'clock, and during those two hours I was on deck continuously.

3. From about 8 o'clock that evening until about half past 11 I saw from time to time a light passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer. At about half past 11 the Hattie Palmer left the Defender and made her anchor about 100yds. from the Defender.

4. After the Hattie Palmer had left the Defender, and up to 12 o'clock, when I went below, a light was moving about the deck of Defender, and I heard men moving about on her deck.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

JOHN CLARK.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

WM. JAKUES, JR.,
A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is the affidavit of William Henry Green, able seaman:

I, William Henry Green, of West street, Wyvenhoe, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie about 6 o'clock, and was on the deck at various times until 10 o'clock, when I turned in.

3. I was on duty in the anchor watch from 2 o'clock, when I relieved Roper, until 4 o'clock.

4. Between 2 and 4 o'clock I was on deck continuously, and I saw a light moving about the deck of Defender during my watch; I also saw men moving about and heard the sounds of knocking on board Defender.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

The mark of

X
WILLIAM HENRY GREEN.

Declared at 8 Ely Place, Holborn in the County of London, this 10th day of December, 1895, I having first truly, distinctly and audibly read over the contents of this declaration to the declarant, who appeared perfectly to understand the same and made his mark thereto in my presence.

WM. JAKUES, JR.,
A Commissioner for Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is that of Edward Roper, able seaman.

I, Edward Roper, of Chapel street, Rowhedge, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie, about 6 o'clock, and was at various times on deck until about half past 8, when I turned in. I saw the Hattie Palmer lying alongside Defender.

3. At 12 o'clock I went on duty in the anchor watch and relieved John Clark. I remained on duty and was on deck continuously from 12 till 2.

The Hattie Palmer was then lying about 100yds. from the Defender.

4. During my watch, viz., from 12 till 2 o'clock, I saw a light moving about the deck of the Defender and men moving about, but I could not see what they were doing.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

EDWARD ROPER.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

WM. JAKUES, JR.,
A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—That is the information that Lord Dunraven is able to give to this commission. He takes the attitude that it is now impossible for this complaint of his, made at the time, to be verified; that he has given what assistance he can, and has come to America to give such assistance as he can in the matter. He does not take the position of prosecuting any person or of proving any more than simply the nature of his complaint, and that he reiterated, on Nov. 9, a complaint stated on Sept. 7, and not then examined. And any assistance further that we can give in the course of the inquiry, of course we have taken the position that we shall give; but we do not propose to go into the question of attempting, without evidence, which we cannot now obtain, to attack the statements which we have no material to properly investigate. We must leave investigation to the Committee, with such assistance as we are able to give them.

Mr. Rives—Between now and to-morrow morning could you and the other gentlemen mark on one of the charts there the points where the Defender anchored during the night of Friday, and also the points where the race started and ended on Saturday? We would like to get your judgment about that.

Mr. Askwith—What time on Friday?

Mr. Rives—Mark on the chart the anchorage of the Defender on Friday night, and also the point where the race ended on Saturday. There has been some question as to the distance she had to tow up, and so on. I think there would be no dispute about that, but if you could mark it on the chart and show it, it would be an advantage.

Lord Dunraven—You want us to mark the position of the vessels as they lay in the Horseshoe?

Mr. Rives—As they lay in the Horseshoe and also the point where the race ended on Saturday. A question has arisen as to the distance you had to tow up. We would like to have it so that it could be agreed upon by all parties, where that was.

Lord Dunraven—The race ended at the Lightship?

Mr. Rives—No, not on Saturday. It ended about 3 miles northeast of the village of Seabright. It ended where it started.

Lord Dunraven—Yes, that is so. We will do our best to do that.

Mr. Askwith—I will inquire of Lord Dunraven and Mr. Glennie as to the positions.

Lord Dunraven—We will endeavor to do so.

Then the opening of the defense, as given last week, followed.

YACHT DESIGNING.—V.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 80, Jan. 25.]

MATTER is found in three different forms, of a solid, a liquid and a gas; and the naval architect is compelled to take cognizance of all, the solid being the vessel herself; the liquid, water, being the medium in which she floats; while the gas is the propelling power, either directly in the form of wind (air) on the sails, or more remotely in the steam or other vapor which animates her engines. It will be directly in order to consider briefly the medium before attempting to deal with the body which floats and moves in it. In a solid the force of cohesion is stronger than all the repellent forces, and therefore the body does not easily change its form. In fluids the attractive and repellent forces are either in equilibrium, producing liquids, or inelastic fluids; or the repellent forces are wholly in control, producing gases or elastic fluids. To the scientist and investigator water is what is termed a "perfect" fluid, the attractive forces of cohesion and the repellent forces of heat being in exact balance, so that the particles of the fluid move upon each other with absolute freedom. To the yacht designer, however, in his actual practice, it is not a "perfect" fluid, as the cohesive forces are very slightly in excess, and it possesses the quality of "viscosity," or, in plain language, stickiness, due to the presence of foreign substances—solids. While the viscosity of salt water is greater than that of fresh, both may to all practical purposes be considered as perfect fluids so far as the friction of their particles upon each other is concerned; were it otherwise the Gulf Stream and other ocean currents would be impossible; the law of tides, which has been reduced to exact mathematical formulae, would also be impossible, and many of the established laws of physics would be overturned. While friction does exist to an appreciable extent between the water and solid bodies immersed in it, but little exists between the particles of the water itself. Water, then, is a fluid, incompressible and inelastic, and of course capable of imparting equal pressure in every direction. The weight of a cubic foot of fresh water is 62.39lbs., and a ton measures 35.905 cubic feet. Salt water weighs 64.05lbs. to the cubic foot, and a ton measures 34.973 cubic feet. The weight of fresh water equals the weight of salt water multiplied by .9740. In all ship calculations the weight of fresh water is taken at 62.25, and of salt water at 64lbs.; while the former is estimated at 36ft. and the latter 35 cubic feet to the ton.*

The whole subject of the mutual relations between a perfect fluid and a solid body immersed or submerged in it or moving through it (or, as the assumption commonly is, of the fluid moving by the fixed body) is a most fascinating one, and has engaged the attention of some of the most eminent scientists of this century, such as Prof. W. J. Macquorn Rankine, John Scott Russell, the late William Froude and his son and successor, R. E. Froude; and the "form of least resistance" has been sought almost as eagerly as the philosopher's stone by the alchemists of old. While many important and practical truths have been obtained and much has been done to advance the science of naval architecture, the form of least resistance has not yet been discovered, and only the most general deductions have been reached on many important points.

As far as the actual advancement of yacht designing is concerned, the matter for regret is not the failure to discover the form of least resistance or the exact degree in which water, fresh or salt, falls short of the attributes of a perfect fluid, but rather that the most absurd and misleading theories have been so generally prevalent until recent years among the men in whose hands rested the progress and advancement of designing, the practical builders. These theories, most of them directly contradicted by the elementary laws of physics as taught to boys in the public schools, have been seriously advanced as unassailable arguments for the old-time skimming dish model and against the introduction of greater depth and more effective systems of ballasting in yachts. The worst of these, as well as the most widely prevalent, was that which accepted the mere increase of hydrostatic pressure due to increased depth of submersion as influencing the "dynamical conditions incidental to motion" of a submerged plane.

Through the fall and winter of 1881 the wonderful victories of the deep cutter Madge over the shoal New York yachts was the absorbing topic of dispute among yachtmen, builders, sailors, fishermen and longshore characters in general; and the writer has had many a bout over the vexed question with those who believed in extreme light displacement and draft—of a vessel entirely on top of the water. The general theory of resistance then accepted, not only by ignorant fishermen and boatmen, but by successful builders, was about on the same high plane of intelligence as that of savages as to the nature of an eclipse—that some great fish was about to swallow the moon. As formulated to us at different times, accompanied by the familiar saying, "the nearer the sun the faster she goes," it was of this nature: the upper layer of water, to the depth sailed in by the average yacht or smack, some 4ft., was water pure and simple, with no resistance; the next layer going downward, say a foot depth, was as viscous or "sticky" as strong brine, the next foot was as stiff as molasses, the next as stiff as black mud, and beyond that, where the broad lead keel of the cutter must force its way, the water was a body of great but unmeasured density, sufficient to retard the speed of any deep yacht. These varying densities, according to this theory, were all due to the increase of hydrostatic pressure with the depth. The performances of Miss Madge showed that something was wrong with this beautiful and ingenious theory of resistance, as she cut the deepest strata with her broad lead keel more rapidly than the sharp, thin centerboards of the sloops could divide it; but even such proof failed to convince her opponents. Indeed it was a hopeless task to reason with a man who instanced the established fact of the blood gushing from the mouth and ears of a diver at great depths as an argument against the speed of a cutter drawing 8ft.

The subject of resistance, in its entirety, is one that pertains to naval architecture rather than to yacht designing, and we shall touch on only a few of the most important and strongly established facts; those who wish to pursue it further will find it fully and ably discussed by the

authors named later on. As to the viscosity of water, fresh and salt, no reliable data has yet been given to the world, and no specialist has yet devoted himself to the subject. That salt water is decidedly more viscous is generally recognized, as is the fact that greater speed is obtainable in fresh than in salt water, whether partly immersed or fully submerged. In all investigations it is assumed, as already stated, that the water is a perfect fluid.

That the hydrostatic pressure increases with the depth is quite true, the rate of increase being directly proportional to the depth, as in the following table:

PRESSURE OF WATER AT VARIOUS DEPTHS.		
Depth in Feet.	Pressure per Sq. Inch.	Pressure per Sq. Foot.
1	0.43lbs.	62.32lbs.
2	0.86lbs.	124.64lbs.
3	1.30lbs.	186.97lbs.
4	1.73lbs.	249.29lbs.
5	2.16lbs.	311.61lbs.
6	2.60lbs.	373.94lbs.
7	3.03lbs.	436.26lbs.
8	3.46lbs.	498.58lbs.
9	3.89lbs.	560.91lbs.
10	4.33lbs.	623.23lbs.

As far as the motion of a fish or a yacht through the water is concerned, this increased pressure has no effect whatever, nor should it have, as it is balanced, or the same in all directions; if the yacht is pushed astern by a pressure of 623lbs. on the fore end of her keel, she is at the same time pushed ahead by the same amount of pressure acting on the other end of the keel. The rudder turns as freely at a great depth as at the surface, the greater pressure still being balanced on its two sides. Contrary to a generally accepted idea, pressure has no effect whatever on the friction of the water upon the solid, which is the same at all depths. As a matter of fact, so far from the resistance being in any way increased by deeper immersion, it is materially diminished by the change from a partial immersion, the body being just at the surface of the water, and the complete submersion to a considerable depth; a much higher speed being possible under the latter condition, owing to the entire absence of one element of resistance, wave-making.

The idea formerly accepted, that there was a direct resistance proportionate to the greatest area of transverse section, and called head resistance, has been rejected in view of the demonstrations of Scott Russell and Rankine, and it is now positively known that there are but three elements of resistance:

First—Skin resistance, or that due to friction.

Second—Eddy-making resistance.

Third—Wave-making resistance.

There is, it is true, a small element of resistance due to the viscosity of water, not in the form of friction, but of resistance to change of shape of the particles as they pass by the hull; but this only comes into play in the case of small models moving at slow speeds. In the actual vessel it need not be considered, nor need the "air resistance" of the air on the hull and upper works.

The method generally followed in investigating the phenomena of resistance and friction between a perfect fluid and a floating solid is as follows: The body, of a symmetrical, fishlike form, pointed at both ends, is conceived as submerged to a considerable depth, and not as in motion through the fluid, but as stationary, the fluid flowing past it on all sides. At some material distance ahead of the body the water flows in parallel streams or lines, of normal velocity and pressure; but as the numerous streams approach the head of the solid they are deflected from their straight course, with a consequent loss of velocity. As they near the head of the solid, however, the velocity begins to increase, and continues to do so until abreast of the greatest breadth, when the velocity is greatest and the pressure least; from this point the velocity decreases as the tail of the solid is neared, until at a more or less remote distance the stream lines become perfectly parallel again, and with their normal pressure and velocity. It is capable of demonstration that the variations of velocity and pressure are inversely proportional, the one decreasing as the other increases, and *vice versa*. By this method of investigation, involving what is called the "stream line" theory first enunciated by Prof. Rankine, many important facts have been discovered. These assumed conditions, it will be perceived, differ widely from those found in actual practice, in which the water is not a perfect fluid, the surface of the solid is by no means free from friction, and the solid, being only partly immersed, the water in contact with it is subject to the pressure of the air on its upper surface, a constant pressure; in place of the pressure of adjoining stream lines, which, as has been noted, constantly varies with the velocity. This interchange of velocity and pressure which takes place about a completely submerged body finds expression about the actual ship in a new form; the pressure about the bow, for instance, is now unbalanced by equal pressure from adjoining stream lines, and as soon as it exceeds that of the atmosphere, 15lbs. to the square inch, it becomes visible in the form of an elevation of the surface of the water or of waves. Interesting as this portion of the subject is, we can barely allude to it here, as it is entirely too extensive to be discussed at length.

It is to the elder Froude that we are indebted for nearly all the facts now in the possession of naval architects concerning friction, the results of long and elaborate experiments conducted by him under the auspices of the British Admiralty. The special experiments on friction were made about 1870 by the towing in an experimental tank of boards $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, 19in. deep and of varying lengths up to 50ft. The results are summarized in the following table as quoted from Taylor's "Resistance of Ships."

LENGTH OF SURFACE OR DISTANCE FROM CUTWATER.												
Nature of Surface.	2ft.			8ft.			20ft.			50ft.		
	A	B	C	A	B	C	A	B	C	A	B	C
Varnish.....	2.00	.41	.390	1.85	.325	.264	1.85	.278	.240	1.83	.250	.226
Paraffine.....	1.95	.38	.370	1.94	.314	.260	1.93	.271	.247	1.92	.246	.222
Tin foil.....	2.16	.30	.295	1.99	.278	.263	1.90	.262	.244	1.83	.246	.222
Calico.....	1.93	.87	.725	1.92	.626	.504	1.89	.531	.447	1.87	.474	.428
Fine sand.....	2.00	.81	.690	2.00	.583	.450	2.00	.480	.384	2.06	.405	.337
Medium sand.....	2.00	.90	.730	2.00	.625	.488	2.00	.534	.465	2.00	.488	.456
Coarse sand.....	2.00	1.10	.880	2.00	.714	.520	2.00	.588	.490

Column A gives the power of the speed according to which the resistance varies. Column B gives the mean resistance in pounds per square foot of the whole surface for a speed of 600ft. per minute. Column C gives the resistance in pounds at the same speed of a square foot at the distance from the cutwater stated in the heading. It will be observed that the resistance of the last foot in length in each of the four examples is decidedly less than

the mean resistance per square foot for the entire plane, a circumstance attributed by Mr. Froude to the fact that a certain amount of motion in the direction of the plane had been already imparted to the water about the end of the plane by the preceding portion. The value of the "coefficient of friction," as determined by Mr. Froude, is dependent on:

1. The nature of the surface of the solid.
2. The nature of the fluid, varying directly as the density for small variations, such as between salt and fresh water.
3. The length of the surface, decreasing as the length increases.
4. Temperature, decreasing as the temperature increases.

The coefficient of friction is entirely independent of the pressure of the water and the depth below the surface. This is a point which we would impress upon our readers, and another is the conclusion of the elder Froude, which is now generally accepted, that the friction upon the immersed skin of a vessel is equivalent to that upon a flat rectangular surface of equal length in the line of motion and area of equivalent to the vessel, and moving at the same speed.

Another important point that is not as generally known as it should be is that while in bodies moving at the surface of the water the bow should be longer than the run in the proportion of 3 to 2, in bodies which move entirely under water, such as the lead bulb of a modern yacht, the bow should be the shorter and blunter, about two-fifths in place of three-fifths of the whole length, as in fishes. This same fish form, with a bow but two-fifths of the length, is also the correct one for the cross section of any projection or brace moving entirely under water.

The researches of the Froudes are detailed in the various annual volumes of the "Transactions of the (British) Society of Naval Architects" since 1860; other valuable works of reference are:

- "Resistance of Ships and Screw Propulsion," D. W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
- "Manual of Naval Architecture," Sir Wm. H. White.
- "Yacht Architecture," Dixon Kemp.
- "Ship Building, Theoretical and Practical," W. J. M. Rankine.
- "Forms of Fish and Ships," [Prof. R. H. Thurston, Trans. Soc. Nav. Arch., 1887.

YAMPA'S VOYAGE.—III.

New York to Gibraltar, 1895.

ON landing at the steps at the Custom House, we all found it rather hard work to walk, as we had been on the jump for so long. Knocked about the town for a while and then went to see the American Consular Agent, Señor Moreria, who is also Consul for Hawaii. There is a very large emigration from the Azores to Hawaii. While we were there a steamer left for Hawaii loaded with emigrants. All the friends and family connections of the emigrants came down on the Custom House wharf to bid them farewell, and the crying and screaming could be heard for miles.

On arriving on board Yampa again found she had been moored alongside of a dirty little Portuguese bark. She was just about large enough for one to sail on the lake in Central Park. We were securely moored with 1½in. chains, capable of holding the largest ship afloat. At night we went ashore and saw a play at the Opera House. As it was in Portuguese we found it rather tame, but the 400 of Ponta Delgada who occupied all the boxes were very interesting.

Next morning we hired a boatman for \$1 a day to do all the ferrying to and from Yampa, so that the crew would not be kept from their work. T. and I started to take the terrier ashore for a run; but the boatman said it was against the law and that we would have to get a permit from the Custom House before we would be allowed to land the dog. Went to the Custom House and they refused to issue a permit. From there we went to the American Consul and in fact pulled all the wires we could; but it was no go. The dog was quarantined on board ship during all our stay at Ponta Delgada, and all because years ago a dog from some vessel had gone mad on shore and bitten several others.

Crew at once started in giving the ship a general overhauling. We had two boat builders on board for several days fixing our life boat. Spent about eight days altogether straightening things up, etc. Also gave her a new coat of white outside, which improved her appearance wonderfully. We also fitted out with fresh provisions, water, etc. Everything was very cheap and fruits and flowers galore. Oranges, for instance, were 40 cents a hundred and delicious. There are several beautiful country places on the island that belong to rich Portuguese. St. Michael's is really worth visiting and the climate delightful.

Feb. 9.—Turned out this morning at 8 A. M., fine N. W. wind blowing, but rather cloudy. At 9 A. M. the pilot, with a gang of about twenty boatmen, came aboard to unmoor us. They were about the slowest people in the world, and the pilot, who was bossing the job, only seemed to have one idea at a time, and when that was carried out by the whole twenty, when two could have done it, he would think of something else and all hands would rush off to do that. As our second mate remarked: "They weren't fit to feed chickens." By 10:30 A. M. we were ready and started out under forestaysail. Soon after we set jib. When we were clear of the breakwater the pilot shook hands all around, and wishing us "bon voyage" departed.

There was quite a sea on outside the harbor, as it had been blowing from N. W. for a week.

At 11 A. M. set maintrysail and headed her for Gibraltar. At 11:15 A. M. put bonnet on squaresail and set it—we were dead before the wind, so downed headsails. Crew started in at once to rig life lines and coil away hawsers, etc.; also got both anchors on deck and lashed them to the windlass. Unrove chains and sent them below and put the plugs back in the hawsepipes. We were rolling quite a bit and the pup was seasick again. It rained a little off and on in the afternoon and set in rather thick. At 3 P. M. wind hauled more to the south'ard and we set jib, which steadied her somewhat. At 5 P. M. wind shifted to W. S. W., so we downed squaresail and set forestail and topsail. It started in to clear up soon after and we had a chance to see the sunset. T. felt rather squeamish and did not turn up for dinner, so I had mine alone.

* Wherever the word ton is used throughout these articles the "long ton" of 2,240lbs. is to be understood.

On deck soon after; a beautiful night and moon out in all its glory. Wind increased somewhat, and at 7:30 P. M. we clewed up and furled foretopsail. Sea still very rough, but we are doing 11 knots. At 10 P. M. it clouded over and started to rain again. At midnight it was still blowing and raining hard; Yampa under maintrysail, foresail, forestaysail and jib and doing from 10 to 11 knots; sea increasing all the time.

Feb. 10.—Wind continued about the same all early morning and sea picking up all the time. Rained a little off and on, and wind rather squally. Turned out at 8 A. M.; wind still W.S.W. and blowing quite fresh. Yampa under maintrysail, foresail, forestaysail and jib, and doing fine work. T. turned out as bright as a lark this morning, and ate a large and elegant breakfast. Rather a hazy morning and looks like rough weather. At 10 A. M. wind moderated somewhat, and we put foretopsail on her, which sent her along much easier. The sea was still running very high and we shipped one or two over our weather quarter, but they were not heavy enough to do any damage. At 11 A. M. we sighted an Italian bark heading E.N.E. and rolling like a log. She was under very easy canvas, and from the course she was steering was probably bound for England. No chance for a sight to-day, and we are working on dead reckoning. Wind continued about the same all afternoon, and we were doing about 10 knots all the time. Went aloft to look for "chums," but nothing in sight. Took a trick at the wheel for an hour or so. Did it for exercise, and got enough to last me for a week.

At 5 P. M. weather looked very bad, so we clewed up and furled foretopsail and made everything snug for the night. We have been making a very fast run. At 8 P. M. we had logged 360 miles from Ponta Delgada in 32½ hours, an average of a small fraction over 11 1-5 miles an hour, which is very fine work for a sailing vessel. It started in to clear off about 9 P. M., and by 10 P. M. the clouds had all disappeared, and the moon came out and made it almost as bright as day. Wind hauled more to the westward about 11:30 and gradually slackened up.

Feb. 11.—Wind kept gradually decreasing all the morning. At daylight we put foretopsail on her, which helped her along considerably. Sea had also gone down somewhat during the night, and we were slipping right along. At 8 A. M., on the change of the watch, we downed maintrysail and set whole mainsail. At 8:30 set maintopsail. Had a splendid sight at the sun for longitude. Crew spent all morning reeving off new chafing gear, etc. T. and I spent most of the morning making some more sand bags for the lifeboat. At noon had another good shot at the sun, and our position was lat. 35° 37' N., lon. 15° 48' W. Wind hauled a trifle to the southward about 1 P. M. It has been an ideal day, and all hands have been going about without coats on. Took a trick at the wheel for an hour or so, then went aloft and helped reeve off some chafing gear on the foremast head. At 4:30 P. M. took an azimuth and also a sight for longitude. Wind continued about the same all evening and sea was smoothing down all the time. The moon rose about 7:30 and made it almost as bright as day. Wind slackened up a bit about 10 P. M., but we were still logging about 8 knots. We are still carrying both topsails and hope to make a good run by noon to-morrow. At midnight wind hauled more to the westward and sea was smoothing all the time.

Feb. 12.—During the early morning wind hauled more to the northward and slackened up a bit. Had carried full sail all night and averaged 7 knots. Wind backed around again to due W. and was becoming lighter every minute. Spent morning doing some splicing, sewing, etc. At 10 A. M. set the weather part of squaresail, which helped her somewhat. Sea is fairly smooth now, but wind is so light that we roll around a good lot. Got a good sight for latitude at noon, and our position was lat. 35° 39' N., lon. 12° 30' W. Wind hauled dead astern at 12:30 P. M., and we downed foresail and forestaysail. Put bonnet on squaresail and set it. Sighted a bark about 1 P. M. off the lee bow. She was bound to the eastward, and we were overhauling her fast. As we neared her we saw that her foremast had been carried away just below the hounds. She sent up international code signal F. G. H. (what is your longitude brought up to the present moment?) and hoisted Norwegian colors. We jibed over and stood toward her. She proved to be the Columba, of Christiansand. We luffed up alongside her and told them the latitude and longitude, and also offered them assistance, but she was only ten days out from England and had plenty of provisions and water. When her skipper found out we were bound for Gibraltar he asked us to report him on our arrival and if possible to send a tug out for him, as he was bound to Gibraltar to make repairs. We promised to do so, and after saluting each other we continued on our way.

As we were going about 4 ft. to the bark's 1 ft. we soon had her out of sight. At 3 P. M. another chum hove in sight, she crossed our bow on the starboard tack within 200 ft. She was the Russian bark Chieftain, of Abo. We talked with her captain while she was within hailing distance. She was bound to Pensacola, Fla., in ballast. At 4:30 P. M. took an azimuth and also a sight for longitude. Wind now becoming very light. At 5:30 clewed up and furled maintopsail and downed mainsail to keep it from slatting. Set maintrysail. Another beautiful night; moon rose about 8:30 and wind died out completely. At midnight we were still becalmed and rolling about under maintrysail and squaresail.

Feb. 13.—Not a breath of air until 7:30 A. M., when a light breeze sprang up from S.S.W. Downed maintrysail and squaresail and set full sail. Got a sight for longitude at 8:45 A. M. Sea is very smooth to-day and the air is as balmy as June. At 10 A. M. we sent out the flying jib and bent it on. First time it had ever been set and it looks like a good sail. Wind was so light all morning that we brought the Winchesters into play again and managed to kill numerous bottles. At noon took the altitude of the sun and our position was lat. 35° 58' N., lon. 10° 37' W. Wind increased soon after noon and we were slipping along at a 7-knot gait all afternoon. Wind died down somewhat with the sun and it was 8 P. M. before it started up again. On deck until midnight. A beautiful clear night, but a very heavy dew falling. We are doing about 6 knots.

Feb. 14.—Carried the same sail, and wind was steady until 4 A. M., when it hauled a trifle more to the westward. Sea still as smooth as glass. Turned out at 8 A. M. Another fine day. Wind hauled to S.W. by W. about 9:30 A. M. and we set jibtopsail. At 10 A. M. set fisher man's staysail and we then began to get a move on

Crew started in to straighten things up a bit. Stowed trysails in the lazarette and coiled away spare lines, etc. At 11:30 sighted two steamers ahead of us, and both bound our way. We kept picking them up every minute. Had a good sight at noon, and our position was lat. 36° N., lon. 7° 15' W. If wind holds out we will be in Gibraltar to-night.

Breezed up a bit about 1 P. M., and we are now doing about 11½ knots. At 2 P. M. we had passed one of the steamers, and were bringing the other down to us very fast. At 3 P. M. we had passed her and were going about 13 knots. Sighted Trafalgar Point off the lee bow at 3:30 P. M. An hour afterward we sighted Cape Spartel. Kept on going like a race horse, and at 5:30 P. M. we dipped to a French man-o'-war that was coming out of the Strait. She returned our salute. At 6 P. M. we took in maintopmast staysail and jibtopsail. Then got all our ground tackle ready. At 6:30 clewed up and furled both topsails. We were going through the Strait like a torpedo boat, and at 7 P. M. were abreast of Tarifa Light. At 8 P. M. we downed foresail, gybed over, and stood into Gibraltar Bay after giving Pearl Rocks a wide berth. At 9 P. M. we were abreast of the New Mole, and rounded up and let go the mainsail. Stood inside the breakwater under forestaysail and jib, and picking out a good berth next H. M. S. Gleaner, we let go the hook at 9:15 P. M., and our voyage across the ocean was ended.

W. IRVINE ZEREGA.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While you of the frozen North cling close to the base burner, with brief, shivering glances through frost-covered windows where the eye finds nothing more inviting than snow or ice, we of the sunny South are enjoying balmy breezes, bright sunshine and sparkling waters.

Hard, isn't it? We pity you, but we are so driven with hunting, fishing and boat sailing that we've only time for a single tear.

Have had some quite cool weather, but now 'tis simply grand. Not an hour of the twenty-four but can be comfortably enjoyed in the great outdoors. To be sure we feel the hard times, but fish are plenty, deer and turkey to be had for the shooting, and the waters of bayou and bay with their ripple of gladness challenge for a sail.

Verily, our lines are cast in pleasant places. By the way, speaking of deer and turkeys, Johnny Bailey, one of our local guides, last week shot and killed three deer and three turkeys with four shots. How high was that?

But boat racing just now seems to interest the boys more than anything else. We have two new boats this season: a Boston cat, the Fawn, built by Hutchins, and the Mermaid, built by an amateur. The Mermaid is something like the Gobiin, and is of the following dimensions: 20 ft. over all, 15 ft. w.l. and 8 ft. beam; slip. rig. She has proved quite fast, and promises to make sport for the boys this winter. She spreads 480 ft. of canvas, and carries it well. Just now the Tarpon Springs Y. C. are laboring over new sailing rules.

The club have a fine fleet of boats and deserve some plain and fair sailing rules, but they can't seem to get at anything that will suit everybody.

I wish FOREST AND STREAM would devise some rules that would fit sawed-off catboats, long overhangs, limited and unlimited sail area, bouncers, sharpies, tuck-ups and catamarans. Can't you do it?

The way it is now, the man who gets beat kicks at the rules. The man who comes in ahead is perfectly satisfied.

It don't matter to me, for I'm not a racer, but I like to see peace in the family. But we all have trouble, even our Mr. Hough has some one pitching into him, but then I have been looking for him to have trouble ever since he told that Kekoskee fish story.

Well, I thought I had something to say when I started out, but really I've forgotten what it was.

Very unfortunate ending to the Dunraven affair, that's what we all think here. That's the worst of all racing, the beaten man always thinks he is ill used, but that is human nature.

TARPON.

Just How It Happened.

"Hon. E. J. Phelps, Chairman, and Members of Investigation Committee, New York Y. C.:

"GENTLEMEN: I have received a cable message from Mr. Bennett directing me to inform your committee that he was very much astonished and annoyed at the *Herald's* premature publication of the investigation evidence, and he greatly regrets it.

"As soon as he was apprised of the publication he telegraphed to the city editor of the *Herald*, who had just arrived at Nice from New York, expressing his surprise and disapproval. His explanation is that several reporters had been detailed from the commencement of the case, and they had been instructed not to touch upon anything the club could find objectionable, but one of the reporters must have accidentally obtained the report late at night, and in the absence of the editor usually in charge of such matters it was unfortunately printed. Respectfully yours,

"GARDINER G. HOWLAND,

"General Manager, New York *Herald*."

This lucid and satisfactory explanation, which completely exculpates the *Herald* from an intentional wrongdoing, incidentally bears proof to the magnificent organization of the *Herald's* establishment. Though this voluminous report, covering nearly 600 octavo pages, was only obtained by a reporter "late at night," and in the absence of all responsible heads, a carefully prepared abstract was printed, covering four full pages of the *Herald* and illustrated by nineteen portraits of the special committee and others connected with the inquiry; and this not only in time for the city edition, but for the out-of-town, which goes to press considerably earlier.

Ogdensburg Y. C.

THE St. Lawrence River from Kingston to Ogdensburg has long been noted for its racing men, but the once popular racing skiff has recently fallen into disuse owing to the expense of racing and the large crews required. The Spruce-Ethelwyn races were watched with deep interest by the yachtsmen of Ogdensburg and other towns on the river, and since last fall the idea of establishing the same class has been under discussion. It has just taken definite form in the organization of the Ogdensburg Y. C., which took place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, the following officers being elected: Pres., Hon. E. A. Newell; Com., S. Gilbert Averill; Vice-Com., Wm. F. Post; Regatta Committee, Capt. D. H. Lyon, Messrs. Geo. Hall, A. R. Porte, F. Chapman and J. G. Fraser; Finance Committee, Hon. E. A. Newell, Messrs. S. G. Averill, E. L. Strong, J. A. Seely and S. Wilson.

Arrangements were made to hold an international race for half-raters at Ogdensburg some time during the first week of July next, and a vote was passed to offer a \$500 challenge cup, to be called the Ogdensburg cup, to be raced for annually. It is expected that those half-raters now being built in Canada for the purpose of entering the trial races of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. will also compete for the Ogdensburg cup, and the owners of Ethelwyn have signified their intention of entering, and the English challengers for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.'s cup will be invited to enter the race. There are several new half-raters being built on the St. Lawrence River. The race is open to all amateurs, and will be governed by the Seawanhaka rules.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Police Revolver Practice.

DURING the first five weeks of practice at the police school for instruction in revolver shooting, under the supervision of Sergt. Petty, 1,660 men have gone through the mill. Of these only about 1 per cent. have scored 65 out of a possible 75 on the 100 yds. Creedmoor target at a distance of 10 yds. This record needs no comment, showing as it does in such startling relief the inefficiency of the force as marksmen and their vital need of training. Six months hence it will be interesting to compare these first scores with those made after practice under the efficient coaching which the men receive. Too much cannot be said in praise of Sergt. Petty's intelligent management of all the details. To cite a single instance, he has saved the city already several hundred dollars in the cost of ammunition. All the cartridges used are loaded at the range by the officers in charge, and the cost per thousand is so small that if given here few would believe it. Ninety per cent. of the lead is saved and remoulded into bullets, which, owing to this economy, cost the Police Department less than 8 cents per thousand. With the appliances now in use, a number of

which are original with Sergt. Petty, two men load 3,000 cartridges in less than two hours, a supply sufficient for two days.

Thirty-two thousand rounds have been fired since the opening of the school, Dec. 30.

At the recent civil service examination for promotion Mr. Petty stood fourth on the list among nearly 100 roundsmen examined, with a credit of 92.65 per cent., and he was one of the first promoted to the rank of sergeant.

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The New York Rifle Club has held two shoots since the commencement of the year. The first one was held on Jan. 26, the second was held this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. The two best scores made by the members present on each evening, together with his score on the target of honor, are given below:

	Jan. 26.	Honor Target.	Feb. 5.	Honor Target.
D Crocker.....	244 240	65	241 239	67
Wm Uhler.....	243 240	71	242 241	67
R J Young.....	242 241	67	245 243	73
E B Barker.....	236 233	66
G Sharkey.....	244 239	70	241 239	71
M O'Donnell.....	235 227	61	226 226	62

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 4.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club held its weekly shoot this evening. The conditions were: 40 yds., off-hand, standard American target. The scores were:

Stab.....	69	72	70	72	70	75-71	F Ingersoll.....	80	75	75	81	73	..-77
Hofmeister.....	63	59	72	60	66	66-65	L Ingersoll.....	71	69	74	72	70	71-71
Sorg.....	65	69	60	65	65	..-65	Lawrence.....	..	73	65	65	83-72	..
Schmidt.....	61	59	70	66	72	..-66	Ittel.....	..	76	90	84	77-82	..
Burt.....	56	49	60	67	56	55-57							HAL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot this evening. The following were the scores made:

R Busse.....	243 240 239 240 241	Dr W J Furness.....	235 238 237 238 238	238
Dr J A Boyken.....	246 241 249 248 247	H Holges.....	247 244 242 245 246	246
S Buzzi.....	241 237 243 238 241	H Muenz.....	232 231 229 230 236	236
G W Dowus.....	229 214 226 228 240	F C Ross.....	243 247 248 243 245	245
M B Engel.....	241 240 233 239 240	O G Zettler.....	240 239 241 240 245	245
L Flach.....	239 248 246 245 247	B Zettler.....	240 232 239 245 243	243
P Feigel.....	240 238 235 230 235

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 19.—NEWARK, N. J.—One hundred target handicap race, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club.

Feb. 21-22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; targets; team match, Rochester versus Buffalo, on Feb. 22. E. D. Hicks, Manager.

Feb. 21-22.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Winter tournament of the Memphis Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; morning—live birds; afternoon—targets.

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 27.—DUNKLEEN, N. J.—First tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League; League team race at 2 P. M.

Feb. 27-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forrester Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to amateurs only. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

March 18-21.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; targets and live birds. F. L. Train, Captain.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Appar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1,000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. B. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, \$2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FAROO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

402 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896

VOL. XLVI.—No. 8.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

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RECREATION AND THE BUSINESS HABIT.

LONG occupation in business day after day, week after week, month after month, which passing away make the procession of the years, at last becomes a habit, inflexible and dominant. The habit of work cuts out its own channel through life, and the slave of it, following the narrow course of habit, misses much of the beautiful, ignores the recreation of his physical and mental well-being, acquires false estimates of humanity and perceives but little of the embellishments and refinements of life.

A man who has a business habit to the exclusion of all other habits sees largely but one side of human nature—the coldest side—the side which is incessantly commercial and striving for material gain. In the competition of business there is no place or time for diversion or the play of the finer sentiments. Buying and selling, working and paying, with the constant undercurrent of care which links the responsibilities of to-day with the possibilities of to-morrow, are serious occupations and exclude all else from the mind. It is proper that it should be so in actual business. The serious problems of life deserve serious consideration and attention. The mistake is in making life all serious without relaxation. It is not inherently all seriousness. It should not be all grim and hard and laborious. Nature has her serious exactions, but she is also profuse in the beautiful and pleasing. The earth is in beautiful dress, colored in a profusion of delicate tintings and shadings, blending exquisitely and never out of harmony. The flowers, beautiful in themselves, have pleasing odors. The birds, animating the stillness of the air, have sweet songs which please the ear—in short, in nature there is everything to afford wholesome pleasure to the senses and health to body and mind. There is that in the air, in the woods, in the waters, from which man can derive new life, new inspiration and a better understanding of nature and of his fellows.

The habit of business excludes all these. It holds the devotee to the sordid of life. Everything is then rated according to its commercial value, or having none, it has no value at all.

The slave of the business habit comes to think in time that he cannot leave his business without ruin supervening. No one, he thinks, can manage his business but himself. Obnoxious competitors must be watched. The business world would suffer by his absence or inattention. These and many other excuses he has. But the material lessons of life teach us every day that the world at large misses but little or not at all any one man, no matter how exalted.

There are men who love the sports of land and water, and who were ardent in their practical sportsmanship till they convinced themselves that business cares excluded all recreation. As year after year passed business theory grew into business habit and they drifted further and further away from healthful recreation, the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and faith in their fellow men. The gun and dog and rod and boats were left to wear out in inaction.

There are homely yet healthy sentiments of the masses brought forth from the wisdom of long experience, yet so trite that they are self-evident truths. Of these none is more valuable than that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Jack at work is in a narrow channel;

Jack at play is in the midst of nature and his best development.

Break up the business habit. Take out the old gun from its case or the fishing rod from its forgotten corner. Put the one to your shoulder or cast a fly with the other, and you will be living pleasant parts of life over again. Take the old dog afield and see his youth return. Have the duck boat repaired; overhaul the decoys. Do not permit the tents to mildew. Swab out the rifle and look through the sights. See if the canoes need mending. If one can do these things without feeling a thrill of the old spirit returning, then the business habit is chronic and the patient is in a bad way.

When the impulse is on, resolve to go forth again in the proper season into the fields and forests, or on the waters, and enjoy the sports so bounteously provided by generous nature. Resolve to go and go.

The business habit enslaves men of wealth and men of talent more than any other class. The business habit gradually eliminates all else but business. It becomes a dominant master, cruel, merciless and exacting. It wears its victim out before his time. Old age comes at middle life, and youth is so short it is hardly recognized before it is gone. Break up the business habit when it is masterful and life is made both wider and longer, besides being more beautiful, more ennobling, and more worth living for one's self and for others.

FREE SEEDS AND FREE FISH.

WE notice that the galleries of the United States Senate are being treated to perfervid oratory on the great question of seeds or no seeds. As everyone knows, Secretary Morton, acting under the advice of the Attorney-General, has refused to send out the customary quota of seeds which Congressmen have been accustomed to regard as one of their perquisites. When this seed business was started by President John Quincy Adams, it was intended to be for the introduction into this country, for distribution and experiment, of valuable seeds not known here. From this original purpose the distribution has long since diverged and undoubtedly has involved a squandering of the public moneys for the private benefit of individuals.

But now that the Senators are discussing the seed distribution by the Secretary of Agriculture, it might be well for them to investigate also the distribution of public fish to private waters by the United States Fish Commission in compliance with senatorial demands. The Washington Times had a funny story, which we printed last week, of a Congressman who was importuned by one of his constituents for free fish, and who, apparently not having been let into the fish trick, did not understand the reasonableness of his constituent's request; but sent him some fishhooks instead. This proved to be a serious mistake, for the gift to one was quickly followed by requests from others who thought that, as stalwart members of the party, they too deserved free fishhooks. There is no more reason under heaven why a Senator or a Congressman should give to a constituent a free lot of fish which have been raised at public expense than that he should distribute fishhooks bought with funds appropriated from the United States Treasury. The expenditure of public money for such private purposes is dishonest in principle, and an imposition on the people. It ought to be stopped short off.

SNAP SHOTS.

The so-called National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association held its annual "convention" in Chicago last week. A report of the affair is given in another column. There were ten persons present; whether all of them were members does not appear. There was as usual some wrangling over petty affairs, while nothing whatever was done of national scope; and as usual the two or three enthusiasts who have banded themselves together as a "national" body improved the occasion to scold at everybody else who would not take hold and boost their enterprise. The reason for their being left so severely alone they ascribe to game protective apathy. That is humbug. The true reason is that no sane man has any confidence in their mode of effort, in their wrangling and inconsequent "proceedings," in their Alaska duck-egg fakes, in their pretensions, powers, practicabilities or possibilities. The scheme is not one that appeals to common sense; there is nothing in it to deserve the serious attention of men who really want to protect game and fish.

Under the present law New York has a Board of Fish-

eries, Game and Forest Commissioners, made up of a president with a salary of \$5,000 a year and four others with salary of \$1,000, the entire salaries and allowed expenses making an aggregate of \$18,900. A bill has been introduced to readjust the salaries and the expense account thus: Five Commissioners, each \$2,500, \$12,500; for expenses, each \$800 (limited), \$4,000; one assistant secretary, \$1,800; expenses secretary (limited), \$200; total, \$18,500. The proposed amendment drops the secretary, retaining the assistant secretary, and provides that one of the Commissioners shall be designated by the board as secretary without extra compensation, who shall devote his whole time to the duties of his office while so designated. It also abolishes the office of assistant fishculturist. The measure comes from the present Commissioners themselves; and they have filed with the Legislature a brief setting forth their reasons for recommending the change.

The work of the consolidated Commission is now divided into five departments, and these are under the charge and control of committees who through their chairmen manage the respective interests. The five committees have to do with Forest Preservation and State Lands; Hatcheries, Fishculture and Game; Shell Fisheries and Licenses, Executive and Financial Affairs, Legislative Affairs. It is represented that there is a growing amount and detail of work in each of these several departments. The demands of the office are so constant and absorbing that all the five members of the board have actually and necessarily spent from eighteen to twenty days of every month in the performance of their duties. "All of the members," says the brief, "have been and must be working members, and no one will claim that one has done or must do more than another. In view of the foregoing facts, we think it both just and proper—especially as it can be done without extra expense to the State—that a readjustment of salaries be made which shall fairly and equitably recognize and compensate for services rendered by each and all of the Commissioners, and at the same time add to the efficiency of the service."

These claims appear to be reasonable. The readjustment would not increase but would decrease the total expense, and it would provide a fairer scale of recompense. The present scale of salaries, by which the president of the Commission receives \$5,000 a year, has always savored of a job; it is to the credit of the present incumbent of the office if he does his best to earn his salary, but it may be questioned whether he actually does or even could possibly earn five times as much as any other member.

And now comes a man from Michigan who asks us to tell him whether it is truly sportsmanlike to go moose hunting when one employs a guide to lead him to the fateful spot and to call up the game to its doom. There is more than one way of looking at it. If the moose hunter sets out alone, selects his own calling station, lures his own moose, shoots it and brings it out, he performs a feat which is more skillful than it would be merely to shoot when the guide nudges "now." And if one secures his game by still-hunting without having recourse to the deceptive call, so much the higher must we reckon his grade in the degrees of woodcraft.

But to know the moose country, to acquire the art of calling, to go into the wilderness alone and unattended, and to gain the trophy of the hunt unaided, all these require long practice, and practice means time. The art of hunting is not to be picked up in a day. The masters of the craft are not those whose life work lies in other fields, and whose hunting days are few, brief and far between. For most of us moose hunting is only one of the incidentals of life, not a steady business. If, when the long looked for opportunity does offer, we must do it all by ourselves, without the assistance of those who make hunting their occupation, most of us would necessarily despair of ever seeing a wild moose, and by no possibility save that of pure chance could we ever get within rifle shot of it. If we win our moose at all we must have professional help, and if to employ help is, as some claim, to put us outside of the ranks of sportsmanship, we shall be obliged to make choice of the empty credit of being a true sportsman, or on the other hand of the more substantial and on the whole more satisfactory gratification of having a moose head to show our friends and tell tall yarns about.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XIII.

"The wild duck, as he scuds along,
Seeth thine eye of black,
And cries with shrill, despairing tone,
"Do n't shoot, old boy, I'm coursing down;
I know you, Cousin Jack!"

"HERE'S another duck o' your'n," Sam addressed the stranger as the other boat drew near. "You 'pear tu git ev'ry bird 'at you 'pint at."

"No, not quite," said the gentleman, for such he was, and a handsome one too, with keen black eyes and finely cut features and an easy graceful bearing. "I've heard of men who did that and heard them tell of doing it, but I never saw them do it. But you'd better take this bird, you're quite welcome to it."

"No, thank ye," said Sam, "me an' this man's a-gittin' more shots 'an we c'n 'tend tu. My, you'd ortu seen us make the feathers fly up the East Slang." Sam felt that open confession might ease his soul.

"Don't you tol' him, Sam," Antoine whispered hoarsely. "Oot we shem 'nough for had we an' de dauk know it?"

"Wal, go ahead, mister," said Sam, and the other boat took the lead.

"He hain't got him no gre't of a paddler," Sam remarked as he watched the clumsy propelling of the larger craft, paddled now on one side, now on the other. "I sh'd like tu put him raound a spell."

There were ducks enough scattered among the wild rice to afford fair shooting, though the great flocks had returned to their daytime haunts, the dusky ducks to float on the wide waters of the lake or to bask on its rocky shores, whither the teal accompanied them, while the wood ducks congregated in the embowered lagoons of Lewis Creek, the South Slang and Goose Creek. There, in listless enjoyment of seclusion, they swam lazily in the shallow pools, checkering the green scum of floating duck weed with a network of water paths, or sat in sleepy rows along the mossy trunks of fallen trees, oftener disturbed by a swooping hawk or prowling fox or mink than by man, the enemy and destroyer of nature.

Sam marveled at the celerity with which his rival made his shots, only missing often enough to prove that there was no magic in the skill which Sam expressed admiration of, in spite of the humiliation of seeing himself so far outdone.

"By the gre't horn spoon, he's a buster!" he exclaimed, as two ducks, rising at once on either side of the channel, responded to a double shot with folded wings and a downright fall. "But I sh'd like tu try him a hack with a rifle."

"Oh, t'under, Ah'll tol' you it was jes' he's gaun," growled Antoine, contemptuously. "F Ah'll had gaun sem lak dat Ah'll show you, me."

"I s'pose his gun does ha' suthin' tu du with it, but I swan I b'lieve arter the ducks git him l'arnt, they'd jest faint away and tumble daown if he p'inted a stick at 'em."

Sam and Antoine ran the canoe among the rushes under the willows of the lower landing alongside the craft of the sportsman, who had preceded them by twenty minutes and was now at the foot of the cliff with his boatman making preparation for dinner, the first plucking a fat young wood duck, the other gathering dry fuel out of the abundance of driftwood.

"Naow, mister," said Sam, as he fed his admiring eyes on the handsome English guns whose like he had never seen before and his fingers itched to lay hold of, "why don't ye come up tu aour fire an' cook your dinner? It'll save ye a lot o' fussin', an' Joseff 'll be mighty glad o' them feathers you're a-wastin'. He come a-feather huntin', leastways he's a-savin' of 'em for tu keep his wife good natured. Fetch your stuff right up where it's handy cookin' an' we'll put a couple o' extry 'taters in the kittle for ye."

The stranger was drawn to Sam by the attraction of one honest sportsman to another and therefore nothing loth to accept the invitation. Carrying the half-plucked duck in one hand and one of the guns in the other, and followed by his man carrying a covered basket, he climbed the steep path with his host in the lead.

They found the camp untenanted, for Uncle Lisha and Joseph had not yet returned from a land expedition along the shore in the direction of the Slang bridge, upon which they had set forth with the intention of stalking ducks in the pond holes of the marsh or lying in wait for incoming flocks.

Antoine soon had a fire blazing on the stone hearth, which he shared with the guest in the preparation of the two dinners. The gentleman now proved himself a thoroughly accomplished sportsman, for when his end of the fire sank to a glowing bed of coals he broiled his neatly dressed duck as skillfully as he had killed it, and its delicate aroma asserted itself above the grosser odor of Antoine's cookery. When the double meal was served he made two-fold return for the acceptable potatoes in dainties from his basket, and when all were so well fed that necessity of providing another meal seemed too distant to be worth thinking of, he passed around cigars that were more fragrant than roses. While all but he smoked them with the awkwardness of unaccustomed use, he half won Sam's heart with well-told tales of his shooting adventures in all parts of the country, and completed the conquest by interested listening to Sam's stories.

When Sam hinted he would like to paddle him up the South Slang the offer was gladly accepted. So the two set forth in the sportsman's boat, leaving his boatman and Antoine to amuse themselves as they would, an arrangement to the liking of both, as it gave Antoine an opportunity to ask many questions, he being tormented with an itching curiosity as much as any Kankee ever was, and the boatman, a lazy fellow, would as lief be paid for doing nothing as for earning his money.

Sam plied his noiseless paddle with right good will up the narrow channel, whose brown waters here and there turned sharply in its almost currentless course to long curved or straight reaches that ended in other turns among the rice and sedges. Now there would be a stillness that was absolute but for far-removed sounds of farm life or the skyward scream of a hawk, a mote of bronze slowly circling as if adrift in an eddy of the upper air; or, nearer, some unseen stir of life among the rushes, the slow scratch of a weed against the boat's side or the

smothered gulp of a disturbed mud fish beneath the prow. Then the silence was broken suddenly enough to startle the steadiest nerves when splashing and fluttering, squeaking or quacking in wild alarm, wood duck or dusky duck tore its way upward through their tent of sedge or rice-stalks. Then the ready gun made its quick selection, puffed out its smoke and thunder, answered itself like an echo with a second report, and two ducks dropped back limp and lifeless within the circling wavelets of their own uprising, while the echoes rebounded between the wooded shores, and far and near frightened ducks arose, bitterns took wing with guttural squawks, rails set up a clamorous cackle, and for a few moments the marshes were alive with noisy commotion. Then, while the echoes died in the distance, the ducks settled again in the marsh further before or behind the boat, the babble of the rails ceased, the last wads were driven home with a diminuendo of hollow thuds, and after the sharp click of the recapped locks the silent boat moved on into a new silence again and again to break it. Now it slid under the low span of a bridge, now came to the mouth of Goose Creek, almost closed between its jams of floating bog that undulated with the boat's wake with a faint rustle of sedgy swells. As the craft squeezed its way up this narrow water path, here closed by a movable island of bog that was swung aside like agate to give them passage, there crowded by a tangled jungle of button bush, the hunters saw in trodden ooze and the windrows of shed plumage evidence of the throngs of waterfowl that made this natural fortress their nightly resting place. There were now only a few stragglers—early to bed or late to rise—one of whom, cut down at long range, they had infinite trouble to retrieve by wading over the treacherous bog.

In one place a woodcock had bored the muddy margin with his long bill and chalked it with his sign, which was scarcely noted before he sprang with a twittering whistle and was cut down with a snap shot of the alert sportsman. Then for the first time Sam had an opportunity to admire and closely inspect what had until now been but an elusive, vanishing myth, and wondered why his new friend should float more over this little bird than over a great duck. Yet he himself had just declared that he would be prouder to kill a wild goose than to kill a bear, as much to the astonishment of the other.

They followed the crooked labyrinth of Goose Creek till it forked into two branches, both too narrow to give passage to anything bulkier than a duck or muskrat. They made their way back to the Slang, which from this point to its source was the eastern boundary of a large tract of primeval forest, a level sameness of gloomy ever-green woods.

Where the channel parted in two unboatable tributaries, one coming out of the cold heart of the forest, the other from the sunny bosom of the fields, the Indians had made their camp. A number of stretched muskrat skins were hung about it, the thin smoke of the spent fire drifted up among the hemlock boughs, the canoe was drawn up to the bank with its two paddles stuck in the mud beside it, and the two Waubankees, full heirs of their wild forefathers' laziness, were pottering indolently over some piece of handicraft.

"They're a-makin' a canew," Sam said, after watching them a little; "want tu go an' see haow they du it?" and his companion assenting, he turned the boat inshore.

The Indians were aware of the approach of visitors, but gave no sign of it when the boat ran alongside the canoe and the occupants stepped ashore, nor till they had come close to them, where they were kneeling on a patch of hard trodden bare earth. Then Sam's old acquaintance turned his good-humored face to them a moment and greeted them with a low-spoken "Quiee," but his sullen companion did not lift his eyes from his work.

The top frame and gunwales and cross bars of a canoe lay on the leveled piece of ground, and the Indians were driving stakes at the ends and at the interstices of the cross bars. Having accomplished this, they filled and lighted their pipes and deliberated upon the next step to be taken in the task, conversing in the soft, low tones of their own language. At last he of the sour visage picked up a hatchet and went into the woods, which unfolded him out of sight in their shadowy embrace as if he belonged to them. It did not seem likely that the white men were to see more of the art of canoe building to-day, and so Sam's friend bought a couple of bows and a half a dozen arrows for his two boys; waiting till Tocksoose finished the last with a crooked knife they re-embarked and set forth down stream as the shadows of the hemlocks were crawling up the eastern bank.

"Now, Lovel," said the sportsman, "I want to show you that I can handle a paddle too, so give it to me and you take my gun and see how it suits you."

Sam was as happy with the beautiful gun in his hands as a lover with his sweetheart and fondled it with as much delight, sighting it on various inanimate objects and trying again and again the smooth elastic movement of the locks. An awkward splash of the paddle, that was for the most part fairly well handled, startled a duck to flight at long range, and Sam pottering a little over his aim made a clean miss. At the report, one nearer, but dozing over his crop full of wild rice, floundered to flight through the rent bower of sedges. Sam covered him neatly, but his finger found the wrong trigger and there was only a hollow snap of the empty barrel. Yet he kept his wits enough to make a second trial and the big dusky drake came down with a downright splash that told of sudden and merciful death.

"A good shot," was the sportsman's commendation as he turned the boat's prow into the weeds, but Sam was not very proud of it after a bad miss and a worse blunder.

"The's a'most tew many trickers for my fingers," he said as he retrieved the dead bird with an oar. "The gun can't du it all, if it is an almighty good one. It wants the right man behind it."

"It's got a very good one there," the gentleman said, "All the trouble with him is he has learned to shoot a rifle too well to cut loose without half taking sight, as we shot-gun fellows do."

So few ducks had come in since the up stream passage of the hunters that it was scarcely worth while to be on the watch for them, and they both paddled leisurely down the channel, chatting as they went, while the one smoked his fragrant cigar, the other his satisfying pipe.

"How would you like the life of our red brethren back there?" the sportsman asked.

"Wal, they don't appear tu be fretted much," said Sam.

"No, they're contented; food enough for to-day and a few pipefuls of tobacco; rich with a hundred muskrat skins. Perhaps it's the happiest life a man can lead, and perhaps the happiest is the best."

"Wal, no," Sam dissented. "It'll du well 'nough for a play spell naow an' ag'in; but it hain't jest the sort o' life for a stiddy business, leastways not for white men. O, I d' know, if a man hadn't nob'dy but himself and things hadn't gone jest right with him, but not if the's anyb'dy 'at he cares for. I hev wished I was an Injin, but I don't naow. An' I've tried it tew, for a fortni't runnin', up t' other Slang. An' it beats all haow easy a man settles daown tu that way o' livin', an' I b'lieve a man's consid'able like a tame fox—onct he gits loose he gits wild ag'in mighty easy. I feel it a-comin' on every time I git int' the woods, some sight or some smell 'at you can't sca'cely see ner smell a-wakin' up suthin' that's b'en asleep sence the Lord knows when. 'T wa'n't in my father, an' I do' know's it was in my gran'ther, only as he hed tu hunt some for a livin'. 'T ain't no wonder 'at you can't tame an Injin so 't he'll stay tame, wi' a hundred generations o' wild blood a-rarin' up in him wus 'n we c'n guess. An' 't ain't none tew easy for us tu quit livin' that way arter bein' in 't a spell. Why, it's jelluk leavin' the hum 'at I was born in an' reared in tu clear aout from a camp 'at I've stayed in a week, an' if I come acrost it arterwards it makes me feel sort o' lunsome." He blushed through his sunburns and laughed a little bashfully at his confession of weakness, but the smile on his companion's face was sympathetic.

"Yes, we've got a drop of the old wild blood in us," the latter said, "and for my part I'm thankful for it, and I don't take greatly to folks who haven't got it or are ashamed of it. Of course it won't do to let it get the better of us all the time, for there isn't much bread and butter in it, but it isn't best to smother it out. It's good sauce for the bread and butter."

"No, it won't du," Sam said with a sigh of resignation. "A man 'at don't du nothin' much but hunt an' fish an' trap is lieber tu be a pooty shif'less creetur; clever an' good natured mebby, but turrible shif'less. Like's not I'd ha' be'n one of 'em myself if it hadn't ha' be'n fer hevin' a good woman, not tew sot, but reason'ble in goin' ag'n it. As a gin'al thing women folks 'pears tu be kinder unfavorable tu huntin' an' haoun' dawgs an' sech, an' I d' know but they was made so a puppus tu keep us kinder in baounds. Then ag'in the's women 'at it's enough tu drive a man off int' the woods tu git red o' their everlastin' hetchelin'."

His companion laughed and began to speak, but stopped with a sudden cautionary "Shh—there comes a flock of teal," as he bent low and turned the boat close behind a tall bunch of weeds. "Give me my gun," he whispered, and just as he got it in his hands the swift-winged little ducks came like a flash, following the channel as if it was a road, till at sight of the boat they swerved away and upward from it. The ready gun sprang as quickly to the shooter's shoulder, and as it touched it spat out its double report and six dead and wounded birds tumbled out of the thinned ranks into marsh and channel in a rapid succession of splashes.

When the game was picked up the hunters went on to the mouth of the Slang, where the boat was run into the tall weeds to await the evening incoming of the ducks. The flight was already begun, giving as frequent shots as a reasonable man could desire, and much more difficult for an unpracticed hand than when the birds were flushed from the marshes.

From the moment when a flock first became visible, like a dark thread drifting up from the horizon of wooded shores beyond the Bay of the Vessels, then became a chain of motes, and the first faint sibilation of hurrying wings dawned on the hearing, till it grew loud and emphatic, and every advancing form became a distinct bird, there was time enough for nerves to be steadied and gun to be ready, but not to find an easy mark in the strong-winged fowl, sweeping past with the impetus gained in two miles of flight with a favoring breeze. Not every one of the sportsman's shots brought down its bird, for now and then there was an unmistakable miss, and sometimes when a chance was taken at long range the pellets could be heard pattering against the thick plumage, yet the stout bird swept on in uninterrupted flight.

The shooter showed neither impatience when he made an ineffectual shot nor exultation when with more frequent occurrence the stricken bird came down in a curved slant and plunged through weeds and water to its last alighting. After a while he gave the gun to Sam, who profiting by instruction and experience made some shots good enough to afford consolation for the bad ones, and then they quit their ambushade and paddled down to the landing under the willows.

The last sunlight was on the eastern mountains and the sportsman made haste to depart on his homeward voyage, he and Sam parting with a mutual desire for further acquaintance and future days of sport together.

"Say, Sam," Antoine whispered eagerly, bursting with news he could scarcely contain till the others were out of hearing, "you'll a'n't ast it, did you? You'll a'n't know who he was, a'n't it?"

"No," said Sam, "I didn't ask him no questions." "Wal, seh, bah gosh, he was be de biggest l'yer dey was in Vairgenne. Dat feller tol' me."

"Git, aout Antwine," said Sam, "he hain't no liar. He's about so nice a man as ever I see."

"O, Sam, a'n't you on'stan' Angleesh? Ah'll a'n't say he lie, but he big l'yer. He goin' be judge, prob'ly gov'mer, mebby."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Florida Fishing.

HAWES PARK, Fla., Feb. 14.—We wish as Northern tourists to report the catch of fish in this part of Florida, and for this week a party of four in less than one hour, while at Callalisa Creek on North Indian River, took with hand lines on the 14th forty-seven sheephead, all of good size, average weight 3 to 4 lbs. each. There has been very good fishing of all kinds until the cool weather of the past few weeks, but now as the water is warmer the fishing is good again. Fifty-two whiting were taken by three yesterday at Mosquito Inlet near New Smyrna. Sea bass, trout and drum are taken daily and in good quantities. The above are not the best catches we have had this season, but are for the week past. There is plenty of good fishing on this river at present.

H. P. KITTREDGE, DR. A. G. DURGIN,
FRED R. CRANE, J. WALTER BRADLEE.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

It is probably true that a large proportion of the most ardent and enthusiastic sportsmen are those whose boyhood days were spent upon the farm; whose early associations were with the woods and fields, and whose recreations were largely found in hunting and fishing.

Led by inclination or the force of circumstances to the large towns, confined to sedentary occupations and deprived for the greater part of the year of open-air freedom and exercise, men find that although the cords which bound the boy to his country home were very elastic when he pulled away, later in life they become tense and tug at the heart.

Echoes and whisperings of the old days come back to the city man at his desk or counter, in the crowded streets, or amid the whir of machinery. The odor of a flower, the note of a bird may bring the past all back to him; the subtle influence will be potent, and, a bare-footed boy, he will again drive the cows to pasture through the dew of the morning. Again the bubbling song of the bobolink or the clarion call of the blue jay will be borne to his ears; again the odor of the fresh-turned soil or the smell of the ripening corn will greet his nostrils; and yet again visions of summer fields rippling in the heat, or still autumn woods, whose leaves are falling "at the jarring of the earth's axle," will appeal to him and draw him—ay, drive him—to the meadow and forest once more.

In the sparsely settled farming districts of the North one is apt to find his sympathy and commiseration going out to the children whose homes are in these lonely and seemingly unattractive places. Remote from towns and villages, and compelled through scant comradeship to rely upon their own resources for enjoyment, it would indeed appear that their isolation and homely surroundings were things to be regretted. But if we knew all that these little people know, perhaps we would find that they have less need of pity than ourselves; they are very close to nature, and nature takes care of her own.

The first messages of spring are given to the farmer's boy. The mild south wind which softens the ice and sets the meadow brooks to overflowing also causes his spirits to thaw and overflow. It is to him that the first bluebird calls out her sweet and cheery welcome, and it is his sharp ears and eyes that discover the pioneer robin in the top of the tall maple. In his brown fist he brings home the earliest spring flowers, blue violets, anemones and adder's-tongues. The pussy-willow blooms for him before others see it, and all the creeping, crawling and flying things report their advent to him before the rest of the world is aware of their arrival.

It is not always he who travels furthest that learns the most. The intelligent boy who has spent a dozen years or more on a fifty-acre farm, almost every square foot of which he has worked over with hoe, or axe, or scythe, gets to have a very thorough knowledge of a large part of the earth's surface, even though he may never have crossed the limits of the county in which he was born. Being for the most part mechanically employed, his faculties are alert to what is going on around him. He sees the wild creatures in all their moods, surprises them on their most furtive errands and sooner or later draws their secrets from them.

The strange and beautiful forms of vegetable life hiding in the wildest nooks and most secluded corners are sure to come under his notice; and though he may not always know the names of the weeds and shrubs and flowers he sees, yet he is on more than speaking terms with them, recognizing them as friends and acquaintances and perhaps attaching to them a quaint but appropriate nomenclature of his own. He is familiar with their salutary or baneful properties and can tell you where to find the balsam for your wounds and the puffball for your cuts. He knows the value of the thoroughwort and the leaves of the poplar, and when to prescribe choke-cherries. He steers his city cousin clear of the dogwood, poison ivy and nightshade, but shows him that he may safely browse on sumach berries, sassafras, black birch and slippery elm. He can take you to the field where the spearmint grows, the shady spot where the pungent tansy flourishes and the marsh where the sweet flag can be found. He includes partridge berries, sorrel, hollyhock cheeses and "ladies' tobacco" in his bill of fare, and isn't afraid to sample some of nature's unknown dishes. He believes that dogs eat grass for good and sufficient reasons, and although he has never discovered why cats rub themselves in valerian he gives them credit for knowing what they are about, and is convinced that if we were as wise as the cats and dogs we could find a cure for every bodily ill in the plants that grow in the fields and by the wayside. Who shall say that he is not right in this belief?

What rich and varied opportunities for observation may be discovered in the typical Northern farm, with its meadows of grass land through which the alder-skirted trout brook threads its devious way; its bit of swamp, luxuriant with willows, cat-tails and rank, sword-like grasses, home of the redwing, the frog and the dragon-fly; its ancient orchard, beloved of orioles and woodpeckers, dispenser of June fragrance and conservator of autumn flowers; its upland pasture, wild garden of the mullen, the thistle and the sweet fern, haunt of the plover and the red fox; and finally, oak and yellow birch, with here and there dark pines and hemlocks, the sentry-boxes of the crows.

Into the shadows of this forest the farmer's boy steals with trumping heart to take his first lessons in hunting; and when before the antique muzzleloader his first red squirrel falls he experiences the same thrill of excitement and exultation which in later years accompanies his successful shot at deer or moose. Here the gray squirrel with many a jerk of his broad tail squawks his alarm or derision, the downy owl flits noiselessly through the shades, the hermit thrush thrills the woods with his melody, and the slim weasel, a "lean and hungry Cassius," steals on his bloodthirsty errand. The mother partridge with unning ventriloquism calls her scattered brood, the great ivory bill sounds his reveille on the dry limb and utters his wild and far-heard cackle, chipmunks scurry among the dead leaves and a hundred birds with tinkling throats proclaim the joy of living.

All these glimpses into the book of nature are granted to the farmer's boy. He is always on the ground and what he misses one day he finds the next. The home of the flying squirrel in the hollow stub, the night hawk's nest upon the rock, the swamp orchid, the mud-turtle's egg, the wild pigeon's roost, he knows where to find them

all. His occupation and his inclination lead him to them; and thus, by slow accretions, he gathers a rich store of knowledge concerning this wonderful out-of-door life—

"Knowledge, never learned in schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of bird and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy."

And this knowledge is not lost or forgotten, but becomes more distinct and permanent with the lapse of years. It shapes itself into pictures of the old familiar scenes, and these are some of them:

A spreading butternut tree standing in the stone wall, with its tropical looking foliage and clusters of nuts; an apple lodged in one of its forks by an epicurean red squirrel.

A shapely wine-glass elm in the pasture, its bark near the ground rubbed smooth and shiny by the necks of cattle; a golden robin's graceful hammock swinging from a long pendulous bough; way station where twice each year the birds of passage stop to rest and take council.

A line of gray old ledge on the ridge of the farm, type of permanence and immutability; seamed with rims of shining quartz, edged with sweet turf close nibbled by the sheep and covered with the fine embroidery of the lichens.

An old rail fence, "the squirrels' highway," cross-stitching the fields, crooking its elbows now on this man's land and now on that, with a magnificent disregard of surveyors' lines, its angles and deep corners, protected from the scythe, furnishing safe harborage for the milkweed, the golden rod and the elderberry.

The farmer's boy has seen and loved these things and they have become a part of him. He may not for a time appreciate them or realize their import; but sooner or later they take on their full value, the more surely if they are no longer at hand. With rod or gun he goes back to them, not alone to hunt and fish, but also to satisfy a craving for the open-air sights and sounds which he, of all men, is best fitted to enjoy. ARTHUR F. RICE.

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—IV.

Educating the Pack.

In the evening after the killing of the big bear two men from a camp of still-hunters about a mile or so away came over to our camp and said they had seen a fresh trail of a bear and cub near their camp that afternoon. This was in the direction of the blue cane ridges, where the first successes of the hunt had been had, but it was much less distance from our camp. Accordingly Capt. Bobo decided to make the hunt over in that direction the following morning.

Fincher Bobo left the party on this next morning, Wednesday, and the field party was smaller that day than any during the entire trip—only Capt. Bobo, Mr. Beard, Mr. Money and myself, with some of the colored contingent. We fooled around a long time over the country where the old bear trail had been seen, but got no strike. Then we went down to a water hole where some bear sign had been seen two days earlier, and here some of the young dogs jumped a deer, which was seen by Mr. Beard and Mr. Money as it passed through the open woods. This deer lost us over an hour's time before we could get the dogs off. When at last we headed the pack the hunt broke up and resolved itself into a general dog-whipping bee. As fast as the delinquent hounds could be caught they were taken to a convenient sapling, and while one man held the forelegs firmly, one on each side of the tree, so that the dog could not bite or get away, another industriously plied a tough branch over his wriggling anatomy. The dog would begin to howl before the whipping began, hound fashion, only to redouble his vocalization after it was well under way; so for half an hour, while the serious business of educating the bear pack was going on, we had more music than we cared for. The trouble was caused by a few new dogs which had just been put into the pack, and which had always been run on deer before. The ravages of the chase make constant renewals of the numbers of the Bobo pack a necessity, and hence the history of the pack is one long series of breaking in, there rarely being a dozen dogs at once which are considered first-class bear dogs.

Tribulations.

We had nothing but trouble all that day, and the dogs acted in a most puzzling manner, opening repeatedly, but running for hours without making out anything. Once there was a long, determined drive made by the bulk of the pack, including a few good ones, the course being back toward the cane ridges earlier mentioned. Afterward we believed that this was really a bear trail, possibly made by a cub, but at the time we thought it was another deer. Capt. Bobo, Mr. Money and myself rode hard for two miles to head the pack, and at length got in front of them in some open woods. We could see them coming full cry, about twenty of them, well bunched together and going a good clip, now with heads up and now with noses down, all apparently very positive as to what they were about. Yet we beat them all off, or at least all we could, and started back again, Capt. Bobo wondering "what had got into the dogs." To make a long ride short, we spent the day on such false starts, and got up no bear, so that that night again Bobo rode home singing very loud, apparently very happy and therefore really very much discontented. I really don't know what Bobo would do if he lived in a country where a

man hunts all day for a rabbit and is elated if he sees a track. With Bobo nothing less than a bear a day, or maybe more, is satisfactory. For my own part, I thought we were having pretty good hunting, though I did want awfully to get to kill a bear, lest my friends should think me an absolute duffer to go out on so many chases and never get a shot—one's friends not always knowing the value of plain luck in a bear hunt. "It looks like you'd have to stay till February, sure enough," said Bobo. "The luck's turned against us. I don't reckon we ever will kill another bear now."

But fortune was kind to us that day in bringing back into camp Capt. Boney Leavell, whom we met out in the woods that day, accompanied by Uncle Joe, the faithful old gray-headed negro bear hunter, whom I have earlier mentioned as one of the population of the Leavell plantation for two generations. Capt. Leavell mourned the departure of his friend, Col. Dick Payne, because he had no one who could fight the war over with him again so well; but none the less we all had a pleasant evening in camp around the fire together. Uncle Joe had rheumatism. In common with all the colored bear hunters we saw, he seemed to think that about the best thing for rheumatism was half a tumbler full of straight whisky, taken internally. This may have helped Uncle Joe's rheumatism, but it never changed in the least the benign and venerable expression of his countenance.

The Luck of the Last Day.

On Thursday the sun rose fair, and we made an early start, not going this time toward the Hurricane and cane ridge country, but trying again the country where we killed the big bear two days before. Ill luck seemed to attend us, for though we got an early strike the run ended in nothing, and Capt. Bobo anathematized his pack as having degenerated into a lot of deer dogs. We spent nearly the whole morning trying to get the pack into line, and never did know for certain what they had up. About noon our party was joined by Mr. Kimerer, the timber owner earlier mentioned in these articles. He had brought down five or six friends from his timber camp to join in a hunt with the Bobo camp. I counted the long line of horsemen as we rode along, and found that, including the four negroes, Bill, Pete, Sam and Uncle Joe, we had fifteen rides in the field, all willing and anxious to kill a bear. My own time in camp was getting short, and as I said above, I wanted to shoot one bear simply for the sake of being able to say I had done so. The chances for a shot on that day were not brilliant for any one man, unless it was Bobo, but nevertheless I tried to figure my chance as one in fifteen, and for the rest relied on the FOREST AND STREAM luck—which same luck it was that brought Mr. Burnham, of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, the moose that he went after last fall, and which, I am convinced, will bring any member of the FOREST AND STREAM family anything he really starts out to get.

After we had at length by hard riding assembled the pack again, about noon, it was decided to leave those hunting grounds and go over toward the Hurricane again, it being plain that the bears of the entire region were having an awful shaking up, which made it uncertain about getting a start without a long ride over a lot of ground.

The Starting of the Bear.

As we approached our old hunting ground we began to fall into a long series of blue cane ridges separated by long and narrow sloughs, all of which made down to the cypress swamp at the edge of the Hurricane. Our party being too large and hence too noisy for successful bear hunting (where intent listening is one of the essential arts), Capt. Bobo divided us, sending the greater part down one of the sloughs, while the rest of us went on across the heavy ridges and along the persimmon sloughs to work out a strike. From that time till 10 o'clock that night I never saw any of the other party again excepting Capt. Leavell and Mr. Beard at one time and for only a moment. With Capt. Bobo, after we had ridden the heavy cane for a mile or so, there were only myself and the four negroes, Bill, Pete, Sam and Uncle Joe. At about 2 o'clock we found fresh bear signs in a little wet slough and the dogs went off at cry, though the pack separated. We rode over a heavy ridge into another slough and then, on the slope of the next ridge, in very heavy cover, and not more than 150 yds. from us, we heard the unmistakable change of tongue into a savage roaring, which told us the bear was up and the dogs close to him.

In View!

"Ride—ride on down the slough, hard as you can!" cried Bobo to me. "You'll head him as he crosses if you hurry!"

I rode on down as fast as I could, in company with Sam. But here was where my ignorance of bear hunting stood me in bad stead. The dogs were coming angling toward the slough, and when I got to where I thought they would break cover I did not ride any further, but kept looking toward my right into the cane, watching for the bear to come out. At that instant I saw Sam fooling with his gun, which had got caught in a grapevine, and which he was trying to get to his face. "There he goes!" he exclaimed, and this was the first I knew what it was about. While I was waiting for the bear to break cover near by he came out about 60 yds. ahead of us and sprang across the narrow slough. Sam said he could have killed him if he could have got his gun free, but I don't think he could, and I know I couldn't have done so had I seen the bear, for the glimpse was only for 20 yds., through trees and cane, and the horses were plunging, and there was no time to dismount.

Gone Away!

But the chase was now on, after a bear which the negroes all said was "Beeg bah—beeg ez a mule!" And the chase was headed right back the way we had come. While Sam, Pete, Uncle Joe and myself were trying to get below the pack down our slough, Capt. Bobo and Bill rode directly back across the ridges and were soon out of hearing. In five minutes not a whisper of the pack could be heard. It seemed sure the chase had gone toward the other half of the party, and that if they did not kill the bear would be lost in the Hurricane.

The Art of Bear Hunting.

Now ensued some mighty good bear hunting on the part of my sable companions. They did not need any one to tell them what to do, but went ahead confidently. We rode half a mile or so and then stopped to listen,

soon found that the younger boys relied a great deal on Uncle Joe's judgment, and it was proved a dozen times during that day that, though Uncle Joe was old and would not ride faster than a walk, he had the best and keenest pair of ears in the entire party. We rode into a slough and all took off our hats to listen, each turning his head slowly about, and hotly chiding any horse that dared to stir a leaf or munch a bit of cane. (The good bear horse will not bite a cane leaf all day, and will stand motionless when his rider is listening for the dogs.) Presently Uncle Joe, without saying a word, laid out his hat, arm's length, in the direction where he heard the dogs.

"Sho', man, dat's toreckly oppersite."

"No, no; dat ain't right!" murmured the others.

For my part, I could hear nothing whatever of the dogs. But Uncle Joe's hat kept on pointing, his bald, gray-fringed head a little inclined, his quiet features showing just the least little bit of a benevolent interest. I can see him now, in that wild woodland picture, motionless, his arm pointing steadily and silently, the other black faces looking at him eagerly and in question, but each straining his own ears hard as he could to catch the faint whisper which Uncle Joe was positive he heard—over there somewhere, a thousand miles away.

Busy Times.

At length there were murmurs of surprise and of assent, though I confess it still remained all Greek to me. All except Uncle Joe spurred off directly back toward the slough where we first made the start. The bear had made a wide and fast circle and gotten back of us, crossing the ridges higher up and not going for the Hurricane at all. It was every one for himself now, except Uncle Joe. He jogged along on his mule, apparently undisturbed over anything. At last the voice of the pack came to us clearly, and apparently the chase was coming right toward us. Then ensued some of the hottest riding and most exciting moments of the whole hunt. We broke heavy cane for a quarter of a mile, back and forward, edging in ahead of the dogs all the time. At length I found myself with Sam and Pete in the middle of an arm of the dreaded Hurricane, a horrible network of fallen logs, briars and vines. It seemed certain the pack would break into this a little way above us, and we rode there—how, I could never tell, but somehow. Then the pack turned back again, or part of them did. One big-voiced dog, which I took to be Jolly, kept on baying in one place, and part of the pack seemed to be near him, so that I thought the dogs had treed; but Sam and Pete said no, and off we went again to resume our breaking cane across the ridges. We crossed one series of ridges six different times, and it seemed to me that every time we crossed I lost a negro. I have a suspicion they didn't want to be bothered by ignorant white folks just at that time. Anyhow, at length I found myself all alone in the middle of the Mississippi Delta, a bear hunter on my own hook. But by the time a fellow has heard the hounds close up a few times the only thing he thinks about is how to get to the bear, not how to get home.

I hunted by myself for a while and didn't get any bear and at length concluded the dogs had gone back, entirely away from our series of ridges. So I rode back, trying to find a slough which would take me up that way. I knew that if the bear came down our way either Sam or Pete would kill it, but the dogs did not seem to be running any one line in particular and I thought they had turned back. At last, after puzzling over the uncertainty of bear hunting for quite a while alone, I rode out into a big dry bayou bed, which I followed at full speed for a mile or so. Then I saw a quiet, white-headed figure jogging calmly along ahead of me, and who should it be but Uncle Joe, who was the nearest man to the pack at that very moment and who hadn't ruffled a hair on himself or his mule all that blessed afternoon, while the rest of us were killing ourselves!

"I heahs 'em, sah, right ovah thah," said Uncle Joe, cheerfully. "They're comin' acrost above hyah a leetle way. I reckon if you ride up thah right fast you'll git to kill the bah."

So far, so good; but though I did ride up there right fast for half a mile the bear did not come out. Again there was a turn back into that same mysterious bit of country, about a mile square, where the dogs had been working at full cry for over two hours.

I stood and listened and at length heard the crackle of cane and the voice of some one shouting. I answered and a moment later Capt. Bobo and Bill came out into my bayou.

Mysteries of the Chase.

Capt. Bobo was wild. He didn't know what to think. He said the pack was bewitched, gone crazy. In all his life he had never seen them act so. "I don't know what they're after, I'm sure," he said. "My old bear dogs will be trailing along right out in the open woods on a cold trail apparently, and then all at once they will jump in together and boo! boo! they go, just as if they saw the bear right at them. It's been that way all the afternoon. I can't tell a thing about what they mean or what they are doing and I feel like killing the whole pack. Listen at them! There they go, three different packs and not one running bear, I'll bet a dollar! I never saw anything like it."

Bobo was so mad I was afraid he would begin to sing before long and I didn't want him to do that, so I tried to divert his mind with pleasant speculations. After a while we all rode back the way we had come from last. It was now after 5 o'clock and almost dark.

Narrowing the Circle.

The reader may imagine, if he cares to, that the vagaries of the Bobo bear pack were transpiring that evening on a bit of heavy country about three miles from where the larger of our two field parties had been left that afternoon. Of that portion of the party only a few ever heard the pack at all, and no one of these was ever really in the hunt for very long. After Capt. Bobo and Bill left me at the start, those of us left behind on the ridges, myself, Pete, Sam and Uncle Joe, were really in the hunt more than anyone else. To these colored hunters the glory of the day belongs, for they insisted all along that the dogs had bear. When I got lost from all these I had made a long semi-circle about a mile and a half. When Capt. Bobo started on his back track we made another arc on this same circle, back toward the cane ridges again. Inside of this circle somewhere the dogs were working. Thus I had in all ridden nearly

three-quarters of the way around the dogs when we next stopped. Here we were joined by Pete and Sam, who had come across the mooted territory by a slough not so far over as my bayou. And finally, about 5:15 in the evening, we were joined by Uncle Joe, who came jogging in on his old mule from somewhere or other, somehow or other, very tranquil and unconcerned.

Our section of the field party was now all together, and our last stand was now made in a little open glade just at the edge of the heavy cane country where the mysteries of the chase were going on. We were about six miles from camp, in the middle of the wildest and roughest of that wild country. It was dark.

But the Dogs Bayed on.

"It's no bear, that's one thing sure," said Capt. Bobo. "The bear don't live that my dogs wouldn't have run to a standstill before this. I don't know what's the trouble, but it's no use fooling. Call in the dogs."

All hands now blew long and hard to call in the pack, but we only got a few, and none of the good ones except, I believe, old Henry, who had come back long before and not gone away far. Sam and Pete shook their heads and still insisted the dogs had bear, and that they could hear old Rock. As the last resort Sam was told to fire off his Winchester a few times—the one thing to which the dogs will always go. But even this did not bring in many of the pack, and still Sam and Pete murmured objections—which Capt. Bobo himself would not have needed had he not been so disgusted with two days of unsatisfactory running.

It was now quite night, and as the wilderness grew still and moist in the heavy, frosty dew of evening, all sounds became more distinct. At last we heard, all of us, and unmistakably, faint but positive, and not changing in location, the baying of the Bobo bear pack, denied for the moment by their master, but not to be denied of their prey. There was the owl! owl! of a deep-mouthed dog, which I think was old Jolly; and there was a chorus of other voices, and it was stationary!

Treed!

The murmurs of Sam and Pete broke out into words: "Dat's him! Dat's ole Rock in dah, sah, Cap'n. Ole Rock he ain't never open on nothin' but bah! Dat's bah, sho'hs yo' bohn, sah! Yes, sah!"

And then old Uncle Joe took off his hat and laid it out on the air at arm's length in the direction of the faint baying of the dogs.

"I reckon hit's done treed, sah," said he. For an hour Capt. Bobo's face had been sour and long. It had been a bad day, and he wasn't happy. But as he listened to the baying of the distant dogs his face shortened about 1 ft. and he looked a shade more comfortable, though he still insisted the fool dogs must be baying a coon. "Don' yo' nevah b'lieve it—dat ain't no coon!" said Sam, "Dat's bah!"

The Canebrake at Night.

"Come on, Hough!" said Bobo, suddenly. "We'll mighty soon find out what it is." So saying, he rode straight into what seemed a jet-black wall of braided wire fences.

Here was where the Bobo of it came in. Those boys might catch him on an off day, when he had quinine or disgust in his head; but no man on earth can ride cane with Bobo, the bear hunter. This night he was riding a big mule, his hunting horse, Bob, having been lamed by a cane stab the day before. This mule was also a daisy. It was pitch dark, and one could not have seen much had it been daylight, for we were in the thickest thicket of the whole region. Yet the mule with lowered head plunged into the wall of cane, and it broke and swayed and yielded. There was a vast crushing and crashing mass of black just ahead of me, out of which came a voice not of complaint, but of irate resolution. Bobo was riding cane! For my part, all I had to do was to keep close up, so as to not to be shut out by the folding doors of cane. We both were much mauled by briars and vines and limbs of trees and stems of cane, against which there was no protection in the dark. I suppose it was an awful ride. Perhaps it took us a quarter of an hour, and perhaps we rode a quarter of a mile or less—the sound of the pack could not be heard very far in such cover. But the main concern was that every moment the baying of the pack grew louder as we rode on, and remained at the same place.

The Bear in Sight.

At last we got within about 150 yds. of the dogs, whose music was now exceeding good to hear. Bobo silently got down, and motioned to me to also dismount and tie my horse. The four negroes were now a little way back of us in the cane. No one was talking now.

Bobo crept on ahead of me through the dense black cane. At about 50 yds. from the dogs he stopped, drew me to him and pointed. Away, far up, 75 ft. above the ground, up a giant tree which sprung up out of the heart of the jungle of cane, I could see a big black object, as big as a pumpkin, but sort of sharp pointed, apparently growing out of the trunk of the tree. Then, as I looked more closely, I could see, very indistinctly in the black shadows on the further side of the tree, the curve of a shadow which seemed to be blacker than the other shadows. Then I knew that what I saw was a bear, standing over a limb which forked on the far side of the tree, his hindlegs lower than his front ones. What in my first glance I took to be a pumpkin up in the oak tree was the bear's head, looking calmly and happily at the dogs, each of which was trying to jump 75 ft. high.

Bear Shooting by Dark.

Bobo and I slipped on in, up to the very foot of the tree. At this time the moon was just beginning to rise, and though it was on the wrong side of the tree for us, it brightened up the sky so it made a fair background. The cane stood 25 ft. high about the tree, and down there everything was black as a pocket. As I looked up, I could see the bear's head plainly, hanging over a big limb; but as we came up, he swung his head over the limb uneasily, as if to move higher up the tree. I could not see his body then, and for the moment was deceived, thinking the bear's head was the body of a coon. I whispered to Bobo, "Coon?" but he hissed back, "Bear!" and at that moment I saw the outline of a bear's body against the sky. I threw down the lever of my rifle to put a cartridge in the chamber, and at once went into action.

"Wait till the boys get here," said Bobo, in a low tone

of voice. "Don't shoot!" I suppose he feared I might cripple the bear, and that it might come down and give us a bad time in the cane in the dark. But I did not feel disposed to take any chances about those boys, who appeared to me mighty liable to begin shooting at my bear as soon as they saw him. So for once, and the only time, I deliberately disobeyed orders. While Bobo was telling me not to shoot, I was busy drawing a sight on the bear. I drew it as fine as I could, then raised the breech a little more for luck, knowing that I could not see into the sights. Then I turned her loose.

The Death of the Bear.

There was a long stream of fire in front of my eyes, and then the smoke settled down in the moist air. I heard Bobo exclaim, "You broke his back!" Then I stepped clear of the smoke and fired carefully again, and yet again—the last shot I knew needlessly. There was a rattle of shots from the cane 40 yds. away, where the colored boys were coming up, and Bobo fired a shot at the bear while it was falling.

The bear was, so nearly as I could tell, standing upon a limb of the tree thicker than a man's body. My first shot killed it at once, and it sank down on the limb, its legs clinging and then relaxing just like those of a squirrel killed in a tree. It then toppled and fell off the limb, and came down, whirling over in an entire somersault as it fell, and striking the ground with a most excellent, pleasant, squ'shing sound, like 400,000 four-bushel sacks of beans.

"Good Lord A'mighty, dog-gone!" cried Bobo, in his regulation war whoop, which he utters at the close of every bear chase. "We killed a bear!" This always apparent joy and surprise, as if he had never seen one killed before, and you should have seen his face! No longer stern and dour, it was wreathed in a hundred smiles. Bobo was happy in the only way he ever gets really good and happy. "So you've got your bear," he said, "and I'm mighty glad of it. I wouldn't have missed this for \$100. I knew you'd get your bear before long. We've had a long, hard day of it, and I'm glad we didn't go home beat."

"I tole yo', ole Rock—" began Sam. "Oh! you go on away about old Rock!" said Capt. Bobo, good-humoredly now, "you go on and cut up the bear, and let's get out of here if we can."

Expansive Bullets on Bear.

The bear was stone dead when it struck the ground, as Bobo and I found at once when we rushed in to keep it from injuring the dogs, which swarmed on top of it as soon as it fell. We were curious to see the nature of the wound, as we had discussed at times the merits of the rifle I was using—a .45-70-405 Winchester, with the bullet made expansive by means of copper cylinder (just plain, factory-loaded ammunition, from the U. M. C. Co., with no frills or crimps on it). This gun I found not a very good one to carry in cane, because it is too long and heavy, but I found it a very good gun to kill bears with, at least in the dark. My first shot did not break the bear's back, as Bobo thought, and had it been from one of the .44s or .38s would not have knocked the life out of the bear, as it did. The bullet struck low down in the paunch of the bear, about midway—not a very good place to shoot a bear in the daytime, but good enough in the dark. It ranged forward and upward, tore the lungs open, but did not touch the heart, and passed clear on out the other side of the animal, breaking three ribs in bits on the far side, and leaving a hole into which the bottom of a teacup would go easily. This bear weighed perhaps 300 lbs., but it was killed by the shock as though it had been a squirrel. I am no believer in small bores, nor should I think a solid bullet desirable for any bear, if the big Government bullet can be had expansive. There is enough lead left to give plenty of penetration of a most ragged and direful sort. You muss a bear up a good deal when you shoot him with this kind of a load, but you immediately get what good meat there is left to him.

Bobo had never before seen the action of an expansive bullet, and he was surprised to see what it done in tearing and crushing effect. He said he had never known any bullet could tear such a hole. The second shot, so nearly as we could tell, struck by mere accident within half an inch of the first one. This bullet, following nearly in the path of the first one, did not open so much, and left a hole about an inch across some three inches from the main wound on the far side. This may possibly have been only a fragment of the first bullet, though probably not. My third shot we could not trace and it no doubt was a miss, fired just as the bear fell out.

"I 'specks I done killed dis bah," said Bill, as we started to skin the animal. "I done shot him right squah in the head. Yo'll find my bullet right in his head, shore." We did not find Bill's bullet in the bear's head, but we found some one's bullet in the opposite extremity, it having struck in the ham and ranged a third of the way up along the muscles of the back.

Not so Much Glory.

So I could say, I presume, that I killed a bear. But there was small glory in the mere killing of it. I should say that potting a bear out of a tree—even in the dark—was not so exciting as killing a quail on the wing. A quail is a startling and ferocious bird till you get used to him, and may well frighten a fellow; but a black bear up a tree, with a pack of dogs to tackle him if he comes down—I can't see the elements of much sporting glory in that sort of a situation. Your friends insist you must kill a bear; and so you must, or pass for a duffer. You do kill him, and then you feel as if you really were a duffer! When it comes to that sort of bear killing, the chances are so much against the bear that you can't help pitying the poor, black, woolly coward up the tree. It is a small feat in sportsmanship to merely blow a hole through him. Indeed, that is not the sportsmanship of the bear chase at all. The shot that kills the bear is the last and perhaps one of the least stirring incidents of the chase. The sportsmanship has been in the ability to ride and keep with the dogs and to know what they are doing; and the sport has been in this attempt, combined with the luck of the field, pitted against the speed, strength and cunning of one of the largest animals pursued as game. Poor Cuffee! There's a lot of fun in him, but one could wish he were not such an errant coward. Over the mangled remains of the Cuffee that I slew, albeit I admit I am glad I did it, I can raise no paean of vain glory. It is true, we

at the death were six out of fifteen starters, but if I had been alone all the time I should have been out of the chase, no doubt; and at the close the bear could have been killed ahead of me by any of the others, had not all held back to give me the shot. I was simply the beneficiary of Uncle Joe's ears and Capt. Bobo's courtesy. So it may be seen I could not claim much glory.

The Theory of the Chase.

I imagine that Capt. Bobo takes one of his greatest pleasures in bear hunting in the watching of the different dogs coming on in the art of bear chasing. He and the colored men were talking all the time while we were dressing our bear about such and such a young dog that was going to make a good one. Bad Eye was voted a great one, being found fast to the bear's neck when we got there. I much misdoubt Bad Eye is going to come to an untimely end one of these days. Old Rock was fierce as ever, and Dollar was there, and Ronco and Jolly, and all the others gathered in somehow. Jolly was surely baying at another tree about a hundred yards off when we came up, though he came to us when we fired. Afterward we thought that probably this was a cub that had treed and that the cub theory would explain the odd actions of the pack that afternoon. The bear we killed was a female and was nursing cubs which must have been about 8 months old, as big as dogs, and mighty fat and glossy. I am glad the poor little brutes were big enough to take care of themselves, since I killed their mammy. I am quite sure I heard dogs baying at a tree that afternoon about 4 o'clock and it is possible that this old bear and a pair of cubs had made all the trouble.

A Ride in the Dark.

We skinned and divided out our bear by light of a tiny fire of dry cane stems. Then we began to think about getting home. At first we thought we should stay all night where we were—with no water since morning—but Capt. Bobo thought we could make it in.

"If we can get back to that slough where we stopped to listen before we came in here," said he, "we can ride down that slough till we come to the big bayou and then we can ride up the bayou till we strike a trail that will take us to camp. Will your mule take us back the way we came in, Bill?"

Bill's mule was one much famed for sagacity in such matters, and Bill expressed confidence in its wisdom to pilot us out of the wilderness. So we turned our backs on the vast oak tree where the bear was killed—a grand tree it was, at least 7ft. through and perhaps 100ft. or more in height—and sought for the winding trail through the cane we had made coming in. The cane had closed in again like water behind us, and we could see no trail at all; but Bill's mule led us out unhesitatingly through the blackness, and we found in due course the slough, and the bayou, and the secret, dark and midnight trail from the bayou to the camp. And at the coming home Uncle Joe was there with the rest of us, jogging along peacefully on his mule, with no sign of weariness or discontent on his benevolent face. We found all the rest of the party in camp before us. We slept, some twenty men in all, that night in camp.

Adieu to the Delta.

One bear was all I wanted to kill on the hunt, and I was quite willing some one else should have the pleasure of killing the next. Moreover, my time was growing short. Accordingly on the next morning Mr. Money and I left camp for home, from which I had been absent a week and two days—time which had passed away very swiftly under such pleasant and eventful surroundings. I disliked to say good-by to my Southern friends, for the only unpleasant thing about your visit to the South is the time when you have to say good-by. Capt. Bobo I cannot thank enough for his courtesy, and I hope he will live to see plenty of sport yet in his beloved Delta country—a country whose richness is its own worst enemy, since eventually it must attract the covetousness of men perhaps not so fit to occupy it as those who now claim it as their homes and as their hunting grounds.

E. HOUGH.

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THE DUKE, THE COCK AND THE BEAR.

Being a Sportsman's Fable—with a Moral.

BY HENRY M. KIEFFER.

THE Duke was not a real, foreign duke with an antique title, in search of complaisant financial support. On the contrary, he was of pure American blood, having received his title from his fellow sportsmen by way of courtesy, as it were, and in just recognition of his eminent erudition on all subjects pertaining to the sports of forest and stream.

The Duke was not originally one of our party. We fell in with him on the way—took him on the wing, as it were—that is to say, on the cars. We had just settled ourselves comfortably in our seats in the smoker, piling our traps on the seat in front of us, when the Duke, having with the keen scent of the sportsman noticed our guns and equipment, came up smiling from the other end of the car, where he had been seated, and entered into conversation. He was a short, thickset man, rather florid in complexion, and, as we soon found, quite an authority on all kinds of game fowl—especially on pheasants, and more especially still on woodcock. When he found we were bound for the mountains and after pheasants, and that a woodcock were a possibility, and that there was even suggestion of an occasional bear in our hunting grounds, he begged the privilege of joining our company—a privilege which we readily granted. "But," he remarked, as we climbed out of the cars at our destination in the mountains, that "he was sorry there was not a better prospect of woodcock."

As we mounted the buckboard for our six-mile ride across the country, and rode along in the crisp, cold air of that October morning, sniffing the scent of the fragrant pine woods through which our road lay, the Duke continued his learned disquisitions on all manner of game, and on woodcock in particular, the haunts and habits, methods and manners of the bird being as familiar to him, apparently, as to a cyclopædia.

"And, gentlemen," said he, "one peculiarity of the woodcock that renders him an admirable species of game or a good shot is that you've always got to take him in full flight. You'll never see him light on a bush or tree

or sitting on a log. No, sir; not he. He's altogether too wise for that. He keeps close to cover, don't ye know, and covets the low places, and you've always got to take him on the wing or you don't get him, don't ye know."

Hawkins, the driver of our buckboard, however, ventured to insist that he had sometimes seen a woodcock sitting on a log; in fact, had seen one in that disputed position that very morning as he crossed the swamp, and he'd show the gentleman the place by and by, if he cared to see it.

This roused the Duke, who declared it must have been a pheasant that Hawkins had seen, or perhaps an owl.

And this put the driver on his mettle, as if, forsooth, he, who had 'lived in these woods ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper, didn't know a woodcock when he saw one; in fact, didn't know the difference between a woodcock and an owl! Bah! Hereupon the driver removed his quid, consulted his tobacco box for a fresh supply of patience and forbearance and vented his feelings in an extra flourish of his whip on the off horse.

"All right, my friend," said the Duke, with an evident effort at conciliation. "Of course I won't take it on me to say that a woodcock never did sit on a log, only that I never saw one do it, and that the books say they never do it; but you just show me one in that remarkable situation and I'll knock under."

The rest of us took no part in the discussion, being only ordinary sportsmen, with no pretensions whatever to the science or the literature of the subject in hand, and claiming to know but little beyond our own personal observation and experience. Still, as we rode along, one could not help the reflection that to be a real good companion on a hunt one should not be away out of sight of his friends in the matter of information. These people who know just everything about hunting and fishing are far from being the most companionable. Between a cyclopædia and my friend Tom Toole, the woodchopper, I'd choose Tom every time for a tramp through the forest or a fish down the stream.

Well, to make a long story short, we had enjoyed two days of rare sport with the birds, and had bagged some and missed more, and strange to say, the Duke's score of the latter category was unusually high, a fact which he accounted for by laying the blame on his gun. However, as we were not inclined to be critical, but with the large-heartedness of amateur sportsmen accepted his own explanation of his want of success as being perfectly satisfactory, the Duke kept in good humor and continued his learned (and often labored) disquisitions on game of all kinds, their habits and their habitat, as we tramped through the woods or sat by the glowing fire in the open grate at our hotel, recounting our experiences and spinning our yarns when the day's sport was done.

One evening, as we were on our way home and were nearing the hotel, having emerged on the only public road running through that wild country, we heard the rumble of the wheels of Hawkins, the driver of the buckboard, who had dared so stoutly to discuss the habits of the woodcock with the Duke on our way from the station a few days before. As we were trudging along the road Hawkins overtook us.

"What-luck, boys?" queried he, cheerily.

"Not much to-day, Johnny."

"Didn't see any woodcock settin' on logs and waitin' to be knocked over, anyway," said the Duke, who was tired and irritable.

"Didn't, didn't ye?" said Hawkins with a smile. "Well, I did then, an' if ye'll come with me I'll bet I kin show 'em to ye now."

"Bet ye \$10 ye can't!" challenged the Duke.

"Keep yer money, man," answered Hawkins, elevating his shaggy eyebrows, "I don't want yer money. I only want to show ye woodcocks a-settin' on a log, that's all."

"Well, lead off, then," said the Duke, "I'm just dyin' to see 'em."

Hawkins dismounted, tied his team to a scrub pine by the roadside, and led the way into a thicket. The ground was low and marshy, and, as it was getting toward night-fall—an hour when woodcock are almost likely to be stirring abroad—the Duke's incredulity was subject to some small discount, the more so as Hawkins was so provokingly positive.

"They were in here yesterday," said Hawkins, "just about this time too, an' I wouldn't wonder if they'd be here again to-night." Then, as he parted the brush carefully ahead of him and peered through, he waived his hand and said in a loud whisper:

"There they be now, sure as guns! Two of 'em, a-settin' on a log waitin' fer ye! See 'em!"

The Duke, gun in hand, and all ready to shoot, stepped up and looked and looked, but apparently had difficulty in making them out. When the rest of us broke cover and bent our visual organs on the unusual sight, we all burst into a loud laugh; for the two woodcocks were there, sure enough—only they were of a peculiar species, being of that sort ordinarily designed for the small bung of a wine cask or cider barrel—cedar spigots, that is to say, or wooden-cocks, which had been carefully placed erect on a moss-covered log, and they were big ones too!

The grunt which the Duke now gave made us all fairly start, as if a wild boar had shown his tusks and were blowing his bugle to the charge. And, judging by the speed our friend the Duke now made for the hotel, one would have thought the boar, or even something more formidable, had suddenly given him chase. And the way Hawkins rolled on the ground and laughed was enough to scare all the sylvan deities out of that "neck o' woods" forevermore.

The Duke didn't make his appearance the next morning, nor was he with us hunting that day. When we returned in the evening he had already retired. As we sat about the blazing fire after supper joking and telling our yarns Hawkins came in, and having cautiously searched the four corners of the room with his eye he asked:

"Where's the Duke?"

"Don't know. Ain't seen 'm to-day. Not visible to the naked eye."

"Eclipsed, I reckon," said Hawkins with a comical emphasis on the last syllable. "Guess he's readin' up on woodcocks! Ye see," continued he in that most enjoyable but most indescribable tone of the native mountaineer when he is speaking philosophically. "Ye see, there be woodcocks and woodcocks. Some woodcocks are made out o' wood and some isn't. Them as is, sets on logs; them

as isn't, doesn't. That stands to reason. Any man with half an eye kin see that. Haw! haw! haw! Land sakes, boys, but didn't he grunt when he seed them two woodcocks a settin' up there on that old log as big as life, don't ye know, haw! haw! haw!" And Hawkins went off into another apoplectic fit of laughing, coughing, sneezing and blowing his nose that was wonderful to witness.

The Duke did not put in an appearance at the breakfast table the next morning, a circumstance that gave rise to inquiries as to whether he might not be meditating suicide by starvation, if not even by some more violent methods.

Shortly after breakfast, however, our attention was diverted from the Duke by the discovery that another of our company was missing. "Where's Abe? Where is our genial dealer in hats, caps and gentlemen's furnishings? What ho, Abel!" But Abe (his other name, gentle reader, will appear in due time) had somehow very suddenly and very mysteriously vanished, disappeared or "absquatulated," as "mine host" ventured to suggest.

Well, we couldn't find him, and we weren't going to wait for him, that was all, and so, when all our arrangements had been made for the day's tramp (and, as every amateur sportsman knows, that is a process which consumes no small portion of the morning hours), and we were about setting forth without our lost companion, my old acquaintance, Tom Toole, the woodchopper, who was engaged in peeling bark down in the swamp about half a mile from the hotel, came running up to the porch, all out of breath and his eyes fairly sticking out with excitement, yelling like mad at the top of his voice, "A bear! a bear!"

We questioned Tom closely, but he told a straight story. We grabbed our guns, loaded up with buckshot, the best we could do, for there wasn't a rifle in the party except the Duke's—he had two or three guns with him—and in our excitement we were half-way to the scene of action before we were aware that the Duke was coming up behind us on the double-quick, shoving shells into the magazine of his rifle as he ran.

"A bear! a bear!" said he. "Scissors and buttons! that's the game for me! But, where is he, boys, where is he?"

"Down here in the swamp, up a tree too, the man says. We'll have a heap o' fun knocking him off the tree, and don't you forget it."

When we at last came to the place, all out of breath and so trembling with excitement that I question whether more than 20 per cent. of us could have hit a barn door, Tom Toole called out in a loud whisper:

"There he is! There he is! Up that tree, there; see 'm? Look out!"

All hands now got ready to shoot, when, grinning like a monkey, behold! on the limb of a tree appeared our missing comrade Abe—whose surname was Bare, retail dealer in hats, caps and gentlemen's furnishings!

"A. Bare, at your service, gentlemen," said he, with his best and blandest business smile. "Hats, caps and gentlemen's furnishings. What can I do for you to-day, gentlemen?"

"Come down off that tree an' take a good lickin', that's what you can do!" said Sam.

"Guess I won't come down then."

"I've a blamed notion to shoot ye," snorted the Duke. "I'm tired of this eternal foolin'—"

And away he went through the brush, grumbling something about a "deuced pack o' confounded idiots."

I've never seen the Duke since. This time he "absquatulated" for good. He sulked in his room all day, and had left the hotel for parts unknown by the time we got back from the day's hunt.

And a few days thereafter, when we were on our way to the station, being homeward bound and feeling good and happy over our week's sport, it was something great to hear Hawkins, the driver, in mountain vernacular, which the effort to reproduce in cold type fills me with despair, expatiate on "dukes, an' woodcocks, an' bears," their different varieties, habits and peculiarities; how "some sets on stumps an' some climbs trees; but you've got to know t'other from which, gentlemen, an' not get 'em mixed, don't ye know; haw! haw! haw!" And then he'd laugh till the very horses would stop to listen, and once even a lonely mule in a field we were passing, hearing the racket going by and doubtless thinking some of his kind must be in the company, joined in the chorus both long and loud. And as for the moral, why, ask Hawkins or—the mule.

EASTON, Pa.

Natural History.

DEER ANTLERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find my check for \$4, being amount due for my subscription for 1896. I hope to be able to send a similar check for many years to come. I inclose you a clipping from a Bellefonte, Pa., paper giving a correct description and showing something unique in the way of antlers. Hoping it may be of interest I remain

J. A. MELSEHIMER, M. D.

The Gazette's notes read: Two weeks ago we published an article in the Gazette, stating that Robert Mann had shot a buck that had twenty-three prongs. Not having seen the deer ourselves we doubted the statement, but published it as a communication, signing Clarence Daley's name to it, as he had sent it to this office. We were accused of prevaricating from all sides and had almost come to the conclusion we had lied, when on Wednesday of last week John A. Daley, of Romola, entered our office with the identical head. We promptly had a photograph taken of it, which we forwarded to an engraving house to have a cut made with the above results. There are positively twenty-three well-defined prongs to the antlers—twelve on the right and eleven on the left. Three prongs the size of a spike-buck's come out at the base of each horn. Only ten points on the right antler are visible—owing to the position the camera had to be placed to take in both antlers. The main point on the right antler appears to be broken off, which is not the case, but it is due to the shading of the picture. The dimensions are as follows: Length of antlers 26 in., spread 16 in., longest prong 11 in., circumference of horns at head 6½ in., circumference at broadest point 8½ in., number of prongs on right antler 12, number of prongs on left antler 11, weight of head with horns 15lbs., weight of deer 238lbs.

The animal was shot by Robert Mann on Burns Run, Centre county. The editor of the *Gazette* has sent the head to Charles Eldon, taxidermist, Williamsport, for mounting, who writes under date of Dec. 2: "It is without doubt the finest head, considering points, I have ever seen. It is simply magnificent."

Ohio Pheasantry.

At Celina, Ohio, is located a pheasantry. This pheasantry is the property of Ohio and became such through the efforts of the Ohio State Fish and Game Commission. It is the first case on record where any effort has been made by a State to propagate any kind of game birds for the public. On account of a very low appropriation the Commission could not go into business to any great extent, but the success attained the past year will clearly show that this bird can be raised in large numbers in confinement, and when raised and released in the woods and uncultivated ground of the State it will thrive and do as well as our native pheasant.

The birds at this hatchery were confined in a space of 100ft. square, and on this account a great many young birds were lost that would have become full grown if they could have had a proper place to run. At this hatchery are confined at present 50 old birds and about 325 young birds hatched this season. With a liberal appropriation next year, the Commission can raise 10,000 of these birds with what stock they now have on hand. The Legislature will be asked to pass a law to prohibit the killing of this new game bird, and also the native pheasant, or ruffed grouse. The Commission has also released a dozen of these birds on Rattlesnake Island, and, although it is very hard to get the correct number raised there this season, it is fair to estimate that at least 75 birds are there. The name of this acquisition to the game birds of Ohio is the ring neck and mongolian pheasant. In the State of Oregon, where this bird was placed by Judge Denny, of Portland, only a few years ago, the birds are as plenty as were the native pheasants here a few years ago.—*Crawford County (O.) News*.

Razor-billed Auk on Long Island.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have in my possession a male razor-billed auk (*Alca torda*), shot on Montauk Point, L. I., Feb. 7, 1895, during a snowstorm.

JAMES NICHOLSON GALLATIN.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13.—The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association was held last evening at the Sherman House, this city. The question of credentials was not urged. There were only ten men present, namely, the president, Mr. M. R. Bortree; the secretary, Mr. A. L. Lakey; the treasurer, Mr. W. H. Thompson; the attorney, Mr. F. S. Baird; the Illinois game warden, Mr. Charles H. Blow; the Michigan game warden, Mr. Chase S. Osborn; Mr. Jas. V. Barnum, of Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Mr. J. C. Burkett, of Chicago, and two representatives of the sporting press. The constitution says that ten "delegates" shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; so the meeting was called to order. Reading of the minutes was dispensed with. Several new members were admitted. Calling of the roll of members was omitted.

Under head of reports of standing committees, Mr. F. S. Baird reported for both the executive and law committees, speaking of his work with Mr. Bortree in the Kewanee freezer case, and reading his draft of a proposed amendment to the Interstate Commerce laws, which latter has been previously published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Thompson moved the report be accepted and a copy of the bill and a circular letter of indorsement be sent each member. No second came at once to this, and some discussion ensued, Mr. Osborn, of Michigan, enthusiastically claiming that so good a report and so good a measure deserved something more than mere adoption. At this juncture it developed that no member of the law committee had labored on the draft of the bill except Mr. Baird, no other member having had interest enough in his duty to contribute assistance. Mr. Baird made some comment on the conduct of certain gentlemen, and said he had done alone what no one would help him do. The objector would not be appeased with this, but insisted that Mr. Baird's bill was faulty, and that it should be put before all the members of the law committee, and submitted for approval to all the members of the Association before it should be allowed to go before Congress. (There was evidently a nebulous idea in his mind that Congress would at once pass in its crystalline entirety any bill which had gone through this process of preparation). There was evident impatience at this waste of time in idle talk. Mr. Baird said it was now or never for this bill, and that if any such dilatory and circumlocutory process were gone into it would mean the loss of a year's time at least. The *FOREST AND STREAM* representative moved that a printed copy of Mr. Baird's bill, together with a circular letter of its indorsement by the Association and a circular letter suitable for individual indorsement by members for transmission to their respective members of Congress, be inclosed to each member of the Association. Mr. Thompson seconded this. Wrangling among the little national body still continued. At 10:15 o'clock Mr. Thompson arose with disgust and said he had to leave to catch his train home. He tossed on the table his brief treasurer's report (which showed a balance on hand of \$35 34) and started to leave, saying he was sorry the Association found nothing better to do than rake up the past and wrangle over unimportant quibbles. Mr. Thompson was besought to remain half a minute, and the question for the twentieth time was called for. On vote the Hough-Thompson motion was carried, the matter of the printing being referred to the law committee, with the president and secretary added, said committee being further instructed to "take all proper measures to push said bill in Congress."

The president, Mr. Bortree, suggested action against the

iniquitous New York game law, which kept an open market the year round to swallow up Western game. Mr. Osborn, of Michigan, moved that a committee of three, Mr. Bortree to be chairman and to name his associates, be appointed by the president to memorialize the New York Legislature for a change in the statutes now standing so that the New York selling season shall be limited. This was carried. Kalamazoo, Mich., was chosen for the next annual meeting. Some talk was had of going to Waco, Tex., for the next meeting, the Mayor having sent an invitation which was supported by a letter from Mr. M. B. Davis, of that city. The date of the next annual meeting is to be fixed by the officers of the Association and announced duly. Mr. Barnum thought that Chicago would be a good place, if the date could be set for the week of the big dog show. Mr. Bortree thought Chicago was a poor place for a meeting at any time.

In the election of officers Mr. M. R. Bortree, of Chicago, was continued as president; Mr. A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was continued as secretary; Mr. W. H. Thompson, of Wauzeka, Wis., was continued as treasurer. The law committee will consist of Messrs. F. S. Baird, of Chicago; Blair Lee, of Washington, D. C.; De Forest Paine, of Detroit, Mich., and two others, to be appointed later. The executive committee for 1896 will be Mr. F. S. Baird, of Chicago; Mr. Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Messrs. J. C. Burkett, E. Hough and G. W. Strell, of Chicago. The finance committee will be selected later. On Mr. Barnum's motion the addresses of the president and secretary were ordered printed and sent to the members. The president, Mr. M. R. Bortree, then read his annual address at the request of those present, and the meeting then adjourned. During the evening Warden Blow found occasion to speak somewhat of ancient history, and liberally roasted Mr. Mott, of the law committee. Warden Osborn, of Michigan, spoke entertainingly of game and fish protection in his State. As State game and fish warden he has charge also of the great lake fisheries. Mr. Osborn remarked that he had destroyed \$60,000 worth of illegal nets and gave other data of a work which has been of great interest and value.

Comment.

A few things seemed to be proved by the 1896 meeting of this national association. One of these is that Chicago is the poorest place possible to hold such a meeting. Chicago men are too busy and will not attend protective meetings. Still further proof also is offered of the general apathy in the matter of game protection. An annual national meeting which calls out only ten men is of course not truly national, and there can be but little weight in such news as it can create under the assumed character of a national quality. Yet the spirit which animates even a less body of men may be of a sort which, rightly directed, may be worthy of a national emulation—a spirit of unselfish interest in the protection of our disappearing game. Some few individuals have that spirit, and when that is established, it matters not under what name it goes, for it is good under any name and on any line of effort. We shall never see a truly national body of such men joined together under any name or under any plan, because there are not enough of such men; but the work of the few who will work unselfishly is none the less worthy of commendation.

I make bold to say—without discourtesy intended to any others—that the national association for 1895 has consisted of just two men, M. R. Bortree and F. S. Baird, of Chicago. It is all very well to speak of the benefits of "agitation," but agitation looks to results, to execution, by some one, somewhere. The trouble with national associations has been that they left the when and the where and the how of this executive part of the agitation too charmingly indefinite. They left it still a question of "some one else." Just this much could be said of this national association to-day, were it not for the personal efforts of Mr. Bortree and Mr. Baird, and it is out of these efforts that has come the only real news of the association for the year—the prosecution of the Kewanee freezer case, and the drafting of the proposed Interstate Commerce law amendment. Both of these gentlemen have preferred to tack the long name of a national association to their individual work, and I see no reason why they should not be humored in this, though the actual truth still remains that they have done this work individually, without instruction, unselfishly, and at their own expense, under difficulties and discouragements, and certainly without much loyalty of sportsmen behind them. In doing this they have had a curious kink in their minds. They thought the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association was an honor to them. The truth is, they are the honor to the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association. The latter deserves credit just in so far as it can produce just such men. Mr. Bortree and Mr. Baird are a peculiar pair. They have always been friends and have always worked together in protective matters. Mr. Bortree is what they call a "crank" on protection. If we had more such cranks we might perhaps some day have a real national association. Mr. Baird has given readily and gratuitously his services as an attorney whenever a game case was to be fought. These two men have made mistakes, like everybody else, and sometimes perhaps they have made the mistake of mistaking their friends, but it none the less remains true that they have been almost the entirety of the amateur or sportsman protective effort of Chicago for the year. As to "agitation," they have been two among others. As to execution, they have been the "some one else" to whom all amiable but aimless agitation of the national sort usually is helplessly turning. Now, there is your National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association as it really is on its executive side—and the executive side is the only side which ever has any real news in it. The "agitative" side, consisting of speeches and resolutions, has no news value whatever. It is nice to see one's name in a newspaper, but, to use the blunt speech of the populace, that cuts no ice in game protection.

I take so much space in mention of these facts—the only real news of the association—because, being here in Chicago, I have heard comment on the editorial criticism made by *FOREST AND STREAM* upon this association. *FOREST AND STREAM* editorially hit the nail on the head, as it always does. *FOREST AND STREAM*, as already becomes apparent, had gotten at the facts of the case and taken its position without any grotesque gambolings intended to decoy a few possible subscribers within reach of its counting room.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago

HUNTING IN MANY LANDS.*

Two years ago the Boone and Crockett Club, an association of big-game hunters, issued the first of its publications, a handsome volume entitled "American Big-Game Hunting." We have now to welcome the second volume of the club, under the title which heads this article. The first of these volumes, as implied in its title, confined itself to the large game of this continent, and the articles which it contained, with one or two exceptions, had to do with little else than the actual pursuit and capture of game. It was a good book, its chapters were well written, enthusiastic and full of life, but the volume now in hand is better than its predecessor. In this one much attention is given to the big game of America, but there are in addition accounts of hunting in other continents—in Africa, in China and Tibet—written by well-known explorers who are members of the club, and possessing an exceptional interest for men whose use of the rifle has been confined solely to the North American Continent. The present volume is larger than its predecessor. It covers a broader field, and in its literary excellence it fully maintains the high standard set by "American Big-Game Hunting."

"Hunting in Many Lands" contains fourteen articles that are signed by members, two that are editorial, and some matter personal to the club and its members. The first article is by Mr. W. A. Chanler, the young African explorer whose splendid work about Mount Kilimanjaro is so well known. It deals with many sorts of East African game, from elephants down to small antelope, and paints not a few graphic pictures of the difficulties encountered by the African explorer who has to deal with great bodies of uncivilized negroes.

Following this is an admirable sketch full of local color from the pen of Mr. George H. Gould. It describes a trip into Lower California in search of mountain sheep, and incidentally tells much of that wonderful desert and of the people who inhabited it when the white men came. It is admirable not only from its descriptions, but as a piece of pure English. One of the remarkable events which it records is the killing of two mountain sheep by a single ball. The head of the largest ram secured by Mr. Gould is singularly symmetrical and handsome, and is spoken of in the article in the volume on "Horn Measurements" as "on the whole the finest head of which we have any record." It measures 42½ in. in length and has a girth of 16½ in.

In a Canadian moose hunt Mr. Madison Grant gives a vivid account of the difficulties and discomforts to be passed through by the hunter who starts out into the Canadian wilderness to track down the moose. These are the things often forgotten or omitted by men who write on big-game hunting, but they are the touches which give life to the picture.

Mr. Elliott Roosevelt's article, "Hunting Trip in India," possesses exceptional interest for all the members of the club and for its author's many friends from the fact that he is no longer living, the account having been written by Mr. Theo. Roosevelt from his brother's diary. It tells of hunting in the jungles, and also of work done on the high slopes of the Himalayas in Cashmere. The story is given with great simplicity, and the incidents show unconsciously how keen a sportsman and how plucky a man the hunter was.

It is a far cry from India to Manitoba, but in the next article Mr. D. M. Barringer tells us of a dog sledging trip made in winter after moose and caribou into the country lying between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Winnipegosis. This trip, of course, was made on snowshoes and in the face of the bitterest cold, the thermometer going as low as 45 and 50° below zero. Much curious information about travel in the far north is given.

From Manitoba we are carried across the sea to Russia, in the long and interesting article on wolf coursing in Russia, from the pen of Lieut. Henry T. Allen, who for several years was military attaché at St. Petersburg. The account of Russian hunting methods and of the dogs will prove extremely interesting to all persons who take pleasure in the use of greyhounds in this country.

One of the most admirable articles in the series is Mr. Alden Sampson's "Bear Hunt in the Sierras." It is charmingly told, is full of excitement, and withal contains much interesting information about the forests of the Sierras, and the way in which they are being destroyed by the sheep and the sheep herders.

The ascent of Chief Mountain, a deservedly noted peak of northwestern Montana, is well described by Mr. H. L. Stimson, who, with two companions, one of them a member of the club and the other an Indian, accomplished the feat of reaching the summit, something which no civilized man had hitherto achieved. Mr. Stimson is full of enthusiasm for the mountains and happily describes the country, the peak and its difficulties. He gives most charmingly an ancient legend of the Piegiens, which tells how once before this mountain had been climbed by an Indian, who was about to take his medicine sleep; and singularly enough, when these climbers reached the peak of the mountain, they found there, half buried in the weathered debris of the rocks, in a place to which no four-footed animal could possibly have climbed, a very old buffalo skull, just such an one as tradition said the Indian had carried with him.

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney, whose writings are well known, and who some years ago prospected for gold in the mountains near the Rio Grande, tells some exciting stories about the mountain lion, with which he has had large experience. This animal is one that few hunters know very much about.

Perhaps the most important chapter, because it treats of the country that is least known to any of us, is Mr. Rockhill's "Big Game of Mongolia and Tibet." He describes most of the large mammals of this country, of which he has an intimate knowledge, obtained during his explorations among the Mongols; but the conclusion that he draws is that Corea, Mongolia and Tibet are not countries for the sportsman, and that unless one has some other hobby to take him there, he would better seek his fun in some more accessible quarter of the globe.

Mr. Theo. Roosevelt's paper on "Hunting in the Cattle Country" is full of facts and experiences which when pondered will be useful to the young hunter. He writes in a chatty, interesting way, and does a good deal for science too when he urges upon members of the Boone

* "Hunting in Many Lands." The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell. Vignette. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 1895, Price \$2.50.

and Crockett Club and big-game hunters generally the importance of putting down their experiences of game, of noting the changes which take place in the habits of animals, the causes tending to their decrease and other matters of interest. Almost any hunter can pick up in conversation with persons who have resided long in the country where he may be information of real value, and these matters, if recorded, are often of very great interest to students of science.

Mr. Roger D. Williams, who is well known as an old-time follower of the sport of wolf coursing, gives in this volume a long paper on the subject, which will still further recommend the volume to lovers of the greyhound. There is a great deal that is interesting in his account of wolf chasing, and he gives a detailed description of the first trial of barzoi—the Russian wolfhound—in this country.

Mr. Charles E. Whitehead's paper on game laws is in a measure historical and is full of useful suggestions looking toward the protection of game. His long experience in connection with the New York Association makes him speak with authority on this subject.

The last of the signed articles in the volume is by Capt. George S. Anderson, the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, and is entitled "Protection of the Yellowstone National Park." It briefly sketches the history of the Park from 1871, when the Barlow and Hayden expeditions entered it, up to the present time, but, of course, the greatest space is given to what has occurred there since he took charge of the Park. He describes the capture of some of the poachers and makes recommendation looking toward the preservation of game and the punishment of those who offend against the regulations.

One of the most interesting papers in the book is the unsigned contribution entitled "The Yellowstone National Park Protection Act," which gives in small compass the history of Park legislation, and tells of the good results of protection, and of the manifest comprehension by the wild animals within the Park of the fact that they need not fear man. Examples are cited of the absolute tameness of bears, and on the whole a paper is made up which is of the greatest interest.

Up to a year ago there had never been any authentic measurement of horns of American game in this country; but, at the Exposition held in the Madison Square Garden in May last, a committee of the Boone and Crockett Club measured the few heads exhibited, and the measurements are published in this volume. There are only one or two especially large heads among them, but the measurements give us a starting point; and it is to be hoped that from this time forward heads will be measured, so that after a while we shall have a series of records which will be of value.

This is the last general article in the book. It is followed by the text of the Yellowstone Park Protective Act, by the constitution of the Boone and Crockett Club and a list of its officers and members. The whole makes a volume of 447 pages. It is handsomely illustrated by half tones and sketches, all of them of much interest. Among these we may mention especially two pictures of Chief Mountain, picture of a mountain ram from life, a comparison of the heads of the Rocky Mountain and Polo's sheep, drawn to the same scale, so as to show the difference in the spread of the horns; two or three pictures of Tibetan animals, a number of pictures of game in the Yellowstone Park, and two or three bearing on wolf coursing.

The make-up of the book is handsome, the typography well done. It has a rubricated title-page with a vignette, and a dark red cloth binding is ornamented with a silver stamp of the fine mountain sheep head killed by Mr. Gould in Lower California.

On the whole, the volume may be said to reflect great credit on the club. Messrs. Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell were the editorial committee under whose charge the work was prepared.

CALIBERS FOR GAME.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pleased to see in your issue of Feb. 8 that Col. Cecil Clay took the part of Tiam. I always thought that Tiam was used pretty badly by some of the writers in our paper, and some of them, according to their own story, had never been in Tiam's position, and could not tell whether he had acted in a sportsmanlike manner or not. I know Tiam by reputation and I think he knows more about moose-hunting than some of his critics.

I would like to say to Cecil Clay that I enjoyed his letter very much, and I agree with him that the killing of the animal is the least enjoyable part of a hunting trip, but still I think he is a little hard on Mr. Irland. Mr. Irland did not say that a man was insane who went after moose with anything less than 100grs. and an ounce ball. What he did say was that he expected to hear of some one going after a moose with one of these new crochet needle guns, meaning one of the new .30cal. rifles.

Brother Clay has been very fortunate in his moose hunting; remarkably so, I should say, and I think others will agree with me.

He has had success with his .44-40 and is satisfied; so would any one be under the same conditions. Still I do not think that he will get many big-game hunters to recommend the .44-40 for moose. Moose and also bears have been killed with .22s, but such arms are not usually taken for that game.

He also spoke of his '73 model .44-40 as a light gun. I think it weighs about 9lbs., which is as heavy as a .45-90; and many will agree with me that the .45-90 is the better gun. He has used the .44 with success and likes it; that is all right; but our friend A. H. asked for opinions on the best gun for moose. And I think I will have more agree with me than with friend Clay.

Another writer in a late paper advises A. H. to get a shotgun. Now that is very good for the brush, but what about the long shot out on the barren or on the lake in winter? The shotgun would be useless there. All the English gun makers have guns double-barrel top-snap action, which do as good shooting as a rifle up to 150yds., and make a good pattern with shot at 40yds. They can be had in any bore from 20 to 4. One of these would be far superior to a shotgun for big game—a 16 or 12-gauge being as nice a size to take to Maine as a man could have; a good grouse or duck gun, as well as a first-class moose gun for close range, they use both round and conical bullets, solid and express.

Brother Clay is also a little astray when he says that he would only take a .50-110 or a .45-90 to a 500 or 600yds.

target match. Perhaps he judges these guns by the old 1,000yds. sight on the old .40-60 and .40-65 Winchester. The .50-110 is intended for 200yds. work or less; the .45-90 is good on a pinch up to 300yds., nothing more. If he wants to get a gun to do good work up to 500 or 1,000yds. he will have to look elsewhere than to either of the above named. This I have from the Winchester people themselves.

I had the same ideas about my old .40-60 Winchester; it was fitted with a 1,000yds. sight, taken to the range, tried, and found wanting. I wrote to the makers and they informed me that the last 800yds. on that sight were for looks—not use.

As for shooting grouse on the head, as doubted by Dick, it can be done as well with a .45-90 as with a .44. Last fall I saw five shot with a .45-85, and only six cartridges used; all shot in the head. How is that, brother Dick?

To the rest of friend Clay's letter I agree.

Don't have your moose called. Still-hunt him fair and square; and when you shoot him do it with a gun so big that he will not run a quarter of a mile, or 300yds. or less; drop him where he stands; if possible, do this part of your hunting as humanely as possible, and you will do about right.

A friend of mine over north met a hunting chum on the caribou barrens fall before last; the chum had a .44; he said he had seen a good many caribou that fall; had shot at a good many, in fact, but had only got three. My friend was over that ground all winter and spring. He came across eleven dead caribou which his chum had shot, and which of course were useless and made food for foxes. I don't think that would have happened if his chum had used a bigger gun. Certainly not so many would have been lost.

Cecil Clay can stick to the .44.

BLUE NOSE.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of date Jan. 11 I notice A. H. asks what caliber rifle he should obtain for shooting large game. The selection of a gun for this purpose will depend to some extent upon the kind of game he expects to shoot and the nature of the country in which he will hunt for it. If his hunting should be done in the dense forests and thick undergrowth of the North or South, particularly the latter, it is essential that a rifle of large caliber be selected, and as but one shot will generally be had at game before it is out of view—and that a necessarily quick one—there will be no time for adjustment of sights, hence the value of flat trajectory, soft bullet and large caliber, that the shock or "stopping power" may be great, and the game if wounded may not escape from the hunter to die a lingering death. For this kind of shooting accuracy in a rifle can be dispensed with to a great extent so as to gain other features of greater value.

If, however, hunting is done on the plains, plateaus or in forests which may be considered as comparatively open so that a view of the game may be had for some distance, then it is essential that the rifle be caliber sufficiently large to kill at a distance, with as flat trajectory as can be obtained with a reasonable amount of accuracy, for shots may be taken at 200 and even 300yds., although the vast majority will be at much less distance, and one would be foolish to try a shot at such long range unless it be impossible to get nearer.

For deer and antelope hunting in fairly open country I should not use a smaller caliber than .40, and for elk, moose and bear .45 or .50 would be the proper arm, and also serve for the former animals as well. The .45 and .50 should also be effective in very thick cover.

If a repeating rifle is chosen, a cartridge will have to be selected which is adapted to it, but there are a number of good cartridges and loads for hunting large game that can only be used in a single-shot rifle. However, the former is considered by the majority of hunters of experience to be the best of the two for hunting, as several shots quickly taken gives one more chances of bringing down his game. Almost everyone has his individual taste in such matters, and some hunters have a horror of the clumsy repeater, preferring a single shot shooting a large load, and they say they either kill their game clean or kill it dead, all of which is true. The owners of a repeating rifle generally have a tendency to shoot recklessly at game, at least not as carefully as the users of the single shot, who know what a miss generally means to them. Let A. H. decide on this matter for himself.

Of the .40 calibers, the .40-65 and .70 Remington, Marlin, Winchester and Sharp are good; have excellent accuracy, but rather high trajectory for a rifle used exclusively in hunting. The .40-82 Winchester has flat trajectory, is powerful enough for deer, etc., but the accuracy is not so great as the others named, though sufficient for hunting purposes.

Of the .45s the .45-90-300 and .45-70-330, 350 and 405 grain bullets are good hunting charges for most any large game to be found in America. The former has very flat trajectory, good accuracy and very powerful, though it has rather a light bullet for hunting our largest game. Still it is one of the most popular among sportsmen. The .45-70-330 (Gould) has moderate trajectory, very good accuracy, the 350 nearly the same, and the 405 bullet, which can be used in the same rifle, should be available for the largest game and at the longest range at which it can be killed. The Winchester .50-100-450 is of course a very powerful gun and may be used for hunting the grizzly bear and such dangerous animals, but even for this it has very little superiority to the .45-70 and is inferior in many other ways.

Of the modern small caliber rifles shooting high velocity ammunition I have little to say under this head, as I do not consider such an arm practicable for hunting, one reason being that such rifles and ammunition were designed to serve a different purpose than that of a gun for game shooting.

If A. H. should select a single-shot rifle, I would advise that he select the .40-90-370 Sharps straight of the .40 calibers, and of the .45s a gun chambered for shooting the Sharps .45-100 grains powder and from 350 to 500 grains lead. This rifle should have a shotgun butt and checkered rubber butt-plate, pistol grip, not over 30in. barrel (round), and may have a matted rib and checkered trigger; fitted with Lyman's sights.

If he should select a repeating rifle, this is about what I would order: Round barrel, 24 or 26in., $\frac{1}{4}$ magazine, shotgun butt and rubber butt-plate, fitted with Lyman's sights, caliber .45-70, taking the U. S. Government cartridge, but would use the 330 (Gould) or 350 grain bullet for hunting, and he can use the 405 grain bullet when required,

Reload the shells with some good strong powder, and I think he will have all he desires. This is undoubtedly an ideal gun for large game and has many advantages which I have not space to describe, but which A. H. will no doubt, in time, discover for himself.

W. H. DAVENPORT.

CHICAGO.

[The Sharps rifle is no longer on the market.]

ABOUT SOME SITTING SHOTS.

I HAVE read with interest the various opinions expressed by your correspondents as to what constitutes a true sportsman, and see no reason to modify the opinion I gave in your columns last fall, namely, that the true test of sportsmanship lies in the motive which prompts the act. For about half a century I have practiced wing shooting, and have been called a good shot. During that period I have fired at game comparatively few sitting shots, yet it is a fact that among these were some of which I felt particularly proud.

On one occasion, late in the season, when the birds were scarce, wild and strong of wing, I was seeking for game upon an Illinois prairie with which I was totally unacquainted. I had no dog, had fired no shot for months, and was about to leave the grouse country. I needed a few birds. I say "needed," but this does not necessarily imply that I should have suffered for the want of food had my expedition been unsuccessful. The gun I carried was a very strong-shooting muzzleloader.

After an unsuccessful travel of some miles, I saw a little grove of large cottonwood trees, perhaps half a dozen in number, among which were a few patches of low brushwood. Toward this spot I bent my steps, thinking to find a rabbit or a bevy of quail, but none of these rewarded my efforts. While standing near the trees a few prairie chickens came sailing past, intending to alight upon the branches. Two of these fell to my double shot as they passed my stand, and I dropped the butt to load; but as I did so, I saw another grouse coming from the same direction as had the last.

This bird alighted on a tree at very long range, and was hidden from view by numerous twigs. Certain of its position, I kept my eye upon the spot, lest it might change its place unawares, and "felt" a charge into my left-hand barrel. The old gun cracked, and the bird came down—dead. I am sorry that I did not pace the distance.

I now had all the game I needed, and sought no more.

Had I moved two steps in the direction of that grouse, it would have flown instantaneously, in which case I might have stung it with a stray shot, but the chances against killing it would have been as a thousand to one.

About five years ago I shot my last partridge (grouse). There were few of these left, but I heard the bird start from the ground in spite of a high wind which was blowing at the time, and followed the sound some thirty rods, when, looking across an open glade in the forest, I saw for the first time the bird near the top of a tall hemlock some thirty odd yards away, and ready to fly. Now, there may be one among those who read FOREST AND STREAM who would have felt that there was a chance of getting that bird in some other way than by shooting it where it sat. I did not so feel, and I wanted that bird, for there was no chance of getting another. I shot it.

Perhaps these things were unsportsmanlike, but I will tell you what did make me feel decidedly mean, and I have not forgiven myself for the shooting of my last duck. This, too, happened some four or five years ago. I was paddling down a river, hardly thinking of game (for it was then nearly as scarce as now), when a duck arose well in advance of the boat and flew across the marsh. I dropped my paddle, caught up my gun, and cut down the bird by a snap shot at very long range. It was a shot which would perhaps have rejoiced almost any of your high æsthetic sportsmen law-givers, but to me it was most unsatisfactory, and the only excuse I could offer to myself for having killed that bird was that there was little time for thought of consequences. I ought to have held my fire as often before under like circumstances, for the poor bird fell into a cat-tail swamp, where mortal man could never find it without a retriever. I had no dog, and—that's all.

KELPIE.

The Buck that Got Away.

AN old abandoned logging road, moss grown, rotting and silent.

A hurrying brook, icy cold, clear and swift, singing a forest chant as it turns and twists, gurgling as it disappears under a rotting log carpeted with moss, silent where it bubbles up again.

A long vista of forest isle, cool, damp, moss-hung and silent save for the mystic sighing that comes from the unmoved pines, the waiting silence of the unblown forest.

Tree trunks, more beyond them and still more until there is nothing but tree trunks to see and the eye is lost.

A figure, silent, watchful and careful, treading, slowly walking on and on, further up the log way, further up the stream.

A gleam of steel that glints in the spaces where the light struggles down through the moss-hung tangle of the cedars and the pines.

A muffled roar of wings in rapid flight, a swift-moving brown ball of feathered lightning, then a roaring, echoless boom, the sound of exploding powder and—a dead pheasant smoothed, admired and laid away in the coat pocket.

A silent, watchful figure strolling on.

A crackle in the thickness of the mossy cedars.

A halt, a cautious, silent peering, a searching, careful look.

The carved image of a lordly buck graven 'mid the green.

A silent, quick exchange of shells, a quick but steady aim, the booming roar of a "scattergun."

A crash among the cedars, a waving branch or two. Chug, chug, chug, fainter and fainter to the figure standing under the smoke wreath, the bounding thump of the retreating buck.

A study of a deep fresh trail, a look of disappointment and a set of unstrung nerves.

A silent figure strolling back again, listening to the singing of the glad brook.

A resolve to go again and a buck that got away.

EL COMANCHO.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Proposed New Jersey Seasons.

THE BOARD OF FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS OF NEW JERSEY.—Mt. Arlington, N. J., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I take the liberty of inclosing for your consideration a schedule of open seasons for fish and game in New Jersey as suggested by the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners:

For the Northern Game District—Woodcock, Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; partridge (commonly called ruffed grouse), Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; gray, black and fox squirrels, Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; hare and quail, Oct. 25 to Dec. 10; European pheasant, European partridge, European grouse, Oct. 25 to Dec. 10.

For the Southern Game District—Hare and quail, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1; partridge, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1; gray, black and fox squirrels, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1; European pheasant, European partridge and European grouse, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1; woodcock, Nov. 15 to Jan. 1.

For the whole State—Gray snipe (commonly called English or Wilson snipe), months of March and April, and also between Aug. 31 and Dec. 10; grass or upland plover and dove, Aug. 10 to Sept. 10; reed bird, rail bird or marsh hen, Aug. 25 to Dec. 10.

Black bass, May 30 to Dec. 1; trout, April 1 to July 15; pickerel, May 1 to Feb. 25; Eel pots and baskets for the catching of eels allowed all the year. Birds, game and fish may be removed from the State in possession of the persons who may have lawfully captured the same during the open season. H. P. FROTHINGHAM, Sec'y.

Long-Distance Telephone.

A GOOD many stories are told of the strange uses of the long-distance telephone. The day the line was opened to Merrill, Wis., a Chicago man, hunting in the northern woods, came into town and learned of the innovation. He went into one of the "sound-proof" booths and had himself put into communication with his family. As they had a telephone in the house, the task was a small one. He chatted with his wife, told her a fish story at which she might smile without embarrassing him, since he could not see the sign of incredulity; talked with his boy and girl, and then called for "Gyp."

"Gyp" was a setter, a great family pet, which had been left behind because of an accident which rendered him lame. "Gyp" was called to the telephone, and he stood on a chair, his forefeet on the back, and his mistress held the transmitter to his ear.

"Hello, Gyp!" called the master from Merrill. And the dog in Chicago picked up his ears and whined. The master whistled cheerily, and the setter barked directly into the receiver. He knew his master's voice, and the whistle as well; and the master cheered him by ready laughter at the prompt and eager reply.

It was worth the \$2.50 it cost.—*Tacoma, Ledger*.

The .38cal. Revolver.

ROCKVALE, Col., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice in your issue of Jan. 25 an account by E. H. R. of a .38cal. pistol bullet being flattened against a darky's skull.

In the western portion of this State, which is still at times a trifle fuzzy, white men are sometimes the victims of gun play, but I have never heard of a fatal wound being made with a .38cal. six-shooter. The bullet from such calibers nearly always glances from the skull or ribs.

I once killed a calf with a .38cal., but will never do so again. The first shot struck just behind the ear, ranging slightly forward, but the only effect was to make the poor animal shake its head. The second shot was square in the forehead and produced about as much effect as a pebble from a boy's catapult. The third shot struck right inside the ear and ended the trouble. Next day I traded the .38 for a .44.

EDW. F. BALL.

Chittenden's Yellowstone Park.

OUR review last week of Capt. Hiram M. Chittenden's Yellowstone Park failed to mention the price of the work, which is \$1.50. The full title of the volume is: The Yellowstone National Park, Historical and Descriptive. Illustrated with Maps, Views and Portraits. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Captain Corps of Engineers, United States Army. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company, 1895.

Sea and River Fishing.

TWO ANCIENT ANGLERS.

Ninety Years Old and Still Fishing.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANIEL WEBSTER, GENIO C. SCOTT, ARTHUR W. BENSON AND OTHER ANGLING WORTHIES.

It has become an axiom in physiology that "as long as a man can do anything he can fish," and there is record of quite a few superannuated anglers like F. E. Spinner, of U. S. Treasury fame, and Arthur W. Benson, late of Brooklyn, who actually died in their skiffs of old age, fast to their lines. But although the lives of these good men were long and phenomenal and well on in the eighties, there are others living whose years have exceeded theirs. We have in mind two eminent anglers, now verging on ninety, who have long been known in literary and scientific circles, and whose usefulness, virtues and genial *bon homie* have held the regard of their fellows for three generations. They are: Samuel C. Clarke, now of Marietta, Ga., and Isaac McLellan, of Greenport, L. I., own cousins, and both natives of Newton, Mass., born in the selfsame year of 1806. Clarke is 90 years old in this February and "old Isaac" 90 in the May following. Mr. McLellan has written *l'envoi* in verse for nearly every leading sportsman's journal that has been started since 1873, and within the nineties has issued a volume of "Poems of the Rod and Gun," which includes most of his effusions of the last half century. Many earlier verses appeared in the *New York Journal of Commerce* previous to the war. Mr. Clarke was foremost in the ichthyology of the South Atlantic waters up to 1878, following up assiduously the work begun by Bartram and continued by Holbrook until 1862, and his notes on fishes have occupied prominent place in all treatises official and unofficial up to and including the crowning work of Prof. G. Brown

Goode, of the Smithsonian, entitled "North American Fishes," which was published in 1891. Year after year he used to winter on the east coast of Florida, until at last the growing crowd drove him out in 1887, when he retreated to the hills of north Georgia, "where," he says, in a letter dated in February of that year, "I can at least have solitude and quiet, the best comforts for an old man." Mr. Clarke's youngest brother, T. C. Clarke, aged 68, is president of Jekyll Island Club, and a famous bridge builder known throughout the United States and Canada.

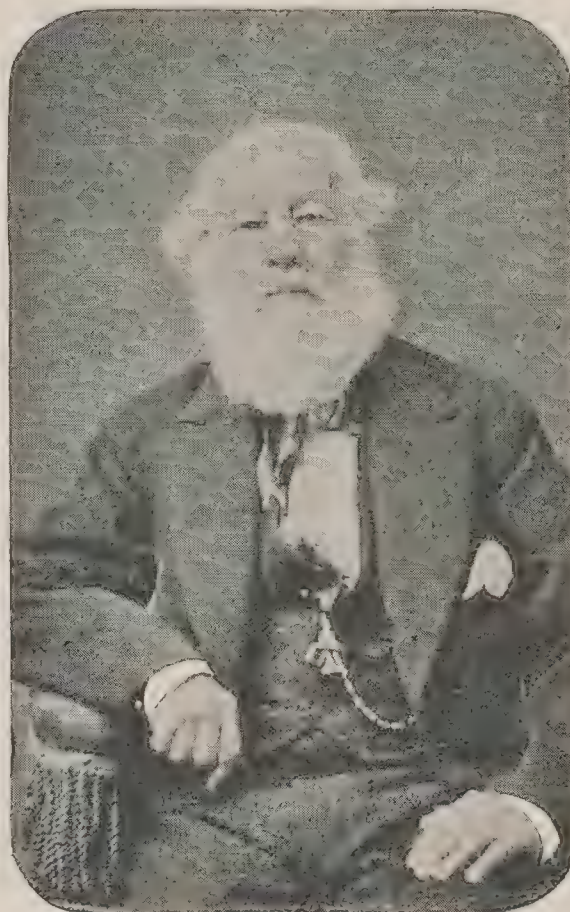
Both of these venerable men are bearing their great weight of years with grace and cheerfulness, and with apparent vital headway enough to carry them to the end of the century, if not to the round period of 100 years of life. Writing on Jan. 3, 1896, with a nervous energy little impaired by time, the ancient angler of Greenport writes as follows:

"GREENPORT, Suffolk County, L. I., Jan. 3, 1896.—*Dear friend Hallock*: I have just received your good letter of 30th Dec. I am right glad to hear from you. My health is quite good, though on the 21st next May I shall reach 90 years, if the good God so permits. The weight of so many years presses very lightly upon me. I have laid aside forever my guns (and my pen also), but enjoy some fishing in Long Island Sound. I inclose my latest photograph. Ever yours truly, ISAAC McLELLAN."

Two years earlier, under date of Jan. 24, 1894, he writes, still defiant of Time, the Reaper: "I am quite strong and hearty yet, and could walk, row or handle a gun and rod about as well as ever."

Mr. Clarke does not hold up as well, but he drives a vigorous quill with firm hands. Writing on recent date he says:

"MARIETTA, Ga., Dec. 19, 1895.—As for myself, I have been confined to my room for many months with rheu-



ISAAC McLELLAN.

matism and other maladies incident to old age, the worst being failing eyesight."

But he adds:

"I would like to have a good fish talk with you."

The ruling spirit is invincible.

Mr. McLellan has always been an enthusiastic fowler and gunner, and kept up his duck shooting until he was 87 years old! Did Emperor Wilhelm of Germany bear arms more bravely? But it was not for lack of vigor that he quit shooting, but because there was no game to shoot, for, referring to the circumstances, he says, apologetically, in his letter of January, 1894: "Three years since I gave away my old muzzleloaders, which I had used more than thirty years constantly, thinking I should have no further use for them. Indeed, the shooting in this region is almost worthless—only some quail on land and coots on waters of Peconic Bay and Long Island Sound." And in respect to fishing he adds: "Nor in some years has there been any good fishing here. Still, if at any time you would like to try it, I should be very glad to see you. I would prefer to be by some lake, river or big pond, where I could daily catch a few fish, even without the use of boat."

This is business!

Again, in April of the same year he wrote with a *con amore* which showed what ardor animated him: "We hope for better fortune when June comes in, and if the fish should reach these shores at that time, I shall enjoy the sport, and would then be delighted to have you for company."

Lapsing into reminiscence, he writes: "The best snipe shooting I ever had was at my friends', the Taylors', plantation on the eastern coast of Virginia (peninsula), near the water, and not far from Eastville and the Cherry-stone Landing. I often think of old days and former old friends, remembering our interviews in your dear father's building, whence the *Journal of Commerce* issued, and also remember our deer hunt at the Blooming Grove Park Association. I deplore the loss of my kind old friend, Genio C. Scott, at all times. I never can replace him. I recollect I introduced you to him when you wished to join the New York Sportsmen's Club in 1857. I declined it myself, but my late brother, Dr. F. M. McLellan, did join it, and often gave me an account of it. I was a member years ago of the Boston Sportsmen's Club, the first, I think, that ever was formed there. We had nice rooms in Boston and a club house on Scarboro River, near Portland, Me."

Dropping back to the year 1887, he writes on April 27:

"I am happy to say that my health is perfectly good. I have never had any serious ailment except some malarious troubles. I pass my winters here, and then migrate to some quiet spot by woods and waters. * * * My

cousin, Sam. C. Clarke, and I began our fishing life together when boys, first fishing in a brook which ran through our grandfather's meadows (Gen. Wm. Hull) at Newton, Mass. We also fished together off the bridges and wharves of Boston for flounders, eels and smelt. Then Sam had great and various experience at many places, such as in Massachusetts waters, in Canada for salmon and trout, and in Illinois for black and rock bass, etc., near Chicago, and in the Fox and Lake rivers. In later years he fished for many seasons in Florida waters, taking sheepshead, bass, pompano, etc., and trying for the big tarpon. He wrote me lately that he had no fishing in Georgia, the nearest stream being twelve miles distant. I fished often with G. C. Scott in waters near New York for striped bass, etc. We also fished together at South Hempstead, L. I., in the creeks and trout ponds of that region. His favorite place for trout there was at Massapequa Pond. He fished with fly and I with bait, and the catch was about equal. I went with him on a fishing tour to Sodus Bay, in north part of New York State, fishing for pickerel and muscalonge, and his success with the former was very good. Scott had successful experience in salmon fishing in the rivers of Canada, but I did not accompany him there. I helped him in preparing his 'Fishing in American Waters,' and passed one day and night with him at his home in Williamsburg while the book was in progress. We read over the manuscript and proofs together each evening. I wrote for him the poetical pieces. The book was very successful, and after his death the copyright was sold to the American News Company, who issued a third and cheaper edition of it.

"I may also mention Daniel Webster, whom I met almost daily, as I lived at Marshfield, Mass., his summer home, for two or three years. He had a little sloop which he kept in Green's River, near his house, and in this he enjoyed many days of good fishing, which consisted chiefly of cod, haddock, mackerel and blackfish (tautog). His two sons, Fletcher and Edward, often went with him. They also enjoyed the drop-line, and also used the rod and reel for tautog. Mr. Webster greatly enjoyed the sport, but was an impatient angler, and if the cod did not begin to bite soon he would say to his skipper (Nat Delano, with whom I boarded), 'Up killick, Captain Nat, and try another place.' When he returned to shore he had his wagon waiting for him, into which he put his fish in a big box prepared for it. There would be perhaps forty or fifty fish which he used on his own table; but most of them he distributed among his many tenants of his farm-houses. Mr. Webster was also an earnest trouter, fishing in company with Mr. Harding, the artist, and others. Sometimes he would go for trout on Long Island and at Sandwich, head of Cape Cod, and various other places, where he was a welcome guest. I know of no good trout brooks at Marshfield."

At the age of 86 McLellan was still versifying, although he says, in 1890: "I have almost wholly laid aside my pen." Nevertheless in the spring of the following year he penned the following stanzas, the last of any length he ever wrote, "suggested," he said, "by a recent work admirably descriptive of the pleasures of salmon fishing," thus far surpassing Tennyson in years and keeping pace with the indefatigable Gladstone in his literary work. The lines have never been published:

SALMON FISHING.

A veteran angler! None so skill'd

To cast the fly in limpid brook,

To lure the starry-spangled trout,

Quick-springing to the feather'd hook;

Skill'd in the ocean surf to cast

The humming line in seething foam,

Skill'd the swift bluefish to secure,

Or sea bass where the billows comb;

But nobler task was thine to take

The lordly salmon as they break.

Ah, few so skillful to relate

The joys that on the angler wait.

The angler hath his glorious fight

With tarpun where the surges roar,

And vast his triumph, vanquishing

The striped bass by rocky shore.

But ah, what pæans bard may sing

In capture of the salmon king!

Our angling author far hath roam'd,

Lov'd well o'er nature's charms to muse,

Where pure, refined delights enchant,

Where nature opens her loveliest views;

With transport 'mid sublimities

Of mountain steeps his way hath been,

Rejoicing where great rivers sweep,

And where green valleys smil'd serene.

By Florida's undimpled stream

Or where St. Lawrence pours its tide;

And by the sandy Labrador,

By Minnesota's prairies wide,

He roam'd, enamored by the spell

That nature on each scene bestow'd;

There pausing oft to cast the line

Where brooks or ocean currents flow'd;

Skillful to seal the salmon's fate,

Skillful with pen to celebrate!

ISAAC McLELLAN.

Isaac McLellan has strong religious convictions and a comfortable hope in the decline of life. Writing on April 5, 1894, he says: "I anticipate the future with little fear, hoping for a happy hereafter in the eternal world. If one has a fairly clear conscience I think such a person need not apprehend future pains and miseries. I think each person in the future will be judged and rewarded or punished according to the deeds done in the body. The good and faultless will continue to be good and faultless, and the evil ones will suffer pains in reflecting on past evil deeds, and it is to be hoped that in course of time they will improve in spiritual things, in mind and feeling."

Mr. Clarke's reminiscences are quite as interesting as his cousin Isaac McLellan's. "There were three of us cousins," he says, "of about the same age—Isaac McLellan, John McKesson, of New York, and myself, all born about the year 1806, when Jefferson was president. [McKesson died about a year since.] I was born that year in February under sign pisces. What says Lowell? 'Born beneath the fishy sign, of constellations happiest!' I am the oldest of the three by a few months. Of all my old angling friends I think cousin Isaac is the only one left. Judge S. P. P. Fay, of Boston, was a prominent man and angler

in my youth. He had an English fly rod which on his death came into possession of my friend and relative Harry G. Sargent, who gave it to me. Compared with modern rods it was a cumbersome weapon, weighing perhaps a pound or more, 15ft. long and heavy enough for salmon. I took it West with me and killed many big pike and black bass with it. It was burned in the Chicago fire with all my tackle and guns. Dr. Bethune was one of my contemporary anglers. Arthur Benson, of whom you speak, was a great sportsman and a worthy gentleman who passed his winters in Florida, where I have fished with him at Mosquito Inlet. He was troubled with gout and rheumatism, but would have himself carried by his boatman and placed in his boat, where he would fish all day for black bass in the St. John's River. I have known him to go deer hunting and kill his game when he had to be lifted into the saddle.

"I have the records of all my Clarke ancestry in Massachusetts, from 1620 down, six in number, and five of them were fishermen or sailors, probably both. I think that Cousin Isaac and I must have inherited our sporting tastes from an uncle, Capt. A. F. Hull, as neither his father nor mine were sportsmen. Capt. Hull was an ardent angler. He was killed at the head of his company at Lundy's Lane in 1814. The last time I saw him he came to our house in Newton, bringing to my mother, who was his sister, a fine string of trout caught in the brook that ran through his father's farm. The next day he went to the front, and was killed not long after. I think the sight of those trout made a fisherman of me, and I never rested till I had learned how to catch trout. My four brothers have all been afflicted with the same malady, which is more or less developed among all the Clarks. Ever since I spent a day on the Nouvelle River in Canada, and made the best string of big trout that I ever killed, I have believed that the sea trout (*Salmo canadensis*), from their salmon-like traits and behavior, should have a name of its own, whatever the professors may say. Since I came to Marietta, Ga., in 1879, I have been only once to Florida. My time is much occupied in gardening, which is the favorite pursuit of old men.

"My old guide, Pacetti, writes me from Mosquito Inlet that since the building of a railroad to New Smyrna (in 1886) the region is infested with nets and seines and other devices, which will before long depopulate the Florida waters. I think I shall try the east coast again next winter, and then lay by rod and reel. Last August (1887) I went to Ashland, on Lake Superior, and finding no trout fishing there I went to Lake Gogebic, where I killed my share of black bass, ten or twelve of a morning for three days, by fishing early; but trout in the river would not take fly or bait. The weather was too hot, 87° at noon, and I became homesick, which was natural enough at the age of 81. So I returned to my own cool piazza and hammock. That was my last outing. I killed my first salmon (24lbs.) in 1871. I was then aged 65.

"My first writings on sporting topics were printed in the *American Sporting Magazine*, published in Baltimore in 1825 or so by John S. Skinner. The work is now rare. I had a bound copy which went up in the great fire. Afterward I was a contributor to Porter's *Spirit of the Times* under the pen name of Weston Fisher, and to its successor, Wilkes's *Spirit*. Then came your *FOREST AND STREAM*. In my youth all the angling books we had were Walton, Davy's "Salmonia," Prof. Wilson's delightful articles in old *Blackwood*, and a few old English books; nothing American until Frank Forrester began to instruct the ignorant natives in his ignorant manner, for he knew little or nothing about the fishes of the United States, that is, as they are now known from Maine to Florida, and from New York to Alaska.

"I have heard old anglers express their doubts whether any trout in America ever weighed over 2lbs. I think I was among the first to write about the black bass, muscalonge and other Western forms. That was about 1848-9. With their opportunities American anglers ought to be the best in the world, and I think they soon will be, if they are not now. Compare the numbers of species of European game fishes and those of America: what Englishman has the chance to try conclusions with a tarpon? But I find now that to read about the new and wonderful things is all that now remains for me, who am left 'superfluous on the stage.'"

The foregoing memorabilia are collated from correspondence which covers the past seven or eight years only. The latest of these, taken chronologically, and dated Dec. 19, 1895, says: "I do not desire to be written up. I have done nothing to distinguish myself from others, except perhaps in living to be nearly 90—and for this I deserve no credit, it being involuntary on my part—and I have no photograph with which to illustrate such a paper. Almost all of my old fishing companions have gone before me, and there are few, if any, who know me now."

This is as pathetic as the plaint of Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India."

Such instances of consanguineous longevity are rare indeed.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Eel Bay and Lake of the Islands.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I wish to second the suggestion of R. M. Hartley in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 8, as to the convenience and value of a canal through the isthmus between Eel Bay and the Lake of the Islands. I have no longer a personal interest in such a communication between these two portions of the same waters, for after visiting the 1,000 Islands for some thirty years I have become a back number. But I have camped several seasons on the shores of each bay, and have tramped across the isthmus several times, in preference to being rowed either to Clayton or Alexandria Bay, thus materially shortening the distance home, which is quite an object when night is coming on and you feel chill and stiff from a day's exposure while duck shooting.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Eel Bay and Lake of the Islands were two of the best locations for late ducking that I ever found between Cape Vincent and Chippeway Bay. When I get to thinking or writing of the delightful days and weeks I have spent among the 1,000 Islands, other things are forgotten. But to return to the canal. Judging from the current that runs between Wells and Hill islands, which forms the dividing line between the United States and Canada, there can be no question about a canal being kept free from filling up, but instead the continual flow would deepen and broaden the channel.

The ground is low much of the way, so that the exca-

vation would be comparatively inexpensive, compared with the advantage to boatmen, sportsmen and tourists. My recollection is that there would be but little if any rock cutting required in a nearly straight line from water to water.

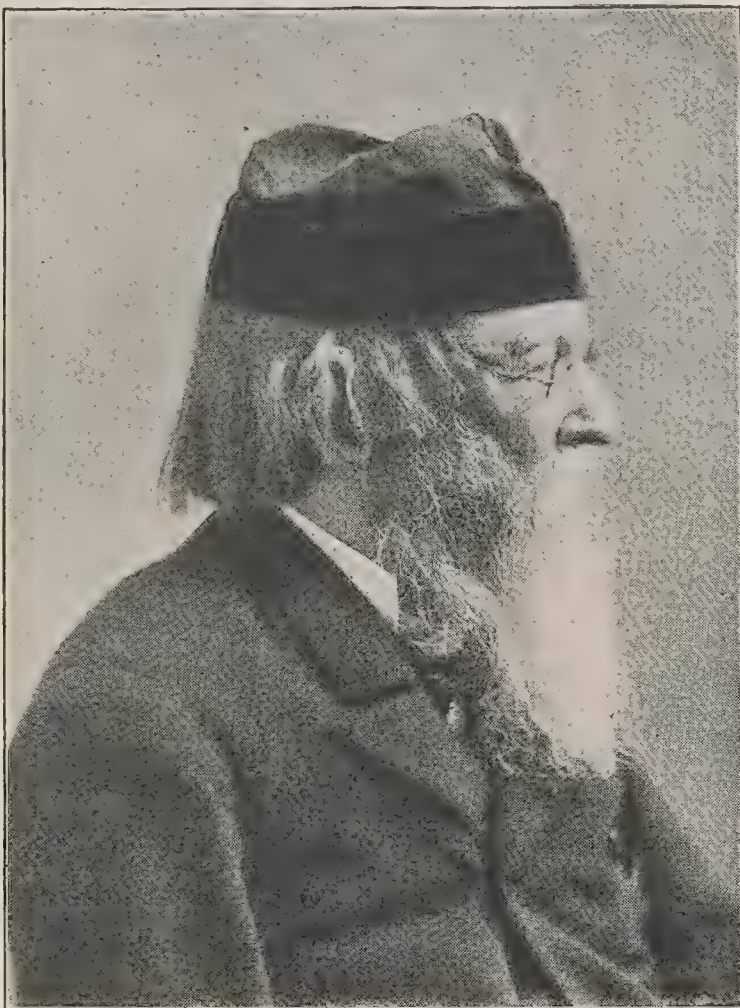
Canadian shippers could unaided well afford to build a ship canal through this narrow neck of land, provided they could have the free use of it for their vessels up and down, as it would considerably shorten each trip and avoid several points of rather difficult if not dangerous navigation along their present route. Of course such a canal would be of but little value to American shippers, as they have a fairly good channel on their own side. But to summer residents and visitors of whatever nationality it would be a very convenient, useful and much valued improvement.

J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY POUND FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Under date of July 12, 1895, I said in your columns that the pound men would receive a setback unexpected and from a source unanticipated this coming winter. In relation to this I received many inquiries. To the man up a tree the prediction was an easy one. Heretofore all efforts to secure legislation against that system have been by individual effort or through fish protective associations. On Tuesday our Commissioners introduced a bill more stringent than any that has yet been presented, and they will urge its passage. The measure provides a season in which it may be lawful to set pound nets within three miles of the coast, provided, however, that the owner or owners of such nets shall first secure a license from the Commissioners upon the payment of \$100. That



S. C. CLARKE.

they shall furnish to them the distance of such projected pound to the nearest inlet and pound then erected or in course of erection. That the leader shall not begin at a point nearer the beach than 1,000ft. at low water mark. The meshes in the leader shall not be less than 4in., and those of the pocket or heart not less than 3in. The pockets or hearts shall be let down at 12 o'clock noon on Saturdays and kept down continually until 12 o'clock noon of the following Monday, so that all fish may have free egress therefrom.

To men who are at all familiar with pound fishing the importance of each of the foregoing provisions is apparent. That a wail should go up condemning the restrictions was to be expected, and that the fight will be bitter there is no question, provided that it can be moved from the hands of the committee on game and fisheries in the lower House; that body presents an anomaly of having as its chairman a member who is largely interested in the pound fishery, and, like all the pound men, is strongly opposed to fish protection of any sort. However, we shall see what we shall see, and be thankful if we get any relief.

The history of pound fishing is black with evil. Nowhere has it been pursued unrestrictedly without leaving in its wake extermination of food fishes, and bringing poverty and consequent misery upon the poor fishermen who are unable to embark in the costly enterprise. Years ago the salmon rivers of the Pacific coast were placed under protection in just the manner prescribed in the section which provides that two days each week shall be given to free passage of all fish.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that quite a number of pompano have been taken in the pounds the past two seasons. It may be that with less net obstruction along our coast we might have this delicious fish with us as a perpetual summer visitor in the near future. Certainly it cannot be claimed for them that they are more of a tropical fish than is the Spanish mackerel, whose aversion to cool waters is well known.

Summed up, the pound fishery is a gigantic trust or monopoly, trading in one of the most potential factors of life at all times, controlling the market price of the same and barring all poor men from their fair share of catch and profit.

LEONARD HULIT.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Hon. Emery D. Potter, Sr.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 14.—The death of the Hon. Emery D. Potter, Sr., which occurred at his home in this city on the morning of the 12th inst., removes a striking and picturesque character from northwestern Ohio. A native of Rhode Island (born 1804), his early years were spent in Cooperstown, N. Y., where, under the tutelage of John A. Dix and Abner Cook, Jr., he was admitted to the bar. In 1834 he removed to Toledo, when what is now the city of that name was only a collection of semi-isolated villages. His history is a long and varied record of public services—postmaster and collector of customs at Toledo, presiding judge of the thirteenth judicial district of Ohio, member of the State Senate and twice chosen to represent this district in Congress, he has left his monument in the statute books of both State and nation.

During the travels incident to his life on the judicial circuit in the early forties, Judge Potter had a wide experience in the vicissitudes and hardships of pioneer life, and no doubt developed the taste for outdoor sports which was always so strong a characteristic of his career. He was an enthusiastic lover of the rod and gun, a thorough sportsman in the best sense of the word, but he was more than this, he was a patient and intelligent student of the secrets of wild life everywhere, and in his later years no man in the State did more to develop and educate a proper public sentiment for the protection and propagation of the fish and game in her borders. As a member of the Ohio Senate in 1873-75 he was largely instrumental in procuring the passage of the law providing for the propagation of food fishes at the expense of the State, and as superintendent of the Ohio hatcheries under that law he was mainly instrumental, through his personal management, in making that policy a success.

During the last few years Judge Potter has lived quietly at home, until quite recently maintaining his physical and mental faculties to a remarkable degree. He was not a demonstrative man, and rarely spoke or wrote of his knowledge of matters of wood and stream unless called out by some special issue. It is a matter of no small regret, now that he is gone, that some of the younger men had not beguiled him of the vast accumulation of early experiences and the lore culled from nature's books, which is now largely buried with him.

JAY BEEBE.

New Berne's Fish Fair.

THE East Carolina Fish, Oyster, Game and Industrial Association will hold its ninth annual fair at New Berne from February 24 to 29 inclusive. This association has done much to promote diversified farming in Eastern North Carolina, and among its members are some of the most successful agriculturists, stock raisers and fruit growers in the South. It has prepared a large premium list, which will doubtless insure an unusually extensive exhibit.

New Publications.

THE STORY OF THE INDIAN.*

THIS is the first volume in a series which is designed to tell the Story of the West by portraying its typical figures, the Indian, the explorer, the trapper, the soldier, the miner and the railroad builder. Some of these types have disappeared. The Story of the Indian is a story of the past; it has to do with phases of life which belong to the old regime and a with people which no longer exists. For the Indian concerning whom one must write in such connection was the wild dweller of the plains, a being quite distinct from the reservation Indian of to-day. The historical character waiting to be pictured, and the one worthy to be pictured, was neither the unsubdued enemy of the frontier settler nor yet the dependent ward of the nation; but he was the primitive inhabitant of the plains, who lived, before the advent of the whites, in a country which was all his own, and who followed Indian life in Indian fashion. This is the type and this is the period of which we know least, but concerning which there is manifested a growing desire for knowledge. As the era of frontier warfare recedes, and as we outgrow the long time conventional attitude, which is one of hostility, toward the savage, we shall be the more interested to learn what manner of men they were who held the land before us, how they lived, what motives controlled them, and what philosophy cheered them.

To describe the North American and to tell the story with life and spirit and realism were a task only for one who himself has known the Indian, who has had his part in the wild life of the plains, who has dwelt in the lodges, sat with the chiefs in council, joined in the buffalo hunt and gone with the war parties against the enemy. He must have studied the savage with the rare insight which comes of a sympathy rarer still. The Indians must have been very real to him, if he would make them real to us.

The first thing to be said of the "Story of the Indian" is that it comes from the pen of one thus qualified to write it. Mr. Grinnell's acquaintance with the Pawnees, the Blackfeet and other tribes was begun when they were yet living as their fathers had lived before them the nomadic life of the plains; when they depended on the buffalo for subsistence; when they went to war one tribe against another, and when in all essentials they were as yet the real Indians of the West. The acquaintance then begun and the friendship established have been continued through a quarter century. The period has been one of transition from the roving life of primitive days to the reservation system of the present. It has been a period of perplexities and of hardships not few for the savage in his slow progress toward civilization. During all this time the interest of Mr. Grinnell in his Indian friends has been constant and unwavering; on occasions more than one it has proved to be of practical advantage to them in a large way; so that to-day, by reason of what he has done, for them and in a measure not to be overestimated, these tribes are further advanced toward attainment of the civilized methods of self support. It would be needless to say that in addition to the familiarity which he has acquired with their ways, Mr. Grinnell possesses also the implicit confidence of the people whose

* THE STORY OF THE INDIAN. By George Bird Grinnell, author of "Pawnee Hero Stories," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," etc. The first volume in the Story of the West Series, edited by Ripley Hitchcock, 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

benefactor he has been. Without such confidence one may not hope for a revelation of the true character of a people. That the author of the *Story of the Indian* has penetrated to the realities of Indian life and character is manifest on the volume's every page.

The book is marked throughout by the stamp of genuineness. It is written at first hand; this quality gives it dignity and importance, and enlists our interest at the very beginning. There is here that charm of truth which characterizes Borrow's books about the Gypsies, a faithfulness of portrayal like that which has given Catlin's pictures place among the treasures of the National Museum.

The scenes described, Mr. Grinnell tells us, are those which he has seen with his own eyes; but there was no necessity to assure us of this, for there is in the book itself abundant evidence of the comprehensive and minute knowledge which could have been acquired in no other way than by a long personal experience. The first chapter shows the master hand in its picturing of the round of life as it goes on in the prairie village through the summer day. A charming picture it is of the circle of lodges on the river bank, with the people gathered in the shade; some of the men smoking, chatting or sleeping, and others engaged in the noisy stick game; the women tanning hides, sewing lodges and preparing food; the children romping through the camp in their boisterous play; while apart from the village are seen the motionless figures of men praying or meditating or sentineling the camp. Later in the day the hunters return from the buffalo hunt and the women bring in the meat; then comes the night with its feasts. It is all sketched with a firm hand; the picture is wonderfully graphic and real, because drawn from the life by one familiar with its every detail. Take a single paragraph—and it is but one of many which might be cited—as an illustration of the detail which gives the life to the pages:

As darkness settles down over the camp the noise increases. The shrill laughter of the women is heard from every side, partly drowned now and then by the ever-recurring feast shout. From different quarters comes the sound of drumming and singing, here from a lodge where some musicians are beating on a *parfiche* and singing for a dance, there where a doctor is singing and drumming over a sick child. Boys and young men are racing about among the lodges, chasing each other, wrestling and yelling. In front of some lodge, in the full light of the fire which streams from the open doorway, stand two forms wrapped in a single robe—two lovers, whispering to each other their affection and their hopes. Dogs bark, horses whinny, people call to each other from different parts of the camp. The fires shine through lodge skins, and showers of sparks float through the smoke holes. As the night wears on the noises become less. One by one the fires go out and the lodges grow dark. From those where dancing is going on or a party of gamblers are playing the noise and light still come, but at last even these signs of life disappear, the men disperse and the silence of the camp is broken only by the occasional stamp of an uneasy hoof or the sharp bark of a wakeful dog.

We have space here only to indicate the scope of the volume. A very full knowledge of Indian life and customs may be gathered from the chapters which describe his Home, Recreations, Subsistence, a Marriage, the War Trail, Fortunes of War, and Prairie Battlefields; Implements and Industries. There is a vast fund of curious and extremely interesting information respecting the savage interpretation of natural phenomena, with an exposition of the religion of the Indian, and his beliefs regarding his creation and a future life. As here described, the Indian is shown to have been in his way quite as religious as other men, and more than many others was he given to prayer for divine assistance in his enterprises; for instance, while it was not customary for the white hunters to pray for help in the hunt, the savage hunter regarded a preliminary invocation as essential to his success, and it was never omitted.

The chief purpose of the book is to present the humanity of the Indian, by which is meant the quality of being human. "We are apt to forget," says the author's preface, "that these people are human like ourselves; that they are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters; men and women with emotions and passions like our own, even though these feelings are not well regulated and directed in the calm, smoothly flowing channels of civilized life. Not until we recognize this common humanity may we attain the broader view and the wider sympathy which shall give us a true comprehension of the character of the Indian."

In this design of showing us the Indian as a man Mr. Grinnell has succeeded admirably. The volume will take its place with the two previous works from the same pen as the most faithful portraiture we have of the American Indian. We may be grateful that one so equipped was found to write the "Story of the Indian." By giving us such a book the author has put under new obligations both those who shall read it and those of whom it is written. We have alluded to Mr. Grinnell's practical services in behalf of the Indians; among them we are to count the writing of the three books which bear his name, for in these volumes he has presented their humanity—their human nature—as it has never before been shown. This of itself must be reckoned a service of incalculable advantage to a people who cannot hope to be treated justly until they shall be understood.

Scientists are just now telling us of the newly discovered *x* rays of light which by their wonderful properties pass through solid substances, illuminating that which is within, and by the aid of photography revealing it to our eyes. What the arc light and the camera are accomplishing thus in the material world an author who has the gift may do with the subject of which he writes; he may show us the heart of things. The insight, the discernment and the sympathy which have given us this book have pierced as rays of light through the ignorance, the prejudice and the hostility which have hitherto enveloped the real Indian and concealed him from our view, and have shown him forth, revealed to us as he is. Mr. Grinnell's study of the North American savage, carried on through many years of close association with him in his home life, has discovered in him more than that warlike savagery which has been the only characteristic seen by most writers, and he shows us the man of nature, a merry companion, a devoted friend, a kind husband and an affectionate father; but always a savage.

The book belongs with the permanent literature of American history. When we shall seek to know the Indian we shall not turn to the records of the War Department, the archives of the Indian Bureau, nor to the files of an irresponsible press, but to these books written by George Bird Grinnell.

C. B. R.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit. Entries close Feb. 20.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.



MY DACHSHUND.

I HAVE a dog I love full well,
He's not quite three feet long—
Unto the moon
He sings a tune,
He has no other song.

A dachshund by his pedigree,
He wears his legs quite short;
Though they are bowed,
He walks pin-toed,
And style is not his forte.

All other dogs look down on him
(Because they stand more high),
And when he plays
He runs sideways,
His tail aimed toward the sky.

His hindlegs move with greater speed
Than do the forward ones,
But just the same
They never catch
No matter how he runs.

He has the greatest appetite;
He's downed all he could get
Each night and morn
Since he was born,
But he's not filled up yet.

And every one at his expense
Some joke is forced to tell—
I do it too,
But though I do,
I love my dog full well.

NEW YORK.

J. B. BURNHAM.

THE FIELD TRIAL CHAMPION ASSOCIATION'S STAKE.

THE interest in this stake brought out a full attendance of field trial admirers. Some of them were enthusiasts of the earlier field trial days, gentlemen who had not attended a field trial in years.

The judging was in charge of experienced gentlemen: Messrs. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg; J. D. King, Jackson, Tenn., and A. Merriman, Memphis. It is regrettable that such experienced men should have brought the stake to an absurd conclusion.

The irregularity in the numbers of birds in different parts of the grounds seemed to be ignored by the judges in establishing their data and in making their award. Dogs which ran and made a good showing where birds were abundant and which ran in the early morning and late evening hours when the conditions were favorable, and dogs which ran on barren grounds in the midday hours, were rated according to their performances regardless of whether opportunities or conditions were alike. There was no attempt made to establish a reasonable equity or even any equity at all. Apart from any matter of equity, considering the competition as a competition, the judges' decision was not a true and just result of the competition. The award was a forced award. There was absolutely nothing to justify it. It was arrived at with laborious awkwardness and perversity of competition. The dogs which ran in the final were not the brace evolved legitimately by the competition, and their wretched work, the worst done by any brace in the stake, was not a legitimate conclusion of the stake.

Good dogs were given but a part of the showing which they merited, while less deserving dogs were given much more opportunity than they merited. The line of compe-

tition did not accurately bring the best dogs forward; it gradually frittered to an absurdity. There seemed to be an independent disregard of the work, whether good or bad, and of the purposes of the trials.

In the constitution of the Association is the following canny satire on the judges' efforts: "The Field Trial Champion Association is established for the purpose of demonstrating more fully the field qualities of the pointer and setter than can be afforded in the running of the regular stakes of the various field trial clubs; and also to give the prize winners in the different stakes an opportunity to compete directly against each other, and to determine definitely a champion field trial winning pointer or setter of the winners in America." Had the judges every hour or so read this proclamation of the club's mission, they might have known what they were engaged for, and might if they so pleased have acted accordingly. They would perhaps have realized that it was a competition of all the dogs in the stake instead of a part of them, and that it also was to determine which dog was the best.

When the judges' award was announced at lunch, Mr. Seale called for "Three cheers for Count Gladstone!" A cold silence was the response. Not a cheer was uttered. In the group of sportsmen no one seemed enthusiastic. The award was an outrage to the competitors, a blow to field trial interests, an affront to the intelligence of all beholders. When the final heat ended so ridiculously, the judges should have called up Tony Boy and Jingo or some others.

It is very probable that there was an absence of unanimity in the judges' estimates and choice of dogs in the running. Indeed it is safe to say that the decision was not arrived at without much disagreement on the part of the judges before the award was made. Their debates were long and earnest, and their manner implied that they were not alike convinced. If there was a dissenting judge these strictures do not apply to him.

Thus three eminent judges, or at least such of them as were responsible for the decision, finished a stake in a manner as foreign to the purpose of the stake as it was foreign to rule, justice and common sense. Their experience makes the mistake the more inexcusable. Three earnest men with a smattering of field knowledge would have done better; they could have done no worse.

The judges were not equal to the occasion in any part of the stake. After running eleven dogs two hours each, they took nine into the second round. Of the two left out, Cynosure should have been retained in the competition, and moreover of those kept in several should have been left out. It was a confession of incompetency or a lack of independence, or gross unconcern, was this running of all the dogs over again except two. But the judges said they had plenty of time; that is, till the last heat was run, then they did not have so much time to run further.

Thus a competition which promised so much and was organized with great labor and expense and which excited so great an interest was ended in a solemn absurdity by eminent judges.

The stake was intended as the highest exposition of field trial competition, the finished work of successful dogs made famous by many trials. It was expected to show what field trials had done in producing a champion dog. It might also show what the highest type of a practical working dog should be. The final heat was very much what champions should not be. From beginning to end, from the effort as to how to misinterpret a rule to the finish of the stake, there was much that could have been improved.

There were a large number of sportsmen in attendance, among whom were Messrs. G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; H. K. Spencer, Chester, Ill.; Ned Fay, Florence, Ala.; E. B. Coe, L. M. Levering, Baltimore; F. A. Grider, Scot Thompson, H. W. Simmons, Winona, Miss.; W. H. Hammond, Theo. Sturges, New York; R. D. Morgan, Peter Lest, Capt. Bond, J. N. Seale, S. D. Gorham, Jackson, Tenn.; W. H. Beazell and Reid Kennedy, Hempstead, Pa.; S. B. Cummings, Pittsburg; B. W. Colwell, Cherry Creek, Miss.; W. B. Robinson, St. Louis; R. E. Hinchey, De Soto, Mo.; J. D. B. DeBow and Capt. J. H. Dew, Nashville; R. B. Morgan, Gibson's Wells, Tenn.; G. R. House, Trenton, and many others.

The running of the Field Trial Champion Association's first stake began on Monday, Feb. 10, on the grounds of the U. S. F. T. Club at West Point, Miss. The eleven starters were run in the following order:

Avent & Thayer Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with N. T. DePauw's l. and w. pointer dog Jingo (Main-spring—Queen III.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Dalhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), C. D. Buckle, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Tippo (Rip Rap—Monterey), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gladstone IV. (Count Noble—Miss Ruby), J. M. Avent, handler.

E. O. Damon's b. and w. pointer dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

J. L. Adams's l. and w. pointer dog Lad of Rush (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).

Count Gladstone, the winner, is well known to those who are interested in field trials. It would be a pleasure to say that he won on an excellent performance, thoroughly beating all competitors. He did not do so. The character of his work is mentioned in the heats which he ran. He was not entitled to run in the second series after his first heat; his second was mixed, some good work, some sloppy; his final was very poor. It is needless to repeat in detail the faults of his running. As a champion stake the manner of its conclusion will probably depreciate its value. It will carry little weight with the public further than the mere dry record. As a champion Count is one now in fact no more than he was before the contest.

Monday.

The weather was clear and cool in the morning. The afternoon was oppressively warm. Birds were in abundance in parts of the grounds, in others scarce. This

feature of the bird supply disturbed the equity of the competition not a little. On this evening the U. S. F. T. Club gave a dinner to the land owners and other guests.

JINGO AND TOPSY'S ROD were cast off at 8:06. They had the best part of the grounds to run over in that they contained the greatest number of birds, and they further had the advantage of the morning hours, all of which contributed greatly to their good showing as compared to that of the other dogs. Rod cut out quick and sharp work in ranging, finding and pointing, and in the first half of the heat he seemed to have the matter all his own way. Jingo was running as if he felt stale, and there was an absence of dash and enthusiasm in his work. Toward the latter part of the heat he was going better and did work enough on birds to make a close race in finding and pointing. Rod stopped to a flush on a bevy in woods. The dogs were started to find the scattered birds and Rod pointed another bevy. Jingo backed. On scattered birds Jingo made two good points. Rod made two points, and one to which there was nothing. Jingo was next to find and point a bevy. Sent on, Rod pointed a bevy and Jingo joined in the point a moment later. Sent on, Rod pointed an outlying single, then roaded on a few yards and pointed the rest of the bevy in a plum thicket. Sent on, Jingo pointed a bevy. Jingo pointed a single bird in matted grass, Rod backed, and before the bird was flushed Rod was sent on to search for birds. Next, Rod pointed, then roaded on to a flush on a bevy. The handlers were instructed to shoot over no more points, instructions which were little heeded. Rod pointed a bird and was steady when the gun was fired. He next made two points on singles and one flush. Next he pointed a bevy in a plum thicket, and sent on he flushed a few remaining birds. Next he pointed a single and was steady to shot. Jingo held his point a long while on a bevy while handlers and judges were walking up to him. Rod roaded and pointed; nothing found. Jingo pointed a bevy in the open field. Rod next made three points and Jingo four points on singles. Next both pointed the scattered birds of a bevy or it was a new bevy. Thus toward the last of the heat Jingo made a favorable showing on birds as compared to Rod. The latter had the advantage in dash and speed in point work. Each backed well and was steady to the gun. Jingo, five bevies, six singles. Rod, five bevies, two flushes on bevies, ten singles, three flushes on singles and two false points.

CYNOSURE AND DELHI were cast off at 10:20. Cynosure pointed; Delhi backed; then a few yards further on both roaded quite a distance into woods, Delhi securing the point, Cynosure backing. The find was Cynosure's. Sent on, Delhi pointed; nothing found. Cynosure pointed three times on scattered birds. Cynosure pointed a lark. Sent on, and during the heat Cynosure pointed four more bevies and flushed one; she pointed three more times on single birds and flushed once, and made one point to which nothing was found. Delhi pointed two more bevies, made three points on scattered birds and one flush, and one point which was barren. Each backed well and was steady to the gun. Cynosure was the better ranger and had an advantage decidedly in her favor when the heat ended. She was well entitled to further trial.

Lunch was eaten and the running was resumed.

TONY BOY AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE were started at 1:13. Harold pointed three bevies, one of which Tony Boy flushed, and he made three points on scattered birds. Each made a point to which there was nothing found. Tony made four points on scattered birds. He was much the wider ranger; in fact, he ranged too wide at times, and at the end of the heat, after having run over a great deal of ground, he was running strong. Skimpole maintained a narrower but more uniform range, well sustained to the end, and had a decided advantage in finding.

TIPPOO AND COUNT GLADSTONE IV. were started at 3:18. The heat was difficult to manage. The handlers were separated often, the dogs were kept to the course with difficulty, and there was a general lack of finish in it as a whole. There was a good deal of handler following dog instead of dog working to his handler, and the exhibition was far from what would be expected in a champion competition. Both dogs, though they started very keen and strong, were very weary at the finish and had practically ceased to search. Many times the dogs were separated, working on different ground. Count's style was inferior. Count pointed three or four bevies, made five points on scattered birds, flushed three times, once excusably, and made one point to which nothing was found. Tippoo made four points on bevies, two of which he flushed, one excusably, and he made two points on scattered birds.

Tuesday.

The day was fine and favorable for good work in every way. The irregularity in the bird supply was still apparent in its effects on the competition. One end of the grounds contained an abundance of birds, other parts a moderate supply, and again other parts contained hardly any. The work of the day was hardly up to the form which one would expect of a championship competition. The attendance was good and the interest undiminished.

STRIDEAWAY AND TONY'S GALE began at 8:21. The latter was not working up to his form of the all-age competition. Both ran a fairly good working race. The dogs behaved very well to shot and wing, and backed well. The finding of Tony Gale was the better, and he seemed to have a slight advantage in judgment in beating out the ground. Tony Gale pointed six bevies, one of which flushed wild. Strideaway pointed six bevies, two of which were marked down. Three bevies had been marked down during the heat, and the bevies pointed were more than the dogs found. Tony Gale made five points on scattered birds, three points to which there was nothing, and flushed a single. Strideaway made three points on scattered birds.

LAD OF RUSH, the bye dog, was started at 10:33, with Cracker Jack for a running mate. Lad had inferior grounds to run on part of the time, but he made an excellent showing, finding and pointing five bevies, one point supposed to be on a rabbit afterward proving to have been a bevy point. He made three points on scattered birds and divided with Jack the responsibility of an excusable bevy flush across wind. He backed Jack's bevy point nicely and made one point which proved barren. He showed excellent judgment in beating out his ground and in his point work. His pace and range were well maintained throughout.

This heat ended the first series, and the party went to lunch.

Second Round.

It seemed strange that after running eleven dogs two hours each, the judges could not determine with more precision what dogs merited further competition and what ones did not. Out of eleven competitors, nine were retained in the competition. Six would have been ample. Cynosure had run a much better heat than two or three which had been kept in, notably Count Gladstone and Tippoo, both of which had shown great weariness and want of stamina in the first series. The heats were one hour each in this round.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND JINGO began at 1:47. The heat was a sloppy one, not up to the best form of either dog, and far from what one would expect in a field trial competition. Jingo was going better in the latter part of the heat. He pointed two bevies and made a point on scattered birds. He was steady to shot, backed and worked to the gun well. Count pointed one bevy, and some remaining birds of another after he had got into the middle of it. Jingo was also in the middle of it. It was very ragged work for both. Count passed to and fro near one bevy which he flushed. He made three points on scattered birds and flushed one, and made two points to which nothing was found. His style on point was slouchy. The heat as a whole was ordinary.

TONY BOY AND TOPSY'S ROD started at 3:11. They ran 1 hour and 5 minutes. There was quite a delay in bringing up the wagons. There was also a good deal of annoyance from the spectators crowding up too close. Tony Boy ran fast and strong, taking wide casts betimes, occasionally too wide for proper ranging. The class of his bird work nearly smothered that of Topsy's Rod, the work of the latter in midday hours being quite different from that in the morning hours of the previous day, on grounds where birds were plentiful. He needed much coaching in his bird work. He flushed one bevy, pointed one which had been marked, made five points on scattered birds, and six points to which there was nothing. Tony found and pointed two bevies, made four points on scattered birds, and one which had nothing to it. Each dog backed well. One of the judges lengthily rebuked one of the handlers, the wrong one, and the handlers scolded each other.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND TIPPOO began at 4:25. The heat was a fair working heat on the part of Skimpole. On the part of Tippoo it was sloppy. He flushed one bevy which Harold was pointing, and afterward made two flushes on singles, on one of which he was unsteady. He found and pointed three bevies and made three points on singles and one barren point. One of the bevy points was specially noteworthy, it being on very short grass in the open field, where the birds had no cover to hide in. Harold's range was medium wide.

Wednesday.

The day was cloudy. A mild wind was blowing and the conditions were not unfavorable. The competition was not of a high order.

LAD OF RUSH AND STRIDEAWAY came together at 8:43 to determine conclusions. For a while Strideaway followed Lad in his course, thus not working independently. The end of the grounds where birds were so plentiful was but lightly worked, hence the totals of finds was largely cut down. Strideaway pointed a single and Lad backed. Lad pointed and Strideaway backed; nothing found. Sent on, Lad pointed a bevy and Strideaway backed; the bevy was flushed some yards down wind of the point. Lad pointed in the open field and Strideaway backed to order; nothing found. Sent on, Lad made an indifferent point on a bevy. Strideaway flushed a single on a side hill in sedge or pointed just as it flushed. The heat lasted 1 hour and 2 minutes. It was an ordinary working heat save in the matter of range and speed, both dogs going fairly well.

TONY GALE started at 9:57 with Virginia for a running mate, he having the bye. The heat was a fair working heat. Tony's range was fair. Tony pointed a single which flushed wild. Tony next pointed part of a bevy, Virginia flushing the rest. Tony next pointed scattered birds. Both pointed a rabbit or nothing; the rabbit ran by where the dogs were pointing. Tony pointed a bevy in the open. He next pointed; nothing found. As Virginia's work is no part of the competition it is not given.

Final.

There was some delay in bringing up the wagons, a not unusual circumstance. The judges consulted long and earnestly.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND TOPSY'S ROD were sifted out of the eleven starters to contest for the proud title of Champion of America. They began at 11:55. Taking the work of both dogs into consideration it was not championship work. It was not ordinary all-age work. It was not good puppy work. It was not even good "plug-shooting-dog" work. It was an exhibition of wretched performance on birds and hard handling, and bad work to the gun. Such a heat as that should never have been accepted as a final to a champion stake. It is a monument to error. It is a burlesque on the title. It is an empty record and nothing more. Both dogs should have been retired and others brought forward after such inferior competitions. Such an important stake should never have been decided on such slovenly work. It should not have been decided in the manner it was when there was infinitely superior work done by other dogs. As a matter of right, Topsy's Rod should never have been run with Count. He had been thoroughly beaten by Tony Boy the day before. He had found and pointed a great many birds in his first heat. It was run in the choice part of the grounds, where there were birds in abundance. It was also the choice part of the day. Every dog which ran in the choice part of the grounds made a good showing. In the poorer parts Rod had made a very poor showing. Tony Boy could not make such a good showing on the choice part, for at no time was he run on that part of the grounds. His first heat could not be compared to Rod's for that reason. There was no similarity of conditions. In his second heat he beat Rod beyond question. Tony Boy's work as a whole was better than Count's, for he ran his first heat through without fatigue or shortening his range, while Count was thoroughly wearied in his first heat, needed urging to keep out at work and was going slow and narrow at the finish. His second heat was marked by some sloppy work. His style on point was slouchy when he did point, and the same on back when he did back. Count pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Sent on, he pointed footscent. Rod

at the same time was near a bevy which was seen to flush. It was claimed that he was pointing it. Rod pointed stanchly; nothing found. In a cornfield Count dropped to a point; he refused to move on when tested with the whistle; nothing found. Rod took a cast and pointed near the edge of woods. Count refused to back, although loudly ordered to do so. He potted all around Rod while he stood pointing; nothing found. The dogs were out of sight for several minutes. Mr. Avent's negro servant, Charley, was helping to search for them. He called out that the dogs were on point. On reaching them, Count was found on point; Rod was backing. Nothing found. Charley explained that there were some which had flushed to the point. Sent on, Count was soon in the vicinity of a bevy which flushed. Count made a point on some scattered birds. Count pointed and Rod ran by, refusing to back; footscent probably. Rod pointed well a single bird in point of woods. Rod flushed a bevy and chased it. Count dropped to a point on some scattered birds in woods. Sent on, about 30 yds. further he ran into a number of birds up wind and flushed them. Sent on, Rod flushed a single bird and chased it. Up at 1:01. Thus ended the farce. Instead of increasing in the merit of their work from start to finish the competition of the dogs was the reverse. The work decreased in merit to the finish and ended ingloriously. It was both painful and ridiculous. No dogs, blundering in their work, inferior to others, willfully disobedient and so hard to handle, should have been considered for a moment as winners of the Champion Stake.

It is painful to have such an unfavorable report to write. There would be an unalloyed pleasure in writing of merit and good management if such there were. It would be a pleasure to bestow praise if it could be honestly bestowed. But there is no praise to bestow. There is just cause for indignation instead. Of course there was no intention to railroad an inferior dog into winning the award. Such is not implied herein. It is all a gruesome mistake. But it is very deplorable, very harmful, very wearisome, is this solemn blunder of crowning the wrong dog.

THE DIALOGUE OF THE CLUBS.

IMAGINE, gentle reader, the clubs of the A. K. C. family in pleasant conversation together, discussing that subject so essential to the type of the bull terrier and the Great Dane that is, the cutting off of the dogs' ears—a matter not only essential as it relates to type, but as it relates to the happiness and prosperity of the owners of bull terriers and Great Danes.

The conversation was conducted with amiability and fairness.

The bull terrier admirers were distinctly conspicuous for their chasteness of speech, tolerance of opinion and skillfulness in disputation and repartee. The elegance of their diction, their profundity of opinion, their scientific knowledge and their fertility in calling names made them formidable antagonists for all those who were over nice in preserving clean hands.

There were fifty-two or three clubs, more or less, in this family circle, of which four or five, more or less, were devoted to the special improvement of certain breeds of dogs, and of these two or three, more or less, cut off the dog's ears in their zeal for his improvement, while two or three others cut off his tail for a like purpose. No one who thinks rightly will deny for a moment that a most profound knowledge of biology, of the peculiarities of a breed, of type, of heredity, of everything, are all required in breeding dogs, to which the finishing touches are put on with the scissors, the chisel or the knife.

The breeders of the St. Bernard, the collie, the mastiff, etc., who breed strictly according to nature's laws, can never hope for the skill of the breeders whose system includes scissors, chisels, knives, balsam, cocaine and dark corners for slicing and clipping and cutting and curing.

Imagine further, gentle reader, that the first speaker, known as Mr. Bench Show, said to Mr. Specialty, of the Bull Terriers: "Mr. S. B. T., does your club hold bench shows?"

"No," was the reply.

"Is your club financially responsible in any way for bench shows?"

"No."

"Well, what are you financially responsible for?" asked Mr. B. S.

"Why," replied Mr. Specialty, "as to that it does not concern the question at all. In fact, it's none of your business. But I will deign to answer you. We do a grand and noble work. We make the type and we encourage breeders. We add luster to the canine world. We are not responsible for bench shows in any way financially. We don't hold shows. We don't intend to hold shows. So long as you fellows hold shows and pay expenses there is no need of us doing so. We appoint judges, thus saving you every trouble but the one trifling item of engaging and paying them for their services."

"But what type do you make? The breeders of past ages bred the bull terrier—out of diverse material, which need not be here enumerated—to a type which reproduces itself and breeds true. The type is established and has been long in existence before your club was formed. Having perfected the whole dog, the breeders of the past could undoubtedly have bred the ear too had not the senseless custom of cropping been in fashion. How do you explain that?"

"Pooh! that's nothing," replied Mr. Specialty. "Ears can't be bred alike on the bull terrier. We, the people, never could agree on a standard ear. The only way to avoid disagreements on ears is to cut the ears off. We, sir, know what is best for the breed. Moreover, we know what's what. Darwin conjectured that, as alarms to the dog became fewer, the dog erected his ears less, the muscles became weaker from disuse, and the ear in time became pendulous, whence we consider we are justified in cutting the ear off. Darwin's conjecture is our demonstration, with the inevitable conclusion that the dog's health, comfort, happiness and well-being require that his ears be cut off at the earliest moment. It's a duty. You need not say that St. Bernards, pointers, setters, spaniels, hounds, etc., live quite comfortably with long, uncropped ears; for they have nothing to do with the case—we are talking of bull terriers. Besides, we must never lose sight of type."

"Very good answer. Ahem! very good! But you are not responsible financially. You have only four or five specialty clubs devoted to breeding and scissors, while

we number nearly fifty, and we give thousands of dollars in prizes; we pay the judges; we invite the public to come and see our exposition; we furnish the prestige; and, as men of high character and influence in the community, we guarantee the finances and moral wholesomeness of the exposition. In short, we do all the work, pay all the expenses and furnish all the prestige. Now, notwithstanding our majority, our importance, our responsibility, we do not say to you that you shall not crop your dogs. We say to you that, as we are the responsible clubs, who invite the people, and guarantee that everything is good and lawful and ennobling and right, we have a just reason to say what we will permit at our shows. We legislate for ourselves. Those shows are ours. While you cut off your dogs' ears to please yourself, you do not exhibit them at your own shows. You show them at ours, whence you throw all the onus on us before the public. We are accessory to forcing on the public what it considers a cruelty and an unlawful practice. While you profess to be legislating for yourself, you are really forcing your obnoxious fashion down the throats of everyone. Claiming it is within your jurisdiction, you force it on others outside of your narrow jurisdiction."

"Sir!" said Mr. Specialty in stern but dignified tones, "is our delight to be abated? Is our interest to be sacrificed? You are no fancier, and therefore cannot know whether or not it hurts a dog to cut his ears off. You even cannot know whether it is a mutilation. If you persist in this unhallowed course, I boldly predict the downfall of the whole kennel world, or at least the destruction of all its glories. We don't like you! In fact, you have incurred our high displeasure. You are our enemy. Sirrah, we will punish you! We hurl forth at you our major anathema. Here it goes, and it will make you dance and smart madly one hundred years, sir. Listen:

"Whereas, by your persistent attacks on cropping, day and night, and throughout the land, you are our enemy; and whereas and whereas, and fourteen thousand six hundred and three more whereases, you are some more our enemy, Therefore be it resolved and resolved and resolved that we all unanimously say boo! boo! Now, sir, you have brought all this misfortune on yourself. The next man who says a word against cropping will be denounced with a longer and louder 'boo' than the one just hurled at you. It will be published throughout the land. We believe in freedom of speech for ourselves, but you must be mute. See! You are, moreover, a *casus belli* and a *reductio ad absurdum*, and hence cutting off a dog's ears is proof of a kind heart."

"Awfully sorry. I'm sure. But what do you mean by *casus belli* and *reductio ad absurdum*?"

"I don't know. It isn't necessary to know. I don't care what they mean. They sound pretty and erudite. I like nice language and amiable thoughts. All the constitutions of our clubs speak of promoting good fellowship. You mean thing you!"

"You have made a most noble defense and a most convincing argument, and no one can now harbor a suspicion that the bull terrier has not outgrown the vulgar and rough elements which cast a cloud over his earlier history. He should feel dignified and ennobled by the pure and chaste sentiments which require that his ears shall be cut off for his master's pure pleasure."

Mr. Bench Show then turned to the next. Said he:

"Now, Mr. Great Dane Club, do you hold bench shows?"

"No, sir, we do not hold bench shows. We are not financially responsible for them. We have a special mission. As we look after the type of the Great Dane, we have a right to say whether his ears shall be cut off or not. We make the type and we encourage breeders. We give valuable trophies for competition. We pick out competent men for judges. The success of the breed rests on our efforts. If you meddle with us, there will be a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds."

"No doubt of it! Why not? But is it true that there have been heated differences between the members through several years—yes, between the club's official judges—as to what is the true Great Dane type? Are there not a number of Great Dane breeders who are not members of your club? Is there not another Great Dane Club in the United States with which you do not fraternize? Which of these is the authority on type? Thus with internal wrangling of members and official judges as to type, with two different Great Dane camps within the United States, with a number of independent breeders and owners, how can the claim of jurisdiction of type be sustained? How can the broad claim of being a representative of Great Dane interests, of speaking for all Great Dane fanciers on the one hand, be reconciled on the other with some trophies being open to competition to members only? The material benefits of judging and trophies thus are for members only; the broad claim of jurisdiction to inflate the club's importance, but which has no silver trophies attached to it, is for the world at large. The arguments of jurisdiction are excellent arguments excepting in so far as they are controverted by the facts. Holding no shows yourself, the practice of cropping forsooth must be paraded at the expense of those who hold shows. It is not sufficient for the clubs who are responsible to say that they object to the practice. Their standing, their sentiments and their interests are naught as compared with a whim, a caprice, a morbid fashion. There can be no doubt of the equity of a club which says that in a practice which is illegal it will decide for itself and for all others. But, of course, in your claim of jurisdiction, if it be sound, it would be useful in this wise: If a member of the club were arrested, or in fact anyone were arrested and prosecuted for cropping a dog, would the fact that the Great Dane Club claiming jurisdiction had decided cropping was good, would that, I say, be a good defense in court? No, of course it would not. But, having encouraged the practice, would the club stand financially responsible for the fines, etc., which might be imposed? No, it would not. Where there is no responsibility, there can be little claim to a voice in dictating the responsibility of others."

A number of parrots were roosting along a nearby fence, listening to the conversation. One parrot remarked that there were at least a dozen other parrots which had not been answered, though they had spoken with much sprightly wit, profound learning, and not a few jests of such subtle humor that no one could understand them. Those parrots still remain unanswered.

FOX HUNTING IN CONNECTICUT.

CONNECTICUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the real pleasure to be obtained in hunting reynard with dog and gun should be once experienced by thousands of lovers of field sports who have never tasted of its enjoyments, there is no doubt in my mind that this method of obtaining recreation would become universally popular. Nineteenths of the large number of unfortunate sportsmen whose lack of means or inability to spare the necessary time prevents them from taking an extensive annual outing can find a Mecca of enjoyment at their very doors by organizing foxhound clubs.

There are few who are so unfortunate as to be unable to take an occasional day, or at least half a day, afield. The enchantment of the hills, woods and fields and the excitement of the chase is open to the enjoyment of nearly every one. It will not only strengthen lungs, heart, muscles and nerves, but it will imprint on the pale cheek the ruddy glow of health. The very brain will be made clearer and immeasurably benefited thereby.

Recently it was my good fortune to receive from Robert Penn (better known as Bob Penn) an invitation to participate in the annual New Year's hunt of the New Haven Foxhound Club. Bob is one of Connecticut's oldest and best known trap and brush shooters. The invitation, it is needless to say, I quickly accepted.

It was arranged for all hands to meet at the depot on New Year's morning, in time to take the 7 o'clock train for Orange. Teams were to meet the party at the depot in Orange and convey the hunters to the farm of Mr. Arthur Treat, situated on Grassy Hill in that town. From the Treat farm the party was to walk to Turkey Hill, where the hounds would be loosed and the hunt would begin.

On account of a desire to take some of the friskiness out of a little black mare, who badly needed to be used, also desiring to view the country, I suggested to a member of the club, Mr. Gus Potter, that we drive the distance of eight or nine miles instead of taking the train. Gus acquiescing to my proposition, it was agreed that we would start bright and early for Turkey Hill on the morning of the hunt.

"Fair Luna" beamed in silvery radiance upon the first morning of the new year. Even upon Gus, the hound, the little black mare and myself did she smile as we took our rapid way over the smooth frozen road. Day had given no sign of approach until after we were well on our way. Out West Chapel street and onto the Derby Turnpike we took our course. The air was keen and delightfully refreshing. Gus pointed out places here and there that brought to his mind many successful coon hunts of bygone days. In fact, Gus is rather a celebrated coon hunter. He would rather spend all night in the woods on an unsuccessful coon hunt than to miss going any time. Then again, sooner than miss a fox hunt he would forfeit breakfast, dinner and supper. It is seldom, however, that he is unsuccessful, especially when it comes to coon hunting.

We passed one of the Maltby Lakes (there are four) and had nearly reached the lower one when, what is this that confronts us and bars the way? There, revealed in misty outlines by the early morning light, stretching its long arm from the cottage on the one side to the stone wall on the other, was an old-fashioned toll-gate. After paying 8 cents to the same old gatekeeper (in appearance) that I can remember seeing some twenty-five years ago, the gate was swung open and we were allowed to proceed on our way. This, I am told, is the only existing toll-gate in the State and is soon to be abolished.

Gus was entertaining me with a description of how, on one occasion, his dog treed two coons in the top of a tall chestnut that towered above a clump of cedars, hickories and white birches that stood to one side of the road, and through whose branches the pale moon, robbed of her silvery sheen by the gray morning light, seemed to lightly float in the steely heavens like a monster reflective soap-bubble. Suddenly the sun peeped cautiously over the hills, flooding hills and valleys with blue, gold and vermilion. It was nearly 8 o'clock when we drove into the Treat farm barnyard. The rest of the party had arrived there and departed some twenty minutes before. While we unharnessed the horse we occasionally caught sound of the hounds' voices among the piney woods of Turkey Hill, a mile or more to the west. Gus loosed the hound and we started across the fields in the direction of the music.

As the dogs were running south, Gus thought we had better get well ahead of them and select stands on an old road, across which, he said, "a fox is always sure to run."

After a brisk walk of twenty minutes, we struck the road and took our positions.

About this time cold, squally-looking clouds commenced to climb out of the west and the wind, keen and biting, gave us to understand that if we wished to keep warm we would have to select snuggler stands than this unprotected roadway offered.

We started along the road and had not gone far when we met two of the club members. While we stood talking we heard Bob Beecham, a veteran fox hunter and master of the hounds, calling the scattered dogs together. Soon the hounds and about fifteen members of the club put in an appearance in the roadway. While it was generally agreed that the chances of starting a fox were rather slim, still it was decided to start the hounds once more and trust to luck. Mr. Beecham therefore called them together and entered the woods on the south side of the road. Then we all started to take our stands.

After walking considerable of a distance along the road, Gus and I struck out across a cedar-covered knoll which commanded an extensive view of the Housatonic River, about a mile away. We walked a quarter of a mile or more before we found a stand that suited us. It was in the bend of an old wood road, where the knoll rising back of us completely broke off the wind. In spite of the absence of wind, however, it was very cold. Now and then squally clouds accompanied with slight siftings of snowflakes would blot out the rays of the sun. Then, as the clouds would pass away, the sun would shine brightly until obscured again.

We stood here for nearly an hour without hearing anything from the hounds. The wind was blowing so hard as to carry all sounds of their voices away from us. While we stood thus waiting, a shot, followed by two others in rapid succession, was fired in a small strip of woods to the northeast. Presently, growing weary, we started for another road still further to the south, which we had scarcely reached when we heard the dogs in full

cry coming our way. Had it not been for the wind we would have enjoyed a rare treat of hound music. As it was, one moment we would hear them plain enough only to lose sound of them the next. Finally all sounds but that of the wind ceased.

As I looked over broad, well-kept acres I could not help thinking that a sportsman in every sense of the word must be the farmer's friend. A thorough sportsman is a thorough gentleman, thoughtful always of the rights of others. He is religiously careful not to leave down bar-rails, break fences or knock down stone walls. If in getting over a fence he accidentally breaks a rail he is not the one to walk off before, to the best of his ability, he repairs the damage he has wrought.

He is naturally a lover of law and order; so there is a grateful feeling stored away in one corner of his heart toward those who own the land on which he is allowed to trespass. He is filled with righteous indignation when he hears of depredations committed by rowdies, who, traveling under the guise of sportsmen, leave a trail of destruction behind as they run rough-shod over everybody's land.

Especially is the fox or coon hunter the farmer's friend; for, if successful, he destroys the farmer's enemy. When hunting birds it does not seem that his sportsmanship should be gauged by the number he kills, if they are used, and he breaks no law in killing them.

One lover of dog and gun may be only able to take one or two days afield in the fall. If that man should bag fifty or sixty birds in the limited time allowed him for recreation, why should others, who go in some cases thirty or forty times and bag a total of 200 birds or more, begrudge the fifty or sixty bird man his success? He surely has not enjoyed himself throughout the fall as well as they.

Of one of our party whom we now saw we inquired about the shots we had heard and found that they had been fired at a fox by Mr. Seane, a member of the club. The fox was so far away from the shooter, however, that he succeeded only in wounding him. The dogs were so close behind the fox that hopes were entertained of securing him.

Waited nearly an hour at our stand without hearing the dogs; we decided to change our position for one on top of a hill, back of a swamp and piece of woodland.

The prevailing conditions were so unfavorable to start another fox that our party decided to give up for that day. If the success of a hunt is to be judged by the amount of game secured, then can this one be called a failure. On the other hand, if success is to be considered by the pleasure obtained in breaking away from the dull routine of daily life, and by having imprinted on the mind a glorious panorama of nature's pictures, by good fellowship and the making of new friends, and by unlimited quantities of pure, fresh air, and last, but not least, by a drive home in the blaze and glory of bright winter sunshine at the end of the day, then indeed can it be counted a perfect success.

The day after New Year's a party of four, consisting of Bob Penn, Gus Potter, Edward Kelley and a member of the club, shot two foxes. On Wednesday, the 8th, a party of which Bob Penn was one killed three, and on Saturday, 11th, another one was killed. They seem to be unusually plentiful this year. Bob Penn managed to secure more foxes than the others, he having shot three.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Crockery City K. C. Show.

THE first annual bench show of the Crockery City Kennel Club, East Liverpool, O., was held Feb. 4 and 5, with 105 exhibits catalogued. George Bateson, of Youngstown, judged all classes. The awards were:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Oschman's Grover.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, F. A. Simpkin's Orloff S.; 2d, W. Er-langer's Grand Turk.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Macrum's Colonel Jim. Bitches: 1st, M. H. Bough's Playto. Puppies: 1st, J. Marriott's Queen.

GREYHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, P. Morley's Belle M.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, P. Morley's Dick M.; 2d, W. Wedgwood's Bar Harbor. Puppies: 1st, W. Wedgwood's Lillian of Liverpool.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. M. Thompson's Joe; 2d, J. Challis's Captain; 3d, A. J. Kaster's Roger Mahoning. Vhc., J. Geth-ing's Jack. Hc., C. E. Macrum's Toby Gladstone and Riverside Kennels' Frank Gladstone. Hc. Res., Riverside Kennels' Imp. Lord Kingston. Bitches: 1st, I. N. Crable's Bessie; 2d and 3d, Riverside Kennels' Loretta and Chevaletta.—Puppies: Dogs: 1st, A. J. Kaster's Count Mahoning; 2d, E. Green's Doe Green; 3d, W. Challis's Count Bob. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Riverside Kennels' Loretta and Chevaletta.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Riverside Kennels' Buffino and Seminole Elcho; 3d, S. J. Noragon's Scout. Hc., C. E. Macrum's Dick. Bitches: 1st, A. G. Sherman's Sharp; 2d, J. McHenry's Fay; 3d, Riverside Kennels' Riverside Belle. Puppies: 1st, Riverside Kennels' Jim Blaine.

SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Robinson's Ponto.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. Dunkeely's Nellie of Liverpool; 2d, R. Webb's Beauty. Puppies: 1st, J. Hughes's Nigger; 2d, R. Dunkeely's King of England.

WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. R. Webb's Liverpool Jack; 2d, C. Hutcheson's Don. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Hutcheson's Dave Lantz.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, W. J. Love's Wellsbourne Charlie II. Puppies: 1st and 2d, W. J. Love's Wellsbourne Charlie II. and Betty.

BULL TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Starkweather's White Duke; 2d and 3d, W. Wedgwood's Keno and Young Keno. Vhc., T. L. Shaw's Rogue. Hc., H. Tyson's Prince and W. A. Tebutt's Obed. Bitches: 1st, W. Wedgwood's Luce; 2d, J. Massey's Rose; 3d, J. Gibbons's Lil Puppies: 1st, W. Wedgwood's Lady G-Lightly.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and 2d, Krantz Kennels' Chery and Waldman.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, B. N. Till's Bead; 2d, F. Little's Ike; 3d, W. McPherson's Prince. Bitches: 1st, W. Challis's Gipsy Queen.

FOX TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Mrs. W. Wedgwood's Ferris Glen and Rip Rap; equal 2d, J. Owens's Rauter and E. Scraggs's London Risk. Reserve and vhc., H. E. & J. Watkins's Belgrave Nip and Rauter II. Hc., J. Turnbull's Toss. Bitches: 1st, J. Wooliscroft's Gretchen; 2d and vhc. reserve, H. E. & J. Watkins's Oriole Triumph; 3d, G. Meredith's Trix. Vhc., T. Amos's Daisy, H. E. & J. Watkins's Blempton Vice. Hc., Mrs. W. Wedgwood's Rose. C., C. Harrison's Vesta Victoria.—Puppies: Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. Wedgwood's Rip Rip; 2d, W. Rigby's Minto. Bitches: 1st, J. C. Owens's Snow Flake; 2d, A. Dunkerly's Queen Vic; 3d, H. E. & J. Watkins's Triumph II.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, R. Boudler's Dominic.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, H. Williams's Biddy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Scott Bros.' Rochelle Lord. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Scott Bros.' Scott's Vic and Scott's Lassie. Puppies: 1st, Scott Bros.' Venus; 2d, C. D. Nice's Bridget.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Dunkerly's Joe.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Hulme's Bob Ivy, Jr. Bitches: 1st, G. Chad-wick's Daisy; 2d, J. Hulme's Kafir Maid; 3d, F. Hulme's Daisy S. Puppies: 1st, G. Myler's Sir Monbars; 2d, A. Beech's Beauty; 3d, H. S. Renehart's Benzetta.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Beagle Scoring.

NANUET, N. Y., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In further reference to my article on "Scoring Beagles at Field Trials" for combined bench show and field trial qualities, I beg to inclose you herewith a scoring card for both forms, which in detail covers my ideas on this subject.

I would ask that you publish the cards in your next issue, so that it will be kept warm and bring out a strong expression from all quarters interested in the breed.

H. S. KREUDER.

JUDGES' SCORING CARD FOR BENCH QUALITY.

Judges shall credit dogs with maximum as per standard if warranted, or fractional parts thereof, according to their judgment of merit.

Head—for typical skull.....	5	Back and loins.....	15
Ears.....	15	Running gear, forelegs	
Eyes.....	5	and feet.....	10
Mu zle.....	10—35	Hips, thighs and hindlegs.....	10—20
Body—for typical neck.....	5	Coat and stern—for typical	
Shoulders and chest.....	10	coat.....	5
Spring ribs.....	5—35	Tail.....	5—10
			100

JUDGES' SCORING CARD FOR FIELD QUALITIES.

Judges shall credit dogs with maximum as per standard if warranted, or fractional parts thereof, according to their judgment of merit.

For a natural and eager disposition to hunt.....	5
For running action, which should be free, easy and without apparent labor.....	5
For obedience when not trailing started game.....	5
For hunting likely covers thoroughly and speedily.....	10
For trailing up to and starting game.....	10
For taking trail first after game is started, other than by either dog, chances being equal.....	5
For speediest work in carrying trail.....	10
For truest work in carrying trail.....	10
For marking game in cover.....	5
For best ranging at a loss.....	5
For best hound voice.....	10
For best endurance.....	10
For other creditable work not specifically credited.....	10
	100

The beagle Wonder, having been awarded 100 points for bench show form and an average of 100 points for field trial form, the said beagle is hereby awarded a grand average of 200 points for combined merit and first prize in Class XYZ stakes at National Beagle Club sixth annual field trial, held at Sandy Hook, Feb. 31, 1896.

JONATHAN EQUIPOISE, Chairman Field Committee.

City of the Straits Kennel Club.

PRESSURE on our columns last week prevented us from giving the premium list of the C. S. K. C. the mention it merited. The club has made arrangements with the American, National and United States express companies whereby all dogs will be returned free of charge that have paid full classification rates to the show. Entrance fee \$3, except for local classes, in which the entry fee is \$2. Kennel prizes of \$10 for best kennel of four are offered to many of the breeds, besides many other specials. Challenge prizes are \$15 and \$10. Besides the specials enumerated in the premium list the secretary, Mr. R. Humphreys-Roberts, writes that the following specials have been offered:

Collie Club's silver medal (members only) for best collie in show; bronze medal for best owned west of Pittsburg or in Canada; bronze medal for puppy, same conditions. Framed engraving of fox terrier Cribbage for best wire-haired fox terrier bitch. Swedish beer mug for best collie in novice class. Dog medicines for best kennel of four or more beagles, for pair of dachshunde, best foxhound and Boston terrier, best pair of pugs; tobacco box for best beagle in open class; \$5 each for best English setter and fox terrier owned and bred in Michigan or Ontario; set silver fish forks for best pointer in local class; silver cake basket for best cocker spaniel in open class.

The St. Bernard Club of America offers two sterling silver club medals, one each for best American-bred rough-coated and smooth-coated St. Bernard owned by members of the club; \$5 for best collie bred in Michigan or Ontario; \$5 for the best poodle; jewel tray for the best Italian greyhound. The secretary further mentions that the club is receiving encouragement from all sides.

Spratts Patent Special Car.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Arrangements have been made by Spratts Patent to enable exhibitors wishing to send their dogs through the western circuit to do so at a very favorable rate. They have engaged a special express car, and will be prepared to book entries at the New York show for the round trip, leaving New York on or about the 29th inst. for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis shows, returning to New York immediately after the last named show. The exact rate has not yet been determined upon, but it will be about half what the regular express charges would be for a similar trip. In order to profit by this offer intending exhibitors will have to notify Spratts Patent at their stand in the New York show, on the 19th inst. and not later than 6 P. M. the 20th inst., as to the exact number of crates they will guarantee to send, and pay a deposit as evidence of good faith, the balance of charges to be paid on or before date of shipment. Should there not be enough crates booked to cover the cost of car, the matter will be dropped and deposits returned at 6 P. M. the 20th inst. Dogs will only be accepted for shipment in good serviceable crates at owner's risk. Two attendants will be on the car and every possible precaution taken to insure the safety of the dogs.

E. M. OLDHAM.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 11.—The annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Winnipeg, Feb. 11. President Simpson in the chair. The secretary read the report for the year, which proved to be very satisfactory (report inclosed), showing a good balance to the credit of the club, the first in many years. The following officers were then elected:

Patrons: His Honor Lieut.-Governor Patterson, Mr. C. C. Chipman, H. B. C.; President, F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg; First Vice, J. M. Avent, Tennessee; Second Vice, C. W. Graham, Winnipeg; Sec'y-Treasurer, John Wootten, Manitou.

The date fixed for the trials was Sept. 2 and the place Morris. The Derby to be \$250, divided into four prizes, same as last year. All-Age \$250, divided into three prizes, same as last year. Amateur open to all amateurs resident in Manitoba and N. W. Territories, prizes for which will be announced later. A committee of three were appointed to select the judge, who will be announced before the entries close. Derby entries close July 1; All-Age

and Amateur Aug. 1. A vote of thanks to the proprietor for use of room brought a pleasant meeting to a close.

JOHN WOOTTEN, Sec'y-Treas.

[The treasurer's report showed a credit balance of \$124.85.]

The Collie Club of America.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., Feb. 16.—The annual meeting of the Collie Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Friday, Feb. 21, at 3 o'clock P. M.

A. D. LEWIS, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club has received the following additional specials:

The Old English Mastiff Club offers, to be competed for by members only, the club's challenge cup, value 40 guineas, for the best mastiff dog or bitch; it is required that three shall compete. Challenge cup, value 20 guineas, for the best mastiff of the opposite sex to the winner of the 40 guinea challenge cup. Entries for Old English Mastiff Club specials to be made with R. H. Derby, Esq., 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York city, on or before Feb. 24.

No. 3, dachshunde special, should be \$10 for the best dog or bitch.

No. 4, spaniel special, should be for the best American bred spaniel over 28lbs.

Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 are for competition by members of the American Spaniel Club only.

Class 162A, puppies 6 to 12mos., dogs and bitches, wire-haired fox terriers, first \$5, second \$3.

Best four wire-haired fox terriers, \$15.

Reduced railroad rates have been secured within the territory bounded as follows: From the Ohio River and Gulf of Mexico on the South to that part of Canada, including Toronto, on the North; from Buffalo and Pittsburg on the East to Salt Lake City on the West. The rate will be a fare and one-third for the round trip upon the following conditions: Exhibitors or visitors must pay full rate in going to Chicago and procure from the agent where they reside or purchase their ticket a receipt or certificate stating they are to visit the dog show in Chicago; upon arrival they must deposit said certificate with the superintendent, and if before the close of the show 100 of said certificates are so deposited, each visitor having had a certificate will receive an order for return ticket at one-third of the regular rate, good for three days after the close of the show. This is of particular importance to Canadian exhibitors and those residing any great distance from Chicago, and it is anticipated that a large number will avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the largest and best show of dogs ever seen west of New York.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club has started on its social mission under happy auspices. It has engaged parlors at the Garden Hotel, 63 Madison avenue, N. E. corner of Twenty-seventh street, where it will entertain its guests. Those who are so fortunate as to possess guests' cards will find that, aside from the social features, material benefits are conferred in the way of checking coats, satchels, etc., and lunch will be served to guests. The rooms will be open from Tuesday noon, Feb. 18, to Sunday noon, Feb. 23. The annual meeting of the club will be held in its parlors on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Meadowmere Kennels, Southampton, L. I., N. Y., have issued a catalogue containing artistic portraits of its poodles, besides giving full particulars of the matters of public interest appertaining to the kennels. There is also much interesting reading matter, written by noted fanciers, which is valuable in itself. Catalogues, etc., can be obtained of Z. T. Baker, Agent, 13 William street, room 1006, or Thomas T. Corrigan, Manager, Southampton.

In the pressure of the bench show season exhibitors should not forget that the entries of the City of the Straits Kennel Club close on Feb. 20, and the Mascoutah Kennel Club entries close on Feb. 24.

Those who desire to purchase a dog should make a memorandum of the combination sale of pet and sporting dogs, to take place on Feb. 21, at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway and Fiftieth st., New York.

We acknowledge with thanks a photograph of the Great Dane Major McKinley, kindly sent to us by his owners, the South Bend Kennels. Of him, the manager, Mr. H. D. Johnson writes: "He stands 37in. high, weighs 215lbs. and measures 7ft. 6in. from tip of nose to tip of tail."

In the matter of Dr. Wesley Mill's libel suit against the Toronto Mail, growing out of published statements concerning Dr. Mill's connection with a certain Great Dane transaction, a long time since, the Supreme Court recently decided the suit in Dr. Mill's favor, the damages and costs of the action awarded amounting to nearly \$500.

The daily press is full of letters on rabies and other canine subjects. Some benighted numskulls have been writing on cropping and advancing the old joke that to cut off a dog's ears prevents his getting canker in them—it is a fact that if a dog's head is cut off he will never get stomachache.—*Stock-Keeper (England).*

At the close of the Toledo show, Mrs. Lee was tendered a vote of thanks for her efficient services as superintendent of the dog department, and was made a life member of the association.

The executive committee of the English Bloodhound Club of America announces that the second annual meeting of the club will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Feb. 22, at 11 A. M. An election of officers will be held and other important business transacted.

In our kennel columns Andrew Laidlaw, Galt, Canada, offers cockers bred from choice stock, and also the services of the cocker dog Omo. The White Thorn Kennels, Detroit, offer bull terrier puppies. F. J. Nolan, Saratoga Springs, offers fox terriers. E. Painter, New York, offers greyhounds. J. O. Converse, Fitchburg, Mass., wants a thoroughbred Pape pointer.

Yachting.

THE New York Y. C. certainly cannot be blamed for precipitancy and undue haste in its treatment of Lord Dunraven, as it has given him a new delay on the very unsubstantial basis of his brief and tardy telegram. We have small expectation of anything in the way of an adequate and fitting apology in either of the promised letters. It was Lord Dunraven's duty to others as well as to himself to stay in New York until the conclusion of the inquiry and to finish the matter then and there in person. This he did not see fit to do, nor has he, though ample time has elapsed, given any indication of an honest desire to repair the great wrong he has done to Mr. Iselin. We shall be surprised if his letters contain, at most, anything more than a lame and inadequate statement, forced from him against his will by the pressure of his friends at home.

If Lord Dunraven has finally decided that the best course is to face the music and attempt some sort of an apology, just as little as may be necessary, it might be worth his while to look up the member of the Herald's staff who phrased the "apology" of that paper which we published last week.

Chicago and Toronto.

THE Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, with a view to increasing the interest in yachting on Lake Michigan, at a recent meeting decided to issue a challenge to the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, Canada, for an international match, to be sailed on Lake Michigan, or if more agreeable to the challenged club, on one of the intermediate lakes, the challenging yacht being a new craft, designed by Theodore S. Poekel, superintendent of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company. The following was sent to the Royal Canadian Y. C.:

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 23.—W. Bruce Harman, Secretary Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Canada—Dear Sir: I herewith inclose you a formal challenge for a series of fresh-water international races, and trust that your club will find it possible to accept the same, and start in at once making preparations. Our club has appointed those who will confer with your committee, and, we hope, bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. Very truly yours,

C. O. ANDREWS, Sec'y.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 23.—W. Bruce Harman, Secretary Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Canada—Dear Sir: On behalf of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and in the name of Messrs. Berriman brothers, members of said club, I hereby challenge any representative yacht of your club to sail a series of three races for a suitable prize or trophy with the sloop yacht Vincendor, load waterline not to exceed 45ft., to be sailed on waters to be hereinafter agreed upon, during the season of 1896, and under the rules of the New York Y. C., so far as the same apply to fresh water.

Should this challenge be accepted, it is suggested that a committee of two be appointed by the Royal Canadian Y. C. and a like number by the Lincoln Park Y. C., the four so selected to choose a fifth member; this committee to decide upon the time and place of holding the races, the selection of prize, the conditions governing future challenges, and the exact rules under which the matches are to be sailed.

In furtherance of the foregoing the Lincoln Park Y. C., at a meeting called for the purpose, have appointed Messrs. E. P. Warner and W. A. Paulsen to confer with the two your club may name to conclude arrangements in the event of your acceptance. Sincerely your obedient servant,

C. O. ANDREWS, Sec'y L. P. Y. C.

The following reply has been received: TORONTO, Feb. 3.—C. O. Andrews, Secretary Lincoln Park Y. C.: Your communication of Jan. 23 proposing a series of races between the yacht Vincendor and a yacht of our club was laid before the general committee on Monday, the 27th ult., and by them referred to the sailing committee of our club; but unfortunately, owing to the absence of the members, they were unable to meet until Saturday, Feb. 1. I have now, however, great pleasure in stating that both committees are unanimous in their desire to bring about the proposed matches, and they feel that before finally accepting and naming a yacht to meet the Vincendor it will be necessary for us to have a more definite knowledge of her size, so that in the event of our not having a similar sized craft we may immediately take steps with a view toward building one. I might say that at present we have no racing yacht between 36.5-10ft. l.w.l. or 40-48.5 corrected or sailing length, respectively, measured under New York Y. C. rules.

Will you, therefore, please inform me at the earliest possible moment as to the following points: The l.w.l. and corrected or sailing length, measured under New York Y. C. rules? With regard to the details, my committee feel there will be no difficulty in arranging them, once they know that they have either a suitable sized craft already in our fleet or that we can make satisfactory contract to have one built.

S. BRUCE HARMAN,

Honorary Secretary Royal Canadian Y. C.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has but one or two yachts available, the Fite cutter Zelma and the cutter Aggie; both of the Minerva type and some 8ft. shorter on the waterline than the challenger, which will be a modern fin-keel similar to Niagara, 65ft. over all, 45ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 2in. beam and 10ft. draft, owned by Berriman Brothers, two Chicago yachtsmen. Should all arrangements be carried out successfully and the races come off, as is now probable, the result will be greatly to the benefit of yachting among both American and Canadian clubs on the lakes.

The proposed race has placed already a terrible strain upon some of the Chicago papers, and produced literary gems in which neither excessive modesty nor a deep knowledge of yachting figure to any great extent. We learn from one paper, which publishes a most horrible caricature of a yacht as the portrait of the new Vincendor, that "the cabin will be abaft the mast," that the use of mahogany obviates that necessity for caulking that exists in the case of common woods, and that "the keel is built on the fin pattern, which has been found to run more speedy than the centerboard," and that "there will be nine tons of lead suspended 8ft. below the center of the vessel to give her stability; this, together with the mast and cabin work, will give her a draft of 10ft." From another Chicago journal we learn that the Lincoln Park Y. C. is "a club of paramount standing with Larchmont, Atlantic, Seawanhaka or even New York on tide water, and just a little bit higher up the shrouds and better stayed than any individual club of the L. Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario or of Lake Erie's Yacht Racing Association, not excepting Detroit's three clubs."

The Boston Knockabouts.

THE following official definition and limitation of a knockabout, to govern the class for 1896, has recently been sent out by Secretary J. J. Souther, of the Knockabout Association:—A knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one head sail. The load waterline length shall not exceed 21ft. The beam at the load waterline shall be at least 7 and not more than 8ft. The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 5ft. from the forward end of the load waterline. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than 3/4in. thick, finished. The frames shall be not less than 1in. square, and spaced not more than 12in. on centers. The deadwood shall be filled in. The rudder shall be hung on sternpost. The outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs. The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder and place of mast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions.

The actual sail area shall be not over 500 square feet, not over 400 square feet of which shall be in the mainsail. The inspector shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to the measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the inspector, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands, painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the inspector. The lower and inner edges of the bands shall be the limits of the sail. The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz.: the product of one-half the distance from the attachment of the tack to the stem to the forward side of the mast at the tack mark of the mainsail, multiplied by the distance from the upper edge of the said tack mark to the bottom of the jib halliard block.

Only mainsail and working jib shall be allowed, but a storm jib may be substituted for the working jib.

Knockabout boats already launched, and whose sail plans comply with the old rule, shall not be obliged to change their sail plans to conform to the new rule.

The Spalding-St. Lawrence Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is preparing to make a special display at the coming Sportsmen's Exhibition at Madison Square Garden, New York. Among the boats will be a duplicate of Ethelwynn, completely rigged and ready for racing; a yacht's cutter 17ft. 6in. long and 4ft. 6in. beam; a 10ft. yacht's dinghy and a new model of Canadian canoe.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

MR. HERRESHOFF'S EVIDENCE.

MR. NATHANIEL GREENE HERRESHOFF, designer of Defender, was the first witness called by the defense after the opening by Mr. Choate. The following testimony was given on three different occasions, Messrs. Fish, Canfield and Dunraven being examined in the intervals.

Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:
 Examined by Mr. Choate:
 Q.—You are the designer, or one of the designers, and builder of the Defender? A.—Yes.

Q.—When was she first begun? A.—The latter part of last February.

Q.—When was she completed? A.—Completed in July.
 Q.—She was designed and built by you with a view of sailing and winning the America's Cup under the provisions of the deed, was she not? A.—Yes.

Q.—Will you please to state to the committee what your general plan was by which she was to be adapted within the 90ft. limited by the deed, to the object you had in view? A.—My design was about 89ft. of waterline, to come 1ft. within the limit. There should be some leeway in case we should want to ballast her, and the construction was carefully studied to get it as light as possible, and carry as large an amount of ballast as she could. I figured very carefully to get the whole amount of ballast in one casting in the keel.

Q.—So that if you hit it exactly she would have to carry no loose ballast? A.—Yes. This was very fortunate in, the casting coming out exactly as we intended, very closely indeed; and the vessel, when constructed, came very nearly to her intended waterline. In the first race she was perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ in. higher out of the water than designed. In that condition she appeared to have plenty of stability. In fact, more than seemed to be necessary for the purpose of racing in our waters here, and it was soon decided to increase her sails. There was no change in the ballast of the boat from the time she first floated, in any way, until her cabin was taken out, just previous to her Cup races.

Q.—I will come to that more particularly. You know her exact displacement in the water, and you know exactly how much each inch of immersion would lengthen her load waterline, do you not? You have calculated all that? A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you present when she was measured on Friday, Sept. 6? A.—Yes.

Q.—And the measurement then proved her load waterline to be 88.45? A.—Yes.

Q.—Now, will you state to the committee how much her load waterline would have been lengthened beyond that by an immersion of 4 in. deeper? A.—The angle of the stem and sternpost is such that it would be lengthened almost exactly 8 in. with each inch of immersion.

Q.—That would be 32 in.? A.—32 in. for 4 in.
 Q.—Carrying her from 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 91 ft. and a fraction? A.—91 ft. and a fraction; yes.

Q.—Which would have made her more than a foot longer than the outside limits permitted by the deed? A.—Exactly.

Q.—That is mathematical, is it not, as you stated? A.—As nearly as a calculation can be arrived at.

Q.—Can you also tell the committee how much additional weight would have had to be placed in her to immerse her 4 in. deeper in the water? A.—I have a memorandum here.

Q.—That is capable of exact ascertainment, is it not? A.—Yes. (Looking at memorandum.) This calculation I made recently. 4 in. would require 28,541 lbs.

Q.—That is fourteen short tons? A.—Fourteen short tons. A little over. Equal to 12.7 long tons.

Q.—Yes; but 14 tons of 2,000 lbs.? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you accompany her on the trial races or any of them? A.—Yes; all of the trial races.

Q.—Did she have any loose ballast on board? A.—None whatever.

Q.—And she had none when she came into the Erie Basin after the last of her trial races? A.—No.

Q.—That was Aug. 31? A.—Yes.

Q.—At that time had the Valkyrie arrived? A.—Yes; she had arrived.

Q.—Had you seen her, or had you learned from information how she was stripped inside? A.—I learned from information.

Q.—What did you learn about that? A.—That she had no cabin in her; she was quite bare inside.

Q.—Down to that time of Aug. 31, how was the Defender equipped inside? What tanks had she, and what removable objects? A.—She was fully equipped to carry a crew, the whole complement; about forty, I think.

Q.—What water tanks and waste tanks? A.—Quite a large water tank and waste tank and ice tank—ice chest—and necessary pumps.

Q.—And the trimming of the cabin, and partitions for passengers? A.—Yes. Everything was light for the purpose of a racing yacht, but it was very complete.

Q.—Did you have a consultation with Mr. Iselin, or with any of her owners, as to what had better be done with her to match her with the Valkyrie? A.—Yes.

Q.—Will you state what the result was? What passed between you, and what was concluded? A.—I do not remember the exact words, but the result was that we decided to take the cabin out and put her in a condition equivalent to that of the Valkyrie.

Q.—You did not then know how much weight would be so taken out of her, did you? A.—No. I made an estimate that there would be taken out about three tons.

Q.—About 6,000 lbs.? A.—And Mr. Iselin had two tons of lead sent to New Rochelle to put in the place of it.

Q.—That was done at New Rochelle? A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you up there? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you see it done, or see her after it was done? A.—Yes. I was there while it was being done. It was done on Wednesday and Thursday.

Q.—Wednesday and Thursday prior to the 6th and 7th? A.—Yes.
 Q.—Wednesday and Thursday would be the 4th and 5th of September? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you see the material that was taken out of her weighed? A.—I did not.

Q.—Was it reported to you? A.—It was reported.

Q.—How much? A.—Seven thousand pounds or a little over. I think there was a small fraction over 7,000 lbs., as I remember.

Q.—Did Mr. Iselin take your judgment as to what should be substituted to equalize that weight taken out? If so, please state to the committee, if it was not the same number of pounds, what made the difference? A.—Yes; I think we decided to put back a smaller amount than we took out; about 1,000 lbs.

Q.—Six thousand pounds instead of seven? A.—Yes.

Q.—Why? A.—Because it would be packed down low, to give her much more stability than the weights that were taken out.

Mr. Choate—I do not understand that.

Mr. Herreshoff—To keep the same stability as nearly as possible and get a lighter displacement.

Mr. Rives—Get the weight lower down.

Q.—Lead packed closely at the keel would be equivalent to this larger quantity distributed over the various upper parts of the vessel? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you so advise Mr. Iselin? A.—Yes; we consulted together and decided upon that.

Q.—And was the lead ballast brought up to New Rochelle? A.—Yes.

Q.—How much? A.—Two tons.

Q.—There are about twenty-one pigs to the ton, are there not? A.—Generally; yes.

Q.—They weigh about 100 lbs.? A.—Generally; yes.

Q.—Do you know of that being placed on board there? A.—Two tons were placed on board on Thursday.

Q.—And that is all that came to New Rochelle? A.—Yes.

Q.—Now tell what afterward happened, so far as you know, down to the time of the measurement on Friday? A.—So far as I know, I went to Erie Basin by train from New Rochelle to get the necessary measurements of the Valkyrie. If I had gone on the Defender it would have been a little late. It was intended to measure the Valkyrie first, and I think that was going on at the time the Defender arrived there. After the Valkyrie's load line was measured we decided to measure the Defender's load line.

Q.—You arrived at the Erie Basin? A.—I arrived at the Erie Basin by land; by train.

Q.—Before the measurement of the Defender had taken place, after that of the Valkyrie had taken place? A.—No; before either of them had been measured.

Q.—Do you know of some lead being brought on board the Defender there? A.—Yes. In the first place, after getting through with the measurement of the Valkyrie's waterline, I personally made a preliminary measurement of the Defender's waterline to see about where she was setting, for verification of the amount that they should put in, and found she was light and decided to put in the full ton that had been sent forward.

Q.—Was that put on board of her in your presence? A.—Yes.

Q.—What was the amount of it? A.—One ton.

Q.—And no more? A.—That is all.

By Mr. Rives:
 Q.—This preliminary measurement that you made was at the Erie Basin, was it? A.—Yes.

Q.—After she got there and while she was alongside of the wharf? A.—It was for my own satisfaction to know how she was setting. I wanted to get the ballast in before the final measurement took place.

Q.—I understand that this ton of lead was added after you had made this preliminary measurement? A.—Yes; just before the final measurement.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Where was this ton placed on the Defender? A.—It was placed very near amidships on the cabin floor, directly over where we intended stowing it.

Q.—You were present, were you not, when the measurement took place? A.—Yes. I witnessed the measurement of both yachts on behalf of Mr. Iselin.

Q.—From that time will you state how much you were on the Defender until she was remeasured on the Sunday? A.—From the time we got through the measurement on Friday, I was not on board of her again until Saturday morning about 8 o'clock.

Q.—Saturday morning about 8 o'clock, down at the Horseshoe, I suppose, inside the Hook? A.—Yes.

Q.—How did you get on board of her then? A.—I went on board from a steam yacht.

Q.—With Mr. Iselin? A.—Yes.

Q.—Were you then on her from that time until the race of that day was completed? A.—Yes; until they anchored at Bay Ridge.

Q.—And then you left her? A.—Yes.

Q.—And were again present at the remeasurement on Sunday? A.—Yes.

Q.—What time did you leave her on the Friday? How soon after the measurement? A.—It was directly after the measurement. I should judge about 2:30, or in that neighborhood, possibly a little later.

Q.—The remeasurement on Sunday, it was agreed, corresponded as exactly as two measurements could to that on Friday? A.—Yes.

Q.—Now, have you made drawings, or have drawings been made under your direction, of the waterline as ascertained on Sunday? A.—Not under my direction, no. Those are Mr. Iselin's.

Q.—These are not yours? A.—No.

Q.—On the morning of the 7th, the morning of the race, what time was it when you got on board the Defender? A.—I think it was about 8. I am not sure.

Q.—What did you do from then until the time the race began? A.—There was very little to do, any more than watching the setting of the sails, and making general preparations for the start. One thing that we did do; very soon, I think, or almost directly after I went aboard with Mr. Iselin, we went below with Capt. Haff. He wanted us to see the position that the lead had been stowed in.

Q.—You mean this extra ton? A.—The extra ton.

Q.—Will you tell the committee in your own way just what was done and what you saw, and how you were enabled to see it? A.—The floor was taken up, and I merely looked down from above at the position it was stowed in.

Q.—What did you see? A.—I saw the lead stowed away on top of the keel.

Q.—And that the pigs had been cut? A.—The pigs had been cut.

Q.—Each in two? A.—Yes.

Q.—Could you see whether there were three tons there or seventeen tons? A.—Yes, I think so.

Q.—You are sufficiently familiar with that matter to tell whether, as you observed it, there was anything more than the two tons that had been put on at New Rochelle and the other ton that had been put on at the Erie Basin? A.—Yes; I think I could tell.

Q.—That was all there was? A.—Yes.

Q.—You went for the purpose of seeing, and you did examine and satisfy yourself before the race began? A.—Yes.

Q.—How long was that before the race? A.—That was in the morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock.

Q.—That was before Lord Dunraven put his representative on board? A.—Yes.

Q.—You inspected that job pretty thoroughly, did you not, that day? A.—Oh, yes, I generally inspected it.

Q.—Was there anything else on board of her to replace what had been taken out at New Rochelle, excepting these three tons of lead? A.—No.

Q.—Were there any water tanks, or waste tanks, or anything that would weigh? A.—No.

Q.—If there was any water, I suppose, to drink, you can tell what there was of that? A.—There was a small amount on board, enough for the use of that day.

Q.—You remember that there was one can of water brought aboard—a milk can? A.—I do not remember particularly about that. I know they had water on board.

Q.—You sailed the whole of the race of that day, and at no time did she have anything more on board than you have stated? A.—No. No heavier in the water than she had sailed before.

Q.—Do you know anything of an examination to see if there was any water in her shoe, or did you not take part in that? A.—I do not remember particularly that morning, but we generally did look at that before the races. As a rule, we always do.

Q.—Was there any possibility of any water ballast or any other ballast being used on her that day, except these three tons of lead? A.—No, certainly not.

Q.—Could you tell—I suppose you are something of an expert—if there had been ten or fourteen tons of extra weight put into her? Would you have recognized it as she sailed? A.—Yes, I think I would.

Q.—How would it have affected her so that you could tell that there was such an extra weight there? A.—There would be quite a difference to her motion in a seaway.

Q.—One that you could recognize? A.—Yes.

Q.—There was something peculiar in the boom and spars of this Defender, was there not? The use of aluminum? A.—We used a steel boom and steel gaff, finally, in the place of wood.

Q.—When were they put in her—the steel boom? A.—That was first tried on the 31st day of August, just before going to the dry dock.

Q.—After she came in there on the 31st of August? A.—No; we had been out trying her the night before—the night of the 30th.

Q.—You were present at the remeasurement? A.—Yes.

Q.—And you know that both measurements were properly conducted? A.—Yes.

Q.—And that they corresponded exactly? A.—Yes; perfectly satisfactory.

Q.—When you came on board at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, the 7th, what did you observe as to how she lay in the water? Did you think she was a different vessel from what you had seen her in the Erie Basin? A.—No, I did not notice anything different.

Q.—Did you see any difference in her trim? A.—I did not notice it.

Q.—Her immersion, or the load water length? A.—Of course when all the crew were on board, with all their coats, that put her down somewhat in the water.

Q.—The weight of the coats? What difference does that make? The crew were on her when she was measured, were they not? A.—Oh, yes.

Q.—Was there any appreciable weight or difference occasioned by those coats? A.—No—the position in the forecabin. That is further forward. There would be very little difference in the trim.

Q.—How was the water there that morning?

Mr. Whitney—Where?

Mr. Choate—Down at the Horseshoe, when he boarded her?

A.—As far as the wind was concerned, the wind was light. It made a very little ripple, but as I remember there was quite a swell, and the yachts were heaving a good deal by the steamers going by; the Long Branch steamers.

Q.—Can you tell whether there was motion both ways, pitching and rolling? A.—Yes; I remember that particularly because the Hattie Palmer was laying alongside of her when I first went aboard, and it occasionally took a number of men to keep her clear.

Q.—Had you observed the weather the night before? A.—Yes.

Q.—What was it? A.—The wind was fresh, east, and had the appearance of being a strong breeze the next day. We expected a stormy day.

Q.—What, in your judgment, would have been the effect upon the Defender, as to her chances of winning the race, of putting 10 to 14 tons of ballast on her more than you had advised?

Mr. Herreshoff—Do you mean on that day—that Saturday?

Mr. Choate—Yes.

A.—I think the chance would have been very poor indeed.

Q.—A very poor one indeed? A.—Yes.

Q.—How would it have affected her sailing qualities? A.—I think she would have been slower with that weight on board in that light breeze.

Q.—In your judgment, could you have told a difference of a foot in her load waterline, or 3 or 4 in. even of immersion, as compared with the time of her measurement on Friday, as the water was on Saturday morning, when you boarded her?

Mr. Herreshoff—Do you mean from alongside?

Mr. Choate—Yes, as you came up alongside, and as you went on board of her.

A.—Yes; I think I could tell the difference, although in a sea it would be very uncertain.

Q.—You could not have formed a reliable judgment? A.—No.

Mr. Askwith—The comment I make upon this gentleman's evidence is that he came down in the morning and took a cursory look into the hold. As I say, we are not here prosecuting.

Mr. Choate—It was not very cursory as he describes it. Still, you do not wish to ask him any questions?

Mr. Askwith—We are not proving any case now. We say it cannot be proven. I do not see what question to ask.

By Capt. Mahan:

Q.—What was this hole in the side that we hear so much of? A.—It was the delivery to the bilge pump.

Q.—With your knowledge of her frame do you know where that is—

whether it was above water? A.—No. Only from this drawing, which was very accurately made. I know it was intended to be just about at the waterline.

Q.—When she was in her sailing trim? A.—Yes. That was the object, to always put those pipes near the waterline, so that they can be got at to clean the vessel a little bit, in case of accidents or a little leak. It is better to have them near the waterline than down below. Of course, if they are high up above the waterline they would be unsightly.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—What time did you go to Bay Ridge that night after the first race? A.—I should judge it was between 8 and 9 o'clock—nearer 9 than 8.

Q.—Were you towed up the Bay? A.—Yes.

Q.—It was dark, I suppose, when you arrived? A.—Oh, yes, it was dark. It turned dark when we were just outside of Sandy Hook.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Do I understand that the cots were in, on board? A.—I do not remember whether they were on board then or not. The Hattie Palmer was alongside, and the men were at their breakfast. It was their duty to take them out, one of the first things, in the morning.

Q.—Were the things continually moved backward and forward? A.—They are taken out.

Q.—Do metal vessels leak? A.—Yes. The Defender always leaked a little; there was a small leak.

Q.—Does the vessel sink an even amount as the weight progresses? Suppose you put in so many hundredweight of lead, and you sink her in., would it require as many hundred the second inch, or would there be a less quantity of lead required? A.—More—in proportion, to increase the waterline.

The Chairman—I suppose you can hardly get very far to-night, before 6 o'clock, with another witness.

Mr. Choate—No, I am ready to put Mr. Iselin on the stand, and then the other witnesses will all be here to-morrow morning. If the examination is to take the course indicated by Mr. Askwith, I think we shall have no difficulty in putting in all our testimony to-morrow. That is, if he does not feel that he is here with any duty of cross-examination.

The Chairman—We will take an adjournment until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

At 5:50 P. M. adjourned to 10 o'clock A. M., Saturday, Dec. 28, 1895.

Dec. 28.—Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, recalled and further examined by Mr. Choate:

Q.—You spoke yesterday of a leak in the Defender, and left it very indefinite. Will you tell the committee what that amounted to? A.—It was only a slight leak she always had; enough to occasion pumping once a day. It was done in the morning. I don't know the exact amount; probably twenty or thirty gallons.

Q.—Was that the most you ever knew? A.—That was a constant leak, and then when she was under sail she leaked a little more. The water gained while she was under sail in a fresh breeze. At any rate, it was of no particular consequence.

Q.—Take a boat like the Defender, could you, or do you think anyone, looking at her on broadside, could tell whether she had a slight list or not? A.—No; I could not.

Q.—And you are very familiar with such craft as she is? A.—Yes.

Q.—To ascertain whether she had a slight list or not, what would you do? A.—The best place for observation would be from the bow or stern, or if you wanted to know exactly, by measurements of the height of the free board.

Q.—You mean observation on the bow or stern outside, or from inside the vessel? A.—And looking at her from outside either on deck, or better, from a small boat.

Q.—Are you able to say from your knowledge of the construction of the boat how much a list of one degree would change the position of that water pipe in relation to the waterline? A.—Well, a difference of one degree would—heeling her one degree would immerse her side amidships something over 2 in.

Q.—How much weight would it take to do that on the side of the vessel, if you can tell or give any idea about it? A.—It would probably take a weight of about one-half or three-quarters of a ton.

Q.—And as to the depression or elevation of the bobstay bolt—what would be the effect of a comparatively slight weight in the bow? A.—She would probably move a little more with the same weight over the waterline at the bow or stern than at the broadside. Of course not so much in angle as if it was put on the side of the vessel.

Q.—How would the wind on her rigging affect either her listing or the elevation or depression of her bow? A.—A strong breeze would make a perceptible difference.

Q.—(By Mr. Whitney)—What was the size of this hole, Mr. Herreshoff, in general, where this ballast was that you looked down upon? A.—In her bilge—

Q.—Yes? A.—(Continuing.) It is a scuttle, a floor that is movable, perhaps 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide—maybe 2 ft.—and you look right down into an open space for some 10 ft. or so. Of course, to see anything you would have to get your eyes accustomed to the light—dim light—but by standing there a moment you could see plainly the bilge construction and what ballast there was there—bilge water and anything. The space in the lower part is about wide enough for a man to get down.

Q.—What was the reason those pigs had to be cut? A.—Because this place was not large enough for them to lay down on that side. This place in the broadest part is about two-thirds the length of—perhaps 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.

Q.—You mean the width of it? A.—Yes; and the distance fore and aft between the floor plates was about 19 in., so that it was impossible to lay the pigs flat.

Q.—They had to go in between beams? A.—Yes; in the floor space between the frames.

Q.—Go in crosswise of the boat? A.—Yes, sir; without cutting they could only be stood up on end.

Q.—(By Mr. Rives)—Did you say whether the tanks had been taken out of the boat? A.—Yes.

Q.—What was the capacity of those tanks, about? A.—I think the water tank had a capacity of some 600 or 700 gallons. I don't remember exactly.

Q.—That was the only tank in the boat? A.—There was a water tank and then there was a waste tank into which the water ran from basins and was pumped overboard. That was taken out. That was much smaller. And there was also a large wooden tank lined with zinc for the storage of ice.

Q.—That was taken out, too? A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you know how much a gallon of sea water weighs? A.—I don't remember exactly the proportion; it is about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., I think, roughly; 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to the cubic foot.

Q.—(By Mr. Whitney)—Is there any place beside this hole where ballast could have been secreted without being exposed to ordinary observation? A.—No.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—How much in inches is a degree? A.—Two inches. Between 2 and 2½ in.

By the chairman:
Q.—You say it would take two tons? A.—In the neighborhood of two tons.

By Capt. Mahan:
Q.—Is that the result of calculation you have made since, or is it simply an estimate still? A.—Simply a partial estimate. I made a rough calculation of the amount before.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—How many did she carry in her crew? A.—Eighteen.

Mr. Herreshoff—During the Cup races?
Mr. Whitney—Yes.

A.—There were fifty, I think. I am not positive, but about fifty.

Q.—Some fifty men? A.—I think so.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—You were present at the remeasuring on Sunday? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—In what capacity were you there? A.—On behalf of Mr. Iselin, to see that the measurement was carried on correctly.

Q.—Mr. Watson was there, was he not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Representing the Valkyrie? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were you present at the marking that took place at that time on the stem, and the placing of the disc on each side of the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were they correctly marked? A.—Yes, sir. Satisfactorily.

Q.—And Mr. Watson oversaw it with you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—There was one question suggested to me by what has occurred since you were on the stand. Could there have been any lead other than what you saw in the center of the boat when the floor was taken up and you examined it on Friday morning, and you not see it? A.—No, unless it was stowed in under the wings.

Q.—What would be the sense in stowing it under the wings? A.—There would be no sense in it particularly.

Q.—Why not? A.—It would only increase her stability to a moderate amount, compared to the increase if it was stowed lower down on the keel.

Q.—You agree with what Lord Dunraven said, that to have any effect upon the stability of the vessel, it must be as low down as possible? A.—Yes, certainly.

By the chairman:
Q.—What do you mean by the wings? A.—The part underneath the cabin floor, at the sides.

Q.—Here (indicating on the model)? A.—Along there, that place just underneath the floor.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—When the remeasurement took place, or at any time, did you and Mr. Watson look down under the floor? A.—Not at the remeasurement.

Q.—When? A.—Before the first measurement on the 6th.

Q.—Did he look with you? A.—Yes; I went there. I had the cabin floor taken up the whole length of the vessel and we inspected it.

Q.—Before the first measurement? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What was done with this extra ton, as we have called it, of lead that was then on the cabin floor? A.—That was only the middle part of the floor that was taken up, leaving the lead under the stern at either side.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—You spoke about a disc being marked on the boat; what was that? A.—A circle, painted with red paint.

Q.—What did that indicate? A.—It was placed so that the lower edge of it was at a tangent with the surface of the water.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—The lower edge of it just touched the water? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—What part of the boat was it on? A.—It was somewhat aft of amidships.

By Mr. Rives:
Q.—On each side? A.—On each side. The position was about there (indicating).

By the Chairman:
Q.—From the waterline up? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—That is considerably aft, is it not? A.—Yes, sir; as far aft as it could be painted well and seen. It would be difficult to get it under the stern and make a mark there; so that we substituted the two discs instead of making the mark at the stern, as being inaccessible.

By the Chairman:
Q.—At the second measurement? A.—Yes, sir; directly after the second measurement.

Q.—That is the re-marking that is referred to? A.—That is the only marking.

Mr. Choate—That is all, unless Mr. Askwith wishes to ask some questions.

Mr. Askwith—I prefer to ask Mr. Herreshoff some questions on Monday morning, if there is no objection.

Mr. Choate—All right. He had hoped to leave, but he will have to stay until Monday morning, or be back Monday morning. I will call Mr. Leeds, who wishes to leave town this afternoon.

Herbert C. Leeds, called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:
Examined by Mr. Choate:
Q.—You were on the Defender all summer, from the time she was built, were you not? A.—Yes, sir. From start to finish.

Q.—That is, you sailed all the trial races? A.—In every race.

Q.—In every race? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Will you tell the committee what, if any, ballast she had during the trial races? A.—She never had any ballast until the Cup races.

Q.—Where were you from the time that she was measured on the Friday until she was remeasured on the Sunday? A.—I was with Mr. Iselin and the rest of the party.

Q.—You attended the first measurement, did you, on Friday? A.—Yes, sir; on Friday I was present.

Q.—You were there with Mr. Iselin? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What attention did you pay to the measurement, if any? A.—None.

Q.—Before the measurement did you observe the Defender to see whether she had any list on or not? A.—I did.

Q.—How long before the measurement? A.—It may have been half an hour; it may have been an hour.

Q.—What did you observe? A.—I noticed that she had a list to starboard.

Q.—Did you do anything in consequence of that observation on your part? A.—I told Mr. Iselin of it, and requested him to throw the boom over to port.

Q.—Was that done? A.—My impression was that it was done. I did not see it.

Q.—You boarded the Defender, with Mr. Iselin, on the morning of Saturday, down at the Horseshoe, did you not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—At about what hour? A.—My recollection is it was after 8 o'clock.

Q.—What familiarity and experience have you had with yachting and with other boats than the Defender? A.—I sailed the Vigilant; was on the Vigilant in 1893; I sailed the Gloriana other years, and in different races.

Q.—And from your previous experience in the summer of 1895 you had become entirely familiar with her? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Leeds—With the Defender?
Mr. Choate—With the Defender.

A.—Certainly.

Q.—You had seen her as she lay in the Erie Basin at the time she was measured the day before? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When you boarded her on Saturday morning, did you observe that she was immersed lower in the water than she had been on Friday in the Erie Basin? A.—No.

Q.—Do you remember on which side of her you boarded her? A.—I could not say positively.

Q.—How long was that before Lord Dunraven put Mr. Henderson on board? A.—I should state it was about three-quarters of an hour, at a rough estimate.

Q.—Will you state how the weather was at that time, and from that time until Mr. Henderson came on board? A.—I think the water was what you call a little choppy; there was a little swell on. As Mr. Herreshoff says, caused by passing steamers, and also by the sea rolling.

Q.—Did you observe whether there was or was not any wind? A.—I think there was a little wind.

Q.—As to the motion of the Defender at that time when you and Mr. Henderson came on board, what kind of a motion was it? A.—It would be a slight motion.

Q.—On the previous trial races had you observed any habit of Mr. Iselin as to examination before the race began? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Leeds—Examination of what?
Mr. Choate—Of the inside of the Defender.

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What had been his habit? A.—It was his custom always to ask if there was any water in the boat, and look himself to see, down below; not only at the trial races, but all the season.

Q.—Did you take any part in the examination which Mr. Herreshoff has testified to, made by himself and Mr. Iselin and Capt. Haff, that morning—taking up the floor and examining the lead, whether it had been properly packed? A.—I examined the lead, but I cannot state at what hour, whether it was that morning or not.

Q.—What did you observe? A.—I observed that the three tons were there, practically. I could not say exactly, three tons. I remember the lead being there.

Q.—Had there been any larger quantity, would you have observed it? A.—Yes, a considerably larger quantity.

Q.—You know that what we call the extra ton had been brought in at the Erie Basin? A.—Certainly; I saw it.

Q.—And set up on her deck or cabin floor, above where it was to be finally placed? A.—I saw it there.

Q.—What part of the cabin floor was that? A.—My impression is it was over the forward part of the cabin floor, or the after part of what we called the sail room floor. I should think probably the sail room floor. About amidships.

Q.—You went on the race that day and came back with the boat? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What time did the Defender get up to Bay Ridge? A.—I think about 8 o'clock.

Q.—Was it light or dark at that time? A.—Dark.

Q.—What kind of a night was it? A clear or a dark night? A.—A dark night.

The Chairman—Do you wish to inquire any?
Mr. Askwith—I will assist the Commission by asking a few questions, taking up the attitude which was suggested this morning.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—What position have you held on the Defender? A.—No official position. A friend of Mr. Iselin.

Q.—You accompanied him in yacht races? A.—I have for two years.

Q.—Both on the Vigilant and the Defender? A.—Yes, sir; on the Vigilant in 1893.

Q.—Had the Defender any tanks? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Leeds—Water tanks?
Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—Yes, sir. You mean at the early part of the season?
Mr. Askwith—Yes.

Mr. Leeds—Yes, sir.

Q.—Can you tell me their weight?
Mr. Leeds—The weight of the tank itself?

Mr. Askwith—Yes. Mr. Herreshoff has spoken of three tanks, I think? Can you tell me the weight of them?
A.—No, I am not familiar with the weight.

Q.—Were those tanks taken out with the 7,000lbs. weight that was taken out? A.—My impression is that they were, at New Rochelle.

Q.—You do not know, to be certain? A.—I did not see them taken out, but they were not there that day.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—You mean on Friday? A.—No. He means previously to that, Wednesday or Thursday, up at New Rochelle, I presume.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—Yes, I think that is the time that you took out the furniture and fittings of the boat, was it not? A.—She was stripped two or three days before she was measured.

Q.—Three days before the race? A.—Before she was measured. Wednesday or Thursday, I think, she was stripped.

Q.—Had she raced with those tanks previously in the course of the year? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were they full or empty then? A.—I think, as a rule, we carried a little water in them.

Q.—How were they supplied with water?
Mr. Leeds—How do you mean, how were they supplied? Fresh water, you mean, I presume?

Mr. Askwith—Yes. You do not know their size?
A.—I do not know how much they contained.

Q.—Several questions were asked of Lord Dunraven and Mr. Glennie with regard to the trial races of which they knew nothing—as to whether information had been given to them about the trial races. Had there been any complaint of the Defender in the trial races? A.—I never heard of it.

Q.—You do not know? A.—I do not know of any.

Q.—Neither did they. When you examined this lead—when was it? A.—I said I could not tell you that.

Q.—You also said you could not say exactly how much there was? A.—Certainly not.

Q.—The lead was in half pigs? A.—Yes, sir. The lead was in pigs cut in two.

Q.—Roughly cut in two? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Without counting them it was very difficult to estimate how much was exactly there? A.—To estimate exactly, certainly.

Q.—Did you go on board in the morning on Saturday? A.—Yes, sir; the morning of the first race, you mean?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

Mr. Leeds—Yes, sir.

Q.—About 8 o'clock? A.—I should think shortly after that.

Q.—Had you left the boat previously to that, at the same time Mr. Herreshoff did? A.—Yes, sir; precisely.

Q.—From New Rochelle? A.—No.

Q.—I thought he said that he left at New Rochelle? A.—He was on board when they measured her on Friday.

Mr. Choate—He came down to the Erie Basin on Friday morning, he said.

Q.—Had you been present at that measurement? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you been present between the time the furniture and the tanks were being taken out at New Rochelle and the first measurement? Had you been on board the boat? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You had? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you come down on the boat? A.—No; I came down, I think, on the Neckan.

Q.—What is the Neckan, a tug? A.—No, just a yacht Mr. Iselin had.

Q.—How long had you been on the Neckan? A.—Practically all summer.

Q.—We are at cross purposes, I think. I am asking you, between the time when the furniture was taken out at New Rochelle and the time when the first measurement was had at Erie Basin, were you on the Defender during that time? A.—I was on the Defender, I think, on Thursday afternoon when she went for a sail from New Rochelle. That is my impression.

Q.—On Thursday afternoon? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When did she leave New Rochelle? A.—She left New Rochelle Friday morning.

Q.—Did she come down straight to Erie Basin? A.—She went straight down, yes, sir. I think she left early in the morning, and we left on the steam yacht.

Q.—Had she been a long time at New Rochelle before Thursday? A.—I do not recollect.

Q.—How long before you started down to the measurement had the ballast in the shape of tanks and furniture been taken out of her? A.—I think it was only completed the day before we went down.

Q.—On Thursday? A.—I would not state that positively. I think it was completed on Thursday.

Q.—How long was your sail on Thursday? A.—Thursday afternoon—I could not state exactly.

Q.—You do not remember? A.—No.

Q.—When was the furniture taken out? A.—I think on those preceding days.

Q.—Before or after the sailing? A.—Before.

Q.—Did you sail with her perfectly light? What had she in her? Any ballast? A.—My impression is that it was 2 tons of ballast. I did not look to see.

Q.—You do not know? A.—No.

Q.—You do not know whether it was lead, or what it was? A.—I did not look to see.

Q.—Was that sail a sort of trial, to see how she went? A.—No. It was to try the sails.

Q.—Do you often alter a boat two days before an important race by changing the form of her ballast? A.—I do not alter any boat.

Q.—You are not responsible for anything of that kind? A.—No.

Q.—When did Mr. Iselin acquire the habit of examining the interior of the boats? A.—That I could not tell you.

Q.—Had he always done it in all of the important races that the Defender had been in? A.—I should say almost invariably.

Q.—Perhaps I had better ask this: Do you suppose that he acquired the habit and began that practice because he suspected there might be such a thing as ramping habits? A.—I don't know what it means.

Q.—You have heard of ramping horses, surely; it is a well-known term? A.—I am not familiar with the expression.

Mr. Choate—What does that mean?
Mr. Askwith—Preparing them, in a way, such as—
Mr. Choate—As you suspect here?

Q.—Do you think he thought there might be a possibility of a fraud? A.—I do not think so.

Q.—That was not his object? A.—I do not think so.

Q.—Where were you when you say that you noticed this list to starboard of the Defender? A.—On the naphtha launch.

Q.—At what time? A.—About half an hour or an hour before she was measured.

Q.—When was she measured? A.—On Friday.

Q.—What time? A.—I could not tell you. I think it was somewhere along 1 or 2 o'clock.

Q.—When you came down in the morning you went on board about 8:30, you say? A.—That was Saturday I am talking about now. She was measured Friday.

Q.—When you came down to the measurement on Friday, was not the time that you came down at 8:30—that was Saturday? You came down to the measurement on Friday at 1 or 2? Was that the day that you noticed the list? A.—No; it was the day of the measurement—on Friday.

Q.—Before she was measured? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—In the Erie Basin? A.—In the Erie Basin. It has nothing to do with Saturday.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—You state you made a remark to Mr. Iselin about it? A.—I cer-

tainly did.

Q.—But you do not know of yourself whether anything was done or not? A.—My answer is, my impression was that the boom was flung over. I do not remember. I remember making the remark.

Q.—The vessel, when it was measured, would have to be measured true? A.—Yes, sir. You say it would have to be—I suppose she should be.

Q.—Can you answer, as an experienced yachtsman, this question: If the trim was merely altered, the vessel put 2in. or 1in. by the head, how much would that lengthen her waterline? A.—It would depend on the vessel, I should think.

Mr. Askwith—Take a vessel of the profile of the Defender.
Mr. Leeds—If she was 1 or 2in. by the head?
Mr. Askwith—Yes; 2in., or 1in. by the head.

Mr. Leeds—I should not think it would make any perceptible difference in the length of her waterline. If she came out that amount by the stern, I suppose you mean?

Q.—How much would it be if it was put 3 or 4in. by the stern?
Mr. Leeds—And the bow coming out 3 or 4in.?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—I am not familiar with the lines as they run there; I do not know.

Q.—In fact, you have simply got your experience in yacht racing in company with Mr. Iselin, as a friend? A.—Exactly.

Mr. Askwith—I think those are the only questions I wish to ask.

Mr. Choate—Mr. Askwith, Mr. Herreshoff is, for personal reasons, very desirous of returning to his home in Bristol to-night, if you could possibly cross-examine him.

Mr. Askwith—I am afraid I cannot ask the questions. I have not followed his evidence with that in view, and it requires careful examination.

Mr. Choate—We will call Mr. DeLuze.

The London Yachting Exhibition.

THE fourth annual yachting exhibition, which is now being held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London, is hardly as extensive as last year's show, and may be said to be more an exhibition of yacht accessories, as there are but few yacht models or half models exhibited this year.

The only real show of yacht models in the exhibition now running is that of Messrs. Cox & King, naval architects, of 5 Suffolk street, Pall Mall, London, who on their elegant stand show a beautiful half model and plans of a high-speed twin-screw ocean-going steam yacht designed by them, the dimensions of this vessel being length over all, 255ft.; breadth, 32ft. 6in.; mean draft loaded, 15ft. 6in.; tonnage yacht measurement, 1,200 tons. The propelling power consists of two completely independent sets of triple expansion engines to drive the yacht at least 15 knots per hour on the measured mile, and at a speed of 16 knots per hour at sea in moderate weather. The special features of this yacht are the complete variation in design from any steam yacht at present constructed, the result being a thorough ocean-going vessel specially protected from retaining heavy seas, capable of steaming in all weathers and carrying some 350 tons of coal for long cruises, combined with a maximum of accommodation, which comprises an open and extended promenade awning deck about 150ft. long and unique interior arrangements with saloons and sleeping cabins on the main deck, having intercommunication fore and aft.

The equipment and outfit provides every modern improvement and convenience, including electric lighting with accumulators, search lights (2), electric side lights, masthead and other lights, steam and hand steering gear, refrigerating machinery and ice houses, fresh water distilling condensers, laundry and other offices, also steam heating and ventilating arrangements throughout of a special character. Machine guns and ample boat equipment, including steam launch and lifeboats, etc., etc.

In addition to the above, Messrs. Cox & King exhibit several other half models of beautifully modeled yachts, including a screw steam yacht, length over all, 189ft. 8in.; breadth, 22ft., with a draft of water of 11ft. 6in.; a screw steam yacht, length over all, 169ft. 8in.; breadth, 21ft. 6in., with a draft of water of 10ft. 6in.; both of which are designed to maintain a speed of twelve knots per hour at sea in moderate weather. They also show a half model of the screw steam yacht Perlonia, length over all, 88ft.; breadth, 14ft., with an extreme draft of water of 5ft. This yacht has just been built by Messrs. W. White & Sons, of Cowes, from their designs for Capt. J. H. Anderson, and is intended for cruising in the Mediterranean. The very moderate draft adapts her for canal use and cruising on inland waters, while at the same time she is in every way a safe and good sea-going craft, and behaved exceedingly well on her maiden voyage from Plymouth to Pauillac on the Garonne, when she steamed a distance of 450 nautical miles in forty-eight hours in a heavy gale from the east.

The half model of an auxiliary steam yacht, length over all, 147ft. 9in.; breadth, 22ft. 7in., and draft of water 12ft. 9in., shows the lines of a handsome and powerful vessel now building, which will be rigged as a topsail yard schooner and have a lower sail area of about 6,150 sq. ft. of canvas. This yacht will be fitted with triple expansion engines to develop 340 indicated horse power and drive her at an average speed of ten and one-half knots per hour in moderate weather. The same firm also exhibit half model of a powerful cutter yacht of light draft and of 44.73 linear rating by the English Y. R. A. new rule. This yacht is now building from their designs by Houston, of Row-hedge, to the order of Monsieur Eugene Burm, of Zele, Belgium, and it is intended for cruising generally on the rivers and inland waters of Belgium, and also for occasional racing under the flag of the Yacht Club d'Anvers, which club will adopt the new English rating rule.

The exhibition, however, appeals more to the enthusiast in boating and river sailing than to the yachtsman proper, for the display comprises steam launches, canoes, skiffs, punts, yawls, gigs and dinghies, and, as one might expect, the Thames builders are well to the fore, viz.: Duntton, of Shepperton; Hammerton, of Long Ditton; East, of Reading; Andrews, of Maidenhead; Turk, of Kingston; Shaw, of Marlow, and Simpson, of Teddington. Other builders too have excellent exhibits: Messrs. Simpson, Strickland & Co., of Dartmouth, show a nice 33ft. launch, fitted with Kingdon's patent engines, and a Thornycroft water-tube boiler of the newest type with water-tube fire bars. The Liquid Fuel Engineering Co., of Cowes, exhibit a highly finished pair of compound engines of 10 horse power to work at 600 revolutions with 250lbs. steam pressure. The weight of these engines with pumps complete is 185lbs. According to the catalogue they intend to show before the exhibition closes a new 25ft. motor launch, which they are now building for the Prince of Wales's yacht Britannia. The British Aluminium Co. exhibit a launch constructed by Messrs. Escher, Wyss & Co., of Zurich, of aluminum plates and fitted with a petroleum engine; and the Daimler Motor Co. are showing a smart 33ft. launch, the property of the Hon. Evelyn Ellis (who for the last four seasons has had her in use for up-river trips), and also a Daimler motor carriage. The Daimler motor was fully described in the *Engineer* of Dec. 20.

Messrs. Sargent, of Wootton, Isle of Wight, exhibit a yawl-rigged boat with electric motive power as an auxiliary, which craft will run nine hours with one charge at a speed of five miles per hour. The New-Mayne Syndicate of Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W., show their patent rudder motor, by the application of which any rowing boat may be propelled by electricity. This contrivance consists of a bulb-shaped reservoir for fitting on the base of the rudder, at the forward end of which is a propeller driven by electricity stored in cells placed under the boat's thwart. Messrs. Glaser, Brewers & Co. are also exhibiting life buoys and deck and boat cushions as life-saving appliances, stuffed with reindeer hair in watertight cases, which material is considerably lighter than cork. There are other life-saving appliances on view, also sea anchors, oil distributors, line throwing apparatus and other accessories and utensils useful to yachtsmen.

The catalogue of the exhibition contains an abridged history of yachting by Mr. E. A. du Plat, B. A., who organized the exhibition.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 10 at the Waldorf, Com. George J. Gould presiding. In his report Com. Gould suggested the co-operation of the yacht owners of the club with the regatta committee in order that the races and annual cruise of the club might be made more interesting, offering to give prizes for events to be arranged by the regatta committee. He also suggested a repetition of the programme of last year, with a rendezvous at Larchmont on July 3, the cruise beginning on July 5 after the Larchmont annual. An invitation from the Larchmont Y. C. to rendezvous at Larchmont for the cruise was read. On motion of Fleet Capt. Watson it was resolved that the commodore's report be printed and sent to all members. Sec'y Austen reported that the club numbered 229 yachts, with a membership of 400, a gain of 30 yachts and 106 members last year. Treas. Winttingham reported a balance of \$4,000 in the treasury above all indebtedness. The sum of \$1,500 was appropriated for the regatta committee and the date of June 16 was selected for the annual regatta. The following officers were elected: Com., George J. Gould, str. Atlanta; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. Sackem; Rear-Com., John H. Hanan, str. Embury; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., Henry J. Gielow; Trustees: Philip G. Sanford, J. Rogers Maxwell, Thomas L. Arnold, Alex. P. Ketcham, J. Fred. Ackerman and Thomas L. Watson; Membership Committee: Louis F. Jackson, Spencer Swain and Henry W. Banks, Jr.; Regatta Committee: John L. Bliss, Henry J. Gielow, David E. Austen, W. L. Gerrish and George W. McNulty.

On motion of the regatta committee the racing rules were amended, the basis of the allowance tables being changed from 50 to 60 per cent. and the following amendments passed:

Rule IV.—Strike out concluding paragraph, "Any yacht entered in a class in which there are no other entries shall sail in the next class above her own which fills, and shall be rated at her actual measurement."

Rule VIII.—Strike out second paragraph and substitute the following:

"Distinguishing numbers are assigned to each sailing yacht enrolled in the club and published as the racing number of the yacht in the club book classification, which numbers must be provided by each yacht and be fastened to the mainsail above the reef points. Yachts of other clubs will be furnished with distinguishing numbers or letters by the regatta committee."

Rule XIII.—Strike out first paragraph and substitute "The starting line will be an imaginary one between the Craven's Shoal buoy and a stakeboat anchored to the westward of said buoy. All yachts must cross this line, leaving said buoy on port hand."

Lines 6 and 7, strike out "between buoy No. 11 and a stakeboat anchored to the southward and eastward," and substitute "between Craven's Shoal buoy and a stakeboat anchored to the westward."

Rule XVI.—Strike out the entire rule and substitute as follows: "All starts shall be flying. The time at the start and finish shall be taken when the point marked by the foremost in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls crosses the line. If this point in any yacht be across the line when the proper starting signal for such yacht is given, she must return and recross the line."

"A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line, after the starting signal for any class has been given, must keep clear of and give way to all competing yachts. Each yacht must cross the starting line after the proper starting signal for the class in which she is entered."

Changes were also made in the starting signals, etc.

Rule XXVII.—Add the following paragraph: "If in a class but one yacht starts, such yacht, after having completed the course as above stated, shall be entitled to a walkover prize of one-half the value of the prize offered in that class; and if five or more yachts start in one class, a second prize of one-half the value of the first prize shall be awarded to the yacht second to complete the course, corrected time."

An amendment increasing the number of meetings to four in each year was lost. The proposal of the Sea Gate Club that the Atlantic Y. C. should establish itself permanently at Norton's Point, Coney Island, was referred to the trustees.

Seawanhaka International Cup.

The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has issued the following circular relating to the international cup established last year by the club:

"The experiment of introducing an international contest as a means of arousing greater interest in small yacht racing was successfully tried by this club during the season of 1895. Through the efforts of Mr. William Willard Howard, a well-known American canoeist, and of this club, Mr. J. Arthur Brand, representing the Minima Y. C. of London, England, was induced to visit the United States with his 15ft. yacht Spruce IV., and to sail for the challenge cup offered by this club for international competition between small yachts. In September last a series of five hard fought and exciting races were sailed, of which Spruce IV. won two and Ethelwynn, the successful defender of the cup, won three."

These contests attracted general attention, and have resulted in the construction or projected construction of a larger number of these handy little vessels, not only in the vicinity of New York, but also at many other points throughout the United States and Canada.

Several challenges for the cup for matches during 1896 have already been received from clubs in Canada and Great Britain. A challenge from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal on behalf of Mr. G. H. Duggan has been accepted, and the races will take place probably from July 13 to 18. This challenge is for a match in the 15ft. racing length class (Seawanhaka measurement). A later challenge in the same class by the Royal Corinthian Y. C. of London on behalf of Mr. Linton Hope is also under consideration. The defense of the cup is open to yachts owned by members of yacht clubs of the United States in good standing, and trial races will be held as hereinafter stated to determine the choice of a yacht to defend the cup.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. earnestly desires to interest other yacht clubs in providing for the defense of the cup. For the information of any who may be interested in the subject, and especially for the guidance of those who may contemplate making entries in the trial races, the race committee announce the following general conditions governing the cup, which are extracts from the declaration of trust executed by the Seawanhaka Club, and the following general regulations for the control of the match and trial races, subject to such modification of detail as may hereafter be agreed upon with the challenger:

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CUP.

Article I. The cup shall be known as the "Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts," and shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. The term "foreign," as used in this instrument, shall be so construed as to permit contests for the cup between any country and its colonies and dependencies, and between such colonies or dependencies themselves.

Article II. Any organized yacht club in good standing of any country, foreign to the country of the yacht club in whose custody the cup may be, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup and to sail a match therefor, provided that such challenge shall be made and such match be sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

Article III. Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement or size shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so-called "25ft. racing length class" or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called "15ft. racing length class" of the Seawanhaka Club, as such classification exists at the date of this instrument; or whose racing measurement or size, according to the rules of the club having at the time of challenge the custody of the cup, falls within the limits of size substantially corresponding to the limits above specified.

Article IV. All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club. Neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, but the match shall be sailed to a conclusion between the yachts selected for or sailing the first race thereof, and no substitution of one yacht for another shall be permitted after the preparatory signal of the first race has been given.

Article V. A match shall be constituted of not less than three nor more than five races, and shall be awarded to the club whose representative yacht shall win a majority of such races.

Article VI. The representative yachts of the challenging and challenged clubs must be constructed in the respective countries of such clubs. Centerboards or plates or sliding keels shall always be permitted in construction and no restriction shall be placed upon their use. All ballast must be fixed.

Article X. The helmsmen sailing the representative yachts in the match must be amateurs and must be residents of the countries of their respective clubs. The challenging and challenged clubs must name in writing, each to the other or to their respective representatives, at least 24 hours before the day appointed for the first race, the helmsmen who will sail their representative yachts, and such helmsmen shall sail such yachts in all the races of the match unless prevented by illness or other substantial cause, in which event substitutes will be allowed.

Article XI. The challenging and the challenged clubs may by mutual agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, rules of measurement, sailing regulations, notices, or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, and may also by mutual agreement waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof, provided, however, that the limit of the racing length or the size of the competing yachts shall in no event exceed the maximum limit as established by this instrument in Article III. thereof, unless the consent in writing of the Seawanhaka Club to so increasing such limit shall first have been obtained.

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE MATCH AND TRIAL RACES FOR 1896.

I. The courses shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay, or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class, each leg of the triangular course shall be 2 nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be 3 nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles.

II. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.

III. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

IV. Yachts must not exceed 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{L \times W \times \sqrt{\text{Sail area}}}{2} = \text{Racing length.}$$

V. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 800lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent crew.

VI. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

VII. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

VIII. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinnaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.

IX. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

The race committee also announce the following programme for the trial races, subject to change, of which due announcement will be given:

Trial races to select the defender for the year 1896 of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, June 22, 23, 24.

COURSES.

1. The course for the first and third races shall be triangular and shall be as follows:

Triangular Course—From a line between Centre Island Buoy off the entrance to Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, and the committee steamer anchored southeast of the same.

E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.—Two miles to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.

N.W.—Two miles to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.

S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.—Two miles to the finish line between Centre Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored northwest of the same.

Course to be sailed over twice; total distance, 12 nautical miles. On the second round yachts will leave Centre Island Buoy on the port hand.

Note.—The race committee may in their discretion direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the northwest of Centre Island Buoy. In this case the committee steamer will be anchored southeast of Centre Island Buoy at the finish.

2. The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.

Course to Windward or Leeward and Return—From a line between Centre Island Buoy and the committee steamer to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the starboard hand; distance 3 miles and return; course to be sailed over twice; total distance, 12 nautical miles. The direction will be signalled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least 15 minutes before the preparatory signal.

STARTS AND SIGNALS.

The start will be a one-gun flying start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Centre Island Buoy and the committee steamer.

First Signal—Preparatory (whistle 15 seconds long). The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted. There will be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal—Start (whistle 15 seconds long). The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that the flag and balls constitute the signals, the whistle merely calling attention thereto.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor and not necessarily the winner of the majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

2. The owner of each yacht entering for trial races must, on or before June 20, furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht, certified by the measurer of the Seawanhaka Club.

3. Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

4. In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

ENTRIES.

All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary of the race committee, and will receive printed or written blanks upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Oyster Bay will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

In connection with these conditions, we give a chart of the waters on which the races will be sailed.

Spruce and Ethelwynn.

In a letter in a recent issue of the *Field*, the writer, a Mr. Joseph Parker, of Boston, tries to depreciate the position of Spruce IV. in the half-rating class in England, and also of Ethelwynn in her victories over Spruce IV. at Oyster Bay. Mr. Parker, who from his statements certainly did not see the Oyster Bay races, misrepresents entirely the performances of Ethelwynn as compared with Spruce. Mr. J. Arthur Brand writes in reply the following letter to the *Field*:

In justice to Mr. C. Field and Mr. W. P. Stephens, the owner and designer of the Ethelwynn, I cannot allow the remarks of Mr. Joseph Parker, of Boston, Mass., U. S. A., to go unchallenged; besides, they are most unfair to Spruce and her designer and builder, Mr. H. C. Smith, of Oxford. Spruce was the fastest half-rater in England, running and reaching in light winds, when the challenge was made, as the extract of my letter to Minima Y. C. on the day the formal challenge was sent proves: "I have built Spruce IV., and she has had several trial tests, and I am now in every way satisfied that she is most satisfactory for sailing for the Seawanhaka Cup in America. I have consulted an eminent American yachtsman, and he is of my opinion. The weather and winds in Oyster Bay, where the races are to be sailed, are light, and the waters smooth, and Spruce IV. has been designed for that weather, and in such she has proved herself wonderfully fast, particularly in running and reaching, and since her alterations she holds her own when beating to windward; and when she is fitted with her American canvas she ought to prove a smart boat altogether in the light winds." After losing four races running in her own weather, Spruce was hauled up, and her plate was found very badly bent. She then had two new plates put into her and all but 50lbs. taken off her bulb, the last of which plates she raced with in America, which wonderfully improved her to windward. This 50lbs. bulb even ought to have been off when racing on the other side. Spruce, who could not be touched by the other English half-raters she met, running and reaching, was beaten by Ethelwynn on these points; it was only going to windward that Spruce could get away from her. In what would be ordinary light winds in England Ethelwynn could walk round Spruce, but in a blow and very light airs Spruce turned the tables on the American. The bulb-keepers Rags and Viva would not have had a chance except on Thursday, Sept. 26, when they would have beaten Spruce by some ten minutes; but she beat the Ethelwynn that day. Perhaps, sir, you will kindly state why Spruce was left out when you gave the account of the half-rating races. Her record was in your table, though I was unable to give it you through my absence in America. By Thalassa's order of merit Spruce was third on the list of the boats she had met, Rag first and Viva second. I may state it was not three prizes that Spruce won, but fifteen.

We cannot quite reconcile Mr. Brand's claim of Spruce's superiority to windward with the facts in the two final races, Ethelwynn beating her on the four windward legs of the two races.

The *Yachting World* of Jan. 31, with which paper Mr. Brand is connected, has an editorial on "International Small Rater Races," apropos of the Linton Hope challenge, which concludes as follows after reference to Mr. Hope's allusion to "frivolous protests": "Now, as is well known, Mr. J. Arthur Brand, who raced Spruce IV. against Ethelwynn last year, lodged a protest against the cup being awarded to the American boat, and it looks uncommonly as if Mr. Linton Hope was expressing an opinion in the above extract as to the merits of that protest. We should be extremely glad to hear from the gentleman in question that he had no such intentions, as at the present moment the Minima Y. C. has taken up Mr. Brand's protest and claims the cup, as Ethelwynn not only unshipped her ballast, but took out 50lbs. of lead on the morning of the Monday's race, which was not replaced until Friday."

With the first part of these remarks we are not concerned, but the statement about the ballast infers that the rules were in some way violated by Ethelwynn. There was nothing in the rules or conditions to prevent a boat from altering her ballast during the series of races provided that she did not exceed her class measurement. Ethelwynn was officially measured with 100lbs. of lead aboard and also with 150lbs., her racing length with the greater weight being only 14.62 as compared with Spruce's 15ft. She sailed the races of the first five days with but 100lbs. of ballast; but on coming in from the fifth race, in view of Mr. Field giving place to a man some 45lbs. lighter, a written notice was sent to the committee that the other 50lbs. would be shipped, and it was put aboard on Thursday afternoon and carried on Friday

and Saturday. There is nothing in the rules to prohibit this, nor was any protest made by Mr. Brand over what he now claims to be irregular, the failure to carry the extra 50lbs. in the early races.

It is quite true that on Saturday morning, when Ethelwynn was beached and turned on edge for cleaning, four pigs of lead were lifted out, as they could not safely be left in the boat; but they were replaced as soon as the boat was set afloat.

We should be extremely glad to hear from the Minima Y. C. that it is not seeking to claim the cup on such a frivolous protest, and also that it would not pride itself on winning three races—one by a rank fluke (at the end of the first round on Sept. 25), one by the groundless withdrawal of her rival on Sept. 26, and one by a purely technical protest. Mr. Brand freely admitted during the races that Ethelwynn was the better boat, and that she could be made to go faster with proper handling, and he must know that he was fairly and squarely beaten under his own conditions in the two final races. It is unfortunate that he has not seen fit to accept the result in public with good grace after admitting in private that his boat was really beaten on her merits.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 13, with Com. Brown in the chair and 137 members present. Immediately after the meeting was called to order the following was offered by Lewis Cass Ledyard:

Whereas, The Earl of Dunraven, an honorary member of this club, has publicly made certain statements charging that foul play was practiced by those in charge of the Defender in the recent races for the America's Cup, and upon investigation of said charges made by a committee of this club, appointed on Nov. 18, 1895, and participated in by Lord Dunraven and his counsel, it clearly appeared that the said charges were not only untrue, but, in fact, wholly unwarranted and unsupported by any reasonable grounds of suspicion. Lord Dunraven has neither retracted the said false charges, nor offered any apology for making the same. Under these circumstances it is, in the judgment of this club, manifestly improper that the Earl of Dunraven should continue to enjoy the privileges of honorary membership therein. Therefore,

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to inform the Earl of Dunraven that his resignation as an honorary member of the New York Y. C. is requested by the club.

Secretary Oddie then read the following cable:

LONDON, Feb. 12.

Oddie, N. Y. Y. C., N. Y.:

Forwarded letter Rives Saturday; Phelps to-day.

DUNRAVEN.

J. Pierpont Morgan, of the special committee, then made the following motion, which was carried by a vote of 25 to 10, there being thirty-five voting members present:

"In view of the dispatch which has just been read by the secretary, it seems to me unwise that the club take any action to-night on the resolution offered by Capt. Ledyard. Not that we are not in a position to do so, but we have extended to Lord Dunraven every courtesy up to this time, and I think it would be a mistake, in the face of a dispatch from him stating that there are letters on the way, to act too hurriedly to-night, when we can just as well do it a few days later. I would therefore move that this meeting be adjourned to two weeks from to-night, Feb. 27, to take action on the resolution offered by Capt. Ledyard."

The reports of officers and committees were then read, the secretary's report showing a membership of 1,127 and a fleet of 297 yachts. Ogden Golet, str. White Ladye, offered two cups of \$1,000 and \$500 for schooners and cutters, to be raced for off Newport on the cruise. A letter from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. relating to a conference of representatives of the larger clubs for the purpose of securing a uniformity of racing rules was read and referred to the regatta committee with power.

The following officers were elected: Com., Edward M. Brown; Vice-Com., Henry C. Ward; Rear-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, M. J. Asch, M. D.; Regatta Committee: S. Nicholson Kane, Archibald Rogers, Gouverneur Kortright; Committee on Admissions: Frank T. Robinson, Charles McK. Looser, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Daniel T. Worden and Joseph Stickney; House Committee: Edward E. Chase, Arthur Ingraham, H. Edward Ficken, Robert S. Bowne and Frank M. Cronise; Library Committee: Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and Theodore C. Zerega; Committee on Club Stations: Wm. H. Thomas, Wm. Butler Duncan, Jr., Clarence McKim, L. Vaughan Clark, Tarrant Putnam, Frederick P. Sands, George S. Payson and Henry C. Ward.

The following new members were elected: John C. de La Vergne, C. W. Clinton, Wm. Watson Caswell, John A. Spoor, Harry E. Converse, the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Edwin P. Baugh, Jr., Chauncey M. Depew, Robert Golet, 2d, Robert D. Evans, Alfred Scheitlin, George Lord Day, Col. Francis Vinton Greene, Caleb G. Evans, Josiah M. Fiske, Jr., Walton Ferguson, Jr., J. Montgomery Strong, Matthew A. Wilks, Richard Stevens, Peter A. B. Widener, Frederic Elliott Lewis, Edward F. Darrell, Charles Fleischman, Horace Clark Duval, George S. Hoyt, M. J. O'Brien and C. C. Hibbard.

Navy Members—Lieut. Wm. H. Chambers, Engineer U. S. N.; Com. Royal B. Bradford, U. S. N.; Lieut. Mark L. Bristol, U. S. N.; Capt. Benj. Rives Russell, U. S. M. C.; Lieut. Roger Welles, Jr., U. S. N.; Lieut.-Com. Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., and Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N.

Honorary Members—Hon. Edward J. Phelps, Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.

Flag Members—Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell and Mrs. George Lewis.

Vedette and Echo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The item recently published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* concerning the Queen's cup race of 1895 is incorrect in several particulars; the main facts of the case being as follows: The Queen's cup is to be raced for by three classes or divisions, and under the management of the club at whose home port the race is sailed—in this case the Royal Hamilton Y. C. of Hamilton. Vedette, which has raced twice in the lowest class and once in the class above, had notice in writing on June 29, two days before the race, that she was over 32ft. and could not enter. Cyprus, of Toronto, and Alert, of Hamilton, both smaller than Vedette, were also notified that they were over the limit, and did not start. Echo, which, by the way, is enrolled in the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton, but not the Royal Hamilton, did not protest, for the reason that she won the cup and was awarded it by the only parties having authority to award it. Neither the Royal Hamilton nor the Victoria Y. C. has consented to the appeal to outside parties, and neither has sent any evidence. The Royal Canadian Y. C. took the matter into its own hands in submitting the case to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

H.

British Opinion.

We have been unable to give space to the current comments of the British papers on the Dunraven matter, but many of them have taken a very fair and liberal view of the case. We take pleasure in reprinting the following, the leading article from the *Yachtsman* of Feb. 6:

In another column we publish the report of the special committee appointed by the New York Y. C. to examine and report upon the charges made by Lord Dunraven in reference to the shipment of extra ballast on board the Defender after she was measured. The report will indeed go far to convert even the most rabid partisan of Lord Dunraven in his late unworthy war of words. Throughout it is couched in very courteous language, and although the *verbatim* report of the evidence has not yet been received in this country it is abundantly clear that there was no foundation in fact for the insinuations to which Lord Dunraven has committed himself. The perusal of the document will, we have no doubt, tend to raise the prestige of the New York Y. C. in the minds of all lovers of fair play. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that such leading London journals as the *Times* and the *Globe* should have thought fit to publish misleading and, in some respects, unfair criticisms of the committee's judgment in their editorial columns. If any people still continue to believe in the truth of Lord Dunraven's accusations re the trim of the Defender, it would be well for them to ask why none of the so disreputable crew of the Defender and Hattie Palmer offered to sell their guilty secret when this widely advertised inquiry was on foot? We do not for a moment believe that Lord Dunraven would have consented to such a mode of securing evidence in substantiation of his pamphlet, but in the case of such a dishonest crew the offer at least might have been reasonably expected.

Let us put the Royal Yacht Squadron in the place of the New York club, and suppose that such an action as that charged against those responsible for the management of the Defender had been leveled by Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll against the Briannia on the occasion of the match for the Cape May Cup in 1883. The premier club could not have behaved with a better grace than the New York Y. C. has shown throughout this unparalleled episode. Such charges as those made by Lord Dunraven did not leave room to acquit Mr. Iselin from complicity in the fraud described—a mere disclaimer to that effect on the part of the accuser was powerless to prevent some of the odium from attaching to everyone concerned in the Defender's management—and therefore the club was bound to deal with the subject in the most thorough manner. The gentlemen selected to judge of the case are men of the highest possible integrity, and in order that there should be no room for doubt as to the thorough impartiality of the inquiry, the Royal Yacht Squadron was invited to join the N. Y. Y. C. in the matter. This the club refused to do, and whatever may have been the reason

for the refusal it cannot be taken as a very high mark of sympathy with Lord Dunraven's action, while the offer of the N. Y. Y. C. leaves no room for disputing in any shape or form the judgment delivered by its special committee.

It is to be regretted that Lord Dunraven did not wait until the committee had finished hearing the evidence, but it is satisfactory to have had his own assurance that it has acted with strict impartiality. With this knowledge we feel sure that the hint contained in the report will not be lost upon him, and that the *amende honorable* will not be withheld. Thus one of the most unfortunate occurrences in the annals of yachting will be brought to a happy conclusion. Lord Dunraven will no doubt express his regret in a fitting form, and assuredly the report before us has rendered this very easy for him. If we might suggest such a thing, the "shake hands and be friends" might take the shape of a series of private matches between the Defender and Valkyrie next season off Marblehead.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.
Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.
Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.
Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.
APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the pursuer of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by pursuer, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.		
Name.	Club.	City.
Robert O'Shea.....	Knickerbocker C. C.	New York city.
Francis B. O'Shea.....	Knickerbocker C. C.	New York city.
H. G. Rodenstein.....	Knickerbocker C. C.	New York city.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.												
CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 9.—Hasenzahl and Paynes shot their second 80-shot match to-day, Payne winning by 5 points. Scores: Payne 618, Hasenzahl 613. All shooters were handicapped to-day by a blinding glare from the snow-covered ground, making it a difficult matter to discover the bullseye. The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black.												
Hasenzahl.....	7	10	8	10	9	9	9	9	8	10	—89	
Payne.....	7	10	8	8	7	10	8	7	10	9	—84	
Louis.....	9	9	7	9	9	9	8	7	9	8	—84	
Wellington.....	5	9	7	9	7	9	8	10	10	8	—82	
Weinheimer.....	10	6	4	8	7	7	9	7	7	—72		
Drube.....	5	6	9	7	5	9	10	9	6	9	—75	
Hasenzahl.....	8	6	9	6	8	10	9	5	4	6	—71	
Payne.....	7	7	6	8	10	10	8	8	9	—81		
Louis.....	8	9	7	7	8	10	6	9	8	—79		
Wellington.....	7	10	7	5	10	6	9	8	8	—77		
Weinheimer.....	6	9	9	7	9	8	7	8	6	—77		
Drube.....	9	8	7	6	10	10	9	7	7	—80		
Hasenzahl.....	9	6	6	10	8	10	7	8	4	—76		
Payne.....	7	7	9	6	7	6	10	6	5	—68		
Louis.....	5	9	8	6	8	7	8	5	5	—69		
Wellington.....	8	10	7	10	7	10	8	6	9	—85		
Weinheimer.....	8	7	7	9	7	10	8	9	6	—78		
Drube.....	7	7	6	7	7	10	7	10	6	—77		
Hasenzahl.....	6	8	10	9	5	5	10	8	8	—65		
Payne.....	7	8	8	8	9	10	9	8	9	—85		
Louis.....	8	10	6	5	10	7	9	8	10	—84		
Wellington.....	10	6	6	5	9	7	10	8	10	—78		
Weinheimer.....	7	9	6	9	6	9	10	4	8	—75		
Drube.....	7	7	10	8	9	9	9	9	6	—83		
Hasenzahl.....	8	8	5	7	9	9	10	8	9	—82		
Payne.....	9	9	8	8	6	8	9	7	6	—80		
Louis.....	8	8	8	10	7	10	9	7	6	—78		

Dominion Off-hand Rifle Association.												
PARRY SOUND, Ont., Canada, Feb. 8.—Below are the scores made yesterday and to-day by the clubs forming the Dominion Off-hand Rifle Association, the scores being shot on the respective ranges of the clubs:												
King City Club.												
100yds.												
J J Cameron.....	10	10	10	9	7	—46	10	10	9	8	—45	—91
A Carley.....	10	9	10	9	6	—44	10	9	10	8	—46	—90
J W Crossley.....	10	9	10	10	8	—47	9	10	6	10	—43	—90
E Braund.....	10	7	9	9	6	—41	9	9	8	10	—46	—87
A B Crossley.....	8	8	8	9	7	—40	6	0	6	10	7	—29—69—427
Bradford Club.												
H Parker.....	9	10	10	10	10	—49	10	9	10	8	9	—46—95
D Neilley.....	9	10	9	9	7	—44	9	9	5	9	10	—42—86
W McWilliams.....	10	7	9	10	8	—44	8	9	10	10	3	—40—84
A McWilliams.....	10	7	7	7	9	—40	7	8	2	9	9	—35—75
J Neilley.....	8	8	9	6	10	—41	7	8	6	6	5	—32—73—413
Perry Sound Club.												
R O Stokes.....	10	8	8	10	9	—45	10	10	8	10	46	—91
W Stafford.....	10	10	10	10	8	—43	7	4	10	6	10	—37—85
D F Macdonald.....	10	7	8	10	—43		4	3	3	10	10	—30—73
J Morrish.....	10	10	7	9	9	—45	10	5	6	1	5	—27—72
R W George.....	5	7	6	8	5	—31	9	6	10	3	9	—37—68—389
D. F. MACDONALD, Sec'y.												

Zettler Rifle Club.												
NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—The weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club was held this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. There were 13 members present, and of this number, one, Louis Flach, scored the first highest possible of the season—250. Dr. J. A. Boyken was in great form also, making 4 scores of 247 and 1 of 244. Gus Nowak, being in arrears, shot up 2 of his back scores; H. D. Muller also shot a back score. Below are the details:												
Dr J A Boyken.....	247	244	247	247	247		H Holges.....	237	243	238	243	246
S Buzzini.....	235	241	234	236	232		H Muenz.....	229	233	238	235	233
G W Downs.....	233	239	235	236	224		G Nowak.....	238	237	238	242	242
M B Engel.....	235	240	242	243	243			239	240	245	240	244
Dr W J Furness.....	236	236	238	239	234			242	244	240	237	242
L Flach.....	241	241	244	250	243		F O Ross.....	242	243	243	246	245
H D Muller.....	242	238	241	237	240		C G Zettler.....	235	242	235	226	233
	240	231	235	239	245		B Zettler.....	240	241	243	246	241

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 11.—Thirteen members of the Pittsburg Rifle Club put in an appearance at the club's weekly shoot this evening. The conditions were: Off-hand, 40yds. range, standard target. Scores.

Av.

Staib.....	68	67	73	61	68	—67
Hal Hofmeister.....	73	75	60	69	67	—69
Sorg.....	69	67	67	68	—65
Schmidt.....	71	72	68	52	—66
Fred Ingersoll.....	76	76	68	72	70	—72
L Ittel.....	74	76	78	75	80	—77
L F Ingersoll.....	64	83	76	79	86	—77

Av.

Lincoln.....	75	73	71	77	85	—76
Burt.....	59	68	66	—64
Hodgdon.....	74	74	77	80	—76
Lawrence.....	66	79	74	—73
Vandergriff.....	60	55	60	—63
Will Hodgdon.....	56	63	52	—57

HALL.

Rifle Notes.
The New York Rifle Club's weekly meeting was set for Feb. 12; this club holds its meetings at Zettler's gallery every Wednesday evening. On the above date only two members shot their strings: R. J. Young's two best scores were 245 and 240, while his score on the honor target was 73. The other member present was out of form and did not register his scores.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold a ladies' prize day on March 24, when the ladies who are relatives of the members of the club will compete for prizes offered by the gentlemen.

The question as to whether there is to be another National Schuetzenfest at Glendale Park this summer will be decided in the near future.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.
Feb. 21-22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; targets; team match, Rochester versus Buffalo, on Feb. 22. E. D. Hicks, Manager.
Feb. 21-22.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Winter tournament of the Memphis Gun Club; live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.
Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.
Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; morning—live birds; afternoon—targets.
Feb. 22.—RYE, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Rye Gun Club; live birds and targets.
Feb. 22.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Sweepstakes at Morristown Driving Park; live birds.
Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.
Feb. 27.—DUNKLEEN, N. J.—First tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League; League team race at 2 P. M.
Feb. 27-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forrester Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to amateurs only. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.
March 18-21.—BAYCESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; targets and live birds. F. L. Train, Captain.
March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.
March 31—April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apper and C. C. Hebbard.
April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.
April 14-17.—ATLANTON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1,000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.
April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.
April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.
April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap Shooters' Association; also open to all programme; \$1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.
April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.
April 30—May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.
May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.
May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.
May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.
May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.
May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.
May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.
May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.
May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.
May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.
May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30—June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.
June 1-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.
June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.
June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.
June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.
June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.
June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.
June 30—July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.
July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.
July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.
Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.
Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.
Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Yes in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 518 Broadway, New York.

Rolla Heikes sat down in his home at Dayton, O., on Feb. 12, and wrote us a nice little letter. We mention this fact because Rolla isn't given to writing us letters; we wish he were. We are not going to give his production in full, but will just give a juicy extract that will be of interest to all trap-shooters: "From present prospects this is going to be the banner year in trap-shooting circles, causing you many a shot with your pen, and myself many a moment of anxiety while waiting for the referee to call out 'dead bird.' I am aware that I have a heavy load on my shoulders, trying to set the pace for the many good shots who are after my scalp. The society is becoming warmer every year, and many new members are falling in line and gradually making their mark. Of course it is only a question of time how long I can keep up my gait. Should I continue to feel as I do this A. M., the boys will all know that I am still in the race." Considering that Rolla broke 50 straight at unknown angles on the 10th, two days before he wrote the above, he had reason for feeling pretty well. In W. Fred. Quimby's store in this city there is a large portrait of Rolla hanging on the wall; over it is the inscription "The daddy of them all." Charlie Hebbard wrote it and he wrote it well, for the title is one that fits.

The trap-shooters of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska are going to have a big time during the month of April. As already announced, April 14-17 are the dates for Lou Erhardt's great shoot at Atchison, Kan.; the next week is the State shoot at Omaha, Neb., under the management of Frank Parmalee, George Loomis and J. C. Read; the dates are April 21-24. This shoot will be followed by the annual Owl shoot of Kansas, at Joplin, Mo., April 28-30. In connection with this will be run the tournament of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and an open tournament as well. All will be under the auspices of the Joplin (Mo.) Gun Club, of which club W. G. Sergeant is the able secretary. The State shoot at Houston, Tex., during the Omaha week may take a few shooters away from the one at Omaha; but as these are both State affairs, neither will suffer very much probably from the clashing of dates.

The Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, Canada, is a new organization, having been in existence less than half a year. Jas. F. Morkell is the club's president, and C. H. Foss its secretary; the roster of the club shows a membership of 20 in good standing. In writing about his club, Mr. Foss says: "The weather since we organized last October has permitted the holding of a few practice shoots, all of which have been well attended; considering that all our members are novices, good progress has been made. The club is looking forward to contests with the neighboring clubs whom they hope to meet during the coming season." Mr. Foss adds that his club solicits correspondence from clubs in that vicinity with a view to team races as above.

The new target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club are located at Eighty-sixth street and Thirteenth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Secretary Pool has issued the following circular telling how to reach the grounds: "The Second avenue and Bensonhurst cars will take you direct to the grounds. Third avenue, Hamilton avenue and Court street cars, also Brooklyn Elevated connect with Second avenue line at Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue. Members from New York will find the Thirty-ninth Street Ferry a convenience. Boats leave the Battery, New York, every half hour and connect with Second avenue cars at Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn. Time from New York to grounds 45 minutes."

The programme for the Grand American Handicap is out, and we give elsewhere a very full synopsis of its contents. It is very seldom that so much space can be devoted to the notice of a programme; but this is something exceptional, as the Grand American Handicap week of 1896 will bring together a larger number of live-bird shots than were ever before gathered in front of the traps in this country. East, West, North and South, every part of this great country will be represented at Elkwood Park on March 25, when the opening gun in the Grand American Handicap is fired.

J. Emmett Haney, secretary-treasurer of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, and manager of the association's tournament, April 20-24, at Houston, Texas, is making every effort to have that shoot a success. A special feature of the shoot will be the programme on the fourth day of the tournament, April 23, which day will be known as "Manufacturers', Jobbers' and Dealers' Day." On that date the races will all be for merchandise prizes donated to the association by the above named "Manufacturers, etc."; the entrance fee in all these events will be the price of the targets.

The Ohio State League has decided to change its dates from the second week in May to June 9, 10 and 11. The change was made at a special meeting held at Dayton, O., on Feb. 7. This change does away with the clashing of dates for the above tournament and the big shoot at Memphis scheduled for the second week in May. The only tournament scheduled for the dates chosen in June is the New York State tournament at Buffalo, N. Y., with which the Ohio shoot cannot possibly conflict very seriously.

The death of Mr. John Neff, of Austin, Tex., which occurred quite recently, was a sad shock to his many friends. Death resulted from bullet wounds, the theory being advanced that a revolver which he was cleaning had gone off in his hands. Mr. Neff was very

Trap Around Buffalo.

NORRIS VERSUS D. F. SMITH.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 5.—B. F. Smith, of Audubon Park, and Norris, of this city, shot a couple of 100 target races to-day and broke even, each winning one. They then shot at 25 more targets to see who was to blame and Smith proved that it was Norris by breaking 19 to 16. Each race for \$3 a side, loser to pay for the targets. Norris made a good run in the last half of the first race, scoring 25 straight in the third series of 25 and 24 out of the last 25, making 49 out of the last 50. Full scores were as below:

Norris.....	1011111110111110110110001111111111001011011—38	
B F Smith.....	11111111111111111111111111111111111111—49—87	
B F Smith.....	01101111111001110011111111111111111111—34	
Norris.....	10111111100111011001111111111111110101101—38—72	
No. 2, same conditions:		
Norris.....	11011111100111011011001111111111111111—35	
B F Smith.....	110111100011011010011100110110001011100111—31—66	
B F Smith.....	011011101001111100011111111111111111111—34	
Norris.....	00111111111111011101111111111111111111—41—75	
No. 3, shoot-off:		
B F Smith.....	110111101111111111111111111111111111—19	
Norris.....	111011011110001000111111—16	

AT EAST AURORA.

Feb. 6.—Quite a large delegation intended to go to East Aurora, N. Y., this morning, but when the time for our train, 8:30, came, it was pouring down with rain, so all turned back but myself. I had a capital time—everybody does at Frank Kelsey's—and made some new friends, among them Mr. Pope, from Olean, N. Y. The scores made to-day were:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	10 15 25 25 25 25	Targets:	10 15 25 25 25 25
Pope.....	7 15 12 18 16 17	Olmstead.....	8 12 18 17
Foot.....	6 10 15 15 19 20	Andrews.....	6 13 23 20 18 23
B F Smith.....	7 12 22 22 18 19	Kelsey.....	8 15 23 22 23 18
Kenny.....	6 10 17 16 17	Pollock.....	15 18 22

Team race, 25 targets per man, losing team to pay for targets and refreshments. Score: Andrews's team: Andrews 23, B. F. Smith 21, Olmstead 20, Pollock 19—total 83. Kenny's team: Kelsey 23, Pope 20, Kenny 18, Foot 18—total 79.

AT AUDUBON PARK.

Feb. 7.—The Porter-Sorgel match, set for this day, did not come off, Porter being at home sick. Hankins and B. F. Smith shot at 15 live birds, Smith winning by killing his 15 to Hankins's 13. The scores were good ones, as a strong wind was blowing. This wind made the targets hard to hit when it came to shooting at them instead of live birds. There is a possibility of a long race being arranged between Smith and Hankins in the near future. The scores in to-day's events were as below:

No. 1.		No. 2.
B F Smith.....	222212232222-15	11011-4
R Hankins.....	1121102-111212-13	10101-3
A Combs.....		01001-2
P Smith.....		10011-3
O Besser.....		11101-4
No. 3.		

No. 2 was a 5-bird event, Bogardus rules, 15yds. rise, use of one barrel only, lost bird if killed within 10yds. of the trap.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	10 10 10 10 5 10	Targets:	10 10 10 10 5 10
Hankins.....	6 8 6	Sully.....	4 4
Combs.....	2	B F Smith.....	9 8 6 8 4 6
Avery.....	4 3	P Smith.....	4
Besser.....	9 8 7 8 1 8		

THE AUDUBON'S WEEKLY SHOOT.

Feb. 8.—Twenty-three members of the Audubon Gun Club put in an appearance at Audubon Park this afternoon with the intention of taking part in the regular weekly shoot of the club. C. S. Burkhardt, Forrester and A. Reinold carried off the honors in to-day's events. The boys are practicing hard with a view to giving the Rochester, N. Y., shooters a still harder rub than they gave them when they visited Audubon Park and carried home some Buffalo scalps. The ground to-day was covered with snow to the depth of 4 or 5 in., but the air was mild; taken altogether the conditions were not unfavorable ones for target-shooting. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	15 15 15 15 10	Targets:	15 15 15 15 10
C S Burkhardt.....	13 13 12 13 10	Woodbury.....	7 12 11
Forrester.....	15 8 13 14 10	Talsma.....	10 13 12 8
Reinold.....	12 12 15 12 7	Bennett.....	9 10 13 12 8
McArthur.....	6 8 13 12 9	E H Rounds.....	8 9 7 7
Northrup.....	11 10 9	Reed.....	7 8 10 11 5
Hanks.....	11 11 15 12 8	Eaton.....	4 9 5 4
Reinecke.....	8 10 13 6	Dr Sauer.....	3 3 5 3 4
E W Smith.....	12 12	Brown.....	8 11 10 6
G Miller.....	10 12 12 11 7	Middaugh.....	11 11 7 8
E Storey.....	4 9 5 7 8	Alderman.....	7 13 10 4
Robinson.....	4 11 5	Fisher.....	12 10 4
Haigh.....	8 9 9 8		

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Feb. 12.—The Boston Gun Club held another successful shoot this afternoon, about a dozen members appearing at the score in the sixth prize contest at Wellington. The afternoon was decidedly breezy and no one complained of lack of air. The dippers and swishers, according to which way the wind veered, served only to make it interesting, particularly when up for pairs. Mr. Spencer put in a splendid 18, closely seconded by Mr. Sawyer with 17. Scores tabulated below:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
Targets:	10 10 10 5 6 10 10 5 6 10 5 6 10 10 10 10 10 10
Chester (14).....	4 7 4 2 3 7 6 4 3 5 2 5 6 4 4 4 4 2
Sewall (16).....	6 4 6 3 4 7 1 4 6 3 5 6 6 4 5 4 4
Miskay (17).....	10 7 3 2 9 8 4 1 4 6 3 2 9 5 4 9 7
Bartlett (14).....	3 7 3 1 3 6 4 1 6 4 2 1 4 4
Horace (16).....	7 2 3 4 5 6 3 4 4 5 6 4 4 7 6 4
Parker (17).....	9 6 1 5 4 4 2 7 6 4 7
Sawyer (15).....	9 8 5 3 9 4 4 3 5 5 8
Sheffield (15).....	8 1 3 5 4 3 5 6 7 8 9 4
Spencer (17).....	9 4 4 10 4 4 6 7 5 10 8 6
Jack (16).....	7 2 4 7 2 5 4 3 3 4
Kirkwood (18).....	8 4 5 5 3 4 5 8 4

Events Nos. 3, 13, 14 and 17 were at reversed angles, No. 14 at 20yds.; events Nos. 4, 8 and 11 at unknown angles; Nos. 5, 9 and 12 at pairs, balance of programme being 10 birds, known angles; Nos. 15 and 18 at 25yds. distance. Nos. 10, 11 and 12 comprised match score, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs—resulting as follows: Spencer 18, Sawyer 17, Sewall 14, Horace 13, Bartlett 12, Chester 12, Sheffield 12, Kirkwood 12, Miskay 11, Parker 10. Spencer scored two straight 10s, Miskay one.

Airy Lou Hart's Programme.

THE "general information circular" issued by Lou Erhardt, mention of which was made last week, contains a lot of information that will be of interest to those who purpose attending the shoot to be given by Airy Lou Hart on April 14-17. The title of the shoot is "Second Manufacturers' Amateur Tournament," and means strictly what it says, the amateurs being well looked after. The programme will be modeled somewhat as follows: 4 amateur events, 20 targets, \$1 entrance, 4 prizes as follows: 1st prize, manufacturer's donation, cash, or a gun ranging in price from \$20 to a hammerless ejector; 2d prize, \$15 in cash; 3d and 4th prizes are respectively \$10 and \$5 in cash. In addition to the above there are also 4 open events of 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$25 added to each purse. One thousand dollars in cash prizes will be distributed during the tournament in addition to the purses.

In the circular Erhardt says: "This may be changed some, if sufficient shooters request it, before programme is issued. We may also add a championship event. Programme will be final. We would be pleased to have suggestions from those expecting to attend. We are going to give a square and fair shoot to suit the boys, not a few, but all. Last year's record (which you will find below) speaks for itself, and we say with pardonable pride, of the hundred gentlemanly shooters present not a one went away dissatisfied, but each and every one spoke in the highest terms of the tournament and promised to be here this year, and bring their friends. We hope so, boys, and let us make this the banner amateur tournament ever held on earth. All the cracker jacks will be here (but will shoot in open events only), so come and meet them, and listen to their argument why their guns and their nitro powders, etc., are the best."

The record in 1895 referred to above shows that in events 6, 7 and 8 there were 94 entries; the lowest entries in any events were recorded in Nos. 14, 16 and 17, 54 each. The average for the 17 events on the programme was 70, a very high average indeed as tournaments go. The 1896 tournament will be managed by Jack Parker, a guarantee that all will go smoothly.

The Season at Monte Carlo.

PRIX DES MARGUERITES.

JAN. 24.—The weather to-day was dull, but without wind; the sun did not show himself at all this afternoon, failing to be on hand for the first time this season. There were 49 entries in the Prix des Marguerites, but so good were the pigeons that 22 of that number fell down in the first round; the close of the 5th round found only 3 survivors out of the 49 starters, Mr. Dolan being among the number. The American killed 6 straight before retiring, M. Horodetzki (24 meters) ultimately winning with 9 straight; Gourgand and Maldura shot off the tie for second and third moneys, Gourgand winning on the 1st round. Scores:

Prix des Marguerites Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 49 subs.

Meters.	Meters.
24 M Horodetzki (1st, of £84).9	24 Mr Haunam.....4
25 M Gourgand.....4	24 M de Tavernost.....4
25 M O Maldura.....8	23½ M Albert.....4
27½ M d'O Vari.....7	30½ Mr Roberts.....3
23½ Mr Dolan.....6	30½ M Paul Gervais.....3
26½ M Duferron.....5	28 M Descharmays.....2
24 Signor C Grasselli.....5	26½ Baron de Monchoisy.....2
23½ M Paccardi.....5	24 Count Esterhazy.....2
26½ Signor Nocca.....4	24 Mr Mackintosh.....2
25 Signor Sani.....4	24 M Poutz.....2

Missed their second bird: Signor Calari (26 meters), Signor Riva and M. d'Hayes (25½), Prince Poniatowski (25), Mr. Sutcliffe, M. Thome and M. A. Poizat (24). Missed their first bird: M. Journu and Count Trauttmansdorff (29 meters), Signor Mainetto Ghido (28), Signor Asti Cesare (27½), M. de Jomisen (27), M. Lo (26½), M. Pinson (26), the Duke of Braganza, M. A. Ginet and Comte du Taillis (25½), Signor J. Grasselli, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Pearce (25), Mr. T. Brinckman, M. Pierre Sergueyeff, M. Lohienne, Signor Ratto, M. Brunel, M. de Voronka and Signor Pederzole (24), M. Lindes and Comte d'Elstoo (23½).

AN EXTRA DAY.

Jan. 25.—To-day was an extra day on the Monte Carlo programme, but there were not many shooters present, as the principal event had only £12 added. Mr. Robinson (24 meters) killed 10 straight and won first money; second and third moneys were divided between M. D'O. Vari (27½ meters) and M. Thome (24 meters).

PRIX DES VIOLETTES.

Jan. 28.—Mr. Dolan, the Philadelphian, shared first honors in to-day's event, the Prix des Violettes, with Signor Nocca. Both shooters killed 11 straight and then divided first and second moneys. Mr. Henry, an Irishman, took third money with 10 out of 11. There were 60 entries in the event; 21 missed the first bird, 19 more retiring in the second round. Signor Guidicini, a three-times winner of the Grand Prix, made his first appearance this season; his debut was decidedly creditable, as he killed 8 birds before he missed, being one out of the four left in at the end of the eighth round. The wind was blowing strongly, making the birds hard to get onto. Scores:

Meters.	Meters.
26½ Signor Nocca (divided first and second prizes of £132).....11	25½ M R Gourgand.....4
23½ Mr Dolan (ditto).....11	28 Count L Gayoli.....3
24 Mr Henry (third prize, of £22).....10	25½ Mr Robinson.....3
28½ Signor Guidicini.....8	24 Count Pierre Sergueyeff.....3
26½ Baron de Monchoisy.....7	29 Count Trauttmansdorff.....2
24 Signor Zuyrelli.....7	25 Signor Sani.....2
25 Signor Marconcini.....6	24 Mr Pearce.....2
26½ M Horodetzki.....4	24 Signor Pederzole.....2
Missed their second bird: Mr. Roberts (30½ meters), Signor Mainetto Ghido, M. Descharmays and M. d'O. Vari (25), M. Drevon (27½), M. Duferron and M. Lo (26½), Signor Farina (26), Signor Grasselli and Prince Poniatowski (25), Mr. Sutcliffe, M. Lohienne, Mr. Poutz, M. Brunel, Mr. Mackie, M. Moreaux, Count Esterhazy, M. de Pomian and Mr. Brinckman (24).	23½ M Albert.....2

Missed their first bird: Count Voss (28 meters), Signor Cesare (27½), M. Paul Gervais (26½), Signor Calari (26), Duke of Braganza and M. d'Hayes (25½), Signor Galetti, M. Thome, Signor Maldura and Signor Oliva (25), Signor Fiorini, M. Demonte, M. Hannan, M. de Tavernost, Signor Briscoe, M. A. Poizat and Mr. Halford (24), M. Paccard, M. Lindes, Signor G. Grasselli and Count d'Elstoo (23½).

PRIX DES LIS.

Jan. 29.—This was another of those glorious days that has so far characterized the Monte Carlo season of 1895-96. The wind of yesterday died away during the night, leaving the air still and calm. The attendance at the grounds was the largest this season, while the entry list for the Prix des Lis Handicap showed an increase over the other events decided to date. The total number of entries was 65, but so good were the birds that the close of the 6th round settled first and second moneys, Mr. H. J. Roberts (heavily handicapped at 30½ meters) and Signor Calari (26 meters) dividing £137 10s., first and second moneys. There were four ties for third money, Signor Galetti winning by killing his first two birds. Of the 65 shooters, 24 missed their first birds, 18 others (among them Mr. Dolan) dropping out in the 2d round. The scores:

Prix des Lis Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 65 subs.

Meters.	Meters.
30½ Mr Roberts (divided first and second, £137 10s.).....6	28 M Descharmays.....3
26 Signor Calari (ditto).....6	26½ M Paul Gervais.....3
26 Count L Gayoli.....5	26½ M Horodetzki.....3
25 Signor Galetti.....5	24 Mr Sutcliffe.....2
25 Signor O Maldura.....5	25½ M R Gourgand.....2
24 Signor Briscoe.....5	26½ Signor Marconcini.....2
27½ Signor Nocca.....4	24 Mr Poutz.....2
26 Signor Farina.....4	24 Mr Mack.....2
25 Signor Sani.....4	24 Grand Duke Peter of Russia.....2
24 Count Esterhazy.....4	24 M Demonte.....2
29 Signor Guidicini.....3	24 M Gourgand.....2
29 Count Trauttmansdorff.....3	

Missed their second bird: M. Drevon (29½), Signor Oliva and Baron de Monchoisy (26½), Mr. Henry (26), Duke of Braganza, Mr. Robinson, M. d'Hayes, Comte du Taillis and M. A. Ginet (25½), Mr. Dolan (25), M. de Tavernost, M. A. Poizat, M. Pierre Sergueyeff, Signor Georgini, M. de Pomian, Mr. Holt and M. de Maubenge (24), and M. Brunel (24).

Missed their first bird: Signor Mainetto Ghido and M. d'O. Vari (25), Signor Asti Cesare (27½), Signor Zuffelli and Signor Gorra (27), M. Dupernay and M. Lo (26½), M. Thome, Signor J. Grasselli and Prince Poniatowski (25), Herr Himmelbauer, Mr. Hannan, Mr. Pearce, M. Verdaine, Mr. Erskine, Signor Pederzole, Mr. Mackie, M. Chouquet, M. Lohienne and Mr. Halford (24), M. Albert, Signor G. Grasselli, M. Paccard and M. Lindes (23½).

THE GRAND PRIX DE CASINO.

Feb. 6.—The Grand Prix began yesterday with 4 birds at 26 meters; there were 117 entries, 15 being absentees. This is the largest entry ever known at Monte Carlo. To-day saw 8 more birds shot at from the 27-meters mark, three misses out. The winner was M. Journu, who killed all his 12 birds. Count Gajoli and M. Lo divided second money; third money was divided between Signors Colombo, Oliva and Calari. The Grand Prix de Casino is a sweepstake of £8 added to 20,000 francs and an objet d'art.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Feb. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the club was held to-day. A fierce and icy cold wind raced across the grounds, making the shooting difficult and disagreeable. Many expressions of disgust, warm, loud and of sundry hues, were turned loose by the members at the erratic flight of the targets as they cavorted, gyrated, and then dodged the shot while being toyed with by the wind. The warmth of the discussion somewhat tempered the chilly atmosphere that persistently hung around the scorer's stand, affording some little comfort to the gentleman with the pencil. The scores:

No. 1.	No. 3.
Nelson.....101010111100111110000111—16	010011001111010101111010—15
Dornin.....001001111111111111100111—18	1101111101010111110111—20
Scott.....0111010101111110100111—17	010011001011000010110101—15
Moorman.....00111001010110001110101—14	1111111111111111011010—21
Stearns.....010111101010011111111101—19	1110101111011111011101—20
Clark.....010111101010011111111101—15	0001101011111100010110—15
No. 2.	No. 4.
Nelson.....10110101111101011111100—18	000110010100101010100010—10
Dornin.....111111111111111111101111—24	011111111111111111101111—21
Scott.....10100001111110010110110—14	1100000100111111011010—16
Moorman.....0111001111110010101110—17	1110010101111101101110—19
Stearns.....1010111001111111111011—20	1101010111110010001011—15
Clark.....01000100110010000100111—11	11101010111111111011010—17
No. 5.	No. 6.
Nelson.....1111111101011011011010—20	1101001110010101111111—18
Dornin.....1111101111111111111111—24	0101001111111111111111—21
Scott.....0000001011010110111111—15	1101010101111010000100—13
Moorman.....0110100101011011010101—16	00111111000111111001101—17
Stearns.....1011101101010110001110—17	1111001010100101011111—17
Clark.....1111101000011111111101—19	

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 14.—The three-days' tournament given by the Baltimore Shooting Association, while not up to the expectations of the projectors in point of attendance, proved a very enjoyable shoot to those who were present, and served to add another laurel to the long list of victories of the veteran Capt. A. W. Money. The main event on Wednesday, Feb. 12, was the 25-bird race, handicap, \$25 entrance, for the Baltimore Shooting Association's challenge cup. With such well-known shooters at the 30yds. mark (as Brewer, Macalester and Fred. Hoey, and Capt. Money at 29yds.), the Baltimore boys felt that their chances of being in the divide were very small, and consequently did not enter. Money and Brewer tied on 24 and divided the purse, Capt. Money also taking the cup, Brewer not being eligible for the same. Capt. Money was immediately challenged for the cup by H. A. Penrose, race to be 100 birds, \$100 a side, and to take place within the next sixty or ninety days. The cup is a handsome loving cup, plain and simple in its ornamentation. The name of the winner is engraved on cup. If holder is challenged and cup won, name of second winner also is engraved thereon. From the shooting character of the membership of this Association, the outlook is that the cup will be kept continually on the move. After the cup shoot balance of day was devoted to sweep and miss-and-out shooting.

On Thursday, Feb. 13, the rain descended in torrents and put a quietus on shooting for that day, although all preparations were made for a good day's sport, heedless of the rain, but the shooters failed to materialize.

To-day was bright and beautiful, but cold and with about a 40-mile-an-hour zephyr blowing across the traps. The day was devoted to sweepstake shooting.

The scores made on Wednesday are given below, the results of some of the events being tabulated on account of pressure on our columns:

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	5 10 10 10	Targets:	5 10 10 10
C Macalester.....	5 10 8	Simon.....	5 9 10
F Hoey.....	5 10 7	Kingsbury.....	4 10 10
Bird.....	5 9 6 8	Sims.....	3 8 8 10
W Wagner.....	4 9 8 9	Smith.....	5 7 9
B Claridge.....	5 10 9	Cockey.....	8
Capt. Money.....	3 10 8	Ducker.....	7
J L Brewer.....	5 10 10	Thomas.....	10
Cunningham.....	3 9 4		

Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, \$25, handicap:
Capt A W Money (29).....22221222310122211212122—24
J L Brewer (30).....22222222222222222222—24
B Claridge (30).....21202221112221222212212—23
Chas Macalester (30).....22222222222222221222—1020—22
Kingsbury (28).....20022011121121221111211—21
Fred Hoey (30).....222202202222222220—15

Miss-and-outs, \$5 entrance, were shot as follows:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Hoey.....	21220	—4	2122222—7
Macalester.....	0	—0	1122220—6
Brewer.....	222212211—0	2211212—8	2111120—7
Money.....	12221122—9	0	—0
Kingsbury.....	20	—1	1121220—7
Claridge.....	12121212—9	112212—8	111212—8
Ducker.....	20	—1	20

No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Hoey.....222220—5	11222110—7	20 —1	10—1	22220 —4
Macalester.....211112—6	0 —0	2210—3	0 —0	222221—6
Brewer.....111110—5	22211222—8	2111—4	0 —0	222110—5
Money.....11110 —4	120 —2	2212—4	22—2	221121—5
Kingsbury.....22120 —4				
Claridge.....10 —1	21221222—8	20 —1	12—2	1210 —3
Sims.....110 —2
Thomas.....21 —1

No. 9 was the same, and resulted thus: Claridge, Brewer and Macalester 5, Simon 4, Bird 2, Hoey 1.

WILLEY WINS AT SINGAC.

FORRESTER GUN CLUB.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

DOTY DEFEATS SMITH BILL.

HILL AND BUDD SHOOT A TIE RACE.

BOILING SPRINGS VERSUS NEW UTRECHT.

Boiling Springs

New Utrecht.

Terrill's Team.

On Long Island.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1898, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

was held to-day at Dexter Park. The club event had only 4 entries, Harry Hoyer leading with 7 straight kills. The scores were: Henry Hever (28) 7, John J. Tiernan (27) 6, J. H. Jennings (28) 5, W. H. Smith (26) 4.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

PARKWAY GUN CLUB.

PARKWAY GUN CLUB.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Botty (28)	3	2	4	2
F A Thompson (28)	2	2	2	2

The Knoxville Gun Club's Certificate Contest.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 8.—The most elusive problem to be solved by both managers and shooters is the equitable (?) adjustment of the "shooting skill" which one individual possesses with that of one who has no such talent. The complex organization of man is such that no two individuals can ever hope to be perfect, and can only approximately approach that perfection by different gradations of either mental or physical development. The experience of life distinctly shows and absolutely sets apart the skill of one mechanic, one physician, one merchant, one lawyer, one shooter above the other—all due to the individual capacity for development by energy of purpose.

How does one lawyer excel another? If the successful attorney was asked to elucidate this proposition he would answer to this effect: It is accomplished only by hard study, persistent application and deep thought, combined with a tireless energy of purpose to succeed. The question arises, How can "the bar" handicap this man against the less informed and learned (?) brother on the other side of the question at trial? To raise him up to the same plane where success reaps its first reward?

The manufacturer muses to himself, "Come, devise a plan to equalize the weaker brother, or at least some plan to encourage him to attend the tournaments as well as the home club contests." Of course, his idea is for the shooter's pleasure and not his profit. On the other hand, the shooters say: "Let us get a show with the expert and we will attend the home and foreign meetings." Now, the main idea is, that if the club cannot induce a member of good or indifferent shooting capacity to attend club contests and only pay 1 cent for targets and no "contributions," how can you expect him to attend foreign meetings to donate his mite (?) with the hope of getting even, or of a future return?

Let us first encourage the home club contests; awaken an interest at home among the club members; stir up their dormant shooting instincts by an attractive club contest; offer cash inducements to get them out, and when out just "drag a leetle" on how they "knock the black out 'em," and my word for it the clubs of the country will be thick and the manufacturers will "smole a smile of sweet content," as those not paid are burning powder (and money).

Working on this line, that home rule governs to the best advantage for proper training, the Knoxville Gun Club has finally concluded, after two years of trial, that no plan yet devised for home club contests equals that as now modified and in use this year known as "the certificate handicap."

For the benefit of those whose inquiries are now to hand, also for the benefit of the cause at large, I will try and give briefly the details of this contest. It is very easy to understand and if properly carried out will prove of inestimable advantage to dormant clubs and of interest and excitement to the live organizations.

Conditions: 20 targets, 18yds. rise, known traps, unknown angles, rapid fire. The contest to be at the first 40 targets shot at by any member in two different races of 20 each race. Premiums attach to each.

Basis: The general average of the first 40 targets in all races shot at during the preceding year by the members of the club is taken and set apart as their per cent. basis.

A, general average found, 60%=12 out of 20.
B, general average found, 65%=14 out of 20.
C, general average found, 72%=15 out of 20.
D, general average found, 80%=16 out of 20.
E, general average found, 88%=17 out of 20.

A is placed in class that he must break 12 out of 20.
B is placed in class that he must break 14 out of 20.
C is placed in class that he must break 15 out of 20.

Now if A equals his per cent., 12 out of 20, and B equals his, 14 out of 20, the club pays or credits A and B with 10 cents or one-half his target money, charging at the club rate, 1 cent each target. If they exceed their per cent. basis, as an extra premium, the club offers a "certificate of merit" of the value of 25 cents. Hence each individual shoots against his own per cent. for a premium and not against all the club members for a single or more premiums. This per cent. basis either remains for the year or else is subject to an advancement with the skill of the shooter by a special committee of three, known as the "club contest arbitrators," who decide all disputed points that may arise. The target money credit is paid to the members at the end of the year. The "certificate of merit" is, however, open to a challenge by any other certificate owner, and right of challenge for the next meeting shall be commencing with the lowest score and up in order.

To determine who wins a challenge certificate, the process is as follows: A challenges D for his certificate; before either can win they must equal or exceed their per cent. basis—A=12 and D=16. If both fail they tie. If A makes his per cent., 12 out of 20, and D fails to make his 16 out of 20, then A wins. If they both exceed their per cent. they tie, that is, if A=13 and D=17, or A=14 and D=18 A wins if A=13 and D=16, because A exceeds his per cent. and D equals his per cent., and so in other cases. This gives the better shot a harder contest as his per cent. increases in proportion, but at the same time it does not handicap him out of the race and it likewise encourages the weaker shot.

The challenger must deposit with secretary a 25-cent fee, this to form a separate fund, to be divided 40, 30, 20, 10, to the four men holding the greatest number of certificates at the end of the year. No one can give or accept more than three challenges for any one meeting, and the failure of either party to be on hand on the agreed date (next meeting) forfeits his certificate to the party present; also the failure to attend by any member forfeits his rights for that club meeting.

These are the essential features that govern, and of course each club can improve any minor defects as they may arise to suit each club. To those who have never tried this plan I would say; commence now at the first of the year, and you will find that more enthusiasm will arise over challenge contests among the members than you can imagine. No one likes to be beaten, and nothing will enthrone new life in a dormant member more than the generous, gentlemanly rivalry that arises in a club certificate challenge contest and the earnest desire to retrieve lost laurels from the vic or.

R. VAN GILDER, Sec'y.

The Grand American Handicap.

The programme issued by the Interstate Association for its Grand American Handicap meeting, to be held at Elkwood Park, March 24-26, is to hand. In drawing up the programme the Association has exercised great care, and has, we think, fully explained every point that seemed to be in need of explanation. For that reason we give the programme and its contents as nearly as possible in its own language. The

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

deal with Elkwood Park, its location, and also with that important branch of the programme—the handicapping committee. It reads as follows:

"In presenting this programme of the fourth annual Grand American Handicap tournament to the general shooting public of America, we feel confident that the coming event will meet with the same hearty approval as have our previous tournaments. Elkwood Park, the place selected for holding the tournament, should meet with the general indorsement of all intending shooters. It is easy of access from New York by two different lines of steam railway. The time necessary to reach the grounds, one hour and a half without a change, with trains stopped at entrance to park, is nothing compared to the convenience when one gets there. Contestants who may not desire to return to New York at close of each day's shooting can secure ample and excellent accommodations at the Norwood Hotel, Branchport, about a half mile from the park, or at Long Branch, about one mile away, with plenty of conveyances at hand to carry them to and from the shooting grounds.

"It will be noted by the reader that the Interstate Association has made a radical departure as to the method of dividing the money in the main event. The plan as decided upon, and as explained at length elsewhere in this programme, will permit of the participation of a greater number of shooters in the division of the purse. This new system has been given the careful and thoughtful consideration of the Association, and we feel confident it will meet with the hearty approbation of competing sportsmen.

"The Handicap committee—Messrs. John S. Hoey, Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*; Edward Banks, of *Forest and Stream*; J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field*; and W. K. Park, of the *Sporting Life*—selected by the Association to handicap all contestants, are thoroughly posted as to the respective merits and in touch with the shooters of America. It is entirely unnecessary to add a word in commendation of the ability and fitness of the gentlemen named, they being well and favorably known wherever the sport of live-bird shooting is indulged in.

"The handicap of 1896 will be conducted on the same equitable lines as have characterized our previous tournaments. Each shooter taking part will be the recipient of every attention and just consideration consistent with the fairness that has always been a feature of the Interstate Association's events. May the best men win."

The next and probably one of the most interesting portions of the programme are the

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE HANDICAP.

The conditions are:

"Twenty-five live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yds. mark, \$1,000 divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., to the three highest guns. All money in the purse in excess of \$1,000 will be divided among high guns other than the three first. The number of parts into which the surplus money will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received.

Entrance money \$95, \$1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. In addition to first money the winner of same will be presented with a beautiful silver cup donated by Messrs. Phil Daly, Sr., and Phil Daly, Jr.

"Regular entries must be made on or before March 21, and must be accompanied by \$10 forfeit. The remaining \$15 may be paid up to the last shot of the second round. Penalty entries may be made after March 21 up to the last shot of the second round by paying \$35. Entries will be received at the New York office by J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y."

FIRST DAY'S PROGRAMME.

The programme for the first day consists of four scheduled events which will be shot off on two sets of traps; a third set of traps will be kept busy all day with \$3 miss-and-outs. The four events above mentioned, together with the conditions governing the same, are as follows:

Elkwood Park Introductory, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, class shooting, 30yds. rise, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; price of birds deducted from the purse.

Branchport Sweepstakes, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, 30yds. rise, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 birds, \$15 entrance, class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds., 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; price of birds deducted from the purse.

Sportsmen's Handicap, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds., 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP DAY.

The second day, March 25, is the day on which the big event, the Grand American Handicap, heads the programme. This event commences at 10 A. M. sharp, and will be continued on the third day if necessary. John Hoey and Jacob Pentz will alternate as referee in this event. The Grand American Handicap is *high guns*; the conditions have been given above.

Two other events are also down on the programme for this day. These are:

Long Branch Sweepstakes, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, class shooting, 30yds. rise, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; price of birds deducted from the purse.

Highland Sweepstakes, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, 30yds. rise, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

THIRD DAY'S PROGRAMME.

As stated above, provision is made in this day's programme in case the Grand American Handicap has to be carried over—a contingency that is almost certain to arise, as there can be no doubt that this year's entries will exceed those of '95. In addition to the above there are 4 other events scheduled for this day:

Norwood Scramble, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, class shooting, 30yds. rise, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; price of birds deducted from the purse.

Champion Sweepstakes, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, 30yds. rise, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Consolation Handicap, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds., 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; price of birds deducted from the purse.

Auld Lang Syne Handicap, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds., 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Extra events will be arranged to suit the shooters if the above programme is shot out in time to permit of such events being decided.

The division of moneys in the Grand American Handicap was fully explained in our issue of Feb. 1. As a supplementary explanation we may state that the three high guns will under any conditions regarding number of entries receive respectively \$500, \$300 and \$200. If there are over 40 entries, but not more than 50, the next three highest guns divide the surplus, 50, 30 and 20. If the entries range from 51 to 60 there are practically 8 moneys; 61 to 70, 10 moneys; 71 to 100, 14 moneys. It must be borne in mind that this is not class shooting, but high guns, the three highest guns being paid as above.

Dropping for place in any event will result in forfeiture of all interest in the purse, and will debar the "dropper" from taking part in any tournament given under the auspices of the Interstate Association.

Shooting commences at 10 A. M. sharp each day. The Interstate Association Rules (Hurlingham Rules revised) will govern all points not otherwise provided for in the programme. No guns larger than 12-gauge allowed, the weight of all guns being limited to 5lbs. No handicaps will be announced until the evening of March 23.

A few brief pointers are given in regard to the shooting of the Grand American Handicap. The event will be shot off on one set of traps, and if it is impossible to finish the event in good light on March 25, the referees shall stop the shooting whenever they may deem it necessary; the event will then be re-commenced at 11 A. M. sharp on March 26. No entry will be taken and no shooting up allowed after the end of the second round. Three misses will force a shooter out; of course, he has the privilege of shooting up if he has a chance for any money. The Association reserves the right to refuse any entry. The absolute winner—the high gun in the handicap—will receive a handsome silver cup from Messrs. Daly, of Elkwood Park. Birds will be supplied by Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, Pa., and will be trapped throughout the shoot at 30 cents each.

Admission to the park will be 50 cents per day and will be charged to all alike. Shooters will have the same refunded upon entering in any sweepstake event, while contestants in the Grand American Handicap will receive a pass entitling them to enter free during the week. The accommodations for both shooters and spectators will be first class, while meals and refreshments can be obtained right on the grounds.

The headquarters for sportsmen who desire to stop in New York will be the Astor House. Those who prefer to stay near the grounds will find ample accommodation at the Norwood Hotel, E. C. Richardson, proprietor, Branchport, N. J. Rates to shooters will be \$2 per day.

TO REACH ELKWOOD PARK.

The following extract from the programme tells how to get to Elkwood Park: "Take the Central Railroad of New Jersey from foot of Liberty Street, New York city, to Branchport, N. J.; or take the Pennsylvania Railroad from foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, New York city, to Long Branch, N. J. Arrangements have been made whereby the 8:15 A. M. train from New York via the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the 9:10 A. M. train via the Pennsylvania Railroad will stop, each of the three days of the tournament, right at Elkwood Park gates. Passengers from New York on the 8:15 A. M. train will reach the shooting grounds at 9:45 A. M. Passengers on the 9:10 A. M. train will reach the shooting grounds at 10:45 A. M. Returning, trains will stop at Elkwood Park at 4:20 P. M. and 5:50 P. M., reaching New York in one hour and a half. Passengers should purchase round-trip tickets, as they are good on either railway."

The De Lancy School on Top.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Feb. 12.—After a most exciting race the De Lancy School Gun Club's team of six defeated the Red Dragon Gun Club's six-men team by two breaks, the score standing 86 to 84 in De Lancy's favor. The match was shot at Wissinoming to-day. This is the first team match the De Lancy Club has ever taken part in, and this in some measure accounts for the falling off in some of the totals. Peters, of the Red Dragon, made a clean score of 25 breaks, very nearly winning the race for his side. The scores were:

De Lancy Team.

Vaux.....110111101111000110010111—17
Huber.....110111100011010010010111—15
Van Schaick.....110110111100110010010010—15
Haines.....00001100100101011010011—14
Seymour.....10091100110101101010100—14
Grugan.....000100100101110100010011—11—86

Red Dragon Team.

Peters.....11111111111111111111—25
Hemingway.....100100101100110100110110—13
Gross.....111010111001010000010010—12
Hamilton.....011010111100000101001010—12
Murray.....101101010011001010101000—12
Hayward.....001010010101001000011100—10—84

North Greece Gun Club.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y., Feb. 8.—The North Greece Gun Club held its badge shoot this afternoon. A. J. McEntire winning the badge. This shoot is at unknown angles with a handicap allowance of extra targets to shot at. Following are the scores:

A. J. McEntire (32).....11111111110011111011111111—29
A. Rickman (32).....1011111101010111111110101111—27
C. Lane (32).....1011111001111111111110101111—27
W. Brown (36).....100110111101111110100101011111—27
J. Hadlock (35).....1100111111110011111111101011010—26
H. Lowden (37).....11001100101110100111010111111110—26
J. Lowden (38).....10110111111011011011111010101—25
W. Smith (36).....1100111100111110101001100110111—25
T. Greenwell (36).....110010101010111111110101010101—25
Theo. Lane (40).....01110101001000100101111110100010101—23
J. Northrup (45).....000010000101010100000011001100000000—14
B. Rickman (23).....11111111111101111110—20

A. E. RICKMAN, Sec'y.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 5.—Dr. Shaw and Mr. Thompson shot at a few live birds to-day at Watson's Park for practice. Dr. Shaw shot at 40 and scored 32, while Thompson scored 14 out of 18. Below are the scores:

Dr. Shaw.....120111221111122001111010—20
Thompson.....12011112011110—12—32
Thompson.....12011112011110—14

The above shooters also had a little practice at targets, each man shooting at 50; Shaw broke 46 to Thompson's 43.

Feb. 7.—O. H. Hampton shot at 50 live birds to-day for the sake of having a little practice; out of his 50 he scored 37, as follows:

Hampton.....11111100211111111221102—22
2111010010221022020210010—15—37

Feb. 8.—C. E. Felton and Oswald von Lengerke shot a match to-day with W. R. Morgan and E. Abel. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, losing team to pay for all the birds and a wine supper. As a result of the match Felton and Von Lengerke enjoyed some shooting and will take supper at the expense of Messrs. Morgan and Abel. The scores were:

Felton.....1111001211122212212021111—22
Von Lengerke.....2202202122122110121222202—21—43
Morgan.....1011120221011112020100210—17
Abel.....11002201011220002110202000—13—30

After the above match had been decided the following four sweeps at 5 live birds, \$2 entrance, were shot:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4.
S Palmer.....20000—1 10120—3 12011—4
Dr. Shaw.....11121—5 11112—5 10032—3 01111—4
Morgan.....22222—5 11211—5
Tefft.....22222—5 12212—5 12022—4
Mayhew.....11122—5 12110—4
Lindberg.....22111—5
Goodrich.....20211—4 12120—4 22102—4
R. Kuss.....12122—5 11210—4 20112—4 11120—4
Hampton.....11102—4
Hicks.....11011—4 11111—5 22121—5
DeWolf.....22011—4 21111—5
Abel.....12122—5
Felton.....21012—4
Thompson.....11220—4 22010—3

Several target scores were also shot to-day as follows:

Shot at, Broke. Shot at, Broke.
Dr. Shaw.....100 89 S Palmer.....20 13
R. Kuss.....100 81 Hampton.....50 39
Morgan.....10 6 DeWolf.....30 21
Mayhew.....20 16 Thompson.....20 14
Goodrich.....95 75 Goodman.....45 27
Denning.....85 72 Powers.....10 6
Tefft.....30 26 RAVELRIGG.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. O. D., Utica, N. Y.—Lizzie of Marsfield is registered in Vol. XIX., E., No. 31,208.

H. J. W., New York.—Ans. The color of the Gordon setter is black and tan. A pure tan unmixed with black or smudgy is the ideal color. The tan is on lips, cheeks, throat, spot over eyes, feet, legs, vent and a short distance on flag. A touch of white on chest is not objected to, though as little white as possible is desired.

J. B. F., Elizabeth City, N. C.—1. At what age does a well-bred pointer or setter become unable to hunt all day? 2. At what age are they at their best? What age do you consider the turning point? My experience is that between the years of 2 and 6 is the only time a dog is worth having as a hunter. 3. Why is it that our native Virginia or North Carolina dogs are the best hunters? I have bought in the last few years several dogs finely bred, and I have not yet had one worth having. Ans. 1. The individual capabilities of dogs vary so much and decrepitude or indifference to hunting set in at such variable ages that to set a definite age would be to dispose of the matter arbitrarily. Some dogs never lose their enthusiasm and work till physical infirmities cripple them; others cease to work as soon as the novelty is gone. Many dogs are never able to work all day. 2. Generally from two to five or six years, though some dogs retain their usefulness much longer. The turning point in a dog's usefulness cannot be definitely set, for the reasons mentioned in our first answer. 3. You may find many owners who will join issue on your estimates. It is possible that your experience may have been with individual specimens, too few for general conclusions. The capabilities of a few are not the standard by which to classify the whole. This is a matter which is of general interest, and we invite correspondence in the matter. If the local dogs are the better and more enduring workers, it is not generally known.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Old Point Comfort (Fortress Monroe), Va.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

OLD Point Comfort is the fashionable coast resort of the Old Dominion, celebrated not only for its natural advantages of climate and location, but for the social life which attracts so many eminent representatives of all classes. Admirably located on Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, within sight and influence of the broad Atlantic, and in a latitude insuring evenness of temperature, it enjoys the advantage of being a winter resort of undisputed merit.

The next of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s series of personally conducted tours to this delightful resort will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 20.

The tour includes Richmond and Washington, and covers a period of six days. Excursion tickets, including railroad fare, hotel accommodations and all necessary expenses, will be sold at \$32 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$31 from Trenton, and \$30 from Philadelphia.

In addition to the above excursion tickets to Old Point Comfort and return direct, covering luncheon going and one and three-quarter days' board at Old Point Comfort, valid for return by regular trains until following Tuesday, will be sold at \$15 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; \$13.50 from Trenton, and \$12.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates will be made from other points via either route.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411 Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Where to Find Game.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy the exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamy fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

Practical Wildfowling.

By Henry Sharp. L. Upcott Gill, Strand, London, publisher. Price \$3.50. This is a well written and generously illustrated book of 300 pages. The author is a practical wildfowler of twenty years' experience, who knows his subject thoroughly, and who has been able to put his knowledge to practical account in a very readable way. To facilitate ready reference the matter is presented in two parts. Part I. is devoted to outfit and accessories—guns, ammunition, punts, boats, decoys, dress, etc.—and Part II. to a description of the various species of ducks, geese and shore birds found in the British Isles, together with practical hints and instructions for their pursuit.

The book is written for English shooters, but there is much in it that will prove of interest to sportsmen in this country, and not a little that will prove instructive also.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896

VOL. XLVI.—No. 9.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK }

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

SETTLEMENT, SAVAGERY, SELF.

THE American sportsman who grumbles over the rapid decrease of game must put himself in an attitude of hostility to the material advancement of the country. It is an elementary proposition that the larger the number of people which a given tract will support, the smaller the number of wild creatures to be found in it. Civilized communities afford poor shooting; where the settlements are sparse there is more game; in the land of the savage game is abundant. When the buffalo roamed the plains in unnumbered thousands, the few men who traveled there always had food at hand; now people are plenty there and cattle feed where the buffalo thundered. Acres that once produced a robe now produce a fat steer or two. Is it better or is it worse?

Sport is recreation, the light side of life, rest, pleasure; the seasoning which adds zest to the average man's round of toil, and which helps him to get through with it more effectively than if his life were all work. That human nature needs this rest and recreation has been recognized since the beginning of time, for did not the Creator rest upon the Seventh day, and have we not all been exhorted from childhood to do likewise? The importance of this rest and recreation is the gospel which FOREST AND STREAM preaches, and to which, happily, it has made many converts.

But what does the American sportsman want? He growls faithfully about the destruction of game and its consequent scarcity, but would he like to see the plains depopulated, the cattle replaced by the buffalo and the cowpuncher by the Indian? Or take it nearer home: would the dweller in the city like to have the farmer and his boy, the mill operator in the small manufacturing town, the telegraph operative at the little railroad station, all deprived of their shotguns so that there may be birds enough for him and for his friends to shoot?

We growl and growl. Game is getting scarcer; game laws are broken; the cold storage warehouse is at the bottom of the failing game supply. But who is there among us who, if he has the luck to find good shooting for a day, stays his hand while there are birds? If he starts a good brood of quail and they scatter in the long grass, he kills as many as he can there, congratulating himself the while that this is like old times again; then the few that are left he follows into the swamp or the woods and tries to kill them there. Or if he goes ducking and by some remarkable combination does have birds come nicely to him, does he stop shooting so long as his ammunition holds out? Does he not rather kill all he can and try to equal some famous score made in earlier days.

And all the time the game is growing scarcer.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will very shortly remove to new and handsome offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street. This is two blocks north of the present location. The offices will be on the eighth floor, reached by the elevator at the Leonard street entrance.

A very large proportion of the contributions printed in our columns is of letters which have no signature or which are signed with pseudonyms. Many men now write for the FOREST AND STREAM under a *nom de plume* who for various reasons would not contribute under their own name. As a rule, these communications lose none of their value in being unsigned with a real name. Many of our old-time contributors are quite as well known by their pseudonyms as they could have hoped to have been by their real name, and their communications have just as much interest, vivacity and weight as they would have if signed by the real name of the writer.

The prospects are that the forthcoming Sportsmen's Exposition next month will exceed in interest the one of last year. The spaces have nearly all been taken and the displays will be elaborate, varied and instructive. The FOREST AND STREAM is making preparations to do its share of the week's entertainment.

The Adirondacks Guides' Association is a body which is capable of very efficient service for game protection and

the promotion of high principles among its members. The guides are powerful for the enforcement of the game laws. If they care to take into their hands the duty of seeing that visiting sportsmen scrupulously obey the laws, they can have absolute control of the situation. We believe that there is a constantly growing sentiment among the guides of the Adirondacks in support of the game laws. There is a better understanding now than ever before that the interests of the guide are protected and made permanent by a provident use of the game supply. This holds not only in the Adirondacks, but in Maine and elsewhere. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, is our authority for saying that there is a growing sentiment in support of protection among the guides and residents of his State. They are coming to recognize more clearly than ever the value of the fish and game as a source of wealth to the State and of income to themselves, and although the number of sportsmen is constantly increasing the violations of the law are coming to be looked upon with less indulgence by the guides than ever before.

In almost all sections readily accessible to the hunter, the big game of the West was swept out of existence in a few years' time. And it was not until it had ceased to exist that people realized that it was gone. Up to the very last years of the existence of the buffalo, the cry was that it could never be exterminated, which of course meant that those then living would never see its end, and to-day we still hear residents of the West marvel at the suddenness of the animal's disappearance. One day they were abundant and the next there were none. In 1883 the Red River half-breeds, Crees and Blackfeet brought into Carroll, Mont., 50,000 robes, the year following they brought none.

While the speedy destruction of buffalo and elk was caused largely by greed, it was also due in a measure to men's thoughtlessness, coupled with the desire which seems inherent in many civilized minds to "kill something." Buffalo were run for fun; men tried their rifles on elk, antelope and deer and made no use of the slain. So long as the animals were very abundant the effect of killing was scarcely noticeable, but as they became fewer in any locality the destruction began to count. The effect was cumulative. Hunting parties from the East and from Europe as well as local hunters were alike responsible for work of this kind, and the grand total must have been very great.

Within the past few years, since game has become scarce in the West and since the taking out of hunting parties has become a recognized vocation in the West, there has arisen a decided change in the sentiment of the better class of residents in regions where there is still some game left. This change is due in many localities to the influence of good and true sportsmen, either from the East or the West, who have visited the game country, killed in moderation, preached to their companions and guides the doctrines of legitimate sport, and shown them how and why it is for the interest of everyone that the animals that are still left alive should be protected. The influence of such missionary work has been felt in many sections of the West and it has resulted in much good. Men who take out parties recognizing that wholesale destruction means the end of their business now discourage needless killing by both local hunters and by men from a distance who employ them as guides. Of course there are still many individuals who hunt for hides, and slaughter—so far as they can—with the same recklessness that they displayed in the old days of game plenty, but on the other hand there is a good leaven of the game protective spirit among residents of the farther West and this leaven is working all the time.

It is evident, however, that no material increase in the numbers of our game can take place in regions where new settlements are being made and which are constantly being hunted. Absolute protection over considerable areas is required for such increase, but given such protection, the multiplication of the animals will be rapid. We have had one such particular locality—the Yellowstone Park—for many years, and there are others—the recently established forest reservations which should become similar refuges and resorts of our great game, and which will be such if Congress shall ever give the legislation necessary to that end.

The farmers of Sussex county, N. J., are entertaining

themselves by holding public meetings to agitate for the repeal of the fish and game laws. In the good old days of the fathers, they reason, before such things as a closed time and restricted methods were known, game and fish were found in great supply. There was enough for all, and no one need bother himself about the law. If we could only get rid of the statutes, reason these sapient agitators, the good times would come again: there would be enough for everybody; wildfowl would darken the sky, quail would whistle from every field, the streams would be choked with fish, and the Sussex farmers would fare as sumptuously as did the Israelites when they were fed on quail in the wilderness. Outside of Sussex county this may not commend itself as strictly logical; irreverent critics may even suggest that the Sussex farmers have gone clean daft.

Writing to Mr. J. B. Burnham in comment on his game photographs made in Maine last summer, a Boston correspondent recalls having hunted over the same territory in 1875, when, he says, there were not a dozen deer to a township; and now they are there in thousands. The increase he rightly calls phenomenal. We are so accustomed to dwell upon the darker side of the picture that we give less than due note to the many instances of a replenished and restored game supply. The wilderness of Maine is perhaps the most striking example of such an improved condition, where, owing to various causes, natural and artificial, a country once practically barren of game now yields its deer annually by the thousands.

And speaking of replenished game supplies we must not forget the opossum on Long Island. Whether or not the creature was indigenous there is a mooted point, the probabilities appearing to be that it was introduced. There are several claimants for the credit of having added the opossum to the game store of that country; and some of the claims run back to the year 1850; but it was not until the later 80s that the number of opossums had become so great as to attract attention. As is well known, the opossum preys upon poultry, game birds, hares and other animal life; and the opossums of Long Island have become so numerous in some sections as to be a decided nuisance in this respect. We have before now printed complaints from correspondents who have been plagued beyond endurance by ravages of the nocturnal prowlers. In some towns bounties are offered on the vermin and the authorities pay at the rate of 25 cents for each pair of opossums' ears brought in. It is a curious fact that rewards for vermin in nine cases out of ten stimulate trickery and dishonesty, and it is not surprising, therefore, to hear that the youthful genius of Long Island, with wits sharpened by the opossum bounty, has discovered in the skin of the domestic cat a prolific source of revenue. The papers recorded last week that a youngster of East Patchogue had been assessed a fine of \$10 by a justice of the peace for having collected bounty on cat skins cut into small pieces trimmed to resemble opossums' ears. Why is it that people who in other affairs of life are conscientious and honest will resort to such tricks and devices when the authorities may be bamboozled by false evidences of the destruction of vermin? It is a problem whose solution we must leave for those who can tell us why it is that a conscientious and high-minded woman thinks she is doing a cute thing and one highly commendable if she can cheat a customs officer.

Capercaillie and black game have attracted so much attention in this country that one may confidently foretell their introduction as game birds, although there may be many more failures before success shall be attained. Undismayed by the miserable outcome of a previous enterprise in this line in Maine, the Fisheries and Game Commissioners of that State are now bringing over from Sweden a lot of capercaillie and black game, which are expected to arrive in New York by an early steamer. They will be put out in New Sweden among the Swedes of Aroostock county, and another importation following later will be sent to the Rangeley district.

If the guides of a game country could be banded together in an agreement neither to violate the laws themselves nor to allow a sportsman under their guidance to violate them, the game problem would practically be solved.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XIV.

A Wild Goose Chase.

UNCLE LISHA and Joseph set forth in the belt of trees that shaded the west bank of Little Otter from the Slab Hole to the South Slang, so intent upon the performance of doughty deeds that they skulked with bent backs till the ache could be endured no longer, and with a loud sigh of relief they straightened up just at the very time and place to disclose themselves to a flock of ducks that were enjoying the seclusion of a marsh-locked pool. Startled by the sound and the sudden apparition of human forms arising within forty paces of their retreat, the ducks sprang into the air with a simultaneous splash and vociferous outcry of alarm. In no less surprise the two gunners stood gaping at the retreating flock, then with one accord they squatted with lowered heads till the whistle of departing wings grew faint in the distance and then turned their humiliated faces full upon each other.

"Sam Hill!" Joseph ejaculated, "what a chance it seems 's 'ough we 'most hed."

"What a couple o' dumb'd dodunks we be, more like!" Uncle Lisha responded in intense disgust. "Naow le's go 'long an' use aoww eyes an' act as if ducks had some tew."

With this determination they proceeded, yet more cautiously, stopping frequently to examine the marsh before them, with heads as gradually uplifted as grass rises after the pressure of the foot. At last they discovered a pool similar to the one at which they had exposed themselves so unwarily, and a careful reconnaissance disclosed a flock of twenty or more dusky ducks taking their ease on the reed-hedged pool, some asleep, their broad bills resting on their round breasts, others leisurely sounding the shallows with elongated necks for choice tidbits, while a few alert old drakes carried their wise heads high, in constant vigilance.

The hunters squatted for a brief, whispered plan of attack, and having arranged it, moved forward, stooping low, to occupy the spot selected for the onslaught. There was one place in the line of approach where the screen of weeds was so low that it could only be passed without discovery by crawling, and when it was reached the hunters went on all fours—not on hands and knees, but on hands and feet—hitching their prone guns along step by step. Now, though their heads were quite out of sight of the ducks and the ducks unseen by them, their posteriors were fully exposed to the view of the vigilant sentinels, who at the sight of these two strange objects undulating slowly forward above the tops of the rushes at once sounded the alarm, and the whole flock sprang to wing with an uproar of splashing, fluttering and quacking.

The unlucky hunters halted without a change of posture and listened in dismayed silence till the tumult of departure had subsided, before they ventured to drop upon their knees and look in the direction from which the sound of retreat had come. Then they arose and gazed upon the deserted pool, whose nearest semblance to life was in a few scattered feathers drifting across the quiet space.

"Wal"—Uncle Lisha exhaled the word after holding his breath a long time—"I sh'd like to know what on this livin' airth scairt them 'ere ducks. They never seen nor heard us, that's sartin'."

"I swan to man, I do know," Joseph said, "erless they smelt us, an' it don't scarcely seem 's 'ough sech tough-nosed critters could smell much anyway. But I d' know. S-s-s-h! See that 'ere tormented gre't henhawk? Mebbey it was him scart 'em. H-s-s-h!" He sank his voice to a whisper as a marsh hawk came cruising low along the rushy level in such intent quest of game that he did not see the two motionless figures, and then with an upward slant alighted on a dead tree top within close range, still scanning the marsh and unconscious of danger, while Joseph cautiously got his gun ready and took deliberate, deadly aim. As his executioner staggered backward from the recoil of the deadly charge the pirate tumbled from his lookout and fell with a swift, feathery thud on the hard margin of the shore, where Joseph pounced upon him in utter recklessness of beak and talons that still attempted revenge or defense.

"Gosh darn him!" he groaned, as the talons of one foot closed in a dying clutch upon his wrist, and then, as he strove to loosen it with the free hand, that also was caught by the other foot. Then the bird's head drooped, the fire of his eyes went out, but the death grip of his talons was not relaxed, and Joseph, helplessly manacled, turned to Uncle Lisha for relief.

"Wal, you be in a fix. But I couldn't help a-laughin' if it was a-killin' ye."

Joseph could see no cause for laughter, as the claws were withdrawn one by one, accompanying each withdrawal by a groan or a suppressed "S-s-s-s-p."

"You're as bad off as the feller 'at ketched the bear," Uncle Lisha remarked as he deliberately performed the surgery. "Ye see, he follered a bear track into a hole, an' the feller 'at was a-huntin' along with him he staid aoutside. 'I've ketched a bear,' he hollered from inside. 'All right,' says t'other feller, 'fetch him aout an' le's see him.' 'I can't fetch him,' says he. 'Wal,' says t'other feller, 'come aout yourself.' 'I can't,' says he, 'he's got a holt on me an' won't let me,' says he. There, naow, I've got ye onhooked."

With an unaccustomed display of temper Joseph seized the hawk by the legs and repeatedly banged the lifeless head against the nearest tree.

"Good airth an' seas! What ye duin' that for? He's deader 'n a smelt."

"Wal," said Joseph, looking rather foolish as the heat of his wrath abated, "I kinder thought mebbey I'd better let him onderstan' 'at the's a herearter for hawks jes' s much as the's is for other folks. I'm a good min' ter give him another polt. Dum him. Haow he hurt my wris's. Why, he hain't nothin' but feathers!" he exclaimed, when he had taken time to try "the heft" of his prize. "You might nigh about chuck him right into a bed jest as he is, seems 's 'ough. Anyways, he's wuth a-hevin'."

While reloading his gun he proposed lying in wait by this pool for whatever might chance to come to it, but Uncle Lisha longed for fresh fields of conquest and also thirsted for a draught of drinkable water which he hoped to find at some spring, and so marched along the bank,

leaving his companion to conduct alone his own plan of the campaign.

Joseph seated himself comfortably on a log close to the tallest weeds and did not wait long before a bittern came flopping lazily over the marsh and alighted in the edge of the pool. He had never had so near a view of one and knew not what manner of fowl it might be, but it looked worth killing either for picking or eating. So he trained his gun upon it, and at the discharge it wilted down like a lopped weed. When with some difficulty he drew it within reach by the aid of a pole he was somewhat disappointed in its weight, but he said to himself:

"It looks nigh 'nough like one o' them 'ere new-fangled Hang-shy rwusters to be jes' good t' eat, which it hain't sayin' no gre't for it, an' then the's the feathers, what the's is on 'em, so I guess I hain't done so bad arter all, don't seem 's 'ough I hed."

He had scarcely composed himself to another season of waiting when he was startled by the roar of Uncle Lisha's gun, and after a vain attempt to repress his curiosity shouldered his gun and game and hastened forward to learn the result of a shot so loud that he felt sure it must have achieved something great.

Uncle Lisha had not gone a furlong alone when he came upon another patch of open water, where he saw a flock of large fowl, alarmed at his approach, crowding into a watery path that ran channelward into the depths of the marsh. He managed to get a slow aim upon the entrance just as the last bird was disappearing in it and fired. There was a clamor of consternation, a wild scurry through the rushes, but the nearest bird only beat the sedges convulsively with its broad pinions for a moment and then stretched lifeless head and wings upon the bending weeds. When Uncle Lisha realized how grand a feat he had accomplished he could hardly withhold a shout of exultation, and when Joseph came panting upon the scene he let it out in a great roar.

"Good airth an' seas, Jozeff, I hev act'ally shot a wil' goose. I du b'lieve!"

"Sam Hill, you hain't, Uncle Lisher," cried Joseph, standing on tiptoe and craning his neck to the utmost. "Not a ra'al wild goose, you don't mean. Wal, I snore if it don't look like one, seems 's 'ough, jest as true as you live!"

"Why, of course he's a wilt goose, er was. He's tame 'nough now, though," said Uncle Lisha, with proud assurance. "An' naow we got tu git him. I s'pose the mud's more'n forty foot deep aout there, but I'll git him if I hafter stay here till the ma'ash freezes. Naow le's git some slabs an' things an' lay aout tu him."

Laying aside their guns, they brought slabs and boards with which the spring floods had plentifully strewn the shore, and with no little labor bridged the treacherous marsh, till Joseph, a little the lighter and the least clumsy of the two, gained an unstable footing to the prize, which he lifted and cautiously edging his way along the narrow causeway bore it to the shore.

"There," he said, plumping the gray goose down at the feet of its slayer, who squatted before it, caressing it and feeding his eyes upon it, "I don't b'lieve I wantter kerry it on such a rhud no funder. It don't seem's I would, tu hev it, not sca'sely."

"Wal, I would, clean tu Danvis! Good airth an' seas, won't it make Samwil an' Ann Twine's eyes stick aout when they see it, an' them a-shootin' nothin' but leetle insignificant ducks. But there ain't no two ways 'bout it, I got tu ha' some water, er choke tu death. Le's go over tu that 'ere haouse and git us a drink an' then mog along back to camp. Why, it's the haouse where Samwil left the hosses tu. They're sorter neighbors, an' I da' say it will please 'em tu see this 'ere faowl, for it hain't every day 'at folks gits a chance tu look at a wil' goose clus tu. Why, what's that 'ere you got beside your hen hawk? Come to think on't I did hear ye shoot ag'in." In the elation of his own success he had not noticed the addition to Joseph's bunch of game, nor had Joseph in the midst of excitement and labor thought to call attention to it.

"That's more 'n I can tell ye. That is, for sartin'. He looks consid'able like one o' these 'ere Hang-shy rhusters, but I don't s'pose he is sca'sely, 'cause I never hearn tell on 'em a-runnin' wil' as I remember on. Mebbey it's one 'at got strayed off f'm hum."

"Wal," said Uncle Lisha, after a critical examination of the bird through his glasses, "I cal'late it's a mud hen."

"Mebbey it's a mud rhuster," Joseph suggested. "I couldn't say of which sect, but of that spechy. Wal, le's be a-moggin', for I be dryer 'n a graven image, so 't I can't spit 'nough tu enjy a smoke."

Thereupon they assumed their burdens and trudged across the fields to the farmhouse, which stood foremost in a straggling village of outbuildings. In response to Uncle Lisha's knock at the open kitchen door, a pleasant-looking woman came out of a cloud of fragrant steam that arose from a brass kettle of cider apple sauce upon the stove. She wore a blue sock on her left arm like an improvised mitten, but the needle caught into the heel and a dangling loop of thread showed that she employed the intervals of watching her cookery in darning the family footwear.

"Good arternoon, marm," said Uncle Lisha. "We stopped in tu see if we could git a drink o' water."

She looked the visitors over a moment to assure herself whether they were of the sort to be served with a tin dipper or a pitcher and glass, and then removing the sock as she went into the pantry, presently returned with the daintier service, which the old man's honest and respectable face seemed to warrant in spite of his shabby clothes.

"That 'ere 's turrible good water for the time o'—for this part o' the country. We be'n a-huntin'," he continued, as he held the glass to be refilled the third time. "We be'n a-huntin' an' got tormented dry. It's turrible dry work a-huntin', partic'ly when you're all the time in sight o' water 't you can't drink. An' I do know but what it makes a feller drier tu shoot a wil' goose. I do know as you ever see one." He lifted his trophy from where he had dropped it in careless conspicuity and held it up before her.

"Why, you done well, didn't you," the matron said. "Tain't often folks gits 'em. But I've seen 'em afore. Aour folks ketched one oncte an' we kep' him tew, three year, I guess, an' he mated along with aour tame geese an' we've got one o' the mixtur yit. Why!" with the final exclamation the expression of pleased curiosity in her face hardened to one of unpleasant surprise. "You jes' le' me look o' his neck," and laying hold of it and

raising the feathers she disclosed a red string tied around it, at sight of which Uncle Lisha's heart sank with a sickening qualm.

"Yes, sir," she said, "you've be'n an' killed aour ol' half-bred garnder. Be you some o' the folks that's a campin' daown here?"

"Yis, marm."

"Well, I guess Mr. Larkin 'll be 'raound there and settle with you for killin' of his garnder. He sot consid'able by him."

"Good airth an' seas!" Uncle Lisha whispered in a suppressed roar, as if he feared that he might be heard at camp. "Don't for massy sake let him come 'raound there talkin' abaout my shootin' of his goose. Where is your man? I c'n settle with him for 't right here. You go an' fetch him."

Mrs. Larkin hesitated a moment in fear that they might depart in her absence, then bustled away and presently was heard calling her husband in the back yard. Then their voices were heard approaching in low dialogue till Mr. Larkin appeared entering the kitchen from the rear. He was a large, raw-boned man, his shoulders stooped with excessive labor, his fingers hooked like claws ready to pounce upon a hard task or an elusive shilling, while his broad coarse face strove to put on a mask of guileless good humor. He greeted them as if they were all old friends, grinning more effusively, Uncle Lisha thought, than the situation seemed to warrant.

"Du, sir," Uncle Lisha responded, and proceeded at once to business. "My name 's Lisher Peggs, an' this 'ere 's my neighbor Jozeff Hill, an' we live tu Danvis when we're tu hum. Jes' naow we're a-campin' over here. We don't make a business goin' raound killin' folks' poultry as a gin'al thing, but it 'pears we hev your'n and naow we want tu settle for 't. What d' ye cal'late the life o' your goose is wuth? We don't want the car-kiss."

"Wal, I d' know," Mr. Larkin pondered, with a subsid-ing grin. "Come in and sed daown. 'T won't cost ye nothin'. Won't ye? Wal, I don't know ezackly. That 'ere was a turrible goose tu lay an' take care o' goslin's. I never see sech a—"

"Mr. Larkin," his wife said in a severe undertone.

"As I ever see sech a case for layin' an' carin' for goslin's as she was."

"Mr. Larkin," his wife said in a deeper tone of reproof, and covertly punched him in the back, "it hain't a goose; it's a garnder."

"Hey," gasped Mr. Larkin, his smile fading out, but as quickly returning. "Why yis, land, yis; so 't is. But I tell ye what, Mis' Larkin she sot a turrible sight by him, I tell ye."

"Wal, wal," and the old man spoke a little impatiently, "it don't make no diffunce haow much your garnder laid or your womern sot. What I wantter know is what he was wuth a-livin' an' haow much he's wuth dead, an' I'll pay ye the diffunce pervided I c'n raise the money," and he drew from his pocket the heart case which served him as a purse.

"Wal, naow, I don't know; le' me see," said Mr. Larkin, weighing the goose in his hand and feeling its breast. "He hain't turrible meaty, and I carc'late he'll be tough-er'n tripe, an' it'll coost abaout as much tu chaw him as he's wuth. Then ag'in, lookin' at it from a opposite p'int o' view, he was lible to continer a-livin' a consid'able number o' years, which he was the more val'able in that respect."

"The's the feathers!" Joseph suggested, with a view to bettering his friend's bargain. "The's an awful snarl o' feathers on that 'ere goose, which it seems as 'ough they'd ortu be took account on in the trade. Naow if you was a min' tu call it even, I do know but I'd be willin' tu throw in this 'ere faowl 'at I got." He held up the bittern before Mr. Larkin, who viewed it at first with wonder, then with intense disgust, which his bland smile could not conceal as he exclaimed,

"Land, what be you a-goin' tu du with that plaguey stake driver? No, I guess I don't want him. I'll tell ye what, Mr. Peggs, sein' it's you an' you're a stranger, you gi' me a half dollar an' we'll call it square."

Uncle Lisha heaved a sigh of relief, and emptying the heart case into his palm he sorted out the requisite sum from the handful of ninepence and fourpence half penny bits, cents and half cents which had been gathered in the mending of many boots and shoes. Mr. Larkin counted the much divided half dollar over twice and carefully scrutinized a doubtful penny of Canadian coinage before he reluctantly acknowledged the payment of the debt, and Uncle Lisha felt free to depart without the trophy which he had borne hither in the pride of his heart. Now as he trudged back to camp empty handed, while Joseph bore his own spoils in humbleness of spirit, he spoke but once and then only with heartfelt emphasis,

"Damn the goose!"

They found the tent and its environs silent and deserted, and after appeasing their hunger with a cold bite, Joseph sat down to pluck his fowls. He had not been long so employed upon the bittern when Antoine and the boatman came strolling up from the landing.

"What you goin' do wid dat t'ing?" Antoine asked, after curiously watching him a few moments.

"Wal," said Joseph, as he carefully plucked out the last feathers, "I kinder thought arter I'd got the feathers saved, I'd take an' dress it an' cook it an' see haow it 'ould eat, jes' for the fun on 't."

Antoine wrenched his interior with a groan of intense disgust, and snatching the bird from Joseph's hands, tossed it away with all his might. The lank form, with neck and legs asprawl, went clattering through leaves and bushes in a great curve, till it was lost to sight, and was heard to fall with a dull final thud on the sands below the cliff.

"Dar, dat was de bes' way for cook up dat kan' o' vittle. You 'll was cook some bowfins one tam, but you 'll a'n't goin' for stink de fire wid dat mud hens, bah gosh, no."

Joseph's eyes followed this last featherless flight of the bittern and dwelt awhile on the point of its disappearance before he turned upon the Canadian and said reproachfully, but without a trace of anger in his even drawl:

"Naow, Antwine, seems tu me that 'ere is a 'tarnal mean kind o' caper, an' I do know but what I'd ortu take an' fling ye ov' the laidge arter the bird, but it might kinder break frien'ship, an' I guess I won't. But I mus' say it sorter seems tu me 'at for a feller 'at cooks eels an' mud turkles, an' I do know but frawgs, you be dumb pertic'lar, an' as you might say, nicer 'n you be wise."

"Wal, seh, Zhozeff, Ah dun' know 'f Ah'll a'n't prob'ly 'd ought for tol' you 'fore Ah t'row it," Antoine said, apologetically, "but, sah, if you'll heat dat t'ing he was mek you sick lak hol' dev'. You'll a'n't goin' heat dat hawk, a'n't it?" he asked, as Joseph drew the bird toward him with evident intention of plucking it.

"It hain't sartain but what I will if I seem tu hanker arter sech victuals," Joseph answered; "but anyways, if you hain't no objections I'm a-goin' tu save the feathers, which is what I'm arter in partic'lar."

"Naow, Zhozeff, Ah'll goin' tol' you de trut'," Antoine said, with impressive seriousness and an accompaniment of emphatic gestures. "If you put de hawk fedder wid de dawк fedder he heat it all up."

"Sho', Antwine?"

"Dat jes' as true as Frenchmans heat onion," Antoine asserted in the face of Joseph's incredulous stare. "Wait for Ah'll goin' tol' you. One tam Ah'll was leetly boy an' leeve in Canada, mah mudder was mek it some bed fedder of geese's fedder an' she was gat it mos' all stuff up but leetly maght he a'n't gat 'nough fedder. Den mah fader was keel two hawk, was come 'raoun' for ketch de chicklin, an' mah mudder was pull de fedder for feenish his bed of it. It was very nice plump beds, an' dey keep it for de bes' one for w'en company come see it, an' nex' year mah gran'pere an' gran'mere come for visit all naght, an', seh, gran'mere was gre't big hol' hwomans, an' w'en he come on de room in de morn' he was r-r-rubby, r-r-rubby hesefa an' grunt very hard, an' w'en mah mudder ax it what de matter, she say de bed rope cut him all in chonk, 'cause de bed fedder was so t'in, an' mah mudder was surprise mos' for be mad for have it say so 'baout hees bes' bed, but w'en he ex-amine he fin' honly de hawk fedder, de res' it was all heat up. Yas, sah, Zhozeff, dat jes' true you leeve."

"Wal," said Joseph, continuing the employment which he had still pursued while listening to the story, "I c'n keep 'em sepritt an' put 'em in a piller. Mebby if a feller slep' on it 't 'ould keep him f'm hein' hen-pecked nights."

When Sam returned and the sportsman and his oarsman had departed a hot supper was prepared and eaten, after which the party sat around the cheerful camp-fire and recounted the day's adventures, from which were judiciously eliminated the episodes of Joseph's encounter with the hawk and Uncle Lisha's goose shooting.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

IN looking over some old numbers of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed the following: "The train started up a bevy of quail, and for some distance two or three of the bunch flew along between the fence and the train and keeping up with us. One was near the window and instead of passing us, as I supposed a quail would naturally outspeed a railway train, it only drew ahead a little; * * * as the bird was almost stationary, I had a rare opportunity to note its appearance while in flight. It seemed as though the whole figure of the bird was drawn up into very convex shape, the back being humped up and the wings apparently strongly curved up, as if hollow underneath and pulled in, so to speak, at the lower edge." In another number of the paper is a photograph of a flying prairie chicken, which shows the bird's tail considerably depressed, giving the bird some of the convex appearance described above.

The description and the picture have evoked some thoughts on the manner and the speed of bird flights. In level or descending flight the bird's tail is always depressed, because the bird's wings are hinged to the body forward of the center of gravity, and but for the support given by the air beneath the tail feathers the bird could not keep its body in a horizontal position when on the wing; the hinder parts would hang down. By depressing the tail more or less, the height of the flight is regulated. In proof, watch the flight of young birds whose tail feathers have not yet grown, and it will be seen that the body is carried in a partly upright position.

When a small boy I read somewhere that a woodpecker was able to perch against the side of a tree by holding with its claws and resting its weight on the stiff tail feathers; that if it were not for these stiff tail feathers, the bird could not do it. Soon after this two fighting woodpeckers locked together fell to the ground, and one was secured unhurt. To prove the tail supporting theory the tail feathers of this bird were pulled out and the bird was set free. It flew away with the rear part of the body hanging down, and its line of flight rose at an angle of about 45 degrees. The bird perched on the side of a tree all right.

Doubtless some use of the wings is made in raising or lowering the line of flight, but the work seems to be done principally by the tail. In turning to right or left the wings seem to do it all, as the tail only presents its edge to the air, to the right or left. If the bird is sailing while making a turn the under side of the body is partly turned toward the circumference of the circle described by the line of flight, the tail and front edges of the wings slightly elevated.

The large or crow blackbird is a notable exception to the ordinary way of using the tail feathers. This bird spreads them vertically and uses them to direct the flight to right or left, exactly as the rudder of a boat is used. The flight of birds while flapping the wings is very easy to understand, as is also their sailing until their acquired momentum is used up, but when a buzzard sails for miles and meanwhile rises hundreds of feet without a single beat of the wings, I have to give it up. It looks like applying force in one direction only, a thing supposed to be impossible. If any one understands how the buzzard does it (as it must), in accordance with any mechanical laws, and can give us a clear demonstration of it, let us have it.

There is no doubt that the speed of bird flights is often overestimated. It is often stated that some kinds of birds fly from sixty to one hundred miles per hour. Now, the writer has hundreds of times noted the speed of many of the varieties to be seen from car windows in various parts of the country, and has never seen a bird of any kind—unaided by the wind—fly faster than the train, when the speed of the train exceeded fifty miles an hour. There was no guess work about the speed of the train. The

rails are 30 ft. long—176 rails to the mile. There are 3,600 seconds in an hour; $3,600 \div 176 = 20$ (very nearly), so if the train ran one mile an hour it ran over a rail joint once in 20 seconds; at five miles an hour it would run over five joints in 20 seconds, and so on, so that the number of rail joints passed each 20 seconds denotes the number of miles per hour the train is running. On the very best roads the "click" of the wheels on the rail joints cannot be heard, but on ordinary track it is heard very plainly. Time the birds when riding on the cars, and see if they don't fly slower than you thought, and whether there is not less difference in the speed of crows and quail than you supposed.

O. H. HAMPTON.

THREE SNAKES AND TWO FROGS.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Note Book.

UNCLE REMUS has not told of all the wonderful pranks played by members of the animal kingdom, although he has given us many an interesting tale which, in one form or another, will be vouched for throughout the Southern States. In the mind of that worthy old gentleman of color the animals of to-day do not practice their wily ways as keenly as was their wont in the olden time of which he spoke, but there are observing ones who still find jokers among the creatures of the woods and waters. Even the reptiles are incessantly "watching out" for opportunities to play pranks upon one another, as will be shown by this little tale, in which a common grass snake and a bullfrog, both residents at the Columbia College laboratory, are the principal figures. Uncle Remus never allowed the more cunning fox to hold the mastery for long over the defenseless rabbit, and in this instance the snake has no chance with the slower frog, not through any favoritism of the narrator, but simply because in actual life such was the case.

"Daddy" Bullfrog was one of the largest of his species, a giant in his way, and had been brought in from his native haunts up the Hudson for the good of science. Such a prize was he that for a long time he lived on in his tank unmolested and much admired by all visitors to the laboratory. His neighbors in the same inclosure surrounding the tank were two green snakes that had attained the goodly growth of perhaps 20 in. in length. Although the snakes and frog were never really intimate—that is, not chummy—at least they did not war upon one another, and therefore may be considered to have been good neighbors. Daddy sat in his favorite corner by the margin of the pool and blinked and basked in the sun rays which found their way through a window near by, while the little twin green snakes reclined comfortably on their chosen side, and all no doubt thought how much nicer it was there than in their old existence, where they had to hustle around for their daily rations. It may be that they remarked upon this to one another, for Mr. Frog was occasionally heard to utter a self-satisfied guttural, to which his neighbors would reply by raising their heads and waving them about in the direction of the tank. Their tongues could be seen to move, but their remarks were inaudible to human ears. The frog, however, would wink sagaciously after each such interchange of ideas, so it is presumed that what was said was satisfactory to him. Some of the students of an imaginative but it is to be feared a frivolous turn of mind suggested that the snakes were simply "sassing" the frog and sticking out their tongues at him in derision. Few accepted this theory, however.

But granting even that these creatures did not converse together after the human fashion, it is certain that they possessed certain traits in common with the man animal. Like men, they lived together on civil terms at least until a matter of business, something involving their bread and butter so to speak, appeared upon the scene, when at once a keen rivalry began. Reformers tell us that there is something radically wrong with our social system which causes this unfriendly competition among men, but those who watched the frog and the snakes hold the opinion that the difficulty is more deep seated than social condions, in fact that it is but a remnant of the animal nature, an evolutionary struggle for the survival of the fittest.

Each day the inward cravings of the inhabitants of the tank were appeased with a hatful of small frogs. The instant these were turned loose upon the community a grand scramble began to see which would win the most of the plunder. The snakes, with a wholesome respect for their big neighbor, never crowded him much in this business, but by their greater agility and cunning strove to overcome his greater capacity of mouth and general ponderousness. At last, however, a day came when one of the snakes so far forgot himself in his zeal as to trespass upon the territory of Daddy Bullfrog. There was a loud "kerchug" as Daddy landed with a mighty spring upon his rival, who found himself in chancery and en route, headforemost, down froggy's throat. Daddy without more ado drew himself together on the bank, took a good gulp or two to help the snake along, and then with an expression of entire satisfaction went to blinking again with a good 16 in. of animated green tubing swinging from his grim, set jaws. For a time the snake slatted around pretty freely, that is the portion left out-of-doors did, but "Daddy, like Brer Rabbit, he say nuffin," but now and again would give a knowing wink, as much as to say, "That's all right, young feller; I've got you now where you'll do the most good."

Next morning all was quiet in the tank inclosure. In a far corner lay the bereaved twin snake torn twixt grief and fear, and no amount of gentle poking could induce him to so much as raise his head above the ferns and moss about him. At each touch he would wriggle along a little, but always in a narrow circle, so as to keep well into his corner. He evidently realized the strategic necessity of keeping his flanks protected against attack by the frog, and was unconscious of any other enemy or willing to submit to any fate than that which overtook his late brother. Over by the pool sat Daddy with a countenance serene, and any one ignorant of the tragedy of the previous day, and seeing that long green tube hanging passively from his mouth, would have said that he was smoking a hubble bubble. Closer examination showed that there was a little less snake visible, while the frog seemed no bigger than before. For three successive days the frog sat slowly and calmly consuming his former neighbor, and on the fourth morning the snake had disappeared entirely from sight and the frog was apparently none the worse for his gustatory feat.

Another cannibalistic experience of a frog and snake

wherein the tables are reversed was witnessed by a naturalist while walking cross-country in the South. His attention was first attracted by a sound coming from the direction of a pool near by, a sound which would have made a timid man's blood run cold. It was not a shriek or a wail. It was not articulate enough for either, but was more like the sounds deaf mutes make at times, perhaps at pain, perhaps at joy—they always sound the same. It was a harsh, throaty utterance, not unlike the loud creaking of a door. But the wayfarer did not need to wonder at it on this occasion. He knew at once the meaning of that sound. In his life spent afield studying untamed life he had heard that sound many a time before and instantly answered it as he would any other signal of distress, for such he knew it to be. A couple of strides brought him to the pool, and, as he knew full well, there on the farther bank lay a big black snake holding in his mouth a fat bullfrog. The snake had made his attack from the rear and only the frog's head and shoulders were now visible. He was being swallowed bodily. The saunterer's pistol was out in an instant, but he suddenly held his fire when he realized that to shoot then was to endanger the life of the frog, when his desire was to set him at liberty unharmed. Accordingly he waited patiently in the brush until the snake had worried his fat morsel well down. When the bulgy spot had retired just behind the snake's head the naturalist, fearing to wait longer lest suffocation should put the poor victim beyond his power to aid, leveled his weapon and fired. The snake's head was shot clean off and the frog, unscarred, but badly scared, jumped forth and sunk himself in the pool.

There has been a good deal said and written first and last as to the power of the snake to charm the creatures which he sought as prey, but their ability to overcome a human being by their wiles would scarcely be entertained as possible. It can, however, be stated with the utmost truthfulness and good faith, that at least one man, both sturdy in body and strong in mind, fell a victim to a harmless little whipsnake.

It was in the woods in Georgia one bright day that the gentleman was walking when he chanced upon the little reptile lying coiled in a sunny spot among the leaves. As he paused to look at him a moment before turning aside to pass him unmolested (for he had inherited none of the animosity of mankind toward the serpent tribe, except they be dangerous), the snake raised his head and instantly began drumming upon a dry leaf with the tip of his slim tail. Its beady eyes were riveted upon the intruder, the pink tongue darted in and out incessantly, and all the while the tail kept up a ceaseless and ever increasing r-r-rat-tat-tat upon the leaf. For a few moments it was amusing to the gentleman to watch what he supposed to be the agitation of fear, but suddenly he realized that such was not the case. He could not take his eyes off the snake, and as he stood riveted to the spot, speechless and powerless to move, he felt that a blue vapor was creeping up from the snake and enveloping him in its coils, and a sensation of suffocation seized him. He began to struggle with himself, but felt, he afterward said, as he had often in a horrible dream, wholly incapable of moving a muscle to defend himself from what seemed impending doom. But the allied forces of mind and body were soon rallied and conquered in this case, and with one fierce effort and a yell of rage he hurled himself forward, and catching the snake in his hands broke the spell and killed the little demon. No man who knew the subject of this experience would for a moment question its truthfulness, and yet it must be admitted that it is well calculated to arouse the suspicions of the stranger.

ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

THE DECREASE OF BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Much discussion has been going on among naturalists and others in regard to the decrease in the number of birds of some species. We as well as others have observed of late years a great difference in the numbers of the feathered tribe, not only in this vicinity and State, but in other places as well, compared with those that swarmed through the same sections years ago; and many a time have we thought about it and tried to solve the problem.

Many writers and others claim—and with some ground undoubtedly—that much of this decrease is owing to so many being killed for millinery purposes; but should one while in assemblages of ladies take particular note of the supposed birds he would be surprised to see how few of those head-dress ornaments were really specimens of the taxidermist's art. In reality a goodly portion of them are simply make-believes and nothing more, although we do not doubt that many skins and wings of the real birds—that is, of those having the brightest-colored plumage—are so used.

Now, any one will observe that those birds having subdued colored dresses, such as ground birds and those nesting in low bushes, are scarcely ever seen upon millinery, and yet we find they are fully as scarce in proportion throughout sections that we have been in as those of more brilliant colors, thus showing that other cause besides the demand for them in the millinery business have produced the decrease.

Although we have never heard of any one's advancing this opinion before, we think one of the greatest causes, especially in and around thickly settled sections—and such sections include the greater part of the northeastern portion of our country—is the very great increase during late years in the ownership of improved firearms and their cheapness. With breechloading guns and rifles and the convenience of ammunition now, how easy it is for men and boys to load and shoot at birds of any and all kinds—so much easier than it used to be with the old flint-lock and percussion muzzleloaders. And the shooting, whether the birds are on the wing or even sitting, gives those gunners, so they think, some practice in the use of firearms.

One taking note will be surprised to see how many boys, large and small, in the country and in and around villages own either Flobert or other small caliber rifles, besides what a vast number of airguns are in use among the boys—and a good, strong-shooting airgun will maim or kill a little bird almost as surely as a small caliber rifle. Should one take note of it also he will be surprised to see so many young persons having those cheap guns roving around during the pleasant part of the year and popping away not only at English sparrows, but at anything and everything of the bird kind coming within shooting dis-

tance. We have often heard boys even boasting of the number of small birds they had killed or crippled with their rifles or airguns; many, without doubt, thinking there is no harm in the practice of shooting them, yet the effect remains, and although the law may be severe against destroying birds and their eggs, it is in a great number of cases impossible or impracticable to put it in force. Now, as large numbers of young persons in the aggregate thus armed traverse goodly portions of the country adjoining their respective homes, and during the year each kills or cripples quite a number of birds, what a large portion is thus destroyed. Throughout the country the number must be incredible.

We think it is the duty of parents and guardians, as well as teachers, to do all they can among boys under their charge to break up the bad practice of killing off the birds, and also of the practice of some in destroying the nests and eggs, often very easily obtained.

Although many think the climate and unseasonable storms have much to do with the bird decrease, we think the factor above written of has more to do with it than the climatic effects or any other.

A. L. L.
[Bird feathers for millinery use are commonly dyed, so plain feathers are available and are adapted for this purpose.]

Grouse and Bantam Cross.

ESTEVAN, Assa, Canada.—In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM a correspondent intimates that a friend of his is going to try the experiment of inter-breeding between the grouse and domestic bantam. A few years ago in the North Saskatchewan District of Canada, a region where both varieties of grouse—the ruffed and sharp-tailed prairie grouse—abound to a remarkable extent, the writer attempted to produce a cross between the male prairie grouse and the domestic hen. Two of the smallest specimens of the latter obtainable in that vicinity were mated in separate yards with two tame prairie grouse cocks. After a few days' acquaintance they were seen to mate in both instances and soon it became evident that these heretofore denizens of the prairie were more attentive to the hens in this respect than would have been males of their own species. In due time both hens commenced to lay and continued thereafter till ten and twelve eggs respectively were secured, whereupon they simultaneously took to hatching. For several weeks they persevered in the discharge of their incubatory duties with a fidelity that was remarkable, but with negative results. Finally an examination of the eggs revealed the fact that in every instance they had been devoid of vitality.

These experiments conducted under favorable conditions and with the greatest care were accepted as conclusive evidence that attempting to inter-breed between these species implies a condition of things for which nature made no provision.

W. M.

Albino Quail.

YANKTON, S. D., Feb. 17.—While hunting about twenty-five miles northwest of this city, along the James River, I came across a covey of quail, and among them were two white ones. These I shot, and found them to be unlike anything I have ever seen or heard of. They are somewhat larger than the ordinary quail, and of a white or cream color, speckled with brown, and at a little distance appear nearly white. Their appearance was not disturbed by shooting, so I had them nicely mounted. They make an exceedingly fine specimen.

Would you kindly inform me if they are of any special breed, or they may be a freak? Could they be sold, and for how much?

W. L. BRUCE.

[It is an instance of albinism which is likely to occur in all forms of animal life from man to mice. We have recorded white deer, white crows, white quail, and recently illustrated a white blackbird. The cause of the phenomena is found in an abnormal condition of the coloring agencies.]

A February Song Sparrow.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—While walking along St. Nicholas Place in the upper part of the city yesterday afternoon (Feb. 21), I was surprised to hear a song sparrow in full song. I think I have never heard this bird so early in the season.

WM. C. DORNIN, JR.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Before the light thrown by the burning hickory log dies out I must relate a little incident which has nothing in common with that "bell-on-the-moose story" which I have just read in FOREST AND STREAM. By the way, if James Monkhouse, Jr., had reason to believe that he did hang that bell on the moose's neck he should not hang his story on the big bell, for several reasons.

The other day when I had come in from a fox chase and was remarking how tiresome it was to stand at a runway waiting for fox and hounds to come back, the father of my guide told me that he once took a young man with him fox hunting who lacked that great virtue of patience, if he lacked nothing else. After giving the young man a bit of advice and a good stand near a sandbar which foxes in that particular region often used, he took the hounds with him and soon had a fox afoot. After two hours' driving the fox headed for the sandbar. The old gentleman, following the hounds as best he could, was astonished not to hear the young man's gun. Arriving at the sandbar the young man was nowhere to be seen, but there was a circle in the sand and the words "Gone home," and through the very circle and words the fox had run, as was shown by his footprints.

E. C. J. K.

When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When your tale's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—
Don't you fill the whole blamed paper
With a tale which at a pinch
Could be covered in an inch!
Poil her down until she simmers,
Polish her until she glimmers.
When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

THE BANNOCK INDIANS AND THE WYOMING GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunting right of the Bannock Indians in Wyoming has been the subject of much controversy and some bloodshed.

Race Horse, an Indian, had killed seven elk, contrary to the Wyoming law prohibiting the killing of more than were immediately needed for food. The Federal judge in that State decided that the Indian right under the treaty was paramount to the laws of that State.

The opinion of the judge, as well as all other discussions I have seen, seem to overlook several important considerations.

1. They proceed first upon the theory that a police power of a State (the right to legislate for the general welfare, including the protection of game) has its origin when the State is admitted to the Union; and, second, that the right of the Bannock Indians under the treaty is necessarily in conflict with game laws, and that the only question is which must yield.

The first proposition involves too broad a discussion in a newspaper review, but the following extract on the subject from Black's Constitutional Law will give some idea of its origin and nature:

"It cannot be doubted that the origin of this power must be sought in the very purpose and framework of organized society. It is fundamental and essential to government, * * * a necessary and inherent attribute to sovereignty. It antedates all laws, and may be described as the assumption on which constitutions rest. * * * It has always been held that the police power is an inalienable attribute of sovereignty and can never, therefore, be curtailed nor diminished; that it is present by implication in every act of legislation."

It must therefore be considered that this principle was had in mind by Congress in all acts and treaties relating to Indians and their hunting rights, and that it entered into and became a part of them, and must be read into this Bannock treaty.

2. But this really becomes unimportant under what seems to me a proper view of the second proposition above stated. The treaty with these Indians was made in 1868, and after providing for their removal to new reservations and the relinquishment of the old, proceeds:

"Article IV. The Indians herein named agree, when the agency house and other buildings shall be constructed on their reservations, named, they will make said reservations their permanent home, and they will make no permanent settlement elsewhere; but they shall have the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States so long as game may be found thereon, and so long as peace subsists among the whites and Indians on the borders of the hunting districts."

Upon this article is based the alleged right to hunt and kill game regardless of the Wyoming laws.

The right of the white citizen to hunt on public lands is a natural one, subject, however, to such restrictions as the State in which the lands lie may see fit to impose for the protection and preservation of the game. That of the Indian, under this treaty, is an acquired one.

Was it then the intention of Congress, or a proper construction of the treaty, that the Indian right to hunt should be other and greater than that of the white citizen in the same territory?

The American right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is declared to be inalienable, and has always been considered as the highest human right known, although at all times enjoyed subject to such legal restrictions as promote the public welfare. Yet it is claimed that this copper-colored right to slaughter game is in some way a notch higher, and subject to no control whatever. If so, to be a white man and an American citizen is a misfortune, contrary to human experience, and a doctrine which courts should be slow to declare.

It will be noticed that Article IV., after providing that the new reservations shall be the "permanent home" of the Indians, and that they shall "make no permanent settlement elsewhere," proceeds with a "but," to the effect that "they shall have a right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States" so long as certain conditions exist.

The United States has always regarded the Indians as its wards, and exercised an absolute and paternal control over their actions to the extent that no Indian is allowed to leave his reservation for any purpose without a permit from the agent.

It is reasonable that after agreeing to the provision that they must have a permanent home the Indians should insist on a stipulation that they might nevertheless have the right to go and hunt, which no agent could arbitrarily deny, and does not the contract show that this language is merely permissive as to leaving such home, and simply a qualification of the implied obligation to remain there?

It will also be observed that the right to hunt is not confined to their former reservation, nor to the State of Wyoming, but extends to all "unoccupied lands of the United States," wherever game and peace exists.

This is the express language of the article, and it is significant that all hunting privileges contained in previous Indian treaties (so far as they have come under my notice) are restricted to a right to return and hunt on the lands relinquished under the respective treaties. This extending of the privilege in this treaty must, then, have been for some purpose, and it is fair to assume that, as the reservation relinquished by the Bannocks was small and was to be opened to white settlement, it was recognized that the game might soon be driven beyond its limits.

This furnishes an obvious reason why the privilege was not restricted, as usual, but extended to all the unoccupied lands where game was to be found. The concluding words, referring to the "hunting districts," also clearly imply that the privilege was not confined to one district or region.

If, then, this right was not permissive as to leave of absence merely, but an affirmative grant of a right to hunt on unoccupied lands, notwithstanding the game laws

there existing, Congress undertook to grant to these Indians a right paramount to the game laws of every State in the Union where game is found on public land, regardless of the time or terms of its admission to the Union. This it could not do, as most of the States had been admitted long prior to the date of the treaty, and their police powers were not subject to curtailment.

It will not be claimed by anyone that Congress had any such power or intention. Yet such is the inevitable result if this treaty is repugnant and paramount to the game laws of Wyoming. For it must be equally so as to every State in the Union where public land and game are found, as its terms unmistakably extend to all alike. It must have been intended to be paramount to all or to none. It either creates a class of non-residents who may invade a State at will and remain exempt from the restraints or control of its police power, or it is a right subject to reasonable control. The mischief that would flow from the former theory is so serious that it cannot be adopted unless the meaning is the inevitable deduction from the language used.

This furnishes a strong ground for holding the right as permissive only, and as being nothing more than an irrevocable privilege to leave their otherwise permanent home for the purpose of hunting on the public lands wherever game is found and peace exists on the borders of the "hunting districts."

3. But if we concede that this treaty provision was not merely permissive, but conferred an affirmative right to hunt and kill game on public lands, it does not purport to give an unrestricted right. The Wyoming laws do not deny the Indians a right to hunt in the sense that conflicts with the treaty right.

The right to hunt is neither denied by law to the white man nor to the Indian; it is merely restricted and controlled, as every other right may be, even those which are denominated inalienable.

A fundamental canon of construction as to the conflict of laws is that there must be a manifest repugnancy, an irreconcilable conflict, in order to hold that one overthrows the other. No such repugnancy exists between this treaty and the game laws of Wyoming. Both can stand, and have some force and meaning, and such construction is imperative.

It must have been obvious to Congress that to confer a right on these Indians superior not only to that of the citizen, but of the State, would sooner or later provoke disorder and conflict.

The fair conclusion, then, is that if this right is more than a mere permission to leave their permanent reservation for hunting purposes, it is by no means an unrestricted license in contravention of the game laws, or more than a guarantee to the Indians against discrimination. The Wyoming laws do not so discriminate. They merely regulate the killing of game, protecting it against wanton and useless slaughter, preserving it alike for the Indian and the white man; allowing each the same privileges. These laws do not attempt to destroy or deny the right. On the contrary, they tend to its preservation and perpetuity, are beneficial and not detrimental to the Indian, and are not, therefore, repugnant to the treaty, in a legal sense, so as to require them to be held void.

It seems to me, then, quite clear that this treaty should be construed as a mere privilege to the Indians to leave their permanent reservations for hunting purposes. Or, if it is more than that, and actually confers a right to hunt on public lands, it is a right subject to the restrictions imposed by the State laws where it ought to be exercised.

Thus construed, the law stands, the treaty stands, and the Indian stands on the same footing as the citizen, and all conflict and difficulty disappears.

D. C. BEAMAN.

DENVER, Col.

MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—Does the scalp or pate of a deer, after it has been treated to a solution for preservation, constitute an article of merchandise under the Maine game laws? Mr. F. B. Webster, of Hyde Park, Mass., and several Boston men are interested in this question, and contend that the above-mentioned articles come under the head of manufactured goods, and are therefore subject to shipment out of the State without penalty or seizure. Mr. Webster had a small box containing a few of these scalps shipped to him in December, but they did not get any further than Bangor, as the goods were seized in that city by Warden Harriman and turned over to a taxidermist for safekeeping. In due time Mr. Webster inquired of the express company about his goods and was by them referred to a letter received from Game Commissioner T. H. Wentworth under date of Feb. 4, in which, after stating the fact of seizure, Mr. Wentworth states that the scalps were in a closed box, not accompanied by the owner, and were being shipped in violation of the regulations relating to shipment of game or parts thereof. He admits that there is a question as to whether the scalps were so far cured as to become manufactured goods. Again he says the scalps are of little value, but under the law he thinks are forfeited to the warden. Finally he says that Mr. Webster can have them by the payment of a small charge to the warden and to the taxidermist who has them in charge. Now, this is the one thing Mr. Webster will not do. He says it is a matter of principle, claims they were unlawfully seized, and in a letter to Mr. Wentworth demands that they be turned over to him without extra charges and without delay. He will not admit that tanned skins are game, or that a skin must be tanned by a prescribed plan of another or outside party in order to conform with the laws of Maine. Instead of making a payment for their release he claims a loss by the delay, and thinks the whole matter shows a peculiar way of protecting game interests.

The Bangor taxidermist in whose charge the scalps were placed has on different occasions shipped the same goods out of the State to his customers without hindrance, and one gentleman in Providence who received two pates from him some time ago is distinctly of the impression that they were prepared or cured by the same identical preparation as those of Mr. Webster which were seized. A Boston taxidermist has also received some of these scalps from this same Bangor party within the last two weeks. It is becoming quite the impression in Boston and vicinity that the extremely close watch and frequent seizures of game at Bangor is not altogether for the public good, but is sometimes made to serve personal interests. The commissioners should certainly look into these matters closely and see that perfectly fair and impartial treatment is accorded to all by those under them. In the matter of

these deer scalps, it certainly looks like favoritism to allow one man to ship them out of the State at his pleasure, while seizing and holding the same goods shipped by another.

The Parmachenee Club, who have a club house at Parmachenee Lake, Maine, have a new steward in the person of J. E. Haley, of Rangeley. That old veteran of the Rangeley region, John Danforth, who has been the club steward since its organization, has resigned in order to go into business at Errol, N. H., and he surely has the good wishes of hosts of friends in his new venture.

Robert Storey, of Wilson's Mills, Maine, one of the best Magalloway guides, passed through Boston en route to his home a few days ago. His many sportsmen friends in Boston and elsewhere will be pleased to learn that he has nearly recovered from the serious ill health brought on by exposure from fighting a long and obstinate forest fire which occurred near his home some months ago.

Commissioner H. O. Stanley, of Maine, has been spending a few days in Boston, and speaks with pleasure of a trip to Moosehead Lake from which he has just returned. George Greeley, of Bangor, and a Mr. Robinson, of Portland, were his companions, and fishing through the ice was the occupation which furnished them so much sport; twenty or thirty good-sized togue were captured. They found the ice in the lake both thin and treacherous, and felt relieved when the shore was reached on their return. Mr. Stanley has recently been up to Caribou, Me., on a visit to the State fish hatchery at that place. In a few of the pools there he discovered among the stones at the bottom a fat and luscious-looking worm. In these particular pools the trout were in prime condition and very large, while in the other pools they were much poorer. Just why some of the pools were selected as an abiding place for these worms, while others were passed over, he was unable to find a reason, and is curious now to see what his next visit to this hatchery will show.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., spent a few days in Boston last week. Salmon fishing is Mr. Mitchell's greatest pleasure, and he has followed the sport persistently on several of the north shore rivers and at the Bangor pool for some years. Together with F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, he has leased a part of the Restigouche River, above the Restigouche Club's preserve, and known as the Grog Island privileges. While in Scotland last year Mr. Mitchell fished the River Tay, but did not find it quite up to the standard of our American rivers. Still many large fish are taken from that stream, and conditions may not have been favorable for good results during his visit.

Pending House Bill No. 449 is an act relative to the close season for brook trout fishing in Massachusetts, in which it is proposed to make the open season on trout from March 1 to July 1, instead of from April 1 to Sept. 1, as it now is. Boston anglers who know of the proposed measure are much opposed to its passage, believing that the change is not needed, and is an act calculated principally to benefit those who have trout for sale. Fishing with rod and reel in Massachusetts streams in March is next to impossible, and the enactment of such a law would simply permit those who desired to break the ice over the best pools and take out the large trout to sell in the open market. Again, it is in the summer, after July 1, that the vacation season is fairly inaugurated, and if the close season is to begin at that time a large number of people who find pleasure in brook trout fishing will be barred out of the sport. It is the impression that the present law is good enough, and ought to stand as it is. Another proposed act which is strongly criticised is House Bill No. 805, which is an act to provide for the sale of the fish hatcheries belonging to the commonwealth and to provide for the purchase of trout fry from private hatcheries. So thoroughly does this bill seem to be in the interests of individual trout breeders that it is not believed it can possibly get through the General Court. After all the expense and years of time given by the State to the perfection of this work, it would be nothing less than suicidal to turn over the preservation of our trout to the bidding of pirate individuals and the political wire-pulling which such a course would be sure to entail.

HACKLE.

AN EVENING ON THE POND.

THE autumn day was drawing to a close. The lovely tints from the western sky peeped through the scant foliage and playing upon the boughs and variegated leaves of the autumn forest added beauty to the already beautiful scene. Across the water, whose every ripple gleamed with the golden tints of the setting sun, came the dismal hooting of some early-awakened owl. Ever and anon the silence was rudely broken by a splashing in the water as some large fish, sporting in joyous glee or eagerly pursuing its prey, lost account of himself in the water and suddenly finding himself too near its surface dived back into its depths.

If one could have seen through the maze of dead, decaying willows that were unsparingly dispersed over the upper part of the pond, he would have espied two figures, motionless and alert, silently peering toward the northern sky. Each held a gun carelessly over his knee. Before them in a small open space several decoys floated lazily with the ripples.

Do they see those small well-nigh invisible specks away toward the North, which but for their V-shaped line would scarcely attract the attention of even the trained eye? Do they hear the faint almost inaudible chuckling of these beautiful winged creatures as they chat and joke in their onward flight? Yes. For soon the swamp sparrow was startled from his perch in the willows; the screech-owl flapped his wings and turning his head from side to side peered inquiringly through the twigs. The far-away hills sent faint responsive echoes to the shrill "quack! quack! quack!" The silent figures had observed the passing line and one of them had blown into his duck call. The line swerved at the sound of the call and came directly toward the pond. The slight rustle of their wings grew louder and louder until at last it developed into a sound like the raging wind as it whistles through the treetops on some chilling winter's eve. The figures remained silent and still. The flock of mallards, for such they were, circled round and round, coming by degrees nearer to the water's surface. Presently they seemed to hover lingeringly in the air just above the decoys. Four reports rang out in quick succession on the still evening air. They were echoed and re-echoed along the water until the first loud report had gradually died away in a faint, far-off roar. The occasional glimpses through the louds of smoke revealed a confused line of departing

ducks. And there before them on the water lay two mallard drakes creating much confusion in their final death struggles.

Again silence reigned supreme. The gorgeous colors of the west faded into a faint red streak along the horizon. The evening star shone out large and clear and was the signal for the advent of many other heavenly gems. The bullfrogs croaked and bellowed. The marsh hen cackled and the hooting of the owl seemed plainer than before. The boat was guided slowly to the bank and the hunters disembarked for their homeward tramp.

That night their dreams revealed to them the happy hunting grounds of the red men, and when they awoke from these sweet dreams of peace they had none but the happiest remembrances of the evening on the pond.

BANG-BANG.

ABOUT CALIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every sportsman has his own pet theory in the above question and everyone will advance some more or less strong argument in defense of his own gun. Personally I have always used a .50-110-300 Winchester, but am not satisfied with it, and in fact so little did I like it that had it not been for Mr. Irland's interesting letter in last week's paper I would have bought one of the new .30-cal. smokeless with mushroom bullets to experiment with; mind you, I did not say to shoot moose with.

The Indians here invariably prefer a shotgun to a rifle; using a ball cartridge, of course, when the game can be approached sufficiently close, say 80yds. and under. Now this is not a matter of expense with them, because I can cite several who have been offered a rifle and preferred a cheap shotgun; they argue that it makes a bigger hole and kills more quickly, and in matters of wood life I am very prone to follow the red man's advice and counsel. My own fault with the .50-110-300 is want of accuracy; I mean to say you cannot be sure to an inch or two where the ball will go at say 50yds. and the greater the distance the less accuracy you have.

Then again the trajectory is in my opinion too high for a good hunting rifle. How often the hunter comes on game some foggy morning, or perhaps they are away up on a hillside, or a dozen and one things may combine to render it an extremely difficult task for any but the most experienced hunters to judge the distance correctly. Take the instance Mr. Irland gives of a moose 300yds. away across a lake. Now I am quite sure that ten out of every twelve hunters will make a big error in estimating distances on or over water. Had we a rifle with such a low trajectory as to make any shot up to 300yds. almost point blank, we would have nearly solved our question. The misses made are nearly all in my opinion owing to overshooting.

A bullet that will hit hard is wanted also, something that will give a great shock, and of course the more ragged the wound the quicker an animal will bleed to death. This is accomplished to a large extent with the soft nose bullets.

A friend of mine has an English express rifle which shoots point blank at 200yds. and it makes a big hole too. Among American rifles I fancy the Winchester .40-125 would act almost the same, but then the trouble is one has only two shots in the first rifle and one shot in the next, and several times in the past my repeater has given me game which otherwise would have escaped.

To sum up, I think that what we want for moose and caribou is a big caliber, low trajectory, great penetration and the mushroom bullet.

Let us hear from some other hunters on the subject. I may say in closing that the Winchester people tell me they cannot make me a workable .40-125 repeater.

HALIFAX, N. S. TIAM.

MOOSE HUNTING WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read Mr. Cecil Clay's admirable article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, and I like it very much except in so far as the part I do not like, which is the part in which he contumeliously refers to me. He mentions no names, but he is discovered. I know he refers to me. I feel it in my bones. He mentions certain phrases which I considered excellent, and which I deliberated over some days in my garret room before I used them. He trippantly tosses them to one side as if such phrases and such ideas were to be found at every corner. I could have forgiven him if he had even said that they were pretty, but he didn't, and therefore as to being forgiven we will let that go.

His whole argument is not on the theoretical merits of the question, of which merits he must be well informed. No man knows precisely just what the theoretical merits are, although Mr. Clay writes of them. I have written of them also. I don't know what they are. As Mr. Clay treats of them learnedly, I am constrained to believe he knows what they are. I wish he would define them instead of assuming them. Making an assumption and then drawing a conclusion is too nimble a way of proving a case. That is the way I did. I had hoped it would not be copied. If you wish to prove you are right, just show that some other fellow did the same thing or worse and presto! proven.

I forgot to mention that this was all about moose and moose shooting. Read Mr. Clay's article in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8 and it will save me some explanation.

I do not agree with Mr. Clay in his oracular statement when he says, "The pleasure is in the hunting, not in the killing." If the pleasure was in the mere hunting, he could hunt mushrooms, or wild strawberries, or rats. There is more than the mere hunting. There is the danger. There is the capture. There is the food. The more dangerous the animal the greater the zest of sport. There is the personal danger of being hunted, and the personal gratification of victory.

These are the old savage considerations which surrounded man's aboriginal environment when he was hunter or hunted. In civilization, man returns to his primitive life betimes and revels and thrives. He has delights, but he does not understand them. He tries to interpret them according to the light of his experience, and not the light of his nature.

Mr. Clay sums up the whole matter in the argument *ad hominum* as follows: "Opinions depend upon the point of view." There he hit it. The *ad hominum* is good. Since my very learned and most correct articles on moose hunting as it is not practiced—the theoretical of the par-

lor as against the reality of the field—I have had some practical experience.

Now a fellow when he sees a moose feels different then from what he does when he reads that the other fellow has seen it. There is quite as much difference as there is between the pathos of prevention of cruelty to animals which are not to be killed at all and animals which are to be killed if you can kill them.

In short, I went moose hunting myself.

Gentlemen, when you have worked and waited, toiled and boiled, hungered and thirsted through several days, then have seen a moose, you are not very apt to organize yourself into a country debating society as to whether you will do so and so or whether you would better do thus and thus. The ethical principles which are so nice in the parlor, where gas light and dress suits are in evidence, and where immaterial sentiment overshadows absent reality, may be all right under those conditions, but possibly may be out of place with a man who goes out to get moose. When you go for moose the way to get him is to do so. A dress suit is out of place hunting moose—a moose costume is out of place in the parlor.

When I saw my moose I forgot all about the niceties of the parlor; the rules which obtain for the hunter who does not hunt; the rules which one fellow who doesn't makes for the other fellow who does. I saw my moose at 200yds. and I turned loose, but, gentlemen, I could not do it again unless I had a chance. There is nothing like true ethics of sportsmanship for the other fellow and making the other fellow live up to them. Long live the *ad hominum*. Let us hope that Tiam will be generous to one who has emerged from the theoretical to the practical.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Wardens and the Markets.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 21.—It may be news to most folk to learn that the game wardens of different States are looked upon as legitimate source of supply by the game dealers of the delectable commission street of this city. The laws of some States render this one of the possibilities of the fearful and wonderful protective system of the United States—a system which is rushing the game into market as rapidly, perhaps, as any that could well be devised. I am in receipt from Mr. Will Cave, of Missoula, Mont., of a circular sent by a Chicago commission house to Mr. Jos. S. Booth, game warden at that point. The circular speaks for itself, and I give it, hoping thereby to show the enterprise of the dealer in contrast to the lack of enterprise of the average sportsman-protectionist over the country. I may add that Warden Booth declined to take advantage of his position in this way.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—*Game Warden*—Dear Sir: We wish to call your attention to the excellent facilities and the large trade we have in game of all kinds. Handling game in car lots and less from the different wardens and shippers in the different States, we feel confident we can handle any and all shipments you may favor us with to the very best possible advantage. We report obtaining the following prices to-day. On all large lots we obtain the highest prices. * * * The open season is drawing to a close and not much time left to ship. In conclusion, let us say that if you have disposed of your game this season, let us make some arrangements for your future business. We can make it an object for you to do business with us. Awaiting your reply, we are yours truly,

EICHENGREEN & KENNEDY.

It may not be plain to all just how a game warden can become a seller of game, and for the benefit of those who do not understand the wrinkles I will explain by an instance taken from the annals of protection in the State of Illinois. It will be remembered that our illustrious warden, Mr. Blow, last summer brought action against a cold storage outfit in Kewanee, Ill., which had for years been worse than a menace to the game of the State. Our statute provides that a fine of not less than \$5 per bird can be imposed upon one having illegal game birds in possession. It further provides that the game seized is to be sold at auction by the warden, half the proceeds of such sale to go to the warden and half to the school fund. It is curious to reflect that Warden Blow never made any attempt to have the man Merritt fined at all, but he vigorously went after the illegal game, getting Merritt's sworn admission that he had 27,000 head of illegal birds in his freezer. The case then went on in the usual legal grind, the game being replevined from the warden by Merritt, and left *in situ* in the freezer, under bond given by Merritt of \$10,000. In the meantime, of course, the warden got nothing for his services, nor did the deputy, who really deserves the credit for getting the evidence which convicted Merritt. The case was to come up at the next session of the circuit court, which falls on the second Monday of this month. (The judge advises that he will probably have his regular jury in working shape some time during the first week, so the case may be heard from within the next ten days from now.) Should all go well at that session of the court, Warden Blow will be the proud one-half possessor of 27,000 head of game. He is shrewd enough to know that no jury would fine old man Merritt, offender though he certainly is, anything like the amount of the lowest just legal penalty; and he knows that he has, in his half ownership of this enormous amount of game, a legal though outrageous cinch on making ten times as much as he could ever have made in fines. He has behind him, in short, the law of Illinois and all the machinery of the commission business, which openly sends out circulars to the wardens and offers to buy their game. He knows he can sell that game for a big sum of money at a *bona fide* sale, for game in these days is worth good money. He knows that he can convey title absolute to that game. In one sense he is not to be blamed for taking advantage of a law which seems to have been framed expressly for the behoof of the game markets of Chicago. This is our law—we take what the dealers allow us to take when it comes to legislation. This shows again the enterprise of the trade and the lack of enterprise on the part of the sportsmen. I do not need to refer again at this place to the shameful record of the sportsmen of Illinois at the last session of the Legislature, when by reason of the blunders of this same man Blow and his would-be friends we nearly lost even what law we now have left to fight the markets with.

This, then, was Mr. Blow's laudable record in the Merritt case. He went first after the game, not after the

finer. I have always told Mr. Baird and Mr. Bortree, who led the prosecution for the warden—and who deserve credit for doing what they did, although they might have done far better—that they made a mistake in not proceeding under the full cover of the statute and not simply trying to get hold of that game under a part of the statute; although I have not thought that they would spare Merritt in any way if they had the engineering of the suit from the start, and they claim they would later have had him fined also. At any rate, they made no effort to have Merritt fined at the time. All the wild stories printed in a Chicago sporting sheet about the enormous fines that had been imposed on Merritt were canards pure and simple and samples only of bad journalism. But now let us see a little further along, and perhaps we shall understand why Warden Blow just now is a trifle on the anxious seat over his biggest game case. It may be that he is hoist by his own petard. Seeing that no attempt had been made to fine Merritt, and having the records to show that the warden had gotten possession of certain illegal game (the lots of game, 161 birds in all, which were sent out by Merritt on the decoy orders which led to his arrest), State's Attorney Graves seems to have concluded that he could take a hand in this affair about as well as not. So last summer, as was duly recorded here, he brought action against Merritt exactly as the warden or whoever laid the plan of the original prosecution should have done. He secured the lowest fine, \$5 for each bird, and this Col. Merritt paid gladly and cheerfully, it making only \$805 in all, nothing being said about those 27,000 other birds down cellar in the airtight tin tanks which Col. Merritt had sworn to owning and having and holding. Now what is troubling our friends of the prosecution is this question: Will not that county jury next week be of the belief that the eminent fellow citizen, Col. Merritt, has suffered enough? Will they not continue to believe that all that money ought to be kept in the county and not allowed to go out, even to the extent of one-half, in the hands of Chicago aliens? For, be it remembered, when lawyer Graves gets Col. Merritt fined, instead of the warden doing so by his lawyers, the fine rests in the community and does not go to the great city of Chicago, where it is as likely as not to be spent for theaters, cigars, beefsteaks and other riotous living, and not employed in disbursements among the church contribution box, the grocery store and the Christmas tree, as, I am sure, the esteemed fellow-citizen Col. Merritt and his associates at Kewanee will insist in employing it since matters have turned out as they have. This is how lawyer Graves may have been a benefit to Kewanee and a detriment to Chicago.

I trust now everyone can see how a game warden can become a valuable source of supply for the game trade.

In his annual report for this year Warden Blow records sixty-seven arrests and sixty-two convictions. This is a good showing. If Warden Blow would confine his labors to executing the law and not attempt to select or frame legislation, he might come to be a very useful citizen.

Feb. 22.—The celebrated Kewanee freezer case, State of Illinois vs. H. Clay Merritt, was set for trial at Cambridge, Ill., for last Thursday, Feb. 20, but at this writing no word has been received from the seat of war. Mr. F. S. Baird, of Chicago, and Mr. C. K. Ladd, of Kewanee, have been retained by the directory of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association as attorneys to carry on the prosecution against Merritt. Mr. Baird, Warden Blow, Deputy Warden S. L. Hough, who secured the evidence against Merritt, and Mr. M. R. Bortree all left Chicago for Cambridge last Wednesday evening. The case will be very bitterly fought; the present phase of the action being only that concerning the ownership of 27,000 head of game which Merritt has under oath admitted to be in his freezer. The result will be received with great interest.

Feb. 24.—The sportsmen lose the Kewanee freezer case. Judge Bigelow admitted the record of the earlier criminal suit against Merritt by States Attorney Graves and held it *res adjudicata*. Merritt thus retains the freezer full of game. Warden Blow overreached himself and got nothing. The sportsmen will carry the case to the Appellate Court next October. Merritt appealed earlier criminal case to Appellate Court next May. The May decision will indicate October decision. Both parties will carry the action *in rem*, testing ownership of game, to Supreme Court next January. The freezer game remains in bond. States Attorney Graves has filed a \$50,000 libel suit against Warden Blow and two Chicago daily newspapers who alleged bad motives.

Montana Wolves.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—According to the report of the State treasurer of Montana, there were 13,000 coyotes and wolves killed during the year 1895, in the proportion of one wolf to eight coyotes. The wolf bounty is hence quite a serious thing. And there are plenty of wolves left.

Running Elk.

J. S. Vidal, prosecuting attorney of Lander, says he will make an example of any one who attempts to run down game out of season, for he declares for every calf elk captured and shipped East there are at least ten killed in the chase or die after being captured. This position is said to have been taken on account of recent orders received by professional hunters to furnish young elk and other game for Eastern park owners.

Distinguished Visitors.

The antarctic explorer, C. E. Borchgrevink, is in Chicago this week, and has delivered a lecture upon the subject of his explorations in the region of the South Pole. He is fitting out another expedition, which will leave London next September. He will take eleven men with him into winter quarters on the main land of the far southern region, his ship returning for him in the spring of 1897.

Interesting Observations on Fur.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 25.—Some very interesting observations on fur taking are on hand at this office in a letter from Mr. W. T. Chestnut, of Fredericton, N. B. It would seem that New Brunswick is very much of a fur country, more so than our State of Wisconsin, and one could well share the wish that the FOREST AND STREAM fur trip had been made to that more prolific region. I cannot do better than give some extracts from Mr. Chestnut's letter, which are valuable and much to the point. Among other things he states that he has just been out on a long trapping trip with Mr. Braithwaite, an old trapper

of that country, and has occasion to say something about snowshoes.

"Notwithstanding you got bad shoes in Montreal, we can supply shoes in New Brunswick that will not sag, no matter how wet they get. A good pair of caribou shoes will get tight when wet. Our country is very rough, and skis would not do. I have seen them used in the West. They are fine in open country.

"When I went in the woods this fall, Mr. Braithwaite, my companion, had seven families of beaver located, and if you had been along you would have had a fine chance to see this most interesting animal. One large family in particular had a fine house, large dam, feed cut for winter, and the whole operation of beaver work on a large scale.

"About wooden traps. All of our lines here for sable are set with a deadfall on top of a stump, as shown by Tappan Adney. Our best trappers would not use a steel trap for sable under any circumstances, and steel traps cost less than a good deadfall. One reason is that in our country the snow gets 5, 6 or 8 ft. deep, and a trap on top of a stump will not get snowed under so quickly. The next reason is that sable caught in a deadfall bring a better price, as the fur is not mussed or cut, as it is when caught in a steel trap, as Mr. Sable is a plucky little fellow and tries his best to get out. Another reason is that in this part of the country our moose bird or Canada jay would steal the bait out of your steel traps faster than you could bait them, and a deadfall properly made can be set so as to take in a sable and still keep out a moose bird. Fourth and last, a deadfall never misses if rightly set.

"In your hunting country you use steel traps for small fur and deadfalls for bears, but in ours we use deadfalls for small fur and steel traps for bears.

"Joe Blair's deadfall is a good one, and there are hundreds of them in our woods; but the man that hunts bears for a living does not depend on a deadfall. An old coaster of a bear would not go near the like of that. A few years ago they would, but have been so much hunted that they are shy of them; and so it is only the back settler or the small trapper that uses them to any extent. Of course for mink we use some steel traps and for lynx steel traps.

"Mr. Braithwaite has fifty steel bear traps, and I have known him to take thirty-three bears in one spring with twenty-six traps in use. He has thirteen camps and probably 100 miles of lines. Perhaps you are aware that here we have the finest otter in Canada, and that is saying a good deal, and beaver are by no means extinct, as I have seen Braithwaite get fifty-two one spring not so very long ago.

"Another instance is about moose. A Mr. Rich, of Bethel, Me., had in FOREST AND STREAM a statement saying that moose seldom, if ever, barked a tree all around, not wishing to kill the tree. Here again we are at loggerheads. I mentioned it to Mr. Braithwaite this last hunt and we took particular notice of all peeled trees. Whenever we found one peeled all around, and there were many, we would call it one of Rich's trees. Our idea is this: if a moose is feeding along he peels the side nearest to him and goes on, but if he is in no rush and staying in one place, he will stand and peel the tree as high as he can and all around. We saw hundreds so done.

"It always makes my blood boil to hear about the way your game is handled in the Park, and of course most Americans will not agree with me when I say that I think we could look after it better in this country than you do. If you had our northwest mounted police over there for a while you would soon get rid of the poachers. I can't understand how that winter, after all the trouble to get Howell, your people let him go. You can't walk through our courts like that."

There are no two opinions in regard to the efficiency of the game laws of the English Provinces as compared to those of the United States. We have everything to learn here in protective matters, and will probably not learn it till our game is gone. In regard to the specific case of Howell, the Yellowstone poacher, however, the reason he got clear was that at the time of his arrest there was no law under which he could be held. A better one now exists for the Park, and when Idaho has one equally severe we shall perhaps hear less of the killing of the Park buffalo.

Black Lynx and other Freaks.

All the way from Calais, Me., Mr. Geo. A. Boardman writes in further comment on the fur articles in FOREST AND STREAM, and adds some curious information on the subject of color variations in animals:

"In your article about deadfalls and 'trade names of furs,' you say lynx never grow black. I thought it might interest you to know that they sometimes do. In my early visits to South Florida many years ago I used to be told there were black wolves and also black lynx (*Lynx rufus*). Upon my telling Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian, what I had been told he wanted very much to get skins of each for them, which I did. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman naturalist by name of Tappan, whom I told my wants (who now, or did, a few years ago, live at Mandan, near Bismarck, Dakota). He collected a fine specimen of black lynx (*rufus*) in Lee county, Florida, and was kind enough to have it sent to the Smithsonian, where they have it among their specimens. It was a nice shiny black, and the spots on the side shine through very prettily. He also sent them skins of black wolves, as black as any bear. The bear skins were not uncommon, but the bear skinners used to cut off the head and tail often and you could not be sure what the animals were.

"Melanism is more rare than albinism. I once got a black robin from the nest, kept it until it moulted in the fall and came out as black as a grackle. In about three weeks it began to turn into an albino, but as I had several white robins I killed it and had it mounted. It went the rounds of the naturalist and is now in my collection. I have thirty-five albino birds and some animals."

Michigan.

Mr. F. A. Mitchell, general passenger agent of the Manistee & N. E. R. Co., whose residence is at Manistee, Michigan South Peninsula, called at this office during the week and afforded a chance for a good talk on game and fish matters in his part of the State. He says that only one non-resident shooting license was taken out in Michigan South Peninsula, although crowds of non-residents fraudulently obtained resident licenses. The result of the license law in Michigan seems to have been as earlier indicated in this correspondence; the shooters who could

not sneak into their old grounds in Michigan went to the deer country of Wisconsin. It would seem that a law of this sort should obtain in all allied States, and not one or two, to actually save much game in the total killed. The license law of Michigan only means that more deer will be killed in Wisconsin, though it certainly means less killed in Michigan.

Mr. Mitchell is an ardent fly-fisher, and speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the sport of grayling fishing, of which he is especially fond. He says that the State is not yet quite stripped of the grayling supply, though that fish is by no means so abundant as it was in former years.

California.

Mr. E. H. Wilson, of Perris, southern California, said in course of a conversation at this office this week, that in his locality one can still find good deer shooting, and if lucky a chance now and then at a grizzly. The glorious climate of California, as is well known, is reputed to produce a bigger and tougher grizzly than any other section of the country can offer, and one who has been lucky enough to get a California bear necklace can pose indeed as a bad man.

Texas.

Mr. Guessaz writes from San Antonio conveying the sad news of the death of Harry Laning, a Chicago shooter of good acquaintance who went to San Antonio last year to live. Mr. Laning was in poor health for some time, and lately had a bad accident, falling down an elevator shaft and sustaining serious injuries from which he never recovered.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, who has been spending some time in Chicago, starts next week for a long visit to the duck country of Texas. He will probably go to Port La Vaca, east of Rockport and west of Galveston.

Progress in Gun Making.

The rapid progress in perfection of the modern shotgun is well shown by a little invention which I discover to be in the hands of Mr. George W. La Rue, of New York city, who is in Chicago for a few weeks. Mr. La Rue has patents for a new shell ejector, which he has hopes of selling to some gun firm for a modest remuneration. It is a very plain and positive sort of thing, can be attached to any shotgun, and should cost, he thinks, but a trifle in addition to the cost of a good gun. No doubt the world will yet see all of us fellows with single trigger hammerless ejectors of 3 lbs. weight, capable of firing a shot a second, and fatal at 100 yds. What we will be shooting at in those days is another story. Read the answer in the stars—and FOREST AND STREAM.

Michigan.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 14.—Mr. Chase S. Osborn, fish and game warden of Michigan, is in town this week, on his way to Mexico with the large and influential State Press Association of which he is acting manager. Mr. Osborn is a bright and intelligent gentleman of fine presence and nervous, pleasant manners. He is a newspaper man of ability, owning the newspaper at Florence, Wis., and also the *News*, of Sault Ste. Marie, the leading paper of that city, which is his home. Mr. Osborn is the sort of warden of which we need more—a man of responsibility, character and dignity. He has cause to be proud of his work in Michigan protection. He says that on figuring up the results of the year's work in protection for Maine, which is much vaunted these days, he finds that Michigan has done five times as much as Maine, though relatively little is heard of the latter State. Mr. Osborn thinks that very few non-residents sneaked in on resident deer licenses last fall, and he insists that very little venison was shipped out of his State.

Minnesota.

Mr. S. F. Fullerton, "executive agent" or State warden for Minnesota, has destroyed 60,000 ft. of illegal nets this season. He says that the warden of Wisconsin and himself work together and are of great assistance to each other. Mr. Fullerton finds his greatest trouble with the game dealers, but hopes eventually to see the latter put to complete rout.

The case of the State of Minnesota vs. Wm. Corcoran, mentioned as appealed in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, has been passed upon by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, and the result is a victory for the sportsmen and a defeat for the commission merchants. The Supreme Court holds that it is not class legislation to name commission merchants under the restriction that they shall not receive any portion of a Minnesota deer other than the head and horns.

Wisconsin.

Mr. C. Eseman, of Waupaca, Wis., says that the sportsmen of that vicinity have practically broken up illegal fishing in the lakes thereabout. They confiscated one set line with 640 hooks. Illegal seining has been almost entirely stopped.

Ice yachting has been progressing for the past week in great style on many of the Wisconsin lakes. On Feb. 11 a regatta was held on Lake Winnebago in which thirty boats participated, hailing from Oshkosh, Neenah and Fond du Lac. The course was twenty-four miles in length, triangular in shape. The boats raced for the Fond du Lac silver cup. Mr. Charles Norris, of Chicago, judged. There were eight finishers, and Oshkosh (boat No. 14) won; time, 37m. 10s. Fond du Lac was second; time, 37m. 47s.

Texas.

Mr. M. B. Davis, of Waco, Texas, voices a beginning cry of Texas sportsmen against the destruction of Texas game and asks help of her sister States to change the tide of affairs. He complains that the Texas coast is overrun with Northern shooters who slaughter the wildfowl without measure or moderation on their winter resting grounds. Mr. Davis deprecates the inefficient character of the Texas statutes, especially as touching upon the export of game.

Mississippi.

Mr. Noel E. Money, of Oakland, N. J., has shipped to Capt. R. E. Bobo ten foxhounds, to be added to the famous Bobo bear pack. He will later add several of the rough-coated Welsh hounds, which, he thinks, will be of great value in the pack.

Chicago.

A party of distinguished gentlemen will start on next Friday, Feb. 21, from Chicago on a long and pleasant journey of rest and relaxation in the sunny Southwest.

They are all hard-working business men and their names are as follows:

Mr. A. G. Spalding, of the well-known sporting goods firm A. G. Spalding & Bros.; Mr. Edwin A. Potter, of the Lyon & Potter music house and president of the Chicago Athletic Club; Mr. Gilbert B. Shaw, president of the American Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago; Mr. J. B. Wilbur, president of the Royal Trust Co., Chicago; Mr. A. J. Roach, of the sporting goods trade, Philadelphia. They will spend the month of March on Mr. Spalding's ranch in Grant county, near Deming and Silver City, New Mexico. All are bicyclists and will take to the ranch in this natural home of the broncho the rubber shod machines which seem so rapidly taking the place of the horse—a most unique incident to chronicle. The gentlemen will also take their guns and other sporting equipment, and will spend more than a month of happy days in the delightful region of New Mexico.

Baron von Hegenmüller, of the Embassy for Austro-Hungary to this Government at Washington, D. C., stopped at Chicago this week for a short time, en route to San Francisco, and had his guns overhauled in preparation for some sport in the West. He concludes his American tour by a visit to Florida.

Mr. Chauncey Ward Chamberlain, of Boston, Mass., paid this office a pleasant visit this week. Mr. Chamberlain says that he has a complete file of *FOREST AND STREAM*, from the first number of the old *Rod and Gun* down, and adds that his admiration for the paper increases each year.

Deputy Warden S. L. Hough reports the following convictions secured by himself this week of Chicago dealers selling game after the close of the selling season: H. V. Wennecke & Son, Thirty-first and Dearborn streets, ten squirrels and one dozen quail, \$20 and costs; H. & J. Goldenberg, 188 West Randolph street, nine squirrels, \$5 and costs. Mr. Hough brought his suits before Justice Foster, and that gentleman was so good as to say that an officer of the law ought not to secure evidence by buying illegal game. How else should he secure it?

A farmer by name of Edward McClellan, living near Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb, on Feb. 12 shot and killed the wolf which has lately been ravaging Chicago chicken coops. Chicago is a good place to go wolf hunting when there is a good tracking snow.

Two heavy snowstorms have given this city about 2ft. of snow within the past week, and the snowshoeing has been good in the country near by. I find that the little village of Glen Ellyn, about twenty-five miles out on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, offers many advantages for snowshoe parties. The nearest hills to Chicago are located there, and they are good stiff hills, which do very well for *ski* and toboggan work. There is also a little lake and a lot of woods, so that one can have quite a good winter day of it there.

It is a curious fact that the sporting goods trade of Chicago is almost entirely ignorant of snowshoe matters. I tried in vain at the best stores here to get a set of snowshoe straps, failed further to get a set out at a house making sportsmen's clothing, and at last made myself a good set out of some rags. I had not seen a decent pair of web shoes shown in a Chicago store this winter, nor found a clerk who knew anything about them. A friend of mine wanted a pair of *skis*, and went out to buy them, but failed ingloriously. There was only one pair in Chicago, and they were a curiosity. They were constructed of spruce, about 3in. wide, on wholly impractical lines, with utterly absurd straps, and—shades of Billy Hofer!—they were turned up at both ends! The genius who evolved that *ski* model is unknown, but it is a shame that such goods are not supplanted by practical tools which would encourage the growth and enjoyment of a healthy outdoor sport which should be better appreciated in Chicago. This city has good country near by, and often has good snow.

White Deer and a Pine Nut Bear.

An interesting communication comes from Mr. E. Elliott, of Seattle, Wash., in regard to an island in that region where albinism in deer seems to be unusually common. This island is known by Whidby Island, and two of the deer killed there, one entirely white and one mottled, are on exhibition, mounted, in the Rainier Grand Hotel, at Seattle. Mr. Elliott says that Whidby Island is an island offshore in Puget Sound.

Elk in Michigan.

From time to time I have mentioned the report that there were still a few specimens of elk alive in Michigan, though I do not care to name the locality where they now are thought to range. But I can give the time and place where probably the last elk were killed in Michigan. Mr. F. H. Lord, general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, this week told me, by mere accident, that when a boy he "used to tramp around in the Michigan woods after elk and deer."

"Elk!" I said, skeptically. "Are you sure about that?" "Yes," said he, "my father and I killed elk in the South Peninsula of Michigan when I was a boy. I must have been about 15 years old then and that would bring it about in 1866. My father was lumbering in the Cass River country, in Tuscola county, Michigan South Peninsula, near where Caro now is. One winter we got track of a band of seven elk and went out after them on the snow. We surrounded them—I think now they must have been yarded, like moose—and killed four out of the seven. I recollect very well how nervous I was with my old muzzleloading rifle, but I shot one of the elk. The horns of those animals were around our home place for years. I saw them there long after I had grown to manhood, and probably they are lying around there now."

The above is the only account I have ever been able to get from an eye-witness of elk actually seen in Michigan or Wisconsin, although there is much indefinite hearsay evidence. Mr. Lord is to-day barely a middle-aged man, and the experience he relates shows how rapidly the actual is passing into the hearsay in the matter of American game.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

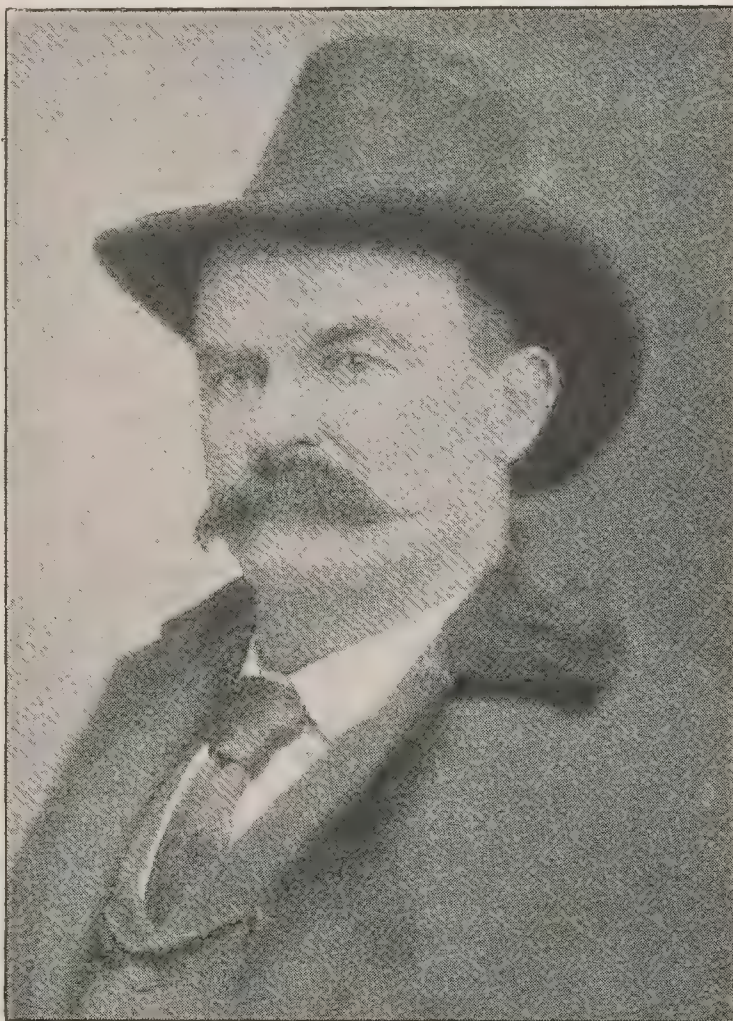
NOTES FROM THE NORTHWEST CORNER.

WASHINGTON.—Let's see! was it Dick of Connecticut who was the doubting Thomas anent the clipping of grouse's heads with bullets? Seems to me it was. I am afraid Dick is a rather incredulous person. You remember that he mildly called in question the veracity of my account of the origin of that resurrected and now re-adapted word *eheu*. His elucidation, amplification and invention *in re* were pretty neatly done, though.

Concerning the grouse business, I notice that several rifle shooters have run up against D. of C. in rather a convincing manner. Why, even I, who do not pretend to honors in rifle shooting, have been convincing myself that D. of C.'s doubt was sadly misplaced. I've got an old .40-60 Marlin with a 10lbs. pull with which I have lately been doing the decapitation act. Of course I don't do it every time, but I've no doubt I could improve if the grouse would hold still and allow me to choose my distance and get a rest, and the sight wouldn't be elevated for 200yds. occasionally, and the trigger pull was reduced to 3 or 4lbs. and I had front and rear Lyman sights. But I'm doing pretty well as it is—well enough to satisfy myself and the grouse that the feat is not imaginary.

Ruffed grouse are numerous in this country, and I hear them drumming even at this late day in the year. Blue grouse, or "hooters," are not so plentiful, but probably will be more so when the snows drive them down from the heights.

Those of your readers who have lamented the disappearance of the wild pigeon from the East might gladden their eyes with the sight and their game pockets with the bird were they out here. I haven't seen any very lately, but when the barberries and elderberries were ripe I renewed my acquaintance very pleasantly with *Passer* something or other (I believe), shooting quite a number, but not seeing more than twenty or thirty in a flock. It was a very gratifying experience after an interim of



CAPT. R. E. BOBO.

twenty-eight years, and I had it borne in upon me once more that the big swift-flying bird would carry a good many shot out of my reach. I shot them along the creek bottoms and—well, that reminds me that a creek out here is a mighty good thing to have around. When I think of some creeks along and about which one might wander all day and night and see nothing but a chub or mayhap a muskrat, it makes me sorry for some folks. Along these creeks grow wild gooseberries, and sal-lal berries, and barberries, and elder berries and other kinds, on which the grouse grows lusty and fat as he drums in the fringing thickets on his favorite log. Up these creeks swarm the lordly salmon, and whenever you will, you may have a day out with the dog and club. In these creeks under the shelving rock or protecting log lies the watchful and beauteous rainbow trout, waiting to spring like an iridescent flash at your fly. Overlooking these creeks sit flocks of pigeons in berry time, but generally, alas, too often, afar aloft upon some sky scraping fir whence they look with mild curiosity upon the being below who crawls through the bushes in vain. But at morning and evening, when feeding, the man with the gun has his innings.

To these creeks comes bruin from his mountain lair when the salmon are running, and there you may build a blind and wait for him to come to the feast, than which there is none other so toothsome—and you may wait and wait, and wait and wait, morning and evening, early and late, for bruin to come with shambling gait. You may shiver and shake in the chilling morn when the frost lies thick ere the day is born. You may sit in patience until the night has blotted out your ivory sight, and you're cold and hungry and disgusted quite, and never get a shot. These bears are wonderful cute, and had much rather come when they get ready. Then again, when you're least expecting them and don't want them at all, they loom up as big as a steer. But their reputation for courage hereabout is away down. Howbeit, I'm not in search of a scrap with a wounded bear in a hole.

To return to the creeks, last but by no means least, the darling little ouls may be interviewed at any time, and they will jerk you one or a dozen of the cunningest little courtesies that ever was, and flip into the water and out again in a wink, unconcerned while the big salmon a foot away plies his sculling oar and the swirling water bubbles in his wake.

So, you see, a creek out here is a *ne plus ultra*, *summum bonum*, *facile princeps*, *sui generis*, *E pluribus unum*, Washingtonian sort of stream.

O. O. S.

A Gloomy Growl from Michigan.

THE editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* appears to have a sort of notion that any discussion of the ethics of cat shooting is wandering into foreign fields, even when the cats were killed in the interest of bird protection. Perhaps he is right, but I would like to know how it will be in twenty years from this time. To me it looks as though the men of that day will be lucky if they even find a cat to shoot, unless indeed they are of those permitted to maintain game preserves.

It is hard to make the sovereign people see the importance of the strict enforcement of such game laws as they have, and this will be the case for some time to come in most of our States.

I can never bring my mind fully into sympathy with any laws tending to exclude the inhabitants of one State from shooting or fishing in another. Such policy seems essentially un-American. Were I dictator I would give the State game wardens more power, and more money, if necessary; make the penalties heavier for infraction of the statutes, and give half the fine to the complainant.

Our State game wardens have done well with the chances they have had, yet they have accomplished but a fraction of what they might had they been permitted and empowered to do their best work in the best interests of the people.

I fully agree with one of your correspondents that the natives need looking after as much as the visiting sportsmen. I think more, for they are on the grounds at all times, and few of them have much respect for the game statutes. For instance, I doubt if there are three men besides myself in this county who in trout fishing habitually observe the 6in. law.

Then the way nearly all the best camp grounds are destroyed for such uses by axe and fire is heart-sickening. And the bass. Defective fishways, or the lack even of these, and the deadly spears and nets, have so exterminated these fish, as well as the maskinonge, in the intermediate lakes, that it is now scarce worth while to fish at all.

If one does get a fair-sized fish, it is pretty sure to be scarred by a spear, and the old grounds seem to be deserted by the bass.

As to deer, I don't hunt them nowadays; it is too dangerous.

I was going to say more, but perhaps this is as much growling as the editor can stand at once, and I will reserve the rest for some other occasion.

KELPIE.

Game Notes from Iowa.

OUR fishing and wildfowl shooting are gradually growing poorer every year in northwestern Iowa, owing to the drying up of our streams and lakes. Many places where I have enjoyed good fishing and duck shooting fifteen years ago can be driven over with a team and buggy. Of course, Spirit Lake, Clear Lake and a few of the other large lakes are left, but they are gradually growing lower every season, and their days are numbered, unless we get increased rain and snowfall for several successive seasons. Our sportsmen are trying to preserve from total annihilation what few fish are left in our larger lakes and streams; to further that end they have succeeded in getting, through the efforts of Senator Funk, the following law passed:

Sec. 1. No person shall have, erect or use while fishing on or through the ice any house, shed or other protection against the weather, or have or use any stove or other means for creating artificial heat.

Sec. 2. No person shall use more than two lines with one hook upon each line in still-fishing, trolling or otherwise.

The above law of course is aimed at the market fishermen, and I believe will accomplish good results if properly enforced; and I believe it will be if the sportsmen of the State will cooperate with our Fish Commissioner.

The following clipping taken from the Cedar Rapids *Republican* shows that we have a real live Fish Commissioner in Iowa:

George E. Delevan, State Fish Commissioner, was in town a few hours yesterday visiting his brother-in-law, T. E. Booth, of the Eureka. He has been having a great deal of trouble with spearmen at Waterloo and Cedar Falls, and has made it pretty warm for a lot of them. He took in sixteen of these offenders on the Cedar River at one time who were making a business of spearing fish contrary to law and then take them to the towns and sell them. Mr. Delevan had them arrested and fined. Part of them were unable to pay their fines and had to go to jail.

Now if those who love the gentle art and want to see our sport preserved will take hold and do their part, I feel sure our fish will increase in the larger bodies of water.

WM. H. STEELE.

FOREST CITY, Ia.

A License Scheme.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Those who have studied or hunted the large game of the United States have probably had brought to their notice that for various reasons during the month of September it is, in most cases, much easier to approach the same than during October, November and December, or what is generally considered the open season. Now, to my mind, it is of the most vital importance that large game shall be protected up to at least the 1st of October, and each State should allow no one to shoot without a license. Said license to be granted to all—without cost—by a justice of the peace, game warden, etc., or there might be a small charge of 50 cents or \$1 for the trouble. Now, no license should be granted until the day before open season, and anyone meeting a person shooting or hunting should, on request, be allowed to see their license. If they refused to show said license they should be considered as shooting out of season, and suffer the penalty. This would prevent many people going into the woods before season and bringing out heads and horns just as soon as it opened, and add very much to the protection of large game.

WILLARD NYE.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.

Megantic Fish and Game Corporation.

THE annual meeting was held on Tuesday, Feb. 25. Treasurer L. Dana Chapman's accounts showed a membership of 300; receipts for the year, \$16,105.69; expenditures, \$16,082.21; total assets, \$20,656.53; total liabilities, \$4,429.49; net assets, \$16,227.04; gain in 1895-6, \$2,984.05.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Food for Fishes.

I AM well aware that I have friends who expect that I may live to a reasonable old age, and they will not be surprised in such an event to see me tottering around the brooks with a paint brush and pot of paint desecrating the rocks, and nature generally, with signs, after the style of the patent medicine man, reading, "Fish do not live on water," "Fish require food as much as the man that catches them," "Feed your fish if you wish them to thrive and multiply," etc. There is one thing certain, I might do worse than to engage in just such missionary work, for there is sad need of it. One has only to look over the applications made to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York, if one really thinks at all, to wonder what all the fish applied for are expected to live on. For little trout brooks that at their best might support a planting of 10,000 trout, 100,000 trout are asked for. Black bass are asked for in such large numbers for certain waters that if, by the mysterious working of providence and the return to miracles, they could be made to live, one could walk across the water in which they are planted dryshod by walking on the backs of the fish.

Fish have good healthy appetites, and unless something is provided to satisfy it they will not do well, but provide the food and they will grow in proportion to the amount of food provided.

A yearling brown trout jumped out of a can in an English hatchery and fell into a rearing pond of trout fry. It was only one little yearling trout and so the hatchery men let the fish remain rather than to draw the pond down to find him and net him out. Nine months later, when the yearling trout had grown to 21 months of age, the rearing pond was drained and the trout taken out, when it was found that the yearling had grown to weigh 5½ lbs. Ordinarily it would have weighed about 1 lb., but by feeding on an unlimited number of his brethren one year younger, it had increased more than five times above the average, though no one could tell the number of fry which contributed to make this weight. Another instance, showing the gluttony of fish when opportunity offers, and the result, was told to me by the late Herr von dem Borne, the distinguished fishcultivist of Berneuchen, Germany. Herr von dem Borne drained a pond in the autumn and allowed it to remain dry all winter. In April following he filled the pond with water filtered through gravel, that no fish life could enter. In June he put in thousands of small-mouthed black bass just hatched and some young carp of the same age. Unknown to the proprietor some pike fry (called pickerel in New York State) had worked through the gravel into the black bass pond when it was filled, and when their presence was discovered at the end of August he drained the pond and separated the fish. The pike were then 5 months old and the largest was 17 in. long and weighed 2½ lbs. This shows that pike will thrive amazingly on a diet of young black bass, but it is too expensive to rear black bass for pike food, and by the same token trout fry are too rich to feed other trout; but food of some sort all fish must have and have in abundance, and it is a waste of time, fish, money, ink and blanks to apply to the State for fish for any water unless there is food in the water for the fish to eat, or to apply for more fish than there is food in the water to sustain them. This is a matter that will be treated at some length in the forthcoming report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York.

Spawning of Black Bass.

A correspondent in the valley of the Hudson writes: "There is a pond here which shows good results from stocking with black bass, and during September and October last I took quite a number of 2½ lbs. average fish. Not the 'barn doors' that we used to wrestle with in Lake Champlain, but for all that good, respectable fish. I observed that in nearly every female fish there was spawn well developed, and as the regular season for spawning is the same as elsewhere, during May and early June, I thought it strange that these fish should have in them spawn well advanced in the late autumn, and wondered whether it was usual for black bass to carry the spawn of next season during the preceding autumn and winter." The spawn observed in the autumn was not developed more than is usual at that time and would not have been deposited until the following summer. Please observe the "regular spawning season," May and early June, and remember that the law of the State permits black bass fishing on and after May 30.

I know full well that this is an old, old story, but how is the supply of black bass to be kept up if it is legal to catch them during the spawning season?

Not by asking the State for millions of black bass annually to supply the waste, as is now done, for the State has not got them and cannot get them. There will be a bill introduced in the New York Legislature this winter to open the black bass season on July 1 each year, and if every one who asks for black bass to plant in depleted waters will take an interest in its passage they will do more to preserve the fish and keep up the fishing than by filling out 1,000 blank applications for bass to be planted, only to be caught before they have spawned, or if they have spawned, before the young bass have left their parents and while they need the parents' watchful care. I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying that it is quite a number of years since I began to answer questions about fish and fishing, and of all the questions propounded I like best to answer such a question as I have put in quotation marks at the beginning of this note, when put to me by an angler, for it furnishes the best evidence that he who puts the question is not familiar with the condition of the eggs of a fish at spawning time, therefore has never caught a spawning fish.

One who has seen ripe eggs of a trout in October will never mistake the ova found in trout in June for well developed eggs, and yet this comment is frequently made of trout eggs noticed early in the fishing season.

Smelt Running.

In New England lakes the fresh-water form of the smelt begins to run up the streams to spawn as soon as the ice breaks up in the spring, and at no other time are

they observed in the streams or shallow water. Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, writes me that last fall, or perhaps I should say this winter, the ice formed on Sunapee Lake and Pleasant Pond, in New London, to the thickness of 8 in., and then broke up in a thaw, and at once the smelts began to run, something never before known. He does not say the smelt had ripe spawn, but they acted as they do at spawning time. Smelt run up a stream in the night, spawn, and return to the lake or sea before morning, and as they run in great schools the spawn probably develops rapidly, and it would be curious to know that atmospheric changes could influence the development of fish spawn to change the spawning season several months. Anyway, we have yet quite a bit to learn about fish and their habits before we know it all, much as we think we know now.

Value of Inland Fisheries.

When the statistician compiles his figures to show the value of the fisheries of a nation or State he usually estimates the value of fish taken in interior waters for local markets and the fish taken by the independent hook-and-line fisherman, because the quantity taken is so small, comparatively, and the fishing is so widespread as to make it difficult to collect it as returns are collected from the large commercial fisheries. The United States Fish Commission has begun the work of collecting systematically the statistics of the value of our inland fisheries. Mr. John N. Cobb, one of the field agents, has just completed his work in the State of New York. Beginning at Lake George, where quantities of lake trout are taken and no netting is permitted, he worked over to the smelt and other fishermen of Lake Champlain, and then invaded the haunts of the trout fishermen of the Adirondacks. He writes that in some instances he has found difficulty in obtaining information from men who are licensed to use nets, but his canvass has been very thorough, and must prove interesting and of value.

Arctic Exploration and Fishing.

Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, of London, who so generously fitted out the Jackson-Harmsworth North Polar Expedition two years ago, and about which we heard so much recently upon the return of the steamship *Windward* after her winter in the polar ice, during which time it was thought she might be lost, writes me that the return expedition will start for the Arctic seas in June, and that he expects to entertain a party of guests on board the ship as far north as Russia, where they will leave her and enter upon a fishing and shooting expedition. He has heard of some rivers that afford excellent fishing, but that are unfished because of their remoteness, and he is bound to have a try at them. He says that the only drawback that he can learn of is the mosquitoes, and that they are the worst in the world; but for unfished waters he is willing to risk the mosquitoes. I shall advise him to try some of our American inventions to keep off mosquitoes, and if they, or any of them, prove too much for the Russian variety of this insect the fortune of the maker of the particular "dope" will be made.

American Salibling for New York.

Col. Wentworth, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, has assigned 15,000 eggs of the American salibling or Sunapee trout to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York, and they will be hatched at the Caledonia station of the Commission and planted in waters in the Adirondack region. Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will remember the controversy over this fish a few years ago, as a great part of it appeared in the columns of this journal, and the fish needs no introduction here.

I believe this will be the first time that the fish have been hatched and planted outside of New Hampshire. A consignment of eggs was once sent to New York, but they met with some misfortune in the hatchery and none survived to be planted. A. N. CHENEY.

POLLUTION OF LAKES AND STREAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Looking over the extracts from the report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission in *FOREST AND STREAM*, I was forcibly reminded of the indifference of the larger corporations operating in Hamilton county, and their willful violation of all law and decency, and also the carelessness of the so-called game protectors of the locality mentioned.

Piseco Lake is fed by large streams coming in from T. G., Pine, Fly, Sheriff, Ox Bow and other smaller lakes, which until five years ago were full of fine trout, as was Piseco itself. The timber at that time was not all cleared off from the shores of the lake, as is now the case, and timber bark was not sought for as it is now. There was only one way profitable to the devastator of forests to bring this lumber into market, namely, to dam the streams, and take out the stones in the beds of the creeks and small rivers. This was done with dynamite, and I have heard reliable parties say that often it was the case that thirty or more large trout were destroyed by a single blast. But if their butchery of trout in this manner concluded the mischief, we might feel less indignant; but in the case of the Gerundigut Stream—one noted for its fine trout, and having natural spawning beds, where I have seen at one time in the spawning season hundreds upon hundreds of trout weighing from 1½ to 5 lbs., and where the Sacandaga hatcheries employees formerly went to secure eggs—they have thrown a dam across the stream (this dam is situated midway between the lake and spawning beds) at a point not owned by them, and last season during spawning I venture to say there were not twenty trout of more than 2 lbs. to be found on the beds, and 100 of all sizes would have been near the number, when thousands bred prior to the building of this nuisance.

But how is the evil to be remedied?

The protection which the game law gives is by men who are natives or residents of the country, and it seems to be to their interest not to interfere with these individuals who rule Hamilton county; indeed, if we are to have protectors appointed from among the natives, we need never hope for law or justice to do anything but miscarry. Not that they are dishonest, but because if they interfere with these petty tyrants their source of revenue ends, as they, every one to a man, are on the payroll of these corporations and lumber jobbers. Now, this much for our streams.

Our lake is in even worse condition, if possible. During the running of logs, in the spring of the year, the pine dam, on the outlet, is planked until the water is raised from 5 to 6 ft., and is kept there until midsummer, when it is drawn off to suit the large mills at Glens Falls. With this rise of water the former feeding grounds of the deer are rendered inaccessible to them, again affording another rational solution of the scarcity of deer in that immediate neighborhood.

But this is a digression.

This high water interferes with the life of the young fry, and of the hundreds of thousands placed in these waters very few indeed survive.

Then when the monopolists draw off the water (which is when they get good and ready) the shore of our beautiful lake is coated with a mass of festering vegetable and animal matter, which has been placed there by violators of sanitary law, which would not be tolerated anywhere else on the fair face of the earth. When I first located on Piseco Lake it was almost an impossibility to find a dead tree on its shores, but by the regular and protracted submerging of its shores the noble old friends are showing that not the lumberman's axe alone devastates; but his ruthless indifference and the benumbing influence that dollars have on his feelings for the rights of others should be promptly checked.

Again, I implore all who are interested in the preservation of the Adirondacks to strike a blow in the right direction—enforce the law we have, and let new and complicated bills alone. W. H. HACKER, M. D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER WATERS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send inclosed a copy of a letter received two or three days ago from Dr. Wakeham and copies of his report to the Dominion authorities.

I am inclined to think that the Senate committee will recommend the proposed article in regard to the St. Lawrence River, but am not yet advised as to what action has been taken in regard to the matter.

I have thought that you would be interested in knowing how fully Dr. Wakeham and I agree in regard to the proposed legislation relating to the St. Lawrence River.

You will see from this report that, unless the Canadian boatmen are treated by us as fairly as they treat our boatmen, there is little hope of establishing a uniform law in the near future.

I understand that an effort is being made to get such a definition of the Labor Contract Law that the trouble which now exists will be obviated in the future.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

OTTAWA, Feb. 17, 1896—*J. S. Van Cleef, Esq.:* Dear Sir—I duly received your favor of the 9th ultimo, with its inclosures, but have delayed replying to it until I could submit the matter to my Minister. This, as you will see by the accompanying memorandum of the 14th instant, I have done.

Mr. Costigan has approved of all that we have done and has directed that the necessary report to council be prepared to carry out the suggested changes. My own opinion is, that under our system no new legislation will be required; however, if it is decided that new legislation is required, the necessary bill will be proposed.

I have to-day been shown by Mr. Smith yours to him of the 15th instant. It seems to me that everything now is in a fair way. I note the remarks in your report about the alien labor restrictions, and I do not see how you could have put the case more strongly. The inclosed papers will show you how the matter stands with us.

I expect to leave here for Washington in a day or two, and you can communicate with me there to care of the U. S. Fish Commissioner.

I hope that all will go on smoothly and I see nothing to prevent it.

I shall try and keep you advised as to how the matter stands with our department, and when the necessary orders in council are passed I shall let you know. Believe me yours very truly, WM. WAKEHAM.

MEMORANDA FOR THE MINISTER.

I beg to submit for the Minister's information this report made to the Senate of the State of New York by the Committee on Fish and Game, appointed to arrange for uniform regulations in the waters of the St. Lawrence lying between Cape Vincent and Kingston at the head of the river and Ogdensburgh and Prescott below.

There is also attached a copy of an act to amend the "Fisheries, Game and Forest Law" of the State of New York, so as to cover the proposed joint regulations for the waters in question.

The regulations are the same as those submitted to the Minister in my report of Aug. 21 last, with one exception.

We had at first decided to fix the length of bass which might be caught and saved at 10 in., but on further inquiry we have found that this is too small a bass, and have decided that the best length to be fixed for bass should be 12 in., a bass of this length weighing a pound. Other than this there is no change.

I do not think any new legislation is needed on our part to perfect the mutual agreement should the Minister decide to accept them. On this point, however, the interior officers of the department would be better able to inform the Minister than I am.

If the Minister approves of the arrangements as proposed, I think a letter should be sent to Mr. Van Cleef, counsel of the Senate committee, informing him of the fact. (Signed) WM. WAKEHAM.

FEB. 14, 1896.

(COPY.)

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES, OTTAWA, Aug. 21, 1895.—*Hon. John Costigan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa:*—Sir: In accordance with instructions given me in your letter of July 21 last, I proceeded on Friday, the 16th inst., to Alexandria Bay, N. Y., and there met the Commissioners appointed by the Senate of the State of New York, together with Senator Mullin and several members of the St. Lawrence Angling Association. I was accompanied to Alexandria Bay by the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries. The members of the Senate committee afterward on Monday, the 19th, came to Ottawa, when they were received by Sir A. P. Caron, the acting Premier; the Hon. J. F. Wood; Dr. Bergin, M. P., and the Deputy Minister of Marine and

Fisheries. They were accompanied and introduced by Geo. Taylor, M. P. The matter of equal fishing rights in the waters of the Thousand Islands, as well as the further project of an international park, were discussed. As your representative to discuss with these gentlemen the question of equal fishing rights, for purely sporting purposes, within the waters of the Thousand Islands extending on the Canadian side from Kingston to Prescott, and on the United States side from Cape Vincent to Ogdensburg in the State of New York, I, of course, had nothing to say on the matter of an international park, as the creation of any such park would not be under the jurisdiction of the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The committee of the Senate were accompanied by Mr. J. S. Van Cleef as counsel, and with this gentleman, after hearing all that had been advanced by the members of the Senate committee, I discussed the project of setting apart the before mentioned waters for purely sport fishing, and together we have prepared the following regulations, which are submitted for your approval.

It is understood as a *sine qua non* on our part that the terms of the United States Alien Labor Act must be so modified, restrained or interpreted that our citizens acting as guides or boatmen may be allowed to ply their calling and seek engagements in the United States waters and along the shore and among the islands within the points specified between Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg as freely and as securely as the United States boatmen do the same in our waters.

This being arranged for and guaranteed by some official authority, I am prepared to recommend to your department:

1. That no nets be licensed or permitted in the waters of the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Prescott.

2. That the close season for bass, maskinongé, pickerel and pike be from Jan. 1 to June 9, inclusive, of each year.

3. That the limit of the number of bass to be taken by each rod per diem be fixed at twelve (12), and that the number of rods to each boat be limited to two (2).

4. That all undersized and immature fish be returned alive to the water, and that no bass under ten (10) inches in length be taken.

5. That the penalties for a violation of any of the above regulations be the same for the United States and Canada. (The penalties we have not arranged; this will be done later by correspondence. Personally I believe that the penalties now in force under the New York act will best suit the conditions.)

6. It is recommended that for the protection of the Canadian waters herein above specified one chief fishery officer should be appointed, having jurisdiction over all the Canadian waters from Kingston to Prescott. This officer to be assisted by as many subordinate guardians as may be considered necessary, these guardians to be selected by himself. The waters on the United States side to be protected in the same manner.

The undersigned therefore recommends that on the part of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada the foregoing suggested regulations be adopted, and that United States sportsmen be allowed to fish for sport with rod and line, and United States boatmen and guides be allowed to ply their avocations freely in the Canadian waters of the Thousand Islands, it being understood and agreed that the same privileges be as freely accorded to Canadian sportsmen, boatmen and guides in the waters of the United States, abreast, both being subject to the same regulations.

The above regulations will be submitted to the Anglers' Association for their comment and approval. It may be that they may have to be, in some minor detail, modified. I submit them to you now in their present shape, that you may be fully informed of the drift and progress of the proposed arrangement.

There can be no doubt that we have both something to gain under these proposed arrangements. United States sportsmen will enjoy a larger and more varied fishing ground, while our boatmen and guides will have a greatly extended field of employment.

The stoppage of all netting on our side will not entail any hardship, as over most of the district we do not even now allow any netting; while the men who have heretofore held net licenses are of the class who will find employment as guides.

I have had to consent to allow the open season for bass to begin five days earlier than it does by our present regulations. In New York State bass fishing begins on June 1. Under this proposed new arrangement their close season will be extended to June 9. Therefore, our loss is more than made up to us by the nine days gained on the United States side, coupled with the stopping of all netting, the imposition of a size limit, and the limit of the daily catch.

I hope, therefore, that we have actually made a considerable gain in the way of bass protection. I am charged to inform you of the regret felt by the members of the Senate committee and the Anglers' Association of the fact that you were unable, owing to previous official arrangements, to meet them at Alexandria Bay.

The Deputy Minister was accompanied to Alexandria Bay by Mr. John Hardie, of the Department, and Mr. Samuel Wilmot. We were met at Brockville by Mr. W. C. Browning, president of the Anglers' Association, and many other members of the club, and from there taken over to Alexandria Bay on Mr. Browning's yacht *Indienne*.

This yacht was also kindly sent to take us through among the islands and back to Gananoque. On behalf of the other Canadians present and myself, I desire to thank the members of the Senate committee and the Anglers' Association for the kind and generous manner in which we were treated.

I have the honor to be, sir, etc.,
(Signed) WM. WAKEHAM.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

AN INTERMOUNTAIN BUDGET.

Facts, Figures and Possibilities.

AFTER four weeks of continuous and unwonted cold, the January thaw came with all the sweet influence of the northwestern "chinook." Snow left the ground. Ice disappeared from the rivers, and on Jan. 20 the song of the meadow lark was heard in the land. But the strangest part of this pseudo-spring is the fact that the trout have commenced to run four weeks before their accustomed time. Ever since Jan. 15 there has been excellent trout fishing at the mouth of Provo River, and on the 25th ult. I was tempted to visit the lake and indulge in a little sport with hook and line. The lake, except at the mouths of rivers and creeks, was covered with about 16in. of ice. Teams were constantly crossing to the opposite side, twelve miles distant, and returning heavily laden with cedar posts.

Scarcely had I reached my destination when a friend wanted to borrow my tackle "for a couple of minutes." As a result, it took just that length of time to get the spoon snagged and lost in 6ft. water—moral. This gave me an opportunity to study what was worth far more than any amount of trout could have been. Two miles north, away out on the ice, I could see several groups of seiners at work. Thither I hastened. The man who rowed me across the river said that during the current week at least a thousand pounds of trout had been caught at the mouth of the river. Reaching solid ice, a brisk walk of half an hour brought me to my objective point. On the way I saw a large pile of carp and suckers that had evidently been drawn the night before. This pile, as I afterward learned, was the surplus from a previous catch that more than loaded the wagon of the seiners. All over the light snow were the tracks of wildcats and coyotes. When the fishermen clean their fish on the ice the offal is all disposed of by wild beasts or buzzards before the following day.

This was the first time that I had seen the operation of seining under the ice. Mysterious as the performance had been to my imagination, it was yet more mysterious when I saw two men, 200yds. apart, each working a windlass until a certain black knot showed through the hole in the ice, then going on with his machine for another 60ft., and so continuing the hauling process until the two sides of the isosceles triangle converged in a hole a dozen feet square and close to the edge of the lake. This particular seine was 200yds. long, and the drag was about 600yds. It took two hours to make the haul. How slowly the seine came into sight! More than half of it was in when the first fish appeared. Then the fun began. First a golden-sided carp and a few wriggling mullets; then the spotted gleam of a trout and the soft gloss of muskrat fur. The Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner becomes an animated spectator. Each trout is pitched back into its native element, while the ice all around is hidden by a writhing, flopping mass of carp, suckers and mullet. Eight hundred pounds is the result of this one haul—600lbs. carp, 200lbs. suckers and mullets, five large trout and one muskrat.

On my way back to town I saw several well-laden fishermen and they all said that in all their trout both roe and milt was unusually mature for this season. It seems to me that it would be advantageous to the sportsman should the season close a month earlier than it does at present. At all events this early run is the best for the fish, because the large trout spawn and get back to the lake before the irrigation season commences. Not by hundreds, but by tons, are trout destroyed during the June and July irrigating. Sometimes an irrigator will pick up a dozen fine fish in his lucerne patch. One morning last summer I found three trout on my little 20x20 vegetable garden where I had left the water running over night. Sooner or later every fish that gets into an irrigating ditch is left high and dry.

The Tuesday following, Jan. 28, trout had reached Clear Creek, a tributary of the Spanish Fork River and forty miles from the lake. Three days later a trip of four miles up Provo River gave me eight beauties. I thought that this would end all such sport until June. But such was not the will of fate. Only yesterday, while walking between Provo and Springville, I saw an urchin with some mosquito net gathering minnows. This boy was a good boy and his heart was as open as his countenance, for when I offered him two bits to show me his fishing ground, he not only did so, but gave me the use of his tackle. Strange that I should have gone twenty or thirty miles to find good trout streams when here within five miles of my door was the champion of all. Unfortunately the "kid" had no reel and but a short line, or my joy would have been longer. Through the willow thickets we plunged and the warm sunlight made us feel that spring is really here. Under the banks and into the deepest pools I dropped the silvery bait and almost every time it was greedily seized, though I landed only six trout. One of these I threw back to grow for another year or two. The remaining five weighed when dressed 3½lbs. I shall cultivate further acquaintance with that brook when the days are at their longest.

What our Game Wardens Say.

It should be a matter of earnest congratulation to the sportsmen who live between Snake River and Grand Cañon that Mr. Hough never writes up this neck of the woods as he did "Bobo's Black Bear Preserve." We have fish and game to last for many years and we can treat our friends, who are invited, to fin, fur or feather, as they may like, but we must enforce protection more rigorously in the future. In view of Commissioner Musser's biennial report and of proposed changes in the fish and game law, the wardens of the several counties have been expressing themselves freely and making many wholesome recommendations.

Commissioner Myron C. Newell, of Utah county, evidently makes a very careful study of his work from an economic standpoint as well as from that of the sportsman. He reports a general observance of the fish and game laws. He states that the amount of fish caught and marketed, as nearly as he can estimate, is as follows: Suckers, chubs, carp and other common fish, 146,000lbs.; trout 4,000lbs.; black bass, 20,000lbs.

During the year 1894 twenty-one arrests were made, seventeen tried and fines to the amount of \$82 imposed. The attention of the authorities has been called to the condition of the canals and the need for screens for the saving of the fish from death by running down the same.

Provo River has been extensively shot with giant powder in Wasatch county. This is a practice which should cease.

In 1895 fourteen persons were licensed to seine in Utah Lake. The amount of fish caught was: Trout, 4 000lbs.; bass, 40,000lbs.; carp, 133,324lbs.; other fish, 189,900lbs.; total, 357,224lbs. The increased value over the preceding year was \$4,474 93. The amount of ducks killed and sold in this county was \$1,000. Trout are slightly on the increase. That they do not increase more is due to the defective irrigation system. Black bass are increasing very rapidly under favorable conditions. Pelicans, blue cranes and other birds retard the progress of the small fry to a great extent. Carp are increasing, while suckers and chubs are decreasing. Catfish are doing well. Sunfish are becoming quite numerous. The law permits the catching of black bass fifteen days too soon. They should not be taken sooner than July 1. Seining should be permitted as late as May 1 for carp, suckers and chubs. It should be prohibited from May 1 to Sept. 1, and not allowed within a half mile of any stream flowing into the lake. Ducks should be protected from Feb. 1 to Oct. 1.

Mr. Newell earnestly advocates the export of carp at all seasons and of bass during the open season. The people of Utah, and especially of the mining camps, do not yet appreciate our food fishes, and if the home market alone was considered it would not pay to run a single seine. Colorado is our great market. The price realized by fishermen is for suckers, 1½ cents; carp, 2½ to 4 cents; bass, 10 cents; trout, 12½ cents. The middleman doubles the price, and in Salt Lake the following prices are quoted: suckers, 4 to 5 cents; carp, 6 to 8 cents; black bass 20 cents; trout, 22½ cents. The catch of bass with hook and line was so great at times last season that the commission merchants refused to buy, and yet the average wages, man for man, of the fishermen of Utah Lake has been only \$1.39 per working day for the past year. It has been conclusively proved by Mr. Newell that as a preventive one heavy fine is worth a score of light ones.

Commissioner Heath, of Salt Lake county, reports the arrest of twenty-eight persons, and the collection of fines and costs to the amount of \$334. Trout fishing is better in his district than it has been for many years. He complains of pelicans, loons, weasels and skunks; suggests that quail be protected for a term of three years and, at the expiration of that time, that the season be limited to four months; favors the seining out of all carp, suckers and common fish, and leaving the lakes and rivers free for trout, bass and whitefish. Mr. Heath is radically opposed to the shipping of fish and game outside of Utah.

J. A. Lampert, of Weber, says he had \$5 salary left in 1894 after paying expenses. Several arrests were made. One man was apprehended at a cost of two days' work and \$4. The offender was fined \$1. Mr. Lampert thanks God that his term expires in March, because there is no encouragement for doing good work.

Cache county, through N. W. Crookson, reports a society for the protection of fish and game with over one hundred members. Five convictions were had during the year 1894. Deer and mountain sheep are killed by mountain lions, which are on the increase. A bounty should be offered for them. Game birds are increasing; fish doing well. Four convictions with fines of \$25 each were had last year for using dynamite. The officer suggests a fine of \$50 for this offense and recommends that no sawdust be allowed to run down the stream.

Wasatch county reports but two arrests, and yet in this county violations of the law are more frequent and open than in any other portion of the State.

Uintah, Carbon, Emery and Grand counties contain elk, deer and mountain sheep. Owing to the unsettled character of country and population, the law is evaded and carloads of venison have been shipped to Denver. From this section as well as from the South come reports of Indians killing deer for their hides.

In southern and western Utah, in the Sanpete, Millard and Beaver districts, the reports are most encouraging. Irrigation reservoirs, as soon as constructed, are stocked with carp or bass, and the pond weed with surrounding grain fields soon attracts thousands of ducks and geese during the migrating season. Eight tons of trout have been caught during the year from Panguitch Lake. Some was done by illegal seining.

C. C. Kearn, of Bear Lake, says that the laws have been faithfully enforced. About 15,000lbs. of chubs were caught from the lake last year. Idaho men come down to the lake and use seines and gill-nets in an unlawful manner. It is almost impossible to catch them. He recommends the same law as governs fishing in Utah Lake. In FOREST AND STREAM's synopsis of Commissioner Musser's report mention was made of an attempt to stock Bear Lake with whitefish. The following favorable reply was received yesterday by Mr. Musser:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4.—Mr. A. M. Musser, Salt Lake City, Utah: Dear Sir—Replying to your letter of the 27th ultimo, relative to a carload of whitefish fry for Bear Lake, I beg to say that your application is on file and it is probable that the Commission will arrange to send the car west from Alpena, Mich., early in March. You should arrange as you did last year for the car to be so placed that there will be no difficulty in obtaining constant supplies of fresh water for hatching the eggs. Please provide transportation from Chicago to Bear Lake and return for United States fish car No. 3 and crew of five men, R. S. Johnson in charge. The transportation should be sent to this office.

By direction of the Commission. Yours truly,
W. DE C. RAVENEL.

The above means two or three millions fry. Good, eh!
A. MILTON MUSSER.

Law Makers and Game.

Did you ever see a boy put on his first trousers? It takes him some time to distinguish the front from the rear and to amble in the right direction. When he has mastered the pants he always tries to conquer his dad, and generally nothing short of a good thrashing will bring him to his senses. Kind friends, Utah has just put on pants, and the first State Legislature is monkeying with Venezuela, Turkey, Ambassador Bayard, new iron-clads and everything on earth except the interests of the young commonwealth. However, while all this is going on, the lobby is getting in some excellent work. The fish and game committee is composed of men who have no practical knowledge of the needs of the State, nor of the proper legislation to bring about desired results. They are very anxious to do what is for the best and have already had several sessions at which the views and experiences of sportsmen, irrigators and fishermen have been presented and freely discussed.

CUSH FISHING IN THE CONNECTICUT.

SPORTSMEN of New Hampshire and Vermont relieve the monotony of midwinter and supply their tables with one of the best food fishes by fishing through the ice for cusk. The same tackle is used as when fishing through the ice for pickerel or longe; but as the cusk is a night feeder, the flags are dispensed with, and the staffs on which the lines are wound may as well lie across the hole as to be erect. Live minnows are used for bait, although the cusk is a ravenous feeder and will take a dead minnow. They are bottom feeders, and lines should be well leaded and bait allowed to lie on or swim close to the bottom. Cusk can be taken at any season during the winter, but the best time is upon the advent of new ice early in the season and then again in March. February is a dull month for them, as the females are spawning and seldom take a hook. The males taken at this time will also average much smaller than in January or March.

I had my first experience with this method of fishing last evening, when I was invited to Lunenburg to see how it is done. Within half a mile of the railroad station I found my friends just before dusk busily cutting holes and setting the lines. At 5 o'clock the lines were all baited (fifteen to a man), and shortly afterward a tour was made resulting in a catch of fifteen cusk for sixty lines. This assured my host, the minister, fresh fish for breakfast and prospects for a good Sunday dinner, and we repaired to a vacant house near by to cook our supper of ham and eggs. After supper we made another tour of the lines and captured eighteen more cusk. As my train home left at 8:50, it was necessary for me to take my departure, leaving my friends to pass the night in recounting their adventures as they lay before the cheerful fire, varied by an occasional break (when the stories became too rank for the minister) to take a look at the lines. I have not heard the result of the catch during the night, but as the cusk feed all night I feel certain that the four which I brought home will not deprive the minister of his Sunday dinner.

The fishermen are positive that, while these fish are not tempting to look upon, they are superior as a food fish to the longe or any other fresh-water fish taken at this season. I am surprised that market fishermen do not take up this means of livelihood at a season when work is scarce of the kind which suits their temperaments. Perhaps they consider this method of fishing too hard work (I refer to the market fishermen of the interior). The holes should be cut and lines set before dusk, and then tended throughout the night. The cusk of the Connecticut range from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 lbs. in weight. The thirty-two captured before I left the fishing grounds were all males from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lbs. each.

WHEELOCK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Feb. 5.

CARP ON CAPE COD.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to tell you about the perhaps termination of our carp project on the Cape.

I think it was seven years ago I obtained from the State a can of carp, placed them in a little pond kept alive from surrounding rainshed, with the idea of transferring the increase to other and favorable places. The original plant consisted of about thirty fish not over 2½ in. in length. Eighteen months later I took two of them out—one a male and one a female with spawn. They weighed 2 lbs. each and were 16 in. in length. The next year I took from the same place several young carp, perhaps 6 in. long, weighing ½ lb. No other fish were in this pond, and lily pads and grasses were profuse in and around its edges. The third year four of the larger carp were transferred to another pond near by which had for denizens yellow perch, shiners, pickerel and turtles. This also was a pond which existed from rainshed alone, no springs augmenting its contents. The pond was of say two acres in extent and as favorable for carp support as the first one. That they thrive there well is evidenced by the fact that owing to dry times the pond has subsided to the extent that Saturday, the 8th, the carp were being taken out dead in large numbers, frozen to death, as well as pickerel and perch. I quote from my friend's letter concerning them. * * * "No less than twenty-six great fish were spread out on the banks quite dead and looking like a school of porpoises; about one-third of them were of the leather variety, the others having symmetrical scales. They were very uniform in size and weight, averaging 2 ft. 6 in. in length and weighing 15 lbs. With them there were about a dozen pickerel, the largest weighing 3½ lbs., and a considerable number of perch and shiners. The carp must have weighed close upon 400 lbs. Of course, they must have been killed by the frost, as the water was reduced to about 15 in. in the deepest part of the pond." Evidently the cold weather had hardened the mud to prevention of the carp being able to get into it, as customary with them in cold weather.

Thus ends my Barnstable attempt, which has been kept a wonderful secret, to the extent that none save five persons knew of their presence until this disaster, which called many to view and much talk.

Another lot placed in a pond with shelving depths running from 3 in. to 30 ft. further down the Cape fifteen years ago by myself we shall probably hear from later. This pond had nothing but shiners in it, and only very small anglers visited its waters. They all in their early youth have acquired the stigma of big fish stories, for they have told of big fish jumping out of the water, but their elders laugh. There must be some whoppers there by this time, judging by the Barnstable result.

REIGNOLDS.

New Jersey Sea Fishing.

THE Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey has sent the following address to the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey:

GENTLEMEN: The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners desires respectfully and most earnestly to call your attention to a state of affairs existing along the coast line of this State which in our opinion requires immediate attention. One of the natural advantages of this State is its long stretch of seaboard, an advantage of vast benefit to our citizens in many ways. Although some years ago it may have appeared impossible to deplete the ocean of its stock of fish, yet such have been the improvements of modern time in the manufacture of appliances for taking fish, and such the rapacity of men who have unhindered pursued the calling of fishermen, that there is a serious danger threatening the supply of fish. Other States have long since given heed to the warning, which is becoming louder every year, but so far the

subject has received very little attention at the hands of the legislators of this State. Although the taking of fish in our inland waters is jealously guarded and our shad fisheries have received the protection accorded to them by many wise laws, little or nothing has been done toward the regulation of taking fish from the ocean. The natural result of restrictive legislation on the part of other States has been to bring to our shores a horde of fishermen from other places, for here they enjoy the license which has long since been refused to them at other points along the Atlantic seaboard.

For the purpose of taking an important step toward the protection of the shore fisheries the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners has caused to be drafted three bills, which have been introduced in the Senate, and to the necessity of the passage of which we desire to call your attention.

Pound-Net Fishing.

It is but comparatively few years ago since the first pound-net was erected in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean along the coast of New Jersey. Since that time, however, the number and size of these nets have increased in such proportion as to seriously threaten the supply of food from the sea. Many of these nets have been erected near inlets and thus thousands of fish are annually prevented from reaching their spawning grounds. The pound-nets take in all the fish, large and small, and the damage done is incalculable. The immediate result of the multiplication of these nets is to render fish dearer and scarcer and to deprive hundreds of fishermen of their means of gaining a livelihood. The pound-nets remain in the ocean throughout the summer months and frequently take far more fish than the market needs. Formerly fish were taken at every seaside resort and every place along the coast where there were any human habitations. Now the pound-nets secure all the fish and these are taken to the New York and Philadelphia markets to be subsequently returned to our State in a very much deteriorated condition on account of their having been kept on ice for several days. During the past summer numerous instances occurred which proved conclusively the injury done by these pound-nets. At times stress of weather prevented the agents of the pound-net owners from getting to their nets; the result was that thousands of fish were killed in the nets and subsequently thrown out to be washed ashore in a putrid condition, not only endangering the health of our residents, but materially interfering with the business and enjoyment of people who come here for the purpose of spending the summer. At other times the quantity of fish taken was so great as to necessitate the removal of them to so-called factories, where they were used for fertilizing purposes. The result of a continuance of this state of affairs will be apparent to every person and needs no further elucidation on our part.

For the above reasons the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners respectfully urges the passage of a law regulating in some manner the taking of fish from the ocean. If any further reasons are necessary to show the propriety of some restrictive legislation, attention might be called to the fact that the men engaged in fishing with pound nets are constantly occupying territory which belongs to the State of New Jersey, and that the fish they take are the property of the public. They gain their livelihood and accumulate fortunes from the advantage which nature has bestowed on the State at large.

When the law suggested by the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners was recently brought up for discussion before a gathering of persons interested it was argued that its provisions were too severe. The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners thereupon made such modifications to the proposed enactment as were deemed advisable, and finally no argument could be found against the measure on the part of owners of pound-nets, with the exception of the general statement, arrogantly expressed, that they want no interference in their business. All other industries of which the natural advantage of the State forms an important component part are regulated by legislation, and we respectfully submit that there is no reason why the pound-net industry should be an exception, especially when the serious harm done by the pursuit of this industry is considered.

Inland Tide Water Fishing.

Another bill which has been introduced in the Senate, and the passage of which the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners would like to advocate, is the bill providing for uniformity in the taking of fish in the inland waters of this State. These waters are the great natural spawning beds of the fish from the sea, and the fact that interfering with fish during their spawning season will eventually drive these fish from our shores has in the past induced the Legislature to pass laws regulating the taking of fish in these waters. These laws were passed at the demands of various localities where the evil effects of indiscriminate slaughter of fish were becoming apparent, and the result has been a mass of legislation kaleidoscopic in its many variations. Thus there are five different laws regulating fishing in the inland tide waters of Cape May county, each pertaining to some particular locality and nearly every one being different from all the others in the seasons for taking fish. What is true of Cape May county is true to a greater or less degree of every county along the ocean. The advisability of some uniform legislation on this subject is thus made apparent.

Menhaden.

The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners has no desire to precipitate a discussion of the question of taking menhaden. No matter what may be said on that subject, the fact remains undisputed that menhaden form the principal food for bluefish and other valuable food fish, and that the deprivation of their sustenance will drive from our shores all such fish. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States the principle has been established in this country that the control for fishing purposes of the ocean for three miles from the coast line is vested in each individual State, and does not pertain to the United States as a nation. Before the rendering of this decision it was contended that New Jersey could not control the fishing within the three mile limit. The decision has rendered operative a law on our statute books absolutely prohibiting the taking of menhaden by the use of shirred or purse nets. Investigation which the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners caused to be made indicated that the two establishments engaged in taking menhaden in this State confine themselves strictly to that industry, and that neither attempts to take food fish for fertilizing purposes. Nevertheless, every year millions of food fish are removed from our shores by vessels hailing from other States. The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners would accordingly suggest the enactment of a measure by which the taking of menhaden may be licensed to residents of this State, it being believed that in this manner a stop can be put to the mischief done by non-residents without interfering with established industries within the borders of the State.

The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners is anxious to subserve the interests of the general public, and for the purpose of accomplishing this desirable end hopes for such assistance from the Legislature as has been herein indicated. Very respectfully yours,

H. P. FROTHINGHAM, Sec'y.

MT. ARLINGTON, N. J., Feb. 17.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at least by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit. Entries close Feb. 20.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburgh.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

The twentieth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club was a most pleasing success. It held undiminished its importance as a society event, vying with the horse show as an interesting attraction. From the first day, Feb. 19, to the close on Washington's Birthday, the visitors seemed to increase in numbers. On the last day Madison Square Garden was filled to its full capacity. Both in the quality of the dogs and in the number the management had an excellent show. There were 1,409 dogs catalogued, and of these but few were absent.

The judges and their classes were as follows:

Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, collies, Old English sheep dogs, poodles, bull dogs, bull terriers, fox terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, Bedlington terriers, pugs, toy spaniels and miscellaneous were judged by Mr. George Raper, Sheffield, Eng.

Great Danes, American foxhounds, Basset hounds and dachshunde, by Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Pointers, by Mr. James L. Anthony, Netherwood, N. J. English setters, Gordon setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs, by Mr. William Tallman, Plainfield, N. J.

Irish setters, by Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.

Irish water spaniels, Clumber spaniels, field and cocker spaniels, by Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada.

Beagles, by Mr. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

Boston terriers, by Mr. W. C. Hook, Boston, Mass.

Newfoundland dogs, whippets, Black and Tan terriers, white English terriers, toy terriers, Yorkshire terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Skye terriers, schipperkes and Italian greyhounds, by Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dr. H. Clay Glover was veterinarian.

The catalogue is probably the most artistic and useful of any one ever published by any bench show management in America. It contained the standards of the different breeds with illustrations, thus being a work of useful information as well as of immediate reference.

Mr. James Mortimer superintended the show in his usual skillful manner.

The judging was not satisfactory to all, a condition by no means rare at bench shows, but it was accepted with much less discontent as a whole than is commonly the case.

A protest was lodged against the bull terrier bitch Merle Goddess on the ground of deafness. On examination by the club's veterinarian the protest was sustained. A similar protest had been lodged against the bitch in England before she was shipped to this country, but it was not sustained. Dr. Sewell was the veterinarian at that time. He pronounced her only partially deaf. The dogs below her in her class will not be advanced to the next higher places till it is definitely learned whether or not her owner will appeal to the A. K. C.

There seemed to be a growing interest in dogs. Many owners reported sales. Dr. Lougest sold Mayflower, mastiff bitch, winner of first in the puppy class, to Dr. Hill. The bitch is to be sent to the doctor's home in Dresden, Germany. The winner of first in open bitch class for mastiffs, Mr. J. L. Winchell's Constable, sold for \$250 to Dr. Perhacs. Dr. Lougest reported a greater demand for mastiffs than he had stock on hand. The Meadowmere Kennels reported sales aggregating about \$1,100. They sold Carnot, poodle dog, to Miss Whitney for \$250; Caesar to Miss Bloodgood for \$250. The Hempstead Farm Kennels sold the pointer dog, Hempstead Druid, and the collie, Hempstead Yokel, to General Torrance. Mr. Geo. Mott sold the pointer, Sir Walter, to Mr. W. G. Brokaw. Messrs. Phelps and Davis sold the Boston terriers, Topsey and Commissioner, to Mr. M. C. D. Borden, New York, and Circe to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Spratts patent benches and fed in their usual acceptable manner.

POINTERS.—The classes were well filled, and as a whole were of good quality, though it were far from uniform, it running from good to very ordinary. Mr. Anthony acquitted himself most creditably of his judging responsibilities. In heavy-weight dogs, challenge class, Lad of Kent won over Count Graphic, and in the corresponding class for bitches Josie Bracket won over Lass of Kent. There were eleven heavy-weights in the open dog class. Sir Walter carried off the honors. He is a stoutly made dog, of good muscular development, and while not coarse, he is somewhat lacking in fine symmetry. He is somewhat heavy in skull and is throaty. He has excellent back, legs and feet. Jackson, second, is throaty, head not clean cut, and is a bit coarse. The rest of the winners were about the average. The bitch class had four competitors, and of these Devonshire Pearl, in the pink of condition, won easily. All Mr. Gould's dogs were noticeable for their perfect condition, clean coat, hard flesh and good health. Lady Graphic, second, is coarse in head and fair otherwise. The rest of the class were average in merit. In the light-weight challenge dogs Ridgeview Comet had a walkover, and in bitches Lady Gay Spanker won over Miss Rumor, all well known. There were thirteen in the light-weight open dog class. Prince's Boy, first, stands on good legs and feet, shows throatiness; head fairly good. Chancellor, second, is well known. Plain Sam, third, is a fairly good dog. Furlough Mike, fourth, stands a trifle high on good legs; neck lean and well set on good shoulders. Beaufort of Kent, the reserve, was lacking in symmetry and clean finish. There were twelve in the light-weight bitch class. Belle of Lancaster, heavy in

skull and long cast, took first. Count Graphic's Baby, second, is throaty. The rest of the class was not of noteworthy excellence. Puppies were out in good numbers, there being eight dogs and nine bitches. There were but two in the field trial class; Plain Sam and Lady Margaret winning in the order named. Furlough Kennels took the kennel prizes, and Lady Gay Spanker took special for the best pointer over Lad of Kent, the only matter on which there is room for real difference of opinion in Mr. Anthony's decisions.

ENGLISH SETTERS numbered about fifty—a small number for this show. They were not noticeable for high quality. There was nothing new brought out, old time winners taking the prizes in most instances. English setters show but little if any improvement over the dogs of a decade ago. Cactus and Glendon made the challenge dog competition, while Maid Marion had a walkover in her class. In open dogs, Sheldon was awarded first. He is fairly good in head, but otherwise he is only average; he moves awkwardly. Second went to Cincinnatus Pride, a good second. He is a trifle light in quarters and stifles; shoulders good. Rodfield, third, was in fine condition. His feet turn out a trifle, but not enough to be a fault. In many points he is superior to the winner of first, and it is a question if he was not the best dog in the class. Rockingham, Jr., is of ordinary merit. Montell, hc., was rather coldly treated, he having merit enough for a place, while Robin Goch also was deserving of more consideration. There were twelve in the bitch class. Countess Zoe and Nellie F. were first and second in the order mentioned. The latter excels in many points over the winner of first. Prima Donna, third, has fair head, shows topknot, and is but fair in quality. Fourth went to Vic Hollymere. Eastern Queen, vhc., was worthy of more consideration. In puppies, The Duke first, Gilhooley second, the latter the more symmetrical. Lady Victress Llewellyn had no competition in the bitch puppy class. Rodfield and Montell were the only competitors in the field trial class. The Rockingham Kennels won the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS were in fair numbers. Five faced the judge in the challenge dog class. Kildare was first, Kildare Glenmore was second. The remaining three were Finglas, Pride of Patsy and Bob, Jr. There was the same number of challenge bitches, Queen Vic first, Bessie Finmore second. The others were Norna, Lady May Swiveller and Delphine. There were nine in the open dog class. Shamrock O'More, the winner of last year, took first again. Kilstal, second, was excelled by Londonderry, third, in hips and head, though high on legs and out of condition. Kildare Malt is a fairly good dog. There were thirteen bitches in the open class. Rosamond in excellent form won over her competitors, Duchess a good second. Red Bud Finglas, third, was not in good condition owing to maternal cares. Nona, fourth, is a fairly good bitch. The Oak Grove Kennels won the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS were only fair in quality. Heather Lad, Leo B. and Heather York were the competitors in challenge dogs. Heather Bee, Princess Louise and Flomont were in the challenge bitch class. There were eight in open dogs. Russet, first, is a good dog, good color. He is a trifle light behind. Wang Ivanhoe is out at elbows. Dwight Jim, third, is a good dog with some curl of coat. Comus, fourth, has a smudgy tan. There were nine bitches. Dwight Pearl won easily. Princess Bonnie was shown in too high flesh. Dwight Bee was not in good condition. Puppies were four all told and ordinary. Flomont and Sally Beaumont won in the field trial class in the order named.

BEAGLES were of good quality and fair in numbers. They were well judged. There were three in the challenge dog class—Ringleader first, Frank Forest second, Roy K. reserve. Lonely had no competition in the bitch class. There were nine dogs. Harber, an excellent beagle, took first; Furrier, second, was inferior to Truman, the reserve, in many respects. Raffler, third, was lumbery. There were six bitches. Purity, first, was a fair beagle, light in bone and long cast, and not first-rate in head. Nell R., second, is quite a good beagle. Cinderella, third, is thick in shoulders and out at elbows. In the classes for beagles not exceeding 13in. the open dog class had but two, Leader and Laick's Boy, winners in the order named. There were eight bitches. Lonely II., first, could have been in better condition. Fallacy, second, could be improved in front. Topsy K. is heavy in shoulders and was shown too fat. There were eight puppies. Mr. Joe Lewis won the kennel prize.

FOXHOUNDS made a light showing. There were but four English hounds, two each for the two classes. They were fair only. In open dogs Clay was a good first, while Duke, third, should have been second, and Commodore, hc., should have been third.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS were in moderately fair numbers, not equal in many respects to the exhibits of former years. Argoss was first, Princess Irma second, both winners of note. Open dogs numbered six competitors, bitches the same. The winners were good in race character.

BOSTON TERRIERS were out in force, far in excess of the entry of last year. The breed seems to be gaining steadily in popularity. The dogs were all in excellent condition. A number were uncropped and there was shown a great diversity of size and texture of ear. A noticeable gain in breeding to types was apparent. The judge was not over generous in the matter of prizes, and the commended cards were noticeably absent.

POODLES were an excellent lot, shown in excellent condition. The classes were very strong in numbers and quality. The Meadowmere Kennels were very strong in evidence, many of their famous dogs being in the competition. This kennel took the special for the best exhibit with champion Chloe, champion Dinah, Emperor and Cesar. Mr. Trevor said a club is soon to be formed to promote the interests of the poodle. Considering the age and popularity of this breed there is no reason why the club should not be a success. There were seventy-six entries in the different classes.

DACHSHUNDE had a moderately fair entry. Don Quixote II. and Polly Flinders were the challenge winners; both well known. Waldman P., a good type of dog, standing on good short legs, won first, and in bitches first went to What's Wanted, a superior specimen.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS were in fairly good numbers. Dr. Foote judged well. The class for uncropped dogs and bitches had seven entries.

FOX TERRIERS, wire-haired and smooth, made a strong

showing both in numbers and quality. Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford captured the kennel prize. Warren Sentence won the Grand Challenge cup for best fox terrier in the show. Blemton Stickler, a fine dog, won in challenge smooth coats, second going to Ripon Stormer, both winners in warm competition. The other classes were high in quality.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS were an ordinary lot, not up to the quality shown a few years ago.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS showed a variety of type. There were three in open dogs, King, Echo and Deacon, one, two and three respectively. Deacon first, King second, Echo third might have been better, while in bitches the two winners, Daisy and Princess, might have had their positions reversed.

B. WATERS.

MASTIFFS.—That good dog Emperor William was alone in challenge dogs, he was in capital condition, Lady Diana, not looking so well as when I last saw her, had a walkover in the challenge bitch class. Open dogs, eight entries, the winner turning up in Black Prince Brampton from Mr. Winchell's kennels. He has a good head, plenty of bone and substance and moves well. Rob L., who secured second honors, is a dog of fair character. William Tell, third, is a fair one, a trifle light in eye, but with quite some character. Mr. Winchell furnished the winner in the open bitch class, a nice brindle, Miss Constable, whose chief fault was her movement behind. Lady Cameron shows age and is out of form. Vera III., a fair type, might have been second. In puppy class Mayflower won easily from a moderate lot.

ST. BERNARDS.—In challenge rough-coated dogs, first was won by Otos, who beat Roland, Jr., in head, body, legs and feet. In corresponding bitch class Miss Anna was alone, looking in good condition. In open class, Swiss Mountain Kennels won with their new importation, Leeds's Barry; he is a good big dog with good skull, muzzle and depth of face, nice legs and feet, and moves well. Hellgate Defender, second, is a good sort, with fair head and body; ears too large. Demetrius, third, is well known and deserved his prize. In the open bitch class first went to the well-known Kingstonian Beauty, with Eloro, second, who lost to the winner considerably in body and head. Lady of the Esk, third, is not good in head, but has a nice body and stands well in front. Princess Rustic Beauty, reserve, lost to the winner behind the head. Puppies were a medium lot. Nobleman, on account of his good head, rightly receiving first. In smooth-coated challenge class Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s, Empress of Contocook easily won from Cleopatra, whose condition told against her. In open class Altar Kennels won with Rex Watch; somewhat plain in head, she has a good body and stands on good legs and feet. Visitor Watch secured the second ribbon easily from Lady Hannay, third, beating her in head. In puppy class for dogs and bitches Alton W. won easily from Isolde, with Jan's Ruth, reserve.

BLOODHOUNDS were a good entry, showing much quality. Victor secured first in challenge dogs and Kaween in corresponding bitch class. In open dogs Simon de Sudbury, first, and Jansen, second, was the order. The winner is a late importation and has done much winning in England; he is a good dog, with grand head, body and quarters, and stands on capital legs and feet. In open bitches She easily beat Layswood Chorus, who lost to the winner in head and movement.

GREAT DANES.—A good entry of these dogs was on exhibition headed by Major McKinley, who wears his years well. Marcus Antonio, first in open dogs, is a very fair one. Beau Brummell, second, lost to the winner considerably in body, front, neck and shoulders.

GREYHOUNDS.—In challenge dogs Southern Rhymes won, scoring in head, neck and shoulders over Lord Neverstill. In challenge bitches Bestwood Daisy had a walkover. In open dogs Puck, first, is a new one, entered breeder and pedigree unknown, and was closely pressed by Salutation, second. Duke of Morningquest, third, is well known. In corresponding bitch class Toon & Thomas won with Southern Belle; winner has a good body, legs and feet. Miss Dollar III. was placed second and Southern Gay Girl third. The last named lost in condition.

SPANIELS (over twenty-eight pounds).—Dennis won, Drayton Warwick second; winner is an Irish water spaniel, and was shown in bad coat; he was closely placed by Warwick. In corresponding bitch class Drayton the Shrew beat Midnight III., but wrongly so; the last named should have won. Field spaniels were a good lot, but the judge mixed them up considerably; he gave first to Staley Barow, second to Royd Monarch and third to Dark Despair, while Wardleworth Sweep, the English winner, only received two letters. In bitches, Endcliffe Myrtle was absent. Meg, first, Scandal, second, was the order of awards. Scandal has gone off in head, and is somewhat on the cocker order.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Black Duke, looking well considering his age, received the premier honors, Woodlawn Prize second, and Middy vhc. In challenge bitch class, that typical cocker, Baby Ruth, won, her nice head and the condition she was shown in doing much to make her victory an easy one. Woodland Princess can thank Miss Woagless' poor condition for the second prize. In challenge class in other color, dogs and bitches, Tonita handily disposed of Bambo, who lost considerably in head and front. In open, black dogs, Guy Silk won, with Viscount second and Commodore third. The winner was well shown. In corresponding bitch class Woodland Belle received first prize, Gabriel second, and Floss Obo third. The winner is a good stamp of cocker, with nice head and good coat.

COLLIES.—There was a good entry of this breed, but quality has fallen off from that of last year. Charlton Phyllis won first in challenge bitches, with Lady Gay (not looking so well as when last shown) second, and Highland Floss third. Sefton Hero was alone in challenge dogs. Open dogs were a good lot. Rufford Ormonde was easily first, with Hempstead Chief second, Cragstone Predominant third. The winner looked well, but his coat is not quite as nice as it could be. In open bitch class first went to Hempstead Dorothy, Scottish Gem second, and Flora May third. The latter would have been higher, but condition told against her.

BULL DOGS.—In challenge dogs His Lordship had the satisfaction of beating King Orry. The latter scores in head. In challenge bitches Salem rightly won over White Venn, second. Both are well known. In open dogs Facey Romford, a good son of King Orry, was placed first,

with L'Ambassador second, and Sheriff third. The winner scored in head and body, also in shoulders and chest. In open bitch class Hucknall Gypsy won with some to spare from First Attempt. There was a good entry of dogs under 45lbs. Heathen, first, is a good dog, with fair head and good body, chest and quarters. In corresponding bitch class, Princess Venn has a better type of head than Lady Monarch II.; both are good in body. Some fair puppies were shown.

BULL TERRIERS.—Cardona had an easy win over Little Flyer, second, while in corresponding bitch class Castle Edgewood Topsy won handily from Starlight, second. In open dogs competition was keen. Trafalgar, entered breeder and pedigree unknown, is a good stamp of terrier. Victor, second, is well known, but has not the terrier character of the winner. Merle Goddess, first, and Green Hill Empress, second, was the order in open bitches. The winner is a good one, but the decision was protested on the ground of total deafness. We understand the protest was sustained and the dog disqualified. Fox terriers were the largest exhibit of any one breed, and the Messrs. Rutherford secured many of the coveted ribbons. Blemton Stickler rightly won in the absence of Blemton Victor II. He was closely pressed by that good little dog Ripon Stormer. In open bitch class Warren Sentence easily won from her kennel companion Warren Cautious. The winner is a grand one and rightly received the special for best fox terrier entered. In the wire-haired division Cribbage easily beat Oakleigh Bruiser, second, while in corresponding bitch class Surrey Janet was closely pressed by Edgecliffe Fidget, whose good head and body stood her in good stead. In the open class Endcliffe Brisk rightly won, while in the open bitch class Bushy Bramble, first, Endcliffe Nimble, second, was the order. Bramble is good in head and well fronted. Nimble is a bit off in condition.

RUSTIC.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Black Prince Brampton; 2d, Midvale Kennels' Rob L.; 3d, W. P. Smith's Prince Edward II. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Miss Constable; 2d and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Cameron and Vere. Puppies: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's May Flower; 2d, Mrs. Alexander Bremer's Yankee Boy.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Hellgate Kennels' Otos and Roland, Jr. Bitches: 1st, J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Miss Anna.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, Hellgate Kennels' Hellgate Defender; 3d, Gramercy Kennels' Demetrius; 4th, I. W. Comey's Dictator. Reserve, J. F. Lutz's Colonel Strong. Bitches: 1st, Hellgate Kennels' Kingstonian Beauty; 2d, B. Wolfrum's El Oro; 3d, W. Rank's Lady of the Esk; 4th, D. Stelling's Miss Amanda. Reserve, H. Kauer's Princess Rustic Beauty.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. A. L. Churchill's Nobleman; 2d, E. Singer's Hanz III.; 3d, J. Bates's Uncle Sam. Reserve, J. J. White's Brooklyn Don. Bitches: 1st, D. D. Jennings, Jr.'s, Demetria; 2d, J. Nowack's Queen Louise; 3d, W. Gray's Cissy Gray. Reserve, Deutsch Bros.' Octavia.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, R. H. Burrows's Melrose King; 2d, D. E. Waters's Alton II. Bitches: 1st, J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Empress of Contocook; 2d, Mrs. S. M. Thompson's Cleopatra.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch and Victor Watch; 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Nicode; 4th, M. Bruckheimer's Chester. Reserve, W. Gerhardt's Silver Prince. Bitches: 1st, R. Croker's Pandora; 2d, Mrs. A. L. Churchill's Lady Hannay; 3d, P. Fredericks's Julia; 4th, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Notre Dame. Puppies: 1st, I. Watkinson's Alton W.; 2d, Gramercy Kennels' Isolde; 3d, G. Lantenschlager's Evergreen Victoria. Reserve, J. C. L. Rogge's Jan's Ruth.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, Hellgate Kennels' Hellgate Defender; 3d, Alta Kennels' Victor Watch. Reserve, I. W. Comey's Dictator. Bitches: 1st, Hellgate Kennels' Countess Madge; 2d, H. Kauer's Princess Rustic Beauty. 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Notre Dame. Reserve, F. W. Schmidt's Minka.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Victor. Bitches: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Kaween.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, J. L. Winchell's Jason. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Winchell's She; 2d, S. B. Christy's Layswood Chorus; 3d, Dr. A. F. Stahl's Stately Girl. Reserve, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Venus.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, South Bend Kennels' Major McKinley.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Ward's Marcus Antonius; 2d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummell; 3d, C. Pfeiderer's Ano. Reserve, J. B. Miller's Santa's Brutus. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. Peine's Dina; 2d, J. B. Miller's Princess; 3d, A. Untermann's Juno. Reserve, A. B. Strange's Juno S. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. C. D. Bernheimer's Satisfaction; 2d, F. Braun's Florence McKinley. Reserve, F. Huhn's Nero.—UNCROPPED—1st withheld; 2d, T. B. Burnham's Blucher.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Marshall & Sheary's Prince John; 2d, J. Smith's Nero II.; 3d, J. Hare's Rover.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, H. W. Sharpless's Argoss and Princess Irma.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d and reserved, H. W. Sharpless's Avos, Kazak and Adrooski; 3d, Mrs. G. M. Keasbey's Optimist. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Weeks & Turner's Lady Delitz and Queen Catherine; 2d and reserved, H. W. Sharpless's Kometa and Biddy Rees. Puppies: 1st, W. L. Andrews's Ivan; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Prince Gaitzin.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. L. Page's Donrobin Lochiel.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. L. Page's Bruar II.; 2d, J. H. Zahn's Sir Wallace. Bitches: 1st, A. L. Page's Donrobin Duchess; 2d, J. H. Zahn's Queen of Atwood.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Southern Rhymes; 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. W. Green's Puck; 2d, Maybrook Kennels' Salutation; 3d, S. D. Bow's Duke of Morningquest. Reserve, E. R. Ladew's Donald. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle and Southern Gay Girl; 2d, H. M. Nelson's Miss Dollar III. Reserve, N. Q. Pope's Silk. Puppies: 1st, Maybrook Kennels' Salutation; 2d, N. Q. Pope's Jo Boy.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Pennbrook Hunt's Mainstay; 2d, W. Bragdan's Songster. Bitches: 1st, Pennbrook Hunt's Larceny; 2d, N. S. Money's Friendly.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 3d and reserved, N. Q. Pope's Clay, Duke and Pope's Sampson; 2d, The Governor's Kennels' Moose. Bitches: 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Femur; 2d, N. Q. Pope's Flirt; 3d and reserved, The Governor's Kennels' Nance and Tempest.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, R. Milbank's King; 2d, G. C. Reiter's Echo; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy; 2d, J. G. Wakeman's Princess.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, G. Jarvis's Lad of Kent; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic. Bitches (50lbs. and over): G. J. Gould's Josie Brackett; 2d, G. Jarvis's Lass of Kent.—OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, G. S. Mott's Sir Walter and H. L. Jones's Prince's Boy; 2d, R. J. Richardson's Jackson; 4th, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike and G. Jarvis's Pride of Hollymere. Reserve, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Duke of Essex. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Lady Graphic; 4th and reserved, J. R. Purcell's Chart and Venus Psyche.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st and 2d, G. J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor.—OPEN—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 2d, G. J. Gould's Chancellor; 3d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Plain Sam and Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Druid. Reserve, G. Jarvis's Beaufort of Kent. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Belle of Lancaster; 2d and 3d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic's Baby and Brighton Flossie; 4th, G. Jarvis's Amazement. Reserve, Wesley Mills's, M. D., Chaira.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, R. A. Fairbairn's Yoka's Lad; 2d, A. M. Hopper's Brom Bones; 3d, G. S. Mott's Defender; 4th, G. Jarvis's Sandford of Kent. Reserve, J. R. Purcell's Ret. Bitches: 1st, A. M. Hopper & E. J. George's Brighton Lass; 2d, J. H. Matthews's Lass O'Yoker; 3d, H. L. Jones's Belle of Babylon; 4th, G. Muss-Arnolt's Springdale Dory. Reserve, A. M. Hopper's Meg Merrilies.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, J. C. Bergen's Prince's Lad; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Plain Sam; 3d, Electric City Kennels' Lad of Bang; 4th, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Druid. Reserve, Col. A. Wagstaff's Duke of Islip. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Belle of Lancaster; 2d, G. Ferguson's Pearl of Huntington; 3d and 4th, J. R. Purcell's Chart and Lady Margaret. Reserve, F. Larkin, Jr.'s, Druidess.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS.—(for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada): 1st, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Plain Sam; 2d, J. R. Purcell's Lady Margaret.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. Pape's Cactus; 2d, J. L. Arden's Glendon. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marian. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon; 2d, E. A. Burdett's Cincinnatus' Pride; 3d, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 4th, Rockingham Kennels' Rockingham, Jr. Reserved, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch. *Bitches*: 1st, Rockingham Kennels' Countess Zoe; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Nelly P.; 3d, E. J. Meyers's Prima Donna; 4th, W. H. Brush's Vic Hollymore. Reserved, Maple Ridge Kennels' Kyd Monarch. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Victoria Kennels' The Duke; 2d, C. J. Gayler's Gilhooley. *Bitches*: 1st, W. J. Davis's Lady Victress Llewellyn. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Windermere; 2d, Rockingham Kennels' Prince Robert; 3d, E. E. Beach's Paxtang II. *Bitches*: 1st, Maple Ridge Kennels' Kyd Monarch; 2d, A. Boote's Duchess; 3d, Eldred Kennels' Carmen. Reserved, L. M. Levering's Kate E. —FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada): 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 2d, H. L. Keyes's Montell.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare and Kildare Glenmore. *Bitches*: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic; 2d, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finnmore. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More; 2d, H. G. Braithwaite's Kilstal; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Londonderry; 4th, W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare Malt. *Bitches*: 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess; 3d, A. von Gotzhausen's Red Bud Flinglas; 4th, F. L. Moe's Nona. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Albany Kennel Club's Kenmore, Jr., and Nicho, Jr.; 2d, M. Cleaveland's Bounce. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare Malt; 2d, H. B. Tyler's Seminole, Jr.; 3d, C. Walker's Henmore Shamrock, Jr. *Bitches*: 1st, A. von Gotzhausen's Red Bud Flinglas; 2d, Muckross Kennels' Ootia Peg; 3d, A. R. Warren's Wissahickon Bess. —FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada): 1st, W. L. Washington's Flinglas; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Edna II.; 3d, J. B. Blossom's Bedford.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Reserved, J. B. Blossom's Heather York. *Bitches*: 1st and reserved, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee and Flomont; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 4th, J. B. Blossom's Russet and Comus; 2d, O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe; 3d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Jim. Reserved, E. H. Seehusen's Richmond Boy. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Pear and Dwight Bee; 2d and 4th, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie and Santa Marie. Reserved, J. B. Blossom's Venus. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Grouse. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ette and Dwight Ann; 3d, A. J. Pauly's Lady Elsa. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Grouse; 2d, Smith Bros.' Rushmont; 3d, J. S. Farlee's Kingmont. Reserved, J. P. Grace's Rufus. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie; 2d, Prof. L. P. Braive's Lady Beaumont II. —FIELD TRIAL CLASS (for dogs and bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada): 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Flomont and Sally Beaumont.

SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—ANY BREED—Dogs (over 25lbs.): 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Dennis; 2d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. *Bitches* (over 25lbs.): 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Shrew; 2d, Wee Wah Kennels' Midnight III. —IRISH WATER—1st, T. A. Carson's Mike C.; 2d, Dr. J. T. Kent's Belya; 3d, Miss A. Green's Hogan's Nellie. —CLUMBERS—Dogs: 1st and 3d, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Major Gillfeather and MacGregor. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Glenwood's Greeting and Susie. —FIELD (black)—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Wee Wah Kennels' Staley Baron and Dark Despair; 2d, G. R. Preston's Royd Monarch. Reserved, M. A. Viti's Toby. *Bitches*: 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Meg; 2d, M. Viti's Scandal. (Any other color)—Dogs: 2d, L. Bätjer's Romeo. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Belle and Saybrook Cyprus. —COCKER (black or liver)—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. Douglas's Black Duke; 2d, J. E. Green's Woodland Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, Mepal Kennels' Baby Ruth; 2d, G. Douglas's Woodland Princess. Reserved, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggle. (Any other color)—1st, W. T. Payne's Tonita; 2d, G. Greer's Bambo. (Black)—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. T. Knowlson's Guy Silk; 2d and reserved, G. Douglas's Viscount and Black Duke II.; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Commodore. *Bitches*: 1st, G. Douglas's Woodland Belle; 2d and reserved, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle and Dart; 3d, E. W. Fiske's Floss Obo. (Red or liver)—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S.; 3d, F. W. Kitchell's Mr. J. Jinks. Reserved, Mrs. E. Whitehouse's Derby. *Bitches*: 1st, T. McKean Robertson's Red Dolly; 2d, G. Douglas's Woodland Lily; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Zuleika. Reserved, E. W. Fiske's Commotion. (Any other color)—Dogs: 1st, P. Wright's Brown Lad; 2d, W. T. Payne's Lorraine; 3d and reserved, E. W. Fiske's Our Teddy and Sport. *Bitches*: 1st, J. H. Matthews's Polka Dot; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Watong 1st; 2d, Wee Wah Kennels' Black Night; 3d, G. Douglas's Black Duke II. Reserved, Mrs. R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Tommy. *Bitches*: 1st, W. A. McClellan's Princess Alice; 2d and reserved, G. Douglas's Woodland Belle and Woodland Duchess; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal Bonita. —NOVICE—1st, W. A. McClellan's Princess Alice; 2d, G. Douglas's Viscount; 3d, A. C. Wilmerding's Watong I. Reserved, A. T. Knowlson's Willie Silk. —AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB SWEEPSTAKES (for sporting spaniels born in 1895)—1st, 2d and 3d, G. Douglas's Woodland Belle, Black Duke II and Woodland Duchess; 4th, Mrs. R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Tommy. —AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB NOVICE SWEEPSTAKES (for American-bred cocker spaniels)—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Watong I.; 2d, G. Douglas's Viscount. Reserved, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S. (For all American-bred spaniels over 28lbs.)—1st, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Susie; 2d, Wee Wah Kennels' Black Knight. Reserved, M. A. Viti's Toby.

COLLIES.—ROUGH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero. *Bitches*: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Charlton Phyllis; 2d, S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay. Reserved, L. Stansfield's Highland Floss. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Rufford Ormonde; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief; 4th, H. Jarrett's Domino II. Reserved, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Dorothy, Scottish Gem and Flora May; 4th, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Blue Ruin. Reserved, R. G. Steacy's Old Hall Perfect. —VETERANS (over 5 years)—1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Zulu. —JUNIORS (under 2 years)—Dogs: 1st and 3d, J. P. Morgan's Robin Gray and Cragston Predominator; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Yokel. Reserved, H. Jarrett's Domino II. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Black's Maid of Bute; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Blue Ruin; 3d, S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay. Reserved, R. Buckle's Hazelwood Victoria. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Predominator and Cragston Bruno; 3d, P. H. Montulet's Ralph Takana. Reserved, Mrs. F. A. Reichardt's Christopher, Jr. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Black's Maid of Bute; 2d, R. Buckle's Hazelwood Victoria; 3d, H. Jarrett's Dorothea. Reserved, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Moss Rose. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st and reserved, J. P. Morgan's Robin Gray and Cragston Predominator; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Yokel; 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Black's Maid of Bute; 2d, R. Buckle's Hazelwood Victoria; 3d, R. G. Steacy's Lustre of Maple Grove. Reserved, H. Jarrett's Dorothea. —SMOOTH—1st, J. Caner's Ben; 2d and 3d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Maid and Blue Light. —GRAND ANNUAL COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES OF 1896—1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Yokel; 2d and 4th, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Predominator and Cragston Black Diamond; 3d, R. Buckle's Hazelwood Victoria. Reserved, H. Jarrett's Dorothea.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS.—BOBTAILS—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Boxer IV.; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Herdsman II.; 3d, Dr. F. Fosheim's Trofast. *Bitches*: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Mayress of Newport; 2d, J. Caswell's Trilby; 3d, F. A. Watson's Clarissa.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—CURLY—Dogs: 1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Diamond. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, H. G. Trevor's champion Dinah and champion Chloe. —CORDED—1st, W. Hitchcock's Lion. —OPEN—BLACK—CURLY—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, H. G. Trevor's Caesar, Emperor and Bijou II. *Bitches*: 1st, Morey Kennels' Snowball; 2d and 3d, H. G. Trevor's Diana and Cybele. —CORDED—1st and 3d, W. Grebe's Tell II and Flora I.; 2d, Mrs. C. W. Tripp's Lady Marquise. Reserved, S. O. Hodge's Black Prince. —OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Miss A. Blackinton's Feydeau; 2d, Mrs. F. H. Benedict's Zip; 3d, Dr. L. Peine's Swell. Reserved, Mepal Kennels' Mepal Cherry. *Bitches*: 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Fluff; 2d, Mrs. R. F. Carman's Gipsy; 3d, J. Caswell's Brownie. —PUPPIES—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, T. Mooney's Taffy; 2d and 3d, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat and Morey Perot. Reserved, Mrs. F. H. Benedict's Imp. *Bitches*: 1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Nava; 2d, 3d and reserved, H. G. Trevor's Phoebe, Black Pearl and Ta Ra Ra. —ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, 2d and reserved, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Coquette, Hill Hurst Yvette and Hill Hurst Plon Plon. —NOVICE—1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat; 2d, H. G. Trevor's Bijou II. Reserved, Mrs. Wm. Gulliver's Zano.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wm. R. Travers's His Lordship; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' King Orry. *Bitches*: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Salen; 2d, Wm. R. Travers's White Venn. —OPEN—Dogs (45lbs. and over): 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Facey Romford; 2d, C. G. Hopton's L'Ambassador; 3d, C. Parsons, Jr.'s, Sheriff. Reserved, A. B. Graves's Handsome Dan. *Bitches* (40lbs. and over): 1st and reserved, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hucknall Gypsy and Grosvenor Lass; 2d, J. Sheldon's First Attempt; 3d, L. Bätjer's Betsy Green. (Dogs under 45lbs.): 1st, C. A. J. Smith's Heather; 2d, E. K. Austin's Baron Killarney; 3d, H. C. Beadleston's Wrinkles. Reserved, E. P. Kennard's Counsellor. *Bitches* (under 40lbs.): 1st, E. K. Austin's Princess Venn; 2d, C. G. Hopton's Lady Monarch. Reserved, Miss E. E. Stiner's Sybil. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Ledyard's Eli Yale; 2d, J. E. Congdon's King Cole. Reserved, Mrs. J. Sheldon's Python. *Bitches*: 1st, R. S. McCreery's Belle Venus; 2d, J. C. Piper's Gold Nugget. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, C. G. Hopton's L'Ambassador; 2d, C. Parsons, Jr.'s, Sheriff. Reserved, E. P. Kennard's Counsellor,

Bitches: 1st, J. Sheldon's First Attempt; 2d, L. Bätjer's Betsy Green. Reserved, C. G. Hopton's Lady Monarch.

FRENCH BULLDOGS.—1st, Mrs. Neilson's Bellechose; 2d, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Margot; 3d, Mrs. J. E. Smith-Hadden's Biblot. Reserved, Mrs. P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr.'s, Milo.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona; 2d, H. F. Church's Little Flyer. Reserved, Rochester-Pittsburg Bull Terrier Kennels' Duke of Rochester. *Bitches*: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Castles Edgewood Topsy; 2d, F. F. Dole's Starlight. Reserved, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Edgewood Topsy. —OPEN—Dogs (over 30lbs.): 1st, C. Wolfe's Trafalgar; 2d and reserved, F. F. Dole's Victor and Masterpiece; 3d, P. Tiffany's Brady. *Bitches*: 1st, F. F. Dole's Green Hill Empress; 2d, T. A. Given's Queen Lilly; 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Bit of Fashion. —OPEN—Dogs (20lbs. and not over 30lbs.): 1st, T. Holden's Ben Brush; 2d, J. Hunter's Garfield; 3d, F. F. Dole's Pedler Palmer. Reserved, Mrs. A. M. Hale's Lincoln. *Bitches*: 1st, H. F. Church's Sabuta; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady. —OPEN (under 20lbs.): 1st and 2d, T. Holden's Lily Belle and Bonnie Belle; 3d, Rochester-Pittsburg Bull Terrier Kennels' Topaz. Reserved, H. F. Church's Marcella. *Puppies*: 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Bit of Fashion; 2d, F. F. Dole's Masterpiece. Reserved, H. Thompson's Havelock Daisy. —NOVICE—1st, C. Wolfe's Trafalgar; 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress. Reserved, Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Bit of Fashion. —UNCROPPED—1st, J. Patterson's Bessie Darling; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady. Reserved, H. F. Church's Marcella.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Bayonne Kennels' Nankin; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Topsy. —OPEN—Dogs (25lbs. and not over 35lbs.): 1st, withheld; 2d, B. Pope's Pilot; 3d, C. F. Clarkson's The Bumble. *Bitches* (25lbs. and not over 35lbs.): 1st, withheld; 2d, J. Ruppert, Jr.'s, Nance; 3d, Phelps & Davis's Nancy. Dogs (25lbs., but not less than 15lbs.): 1st, Phelps & Davis's Commissioner II.; 2d, Sunflower Kennels' Monte; 3d, Donnybrook Kennels' Tom. *Bitches* (under 25lbs. and not less than 15lbs.): 1st, withheld; 2d, Muckross Kennels' Tansy; 3d, J. F. Holt's Puss. *Puppies*: 1st, Bayonne Kennels' Baroness; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Connoisseur. —NOVICE—1st, C. F. Clarkson's The Bumble; 2d, I. F. Holt's Puss.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, M. S. Tyson's Drayman.

DACHSHUNDE.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Don Quixote II. *Bitches*: 1st, J. H. Matthews's Polly Finders. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. Pfeiderer's Waldman P.; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Tack; 3d, R. L. Annesley's Albany Toby. Reserved, Venio Farm Kennels' Professor Puck. *Bitches*: 1st, Venio Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d, Windrush Kennels' Janetta; 3d, Mrs. C. F. Havemeyer's Daughter. Reserved, F. W. Keasbey's Dulcinea. *Puppies*: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Mimic; 2d and reserved, Venio Farm Kennels' Venio Squaw and Mosquito.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader; 2d and reserved, H. L. Kreuder's Frank Forest and Roy K. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely. —OPEN—Dogs (over 13lb. and not exceeding 15lb.): 1st, G. F. Reed's Harker; 2d and reserved, Hempstead Beagles' Furrier and Truman; 3d, J. Lewis's Rafter. *Bitches* (over 13lb. and not exceeding 15lb.): 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Purity; 2d, G. F. Reed's Neil R.; 3d, Somerset Kennels' Oonderella. Reserved, H. L. Kreuder's Blanche. Dogs (not exceeding 13lb.): 1st, Hempstead Beagles' Leader; 2d, G. Lack's Laick's Roy. *Bitches* (not exceeding 13lb.): 1st, H. L. Kreuder's Lonely II.; 2d, Waddingfield Beagles' Falacy; 3d, Debonair Beagle Kennels' Topsy K. Reserved, T. H. Bolton's Dora. *Puppies*: 1st, J. Lewis's Cherrywood; 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Charnier. Reserved, Waddingfield Beagles' Whisper. —NOVICE—1st and 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Furrier and Truman. Reserved, Waddingfield Kennels' Falacy.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Blenton Kennels' Blenton Stickler; 2d, F. A. Bowersock's Ripon Stormer. Reserved, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture and Warren Captious. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Stroller; 2d and 4th, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sage and Warren Rector; 3d, W. Wheeler's Beverly Victor. Reserved, T. J. Sullivan's Black Leg McGregor. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and 4th, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence, Warren Cautious and Warren Leaflet; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter. Reserved, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Lucy. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. Wheeler's Beverly Victor; 2d, T. J. Sullivan's Black Leg McGregor; 3d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Patrician. Reserved, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Actor. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sterling and Warren Dial; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Daisy. Reserved, E. W. Irwin's Avis. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Stroller; 2d and reserved, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sage and Warren Rector; 3d, W. Wheeler's Beverly Victor. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and reserved, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence, Warren Cautious and Warren Leaflet; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter. —WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser. Reserved, J. J. Lynn's Endcliffe Banker. *Bitches*: 1st, H. H. Hunnewell's Surrey Janet; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fidget. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Brisk and Endcliffe Scorchers; 3d, A. Bostwick's Partney Grasper. Reserved, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trick. *Bitches*: 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Bushy Bramble; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nimble; 3d, Rochelle Kennels' Bittle Bee. Reserved, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Vixen. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Teazer; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mr. Pig. Reserve, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trump. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nimble; 2d, A. M. Young's Bally Lass. Reserved, H. H. Hunnewell's Hill Hurst Gypsy. —NOVICE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Scorchers; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Brick. Reserved, Rochelle Kennels' Bittle Bee. —AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB (Produce Stakes): 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sterling; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Patrician. Reserved, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Senator. (Stud Dog Stakes): Equal 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Senator and Warren Dial; equal 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Patrician and Beverwyck Moonshine. Equal reserved, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trump and Hill Hurst Tramp.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Raven Kennels' Brickbat, Jr.; 2d and reserved, Toon & Thomas's Briggs Best and Jack Briggs. *Bitches*: 1st, G. G. Hammill's Hill Top Surprise; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Gessella III. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs Blazer; 2d, Kinkora Kennels' Canadian Ambassador; 3d, H. T. Bevan's Tariff. *Bitches*: 1st, O. W. Donner's Milton Droleen; 2d and reserved, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie and Brickdust; 3d, M. Bruckheimer's Blackbrook Bracket. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, C. Lyndon's Owen Rowe; 2d, J. A. Garland's Blarney Boy. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs Babie; 2d, J. Herlihy's Breda Ino. —NOVICE—1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie and Briggs Blazer. Reserved, H. T. Bevan's Tariff.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. H. W. Lincoln's Broomfield Madge. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Raven Kennels' Rhodes Orme; 2d, H. Rogge's Razzle; 3d, E. Mack's Dandy. *Bitches*: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, S. V. E. Cruiger's Crafty; 3d, Marshall & Dixon's Beechgrove Nancy. —UNCROPPED—1st, J. B. Hefter's Olata; 2d, R. B. Plageman's Lady Jess.

WHIPPETS.—1st and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Rompaway and Endcliffe Fireaway; 2d, F. A. Boutelle's Fanny.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. F. Church's Star of the East; 2d, L. A. Van Zandt's Tommy Atkins II.; 3d, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Spring. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Nellie; 2d and 3d, L. A. Van Zandt's Blinkbonny and Rosey Dawn. —UNCROPPED—1st, Mrs. F. J. Hopkins's Nobility; 2d, J. Werthing's Spring II.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. W. Dunnell's Tweedie King and Kelso Count. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy; 2d and 3d, W. W. Dunnell's Kelso Queen and Kelso Countess.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Hopkins's Beech Grove Blue Belle; 2d, C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Tibbie. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. H. Russell's Epicure and Broker; 3d, M. A. H. Theiberg's George W. Reserved, Mr. James's Hard Tack. *Bitches*: 1st, W. H. Russell's Polly Warkworth; 2d, H. R. Child's Parilla; 3d, J. Hopkinson's Endcliffe Wasp. Reserved, C. W. Lougest's Mt. Vernon Tib. *Puppies*: 1st, W. H. Russell's Farmer; 2d, C. W. Lougest's Mt. Vernon Pride.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, 2d and reserved, Brooks & Ames's Ticee, Rhudunan and Kilroy. *Bitches*: 1st, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Diana. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam, Killcree II and Wankie Caddie. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames's Clutha, Miss Ted and Wankie Thistle. Reserved, R. McDonald's Ooloo. —AMERICAN-BRED—Dogs: 1st, 2d and reserved, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam, Killcree II and Wankie Caddie; 3d, G. Hatch's Kilrain. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d, 3d and reserved, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Nettle, Wankie Diana, Miss Ted and Wankie Thistle. *Puppies*: 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Nettle and Wankie Scamp.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Queen of Skyes and Elphinstone. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. G. Heritage's Prince George. *Bitches*: 1st and 3d, Mrs. G. Heritage's Princess Maud and Princess May; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Wheel of Fortune.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Prince; 2d, Rose Hill Kennels' Prince; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Swell. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Model; 2d and 3d, Mrs. F. Senn's Lillie and Maggie. —UNCROPPED—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Swell; 2d, Mrs. M. Rothschild's Queen.

TOY TERRIERS (OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE, UNDER 7 LBS.).—1st, J. Harrington's Mack; 2d, Mrs. R. Braive's Croquette; 3d, H. Bishop's

Romeo. —UNCROPPED—1st, J. Harrington's Tip; 2d, Mrs. C. Harrington's Nellie; 3d, H. Fellow's Fly.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, T. A. Howard's Al Von. *Bitches*: 1st, T. A. Howard's Hooker; 2d, New York Pug Kennels' Nellie Bly. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, T. A. Howard's Young Penrice; 2d, Miss W. G. Brittan's Bradford Marvel; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield. Reserved, Mrs. J. Bowden's Bonsor Boy. *Bitches*: 1st, T. A. Howard's Drummer Girl; 2d, Mrs. L. Rivers's Yuma Tu; 3d, W. N. Haverstick's Whiskers. *Puppies*: 1st, New York Pug Kennels' Fatty. —NOVICE—1st, Miss W. G. Brittan's Bradford Marvel; 2d, J. C. Piper's Jane Hooker. Reserved, M. Rothschild's Punch.

TOY SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Romeo; 2d, Mrs. A. Bernstein's Murilla. Reserved, A. W. Lucy's Exeter Earl.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Dominion Prince; 2d and 3d, Elite Kennels' Duke of Chester and Rouge et Noir. *Bitches*: 1st, Yetsan Kennels' Bonita; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Rose; 3d, Elite Kennels' St. Ives Myrtle. Reserved, Elite Kennels' Golden Peggotty.

BLENNHEIM SPANIELS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Mrs. T. Shreve's Young Duke and Golden Prince; 3d, Mrs. Blakely Hall's Iroquois. Reserved, Elite Kennels' Knave of Diamonds. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. Blakely Hall's Polley Toodles; 2d, W. C. Bishop's Dulcinea; 3d, Mrs. T. E. Shreve's Dew Drop. Reserved, Elite Kennels' Daisy Osborne.

RUBY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, Yetsan Kennels' Yetsan Chief, Bob Finley and Campacini. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Marguerite; 2d and 3d, Yetsan Kennels' Yetsan Belle and Jewell.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's King of the Fancy and Roy; 3d, Miss May Catlin's Snob. Reserved, Mrs. T. E. Shreve's The Butterflies.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and reserved, Elite Kennels' Jingo and Moses; 2d and 3d, Mrs. F. Senn's Maru and Little Ono. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and reserved, Mrs. F. Senn's Nash, Chin and Tama; 3d, Elite Kennels' Lasca.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blazer and Bluster.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Spring; 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Tee Dee; 3d, Mrs. J. Gerard's Colonel. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. Walter Lewis's Dot; 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Valenza; 3d, Joe Lewis's Sprite.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25 LBS.—Equal 1st, A. J. Drexel-Biddle's Ramus-Luttre and C. H. Miller's Fidel; 2d, Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Ohio-Chin. —NOT EXCEEDING 25 LBS.—1st, Mrs. J. P. Wade's Flossie; 2d, C. P. Schlicke's Prince Bismarck; 3d, Miss Lena Kadz's Ratze. Reserved, G. A. Heymann's Daisy.

CLUB MEETINGS.

A. K. C. Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the club was held in the Metropolitan Kennel Club's rooms Feb. 20. Mr. Edw. Brooks presided. Sixteen members were represented. The minutes of the last annual meeting were accepted. The officers elected by the associate members are as follows: Pres., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Vice-Pres., G. W. Amory; Sec'y, A. C. Wilmerding; Delegates: (1), H. T. Foote; (2), A. C. Wilmerding; (3), W. Whitney. The secretary's report reviewed the affairs of the A. K. C., and presented that notwithstanding business depression the club had been self-supporting and had paid running expenses promptly. The fiscal year ended with a balance of \$2,233.08, an increase of about \$230 over the preceding year. The visit of the secretary to the Pacific coast had produced most satisfactory results in that locality. The amendments to the bench show rule gave the Western clubs much needed relief. The experience with the amended constitution has been satisfactory. The roll of active members numbers 53. The roll of associate members numbers 195. Gross receipts were greater by \$119.45 than last year, and expenses were \$821.57 less. The treasurer's report was accepted as published in the A. K. C. Gazette.

On Feb. 7 the Pacific Advisory Committee was organized, composed of the following delegates: W. L. Prather, Jr., Alameda Co. Sportsmen's Ass'n; T. J. Watson, Pacific K. C.; H. T. Payne, Southern Cal. K. C.; F. W. D. Evelyn, M. D., Pacific Fox Terrier Club; A. T. Regensberger, D. D. S., St. Bernard C. of Cal. Officers of this committee: F. W. D. Evelyn, chairman; W. L. Prather, vice-chairman; H. T. Payne, sec'y. The committee notified the A. K. C. that it is ready for the transaction of business.

Following is a list of the A. K. C. officers elected: President, August Belmont; Vice-Pres., Elward Brooks. Stud book committee, Jas. Watson, chairman; H. F. Schellhass and C. B. Knocker.

Committee on field trials and coursing: H. F. Schellhass; the other members are chosen from members of the field trial and coursing clubs.

Committee on constitution and rules: F. S. Webster, chairman; H. F. Schellhass, J. Watson and H. T. Foote. Finance committee: A. C. Wilmerding, chairman; J. B. Blossom and J. Mortimer.

Membership committee: E. M. Oldham, chairman; C. D. Bernheimer and A. P. Vredenburg.

By an oversight, no secretary was elected.

Dr. Wesley Miles, as representative of the Canadian Kennel Club, made a plea for reciprocity between the two clubs in the matter of registrations, wins and disqualifications. Mr. Belmont arrived and took the chair at this juncture. After much discussion, in which the former relations of the two clubs were quite thoroughly analyzed, the whole matter was referred to the advisory committee with power. The annual meeting then adjourned and the regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee was held. There were present associate members H. T. Foote, A. C. Wilmerding, W. Whitney, American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.), American Scottish Terrier Club (J. L. Little), American Spaniel Club (E. M. Oldham), Birmingham Industrial Exposition (A. P. Fish), Bloodhound Club (A. F. Stahl), Boston Terrier Club (J. A. Burritt), Bull Terrier Club (A. Thomson), City of the Straits K. C. (A. T. Knowlson), Collie Club (J. Watson), Columbus Fanciers' Club (J. M. Taylor), Gordon Setter Club (J. B. Blossom), Great Dane Club of America (C. Wood), Mascoutah K. C. (C. F. R. Drake), National Beagle Club (H. C. Schellhass); N. E. K. C. (F. M. Curtis); N. E. F. T. C. (D. E. Loveland); N. K. K. L. (F. Link); Northwestern B. C. (F. S. Webster); Pointer Club (G. Jarvis); R. I. S. F. Ass'n (M. A. Viti); H. B. C. (R. H. Burroughs); W. K. C. (Elliott Smith); Irish S. C. (G. H. Thompson); Pacific Fox Terrier Club (C. B. Knocker).

The appeal of Mr. Bell was denied. He desired the date of his reinstatement to be changed from March 1 to Feb. 15.

The Pacific Fox Terrier Club and the Irish Setter Club were admitted to membership.

The following applications for kennel names were granted: J. L. Anthony, the Graphic Kennels; C. S. Stuart, the Chicago Black and Tan Terrier Kennels; George Greer, the Brookside Kennels; F. A. Borst and T. R. Diles, Algonquin Kennels; F. E. Miller and W. L. Prather, Jr., Algonquin Kennels.

Resolved, That as the date of closing of entries of any show is an official part of that show, a person eligible to make entries at that show must be in good standing at the time of closing of the entries.

The disqualification of E. P. Schell was removed.

The application of the Live Stock Society of America and Seattle Kennel Club was accepted. The resignation of the English Setter Club was accepted. Mr. F. S. Morrison, expelled by the Milwaukee Kennel Pet Stock Association, was suspended. The matter of charges preferred by H. Rieman against B. Alton Smith was referred to the Advisory Committee. Clubs in arrears were given thirty days to settle or be expelled.

The resolution on the matter of mutilation was considered inoperative if passed. A motion to refer the matter to the Committee on Rules, to frame a rule to abolish cropping, was lost by a vote of 12 to 6, as follows: Ayes—Dr. Foote, Collie Club of America, Gordon Setter Club, National Beagle Club, Northwestern Beagle Club, Pointer Club. Nays—American Fox Terrier Club, American Scottish Terrier Club, Mr. Wilmerding, Binghamton Industrial Exposition, Bloodhound Club, Boston Terrier Club, Great Dane Club, N. E. K. C., N. E. F. T. C., R. I. S. F. Association, Milwaukee K. C. and Pacific Fox Terrier Club.

The Bull Terrier Club's resolution of censure on Messrs. Foote and Schellhass was referred to the Advisory Committee.

National Beagle Club of America.

THE quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held in the committee rooms of the Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19. The meeting was called to order by the president, Hermann F. Schellhass, with the following members present: Messrs. J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, J. B. Lozier, George Laick, H. L. Kreuder, N. A. Baldwin, William Saxby, George F. Reed, W. S. Clark, Horace Porter, Joe Lewis, W. C. Duff, C. F. Lewis, A. C. Pickhardt and George W. Rogers. Minutes of last meeting and report of treasurer were read and accepted. The committee on the Futurity Stake, Messrs. J. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers and H. L. Kreuder, submitted the following, which was approved by the club:

FUTURITY STAKE, 1897.—This stake is open to all beagles, dogs and bitches 15 in. or under in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896.

An entire litter (born alive) must be entered before 8 weeks old, and both sire and dam must be registered or eligible for registration.

Names and markings as detailed as possible on puppies to be continued in stake shall be given at time of second payment.

Entrance fee is 25 cents for each puppy and must accompany the entry.

Additional payments shall be made as follows on individual puppies; it is not required to continue payments on the whole litter: 50 cents at the age of 5 months, 75 cents at the age of 8 months, \$1 at the age of 12 months, \$2.50 at the age of 16 months.

The balance of the total entry of \$10 to be paid on closing the stakes the night before the class is run.

The prize money shall be divided as follows: 40 per cent. of the entire entry fee to winner of the first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third; 10 per cent. to breeder of first prize winner, and the remaining 10 per cent. to the club.

A transfer of ownership does not affect the nomination, and the new owner upon furnishing a certificate from the former owner certifying the change of ownership may continue the payments and start the entry. Blanks may be obtained from the secretary.

FUTURITY STAKE, 1896.—Open to all beagles, dogs or bitches, 15 in. and under in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Conditions the same as the Futurity Stake of 1897, with the following exceptions: It is not required to enter every puppy in the litter. Payments equal to the amount which would be due had the conditions of the stake been in force since Jan. 1, 1895, must be made on or before March 15, 1896—that is, on dogs under 5 months of age a payment of 25 cents must be made; on those 5 months old and under 8 months 75 cents must be paid; on those 8 months old and under 12 months \$1.50; on those 12 months old and under 16 months \$2.50; on those over 16 months \$5. Additional payments shall be made as specified in the conditions of the Futurity Stake, 1897.

Mr. Kreuder submitted a scoring system for reducing each dog's field and bench qualities to an average; for establishing and recording each dog's actual merit in both forms. This in more detail has been published in the kennel press.

After considerable discussion by different members Mr. Kreuder withdrew his motion.

GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

250 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET.

Irish Setter Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1 P. M., Dr. G. G. Davis in the chair. Present: Dr. G. G. Davis, James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements, Dr. William Jarvis, W. Sutton, Jr., and George H. Thomson, and by proxy F. L. Cheney. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with. The treasurer's report was read and approved. Mr. L. A. Van Zandt was elected a member.

It was decided to hold field trials in 1896, the management of the same to be intrusted to the Field Trial Committee.

The following gentlemen were then elected to hold office during the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Vice-President, James B. Blossom; Secretary and Treasurer, George H. Thomson; Executive Committee, F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.; W. Sutton, Jr., New York; B. L. Clements, New York; W. L. Washington, New Castle, Pa.;

Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.; Ray Tompkins, Elmira, N. Y. There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

GEORGE H. THOMSON, Secretary.

[The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$84.66. George H. Thomson, delegate to A. K. C.]

Eastern Field Trials Club Meeting.

THE meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 20, at 3 P. M. The meeting was called to order by the president, Pierre Lorillard, Jr. Members present: Pierre Lorillard, C. H. Phelps, Jr., James E. Orr, Dr. S. P. Brown, G. W. Ewing, G. M. Arnolt, Joseph H. Hunter, Theodore Sturges, Joseph Meares, Washington A. Coster and S. C. Bradley. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. W. Gould Brokaw, New York, and F. H. Fleer, Philadelphia, were elected to membership.

The club will give in 1896 the same stakes and under the same conditions as in 1895, to be run at Newton, N. C., beginning with the Members' Stake, Nov. 14, following with the Derby, All-Age and subscription stakes.

Moved that the secretary communicate with the gentlemen proposed by the club to act as the judges of the club's trials of 1896, and on receipt of acceptance their names be made public.

Treasurer's report was read and accepted.

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

The Great Dane Club of America.

AT the annual meeting of the Great Dane Club of America, held at Madison Square Garden Feb. 22, at 8:30 P. M., the following officers were elected: President, Robert Dudley Winthrop; Vice-President, A. B. Strange; Secretary and Treasurer, Clifford Wood; Delegate to the A. K. C., Clifford Wood; Executive Committee: the officers *ex officio* and Messrs. J. Blackburn Miller, Charles D. Bernheimer, Charles G. Peters and James A. Lawrence.

The following new members were elected: Messrs. Clarence E. Ward, Riverton, Conn.; J. Blackburn Miller, Newburgh, N. Y.; J. M. Studebaker, South Bend, Ind.; Gen. Joseph Torrence, Chicago, Ill.; Robert D. Winthrop, Charles G. Peters, William P. Smith and Ira Rosenbaum, New York city; Lorenzo Blackstone, Norwich, Conn.; H. L. Robertson, Topeka, Kan.; Charles G. Porter, Watertown, N. Y.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Adjourned to meet March 3.

CLIFFORD WOOD, Sec'y G. D. C. of A.

Canadian Kennel Club.

THE executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club met on Feb. 14, beginning at 8 P. M. and continued till midnight. In the case of Boyle vs. Trebilcock, it was carried that the charge was not proven. In the matter of field trial rules, it was the sense of the meeting that the club could not readily control field trials, and the matter was laid on the table. It was resolved that no dog having its ears cropped and born on or after July 1, 1896, shall be eligible for competition at any bench show held in Canada under Canadian Kennel Club rules. New members: J. W. Jacobi, T. J. Tilley and W. H. Blaiklock. The annual meeting will be held on the Tuesday of the Toronto show week. The matter of reciprocity with the A. K. C. was considered, and Dr. Wesley Mills was appointed a special delegate to the A. K. C., with power to make the best terms possible without involving the C. K. C. in any financial responsibility.

St. Bernard Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the St. Bernard Club of America was held at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, Feb. 19. There were present Mrs. Churchill, Miss Whitney, Mrs. Lee, Miss Chandler, Miss Goodenow, T. M. Burke, W. H. Joeckel, J. F. Lutz, D. Mann, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., H. B. Turner, I. W. Comey, R. H. Burrows and D. E. Waters.

The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury of \$200. The following were elected officers: President, W. H. Joeckel; Vice-Presidents, Miss Whitney, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., and R. J. Sawyer; Secretary, Robert H. Burrows; Board of Governors, H. B. Turner, A. C. Shallenberger, W. C. Reick, D. E. Waters, C. A. Pratt, E. H. Moore, E. Sauerhering, K. E. Hopf and H. S. Pitkin.

The National Greyhound Club.

THIS club was organized on Feb. 21. Officers: President, G. M. Keasbey; Vice-Presidents, August Belmont and Albion Page; Secretary, R. L. Little; Treasurer, L. C. Whiton; Delegate, Horatio Nelson; Executive Committee, G. M. Keasbey, A. Belmont, Dr. J. H. Lyke, E. R. Ladew, J. L. Kernochan. A number of new members were added, amongst whom were Foxhall Keene, W. Wade, Ben. Lewis, M. B. McGregor and N. Q. Pope. The new club has purchased the medal die of the old club.

Bull Terrier Club of America.

THE officers elected are: President, F. F. Dole; Vice-Presidents, John Moorehead and J. O. Horne; Secretary, W. D. Brereton; Executive Committee, John H. Church, J. Otis Fellows, C. Albert Stevens, William Mariner, M. J. Higginson, P. Tiffany, T. H. Gibbon; Delegate to A. K. C., Arthur Thompson.

American Bedlington Terrier Club.

PRESIDENT, William H. Russell; Secretary and Treasurer, John Hopkinson; Delegate, T. Pearsall; Executive Committee, W. H. Russell, M. A. H. Thelberg, J. Hopkinson, T. Pearsall, C. W. Lougest.

Spaniel Club.

OFFICERS elected: Pres., E. M. Oldham; Sec'y, R. P. Keasbey; Treas., Dr. S. J. Bradbury.

The officers are *ex officio* members of the executive committee. The other members are Marcel A. Viti and H. K. Bloodgood.

Collie Club Meeting.

THE Collie Club meeting was held on Friday. Officers elected are: President, Jenkins Van Schaick; Vice-Presidents, Thos. H. Terry and J. P. Morgan; Treasurer, J. D. Shotwell; Secretary, James Watson.

The Pointer Club.

OFFICERS: President, Geo. J. Gould; Vice-President, James L. Anthony; Secretary, F. S. Webster; Treasurer, C. F. Lewis.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. James L. Kernochan and party were assaulted while on the Long Island train en route to Hempstead on Saturday night after the dog show had closed. A party of firemen, some of them partially intoxicated, returning from the parades in New York, were the aggressors. One first insulted Mr. Kernochan, then struck him. Mr. Kernochan punished his antagonist severely, when others of the party knocked him down and kicked him. The grooms of the Meadowbrook Club who were present came to his assistance and a general melee followed. Fortunately Mr. Kernochan and others of the party were not seriously injured, though badly bruised. Mr. Kernochan will probably prosecute all the parties concerned in the assault.

Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass., was in attendance at the New York dog show on Friday. The hearty welcome bestowed on him showed that the warm places which he held in the hearts of all sportsmen had not cooled by the passage of time.

Mr. Fred Kirby, of Philadelphia, will take a string of dogs through the Western circuit. He would take charge of more dogs for that purpose.

In the matter of the special baggage car for the transportation of dogs through the bench show circuit, at the last moment only one crate had been offered.

On Monday of this week the A. K. C. received fifty registrations, none of which came from bench shows. There are many indications that the depression in canine matters caused by the hard times is passing away.

According to the *Evening Post*, the queer wedding gifts are in vogue in Dakota. Following is a list of presents received at a recent wedding: A bull pup, a yellow dog, a water spaniel, a meerschau pipe and tobacco-pouch, a good shotgun, a bowie knife, a rifle, three dogs, a game rooster, one fiddle, one banjo, one spotted pup, one English mastiff, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols.

We notice with surprise in an American exchange that the Bull Terrier Club of America were severely down upon Dr. H. F. Foote and Mr. H. F. Schellhass for what the members of the club are pleased to style their "persistent and unreasoning assaults upon the practice of cropping." The club also decided that "the said Dr. H. F. Foote and his proposal to disqualify all dogs not 'in a natural condition' is assuming a hostile position toward the exhibition of spaniels, fox terriers, poodles, Great Danes, bull terriers, Boston terriers and Black and Tan terriers, and is thereby hostile to the American Kennel Club, which is maintained for the advancement of all canine interests regardless of breeds." Of course these resolutions are a little rough upon the doctor and his fellow offender, though it is questionable whether the receipt of the intelligence of the displeasure of the American Bull Terrier Club will disconcert them much. We certainly hope it will do nothing of the sort, and that the American Kennel Club, which is "maintained for the advancement of all canine interests," will not forget the sufferings of dogs in their solicitude to gratify the conservatism of their owners. At all events, we fail to see how anybody professing to encourage the improvement of dogs should make things easy for people who want to exhibit mutilated animals. Anyhow, we trust that the doctor and his accomplice will stick to their guns, and by persisting in the path of iniquity upon which they have so unblushingly entered, do all they can to put an end to barbarous practices of every sort.—*Stock-Keeper (England)*.

Three dogs died at the W. K. C. show. Dr. C. A. Lougest's Berry Bradshaw, a bloodhound of note, was one of the unfortunates.

The coursing for the Waterloo Cup was concluded on Feb. 21. Fabulous Fortune beat Utopia; Wolf Hill beat Thoughtless Beauty. Fabulous Fortune won the final and the cup.

The prices at the auction sale of dogs at the American Horse Exchange on Feb. 21 ruled low. The specimens sold did not warrant high prices. Fox terriers, twenty-three in number, averaged about \$13 each. Pointers averaged about \$36 each.

Yachting.

In its leading editorial, which we reprint this week, the *Field* practically accepts the finding of the special committee; admitting the impartiality of the committee and the conclusive nature of the evidence as to the lead and the water tanks. At the same time this acceptance is rather grudgingly given, and with the opinion that the verdict should have been "not proven"; while Lord Dunraven's evidence is characterized as "positive" and that of the defense as mostly "negative." Even admitting this technical distinction, we believe that every one who reads carefully the extracts from the testimony which we are now publishing will admit that the so-called "positive" evidence of Lord Dunraven and Mr. Gleanie, in fact of all of the Valkyrie party, is of the weakest possible nature, resting solely on eyesight, unsupported by a single authenticated measurement. Those who examined Defender from rowboats, and whose observation constitutes the main point of Lord Dunraven's case, seem to have contented themselves with rowing along one side only, and to have made no observations from ahead or astern as to any possible heeling, or from the other side as to any increased emersion there. Such "positive" evidence as this naturally carries very little weight in the face of the evidence as to the effect of a list of one or two degrees, such as would be imperceptible from a broadside view.

The negative evidence, on the other hand, is based on the testimony of the designer, owner, captain, sailormen, riggers and carpenters who worked on the yacht, friends of the owner, the club measurer, and outside experts, reinforced by measurements, surveys and elaborate experiments by heeling the yacht. The nature and great

amount of the negative evidence, which has been in no way weakened by Lord Dunraven's representative on cross-examination, affords proof that may well be termed convincing and unimpeachable.

Had it been a matter of shifting or starting ballast in an open boat with a crew of four or five and only a few hundredweights of ballast involved, it would have been impossible after the lapse of even less time to have proved anything; but in the case of *Defender*, where a weight of a dozen tons of lead must have been shipped and unshipped three times in two days, involving the knowledge of a number of men but of possibly seventy-five in all associated with her crew or on the tender or as outside mechanics, and with reporters by the score about her in the keen quest for news, it would be little less than a miracle if the fraud had been perpetrated with such complete secrecy as to have been undiscovered in the course of the investigation.

On Feb. 17 the letters from Lord Dunraven to Messrs. Phelps and Rives, of the special committee, arrived on the *Etruria*, but their contents have been carefully guarded until the special meeting called for Feb. 27. A letter has since been received, addressed to Com. Brown.

A second Chicago yacht club is now in the field with a new yacht, to take part, if possible, in the proposed "international" race between Chicago and Toronto. The dimensions of this craft are considerably less than those of the first yacht, and very much better suited to the purpose. Whatever temporary good may result from such a race as is proposed, we fail to see that the introduction on the lakes of what may be termed the Niagara type, of extreme bulb-fin, can be other than harmful to the best interests of yachting. The acceptance by the Royal Canadian Y. C. of the Chicago challenge will necessitate the formation of a syndicate and the expenditure of some \$10,000 in the construction and racing of a yacht that will be absolutely useless on Lake Ontario and on the other lakes as well save for this special match. A long experience has shown that an extreme draft of 9 ft. is all that can be carried with convenience and safety on Lake Ontario in the regular yachting service of cruising, racing and making the circuit of all the Lake ports, as is done by the yachts of Oswego, Toronto, Hamilton and Rochester. The largest keel boat possible on this length is such a craft as the *Fife* boats *Zelma* and *Yama*, and the home-built boat *Aggie*, of about 37 ft. l.w.l.; the 46 ft. *Vreda*, drawing about the same as the smaller yachts. Such a yacht as these gives a main cabin, after stateroom and good fore-castle and toilet space, and has proved the most convenient size of all-round racing and cruising craft for the special work on Lake Ontario. The larger yachts are either centerboard craft or keel boats of limited draft for their length and so not in the racing. In build and equipment these yachts are preëminently usable, not mere racing machines, but fitted for the comfort of their owners on long trips. So far as we are aware the practical limit of draft, as gauged by the majority of harbors—and they are few enough—is no greater on the Western lakes than on Ontario, and there are strong reasons for observing the natural limit of about 9 ft. in all yachts, keel or centerboard.

A draft of 10 ft. or over would be a very serious obstacle to the use of a yacht on Lake Ontario, save for special racing purposes, and the conditions of local yachting are entirely against the introduction of this type of craft. Apart from the draft, there is no popular place for the bulb-fin machine, and its introduction is in every way undesirable. It is quite possible that a challenge from a yacht of 43 ft. racing length, the class to which *Yama*, *Aggie* and *Zelma* belong, would result in the construction of two or three more of these yachts by Canadian yachtsmen and the strengthening of this desirable class throughout the lakes; but as the challenge now stands the only thing possible is to organize a syndicate and build a single racing machine to defeat Chicago. If she should be successful and her future owner should continue to race her on Lake Ontario, she would probably destroy the existing boats and put an end to all racing; as there is no more prospect of such a class becoming permanently popular on Lake Ontario than of New York and Boston yachtsmen rushing to build in *Defender's* class. In international racing between America and Great Britain, the bulb-fin machine of extreme size has been a necessity under existing conditions. In international racing between Chicago and Toronto there is no necessity whatever for the adoption of a similar type; and many excellent reasons against it.

It is one thing to own a yacht, especially a large and costly steam yacht, and another thing to be able to name it; and the new additions to the fleet do not shine conspicuously in the way of originality or distinctiveness. The magnificent Watson yacht building for Mr. Higgins will be disguised under the trite and hackneyed name of *Varuna*; the other Watson yacht, for Mr. Drexel, will be named *Margarita II.*, and the yacht building by Mr. Nixon for P. A. B. Widener, and shortly to be launched, will be christened *Josephine*. It is not an easy task to choose a fitting name for such craft as these, but it should at least be possible to steer clear of the trite and commonplace names that grace the yacht lists year in and year out, and fail entirely to specialize and identify these fine yachts in a manner appropriate to their size and appearance.

New York Y. C. Library.

WITHIN a few years past the New York Y. C. has been fortunate in securing an active and energetic library committee, at the head of which is Mr. Fordham Morris; the result being that the club has already a very fine library, as shown in the following report, to which additions and improvements are constantly being made:

To the *New York Yacht Club*: The library committee presents the following report of its operations during the season of 1895-6:

There are now in the library over 3,600 bound books, charts, maps and photographs, not counting duplicates or framed pictures. The chart table and sailing directions in the library afford information sufficient for the planning of cruises to any part of the world. Special attention has been given to the close relations which exist between American and Mediterranean yacht clubs, and the charts requisite for cruising in that inland sea have been added to the collection.

The committee has given much attention to obtaining data for the navigation of our inland waters, as the club signal now flies on the Great Lakes, the Ohio and many others of our great inland waterways. By the deepening of the canals in this State, new routes to the Great Lakes will be open to yacht cruisers; and if the Hennepin and New York enterprises are finished to their contemplated magnitude, a yacht of considerable draft will soon be able to cruise wholly within American waters from New York to Duluth or the deltas of the Mississippi. The committee has embraced some suggestions relative to this question in a separate communication.

The appropriation for the fiscal year was \$1,385. It has all been expended in new books, binding up old books, bookcases, library appliances, postage, printing and correspondence. All bills are paid up to date and all outstanding contracts which mature before the next appropriation are provided for, so that the new committee will not have to meet charges from last year. The details of the account appears in the treasurer's report.

Much liberality has been shown by members and others in donating books and other works to the library. When received, the donors have been promptly thanked, and notice of the gift duly posted on the bulletin board. The committee has caused a list of all donors and the works contributed to be printed and mailed to each member of the club and the donor. The committee hopes that a perusal of this record of generosity will induce others to follow the example.

The committee are grateful to the members for the interest manifested in their labors. It should be the highest incentive to our successors; for our work, if carried out on its present lines, will, in a very few years, result in the making of the best yachting library in America. All of which is respectfully submitted,

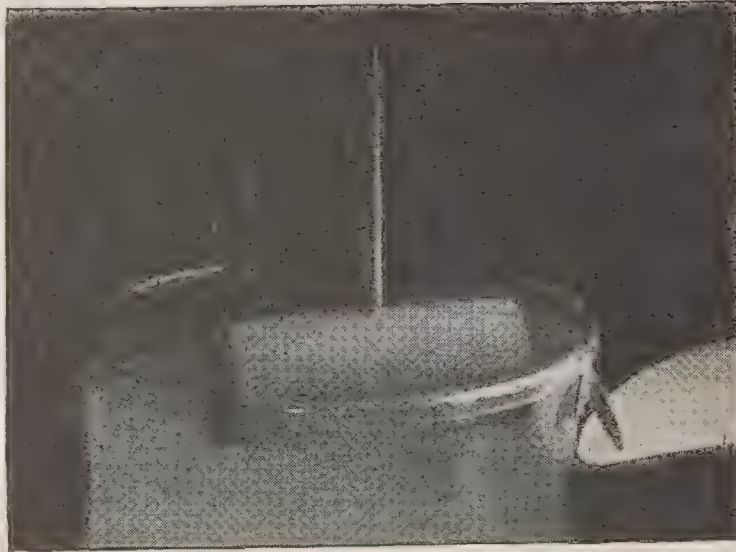
FORDHAM MORRIS,
WILLIAM GARDNER,
ARTHUR H. CLARK.

YACHT DESIGNING.—VI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 144.]

HAVING now an idea of the nature of the fluid in which vessels float, we are in a position to attempt some simple experiments from which much may be learned. The following apparatus and demonstration was arranged by the author as a part of a lecture on "The Yacht Designer and his Work," delivered by him before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1892. We will take first a glass vessel, with an opening near the top as an overflow, and a pair of common scales. The vessel being filled with



TANK, MODEL AND SCALES.

water, we will place it in a small cylinder of pine (1), which will naturally float, about half immersed, or with its axis just above the water. If we force it down to the bottom of the vessel it rises at once on being released, impelled by a force which is called *buoyancy*. This force acts always in a vertical direction, and, as we shall see later, through one particular point of a floating body, or for that matter, of every immersed body, even though the body may sink through the force of *gravity* being greater than that of *buoyancy*. Now we will remove the block and fill the vessel with water up to the level of the overflow pipe, and place the pan of the scales under this pipe. On replacing the cylinder very carefully a certain amount of water is displaced and runs over into the scale pan. Now we will take the cylinder from the water and place it on the opposite end of the scales, and it will exactly balance the water in the pan, previously displaced from the vessel by it.

We say "exactly," but as a matter of fact, in performing this experiment a number of times by way of rehearsal, it proved to be almost impossible to obtain exact results, from a cause noted in the previous chapter, the viscosity of the water, or its resistance, when in very small quantity, to a change of form. The displacement of the cylinder being only about a teacupful, the water would rise somewhat above the level of the outlet before its surface would break and it would begin to flow; and drops would cling to the leaden spout as the flow diminished, so that the overflow into the pan would not quite balance the cylinder. Unless performed on a larger scale, involving an overflow of perhaps several gallons of water, the experiment in itself may not prove a convincing success; but the fact that the weight of water displaced by a floating body is exactly equal to the weight of the body is so firmly established that no one would care to question it on the basis of an experiment on a very small scale. In the case of a yacht, the displaced water is equal in weight to that of the hull, spars, lead keel, sails, gear, crew and every minor detail.

It is this weight of displaced water which measures the buoyancy or floating power of a body. This seems perfectly natural in the case of a wooden vessel, but at first sight it is rather paradoxical in the case of an iron or steel one, though it is equally true. We will take a piece of sheet lead (5), which, on immersion, of course, sinks quickly to the bottom. We will now take it and turn up the edges to form a shallow box (6), and though it is still lead, and of the same weight as at first, it now has buoyancy, and floats. When first immersed, the volume of water displaced, though equal to the *bulk* of the lead, was but one-eleventh of its *weight*. In the form of a box, however, while the *weight* is the same, the *bulk* of water displaced is very much greater; and the weight of this water is more than the weight of the lead; consequently the *buoyancy* is greater than the *gravity*.

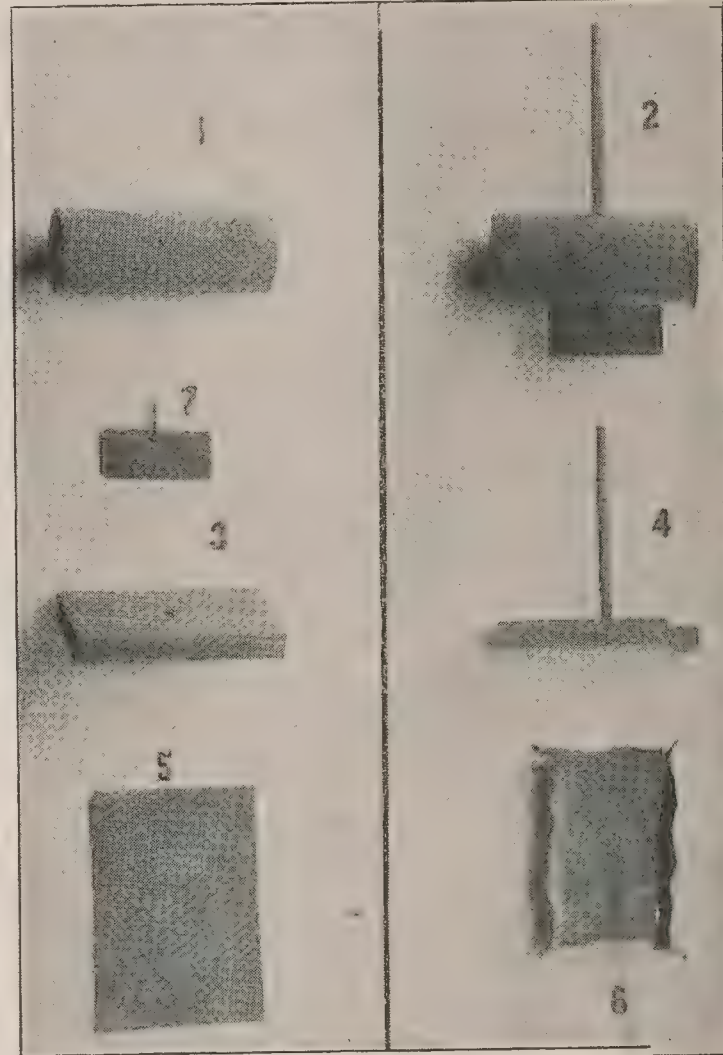
We have now learned two very important facts about the block of wood, it will float under all conditions, and we have a measure of floating power (buoyancy) in its own weight. Now we will ship in its upper side as it lies afloat a small stick, representing a mast, and the result is—a capsize. We will now take another block of pine (3), of the same length, bulk and weight, but flat, with a rectangular instead of a circular cross section. In buoyancy and displacement it is precisely the same as the cylinder, but on stepping a mast in it (4) a very different condition of affairs presents itself. The block not only does not capsize of its own accord, but when heeled down and released it resumes its original upright position. It is certainly a step nearer to a yacht than the round block, for it will carry sail and afford a foothold for a crew, but it is not perfect; we heel it a little further than at first and again we have—a capsize.

These two capsize teach a good deal. We have discovered that the second block possesses a new attribute, stability, by virtue of which it not only rests in one particular position when undisturbed, but returns to the same position after being removed from it. We have found, further, that there is a limit to this same stability, and that if the block be heeled too far it disappears.

Now we will take our old friend, the cylinder, and affix to the side opposite the mast a small piece of brass (7), a fashionable fin-keel (2). What is the result? We have given to this model the same attribute that the flat one possesses, stability; when we heel it and release it, it returns to its original position. Now let us heel both together and watch the result; up to an angle of perhaps 55 degrees from the vertical, both return at once to the upright position when released, but when past that angle,

while the flat block capsizes, the cylinder with its meta-keel continues to regain its original position, no matter how far it may be heeled; in fact we may turn it until the mast points directly downward, but it becomes upright as soon as released.

We shall not attempt here to discuss the question of the accuracy and propriety of the expression "stability of form," those who are interested will find a very full discussion in Kemp's "Yacht Architecture." It is evident,

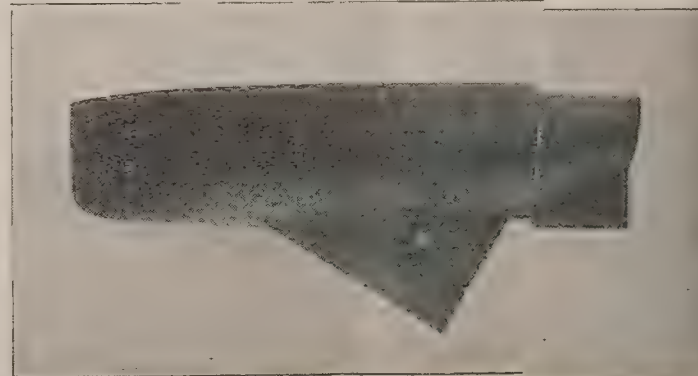


MODELS.

however, that the stability of the cylinder differs from that of the flat block, in that the former is due solely to the addition of ballast, while the latter is derived from the form and proportions of the floating body. In addition to a recognition of this difference, we have learned the meaning of a term very common in naval architecture, the "range of stability." In the case of the flat block, the "range," or the angle through which it may be heeled without losing its stability, is quite limited; in the cylinder, however, it is infinite—we can find a position in which the block will rest save the original upright one.

If we could carry the practical experiment a little further by attaching a cord and weights to the top of each mast, so as to measure the power required to heel the vessel at each degree of inclination, we would find that in the cylinder a very light pull would serve to move it from the upright position, but the resistance would increase until considerable force was necessary when the mast was on the surface of the water; the vessel now having a strong tendency to right herself. In the case of the flat block a comparatively heavy pull would be necessary at first, but it would soon decrease, and at an angle of 55 degrees was reached the model would fall over of itself. The two extremes represented by these models include all types of yachts, from the old "flatiron" or "skinning dish" to the modern bulb-fin and the old "plank-edge" cutter. The former possessed what is called "initial stability," being very stiff at small angles of heel and having a nearly level deck at all times—except when as not infrequently happened, they capsized; the constant liability to this mishap, with possibly fatal results, being one of the most serious of the defects of this type. The narrow cutter, like the cylinder, would under the pressure of sail never remain near the upright position, no matter how heavily she might be ballasted, the east breeze would heel her considerably and place the deck at an angle that was inconvenient to work on, and in a strong wind the deck might be so nearly vertical that the crew kept their hold with difficulty; but at the same time she would be incapable of capsizing.

In the next chapter we shall go further in the subject of buoyancy and stability; but before leaving the vessel of water and its block models we would point out that while we have investigated two of the important attributes of a yacht, buoyancy and stability, there is still a third. We have thus far succeeded in obtaining models which will float and at the same time maintain an upright position under certain conditions, neither of them would steam or sail very far in a day, the real vessel, no matter for what purpose she was intended, must possess a third attribute, *form*, by virtue of which she makes her way as easily and speedily as possible through the water.



"FORM."

The Dunraven Inquiry.

MR. ISELIN'S TESTIMONY.

C. OLIVER ISELIN, being called as a witness in his own behalf, testified as follows:
Examined by Mr. Choate:
Q.—You were one of the owners of the Defender, with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Vanderbilt, I believe? A.—Yes.
Q.—And by arrangement with them her entire management was left with you? A.—Entirely.
Q.—During the whole summer? A.—During the trial races and the Cup races; also the building of the boat.
Q.—Before I go into your examination on other matters, I wish to know when you first heard that Lord Dunraven had made any complaint about the Defender? A.—It was on Oct. 25 I heard that first; I read it in the paper.
Q.—October or September? A.—I read it in the paper in October.
Q.—That was after the report of the Cup committee to the yacht club? A.—Yes; the next day.
Q.—You had heard nothing on that subject from either the Cup committee or from Mr. Fish? A.—Absolutely nothing.
By Capt. Mahan:
Q.—That is with reference to this particular point we are speaking of? A.—Yes.
Mr. Choate—Yes. The complaint that Lord Dunraven made to Mr. Fish.
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—How and when did you learn that there was to be a remeasurement on Sunday, Sept. 8? A.—I heard of it on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6. I heard there was to be a re-marking—a marking.
Q.—My question was when and how you first heard there was to be a remeasurement on Sunday? A.—I heard of that Sunday morning.
Q.—Over at the Erie Basin? A.—At the Erie Basin.
Q.—How came you at the Erie Basin that Sunday morning? A.—I was told on Friday, just after the measurement, by either Mr. Canfield or Mr. Rogers, I cannot remember which one, that the boat would be marked on Sunday morning. That is the reason I appeared there.
Q.—And you went from your home in New Rochelle down to Erie Basin to attend to the marking, did you? A.—No; I did not go from my home.
Q.—From New York? A.—I went from Bay Ridge. I slept on the Neckan Saturday night.
Q.—From whom did you learn, after you got over there, that there was to be a remeasurement? A.—I cannot state who told me.
Q.—And the marking you saw done as a result or an accompaniment of the remeasurement? A.—I did not see the marking done.
Q.—You did not wait for that? A.—Yes, I waited, but I could not see it. I was sitting on the deck amidsthips.
Q.—You knew it was being done? A.—I knew it was being done.
Q.—We will go back now to the beginning of the matter. You ordered the building of this boat through Mr. Herreshoff? A.—Yes.
Q.—Was anything arranged between you as to the general plan or theory upon which she should be built, in respect to her load waterline? A.—Yes.
Q.—In relation to the terms of the deed under which the Cup was held? A.—She was designed to conform with the deed, and we agreed that we had better make her 89ft. waterline, so as to have a foot margin in case we wanted to use more ballast or wanted to make a difference in the trim, in case the immersion was greater than we expected. We designed her to be 89ft.
Q.—As appears she came within about ½ft. of that? A.—Yes; when she sailed.
Q.—How many trial races were there in the summer between her and the Vigilant? A.—Three.
Mr. Iselin—What do you mean by "trial races"?
Mr. Choate—I thought she raced with the Vigilant three times, did she not?
Mr. Iselin—She raced a great many more than that.
Q.—Under the auspices of the New York Y. C.? A.—Yes.
Q.—How many were there? A.—I think eight races besides the trial races.
Q.—Through how long a period prior to the end of August? A.—From some time in July she was racing. She raced in July. She had two races with the Vigilant in July, and then she went on a cruise with the New York Y. C., and was racing about ten days nearly every day from port to port, and also racing for the Citizens' Cup and others.
Q.—When were you notified by the club that she had been selected to race with the English yacht? A.—After the trial races with the Vigilant down the Bay.
Q.—After the last of those? A.—After the last of them.
Q.—During all of these races prior to that time did she carry any ballast, and if any what?
Mr. Iselin—Prior to what?
Mr. Choate—Prior to her being selected to race with the Valkyrie.
A.—She carried absolutely none. Not 1lb. of ballast. Of loose ballast, I mean.
Q.—What was there in her that weighed which could be taken out? A.—There was a water tank, bilge tank, large ice-box, stove, cooking utensils, cabin fixtures, partitions, bedding, all the linen, crockery, men's clothes, my apparel and my friends' apparel on board. That is about all.
Q.—After the arrival of the Valkyrie, did you learn that she was practically stripped of all those things? A.—I did.
Q.—And did you have a conference with Mr. Herreshoff in consequence? A.—I did.
Q.—With what result? A.—The result was we decided to strip the Defender to be on equal terms with the Valkyrie.
Q.—And for that purpose where was she taken? A.—She was not taken for that special purpose anywhere. She happened to be at New Rochelle.
Q.—When you so decided? A.—Yes.
Q.—How long was that before the Friday, Sept. 6? A.—That was on Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday, just before Sept. 7.
Q.—Were you up at New Rochelle while she was being stripped of all those things? A.—I was.
Q.—Did you see that they were all taken out of her? A.—I did.
Q.—Did you provide for the weighing of those things? A.—I did.
Q.—What had been planned or arranged or advised between you and Mr. Herreshoff, to take the place of this weight so taken out, and what was the weight so taken out, as you were informed? A.—We did not expect there would be quite as much weight to come out of her as did, as appeared by weighing. So we decided to order two tons of lead to be sent from New York, to take the place of the cabin fixtures and other things.
Q.—Thinking that would be enough? A.—Thinking that would about counterbalance what was taken out; and that lead was sent up to New Rochelle.
Q.—That was in the form of pigs of about 100lbs. weight to the pig? A.—Yes; there were two tons, forty-two pigs.
Q.—How did you procure that? A.—I told my friend, Mr. Thorne. He was one of my friends on the Defender, and sailed with me all summer; and I asked him to order it for me in New York.
Q.—Of any particular house? A.—I did not state to him any particular house, no. I asked him to order the lead.
Q.—Do you know from whom it was purchased? A.—Yes; I know now. Mayor, Lane & Co.
Q.—Is this the bill? A.—That is one of the receipted bills.
Q.—That is the bill for the forty-two pigs? A.—Forty-two pigs.
Q.—This is a bill made out to A. Iselin & Co.—that is your father's firm? A.—Yes.
Q.—"Forty-two pigs prime pig lead, 4,045lbs., at \$3.75, \$151.69." Cartage added. "Ship to C. Oliver Iselin, Yacht Defender, New Rochelle, via Steamer Mary Gordon. Ordered by N. B. Thorne." The date of the bill is Sept. 4. A.—Yes.
Q.—That weighed 4,045lbs.? A.—Yes.
Q.—When was this shifting done? A.—Taking these things out? That was done on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday before the Cup races.
Q.—What was the result of the weighing of what was taken out? A.—We took about 7,000lbs. out, all told.
Q.—And you had only got 4,045 to substitute for it? What did you do on that? A.—I did not think I had substituted enough, so Mr. Herreshoff and I decided we had better order another ton.
Q.—Did you do so? A.—I did so, by wire.
Q.—From the same house? A.—From the same house. I ordered it by wire. My wire was to Mr. Thorne.
Q.—And on the same day did you purchase from the same house twenty-one pigs more? A.—I did.
Q.—Where was that to be delivered? A.—That was to be delivered at the Erie Basin on Friday morning.
Q.—To await the Defender when she came down? A.—Yes.
Mr. Choate—This bill is dated Sept. 5, 1895: "Sold to A. Iselin & Co., 21 pigs prime pig lead, 2,015, at \$3.75, \$75.56; cartage and ferriage added; addressed to C. Oliver Iselin, Yacht Defender, Erie Basin Dock."
Q.—That having been done, on the 4th and 5th apparently, the second purchase on the 5th, when did the Defender leave New Rochelle for the Erie Basin? A.—She left on Friday morning, the 6th.
Q.—How did you come from your home in New Rochelle to the Erie Basin? A.—I came on the steam yacht Neckan.
Q.—Chartered by you for that occasion? A.—Chartered by me to live on. Previous to that I had lived on the Defender during all the races.
Q.—And you came from New Rochelle on Friday morning down to the Erie Basin? A.—Yes.

Q.—What time did you reach the Erie Basin? A.—As nearly as I can say it was about 12 o'clock.
Q.—Did you learn that the Valkyrie had then been already measured? A.—No, she had not. The measurement, as I recollect it, was not completed.
Q.—How soon after you arrived there did the measuring of the Defender take place? A.—I should say about one hour.
Q.—It began about that time? A.—It may be a little more.
Q.—Do you remember anything passing between you and Mr. Leeds prior to that? A.—I remember his saying to me that the boat had a slight list to starboard.
Q.—Was anything said about the boom being put over? A.—He said he thought the boom ought to be put over or something done.
Q.—Did you give any direction in consequence of that, or was anything done that you remember? A.—No. I cannot recollect whether the boom was moved or not. I know the boat was put on a perfectly even keel when she was measured.
Q.—She was on an even keel when she was measured? A.—Yes.
Q.—How do you know that, otherwise than that it is usual or necessary? A.—Because I have a telltale on deck to tell me that.
Q.—You saw that telltale? A.—I did.
Q.—You were on deck all the time she was being measured? A.—I was on deck all the time she was being measured.
Q.—At that time you observed by this telltale that she was on an even keel? A.—Not the time she was being measured. Just before. Because, when she was being measured, I had to sit in one position; but just before, I was looking at the telltale to see whether she was level or not.
Q.—When you got there had the additional ton of lead, twenty-one pigs of lead, been already placed on board her? A.—No, they had not been.
Q.—Did they arrive after you got there? A.—No; they were waiting there for me; they were on the dock on the truck.
Q.—You saw them placed on the Defender? A.—I did.
Q.—Where were they placed? A.—On the cabin floor, about amidsthips, or a little aft of it.
Q.—Do you know of any other lead than that being put upon the yacht at that time, to the end of the races? A.—I do not.
Q.—You procured none? A.—I procured none.
Q.—You ordered none? A.—I ordered none.
Q.—How long did you stay by after the measuring of the Defender had been completed?
Mr. Iselin—Stay on the Defender?
Mr. Choate—Stay there or in the Erie Basin?
A.—I stayed on the Defender a very short time, because it was late and I wanted my lunch, and I went to the Neckan that was lying on the other side of her. I was sitting in the cabin on deck where I could see the Defender while she was lying there, while I was eating my lunch.
Q.—By that time had the Valkyrie left the Basin? A.—At the time I had my lunch, yes.
Q.—Do you remember meeting Mr. Rogers and Mr. Canfield? A.—Yes; I do remember meeting them.
Q.—You remember their going over there? A.—Yes, I remember that perfectly.
Q.—What passed between you and them? A.—They told me—
Mr. Choate—I refer to the marking of the vessel.
A. (Continued)—They said at the time that Lord Dunraven wanted the waterlines marked, and asked me whether I would agree to that. I answered, as near as I can remember, it would be perfectly satisfactory to me, and I would be pleased to have it done.
Q.—But the Valkyrie was not there at the time to be marked? A.—The Valkyrie had gone out. So they told me we would have to return on Sunday morning.
Q.—Did you hear anything about the tides, or anything preventing the Valkyrie coming back that day? A.—Yes. I heard, not from them, but from the Valkyrie people, who asked to get out. They were inside of us. Some of our ropes interfered with their getting out, and they said they wanted to hurry out on account of the tide. I think it was Mr. Kersey who stated that to me, and suggested my going out with the Defender too.
Q.—At this time state how you had officered and manned the Defender. The same officers and crew that had been with her all summer? A.—Yes; the same officers and same crew, with the exception of one or two sailors. There were also sailmakers who had been with her all the summer.
Q.—Captain Haff had sailed her during all these trial races? A.—Yes.
Q.—And the same mates and quartermasters? A.—Yes; the same—no, there was a change in the quartermasters during the summer. One quartermaster was ill, and we only had two quartermasters the first part of the season, and we afterwards had four; but two of the quartermasters were taken out of the crew.
Q.—For those places had you selected competent and experienced men, as you supposed? A.—I selected the best men I could find in this country, to the best of my knowledge.
Q.—You left the Defender that afternoon, I suppose? A.—Yes; I left her after the measurement.
Q.—Did you make any further examination of her than you have already stated? Did you see the twenty-one pigs of lead after they were brought on board? A.—I did.
Q.—You say they were on the cabin floor? A.—Yes. I also examined the hold.
Q.—You examined the hold that day? A.—I did examine the hold, before the measurement.
Mr. Choate—I did not know that.
Mr. Iselin—I also examined the hold at New Rochelle before she came to Erie Basin, after the stowing of the ballast.
Q.—Will you state what you found in the hold at New Rochelle and at the Erie Basin, before she was measured? A.—I found the two tons in New Rochelle, and I examined it, because I wanted to see that it was properly stowed; and when she arrived at the Erie Basin I examined the hold then, to see whether there was any water in her. There was a slight leak in the boat, and I was so very particular about having every drop of water taken out that I used to have men go down into her with buckets and a sponge to sponge every drop of water out, not only in the keel of the boat, but also in the lazarette. There was a slight leak in the rudder post, and in the morning there were six to eight buckets of water that came out of the lazarette. I was most particular about having every drop of water out of the boat at all times.
Q.—When you examined her before the measurement on Friday, what lead did you find in her? A.—I found two tons.
Q.—And on the cabin floor the twenty-one pigs? A.—On the cabin floor the twenty-one pigs.
Q.—Where did you spend that night, Friday? A.—I spent it on the Neckan, at the Horseshoe.
Q.—How far away from where the Defender was? A.—A good way off. It was rough that night going down. So much so that I went in close to the Government Docks, so as to avoid any rolling around at night.
Q.—You were not near enough to hear or see anything going on in the Defender that night? A.—No, I was not.
Q.—How did you get aboard of her, and at what time on the morning of Saturday? A.—I came aboard the Defender in my launch about 8 o'clock, as nearly as I can judge.
Q.—Who went with you? A.—Mr. Thorne, Mr. Leeds, Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Butler Duncan and Mr. Kane and no others.
Q.—Those gentlemen accompanied you on the race? A.—Yes.
Q.—They came for that purpose? A.—Yes. They had been racing with me all summer.
Q.—It has been stated by Mr. Leeds as about half-past 8. Is that the way you recollect it? A.—No, I think it was nearer 8 o'clock.
Q.—You think it was earlier; about 8 o'clock? A.—Yes; about 8.
Q.—How was the vessel lying at that time—I mean to say, the Defender—as to motion; what was the condition of the water and the state of the wind? A.—The wind was light from the eastward, with a slight swell and a slight motion.
Q.—The vessel did not lie perfectly still in the water? A.—Not perfectly still.
Q.—Was there a motion both ways, do you think? I mean to say, did she roll and pitch both? A.—No, I think there was a little roll to her. I did not notice any pitching.
Q.—There was some motion? A.—Some slight motion, but the motion was very slight indeed.
Q.—You were familiar by this time with the Defender? A.—Yes.
Q.—Did you observe that she lay any lower in the water than when she was measured in the Erie Basin the day before? A.—I did not.
Q.—How long was it after you got on board that Lord Dunraven put Mr. Henderson on board? A.—I should say it was very nearly one hour after—somewhere near 9 o'clock, I think, when he came.
Q.—During this hour what had you been doing? A.—As soon as I came on board I asked Capt. Haff how that twenty-one pigs had been stowed—I wanted to see it—and I went below with Mr. Herreshoff and Capt. Haff and examined the hold and saw that the lead had been properly stored.
Q.—As the weather was that morning, what were the best chances for your boat in the race—to be as light as she could be or as heavy? A.—As light, in my opinion.
Q.—That is what you thought? A.—Yes.
Q.—You and Capt. Haff and Mr. Herreshoff made this examination to see whether the lead had been properly packed? A.—Yes.
Q.—What did you find when the floor was taken up? A.—I looked down and asked Capt. Haff just where he had put the lead, and he pointed to where the lead had been put, and I could see that it was there.
Q.—Could you see that there was any considerable quantity? If

there had been more than the three tons would you have seen it? A.—Yes, sir; if there had been any considerable quantity more.
Q.—But there was none beyond that? A.—No, none that I could see. There was none there.
Q.—What precautions did you take that morning as to water being out of the vessel? A.—I asked the carpenter, who was in the habit of doing that sort of thing for me, to measure the water in the hold, which he did in my presence, with a stick that was kept for that purpose. The stick was kept under the cabin floor.
Q.—Is that through a sort of hatchway? A.—There is a little hatch just at the bottom of the companionway as you go into the cabin.
Q.—What was the result of the examination for water? A.—The carpenter reported that there was no water in it, and not only reported, but I looked down and could see that there was no water in it.
Q.—Did you have the bilge sponged out, as you say? A.—I did not have the bilge sponged out.
Q.—There was no occasion for it? A.—Not the bilge; but the other part of the vessel I had sponged out.
Q.—You know perfectly well what there was in the vessel that day, do you not, besides the officers and crew and yourself and your friends? A.—Yes.
Q.—Was there anything except this three tons of lead? A.—Nothing except the sails; no ballast.
Q.—Of course I do not mean the parts of the vessel; but none of those things that had been taken out at New Rochelle had been carried back into the vessel? A.—None.
Q.—What did you do about water? Were you going on that day's race without any water? A.—We had a milk can on board; one of those large milk cans.
Q.—One of those large 40qt. milk cans? A.—40qt. can they called it; holding 40qts.
Q.—That was all the water you had? A.—That was all the water.
Q.—You sailed the race. Now, was there any communication at all to the Defender on her way up to Bay Ridge? Any communication made?
Mr. Iselin—By the committee?
Mr. Choate—By anybody, yes?
A.—Yes; some one came aboard of her—not aboard of her, but came alongside of her, and handed me a horseshoe of flowers, just after I crossed the winning line.
Q.—But I mean was there any communication about the race or about the boat, or that she was to appear at any place for remeasurement, or anything of that sort? A.—None.
Q.—It was after you got up, was it, that you heard? You did not hear anything, did you? A.—On Saturday night I did not hear anything. I do not remember hearing anything about a remeasurement until Sunday morning.
Q.—Where did you go on Saturday night? A.—We lay off Bay Ridge close to the Defender.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—There was a crowd of vessels up there at Bay Ridge that night, I suppose, was there not? A.—Yes; a great many vessels.
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—What time did you get up? Was it after dark or before? A.—After dark.
Q.—It was too late to have the vessel remeasured that night, do you think? A.—In my opinion, yes.
Q.—Did you ever know of any measurements by night, in the dark? Did you ever know of the measurement of any vessel or yacht? A.—No, I never heard of any.
Q.—You attended on the remeasurement on Sunday, did you? A.—Yes.
Q.—Were you on board the Defender then? A.—Yes.
Q.—You made no special examination of her then, I suppose? A.—Yes, I did.
Q.—What did you do? A.—I had the floor taken up and examined the hold.
Q.—What did you find? A.—I found practically three tons of lead there, as far as I could see.
Q.—The same appearance as she presented just before the previous measurement? A.—Yes.
Q.—And just before the race? A.—Yes.
Q.—To your knowledge had anything been taken out of her or let out of her in any way from the time she started on the race until then? A.—Nothing to my knowledge.
Q.—You are quite an experienced yachtsman. You had occasion to signal a protest on the second day's race, had you not? A.—Yes.
Q.—Because of foul? A.—Yes.
Q.—Do you know of anything that could have prevented Lord Dunraven, on the previous day's race, on Saturday, signaling a protest about this subject that he complained of—the deeper immersion of the Defender? A.—No, I see no reason why he should not have done so.
Q.—Would it have been entirely within the rules? A.—Entirely.
Q.—I mean for him to signal his protest, and nevertheless sail the race on that day? A.—Entirely.
Q.—And it would have saved all this racket? A.—All.
Q.—Did you examine the marks after they were made on the Sunday?
Mr. Iselin—Did I examine what marks?
Mr. Choate—The marks that were put there by Mr. Hyslop.
A.—Mr. Herreshoff painted on the marks in the presence of Mr. Watson and Mr. Hyslop.
Q.—You did not watch them to see about the correctness of that? A.—No; I could not watch them, because I was sitting amidsthips.
By the Chairman:
Q.—When did you first learn that a remeasurement had been called for by Lord Dunraven? A.—On Sunday morning.
Q.—Sunday morning? A.—Yes, sir; the remeasurement. But the marking I heard of on Friday.
Q.—And from whom? A.—On Sunday morning—I do not know from whom I heard it; but from the talk among my friends I understood that the boat was not only going to be marked, but remeasured. I may have been told so by Mr. Canfield. I do not remember.
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—Was Lord Dunraven brought there at the time of the remeasurement? A.—Yes.
Q.—Did you meet him personally and talk with him? A.—I did.
Q.—Did he refer to any complaint? A.—He did not.
Q.—Or did any fault? A.—He did not.
Mr. Askwith—Those questions might have been asked Lord Dunraven when he was here.
Mr. Choate—I know they might have been, but I did not think of it.
Q.—What did pass between you and Lord Dunraven? A.—I went on deck, and Lord Dunraven at that time was sitting on the Valkyrie, nearly amidsthips, waiting for the remeasurement, and he came off of the Valkyrie with Mr. Kersey, and I was with Mr. Duncan. We shook hands and said good morning, and talked about its being a very warm day, and I think I asked him what time he got up to Bay Ridge the night before, and he told me pretty late and the Bridgeport later. He did not dine until 10 o'clock, or something like that.
Q.—No complaint? A.—No complaint.
Q.—No reference to any complaint or cause of complaint? A.—None whatsoever.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—Did you have any conversation with him on Saturday morning at the Hook, when he came alongside your boat? A.—I had a few words with him, yes.
Q.—To what effect? What was it about? A.—I said good morning, and just as he was going off I said, "Lord Dunraven, I have a suggestion to make to you. I would like to make you a little bet on the result of these races." I said, "I would like to bet you my binnacle against yours." He waited a few minutes, and I think his answer was, as near as I can recollect it, "I think not."
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—As I understand you, up to Oct. 24 you remained in absolute ignorance that he had any cause of complaint? A.—To Oct. 25.
Q.—You considered yourself charged with the full responsibility of anything that occurred on that vessel during the races? A.—Absolutely.
Q.—I will ask you your judgment whether any such thing could have occurred as has been suggested by Lord Dunraven, either the lightening of the boat preliminary to the first measurement, the putting on board in any form of any weight to the extent of nine or ten tons, or to any amount, and the taking it out again before the second remeasurement, without your knowledge? A.—I cannot imagine that such a thing could be possible.
Q.—You say that, not only on your knowledge of this particular case, but from your general experience as a yachtsman? A.—Yes.
Q.—I do not know exactly how extensive your expert knowledge is, but could you tell from the motion and handling of the Defender whether there were ten or fourteen tons more or less of ballast or weight in her? A.—Yes, I could tell at once.
Q.—How could you tell that? A.—By the feeling of the boat, the way she moved.
Q.—Do you know from that that no such thing had occurred? A.—No such large amount of ballast as was necessary to immerse her 4in.
Q.—You had been on her on every previous race? A.—Every previous race.
Q.—And were perfectly familiar with her movement and conduct? A.—Perfectly.
Q.—This boat has been laid up at New Rochelle since when? A.—Since after the Cup races.
By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—The trial races, you mean? A.—No.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—Up at New Rochelle? When did she go to New Rochelle after the Cup races? A.—She went there the next day, I think—yes.
Q.—Had she been lying where you have been in the habit of seeing her up there? Have you seen her several times? A.—All summer, yes; but not since—
Q.—Not since then? A.—I have seen her; but she is not lying where I could see her from my house.
Q.—These marks that were put on by Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Watson remained as they were put on by them? A.—As far as I can say, certainly.
Q.—You know of no change? A.—I know of no change.
Mr. Choate—I want to correct one error I made. It seems that Mr. Leeds said it was shortly after 8 that Mr. Leeds and you went aboard and not 8:30. You said about 8 o'clock?
Mr. Iselin—I said about 8, yes.
By the Chairman:
Q.—Who had charge of the Defender during the night of Friday, before the first race? A.—Capt. Hafl.
Q.—He was on board? A.—He was on board.
Q.—Who had charge of the Hattie Palmer that night? A.—Capt. Taylor, I think his name is.
Q.—He was on board through the night? A.—Yes; so far as I know. He was supposed to be.
By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—How near did you lie to the Defender Saturday night? A.—It might have been a hundred yards. Perhaps not quite so much. Near that.
By the Chairman:
Q.—Where was the Hattie Palmer Saturday night? A.—When she first came up to Bay Ridge she was alongside the Defender, and as far as I know she stayed there until between 9:30 and 10 o'clock. The crew got all their meals on board the Palmer; the Defender did not arrive there until after 8 o'clock; they got their supper and put their cots aboard; I believe it was 9:30, but I am not positive of that.
Q.—Then where did the Palmer go, if she went anywhere? A.—The Palmer, I think, went into the Atlantic Club House, or near there. I think so.
Q.—How far from the Defender? A.—That would be half a mile at least, or three-quarters of a mile, I should judge.
Q.—But Capt. Hafl remained on board the Defender Saturday night? A.—Yes.
By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—You sailed the races prior to the Cup races without any ballast? A.—Yes.
Q.—Had she been measured before this? A.—Yes; she had been measured in the trial races with the Vigilant.
Q.—Was she measured for the Goelet cup race? A.—No; she was not. I believe Lord Dunraven stated she was.
Q.—What did her measurement show—the first measurement? A.—She was 85⁸⁵/₁₀₀ ft.
Q.—That was her first measurement? A.—Yes.
Q.—Her second measurement was Friday, the 6th, was it? A.—Yes.
Q.—I see Lord Dunraven says that according to Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, the Defender was some 6in. shorter when measured for the Cup races than when measured for the Goelet cup race. What do you say? A.—That is not so, according to Mr. Hyslop's measurement. There was a difference of forty-hundredths of a foot.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—She was longer at the time of the trial races? A.—Yes.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—You say she was not measured for the Goelet cup? A.—Yes, I said so.
Q.—Had you found her to be in her best trim then? A.—I do not know what her best trim is yet.
Q.—Did you frequently, in the course of the summer races, alter her trim? A.—Yes.
Mr. Iselin—In what way?
Mr. Askwith—By ballast.
A.—No, there was no ballast on board to be changed.
Q.—By bringing in an extra tank, or extra furniture? A.—No.
Q.—Was she sailing then on her designed trim? A.—No. She was sailing shorter, very little; the difference between 88.85 and 89.
Q.—Had you found the trim that she was then sailing on unsatisfactory? A.—No. You can always improve these boats, in my opinion.
Q.—Did you think it wise to improve a boat by taking out all her fittings two days before the race, and by having lead put into her on the night before the race, and your men working the whole night? A.—You are not stating the facts as they were. The men were not working all night.
Mr. Choate—I have not heard of it.
Mr. Iselin—I have not heard of it either.
Mr. Askwith—I put in some affidavits showing that knocking was going on the whole night on the Defender.
Q.—Were many of your men on board the Defender that night—or how many? A.—I think there were forty men sleeping on board that night.
Q.—On the two? A.—No; not on the two.
Q.—On the Defender alone? A.—On the Defender alone.
Q.—On Friday night? A.—On Friday night. Fully forty men.
Q.—Were some of those men of yours on board the Hattie Palmer? A.—None of the regular crew. I had, besides the regular crew—
Q.—You were not there, so you could not say what the men were doing. But do you know whether it was your own men or other men who were moving the lead into the Defender? A.—I cannot state that, because I was not there.
Q.—You gave no orders upon the subject? A.—I gave orders to have the lead stowed; yes.
Q.—Did you know that the pigs of lead were to be sawed in two? A.—Yes. Not sawed, but cut.
Q.—How were they cut? A.—Cut with an axe. That is the way they were cut. It was with the use of an axe.
Q.—Roughly cut with an axe? A.—Roughly cut with an axe.
Q.—To be fitted into the partitions of the Defender's skin? A.—Yes.
Q.—The night before the race? A.—The night before the race.
Q.—You had not attempted any such alteration of that kind during the whole summer? A.—No.
Q.—The America's Cup race was the first race that you tried such an alteration in—or rather your agents did? A.—Yes.
Q.—You took out 7,000lbs. of fittings, of tanks—was not that the amount? A.—Yes; as near as I could get at it.
Q.—You suggested that you put in 6,000lbs. of lead? A.—Yes.
Q.—Was it a usual thing to lighten up a vessel the night before a race? A.—I do not know whether the lightening up of the vessel was usual. She would have more stability, in my opinion, with the 6,000lbs. in the keel than she would have with 7,000lbs. in the cabin. In other words she might be an improved boat.
Q.—Would not the result of putting in 6,000lbs. instead of 7,000lbs. be to lighten the vessel up and to lower her center of gravity? A.—Yes, the difference would be the 1,000lbs. in weight.
Q.—Well, but that would be the effect, would it not?
Mr. Iselin—To lighten the vessel?
Mr. Askwith—And to lower her center of gravity?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Is it, in your experience, usual and a wise thing to alter a vessel's flotation and alter the center of her gravity at the last moment? A.—When the difference is so small, in my opinion, it would not make any difference.
Q.—What was the advantage of doing it? A.—The advantage, if any, would be that she would carry her sails better. In case of a blow she would carry her sails better with the weight lower down.
Q.—You would have no opportunity of seeing whether the vessel could be improved? A.—No; but I know that from the fact that she would be.
Q.—Can you tell me why the lead was cut up? A.—Yes.
Q.—Why? A.—Because it was too long to go between the frames of the vessel. The frames were 20in. apart, and the lead is about 28in.; each pig about 28in. long.
Q.—Can you tell me why it was not stowed away before night? A.—Yes; because we had no time to stow it and cut it before that time, to my knowledge.
Q.—You knew on Oct. 25 that Lord Dunraven had made a request for remeasurement and marking; did that astonish you very much? Mr. Iselin—On Oct. 25?
Mr. Askwith—Yes; when you read it in the paper?
A.—Yes.
Q.—You did not take any action upon the report which you saw in the paper? A.—Not at once.
Q.—You waited until his own story came out? A.—I did.
Q.—Did that appear to you to add anything very different from what had been said in the report to the New York Y. C.? A.—Yes; it had an entirely different aspect, in my opinion.
Q.—Was Mr. Latham Fish not accepted by you as a representative man, to go on your behalf upon the Valkyrie? A.—He was accepted in this sense: That the committee asked me whom I would like to have, and I said, "Any one among your committee would be perfectly agreeable to me." But he was not supposed to be representing me. He was representing the New York Y. C.
Q.—Did you not look to him as the person to look after your interests upon the Valkyrie? A.—In the way of seeing that there was fair play, yes; and that the sailing rules were obeyed, and all that sort of thing, yes.
Q.—He made no communication to you? A.—None.
Q.—That at the time of the race Lord Dunraven had made no

suggestions that your boat was sailing at a lower immersion? A.—None.
Q.—Did you take any active part in the designing of Defender, beyond an agreement or arrangement with Mr. Herreshoff that he was not to exceed 89ft.
Mr. Iselin—I do not know what you mean by an active part.
Mr. Askwith—You are not, I mean to say, a designer yourself, but you take an amateur interest in designing?
Mr. Iselin—I do.
Q.—Did you assist him at all in designing? A.—No. I wish I knew enough to assist him; he knows so much more than I do.
Q.—Did you leave the preparation of the plans entirely to him, or did you look at them as they were proceeding? A.—No, I looked at them after they were completed. There was more than one plan made.
Q.—Do you know whether the working plans of the Defender are in existence? A.—Yes; I should say they were. I am not positive of it. I do not suppose Mr. Herreshoff would burn them up or destroy them.
Q.—The Defender was measured, I suppose, in the course of summer, for some of these races? A.—Yes; I have already stated that she was measured for the trial races.
Q.—Only for those? A.—That is all.
Q.—This furniture and these traps and tanks must have weighed a great deal. Did you keep on adding to them in a casual manner, without testing the weight that was actually in the boat, or did you fit her up with a certain number of tanks and a certain amount of furniture, and not add to those during the summer? A.—They were not added to during the summer.
Q.—In any of these races, at the time when she was fitted up with her furniture, did you stiffen her at times by loose ballast? A.—Never.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—You kept adding to your sail area during the summer, did you not? A.—Yes; I did.
Q.—The boat was a little too stiff, in your opinion? A.—Yes, in my opinion she was too stiff to compete with a boat like the Valkyrie.
The Chairman—I did not hear that.
Mr. Iselin—She was, in our opinion, too stiff to compete with a boat like the Valkyrie.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—When was her sail area altered? A.—It was immediately after the Goelet cup race.
Q.—Had you seen any plans of the Valkyrie at that time? A.—No; I had heard a great deal about them.
Q.—You have heard that they have been missing? A.—No. I never heard of that.
Mr. Choate—Are you in search of them?
Mr. Askwith—I am not the owner of the plans.
Q.—Did you weigh the amount of furniture and tanks that you took out? A.—We weighed the furniture and partitions and those things, but we did not weigh the tanks, because Mr. Herreshoff had that data.
Q.—He had what? A.—He had the data of the weighing of the tanks. He had that information.
Q.—He had that given to him, that they weighed about so much? A.—No, not given to him. He had calculated it.
Q.—He had calculated it? A.—I suppose so; he calculated everything.
Q.—No closer steps were taken to ascertain the exact amount of ballast that was taken out—the amount of material that was taken out? A.—No, I do not see how he could take any other steps.
Q.—When you examined the Defender on the morning of Saturday, where did you look at her hold forward? A.—Two different places: aft and about amidships. I mean to say, aft, that is, coming down just at the bottom of the companionway.
Q.—Where was the lead stowed? A.—The lead was stowed right on top of the keel and between her frames.
Q.—Whereabouts in the boat? A.—Well, it was a little aft of amidships. Part of the lead was a little aft of a partition that came between the sail room and cabin, which partition was left at that time.
Q.—Did you count the pigs of lead?
Mr. Iselin—that morning?
Mr. Askwith—Yes.
Mr. Iselin—No.
Q.—You were said by the last witness to be in the habit of examining your boat before races, to see whether there was anything extra in her. Was that the purpose of it? A.—To see if there was any water in her, yes.
Q.—Did you examine her, or do you examine her, with any idea of possible suspicion? Was that the object of examining her? A.—No; it was not.
Q.—You have heard, or there was a rumor, that there has been at times suspicion in yacht racing?
Mr. Iselin—Of overloading with ballast?
Mr. Askwith—With ballast, yes.
A.—Yes, sir; I have heard of such things.
Q.—It is not unknown that frauds have, according to rumor, been committed, although perhaps no definite complaints have been made? A.—Well, I have never heard of any particular case that I can think of now. I have heard of such things, but of no particular case.
Q.—But it is not such an utterly unheard of thing in the yachting world, any more than in the racing world? A.—Yes; it is much more unheard of in the yachting world.
Q.—But it does exist? It is rumored, at any rate, to exist in both? A.—Yes.
Q.—If this statement of Lord Dunraven had been brought to your notice upon Sept. 7, should you have been inclined to have treated it as absurd and preposterous? A.—No. I do not know what you mean, exactly.
Q.—Perhaps I put it vaguely. I mean, put it in the words that are said to have been used by Lord Dunraven, in making his statement about the yacht Defender: If those had come to your notice, should you have been inclined to treat that as a complaint?
The Chairman—What words do you refer to?
Mr. Askwith—The complaint upon Sept. 7, which was conveyed to the Cup committee.
The Chairman—Do you mean the statement that the vessel was immersed 3 or 4in. more?
Mr. Askwith—Yes.
A.—The charge of fraud, you mean? I would have refused to have sailed any more races with Lord Dunraven. That is the step I would have taken.
Q.—I am not asking you that question. I ask you this: You would not have treated that as a light statement to have had made to you? A.—No, not any charge of fraud.
Q.—Taking the statement in the exact words that were put down, you would not have treated that as a light statement if it had been made to you? A.—Not if Lord Dunraven had made it in writing.
Q.—If it had been made to you in words, if it had come to your knowledge in any manner, upon that day, should you have treated it as a light statement? A.—No.
Q.—It was a matter that affected the absolute race itself and the interests of both boats; is not that so?
Mr. Iselin—The result of the race? It would have affected the result of the race?
Mr. Askwith—No; I am not saying it affected the result of the race; but it would have affected the race?
Mr. Iselin—In what way?
Mr. Askwith—Such a statement as that, that the boat was sailing more deeply immersed than when she had been measured. If that had been known to you, it would have been a matter, in your opinion, which would affect the race. Your boat would have been disqualified, I presume, if it had been found out to be the fact?
Mr. Iselin—Yes, if it had been found out so.
Q.—And it would certainly have been a sufficiently serious matter for you to desire an investigation? A.—Yes.
Q.—You have only the merest and most distant acquaintance with Lord Dunraven? A.—Yes.
Q.—I mean, you did not know him before this race? A.—Oh, yes.
Q.—You did? A.—Yes.
Q.—You have met him before? A.—I met him in 1893.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—You met him for the first time in 1893, did you say? A.—Yes.
Q.—That was when he was racing against the Vigilant with Valkyrie II.? A.—Yes; I met him in 1894 also.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—You met in the yachting world here, then, and you met him when he was out yachting in 1893? A.—Yes; I was sailing the Vigilant.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—You sailed the Vigilant in 1894, too, at Cowes? A.—Yes; I sailed in the Vigilant in 1894 at Cowes.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—This conversation was just an interchange, and no more, of ordinary remarks of one person to another? A.—Ordinary civilities, yes.
Q.—The tanks upon the Defender were movable tanks? A.—You could get them out, yes. They were put in there, but you could take them out the same way they were put in.
Q.—Were they fixed tanks, according to the design?
Mr. Iselin—What do you mean by fixed tanks?
Mr. Askwith—Well, when you say you could get them out, were they sort of breakers?
A.—They were put in there so that they could be taken out at any time we wanted to. We could take them out.
By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—Fastened to the boat, were they? A.—They were fastened so

that they could not roll about from one side to the other. They were under the floor—under the cabin floor.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—They were not permanent fixtures?
Mr. Iselin—What do you mean by permanent fixtures? I do not see how a tank can be a permanent fixture.
Mr. Askwith—I suppose you can always take a tank out somehow?
A.—You could take these tanks out.
By Mr. Rives:
Q.—How were they fastened? Were they bolted to the ribs of the ship, or something like that? A.—I could not say how they were fastened. Mr. Herreshoff can tell you that.
By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—Can you tell me whether they were similar to the tanks on the Vigilant? A.—No, I could not. I could not recollect now exactly what those tanks were.
Q.—Were they near the centerboard trunk?
Mr. Iselin—On the Defender?
Mr. Askwith—I mean to say, on the Vigilant.
A.—Yes; I think they were near the centerboard trunk; they must have been somewhere near there; I do not remember; that was in 1893.
Q.—I suppose Mr. Herreshoff would know a great deal more than you, really, of the question of weights? A.—Yes.
By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—What did you mean by saying that you found when she came out she had too much stability to beat the Valkyrie? A.—She was, in my opinion, a much stiffer boat than the Vigilant, and I knew how Vigilant compared with the Britannia, and also heard how Valkyrie compared with the Britannia, and I could form my conclusions from that. I also knew what lead I had in my keel—the weight of the lead, and approximately the size of the Valkyrie's sail plan. I could make up my mind from that information.
Q.—What kind of weather did you fear? A.—I feared light weather in the races with the Valkyrie.
Q.—What change would you have made in the boat at the time of the race, if you could have made any? A.—I would have lightened her.
Q.—Speaking of your experience, how many yachts, small and large, have you yourself built, do you remember? A.—Yes; I have built six yachts, small and large. I commenced yachting when I was about 16 years old, commencing with small boats, and have been at it ever since.
By the Chairman:
Q.—You have spoken of a number of races that you were in during the summer previous to this. Did you have many with the Vigilant? A.—Yes; we had, in fact, all of them except one with the Vigilant.
Q.—Were you always successful in your races with the Vigilant? A.—Yes. We never lost a race, except by breaking down. We never lost a race where we finished.
Q.—Were any of those races in what you would call heavy weather? A.—Only one. It was one of the trial races. On one race from Huntington to New London. It was blowing hard that day; also on one of the trial races. The rest of the weather was very light; very moderate.
Q.—In comparison with the Vigilant how did the Defender act, as between heavy weather and light—that is to say, in which did she behave the best, as compared with the Vigilant? A.—She behaved the best in heavy weather, in strong breezes. She was a better boat in heavy weather.
The Chairman—Have you anything further?
Mr. Choate—I have three or four questions, suggested by the cross-examination.
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—To a question, not followed up, you answered that Lord Dunraven's publication had, to your mind, a very different aspect from the matter as stated in the committee's report; an entirely different aspect. What did you mean by that? A.—His first communication to the Cup committee was merely a verbal one, and the boats having been remeasured, and Lord Dunraven having sailed the second race, I considered that he accepted that measurement and had no further reason for complaint.
Q.—Was this substitution of 6,000 for 7,000lbs. taken out made after a full conference with Mr. Herreshoff? A.—Yes.
Q.—And on his advice or his concurrence? A.—Yes; we both agreed to that together.
Q.—You said that the object of your habit of examination before a race was not to satisfy suspicion. What was your object? A.—My object was to see whether there was any water in the bilge.
Q.—You say that you would not have treated Lord Dunraven's statement about the extra immersion of 4in. as a little matter if it had come to your knowledge when it was made? A.—Well, I would have treated it as a gross insult to me at the time.
Q.—You would have regarded it as a charge of fraud? A.—I would have.
Mr. Choate—We will call, for one moment, Mr. Louis F. Merrian, Louis F. Merrian, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin testified as follows:
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—You are secretary of the concern of Mayor, Lane & Co., dealers in plumbers' supplies, and so on? A.—I am.
Q.—And were in last year, last summer? A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—Did you make the sale to Mr. Thorne of the two lots of lead of which the bills have been put in by Mr. Iselin? A.—It was made through the house.
Q.—And these are correct statements of the weight, and prices and amounts? A.—Yes, sir.
Q.—And no other lead was furnished by your house for the Defender? A.—No other.
Q.—What was the size of these pigs of lead? I see they weighed just about 101lbs. What were their dimensions? A.—Two feet five inches was their length, and 4³/₄in. wide, and 2³/₄in. thick.
Q.—It is a standard measurement? A.—Yes.
Q.—You have the receipts for the delivery of these two lots on board, have you? A. (Producing papers.)—Yes, sir.
Mr. Choate—I want to see the dates. Sept. 4, received the forty-two pigs, and Sept. 5, received the twenty-one pigs. That is all.
Mr. Askwith—I have no questions to suggest.
Mr. Choate—We will call Capt. Hafl, if he is here.
Henry C. Hafl, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:
By Mr. Choate:
Q.—How long have you followed the seas? A.—Well, I have followed the water, off and on, for about thirty-five years.
Q.—How long have you been specially in the yachting business? A.—Well, for the last—since 1866, mostly. I have been some three or four years out of it.
Q.—Will you name a few of the yachts that you have commanded? A.—The Onward, Fannie, Mayflower, Titania, Volunteer, the Colonia, Vigilant, Defender.
Q.—The Vigilant was not the American Vigilant, but the English Vigilant, was it not? A.—Yes; she was the American Vigilant. She was on the other side when I was sailing master of her.
Q.—You brought her over? A.—No, sir; I sailed her over there.
Q.—When were you employed by Mr. Iselin in regard to the Defender? A.—In February last, I think somewhere about February.
Q.—Did you command her all the time, on all the trips she made on all the races? A.—I was what is called the sailing master of her, yes, sir.
Q.—Did you employ her other officers and crew? A.—Yes, sir; I did.
Q.—Will you state what the officers were and what was the complement of men? A.—We had a mate, second mate, two quartermasters on the start and thirty men.

The "Field" and the Dunraven Charges.

THE London *Field*, of Feb. 8, discusses the Dunraven inquiry in its leading article as follows:
The decision of the committee appointed by the New York Y. C. to inquire into the alleged alteration of trim of the Defender was a foregone conclusion; but we must confess that the report of the committee impresses one with a sense of its impartiality, as far as they could deal with the evidence placed before them. The committee declare that the charge is "completely disproved." We think, however, the strongest term which ought to be applied is "not proven." It is very easy to perceive that it would be absurd to attempt to prove what the exact trim of a yacht was on a particular day, after the lapse of three months. Lord Dunraven does not believe it was even possible to do so the next day, because the committee had not taken precautions to see that no weights of any kind were removed from the yacht during the night. The Cup committee declare that they never received a request to station any watchers on board the Defender until she could be remeasured; but surely, when they received Lord Dunraven's statement that he believed she had sailed the race on Sept. 7 immersed 3 or 4in. deeper than when she was measured, they should have realized that something more was necessary than ordering the yacht to be remeasured the following day. The excuse we can make for them is that they justly believed in the honor of the owners and officers of Defender, and therefore the idea of placing a "policeman" on board did not occur to them.
All this trouble about the increased immersion would have been avoided if the committee had complied with Lord Dunraven's request to have the load line marked, as it is in this country. As far back as 1894 he wrote asking that provision should be made in the conditions for marking the load line of the yachts after measurement; and the Cup committee replied that the rules of the New York Y. C. already

provided for marking. On arriving in New York in September, 1895, he found that this marking was merely driving a copper tack into the deck, plumb with each end of the lead line (as near as could be). Accordingly, on Sept. 5, he wrote to the Cup committee as follows: "This contest may possibly extend over a period of ten days or a fortnight. It is obvious that alterations in the l.w.l. length of a vessel may under present conditions be made without an owner's knowledge and without possibility of detection. * * * For this reason I request that the measurer be instructed to mark each vessel's measured l.w.l. on the stem and stern." The committee assented to this; but there appears to have been some delay, and their instructions arrived at the dock too late for the marking to be carried out at the time of measurement on Sept. 6. However, Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin agreed that the yachts should return to the dock to be marked on the following day.

So far this seemed satisfactory enough; but as events turned out it proved most unsatisfactory. As the yachts were not marked, Lord Dunraven, Mr. Arthur Glennie, Mr. G. L. Watson, and Mr. T. Ratsey took notes of Defender's trim, and observed that a certain pipe hole was just awash, or visible out of water, that the bronze sheathing or "boot top" was well above water, and that the bobstay bolt was a certain distance (estimated at 14in.) above water. Previously to being measured, Valkyrie had some weight removed from her hull, and lead ballast substituted for the same. Defender had been similarly treated, and two tons of lead were put on board; but on weighing the material which had been removed it was discovered that she could have another ton. This additional ton was accordingly put on her cabin floor during measurement, and subsequently removed to her tug, where it was sawn in two for stowage and placed on board again—that one ton and no more, according to the evidence. The yachts went down to Sandy Hook the same day, and were berthed within 200yds. of each other. On the following day Mr. Arthur Glennie, at about 6 o'clock, had a look at Defender through glasses, and thought she appeared to be deeper in the water; he thereupon rowed round her, and found, he states, that the pipe hole was under water and could not be seen, also that the yacht seemed to be deeper in the water. He returned to Valkyrie, awoke Lord Dunraven, and informed him of what he had observed. Lord Dunraven later on rowed round Defender, when he put his representative on board, but failed to sight the pipe hole; he also thought the bobstay bolt much nearer the water.

This appears to be the whole evidence on which the charges were based, and it seems to have been sufficient to arouse the strongest suspicion that additional weight had been put on board the yacht after measurement. The tug incident first aroused suspicion, and the disappearance of the pipe hole seemed proof strong as Holy Writ that the yacht had taken in weight. Lord Dunraven did not, however, undertake to say how the supposed change of trim was brought about, whether by putting additional lead on board, or by means of water tanks, or any other means. It can, however, at once be said that the evidence shows pretty conclusively that no more than the three tons of lead allowed were put on board, and that was traced in the evidence through the carrier to the place of purchase. It also seems equally clear that no water tanks were on board as ordinarily understood; but how the hull below the floor was constructed, whether in watertight compartments or not, no plans were furnished to show. Mr. Herreshoff stated that she could not carry water ballast, and the evidence appears to be pretty conclusive that no water ballast was on board. In the course of the defense it was stated that the tug was alongside during the night for the convenience of riggers; that from ten to twelve tons of ballast would have been required to immerse the yacht 3in., and it would have been impossible to get such an amount on board without the fact being known to a large number of people; that the pipe hole was immersed because the crew went to the side to see Lord Dunraven, and that they were in the bow when the bobstay was noted. These things are of course possible. It should be pointed out, however, that the crew did not rush to the side at 6 o'clock in the morning to see Mr. Glennie; but then it was also stated that the main boom was carried a little on the quarter, which would account for some amount of list.

Certainly the general conclusion is, after a perusal of the evidence (600 pages), that the case was not made out; and this was impossible after such a lapse of time. The committee upon this say Lord Dunraven should not have reopened the charge after accepting the issue of the remeasurement on Sept. 8 in silence; to this Lord Dunraven has replied that he would not have done so had not the Cup committee gone into the matter in their report in October last, because he saw the futility of reiterating a charge which could only be satisfactorily proved or disproved at the moment it was made. The committee, in conclusion, state that they are unanimously of opinion that Lord Dunraven's charge had its origin in a mistake, and this is possibly the case; but we must bear in mind that his positive evidence was mostly disproved by evidence of a negative character. The club of itself, it appears, took no steps to investigate the matter, and the committee heard such witnesses as presented themselves. Upon this evidence, as we have already said, they compiled a sufficiently impartial report; but, while dismissing Lord Dunraven in a rather off-hand manner, they declare it "just to Mr. Iselin, and the gentlemen concerned with him, as well as officers and crew, to express emphatically their conviction that nothing whatever occurred in connection with the race which casts the least suspicion upon the integrity or propriety of their conduct." A great point was made in the inquiry that Lord Dunraven should have continued to race after he suspected he was being cheated, and found that the committee would not assist him in ascertaining if he was or not. We do not see what this has to do with the issue, but perhaps the object of bringing it forward was to show that Lord Dunraven himself did not, at the time, seriously believe in the charges. Of course, it was a difficult situation to be in, but we think Lord Dunraven did the right thing in accepting the result of the second measurement in silence and continuing to race. The one mistake he made was not making his protest and demand in writing or in person before the race was started, when he put his representative on board Defender.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has announced the following events for the coming season:
Saturday, May 30—Decoration Day excursion, 16 classes. Prize each class, \$30. Total, \$540.
Saturday, June 6—Regatta for special prizes in Upper Bay. Ladies' souvenirs for winning yachts. Three cat classes, \$25 each. Also races for Adams's plate. Total, \$235.
Saturday, June 13—Regatta for special classes in Upper Bay. Nine sloop classes, \$25 each. Three cat classes, \$25 each. Also races for Adams's plate and Washington cup for 30 footers. Total, \$235.
Plate presented for competition by Vice-Com. F. T. Adams: Silver center piece for sloops, \$300; silver shell pitcher for cats, \$100. To be raced for off club house June 6 and 13, and in case of any tie races such yachts will sail off for the prize on Saturday, Sept. 5.
Washington cup, presented for competition by Allen C. Washington, to be raced for by special 30ft. class on June 13, \$200.
Tuesday, June 16—Annual regatta (open to all).

SCHOONERS.

Class I., cups to value of \$150; Class II., \$125; Class III., \$100; Class IV., \$75; Class V., \$60. Total, \$510.

CUTTERS.

Class I., cups to value of \$100; Class II., \$75; Class III., \$65; Class IV., \$60; Class V., \$55; Class VI., \$50; Class VII., \$50; Class VIII., \$40; Class IX., \$35; Class X., \$30. Total, \$560.

CATS.

Class I., \$25; Class II., \$25; Class III., \$25. Total, \$75.
Gould cup, presented by Com. George J. Gould, to be sailed for by all schooners and sloops. Schooner prize, \$1,000; sloops, \$300.

ANNUAL CRUISE.

Friday, July 3—Rendezvous at Larchmont at 4 P. M.
Saturday, July 4—Remain at Larchmont; races.
Sunday, July 5—Informal run from Larchmont to Black Rock, 27 miles.
Monday, July 6—First squadron run, Black Rock to Morris Cove. Start 9 A. M. Value of prizes \$863, distributed between eighteen classes, \$30 each class.
Tuesday, July 7—Second squadron run, Morris Cove to New London, 40 miles; eighteen classes, \$35 each class. Total, \$630.
Wednesday, July 8—Third squadron run, New London to Shelter Island, 25 miles; eighteen classes, \$40 each class. Total, \$720.
Thursday, July 9—Remain at Shelter Island; dress ship, gig races, etc. Appropriations for prizes, \$300.
Friday, July 10—Fourth squadron run, Shelter Island to Morris Cove, 37 miles; eighteen classes, \$70 each class. Total, \$1,260.
Saturday, July 11—Fifth squadron run, Morris Cove to Oyster Bay, 33 miles; eighteen classes, \$60 each class. Total, \$1,440.
Sunday, July 12—Disband at 10 A. M.
Banks Plate—Silver punch bowl, presented by ex-Com. David Banks for schooners, \$350.
Hanan Plate—Silver punch bowl, presented by Rear Com. Hanan for club sloops, cutters and yawls, \$250.
Saturday, Sept. 5—Regatta for special classes in Upper Bay; nine classes, \$30 apiece. Total \$270. All tie races will be sailed off on this day over special courses as directed by the regatta committee.

Larchmont Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Feb. 19 at Delmonico's, with Com. Gillig in the chair. The reports of officers showed the club to be in a most prosperous condition both in membership and finances. A number of amendments were made to the racing rules, by-laws and code of yacht routine, the classification being amended as follows:

Schooners, Series A.—Class A, all over 95ft. racing length; Class B, not over 95ft. and over 85ft. racing length; Class C, not over 85ft. and over 75ft. racing length; Class D, not over 75ft. and over 65ft. racing length; Class E, not over 65ft. racing length.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—Class 1, all over 80ft. racing length; Class 2, not over 80ft. and over 70ft. racing length; Class 3, not over 70ft. and over 60ft. racing length.

Series B.—Class 4, not over 60ft. and over 51ft. racing length; Class 5, not over 51ft. and over 43ft. racing length; Class 6, not over 43ft. and over 36ft. racing length; Class 7, not over 36ft. and over 30ft. racing length; Class 8, special 34ft. rating class.

Series C.—Class 9, not over 30ft. and over 25ft. racing length; Class 10, not over 25ft. racing length; Class 11, all mainsail cabin yachts over 25ft. racing length; Class 12, all mainsail cabin yachts not over 25ft. racing length.

Open yachts.—Class 13, all mainsail yachts over 20ft. racing length; Class 14, all mainsail yachts not over 20ft. racing length; Class 15, all jib and mainsail yachts; Class 16, the special 21-footers; Class 17, one-half raters.

The following officers were elected: Com., Harry M. Gillig, schr. Ramona; Vice-Com., Clarence A. Postley, schr. Colonia; Rear-Com., Edward S. Hatch, cutter Huron; Sec'y, Charles C. Little; Treas., Wil. liam Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Board of Trustees, Francis M. Scott, Edward J. Greacen, Augustin Monroe, Chester A. Munroe, C. McK. Lesser and W. B. Jenkins.

Chicago Yachting.

A NEW racing yacht has been ordered by a syndicate of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, including Messrs. Robert Keys, Frank V. Newell and others, to meet the new Vincendor. The yacht will be built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., and will be 60ft. over all, 40ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 3in. beam, and 8ft. 6in. draft; the hull alone drawing but 2ft. 6in. The displacement is given at 14.5 short tons.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Ex-Com. Thomas Sully, Southern Y. C., has designed and will build an 85ft. steam yacht to replace his well known steam yacht Helen, of 50ft.

At its annual meeting on Feb. 11, the Eastern Y. C. elected the following officers:

Com., William Armory Gardiner, schr. Mayflower; vice-com., Henry W. Lamb, schr. Marguerite; rear-com., Augustus Hemenway, slip. Chiquita; sec'y, Wm. S. Eaton, Jr.; treas., Patrick T. Jackson; meas., Henry Taggard; council-at-large, F. E. Peabody, George A. Goddard; regatta committee, William S. Eaton, Jr., Augustus N. Rantoul, P. T. Jackson, Thomas Nelson, Henry Buck; committee on admissions, C. F. Adams, 2d, Gordon Dexter, Theophilus Parsons, William Caleb Loring; house committee, Frederick E. Snow, Franklin Dexter, Robert Saltonstall and J. Prince Loud.

On Feb. 20 the news was received in New York from Bermuda that Cuthbert S. Johnson, a relative of Richard S. Palmer, owner of Yampa, had shot himself aboard the yacht, then at anchor at Bermuda. The sad news was confirmed a day or so later and further particulars given. Mr. Johnson, who was 30 years of age, was a New York man, but spent much of his time abroad, and last year joined Yampa at Plymouth for the voyage to New York. He was one of the party which sailed from Boston on Feb. 11, the others being R. S. Palmer, Theodore C. Zerega, George A. Cormack and Cambridge Livingston. He was suffering severely from neuralgia during the cruise, and remained aboard while the others went ashore, shooting himself in the head during their absence. The body was embalmed and sent to New York by the Trinidad. The yacht will continue her voyage to the West Indies.

Reports from Glasgow state that the keel of a large racing yacht has been laid in Henderson's yards on the old keel blocks of Valkyrie III., the design being by Mr. Watson. The yacht is probably for the Emperor of Germany, and rumor has it that she is to be a schooner, also that Mr. Watson has designed another large cutter.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, is now nearly ready at Tebo's for a trip to the Mediterranean, and will sail early next month with Mr. Phoenix in command.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.

COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

HANDLING A REVOLVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading the articles lately published in your paper on police revolver practice and revolver shooting in general, I have been led to think perhaps there are a good many people in the world more or less familiar with rifle and wing shooting who are as deplorably ignorant of the proper handling of a revolver as the now celebrated awkward squad of Sergeant Petty's, and the thought has suggested itself to me that an article on revolver practice and the proper way of holding, together with hints on calibers, ammunition, etc., would be very acceptable to your readers.

Take my own case. I have done considerable wing shooting, some rifle work on the ranges, and more or less intermittent revolver shooting, as opportunity offered, though I know nothing of the methods pursued by experts.

My method is the natural one. I hold the revolver at arm's length, shut one eye, perhaps both at the instant of firing, and, holding 1ft. to 1½ft. below the bull, pull off. On going up to the target, I am not disappointed if I find the bullet hole 6in. or so above the bull or to the right or left.

I use a S. & W. target revolver and with 11grs. of powder, shooting at 20yds. I have to hold at least 12 to 18in. below the bull. If I grip very tight in my efforts to come up on the target, the revolver starts to wabbling, and I am obliged to ease up until it becomes quiet, and then if I hold on the bull I land away up, all out of reason.

One point I would like to know is, how do Mr. Petty and his class hold? Can they hold on the lower edge of the bull and get there?

As the rear sight of a revolver is not depressable, and as I have never seen or heard of an elevating front sight, how do two men, say, who are physically opposites, hold to obtain the same result?

Talking with an army officer a short time ago, who takes a great interest in the rifle practice of his regiment, I put the question, How do your men get along with the revolver? In what I thought a rather contemptuous manner he replied, "Oh, you don't do any aiming with a revolver. You just bring it down from a perpendicular position to a line on your object and fire." And I drew the conclusion, if the result was there or thereabouts they were satisfied.

Richard Harding Davis in his book "The West from a Car Window" describes the revolver shooting of the Texas rangers in much the same way, only he accords to them unparalleled accuracy.

There are numerous works on rifle shooting, going into every detail of the art, and not one, so far as I know, on revolver shooting that is of any value,

So, as I have indicated above, an article on revolver shooting in FOREST AND STREAM, gotten up by some one in whom we have confidence, would be very acceptable to a certain class of its readers, and perhaps stimulate others to take up the arm.

Do you think a request made to Mr. Walter Winans, Sergeant Petty, and the contestants in the competition for the Winans trophy, including also any other shot you may know of, to furnish an article on their knowledge of the subject, would be productive of any return?

BRASS BARREL.

[Our correspondent should procure a higher front sight. One should no more attempt to practice with a revolver that is not properly sighted than with a rifle under similar circumstances.]

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—Yesterday being a lovely day Shell Mound Range was alive with riflemen.

Scores of the S. F. Schuetzen Verein:
Champion class, L. Bendel 420 rings; first class, D. B. Faktor 434 rings; third class, John Dewitt 403 rings; fourth class, J. D. Hesse 367 rings; first best shot, A. Mocker 25; best last shot, A. Mocker 24.

The Germania Schuetzen Club also shot scores as follows:
Champion class, D. B. Faktor 428 rings; first class, J. Alpers 413 rings; third class, H. J. Wicker 418 rings; fourth class, W. Garmes 335 rings; first best shot, H. J. Wicker 24; best last shot, J. Tredmann 24.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club is much pleased with its new Columbia target, which they use for all weapons at both 50 and 200yds. This target is by far the most common sense one I know of. The center ring is 1in. in diameter, the other rings around this being ½in. apart. The center space is labeled 1 and the next space 2, etc. This system affords the shooter definite information on two points—first, the diameter of the circle struck by his bullet; for instance, if the marker wheels a 5 the shooter knows he has struck in a 5in. circle; secondly, it affords a close approximation to string measure; for instance, if the marker disks and wheels a 3 the shooter knows his shot approximates 1½in. from the center; if an 8 is shown the bullet hole is 4in. from the center. This target is also used for military rifles, preserving the old Creedmoor lines, 1 to 8 inclusive counting 5, 9 to 27 inclusive counting 4. I assure you there are very few ties made on this target, and by this system of numbering the rings the shooter gets the full and exact value of his shot. It is, I should think, almost an ideal target for rest shooting. The size bullseye used by the Columbia Club is 12in., but it could be made of any other size, as only rings count.

A. Strecker made a string of 9 in yesterday's contest for the diamond all-comers' medal, 3 shots. E. Hovey made 9 in 5 shots at 50yds. with a .22cal. rifle in the Rodgers medal contest. Some other good shooting was done with both rifle and pistol.

The medals of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein were won as follows:

Scores: Pistol, club medal, 10 shots, no re-entry:
Champion Class, 10 shots: C. M. Davis 47, F. O. Young 52, Ed. Hovey 54, J. E. Gorman 56, A. H. Hape 64.

First Class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 50, F. Dennis 55, F. Baumgarten 66, A. B. Dorrell 70, M. J. White 77, P. Bohr 81, Capt. J. E. Klein 83, D. W. McLaughlin 85.

Second Class: E. Jacobsen 66, G. Barless 82, A. E. Fetz 86, A. H. Kennedy 96, W. Unfred 102, A. H. Hesse 118, L. Zimmerman 132, L. Bremmer 183.

In the open-to-all match for the Blanding medal, 3 shots, the scores were: C. M. Davis 9, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 10, J. E. Gorman 10, F. Baumgarten 15, E. Jacobsen 18, A. Fetz 20.

The scores in the all-comers match, .22 caliber rifle, for the Rodgers medal, were: Ed Hovey 9, P. Bohr 10, A. H. Hape 17, Mrs. L. J. Crane 17.

Scores of the Unfred diamond medal: A. Strecker 9 and 10, W. Glander 11, A. Gebert 12, D. W. McLaughlin 14.

Military rifle, Glendern medal: F. O. Young 44.

Scores, rifle, 200yds., club medal, 10 shots, no re-entry:
Champion class: F. O. Young 57, D. W. McLaughlin 61, P. Bohr 75, A. Strecker 89.

First class: A. Gehret 78, J. E. Klein 102.

Second class: E. Jacobsen 70, J. E. Gorman 80, F. Dennis 102, G. Barley 104, O. A. Bremmer 105, F. E. Mason 107, L. Pingel 120, M. J. White 149, A. H. Hesse 150.

ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The unlucky number of 13 was the exact number of members of the Zettler Rifle Club, of this city, that took part in the club's weekly shoot this evening. Louis Flach, who scored a highest possible at the last meeting of the club, and H. D. Muller, were high to-night, with 248 each.

The scores made were:
R. Busse.....243 240 244 247 234 H D Muller.....237 246 240 242 232
Dr J A Boyken, 245 244 243 245 244 H Muemz.....227 232 233 218 230
S Buzzini.....233 234 234 232 235 G A Nowak.....242 233 240 245 241
G W Downs.....234 232 221 233 231 F O Ross.....246 247 241 245 243
M B Engel.....244 241 241 243 241 C G Zettler.....240 247 242 247 241
L Flach.....244 243 244 247 246 B Zettler.....245 241 246 240 238
H Holges.....242 247 245 244 245

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 18-21.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; targets and live birds. F. L. Train, Captain.
March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.
March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Appar and C. C. Hebbard.
April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.
April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1,000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.
April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.
April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Hancy, Manager.
April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.
April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
April 23-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.
April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.
April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.
May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.
May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.
May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.
May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.
May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.
May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.
May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.
May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.
May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.
May 30-JUNE 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 313 Broadway, New York.

E. C. Lashells, president of the Meadville, Pa., Gun Club, writes us: "The gun clubs of Meadville, Newcastle, Greenville and Sharon, Pa., and Warren and Youngstown, O., are about to form a league for the promotion of interest and rivalry in trap-shooting. A meeting of delegates from the above clubs is called for March 4 at Meadville. All of these clubs have good teams and the race for a trophy will be exceedingly close." There is no question that the formation of just such organizations as the one mentioned by Mr. Lashells, does really more to promote the best interests of trap-shooting than the holding of a dozen tournaments. The latter bring the cracks together, but league contests call out the rank and file and make scores of new devotees of the trap.

A circular in regard to the programme at the Nebraska State shoot, to be held in Omaha, April 21-24, has been issued by the managers of the tournament, George W. Loomis, Frank Parmelee and J. C. Read. It tells just how \$1,000 in cash will be added to the purses and for average money. The programme is a good one, but it's not that we want to refer to in this column; it's that little paragraph that brings the whole thing to a close: "We want you (it is a big YOU in the circular) to come and get a slice of the money, and at the same time meet a lot of good fellows." Go for the good fellows you will meet in Omaha, and if you get a slice of "this money, so much the better."

Under date of Feb. 21, Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us from Memphis, Tenn., as follows: "The inaugural handicap of the Memphis Gun Club which was shot here to-day had 31 entries. Of this number only twelve got in for money. First money, \$124, was won by W. W. Watson, of Louisville, Ky., with a score of 23 out of 25; second money, \$93, was divided by F. P. Poston, T. F. Norton, E. C. Worrall, J. B. Duncan and A. P. Smith, who scored 23; J. C. Neely, Jr., Irby Bennett and Bland Ballard scored 21 and divided third money, \$63; while W. H. Allen, Phil Daly, Jr., and Thos. Callander, each of whom scored 20, divided fourth money, \$31. The weather was fine, and the birds were an excellent lot."

The King-Cundall series of live bird matches ended on Feb. 21 in a victory for Cundall, who won two out of the three races. The first match took place at Washington, Pa., on Feb. 7, Cundall winning by 89-87. King won the second match, which was shot at Pittsburg on Feb. 14, by scoring 94 to 85. The third match was won by Cundall, who scored 85 to 84. Dr. Cundall now says he is out of the running so far as individual live-bird races go, but says he'll take Alec King for a partner and shoot against any two men in Western Pennsylvania.

In sending us the announcement of a tournament to be held by the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., on June 16-18, Frank L. Bills, the secretary of the club, says: "Our first tournament held in '94 was patronized by over 50 shooters; last year we had the pleasure of helping to entertain about 70 of the 'best fellers' that ever yelled 'Pul'. This year we shall not get out an elaborate programme, but will give the cash thus saved to the shooters who are present at our tournament. No one is barred; all are welcome."

The programme for the Chamberlin tournament is, as we predicted, an interesting one. We give a synopsis of the programme under an appropriate head, a simple "Driver and Twister" would not be a fitting tribute to Paul North's versatility. No one can say now that the Chamberlin company will make money at its tournament by charging 3 cents for targets. All blue rocks will be thrown free of charge at the above shoot!

A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., dated Feb. 22, says that Rolla Heikes did some great work with his Winchester repeating shotgun on that date. He gave an exhibition of quick target shooting, breaking 100 out of 111 targets in 5 minutes and 36 seconds. Rolla has been doing some practicing lately with a view to showing what the gun can do in the hands of an expert.

The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club claims April 15-17 as the dates for its annual spring tournament. On the first two days all the events will be at targets; on the last day there will be a full programme of live-bird events. For particulars as to programme, address Orrin J. Loder, secretary, Peekskill, N. Y.

The Cobweb Gun Club's shoot, set for the Sportsmen's Exposition week, should be a very successful gathering. It comes at the right time, and the Cobwebs have a big following in the vicinity of New York. It seems rather curious that such a live organization should have such a sleepy sort of title.

With all day shoots at Maplewood and at Marion, and with the Climax-Dunellen team race at Dunellen, Jersey trap-shooters had all they could attend to on Washington's Birthday, without mentioning a host of club shoots that were held that day.

The Sportsmen's Exposition, which will be held in Madison Square Garden the third week in March, will bring many sportsmen to New York City. All visiting shooters should bring their guns and go up to Baychester, N. Y., and become the guests of the Cobweb Gun Club. The week following the exposition is the Grand American Handicap week.

No handicaps will be awarded in the Grand American Handicap until Monday evening, March 23. Mr. Dressel, secretary of the Interstate Association, has received any number of queries from correspondents asking what their handicap distance will be in the above event.

Harry Vandergrift and Joe Glesenkamp, both Pittsburg shooters, had a friendly race at 50 live birds on Feb. 21. After tying on 34 they shot off at 10 extra birds, Vandergrift killing 10 to 9. Each man has now won two matches, so it looks as if there will have to be a fifth to decide matters in dispute.

February has been making up for the pleasant weather experienced during the month of January; trap-shooters in consequence have been obliged to put up with considerable discomfort and no little cold weather since the month opened.

The programme for the Grand American Handicap meeting seems to have met with very general approval. It is poor policy to prophesy, but, from the way things look now, the number of entries in the main event will top the 70 notch easily.

Neaf Apgar and Charlie Hubbard have almost completed the arrangements for their target tournament that will be held at Elizabeth, N. J., March 31-April 2; the programme will be ready for distribution in a few days.

A match has been arranged between George Work and Edgar Murphy. The date is March 3, and the place Wentworth Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I.

Among the entries for the Grand American Handicap received by Secretary Dressel to date are Annie Oakley, Old Hoss and Louis Schortemeier.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's 23d annual tournament will be held on June 2-6.

Fred Hoey won a heat for the Knapp \$250 cup at the Carteret Club grounds on Feb. 19. His score was 19 out of 20 from the 31yds. mark. George McAlpin (29yds.) and P. H. Morris (25yds.) divided first money in the sweep shot in connection with the cup shoot, with Hoey, all

three being tied with 19 out of 20. Mr. Morris shot very well, killing 17 straight before dropping a bird.

Feb. 24.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Season at Monte Carlo.

PRIX DES MAGNOLIAS.

JAN. 31.—The Concours Préparatoire, a series of six events with 1,000 frs. added to each purse, was concluded to-day with the Prix des Magnolias. The weather was splendid and the light was good, but the wind was strong enough to aid the birds to such an extent that out of 85 entries 24 fell out in the 1st round, 16 more dropping out in the next round. At the end of the 8th round there were only 8 left in, and two of these succumbed in the 9th round. The 10th round was marked by successive kills on the part of the 6 men left in the race, but the 11th round was fatal to Mr. Vernon Barker. Capt. Wingrove and Count d'Elstoo lost their 12th birds, leaving Mr. C. Dolan, M. Demonts and Signor Grasselli to fight it out for the three prizes. Signor Grasselli dropped his 13th bird, taking the third money, £34. Mr. Dolan and M. Demonts divided the first and second moneys, £177 10s., with 13 straight kills. Scores:

Prix des Magnolias Handicap of £40, added to a sweepstakes of £2 each; second received 30 per cent. of the entries, third 20 per cent.; 85 subs.

Meters.		Meters.	
25	Mr Dolan (divided first and second prizes of £177 10s).....13	24	M Lonhienne.....4
24	M Demonts (ditto).....13	24	M Ides van Hooberck.....4
25	Signor J Grasselli (third prize of £34).....12	23½	M Paccard.....4
27	Capt Wingrove.....11	23	M Descharmays.....3
23½	Count d'Elstoo.....11	26½	Signor Soldi.....3
24	Mr Vernon Barker.....10	25½	M Paul Gervais.....3
26½	M Horodetzki.....8	25½	Duke of Braganza.....3
24	Count Esterhazy.....8	24½	M d'Hayes.....3
29	Count Trauttmansdorff.....7	24	Signor Gorra.....3
25½	M A Ginot.....7	24	Mr Hannam.....3
25	Signor O Maldura.....7	24	M de Tavernost.....3
27½	Signor Nocca.....6	24	Mr Wingrove.....3
24	M Gourmand.....6	29	M Journu.....2
24	Mr Bullets.....6	27	M d'Ovari.....2
28	Count Voss.....5	27	Signor Colombo.....2
27	Mr Wood.....5	26	Mr Henry.....2
26½	M Lo.....5	25½	M R Gourmand.....2
26	Signor Farina.....5	25	Signor Marconini.....2
24	Mr Pheasant.....5	24	Signor Gregorini.....2
27	Count Szecssu.....4	24	M Poutz.....2
24	M van Heeckeren.....4	24	Mr Heygate.....2
		24	Signor Pederzoli.....2

Missed their second bird: Mr. Roberts (29), Count L. Gayoli (28), Signor Calari (27½), M. Danneo (27), M. Pinson (25½), Prince Poniatowski (25), Mr. Brinckman (24), M. de Pomian (24), M. Pierre Sergueyeff (24), M. Bruneel (24), Signor Zuppelli (24), M. Bethune (24), Prince de Chimay (24), M. Lindes (25½), M. Albert (23½), Signor G. Grasselli (23½).

Missed their first bird: Signor Benvenuti (29), Signor Guidicini (29), M. Drevon (28½), Signor Mainetto Ghido (28), Signor Asti Cesare (27½), Signor Ricci Batti (27), Mr. Duff (27), M. Duferron (26½), Baron de Montchoisy (26½), Mr. Robinson (25½), Signor Galetti (25½), M. Thome (25), Signor Sani (25), Signor Damssetti (24), M. de Maubenge (24), M. Verdavaine (24), M. Otho (24), M. A. Poizat (24), Herr Hans March (24), Mr. Halford (24), Mr. Mack (24), Mr. Erskine (24), Mr. Pearce (24), Mr. Slow (23½).

POULE D'ESSAI.

Feb. 1.—The series of events which form what are known as the Grande Concourse Internationaux were commenced to-day with the Poule d'Essai. This event was £4 entrance, £80 (2,000 francs) added to the purse. There were 85 entries in the Poule d'Essai, the same number that entered in the Prix des Magnolias. There was also another coincidence connecting the two events: at the end of the 8th round there were only 8 men left. Of that number 3 fell out in the next round, among the number being M. Journu. In the 10th round all killed their birds, but M. Poizat missed his 11th and retired. The 12th, 13th and 14th rounds saw no change, each man killing his birds. The change came in the 15th round, when M. Horodetzki missed an easy bird and had to be content with the fourth prize, £59. The struggle was a long one from this point, the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th rounds being shot without a bird getting away. In the 21st Mr. Heygate (an Englishman) and M. Paccard (a Frenchman) killed their birds, while Count Trauttmansdorff (an Austrian) lost his, and took third prize, £80. Mr. Heygate, scoring his 22d bird, won first money, £159, and the gold medal, as M. Paccard lost his bird, taking second money, £105. Scores:

Poule d'Essai of £80 (with gold medal), added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £20 and 25 per cent. of the entries, third £12 and 20 per cent., fourth £8 and 15 per cent.; distance 25 meters first pigeon, then 26 meters; 85 subs:	
Mr Heygate (Atkin), S (first prize of £159 and gold medal).....23	Mr Pheasant.....4
M Paccard (Greener), J (second prize of £105).....21	Mr Dolan.....4
Count Trauttmansdorff (Churchill), J (third prize of £80).....20	Count L. Gayoli.....4
M Horodetzki (Russian gun), French powder (fourth prize of £59).....14	Signor Farina.....4
M A Poizat.....10	M Descharmays.....4
M Journu.....8	M Duferron.....4
M Otho.....8	Signor Colombo.....4
M Verdavaine.....8	Signor Danneo.....4
Signor Malfettani.....7	Signor Gregorini.....4
Signor Quairollo.....7	Signor Zuppelli.....4
Herr Hans March.....7	Prince de Chimay.....4
Signor Ricci Batti.....7	Mr Howard.....4
Signor Soldi.....7	M Demonts.....3
Signor G Grasselli.....6	Mr Robinson.....3
Signor G Riva.....6	Prince Poniatowski.....3
Signor O Maldura.....6	Mr Albert.....3
Signor Nocca.....5	Mr Mack.....3
Signor M Ghido.....5	Mr Duff.....3
Mr Thomas.....5	Baron de Montchoisy.....2
Baron van Heeckeren.....5	M Paul Gervais.....2
Mr Wingrove.....5	M de Maubenge.....2
Mr Halford.....5	Count du Taillis.....2
Signor J Grasselli.....5	Mr V Barker.....2
	Mr Pearce.....2
	Count Esterhazy.....2
	Mr Bullets.....2
	Signor Asti Cesare.....2
	M de Pomian.....2
	Mr Harrison.....2

Missed their second bird: Signor Sani, Mr. Poutz, Mr. Manville, M. d'Ovari, M. Roberts, M. Gourmand, Mr. Hannam, M. Lonhienne, Mr. Henry, Signor Briasco, M. de Tavernost and Signor Calari.

PRIX D'OUVERTURE.

Feb. 3.—In the same glorious weather that has favored the Monte Carlo season of 1895 thus far, the Prix d'Ouverture was decided to-day under very favorable conditions. The number of entries was 95, among them the best shots in Europe. There was very little wind to aid the birds to-day, but so good were the pigeons, particularly in the first few rounds of the competition, that 28 shooters dropped out on the 1st round. At the end of the 8th round there were only 7 left in the race; of this number all survived the next two rounds, but Mr. Pheasant and M. Lonhienne lost their 11th birds and retired. M. Horodetzki and M. Paul Gervais missed their next birds and also retired, being tied for fourth money. The 13th round commenced with only 3 left to decide the fate of the other three moneys. Mr. Roberts lost his bird in this round and took the third prize, £93. This left M. d'Ovari and M. Verdavaine to fight it out. Both killed their 14th and 15th birds, and then both lost their birds in the 16th round. M. d'Ovari killed his 17th, but M. Verdavaine again scored a miss; the former therefore won first prize, a gold medal and £193, M. Verdavaine taking second prize of £125. The tie for fourth prize, £37, was shot off. M. Horodetzki winning in the 3d round. Scores:

Prix d'Ouverture of £120, and a gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £30 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £20 and 20 per cent.; fourth £10 and 15 per cent.; first pigeon at 26 meters, others at 27; 95 subs:	
M d'Ovari (Guyot), J (first prize of £193 and gold medal).....16	Major Knightsbridge.....4
M Verdavaine (Purdey), E C (second prize of £125).....15	Signor Ticozzi.....3
Mr Roberts (Churchill), S (third prize of £93).....12	M d'Hayes.....3
M Horodetzki (Russian gun), J.....11	Mr Marsden Cobb.....3
M Paul Gervais (Guyot), J.....11	Mr Hannam.....3
Mr Pheasant.....10	M Journu.....3
M Lonhienne.....10	M Descharmays.....3
Signor Danneo.....7	Mr Heygate.....3
Signor Nocca.....7	Prince de Chimay.....3
Signor Mainetto Ghido.....6	Baron de Montchoisy.....3
Signor Calari.....6	M Albert.....3
Mr Robinson.....6	M Lo.....3
Signor Briasco.....6	Signor G Riva.....3
	Count de Neiva.....3
	M Otho.....2
	Signor Galetti.....2

Count Erdody.....5	Mr Greville Ryan.....2
Signor Zuppelli.....5	M Dansette.....2
M Duff.....5	Mr Manville.....2
Signor Pederzoli.....5	Mr Thomas.....2
Signor Colombo.....4	M de Maubenge.....2
M A Poizat.....4	M Poutz.....2
Capt Wingrove.....4	M R Gourmand.....2
Count du Taillis.....4	Signor Asti Cesare.....2
Missed their second bird: M. Bethune, M. Bruneel, Mr. Brinckmann, Herr Hans March, Count Esterhazy, M. Demonts, Signor Memmi, Count L. Gayoli, Mr. Henry, Mr. Bullets, M. Duferron, Mr. Harrison, Count Trauttmansdorff, Mr. Barker, Signor Gregorini, Mr. Mack, Signor G. Grasselli, M. Paccard, Count d'Elstoo, Signor Maldura, Signor Soldi and M. de Pomian.	
Missed their first bird: Signor Benvenuti, Count Szecsen, Mr. Wood, Signor Quairollo, Mr. Pearce, Signor Guidicini, the Grand Duke Peter of Russia, M. de Tavernost, M. Gourmand, M. Pierre Sergueyeff, Mr. Wingrove, Baron van Heeckeren, M. Drevon, Signor J. Grasselli, Mr. Dolan, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Howard, Signor Oliva, Signor Marconini, M. A. Ghot, Mr. Halford, Mr. Slow, Signor Farina, Count Voss, Signor Ricci Batti, Mr. Radcliffe, Signor Ratto and Mr. Berridge.	

GRAND PRIX DU CASINO.

In its account of the shoot for the Grand Prix du Casino on Feb. 5-6 at Monte Carlo, the London Field says: "That the contest for the Twenty-fifth Grand Prix would be, numerically at all events, the best since Mr. Lorillard secured for the United States a victory which has not since been repeated, was quite certain when we found 95 shooting for the Prix d'Ouverture on Monday, and with more than 120 names on the board, 102 answered to the call, this being seven more than last year, when Signor Benvenuti won for Italy, and nine more than in 1894, when Count Casimir Zichy secured the prize for Austro-Hungary. The latter was not among the competitors this time, but Signor Benvenuti, who, it may be mentioned here, has quite failed to reproduce his form of a twelvemonth ago, helped to swell the Italian contingent, which numbered eight-and-twenty, including the previous winners, Count Luca Gayoli and Signor Guidicini, to say nothing of Signore Nocca, Mainetto, Guido and Calari, who are nearly always dangerous opponents. The Italians were in about equal force numerically with the French and the English, the former being well represented by such shots as MM. Journu, Drevon, Verdavaine, Lo, Paul Gervais and Descharmays, while among the English were Mr. Roberts and Mr. Edwards, both winners of the Grand Prix, Mr. Heygate, Mr. Manville, Mr. Greville Ryan, Capt. Wingrove, "M. d'Hayes," Mr. Marsden Cobb, Mr. Berridge, and Mr. Barker. The Belgians, for some reason or other, were not in quite their usual force; for M. Dorlodot, who won the Grand Prix in 1885, M. de Robiano, and the Marquis du Chastelaar, second to Count Zichy in 1894, were among the absentees, the six Belgian competitors including M. Duferron, M. Ides van Hooberck, M. Lonhienne, and the Prince de Chimay. There were five Austrian and Hungarian competitors (including Count Trauttmansdorff, winner in 1892, Count Sibrick, and the veteran Count Esterhazy), three Germans (Count Voss, Baron Falkenhause and Herr March), two Americans (Mr. Harrison and Mr. Dolan), two Russians (the Grand Duke Peter and M. Horodetzki), one Portuguese (the Duke of Braganza), and one Spaniard (Señor Drago). It will be seen from the above that seven previous winners of the Grand Prix, including Signor Guidicini, who has three times been successful, were in the field, and the contest could not possibly have been more international."

A fresh breeze blew during the day, making the birds, which are said to have been the very best ever trapped at Monte Carlo, very fast indeed. So good were they that at the end of the 4th round only 23 out of the 102 subscribers had killed all their birds.

On Feb. 6, the second day, it was decided not to call up the two-miss men, consequently there were only 53 shooters in the 55th round. The birds were again very good indeed, 23 out of the above 55 missing their birds in that round, 16 out of the 23 retiring for good, as they had already one miss to their credit. The 7th round found only 26 survivors, 10 of that number dropping out on their 7th birds. In the 12th round M. Lo had only to kill to tie M. Journu for first place. This he failed to do, missing a bird that was by no means a hard one.

The shoot-off for second, third and fourth moneys resulted in M. Lo and Count Gajoli dividing second and third (£648) on 3 straight. Signors Calari, Oliva and Colombo divided fourth (£162) with 2 out of 3. Scores in the shoot were:

Grand Prix du Casino of £800, added to a sweepstakes of £3 each; second received £160 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, £80 and 25 per cent. of the entries; fourth, £40 and 15 per cent. of the entries; 4 pigeons at 26 meters; 8 at 27 meters; the winner of 1895 to stand back 2 meters, previous winners 1 meter; 102 subs:	
M Journu (Purdey), S right bar.....11	M d'Hayes (Purdey), S.....10
rel, J left (first prize of £765 and silver service).....12	M Drevon.....10
M Lo (Guillot), S.....11	M Van Hooberck.....10
Count L. Gajoli (Greener), E C.....11	Signor Guidicini.....9
Signor Calari (Scott), S.....11	Count Trauttmansdorff.....9
Signor O Oliva (Greener), S.....11	Mr Mack.....9
Signor Colombo (Hollis), S.....11	M R Gourmand.....7
Signor Nocca (Greener), E C.....11	Signor Pederzoli.....7

Retired with five kills: Signor G. Grasselli, Capt. Wingrove, M. Etienne, M. de Tavernost, M. Heygate, M. A. Ginot, M. A. Poizat, M. Verdavaine, M. Thome, Herr Hans March.

Retired with four kills: Signor Galetti, M. Lonhienne, M. Bruneel, Mr. Duff, Mr. Manville, Signor Mainetto Ghido, Mr. Berridge, M. de Maubenge, M. Stéphane, Grand Duke Peter of Russia, M. Pierre Sergueyeff, Signor Asti Cesare, Baron de Montchoisy, Signor A. Memmi.

Retired with three kills: Duke of Braganza, Signor Soldi, Mr. Barker, M. Horodetzki, M. Paul Gervais, M. Demonts, Signor J. Grasselli, Count Voss, Signor G. Riva, Mr. L. Henry, Signor Zuppelli, Mr. Wingrove, Signor Marconini, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Thomas, Señor Drago, Count Chamarré.

Retired with one kill: M. Paccard, Mr. Poutz, Count Erdody, Signor Malfettano Guido, Mr. Dolan, Mr. Brinckman, Mr. Harrison, Baron van Heeckeren, Signor A. Grasselli, M. M. Gourmand, Count Cioleck, M. Otho, M. Descharmays.

Missed their first three birds: M. de Pomian, Earl of Carnarvon, Signor Ratto, M. Bethune, Mr. Halford, Signor Briasco and M. Verne.

PREVIOUS WINNERS.

The winners of the previous contests for the Grand Prix du Casino are given below:

1872. Mr Lorillard, American.	1883. Mr Roberts, English.
1873. Mr J. Jee, English.	1884. Count de Caserta, Italian.
1874. Sir W. Call, English.	1885. M. L. de Dorlodot, Belgian.
1875. Capt Aubrey Patton, English.	1886. Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1876. Capt Aubrey Patton, English.	1887. Count Salina, Italian.
1877. Mr Arundell Yeo, English.	1888. Mr Seaton, English.
1878. Mr H Cholmondeley Pennell, English.	1889. Mr V. Dicks, English.
1879. Mr Hopwood, English.	1890. Signor Guidicini, Italian.
1880. Count M Esterhazy, Austrian.	1891. Count L. Gajoli, Italian.
1881. M G Camauér, Belgian.	1892. Count Trauttmansdorff, Austrian.
1882. Count de St Quentin, French.	1893. Signor Guidicini, Italian.
	1894. Count Zichy, Austrian.
	1895. Signor Benvenuti, Italian.
	1896. M Journu, French.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 21.—The close proximity of the holiday affected the attendance at the Boston Gun Club, as not more than twelve appeared to shoot their different scores. The day, though quite stormy in the morning, cleared up beautifully for the afternoon's work, and while the winning scores were good, the general shooting suffered materially from the varied winds which so frequently haunt the vicinity of the club house. A most pleasant time was passed, the intervals during the events being interspersed with many stories of the rod, gun and target. The following tell the tale:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	5	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	5	5	6	6	6	10
Sheffield (15yds.).....	6	4	5	5	6	3	2	6	4	5	7	2	5	4	3	5	8
Sawyer (15).....	8	3	6	5	8	5	4	8	4	6	3	5	3
Avery (16).....	4	4	5	3	8	4	5	8
Gordon (17).....	9	3	7	5	6	2	4	9	7	7	8	3	2	4	3	3	10
Adams (16).....	5	3	7	3	6	2	2	7	6
Miskay (17).....	8	5	8	5	8	4	4	9	8	5	7	3	2	4	4	3	8
Williams (15).....	2	5	4	2	7	6	4	10	..	3	4	2	3	8
Kirkwood, 10-ga (20).....	4	2	3	3	7	5	4	1	3	3	3	8
Sewall (16).....	8	3	7	6	8	8	3	3	4	3	1	7

Nos. 1, 5, 8, 10 and 11 were at regulars; No. 10, 20yds. distance; Nos. 3 and 9 reversed angles; Nos. 2, 6 and 13 at unknown traps; Nos. 4, 7, 14, 15 and 16 at pairs; No. 12 at straightaways. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 composed the prize match, 21 targets, 10 regular, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; the following being the totals: Sawyer 17, Avery 17, Williams 17, Miskay 16, Sewall 15, Gordon 12, Sheffield 11, Adams 10, Kirkwood 9. Only two straight scores of 10 were made, one each by Gordon and Williams.

In New Jersey.
CLIMAX GUN CLUB.
Feb. 17.—The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., was held to-day. The weather was bitterly cold, the thermometer being down to the zero point. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, 20 members shot their scores, the results being as follows:
Club shoot, 25 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at: P. Jay (5) 24, L. H. Schortemeier (0) 22, T. Brantingham (1) 21, R. Manning (1) 21, J. Singer (9) 21, Aaron Woodruff (2) 20, D. Darby (5) 20, W. Terry (5) 20, W. Squires (5) 19, G. Trust (16) 18, C. Smith (0) 17, J. Darby (7) 17, Scott Terry (5) 16, T. Keller (0) 16, D. Terry (3) 15, J. Williams (7) 15, Neaf Appgar (0) 14, J. E. Goodman (9) 13, J. Zieglio (8) 13, Frantz (8) 11.

THE SOUTH SIDE TARGET HANDICAP.
Feb. 19.—Although there were only nine entries in the 100-target handicap race to-day, there were eighteen shooters present at the South Side Gun Club's grounds at Newark during the day. The light was trying to the eyes during the early hours of the shoot, while occasional snow flurries and gusts of wind made the flight of the targets erratic at times. Geoffrey shot very well as usual and broke 91 out of his 100 targets, sufficient to win without his allowance. Sinnerock broke 24 out of 25 in the second series, this effort landing him ultimately in second position by 1 target from Edwards, who had the same handicap allowance of targets—8—that he had. Miller was one short of tying for third money, while Dutchy should certainly have done better than 86 all told after breaking 67 out of his first 75. Herrington shot up well, considering that his gun broke down before the handicap started, causing him to use Parker's gun, a weapon that was strange to him, for the balance of the day. Jim Elliott was clearly out of form, his trouble in the fourth series being apparently the result to a great extent of a knowledge that he was out of it. Sinnerock, the winner of second money, is a member of the Forrester Gun Club, of Newark, and is a new man in the target sweeps of New York and vicinity.

Billy Hobart, the secretary of the South Side Club, and William Parker, secretary of the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club, took charge of the cashier's department and kept things moving. During the day 2,100 targets were thrown, showing that the club is capable of doing if there is a good attendance—something that was most unaccountably missing to-day. The scores were:

Events:	1st series.	2d series.	3d series.	4th series.	Handicap.	Total.
E. A. Geoffrey (103).....	22	22	25	22	1	92
Sinnerock (108).....	19	24	18	21	8	90
E. Edwards (108).....	22	19	19	21	8	89
E. D. Miller (103).....	24	21	19	22	2	88
Dutchy (104).....	23	22	22	17	2	86
Eddie Collins (105).....	19	19	19	21	5	83
M. Herrington (110).....	20	18	15	21	7	81
N. H. Astfalk (110).....	17	13	17	20	7	74
J. A. R. Elliott (100).....	21	19	21	9		70

The scores in the sweepstake events were as follows, all events being shot at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
R. H. Breintnall.....	7	6	9										
E. Edwards.....	9	9	9	10	11	15	11	12	11	15	14	12	
M. Herrington.....	5			7	4	7				11	13	12	8
C. Dutchy.....	9	10	10	9	14	12	14	12	13	13	14	14	
Sinnerock.....	8	8	8	7		13							
E. D. Miller.....	5	8	8			12	13						
Young.....		7											
Clark.....		7	7										
J. A. R. Elliott.....				8									
N. Astfalk.....				8	11	10				14	13	14	14
E. Sinnerock.....				0									
A. Sinnerock.....				7									
W. Parker.....				8									
E. Collins.....				9	13								
E. Geoffrey.....				14	10	12	13	12	15	15	14		
J. Roberts.....								8					
Dr. Jackson.....								8					
Hassinger.....										12	10	13	11

The day closed with a snowstorm and a sudden gale of wind. The drifting snow was blinding to a degree, but that did not quite stop all sport, as Astfalk, Edwards, Hassinger and Herrington thought it would be fun to see just how many they could break out of 25 targets thrown under such conditions; the agreement was that the low men should pay for the 100 targets. The scores were: Astfalk 16, Edwards 15, Hassinger 14 and Herrington 10. The latter was out \$3 in consequence.

ANOTHER TIE RACE BETWEEN HILL AND BUDD.
Feb. 20.—After shooting a tie race on Feb. 14 at Zwicklen's grounds, Yardville, N. J., Eddie Hill, of Trenton, and I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., met again to-day on the same grounds and once more the result was a tie. On Feb. 14 the scores were 84 each; to-day the totals were 87.

Notwithstanding the cold wind that blew very strongly, between 300 and 400 persons were at the Yardville grounds to see the match. The strong wind that made things uncomfortable for the spectators helped the birds, which would have been a good lot without a breath of wind to aid them. The totals made on such a class of birds must be considered as very good. The officials of the match were: John Rothacker, referee; W. G. Paddock, scorer, and D. Sprouls, trapper.

In the first 25 Budd led by 1 bird, increasing that lead to 4 at the close of the 50th round. Then Hill scored 22 out of his 3d 25 to Budd's 21, reducing the lead to 3 birds; at such a stage of the match it looked almost an impossibility for Hill to overcome such an advantage, but a streak of bad luck for Budd in his last 11 birds, combined with some very good work on the part of Hill, turned a sure defeat into a draw, Budd losing his last bird when he had only to kill to win. The high runs were: Budd—16, 13, 12, 12 and 11; Hill—16, 14 and 10. Scores:
I. W. Budd..... 2812301112121021122312231—23
20322221222212222222222112—23
1212222020201102212221222—21
20321222222222222222222222—30—87
E. Hill..... 210212301121212122011222—22
203210111220212121022202—20
201222021202221121221222—22
220222212221222222222222—23—87

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.
Feb. 23.—There was only a small attendance at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., to-day. The weather was fine, but cold. I. H. Terrill distinguished himself by making 25 straight in the team race. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Breintnall.....		8	9	10	9	7	6	9	
Dawson.....		2	5	8	5	4	7	6	
W. M. Smith.....		2	7	2	2	5	6	7	6
Young.....		7	5	4	3				
I. H. Terrill.....		7	8			5			
D. D. Terrill.....		7			3		4		
Whitehead.....		8	6			8			
Thomas.....			4	5	7	7	7	2	
Heddon.....								8	

The team race, 25 targets per man, known traps and angles, resulted in a victory for Heddon's team by the score of 80 to 64, as follows:

Heddon's team: I. H. Terrill 25, C. M. Heddon 21, W. M. Smith 20, D. D. Terrill 14; total, 80.
Breintnall's team: Breintnall 23, Asa Whitehead 18, L. Thomas 12, Dawson 11; total, 64.

THE ENDEAVORS CELEBRATE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Feb. 22.—The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, celebrated Washington's Birthday by holding an all-day shoot on its grounds at Marion, N. J. There was a fair attendance of shooters considering the many counter attractions. During the day over 2,500 targets were thrown, this fact showing that the boys started shooting just as soon as there were enough of them on the grounds to make up a squad, and kept it up until sundown. It seems almost impossible nowadays to get shooters together anywhere in the vicinity of New York city before 1 or 2 P. M. The reason is not far to seek—there are any amount of gun clubs now, and a man who wants to shoot can join in a club shoot any day of the week without going very far by rail to do so.

Secretary Creveling and Capt. G. Piercy worked hard all day; the former raked in the cash and paid out the same to the fortunate winners; Piercy got up the squads and shot in every event. As a natural consequence the scores of both men suffered materially; no one can work and shoot. All events were at unknown angles, and all were 10-target events except the team race and Nos. 13 and 14. The day, especially the early part of it, was cold, with a strong wind blowing. Under such conditions Carl von Lengerke's record of 161 breaks out of a total of 175 shot at—an average of 92 per cent.—is an excellent one and shows what Carl can do when he gets down to business; out of his first 100 shot at he broke 95. Appgar was handicapped by having to shoot a strange gun with a very light trigger pull; when he changed to Corson's gun, he started in and broke 35 straight before letting one get away from him. Platt Adams shot irregularly, the

flight of the targets being something he was unaccustomed to, the traps throwing them very low and fast. Hegeman was a stranger to unknown angles; in addition to this he lost several targets by flinching.

The team race was a friendly affair for the price of the targets, the losing team having to pay for all shot at in this event. Appgar and Von Lengerke chose sides; Appgar's team lost by 13 breaks, the totals showing 160 to 147 in favor of the team chosen by Von Lengerke. In this instance the non-favorites won, the race being looked upon as a moral certainty for Appgar's team before a single target was shot at. Each man shot at 25 targets, unknown angles. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
G. Piercy.....	8	6	8	6	9	9	9	8	6	7	7	6	11	10	
N. Appgar.....	6	7	8	5	10	10	10	9	8	8	10	12	12		
E. Edwards.....	8	7	8	9	5	7	10	8	8	10	8	10	11		
P. Hegeman.....	5	7	5	6	9	4	6	8							
Thornton.....	8	7	6	5	9	4	6	6	6	7	7	7	10		
T. Baron.....	9	6	3	6	5	7	6	5							
P. Adams.....	6	5	10	5	7	9	6	8	6	10	7	5			
C. von Lengerke.....	10	9	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	9	9	12	13	
J. A. Creveling.....	5														
H. Corson.....	3						6	8	6	7	3	2	8		
E. Ingram.....	2						6	5	5	6	6	8	11	13	
L. Piercy.....	4										6				
Chambers.....		7	7	5	7	7	9	7	6	6	4				
Heritage.....				1	5	4									
B. Banta.....															
Connitz.....					5	7	7	7	3	5	6	6			2
Imm.....									9						
Sealey.....									4	4	6	4	7	11	
A. R. Strader.....									2	8	5	4	8	6	
Proctor.....									3	8	7	3	5	9	
Dr. Fletcher.....									5	7	5	5	8	6	
Duff.....													7	11	9

The scores made in the sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
G. Piercy.....	8	6	8	6	9	9	9	8	6	7	7	6	11	10	
N. Appgar.....	6	7	8	5	10	10	10	9	8	8	10	12	12		
E. Edwards.....	8	7	8	9	5	7	10	8	8	10	8	10	11		
P. Hegeman.....	5	7	5	6	9	4	6	8							
Thornton.....	8	7	6	5	9	4	6	6	6	7	7	7	10		
T. Baron.....	9	6	3	6	5	7	6	5							
P. Adams.....	6	5	10	5	7	9	6	8	6	10	7	5			
C. von Lengerke.....	10	9	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	9	9	12	13	
J. A. Creveling.....	5														
H. Corson.....	3						6	8	6	7	3	2	8		
E. Ingram.....	2						6	5	5	6	6	8	11	13	
L. Piercy.....	4										6				
Chambers.....		7	7	5	7	7	9	7	6	6	4				
Heritage.....					1	5	4								
B. Banta.....															
Connitz.....						5	7	7	7	3	5	6	6		2
Imm.....										9					
Sealey.....										4	4	6	4	7	11
A. R. Strader.....										2	8	5	4	8	6
Proctor.....										3	8	7	3	5	9
Dr. Fletcher.....										5	7	5	5	8	6
Duff.....														7	11

RIVERSIDE GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, to-day. H. C. White won the club shoot by scoring his 7 birds straight. Sweeps were also shot, the results of all the events being given below:

No. 1, club shoot: H. C. White 7, E. W. Throckmorton 6, W. T. Conover, M. F. Cornwell, J. B. Bergen, James Cooper, George Low and John Polhemus 5, C. B. Worthley 4, Wm. Little, T. Davis, John Worthley and W. H. Conklin 3, I. W. Budd and C. E. Throckmorton 2, E. M. Cooper 1.

No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2.50: E. Cooper and Bergen 4, Budd 3, James Cooper 1, E. Throckmorton, E. Price, G. Low, Conover and Conklin 0.

No. 3, same: White and Price 3, Bergen and James Cooper 2, Low and Conklin 0.

No. 4, same: White and Conklin 10, James Cooper 6, Bergen 5, and Price 3.

RIDGEFIELD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The Ridgefield Gun Club celebrated Washington's Birthday by holding a large live-bird handicap sweepstake on its grounds. The conditions were 20 live birds, handicap rise, an allowance of misses as kills being also given to some of the shooters. J. H. Sloan, C. Henderson and H. H. Arthur were allowed 3 misses as kills, G. W. Gladwin receiving 1 miss as a kill. The purse was divided among the four high guns; first and second money was divided between G. S. McAlpin and F. Hall, each of whom scored 18; W. J. Simpson took third money on 17, Justus von Lengerke winning fourth on 16. The scores were:

G. S. McAlpin (30) 18, F. Hall (28) 18, W. J. Simpson (29) 17, J. von Lengerke (29) 16, J. H. Sloan (25), allowed 3 misses as kills, 16; J. M. Baker (28) 15, Dr. Edmonds (27) 15, H. R. Goesser (28) 15, C. Henderson (25), allowed 3 misses as kills, 15; J. Williams (28) 14, A. B. Gladwin (25), allowed 1 miss as a kill, 11; G. T. Mangaup (28) 11; H. H. Arthur (25), allowed 3 misses as kills, 10.

DEATH OF DAN TERRY.

Dan Terry (everybody called him Dan), the secretary of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., is dead. His death was very sudden indeed, few even of his intimate friends knew that he was seriously ill. The cause of his death was pneumonia. He was present at the club shoot of the Climax Gun Club on Monday, Feb. 17, and shot his score in the bitterly cold zero weather that prevailed at the time. As soon as he had shot his score he left for home, his wife being ill at the time with pneumonia. That was the last many of the boys saw of him, as he was taken ill almost immediately, his death occurring at 10 o'clock on Friday night, Feb. 21; his wife died also at 10 A. M. on Feb. 22, just twelve hours later.

Dan was well known throughout New Jersey, and was a thoroughly popular man with the trap-shooting fraternity of that State. Through his death the Climax Gun Club has lost an enthusiastic secretary, who always had the best interests of the club at heart.

Bayside Gun Club.

KEYPORT, N. J., Feb. 18.—Owing to the extreme closeness of the scores, the shoot of the Bayside Gun Club held to-day was one of unusual interest. It was anybody's race up to the firing of the last gun, when it was found that H. E. Ackerson, Jr.—the youngest member of the club, a lad of 15 years—had tied the veteran, Watts, for the badge. The tie was shot off at 10 targets, Watts winning by one bird. This makes his third successive win. It was a cold, raw day, with a bitter east wind blowing in the face of the shooters. Below are the scores:

Badge shoot, 25 targets per man.									
Wm Watts.	11	10	01111010111011010111	18					
H E Ackerson, Jr.	01	11	01111111101100011011	18					
J Crammer.	10	11	01011110101010111011	17					
J T Walling.	10	10	1111111110010111000	17					
D A Heyer.	11	10	1101111000110111010	17					
Mark Brower.	00	11	10011101111001010101	16					
G G Hoagland.	10	10	10101111010101001011	16					
D W Walling.	11	11	10010010101110110010	16					
H Bennett.	01	11	00111110101011010000	15					
Wm Brower.	10	11	111100010101110110010	14					
W H Perrine.	01	00	011111100001000010011	14					
Wm Maurer.	01	00	01111110001010010101	14					
Wm Werner.	00	00	0100010001110111011001	13					
J Vigne.	10	11	1111111100001010010000	13					
P M Force.	10	01	010101010000010100111	13					
Wilson Walling.	11	00	010010100111101010001	13					
Jacob Aumack.	01	00	0101010101001100011011	13					
Wm Curtis.	01	01	01110000100000100001011	12					
Chas Covert.	01	11	10000010011100001101	12					
L B Walling.	01	00	000101000101110001010	12					
Winf Maurer.	00	01	000101000100001000010	8					
J H Fitzgerald.	00	00	000100000100000000100	3					

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

NON-EXPORT LAW UPHOLD

A TRIUMPH FOR GAME PROTECTION.

THE Supreme Court of the United States handed down its decision last Monday, March 2, in the case of Edgar M. Geer, plaintiff in error, vs. the State of Connecticut. The point at issue was the constitutionality of the Connecticut statute forbidding the export of game. The decision upholds the law and affirms its constitutionality. The importance of the decision cannot be overestimated. It is a great triumph for the cause of game protection.

In October of 1889 Edgar M. Geer, of New London, Conn., was prosecuted on the charge of having in his possession certain game birds with intent to procure their transportation beyond the limits of the State. The birds, it was conceded, had been lawfully killed in the open season. They were at the time of their seizure in transit from New London, Conn., to the city of New York, on board one of the boats of the Norwich Line. They had been bought by Geer in open market in New London, and were in course of shipment to the markets of New York under contract of sale. The statute under which the action was brought reads as follows:

EXPORTATION.—SEC. 2546. No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State; nor shall transport, or have in possession with intent to procure the transportation beyond said limits, any of such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits. SEC. 2547. Any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section shall be fined not less than \$7 nor more than \$50.

Geer was found guilty and took his case up to the Supreme Court of Errors for Connecticut, which sustained the lower courts in the following words:

It being conceded that the State, under its general police power, may lawfully prohibit the killing of the game birds in question, it may, of course, control such killing and the times and purposes thereof. It may lawfully enact that they may be killed and sold and held for sale only for domestic consumption. The State in the exercise of its power, instead of prohibiting the killing altogether, permits the person killing them to acquire only a qualified right in them, namely, the right to appropriate them to his own use, and the right to sell or transport them for domestic use.

The birds in question never became articles of commerce within the meaning of the term contended for by the defendant. They became private property of a qualified character. The law limited the purposes for which they might be killed and become private property. The difference between property of this sort and the ordinary private property of commerce is obvious.

The case was then carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, the question at issue being this: "Can a State, after permitting the killing of game birds, and after allowing them to be bought and sold in the markets of the State, impose the restriction that they cannot be transported beyond the limits of the State. Or, in other words, can a State by legislative enactments constitute game birds an article of domestic commerce as distinguished from and as prohibiting inter-State commerce in them?"

The specifications of errors claimed to have been made by the Connecticut Court were as follows:

First.—In refusing to hold that so much of Section 2546 as may be construed to forbid the transportation from the State of birds lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of the State to become the subject of traffic and commerce is unconstitutional and void.

Second.—In refusing to hold that so much of the section as may be construed to forbid the receiving and having in possession, with the intention to procure the transportation thereof to another State, birds therein described lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of the State to become the subject of traffic and commerce is unconstitutional and void.

Third.—In holding that the defendant is guilty of an offense under said section, if such birds were lawfully killed in the State and were bought by the defendant in the market of the State, as articles of property, merchandise and commerce, and had begun to move as an article of inter-State commerce.

Certain minor questions relating to the phraseology of

the statute were brushed aside, and the case, as referred to the Supreme Court, by agreement had to do only with the question thus briefly stated:

Has a State such a proprietary interest in game that it can permit the killing and selling in open markets, and impose a restriction that they cannot be sold, to be taken out of the State? Or, in other words, has the State such proprietary interest in game that it can constitute game an article of commerce within the State and forbid its becoming an article of inter-State commerce?

The plaintiff in error insisted that the State has not such power, and that when it permits an article to become a subject of commerce it cannot restrict it territorially without conflicting with Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress control of inter-State commerce. It was contended that there cannot be articles of State commerce which may not become articles of inter-State commerce; that there is no such shadowy, uncertain, indefinable state where an article is for some purposes an article of commerce and for others is not; and it was argued that in the case under discussion the birds had commenced to move as an article of commerce from one State to another, and from that moment they became a subject of inter-State commerce and could be controlled only by national regulation, not by police power of the State.

For the defendant in error the points made were as follows, in defense of the statute:

"1. Merely having property in one's possession, with an intent to transport it beyond the limits of a State, does not make it a subject matter of inter-State commerce within the meaning of the term contended for by the plaintiff in error.

"2. The law in question relates only to game killed within the State, and is of that class of legislation where-by States seek to regulate killing of game and its consumption.

"The State of Connecticut has prohibited the killing of such game between the first day of January and the first day of October following in each year.

"And as above stated, it prohibits any one having such game in his possession at any time with an intent to transport it beyond its limits. It seeks by its game laws to preserve game from destruction and to limit its consumption to those within its territorial limits.

"3. No one has any property in such birds in their wild and unrestrained condition, and the right of the law making power to restrict or to prohibit the taking of such animals *feræ naturæ* as go under the denomination of game, has always been recognized.

"4. By the law of the State of Connecticut such game cannot be the subject of absolute ownership. No one can acquire other than a qualified property therein, and is deprived of the right to transport it beyond the State.

"It being unlawful for one to kill such game or to have it in his possession for the purpose of transporting it beyond the limits of the State, it follows that it could not become a subject matter of inter-State commerce, and the law complained of is not in violation of the Constitution of the United States or any law of Congress relative thereto.

"5. It is submitted that the State of Connecticut had absolute control of the subject matter of this suit, and that no one can acquire within its limits any right to game killed within that State other than it by law permits, or do anything with such game that it by law prohibits. Its power in these respects is supreme. It is a matter of internal police regulation."

The case was filed with the Supreme Court in the October term of 1895 and its decision was given out last Monday. The Connecticut courts are upheld. The law is sustained. The Supreme Court of the United States declares that a State may control its own game; that it may prescribe not only seasons and methods for taking game, but limitation as to the use, disposition and destination of game after it shall have been taken and acquired as property of a qualified character. If the State provides that its game may not be captured for export and that it may not be exported, such provisions, the Supreme Court says, are constitutional and are not in conflict with the principle which gives to Congress exclusive control of inter-State commerce; for game so controlled—and this is the basic principle—cannot become a lawful subject of inter-State commerce. Here is a brief of the decision, as wired by a special correspondent, and received just as we are going to press:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—*Special to Forest and*

Stream: In the Supreme Court decision in the case of Edgar M. Geer vs. State of Connecticut, it is decided that the State has power to make it an offense to have in possession for the purpose of transportation beyond the State birds which had been lawfully killed within the State during the open season; and that the statute, in creating this offense, did not violate the inter-State commerce clause of the United States Constitution.

That it was lawful under the United States Constitution for the State to allow the killing of birds within the State during a designated open season and to allow such birds when so killed to be used, to be sold and to be bought for use within the State; and yet to forbid their transportation beyond the State.

That the State had the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State and forbid its transmission outside the State.

The court discussed the authorities, foreign and domestic, showing the nature of property in game and the authority of the State in relation thereto. The court holds that the right to preserve game flows from the existence in the State of a police power to that end, which is none the less because inter-State commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected. That the source of the police power as to game birds flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply.

That the State may allow its own citizens the benefits of the property in game without permitting citizens of other States to participate.

That, the power of the State to control the killing of and ownership in game being admitted, the commerce in game which the State law permitted was only internal commerce not subject to the United States Constitution, and the restriction that it should not become the subject of external commerce went along with the grant and was a part of it.

This decision is precisely what we have so often declared that we believed would be the result of a non-export game case if it could be carried up to the court of last resort. The law is based on justice, and under existing conditions is essential to the protection of the game of this country. The principles set forth by the Supreme Court apply not only to Connecticut, but to every State in the Union which has a similar non-export law or may have one. The decision goes far toward the solution of the problem of game protection in this country. It points the way in which effort should be expended in game legislation. It provides a way for cutting off the shipment of game to market. It gives added significance to the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank, that the sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons. It enunciates anew the right of the State to control its own. It asserts once more that the interest of the many and the rights of the citizen in nature's bounty may be defended against the aggressions of the few. It should give new courage and confidence to all engaged in opposing the ruinous traffic in game.

The decision is particularly opportune at this time, when sundry well-meaning individuals and associations are petitioning Congress to remedy what they mistakenly believe to be a constitutional defect of State laws forbidding the export of game. We printed, some weeks ago, a bill prepared by City Attorney Williams, of Denver, Colo., for introduction by a Colorado Congressman, to forbid the export of game from Colorado, Wyoming and Utah; and the reason which Mr. Williams gave for asking Congress to take action in the matter was that such a regulation of game export was constitutionally beyond the province of the States concerned. But according to this decision of the Supreme Court the States themselves may provide all legislation requisite to effect the desired purpose. They may withhold the privilege of killing game for transportation from the State.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is also engaged in the exploitation of a measure to be introduced in Congress to amend the inter-State commerce law by prohibiting the export of game from one State to another; and the reason put forward for the national movement is the same as that adduced by Mr. Williams, that the individual States themselves are powerless to provide such restrictions. This decision of the Supreme Court, however, shows that even if the measure sought by the National Association were practicable or might be beneficial, it is in no wise essential to game protection. Every State has in itself constitutional authority to forbid the taking of its own game and fish for any purpose other than consumption within its own borders.

The decision is a triumph for game protection. It points the way to legislation which if enforced will be most effective. Here is another Platform Plank: *Forbid the taking of game for export to market.*

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN WINTER WOODS.

FOREST AND STREAM turns up at my breakfast table just as regularly and twice as often as the baked beans that New England tradition, as well as present liking, prompt my good wife to provide for our Sunday breakfast, for nowadays the beans come only fortnightly, while I welcome FOREST AND STREAM every week. If I find anything signed Rowland E. Robinson, that of course I read first, otherwise I go through the paper regularly, barring some of the things about dogs and some about guns.

Mr. Robinson's sketches of New England characters are charming and his facility in expressing New England dialect has, I think, rarely been equaled.

Antoine's broken English is also excellent, although it has not been my fortune to come much in contact with precisely that form and degree of mixed languages and idioms. Here, as a rule, if one of a party hesitates or speaks English with difficulty we drop at once into French, although our French may sound quite as strange to Antoine as his English does to us.

I am reminded now that some time ago there was a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM over the fact that the French-Canadian people use their English in a semi-Irish and semi-cockney manner, almost invariably dropping their *hs*. If I recollect correctly, reference was made particularly to the French of the "Eastern townships," the counties on the borders of New Hampshire and Vermont. This, I take it, is very largely due to the fact that the English-speaking people of that region are largely of Irish descent and their vernacular is largely tinged with the Irish brogue. It also may come in part from the difficulty the French people have in using the English initial *h*. It is not much used in their ordinary speech, the words in which it is distinctly sounded being comparatively few and in most cases being followed by the vowel *a*. Before other vowels the aspirate is almost completely lost. A very bright Canadian girl found it very hard to say "Hire a hall," an expression that a jocose American taught her was a desirable one to use occasionally. She eventually learned it and very properly used it on him when his harangues proved uninteresting, but it was difficult for her to say otherwise than "Ire a 'all," although "Paint the town red" she could say quite easily.

Happily, she was not entirely dependent on such an unprincipled instructor.

When I come to Mr. Hough's account of trapping and snowshoeing in Wisconsin a shade of sadness comes over me, for I cannot do those things any more.

Trapping I have never done, although I have been among them and come across them hundreds of times. But in snowshoes I have been a sort of Prof. Emeritus for a score of years or more. I can lead the boys on a fairly good tramp yet, but am less anxious to climb steep hillsides just to see what is beyond than I used to be, nor do I hasten to put on the shoes in the morning when I know they are not to come off till nightfall. I go snowshoeing no more just for fun—only once in a good while the girls coax me out for a bit of a walk that is mere child's play. The days when I followed Bill Newberry or the faithful Nazaire as far as they wanted me to go are past. I didn't begin snowshoeing very early in life, but I made up for it afterward.

I cannot add anything of value to the discussion that has been going on about qualities and makes of snowshoes. I have always found Messrs. G. R. Renfrew & Co.'s "War-ranted" grade very satisfactory. They are made by the Indians of Lorette. I never yet found a pair that would not "bag" a little under some circumstances.

Common kerosene lamp wicking makes very good strings—in some respects better than leather—though I doubt if it is quite as handy about putting on and taking off the shoes without untying. So long as the same footwear is worn, it should rarely be necessary to untie the strings. Any considerable change in footgear, of course, involves a readjustment.

I still remember my first real hard tramp. It was in February, after a very heavy rain—a kind of January thaw—and Newberry was my guide. The first water we came to was a river so swollen that there were 10 or 12 ft. of open water all along the bank. We cut down a tree and clambered along it onto the ice, then dragged it across and made a similar bridge on the other side. I remember it was ticklish business climbing along that little sapin tree, encumbered as we were with packs and snowshoes. Then there was half a mile up an overflowed gully where we lifted pounds of slush and water on our snowshoes at every step, and another half mile along a sloping hillside that has always been a terror to the toughest traveler. By this time, as I remember, I was so faint that with one snowshoe off and one on I backed up against a tree and tried to nibble at a tough biscuit that I dug out of a pocketful of snow. It was hard lines for a tenderfoot. But by and by we reached a place where we could climb up the hill and at last came to a jobber's lumber camp. The men were all absent, but we found a chunk of half boiled pork in a kettle and a loaf of very black bread on a table. Not wishing to stop long enough to unpack and cook of our own provisions we ate of these, stuck a piece of silver in the remainder of the loaf and went on our way. The Chateau Frontenac Hotel has good cooks in these days, but they can never get up a dinner so good as that one.

We climbed hill after hill and crossed lake after lake until at last I gave out entirely, and finding a spruce tree that branched nearly to the ground signified my intention of stopping there for the night. Bill protested, saying that our camp was only a short distance away and that we could soon reach it. He also produced from his pack a flask of "whisky blanc"—almost pure spirits—poured a good dose into a tin cup and made me drink of it. It exorcised my mouth and my gullet all the way down, but by the power of it I made another spurt and we arrived, quite after dark, at our little 6x10 camp. It was occupied by three young chaps out for a fishing trip, but as they had no right there, and we had, we bundled them out, to find shelter in a lumber camp a couple of miles away; took possession of their beds of branches, stoked with wood they had prepared, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. Bill spent a good part of the night stuffing cedar splints into that tiny sheet iron stove; but I know that my underclothing was still wet from my per-

spiration the next morning, and was not quite dry till the day after, for our second day's tramp was nearly as hard as the first and a good deal longer. I suspect that the finding of those young men in our camp, the cabin partly dried out and plenty of wood on hand, was just what "saved our lives." If I had been obliged to stand round while Newberry hunted up wood in the darkness, slept on bare ground with the moisture from the frost dripping over me, I should have stood a poor chance. I have done that sort of thing scores of times since, but always when I was in better condition as well as able to take a hand at the work.

Bill was succeeded by the faithful Nazaire, which was a great improvement. Nazaire didn't care for feather beds, but did like to be fairly comfortable at night, while if Newberry could wrap his head and shoulders in his blanket he would sleep like a pig on any cabin floor or wood pile. I used to say that Bill's idea of a pillow was a sapin log with a nice little knot to fit into either ear.

I liked the woods even under Bill's guidance, but I don't think I really enjoyed them until Nazaire began to look after my comfort o' nights.

What glorious days he and I have spent together! We did not hunt, and we only fished a little through the ice; but while attending to our duties we were alone in dense and almost trackless forests. Oh, the beauty of them!

And now comes Mr. Frederic Irland in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and not only revives in me 10,000 memories, but also reveres my idol. And all the more that here I am, as it were, in Parkman's own country. I can almost see the island where Jacques Cartier and his men spent that first miserable winter, and on every side of me is ground of which he has given the best of histories. And besides, I know of some things that even he has not mentioned. On one of my beats the washing away of a lake shore not very many years ago disclosed a quantity of French crockery and arms mingled with Indian weapons and relics. What the whole signified we cannot now say, for the finders took no care to preserve their treasures, and the whole were dispersed and lost before the present writer had any knowledge of them. Was some terrible tragedy enacted there, or did some peaceful hunting party meet with disaster? No one will ever know. History has given no record, and even tradition is silent. The spot is now miles, as 100 years ago it was leagues, away from any habitation of civilized man.

And again, still further away in the deep woods is a simple wooden cross. Time and the elements have brought even the long-enduring cedar to decay, but the falling emblem doubtless marks the resting place of some semi-Christianized Huron or semi-savage Frenchman who met his death in that lonely forest. If ever I go there again I mind me to erect a shelter over this unsculptured monument.

I do love the woods.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, February.

THE LOST KINGFISHER.

THE camp of the Kingfishers, the past summer, on the Manistique lakes, in the upper peninsula of Michigan—visited by Jupiter Pluvius with exasperating frequency—furnished more than one amusing "episode" to jolly the boys from Ohio and Kentucky who daily offered up prayers that the rain god would give them a surcease for at least a day in the continued downpour. Jeems Mack-erel, the old Kingfisher, insisted on the disputed fact that water could hurt nobody—was good at any and all times—but the Kentucky contingent, raised in a land of Bourbon plenty, aided by a flattering Ohio brigade from just over the border, contended there were times when even water was an unnecessary evil.

The Manistique camp supplied a larger quantity of the evil in its sky origin than had occurred in any camp in the ten years past.

The *dramatis personæ* of this camp consisted of George L. Payne, single and marriageable; Richard Morris, deer-slayer and scout of the woods; Charles C. Furr, sweet singer of Israel, and Old Sam, all of Frankfort, Ky.; Willis Cochran, young and hopeful, of Louisville, Ky.; Jeems Mack-erel, or Kingfisher, pioneer and daddy of all fish liars; Clay Culbertson, the "colonel" and guardian of the camp-fire; George Murray, "lost man" and purveyor of patents; Henry Mueller, camp artist, and James Mueller, his brother, all of Cincinnati, O.; Dr. A. E. Elliott, the good samaritan, of Lodi, O.; and Mack Barney, cook and dishwasher *par excellence*.

Payne, whose gallantry found display in sundry walks with a pretty grass widow from the "Sou," on a visit to a farmhouse near by, was so unnerved by the frequent showers that he once avowed, with solemnity, it had rained sixteen days out of fifteen. His favorite rambles along the woodland paths and through the "potato patch," picking the blossoms for his fair companion, were interfered with so often he became almost a chronic despondent, verging to suicidal mania.

Despair is only a degree apart from the condition of *ennui* enforced by rainy days in a camp beyond the borders of active civilization. The woods dripping with wet, the rain drops splashing on the surface of the lake, the monotonous patter on the canvas of the tent, the little rivulets stealing along the grassy galleys and depressions between and around the tents, the heavy atmosphere and the shadows of night floating through the day—are productive of chilly sensations that crawl down the backs of the campers who strive to kill time by reading novels, writing letters to friends at home or swapping "fish lies."

Surrounded by such conditions, the active thoughts of restless Kingfishers more than once budded into the imposition of a "task" upon some victim who by accident or by plot had concentrated their attention. The incidents of such a "task," culminating in the accompanying photo, showing the heavy villains "caught in the act," I am about to relate. It was, in fact, the reception of the photo among others sent to the Kentucky boys by Mueller, the camp artist, that revived the memory and provoked this recital.

One day the awful fate had dawned upon the camp that the water supply was exhausted. With water all around—above, below, beyond, apparent in the atmosphere and obstructive of divers plans—there was "not a drop to drink." The knowledge created a raging thirst with the occupants of every tent.

"Oh! wat-er fate," said Payne. "Take me to where the crystal waters flow!" exclaimed Culbertson. Furr began his famous hymn, "I'm climbing up Zion's hill—climbing, yiming, yiming," as if earth had ceased to further afford

attractions for his soul. Morris and the Doctor discussed the different ways in which water might be made useful and the proportions of the useful that would be adapted to the constitutions of the various members of the band. With marked unanimity they decided that Kingfisher was entitled to all he could hold; that with due modesty, they themselves came in for second share; and as for the rest they could live without it, provided the supply of Kentucky "yarbs" did not wholly vanish.

Neither the song, nor the horrid pun of [Payne, nor the discussions of Morris and the Doctor—savagely denounced by the remaining members of the "gang"—served to develop the existence of the fluid called water. So a caucus was held, and by common consent it was agreed that Brother Murray had consumed more than his share of the drinking water for the day, and should at once depart, bucket in hand, for two rare springs, located on the edge of the larger lake, a half mile away through the woods.

These springs bubbled up through the white sand on the edge of the forest where it bordered the wide, flat beach, and with a temperature of 42° and 46° respectively furnished to the campers on hot days or when fatigued with fishing most refreshing draughts of cooling beverage.

Brother Murray responded to the request of his comrades with becoming grace. He even manifested pleasure in his mission—said he loved to wander through the pathless woods, where the wild deer roved and the pheasant sent his drum-beat-echoing through the forest aisles; that the bark of the squirrel from the hemlock bough and the quack of the big fat duck from the secluded pool under the pines were rhythmic music to his inner soul; that the solemn silence of the forest depths created a sanctity in his heart and a solemnity in his being that wafted him beyond earthly cares and opened to his vision the vast eternity beyond.

How long the enraptured Murray would have continued in this ecstatic strain cannot be told, for the whistling of a bootjack (stolen from me at Daddy Nolan's, on Carp Lake, by the president of the Cuvier Club, with the connivance of Kingfisher) and of sundry camp attachments, as empty bottles, old boots, tent pins, etc., about his ears, warned him of disaster imminent, and wheeling about he made hasty tracks up the road and through the gate by the hay loft, and disappeared in the deep woods he loved so well.

With his departure the camp resumed its monotonous droning existence, and for a time forgot that water was the one thing necessary to bring harmony and contentment. An hour passed on. The cook, ever alive to the necessities of life and the damnation attending a failure to rattle his pan at the dinner hour, and equally impressed with the curt conclusion, "no water, no dinner," made a round of the tents and enigmatically announced, "Mr. Murray—he has not come."

What Barney, the Cincinnati boiler of meats and turner of flapjacks, meant to say was, "there's no water in sight." With deft conception of the fitness of things he was shifting the responsibility where he deemed it belonged.

Sure enough, the water carrier was missing. Had he become lost in the pathless woods? No, they were not pathless, for the sandy road lead straight away through the gate by the hay shed, along Bill's bean patch, over the hill by the birch grove, down by the bars in the brush fence, under the forest aisles to the forks of the road, thence down the hill through the swamp bogs and out on the sandy beach, at the landing where ye writer once waded to shore after the sailboat had capsized and deluged himself and plunder. Ten rods to right of this terminal were the springs. "Adirondack" Murray, as some one had jestingly named the missing man, could not easily lose the road.

Had he been destroyed by wolves? A year or two before several had been killed in the deeper forest to the northward. A few had been caught in traps. Driven by hunger they might attack a man. But food was plenty and Dr. Elliott said no wolf in his right mind would ever assail a man whose life was spent in getting patents for windmills and baby cradles—that his teeth would get tangled in the tough muscles and, like the bucks with locked horns, he would die with his victim.

Had he been caught in a bear trap? If so, he might die from starvation or of thirst if in the excitement he had spilled his bucket of water. Or a passing buck, finding him a prisoner, might insert his horn under the fifth rib. Brother Murray had never been known to refuse a "horn," properly administered, and he might accept one *in extremis* as a blessing in disguise.

In any event it was thought best by the Kingfisher campers, ever alive to brotherly sympathy, to organize and send out a relief corps. The *Herald* had sent Stanley to search for Livingstone in the jungles of Africa. Why not, in modest but heroic spirit, send out and save Murray?

Morris and the writer were selected to search for the missing man. We were ordered to equip ourselves thoroughly for the journey and to take three days' rations. I suggested we take "a reviver," but was put off with a promise of one if successful. Morris took a gun and three rounds of ammunition.

Being interrogated as to his reasons for such deadly preparations, he responded that if Murray was found in a bear trap and badly wounded, it would be better to kill him and end his agony. If found alive and in distress, he would fire signal shots at intervals for succor. If alive and sound and loitering by the way, he would fire a single shot and leave the camp court martial to do the rest.

With this explanation and the blessings of the entire camp, including the cook, we departed. Plunging into the forest depths we followed the well-worn path leading to the larger Manistique lake. I urged Morris to look for tracks.

"Tracks the d—l," said he, "I'm not looking for tracks; I'm looking for a man; or," he added, thoughtfully, "what's left of him after the wolves and bears have had their share. Did you know," said he, confidentially, "I never did think Murray was altogether right in his upper story. He has been bunking in the same tent with Culbertson and Old Hickory (Kingfisher) and never has uttered a word of complaint. Now, any fellow that can be contented with that infernal log-saw chorus those two fellows set up every night as soon as they get asleep ain't level in the thinking shop. Several times I've had half a mind to send a load of shot through that tent and stop that big bass bullfrog business."

I agreed with Morris that Murray must be "off," and begged him to by all means try his shotgun panacea on the occupants of the nasal catarrh tent.

Kingfisher has basely denied that any sound ever crept from under his tent flaps or crawled up the ridge-pole during the silent hours of the night, but again and again the various members of the "gang" have been awakened by apprehensions of a storm brewing, evoked by the deep diapason of thunder that came rolling from the tent that held the vantage ground in the camps of the Kingfishers. At times the uproar was fairly terrific.

But to the search for the lost man. We had gone over the woodland path to the forks of the road and were descending into the marshy ground near the beach when full to the front, as large as life, sound in limb and body, stood the object of our search, bucket in hand. We waived our hats and shouted our joy with exuberant manifestations, while Murray simply gazed at us with that stolid look of innocence that seemed "childlike and bland."

"You once was lost, and now you're found," exclaimed Morris, paraphrasing the familiar hymn as he rested his gun against a hemlock tree and embraced the object of our search in a hug that a bear might have envied.

"Lost?" said Murray as soon as he could get his breath, "I wasn't lost!"

"Then where have you been?"

"Oh!" said he, "the blamed spring got lost, and I've been hunting for it."

Then he explained how he was unfamiliar with the country and had taken the left-hand branch when he came to the forks of the road, and had walked two miles



BRINGING IN THE LOST MAN.

over roots, stumps and bogs until his mind became sort of bewildered in trying to reconcile the "half mile away spring" with the two mile away man. Then he concluded to his own satisfaction that the spring was not only lost, but, in the wayside vernacular of his younger days, "badly lost."

Retracing his steps, he had taken the other road, landed on the lake shore, and after pulling his hair and wearying his soul in long search, had discovered the lost spring hidden in the cool recess of the overhanging cedars and bubbling up through the sand as unconcerned as if the tale of its being lost was merely another "fish lie."

While Murray was reciting his adventures and laying all the blame on the spring, several other members of the gang arrived, armed with clubs, bludgeons and other weapons of war, to protect the lost man from the varmints of the woods. Among them was Kingfisher, who straightway opened his mind.

"The hellrackin, Murray, whar hev yer bin? Did yer scoot to Alaska for ice water, or hev yer been to Kaintuck for a bucket o' wrath? Better shuck yer coat and pray for saints and sinners, for the Colonel says he didn't have no faith in the story about varmints gettin' yer, and he's going to give yer a drum-head court martial."

Murray wilted considerably at the mention of a trial, and his knees quivered visibly. He muttered something about "he could explain."

"Explain nothin'," said Kingfisher. "Put him in front, boys, and march him straight to camp."

Bucket in hand, Murray took the head of the procession, and at quickstep the march was made through the woods. Emerging from the bushes in sight of the tents, the Colonel was met, a stout cudgel in hand, and with that fierce glare of the eye that always betokened a state of war.

"Ah-ha! Got him, have you?" said he. "No claw marks on his body—no mangled limbs—no wolf bite nor bear scratches on his face—no blood on his shirt—sound in wind, limb and liver. Consider yourself under arrest, sir! Forward, march!" And the line, with arms at right shoulder shift, moved onward to camp.

It was just at this moment that the camp artist caught the procession with a snap shot of his camera—reproduced in the picture. Note the determined stride of the Colonel commanding the squad. The culprit is unfortunately hidden by the Colonel's bulky form, only his leg and foot being visible between the Colonel's legs. Close behind him is Morris, with shotgun heavily loaded; then Payne, with birchwood club; next Kingfisher in shirt sleeves carrying a cedar root torn from its parent stem; following is Old Sam, armed with fork from the camp-fire; next is Furr, the sweet singer, bearing a rail torn from Old Bill's fence (Old Bill was our nearest neighbor and guide), and the rear is brought up by Dr. Elliott, unarmed, but ready to bleed or blister or purge, as the court martial may order.

The latter was organized with expedition—the Colonel presiding in his famous camp chair covered with the glorious names of Nepigon, Carp Lake, Big Basswood, Platte Lake, Pe Lee Island, Florida, etc., while the prisoner sat on the ground in the center of the circle of judges with his bucket of water by his side. Hot, thirsty and excited, he was permitted to look at the cool, refreshing fluid, but not drink a drop.

The charge was brief: "Lost in the middle of the road."

After able speeches by Kingfisher for the prosecution and Old Sam for the prisoner, the case was submitted. The gang said afterward that Kingfisher never touched the subject—went off on next year's camping place about

some lake that had a spring with a trout stream near by, and milk and butter to be had for the goin' after—and that Old Sam's speech "would a hung anybody"; that he described the prisoner as a "poor orphan without father or mother, children or brother, no money, no friends, ragged, hungry, thirsty, dirty, cross-eyed and hip-jointed—a poor, miserable, mean wretch, and a lunatic loose in the woods."

A short conference was held by the judges and they were polled for the verdict.

"What say you, gentlemen, is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" sharply demanded the Colonel.

"Guilty!" they responded, as each name was called.

"Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him?" inquired the Colonel.

"Not a word," sullenly replied the prisoner.

"Silence!" thundered the Colonel, "no levity in court."

"Stand up," said he, and Murray arose, bucket in hand. "Prisoner, you have committed a fearful crime against the peace and dignity of the camp—you had a fair trial—you were found guilty; at sundown you will be taken under the tree in front of Old Bill's house and there shot—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Colonel," said Murray, "can't I select the place on my body where I'm to be shot? I think I'm entitled to choice of weapons too. I'd rather be shot in the neck with a bottle of old Kentucky bourbon."

The plaintive tone in which this appeal was made, with the thirsty expression in the eye, softened the feelings of the judges and they appealed for a lighter sentence. Kingfisher said he ought to live "for the good he might do hereafter—gathering camp wood, lighting the fires, catching minnows, washing dishes and the like."

Willing to be merciful, the Colonel commuted the sentence to hard labor in doing camp chores for three days and total abstinence. Even this was mostly escaped.

OLD SAM.

THE TIGER WE DIDN'T GET.

Six thousand feet downward (that's over a mile), and 250 miles eastward from my home, is where he lives. On a slight elevation between the rivers Tamesí and Pánuco, along which divide the Tampico branch of the Mexican Central zigzags, is Jackson's Wood Camp. Here ebony is just plain cord wood for the engines, notable only for breaking axes and being uncommonly tough to split. Northward the land slopes away very gently to the lagoons bordering the Tamesí, and southward to those of the Pánuco. In the dense jungle of these slopes, near the water-holes to which the deer and cattle resort from the upland prairies, the enemy was waiting for us—quite a number of him.

We had been getting ready for this trip for a year. In fact I think it is about six years that I have been trying to meet my engagement with this maculate son of the tropics. For his benefit I sacrificed my liking for a neat little '94 model Winchester, and bought a big, brutal .45-70. One of the other boys had seen him from his train a short time before, standing among the palm trees, with a chip on his shoulder and his tail in a convenient position to be stepped on. So, early in December the four of us got us two guns apiece, chipped in and bought a big box of groceries, loaded a few hundred cartridges, and one fine day set forth. Arriving after dark, Jackson allowed us to pile into his little box-house camp and sleep on the floor among boxes of tallow candles, bales of piloncillo sugar, sacks of beans and other such delicacies, kept for his axemen and their families.

About two miles further down the track—3½ kilometers, to be exact—the prairies begin. They are almost level and are perfectly open, forming beautiful little coves in the jungle, the playground of the deer, and covered with magnificent grass nearly waist high. The first morning in camp we went down the track early and murdered a spike buck just about the time the train came along on its return trip. This we sent home, a bloody symbol of how we were going to fix that tiger.

After one or two days of this, we decided to quit "hitting the ties" twice a day to get to and from our hunting, so we borrowed a push car, loaded her up and moved down to camp on the field of battle. A dry run—*raya*—skirted by a thin line of low trees—the timber is all low in that section—runs across the track in the midst of the prairie. Here we unloaded, hung up our coats and stuck our hunting knives in a fine ebony tree (which looks for the world like a mesquite), held up the first engine that came along for a barrel of water, and were at home to our friends.

For about a week we waded the dewy grass every morning, saw deer galore and killed a few; killed, ate up and sent home no end of turkeys; tried chachalacas, and decided that the patriarch Aaron who was our alleged cook had not got the combination on preparing this particular titbit; ate, slept, read, talked and had a most royal up and down all-around good time. The weather was of the charming, mild, autumn variety. The sun grew warm toward midday, but the nights were fresh. We could not keep game long, but we needed a lot for camp, and the rest we could send home any day. Freight trains got to happening along about meal time with great regularity.

But there is something wrong with the education of Sir Felis Onca. His people must have been negligent in the matter of etiquette. For though we could find the "lordly" stag and the "soft-eyed" doe in every *rincon*, his Spots remained invisible. This disregard of all our elaborate preparations to meet him was painful.

"Down at the water of Caboose is where the tiger lives." So said the cowboys, the guide, and gossip generally. Whereat various and sundry members of the invading force decided to reconnoiter that particular part of the field. They mostly got lost in the jungle, however, and saw so many turkeys and such a big buck (he got away) that the tiger was not interviewed. "It's no good for a camp anyhow," they reported.

"But down at the laguna on this side (south) there are many tigers too," quoth Don Justo, our guide and factotum. "Vamos á la laguna, pues," was the dauntless reply. I was in that. We packed some blankets and provisions on Don Justo's pony and walked till we were black in the face. At last we found the lagoon, a beautiful sheet of water shut in by palm groves and malaria, inhabited by alligators and herons, a wide glade bordering it all round, left by former high waters, and behind that the dense impenetrable jungle. Cattle and horses grazed all about. The solitary human inhabitant of the neighborhood am-

bled along on horseback, sallow, shy, soft of eye and of voice. "No, señor," he informed us; "the tiger has made no damage of late." There were deer, yes, and many turkeys, very many. Also *javalies*, which did his cornfields much damage.

All these we could find nearer camp, and the mosquitoes were awful. So next day, my companion half sick, we walked wearily back. The return trip was enlivened by killing four or five turkeys and missing a whole herd of deer. The latter was a daily feat with us.

Wilson being sick that night on the lagoon went to bed early. I sat up a good while listening to the bellowing of the alligators, fighting mosquitoes and pumping old Justo about the *tigre*. It had become a clear case: no dogs, no tiger. Living in that section, one might once or twice a year find a tiger by day. On rare occasions he might find the fresh kill of a calf or deer. Then with plenty of nerve the thing is easy; for the tiger will allow neither buzzard nor coyote about his prey. So he stays very close to it. But with dogs the matter is simpler still.

"Yes," said Don Justo, "I have been with this Lázaro of Pánuco after tigers. You comprehend, señor, that the tiger is a clumsy brute. He only climbs sloping trees like this," pointing to a gnarled and stooping old ebony covered with orchids, under which we had camped. "Besides he will not jump out of a tree as the lion does. He is too heavy. When he wishes to come down he climbs down like a cat. Why, this Lázaro does not use a gun. Once I was riding with him and we found a fresh kill. He brought the dogs and they seized the trail and soon had the tiger up a tree in a clump of bushes (*matilla*). We rode in, Lázaro ahead, cutting the vines with his machete. I was afraid, the animal growled so loud. But he did not notice us. He only looked at the dogs and growled very strong. Lázaro got down and tied his horse to a tree. With his machete he cut a stout pole, and took a *puntilla* like this," showing me the long knife which in one or another form all Mexicans carry, "only it was very slender and sharp at the point. This he tied in a slit at the end of the pole with bark, binding on his girdle to make it sure and strong. Then he crept up almost under the tiger, and while he was looking at the dogs gave him a big thrust under the ribs. With the thrust he dropped the pole and skipped behind a tree. But the tiger did not notice him. He only gave a sharp cry and looked at the knife. Then he sat still and licked the wound. Pretty soon he began to be drunk with loss of blood. Then he wobbled and fell out, already too weak to hurt the dogs. That's the way Lázaro kills them. He has killed about twenty." Thereupon I decided that Lázaro and his tiger dogs, which are nothing but little mongrels educated to the business, should form part of my outfit next time.

All of us saw tracks. The object of all this anxious thought roams around through those woods pretty freely, mostly at night. His big, round footprints could be plainly seen in the soft vegetable mold. A drizzly night is his preference. His voice is often heard on such nights, though we had not that privilege. Doubtless he often lies about the edges of the prairies by day, ready to slip into the brush at the slightest notice. But the woods are almost impenetrable—entirely so for still-hunting. The deer, though not very wild, had to be always given up when they reached the bush. Trying to follow, one made such a noise in dry twigs and thorns that any sane deer would take himself off. Since we were there Mr. Jackson came upon a tiger one day with a deer in his mouth, in an open glade of the prairie. Unfortunately he had only a shotgun, and lost the rare chance.

So our tiger is still there, large as life and tolerably numerous. Probably he will wait till next fall. And probably we will go after him some more. It took Hough a long time to get that bear. In fact, up to this writing it is not apparent that he ever got him.

Some Things we Found Out.

That when a deer is running with long bounds through grass as high as his back it takes an expert rifleman to hit him. Also that we were not experts.

That a scatter gun is not a deer gun. A moderate sized buck ran a mile after being peppered with buckshot, one of them through the neck, and then only stopped at the invitation of my .45-70.

That "el monte" is the woods, not the mountain; that "un Remington" is any kind of a breechloading rifle; that "una carabina de á doce" is not a 12-gauge shotgun, as you might suppose, but a '73 model Winchester carbine which holds 12 shots.

That the deer seem to average smaller and are much redder than those in the mountains near San Luis Potosí.

That the big game of those jungles—and there are thousands of thousands of acres of jungle—such as tigers, wild cattle, peccaries, tiger cats, etc., can only be approached when bayed by dogs. None of them are wilder than the cattle, *ganado ladino* the people thereabout call them. They are domestic cattle run wild.

That hunting stories expand in Spanish as well as in English. Don Justo was heard relating to an admiring crowd how I had killed a buck running with my rifle, on horseback, the horse at full speed! One morning I found the same Don in a state of vast excitement. He had lost his hat and his machete and most of his wits. He told me he had seen five does and eight bucks all together, and had wounded a spike buck *muy grande*. He was going after his dog (and thereby hangs a tale). The tracks indicated about four deer. A little later in the day I killed one of them, but saw only one that got away.

We learned some other things too: that the railroad boys are a capital set of fellows, that Mr. Jackson is a first-class host as well as a live wood rustler, that the way to cook a turkey is to make steaks of the breast and feed the rest to the dogs, that pinolillos can't live in the open prairie, that December is rather early for the duck shooting near Tampico, that—but this will do. Still if Brother Hough wants any more points on Spanish we will try to help him out.

AZTEC.

FEBRUARY.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun

TO FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Where to Go—What to Do.

WHO can understand Mr. Herbert Spencer's "System of Synthetic Philosophy," or his definition of "Evolution?" The value, however, of his "gospel of relaxation" cannot be overestimated.

In the excessive hurry and excitement of this competitive stage of the nineteenth century, in the fever of life, when our well-earned holiday arrives—if it comes at all—we seek this relaxation, without time for reflection, in different directions, in various ways, and the question remains, do we find it?

It is only those who have gained that point of vantage in their career, middle age—who can compare the past with the present—that can adequately advise where to go and what to do in the annual summer holiday.

Happy is he who, in this matter, takes "the counsel of the old men"—the middle aged. Without this advice you may decide upon an Atlantic voyage—a European trip. During the voyage you are at least free from the routine of office life; no daily newspaper, no telegrams or telephones! You are a free man for a while—yes, for a while.

Your first voyage in a Cunard steamer, thirty years ago, was of eighteen days' duration. Now, before you are well settled down to find your "sea legs" you have landed at Queenstown, after five or six days' voyage in Campania or Lucania, and society vexations can scarcely be said to be absent during the short voyage.

You have but just arrived in London. You are met by Cook's or Gage's tourist agents, who would fain lead you, like a nurse with a batch of children, in your Continental trip. With or without Cook or Gage, you decide to renew your acquaintance with men and things on the continent of Europe.

The heat and turmoil of Paris bores you. You try to escape it. You ascend the Eiffel Tower, as you have already tried to avoid the London busy crowd, on the great wheel at Earle's Court; even here (on Eiffel Tower) you are hustled by the large family of tourists—even here you cannot "rest awhile." You go up in a balloon for a bird's eye view of Paris. Alas! you find it is a captive balloon—so-called—and before you have time to open your eye to the view you receive the word of command, "Time's up!" and the balloon is pulled down to mother earth by the rope which regulates its ascension.

You proceed to Switzerland. Surely nothing can rob the Alps of their picturesqueness, the flora of their beauty, the lakes of their charms. You climb the Regi or Pilatus once more to gather your favorite Alpine flowers—edelweiss or *Gentiana acanthis*. Modern science, however, has brought a cogwheel railway train to the highest points of these mountains, and the poetry of Alpine climbing has, in a great measure, departed.

At Grindenwald, prior to ascending the Jungfrau with its glaziers, you find there has been a "boom," and that hitherto isolated place has become a celebrated summer and winter resort, with all "modern improvements." You try back, in order to visit northern Italy, and you find that the St. Gothard Railway has brought "over civilization" even to those parts.

You have discovered that Geneva, on one side, and Brussels, on the other, are but miniatures of Paris.

Again you vary your route. You go east. You must find that eagerly sought "relaxation" down the Rhine! Here hosts of tourists drink their British beer on every Rhine boat. You stop off at some quiet village *en route*, say St. Goar or Bingen, in order to secure peace and quiet, and you have hardly landed before 'Arry on his bicycle plunges into your center of gravity and leaves you all of a heap. As soon as possible you move on to pastures new, if not vistas fair.

You take the P. & O. steamer for the Mediterranean. Again you visit that hotbed of British soldiery, Gibraltar, to find that "on foot or on horseback in southern Spain" is not what it was thirty years ago. Then there were no railways and there was a spice of danger—a bit of pleasant adventure about it. Now you elect to travel by railway train. Again you are disappointed. The train dumps you down at Grenada (the Alhambra), or Cordova, or Seville, with but "ten minutes for refreshment," or perhaps the train guard stops at that picturesque spot, Ronda, long enough to enable him to light his cigarette.

You return to America in despair, not having found the eagerly sought relaxation. On landing at New York after a too brief voyage, you are once more "electrified" by our civilization. The stream and counter stream of cars on Broadway still move on. There are a thousand and one signs of advanced civilization on the right and on the left, the desire for rest and quiet remains.

Where then can this relaxation be found? Accept the counsel of the old men. Come with me, say I, to the forest and stream, with the State of Maine or eastern Canada for your hunting grounds, "far from the dreary sounds of crowded earth, the cries of camp or town."

Let the Micmac or Milecete canoe be your means of transport, a small tent or wigwam your sufficient shelter from sun or storm, the redskins your sure guides. And allow me to lead, in thought, by offering the following extracts from camp notes on a very enjoyable round-trip canoe voyage from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy during my autumn holiday.

Our party consisted of two ladies, an Irish friend skilled alike with rod and gun, my boy and myself. We found that to none was the trip more enjoyable than to the ladies, and shooting the rapids gave zest to their enjoyment, and they were ever ready for the business and pleasure of roughing it.

Four Milecete Indians accompanied the party as guides, and three bark canoes were the usual means of transport, while the Indians themselves were the means of transport for the canoes during the portage. On but one previous occasion (years ago) had a lady—Lady Head, wife of the then Governor—taken the round trip in question.

We proceeded from the harbor of Bathurst, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the source of the Nepiseguit River, Nepiseguit Lake (100 miles); thence by portage three miles to Nictor Lake, the source of the Tobique River; thence nearly 200 miles to the St. John River; about 200 miles further is St. John Harbor; total distance of round trip about 500 miles, more than 200 of which are through wild forest lands.

The whole course of the Nepiseguit River (its name being derived from its rough waters and rugged rocks), as well as the upper part of Tobique River, may be said

to be wild and rocky and in consequence picturesque in the extreme.

The view from Bald Mountain (the highest point of land in the province, 2,500ft., overshadowing Lake Nictor) is very fine, millions of acres of forest are spread like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and valleys, while Mars Hill in Maine, Tracadie Gash in Quebec and Green Mountain in Victoria are all distinctly visible.

There are some fine cascades on the Nepiseguit River. Grand Falls, twenty miles from its mouth, is a total height of 140ft., and thus completely bars the upward progress of salmon.

One member of our party here killed four salmon in one hour, one of which weighed (not by guess work) 30lbs. Splendid trout fishing can be had in every deep pool above the falls. From Nepiseguit Lake to the falls is a part of the river but little frequented and but little known, the limit of salmon fishing being the limit of civilization.

I pity those whose tastes can only be satisfied by excessive salmon taking, and who fail to appreciate good trout fishing with light rod and line. In proof of the excellence of the trout fishing in the Upper Nepiseguit I may mention that I caught three trout in succession whose net weight was 9½lbs.

Having ordered our Indians (Milecetes from the St. John River) to meet us with their canoes at Grand Falls, where is a lengthened portage, we appointed a time and place, meanwhile, to meet some French "habitants" with their canoes at some distance from Bathurst, desiring to spend a few days before the arrival of our Indians in fishing the splendid salmon pools at the Paheneaux, the Chain of Rocks and at Grand Falls. We failed, however, to make the connection. Our men came not.

Notwithstanding this, like old campaigners, the business of pitching camp, chopping wood, cooking, etc., proceeded in the most systematic manner, and when we had all assembled for our evening meal we were agreeably surprised, not that the Frenchmen had arrived, but that the usual camp fare of pork and fish, bread and beans, with "oceans of tea," had been supplemented by the thoughtfulness of the good wife by such luxuries as butter and condensed milk. A pot of marmalade, too, was actually produced.

It would be hard to say which camp during our trip was pitched on the most picturesque spot. This, our first camp, however, was beautifully situated on a hardwood plateau, the river running calmly and peacefully by at some distance beneath us. Vivid recollections of that evening will long remain. We sat for hours round the camp-fire in front of our tents (a small bell tent for the ladies, a lean-to for the gentlemen), and though we had done an honest day's work, we were loath to lose any moment of this enjoyment. Night was far advanced before, one by one, we sought the spruce bough couch.

Our Frenchmen, with so many excuses and such ample apologies that it was impossible to lose one's temper, arrived at our camp next morning. They had had no dinner on the previous day, no breakfast this morning, and they made short work of what remained of our condensed milk and pot of marmalade when having a "square meal." At this camp we spent the day in fishing the numerous salmon pools in the neighborhood of Middle Landing, while the ladies fished for trout and assisted in shifting quarters to Mr. Spurr's comfortable log hut at the Chain of Rocks, where we settled down for a quiet Sunday. What better place?

"Go sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
Go slowly trace the forest's shady scene!"

After a day of perfect rest and perfect pleasure, we again resumed operations with rod and line; but owing to an unusual rise of water, neither the well-known Nicholson fly, nor the Jack Scot, Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, nor any favorite fly we could produce, nor any skill my brother angler and myself could bring to bear would tempt the numerous salmon we could see in these pools to rise with a will; and not till we reached Grand Falls next day did we have the good sport I have referred to.

Unlike the Frenchmen, the Indians were most punctual in keeping their appointment. At the precise moment they were told to meet us their cheery voices were heard on the high bank above us; and, though we were agreeably occupied at the time in successfully fishing the large salmon pools at the Grand Falls, we soon bade farewell to this favorite spot. Ere night set in we had poled many miles up stream.

Day after day, for several days in succession, we poled steadily but slowly up this fine river, instinctively pulling up now and then at the best trout pools, and landing three-pounders till even my boy cried enough, when his arm had become tired, or when his rod required a fresh splice (results of playing monsters); or again, we disembarked to follow a covey of partridge (ruffed grouse) which, refusing to take to the tree, ran with all the speed of their red-legged brethren in Spain, and a general chase was the result. Now a halt was called, on the part of the ladies, to gather rare specimens of flowers—one of the pitcher-plant family in one place, one of the water plantain family in another. Ordinary wild autumn flowers (it was now late in August) were abundant in every direction, and ferns, mosses and lichens of rare kinds abound in the Upper Nepiseguit. Like practical people, too, we more than once stopped en route to gather blueberries for the pudding at our midday meal (always a certain excuse for a halt).

And, not so practical, one member of the party, ever ready with his sketch book, was wont to ask occasionally for five minutes "law," to commit to paper his idea of the beauty of some particular bit of landscape, much to the amusement of our canoe men, who seemed to enjoy being "thrown in" in the foreground.

Moreover, while enjoying a delightful reverie, building castles in the air, there was often a sudden check to our onward progress by the quick exchange of a pole for a gun, on the appearance almost in the midst of us of a flock of ducks; while one of our Indians, whose eyes are always open, on seeing a mink or otter retreating to his "fort" thrusts his pole lance like at his foe.

We found the Indian Rapids, Portage Brook and the Devil's Elbow delightful camping grounds, with capital trout fishing close by. At the last named place we met a trapper (it is unusual to meet anybody in these parts), he had just settled down for a month's trapping and had already captured a fine black bear and several otters.

We spent a pleasant half hour in his camp, admiring his furs and hearing all about his prospects of sport. His canoe men were Micmac Indians from the Gulf of St.

Lawrence, and there was no interchange of civility between them and our Milecete Indians.

We were desirous of reaching Nepiseguit Lake by Saturday night. We therefore had to push on, to ply pole and paddle, toward the end of this week. The sun was sinking fast when we entered this beautiful lake, and so taken up were we with the scenery that we allowed ourselves but little time that evening to pitch camp and catch the following day's supply of fish.

So abundant, however, are the trout in this lake that the supply was easily obtained, and ere night set in, with little effort on the part of the Indians and ourselves, we had our tents pitched in a deep pine forest, on a most picturesque spot on the edge of the lake. Having resorted to poetry to give an adequate idea of the delights of a previous Sunday (I admit that the Sunday spent here was not less enjoyable), I must give some prosaic details concerning this day. Instead of "sitting on rocks" we were all "sitting on a log" in a row, having our midday "square meal," when the faithful Noel—our pet cook—formally announced with long, serious face, as if he had lost his nearest and dearest friend, that the "pork was giving out," which means, in plain language, that soon we should have no "nice fried pork," varied by "nice pork fried," to delight our hearts. "The pork was giving out," we must soon go on our way down stream, 'twas true, amid beautiful scenery, yet it would really be up-hill work—"the pork was giving out." In estimating for provisions for a trip of this kind one should see that the supply is equal to the demand, and the unexpected arrival of the "waiting man"—our spare Indian—was the cause of this mishap. No other course was now open to us, sad to relate (as it is indeed a serious thing, and I have no intention of speaking of it in a frivolous manner), than to put ourselves on "half rations" of pork till we should reach the settlements, where we could replenish our stock.

Next day we made the portage to Lake Nictor, the source of the Tobique River, and during this portage the ladies for the first time received unwelcome visits from our old enemies, mosquitoes and black flies. A black bottle of "Angler's Defence," the gift of a thoughtful friend at our start, had the effect of keeping both mosquitoes and black flies at a respectful distance. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery of Nictor Lake. It possesses more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen; close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a height of nearly 3,000ft., clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock, or long gray shingle slopes. Other mountains of less height, but in some cases of more picturesque forms, are on other sides. And in the lake itself, in the shadow of a mountain, is a little rocky inlet of most inviting appearance. We spent a couple of delightful days in this region.

We camped one night on Hacmatac Brook, on the northern side of the lake, Bald Mountain and its hills on both sides being directly in front of our camp, the lake lying between us and the mountain. It would be hard to describe the beauty of this view, especially when at night the full moon rose over the top of Bald Mountain, and mountain and hills, forests and ravines were reflected upon the placid water, not a cloud was visible. Gladly should we have remained here many days, but we were often reminded of the rapidly diminishing piece of pork. We started early one morning down the Tobique River, and gently down stream is the order of the day. To anyone who has poled all day long up stream in midsummer at low water the delights of going down stream with an abundant supply of water are fully appreciated; they were by us on this occasion. The upper Tobique country has a wild and peculiar aspect, quite unlike the upper Nepiseguit country. Here the now narrow river turns and twists through cedar forests, the trees growing at every conceivable angle; some had fallen across the stream, others were reclining along the bank, while others were meeting above our heads, forming arches of every imaginable shape and size. Here and there blue hills, more or less remote, are to be seen.

The run to Cedar Brook (twenty-five miles), where we dined, was made in quick time. We afterward made the Forks (twenty miles further). Here the Momozeket River from the northeast and the Campbell River from the great Tobique Lake join our little Tobique River.

We now met a friendly Indian (Old Tom), whom we had surprised at his happy fishing grounds spearing whitefish, who gladly exchanged a piece of pork for some tea. Money appeared to be of no value to him. He also supplied us with whitefish, which never or rarely take the fly, and he threw in the bargain a few potatoes. Our fortunes were thus made; we had abundance of food; we went on our way rejoicing.

I can't say much in favor of fly-fishing in this branch of the Tobique. Trout and salmon and these whitefish appear to be abundant in the river. There are some beautiful salmon pools. I have, however, thrashed the waters for hours with but indifferent success. We soon found that we had gone too quickly down stream. We had left the favorite moose yards behind; we had seen lots of fresh tracks of both moose and caribou. And now, for the first time, it occurred to us that during this full moon was the most favorable time for moose calling. We, however, made fruitless attempts at this sport, so-called, the Indians making a doleful noise (artistic moose calling is doleful in the extreme) to attract the attention of the moose, we men and women shivering with cold the while.

We had some beautiful views during our voyage next day of Blue Mountain, eighty miles from the mouth of the river.

And as autumn advanced the forest became daily more and more beautiful, decked in its foliage coat of many colors.

From Blue Mountain to Andover, at the mouth of the Tobique, we pass the Gulquae River, navigable for canoes twenty-five miles, and later on thirty-one miles, the Waspekehegau—this Indian name means a river with a well at its mouth.

Some beautiful wooded islands are afterward seen, on one of which we camped and held "a levee," which was well attended by farmers' wives and daughters, who came to study the fashions, the cut of the dresses of the ladies of our party. I doubt whether they got many valuable hints; they, however, seemed quite pleased with their visit. We made an early start next morning, so early that when we pulled up with good appetites for dinner we discovered it was but 9 o'clock in the morning. As

fashions were the order of the day our dinner hour was not an exception to the rule. We passed the Red Rapids eleven miles from the mouth of the Tobique, and reached Andover, the shire town of Victoria, and beautifully situated, at an early hour. From this the canoe voyager can dispense with the services of the Indians, as it is all plain sailing to St. John, 55 miles to Woodstock, 130 miles to Fredericton, a total distance of about 200 miles to St. John from Andover.

To persons taking the trip that I have just described I strongly recommend Mrs. Newcomb's comfortable hotel at Andover. Her son will be found most obliging in securing Indians from the Indian camp at the opposite side of the river, and fortunate will any persons be to have as guides the same skilled Indians that he secured for our party.

MICMAC.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

LE MONDE BLANC.

THE man with the *skis* was just pulling his sweater over his head, when the other man, with a pair of moose-hide snowshoes under his arm, came up the path. His elongated footgear stood in a corner of the porch. A moment later the entire snowshoe club, consisting of two enthusiastic members, whose enthusiasm is the subject of various facetious remarks from their friends, was kneeling in the snow tying the thongs around their ankles.

When the gateways of the landscape are locked by the magician Winter, with his key of frost, and the snow, covering the fields and lying deep in the woods, repulses with drifted barriers the man afoot, who wastes his strength while floundering through the crystalline fleece which will not sustain his weight and is so heavy to struggle through; when fences are hidden and landmarks obliterated, and the green earth sleeps under its white coverlid, the one who is able to exclaim "the world is mine," and penetrate the frozen mysteries of the beleaguered woodland, is the man on snowshoes.

The "rambler's lease" of other men's property, which he holds, does not expire with the first snowfall, but is unlimited. The snowshoes—offspring of the stern mother Necessity—invented by some savage genius to satisfy the needs of his wild people—distribute the weight of the walker over a wide surface, so that he strides forth across the thin shell of crust, or at the most sinks only a few inches into soft snow which would otherwise prevent his progress.

The man on snowshoes sees the wintry world at its best. He is not limited by the boundaries of road or pathway. He goes whither his fancy dictates, his blood tingling and his body glowing with the exercise. His lungs draw in exhilarating drafts of pure, frosty air, and his moccasined feet, relieved of heavy shoes, seem as light as if his ankles bore the wings of Mercury.

This particular February morning was bright and clear. The thermometer registered several degrees on the wrong side of zero, but the sky was intensely blue, and the sun shone as brightly as it might in summer. The earth was as radiant as the sky, and every snow crystal scintillated like a jewel as it reflected the sunlight.

The snowshoe club pulled its toques well down over its ears and started down the slope toward the wooded hill across the road. The half of the club on *skis* put his long stick between his legs and coasted gayly down the walk, which was trampled hard, while the other half on the *racquettes* betook himself to the tops of the drifts beside the path, leaving a broad trail as if some immense web-footed fowl had passed along. But going up the hill the web shoes had the advantage of the *skis*, and their owner arrived at the top first, where he awaited his companion.

The gray trunks of the trees were silhouettes, and branches and twigs were etched in delicate tracery against snow and sky, while broad blue ribbons and finer threads of shadow were thrown across the white carpet of the woods.

The road winds down the slope and across the level toward the creek, and the timber masses along the stream were deeply purple.

"Now," said he of the *skis*, "just see how we do it," and he let go the brakes. Down he went swiftly, riding his long staff as the witches of old rode their broomsticks, the tassel on his toque streaming jauntily like a yacht's pennant. All went well till he neared the bottom, when one *ski* entered a rut, and before the lost equilibrium could be regained the late exemplar of the art of flying gave an interesting imitation of the fall of Icarus, the long *skis* waving in the air like the melting wings of the son of Dædalus. He who had remained on the hilltop, watching his comrade's descent and rather envying him his swift flight, laughed as he witnessed the final catastrophe, and secretly congratulated himself on the possession of the slower but more stable *racquettes*. Choosing the deep snow by the fence he also commenced the descent. Icarus at the foot of the hill was, so to speak, smoothing his ruffled pinions.

But the proverb says, "Pride goes before a fall," and the snowshoer, who erstwhile made merry at the misfortunes of another, stubbed his shoe against a stump ambushed under the snow and disappeared head first into a drift. Honors being easy, the club resumed its onward march toward Brush Creek, arriving on its banks without further misfortune. The broad pathway of the stream, white and level, stretched away between the leafless woods, the parallel marks of the *skis* and the hollow-shaped tracks of the web shoes breaking its immaculate surface for the first time, except where further up stream some frightened rabbit had written the story of its gambols in the moonlight the night before. Passing out from the shadow of the great gray ice-house, within whose weather-beaten walls was stored the frozen harvest of winter, the walkers kept on around the bend. Here there were no houses in sight, and the silent woods which bordered the sleeping stream were as lonesome and desolate as if the country was still wild instead of being within a few miles of a great city. Across the flats, where in summer the white water lilies come up out of the black mud to float in the sunlight, they turned their course toward the "high banks" which with their crown of trees rose like a wall before them. How white it was and still and cold; but down under the snow all the beautiful life of the vegetable world was awaiting the awakening breath of the spring and the south wind. Those dry stalks sticking through the snow, where the level of the ice met the steep slope of the banks, only a few weeks before planted the big showy blossoms of the *hibiscus moschentos*, and those bare, low bushes above them will a few weeks later perfume

the June air with the delicate scent of wild roses. Dead mullein stalks stood straight and tall, and the ghosts of last fall's golden rod nodded disconsolately. The day, however, was far too bright for melancholy thoughts. The Snowshoe Club, wending its way up Brush Creek, felt the joyousness and delight in life which those who love nature find no less in the time of cold than in the season of heat. At the bend where the brook flows under the arched stone bridge to join the creek a farmer was watering his cow at a hole cut in the ice, and his dog's deep note saluted the travelers.

Leaving the level of the stream, they now forsook its windings for the greater variety afforded by the woods.

They saw no bird life except two crows whose harsh voices broke the silence as they winged their way across the blue expanse above the tree tops, and the rabbit tracks were the only signs of the little dwellers of the woods. At the top of the hill, where sumacs and thickets of low bushes replaced the oaks and hickories, the snow lay deep in little glades which opened up in all directions, like the coves and inlets of an island-studded lake.

The sunlight, thrown back into the eyes from the dazzling snow, was almost blinding in its brilliancy, and the solitude of the place was enchanting as they wound in and out among the thickets. This course brought them back to the top of the "high banks," where they paused to allow their eyes to wander over the white world which lay before them. At their feet the frozen course of the creek twisted sinuously across the wintry landscape; in the distance a curl of smoke rising above the trees defined the location of some hidden farmhouse.

The blue sky, the white earth and the bare leafless woods—grayish brown near by and deepening to purple in the distance—filled the vision, the whole bathed in a flood of golden light. But several hours of exercise in a "below zero" atmosphere causes one to remember the fact that one's stomach is an organ which when empty requires attention, and the Snowshoe Club, seeking a path not too steep, plunged down the "high banks" and doubled back on its own trail.

"That was a walk to be remembered," observed the half of the club who wore the snowshoes.

"It was indeed. We will go again next week," replied the other half who wore the *skis*.

W. A. B.

A HUMID TALE.

Now I'll tell you about the snow here. Sometimes it does; and it isn't snow either, though it's white. It's rain porridge. Everything is saturated with water out here, and snow is no exception. Every individual flake—no, not flake—lump or gob is sodden clear through, and comes straight down like a plumb bob turned loose. No airy, fairy, swirling, swaying, graceful, poetical, beautiful snow out here. It'll cling to you like glue, and soak like water. Everything drips here—the heavens, the trees, the bushes and you, if you're out. I'm speaking of sea level, of course. I don't know how it goes upon the mountains, bleak and drear; but I guess it's the same as it is down here, for the wonderful, all pervading Japan current dominates everything.

It's mush and slush here anyway, and it's so nice to hunt in. The trees—and it's all trees here except the front porch—catch all the slush they can possibly carry, and it's drip, drop, drap continually, excepting when a half bushel or so of mush lets go and comes down kersplash, catching you, if you're thereabout, in the back of the neck. Bear in mind that all timber here, or ~~1000000~~ is fir or cedar, and doesn't let go of anything until it's absolutely necessary. Bear in mind, too, that there isn't a square rod nor yard of territory that isn't littered with dead brush or sticks, or disguised with sal-lal brush, excepting, of course, said front porch aforesaid. Then imagine the delights of trying to hunt, with some inches of mush over everything, concealing slippery sticks on a side hill, which sticks you will of course carefully step on, and then where are you? Wait until you stop floundering and sprawling, and trying to break your bones, and find out. And when you step on western Washington or Oregon most anywhere in the woods in the snow you don't know whether you'll hit solidity or go knee deep into a mess of sal-lal or fern that will kindly and carefully scrape all the snow on them into your boots.

It snowed (mushed) night before last and last night. It rained yesterday and dripped all last night, let up a little while this morning, and has alternately rained and drizzled and fogged and misted and tried to snow all the forenoon. Previous to this spell it rained almost steadily for two weeks, after endeavoring to get ready in occasional spits and downpours for another week. If anyone wants to go hunting here in the winter (they call it winter through force of habit), he wants a pair of hip boots (rubber), a rubber apron to shed the snow or mush from his waist over his boots, a gum coat or slicker, and a sou'-wester. Then, if he has just plain horse sense, he'll stay in the house. He won't get anything anyway but tired and disgusted and exasperated, and that's plenty. The grouse go into the firs, impenetrable to optics, and stay there, hibernating like bears.

There are no rabbits or hares in this country, or more than one to a section, and if corralled he isn't fit to eat. The bears have dened. The deer, oh! where are they? If the snow gets so deep away up in the mountains that starvation stares them in the frontlet, maybe they will sneak down here and there when it's raining and no one wants to go after them.

There's absolutely nothing abroad in the upland excepting a stray wildcat maybe, or a meandering mink along the creek. The pigeons have pulled out for fairer climes, the chilled water has driven the fish to the deeps, and naught but ducks tempt the taking of the gun, and when it rains always and mushes between times there isn't much fun in soaking while one knocks over an occasional duck that, when one has harvested him, smells to heaven of rotten salmon upon which he has gorged. Of all unsatisfactory and exhausting upland hunting, western Washington probably furnishes the poorest; of course, western Oregon stands pat.

I followed the devious track of a wildcat the other morning, as it showed where it had meandered during the night in search of hare or grouse in a long and crooked round, if such a thing can be; and while I crouched and dodged snow-laden branches, and slipped on concealed sticks, and crawled over reeking logs, and forded the stream, and wrenched my back and wearied my legs, the drizzle descended, the trees divested themselves of their white burden, straightening their crum-

pled limbs as they did so, and little by little the trail grew dim and finally faded out, or was so blotted by patches and splashes of fallen wetness that I ceased my quest, and calling to mind the fox and the grapes, though not from the presence of either in this sodden country, I sauntered homeward, shooting a red salmon in the creek to satisfy myself as to its sex, and the list of males is as yet unbroken. I shot a seal (hair) not long since in the salt water with buckshot, and concluded after skinning it that when I skinned another it would be when I couldn't find anything else to do. The fat is about an inch thick all over the body, as tough almost as the pelt, and the way it clings to the hide is away beyond description. If there were a way of boiling or burning it off I should be pleased, though I do not expect to amass sudden wealth in the business. It is raining. O. O. S.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

DID you ever pass a night in the woods alone away from civilization and all signs of man? If not, you have missed something which to me is one of the greatest treats in life.

We will suppose a man has been hunting or exploring in northern Minnesota, and toward evening has come upon the shore of one of those wild looking rock-bound lakes so common in that country. He looks around for a place to spend the night and selects a spot that is sheltered from the wind and near a leaning tree. He takes his hatchet and cuts a lot of boughs and saplings. When a sufficient number have been cut, he leans the poles against the tree about a foot apart and thatches with the balsam boughs till it is thick enough to keep the dew off. Then he scrapes the sticks and rubbish from under the primitive shelter and piles the remainder of the boughs in their place. His appetite has been telling him that the supper hour is at hand, so he starts a fire and slices a little bacon and bread, puts the bread near the fire so as to warm it and toasts the bacon till it is done to his taste. Putting the cooked slice between two slices of bread, he cooks another and does likewise with it. Thus the advantage of having the bread warm is obvious. He is hungry enough by this time to enjoy this simple meal as much as he would a three course repast in a down-town restaurant. When finished he goes to the lake and drinks a deep refreshing draught of pure cool water, which in ordinary times is a thousand times better than any other beverage.

His thoughts then turn to his pipe, that great companion and comforter of the woodsman; but he cannot take time to rest yet, so he lights up and takes the hatchet and goes for the largest pieces of green wood that he can carry or roll to the fire; then for that pile of dry driftwood on the beach. When satisfied that he has enough to last through the night he cuts a couple of stakes, sharpens one end and drives them about 3ft. apart for the back logs to rest against. He next rolls the two largest pieces against the stakes and puts the next smaller ones on top of them, and last one on top of all. This I find to be the best way to build a fire for a shed roofed camp. The fire has been badly disturbed by the rolling of the logs across it, so he rakes the embers up on the first log and adds some dry stuff, which makes such a good light that he can see very well to arrange the "feathers," Michigan ones, you know. When finished he comes out by the fire to enjoy the best part of woods life, namely, smoking and thinking before the fire, studying the stars and silently worshipping his Creator. He cannot understand how any person who has been in the woods can doubt the existence of a supreme Being that has control of all nature, when even the savages see it in their every-day life.

Scientists say that the mind is clearer in the morning than at any other time of the day, but I think we are better able to work out the problems of life before the evening camp-fire than at any other time or place that I know of.

Our woodsman is growing sleepy, and as his pipe shows signs of going out he knocks it thoughtfully against a log and prepares for sleep. Gathering his belongings together and putting them where he can easily reach them, and adding more fuel to the fire, he turns in and sleeps as peacefully as if at home, where indeed he is, though he does not call it so. Sometimes in the night he awakens with a feeling of coldness and finds the fire has burned very low, so he yawns and gets up to replenish the blaze and have another smoke. As he half sits, half reclines, in front of the fire he thinks of friends and loved ones far away, not envying, but rather pitying them and their hard fate to be shut up in a room, almost airtight, in the city on such a night as this. Arising, he puts on as much wood as he dares and then lies down to slumber peacefully till daylight, when he awakes feeling perfectly refreshed and able to cope with any task that may come to him during the coming day.

He has spent a good night.

CRUISER.

Acknowledgment.

It would be base ingratitude for one to get so much genuine satisfaction out of anything as I have had in Mr. Robinson's new series, and say nothing about it. I laughed till I disturbed the family circle the other evening at the result of Sam and Antoine's joint attack on the ducks. Haven't I been there? Antoine's abuse of his gun was calculated to strike a responsive chord in every hunter's breast. I am not personally acquainted with his lingo, but it is enough like "English as she is spoke" among these bland southrons where I make my home to inspire perfect confidence in its accuracy. The dialogues about the camp, the masterly delineation of marsh scenery and of the changing features of Dame Nature as she smiles or frowns, take one away from business, away from cities, away from everything, to the side of the little company on the Slang. If the unaffected admiration and regard of a reader in a far country will be any return to the gifted author for the genuine pleasure he has often and over given me, I hope the editor will kindly give place to these lines.

AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Natural History.

AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO.

WITHIN the past few years there has come into operation at Washington, D. C., an institution of which most of us have heard, but which few of us have seen. This is the National Zoological Park, established by act of Congress, and supported in part by Government funds and in part by those of the District of Columbia. Its history is interesting, but more to the purpose just now is to sketch hastily what was seen there during a brief visit made early this month, and to remark upon the extreme interest of this collection of animals and its extraordinary healthfulness.

The bills passed by Congress in appropriating money for the maintenance of the park forbid the expenditure of any sums for the purchase of animals, though transportation charges on specimens presented to the park may be paid. The only way, therefore, in which additions can be made to the collections is by gift, or, temporarily, by specimens loaned to the park. It can thus be understood that, so far as species of exotic animals are concerned, the collections are poor, while some of the native forms are fairly well represented. Many very desirable animals, however, offered to the park at low prices, cannot be secured because of the law, and the collections grow but slowly. However, there is enough to be seen there to please and interest an American, and to please him doubly if he is a hunter or a lover of nature and of nature's wild creatures.

Down at the southeast corner of the park, at the bend of Rock Creek, are the bear pits, in one of which is a small brown or cinnamon bear and in another two black bears. The cages are built against the perpendicular face of a cliff, in which caves are hollowed out, which give the animals shelter from the weather. The floors are of asphalt, and in each there is a water tank for drinking and bathing. The cliff against which these cages are built is really perpendicular so far as the eye can judge, yet when the first bear was introduced there he promptly clambered up the face of the rock, escaped into the open fields above, and was only captured after a sharp chase. A repetition of this performance was prevented by the erection of a strong iron fence.

Passing across the bridge which spans the creek, and up the gentle ascent, one comes to the large, low stone building where the tropical animals are kept. Here are two male lions, a superb tiger, a leopard, a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, various monkeys, a capybara, European porcupines, a cougar or two and some other animals. Most interesting of all was a superb lioness with two little cubs. These are about 2 months old and are as large as full-grown cats, but of course much heavier and clumsier. They were asleep in the inner room, and the lioness was lying down in the outer cage when keeper Blackburn, shutting the sliding door which separated the two compartments, opened the inner one and took out one of the cubs so that it might be more closely inspected. The mother at once became anxious and began to spring uneasily about the cage, and when the little one had been returned to its bed and the door opened, she ran in to see whether her young had been harmed. Finding them safe she came out again and the cubs waddled along after her and then lay down, and looking frightfully bored, yawned two or three times in our faces and then went to sleep.

The hippopotamus is a fine one, 12 years old, and has been in the garden for a year or more. He was very friendly, and on request opened his huge jaws, showing his shapeless tongue and great teeth. He was recently sold by his owner for \$1,500, being worth perhaps \$4,000, and if the park could lawfully purchase animals would have been a great bargain and a most valuable acquisition. Chances as good as this are constantly slipping through the fingers of the Washington Zoo, and for the same reason. It is a great pity.

In a little room of this house we were shown the armadillos—three of them—from the Southwest. They are nocturnal animals, and when we entered the room they were buried in a pile of hay in a pit made in the floor of the room. Mr. Blackburn felt round in this pit and soon hauled one and then another out by the tail until the three were exposed to view. They were quicker in their motions than I had expected, but seemed confused by the strong light, in which they blinked painfully.

Each of the principal cages of this house has a door leading to an outside cage for summer use. Each outside cage is separated from the adjoining ones by closely woven gratings of fine steel strips, which, while admitting light and air, do not permit next-door neighbors to get at each other. In each one of these outdoor cages is a large tree trunk planted in the ground, over which the animals may climb and play, or on which they may rest.

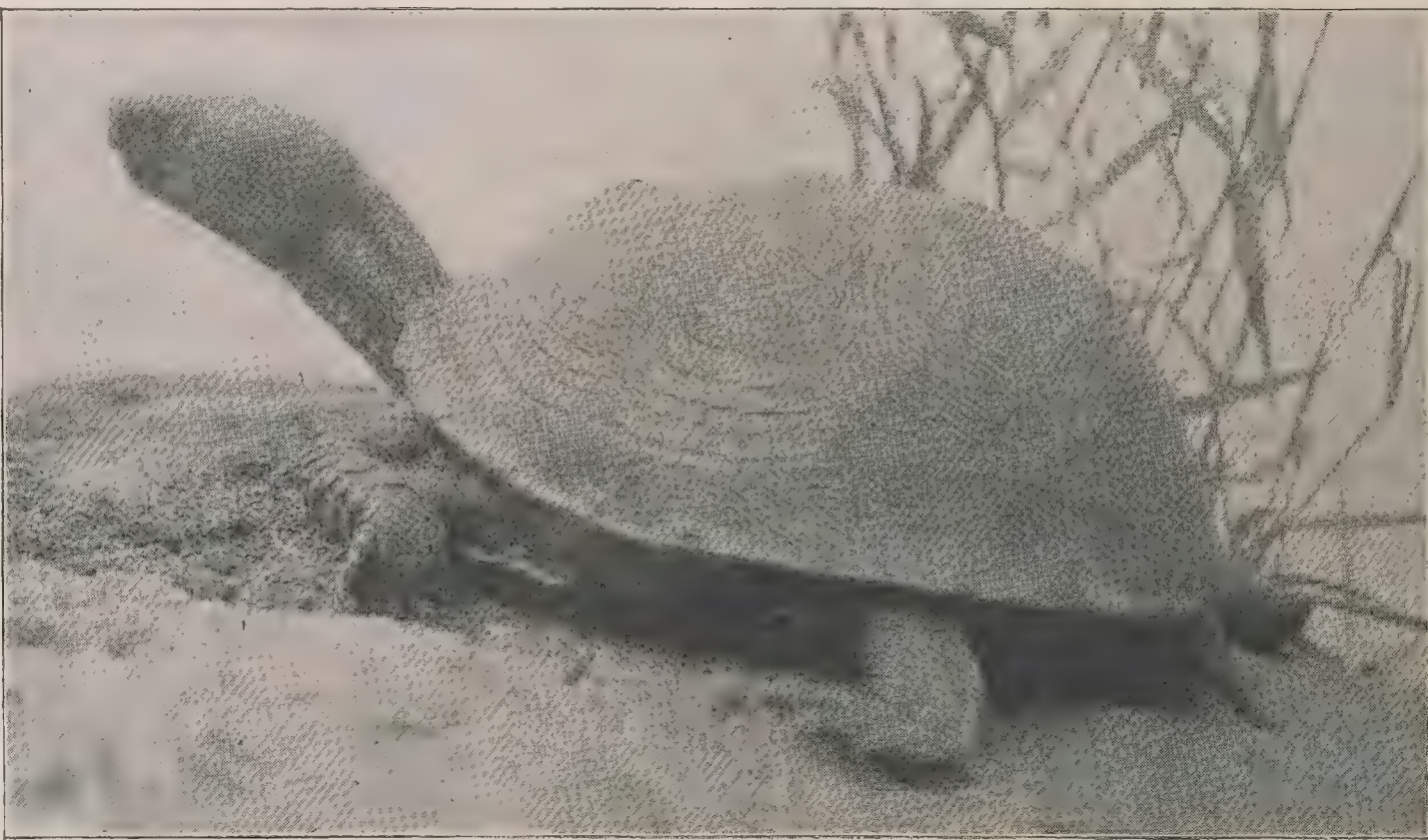
Not far from this house is a large tree, standing alone and surrounded at a considerable distance from its trunk by a fence of strong wire netting. In the branches of this tree and in the hollow log which lies at its foot are a dozen or twenty raccoons, sleeping, climbing and playing. They are thus out of doors and have abundant room for exercise, yet cannot get away. Beyond this tree are a number of open-air cages, one of which holds a pair of young mountain lions which had only been in the garden two weeks. They were captured in New Mexico and are supposed to be not more than a year old. Their appearance justifies this belief, for on the legs and flanks of one of them faint spots can still be seen. The lions are in superb coat and generally in the very pink of condition, and are still quite shy, dodging at any unexpected motion, and being very restless and uneasy. One of them, however, would often stop its hurried pacing to and fro to watch, with erected ears and every appearance of keen interest, a little child that was playing about near this cage.

One of the most interesting animals here is a huge grizzly bear in superb condition and splendid coat, which was captured two or three years ago in the Yellowstone National Park. It was taken in a trap cage sent out from Washington, and when captured weighed 730 lbs. Mr. Blackburn estimates its present weight at 850 lbs., and no doubt the average hunter, who might see such a bear wild, would say and believe that it weighed 1,500 lbs. It is very dark in color, with white claws, is enormously broad between the ears and very short coupled, with a tremendous body. It conveys an impression of great

massiveness. The other bears do not require special mention.

Not far from these cages is the inclosure in which are confined most of the beavers brought last year by Mr. Hofer from the Yellowstone Park. None of these were visible, but their dams, their houses and the trees that they have cut down are very much in evidence. The question as to whether they will breed this spring is one of great interest and should be decided now before very long. The beavers are very difficult to confine, and this inclosure is surrounded by two fences, the inner one being so arranged that it cannot be climbed over.

Elephants, Old World antelopes and cattle, a pair of ostriches—California bred—some llamas and some kangaroos were seen in their various houses; and we then passed on to two large paddocks on a steep side hill, in which are confined animals distinctively American—elk and bison. There are perhaps a dozen elk, one large, old and vicious bull, one large old cow, one or two younger cows and a number of young bulls. These are all in excellent condition, in good coat, fat enough, but not too round, and with eyes and hair showing good health. On account of his temper the old bull was confined in a pen by himself and the others were all together in the inclosure, which is too large to be called a paddock, yet hardly extensive enough to be a pasture. The situations of this and of the adjoining buffalo pen are admirably chosen. They are on a steep side hill, with a little level land above and below. The animals are fed at the foot of the hill and watered at the top, and so must necessarily climb up and down the hill two or three times a day. Thus they get exercise—something that wild animals in confinement seldom have much of, but which they need above almost anything else. When we were there the young bulls were fencing and fighting along the hillside, two or three couples being sometimes engaged at the



THE AMERICAN BOX-TORTOISE.

From a photo by Dr. Shufeldt.

same time, pushing and straining, and constantly giving vent to the low bird-like whistle of anger so characteristic of the elk.

The buffalo were in as good condition as the elk, but I was sorry to see among the six or seven specimens only a single cow. She is apparently heavy with calf. There was recently a contest for the supremacy of this small herd, and after many battles the young bull overcame him who till then had been the master of the herd. The last fight took place near the top of the hill already spoken of, and at its close the young bull knocked his senior down and then butted him all the way down the hill, rolling him over and over until he reached the foot.

Not far from the large animal house are small outdoor cages, in which are confined some admirable specimens of Esquimaux and other dogs, three gray wolves, two coyotes, one of them—if it is a coyote—red, like a red wolf, and half a dozen beautiful kit foxes. Here too is a great cage, built about a growing pine tree, in which half a dozen Clarke's crows have their home.

Below these animals—under the hill—are the deer, which, like all the other animals here, seem to be in perfect condition. Mr. Blackburn showed us a crippled doe, whose left hindleg had been broken in two places, about New Year's, by a vicious buck. Mr. Blackburn had put the leg in plaster and there seemed every prospect that the bone would make a good union and that the doe would get well.

No one thing impressed me so much during my visit to the park as the admirable condition of all the animals on exhibition there. The site is wonderfully beautiful, much taste, skill and judgment has been displayed in laying out the grounds, and there is ample room; but in a zoological garden all these things count for nothing if the animals, on account of which the garden exists, are thin, mangy and unhealthy. I have seen many collections of animals, but never one where the specimens were so universally healthy as at Washington. This may be accounted for in part by the season of the year at which the visit was made, and in part by the unusual amount of range which many of the herbivorous animals have, but there can be no doubt that the excellent health of the specimens here shown is due chiefly to the constant supervision and intelligent care which is given them by Mr. Blackburn, the head keeper. I talked a good deal with him and soon learned that he knows the secret of preserving the health of the creatures committed to his care. Such knowledge may fairly be called unusual among men occupying his position, who, however interested they may be in their specimens, too often lack the experience and the common sense to treat them as they ought to be treated.

The sun had set while we were standing looking at the buffalo, and I suppose that I had fallen into a reverie,

when suddenly the air was full of an old sound heard often enough in a buffalo country, the yelps and barks of the coyotes swelled after a little by the deeper howlings of the big wolves. For a moment I forgot where I was and looked across the flat to the bluffs beyond the stream, half expecting to see stringing down the hill a line of men and women and pack horses laden with meat returning from the buffalo hunt. Then one of my companions spoke—and I realized that it is twenty years later and that the buffalo is extinct.

THE AMERICAN BOX-TORTOISE.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D., C. M. Z. S.

FROM Maine to Florida our common box-tortoise (*Chelonia caroliniana*) is so well known to those living in the country districts that any description of this *Chelonia* would seem to be quite unnecessary. They are very abundant in the fields and woodlands lying about Washington, D. C., and the writer has had ample opportunities to study them upon many occasions. I have never been lucky enough to find one of their egg deposits here, but I did many years ago in Stamford, Conn., when I caught the female laying her eggs in the mire near a marsh, she having the hinder half of her body in the water and mud while she did so. These eggs were not numerous, over an inch long each and pure white. In form they were ellipsoidal. Old box-tortoises vary greatly in both form and color; occasionally the vault of the carapace is quite hemispherical in contour, while again it is much flattened behind. The shield beneath, or plastron, is usually quite flat, with the transverse hinge forward of the middle of the body. This tortoise also varies much in its coloration, sometimes the plastron is black, often light clay color, or various shades of brown and mottled. Some of them

have the blacks, orange and browns of the carapace or dome, often upper part of the shell, very bright and variegated, while in others they are dingy and poorly marked. Last summer I photographed some of these box-tortoises and found it by no means an easy thing to do. One of these pictures of mine is shown in the accompanying engraving. It was a beautifully marked specimen, about two-thirds grown, yet the yellow and black of the shell could not be made to show in the photograph. He would move his head as quick as a flash, and draw in his feet and tail on the slightest provocation. On the trial here shown, however, I got these all out in nice shape.

About the end of April or the beginning of May we sometimes begin to meet with the young of this species. They occur in the wood paths, under the leaves by the fences, or in the damp hollows in the timber lands. They are cunning little fellows, very gentle and vary greatly in size and color. Like their parents they will readily feed upon any of the garden berries, angling worms, bits of meat, insects or mushrooms. On warm days they enjoy a dip in cool water and doubtless take the opportunity to drink a little, though turtles and tortoises can go a long time both without food or water. A very foolish notion is still widely prevalent in the country about this tortoise and it is to the effect that one of them will drive out the rats if kept in the cellar of a house infested by them. Even so well known a naturalist as Dr. DeKay must have had a lurking notion that there might be some truth in this myth and he tried the experiment, with the result that in a few days he found the poor box-tortoise in his cellar partly devoured by the merciless rats. One of these *Chelonians* can be drowned by being kept under water for half an hour or so, but there is no truth in the story that they avoid water altogether. Indeed, I have found them wading in shallow streams, and I once tried one by placing him on a small island in a pond. As soon as he found out his predicament, the reptile took boldly to the water, which was several feet deep, and with great dispatch, but by very awkward swimming withal, soon swam the distance of several feet to reach the mainland. The full account of these experiments will be found in a brief contribution to *Nature* (Oct. 31, 1889), that I published a few years ago. As a rule the box-tortoise is a gentle animal, but then again specimens will be met with that are as cross and as vicious as they can possibly be; likewise, some of them make good subjects for the photographer of living animals, while others completely wear his patience out by their perversity.

All the land species of these reptiles are called tortoises, while those that inhabit either fresh or salt water are known as turtles. Some of the former are called terrapins. The word tortoise evidently arose from the old French, *tortis*, meaning twisted, referring to the form of

the front legs. I do not know the origin of either turtles or terrapin, though the former may have been derived from tortoise. As a whole they compose a very compact group of the *Reptilia*, termed the order *Chelonina*, about 250 species of them being known. Dr. Günther has very truly said that "*Chelonians* possess great tenacity of life, surviving injuries to which other reptiles would succumb in a short time. The heart of a decapitated tortoise continues to beat for many hours after every drop of blood has been drained from the body, and the muscles of the trunk and head show signs of reflex action twenty-four hours after the severance of the spinal cord. The longevity of tortoises is likewise a well-known fact." Several years ago I personally made some of these experiments on a few box-tortoises, and am prepared to fully confirm what Dr. Günther has said above. He is also right about tortoises living to a great age, some of the species over a century, and I should not be surprised that our box-tortoise might, under proper conditions, be kept alive in confinement for more than half that time. The breeding habits of these reptiles are truly extraordinary; every imaginable phase and fancy of them being characterized by great deliberation and utter disregard for the length of time it consumes in their accomplishment—quite in keeping, indeed, with their slow growth of body and the remarkable ages to which they attain.

RHODE ISLAND BIRD NOTES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over my note book for 1895 I find that I have a record of seventy-six species of birds observed, all but seventeen of which were found within the city limits.

In January we found the black-crowned night herons sitting like gray sentinels in the tall pines of the park swamp, where they have passed several winters safe from harm. They probably find subsistence in the open spring holes and the outlet of the park lakes.

This same swamp is a great place for birds; here in winter the little brown wren can be found playing hide and seek among the roots and dirt of the upturned trees, with unruffled plumage and tail always at the same angle. Flocks of tree sparrows winter here with their friends, the black-cap titmice and golden-crowned kinglets. These latter birds are very tame while with us. I have stood in a clump of pines in a driving snowstorm, and had them fly so close to my face that I could feel the wind from their wings. They are cheerful little birds, always hunting for grubs, apparently happy in the roughest weather. The brown creeper is another busy little bird, but a hard one to find, its markings are so nearly like the bark of the trees which it frequents. This bird starts at the ground and runs up the tree trunks to the lower branches, and then with a rolling note he is off for fresh hunting grounds.

In February I found all of the above birds with the addition of crows, bluejays and flickers. I watched a bluejay hold an acorn under one foot and hammer it until he succeeded in getting out the meat, when he dropped the shell and wiping his bill on a small twig he flew to his stone house for more.

On March 18 I heard the first song of the song sparrow, and recorded the arrival of my first purple grackle, and counted five flickers, and a number of juncos and white-bellied nuthatches were also seen. The first pair of bluebirds were found on March 24, within the city limits; the next were seen in April in the country while on a trout-trip; they were scarce last year, and we shall watch for them more carefully this spring.

On May 5 I found a screech owl's nest in an oak. The old bird was looking out of her doorway or I should not have noticed it, but I did not disturb her and hope she raised her brood in peace. In the spring and summer robins, orioles and vireos were very common, nesting in the trees of the resident portion of the city.

Scarlet tanagers and rose-breasted grosbeaks are becoming more common with us, and I saw more last year than ever before, but the grosbeaks are rather shy and have to be hunted for. In August the night herons were still in the park swamp, and I think they breed there in the tall pines, as a number of bulky nests can be seen in those trees.

We had a rubythroat that stayed around the flower beds all summer and into the fall, Sept. 23 being the last day we saw him on his favorite perch on the telephone wire.

On Nov. 3 while walking through a cedar and pitch pine grove I was startled by a *whir, whir!* a few feet in front of me, and looked up just in time to see a pair of Bob Whites disappear over the treetops. About 20ft. to the left I heard a rustle and carefully looking behind a small cedar saw Bob No. 3. He walked out in the open, looked at me for an instant and then went up in the air like a rocket. A little further on the fourth and last one went up and away.

I was almost home when *honk! honk!* came down to me from the sky, and looking up I saw a string of geese flying due south. There were about fifty of them, as near as I could count. Why is it that the *honk!* of the wild goose stirs the blood in our veins? Does it arouse the savage that still lies dormant in most of us? John Burroughs says: "I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

In December we tramped down to where Gaspeel Point runs its long yellow finger out into the blue waters of Narragansett Bay. Here we found shore larks running along the sands searching for food; white gulls were flying low over the water, and far out in the bay a flock of ducks were resting, keeping a sharp eye open for gunners. In a hollow back of the point we found a downy woodpecker, black-capped titmice, tree sparrows and goldfinches in winter plumage.

NUTHATCH.

Grizzly Bears in Labrador.

DR. ROBT. BELL, of the Dominion Survey, says that a paradox to zoölogists is the presence of the grizzly bear in the forested area of Central Labrador, as he does not occupy the intervening country which lies between that peninsula and his Western home in the Rockies. Two hundred and nine species of birds have been noted, but with the exception of the two species of ptarmigan, game birds are not plentiful. Forty-five species have been discovered since Dr. Coues prepared his list thirty-six years ago.

Bird Notes.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 24.—Sunday, Feb. 16, I observed the first robin. A few days of zero weather followed, and after that and up to date mild and springy. This morning, while taking a three-mile drive in the country, I saw and heard a number of bluebirds, also meadow larks. I was informed afterward that the latter had been around for a number of days. Last year I noticed the first robin Feb. 27 and bluebirds March 8. T. M. S.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Feb. 25.—Mr. A. Dulmage, fur buyer, recently purchased the skin of a small silver fox, which was shot within twenty miles of this city, also three cross fox skins. Pine grosbeaks, which are rare visitors, are here in large numbers. This is the third time within fifteen years that they have wandered hither from their Northern home. The birds are remarkably tame. A high-holder was seen here yesterday. This is the earliest visit of this migrant that has come to the knowledge of the scribe.

R. S. BELL.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw to-day near Woodbridge, N. J., a large flock of black-birds and robins, the first I have noticed this season. It is to be hoped that these harbinger of spring have not made their debut prematurely. Strange, isn't it? how those familiar sights stir up the blood and intensify one's longings for the fields, the streams and woodland delights.

LEONARD HULIT.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—On Feb. 15 I was riding in Chicopee Falls when a big red-breasted robin alighted on a tree right over the street. I stopped my horse, and my companion and I feasted our eyes on the rare sight. We were within 20ft. of him.

A. B. U.

Dr. Elliott's African Expedition.

DR. D. G. ELLIOTT, Curator of the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, sailed on Wednesday, March 4, from New York, on his contemplated trip to Africa. As stated some weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Elliott expects to visit Mashonaland for the purpose of there collecting specimens of large African mammals for the Field Museum. He is accompanied by the chief taxidermist of the museum, and there can be no doubt that, with reasonable good fortune, the results of this expedition will be important. Dr. Elliott goes from here to England, where he will learn all the latest news about the little-known country which he proposes to visit. He has recently been in consultation with Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, the well-known African explorer who recently returned from the Dark Continent.

Dr. Elliott's armament will consist of both English and American weapons. He expects to take at least two .50-100 Winchester rifles, and will probably purchase in London two 12-bore Paradox guns. He may also take some Männlicher rifles, of the effective work of which we have recently heard so much.

The news which Mr. Elliott receives in London about the abundance of large animals in the different districts of Eastern Africa will determine his course from there on. He may go to Mashonaland, or perhaps to Somaliland, and possibly even into the country of the warlike Masai. He can hardly reach East Africa before May or June next, and after he leaves the coast nothing will be heard of him until he returns to it again. It is likely that he will spend six months in the interior, and may return to this country some time next winter.

The Linnæan Society.

THE annual meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, March 24, at 8 o'clock, and a public lecture will be delivered in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, March 3.

March 3, public lecture, William Libbey, "Two Months in Greenland," illustrated by lantern slides.

March 24, L. S. Foster, "Remarks on Twenty Species of Birds frequently observed in New York City and Vicinity."

Walter W. Granger, "Mammals of the Bitter Creek Desert, Wyoming," postponed from meeting of Feb. 25.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NAT. HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

REARING PHEASANTS.

HOLLAND, Mich., Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our game and fish protective association has lately completed an addition to our pheasantry, and as I have had the rearing of the pheasants in charge for the past two years I will, for the benefit of clubs or individuals desiring to rear these birds with which to stock our woods and fields, give a description of our yards and breeding coops and our method of rearing and feeding the young.

For a breeding pen of five birds our yards are 8×16ft. and 5ft. high, covered with 2in. mesh wire poultry netting. Perhaps 2ft. higher would be better, although I do not know as it would, for we have not had a bird killed by flying against the top when frightened. We had a supply of 4ft. netting on hand, so used that. The yards are boarded up 1ft. at the bottom; use 1ft. widest stuff sunk 6in. in the ground. In each run we have two perches, 1ft. and 3ft. from the ground; upon these the pheasants like to sit and preen themselves. At one end of each yard, and connected with it, is a coop or box 1½×3½ft., with a sloping roof to shed the rain. One-half of this roof serves as a door, and to make things safer a sliding door is arranged inside. Owing to the abundance of English sparrows, all grain fed is placed inside the box in a trough made by nailing a narrow piece of board at an angle on one side of the box. A small shelf upon which to place the drinking fountain may be put up. A door with a sort of entry to keep out rain or snow is made in the front of the

box; also a window, 8×10in., covered with glass and protected on the inside by wire netting.

The birds often resort to this box during heavy rains, or to scratch in the sand when there is snow on the ground. Always build your yards on high, dry ground, and arrange them so that the boxes will face the south. The different yards should be connected by gates, so that one may pass from one to the other, as it is sometimes necessary to do in gathering the eggs.

Our nesting or hatching boxes are 15×15×15in., with a sloping roof serving as a door. No bottom is made for these boxes; simply fasten a piece of 1in. mesh wire netting on, so cats or other animals cannot dig under and get the eggs or the sitting hen. Attach to this box a run 4ft. square and 18in. high, sunk 6in. in the ground, and covered with 1in. mesh netting. On top, at the end next the box, make a door 1ft. wide and the full width of the run; really, you make two doors by cutting this door in two about 1ft. from one end. You can use the small door for watering and feeding, and the larger one for convenience in catching the young pheasants when you wish to remove them to a larger run.

When the birds are 4 to 6 weeks old you will need to give them more room. Our runs for birds after this age are 4×8ft. and 2ft. high, boarded up 1ft. at the bottom and covered with 1in. mesh netting. The coops attached to this are 24×24×24in.

Now, as to sitting hens. Get bantams if you possibly can. I have used larger hens with success, but they are so clumsy and heavy that many eggs are sure to be broken and young birds stepped upon and killed. We have a fine flock of buff Pekin bantams which we will use this year. They are just the right size, have an abundance of fluff feathers and make good mothers and sitters. Should any one desire eggs or young stock next fall, we can supply them.

Before setting the hen dust her feathers full of Persian insect powder and place some in the nest, which is best made of a fresh sod hollowed out in the center beneath and covered with a little straw or chaff. Occasionally before the eggs hatch pour a little water around the edges of the sod so that they will not get too dry. Eggs will not hatch well without moisture.

All the eggs in a sitting do not hatch in the same length of time, therefore it is well to remove the young chicks soon after they are hatched to a warm place until you are sure no more eggs will hatch. If you do not do this your hen may leave her nest as soon as a few birds are out of the shell, for you know that pheasants run about soon after hatching, and the hen is apt to follow them.

For the first few days keep hen and chicks in a small coop or box, where the hen cannot move around much. In three or four days the chicks will be quite strong and will have learned the call of the hen. You can then put them back in the nesting box and run, and leave them there for about a month, after which remove to the larger runs. Do not crowd young pheasants too much; when 3 months old they require nearly as much room as the old birds. Do not allow the young chicks to get wet or they will die. I cover the smaller runs every night and during rains with old matting, oil cloth, etc. Keep plenty of straw in the boxes, so that they may have a dry and warm place in which to roost.

Food for the newly hatched birds should consist of eggs boiled hard, chopped fine, shells and all, and mixed with about an equal quantity of ground barley; add to this a little animal meal, and once a day some bone meal. For the first week feed four or five times per day. After that three times will be sufficient and then you can begin to add a little grain to their diet. At four weeks grain can compose half the food, after which you may give less and less barley and eggs each week. After ten or twelve weeks they will need no more of the egg. Wheat and cracked corn, with a little barley, is about all you need in the line of grain. From the first give plenty of green food, such as clover, grass, lettuce, etc., each day; also a little chopped meat every day or two. Keep plenty of pure, fresh water where they can get it. It is best to use the patent drinking fountains, for if you use an open vessel many young birds will be drowned.

We are stocking with the English ring-neck. I have had no success with the Chinese pheasants imported from Oregon. Out of thirty hatched none lived over a month.

Last year we sold a number of sittings of eggs from our English ring-necks to different clubs and individuals who wished to stock with pheasants. This year we have a larger breeding stock and can furnish a few sittings at \$5 per sitting.

The birds we liberated last spring have done exceedingly well, and we feel very much encouraged. One pair reared nine young, and all were alive a short time ago. Reports of flocks of five, eight, twelve and seventeen are frequently made.

Pheasants are our coming game bird, and those interested in game protection and propagation should investigate the matter. In my opinion money spent on importing Southern quail is wasted, for a hard winter kills them off.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL,
Sec'y-Treas. Rod and Gun Club.

Hard Times and Game Laws.

I HAPPENED to be in Peekskill last Saturday evening, and while I was walking up from the station two young fellows passed me, and I heard the following dialogue:

"I say, Jim, how 're you getting on?"

"Oh, very well."

"How the deuce can you say you are gettin' along very well when you haven't done a stroke of work in three months? These are the hardest times I have ever seen. The times are so hard that you can't go shootin' nor you can't go fishin'. Take these laws just as they are at the present time; now look at it; if a duck comes up the river I can't shoot it; if I do there will be one of those game detectors after me; and I read in the paper a little while ago that Grover went duck shooting and shot them by the back load. Then look at the fishin' laws. Why, a poor devil like me can't go down here and catch a bass that weighs ½lb. or less; if you do another one of these detectors is around. I tell you these times have got to change. Mills ain't a-runnin', can't get any work, can't go a-shootin' or nothin'; what the deuce are we goin' to do?"

H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ADIRONDACK DEER AND GUIDES.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the number of deer killed being placed at 5,000, one writer with a great deal of discernment suggests: "The truth of these statements should be weighed with due regard to the motives which actuate them, when legislation is contemplated. It is obviously to the advantage of both hotel keepers and guides, wherever located, to sound the praises of their immediate section of the hunter's paradise. It is their common and not reprehensible object to lure the tenderfoot to their locality and induce him to leave as much cash as possible. For this reason it is good business policy to convey the impression that deer are lurking almost within sight of the hostelry, patiently waiting to be killed; hence the temptation to swell the number killed in that particular locality."

What is most favored by the guides is a restriction on hounding from Oct. 10 to Nov. 10, making jack-hunting illegal, and giving until Nov. 15 to dispose of all venison.

By this arrangement, you see, all still-hunting is done away with, and the reason for it shows the honesty of the guides advocating the change.

Hounding goes on for the full open season, the conscienceless guides of a certain class using what they call "still hounds," or dogs that run the trail without barking.

These guides hunt for market. Pass a law prohibiting sale of venison under any circumstances, and by putting the whole season into hounding give the honest hunters a chance with the dishonest or the former will soon follow in the steps of the latter.

The guides almost universally oppose killing deer in the water and call the slayer a club hunter, a name originating from a time when the hunters waited on bodies of water, and rowing up to the deer catch him by the tail and club him into insensibility; as one guide puts it, "If a man can't kill a loping deer on a runway he'd better shoot sheep."

The statement that deer are decreasing in the Adirondacks, whether there were 5,000 killed last fall or no, is essentially erroneous; the very fact that so many were killed shows that they are on the increase. I have asked innumerable club land-owners, residents and guides, and they vary from simply more to 5 to 1 more deer in their particular locality than there were five years ago.

The law is all right to-day, but if any changes are made it should be in the line of prohibiting all sale of venison, putting the season later, restricting it to thirty days, with five days more to dispose of the venison, do away with jack-hunting and the period of still-hunting, which gives dishonest hunters a chance to run their silent hounds, stop killing deer in the water and you will have a law which can be enforced; its very simplicity will be its recommendation, and it will receive in its enforcement the hearty co-operation of every resident and guide of the Adirondacks. In the end all will come to see that on the conscience of the guide depends the fate of the Adirondack deer; and despite his maligners he is a business man; his stock in trade is Adirondack game; he is a hard-headed business man and realizes the situation as well as another, and he will preserve the deer at all cost. But he says that when deer are so plentiful that 5,000 can be killed in a fall (on paper at least), and that when the wolves are returning to the Adirondacks because of the increase of deer, and when feed is not any too plentiful to support what deer there are now, he won't worry about their being enough deer to start his pup after for many a year.

In regard to the report of the number of deer killed, a veteran guide says: "I have known nearly as many as that number (5,000) killed around the bar-room stove in one night, besides b'ar and fishercats without number. At that time I rather doubted the truth of the reports of the different hunters, but when these same hunters are answering questions asked by a game commissioner who has previously primed the hunters for the occasion with a great many rounds of 'red-eye,' their awe for that great and mighty representative of the whole world of tenderfoots would be so great that they would break all previous records."

Whether the breaking of records would be in the line of telling the truth or otherwise I leave the reader to infer.

P. S. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 15 one of your correspondents deplored a possible change in the existing deer law, excepting the repealing of that portion relating to hounding and jacking, for the reason that teachers and parents will be denied the opportunity of hunting deer, should the opening of the season be put off to Sept. 1. Surely this is a matter to cause much regret, but would it not be better to delay the opening of the school season for two or three weeks also, or even forego the pleasures of the chase, rather than permit poor does to be shot down at the time they are weaning their fawns, and while their meat is still unfit for use, leaving their young to die the slow death of starvation? I mention does for the reason that a buck can rarely be found during the last two weeks of August in the Adirondack Mountains, as everyone familiar with this animal's habits and customs at this time will acknowledge; but the does, feeding with their fawns on the lowlands of the mountains, are not a very difficult prey.

JOHN E. FORBES.

201 WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your last issue contains an article from J. M. Graves, Potsdam, N. Y., and I am fully in accord with his ideas that to protect our deer and stop the decrease both hounding and jacking should be prohibited by law. But in his statement of "greatest good to the greatest number" as a reason that the open season should include, as it now does, part of August, that it may accommodate teachers, parents and others who are obliged to report at home Sept. 1, it seems to my mind his idea for fair play exceeds his judgment, or at least is contrary to what should be if we are sincere as to protection for the deer as against our own pleasure and dates to gratify it.

I believe that no deer should be killed in August in any manner whatsoever, because the bucks at that date, by reason of horn maturing, are not often seen, and the killing in August is nearly all of does, which is of itself bad if we are sincere in our ideas for the increase. But there is yet another bad feature: all fawns born in the Adirondacks must have the nourishment of the mother the entire month of August, and the death of does then means death to the fawns at that time, not in every case, but in

the majority; and those fawns that do not actually die by being deprived of the mother's nourishment mature in a stunted manner, and as yearlings can be easily known. Either a small, poor male or a barren doe are the results of the mother's death in August.

Let our friend reconsider the harm done in August by lawful killing of does, and it will outweigh more than his argument to accommodate persons who cannot by reason of business give time to deer hunting at a later date. I go to the Adirondacks annually, and business requires it in May and June, but I do not want an open season just because I cannot go in September, for my principle is for deer protection and not for my own accommodation nor that of any man or set of men. But killing a doe in August is often as fatal to the fawn, as explained, as though my early dates of going to the woods allowed killing at that time before the fawns are born.

Both results would be about the same practically, and the increase of deer lessened by more than the death of the doe at any date before September. I am not in favor of supervisors' laws, or special waters excepted, etc., etc., nor constant dickerings with game laws, but both hounding and jacking should be prohibited, August entirely cut out, and possibly all deer killing stopped for five years; but I do not advocate the last measure, as there are bad features to it, one of which would make it an invitation that would be accepted by a horde from other States to come at the end of the closed period to the Adirondacks, and great would be the slaughter and bad would be the effects.

I do not believe with some that more deer are killed out of season than in season. While some are no doubt killed when season is closed, I believe the number far less, and there is no question that the law protects, yet would be better if better enforced.

S. E. STANTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Protection.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 28.—A late decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court, which was duly mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*, has attracted much attention, as it was thought to open the way of Minnesota game dealers to enlarge their traffic in the game of other States, and thus incidentally to endanger the game of Minnesota. Mr. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, has been interviewed by mail by *FOREST AND STREAM*, and it develops that he does not share the general belief that the Minnesota law has gone to pieces. Mr. Fullerton says the game dealers made a great hurrah over this decision, which allowed them to bring in game from Dakota, in spite of the clause forbidding possession of game between certain dates in Minnesota. (The decision, it will be remembered, was merely technical, and held the Minnesota statute to apply only to Minnesota game, because its title was "An Act for the Preservation of the Game of Minnesota.") So sure were the dealers that they could walk through the Minnesota law that they at once flooded Dakota with circulars and began bringing illegal game into Minnesota.

And in spite of the Supreme Court, Warden Fullerton went right on seizing all such illegal game.

That would appear to be a pretty good kind of warden to have in the family.

Warden Fullerton says, "We didn't care if the game came from Honolulu, we have kept right on seizing it." He bases his action on a section of the law which states specifically that the possession of any game or fish out of season is *prima facie* evidence that it is the property of the State, to disprove which assumption it is necessary for the party holding such game to produce the evidence of the party who actually caught or killed it. It is a poor law which can't squint two ways, and it is a matter of congratulation that Warden Fullerton has succeeded in catching a wink from the other eye of justice. Of the success of his plan he says, "I am glad to say it has had a wonderful effect."

So we may believe that all is not yet lost in Minnesota.

Interstate Assistance.

Another interesting phase of protective work is brought up by Mr. Fullerton in his mention of the assistance rendered mutually by the wardens of Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin. Mr. Fullerton states emphatically the advantages of such co-operation. He says, "When illegal game is shipped out of Minnesota into any one of these States, the Minnesota Commission is furnished with the names of the shippers; we are then in a position to prosecute. The same way in Wisconsin and Dakota. When we find out the names of shippers, we furnish them to the authorities, and they in turn make it warm for the offenders. We consider this to be a most vital question, and we believe that if these States and a few others near by which have still some game left would co-operate and combine to regulate the laws regarding shipments of game from one State to another, the game law question would be solved for the Northwest."

Sportsmen will Fight It.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will back the prosecution of the case against H. Clay Merritt, the Kewaunee cold storage man who won the suit against him last week in the Circuit Court, as reported in *FOREST AND STREAM*. The State Association will furnish what funds it can to prosecute the appeal to the next higher tribunal, the Appellate Court, and gun clubs will be asked to aid liberally as they can in fighting this case, so extremely important to the sportsmen of Illinois and the entire West. The case will probably come up at the May term of court, the same session in which Merritt's appeal will be heard. This will leave time to get into the Supreme Court by September or October, and the whole affair should be settled before next winter, so that the sportsmen can if defeated ask for a better law in the next legislature.

At the Seat of War.

At the seat of war some interesting things are to be learned regarding the complications in this singularly involved case. Mention was made last week of the fact that State's Attorney Emory A. Graves had filed libel suits against Warden Blow and two Chicago dailies. This action dates back to last summer, when Attorney Graves brought the criminal prosecution against Merritt which resulted in the fining of the latter \$805, and which had the further result of acting as a bar in the suit *in rem*,

which failed last week. It was an absurd thing to allege improper motives to Attorney Graves, though the action could not have been better to insure his popularity at home, where the city sportsmen have not been popular. As a matter of fact, it was the duty of the State's Attorney to prosecute Merritt, and, as he explains now, he had only three months within which to prosecute under the statutes. He therefore could not wait for the city sportsmen, and went ahead. In his bill he had over 27,000 counts, one charge for each bird Merritt had in possession. The document he prepared was therefore a most unique one in the history of criminal law. It made a mass of closely written type-written manuscript over 18 in. thick. This was bound together by iron rods fastened with nuts, and the whole made a tidy weight of over 60 lbs. The country jury to whom this was submitted knew they did not dare fine Merritt even the lowest amount on each count, for that would mean the ruin of a fellow-citizen. They fined him \$5 each for the 161 birds he was proved to have sold out of season, and as to the rest they decided they would not impose any fine. Merritt appealed this case, and the rest as to the suit over the birds left in the freezer is now ancient history. It may have been possible that Warden Blow feared the result which came last week, and so was hasty in charging Mr. Graves with acts and motives entirely foreign to his mind. Mr. Graves acted clearly as his duty dictated, and if Merritt eventually goes clear it will not have been his fault. There is a rumor that Mr. Graves will not push these suits, having only thought them necessary to vindicate his character. But so the war goes on merrily enough. The end of it we shall hardly see before next fall, but when it comes down from the Supreme Court there is every likelihood of a victory for the sportsmen, as we have one or two decisions already of record in this State which cover much the same point as that at issue.

Nebraska Sportsmen.

The Nebraska Sportsmen's Protective Association is engaged in organizing a mutual protective league against dog thieves, and is sending out cards soliciting membership at the nominal fee of twenty-five cents to cover printing and record expenses. The members pledge themselves to aid in the search for any dog reported lost, strayed or stolen. When a dog is lost by a member he at once notifies all other members by postal card, giving description of the dog, time of loss, etc. This plan is still young, but is expected to develop into a movement of great utility to owners of dogs. Good results are already obtained and the idea seems to be bound to spread. There are members in every county of the State. Mr. John H. Mooney, Arapahoe, Neb., is secretary of the association and should be addressed.

The game laws of Nebraska are inefficient and poorly observed, and the State has no warden. One of the purposes of the Sportsmen's Protective Association is to try to get a good warden and some better laws.

And they Cry Out even in Montana.

Even in far Montana they begin to realize that the game is going and that swift measures must be taken if it is to be retained. Mr. H. Percy Kennett, chairman of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, at Helena, Mont., is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Sidney M. Logan, of Kalispell, Mont., which recounts a sad state of affairs in the great Flathead game country, and asks help from the State gun clubs to put in an active game warden in Flathead county during the four months when most of the game butchery is done. Mr. Logan says comparatively few elk and deer are killed until the snow has driven them in great bands out of the mountains into the lower lands in search of food. He paints a sad picture of what happens then:

"During the winter," he says, "when the snow is deep and the feed scarce in the mountains, these animals move down into the valleys in the neighborhood of settlements and are slaughtered by the hundreds. I could tell you of a great many instances where one or two hunters have killed from 80 to 300 deer in a single winter. The fact is, that during the deep snows all that is necessary for a man to do in the neighborhood of Tobacco Plains, Stillwater, Whitefish, Swan Lake, Liberty, Troy and North and South Forks of the Flathead River, is to cut down a few fir trees, and the deer will gather around for the purpose of eating the moss. It is no trouble, at such times, to kill as many deer as a person wants. It is simply a matter or question of ammunition."

"The ease with which deer are killed in the winter time encourages a great many persons to kill them for their hides alone. Last winter, within twenty miles of this place, two men killed over eighty deer with the view of shipping them to Eastern markets; but the officers were on the alert, and they found no opportunity of making the shipment. The consequence was that the carcasses were thrown into the Stillwater River, and the hides sold for 30 or 40 cents apiece."

"As I stated, it is impossible to secure sufficient protection from the county authorities alone. The county is a large one, is in debt, the expenses are heavy, a very small proportion of the land in this county is taxable, and the result is the Commissioners do not feel justified in going to the expense of maintaining the office of game warden."

"If you feel that the gun club will do anything toward adopting this suggestion, kindly advise me at once, and I will bring the matter before our club, of which I am a member."

In the above Mr. Logan unwittingly brings into view some of the principles involved in Warden Fullerton's opinions on interstate assistance. The idea is the same, though the field is narrower. The other portions of Montana are asked to help a good game country, which is too poor to help itself. It is a question of thick and thin. To-day the game is thick only in regions where the population is thin. Where the population is thin the people cannot afford to take care of their game. Since the regions of thick population have so great and direct an interest in the game of the thin regions, does it after all seem unreasonable they should be willing to help in preserving the game which they are willing to treat as though it belonged to them? So far from such help being a generous act, it is only one of thoughtful selfishness, and as such it should appeal to the bulk of shooters, they being made up of average humanity. It is the right thing for the thick country to help the thin. Unless this be the case, our game is as sure to disappear as that the night will come after the day. The artificial lines of State

county or township cut no real figure in this. The game of Maine was never protected and preserved by the State of Maine. It was really preserved by the thick population of New York and Boston, who took in money enough to incite and enable Maine to protect her game for them. The result all over the West can be figured out in a similar way to an absolute commercial certainty, a proposition of supply and demand. Game is to-day a luxury which a thin country cannot afford. If the thick country wants it, it will in one way or another have to pay for it, or see the luxury cease to be produced. The passage of every year will make the truth of this more apparent. The day of wild nature and wild game in America is passing very rapidly. Soon we must come to the less desirable and more artificial times of restraint and limitation. It is the fat kine which will then eat up the lean. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MOOSE CALLING.

IN your issue of Jan. 25 Mr. F. A. Mitchell asks, "Is moose calling any better than deer shining?" Well, I don't know anything about deer shining, but I do know some few things about moose calling.

I do not want to be ranked as one who "pours forth a torrent of ridicule or abuse," because, as FOREST AND STREAM readers well know, Tiam is no stranger to either abuse or ridicule, but I am fond of moose calling and must say something in its defense, although without any hopes of converting Mr. Mitchell; we all know the saying "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Let us take in order the apparent objections urged against calling. First, "it was a mighty cold and tedious piece of business." Had Mr. M. been with me one cold rainy day last fall, when I spent fully two hours crawling along on my stomach through snow 18in. deep (which went up my sleeves, and down my neck and into every crevice of my clothes), in my endeavor to get within shooting distance of a fine bull caribou feeding in front of us, had he been there he would have agreed with me in saying it was "a mighty cold and tedious piece of business."

Place against this instance my last successful moose hunt. We left camp a little before dawn on a beautiful mild morning in early October, when all nature in her beautiful russet brown robes was looking her loveliest and best, and going out on the barren we sat down in a convenient place all nicely wrapped up in our blankets and there watched the awakening of life, the coming of the day. Later came the intense interest and excitement occasioned by the sound of the gradually approaching moose; then, when it came out from the fringe of bushes, what a glorious sight it was, that noble animal standing there endeavoring to catch some sniff of danger; and then the uncertainty as to how close he would come, and if some whiff of wind might not carry down our scent to him.

Now of the two, which afforded most solid comfort and most enjoyment? I think no one will have much trouble in deciding.

Don't think for a moment, mind you, that I advocate the easiest method of hunting as being the best method; the foregoing is merely a comparison to decide which was most cold and unpleasant.

For that large class of moose hunters, men of business, who seldom enjoy a day afield except on their annual outing, and those also advanced in years, which number includes some of our most noted and most successful hunters, I think "calling" offers by far the easiest and best way for attaining their end.

I would like to see some of the many included in the above description cover sufficient ground to assure success in a short hunt by still-hunting on our ground here. I have youth and strength and a lot of outdoor exercise all the year round, and yet with it all, on a hunt this last year, in November, of two weeks' duration, on every day of which we covered about fifteen miles—all I wanted to do—the night would come finding me so heartily tired that I could hardly move. Yet we had good luck and still-hunting was good, and I go back to it as the best hunt I ever had, although by all means the hardest work.

Secondly, Mr. Mitchell says, in effect, that the guide does everything toward getting the moose, except the mere shooting (which he often does also, I think), in "calling;" but I ask, in still-hunting does not the guide just as often do the whole business too? All the sportsman does is to follow the guide wherever he leads, and to shoot when the time comes.

Probably we have better moose hunting here in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick than anywhere else in America. I know either personally or by repute every guide of any note and nearly all the local sportsmen, so I know what I am saying when I state that the number of men who do the still-hunting themselves is not nearly as large as of those sportsmen who can and do call themselves.

I can call myself fairly well, and I must say the mere calling adds but very, very little to the pleasures of success.

The bull moose may not be himself during the rutting season, he may have his judgment warped and his caution may be largely destroyed; but this I know, he is cute enough and cautious enough to suit the most of people, and entirely too cute and cautious for some. It is not the first time I have known them to outwit the most noted hunters.

Any man going into the woods and getting his moose either by calling or by still-hunting is, in my opinion, amply fitted to take his place at the table of the highest sportsmen in the land.

I know the above will not convince Mr. Mitchell, but if I had him down here for a week or two in September or early October I think he would go home a convert to the sport of moose calling.

TIAM.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Quail in Vermont.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: On the afternoon of Feb. 25, while driving in Vermont, having left the lake at Chimney Point and driving north, I saw two quail cross the road ahead of me and fly into a clump of alders, just back from a marsh on the lake shore. There may have been more ahead of them that I did not see, but these were good strong birds and the first I have seen this winter, although I have not been over to inquire or look after them. I am rather surprised that any lived through the cold snap of 30° below zero that we had last week.

CALIBERS OF HUNTING RIFLES.

NORWICH, Conn., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is an article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, written by Mr. Cecil Clay, in which he rejoices in the excellent work which he has done with the .44cal. rifle. I am impelled to express my own views on this gun and also to make a comparison. In the first place I personally know of more than one deer hunter who regrets that he ever used such a gun. I recall incidents of animals having gone miles through the woods, suffering and bleeding sufficiently to be tracked, but not enough to lie down and die. It is not necessary to relate these particular incidents, as one is in a pleasanter frame of mind when not dwelling on such cruelty.

While it is perfectly natural for a man to become attached to some particular gun which has done him service, at the same time one should not become so infatuated with an antiquated firearm as not to be able or willing to see its faults, and faults which I consider serious ones.

While Mr. Clay has done excellent work with this gun on account of his skill as a marksman, I believe he could have done better with another gun.

When a moose would go 300yds. with a .44-40-200 he would probably go 100 with a .45-75-350 or 50yds. with a .50-100-450. If these guns I mention will make this difference there are reasons why they will. There are practical scientific reasons why one rifle and cartridge is better than some other one.

The rifle and cartridge must be adapted to each other. So we will put away all prejudices against new models and all reverence for old pets which have perhaps given us pleasure, and bring to us memories of many a pleasant vacation in Maine or the Adirondacks.

In selecting a hunting rifle certain points must be considered:

1. Caliber.
2. Penetration.
3. Trajectory.

In addition I may mention stunning power, twist and weight, also of greatest importance, accuracy.

A rifle must possess killing power; and as you lessen the caliber you lessen the killing power; therefore as you increase the caliber you increase the killing power.

In deer shooting death is caused more quickly by loss of blood on account of the exit of the bullet than at the point of entrance. Very little blood may be lost at point of entrance, while the deer will be bleeding profusely at the opening on the other side. Therefore it is of great importance that the bullet should go entirely through the deer in order to have great killing power, and this is just what it does not do with the .44-40-200, not only from my own observation, but also from the article of Mr. Clay. In regard to penetration I wish to give some figures of tests made on pine boards, same conditions for each cartridge: .44-40-200 penetrated 9in., .45-70-405 penetrated 14in., .45-75-350 penetrated 14½in., .45-90-300 penetrated 13in., .50-100-450 penetrated 16in.

With any of these guns and cartridges except the first-mentioned the lead will not "lodge just under the skin on the other side." It will go clean through.

The next point against the .44-40-200 is its high trajectory. It is much higher than any of the other guns mentioned in my list.

The greater curve which the .44-40 200 bullet describes makes a miss more liable in the woods, and especially on water, where it is almost impossible to judge the distance of a long shot accurately. A mistake in judgment of a few yards with this gun would insure a miss, while with a gun of flat trajectory it would not be as liable to occur.

I shall also allude to the .50-110 300 and .45-90 300, which Mr. Clay says he might use for target work at 500 or 600yds.

Either one of these guns is entirely unfit for such distances. They are both high-velocity guns and are not good beyond 200yds. While a high trajectory is not best, neither is a very flat one desirable for game shooting. Long-distance target rifles must have a high trajectory when they are accurate. The .45-90 is a third-class gun at 200yds., and the 50-110 a fourth-class gun at same distance, and at 500 or 600yds. you might hit a barn and you might not. The reason for this is that when a bullet attains a certain velocity it "drifts" or is driven out of its course. This is the trouble with these two guns for long range work.

Consequently, for hunting a bullet should have low enough velocity to avoid drifting and flat enough trajectory to avoid great curvature, with sufficient size and penetration enough to go through any American game.

I should recommend the .45 75-350, and better still the .50-100 450 rifle and cartridge. Personally I use a .45-70 rifle, loaded with 75grs. of powder and 350gr. bullet, and also find the 330gr. "Gould bullet" (hollow point) very effective in tearing capacity. It is good up to 200yds., and for long range work a regular .45-70-405 shell can be used.

However, the object of this article is to warn sportsmen who contemplate getting a new gun to avoid the .44-40-200.

H. W. BRANNOCK.

Non-Residents in Manitoba.

AND then as to these American shooters. These millionaire sportsmen—men who live for pleasure alone, who have plenty of time and money, and, if I may be pardoned for slang, money to "burn"—men who dote on a soft snap and know it when they see one. These are the individuals that are going to play havoc with our game unless we prevail upon the Government to nip it in the bud, and say you can't come and shoot. Some might say that this is a selfish motive to advance, but why should the sportsmen of Manitoba have their shooting season curtailed to a very limited period in order that our chickens may not be utterly wiped off our fields, and then leave the cream of our shooting to those people? It is not right or just that it should be so. These parties come here with private cars loaded to the brim with all the necessities of life, with ammunition and everything from their own country. They go to the choicest parts of the province, have relays of dogs and everything that goes to make a shooting trip a success, and they simply slaughter our game galore, and after they have satisfied their avaricious desires they bid good-bye to the country that they would not live in, but now they will come again. Manitoba has plenty of game for the people who live here, and I feel sure that every true sportsman will do his best to see it properly protected, and I cannot see why we should make our province the pleasure ground for American sports-

men. We should look upon it as one huge game preserve and do our best to carry out the game laws to the letter, and by so doing we should have the exclusive right and privilege of shooting over it.—*Correspondence Winnipeg News Bulletin.*

The provincial government, while anxious to protect the large and small game, seem to have overlooked the all-important matter of a paid official. It can only be that they have not fully considered the matter, in the light of the great value the game is to the country, and to my mind this cannot be overestimated. It affords food to many families who would fare badly without it. Life to many a man, by virtue of the healthy exercise obtained in pursuit of it, and a knowledge of nature in all its beauty and variety. I would like to see the arm of the game warden strengthened by an act of the Legislature, making it a punishable offense for any one to kill more than twenty grouse in a day's shooting. Such an act is in force in the Northwest Territories and works well. Then to ourselves, as sportsmen, let us not gauge our superiority of skill in the field by the number of chickens we can kill in a given length of time. Let us not justify the most unsportsmanlike act of killing chickens from the tops of trees or stacks on cold days when birds are unwilling to fly, because we want them for our winter's supply; let us be satisfied to kill in a manly way what we can use during the season, let the rest go to produce sport for another year.

Following this principle faithfully is a protection in itself, and will provide grouse for all time. Each one of us will have his share and to spare, and any birds that may be killed by gentlemen from the American side, in a manly way, and over dogs, will never be missed by us.—*Correspondence Winnipeg Free Press.*

Fourteen-Hundred-Pound Moose.

BOSTON, Mass.—Having had a good opportunity to learn about moose from one of the largest game dealers in Boston, and being prompted to get at the facts from several stories I read in the FOREST AND STREAM, I took particular pains to get the average weight of such moose as the firm had handled in years past. This season they had an average lot and the largest one weighed 823lbs. with head and antlers as well as feet and skin. Another one, a large bull too, was billed at 785, the clerk said. These two were as large as they usually got. The moose that was shot by Col. Barker, of Newport, was shipped on a weigh bill at 1,000lbs. Yet I believe he did not weigh above the average, or about 800lbs. We know that horses are all shipped at 2,000lbs., no matter what the actual weight is; and it may be so as regards moose. I believe it is an estimated weight owing to the difficulty of handling them. I asked a dealer why men guessed a moose to weigh more than a horse of the same size. He said, "The men were generally full when they guessed on a moose and sober when they guessed on the weight of a horse."

I also asked after the shipment of game from other States, and I was told that but very little had been received from the West, and particularly from Minnesota. I asked why and he said that the law in that State was so strong that game could not be handled with any safety whatever, and he said further: "I made a trip to St. Paul to buy game and I offered 17 cents per pound for it there, and all I got on an order for 100 saddles was three." This was very gratifying, as I was directly interested in the passage of that part of the law of 1895 which prohibited the shipment of game out of the State.

A few caribou have been offered for sale, and a fair quantity of venison, mostly from Maine. Some venison will be received this week from Arkansas. In all sections where game is usually found the winter thus far has been mild, and there is fair promise of a larger number wintering well than in many years.

ADIRONDACK.

Farmers and Game.

TORONTO, Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game laws of the United States and Canada are founded on right and justice, inasmuch as game is the property of the person owning the land on which the game is found, subject to the laws and regulations controlling the open and close seasons.

Game on public lands is public property, subject to the above mentioned laws and regulations. These being undisputed facts, I take the liberty of expressing my opinion why farmers should be game protectors. Farmers have no difficulty in renting the shooting rights over their lands at the present, and the desire of sportsmen to secure such rights will constantly increase, and it follows that the more game abounds on farms the greater remuneration sportsmen will be willing to give for the privilege of shooting it. If the farmers could be induced to care for and feed the quail during the winter months with the refuse from the grain, it would pay them better than allowing their boys to take a pot-shot at them when the poor things are driven to the vicinity of farm buildings by the inclemency of the weather.

There is no earthly reason why our game birds should decrease with the increase of agriculture. In England, where the most perfect system of agriculture prevails, game is more abundant than in any other country, and a prolific source of revenue, and I fail to see why the same results should not be obtained on this side of the Atlantic.

Game protection by farmers would also have the desired effect of bringing city people and them into closer community. There are few farmers in favorable localities but what would be occupied with summer boarders by city sportsmen and their families if game was plentiful, in connection with other inducements usually found during the summer and autumn in the country.

RANGER.

Quail at Mount Airy.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., Feb. 1.—Although there was probably a greater number of birds in this vicinity this season than any other locality in the State and considering the general scarcity of birds the sport was fairly good, yet our people are so accustomed to great flocks of partridges that they deemed the supply inadequate and have purchased and liberated 500 quail. They are now happy in the knowledge that next season will afford better sport than any one for some time past. The large valley country and sparse population of this part of the State give the birds every chance to multiply, and it is only when they are frozen out as they were last year that any scarcity is noticeable.

QUINCY & GOFF.

Iowa Game.

SIoux CITY, Ia., Feb. 24.—In walking along the streets of Sioux City to-day I had my attention called to the titter contempt shown to game laws. In front of two of the principal restaurants of the city and situated in the most public streets were large signs advertising the fact that they would and were serving prairie chicken, and in one of them was an additional sign advertising quail as being on the day's bill of fare. It looks as if the State protective associations could do a little good work here if so minded.

W. R. HALL.

NEVADA, Ia., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been one of the finest winters ever known in Iowa. All game has wintered nicely. Prairie chickens, of which there was an unusually large number last year in this vicinity, have not been shot nor trapped so much as in past winters. Quail would be quite plenty in a few years if they were not hunted out of season. Game laws in this part of Iowa are not respected in the least. I have seen both quail and prairie chickens on sale in our markets this winter.

There is very little timber in Story county, yet there are more wolves here than there were twenty years ago, not the small prairie wolves, but big, fierce-looking timber wolves. Along East Indian Creek, about three miles east of this city, the farmers find it almost impossible to raise poultry on account of the depredations of these sly robbers. George Chapman, who lives about seven miles northeast of town, says that he has quit trying to raise turkeys, for the wolves caught them faster than he could raise them. It seems strange that wolves should multiply in a country so thickly settled.

Rabbits are very numerous, and as many of them "hole up" in the tiling which underlies most of our farms, there is not much danger of them becoming very scarce. Even the man with a ferret cannot get them in tile drains, which are sometimes a mile in length.

If one can judge from the present outlook, we will have the best chicken shooting next fall that we have had for years.

The more I read FOREST AND STREAM the better I like it, and surely no Western sportsman can help but enjoy the department edited by E. Hough, "Chicago and the West."

JOHN C. BRIGGS.

Spring Shooting.

I THINK that one of the most important and effectual things that could be done for the protection of ducks in the spring would be to have a United States law by which the season would be brought to a close all over the country at the same time. Of course this law would not prevent a State from making an amendment by which the shooting in that State could be stopped before the date on which the national law came into effect.

As affairs now stand, a man who lives in a State where the season ends on the 1st of April can go into a neighboring State where the season may not close until the 1st of May and kill his birds there. Protecting the birds in one State and leaving them unprotected in another is practically no protection at all.

The point is, at what date should this national law bring the season to a close? It seems to me that the question could be settled by laying it before the associations for the protection of game in the different parts of the country and letting them come to a decision on the matter.

Aside from the date on which the season should be brought to a close, I think that the law should include such birds as brant, geese, coot and sheldrake, which are made exceptions to the law in many States. Although it is a deplorable thing, it is nevertheless true that there are a great many men who go out after brant and coot who would shoot a duck out of season if they got the chance and wink the other eye. If one of these men be called to account, it is always "I got a good chance at the duck, and thought it would make no difference." It is bound to make a difference, and that difference will soon be only too appreciable.

In the future even the coot and sheldrake, which are now so numerous, may be materially decreased if the army of gunners continues to grow larger. Besides, the protection of such birds cannot but tend to increase their numbers and make better shooting.

In my opinion, a law is wanted which will protect waterfowl before they have begun to mate to any extent, and certainly before there could be any chance of a female bird having eggs in her.

J. L. S.

[The obstacle to the scheme of a national law is that such legislation is not within the province of Congress.]

A Side Hunt on Vermin.

TACOMA, Wash., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club inaugurated an impromptu raid upon the enemies of game in Pierce county last Monday, Feb. 10. The destroyers of vermin were divided into two opposing parties, and a banquet to be paid for by the losers was hung up as an extra stimulus to exertion. About eight men actually participated in the hunt on each side, though for various reasons the score sheet shows twice this number. The hunters were captained by H. T. Denham for the Mascots, and E. B. Lanning for the Bazaars. The hunt lasted seven days, five of which were characterized by drizzling rain.

The score follows of game killed: 2 wildcats, 4 hawks, 36 skunks, 1 eagle, 3 mink, 9 owls, 2 coons, 2 magpies, 58 crows, 1 weasel; total, 123; Mascots 79, Bazaars 44.

The banquet will be given by the Bazaars Feb. 19, at the Tacoma Hotel.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

Sea and River Fishing.

AMONG THE GOLDEN TROUT.

LOOKING east on a clear day from the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad about Visalia in the great San Joaquin Valley of California, one can see many miles of the distant Sierras rising to a great height and falling away on the north and south, though still remaining very high. The very high portion thus seen is the region about Mount Whitney and has the greatest average elevation of any part of the United States. Fabulous reports have long been brought back from those who had explored it about the great numbers of trout in the streams and especially about the golden trout of Whitney Creek, said to be found nowhere else in the world, always a dubious claim. Last August I determined to see for myself.

From Visalia, sixty-five miles of good wagon road brought us to Mineral King, an old mining camp now used as a summer resort. This lies 8,000ft. high, with sharp rough ridges towering all around 5,000ft. higher, even the gap through which one must pass in the saddle lying 2,600ft. and looking rather alarming to one not used to rough country. Brooks that form the beautiful Kaweah River hiss in long streams of foam down almost perpendicular cliffs for hundreds of feet at a jump, and in the shoulders of the mighty hills far above the line of the last timber lie deep, clear lakes of a size one below would little suspect from a glance at the rough, steep hills above. In these are trout of immense size, over which many an expert has worried for days, exhausted all his tricks and inducements and finally fallen back on dynamite. They can be easily seen in the clear water and some have been killed weighing 10lbs., while 28in. is said to be no uncommon size. A very few have been caught on the hook at long intervals, but it is quite accidental, and the lucky man tries the same bait again in vain.

Where these streams unite at Mineral King the trout fishing is good, and so it is in miles of the Kaweah River, where large trout can be seen at almost any time lying in the clear depths. But when one goes so far he wants to see the best there is, and I was also anxious to see the golden trout and learn whether they were mythical or real; so at Mineral King we left the wagon and in the saddle climbed the high ridge and went over into the headwaters of Kern River, one of the largest streams of the Sierra Nevada. Through Farewell Gap, 10,600ft. high, we went, with huge bare cliffs of gray granite towering still above us, from the snow banks on which long lines of froth were streaming below to form the headwaters of the Kern. Where these combined into the first brook of any size the flash of the trout was seen, and a quick twitch on the line followed the first touch of the proper bait upon the water. Stream after stream went singing down the deep defiles into the West Fork of the Kern, which soon began to roar with the velocity of its increasing waters. For one who cares little for very large or rare trout there is probably no finer fishing than on this fork of the river, for it is passed by the great host of fishermen in the chase for something better.

Our ride lay all day on the old Independence trail, through stupendous mountain scenery on every hand. Peaks of 13,000ft. were everywhere, and some rose to 14,000, while long ridges of 12,000 and over were all about us. Above 11,000ft. even the spruce, becoming dwarfed and stunted at 10,000, runs entirely out, and only bare piles of granite shine in the sun. Almost all animal life disappears, though the old woodchuck that I had not seen for many a day I found fat and happy between 10,000 and 12,000ft., many of them entirely above timber line. As far as I could see without killing one they were exactly the same as the woodchuck the boy was after the day the parson was expected. We rode through long stretches of pine and over occasional open meadows green with grass, over a trail perfectly safe and in most places very good, and on the second day reached the main or North Fork of Kern River. Here we found nearly 1,000 cubic feet a second of clear cold water tearing over boulders and foaming in deep pools, and though it was midday when trout rarely bite anywhere in warm weather the first cast of a fly brought a flash from the seething turmoil and in a twinkling the light rod was bending and swaying as the line ran here and there. Standing on a boulder I could plainly see the fish as he dove through a clear spot between the frothy rapids. Not over a pound did he weigh, but he was lively and all the chances were in his favor, for boulders were plenty and the turns of the stream sharp. Careful handling he needed or in a twinkling he would be around some corner and under a big boulder, where I might speedily say goodbye to fish, hook and leader. But I was so high above that it was easy to turn him, while the banks were so free of brush there was little danger of entangling the line with any sort of evolution. In toward the shore he ran and out again, then he tried to make for under the boulder I was on, but the spring of the light rod soon checked that movement. When he drove for the depths of the pool he failed to overcome the spring of the rod, and when he rushed for the rapids he found the force of the stream a source of weakness rather than of strength, and it was not long before he came to the surface with open mouth. But still he was not conquered, but made several dashes for the deeper water every time I tried to tow him into some little bay where he could be easily landed.

Another cast of the line brought a lighter fish out of the depths, but still considerable of a fish, and it was for several seconds a question whether to pull him directly out or give him a chance to play among the boulders. The latter course seemed the safer, and though scarcely over 10in. long he made a lively run among the whirling rapids and the boiling pools among the boulders. Another, another and another took the hook so rapidly that it began to look as if the fish would spoil the sport by being too plenty. I had in the early days of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Southern California seen trout as plenty as here, but had never seen such large ones bite so rapidly and in the middle of the day, when the sun was bright and the air really warm. How many one could catch here by fishing all day no one knows. As there is no feed for the horses at this point, no one stops except for lunch and few catch any more than enough for the frying pan. A half an hour's fishing secured enough for the party of six after throwing back more than twice as many small ones. They are so plenty one should really throw back the big ones or the string will soon be too heavy.

In the afternoon we pushed on to Kern Lake, a pond about half a mile long by a quarter wide, formed in the river by a slide in the great flood of 1862. Into this the fish from above and below run and stay to grow large and fat. But as it is practically but a pool in the river the fish do not get lazy, as in reservoirs generally. Here we found two old dug-out canoes and were soon out on the deep, cold waters of the lake. We could see big trout drifting about below and lounging about on the bottom of the river where it entered the lake, but nothing in the line of a fly would tempt them to the surface. This was in the morning. But then why should not well-bred trout bite early in the morning? Only because they are a law unto themselves.

We found it quite different though when the old log trough pushed out on the water, when the sunlight had sunk behind the mighty peaks that engirdled the scene and glimmered in purple and rose on bare cliffs that towered thousands of feet above the last lines of stunted spruce. The trout did not bite so rapidly as in the river, but when one did it was a bite. The first one took my fly with a rush that ran out over 100ft. of line before I fairly realized what he was about, and away off on one side he broke water and threw himself out before I could collect my scattered senses enough to dip the rod. Fortunately I had seen him rise and hooked him well. The hook caught in the gristle of his upper jaw and was anchored too firmly to shake out with any amount of slack, or by his quick movements he would have out-generated me. I had been demoralized with too much easy trout fishing and the boat was so clumsy to move in that he would surely have escaped had he not been so luckily hooked. He dashed about from top to bottom under the boat and then way off on the side, coming in with a rush that gave me little chance to reel in well, then darting away again before the reeling was half done. After he came to the surface with open mouth it was some time before he could be brought to the side of the boat and then it was long before we could touch him without his darting below at a pace that looked alarming for the unstable canoe. By the aid of the hook on a large knife the fish was finally landed and turned out a full 4½lbs. trout.

From 30 to 50lbs. of trout was the common catch in this lake for about an hour and a half in the evening. We were satisfied with two large ones and threw back all the rest. Most parties here do the same, only those drying trout to take home try to catch many. Except in the immediate vicinity of good grass, which gathers too many campers, the trouble with the whole stream is the abundance of fish. You cannot give them away, for every party is in the same difficulty. If you throw back the small ones you soon have too many in weight. And if you throw back the large ones you are then destroying too many of these beautiful fish. The best way is to let but one of the party handle the rod while the rest sit down and look on. When he makes a miss he must take a seat and wait until the rest have missed. Even in this way a party of fair fishermen will soon have more fish than they can eat even with a mountain appetite. These trout are the common trout of the Rocky Mountains and kindred ranges to the westward. The large ones are much more gamy than the larger trout further south, nearly all of which are found now only in artificial lakes or reservoirs. Those in Kern Lake are the equal of any fish in dash and style. Though not quite equal to the red speckled trout of the East, these trout are very fine in flavor, for the water flows but a short distance from eternal snow banks. Those who have fished all over the United States and Canada say this is the finest fishing ground they have ever seen. The distance of the stream from all points of travel, the great number of tributaries abounding in trout that no one ever troubles, the great extent of river along which, for want of grass, or from inaccessibility, no one ever casts a line, make it quite possible that this is so. Whether the best, or not, it is impossible to see how any one could want anything better than the upper part of the Kern River. There are of course those who cannot catch a trout even here at first trial. But for those who understand it the only difficulty is to avoid making murder of it.

Some three miles above Kern Lake Whitney Creek, a stream of about 100 cubic feet a second, comes roaring down out of the upper world. One can ascend the cañon, but no one does if in his senses. This is easily avoided by a detour of some three miles on a fair trail up hill some 2,500ft., when you reach the stream above the main falls. Below this point it is said a few golden trout of considerable size yet linger in the main stream before it joins the Kern. But those who have fished the Kern for forty years say they have never been seen in the Kern, and very rarely have any been seen below the falls of Whitney Creek. A few have probably been caught napping, and carried over in a cloud burst. They are unable to ascend the fall and they will not go out into the Kern, although no mortal man can distinguish any difference in the water except that late in the season that of the Kern is a trifle warmer. Here they stay in about half a mile of their native stream, and it is said that all attempts to transplant them have so far failed. No matter how cold the water in which they are put or how pure it may be, they generally die, while the few that live generally lose the bright hues that make them the most beautiful of beautiful fish. Trout of the same kind, but of duller hues, are found in a few streams on the south fork of the Kern, but these will not stand transplanting any better.

As I looked at the rushing waters of the creek, across which we could hardly urge our horses, it looked so much like any other stream of pure water that I could hardly believe it contained a trout that lives nowhere else. We went on three miles to Long Meadow, containing several hundred acres of good grass land at an elevation of 10,900ft. above the sea. Around us mountains rose 3,000ft. higher, carrying plenty of snow in deep drifts, from which icy water came tearing down every ravine. After sundown it was intensely cold, and our coffee pot and string of fish froze solid at night. Yet this was the warmest water and air these fish ever see, and we found them as high as 12,500ft.

Through Long Meadow the creek wound in shining curves, with gentler rapids and more quiet pools, and here we cast the first line. We could see the trout drifting about in the clear depths with sublime indifference to our presence. But when we came to try our choicest flies they were equally indifferent to them. Grasshoppers were scarce in this climate, but after con-

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

siderable skirmishing I secured two. But they were of no use. No matter how carefully I hid or handled the line the trout would not yield to this bait, which is often so effective when the best flies fail. Angle worms were not to be thought of here, and it was too far to the timber for grubs. A fin or an eye might do, but we had brought no fish along and none of the new ones seemed disposed to a sacrifice on the altar of brotherly love. The trout did not try to run away, but either allowed the bait to drift around their noses or came out from under the bank and looked at it and went slowly back. In no case did they seem to care whether I were in sight or not, though later on they would not bite unless I were hidden.

I soon wearied of trying to fathom the mysteries of their tastes, played the grab game on one and slung him over 50ft. on shore at the first trial. I felt ashamed as a gleam of gold and silver sheen slid past me through the air, but really how much patience can a trout expect one to have who has come several hundred miles to see him? He was not over 7in. long, but such colors I had never before seen on a fish. The back was a combination of pearl and silver in fine scales on a background of very light olive green, looking little different from the back of a common trout while in the water, but shining in a hundred tints when brought to the sunlight in the air. Down each side were a dozen or more dark oval patches ½ in. or more in greatest length, with the longer axis upright. These seemed sunk beneath the skin, and over them ran a broad band of carmine from the gills to the tail and about ½ in. wide in the middle. The lower half of each side was of brightest gold, running into lightest lemon on the belly. Down the center of the belly was another band of carmine like that down the side. The black spots or speckles appeared about the middle of the back fin, increasing rapidly in number toward the tail. The whole seemed pellucid as a jelly fish, and against the sun was almost transparent.

And still they would not bite. Vainly I tried the eye and fin of the victim, such good bait many times when other things fail. Then I tried the larva of the salmon fly found in a case of concrete on the side of stones beneath the water. That brought a bite instant, and another and another was tried with the same result. In half an hour they began to take the brown-hackle, and soon they would take anything. In about an hour more they stopped all along the line as if by electric signal and would look at nothing. As we had all we could eat we were satisfied, and retired to camp to freeze until sunrise, for we were not prepared for such nights as we found here.

Further down the creek we found the fish larger, though none as large as many of the common trout in the Kern. The flavor of them we found superior even to that of the Eastern trout, while in dash and spirit they were not equal to the fish in the Kern. Some were quite dull biters, and the largest one I took (about 10in. long) I should never have hooked had I not seen him rise to the fly. It is said that in times past they have reached 3lbs., but they get no chance to attain that weight now. How they maintain the selves in that tearing stream, within a few yards of a fall that they cannot pass up, is one of the problems I leave to others. None of the common trout are found in the upper stream, though they are plenty up to the foot of the falls. And scarcely any of these are found below and none in the river. It is evident that a few have slipped over at long intervals and stay in their native stream below.

These trout present also an interesting study in biology. If life sprung from conditions instead of creation, must not heat have been one of the principal if not the principal condition. If so, is it not certain that the home of these trout was once higher and colder than it is even now? And why can they not exist in warmer waters? And when they already live under ice nine months of the year and in ice water the rest of the time, how cold do they need it for creative purposes? T. S. VAN DYKE.

ADIRONDACK FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been renewing my youth for the last few years by fishing over again the Adirondack streams in which I fished a generation ago. My preference has been for Hamilton county, and the streams within a dozen miles of Lake Pleasant. The streams remain much as they were, but everything else is changed. The woods that shaded them are gone, and the trout have almost disappeared; even establishing a hatching house in the heart of the region, the product of which was to replenish the streams, has not stopped the decrease.

I attribute this condition to a number of causes, the first and foremost of which is that the fishermen have increased in number enormously.

During my first visit, just forty years ago, in going from Lake Pleasant to the Lower Saranac, about seventy-five miles, by the streams and lakes, we met four parties, numbering nine persons, during the fourteen days we were on the way. Now one would meet hundreds in going over the same route, and if the dwellers in the hotels were included, thousands; not all fishermen, it is true, but all eager for trout.

Again in those early days the trout held the mastery in all the streams and ponds, and chub and sunfish were comparatively few and were seldom found of any size. But as all the trout taken were saved, and the occasional chub was returned to the stream by the humane fisherman, the chub has gained the mastery, and has become large and fat and self asserting, and will take the fly with all the dash of the former trout, and no doubt feed upon the fry and smaller fish, as they were formerly fed upon.

And then the hatching house authorities seine the large fish in all the adjacent ponds and streams for breeding purposes, and place the fry in comparatively few localities. The consequence is that the fishermen who supply the hotels know just what places to bait, so as to fill their orders most easily. I was told by one well informed that 40lbs. a day were taken during the height of the season by these fishermen from one lake alone, in the tributaries of which a large amount of the product of the hatching house was placed. And then the landlords, in their anxiety to please their guests, and furnish game of some sort every day, are not helping to preserve the trout. I don't know what is done out of season, as all my visits to the Adirondacks have been made during the fishing months, but they are not particular about the 6in. law. During a stay of five weeks in the North Woods last

summer, in every instance when we had trout on the table the majority of them were under 6in. The excuse was that they had been caught with bait, and as they swallow it they are too badly injured to be returned to the stream. The consequence is there are few left large enough to reproduce their kind and soon there will be none in public waters.

The remedies for this state of things are many. Let fishermen destroy the trash fish when they catch them. It is said chub and sunfish are good eating when taken from cold waters. They are the first spring delicacies in the South. Let the catchers eat them—at all events do not return them to the stream—enough will remain for food for game fish if every one taken should be used to manure the land.

When the hatching house authorities use a seine in a stream or lake let it be a State requirement to return a portion of the fry produced to the stream or lake from which the parent fish are taken. In this way the streams will be enriched instead of impoverished. The inlet and outlet of Elm Lake are favorite places for using the seine. Formerly a good fisherman could always obtain there some reward for an afternoon's work, with an occasional half or three-quarter pounder; but recently none—or next to none—can be caught, and a 4oz. fish is a monster.

And then if the landlords would resolutely buy no fish under 6in. the market fishers would soon cease to catch them. It is because every size finds a ready sale that so many baby trout are too much injured to return to the water, and small streams are fished for fingerlings.

The charges in the Adirondack hotels now vary from \$10 to \$30 per week. At these rates the landlords could well afford to put a few thousand fry in their streams every year. The cost to them would be transportation only. There is no investment that would produce larger returns. They might count on an expenditure on the part of visitors equal to \$2 per pound for all their streams would produce. The reputation for good fishing took a party of seven, of which the writer was a member, to a certain Adirondack resort year before last and they stayed four weeks. They paid the landlord over \$350. There were not 30lbs. of trout taken from brook or lake during their stay by the whole party, and they were all expert fishermen, using flies only for brook trout. The landlord couldn't understand it, of course. There must be something unusual the matter. It never had been so before, etc., etc. The fact was the streams and lake were fished out. An expenditure of from \$10 to \$20 per year would keep these streams and lake so supplied that fairly good fishing could always be had.

The consequence of this lack of enterprise on the part of landlords is there is no longer any fishing in public waters for those who fish for recreation. And the whole Adirondack region will in the near future be given up to private clubs and invalids, and the holiday fisherman be forced to spend his money in Canada or New Brunswick, as so many are now doing.

WALTON.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish Killed by Lightning.

IN looking over the letters on my desk to-day, I found one from Mr. H. C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, containing an account of what he calls a "singular accident." The letter is dated Sept. 5, last. It seems that during a thunderstorm lightning struck one of the ponds at the State hatchery near Allentown, containing 5-year-old trout, and killing from seventy-five to one hundred of the trout. They were fish weighing from 2 to 4lbs. each. It was indeed a singular accident, the like of which I never heard of before. When I read the letter I marked it, "Look into this matter and get particulars," but I never have heard more about it by letter or in the newspapers, as I forgot all about it until to-day. It is not at all likely that such an accident as this would happen to trout in wild waters, as one might at first thought suppose, but I am curious to know if readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever known of a similar accident in any waters either in a hatchery pond or elsewhere.

Only in a hatchery pond would such a large number of big trout be found together in a small space and in such shallow water as to feel the effects of a lightning stroke. Perhaps Mr. Ford will now give the conditions existing at the time and the details of the accident, which I neglected to ask for at the time it occurred.

Record Salmon.

Newspapers, particularly angling newspapers, devote considerable space to the capture of a big salmon, and if the fish happens to be a record-breaker it is usually photographed and every detail of its capture related at length, because the record is not broken every year. Last season, when the Marquis of Zetland killed a salmon of 55lbs. while fishing the water owned by Col. Sandeman on the Tay, in Scotland, the English papers had much to say about the fish in several successive issues, and a number of photographs of the fish, its captor, the owner of the water and the pool where the salmon was killed were reproduced, because it was claimed that it was the heaviest salmon on record taken with the fly.

When Mr. R. G. Dun killed a 54lbs. fish in the Cascapedia, in Canada, the FOREST AND STREAM reproduced a fine picture of it, because it was the record salmon of this country, beating by 4lbs. the salmon killed on the same stream by President Arthur, which was the record fish at the time of its capture.

With these facts in mind I was somewhat surprised to read in a New York daily newspaper of Feb. 16 that Mr. A. K. Sloane, of the Long Island Country Club, had last summer killed a salmon of 74lbs., presumably in the Romaine River, Labrador. Here is a fish exceeding the American record by 20lbs. and the British record by 19lbs., and its capture is announced without beat of drum or blare of horn. I wonder if the reliable compositor did not for once get his hand in the wrong box of type and put a 7 in his stick when he really meant to nail a facer. The Romaine has not been noted for its exceptionally large fish, and that it should suddenly spring a 74-pounder on an unsuspecting public in the dead of winter causes one to look with suspicion on the compositor and proof-reader until other evidence is forthcoming.

On the other hand, the grand Cascapedia is noted for its large salmon. Last year, while visiting Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, president of the St. Maurice Club, I noticed on the wall of his house a photograph of

a salmon from the Cascapedia which weighed 50lbs. 8oz., and was 52in. long. Dr. Drummond killed this fish on June 25, 1890, and its weight entitles it to rank between the fish of President Arthur and that of Mr. Dun.

Tarpon in Jamaica.

During my visit to Mr. Drummond in Montreal, already referred to, we talked of tarpon fishing in Florida and Texas, and he informed me that in Jamaica the tarpon furnished excellent fly-fishing. The fish do not run large, as they do in our Southern waters, but in the streams entering the sea the tarpon swarm fairly, as trout do in a well-stocked trout stream, and, averaging about 3lbs. in weight, take the fly readily. The only instance I can recall of a tarpon taking the fly in Florida waters was a small one taken by Dr. George Trowbridge, of New York city.

Record Trout.

A few years ago a friend of mine applied to the State for some brown trout fry, and when he received them planted them in a pond in Essex county, N. Y., containing no other trout than those he planted. Two years ago he and his wife fished the pond and caught trout weighing —lbs. He supposed they were brown trout and so called them, although they looked to him suspiciously like the native brook trout, but not being familiar with the European trout he was not able to note their peculiarities. Last spring he invited me to visit the pond, but it was just after the ice had left it and the water was high and thick and we caught nothing. A little later he sent me a trout from the pond "just like the other trout that had been caught out of it," and it proved to be a native brook trout. Naturally he was not disposed to find fault with a mistake at the hatchery in consequence of which he had received brook trout for brown trout, for there was but one species of trout in the pond. All the trout taken from the pond, so far as can be learned, have been large fish, 4, 5 and even 6lbs. being common, but the fish have not been abundant. To-day my friend writes me that he has learned from a reliable man, a farmer living near the pond, that last season, late in the summer, just at dusk one evening he caught a trout from the pond weighing full 7½lbs. If the trout are all like the one sent to me, and there appears to be no doubt of it, this fish was a brook trout, *S. fontinalis*, and therefore the record trout of this State, as I believe. The trout heretofore claimed to be the record fish of New York waters was found in a dying condition in Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks, and weighed 6½lbs.

Fly Tying.

Anglers in this country are not given to tying their own flies to any great extent, although it is a common practice among British anglers, where it is part of the fishing to be able to tie a fly on the stream to imitate the fly which happens to be rising at the time, provided the fly book does not furnish it. We Yankees find it much easier and a saving of time to purchase our flies of a dealer, and the trout of our waters accept them. If the trout happen not to take the flies provided by the fly book that ends the matter; "they are not feeding," and it rarely occurs to us to investigate the matter, find if the fish are really feeding, and what on, and then to tie a counterfeit on the spot. Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *London Fishing Gazette*, has written a paper for the first annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York, in which he illustrates the difference between fly-fishing in his country and ours. All who knew the genial, kindly Uncle Reuben Wood will admit that he was a past master in casting a fly for trout; but, in company with Mr. Marston, when he tried his American flies on the English trout Uncle Reuben got a goose egg, until he was forced to put his patriotism in his vest pocket and use an English imitation of the fly then on the water where he was fishing.

Once in a while we hear of some one who wishes to learn how to tie his own flies, or to be able to fashion a special emergency fly when the occasion arises, and for such there are a number of excellent manuals, fully illustrated; but the best method of instructing a novice in fly tying, to my mind, is one practiced in England. For a small sum of money a fly dresser will send a card, to which is attached an actual trout or salmon fly in all its various stages of construction. This seems to be next best to personal instructions from a practical fly dresser, and if it were taken up in this country it might create a demand for instruction cards. We are gradually but surely discarding the conventional fly that resembles nothing under the sun in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdoms, and adopting imitations of natural insects. The "Joseph's coat" is still a killer in the backwoods of Canada, and so is a fragment of the tail of a shirt; but as trout become educated to the ways of the angling man they require a heap of fishing to kill them, and fine tackle and flies that resemble something other than a fantastic, disordered dream must be used or the creel will be light.

Sunapee Trout.

The fact that the State of New York is to receive some Sunapee trout or American saibling eggs from the State of New Hampshire, as announced in FOREST AND STREAM, does not meet with the unqualified approval of the New Hampshire press. An editorial article in the *Manchester Union* says: "We find the New York *Sun* and Mr. A. N. Cheney, the State Fishcultivist, rejoicing together over the promise of 15,000 eggs of the rarest fish found in our waters, a fish, too, which is found nowhere else in the world, with a single exception." Perhaps so, perhaps not, as there is an honest difference of opinion regarding the identity of the fish, all of which has been threshed out in the columns of this journal; but admitting that it is the rarest fish in the waters of the world, the protest of the New Hampshire newspaper appears to be narrow in its conception and unworthy of the commonwealth. Had a Chinese wall been built around the woods and waters of that State back in 1857, when fish propagation was first publicly advocated, it would not in all probability have created the surprise that such a suggestion does in this day, when the State has witnessed the beneficial results of exchanging fish eggs and fish with other States. To-day New Hampshire has natural fish food which came from New York; landlocked salmon which came from Maine; black bass which came from New York by the way of Massachusetts; Loch Leven trout which came from Scotland, the gift of a citizen of New York; brown trout which came from the United States Fish Commis-

sion, and obtained originally by exchange with England and Germany; and rainbow trout which came from California. Had the sentiments expressed in the *Union* been prevalent some years ago, New Hampshire would not have been able now to offer the varied and excellent fishing to her people and guests which she justly boasts of, but I am inclined to think that the case of the *Union* is a sporadic one, and that the people at large believe, as they have always done, in the courtesy of exchanging fish eggs with other States, even if they do possess the rarest fish in the waters of the world.

Blanks for State Fish.

People who apply to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, for fish to be planted in the public waters of the State (and no fish are furnished by the State for private waters) should know that three kinds of blanks are provided for those who ask for them. "Trout fry" blanks should be filled out for lake trout, brook trout and brown trout. "Fish fry" blanks should be filled out for fish other than the trout mentioned, such as pike-perch, frostfish, bullheads; and a third blank is provided for black bass, of which the State furnishes no fry, as none are as yet hatched artificially. Each species of fish asked for must have a blank of its own, and the black bass application should specify whether the small-mouth or large-mouth black bass is wanted. The blanks are printed in black ink, except at the top of each one is printed in big red letters: "Application Blank for Trout Fry," Fish Fry or Black Bass, as the case may be. Again it says in red letters, "A separate application blank must be used for each kind of fish desired." Once again red letters inform the applicant that he must give a prompt and complete reply to the questions on the blanks, to enable the Commission to act intelligently on the application. In big black letters the applications recite that "All applications must be made prior to the first day of February." In spite of these warnings and injunctions one blank may be filled out for half a dozen kinds of fish, so it is almost impossible to enter it in the application book, or file it to know from the outside memoranda, with which the blank is provided to be filled, what it contains on the inside. Trout are asked for on black bass blanks and vice versa, all of which renders it difficult to keep a record of the application in its proper place in the office. Then the mixed and other applications continue to come into the office of the Commission for weeks or months after the fish are all distributed, and consequently the applications must wait until the next year. Feb. 1 is fixed as the time when applications must be in, because there is little time after that date to classify and arrange them and pass upon them before the distribution of fish begins. If applicants would give heed to the simple instructions of the application blanks the distribution of fish would be simplified.

A. N. CHENEY.

Kennebec Fish and Game Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with pleasure that I chronicle briefly the happenings of the annual meeting and banquet of the Association held at Waterville, Me., Tuesday, Feb. 25, at the Elmwood Hotel. About seventy-five or more gentlemen were present, and after the greetings of the evening had been extended to one another, a platter of fine white perch, with a noble 4½ lb. trout as a centerpiece, were duly admired. The delegation of hungry sportsmen retired to the banquet hall, where an excellent menu was discussed. After cigars were lighted Hon. W. T. Haines, of Waterville, secretary of the Association and prime mover in the foundation of the Association (indeed, he is affectionately alluded to as its "papa"), reported the business doings of Association for the past year, during which \$946 was expended in the interest of game and fish preservation in this county. The sum of \$2,738 has been expended in the five years since the organization of the Association. From the remarks of Mr. Haines it is evident that much has been done by this Association in protecting fish and game in Kennebec county.

The officers of the Association remain as last year with the exception of the resignation of Dr. W. H. Harris as one of the directors in favor of C. M. Harris. The officers are as follows: President, W. P. Blake, Oakland; First Vice-President, Nathaniel Meader, Waterville; Second Vice-President, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; Third Vice-President, L. T. Carleton, Winthrop; Secretary and Treasurer, W. T. Haines, Waterville; Directors—W. W. Edwards, C. A. Cochran, C. M. Harris, E. C. Farrington, A. D. Hall, G. Dexter Libby, W. P. Giddings.

Hon. P. O. Vickery spoke in an interesting manner of the work of the Association, and in conclusion presented the name of the Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, to be our next fish and game commissioner in place of E. H. Wentworth, whose time soon expires. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we respectfully and earnestly ask Hon. Henry B. Cleaves, Governor of Maine, to appoint Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, fish and game commissioner, to occupy the position of chairman of the board, and to personally look after the game department of the commission.

"Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolution be spread upon the records of this Association, and a certified copy of the same be forwarded by the secretary to Gov. Cleaves, and be published in every paper in the county."

E. H. Wentworth and H. O. Stanley, State fish and game commissioners, spoke respectively on "The Brown Trout in Maine Waters" and "Imported Game Birds in Maine." They were followed with interesting talks by Messrs. Arthur Merrill, C. F. Johnson, O. B. Clason, A. M. Spear, L. T. Carleton and G. W. Goulding. It was voted to hold the next meeting and banquet in Augusta. Everybody had a good time, and the banquet was voted a very successful and enjoyable affair. C. M. HARRIS.

New Jersey Marsh Sea Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Feb. 28.—Striped bass are moving and beginning to take the hook in the headwaters of our bays and estuaries. A correspondent, whom I consider reliable, informs me that about forty have been taken in the vicinity of Morgan Station, C. R. R., N. J., within the week last past. If this be true it is something remarkable. While the bass, as is well known, are more or less active as soon as the ice begins breaking up, yet they rarely take the hook until somewhat later, usually in April, when the bloodworm, which is their favorite food,

leaving its bed in quest of a mate, presents itself an easy prey. However, the first favorable day will find me on the grounds and I will report what I find.

White perch are now plentiful in the bays and may be taken freely with the hook, provided the schools can be located. This fish is really a game fish and should be classed as such. Taken with lightest of tackle he makes a splendid resistance, and is a first-class companion for the ardent angler during the season when more attractive prey is not to be had. Regarding bait, he is not at all fastidious, taking readily the earth worm, bloodworm, a bit of clam or fish, as well as small minnows. But undoubtedly the best possible bait is the small beach flea, so abundant during the summer and autumn, but not procurable this early in the season. There is still another bait he takes with avidity, and when you have caught one perch you have two extra baits, namely, the eyes; there is nothing a perch will take more quickly than one of his fellow's optics, presented on the point of the hook. But there is repugnance in the thought, and I mention it more as a matter of information than of recommendation.

LEONARD HULIT.

Massachusetts Fishing Laws.

ON Friday, Feb. 21, a hearing was given at the State House by a committee of the Legislature on the pending House Bills Nos. 448 and 449. Bill No. 449 I described in *FOREST AND STREAM* of last week. No. 448 is an act to prohibit the taking of brook trout less than 8 in. in length. In opposition to these two bills there appeared before the committee J. Russell Reed, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association; Mr. E. J. Brown and several prominent Boston anglers. Mr. Brown spoke at some length, referring to the measures as special legislation, and suggesting that the season be lengthened rather than shortened, if a change must be made. Mr. Reed argued the matter from a legal standpoint, and Mr. Chamberlayne attacked the measures on the same grounds. Other gentlemen present spoke on the matter, and the impression was quite general that the opposition had thrown so much light on the proposed legislation as to raise serious doubt in the minds of the committee before reporting the bills for favorable action. HACKLE.

The aged angler, benign in countenance and alert in manner, was finishing a long discourse to a group of youths, whom he was teaching the mystic methods of the angler's art. "You may perhaps use a frog or a helgramite when flies are not obtainable, and perhaps there may be times when the use of the spoon may be condoned, but, gentlemen," he hurriedly continued, "when it comes to using worms, I draw the line."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

CONVICTIONS FOR CROPPING AND DOCKING.

FOREST AND STREAM has pointed out with much insistence during recent weeks that the mutilation of dogs, as practiced by the fanciers of several breeds, was contrary to law, aside from the questions of cruelty and unnecessary mutilation.

While there was a moral certainty that there had been convictions for cropping and docking, the records of any convictions could not be obtained by us before the present time.

We pointed out, however, the danger to which those who practiced cropping and docking were constantly subject; that is, that sooner or later there was sure to be a conviction for such mutilations, and then what was plainly illegal under the law would be a legal certainty in the court records. It was, moreover, pointed out that the specialty clubs would gain a great deal of prestige and good opinion by doing voluntarily what the law required, and doing it before mutilations were known to be illegal as a matter of court record.

To give a resumé of all the arguments pro and con is unnecessary, in view of the fact that they are all of recent occurrence.

In striving to maintain what was lawful, humane and necessary, *FOREST AND STREAM* has nothing to regret. The recent action of the A. K. C. on unjustifiable mutilations of dogs is no defeat of the law of the land, or the better sentiments of humanity. It is but a check to a reform which cannot be defeated. That *FOREST AND STREAM* was correct is now a matter of court record.

On Feb. 28 Harry Cummings, of Brooklyn, was prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and convicted of cropping a terrier. He was tried before Justice John Walsh in the Adams Street Court. So that the matter may be brought more specifically before the public the complaint is given in full. The action was brought in the name of the People of the State of New York against Harry Cummings, of 40 Wallabout street, Brooklyn.

The complaint reads as follows: "Nicholas Grace, of No. 13 Willoughby street, of the City of Brooklyn, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that on or about the 5th day of February, 1896, at the City of Brooklyn, in the County of Kings, one Harry Cummings did willfully, unlawfully and unjustifiably mutilate a certain living creature, to wit, a dog, by then and there cutting the said dog's ears with a knife, wherein and whereby unjustifiable physical pain and suffering were caused to the said living creature in violation of the statute in such cases made and provided, wherefore the complainant prays that the said Harry Cummings may be arrested and dealt with accord-

ing to law, and more especially according to Title XVI. of the Penal Code of the State of New York, and all amendments thereto."

This was duly signed, etc., and other legal requirements observed. It was duly thereon indorsed that the defendant was arraigned on Feb. 28, had plead guilty, and was fined \$25 or 25 days. Fine paid.

Mr. Joseph Fitzsimmons, the owner of the dog in question, was tried at the same time on complaint of the officer of the S. P. C. A., "for willfully and unlawfully causing and procuring a dog to be unjustifiably mutilated," the complaint and affidavit otherwise being the same as that made against Harry Cummings. Mr. Fitzsimmons was fined \$25, which fine was suspended. Thus at one time it was proven that it is unlawful to crop a dog's ears, and unlawful to be accessory to the cropping. This is not the only case.

In the Second District Court, Brooklyn, Sept. 18, 1889 Valentine Kager was tried, convicted and fined for cutting off the ears of two dogs, and the owner, Philip Wolbruner, was also fined for causing Valentine to cut off the dogs' ears.

In the matter of docking, John Grattan, 52 years old, of Halsey street and Ralph avenue, was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary by Justice Connolly, Gates Avenue Court, June 12, 1893, for cutting off a dog's tail in the manner called docking. The tail of that dog and the scissors used in docking it are in the S. P. C. A. collection of the Brooklyn office.

A representative of *FOREST AND STREAM* called on Mr. Cummings at his home on the day following his conference with Justice Walsh, for the purpose of learning informally his views on cropping. He seemed an honest, simple-minded negro. He related the circumstances, and gave his opinions with a frankness which was admirable. He unreservedly admitted that he did crop the dog's ears. He said that he did not know that he was doing wrong, and that when on trial he plead guilty to cutting the dog's ears because it was true that he cut them.

"All my life," he said, "I have been honest and truthful, but it does seem as if truth sometimes doesn't help a fellow. The judge fined me \$25, and that's all right. I am glad he let me off at that. It might have been a lot worse. I don't cut off any more dogs' ears. But I think they fined the wrong man. I work 16 to 19 hours a day and my money is earned hard. There are plenty of men who have plenty of money who have their dogs' ears cut off. But I would like to have cross-examined that doctor (Dr. McLean) that testified against me, but the judge wouldn't let me. He is an educated doctor, but he don't know everything. Cutting off a dog's tail removes the worm and prevents the dog having sickness. But I didn't know that to cut off a dog's ears is against the law. I am glad I am out of the trouble, and I don't cut off any more ears."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the far-reaching effect of these decisions, and the status of the offenses under the law. It now is not too late for the fanciers to determine officially to go on record in a manner conformable to law. It is a little late, but not too late. The only regret that we have in the matter is that our efforts in behalf of the observance of the written law and the humane sentiments were not heeded. Had they been heeded, they might have saved some humiliation in abolishing mutilations under stress, or avoiding a stigma if the law is not heeded.

We would presume to thank the men who so steadfastly endeavored to abolish unjustifiable mutilations from the dog world, and the multitude who were in sympathy with their principles and efforts, were it not supererogatory to thank men for sustaining what is lawful and humane and right.

A Card of Thanks.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Pray allow me through your columns to thank the many gentlemen who so kindly helped me in regard to the anti-docking resolution at the A. K. C. meeting. I received so many answers that it is impossible for me to thank each individually, so beg to take this means of doing so.

H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR.,

Sec. pro tem. American Fox Terrier Club.

National Beagle Club of America.

AN executive meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York city, Feb. 27. President Hermann F. Schellhass called the meeting to order; members present were J. W. Appleton, A. Wright Post, George B. Post, Jr., George Laick and George W. Rogers.

A standing committee on the Futurity Stake was appointed, consisting as follows: Geo. W. Rogers, chairman; A. Wright Post and J. W. Appleton.

The club will hold their seventh annual field trials at Hempstead, L. I., beginning Oct. 26, 1896, and will continue throughout the week. The trials will, as usual, be run on the Joshua Barnum Farm, which comprises many acres of well-preserved hunting grounds. The usual facilities for the care and handling of the dogs will be furnished by the club, and experienced handlers will be provided to run the dogs in case the owners do not care to handle them themselves, or cannot be there in person during the trials.

It is expected that the Futurity Stake, which is the first to be run at any trial, will attract a large number of entries in this event as well as in the others. Entry blanks are now being prepared, and will be sent to the 500 or more known beagle lovers throughout the country. The entry blanks can be secured from George W. Rogers, chairman Futurity Stakes, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York City.

The club's list of members is increasing in numbers very fast, and now ranks as one of the largest specialty clubs in the country.

Messrs. B. Waters and A. P. Vredenburg were elected honorary members. GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, offer, in our advertising columns, bull dogs and terriers. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer setter. G. B., care *FOREST AND STREAM*, wants to lease the breeding privileges of an English setter bitch. J. H. Parrott, Towanda, Pa., offers prize-winning bull dog. W. W. Astell, Amelia Court House, Va., offers pointers. W. Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y., offers Scotch hunting puppies.

"Our First Dog."

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a new subscriber to, but a long admirer of your valuable paper, I want through your columns to thank Mr. O. H. Hampton for "Our First Dog," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8.

I had been up several days and nights, without being able to take my clothes off, watching over a very sick boy, not knowing what the final result would be. I thought I saw a change for the better, and pretty soon he asked me to read the FOREST AND STREAM to him; for my boys, like their father, are fond of hunting and fishing, and consequently much pleased with FOREST AND STREAM. In glancing over the paper to find a piece to read to him my eye fell upon that headed "Our First Dog," and mentally recalling my own experience as a youngster with my "first dog," and knowing that my boys had also had a "first dog," I read the piece aloud, and I feel assured, if Mr. Hampton could have heard the hearty laugh of that sick boy, the first for many days, he would have been fully repaid for writing the same, even without knowing a parent's gratitude for the pleasure it had given his sick son, as well as an evidence of his improved condition, which improvement, I am glad to say, has continued.

Well can I recall my "first dog." As a boy, living on a farm (and I have an idea, somehow, that a boy raised on a farm has an advantage over other boys), I managed to get hold of a rat terrier pup, called him Trip, and after many trials and tribulations he grew to be a dog, fearless and sagacious, and the attachment between that dog and myself was something that only a fellow who has "been there" can fully understand and appreciate. Often did he ride behind me on horseback, keeping his balance almost as well as I could, and many a time of a cold night did that dog go to bed with me, keeping my feet warm at first, but invariably in the morning would I find him with his head on the pillow with mine—as I write this my wife is sitting by and she remarks that it is a good thing that dog is not living now, else he would be kicked out of bed. I wonder if she means me or the dog. I remember on one occasion, when, to my surprise, I had caught a muskrat in a "gum" set for rabbits. Upon opening the door Trip put his head in and received a terrible gash from the muskrat's teeth, but nothing daunted, waited till the muskrat came out and soon made short work of him. He was always ready to fight, big or little, and when at last, old and decrepit but still beloved, he got into a mill-race, planked on both sides, and was drowned. He was given a decent burial, and although since that time I have owned many a dog, registered and pedigreed though he may have been and often was, I have never loved a dog as I did that "first" one, and now as I look out of the window and see one of my boys playing with their "first dog," I wonder if it's permissible to wish one were a boy again, freed from the cares and responsibilities of this "work-a-day world."

I note with pleasure the efforts that are being made, and so ably seconded by your valuable paper, for the protection and preservation of game. I regret to say that game in this State, especially partridges (quail), are almost a thing of the past, owing to the severe blizzard of last winter. A few years ago partridges were plentiful. I do not believe that there are now 150 in this (Fauquier) county. Our Legislature is now in session and I have made strenuous efforts to get a law passed to prohibit the killing of all game in this country for two years, but without success. A law has been passed to prohibit the killing of partridges in the State for two years from its passage (Jan. 27, 1896), but I fear it will not have the desired effect. We have no game wardens, and it is almost impossible to keep a certain class from killing prohibited game when the opportunity offers, hence one of the arguments for the prohibition of killing all game for a time, at least, especially when there is no game in abundance.

Well, one can console himself in part [that all the bass in the Shenandoah, Potomac and Rappahannock rivers are not extinct, and when one can show, as I can in my office, the head of a bass weighing 5½ lbs. (the bass, not the head), and caught on a light rod and reel, one can feel that life is yet worth living.

C. M. WHITE.

VIRGINIA.

Gordon Setter Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America was held, pursuant to notice, at Madison Square Garden on the second evening of the New York dog show, Feb. 20, 1896. Present in person and by proxy—Messrs. Blossom, Oughton, Van Zandt, Lee, Billings, Meister, Seehusen, Hendee, Sperry, Bleistein.

Minutes of the year's meetings were approved.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Van Zandt's, report showed a balance of over \$80 in the treasury of the club, and was approved.

President Blossom's action in regard to the non-holding of field trials in 1895 was approved, and in view of the hope of better prospects in dogdom during 1896 he was empowered to make arrangements for field trials during the coming Autumn, if in his judgment sufficient inducement offered. It was again decided that the attention of dog show managers and judges be directed to the importance of holding competitions in the show-rings only by daylight, as proper consideration could not be given to correct tan-markings on Gordons by any artificial light. Attention was also requested to the standard of the club, so that while the characteristic head and body of the Gordon might be preserved in their original formations, the old type of heavy head and body might be modified.

The election of new members during the year was approved.

The following were elected officers and executive committee for the ensuing year, viz.:

James B. Blossom, New York, President; John R. Oughton, Dwight, Ill., Vice President; L. A. Van Zandt, New York, Secretary-Treasurer; E. H. Seehusen, New York; C. Cap. Hendee, Milwaukee, Wis.; Geo. Bleistein, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. K. Sperry, New Haven, Conn.

Also resolved that the managers of dog shows be again urgently requested to, as far as possible, give us new judges for the coming shows, so as to stimulate entries, as the judgments upon the Gordons likely to come up for decision are so well known by repetition year after year that there is little encouragement for exhibition of either the older dogs or new and younger specimens.

It was resolved that owners of Gordon setters be requested not to exhibit their dogs at any show where

Gordons were not put down upon exactly the same footing in premium lists as other setters.

L. A. VAN ZANDT,

Sec.-Treas., Gordon Setter Club of America.

Mascoutah Kennel Club's Show.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The railroads in the territory of the Trunk Line Association, bounded on the south by the Potomac and Ohio Rivers, north to the St. Lawrence River, and from the Atlantic Ocean to Buffalo and Pittsburgh, but not including the New England States, have granted us a reduction of fare of one and one-third for the round trip; that is, visitors pay their full fare going, and procure certificates when they purchase their tickets, and if 100 of such certificates are presented, they receive order for return ticket at one-third fare, etc.

W. J. BRYSON.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following is the entry list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club's seventh annual Bench Show, March 10 to 13: Mastiffs 28, St. Bernards (rough-coated), 90, St. Bernards (smooth-coated) 46, bloodhounds 5, Great Danes 48, Newfoundlanders 7, Russian wolfhounds 1, deerhounds 4, greyhounds 11, foxhounds 6, pointers 35, English setters 38, Irish setters 23, Gordon setters 37, Chesapeake Bay dogs 2, field spaniels 11, cocker spaniels 43, Clumber spaniels 1, Irish water spaniels 7, collies 82, Old English sheep dogs 2, poodles 28, Dalmatians 9, bull dogs 3, bull terriers 52, Boston terriers 18, dachshunde 26, beagles 12, fox terriers (smooth) 83, fox terriers (wire-haired) 16, Irish terriers 21, Scottish terriers 6, Black and Tan terriers 13, whippets 5, Bedlington terriers 4, Dandie Dinmont terriers 5, Skye terriers 3, schipperkes 2, Yorkshire terriers 16, toy terriers 11, pugs 22, King Charles spaniels 8, Blenheim spaniels 15, Prince Charles and Ruby 3, Italian greyhounds 7, miscellaneous 14; total 929.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows has been asked to name terms to judge at Los Angeles, Oakland and Seattle shows.

Mr. Henry Bottomly was arraigned before Judge Platt, Toledo, Ohio, on Feb. 24, for stealing a dog at the recent show held in that city. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$75 and costs.

From a Connecticut exchange we learn that Mr. Seldon Minor purchased the foxhound Driver, which has distinguished himself both in the trials and on the bench. His former owner claims that he shot twenty-five foxes ahead of Driver in his first season. As bearing on the matter of sport, it is noteworthy that successful fox hunting as portrayed above from a New England standpoint would be considered an unpardonable infraction of the sport in other sections of the country.

Canoeing.

Modern British Canoeing.

As canoeing is pictured in the following extracts from the *Field*, it cannot be said that any material advance is being made in Great Britain; and as compared with absolute inactivity in designing and building in this country, it is hard to say which side is the worse off, the one which is making no effort for improvement, or the other in which this improvement takes such an extravagant and absurd form as a mercury-ballasted centerboard. It is through this class of freak improvements that canoeing has become almost obsolete.

With the first week of the new year we received the first news of actual building. The owner of the Solo, the fin keel canoe, which last season came from the Midland Club, Birmingham, to compete in the Royal Canoe Club Cup race, sends us information which will greatly interest those who look with favor and trust to the new cruising canoe class. Mr. Wale is building strictly within, not only the letter, but the spirit, of the R. C. C. cruising class.

The new canoe is 15ft. 10in. over all, and 13ft. 6in. on the waterline; 42in. beam, 14in. of freeboard amidships will give her a bold height of side and good internal depth. She will have a whale-back deck, made of two skins; it is a point which men who contemplate building should look to, is the whale-back or very much raised middle line of deck. In the Nautilus, which was built in the winter of 1893, the deck forward of the well was brought up to a high pitched ridge at middle line, instead of a rounded or bumped deck; this ridge gradually dies away as the stem is neared, until the deck becomes quite flat transversely, but it sheers up with the sheer of the gunwale to the stem head; there could well be 3in. rise of ridge of deck above gunwale level on a 42in. of beam at fore end of the well, some 2ft. 6in. forward of mid-length.

It is satisfactorily wonderful how neatly such form of deck casts aside heavy water; at first sight it might be thought that this form of deck would hold wind, but, as a fact, at 20° list of the boat the deck line or beam line is lying horizontal to the transverse water plane, and therefore hidden or under the lee of the gunwale, and when the wind is abeam, or forward of it, is the only time that body-surface exposed to the wind can be detrimental to speed. Mr. Wale has kindly offered to send for publication some important details of her fitment and mode of building, which he considers will hold many novelties.

Both in the case of the above-mentioned canoe, and of another shortly to be put on the stocks, we hear of the difficulty as to settling the exact situation and form of the rudder; Mr. Wale knows the sailing advantage of an under-body rudder fitted with direct tiller action; but as at the same time he wants fixed draft not to exceed 4in., he finds, and anyone would also find, it difficult, if not impossible, to get an efficient rudder operative within such draft. The way, however, would be, if a rudder housing case is objected to as cutting up the canoe's accommodation, to fit an under-body rudder when open water is the cruising or racing field, and for river cruising to have the ordinary stern post fittings and rudder ready for such work.

But in doing this care must be taken to keep the sail plan in proper balance to the very altered condition of the center of lateral resistance. There is far more virtue or viciousness in the balance of centers than commonly meets the eye, and a neat adjustment of the centers or powers above named to a balancing point is of more importance in a cruiser than in a racer; with a neat balance of sail plan to the joint effect of rudder and center-plate in a craft devoid of deadwood at stem and stern (where the rudder is held by gear at midships steady in line of keel or slight weather helm), she will sail her course, long spells at a time, without the constant handling which is necessary in an unruly boat. Of course, not so in a heavy sea, but even then she will be far easier to handle. With the old time form of fine wedged bow or deep forefoot, this was almost impossible of attainment, because as the water heaped up on the lee bow in a freshening breeze the center of lateral resistance traveled forward very fast; but with the latest models lateral resistance is almost confined to center-plate and rudder.

In the same connection, a point of great importance is to obtain a form of center-plate, whether simple or ballasted, which maintains practically the same position, as to its center of resistance, when partly lifted as when down. A slight travel aft is bound to be found in any keel-pivoted plate of folding type; but a very considerable shift is found in all pivoted single plates, and is extremely detrimental to balance, and if loaded is also fatal to trim of the boat. The difficulty, if not danger, of all vertical lifting plates is found when striking hard ground at good speed; the plate is then struck at its lower fore corner or bulb end, and if it cannot lift immediately and automatically, something must go or the boat must stop; but in most cases it would probably be a break up. There are several forms of lifting bulb or loaded plates in the market; but the automatic liftability on striking bottom, coupled with absolute immunity from pendulous oscillation when jumping seas, must be obtained, otherwise a weighted plate is not a safe shipmate, and a vertical dagger is an unpleasant one.

Quite the latest up-to-date idea in regard to ballasting may now be claimed by the canoe sailing fraternity. We mentioned on Jan. 18 that a member of the Midland Club, Mr. Wale, was building a "cruising class" canoe for the coming season, and we gave her leading dimensions. The Solo, which Mr. Wale brought out last year, was certainly novel in many ways, though she was not quite successful in

racing; but then the weather played the deuce with the sailing machines, and Solo was one of them. Another matter was that Solo at the last moment had her bulb keel reduced to feather weight, which gave her an all-round complete curve or circle of stability, for she had none comparatively, and she revolved in the water whenever a squall struck her.

Mr. Wale has not been slow to catch on to scientific ideas of ballasting and to blend them with the restrictions of the cruising class. This is as it should be, and unless the racing division better themselves they will find that a canoe, we assume complying in every way with the Royal Canoe Club class definition, has been produced which may prove a hard nut to crack. At present we know nothing about her model or details of design, but the ballast novelty has been opened out, and is both novel and highly ingenious.

Mercury is the ballast used, and though this metal has often been mentioned as possible ballast, and sometimes reported to be actually in use, we have never known of it as a fact. In the present case, however, we have it declared to be so by Mr. Wale. The mode of using the mercury is decidedly ingenious to a certain extent, but there are two great risks always present, which we will mention later.

The drop keel of Mr. Wale's canoe is a composite structure, shaped in what is commonly called the Hope dagger-plate form; it is composed of two very thin, hard-rolled brass plates, tightly riveted together near their edges. The mercury is poured in at a suitable hole at the upper part of the plate, which is subsequently properly closed or sealed. The weight of the mercury distends the plates, like water does when poured into a mackintosh water-bag, and consequently forms a gentle form of bulb keel, the mercury being of course located at the lower part of the (quasi) brass bag. When the keel is lifted, the mercury takes a new position in the keel, now along its front edge, but still at what has become, by lifting, its lower edge—i. e., the ballast always remains at the bottom.

Mr. Wale found, as might be expected, a tremendous difficulty in getting the plates riveted mercury-tight, for mercury will penetrate where water cannot; and herein lies danger the first. Of course the pinhole for pivoting the plate keel on at its fore edge can be so constructed, of solid metal flanged and the plates of the keel riveted thereto, as to be mercury-tight at first, as is the keel plate; but in sailing, a violent collision with ground or submerged obstruction throws an enormous strain on that pin connection; and at the same time the dagger-board is a form peculiarly liable to be twisted by ballast at its lower part. Herein the risk of starting a leak in the riveting along the edges of the plate is a constant source of danger of losing all or nearly all the mercury.

Mercury at about two shillings and threepence a pound, and some 25lbs. being used, is an expensive item to leave at the bottom of the sea; also mercury, in inexperienced hands, is a most difficult thing to handle; but, on the other hand, it is quite ideal ballast for such delicate toys as sailing canoes up to date are. For our own part a lifting lead bulb keel is sufficiently effective, and quite expensive enough. Of course the bulb and the case can be so formed as to house the bulb when up equally as much and snugly as the mercury bag can be housed.

The second danger point in the mercury-bag keel is that its stability properties are lost at the very moment when the sole value of bulb keel should come into action—i. e., when the boat is knocked down flat by a squall, or by a sea into her sails. With sliding-seated or even only deck-seated position of crew a plain center-plated canoe can be sailed without capsizing in all ordinary circumstances, and a bulb keel in such cases is useless; but when the heavy squall or sudden savage gust of wind comes down upon the sails, and the canoe is thrown over to a great angle of heel, the bulb keel comes into real action and rights her. Now, in the mercury-bag keel the very opposite may prove to be the action of the mercury. If the craft is suddenly thrown flat down with mast in the water, as they are often thrown—that is, with keel lifted clean out of the water—the mercury will shoot away from the outer point of the keel and into that portion which is in the case in the body of the canoe, hence giving impetus to the capsize instead of averting it. Of course, this is assuming that we have been told the whole construction of the plate keel.

Again the question has been put to us in relation to the meaning of the Royal Canoe Club rule as to sliding deck-seat length; the wording of the rule is, "Sliding seat, if any, when rigged in to be within the beam of the boat." There are, no doubt, several ingenious ways of forming a telescopic sliding seat which, when shut, does not overlap the side of the boat, but can open and extend out-board a long way further than a plain slide board of 42in.—the extreme beam. A plain board can only be extended some 20in., as its in-board end cannot pass the center in most forms of seat, and in any case must have and retain sufficient connection with the fixed seat to bear the man's weight out on its end. No doubt the fair interpretation of the rule is that only a single board was contemplated as practicable, and indeed the meeting which passed the rule had before it the suggestion of a telescopic slide, but thought it—and we think it—impracticable in real sailing. Probably such a seat could be worked, but with 42in. of beam and a slide of single plank of 42in. all the stability necessary would be gained, and the man would be in a better position for working and steering his craft. The inglorious days and ways of monkeying away out belong to and will probably stick to the 30in. racing machine.

As, however, the Royal Canoe Club challenge cup will probably be raced for by canoes under the rule quoted above, it would be well that the committee should as soon as possible give a decision thereon, and thus prevent a regrettable dispute at the starting line. In any case, those who are building or fitting out intending to race, whether they be members or visitors, should have early information.

The A. C. A. Race Programme.

We have received from Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, chairman of the regatta committee, the following draft of a proposed programme for the races at the annual meet in August. The programme is given out for comment and discussion, and we shall be glad to hear opinions on it.

Event No. 1: Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 2: Paddling, ½ mile, straightaway.

Event No. 3: Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.

Event No. 4: Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5: Unlimited sailing, three classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event No. 6: Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.

Event No. 7: Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 8: Hotel Champlain cup, 4½ miles.

Event No. 9: Orilla cup, 7½ miles. Limited to members of Northern Division.

Event No. 10: Jabberwock trophy, 3 miles. Limited to members of the Central Division.

Note.—Events Nos. 9 and 10 are to be sailed providing a Northern and Central meet is not held. Events Nos. 7 and 8 may be contested for at the same time, in the discretion of the regatta committee.

Event No. 11: Club sailing, three classes, 4½ miles; time limit, two hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1896 meet.

Event No. 12: Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and sliding seat prohibited.

Event No. 13: Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1895.

Event No. 14: Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, two hours.

Note.—The regatta committee reserve the right to handicap in this race.

Event No. 15: Paddling; open canoes not under 50lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blades.

Event No. 16: Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway; decked canoe; double blade.

Event No. 17: Tandem club paddling, ½ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blade.

Event No. 18: Club four paddling, ½ mile straightaway. (Canoes not to be less than 28in. wide and 16ft. long.)

Event No. 19: Hurry-scurry; swim, paddle, run.

Event No. 20: War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 25ft. long nor contain more than nine persons.

Event No. 21: War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 35ft. long, nor contain to exceed 16 persons.

Event No. 22: Ladies' paddling; open canoes; ½ mile.

Event No. 23: Ladies' tandem; open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 24: Mixed tandem, open canoes, single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 25: Novice paddling, open canoes, ½ mile; open to men who have never paddled a race outside of their own club races.

Event No. 26: Open four; tug of war.

Event No. 27: Tail-end race; open canoes, single blade; paddler to kneel in bow and paddle with the wind, bow first, 200yds.

Event No. 28: Hurry-scurry, obstacle or tournament.

Note.—The committee reserve the right to call any, except the more important and older A. C. A. races, at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are right.

Note.—The right is also reserved by the committee of following the system of handicapping that was used at the last meet.

All events in which less than two starters present themselves at the line will be cancelled.

Yachting.

THOUGH long deferred, the final punishment of Lord Dunraven at the hands of the New York Y. C. has at last taken place, and is severe enough to satisfy even those who for a long time have found fault with the club for its delay and with the special committee for its leniency. It certainly cannot be urged against the club that it has acted either precipitately or unfairly. Lord Dunraven has been given every opportunity, in the first place, to prove his charges, to demand all possible evidence that might help his case, and to examine all the witnesses of the other side; in the second place, he has had ample time to consider the complete evidence, the finding of the committee, and to seek advice of his friends at home. The fears that have been openly expressed that when it came to the final action the club would back down, and that Lord Dunraven would be allowed to escape scot free under some trivial excuse, like another recent offender against it, find no indorsement in the resolution under which his name was dropped from the rolls. This resolution even goes so far as to give the lie direct to his Lordship, accusing him of "numerous misrepresentations of fact," of the most of which "he has been forced himself to admit the untruth."

THE various letters from Lord Dunraven throw no new light on any point, and, as we suggested two weeks since, they contain not the slightest intimation of apology or retraction. The one to Mr. Phelps contains a statement which is in every way characteristic of Lord Dunraven's method of argument; that relating to the employment of a diagram to prove that he did not see what he did see. This absurd, illogical and childish statement is disposed of by the special committee in its letter to Com. Brown; and a look at the evidence will show that the matter may be stated thus: Lord Dunraven and his witnesses actually saw that one side of the yacht was higher—or lower—at certain times, and claimed that this proved a less or greater total immersion. The diagrams and other evidence before the committee showed that the comparatively slight elevation or depression of one side, which, it is admitted, was seen by Lord Dunraven, would be the natural consequence of such a slight heeling of the yacht one way or the other as must happen from time to time with the ordinary movements of crew, boom and other legitimate weights. It was also proven that to accomplish the same variations of height by the bodily immersion or emersion of the yacht on an even keel would have required means which, it was proven, were not used.

THE comments of the principal British papers, with a few notable exceptions, have been against Lord Dunraven and in favor of the report of the committee, and now they take a similar stand as regards his expulsion.

What we have seen, however, of clippings from the smaller local papers of England and Scotland goes to show that, as we have from the first contended, the special committee made a serious error and defeated its own ends by the futile attempts at utter secrecy. These smaller papers have not seen the whole evidence or any part of it, they are entirely ignorant of its details, and their judgment is based solely on the report of the special committee. This of itself, unsupported by the evidence, gives a very inadequate idea of the investigation, and many hostile comments are based upon it.

Had the sittings of the committee been open to the press, as the importance and the national character of the case required, the same course would have been followed as in trials in a court of law—a stenographic report of all the material points of the evidence would have been published each day by both American and British journals, and the every-day reader would have had access to the bulk of the evidence. As the matter was actually arranged, while the members of the New York Y. C. and a few other yachtsmen are now able to read the evidence at their leisure, the world at large has no access to it. It is for this reason that we have lately devoted so much space to the publication of the evidence of the more important witnesses; but, though we shall continue the evidence for a week or two longer, there is much that is both important and interesting which we are compelled to omit for lack of more space.

THE continuance of the evidence which we print this week discloses one very interesting fact that has thus far been unknown: that an attempt was made, by Mr. Watson and measurer Hyslop, to measure Valkyrie II. by lamplight on the night of Wednesday, the day preceding Lord Dunraven's withdrawal from the races. An amount of ballast, from 1 to 1½ tons, was taken out of the yacht on Wednesday, when she was docked in the Erie Basin, in the hopes of improving her in the next race, and Lord Dunraven was desirous of knowing the effect on her measurement. It was proposed to have her afloat before night, but it was 10 P. M. before she was ready for measurement. The attempt was made to adjust the batten by lantern light, but Mr. Watson, after trial, agreed that it was impossible.

This offers additional evidence that Lord Dunraven was fully prepared to start next day until the adverse decision of the Defender's protest was made public.

It will be remembered that Valkyrie II. shipped about 2 tons of ballast on the eve of her last race in 1893, a perfectly legitimate proceeding, as was this change in the ballast of Valkyrie III. This is interesting in connection with Mr. Brand's various complaints of changes of ballast in Ethelwynn, as showing the recognized practice in racing.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

TESTIMONY OF CAPT. HAFF AND MEASURER HYSLOP.

AFTER being called to the stand, as narrated last week, Capt. Haff was asked to step aside for a time, and Mr. Herreshoff was recalled, he being desirous of returning home.

Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, recalled as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—It seems that you gave Mr. Iselin some weights of the tanks. Were they estimates, or actually ascertained in the construction? A.—The weights given to him were the actual weights. They were estimated and weighed besides.

Q.—How were those water tanks fastened, if at all, into the vessel? A.—The water tank was fastened—it fits in a V-shaped place permanently, and comes close up under the cabin floor, so that it can rise but very little. Besides that there are cleats from the cabin floor to the frame to hold it into place.

Mr. Rives—Will you try to speak a little louder? It is sometimes difficult to hear you over here.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—These plans are not taken from the original plans of the Defender? A.—No, not at all.

Q.—You know nothing about their construction—about their being made? A.—No; they were not made under my direction. They were made under the direction of Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Are the working drawings of the Defender in existence? A.—Certainly.

Q.—Are they in your possession? A.—Not here.

Q.—Are they in your possession? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Can you tell from your knowledge of the Defender what would be the necessary weight to lengthen her waterline 1ft.? A.—I haven't any figures. For 1ft. length of waterline?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A. (Continued)—I could make a rough estimation.

Q.—What is your rough estimate? A.—I have made an estimation for 1in. in depth and 2in. in depth, and 1ft. would be about 1½in. immersion.

Q.—One foot would be about 1½in. immersion? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What weight would be required for that? A.—I think I have a memorandum that would assist me. It would be a little over four tons and a half.

Q.—As much as that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How much would 4in. deeper increase her load waterline? A.—It would increase her load waterline about 3½in.

Q.—As much as that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How much would 3in. increase her load waterline? A.—About 2½in.

Q.—And 2in.? A.—Sixteen.

Q.—And 1in.? A.—Eight.

Q.—Supposing the trim alone was altered and the vessel put 2in. by the head, how much would that lengthen the load waterline? A.—Very little.

Q.—How much if she was put 3 or 4in. by the stern? A.—Very little either way.

Q.—What do you mean by very little? A.—Perhaps a fraction of an inch.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—Your meaning is, her line would increase as much at one end as it would lose at the other? A.—Precisely; yes, sir. It is about the same angle at each end, and of course the waterline is a little fuller at the stern, so that the immersion of the stern would carry the bow out a little more.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—If she went down at one end she would go up at the other to a certain degree? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—How much weight would be required for this—suppose it was placed in the best position for lengthening the load waterline—to sink the vessel 1in. or 1½in. so as to cover this pipe and at the same time set her, say, 3 or 4in. at the stern? A.—I hardly understand that question. It is a little complicated.

Q.—How much weight would be required, if placed in the best position for lengthening the load waterline, to sink the vessel 1in. or 1½in. so as to cover the altered pipe, and at the same time set her 3 or 4in. at the stern? A.—I am unable to answer that.

Q.—You are unable to answer the question? A.—Yes.

Q.—It seems to me it is rather complicated? Were those tanks upon the Defender similar to the tanks upon the Vigilant?

Mr. Herreshoff—Which tanks do you refer to?

Mr. Askwith—The tanks that were taken out at New Rochelle.

Mr. Herreshoff—Which? There were three tanks taken out.

Q.—Were any of them similar to the tanks on the Vigilant? A.—The ice tank was similar, I think.

Q.—Had the Vigilant similar tanks? A.—She had tanks.

Q.—Were they permanent tanks? A.—No.

Q.—Were they around her centerboard? A.—In the vicinity of it—that is, the water tanks were.

Q.—The tanks upon the Defender were not arranged in the same way? A.—No.

Q.—What were those tanks on the Vigilant used for? A.—I do not know what tanks you have reference to.

Q.—You said there were some tanks upon the Vigilant around the centerboard? A.—Yes, sir; some water tanks. One each side of the centerboard on the Vigilant. They were intended to hold water.

Q.—Can you tell me, supposing that lead was stowed aft, and the stern trimmed by the stern, whether much lead would be required to considerably alter the appearance of the boat?

Mr. Herreshoff—Alter the appearance?

Mr. Askwith—Yes; to alter her appearance on the water. Is it not a fact that a comparatively small quantity would do that?

Mr. Herreshoff—Would alter her appearance very much—a small quantity?

Q.—Is it a fact that it would or would not? A.—Of course it would alter her trim; a small amount. In proportion to the load that was put in. A larger amount would alter her appearance.

Q.—I am asking you would a small amount alter her appearance much? A.—I should say not.

Q.—Were these tanks that were taken out of the Defender included in the 7,000lbs. weight of furniture? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When she had raced with them before was there any specified quantity of water in them? A.—No; I think not. I think they generally had only a very little.

Q.—Did you calculate that they should be full or empty?

Mr. Herreshoff—During the racing?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—They were to be nearly empty. I made an allowance for a small amount of water in the tank.

Q.—What was their size? A.—I don't remember the exact size.

By Mr. Rives:
Q.—You stated yesterday, I think, their capacity in gallons, approximately, did you not? A.—Roughly. I have the exact size at home, but I haven't it with me.

Mr. Choate—I suppose he may send that.

Mr. Herreshoff—What I stated was only approximate.

Mr. Rives—You can send them in a note to Mr. Choate, if you can get the exact figures.

Mr. Herreshoff—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—Did you definitely convey the first two tons of lead on board at New Rochelle, and then the other ton that we have had evidence of that was bought by Mr. Iselin, on board the Defender, by weight?

Mr. Herreshoff—Did I convey it on board?

Mr. Askwith—Did you have it conveyed? Were you present when it was conveyed on board the Defender?

A.—I think not; I do not remember now that I was present. I may have been.

Q.—Did you order first two tons to be put on board of her? A.—I did not order any.

Q.—Was it at your suggestion that two tons were put on board of her? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—It was? A.—After a consultation with Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Was it at your suggestion that one ton further was put on board of her? A.—Yes, sir; after Mr. Iselin's consultation. We decided together.

Q.—Were you present when the ton was put on board? A.—No, I think not.

Q.—Do you know whether there was the whole of it put on board? A.—I do not.

Q.—Or a part? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You do not? A.—I could not swear.

Q.—Do you know whether there was any more lead on the Hattie Palmer besides that? A.—I do not know whether there was any lead on the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Were you asked, when that last ton was put on board, whether you wanted any more? A.—We decided to put that ton on board which was sent to the Erie Basin.

Q.—Were you present when that ton was put on board? A.—Yes, sir; I was on the boat.

Q.—Did they call out to you from the Hattie Palmer, asking you whether you wanted any more? A.—I do not remember that it was taken from the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Where was it taken from? A.—I think it was taken from the dock.

Q.—Did anybody call out to you from the dock? A.—In fact, I do not know. I am not sure. I was busy at other things at the time.

Mr. Choate—Mr. Iselin testifies that it was waiting in a truck on the dock.

Mr. Askwith—Then I suppose it was loaded from the dock; but I want to know whether Mr. Herreshoff was present when that was loaded.

Mr. Herreshoff—I was simply with Mr. Watson and Mr. Hyslop. I do not recall now the exact incident.

By Mr. Askwith:
Q.—While the lead was being put on, were you not asked whether you wanted any more? A.—No, I think not. I do not remember being asked.

Q.—Do you know the time during the summer when the sail area of the Defender was increased? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you seen any plans of the Valkyrie at that time? A.—No.

Q.—Have you ever seen any plans of the Valkyrie? A.—No.

Q.—What lead you to increase the sail area? What was the object? A.—To put more sail onto her.

Q.—What was the object of putting more sail on? A.—To give her more power.

Q.—When the sail area was altered, which as you say was to give her more power, was her ballast at all altered by your direction? A.—No.

Mr. Askwith—Those are all the questions I wish to ask now.

By Mr. Whitney:
Q.—I seem to recall that the general judgment of experts upon the two boats before the races was that the Valkyrie would be at her best in light weather, and the Defender at her best in heavy weather. Was that so? A.—I think that was the general opinion, from what information we had from abroad at that time.

Q.—Was that your opinion? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you think you had a surplus of stability on the Defender as compared with that of the Valkyrie? A.—Yes, sir; that is, judging from other yachts, the Vigilant and Defender.

Q.—The Defender has turned out to have very great stability; greater power to carry sail, as I recollect it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—I saw her in a squall. What day was that? The first or second? A.—That was the last of the trial races.

Q.—What object would anybody have had to have increased the immersion of the Defender? A.—Of course, to make a longer vessel of her; a longer and larger vessel.

Q.—I mean, in fitting her to compete against the Valkyrie, would you have preferred at that time to have increased or decreased her ballast?

Mr. Herreshoff—You mean, taking the vessel just as she was?

Mr. Whitney—Yes, just as you had been racing with her.

A.—We felt very well satisfied with the trim.

Q.—But your danger, if at all, as I understand it, was in light weather? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you want more ballast then? A.—In light weather, of course, we would want less.

Mr. Choate—That is all. I would like to call another witness before I recall Capt. Haff.

The Chairman—Is it understood that any questions are to be sent to Mr. Herreshoff? Do you desire to send any?

Mr. Askwith—I really have not studied Mr. Herreshoff's evidence at all. I could not hear half of it, and I did not listen to it with that view.

The Chairman—I have no doubt Mr. Herreshoff will answer them, if you choose to send him any at his address.

Mr. Choate—I would like to call the captain of the Flint, who towed the Defender down at certain times.

Capt. E. Walter Brandow, of the tug Flint, was then called, and testified as to the towing of Defender to the Erie Basin on Sept. 6.

Capt. Henry C. Haff, being recalled, further testified:

Capt. Haff—You asked me in relation to the crew. I want to qualify the answer I made by saying—you asked me if I engaged the crew. I say, with the advice and consent of Mr. Iselin I did.

By Mr. Choate:
Q.—To what extent were the officers and crew that were on her during the trial races the same as were on her during the Cup races? A.—The same.

Q.—Were you at New Rochelle on Sept. 4 and 5, when the Defender was being stripped? A.—I was.

Q.—Did you sleep on board up there? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And you know what was done there in the way of taking out the trimmings and the tanks? A.—I do.

Q.—And the putting in of two tons of lead, as Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin have testified? A.—I do, yes, sir.

Q.—And you agree with the statements they have made? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you sail her, or go in her, from New Rochelle down to Erie Basin? A.—I did.

Q.—On the morning of the sixth? A.—I did.

Q.—And you were on board of her until the time of her measurement in the Erie Basin? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had anything been taken out of her except what Mr. Iselin and Mr. Herreshoff have testified to, at New Rochelle or on the way down, or anything put into her, except what they have stated? A.—Nothing.

Q.—Before the measurement was she lightened at all for any purpose or by any means? A.—We had taken out the bedding. That is all, the cots—which we always had.

Q.—That is the rule always? A.—Always.

Q.—Will you state what there was in that shape to take out? A.—There were some beds, for about forty men. Forty cots, with the bedding and blankets; the mattresses and blankets.

Q.—Were there forty men besides the officers? A.—Forty all told, with the officers. I believe that is the complement, within one. That is about the number.

Q.—Those were taken out openly, in the usual way, before she was measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Where were they put? A.—On board the Palmer.

Q.—Did you observe anything about the Defender being on an even keel when she was measured, or did you not look? A.—I know there was some talk of her having a little list.

Q.—When was that? A.—That was while we were getting ready to measure.

Q.—Prior to the measurement? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You heard that? A.—Yes, sir; I remember distinctly a talk about it, and something was done about it, but what was done I do not remember. We shifted the boom a little; Mr. Leeds said she had a little list. He was astern of her, I believe, in a small boat.

Q.—When the measurement was completed, how long did you remain there until you started for Sandy Hook? A.—We started for Bay Ridge—I could not tell within half an hour. Probably about 3 o'clock.

Q.—In tow of the Flint? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How long did you stay at Bay Ridge? A.—We laid at Bay Ridge until very near sundown. Something in that neighborhood.

Q.—Where was the Hattie Palmer in the meantime? A.—The Hattie Palmer had left us after we were measured. The Hattie Palmer had to go for coal and water. She hadn't enough to go to the Hook with.

She went down to Twenty-sixth street, Brooklyn, and she was fitted out for Bay Ridge.

Q.—You waited for her with the Defender at Bay Ridge? A.—We did.

Q.—And she having come up, she was taken in tow also by the Flint? A.—Yes, sir. We waited for her there. We got tired of waiting. I put all the men on the Flint, as it was getting near supper time, and I sent them to meet the Palmer, and they met the Palmer. They came off and it was very near sundown. The Palmer went ashore and put our mainsail ashore. We had an extra mainsail on board, that was in the sail room, and it filled it up so that it didn't leave enough room to put the beds under cover on a stormy day. It was a small mainsail that we had on her previous to enlarging the sail.

Q.—Had you orders up to this time to cut the twenty-one pigs of lead that were received on board at the Erie Basin? A.—Yes, sir; we had.

Q.—Why did you not cut it while you were waiting at Bay Ridge? A.—We had no good solid block to cut it on, and there is not a suitable place on a boat's deck to cut it, and again the chisel that we cut with and the maul, and so on, were on board the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—You did not leave the Defender at all? A.—No, sir. I was on the Palmer long enough to get my meals; that is all.

Q.—That was always when the Palmer was alongside of you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And the two made fast? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You went on to Sandy Hook or the Horseshoe and made fast there about 9 o'clock? A.—My recollection is about 8:30. Notwithstanding the log, 8:30 is my recollection.

Q.—Did you anchor there the Defender by herself? A.—Yes, sir; we anchored.

Q.—What did the Hattie Palmer do? A.—The Hattie Palmer came alongside.

Q.—As soon as the tow was loose? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And made fast in some way? A.—Made fast. Took a line out.

Q.—How long did the Hattie Palmer remain alongside of the Defender? A.—About an hour, until about 9:30.

Q.—It would make it about 9:30 or 10? A.—About 9:30. It might have been fifteen minutes from that. It was somewhere between 9 and 10, at any rate, when she left.

Q.—Left for the night? A.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Askwith—Which night was that?

Mr. Choate—The night of the 6th.

Q.—From the time of the measurement until the Hattie Palmer left was any lead or ballast or water taken on board the Defender? A.—Not a pound of anything.

Q.—What happened during the hour or more that the Hattie Palmer lay alongside of the Defender in the Horseshoe from 8:30 or 9 on? A.—This lead that we had on the cabin floor was taken out to the Palmer, on her sampson post, a good solid block, and we cut it. It was there cut in two and put back again on the Defender and passed below.

Q.—Had there been any opportunity until then to take it on to the Hattie Palmer to be cut? A.—No, sir; there had not. There had been no time when it was possible for us to do it.

Q.—Did you take part in the cutting? A.—I did. I held the chisel to cut every pig that was cut.

Q.—Was it a chisel or axe and hammer? A.—A chisel. Any wood-cutter will know what an old-fashioned wedge is to split logs. I held it while the man maulled it.

Q.—Your crew, or some of them, were engaged in bringing the pigs from the Defender to the Hattie Palmer, and assisting you, and taking them back in pieces, in halves, and packing them away? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was all that done under your direction? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was any lead introduced into the Defender from the Hattie Palmer, except what had been brought from the Defender to be cut and carried back? A.—Not a pound.

Q.—Or anything else of weight? A.—Nothing.

Q.—There was something, in the way of cots, that had been taken out? A.—They were put back in the Basin.

Q.—They were restored at Bay Ridge? A.—At Erie Basin.

Q.—Was there anything else carried backward and forward while the Hattie Palmer lay alongside of the Defender, except these twenty-one pigs of lead? A.—Nothing.

Q.—You saw to their being stowed away under the floor, where you say that the two tons were? A.—Mr. Berry, the mate, was in charge of it while we were cutting the lead.

Q.—Is he here? A.—Yes, sir. There were about twelve or fifteen pieces that were perhaps not already stowed. I went down in the hold and

supper, while the Hattie Palmer was alongside? A.—That was one reason why I placed them all aboard the Flint, to hurry up the Palmer and to get their supper while there.

Q.—To get their supper on the Hattie Palmer while being towed back? A.—No, sir, while they were going ashore to take the mainsail ashore. I got mine when she came back. She lay alongside long enough for the quartermaster and myself to get our meals, and then started on.

Q.—At Bay Ridge. A.—At Bay Ridge.

Q.—Did you turn in that night until after the Hattie Palmer had left? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you know where she stayed that night? A.—My impression is that she went into the Highland Dock. I won't be positive about it.

Q.—Did you turn in that night? A.—I did.

Q.—At what time, about? A.—I could not say. It was somewhere in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock, I should say.

Q.—What time were you out in the morning? A.—Between 6 and 7.

Q.—Do you know of no craft having visited the Defender in the mean time? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Who did you leave in charge of the Defender, or the deck, whatever you call it, when you turned in, from that time until you came out in the morning? A.—The quartermasters had charge of the deck then, on watch.

Q.—Are they both here? A.—They are here, yes, sir. Three of them are here now. They will all be here Monday morning.

Q.—You were on hand, on deck, two hours about before Mr. Iselin came with the gentlemen who accompanied him? A.—Yes; on deck and below and around—aboard the boat, at any rate.

Q.—During that time was anything whatever brought into the vessel? A.—Not anything.

Q.—Did any craft of any kind visit the vessel before Mr. Iselin came? A.—Not to my knowledge. Nothing came alongside. No craft.

Q.—Do you remember taking part with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin in the examination to see whether the lead had been properly stowed? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—About what time was that? A.—Somewhere a little after 8, I should think.

Q.—How was it got at? How was it examined? A.—The floor was taken up. The floor was down in sections, so that you could rip it up.

Q.—You had assisted in putting in the last fifteen half pieces of the extra ton, had you not? A.—I don't know as I took hold of the lead.

Q.—You saw it done? A.—I stood there and saw it done, yes, sir.

Q.—You saw in what condition that left the hold, with the lead in it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When you made the examination the next morning with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin, did you find it in the same condition? A.—The same condition it was in the night before.

Q.—And nothing had been added? A.—No, sir.

Q.—And then you sailed upon your race? A.—We did.

Q.—And came back. It is testified that you got up to Bay Ridge after dark? A.—Yes, sir. Somewhere in the neighborhood of—somewhere from 8 to 8:30, I think; probably 8:30.

Q.—During that return trip, or going down, at any time, from the time you made your examination with Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin to the time you got back to Bay Ridge, was anything thrown out of the vessel or taken out of her in any way? A.—No, sir; not anything.

Q.—Did you remain upon the Defender until she was remeasured the next day? A.—Except to get my meals on the Palmer, alongside, as I say.

Q.—You went no further from her than that? A.—No.

Q.—When did she get alongside the Palmer on her home trip? Capt. Haff.—The night after the race?

Mr. Choate.—Yes; the night after the race.

A.—Soon after we anchored. I think she was laying off there, waiting for us, somewhere around 8:30 or 8:40 perhaps.

Q.—Did you sail up to there, or were you taken in tow below? A.—Towed up.

Q.—By what boat? A.—The Flint.

Q.—Was anything taken from the Flint on the way up, or transferred on to the Flint? A.—Nothing but the end of a line to tow us with; that is all.

Q.—How long did the Hattie Palmer lay alongside that night? A.—She might have laid there until 9:30, I should think, probably. Long enough for the men to get their meals, and for them to transfer the boats.

Q.—Was there anything transferred from the Defender to the Palmer at that time? A.—Nothing from the Defender to the Palmer, no. She stayed there long enough for us to transfer the bedding again, and our boats that we wanted to use. The sail covers perhaps, and so on; everything that we usually put out when we sail on a race we took back.

Q.—That included everything besides the cots and you say some boats? A.—The boats we have ready to use. The gig; I don't remember whether we took the gig off that night though, or not.

Q.—Some ropes or cables or anything of that kind? A.—Whatever we put out for a race generally we took back. The sail covers, I don't think there was anything more than the sail covers, I think that we put out.

Q.—What were the movements of the Defender from the time the Hattie Palmer left her at 9 or 10 o'clock, the night of the 7th, until she was remeasured the next day? A.—She lay there anchored at Bay Ridge.

Q.—How did she get back into the Basin before Sunday afternoon? Capt. Haff.—Erie Basin?

Mr. Choate.—Yes.

A.—The Palmer towed her up.

Q.—When did the Palmer make fast to her to tow her up? A.—I think about in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock the next morning. I am not positive as to the hour; I could not say.

Q.—So that she lay at anchor from about 9:30 or 10 in the evening until 10 in the morning? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Half-past eight? A.—Half-past eight; I don't say within a minute.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Was anything put out of her during that time? A.—Nothing. Not a pound of anything.

Q.—When the Hattie Palmer joined her it was to take her in tow, was it not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And nothing was put from her on to the Hattie Palmer? A.—Nothing.

Q.—When did you get your orders to go to the Erie Basin? A.—I think on Sunday morning.

Q.—From whom? A.—From Mr. Iselin. I am not positive now whether he sent a verbal order or sent me a note aboard. I could not say.

Q.—When the Hattie Palmer had towed you into the Erie Basin, did she leave you there where you were subsequently measured, or did she remain fast by you? A.—She lay off from us. She didn't lay alongside.

Q.—How far? A.—I couldn't say. She laid along by the dock after we had stripped ready for measurement.

Q.—During that time, up to the time of the remeasurement, was anything removed out of the Defender? A.—Not anything more than to strip for measurement.

Q.—No ballast? no lead? no water? A.—Not anything.

Q.—You have covered the whole period of time from Friday, before the first measurement, to Sunday, after the remeasurement? A.—I think so.

Q.—Where did you sleep on the two nights? In what part of the Defender? A.—I slept in the sail room; on a cot in the sail room.

Q.—If any ballast had been brought out or carried in on either of these two nights, could it have been done without your hearing it, where you were? A.—Not unless somebody gave me a little chloroform, or something of that kind. The end of my cot was, I suppose, within 2ft. of the hatch where this would have been taken up.

Q.—How is it about sounds on the Defender? Are they easily heard from one part of the vessel, or from where you were in the sail room, to the center of the vessel? A.—They are. On that boat it is heard with great distinctness. You can hear any step on the deck, in any position. It sounds all over the boat, from any part of the deck.

Q.—What do you say to the suggestion that before the measurement on Friday she was lightened to make her set more out of the water; that after the measurement nine or ten tons of some heavy substance was carried on board of her to immerse her deeper in the water, and as much taken out of her before the remeasurement to restore her to her original condition? A.—I say there is not a word of truth in it. There was no such a thing done.

Q.—You have personal knowledge of the whole time covered? A.—I do. I was there, sure.

Q.—It has been said here by some witness that he believed the Hattie Palmer anchored for the night within 100yds. of the Defender? A.—It is my belief that she did not.

Mr. Choate.—It was in the affidavits brought from England.

Capt. Haff.—I heard it; yes.

Q.—Is that correct? A.—No, sir; it is not.

Mr. Askwith.—Which affidavit is that in?

Mr. Choate.—The night before the race, at Sandy Hook.

Q.—How far was the place where you supposed she was from where the Defender lay that night? A.—If she went to the Highlands, as I thought she did, she would be two miles away.

Q.—Was there any communication between the Hattie Palmer and

the Defender from the time she passed off from you, at about 10 o'clock, until she rejoined you the next morning? A.—Not any.

Q.—Was there any work being done on the Defender after the Hattie Palmer left and while she was there independent of this moving and cutting of the lead? A.—There was.

Q.—What was that? A.—The riggers were at work attaching new wire straps to the main sheet blocks.

Q.—What was the matter with that? A.—It needed new ones, because the others had got stretched too long.

Q.—When did they begin the work? A.—They began on the work some time during the day, I believe, on the Palmer, and came aboard at Bay Ridge that night, and continued the work until they got through with it.

Q.—How late in the night were they working? A.—Somewhere up to 2 o'clock, I think—up to 2 or 3 o'clock.

Q.—Were they working when you turned in? A.—They were.

Q.—Did they make more or less noise? A.—Quite a little pounding; yes, sir.

Q.—What was it? Pounding on metal? A.—Pounding to pound the splices down, yes. To splice heavy wire.

Q.—Can you determine, from coming up port side to a yacht or vessel, or a vessel like the Defender, whether she has a list on of one or two degrees? A.—I would not like to say that I could.

Q.—Do you think that anybody could? A.—It would be doubtful.

Q.—What would you do to ascertain whether she had a list on of a small degree? A.—Either go fore or aft of her and sight her, on deck or away from her.

Q.—And you had a telltale on the Defender that would tell? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had you noticed the discharge from the pipe on the port side while the Defender was under way, sailing? A.—When she was in racing trim? While she was sailing? I don't remember.

Q.—At any time? A.—I have noticed it when we have been pumping the boat out sometimes in the morning. I noticed water coming from it, from the deck.

Q.—Did you notice it at that time at all? A.—I don't remember that morning particularly. I know when we generally pumped the boat out I would look over the side to see whether the water was coming out or not.

Q.—You have seen that? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How did it come out? A.—It was just under water.

Q.—Were you present when an observation was made to see if she had any water in her the morning before the race? A.—Yes, sir; I was.

Q.—That was done by the carpenter, under the oversight of Mr. Iselin, and you were present? A.—I think the carpenter took up the floor, but I am not positive whether he or—I am not certain whether one of the men, Sellers, did not do it.

Q.—What was the result? Was any water found in her? A.—No water there.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Where did you leave your boats? A.—I left one on the Hattie Palmer, the gig. Both of them; we had two boats on her.

Q.—You did not use the boats going backward and forward on that night, or perhaps generally during the races, did you, between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender? A.—One boat we could use if we wanted to. No, we never used the boats to go backward and forward to the Hattie Palmer, because she was always alongside of us when we boarded her.

Q.—How big was the pump for this hole? A.—I could not say what was the size of the pump. I know the discharge pipe was about an inch and a quarter, perhaps.

Q.—Can you give me the height of the pump? A.—I could not say exactly. We had to set a brake on board the deck to pump. The brake was screwed on flush with the deck.

Q.—Were there any other pumps in the boat? A.—No pumps. What do you mean?

Q.—On the Defender? A.—After the water tank was taken out there was none. We used to have a pump to pump the water tank out. Water closet pump.

Q.—We have heard that they were used on the starboard side forward? A.—There might have been a water closet pump there.

Q.—Had there ever been a tank there? A.—No tank there.

Q.—There was no pump in connection with it? A.—Water closet pump; there is always a pump connected with a water closet.

Q.—Was there a water closet forward on the starboard side? A.—One at the bow; yes, sir. I won't say whether that pipe is on the starboard or port. But there was a water closet there and a pump attached to it.

Q.—Was there not a pipe about amidships, and was there not another pipe hole in the starboard side forward? Was there or was there not? A.—I think there was. If there was any there it was a water closet pipe. I would not say whether it was starboard or port. I think it was starboard.

Q.—Had there been a water closet forward on the starboard side? A.—Yes, sir; it was on the starboard side.

Q.—Was that water closet taken out or not? A.—No.

Q.—How many water closets were left in? A.—Four.

Q.—Where were they situated? A.—One forward in the bow; the next one was forward of amidships on the port side; just about amidships on the starboard side, and one further aft on the starboard side.

Q.—You got three on the starboard side, did you not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was there a pipe to each of them? A.—There must have been?

Q.—An outlet through her skin? A.—Of course.

Q.—Was not the wind blowing rather strongly on the evening of Sept. 6? A.—No, a nice breeze; not very strong.

Q.—Was it not rising? A.—I didn't think so.

Q.—Did not the wind on the morning of the 7th rather suddenly drop away? A.—It died down some, I think. It died down some. I don't know that it dropped away very sudden, I don't know about that.

Q.—Was there not considerable sea left running? A.—I think there was.

Q.—Was not that the kind of weather, with considerable sea, in which it would be an advantage for the boat to be rather stiffer—of the type of the Defender? A.—No, sir; I do not think so.

Q.—Would she sail better if she were light, in a considerable sea? A.—I think so; a boat that had as much weight as she did; as much stationary ballast as she had.

Q.—As much stationary ballast in the form of lead? A.—As much in her keel. That is what I mean by stationary ballast—her keel was lead.

Q.—Had she had seas of the kind in any of the previous races during the previous summer? A.—Not very much, I think. One or two races we had.

Q.—Do you call to mind the sea that there was upon Sept. 6? Was that the kind of weather that you had had in several races during the summer? A.—I don't know that we had exactly the same kind of sea. We had had a sea that was nearly as bad, perhaps. We had had one or two races.

Q.—Can you give me any of the races during the summer which you would compare in roughness of sea? A.—The nearest to it was the first race we had with the Vigilant, outside the Hook. I don't remember the day, some time in July, I think. July 20, or about there. Another time, I think, was the first trial race.

Q.—The first trial race and the race about July 20? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had she then the same amount of furniture and stuff in her as was put ashore at New Rochelle? A.—The same things.

Q.—Then the trim in which she sailed those races would be a trim that satisfied you? A.—Well, yes; nearly so.

Q.—Assuming that she was lightened before measurement, would it not be an advantage to get her back into the trim? A.—It would have been an advantage to have had her lighter than she was, anyhow.

Q.—Lighter than she was when she was sailing in July? A.—When she sailed.

Q.—Sailing in July and the first trial race? A.—In the last race, I mean.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—The Cup races? A.—The Cup races.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I am upon another point. Would it not be an advantage for her, assuming that she was lightened, compared with what she had been before the ballast was taken out at New Rochelle, to return to the same trim that she was in before the ballast was taken out? A.—We didn't know then whether she was in the right trim or not.

Q.—You had been sailing all summer. You told me that you were satisfied with the trim that she sailed in on this race in July and the first Cup race, did you not? A.—We were satisfied the boat had stability enough. In fact, more than she needed.

Q.—She was too stiff? A.—Yes, sir; plenty stiff enough.

Q.—Had you taken the whole summer to come to that conclusion? A.—No; I don't know as I had, altogether.

Q.—Have you ever altered a boat just before an important race by taking all her furniture out of her and putting in a new kind of ballast? A.—I don't remember any particular instance. I think we have some, yes.

Q.—Do you think it a wise sort of thing to lighten a vessel just before a race? A.—I do, yes. I thought her—

Q.—Altering the ballast and taking a ballast which you did not know what it came to? A.—A ballast that common sense would teach a man what to do better with.

Q.—Did you do it by rule of thumb? A.—I guess at it—what little experience I have had. Yes, that is it. I don't pretend to know so much about the theoretical part as some. I am not an expert about this business at all.

Q.—You like to have ballast in that suits best according to your practical views of sailing? Is that it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—When did they begin to cut these pigs up? A.—Immediately we got the Palmer alongside, after dropping her anchor.

Q.—What time of the day was that? A.—Somewhere near—we commenced to cut the pigs, I think it was about 8:35, if I remember right, or 8:40, or somewhere there.

Q.—Who told the men to cut the pigs up? A.—I did.

Q.—How many were occupied upon it? A.—Oh, I couldn't say; a good part of the men were around. Some were passing the pigs out about as fast as we cut them, and stood ready to pass them back.

Q.—With the chisel and hammer? A.—Yes, sir; chisel and hammer—or chisel and maul.

Q.—An odd way to cut up lead; an old-fashioned way? A.—I never saw any better way to cut them, unless you had a steam saw-mill to saw them. That is the only way to cut it. They cut it very nicely and very quickly, in about three-quarters of an hour.

Q.—Was there any more lead on the Hattie Palmer? A.—Not to my knowledge; no, sir. If there had been I would have known it.

Q.—You cannot tell me the weight of the cots that were taken out? A.—I could not tell. I would not like to say positively. I should judge that there was some—

Q.—What kind of cots were they? Iron? A.—They were these iron-framed cots, a part of them. Twenty-two—yes, there were thirty of those, I think, or nearly thirty. I should judge that they would weigh in the neighborhood of 40lbs. apiece, with the mattresses and blankets and all attached. Then there was some dozen or more cots that would be pretty nearly about the same amount. Twelve or fifteen hundredweight, probably.

Mr. Choate.—Is that all?

Mr. Askwith.—Yes, that is all.

The Chairman.—Is there any other witness that you particularly desire to discharge to-night?

Mr. Choate.—Mr. Hyslop would take about five minutes. We will examine him. I would like to ask Capt. Haff what the condition of the water about the Defender was on the morning of the 7th, when Mr. Iselin came on board, and from there until you left your position?

Capt. Haff.—Some little swell, coming in from the Hook. Naturally would be with the sea that was outside.

Mr. Choate.—The boat did not lie entirely still?

Capt. Haff.—No, sir. I want to say, gentlemen, that that boat sailed those races with just every pound of weight aboard of her that she was measured with, and not a pound more.

Mr. Choate.—If your opinion had been asked after she had been stripped, would you have put in the two tons or the three tons of lead—if you had had your way?

Capt. Haff.—If I had had my way I would have taken out every pound of lead she had in her to sail those races with, whether it blew high or blown low.

John Hyslop, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

Direct examination by Mr. Choate:

Q.—I understand that you were the official measurer who made the two measurements of the Defender, one on Friday and the other on Sunday? A.—That is correct.

Q.—The 6th and 8th? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were those two measurements correctly made? A.—They were.

Q.—On Sunday, after the remeasurement, she was marked upon the stem, and with a red disc on either side, at the waterline? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You saw that done? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You know that was correct, according to the measurement then taken? A.—Yes, sir. Let me say that all those measurements were made with the joint observation and concurrence of Mr. Watson and Mr. Herreshoff and myself; each and all of them.

Q.—Have you seen the Defender since those marks were put on? A.—I have.

Q.—When last? A.—Last Saturday.

Q.—At New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And is the mark upon the stem, and the two discs, exactly as they were placed there after the measurement was made? A.—They are there, to all appearances, identically as left.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—I would like to ask you a question about the marking of the boat on the first occasion, on Friday. Did you put any marks on her deck? A.—The customary marking.

Q.—What is the customary marking? A.—Simply a round-headed copper tack, perpendicular to the intersection of the water with the stem or stern, as the case may be.

Q.—That was driven in on the deck of the Defender, and also on the deck of the Valkyrie III? A.—It was.

Q.—You speak of that as a customary thing. How long has that been the custom? A.—It has been the custom ever since I have measured for the New York Y. C.

Q.—How long was that? A.—I should say somewhere about ten years.

Q.—Was it the custom in 1893? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you measure Valkyrie II? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you mark with a tack on deck? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—There were no external marks put on the Valkyrie or Vigilant; were there? A.—No, sir.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Did you preserve the batten that was used in measuring on Friday? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How came you to do that? A.—I did that as a result of a conference held between Mr. Canfield, Mr. Watson—I think Mr. Rogers took a part in it, I know as to the others—and myself.

Q.—What was the conference, and when did it take place? A.—The conference took place on Friday afternoon, Sept. 6.

Q.—Before the measurement? A.—After the measurement, and had reference to putting marks on the two boats that had been measured. There was not at that time an agreement as to which would be the best way of marking. It was seen that it would be exceedingly difficult to change any mark under the stern of either boat; and, if painted—I think it was allowed by every one engaged in the discussion—that if painted it would not be easy to observe any marked place at the intersection of the water at the stern. It was more easy to place such a mark at the stem and to discern it, and it was agreed that such mark would be satisfactory. Mr. Watson suggested that a mark placed on each side about the rudder, resembling, as he said, a Plimsoll mark, a mark customary, I believe, on the other side, and put on trading vessels, beyond which depth they are not permitted to be loaded. It is an arrangement of the Commercial Marine. Mr. Watson's suggestion was that that would be a satisfactory mark, and I was asked, if I came on Sunday morning, if the boats were there on Sunday morning, I could arrange to be there to mark them. At that time the Valkyrie, as I recollect, had gone away. I stated that I would be there on Sunday morning if the boats were there, and the best recollection I have is that an hour was named on Sunday morning that I should be there, and the two vessels should be there.

Q.—What hour was that? A.—My recollection is 10 o'clock.

Q.—Did you hear anything about a remeasurement to be made on Sunday, that evening, Friday? A.—No, sir. Nothing was known by me. Nothing was mentioned or suggested about a remeasurement, but to re-mark, to put those marks—to mark the spot to which the measurement was made on Friday—put those marks there on Sunday, it was necessary that the batten should be retained; and that—I first ascertained from some one connected with the yard, I do not remember who it was; but the first person I came across who could tell me as to the customs of the yard. I first ascertained whether it would be practicable to get into the yard, to secure entrance on Sunday. I was told it would be; that there was a man always there, who could enter the carpenter shop and procure the batten if it was deposited there. The batten was left in the charge of Captain Haff, to send up immediately to the carpenter shop for preservation, and it was found there on that Sunday following.

Q.—Will you look at this letter that I now show you and say if you received it from Mr. Canfield Saturday evening, the 7th? A.—Yes, sir. I recognize the letter.

Mr. Choate.—I will read this:

"SEPT. 7, 1895 P. M.—My Dear Mr. Hyslop: You have misunderstood my letter. I asked you to measure the two yachts to-morrow at 10 A. M. at Erie Basin, it having been arranged that you were to be there to mark them at either end of 1 w.l. with Mr. George L. Watson. I also asked you to go on the regatta committee boat during the racing days—not to-morrow, but next Tuesday—leaving at 8 A. M. foot o Twenty-sixth street, East River. Yours truly,

"A. CLASS CANFIELD."

Mr. Hyslop.—Yes, I remember that.

Q.—One more question. What do you say as to the practicability

of measuring yachts in the dark—at night? A.—Yes, sir; I have attempted that.

Q.—You have attempted it? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—With what result? A.—The attempt was made with the Valkyrie.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Which Valkyrie? A.—The Valkyrie—the last boat here—Valkyrie III. The attempt was made on the night of Sept. 11 to measure the Valkyrie in that way. A ton or a larger quantity—it may have been a ton and a half—of ballast was, as I was informed, taken from the Valkyrie. She was in the dock. This was removed and it was desired that she should be remeasured, so that in the race that was intended to take place on Thursday, the day following, she could have the advantage of the lessened measurement on the load line. I went there. My information was that she would be afloat about 4 or 5 o'clock, I think. But I went over there at that time and found that it was misinformation. The boat was not afloat until after 9 o'clock that evening; probably nearer 10. Mr. Watson and myself had been discussing the possibility of measuring her when she should be afloat, and I think he conceded the point that it would be pretty well impracticable. But, desiring that no injustice should be done to the boat, and no occasion for complaint be given, I remained there, that there might be no doubt whatever about it, and prepared to make the attempt. Lanterns were secured, a certain number of electric lights were arranged about the yard, and Mr. Watson and myself made the best efforts to secure even an approximate measurement of the boat, but it was utterly futile, and so conceded by Mr. Watson, and, of course, acknowledged by me.

Q.—You do not consider it possible? A.—It is not. It is utterly impossible with a modern vessel such as the Valkyrie and Defender.

Q.—Did you understand this was to prepare the Valkyrie on the third race on which she went over the line? A.—Certainly, yes.

Q.—Who gave you the information?

Mr. Hyslop—Who asked me that I should measure it?

Mr. Rives—Yes; who told you what the plan was, for taking out a ton and a half or putting in a ton and a half?

A.—I do not know that I had the information, I may have had, until I went to the dock; but I didn't know that it was desired that a new measurement should be obtained. As to who informed me I cannot now state.

Q.—Was it to be made after the removal or the addition of a ton and a half? A.—A ton, or whatever it might be; I can't say as to the quantity. I presume that quantity of ballast was taken out on Sunday, the 11th, and the measurement was wanted to ascertain the extent to which her waterline was shortened.

Q.—Was Lord Dunraven aboard then? A.—He was not; not in my sight.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—All this new alteration of the Valkyrie that you are alluding to is, under the terms of the agreement and under the rules of the New York Y. C., that if a vessel desires either to increase her load waterline length or her spar measurements, she must obtain a new measurement by special appointment, before the next race, under that rule? A.—Precisely.

Q.—Are you the person who is responsible for the term "physically impossible" in the America's Cup committee report? A.—I do not remember the use of such a term.

Q.—The term "physically impossible" to remeasure her that night? A.—I had nothing to do with writing that report. I am not a member of the Cup committee.

Q.—You have not seen that? A.—I do not recognize the term. It is, nevertheless, true.

Q.—When did you arrange with Mr. George L. Watson, as alluded to in this letter of Sept. 7? Was that the arrangement made the evening of Sept. 7? That is the supplementary letter to the first one Mr. Choate read.

Mr. Hyslop—When did I arrange with Mr. George Watson to make the measurements here referred to? Is that the question?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—On Friday.

Q.—Was Lord Dunraven present? A.—I believe he was near by. That is my recollection. I have a further impression, I will not say it is a matter of distinct recollection, that there was some conference between Mr. Watson and his Lordship in reference to the matter.

Q.—There had been a conversation about marking upon the Friday with some members of the Cup committee and yourself, had there not? A.—That is precisely what I have been referring to, yes.

Q.—Was that after the Valkyrie had been measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was she out? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And Mr. Watson stayed behind for the measuring of the Defender? A.—He was—yes, he stayed behind, and that may have been a part of his object. I do not know.

Q.—Was not Lord Dunraven absent? A.—I remember that Mr. Watson was behind and the Valkyrie was away.

Q.—The remeasurement came as a new thing to you on Saturday evening? A.—It did.

Q.—Are you aware that as long ago as January, 1894, attempts were made to suggest that there should be an alteration in the rules as to marking, after the races between the Vigilant and Valkyrie II in 1893? A.—I have no knowledge or recollection of that. It may have been within my knowledge at the time, but it is not a matter with which I should have officially to deal with.

Q.—Don you know that Mr. Tams, of this club, was requested to take the subject up officially, as it would be embodied in any rules that would be made to govern a contest between an English and an American yacht in the future. A.—Yes, sir. It would not be a matter that it would be necessary to bring under my cognizance in any way.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—In the statement of Lord Dunraven there is a reference made to you: "I may mention that according to Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, the Defender was some 6in shorter when measured for the Cup races than when measured for the Goelet cup race." What do you say with reference to that? A.—I have not the slightest recollection of anything of the kind. As a matter of actual fact there was a remarkable coincidence between the measurement of the Defender—the first measurement, made about Aug. 16—and the Valkyrie measurement; they precisely coincided. I had no recollection of having mentioned anything—such as "previous measurement of the Defender"—to Lord Dunraven, but the matter was sufficiently remarkable, and it would not have been at all wonderful when I came to measure the Valkyrie to mention that coincidence; but I have not the slightest recollection of doing so or making any comparison between the first measurement of the Defender and any subsequent one. I have no knowledge of it whatever.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Was the Defender measured for the Goelet cup? A.—No, sir; there was only one measurement of the Defender previous to that of Sept. 6. That measurement was made on Aug. 16.

Q.—Was that the first of the trial races? A.—Well, the measurement taken then, I suppose, would determine all preceding events, as between the Vigilant and the Defender. That was, however, the date of the first measurement.

Q.—Was that the first and only occasion on which you had made a measurement? A.—That was the first occasion on which I measured the Defender—Aug. 16.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—Have you the statistics showing the third measurement? You measured the Defender three times? A.—Yes, I measured her three times, Aug. 16, Sept. 6, and Sunday, the 8th, three measurements.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—It has not been stated on authority yet how much difference you actually found in each vessel, between the Friday and the Sunday. Will you state? A.—The Defender was 1-16in. less. The Valkyrie was 1/2in. more.

Q.—And that was as near as you could expect they would come to it, with the same trim, condition and ballast as before? A.—Well, sir, it was commonly spoken of as a thing impossible to do.

Q.—To make them twice exactly the same? A.—It was done to my satisfaction; it was done, as far as there was any expression of it, equally to the satisfaction of the representatives of the contesting yachts, Mr. Watson on the one hand, and Mr. Herreshoff on the other; of course to my satisfaction.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—I would like to call your attention to a statement on pages 4 and 5 of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet, in which he says that he was under the impression that the rule of the New York Y. C. meant that a vessel should be marked on the stem and stern in such a way as to make the marks externally visible; that he learned this at a meeting of the Cup committee on Aug. 30; that according to the practice of the New York Y. C., the l.w.l. length is marked by a couple of tacks on the deck. I understood you to say that same practice existed in the summer of 1893, when Valkyrie II was here? A.—It did, and for many years previous to that.

Q.—And at that time you did mark Valkyrie II in that way? A.—In that way.

Q.—And in only that way? A.—In only that way.

Q.—So that Lord Dunraven must be mistaken in saying that he learned this on Aug. 30, 1893? A.—Precisely. Most certainly the Valkyrie II was marked in the same way.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—Have you got the figures showing what your three measurements were of the Defender? A.—I can procure them very readily. I have got my note book in my overcoat pocket. I will get it. It is right here.

Q.—Do you mean the waterline measurement?

Mr. Whitney—The waterline measurement.

A. (continuing, after looking at note book)—Aug. 16, 88⁸⁵/₁₀₀ ft. Sept. 6, 88⁴⁵/₁₀₀ ft. Sept. 11, 88⁴⁵/₁₀₀ ft.

By Mr. Morgan:

Q.—Sept. 8 that was, was it not? A.—The last one was Sept. 11. I measured her on Wednesday, the 11th, also. I measured her on the 8th and also on Sept. 11.

Q.—The Defender?

Mr. Hyslop—Wait a minute; let me see!

The Chairman—You have given the measurement on the 8th.

Mr. Hyslop—There is an explanation there. I shall mislead you. I did measure her. I measured the rig on Sept. 11, but the waterline measurement was taken on Sunday.

The Chairman—On the 8th?

Mr. Hyslop—The waterline measurement was taken on the 8th, but there was a spar carried away and it was necessary to remeasure the rig on Sept. 11; 88.445 is the measurement of the waterline as taken on Sunday, the 8th.

Mr. Whitney—Then the three measurements of the Defender's waterline were, first 88.85, second 88.45, and the next 88.445.

Mr. Hyslop—Precisely.

Mr. Askwith—In respect to this rule that you are alluding to, Lord Dunraven only says: "I was under the impression." The rule itself is absolutely distinct. In reference to the interpretation that appears to have been, by custom, changed.

At 6 o'clock P. M. the committee adjourned.

New York Y. C.

THE adjourned meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 27 with 240 members present, Com. Brown being in the chair. After the meeting was called to order the following letters were submitted:

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 8, 1896.—*The Honorable Secretary of the Special Committee of the N. Y. Y. C.*: Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the report and proceedings of the special committee of inquiry of the New York Y. C., and trust that you will express to the members of the committee my appreciation of the courtesy and patience with which the conduct of so difficult an inquiry was marked. I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

DUNRAVEN.

DUNRAVEN'S LETTER TO PHELPS.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 12, 1896.—Dear Mr. Phelps: The attitude of assisting the inquiry as a witness and not prosecuting, which, in the nature of the case, I had to adopt, and which I have consistently maintained, prevents me from presuming to accept or reject or criticize, either affirmatively or negatively, the committee's report officially; but in view of the many misunderstandings which have occurred I have felt myself justified in writing briefly to you (as I should be sorry if you or the committee misunderstood my silence), and in saying a few words to which you may give such publicity as you think fit or necessary.

My complaint was made *bona fide* on the direct evidence of eyesight—my own and that of competent men—as to effects the cause of which we did not know or attempt to define. It would, in my opinion, be impossible to find stronger reasons on which action could be taken, or as justification for a complaint of like nature to that which I most reluctantly made, and I am unable therefore to agree that my complaint was unreasonably originated.

I cannot admit a mistake in observed facts, as is suggested by the employment of a diagram accepted by the committee as mathematically proving that we did not see actual objects which we did see.

The only time for absolute proof or disproof of my complaint that Defender did not sail the race on Sept. 7 on her measured l.w.l. length must have been the day of the race. My conduct after the first race; my attitude toward the inquiry when I offered to go to New York, and before the inquiry when I was present in New York, all show my belief in that proposition—a proposition in my opinion self-evident, and I think admitted in evidence by members of the Cup committee.

Feeling as I do on this point, I am unable to adopt toward the judgment of your committee the attitude I should have unhesitatingly taken had the inquiry been conducted at the proper time by the authority under which I sailed, to which I made my complaint, and whose decision I was bound to accept. But I fully realize the difficulties of the situation, which have arisen, I think, largely through mutual misunderstanding, and, on the evidence before them, I most willingly accept the main conclusion of your committee and am only too glad to consider the dispute closed.

I have throughout frequently stated that I made no charge against Mr. Iselin and the other owners of Defender, and I do not agree that he and his friends and all connected with the vessel must have been aware if Defender sailed the first race deeper than when measured. As this is a matter personal to them, I have written to these gentlemen, to make the point perfectly clear.

There are two less important matters to which I may briefly refer. I believed, and for reasons given in evidence think I was justified in believing, that the owners knew of my complaint at the time that it was made, but I fully accept Mr. Iselin's statement that he was only cognizant of it on Oct. 24.

I have also written to Mr. Canfield and Mr. Rogers, admitting the error of my belief that the vessels were ordered to be marked in deference to my request made to the Cup committee on the 7th. Though neither I, nor any one on Valkyrie, understood that the yachts were to be marked on the 8th, I fully accept Mr. Canfield's and Mr. Rogers's statements that they believed they had explained the intentions of the committee to me. I remain, dear Mr. Phelps, yours very faithfully,

Hon. E. J. Phelps.

THE COMMITTEE'S COMMENT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1896.—*To the Commodore of the New York Y. C.*: Sir—Enclosed herewith will be found a communication from Lord Dunraven. As the committee, at its request, was discharged at the last meeting of the yacht club from further consideration of this matter, this communication is transmitted to the club for such action as it thinks proper. The committee has acknowledged the receipt of the letter and has notified Lord Dunraven of its transmission to the yacht club.

They cannot submit this letter without observing that Lord Dunraven misstates their report in an important particular. He says that a diagram was "accepted by the committee as mathematically proving that we did not see the actual objects which we did see." Nothing in the report justifies this statement. It was not denied or doubted that he saw the discharge hole of the bilge pump above the surface of the water on the day before the race, and that it was below the surface of the water on the following day. The fact demonstrated by the evidence and found in the report is, that the hole could not be visible above the water when the vessel was on an even keel, and consequently it was made visible on the first day by the vessel having a slight list to starboard, the probable cause of which the evidence pointed out. The apparent change in the relative position, therefore, afforded no evidence whatever that the immersion of the vessel had been increased in the meantime. Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD T. PHELPS,
J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
A. T. MAHAN,
G. L. RIVES.

THE VARIOUS CABLEGRAMS.

W. M. 35.

London 12.

Oddie, New York Y. C., New York:

Forwarded letter Rives Saturday.

Phelps to-day.

Cable, Feb. 12, 1896.

Received at 3:45 P. M.

DUNRAVEN.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 12, 1896.—Dear Sir: Seeing that the New York Y. C. was to meet on the 13th to consider the report of the committee of inquiry appointed on Nov. 18 last, I thought it right to inform you by cable that I had written to Mr. Rives on the 8th inst., and to Mr. Phelps on the 12th inst. I remain yours faithfully,

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq.

DUNRAVEN.

W. M. 18.

London 32

Secretary New York Y. C., New York:

According papers here Ledyard's motion postponed pending arrival letters. These in my judgment do not affect terms of motion. Request leave Rives Phelps publish them here.

DUNRAVEN.

No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 14, 1896.—Dear Sir: I see by to-day's papers that a motion before the New York Y. C. affecting my position as an honorary member of that club was postponed pending the arrival of letters, the dates of the dispatch of which I had cabled to you.

Viewing that in connection with certain unfounded paragraphs which had lately appeared in the papers, I think it desirable that the contents of my letters should be known as soon as possible, and cabled to you to obtain permission from Mr. Rives and Mr. Phelps to publish them with a view to their being cabled to New York. I remain yours faithfully,

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq.

DUNRAVEN.

"No. 27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 12, 1896.—Dear Sir: I should be obliged if you would inform Mr. Iselin that while thinking myself fully justified in believing that he must have known of my complaint against Defender on Sept. 7 last, seeing that it was made to the Cup committee through Mr. Fish, I wish to express my regret for having fallen into an impression which is shown to be erroneous by

his statement in evidence that he first heard of my complaint on Oct. 24. Also that in respect of the alleged alteration in Defender's l.w.l. length affecting the owners of that vessel, I am in agreement with the report of the committee, an opinion which I have persistently expressed. I remain yours faithfully,

"J. V. S. Oddie, Esq."

DUNRAVEN.

Mr. Oddie's reply was as follows:

"Sent Feb. 24, 1896.—*To Dunraven, 27 Norfolk street, London:* Letters confirming cables received. Iselin abroad.

Oddie."

After the reading of the letters, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard addressed the club as follows:

"At the last meeting of this club I introduced a resolution which called upon the Earl of Dunraven to resign his honorary membership in the club. I thought at that time, and I think a great many members of the club thought, that that method of dealing with the situation—asking him to resign, instead of taking more summary action against him—was more in accordance with the way in which we had been dealing with this matter up to that time. It seemed then more consistent with the courtesies and dignified and careful way in which all this subject has been treated by the New York Y. C.

"I do not think there has ever been in the mind of any member of the club, sir, an idea that we should accept any resignation by Lord Dunraven unless it was accompanied by a full, complete and ample apology, and at the same time a retraction of his charges.

"I have seen in the papers to-night a statement that he has resigned. I suppose, sir, under the circumstances that the secretary has made no mention of any such communication, that none has been received by the club. When I suggested, by the introduction of my resolution, that Lord Dunraven's resignation should be requested, I had in mind a resignation to be given by him in answer to a demand by the club—not a resignation such as any member in good standing could voluntarily tender and expect to have accepted.

"I think, sir, that the communications which we have received since the last meeting have put a different aspect upon the matter. Lord Dunraven, by these several communications, has shown that he has not accepted the result of this inquiry. He is still carping, still hedging, still evading and still insisting that he saw with his eyes what we all know that he never did see, and what has been conclusively proven to have been impossible.

"I think his course has been such that it is due now to the dignity and self-respect of this club that action should be taken which will leave no room for doubt as to the attitude of the club. And with that view I shall ask the unanimous consent of the members of the club to withdraw the resolution which I offered at the last meeting, for the purpose of submitting in its place another and different one."

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to inform the Earl of Dunraven that his resignation as an honorary member of the New York Y. C. is requested by the club.

The substitute was as follows:

Whereas, the Earl of Dunraven, an honorary member of this club, has publicly charged foul play on the part of the Defender in the recent races for the America's Cup, of such a nature as necessarily to implicate the managing owners of the vessel.

The charge has been investigated by a commission of the highest character, which has proceeded judicially, and before which Lord Dunraven has appeared and given his own and other testimony, and has been heard in person and by counsel. The commission has unanimously decided that the charge was false; that it was not merely unproved, but was affirmatively disproved by competent and uncontradicted evidence, leaving no possibility of doubt.

The commission has also found that the facts upon which Lord Dunraven acted, according to his own statement, furnished no justification for making such a charge.

We deem it to be among the unquestioned rules which regulate the intercourse of gentlemen that when one finds that he has been led by mistake to cast unjust imputations upon the character of another he should promptly make such reparation as remains in his power by acknowledging his error, withdrawing the imputations and expressing his regret. Such reparation to Mr. Iselin and his associates the Earl of Dunraven, after full opportunity, has failed to make.

It further appears from the evidence, including Lord Dunraven's own admissions, that at the time of the Cup races he intentionally refrained from making the charge formally, or making any protest, as required by the rules, because it was impossible for him to verify the charge, and he was unwilling to undertake the responsibility of maintaining it.

It is not open to discussion that when gentlemen are engaged in any sport, and one suspects another of foul play, he is bound to make the charge then, and in such form and manner as to assume full responsibility therefor, or thereafter to remain silent.

It further appears that in print and in public speech Lord Dunraven has sought to justify the making of the charge by numerous misrepresentations of fact. He has been forced himself to admit the untruth of most of these, yet he stubbornly refuses to retract the injurious inferences drawn from them.

The representatives of this club engaged in the international yacht races with Lord Dunraven, as the representative of English yachtsmen, upon the footing of mutual confidence and honor. He has requited their courtesy and confidence by distrust, suspicion, unfounded imputations of fraud and a refusal of reparation.

Lord Dunraven by his course has forfeited the high esteem which led to his election as an honorary member of this club; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the privileges of honorary membership heretofore extended to the Earl of Dunraven are hereby withdrawn, and that his name be removed from the list of honorary members of the club.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, after which a vote was taken.

Out of the 240 members present, forty were yacht owners and privileged to vote; all but one, Mr. Chester C. Munroe, voting in the affirmative.

After Com. Brown had declared the result of the vote, and that Lord Dunraven was no longer a member of the New York Y. C., the meeting adjourned.

The Chicago Challenge.

E. P. WARNER, of the Lake Michigan Y. A., has lately been in Toronto for the express purpose of arranging the terms of the proposed match between the Lincoln Park Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. The objections on the part of the R. C. Y. C. were on the ground that the new challenger was considerably larger than any yacht available on the lake, and that a specially constructed racing yacht would be of no use save for this one match. The challengers are very desirous of making a match, and after giving the length of the new Vincedor as 45ft. racing length, they have finally offered to guarantee that she shall not exceed a measurement of 45ft., or that if she does any excess shall rate at a double allowance. A meeting of the sailing committee of the R. C. Y. C. was held on Feb. 28, at which the following acceptance was drawn up:

TORONTO, Feb. 28.—*C. O. Andrews, Esq., Sec'y Lincoln Park Y. C., Chicago, Ill.*: Dear Sir—The Commodore, Rear-Commodore and myself had great pleasure in meeting Mr. Warner, chairman of your regatta committee, and hearing his suggestions as to meeting the difficulty as to the size of the Vincedor, which we felt was such a serious obstacle to our accepting your proposals for a series of races between yachts of our respective clubs.

We now feel, however, that the proposals made at that interview, and corroborated in Mr. Warner's letter of Feb. 24, will surmount the difficulty, and that we can now appoint the committee to arrange details suggested by you in your original letter.

We think, however, in order that there may be no misunderstanding of the subject, owing to changes and modifications of the challenge, it would be well to recite them:

1. We understand the Vincedor is designed to be 48ft. corrected length, being about 44½ft. l.w.l., and that her construction has proceeded so far that it is impossible to now alter the dimensions of her hull.
2. That you agree to reduce the Vincedor to 45ft. corrected length, by reducing her sail area.
3. That should Vincedor measure over 45ft. corrected length, double time allowance to be allowed on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed ½ft. corrected length.
4. That our club is to meet the Vincedor with a yacht 42ft. c. l., as near as possible, but in no event must she exceed 42ft. by more than ½ft. c. l.
5. That the sailing rules of the New York Y. C. to govern the races, subject to such modifications and alterations as shall be mutually agreed upon between the committee on details.
6. That it is understood that corrected length, wherever mentioned in connection with this match, shall mean the racing length for time allowance, and shall be obtained, as per Lake Yacht Racing Association rules, viz., to the square foot of the sail area, add l.w.l., and divide by 2.

From the above you will see we do not contemplate that you can meet our representative with a new Vincedor designed to be 45ft. c. l. My committee greatly regret that it is impossible to make the match with similar sized yachts, as where a difference of size exists, to be adjusted by time allowance, the result is never so satisfactory.

If the above is your understanding of the subject, we would suggest that your committee draft what other conditions they think expedient, and forward for the consideration of our committee to E. J. Jarvis, chairman.

I might mention that we have appointed Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, our vice-commodore; E. J. Jarvis, our rear-commodore; and E. H. Ambrose as our committee on details, and that Mr. Jarvis is chairman, to whom kindly address all further communications.

P. S.—I am sending by concurrent mail a copy of the Lake Yacht

Racing Association book for 1895, which is the last issued, there being no changes since.

This arrangement, while all that is possible under the circumstances, will by no means make a fair match between the new yacht and Zelm, the only yacht available for the R. C. Y. C. The latter is but one stage advanced beyond Minerva in model and construction; and it has been conclusively proved about New York as well as in British waters that such craft can by no possible means compete with the modern fin-keels of the same size; much less with larger ones. Minerva has no chance whatever with Gloriana, to say nothing of Wasp, and yet the latter are far from being bulb-fins. The 35-footer Norota, a semi-fin with no bulb, is practically as fast as the old 40-footers; and yet she would be outsailed by an extreme fin-keel. It is out of the question to make a fair and satisfactory match between a new bulb-fin of 45ft. l.w.l. and an old cutter of but 37ft. waterline; the larger yacht may give an amount of time which seems very liberal and yet outtail the smaller and older one; or, on the other hand, should the latter win, all the credit will be discounted on the grounds of her excessive allowance.

It of course remains to be seen how fast a yacht the new designer Mr. Poekel will turn out, but it seems probable that she will be as speedy as her modern design and construction and his long experience with the Herreshoffs should warrant. It is in every way unfortunate that the matter was not started in a different way, by a mutual agreement with the R. C. Y. C. as to the best size of yacht before the design was completed and the work of construction begun. Now it is too late to alter the size of the new yacht.

Lord Dunraven's Resignation.

THE following letter reached New York on the Britannic on Feb. 28, the day after the meeting of the New York Y. C.:

"27 NORFOLK STREET, Park Lane, W., Feb. 19, 1896.—*To the Secretary of the New York Y. C., 67 Madison Avenue, New York.* Dear Sir—In supplement of my cablegram and letter of Feb. 14, I wish to emphasize the fact that my letters to Mr. Rives and Mr. Phelps were written and dispatched before I heard of the motion made by Capt. Ledyard.

"Without commenting on the grounds and terms of a motion with the justice of which I do not agree, I wish to say that in view of the fact that a motion of such a nature has been made and is upon the Agenda book, I do not desire to remain a member of the club, whatever the result of the motion may be.

"I therefore beg that you will lay my resignation before the club, a course which will probably be approved by the majority of the members. I remain yours faithfully,

"DUNRAVEN."

The same letter, with several differences in the wording, was cabled from London to the New York papers, by whom does not appear, and was published on Thursday afternoon preceding the meeting. Although the club had no official knowledge of the letter or warrant of its authenticity at the time of the meeting, it has been blamed for not accepting the resignation. The London *Globe* is quick to insinuate foul dealing, as follows:

"We are at a loss to understand why it was that the club had not received the letter at 9 o'clock last evening which had been published in the New York papers of that afternoon. We are strongly inclined to the belief that if the letter had not reached the secretary it was for the reason that arrangements were made to prevent his receiving it. It will be remembered that in the earlier stages of the controversy the period at which a certain note was received was the subject of some dispute and the cause of a deal of trouble."

Some of the other London papers, and Sir George Baden Powell, echo the same charge. The fact that the letter arrived by the Britannic on Friday is proof enough that it was not in the hands of the secretary on Thursday evening, in addition to which are the postmarks on the envelope. Sec'y Oddie has indorsed the envelope as follows:

Copy of a communication from the Earl of Dunraven, bearing mark, P. O., N. Y., 2, 28, '96, 3:10; also F 2, 28, '96, 4:12. Received at the club house Feb. 28, at 7:10 P. M.

This note means that the letter was received at the New York post-office at 3:10 o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 28, at station F at 4:12 o'clock and at the New York Y. C. at 7:10 o'clock, Feb. 28.

In view of the fact that the resignation would not have been accepted, even had it been before the meeting, the whole incident is of little moment.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The seventh annual meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on Feb. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., A. J. Prime, Yonkers; Vice-Com., E. Langerfeld, H. R. Y. C.; Sec'y, G. Parkhill; Treas., R. K. McMurray; Executive Committee, A. F. Adams, Newark Y. C.; A. F. Roe, Jersey City; Dr. Brandt, Pine Ridge; Capt. J. Ellsworth, Bayonne; A. C. Longyear, Newark Bay B. C.

The following amendments to the sailing rules were adopted:

Resolved, That Rule 2 of the sailing rules be amended so as to read as follows:

Rule 2. Measurement and Allowance.—All races or regattas given by any club a member of the Association or by the Association open to one or more club members of the Association shall be sailed under the rules of the Association, and the measurement for allowance for time shall be by one of the following systems, which shall be known respectively as the "Hull measurement" and "length and sail area measurement," which are as follows:

Section 1. Hull Measurement.—"The measurement for allowance for time shall be the length of the load waterline measured when in sailing trim, to which shall be added one-third of the overhang forward and aft, which shall be the sailing length."

Section 2. Length and Sail Area Measurement.—Yachts shall be rated for time allowance according to the following measurement:

To the load waterline length add the square root of the sail area and divide the sum by 2.

The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim, with all persons on board when the measurement is taken amidships. The measurer, at the time of taking the measurements, shall affix a distinctive mark at each point.

Section 3. In all races or regattas given by any club belonging to the Association open to one or more clubs, members of the Association, notice shall be given in the notice or invitation for such race or regatta of the rule of measurement to be used in such race or regatta, and this rule shall not prevent races or regattas being given under the length and sail area measurement for cabin yachts and hull measurement for open yachts, provided notice thereof is given in notice or invitation for such race or regatta.

Section 4. Allowance for time shall be figured according to the table of N. G. Herreshoff.

The Oceanic and Shrewsbury clubs were dropped from membership. The Association will hold its annual regatta on Labor Day.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Huguenot Y. C. was held on Feb. 15 at the Hotel Logerot, New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles Whann; Vice-Com., O. M. Connolly; Rear-Com., S. K. Gorman; Sec'y, R. T. Badgley; Treas., A. L. Laukuta. Trustees—For two years, W. H. Jacob and N. Pike, Jr.; for three years, A. F. Townsend and L. C. Ketchum. The club will lay out new courses, including a special one for the 15-footers.

The engines of the new Higgins steamer Varuna will be in charge of Chief Engineer Thompson, formerly of the steam yacht Sapphire II., who has sailed for Glasgow to overlook the yacht while under construction.

Col. C. McK. Loeser, a well-known New York yachtsman and member of the New York Y. C., died very suddenly at his home on Feb. 23.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Union held a meeting on Feb. 24 preparatory to the general meeting of the association on March 9, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The following definitions were suggested after much discussion: "Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity, or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive, higher than mercenary, found in the ranks of naval officers and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive, while it is inconsistent with the trade of the shipwright or the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this spirit (and with special cases subject to interpretation by competent judges) the following general definition is given: A Corinthian yachtsman is one who has never received pay for sailing a yacht or vessel, and who has never followed the water as a means of livelihood. No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who by calling is a shipwright, sailmaker, or rigger, and one who has accepted remuneration for services rendered or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in other sports, shall now be considered a Corinthian yachtsman." A definition of what constitutes a cabin yacht was given as follows: "A vessel to be considered a cabin yacht must have substantial cabin accommodations, forming part of the permanent structure of the boat." At the meeting action will be taken on the proposed racing rules, the dates for races and the assignment of permanent racing numbers.

We have received notice of the coming publication of a guide to the rivers and canals of Great Britain and Ireland, edited by F. E. Prothero and W. A. Clark, and intended for the use of oarsmen and canoeists. The publishers are George Philip & Son, London.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Yachting Association was held at Detroit on Feb. 15, with about twenty-five delegates from different lake clubs in attendance. The following classification by waterline length was adopted: First class, 50ft. and over; second, all over 42ft. and under 50ft.; third, over 35 and under 42ft.; fourth, 30ft. and under 35ft.; fifth, 25ft. and under 30; sixth, all 20ft. or under. The following officers were elected: Com., George H. Worthington, Cleveland; Vice-Com., C. J. Lichtenberg, Detroit; Rear-Com., Henry Tracy, Toledo; Fleet Capt., George Bliss, Erie; Sec'y and Treas., Frank R. Frey, Toledo; Meas., Joseph Hepburn, Toledo; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. George Duffield Stewart, Detroit; Race Committee: Schulze, Bean and Nicholson, of Detroit; Potter, of Toledo, and Hubbard, of Sandusky.

The annual meeting of the Milwaukee Y. C. was held on Feb. 21, the following officers being elected: Com., C. J. Williams; Vice-Com., B. A. Coleman; Rear-Com., Thomas Camp; Treas., John J. Ovs, Jr. The club resolved to hold a regatta on July 4, regardless of the dates of the Lake Michigan Y. A., and also that yachts holding legs for the club cups must enter in this regatta or forfeit their rights.

The latest addition to the new 30ft. class is a yacht for Com. Gillig and Vice-Com. Work, of the Larchmont Y. C., designed and built by Sibbick, at Cowes.

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held on Feb. 3, the following officers being elected: Com., Henry Andruss; Vice-Com., Henry Doscher; Rear-Com., William H. Simonson; Sec'y, J. C. Lippincott; Treas., E. B. Strong; Meas., Henry A. Doude. Trustees—1896, J. W. Adams; 1897, E. T. Smythe and G. W. Fuller; 1898, D. J. Krackehl and John T. Rough. The regatta committee was increased from three to five members by an amendment to the constitution, and the following were elected: C. T. Power, B. Talbot, W. N. Davier, P. A. Myrowitz and A. P. Weston. The Membership Committee are Eugene Lambden, W. S. Spencer and W. E. Moore, and Law Committee, J. W. Lambden and C. W. Voltz. These appointments were made: Fleet Captain, E. H. Kingsland; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. G. W. Chandler; Fleet Chaplain, the Rev. J. Ernest McGill. Some important changes were made in the club courses.

The body of Cuthbert S. Johnson reached New York on the steamer Trinidad last week, Mr. Marion Story accompanying it. The following account of the unfortunate occurrence is given by the *Bermuda Colonist*: "About 8 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Palmer and his other guests not then being on board, Culford, Mr. Palmer's valet, brought Mr. Johnson some beef tea and milk, which he took, and rubbed him with some liniment which Dr. Curtis had prescribed. He then helped him to change from the bed in which he was lying to another one. Mr. Johnson then put on a suit of pajamas, and complained to the valet of feeling very ill. About 4:30 deceased rang for the valet and inquired of him whether Mr. Palmer was on board. The servant told him the gentlemen had not yet returned, but were expected soon. A few minutes later Mr. Johnson rang again and put the same question to Culford, who had answered the summons, and received the same reply. No more than three minutes at the most had elapsed when the ship's crew were startled by the report of a pistol shot. Culford and the steward immediately ran to Mr. Johnson's cabin and found him lying on the floor on his right side against the dressing table, with his head close to the floor, the carpet around his head being saturated with blood. The servants, greatly frightened, reported to the captain that Mr. Johnson had committed suicide. The captain immediately sent for Dr. Trott and Mr. Palmer." Preparations were under way for a reception on board of Yampa on Feb. 22, but they were abandoned. The yacht sailed from Bermuda for Barbadoes, Eugene A. Willard, son of E. A. Willard, having joined her by steamer from New York.

At the meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. on Feb. 25 the following letter from Mr. Linton Hope was read: "GREENWICH, Feb. 8.—*Charles A. Sherman, Esq.,* Dear Sir—Many thanks for your letter of Jan. 24. I much regret that the races cannot take place before Aug. 20, as it will make it impossible for me to race this year now. Will your race committee allow me to postpone my challenge till next year, when we could no doubt arrange dates? Please accept my best thanks for the trouble you and your race committee have taken to try and arrange a race: Hoping to have better luck and more time next year, believe me, yours faithfully, LINTON HOPE." The annual dinner of the club will take place shortly.

Toronto C. C.

THE annual supper of the Toronto C. C. on Jan. 24 was a record-breaker. The club house was gayly decorated with flags and bunting and was filled by a jolly crowd of canoeists and their friends. A very enjoyable programme of music, songs and athletics was provided by the house committee, during an interval in which supper was served. Tables were arranged for 225 and every seat was occupied and a small overflow meeting arranged in one corner. There were no speeches except one by Com. Wilkie which dealt briefly with the prosperous condition of the club, showing a membership of over 200 and assets of \$1,100 and no liabilities. The main part of his speech was in reference to the coming A. C. A. meet at Gridstone Island. Elaborate arrangements are being made for a big turn out of Toronto canoeists which is expected, and the probability is that not less than 100 members will go down to the meet.

The T. C. C. Minstrels have since been organized and will probably give an account of themselves there.

Taking it altogether the supper was the most successful yet given by the club, and a pleasing feature of it was the enthusiasm manifested in connection with the A. C. A. meet.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. W. H. MULLINS, Salem, Ohio, has just made an offer of one of his stamped and embossed sheet bronze boats to "Overingenior" Andree, of Stockholm, Sweden, for use in his proposed expedition to the Arctic regions, which will start about June 1. Mr. Andree's party intends making this trip by the use of balloons and boats. This boat will be constructed especially, being braced and strengthened to prevent being crushed by the ice, etc.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Name.	Club.	City.
Edwin Kingsley Abbott.....	Northampton.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.

COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The Zettler Rifle Club's regular weekly competition came off this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. Fourteen members put in an appearance and shot their scores, three of them, R. Busse, Dr. W. J. Furness and Gus. Nowak, shooting up a back score in addition to their regular five strings of 10 shots. Dr. Boyken, who is shooting in excellent form just now, was high with two scores of 249 out of a possible 250. The scores made were as follows:

R. Busse.....	244 237 239 240 241	H. Holges.....	233 240 247 244 243
245 237 238 244 242		H. D. Muller.....	241 241 231 237 240
Dr. J. A. Boyken.....	243 246 249 245 249	H. Muenz.....	227 233 235 236 230
S. Buzzini.....	233 238 239 233 232	G. Nowak.....	235 243 234 239 241
G. W. Downs.....	232 234 229 237 232		242 240 246 246 240
M. B. Engel.....	236 245 241 235 236	F. C. Ross.....	246 244 247 246 244
L. Flach.....	246 244 245 242 247	O. G. Zettler.....	242 243 243 243 245
Dr. W. J. Furness.....	234 242 251 237 234	B. Zettler.....	240 247 243 242 242
	231 241 237 238 246		

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 25.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot this evening at its Sixth Avenue range. Nine members were present and shot their scores, which averaged better than usual. The conditions are: 40yds., off-hand, standard American target, 100 points possible:

Schmidt.....	74 65 63 66 64 ..	66	Whiting.....	73 77 82 79 81 ..	78
Sorg.....	76 62 67 63 ..	67	Hurlit.....	65 62 62 67 ..	64
Lawrence.....	70 65 68 67 64 ..	67	Itel.....	90 77 89 79 85 84	
Hofmeister.....	69 79 62 63 76 ..	70	Preston.....	51 66 71 70 ..	65
Lincoln.....	78 81 77 64 73 78 76				

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The New York Rifle Club's regular weekly shoot was held this evening at Zettler's, 219 Bowery. Only three members shot their strings, the following being the two best scores made by each man, together with his score on the honor target:

Honor Target.

D Crocker.....	242	241	67
William Uhler.....	242	240	..
R. J. Young.....	245	243	65

On Feb. 12 R. J. Young scored 247, 247, and on the honor target 71; William Uhler, the only other member of the club present, scored 242, 240, and 66 on the honor target.

Revolver Club.

A MEETING of all those interested in the proposed revolver club, of which Sergt. W. E. Petty and Wm. Maynard are the prime movers, has been called for Friday, March 6, at 8:30 P. M., in the range No. 12 St. Mark's place, New York.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES

March 12.—FANWOOD, N. J.—Second monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club. League team race at 2 P. M.

March 17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, birds extra; handicap commences at 11 A. M. sharp.

March 17-18.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Tournament of the Morristown Gun and Athletic Club, at the driving park; live birds.

March 18-21.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York city; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. F. A. Kerker, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Appgar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. B. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 28-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. R. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Galliard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to *Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.*

The North Side Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is one of the go-ahead clubs of a city where, Elmer Shaner says in a letter dated Feb. 23, "Shooting in this neck of the woods is booming." The North Side Club has its grounds on Marshall avenue, Allegheny City, Pa., just across the river from Pittsburg. It has decided to hold a monthly series of 100-target races, open to all, \$5 entrance, targets included in the entrance fee. Seven of these contests are already arranged for and occur on March 11, April 16, May 14, June 11, July 16, Aug. 13 and Sept. 10. The American E. C. Powder Company has donated a silver cup which will become the absolute property of the shooter who makes the highest aggregate score in 5 out of the above 7 shoots. The circular announcing the shoots says: "It will be the aim of the management to have all shooters placed on an equal footing, and the right to use a handicap, if deemed necessary, is reserved by the club.

Trap-shooting along the border between the United States and Canada is on the boom. A communication in regard to the prospects for sport in the vicinity of Sutton Junction, Province of Quebec, Can., appears in our trap columns. From it we gather that four new clubs will keep things moving in that locality during the coming season. The clubs named are: Waterloo Gun Club, Sutton Junction Gun Club, Sutton Gun Club and the North Troy Gun Club of Vermont; the three first named clubs are located in Canada.

William Morison, secretary of the Forest Gun Club of Philadelphia writes us under date of Feb. 19 as follows: "The annual meeting of the Forest Gun Club was held recently and officers for 1896 were elected as follows: President, Stephen J. Hotherhall; Vice-President, Arthur Baum; Secretary-treasurer, Wm. Morison; Field Captain, W. N. Stevenson; Assist. Field Captain, J. A. Ross; Official Scorer, Wm. Collins. Our club would like to arrange some matches with nearby clubs. On Easter Monday, April 6, we will give an all-day tournament; will send you programme later."

W. G. Sergeant, secretary of the Joplin, Mo., Gun Club, under whose auspices a 3-days' shoot will be held April 28-30, sends us the following communication: "We do not think that it is fully understood yet just the kind of a shoot we intend to give in April, and for the purpose of setting matters right we desire to make the following statement: With the exception of one event, our shoot will be open to all comers. This exception will be the Owl Shoot, consisting of one event only, and which is a contest between teams of three from any club in either Missouri or Kansas. We ask you to make this statement for us in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the kind of a tournament we will give. We desire to emphasize the fact, that this tournament will be wide open (except as above stated), and that no one will be barred, and that we add \$1,375 in cash."

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., had a small live-bird shoot on Washington's Birthday. The chief feature of the day's shoot, aside from the regulation dinner at Jake Gidney's, was a friendly race at 50 live birds per man, the contestants being Jas. S. Taylor and Capt. George Taggart, both members of the club. Taylor won easily, scoring 42 to 36. The wind was blowing a gale, which accounts for some of the birds getting away. Jack Halstead and M. Perry, of Peekskill, N. Y., were among the visitors. A couple of \$3 miss and outs were shot; the first was divided between Taylor and Taggart, Taylor and Halstead dividing the second.

C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, Kan., has challenged E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan., the present holder of the Kansas live-bird championship trophy, to shoot a match for the same, under the conditions that govern the contests. Hoffman has accepted, and has named March 12 as the date, and Galena as the place where the contest shall be held. It will be remembered that Hoffman won the trophy from W. W. McIlhany, at Weir City, last December.

An amusing story is going the rounds about a shooter who made a big record on 50 live birds while shooting shells which he believed were loaded with a powder he wanted to try. After having cracked up the powder as just exactly what he was looking for, he opened one or two of the shells only to discover that he had been using the powder that he always shoots! We understand it took more than one bottle to settle it.

At the Eureka Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot, an account of which is given in these columns, the single-trigger gun shot by F. P. Stannard attracted much attention, and was closely examined by all the shooters. This gun was made for the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co., which firm Mr. Stannard represents, after a model furnished by Mr. Stannard, whose ideas were embodied in the model.

The second monthly meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Thursday, March 12, on the Climax Gun Club's grounds near Fanwood station on the line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A special programme will be gotten up for the occasion.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club announces that it will hold a 100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, targets extra, on Tuesday, March 17. An optional sweepstake will be shot on each series of 25 targets. The time for the shoot to commence is 11 A. M. prompt. Other events will be shot if time permits.

The officers of the Huntington, Pa., Gun Club are: President, J. A. Fleming; Vice-President, John McOahan, Sr.; Secretary, R. K. Foster; Assistant Secretary, H. V. Johnston; Treasurer, L. R. Leister; Captain, G. S. Williams. The club is one of the live organizations of Western Pennsylvania, having been reorganized on April 5, 1895.

Rollo Heikes has been doing some record work in the way of rapid smashing of targets. His last record of 100 targets out of 120 in 4 minutes and 20 seconds is an eye-opener, and will take some beating.

Tom Callander says that the Nashville Gun Club will get in line this season. It intends to give a 3 days' target tournament some time in September, and will add \$1,300 to the purses.

We understand that in future an entrance fee will be charged at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., whenever there is any shoot in progress.

MARCH 3. EDWARD BANKS.

Repeating Shotguns and Balks.

THE following case has been stated to us for the purpose of obtaining our views upon it:

A shooter enters in a live-bird event and uses a Winchester repeating shotgun; he fires his first cartridge, but is prevented from firing his second cartridge by the brass head of the first cartridge breaking away from the paper, lodging in the mechanism, and thus causing a non-ejection of the paper case. The bird escapes over the boundary. What should the referee decide in such a case?

Our answer is: Were we referee, and should such a case occur, we would allow another bird, as provided in all cases where a missfire has occurred in the second barrel of a double gun, or where a shooter has been balked when using any gun.

Being informed that the Interstate Association might be asked to make a ruling on the above point prior to the commencement of the Grand American Handicap, on the ground that such a case might actually arise during the meeting at Elkwood Park to be held under its auspices, March 24-26, we wrote to Mr. John S. Hoey and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Association, stating the case, and asking them to favor us with their ideas on the point involved. Mr. Hoey will act as one of the referees in the Grand American Handicap, and is, without doubt, one of the ablest referees in this or any other country. Mr. Shaner has had great experience as a live-bird shooter and as a referee, and while his opinion would not be official, his really national reputation in trap-shooting circles would add much weight to that opinion.

Mr. Hoey's answer to our letter is dated Feb. 26, and runs as follows: "As to that pump gun decision: In the first place, I don't think any man ought to use such a gun, for he is always or rather sometimes liable to have it not work properly. I have seen it happen at clay-bird shooting. However, it is not for me to condemn any gun. Pumps will be used, though I think a man who uses one handicaps himself. *Chacun a son gout.*

"As to a pump gun catching in its mechanism through a defective cartridge after the first cartridge has been fired at a live bird, which was not killed, I should say: The shooter should have another bird, with powder only in the first shell (if the referee was confident that the bird was not hit with the first barrel). A shooter should be protected. I am not thoroughly posted on the A. S. A. rules, but the generally accepted rule of all gun clubs I go to is as I have quoted touching the case in point. No man should be penalized for defective ammunition. Anyway, in view of so many pump guns being used, a definite decision should be arrived at aient the case in point."

Mr. Hoey's letter, the main part of which is given above, and which was written while he was slowly recovering from a very serious attack of the grip, closes with the following postscript: "There may be something in the claim that a defect in the gun is the shooter's loss, but my head is too weak to reason it out just now. However, it seems to me that every man should have an equal chance—and if one man can only fire one shell at a bird, where is his equal chance?"

In the second paragraph quoted from Mr. Hoey's letter we have italicized a sentence that was placed in brackets by the writer. We made use of the italics to mark what we take to be a very important point indeed; not so much as relating to the case in question, but to all guns, double or repeating. As we interpret Mr. Hoey's meaning, the sentence implies that if the referee was confident that the bird had been hit with the first barrel, he would then allow, in case of a missfire with the second, another bird and give the shooter the benefit of using two good shells. We think such a decision would be news to most of our readers, but there is just that amount of equity in it that characterizes all Mr. Hoey's rulings on similar points—"A shooter should be protected."

We thus have Mr. Hoey's opinion to back up our own. Mr. Shaner's letter was a complete surprise to us; we stated the case to him in almost precisely the same terms we did to Mr. Hoey, being perhaps a trifle more explicit in our communication to Mr. Shaner. As will be seen by a perusal of the following letter, he takes directly the opposite view of the case to that which is held by Mr. Hoey and by ourselves: (For the sake of ready reference later, while considering Mr. Shaner's arguments, we have designated each paragraph by a letter of the alphabet.)

(a) "Referring to the pump gun decision: 'I'm ferninst ye.' Old Hoss says: 'Me too.' According to my way of reasoning, I don't know of a set of live-bird rules that would allow a contestant another bird in a case of that kind. I'll admit that much can be said in favor of the decision for the pump gun, but we should not forget that the rules as framed at the present time are for double guns, and until they are changed to cover the point you raise, and others, my ruling would be, 'Lost bird.' To go back to the point in question: The shooter's gun, or rather shell, does *not* miss fire, in fact, the gun was not loaded at all to fire the second time. Would a contestant using a double gun be allowed another bird if he went to the score with but one shell in his gun? Never in the world! A contestant by using a pump gun handicaps himself by choice, and takes the risk of being able to do with a single gun what another contestant does with a double gun.

(b) "You say: 'Our claim is that the missfire is the fault of the ammunition. * * * No man will use shells that burst at the rim if he can help it, as it handicaps him too much' (italics are mine). Can't he help it? Will the ammunition companies sustain him in this? Why did the shell burst? Was it not because he was using more powder than the shell would stand? Or was the shell really weak? Will the ammunition companies say that their shells are faulty? Never in the world! They will say: 'These shells will stand a certain amount of powder, and if you use more than that it will be at your own risk.'

Therefore, cannot the shooter help it by using a stronger shell or less powder? Another case: If the shooter using a double gun has a shell burst at the rim, or where the paper joins the brass, and he does not shoot the second barrel, failing to kill with the first, will he be allowed another bird? If not, why not, according to your reasoning? The ammunition was just as faulty in the double gun as in the single.

(c) "Coming down to solid fact—is it really the shell's fault or the gun's fault through the chambers being a little larger than the shell? Would a shooter using a pump gun be allowed another bird in the following cases: If a shell got wet and got swollen, or if large wads were used, making a shell bulge so that it could not be fed properly? If the shells were poorly crimped, leaving a frayed edged, so that they would go into the chamber of the gun from the magazine? Or, if the extractor failed to grasp the head of the shell and did not extract the same? This same point in question came up at Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30, 1894, while I was refereeing, and Capt. Bartlett was at the score shooting doubles. His gun failed to extract a shell from some cause or other, and the first time it acted that way I allowed him another pair of targets; he shot and broke them. I then and there said that I would not allow another pair under the same conditions, as upon thinking it over I considered it wrong to do so. So you see this decision of mine is not made upon the spur of the moment, but has been talked over many a time. You will, of course, understand that the foregoing is my personal opinion, and does not come from the Interstate Association. I don't know what ruling it will make."

As a postscript to the above letter, Mr. Shaner adds: "Upon reading your letter over again, and my reply to it as well, I honestly believe that the very best that a shooter could hope to get in a case of the kind mentioned would be to allow him another bird the first time it happened, on account of a *defect in the gun, not ammunition*; but should he continue to use the same gun another bird should not be allowed, as he knew his gun was defective and he should remedy it. Understand me though—were I the referee, it would be lost bird *all the time*."

Replying to Mr. Shaner's arguments categorically, let us first consider what he advances in the paragraph marked a: " * * * We should not forget that the rules as framed at the present time are for double guns * * * " A. S. A. rules, revised 1893, certainly do not specify any style of gun, single or double; they merely say: "Rule 16. No gun of larger caliber than a 10-bore shall be used, and the weight of all guns shall be unlimited." Thus Mr. Shaner's statement in this connection is personal assumption not borne out by the rules.

The use of the terms "first barrel" and "second barrel" should often more correctly read "first cartridge" and "second cartridge." For example: "Rule 20. If a missfire occur with the second barrel, the shooter shall have another bird, using only a full charge of powder in the first barrel." Construing "barrel" as cartridge, a common sense construction as it seems to us, the present set of rules can be made to apply to repeating shotguns equally with double guns. Proceeding: "To go back to the point in question: The shooter's gun, or rather shell, does not missfire; in fact, the gun was not loaded at all to fire the second barrel." While it does not actually missfire, the occurrence is of the same nature as one, in that it is a balk. The only importance of a missfire is that it balks the shooter. The loading of a gun is complete when the shells are in their proper place, whether it be chamber or magazine. Mr. Shaner makes a great mistake when he says that the gun was "not loaded at all to fire the second barrel;" he might as well contend that a double gun was not loaded because a shooter cannot fire the second barrel owing to the safety bolt having jarred safe when the first shell was fired.

Mr. Shaner's query as to the man with the double gun and only one shell in it is a matter entirely irrelevant to the point at issue. The closing sentence of paragraph a would be scarcely worth noting were it not for the fact that he wrongly terms a repeating shotgun a "single gun." A repeater is no more a single gun than a Maxim, Nordenfolt or a revolver is a single rifle. In shooting a double gun the cartridges are shot one at a time, each cartridge having its own barrel; but in a magazine gun the cartridges are shot successively through the same barrel. Everyone knows the difference between a single gun and a repeater. A conclusion based on the assumption that a gun is a single gun because it has a single barrel, even though a multiplicity of shots can be fired through it more rapidly than is possible in a double gun, is not warranted by the facts and partakes of the nature of a quibble.

In paragraph b Mr. Shaner quotes from our letter to him. If we are correctly quoted, the two words "or balk" should have been written after the word "missfire." Mr. Shaner then puts into italics the words "if he can help it." We are glad that he has done so, as it emphasizes a very strong point. No man is going to use faulty ammunition if he knows it, simply because if he gets a missfire, or balk, through such faulty ammunition, he is severely handicapped by having to use a blank cartridge in the first barrel. No man is likely to use shells that are liable to missfire or blow the brass head off unless he wants to drop a bird or two for financial reasons without laying himself open to the charge of dropping for place. Such an act, however, would come under the head of misconduct, not balk, and is therefore an outside matter. Mr. Shaner is well aware that shells of good make do sometimes missfire or blow the head off in double guns as well as in repeaters. His query as to what should be done to a man who has a shell go to pieces in his first barrel, and who does not fire his second barrel, is decidedly funny. We fail to see that the question has any weight, as the shooter could not possibly claim a balk, missfire, or water on the brain, not having been prevented from pulling the trigger by the mishap to the shell in the first barrel. What a shooter voluntarily does is foreign to the issue, and a shooter could not tell that a shell had gone to pieces in his first barrel until he opened his gun. What the ammunition companies would say is not to the point either, but we don't think that any of them will deny that shells do missfire or part where the brass head joins the paper case, whether the gun be single, double or a repeater.

In paragraph c Mr. Shaner gets down to "solid fact." For his information we will state that the chambers in Winchester repeating shotguns (the gun in question) are standard size. As for Mr. Shaner's next few queries in regard to decisions where shells swollen by moisture, bulged by wads, or poorly crimped, were used by a shooter, such queries are totally irrelevant and altogether so much outside the question that we are surprised at his quoting them. The question at issue is whether the brass head of the shell separating from the paper case and lodging in the mechanism of a repeating shotgun, so as to prevent a shooter from using his second shell, constitutes a balk in the same degree that a snap of a primer in a double gun causes one. The cases quoted by Mr. Shaner in paragraph c are plainly instances where the shooter and not his ammunition is at fault.

Mr. Shaner's first decision in the Bartlett case was, in our opinion, correct. If, upon examination, the referee in a similar case found that the fault lay with the gun and not with the shell—in fact, that the extractor was faulty—and if the shooter continued to use the gun, such referee would be bound to call "lost bird" if the case occurred again. This decision, however, would only be based upon a common sense construction of any of the trap-shooting rules now in the hands of the shooters, there being no rule that actually covers the point. The fact that Mr. Shaner's opinion, as expressed in his letter to us, is his personal and not his official opinion must not be overlooked. The Interstate Association has its own set of rules, under which the Grand American Handicap and other live-bird events at Elkwood Park will be shot during the last week of March. It will be well for the association to consider the point raised, since it is possible that the referees in the various events may have a case of the kind to adjudicate upon.

The postscript to Mr. Shaner's letter is very much on the same order as the inevitable postscript to a young lady's letter which is said to contain more meat than all the rest of the communication. In it Mr. Shaner says positively that were he "the referee it would be lost bird all the time;" he also states that another bird could only be allowed for "a defect in the gun—not ammunition." That's the very point: Which is defective in this case, the gun or the ammunition? Can a gun be said to be defective when it works satisfactorily as long as the shells hold together? Is a missfire always the result of a faulty primer?

The Interstate Association rules (Hurlingham rules, revised 1894), as stated above, govern the referees' decisions during the Grand American Handicap week. These rules say:

Rule 6. A missfire is no shot under any circumstances.

Rule 8. If the missfire occur with the second barrel—the shooter having failed to kill with his first—he shall have another bird, but must shoot an ordinary charge of powder without shot in the first barrel, firing in the direction of the bird, which must be on the wing.

Rule 9. The shooter's feet shall be behind the shooting mark until after the gun is discharged. If in the opinion of the referee the shooter is balked in any way, he may allow him another bird.

Rule 25. The standard bore of the gun is No. 12, and no guns larger than 12-bore, or over 5 lbs. in weight, shall be allowed; 1 1/2 oz. of shot is the maximum charge.

American Association rules, revised 1893, Rule 23 says: "If a contestant is balked or interfered with, or there is other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another bird."

In target-shooting rules the Interstate Association rules provide: "Rule 22. If the shooter fails to shoot after calling 'Pull,' the target shall be scored 'Lost,' unless the target fails to fly at the proper time, the gun shall be found at fault, or the shell properly loaded fails to go off when the primer is hit by the firing pin. The gun is not considered at fault when a hammerless gun is loaded and not cocked."

Rule 19 of the A. S. A. rules, revised 1893, says: "Section 1. The shooter shall be allowed another target for the following reasons: (a) For a target broken by the trap. (b) For any defect in the gun or load, causing a missfire. (c) If the contestant is interfered with, or balked, or there is other similar reason why it should be done, the referee may allow another target." A note is added to the above rule, as

follows: "When a shooter, in breaking his gun to put in the shells, fails to break it far enough to cock the gun, it is considered his own carelessness, and not sufficient excuse for the allowance of another target."

We have purposely quoted the rules that can be construed as bearing on the case, in order that the public may see on what grounds we base our claim of another bird in the point at issue. "When doctors differ," etc., and we have shown above that they do differ, some final decision must be arrived at, as the case may come up in some important match, and a referee should have some precedent to go upon. We believe that a referee has decided in a match shot within the past year that a bird lost under the conditions stated was a "lost bird," the bird so lost having probably cost the man shooting the repeater the match. We are also aware that in the recent Elliott-Morley match Elliott shot the race under protest, in case the point came up for decision (which did not happen), the referee agreed upon not being willing to say that he would give another bird under the circumstances.

Although under Rule 19 (target rules) of the A. S. A., quoted above, a referee may allow another target "for any defect in the gun or load, causing a missfire," in the case under consideration it is immaterial whether the fault is that of the gun or ammunition. The question really is, Was it a balk? Discussions as to the merits of ammunition, chambers of guns, etc., are really foreign to the issue. No matter whose make of ammunition is used, there will sooner or later be a missfire or some other defect in the shell, causing a balk, and it is in this connection that the matter is under discussion. No man can tell whether a shell will missfire or blow the head off until he has used it. Such occurrences, as stated above, happen in double guns as well as in repeaters. To penalize a shooter, therefore, for something he cannot know nor avoid, is an absurdity and contrary to all the principles of equity. Of course, if it can be shown that a shooter willfully uses swollen or bulged cartridges, or cartridges that are otherwise manifestly defective, then he should be punished. But that is another matter.

Further, in regard to Mr. Shaner's argument that the present rules were drawn up solely with a view to double guns: It can be assumed that the framers of the rules had in mind a common equity to all guns and all shooters. To assume that the framers of the rules had in mind in the matter of balks only such as could happen to double guns is to assume discrimination in favor of a class of guns and a class of shooters. The mechanical construction of a repeater and its use may induce some happenings impossible to a double gun. If the repeater is a factor in trap-shooting and the rules do not recognize it, as Mr. Shaner claims, it would seem to be the proper move to revise the rules at once to meet the conditions. The rules should treat all guns and all shooters impartially alike. If, as Mr. Shaner says, a contestant handicaps himself by using a repeater, there is nothing inherent in the sport that compels him to do so. Any legislation which imposes a handicap in the matter of balks for which the shooter is blameless is class legislation. It is arbitrary ruling, not a ruling on the equity and necessities of the competition.

Rollo Heikes's New Records.

THE great shooting done by Rollo O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., on Feb. 22 and 26, has been the subject of much comment among trap-shooters. We have been asked many times since he made his record in Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 22, just how many guns he used in accomplishing his task of breaking 100 targets out of 111 in 5 minutes and 35 seconds, his record on that occasion. Since that date, he has on the 25th, on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club at Indianapolis, Ind., made a far better record as far as speed is concerned, scoring 100 out of 120 targets in 4 minutes and 20 seconds.

Mr. Heikes uses in these exhibitions six Winchester repeating shotguns; each gun carries one shell in the chamber and 5 in the magazine. While the exhibition is in progress, these guns are loaded by assistants and placed on a table where Mr. Heikes can take hold of them readily. The incessant crack of the gun may be imagined from the fact that the 120 shots at Indianapolis were fired at the rate of a fraction over 27 to the minute!

That fancy shooting does not spoil Rollo's form for unknown angles is shown by the fact that at Louisville, though barred from taking part in the division of the purses, he shot along with the boys and broke 99 out of 100. At Indianapolis, he, Ralph Trimble, the champion of the Blue Grass State, and Ed. Rike, Heikes's fellow townsman from Dayton, O., gave an exhibition 100-target race, unknown angles. Some idea of the form these three men were in may be gathered from the following scores: Heikes 99, Trimble 99, Rike 98!

Staten Island Trap-Shooters.

GERMANIA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 25.—The Germania Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day at New Dorp Grove, Staten Island. The scores made were as follows:

Club shoot, 15 targets per man, handicap rise: William Glander (18) 14, G. H. Becker (16) 13, J. Knoebel (16) 12, C. L. Meyers (18) 11, C. A. Gurlech (16) 11, A. O. Schmitt (18) 10, H. J. Wolfine (18) 12, R. V. Wagner (16) 10, W. H. Schneider (16) 9, J. O. Brehm (16) 6, J. H. Dreuss (16) 4, T. L. Murphy (16) 3.

CLINTON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 26.—The regular shoot of the Clinton Rod and Gun Club was held to-day at New Dorp Grove, Staten Island. The club shoot is at 7 live birds, handicap rise; in this event George J. Kingsland scored his 7 birds straight, being the only man that accomplished this feat. The scores were:

G. J. Kingsland (26) 7, Dr. Emil Schraeder (26) 6, H. J. Williamson (27) 5, T. P. Longrief (26) 3, E. W. Schraeder (26) 3, L. G. Wilson (26) 3, S. G. Porter (27) 3, R. S. Williamson (27) 2, J. O. Henderson (26) 2, A. W. Barton (27) 1, D. J. Schneider (26) 2, T. P. Lee (26) 2, R. D. Morgan (26) 2, W. H. Smith (26) 3.

The E. C. Tournament.

We have received the following communication from the American E. C. Powder Company, relative to its tournament next May:

"The E. C. Powder tournament which will be held at Guttenberg Race Track during first week in May promises to be an immense affair. Inquiries from all over the country are being received concerning it.

"Four sets of traps will be run continuously during the whole tournament; two sets of bluerock targets and traps and two sets of empire targets and traps. Guttenberg Race Track is an absolutely ideal place to hold a shoot. There is plenty of accommodation, while Elmer Shaner and Jack Parker, who will look after the running of the shoot, are prepared to manage any crowd, no matter how big it may be.

"Eastern shooters have invariably received such a lot of hospitality and had such a pleasant time socially at the numerous large tournaments held in the South and West that it is hoped that all New York sportsmen will join together as much as it is possible and aid the E. C. Powder Co. in making visiting shooters from a distance have as pleasant a time during the first week in May as possible. The following representative New York sportsmen have been requested by the E. C. Powder Co. to serve on an entertainment committee: T. H. Keller, New Utrecht Gun Club; Col. Heber Breintnall, South Side Gun Club; Col. Chas. Lenona, Passaic Gun Club; Louis H. Schortemeier, Emerald Gun Club; H. Folsom, Elizabeth Gun Club; H. Thurman, Keystone Shooting League; W. N. Drake, Maplewood Gun Club; E. D. Miller, Union Gun Club; Chas. Smith, Climax Gun Club; August Schmitt, N. Y. German Gun Club."

Grand American Handicap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Interstate Association is in receipt of numerous communications from sportsmen who represent firms other than those who are members of the association, inquiring as to whether they would be permitted to take part in the Grand American Tournament. For the benefit of all concerned, we desire to announce that all sportsmen are cordially invited to participate no matter what firm they may represent. A hearty welcome is assured, and every consideration consistent with fairness and equity will be shown them.

While on this subject it might be well to state that at the present writing every indication points to the complete success of the Grand American Handicap for 1896. The new method of dividing the purse has grown in popular favor so rapidly that it is highly probable this year's handicap will prove to be the greatest shooting event ever held in America, if not in the world.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Feb. 22.—At the last shoot of the Joplin Gun Club six 20-target events were shot, unknown angles, the scores made being as given in the table below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Huntley.....	19	16	20	18	19	20	Frye.....	18	18	19	20	17	20
Thurman.....	17	19	18	19	20	17	Cragan.....	19	20	19	17	19	20
Malloy.....	18	20	16	19	18	20	Sergeant.....	16	17	18	19	20	18
C W Green.....	20	19	12	19	20	17	Wilson.....	15	17	18	14	19	18
E D Porter.....	19	15	20	17	20	17	A Dixon.....	19	17	18	19	20	17
G Stevenson.....	20	18	19	20	19	18	C Dixon.....	20	19	16	20	18	16
Davidson.....	16	19	17	20	18	18	W E Morgan.....	14	15	17	19	18	19

W. G. SERGEANT, Sec'y.

In New Jersey.

MORGAN VERSUS WILLEY.

Feb. 18.—Allen Willey and Eddie Morgan, the latter a shooter from Paterson, N. J., shot a race to-day at Arthur Bunn's hotel, Singac, N. J. The conditions were rather severe for Willey, who was conceding his opponent no less than fyds. The birds were a good lot, and were aided by a strong wind. Willey, who was using a new gun, lost his second bird by going to the score without any shells in his gun. He was thinking too much about the safety bolt, something to which he was not accustomed, as his old gun was automatic. The race was very close, Morgan winning by just one bird, scoring 42 to 41. W. Dutcher, of Paterson, acted in the dual capacity of referee and scorer. The scores were:

Trap score type.—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

2 1 3 1 5 5 5 4 3 4 5 5 4 4 5 2 4 2 4 5 1 2 4 3	
2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—19	
1 4 5 1 4 5 3 2 5 5 1 3 4 1 3 1 5 2 3 1 1 5 3 5 2	
2 2—22—41	
5 2 4 5 3 3 5 2 5 3 1 3 2 2 3 4 4 4 5 3 1 3 4 5	
0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1—20	
2 5 3 1 2 2 1 4 2 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 3 1 1 4 5 3 4 5 1	
0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22—42	

KEYPORT DEFEATS SOUTH AMBOY.

Feb. 22.—The Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, N. J., was royally entertained to-day by the members of the South Amboy Gun Club. The occasion was the return match between the two clubs, the first having been won by the Baysides on their own grounds. The South Amboy Gun Club's grounds are located directly on the shore of and facing the bay, there being thus a good background. After a most enjoyable afternoon of sport the Baysides were victorious by 52 breaks. The conditions were: Teams of 18 men, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. Below are the scores:

Bayside Gun Club.—Jas. Walling 20, T. Compton 14, H. Bennett 13, Jos. Vigne 15, D. A. Heyer 16, C. Ackerson 13, J. R. Walling 14, J. Aumack 10, H. E. Ackerson, Jr., 20, Wm. Brower, Jr., 7, P. M. Force 12, J. Crammer 22, A. Carhart 18, D. W. Walling 20, G. G. Hoagland 15, Wm. Watts 22, Nitro 17, Baritan 16; total 284.	
South Amboy Gun Club.—E. Ivins 12, S. Newton 13, F. Disbrow 13, A. Alcott 10, J. Deworth 16, J. Nau 16, J. Wallace 20, W. Dill 13, J. Edwards 9, H. Bloodgood 15, H. Greene 11, W. Mundy 9, J. Jacobs 14, J. Bloodgood 13, C. Rea 18, B. Dominick 10, F. Jacobs 8, L. Green 12; total 232.	

MAPLEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The attendance at the Maplewood Gun Club's shoot to-day was small, but those present had lots of sport and spent a thoroughly enjoyable day. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	10	10
W Smith.....	9	8	14	8	17	8	9	6	8	7
A Sickle.....	8	8	14	5	19	8	5	5	7	
E Sickle.....	10	9	14	7	18	9	8	9	6	7
T Tillou.....	6	7	3	16						
W N Drake.....	9	9	13	8	15	9	7	9	6	9
G Smith.....	6	8	10	4						
Van Iderstine.....	7	6	10	5	16					
E D Miller.....	9	15	10	19	8	9	9	5	6	9
Sopher.....	8	11		15					6	4
Sprague.....	7	9	6	13						
Roll.....	4	9	7	12						
Colquit.....			8	13		6	8	5	8	

No. 1 was at known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7 and 8 at unknown angles; No. 4, reversed order; No. 6, expert rules; Nos. 9 and 10, doubles.

BOONTON GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The newly organized Boonton, N. J., Gun Club held its first live-bird shoot to-day. The weather was bright and clear, but rather cold; the coldness of the wind may have had something to do with the comparatively small attendance. Those present were: Lewis van Dune, Geo. B. and A. J. Neafie, D. R. Conklin, Wilbert Garrison, C. E. Banta, E. Fitzgibbon and W. H. Cole. G. B. Neafie scored 23 out of his 25, one of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. The pigeons trapped were only a fair lot of flyers. Scores:

Van Dune.....	21110—4	01222—4	112122011—8	No. 4.
Conklin.....	20110—3	01011—3	211220100—6	10010—2
G Neafie.....	11122—5	11221—5	212212221—9	20111—4
Banta.....	02221—3	02112—4	211111222—10	10111—4
Fitzgibbon.....	10010—2			
A Neafie.....	22220—3	22220—3	11201222—7	22120—4
Garrison.....	12121—4	11112—5	212122221—9	10211—4
Cole.....	01102—3	11011—4	0001112101—5	
Williams.....				23210—4

FORRESTER GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The Forrester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held an all-day shoot at targets to-day. There was a fair attendance of shooters, who kept the traps busy all the time. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
F Sinnock.....	5	7	9	8	13	8	9	7	6	14	7	4	7	11	6	8	8	8	8
J Fleming.....	8	5	7	2	9	6	4				5	3							
J Sinnock.....	6	6	5	3	10														
H Wambold.....	6	8	5	7	11	9	6	4			8	6	7	13	8	9	7	6	6
H Smith.....	2	2		1		2		2			2								
Winans.....	4	5	7	5	2	7					6	3							
Jewell.....	4	4	8	5	7	6	5	8											
Hopper.....	3	7	4		5		6				2	5	4	3					
Hoffman.....	4	4	6	5	7														
D Fleming.....	6	6	9	12	4	9	6	10	6	7	9	6	3						
Hayes.....	4	4	9	8			7	13		6	8	5	4	7					
J H Cummings.....							6	5	3	5	3								
J H Cummings.....							9	7	7	6	8	5	10						
C Smith.....							7	9	13		7	9							
T Smith.....										10	6	6	5	2					
Backus.....											4	6	5	5					

A team race was also shot between teams of six men, captained respectively by Wambold and F. Sinnock. Wambold's team won by 57 to 54. Each man shot at 15 targets, 90 to the team. Scores:

Wambold's team: Wambold 13, Dr. Cummings 11, D. Fleming 10, Hopper 8, Winans 8, J. H. Cummings 7; total 57.	
F. Sinnock's team: Hayes 12, F. Sinnock 11, C. Smith 11, T. Smith 10, Backus 7, H. Smith 2; total 53.	

In the above events Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 11 and 17 were at known angles; Nos. 4, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16 and 19 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 10, 13 and 18 at reversed order. H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

THE ELIZABETH BI-MONTHLY TOURNAMENT.

Feb. 25.—This was the opening day of the Elizabeth Gun Club's sixth bi-monthly tournament. As usual the club was favored with fine, clear weather, but a strong wind that blew nearly all day made the shooting very hard, particularly during the first eight or nine events. All events were at targets and at unknown angles (with the exception of No. 4, which was reversed order, and No. 6, which was shot expert rules, both barrels). Altogether 2,500 targets were trapped during the day, although shooting did not commence until after noon. Considering the number of shoots held recently, and to be held in the near future, in this vicinity, an attendance of twenty-five shooters should be very satisfactory to the management of the Elizabeth Gun Club.

A special feature of the day was the work of squad 1 in event No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles. The squad was composed as follows: Appar, Edwards, Dutchy, Piercy, Miller and Breintnall; their scores were: Appar 15, Edwards 14, Dutchy 15, Piercy 13, Miller 14, Breintnall 15, a total of 86 out of 90 targets. This total would be good in any kind of weather, but to-day, with a good wind, and with the targets thrown hard and low, it is worth recording. As a matter of fact the targets to-day were thrown a little too hard; not too fast, but too low and too much up and down the screen; with a good background it would not matter much, but the Elizabeth Club's background, when targets are thrown low, is a hard one.

Before closing this necessarily brief account of the day's sport something must be said in praise of the management of the shoot. The president of the club, Robert E. Chetwood, acted throughout as scorer, and for a portion of the coldest part of the day stood at the score and kept tab until driven inside the club house by the bitter cold of the north-west wind. Nate Astfalk, one of the moving spirits of the club, shot along in every event save one—No. 7; his absence from the score in that event was due to the attention he was bestowing on a breakfast that needed his entire attention. Wm. Parker, secretary of the club; Billy Hobart, secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, and J. Roberts, of the home club, acted respectively as receiving teller, paying teller and referee-puller, etc. The scores in to-day's events are given in the table below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	15	25	10	15	15	10	10	10	10
N Astfalk.....	8	7	9	5	17	10		11	18	6	10	11	9	9	7	9
L Thomas.....	7	5	8													5
Cramer.....	9	10	13					11								7
Watts.....	6	7	10													6
J Roberts.....	6	9	11	8				13								8
W Parker.....	9															9
A Woodruff.....	8	14			14	10										9
A Bunn.....	5	7	5	13												4
Dutchy Smith.....	13	10	17	12	17	15	24		9	14	11					4
G Piercy.....	12	7	14	11	14	13	17		7	8	12	10				
E D Miller.....	12	7	11	15	15	14										6
J A R Elliott.....	13	10	16	14	16	12	16									7
Dr Jackson.....	13	7		11												8
N Appar.....	12	7	18	12	18	15	20		9	14	12					9
E Edwards.....	11	6	18	13	17	14	15		7	14	10	12				9
G E Greiff.....								8	14							9
H Folsom.....								11	6							8
R H Breintnall.....								16	12	17	15	21				
M Herrington.....								12	16							
Al Heritage.....								13	14							
W C Collins.....								12	12							
Erhardt.....								11	8							10
A Sickle.....								15	9	19	7					
Jewell.....									7	11	5	9				
Meisel.....										7	9					

The second day of the Elizabeth bi-monthly tournament was not favored with the same kind of weather that has hitherto been such an important feature at these popular New Jersey gatherings. Instead of bright and clear weather, snow fell pretty nearly all day, and at times the fall was so heavy as to make it decidedly uncomfortable outside the club house.

There was a good attendance of shooters, and while the birds were not so fast as usual owing to the climatic conditions, some excellent shooting was done, notably by Morfey and Woodruff. The former killed 52 out of 54, while Woodruff was answerable for 48 out of 51.

The scores are given below: Nos. 1 and 5 were 7 birds, \$5; No. 2, 10 birds, \$5, birds extra; No. 3, 25 birds, \$10, birds extra, handicap; No. 4 was also a handicap, 5 birds, \$5; No. 6 was a \$1 miss-and-out.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Hill.....	012121012—8	1222112—7	1112—4
Morfey.....	2210112—6	012221212—9	1112222—7
Zwirlein.....	2112102—6	1112121023—9	0212212—6
Thomas.....	1210220—5	2212201022—7	
Astfalk.....	2001211—5	2020010110—5	
Canon.....	2112212—7		2202111—6
Hollis.....	1210220—5	2112021211—9	
Woodruff.....		122112123—10	111212—7
Jones.....		1221120111—9	1211—4
Brewer.....		0112111112—9	
Hassinger.....			2111010—5
Christy.....			1112121—7
Earl.....			0222021—5
Blodgett.....			10—1

	No. 3	No. 4
T W Morfey (30)	222212221222222221222211—25	12222—5
J L Brewer (32)	22122211022222222222222222—24
Capt Jones (29)	2112211022222222221121211—24
Christy (28)	222222222121121222121201—24	22112—5
Hollis (29)	1100122111121110112221—22	01110—3
Woodruff (30)	110222112102222222221111—22	22211—5
Zwirlein (29)	022221231012120122122222—22	01121—4
Hill (30)	2120102212211020112012111—20	11102—4
Hassinger (29)		21212—5
Earl (28)		01210—3
Canon (26)		12102—4
Eley (27)		00001—1

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Feb. 27.—The first meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League for 1896 took place to-day at Dunellen, N. J., on the grounds of the newly organized Dunellen Gun Club. After the snow of yesterday, to-day was simply a perfect one from a target-shooter's point of view. Not a breath of air was stirring, and there was a bright, clear sky overhead; the sun, too, was so warm that the snow which fell yesterday was only left in shady spots by the time the whistle blew for dinner. The beautiful weather, coupled with the fact that this was the first league shoot in 1896, brought together a good attendance of shooters, although only 7 out of the 10 clubs composing the league were represented by teams of 6 men. The missing clubs were: Boiling Springs, of Rutherford; Union Hill, of Weehawken, and the Riverside, of Red Bank. The number of shooters that took part in the team race and the sweeps shot during the day was 46, and 3,650 targets were thrown between the hours of 12 M. and 6 P. M.

The Dunellen Gun Club is a new organization, so that any little imperfections in the way of lack of management at this shoot should be pardoned. This was the first shoot of any size yet given by the club, and it is no easy thing for veterans in the business to handle comfortably some forty odd visitors, all of whom want to shoot at the same time. There is one thing that this club has which might be copied with great advantage by pretty nearly every club in the league: It has a solid platform that is wide enough to accommodate everybody without a fear of the shooters being interfered with.

The scores to-day were somewhat disappointing. The Maplewood Clubbed as usual, but its score of 123 out of 150 targets, known traps and angles, is not what we had looked for in the way of a winning score under the conditions that existed at the Dunellen grounds to-day. When 23 is high out of forty-two shooters, and when only four men score that number it looks as if something was wrong with the light. As a matter of fact the background was a hard one, notwithstanding a bright sun behind the shooters' backs. There is something else to consider: To-day's contest was at known traps and angles, a style of shooting that has almost dropped into disuse. It is too mechanical and too monotonous for most shooters, and as a natural consequence many get slow and lose their time entirely. No doubt one result of to-day's race will be to make the clubs practice up a little on known angles. Then look out for some high scores, because there are some very warm shots in this portion of New Jersey.

The league management did a capital thing to-day in splitting up the squads; each squad was composed of men from different teams. This method of shooting off so large a team race, as this one always is, has many things to recommend it. In the first place, it does away almost entirely with the chances of weather, such as a sudden change in the wind, a cloud coming up and obscuring the sun, a heavy rain-storm, and all similar occurrences which would be important factors in scores on targets. In the next place it entirely removes all chance of a suspicion that the home team is being favored by the trappers; this is more particularly the case when team races are shot at unknown angles. At known angles, however, the slackening or tightening of the tension on the main springs of the traps has a great effect on scores, and it might be suggested that the trappers favored the home team that way. Splitting up the teams is a little more trouble, but it gives the best satisfaction after all. Manager Drake, of the N. J. Trap-Shooters' League, who takes charge of the team race, showed very conclusively that he was well able to handle the men under the changed conditions. The scores in the team race were:

Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood: E. Sickle 23, Dean 22, O. Yeomans 21, A. Sickle 20, W. N. Drake 19, Parry 18—123.	
Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield: C. Smith 23, Neaf Appar 22, T. H. Keller 21, R. Manning 21, L. H. Schortemeier 17, D. Darby 16—120.	
Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth: N. Astfalk 23, J. Williams 21, W. Parker 19, H. Folsom 19, A. Woodruff 19, Heiney 17—118.	
Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City: Edwards 22, C. von Lengerke 19, G. Piercy 19, E. Ingram 18, Al. Heritage 17, E. Collins 15—110.	
South Side Gun Club, of Newark: Asa Whitehead 25, C. M. Heddon 22, R. H. Breintnall 20, E. A. Geoffroy 17, L. Thomas 15, I. H. Terrill 11—108.	

Union Gun Club, of Springfield: M. Herrington 18, E. D. Miller 16, Dr. Jackson 16, T. W. Morfey 16, G. S. McAlpin 15, Ed. Young 14—95.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen: T. H. Brantingham 22, Henry 18, Brokaw 15, Runyon 12, Grey 13, Sisty 12—95.

Records of Hartford Shooters for 1895.

THE secretary of the Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., Mr. M. F. Cook, has compiled very carefully a tabulated statement of the performance of his fellow club members during the season of 1895. The table, which unfortunately we are not able to give in full owing to the pressure on our trap columns, shows each man's score at every shoot he attended; it also shows the handicap allowances or deductions. The following table, however, gives the general averages for the year:

	Targets shot at.		Broke.		Scores that count with handicap.		Percentage.		Shoots attended.	
C Bailey.....	575	372	14	647	23	Burbridge.....	200	182	910	8
Pitkin.....	525	464	18	884	21	W Hills.....	175	104	594	7
M Cook.....	475	484	11	808	19	Pitt.....	150	107	713	6
Olmsted.....	475	306	7	644	19	Kehoe.....	100	60	600	4
A Bailey.....	475	340	13	716	19	Main.....	100	61	610	4
Nichols.....	450	281	8	625	18	Capen.....	75	55	733	3
Alger.....	425	308	7	725	17	House.....	75	59	787	3
Colt.....	425	229	8	539	17	McMullin.....	50	29	580	2
A Cook.....	400	200	8	500	16	Willy.....	50	43	860	2
Peard.....	400	191	7	478	16	W Johnson.....	50	32	640	2
Green.....	350	263	7	766	14	Geiselman.....	50	27	540	2
Bishop.....	350	288	11	823	14	Hotchkiss.....	50	41	820	2
Thompson.....	350	170	6	486	14	Burke.....	50	18	360	2
Goodwin.....	300	221	6	737	12	O B Treat.....	25	18	720	1
Hoskins.....	300	142	4	473	12	Sexton.....	50	37	740	2
Whittlesey.....	300	236	10	787	12	Tucker.....	25	13	520	1
Viberts.....	275	217	6	789	11	Sibley.....	25	10	400	1
Carter.....	275	108	5	393	11	Barnes.....	25	15	600	1
Manross.....	250	214	5	856	10	Ferguson.....	25	8	320	1
Owen Treat.....	250	155	4	620	10	White.....	25	12	480	1
Bill.....	250	189	3	756	10	Risley.....	25	25	1000	1
Foster.....	250	122	6	488	10	Putnam.....	25	24	960	1
Storrs.....	250	80	0	320	10					
Willard.....	225	185	8	622	9					
						10025	6544	653		

In regard to the programme carried out during 1895 Mr. Cook adds some explanatory remarks, showing just how the club runs its prize competitions, which we give below, as we think many secretaries and others interested in furthering their clubs' welfare will be glad to read to examine the system:

"The club had a series of twenty-four shoots, having one shoot every two weeks, for which the club donates \$55 in cash, divided as follows: \$6 for best attendance, \$4 for second best; \$6 for ten best scores without handicap, \$4 for second best. The remaining \$55 to be shot for with a handicap divided into six prizes. The handicap is on the basis of 18. To the poorer shooters broken targets are allowed to be added to their scores; to the better shooters targets are deducted from their scores, and if their scores made are good enough after taking off their handicap not to go below 18, they have perfect scores. If the poorer shots break enough with their handicap added to make 18 or better, they also have perfect scores. It is necessary for any shooter to compete ten times out of the twenty-four shoots to qualify for any of the prizes. For the merchandise prizes any shooter that qualifies has an equal chance, as they are drawn by lot."

At the annual distribution of prizes the cash prizes were distributed as follows: J. Pitkin got \$6 for best ten scores; F. Bishop, \$4 for second best ten scores; C. Bailey, \$6 for best attendance; J. Pitkin, \$4 for second best attendance; M. F. Cook, \$11 for ten best scores with handicap; C. Bailey, \$11; J. Pitkin, \$11; A. Bailey, \$11; F. Bishop, \$11; A. Bailey, \$11.

Twenty-three members qualified for the merchandise prizes, the necessary qualification being attendance at ten out of the twenty-four shoots. The names of the lucky 23 will be found in the table given above, being the first 23 men on the list, C. Bailey leading with an attendance record of 23 out of 24.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 22.—The New Haven Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day with about 30 shooters on hand. Some good shooting was done, although some of the boys seemed to find lots of space on both sides of the targets. Uncle Edgerton, of Willimantic, had a new kind of gun with two barrels and three holes, and even then he couldn't seem to get them all. Old man Sherman and his pump didn't seem to agree with each other as to the proper way to hold the handle, Deacon Potter plodded right along in his usual manner, and got there most of the time. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	10	10
Bristol.....	10	10	8	7	13	9	6	16	9	8	12	6
Whitney.....	8	9	10	8	13	10	8	18	11	8	14	9
Washburn.....	7	5	8	7	12	7	5	11	4
Stevens.....	8	10	9	8	11	8	7	9	..	8	..	7
Edgerton.....	7	7	7	8	8	6	9	15	11	5	9	9
Potter.....	10	8	8	8	14	8	9	18	13	10	9	9
Savage.....	8	8	9	7	11	8	10	17	12	8	14	7
Barnard.....	8	3	7	2	..	2	5
Meigs.....	5	5	7	5	7	6	5	9	12	4	9	8
Cowee.....	8	9	9	14	9	7	16	10	7	11	8	..
Sherman.....	7	8	8	8	4	8	..	14	9	11	6	..
Bates.....	9	7	15	8	9	10	9	10	9	13	9	..
Stevenson.....	7	7	10	6	7	12	9	7	12	8
Reggiori.....	4	6	..	1	3	5	..	7	..	5
Capron.....	7	15	5	8	13	9	5
Clark.....	6	15	10	10	15	14	8	13	8
Gould.....
Currie.....
Walters.....
Harrington.....
Benedict.....
Miller.....
Hoyt.....
Kegelmeyer.....
Kelly.....
Merriman.....
Hubinger.....
Hazel.....
Stokes.....
Gunning.....
Moore.....

The Eureka's Annual Gathering.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—The usual Washington's Birthday shoot took place to-day, only it was not usual, but very unusual in the large attendance that gathered in the afternoon to take a fall out of the festive empires.

The wind was strong and chilly, and made all sorts of angles. All shooting was at unknown angles, traps changed every shot, birds thrown hard and swift. These grounds are justly celebrated as being one of the hardest to make a good score on; the fast, keyed-up traps and perfect arrangements generally all no doubt contribute.

After a jolly time before the traps, where all sorts of sweepstakes for cash, watches, etc., were shot, the club adjourned to the Leland Hotel for the annual meeting and banquet. After discussing the elegant menu, cigars were lighted, the glasses filled, and with Patty (who does not know Patty) as toast master, the speeches began. Before this Secretary DeWolf distributed some elegant souvenirs of the occasion, in the shape of hand-painted satin badges, the product of his wife, who enjoys considerable reputation as an artist on game, dogs and horses. If Mrs. DeWolf could have heard the praises the badges brought forth, she doubtless would have been overcome by them; it was particularly laughable when Secretary DeWolf was duly ordered to write the resolutions adopted, and "forward them by mail, providing he could obtain the lady's address," and cautioned "not to slight them either."

Patty addressed herself to the subject of "Women as Shooters," and called on Fred Gilbert, the Iowa shooter, who responded with a talk on "Pigeon Shooting." Mr. DeWolf spoke on "Trap-Shooting in the Western States." W. O. Morgan appeared in "What I Know About Watches" (he won the watch in the shoot this afternoon). O. von Lengerke spoke on the "Trap-Shooters' League." Chas. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., and S. A. Tucker, the only Tuck, of Parker gun fame, were bashful and could not be prevailed upon to speak. Covers were laid for twenty-five.

The secretary's report showed the club membership to be full, and several on the waiting list. It also showed no debts and a balance in the treasury, and that the club had not lost a contest during the year.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the following to serve for the next twelve months: President, John T. Glover; Vice-President, W. A. Jones; Secretary, W. F. DeWolf; Treasurer, O. J. Buck; Captain, F. P. Stannard; Board of Directors, W. O. Morgan, Dr. O. W. Carson, J. L. Jones, Oswald von Lengerke and Eddie Bingham; Classification Committee—John T. Glover, W. F. DeWolf and F. P. Stannard; Trophy Committee—W. D. Stannard, A. C. Patterson and O. von Lengerke.

The scores made in to-day's shoot were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	15	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	15	25	25	25
Ed Steck.....	18	22	..	22	24	20	Myers.....	12	12	w
A T Whitman.....	19	14	..	18	17	..	Glover.....	13	16	..
J L Jones.....	18	17	..	22	20	18	Willard.....	23	24	23
W F DeWolf.....	19	21	..	21	23	23	Tefft.....	24	24	23
Taylor.....	18	16	..	12	Stielow.....	16	15	..
Dering.....	20	22	23	18	Ferguson.....	16	15	24
Stannard.....	..	18	24	20	24	..	Morton.....	21	22	..
Sagamore.....	9	..	11	Shepherd.....	20	16	..
Goodrich.....	10	23	22	18	W D Stannard.....	17
Morgan.....	24	22	25	Buck.....	19
Airey.....	23	19	22	Patterson.....	19	20	..
Von Lengerke.....	21	18	21	Long.....	12	10	..
Millander.....	17	19	w	W. F. D.

The Braden-Canon Match.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., who acted in conjunction with H. W. Nair as official scorer at the Braden-Canon match at Beaver Falls, Pa., on Feb. 22, we are able to give the score in full of this unique match. The quality of the birds is well shown by the trap score type. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J C Braden.....	2 2 0 2 1	0 1 0 0 1	2 0 0 2	0 0 0 0	1 0 0 1	1 2	12
W S Canon.....	2 0 0 0	2 0 0 2	1 1 2 0	2 0 0 0	0 0 2 2	1 0	12
	2 3 3 2	5 1 5 3	1 2 3 2	3 4 4 4	4 3 1 3	1 2	15
	2 2 2 0	1 0 2 0	1 1 1 0	1 1 0 2	0 2 2 1	1 0	17
	1 5 3 1	5 4 5 1	3 3 3 1	1 5 4 3	2 4 5 1	1 5	15
	0 2 1 0	1 0 1 2	1 0 2 2	1 0 1 2	1 0 1 1	1 1	18
	4 2 3 2	1 1 1 2	5 2 2 1	3 1 4 1	4 1 4 3	4 3	18
	1 1 2 0	1 2 1 1	1 1 1 2	1 1 2 1	0 0 0 2	0 1	18
	2 1 5 4	5 1 4 3	1 4 3 1	2 4 5 1	3 3 1 4	3 2	18
	0 1 2 0	1 0 1 2	1 0 1 2	1 0 1 2	0 0 2 1	0 2	16

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—There was a large attendance to-day of members of the Cobweb Gun Club at Miller & Zorn's grounds, Baychester, N. Y., where all the shoots of the club are held. The occasion of to-day's shoot was, of course, Washington's Birthday, and as a result of the national holiday 20 shooters took part in the several events shot during the day. F. L. Train, captain of the club, did the best work, scoring 51 out of 56 birds shot at. The scores were:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
G O Barker.....	00120-2	0	0	0
F L Train.....	21111-5	12120-4	12121-6	12202-4
A Elliott.....	01202-3	..	21111-6	12111-5
Cruger.....	22202-4	11120-4
Hughes.....	10102-3
Donnelly.....	01221-4	112120-5
Henderson.....	10101-3
Bannon.....	22201-4
Travers.....	0	0	0	0
Nichols.....	222221-6	2220-3	11002-3	21011-4
Pilkington.....	221112-6	210-2	02121-4	21002-3
Knight.....	22001-3	210-2
Brady.....	121110-5	22210-4	12101-4	01100-2
Collins.....	010-1
McDonnell.....	2220-2	2220-3	00201-2	10100-2
C Hebbard.....	10-1	12210-4	01222-4	..
Hoffman.....	12210-4	111212-6	01000-1	01202-3
Loomis.....	..	1220-3
Cattel.....	..	0	0	..
Jarvis.....	..	211211-6	11001-3	..
Nicholls.....	11111-5	02220-3	10111-4	10012-3
Elliott.....	11221-5	12120-4	22022-4	02222-4
Train.....	20122-4	12212-5	11222-5	22211-5
Pilkington.....	10021-3	02210-3	02201-3	12012-4
Brady.....	12202-4	21121-5

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Feb. 22.—The weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club having had to be postponed on account of bad weather, it was decided to hold it to-day, the weather having moderated and the day being a national holiday. There was only a small attendance, five shooters taking part in the events, each man shooting at 150 targets in six events of 25 targets each. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Nelson.....	1111100111111111111010-20	1111100111111111111011-22	1111100111111111111011-20	1111100111111111111011-20
Scott.....	011111100110110110110101-17	1011100111111111111011-20	1011111100101111111011-18	1111111000001011011011-16
Dornin.....	111111000100111111111111-24	1111111000001011011011-16	00011010011111111110001-15	010110010101111110111111-18
Moorman.....	001101101101101101101101-17	1212010222100211112030101-18	1111111011111011010101-20	01011110111110110001110-17
Stearns.....	1101111110001011111011-19	01011110111110110001110-17	010001100010000101111111-13	..
No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Nelson.....	111111101101111100011101-19	101011011110111110111111-18	1100110011100001010101-13	1111111011111011010101-20</

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

A FORESTRY COMMISSION.

THE Secretary of the Interior has deserved well of his country for many reforms inaugurated under the present Administration. He has striven to manage the enormous business of the Interior Department on business principles, and in many respects he has been most successful. Perhaps nothing that he has done promises so great an economic return as his last stroke for reform in forestry methods. He has asked the National Academy of Sciences to appoint a committee of experts to go into the field and study the existing forest conditions, and then report as to these conditions, and to recommend what the Government ought to do to conserve and to increase our forests and to make them of the greatest benefit to the country.

The wisdom of this action is obvious. Mr. Smith has been farseeing enough to ask for light on this difficult subject from that body best able to give it, and the men chosen are so eminent in their various departments of science that their conclusions will carry the greatest weight with the country and with Congress.

The chairman of the committee appointed will be Prof. Charles S. Sargent, well known as professor in Harvard University, and director there of the botanical garden and the Arnold Arboretum. He is the author of the volume published by the Tenth Census on "The Forest Trees of North America," and of "The Silva of North America"—two works either of which would be sufficient to establish any man's reputation. Prof. Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, President of the Academy and so *ex-officio* member of the committee, is one of the first of America's investigators in chemistry and physics. Prof. Alexander Agassiz is conspicuous as an authority on natural history subjects, and was long Curator of the Natural History Museum at Harvard. He is a man of wide experience and of admirable judgment. Gen. Henry L. Abbot, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, retired, is perhaps the first expert on rivers in the United States. Prof. William H. Brewer has been Professor of Agriculture at Yale for more than thirty years, and before that was Professor of Chemistry in the University of California, and connected with the Geological Survey of that State. He is the author of a part of "Walker's Statistical Atlas of the United States" and editor of the "Botany of California." Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey, was for years connected with Clarence King's Survey of the 40th Parallel, was Government Geologist in Guatemala and subsequently did Government work in the mines in China. Since 1883 he has been in charge of work in the Yellowstone Park and adjacent country, especially the forest reserve. His experience of the Rocky Mountain region is wide, and no man is better equipped for the work of this committee than he. He is the author of many works. Mr. Gifford Pinchot is of all the members of the committee the youngest, and the man who has had the most recent and most careful schooling in modern forestry methods. He has been trained in foreign schools of forestry, and for some years has had charge of the forests of Mr. Geo. Vanderbilt's estate in North Carolina.

The list of names here presented is most impressive, and will command universal respect. These experts cover not merely the subject of forestry, but all the collateral subjects on which forestry bears and by which it is influenced. The ground is fully covered, and for once in America the men chosen to do a certain piece of work for the Government are the very best that could have been selected.

This committee will devote itself to inquiry and recommendation on the following questions:

Is it desirable and practicable to preserve from fire and to maintain permanently as forested lands the wooded parts of the public domain, for the supply of timber?

How far does the influence of forests upon climate, soil and water conditions make a policy of forest conservation

desirable in those regions where most of the public domain is situated?

What specific legislation is required to remedy the evils now existing?

When this committee shall have made its report we shall have answers to these questions furnished by a body of investigators most qualified to give them. When these answers have been given the country will know the truth, and Congress may give us the needed legislation.

For many years individuals and associations have been working with might and main to remedy the evils which all acknowledge exist in our forestry system. This desultory individual effort accomplished nothing adequate. Secretary Smith has had the genius to see what the country needed, and with a stroke of the pen he has moved us years onward in the direction of true reform.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

THE second annual Sportsmen's Exposition in the Madison Square Garden, this city, will open on next Monday, March 16. Everything points to a collection of interesting exhibits superior to that of the initial exhibition of last year, and the managers anticipate that the public support will be more generous this year than last. It was no uncommon thing after the initial exposition to hear expressions of regret on the part of those who did not realize the extent and importance of the affair and so had failed to visit the Garden. The chief value of the enterprise is educational, and if the aims of the managers shall be carried out, this annual exposition will constitute an invaluable and instructive display of the development of field sportsmanship in all its several branches. We urge every sportsman within reach of New York city to visit the Garden next week and study the exhibits he will find there.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has made preparation to do its share toward the entertainment of the week. Last year the most conspicuous feature of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit was the collection of Indian arms, implements and utensils illustrative of the Primitive American Hunter and of his evolution from the stone age to the latest phase of Indian hunting with the arms of the white man. Supplementing this display of last May, we have this year secured the attendance of Chief Bear, the council chief of the Blackfeet, and of Two Bear Woman, one of the oldest and most distinguished members of the tribe. With them comes William Jackson as interpreter, and the tribe has provided a pappoose. They have brought with them a very complete outfit of clothing, arms and hunting implements, by means of which they will show very fully the actual plains life of the Primitive American Hunter as it was followed in the days of the buffalo.

Unless we have misjudged the popular interest in the FOREST AND STREAM's Indian exhibit, Chief Bear, Two Bear Woman and the stolid little pappoose hung up on its board by the side of the lodge will hold a continuous levee.

And do not fail to see the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibition of outdoor and field scenes, shown with the electric light stereopticon at 4, 4:45, 8 and 8:45 P. M. daily.

Both of these features will be distinct from and apart from the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in our spaces Nos. 62 and 63, where old and new friends will be welcomed.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is somewhat of an anomaly that for the last two years New York has had no representative revolver club and no revolver range open to the public, and this in the face of the fact that probably no other city in the Union has more pistol and revolver shooters. While the need of such a club has long been apparent, the efforts made to supply it heretofore have not met with success. The latest, that of a well-known athletic association, failed because the revolver club was simply to be made subsidiary to the larger organization which the shooters were called upon to support in addition to the heavy expenses involved in the conduct of the range itself.

The newly organized Gotham Revolver Club has started on a radically different principle. Its object is to provide abundant facilities for practice and competition at the smallest possible expense to the individual member. As the sport itself is the sole reason for the existence of this club, there is no reason why it should not gain the success which it deserves.

NON-EXPORT GAME LAWS.

UPHELD BY THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

LAST week we gave a special telegraphic summary of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, rendered March 2, in the case of Geer vs. The State of Connecticut. To-day, in advance of its publication elsewhere, the full text of the decision is here printed as procured for us by our special representative in Washington.

The decision is one which merits and will have careful study. As was said last week in these columns, it is the most important and far-reaching decision in relation to the protection of game that we have ever had in this country. The points at issue were such as to involve in their determination a consideration of fundamental principles. The decision, then, is not simply a finding on the disputed constitutionality of the Connecticut non-export law; it is an elaborate exposition of the basic principles upon which rest the right of the State to control its game and the power of the State to extend that control even after game has been reduced to possession and has become the qualified property of its captor.

The decision written by Mr. Justice White is admirable in its comprehensiveness, lucidity and convincing logic; it commends itself for its good reasoning and has the authority of the court of last resort. The principle is now set forth from the Supreme Court of the United States once for all that Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Arkansas, Illinois, California, any and every State in the Union, may restrict its game to its own limits by non-export statutes; nor is this control to be nullified or vitiated by any further questioning of the constitutionality of a non-export statute.

The Constitution of the United States has had its day as a palladium of license for game commission men. From this time henceforth game protection may no longer be resisted by the market dealer with the old objection that a non-export law was counter to the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The Supreme Court has settled that.

We have said that this decision points the way in which efficient game protective effort may be directed. If we have stringent non-export laws, and if we enforce them, the problem of keeping up a game supply will be near to solution.

Objection has been made that the FOREST AND STREAM's original Platform Plank—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all times*—is too radical and is impossible of achievement. In view of all the circumstances it certainly is not too radical, however difficult may appear the attainment of it. Some day it will be of ruling force. Meanwhile effort may be expended toward the attainment of the prohibition of the export of game for sale, with reasonable confidence in the speedy attainment of a non-export system.

As a means then toward accomplishing the condition of things sought by the absolute prohibition of the sale of game, why should we not direct our efforts, as associations, clubs and individuals, to put into effect the new Platform Plank—*Forbid the taking of game for export to market?*

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO. 87—OCTOBER TERM, 1895.

Edgar M. Geer, Plaintiff in Error, } In error to the Supreme Court
vs. } of Errors of the State of Connecticut.
The State of Connecticut. }

(March 2, 1896).

The statutes of the State of Connecticut provide (Section 2,530, revision of 1888):

"Every person who shall buy, sell, expose for sale, or have in his possession for the purpose, or who shall hunt, pursue, kill, destroy or attempt to kill any woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, called partridge

or gray squirrel between the first day of January and the first day of October, the killing or having in possession of each bird or squirrel to be deemed a separate offense * * * shall be fined not more than \$30."

It is further by the statute of the same State provided (Section 2,546):

"No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, grouse or quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, or shall transport or have in possession, with intention to procure the transportation beyond said limits, of any such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be *prima facie* evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits."

An information was filed against the plaintiff in error in the police court of New London, Conn., charging him with on the 19th day of October, 1889, unlawfully receiving and having in his possession, with the wrongful and unlawful intent to procure the transportation beyond the limits of the State, certain woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail killed within this State after the 1st day of October, 1889. The trial of the charge resulted in the conviction of the defendant and the imposing of a fine upon him. Thereupon the case was taken by appeal to the criminal court of the Common Pleas. In that court the defendant demurred to the information on the ground, among others, that the statute upon which that prosecution was based violated the Constitution of the United States.

The demurrer being overruled, and the defendant declining to answer over, he was adjudged guilty and condemned to pay a fine and costs, and to stand committed until he had complied with the judgment. An appeal was prosecuted to the Supreme Court of Errors of the State. The defendant on the appeal assigned the following errors: "The court erred—

"First—In holding that the allegations contained in the complaint constitute an offense in law.

"Second—In holding that said complaint was insufficient in the law without an allegation that the birds therein mentioned were killed in this State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of this State.

"Third—In refusing to hold that so much of Section 2,546 of the general statutes, under which this complaint is brought, as may be construed to forbid the transportation from this State of the birds therein described, lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of the State to become the subject of traffic and commerce, is unconstitutional and void.

"Fourth—In refusing to hold that so much of said section as may be construed to forbid the receiving and having in possession, with intent to procure the transportation thereof to another State, birds therein described, lawfully killed and permitted by the laws of this State to become the subject of traffic and commerce, is unconstitutional and void.

"Fifth—In holding that the defendant is guilty of an offense under said section if such birds were lawfully killed in this State and were bought by the defendant of this State as articles of property, merchandise and commerce, and had begun to move as an article of interstate commerce.

"Sixth—In not rendering judgment for defendant."

In the Supreme Court the conviction was affirmed. The case is reported in 67 Conn., 144. To this judgment of affirmance this writ of error is prosecuted.

Mr. Justice White, after stating the case, delivered

THE OPINION OF THE COURT.

By the statutes of the State of Connecticut, referred to in the statement of facts, the open season for the game birds mentioned therein was from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. The birds which the defendant was charged with unlawfully having in his possession on Oct. 19 for the purpose of unlawful transportation beyond the State were alleged to have been killed within the State after Oct. 1. They were, therefore, killed during the open season. There was no charge that they had been unlawfully killed for the purpose of being transported outside of the State. The offense, therefore, charged was the possession of game birds for the purpose of transporting them beyond the State, which birds had been lawfully killed within the State. The court of last resort of the State held, in interpreting the statute already cited, by the light afforded by previous enactments, that one of its objects was to forbid the killing of birds within the State during the open season for the purpose of transporting them beyond the State, and also additionally as a distinct offense to punish the having in possession, for the purpose of transportation beyond the State, birds lawfully killed within the State. The court found that the information did not charge the first of these offenses, and therefore that the sole offense which it covered was the latter. It then decided that the State had power to make it an offense to have in possession, for the purpose of transportation beyond the State, birds which had been lawfully killed within the State during the open season, and that the statute in creating this offense did not violate the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution of the United States. The correctness of this latter ruling is the question for review. In other words, the sole issue which the case presents is:

Was it lawful, under the Constitution of the United

States (Section 8, Article 1), for the State of Connecticut to allow the killing of birds within the State during a designated open season, to allow such birds, when so killed, to be used, to be sold and to be bought for use within the State, and yet to forbid their transportation beyond the State?

Or, to state it otherwise, had the State of Connecticut the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State and forbid its transmission outside of the State?

In considering this inquiry we of course accept the interpretation affixed to the State statute by the court of last resort of the State. The solution of the question involves a consideration of the nature of the property in game and the authority which the State had a right lawfully to exercise in relation thereto.

The writer of a learned article in the *Repertoire of the Journal in Palais* mentions the fact that the law of Athens forbade the killing of game (*Rep. Gen. J. P.*, Vol. 5, p. 307), and Merlin says (*Repertoire de Jurisprudence*, Vol. 4, p. 128) that "Solon, seeing that the Athenians gave themselves up to the chase to the neglect of the mechanical arts, forbade the killing of game."

Among other subdivisions, things were classified by the Roman law into public and common. The latter embraced animals *feræ naturæ*, which, having no owner, were considered as belonging in common to all the citizens of the State. After pointing out the foregoing subdivision, the *Digest* says:

"There are things which we acquire the dominion of, as by the law of nature, which the light of natural reason causes every man to see; and others we acquire by the civil law, that is to say, by methods which belong to the Government. As the law of nature is more ancient, because it took birth with the human race, it is proper to speak first of the latter. 1. Thus, all the animals which can be taken upon the earth, in the sea, or in the air, that is to say, wild animals, belong to those who take them. * * * Because that which belongs to nobody is acquired by the natural law by the person who first possesses it. We do not distinguish the acquisition of these beasts and birds by whether one has captured them on his own property or on the property of another; but he who wishes to enter into the property of another to hunt can be readily prevented if the owner knows his purpose to do so."—(*Digest*, Book 1, Tit. 1, De *Acquir. Rer. Dom.*)

No restriction, it would hence seem, was placed by the Roman law upon the power of the individual to reduce game, of which he was the owner in common with other citizens, to possession, although the Institutes of Justinian recognized the right of an owner of land to forbid another from killing game on his property, as indeed this right was impliedly admitted by the *Digest* in the passage just cited. (Institutes, Book 2, Tit. 1, s. 12.)

The inhibition was, however, rather a recognition of the right of ownership in land than an exercise by the State of its undoubted authority to control the taking and use of that which belonged to no one in particular, but was common to all. In the feudal as well as the ancient law of the continent of Europe, in all countries, the right to acquire animals *feræ naturæ* by possession was recognized as being subject to the governmental authority and under its power, not only as a matter of regulation, but also of absolute control. Merlin, *ub. sup.*, mentions the fact that, although tradition indicates that from the earliest day in France every citizen had a right to reduce a part of the common property in game to ownership by possession, yet it was also true that as early as the Salic law that right was regulated in certain particulars. Pothier in his treatise on Property speaks as follows:

"In France, as well as in all other civilized countries of Europe, the civil law has restrained the liberty which the pure law of nature gave to every one to capture animals who, being in *naturali libertate*, belong to no person in particular. The sovereigns have reserved to themselves, and to those whom they judge proper to transmit it, the right to hunt all game, and have forbidden hunting to other persons. Some ancient doctors have doubted if sovereigns had the right to reserve hunting to themselves and to forbid it to their subjects. They contend that as God has given to man dominion over the beasts, the prince had no authority to deprive all his subjects of a right which God had given them. The natural law, say they, permitted hunting to each individual. The civil law which forbids it is contrary to the natural law, and exceeds, consequently, the power of the legislator, who, being himself submitted to the natural law, can ordain nothing contrary to that law. It is easy to reply to these objections. From the fact that God has given to human kind dominion over wild beasts it does not follow that each individual of the human race should be permitted to exercise this dominion. The civil law, it is said, cannot be contrary to the natural law. This is true as regards those things which the natural law commands or which it forbids; but the civil law can restrict that which the natural law only permits. The greater part of all civil laws are nothing but restrictions on those things which the natural law would otherwise permit. It is for this reason; although by the pure law of nature hunting was permitted to each individual, the prince had the right to reserve it in favor of certain persons and forbid it to others." (Pothier, *Traité du Droit de Propriété*, Nos. 27-28.)

"The right belongs to the king to hunt in his dominion; his quality of sovereign gives him the authority to take possession above all others of the things which belong to no one, such as wild animals; the lords and those who have a right to hunt hold such right but from his permission, and he can affix to this permission such restriction and modifications as may seem to him good." (No. 32.)

In tracing the origin of the classification of animals *feræ naturæ*, as things common, Pothier moreover says:

"The first of mankind had, in common, all those things which God had given to the human race. This community was not a positive community of interest, like that which exists between several persons who have the ownership of a thing in which each have their particular portion. It was a community which those who have written on this subject have called a negative community, which resulted from the fact that those things which were common to all belonged no more to one than to the others, and hence no one could prevent another from taking of these common things that portion which he judged necessary to subserve his wants. Whilst he was using them others could

not disturb him, but when he had ceased to use them—if they were not things which were consumed by the fact of use—the things immediately re-entered into the negative community, and another could use them. The human race having multiplied, men partitioned among themselves the earth and the greater part of those things which were on its surface. That which fell to each one among them commenced to belong to him in private ownership, and this process is the origin of the right of property. Some things, however, did not enter into this division, and remain therefore to this day in the condition of the ancient and negative community." (No. 21.)

Referring to those things which remain common, or in what he qualified as the negative community, this great writer says:

"These things are those which the jurists called *res communes*. Marclen refers to several kinds—the air, the water which runs in the rivers, the sea and its shores. * * * As regards wild animals, *feræ naturæ*, they have remained in the ancient state of negative community."

In both the works of Merlin and Pothier, *ub. sup.*, will be found a full reference to the history of the varying control exercised by the law-giving power over the right of a citizen to acquire a qualified ownership in animals, *feræ naturæ*, evidenced by the regulation thereof by the Salic law already referred to, exemplified by the legislation of Charlemagne, and continuing through all vicissitudes of governmental authority. This unbroken line of law and precedent is summed up by the provisions of the Napoleon Code, which declare (arts. 714, 715): "There are things which belong to no one, and the use of which is common to all. Police regulations direct the manner in which they may be enjoyed. The faculty of hunting and fishing is also regulated by special laws." Like recognition of the fundamental principle upon which the property in game rests has led to similar history and identical results in the common law of Germany, in the law of Austria, Italy, and indeed it may be safely said in the law of all the countries of Europe. (Saint Joseph Concordance, Vol. 1, p. 68.)

The common law of England also based property in game upon the principle of common ownership, and therefore treated it as subject to governmental authority.

Blackstone, while pointing out the distinction between things private and those which are common, rests the right of an individual to reduce a part of this common property to possession, and thus acquire a qualified ownership in it, on no other or different principle from that upon which the civilians based such right. (2 Bl. Com., 1 and 12.)

Referring especially to the common ownership of game, he says: "But after all there are some few things which, notwithstanding the general introduction and continuance of property, must still unavoidably remain in common, being such wherein nothing but an usufructuary property is capable of being had; and therefore they still belong to the first occupant during the time he holds possession of them and no longer. Such (among others) are the elements of light, air and water, which a man may occupy by means of his windows, his gardens, his mills and other conveniences; such also are the generality of those animals which are said to be *feræ naturæ* or of a wild and untamable disposition, which any man may seize upon or keep for his own use or pleasure." (3 Bl. Com., 14.)

"A man may lastly have a qualified property in animals *feræ naturæ*, *propter privilegium*—that is, he may have the privilege of hunting, taking and killing them in exclusion of other persons. Here he has a transient property in these animals usually called game as long as they continue within his liberty, and he may restrain any stranger from taking them therein; but the instant they depart into another liberty this qualified property ceases. * * * A man can have no absolute permanent property in these, as he may in the earth and land; since these are of a vague and fugitive nature, and therefore can only admit of a precarious and qualified ownership, which lasts so long as they are in actual use and occupation, but no longer." (2 Bl. Com., 394.)

In stating the existence and scope of the royal prerogative, Blackstone further says: "There still remains another species of prerogative property founded upon a very different principle from any that have been mentioned before: the property of such animals, *feræ naturæ*, as are known by the denomination of game, with the right of pursuing, taking and destroying them, which is vested in the king alone, and from him derived to such of his subjects as have received the grants of a chase, a park, a free warren or free fishery. * * * In the first place then, we have already shown, and indeed it cannot be denied, that by the law of nature every man from the prince to the peasant has an equal right of pursuing and taking to his own use all such creatures as are *feræ naturæ*, and therefore the property of nobody, but liable to be seized by the first occupant, and so it was held by the Imperial law as late as Justinian's time. * * * But it follows from the very end and constitution of society that this natural right as well as many others belonging to man as an individual may be restrained by positive laws enacted for reasons of State or for the supposed benefit of the community." (2 Bl. Com., 410.)

The practice of the Government of England from the earliest time to the present has put into execution the authority to control and regulate the taking of game.

Undoubtedly this attribute of government to control the

taking of animals *feræ naturæ*, which was thus recognized and enforced by the common law of England, was vested in the colonial governments, where not denied by their charters or in conflict with grants of the royal prerogative. It is also certain that the power which the colonies thus possessed passed to the States with the separation from the mother country, and remains in them at the present day, in so far as its exercise may not be incompatible with or restrained by the rights conveyed to the Federal government by the Constitution. Kent, in his Commentaries, states the ownership of animals *feræ naturæ* to be only that of qualified property. (2 Kent Com., 347.)

In most of the States laws have been passed for the protection and preservation of game. We have been referred to no case where the power to legislate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of some of the statutes. (Commonwealth v. Hall, 128 Mass., 410; Commonwealth v. Caruth, 139 Pa., 219; People v. O'Neill, 71 Mich., 325.) There are also cases where the validity of some particular method of enforcement provided in some of the statutes has been drawn in question. (State v. Saunders, 19 Kan., 127; Territory v. Evans, 2 Idaho, 634.)

The adjudicated cases recognizing the right of States to control and regulate the common property in game are numerous. In McCrady v. Virginia (94 U. S., 395) the power of the State of Virginia to prohibit citizens of other States from planting oysters within the tide waters of that State was upheld by this court. In Manchester v. Massachusetts (139 U. S., 24) the authority of the State of Massachusetts to control and regulate the catching of fish within the bays of that State was also maintained. See also Phelps v. Racey (60 N. Y., 10); Magnier v. People (97 Ill., 320); American Express Co. v. People (133 Ill., 649); State v. N. O. Express Co. (58 Minn., 403); State v. Rodman (58 Minn., 393); *ex parte* Maier (103 Cal., 476); Organ v. State (56 Ark., 270); Allen v. Wyckoff (48 N. J., 93); Roth v. State (51 Ohio St., 393); Gentile v. State (29 Ind., 415); State v. Farrell (23 Mo. App., and cases there cited); State v. Saunders (*ub. sup.*); Territory v. Evans (*ub. sup.*).

While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rest have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from this common ownership, is to be exercised like all other powers of government as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the government as distinct from the people, or for the benefit of private individuals as distinguished from the public good. Therefore, for the purpose of exercising this power, the State, as held by this court in Martin v. Waddell (16 Pet., 410), represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership and its resulting responsibility in the State is thus stated in a well considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California: "The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic and commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good." (*Ex parte* Maier, *ub. sup.*)

The same view has been expressed by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, as follows: "We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State, not as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative and for the benefit of all its people in common." (State v. Rodman, *supra.*)

The foregoing analysis of the principles upon which alone rests the right of an individual to acquire a qualified ownership to game, and the power of the State, deduced therefrom, to control such ownership for the common benefit, clearly demonstrates the validity of the statute of the State of Connecticut here in controversy. The sole consequence of the provision forbidding the transportation of game, killed within the State, beyond the State, is to confine the use of such game to those who own it—the people of that State. The proposition that the State may not forbid carrying it beyond her limits involves, therefore, the contention that a State cannot allow its people the enjoyment of the benefits of the property belonging to them in common, without at the same time permitting the citizens of other States to participate in that which they do not own. It was said in the discussion at bar, although it be conceded that the State has an absolute right to control and regulate the killing of game as its judgment deems best in the interest of its people, inasmuch as the State has here chosen to allow the people within her borders to take game, to dispose of it, and thus cause it to become an object of State commerce, as a resulting necessity such property has become the subject of interstate commerce, hence controlled by the provisions of Article I., Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States. But the errors which this argument involves are manifest. It presupposes that where the killing of game and its sale within the State is allowed, that it thereby becomes commerce in the legal

meaning of that word. In view of the authority of the State to affix conditions to the killing and sale of game, predicated as is this power on the peculiar nature of such property and its common ownership by all the citizens of the State, it may well be doubted whether commerce is created by an authority given by a State to reduce game within its borders to possession, provided such game be not taken, when killed, without the jurisdiction of the State. The common ownership imports the right to keep the property, if the sovereign so chooses, always within its jurisdiction for every purpose. The qualification which forbids its removal from the State necessarily entered into and formed part of every transaction on the subject, and deprived the mere sale or exchange of these articles of that element of freedom of contract and of full ownership which is an essential attribute of commerce. Passing, however, as we do, the decision of this question, and granting that the dealing in game killed within the State under the provision in question created internal State commerce, it does not follow that such internal commerce became necessarily the subject-matter of interstate commerce, and therefore under the control of the Constitution of the United States. The distinction between internal and external commerce and interstate commerce is marked, and has always been recognized by this court. In Gibbons v. Ogden (9 Wheat, 194) Mr. Chief Justice Marshall said:

"It is not intended to say that these words comprehend that commerce which is completely internal, which is carried on between man and man in a State, or between different parts of the same State, and which does not extend to or affect other States. Such a power would be inconvenient and is certainly unnecessary.

"Comprehensive as the word 'among' is, it may very properly be restricted to that commerce which concerns more States than one. The phrase is not one which would probably have been selected to indicate the completely interior traffic of a State, because it is not an apt phrase for that purpose; and the enumeration of the particular classes of commerce to which the power was to be extended would not have been made had the intention been to extend the power to every description. The enumeration presupposes something not enumerated; and that something, if we regard the language or the subject of the sentence, must be the exclusively internal commerce of the State.

"The genius and character of the whole Government seem to be that its action is to be applied to all the external concerns of the nation, and to those internal concerns which affect the States generally, but not to those which are completely within a particular State, which do not affect other States, and with which it is not necessary to interfere, for the purpose of executing some of the general powers of the Government. The completely internal commerce of a State, then, may be considered as reserved for the State itself."

So, again, in The Daniel Ball (10 Wall., 564) this court, speaking through Mr. Justice Field, said:

"There is undoubtedly an internal commerce which is subject to the control of the States. The power delegated to Congress is limited to commerce among the several States, with foreign nations and with the Indian tribes. This limitation necessarily excludes from the Federal control commerce not thus designated, and of course that commerce which is carried on entirely within the limits of a State and does not extend to or affect other States."

The fact that internal commerce may be distinct from interstate commerce destroys the [whole theory upon which the argument of the plaintiff in error proceeds. The power of the State to control the killing or an ownership in game being admitted, the commerce in game, which the State law permitted, was necessarily only internal commerce, since the restriction that it should not become the subject of external commerce went along with the grant and was a part of it. All ownership in game killed within the State came under this condition, which the State had the lawful authority to impose, and no contracts made in relation to such property were exempt from the law of the State consenting that such contracts be made, provided only they were confined to internal and did not extend to external commerce.

The case in this respect is identical with Kidd v. Pearson (128 U. S., 1). The facts there considered were briefly as follows: The State of Iowa permitted the distillation of intoxicating liquors for "mechanical, medicinal, culinary and sacramental purposes." The right was asserted to send out of the State intoxicating liquors made therein on the ground that, when manufactured in the State, such liquors became the subject of interstate commerce, and were thus protected by the Constitution of the United States; but this court, through Mr. Justice Lamar, pointed out the vice in the reasoning, which consisted in presupposing that the State had authorized the manufacture of intoxicants, thereby overlooking the exceptional purpose for which alone such manufacture was permitted. So here the argument of the plaintiff in error substantially asserts that the State statute gives an unqualified right to kill game, when in fact it is only given upon the condition that the game killed be not transported beyond the State limits. It was upon this power of the State to qualify and restrict the ownership in game killed within

its limits that the court below rested its conclusion, and similar views have been expressed by the courts of last resort of several of the States. In State v. Rodman, *ub. sup.*, the Supreme Court of Minnesota said:

"The preservation of such animals as are adapted to consumption as food, or to any other useful purpose, is a matter of public interest, and it is within the police power of the State as the representative of the people in their united sovereignty to make such laws as will best preserve such game, and secure its beneficial use in the future to the citizens, and to that end it may adopt any reasonable regulations, not only as to time and manner in which such game may be taken and killed, but also imposing limitations upon the right of property in such game after it has been reduced to possession. Which limitations deprive no person of his property, because he who takes or kills game had no previous right to property in it, and when he acquires such right by reducing it to possession he does so subject to such conditions and limitations as the Legislature has seen fit to impose." See also State v. Northern Pacific Express Co., *supra.*

So also in Magnier v. The People, *ub. sup.*, the Supreme Court of Illinois said:

"So far as we are aware, it has never been judicially denied that the Government under its police powers may make regulations for the preservation of game and fish, restricting their taking and molestation to certain seasons of the year, although laws to this effect, it is believed, have been in force in many of the other States since the organization of the Federal Government. * * * The ownership being in the people of the State, the repository of the sovereign authority, and no individual having any property rights to be affected, it necessarily results that the Legislature as the representative of the people of the State may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify or restrict, as in the opinions of its members will best subserve the public welfare. Stated in other language, to hunt and kill game is a boon or privilege, granted either expressly or implicitly by the sovereign authority, not a right inherent in each individual, and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege at stated seasons of hunting and killing game. It is perhaps accurate to say that the ownership of the sovereign authority is in trust for all the people of the State, and hence by implication it is the duty of the Legislature to enact such laws as will best preserve the subject of the trust and secure its beneficial use in the future to the people of the State. But in any view the question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy and not a private right."

See also *ex parte* Maier (103 Cal., 476); Organ v. The State (56 Ark., 270). It is indeed true that in State v. Saunders (19 Kan., 127), and Territory v. Evans (2 Idaho, 634), it was held that a State law prohibiting the shipment outside of the State of game killed therein violated the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution of the United States, but the reasoning which controlled the decision of these cases is, we think, inconclusive, from the fact that it did not consider the fundamental distinction between the qualified ownership in game and the perfect nature of ownership in other property, and thus overlooked the authority of the State over property in game killed within its confines, and the consequent power of the State to follow such property into whatever hands it might pass, with the conditions and restrictions deemed necessary for the public interest.

Aside from the authority of the State, derived from the common ownership of game and the trust for the benefit of its people which the State exercises in relation thereto, there is another view of the power of the State in regard to the property in game, which is equally conclusive. The right to preserve game flows from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end which may be none the less efficiently called into play, because by doing so interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected. (Kidd v. Pearson, *ub. sup.*, Hall v. De Cuir, 95 U. S., 485; Sherlock v. Allings, 93 U. S., 99, 103; Gibbons v. Ogden, *ub. sup.*) Indeed, the source of the police power as to game birds (like those covered by the statute here called in question) flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply. (Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10; *ex parte* Maier, *ub. sup.*; Magnier v. The People, *ub. sup.*, and cases there cited.) The exercise by the State of such power therefore comes directly within the principle of Plumley v. Massachusetts (155 U. S., 461, 473). The power of a State to protect by adequate police regulation its people against the adulteration of articles of food (which was in that case maintained), although in doing so commerce might be remotely affected, necessarily carries with it the existence of a like power to preserve a food supply which belongs in common to all the people of the State, which can only become the subject of ownership in a qualified way, and which can never be the object of commerce except with the consent of the State and subject to the conditions which it may deem best to impose for the public good.

Judgment affirmed.

Mr. Justice Brewer and Mr. Justice Peckham, not having heard the argument, took no part in the decision of this cause.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XV.

Talk Around the Camp-fire.

THE company had been sitting around the fire for some time in meditative silence, Antoine especially in such deep thought that the pipe between his teeth had gone out for lack of draft. He was racking his brain for the invention of a change in the bill of fare, which had become monotonous with continual repetitions of roast duck, fried duck and stewed duck till each variation needed a good deal of Spartan sauce to make it palatable. At last he spoke, without removing his pipe from his mouth or his gaze from the fire.

"Cheekin pie was good, an' Ah'll b'lieved dawd pie was good, but Ah'll a'n't tas'e. 'F Ah'll gat hoven or bake pans an' somet'ing for mek crus', an' board for roll it, an' peg too, an' some pepper we'll freget for brought, an' t'ree, four necessity t'ing, Ah'll can't rembler, Ah bet you head Ah'll was mek you pie to-morry you can' heat'nough of it, probly. Ah'll got de dawd."

"It kinder seems," said Joseph, his mouth watering for the prospective feast, "as it looks naow, you'd hafter make us a pie aouten clear duck, but I d' know fer sartin."

"You might spare him some feathers for crust," Sam suggested.

"Wal, M'ri' couldn't, though I da' say they'd make tol'able light top crust."

"Ann Twine's pie is some like the feller's soup 'at I hearn tell on," said Uncle Lisha, fumbling absent-mindedly on the log beside him for a shoe-peg. "He was a-travelin' an' got short o' money, or mebbly he was a reg'lar beggar, I do' know, but ary way, he stopped tu a haouse an' ast for somethin' tu eat, an' they wouldn't give him nothin'. So he ast 'em if they wouldn't lend him a kittle a spell an' a spwun, so 's 't he c'd make hisself a kittle o' stun soup, an' so they did just tu see what he'd du. Wal, he built him a fire side o' therwud an' sota kittle o' water a-b'ilin', an' he took an' washed a stun 'baout 's big as his fist an' popped it int' the kittle, an' sot an' watched it 'b'ile a spell, an' then he dipped up a spoo'f'l an' tasted on't."

"It's proper good," says he, "but it's kinder fraish, an' I wish 't I hed a leetle grain o' salt tu put into 't, an' they went and fetched him a han'f'l an' he put that in."

"That's a gre't improvement," says he, a-tastin' ag'in, "but it wouldn't hurt it none if the' was a hunk o' meat in 't; any sort of a scrap 'at you was a-goin' tu heave away. I hain't partic'lar." An' so they fetched him a good hunk o' meat an' he hove that int' the kittle, an' then says he, 'I s'pose you'd jes' 's live 's I'd pull one o' them 'ere turnips over there? This 'ere soup 's goin' tu be putty strong o' stun if it don't ha' some vegetables in 't."

"So he went an' got him a turnip, an' whilst he was about it he got an onion, an' he cut 'em up an' chucked 'em in. An' when he got it b'iled he eat 'nough tu last him tew days, an' says he, a-rubbin' of his stomaerk, 'The' hain't nothin' 'at makes better soup 'n a good stun, wi' a few leetle additions, an' I'm much obleeged tu ye for the use o' your kittle,' say he."

"Dat was mek me rembler of one man Canada," said Antoine, scooping up a coal with the bowl of his pipe and pulling at it with resounding smacks.

"I'll warrant ye," said Uncle Lisha, "I never knew nothin' 'at didn't."

Antoine gave no heed to the remark, but at once began his story when his pipe was in blast.

"You see, dar was one mans a'n't very good up, an' he'll a'n't gat not'in' for heat on his haouse 'cep' one pea for all his waf an' ten chillens. He tol' hees whomans for put de pot on de stufe an' full him up wid water an' put dat pea on it. Den bambye w'en he beegin fo' bile he look on de pot an' see dat pea jomp raoun' all 'lone, he say, 'Dat leetly pea was look lonesick, an' Ah'll goin' see 'f Ah can fin' somet'ings for hees company."

"So he go in de naght to 'nudder man's barn, where dey was keel big critter an' hang it for cold off, an' he was cut good chonk an' take it on his haouse an' trow it in de pot 'long to de pea w'en his waf he'll a'n't see. Bambye w'en de pea was bile plenty an' his waf beegin tas'e for heat, he say:

"'Bah gosh, Ah'll a'n't never see so pea lak dat for mek soup, me.' An de mans tol' him:

"'You'll a'n't never gat raght kan' o' pea 'fore.'"

"I guess it must be the water in your tew soups 'at makes me think o' the way that 'ere little Wat Palmer got a pint o' rum aouten Hamner here a spell ago," said Sam, as he broke a dry branch across his knee and slowly fed the fire with the pieces.

"It wa'n't good rum, I'll bate ye," said Uncle Lisha.

"Wal, sech as it was, he got it aouten Hamner for nothin', which is more 'n most c'n du, an' he got drunk as a bee on't an' then tol' haow he done it."

"Wal, haow 'd he come it on him?"

"Wal, Wat he was dre'f'ly dry an' not a red cent in his pocket nor nob'dy tu treat him. So he gits him tew pint bottles jest ezactly alike an' fills one on 'em wi' water an' sticks that intu one cut-tail pocket an' the empty one int' t'other an' marches up to Hamner's bar 's promp' 's a major an' calls for a pint o' the best rum. Bein' so promp' Hamner cal'l'ated 'at of course he was goin' tu pay ri' daown, an' so he drawed the spirits an' handed it over to Wat, an' he tucked it in his pocket, and says he, 'Mr. Hamner, you jest chalk this daown ag'in me an' I'll pay for 't the nex' job o' fiddlin' I git,' and Hamner said not by a jugful, he wouldn't, an' if Wat wa'n't goin' tu pay for 't then tu jest hand it right back. Wat, he begged hard, but it wa'n't no use, the money or the liquer Hamner would hev', an' so Wat gin him the bottle o' water a-partin' with 't as 'ough 't was his heart's blood, an' off he went wi' the rum, an' in an haour was drunker'n a hatter, an' Hamner poured the water intu his barrel, never mistrustin', but a-ticklin' himself 'at he'd saved ninepunce, an' so he hed, r'al'y. But it bothered him haow Wat hed got so all-fired drunk."

"Wal, seh, boy, if de folks dat was went to Hamny a'n't gat more as pant water in de barrel rawm, it won't hurt dem."

"Wal," said Joseph, "it kinder seems as 'ough another pint o' water was a leetle mite more'n Hamner's rum 'ould stan', accordin' tu my rec'lections o' the taste on't, but I d' know, mebbly it will."

The company became silent again, each busy with his

own thoughts, till Antoine began to sing as if to himself what may have been an improvisation, but was more likely a free translation of an old song.

All tam w'en de leaf turn yeller
It mek it kan o' lonesick, me,
For t'ink w'en Ah'll was leetly feller
An' go sleep on mah mudder's knee,
"Dor, dor, dor, petit! Dor, dor, dor, petit!"
Same hol' song she sing to me.

Den de folkses an' de medder,
An' de ribber an' de tree,
Beegin swimmin' raoun' togedder
W'en mah mudder sing to me,
"Dor, dor, dor, petit! Dor, dor, dor, petit!"
So he sing his song to me.

Long tam 'go Ah'll lef' mah mudder,
An' mahsef' beelone to me,
An' de whomans was anudder
Rock mah chillens on her knee.
"Dor, dor, dor, petit! Dor, dor, dor, petit!"
Sem mah mudder sing to me.

Antoine pocketed his pipe and yawned sleepily, "Wal, dis a'n't mek any dawd pie. Ah'll b'lieved Ah can mek it jus' as fas' 'f Ah go sleep," and he made his way into the tent, whither the others presently followed, Sam lingering last to scan the patches of starlit sky between the branches and forecast the morrow's weather.

Then, while the dying fire snapped itself out and the dancing shadows sank into the universal gloom, the tired hunters were lulled to sleep by the slow wash of waves and the low song of the cedars.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A DAY IN CENTRAL IOWA.

VINTON, Ia., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am full, and not wishing to explode I turn for relief to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

I went out this morning to mend fence and was whacking away at it when I thought I heard a sound over in the cornfield that made me drop the tools and turn my ear that way mighty quick. "Yes! That's it, ducks! ducks!" And I pitched into that fence, giving it a whack here and shoving a stick in there, and all the time trying to think where the cartridges were and wondering if that "chip of the old block" had used them all up on rabbits. And then I began to think that I did not wish to shoot any ducks after all, I would sooner think that this summer they would be paddling along the shore of some Northern lake with their families of little ones. So I wandered over to where the horses were grazing, and while I listened to the boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo of the prairie chickens, one milks colt after another came up and I rubbed their noses, pulled their ears, pinched them in the ribs with my thumb and asked them what they were good for anyway. Then just as I got to the house over went a flock of ducks quacking and gabbing to each other, and I leaned up against the corner of the house and sort of went to pieces—couldn't saw wood or do any work after that. Several flocks went over, and one flock of forty geese.

It was bright and warm, the thermometer indicating 62° above zero. The outside doors were open. Now and then an adventurous bee or blue-bottle would come buzzing around, and every time I would yell ducks out would come my wife on a run, for she is full of it too.

It has been one of those dreamy spring days that makes one glad to be alive, with not a breath of air stirring, and nothing to be seen moving around the numerous farm-houses in sight. But the air is full of sounds. On the creek bottom the crows are calling and lazily flying from tree to tree. All day the prairie chickens have been crowing. In some cedar trees in the yard some bluejays are squalling and chattering.

And now comes the mellow lowing of cattle from some distant field. I hear chickadees and the everlasting English sparrow. I see my thirty-six bronze turkeys and the seventeen gobblers are bunched together, a number of them weighing over 25 lbs., and with tails spread they are strutting around and reflecting their bronze in the sun, and when I say "gobble" they come in heavy on the chorus. I keep a few geese just to hear them talk, and they are picking grass and holding a very animated conversation. I keep a few ducks just to hear them quack, and their quick eyes and ears tell them that others are passing over, and they are shaking out their wings and are very noisy. And so too I keep some Guinea fowls just to hear them yell, and I can hear them to-day all right, and so can any one else within ten miles or less. The doves are cooing and carrying straws to their nest boxes, and I am so glad that I am alive.

During the forepart of last December a flock of ten blackbirds came to my place. This was some time after the straggling flocks had gone, and I think they came from the far regions of the North. These birds have been here ever since, feeding with my stock, and it has been cheerful to see them and hear them sing. They have red on their wings, the tops of their heads are brown and they are speckled all over with the latter color. To-day I miss them; have they taken the fever and gone?

The last day of December a mourning dove was in my corn crib, and I have known these birds to stay here for a short time into January. But never before during my forty-one years of life have I known a flock of summer birds to live through a winter in the North.

But while my eyes and ears have been taking in all this to-day, my mind has been away up in Minnesota, wandering along the shores of those wooded lakes. I know what they are like, I have been there; but I wonder where the snow line is, and if these ducks will reach those lakes to-day.

Well, I am somewhat relieved now; but I would be glad to say to Kelpie, who lives in northern Michigan, and to Mr. Cooly, who lives at Detroit Lake, Minnesota, that the waterfowl are on the way to their breeding grounds.

MOUNT TOM.

In Mr. Holyoake's recently published volume on public speaking, he gives the following instances of how these august luminaries were accustomed to allude to each other: "The Times" calls its neighbor, the *Morning Chronicle*, "that squirt of filthy water," and the *Chronicle* calls the *Post* "that slop pail of corruption." The *Standard* describes the *Globe* as "our blubber-headed contemporary," the *Morning Post* assails the *Courier* as "that spavined old hack," while the *Morning Advertiser* hurls its wrath against the *Times* as "that bully of Berkshire and braggadocio of Printing House Square." The *Times*, not to be outdone, commenced one of its leaders on June 18, 1853, with "The Liberal Liars."—*London Truth*.

Natural History.

EDUCATION, NOT INSTINCT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A nuthatch put a nut into a knot hole on a limb the better to break the nut. It may have been instinct or luck that prompted this nuthatch to use a knot hole for his vise, but it looks like brains" ("Nuthatch," FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 8, 1896). That Nuthatch should really think the nuthatch had brains is remarkable. It looks as if Nuthatch had brains too, and not ordinary ones at that. He is almost Indian in that respect, for Indians gave birds supernatural powers, the ability to think, and language or ability to convey ideas to one another. Once in a while, say every two weeks on an average, somebody writes like Nuthatch did to the FOREST AND STREAM, telling of something remarkable a bird did, then winds up with "It looks like brains," "Marvelous development of instinct," "Wonderful intuition," "Something akin to thought," but never a once so far as I know has any one said straightforwardly that a bird "thought." "Did it think?" is common enough, but no "It thought."

"Instinct?" a bluejay would say. "Instinct be heud! Say, you ought to hear Grandpop Cut Wing tell about warning that old big buck over on Metcalf Mountain eight cold seasons ago. I s'pose he did everlastingly holler and laugh. Then the Indians, long before you whites came, used say evil things of us, as you do, for warning our brothers of your approach. Instinct! Eheu-u-u!"

The cowbird is a lazy tough by instinct—all instinct, of course. Mr. M. A. Walton says that the mother cowbird takes the young cowbird from nest to nest of other birds, evidently telling what lots of labor other birds have to do, and telling the pupil that it must not do such things if it wants to keep in good cowbird society. Mr. Walton tied a bit of copper wire around a young cowbird's leg, which had been raised in a yellowbird's nest by the yellowbirds, but was daily visited by a female cowbird. The female cowbird at last disappeared with the young cowbird. The following year Mr. Walton saw the cowbird with a copper bracelet going from nest to nest in company with another cowbird, "probably the mother" (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXXVIII., p. 271). Thereafter (that young cowbird was, of course, instinctively adverse to building nests.

Bert Titus, a 12-year-old lad, was fishing in the Hudson near Albany. A catbird came to a nearby rock and began to cut up such capers as attracted the boy's attention. Then the bird flew toward a clump of bushes, back again, then toward the bush. The boy's instinct told him that the bird wanted him to go to the bush and so went, and found a 3 ft. snake making for the catbird's nest. The boy killed the snake, as the bird's instinct (inherited from its ancestors presumably) had told it he would (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XIX., p. 485). Down in South Africa is a bird very fond of honey, hence its name of honeybird. To get the honey the bird shows "marvelous intuition." It finds a bee tree and with coaxing like a catbird's entices a man to it. Then the man and bird enjoy a feast together. Some one not instinctively acquainted with the bird thinks it is sick and pays no attention to it, but if he is told of the bird's habit he follows it because then his instinct has been developed. If another honeybird should appear, the guide ceases guiding till the rival is driven away. Why do honeybirds do this? It is instinct, of course, because it is not possible for a bird to tell another bird how its greatgrandfather found a man eating honey and then was told by "natural inward impulse" to take the man to another bee tree it knew about (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XV., p. 127). It is preposterous to suppose these birds told one another about men liking honey; fairly silly, in fact.

Last summer chimney swifts had a nest in a chimney of my house in Northwood, N. Y. Eventually the two young instinctively flew after the mother had done everything instinct suggested to make them—ordered, begged and dared them to, flying herself to show how easy it was. They flew more and more every day, till along about migrating time the three were flying almost constantly all day long, often with visitors from neighboring chimneys and barns (swallows). The mother led in these mad instinctive flights, and her twistings and turnings were calculated (by instinct) to make the young birds hustle. If a man expects to take a long walk at some time in the future against time, the first thing he does is to exercise every day, more and more, till the time when he walks "in earnest." The man knows that unless he exercises he won't be able to stand the strain when the time comes. Experience may have told him this or perhaps other athletes. I have read somewhere that the parent storks of Europe keep their young on the move for weeks before going South to beyond the Mediterranean. And that the young birds are killed if evidently too weak to stand the journey. (I don't believe the last about the killing because it puts a stork on a level with the barbarous man who kills his deformed children.)

Then there is the deep, dark, insoluble instinct of migration; the impulse that enters the (what?) of our "summer birds" and impels them to go to the south, some unerringly into lighthouses at night and others to be lost at sea. Their (what?) rises like a man's chest and they feel that they must go when the days grow cooler and the nights cold, as in the "mellow days of autumn," when they remember the warmth and joys south "toward the sun." Is there any sign of approaching winter in the weather that we notice and birds do not? Migration is more regular than the seasons, because birds know cold is coming. They know instinctively, because straggling birds—robins, for instance—are seen north at times all winter long. These robins—young birds most likely—look for their beautiful summer homes, not believing the old birds and instinct when they told them it was no longer pleasant there.

The sudden appearance of birds new to a locality is often the cause of comment by naturalists. "Ten years ago there was not one seen. I saw a small flock nine years ago. A few more came the next year. Five years ago there were hundreds, but a year later they were fewer in numbers, and I have seen only seven this year. Where have they gone to?" No story is commoner on the pages of ornithological history than this. They come, go, and are gone. Of course it is the "wandering instinct" (distinguished from migration). A feathered Columbus alone, perhaps with a hardy band, had set sail in the sea of air, braving the unknown west, looking for the wealth of the

seed trees in unheard-of lands. The careful observer welcomes them in his note book and in a newspaper of field sports. This Columbus returns to tell of a fair land, and the next year leads to it a band of colonists, and so on, till another and richer land is discovered. A man shooting into a flock of strange birds has no doubt given many an exploring party cause for never again coming there, the tale of death being kept alive in a gawsome myth by the bird magicians, or as our darky friends down South would say, by the "Witch birds," and effectually deterring other birds of like species from visiting it again. Prairie chickens once flew North, were in thousands around Duluth, hundreds were drowned in Lake Superior, others kept on till in the barren lands or plains, an old big burning north of Grand Marais, I think, or of lakes west of there, where it is said the chickens stayed. A theory of the reason the chickens had migrated was that they had been hunted so much by market hunters (D. D. Banta, *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. XXXIX, p. 443). It was the instinct of self-preservation that prompted these birds to get up and get to a land out of reach of money makers.

One would naturally suppose that if there ever was an instinct in any race of vertebrates it would be love. Particularly would one think that the birds love instinctively. That a young bird should fall in love would be only natural. But instinct is remarkably like knowledge, it is scattered most confusingly and unexpectedly in lumps and splashes all over, and not the least is the lover's. Shadow, an old-time and well-known contributor of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, once put a yearling male pine grosbeak into a large breeding cage with a 3-year-old female. All went well till along in the spring, when Shadow put a kingbird's nest into one corner of the cage "to see what they would do." The male glanced at it, then resumed his song. The female looked at it most carefully, inside and out, from a distance and close by. Then she went over and nestled up alongside the male. He was astonished and edged away. She chirped low and expressively and drew up alongside again. He went for the food dish and began to eat. She followed with a plaintive chirp. He slid around behind the bath tub. She ruffled up her feathers and with a discordant crook went for him and everlastingly whipped and pecked him. The poor fellow didn't know what to do. Shadow at last took the male out of the cage for a week, but no sooner was he back than the vixen hit him and knocked him a foot. Shadow hit her with a stick and she fled out of reach, whereupon the male asserted his malehood and whipped her and paid up old scores. They found the female dead—she had refused food and drink. Soon after one morning, and after languishing a while—two or three weeks—the male died too. After the female ruffled up her feathers the first time neither bird sang again, though they had sung sweetly and long before. It was a "marvelous instinct" gone wrong (Vol. XIV., p. 125, of *FOREST AND STREAM*). Perhaps if the young bird had been in a position to observe the courtship of his relatives he might have been different—who knows but what he was faithful to a love of his youth? He had been captured not long before, in midwinter.

A young eagle's nest is never so good or perfect a one as the mature bird's, and this is true, I am confident, of all birds. "Practice makes perfect," and I doubt if a pair of captive birds that had never been in any communication with the experienced birds would build a nest. But so keen is a bird's brain that should it see the nest of any bird it would build a nest resembling that nest as nearly as possible. It is on record that a robin built a nest out of moss instead of mud once, and this in the same orchard where another robin was building an ordinary mud structure. This robin of the moss nest had thought a moss nest better than a mud one or had never seen a mud one—had been raised a parasite in another kind of bird's moss nest—phoebe's, for instance.

Much that is ascribed to instinct is due to nothing less than thought. When a bird builds a nest long before discarded by its ancestors (see article by B. Horsford in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. XIX., p. 485, telling of canopied English sparrow's nest), it did not do so because of a long dormant instinct's dictation, but because of tradition. Thought as genuine as ever a man had, though less in volume, is in the heads of birds—the subdued song of a catbird at night in its dream proves that.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

O. W. HAMPTON, in his short paper on this subject in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 29, has shown himself to be a careful observer of facts, and as such deserving of such further light as a brother student of the subject can throw on this interesting and for the future of aeronautics very important subject. He has observed that the bird steers himself by his wings, and that in circling flight "the under part of his body is partly turned toward the circumference of the circle"—in other words, that the bird circles on wings spread vertically to the horizon. This is in accordance with simple mechanical laws; the under surface of the wings being now exposed to lateral instead of vertical pressure, the bird is deflected from his course in a circle the size of which is determined partly by the measure of the angle of incidence, the circle diminishing in size as the angle of incidence increases; partly also by the tail, which in circling is no longer horizontal, but exposed to lateral pressure also. In this position, raising or depressing it aids in steering the bird laterally, that is in decreasing or increasing the sweep of the circle, precisely as the corresponding movements operate to raise or depress the line of flight when the wings are horizontal. The circling is the resultant of two forces—the required momentum, and the steady lateral pressure of the atmosphere. By reversing the angle of incidence of the wings at the semicircle, circling flight becomes sailing flight, which is available for travel, the course being sinuous. If the tail is depressed on this flight, the arc of the circle is flat, and the distance traveled over is not nearly so much in excess of the actual distance accomplished as would be the case if the bird flew in semicircles. This is the secret of the albatross's erratic flight, in which the angle of incidence of the wings is reversed at irregular intervals. The bird is quartering the water for game, with a side glance at the slow sailing ship, which he keeps constantly abreast of, while sailing three or four miles to her one.

But how, asks Mr. Hampton, does a bird rise or even maintain his level in circling or sailing flight after his

momentum is used up? A pertinent question this. Not by muscular energy, certainly. Force is required to maintain the momentum, and the only available force is the wind. The bird can circle in still air, but he can circle only downward, as ducks do when alighting, to moderate the force of their rapid flight.

The wind is no aid to the bird rowing or gliding on level wing. He must outspeed it or he will be at its mercy. In outspeeding it he becomes conscious of one current only, the current generated by his speed, which rushes with uniform force under the front edge of his wings, and as he outstrips the wind it can have no effect on him. If it blows from behind it does not overtake him; if it blows from one side the stronger rush under the wings from the front deflects it. If it blows from ahead at a speed greater than his own it lifts him, but uses up his momentum, and he has to dive downward to recover it. The bird on level wings can no more be aided in flight by the wind than a ship can be aided by its awning spread to the breeze. But when the bird is on oblique wings he may be compared to a ship with fore and aft sails spread. He cannot then sail before the wind; but while sailing across it, or in its teeth, he opposes resistance to it, and the immediate resultant of his acquired momentum and this resistance is that he would be lifted at a tangent if he did not carry the center of his gravity well forward. The second result of the wind beating under the wings is due to the parabolic curve of the concavity under the wings, which being deepest near the forward edge—about one-third back—determines the pressure forward, no matter what angle it blows from, as long as it strikes under the wings. He can sail nearer to the wind, deriving aid from it, than a boat can; but when the wind comes from aft he turns his back to it, deriving no support from it for about one-third of the circle, during which he loses level. The speed of the bird is not limited by the speed of the wind, but by the acquired momentum. This enables the bird to oppose such resistance to the wind, when crossing or facing it, that its force is multiplied many fold—in fact by the resistance—so that, the shape of the wing determining the pressure forward, a very light wind, say five or six miles an hour, is sufficient to maintain a bird in upward circling flight at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. At any rate, cranes and vultures do circle upward when the wind is blowing at not more than five or six miles an hour at the surface, but it is true they do not begin to circle near the surface, and the current is generally stronger as we ascend. The albatross does not attempt sailing flight in such light winds.

As regards the speed of birds in flight, very few exceed forty miles an hour, but ducks and falcons can achieve sixty and more. The swoop of some of the falcons on half-closed wings is almost like the flight of a meteor—something incalculable.

C. F. AMERY.

Albino Squirrels.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.—Squirrels of unusual colors were more numerous than ever before known in this part of the country during the past hunting season. Mr. Hull Austin and Mr. Joseph Stoneburg shot a piebald black squirrel; another party got a fox-colored black squirrel, and Mr. James Munro shot a black squirrel with a red tail. A black squirrel with a large white patch on its breast and another on its back was seen by a reliable informant.

Inclosed are photographs made by Mr. T. W. R. McRae, a amateur, of two albino black squirrels which were set up for me by Mr. James Munro.

One photograph represents the one shot by Mr. Austin. Commencing with an almost snow white in the back, its color shades down through cream to fawn, of which color are its nose, ears, tail, sides and paws, as the photograph pretty well indicates, while the shade gradually deepens into a rufous brown on the belly.

The other is pure cream color, the under parts merging into a red—brown on the belly. This specimen was shot by Mr. Wm. Clarke some twelve miles from the city.

Both of these squirrels are evidently freaks of the black squirrel family, their tails being precisely the same in form as those of the "black," namely, much more round and bushy than those of the gray squirrel. Their eyes are of the color usual in black squirrels, namely, very dark brown or black.

RICHARD S. BELL.

When the Birds Arrive.

GENESE, N. Y., March 6.—The annual spring migration of North American birds has already commenced, and every lover of outdoor life is anxiously looking forward for their arrival. We have already noticed in *FOREST AND STREAM* some brief notices of the early appearance of some of the birds further South. It occurred to us that if the many readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* scattered everywhere over the United States and Canada would send brief letters to your journal, it would greatly interest its readers to know of the arrival of the more prominent species in different localities, and be of great value as a record of the extent and movement of the spring migrations. Every one is on the lookout for the first robin and bluebird, and with what pleasure we greet him, as we stop wherever we are, to gladly welcome the first harbinger of spring as he comes back to us from his winter home.

SONG SPARROW.

[We heard a song sparrow in New York city on Sunday, March 8.]

Alligator Hunt at Punta Gorda.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., March 4.—A party of the Hotel Punta Gorda guests, composed of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Veysey, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Lovejoy, Mrs. F. H. Abbott and Mr. J. H. Concanon, and a guide started out for Alligator Creek this morning to capture an alligator and bring him in alive. Teams were taken to within a short distance of where several alligators were known to have their home. The first one espied was too close to the creek, into which he disappeared with a splash. A short distance further on the shore brought the party to a cave which was inhabited. Sundry diggings only served to drive the saurian further into his hole, and the men of the party proceeded to dig him out. After a little while the head of the beast was observed, and soon enough of him was uncovered to permit of the introduction of a hook fastened to the end of a pole, and he was caught by one foot and ignominiously dragged into the light of day. That he was a fighter early became evident when he

turned upon his captors and gave them a battle royal before they were able to tie him. He was not a beauty even when tied, while before this operation his countenance was just a little too open to give much encouragement. An occasional vicious swing of his powerful tail seemed to indicate that his feelings had been outraged, and his eyes scintillated with fury. While the men of the party were absent for a few moments a scream from the ladies attracted them back, and it was found that the monster had succeeded in loosening the rope from his jaws and had climbed on to the dashboard of the wagon with the intent of feasting upon one of the horses. The rope was still secured to his body, however, and he was dragged off before doing any damage. His entry into town was the signal for a gathering of the curious, who followed the wagon to the hotel door, where the guests of the Punta Gorda were assembled. This alligator did not seem to relish the attention he was receiving, as was to be seen from the nervous swings of his tail; unlucky the mortal to come within reach of it. In the afternoon he was taken outdoors and tethered to a tree, where he manifested his displeasure by sundry jumps and evolutions. He is an immense beast, in fact the largest caught this season, and will be placed in the gator tank in rear of the hotel. H.

Deer Antlers.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 25.—Last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* contained an article giving a description of a pair of antlers having twenty-four distinct points.

Some years ago Mr. Wells, of Saginaw, Mich., the gentleman who was drowned while duck hunting in Minnesota, had a pair of antlers with thirty-six distinct and well-defined points. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Mershon, of Saginaw, can give the facts in the case. My informant is Mr. Davis, of this city, one of the old-time "Saginaw Crowd."

Mr. Davis has three beaver in a pond near his house, and on Sunday last he witnessed the mating of the beavers—quite likely a process seldom or never observed before by any man. Any person who is interested in this line of natural history can learn full particulars by addressing Mr. Davis.

JULIAN.

Wild Geese Flying North.

WATKINS, N. Y., March 2.—On Feb. 28, about 3 P. M., a flock of wild geese passed over our place (about two miles northwest of the village of Watkins); they were well bunched up and heading northeast, and keeping up a tremendous honking. Is it not rather early for geese in this part of the country?

S. S. N.

[On Washington's Birthday we saw a flock of wild geese flying north over New York.

G.]

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Any Other Birds of this Feather?

SEATTLE, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have again just read the query by F. A. Mitchell on moose calling, and I am pleased to know that there is at least one other person who thinks as I do on this question. I have not missed a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM* in ten years, and have followed all the discussions of what constitutes a true sportsman, and stopping the slaughter of game, and who constitutes the pot-hunter, etc., and I can see only selfishness depicted in every article. Anybody knows that there is just as much true sportsmanship in shining deer as there is in calling moose. The question cannot be argued.

You talk of the great slaughter of wildfowl going on and advertise decoys. To my mind there is not one particle of true sportsmanship displayed by a man who uses these invented devices to allure the game to destruction. The name decoy itself is only suggestive of trickery and of its very nature illegal. That poor old imprisoned gander that somebody had for an educated decoy seemed to be a wonderful acquirement to the paraphernalia of a sportsman in the eyes of that writer, in the issue of Jan. 18.

Consistency in the average writer in sportsman's journals is away in the background and selfishness crops out boldly in every article on these questions. Abolish the sale and use of decoys. Fine a man for having them in his possession, and you will not have to legislate for the protection of the wildfowl. It is just as consistent to allure a deer to his death by using the salt lick as it is to decoy a flock of mallards with a false duck. In condemning the mode of capturing game of one sort, why approve the same thing in another kind of game?

I will stand with Brother Mitchell on the moose calling proposition, but will he be radical enough to stand by me on the decoy question? Who of your many readers will?

E. E.

A Specter of the Deep.

STOCKTON, Worcester Co., Ind.—A very laughable thing occurred here a few weeks ago, an adventure which has fixed a joke upon one of our oystermen that I suppose he will not escape from this side of his grave. We will call him Jack B—, and will say that he was duck hungry, so he fixed a morning to go for wildfowl far out on the shoals, where he had a blind stuck. When he left the shore for his long row there was a soft south wind rippling the water, the stars were shining, and as yet the deep darkness that comes just before dawn had not settled down. When he got to there he fixed his decoys in the most taking way, pushed back into the blind, pulled the bushes all in around his boat and stood up. As he looked out over his decoys, nodding on the rippling water, the far-off honk honk of the geese or the harsh cackle of brant came to his ears, and within he felt that peace with himself and all the world which in the early morning comes to the happy ducker (it generally goes away before night).

All was well. He slipped a couple of shells in his gun and sat down on the bow of the boat, then from one pocket took his pipe, from another a plug of hard tobacco and his knife, and slowly and cheerfully chipped off the tobacco. *Chug!* What was that? A duck lighting in the decoys? He dropped tobacco and knife, picked up his gun and peered over the bushes. Not a thing in sight. Yes, there was a heavy swirl in the water just outside his

decoys; the duck must have gone under. He waited, but there was no sign; the water rippled just the same, the decoys bobbed just as before. Down he sat again, and picked up his tobacco and knife to cut another pipe full. He cut a little faster this time, wishing it would get light. He did not like that queer swirl in the water; it could not be a fish, for no fish are in Chincoteague Bay at this season of the year.

"Heigh!" called a husky voice just beside him. "Hello!" called Jack as he jumped up and again looked over the bushes, expecting to see a boat and some friends. There was not a thing in sight; not a human being within five miles of him; he was all alone on that vast expanse of water. The water rippled, the decoys nodded, and all was still. "I don't like this," he said aloud, "I guess I will go home, it isn't a good morning anyhow; I don't see a duck. I will light my pipe; and by George! over by that rock there was where those three fellows from the life-saving crew were drowned.

"Heigh!" it came again just in front of him. He was on his feet in a second; his legs shook so that he could hardly stand as he thought of the hopeless call of the drowning men. He looked, and there in front of him slowly rising from the water was a face, its great black eyes fixed on him, its long hair floating behind, and around its mouth a most fiendish grin.

With a yell that echoed and re-echoed from the far-off shores Jack dropped in his boat, seized his oars and struck for home, ducks, decoys, all forgotten, anywhere so he could get away from those big eyes and that awful grin. No one knows how fast he rowed, he does not know himself what time he made; but dawn was breaking when he rowed up to the wharf. A crowd of oystermen getting ready for the day's work greeted his coming. "Hello, Jack! Got a boat full? You quit early, Jack. Ain't enough wind for ye?"

"Hold on, men," says Jack, "I came back 'cause I seen the devil. I looked square at him just as I am looking at you fellows. He hollered 'Heigh!' and grinned at me, and then sunk slowly, like a drowning man going down the last time. I am sick, boys; I am going home."

The man was sick and as white as a ghost.

For two or three days it was all the talk of the oyster houses. Jack's devil was finally set down as a mermaid, and some of the knowing old salts wondered it had not thrown its arms around Jack and pulled him under. Then would come the story, "Down off the Brazils me and my mate Bill," etc.

About a week after this some six or eight scows were tonging together, Jack among them, when something behind them called "Heigh!" Jack dropped in his scow, his tongs fell from his hands, and he cried, "Oh, Lord, save us, there is that mermaid now!" All looked, and sure enough, there was the round head, with the big black eyes, the grin and all. One of the men called out, "You fools, that is only a seal!" and so it was. In some way or other it had gotten into the bay and could not find its way out. The men chased it and finally killed it with a gun they happened to have with them. It was the first ever seen inside here. The seal is gone and the skin has been sold, but it will be a long while before the people forget Jack and his "mermaid."

O. P. FOULKS.

One morning in the early spring of '95 and during a freshet in the Housatonic, I secured a large muskrat, and knowing that a personal friend, C., who is a noted joker, had just repaired his gun and had it in his closet, I went to him and told him that I had just seen a big rat on the river bank. Hurrying to get his gun, and taking two shells which I kindly gave him, he hastened out to the bank in his shirt sleeves. It was a fearfully cold day and a strong north wind swept down the river. Sneaking along some 500ft. or more, benumbed with the cold, he caught a glimpse of the game, half buried in a pile of rubbish. Backing off a little and calculating as to where his head was, he pulled! Out bounded the muskrat, striking the water splash! He had blown a hole as big as his own head. With that satisfied expression he turned to me: "Pretty good guess, eh? He never kicked!"

"No," said I, "he never kicked. You are a great hunter and a great shot!"

Climbing down and securing the potted game, I said: "Why, you never hit him! He's been dead a week!" One look at me, one look at the dead muskrat, then a roar of laughter from a dozen boys, and as he disappeared around a corner of the mill he muttered: "That's a good one, but you just wait."

Well, all I could do was to wait. I did wait and he had his reward. I will try and give it to you later, for it was a good one on

DARBY.

SHELTON, Conn.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

THE BOSTON MARKET.

Mr. Reed's Argument.

FOLLOWING is the argument made by Mr. Russell Reed, attorney for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in advocacy of the Association's bill to forbid the market sale of game in the close season. The presentation of the case by Mr. Reed is convincing and should have influence to secure the desired amendment:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee:

You have listened patiently for many days to the presentation of views on the subject of game protection. You have noticed by this time that the people who have appeared before you can be easily divided into two distinct classes, one of which, as represented by the Market-men's Association here, is comprised of gentlemen whose interest in the matter is, on their own admission, entirely a pecuniary one. They are engaged in the business of selling game as well as other articles of provisions, and their interests are necessarily those affecting their pockets. From their point of view the selling of game at all seasons should be encouraged. The other class is composed of men, some of whom might be called practical sportsmen, and others who take what may be called a sentimental view of the subject, and who, while not shooting at all

themselves, wish to see the game of this State protected as far as reasonable. Among this second class there is naturally quite a variety of opinion, as you have noticed. One man may think that December is a proper and good month for shooting. Another man, living in a different part of the State, has the honest opinion that December should be made a close season.

There is no question at all but what as our game decreases laws for its protection must be made more stringent from time to time. In my own experience I have seen the season for woodcock shooting, which formerly opened the first of July, gradually shortened so that for several years it was made to open the first of August, and then later still to the first of September, and then shortened still more to our present season, which opens Sept. 15; while on partridges the law which for a great many years opened on the first of September has also been shortened so that it opens on Sept. 15. It is quite probable that it may be necessary even now to shorten that still more, and possibly to go as far as the bill proposed, which allows simply the months of October and November for shooting. As I have said, there is a very natural difference of opinion as to whether December should be made a close month or not. I am inclined to think that even if you leave that open a few years longer it may then become necessary to close it. These gentlemen with their somewhat diverse views as to shooting all believe, however, that the seasons for allowing shooting and for allowing sale should coincide.

In this place it is proper that I should briefly state to you the position which the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association takes. This Association has been in existence some twenty-two years, and although for the first four or five years of its existence it confined its attention entirely to matters pertaining to fish, for some seventeen years at least it has taken an equal interest in matters pertaining to game. It is an association of gentlemen who from their own pockets voluntarily contribute such sums as they feel able to in order to further the interests in which they believe, and who voluntarily devote such time and work as they can to help the good cause. It has a membership varying somewhat from year to year. It had at one time as many as 400 members, at another not over 100, and at present about 250. These gentlemen live in various parts of the State, from Cape Cod to Berkshire, but naturally the larger part of them in the vicinity of Boston, because there are other kindred local associations in various parts of the State interested in the same work and more or less affiliated with this one. It would be impossible to say just how many of the citizens of this State are interested as sportsmen in this matter, but the number runs at any rate into thousands. These men believe that it is a proper thing to do a certain amount of shooting. Naturally, game is of no value except for food purposes, and to capture it in a proper and sportsmanlike manner gives pleasure and health to those who attempt it. To the majority of sportsmen this pleasure comes not from getting large bags of game, but from the skill required in shooting, and from the exercise which they get in their tramps over hillside and through woods during the crisp and bracing days of the fall. From my knowledge of many of these men, I am sure that perfect satisfaction is obtained by them if after a day's good tramping they bring back two or three birds. It is very rare in this State that any man gets more than eight or ten birds in a day, and that probably happens to most sportsmen not oftener than once or twice a season. Five birds is considered a most excellent result of a day's shooting.

Our friends the market men have spoken to you of the magnitude of the commercial interests involved in game, and I have no doubt of the correctness of the statement made here that the business amounts to \$400,000 a year. I would suggest to you that that sum does not begin to represent the actual cash value of the sport to those who indulge in it. It is said on the best authority that in the State of Maine over \$2,000,000 a year is left behind by sportsmen from other States who go there for health and recreation. Of course people do not come to Massachusetts for that purpose to any great degree, but our own people—those who for business or money reasons are unable to go away long enough to take a vacation in the large Northern woods—get that which they would not sacrifice for much money here at home. I feel sure that double the amount stated by the market men as their business in game would be a small sum to represent the pecuniary value of shooting to those who value it as a sport. It is by no means a rich man's sport exclusively; far from it. The majority of our rich men who shoot and fish go far away from home for their sport. It is the man of limited means who gets the pleasure here at home. As to the standing of sportsmen as a class, it is sufficient to say that Presidents Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland have for the last sixteen years shown that it is at least respectable to get recreation and health shooting and fishing.

Some of the men who shoot in this State sell their game. There is no objection perhaps to this, if it is done in a proper manner. But there are men, however, who shoot, and they comprise a class spoken of as "pot-hunters," who care more for the pecuniary return than for the sport. These men are dangerous to the community because they are tempted to shoot before the season opens, when they have a better chance to get the game than honest sportsmen do, and to shoot after it closes, because it is to them a question then of getting better returns. This class of "hunters" would shoot very little if it were not that the market is open to them. As long as the markets are open they will shoot without regard to law, and not only shoot, but snare. I am glad to say that the "pot-hunter" does not do as much harm now as he did fifteen or twenty years ago, because there is no question but what the sentiment of the community has grown in the right direction; and where twenty years ago woodcock and partridge could be easily obtained at the market or hotels in the close season, it is now comparatively difficult to find them there. By long experience we have found that the only way to limit the ravages of this "pot-hunter" is to limit the sale of his birds. It is practically impossible to detect or catch him in the act of shooting, as you gentlemen can readily see, from the fact that his violation of the law is committed in the remoter parts of the woods and where, as a rule, he is necessarily alone.

Now I wish to say a few words as to the change which has been made in our laws recently. For many years our law stood without much change upon the subject of possession and sale of game. It allowed the sale and possession of woodcock and partridge during the open season,

and in addition allowed the sale of quail and of pinnated grouse, which are practically extinct in this State, up to the first of May. This law has always been regarded by our Association as a bad one, and it was in its purpose a worse law, from our point of view, than that of any State in the Union. There was no other State which allowed so long a period for selling game after the shooting season ended. But this law, bad as it was, was made still worse by the act of 1894. This act allowed persons engaged in selling game or in the cold storage business, in addition to their previous rights, to have in possession quail at any time of the year, and to sell and also possess pinnated grouse, as well as other birds, at all times of the year, with the only proviso that they should not have been taken or killed in this Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of the act. And let me say, gentlemen, that this law of 1894 was brought about through a petition of these same market men who are asking you now to extend their privilege still further. They have stated to you several times at these hearings that they come up here to defend themselves and their business against legislation proposed by our Association. Let me say to them and to you that they are the ones who proposed both the legislation of two years ago and who introduced this year a bill before the Association introduced one.

The market men and commission dealers are a strongly organized body, with great power of membership and with great power in politics. When united with the hotel keepers they are doubly strong. We who oppose them have comparatively small resources in either way. To them it is a question of profit; to us it is a question of principle.

Now, a large part of the testimony which has been brought before you has related to the comparatively insignificant place which the game killed in Massachusetts holds in the market, and it is probably true that taking the whole State through not over 20 or 25 per cent. of the game sold is killed here in Massachusetts. The proportion of Massachusetts game sold in the city of Boston is undoubtedly much smaller, and very likely may not go over 10 per cent. of the whole amount.

Your attention has been called heretofore almost exclusively to the point of protecting our own birds alone, and nothing has been said to you in regard to the birds brought here from other States.

I wish now to call your attention particularly to the change which our Association recommends in the present law. It is a very simple one. As the law stands to-day, certain birds may be sold through the winter and spring, and kept through the entire season, provided they are not killed contrary to the laws of this Commonwealth. We wish to add to this another proviso, and that is that these birds should not be allowed to be sold or kept here if they are brought illegally into the Commonwealth, that is, if they are transported into this State from States which prohibit their export.

I am positive, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that the matter being once called to the attention of this Legislature, you and your fellow-members will be very averse either to passing laws which encourage criminals in other States to violate the laws of their respective States, or to keeping upon our statutes existing laws which do the same. I am positive that the dignity of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will not be lowered by you, but that it will be upheld with all your force in strongly repressing the connivance at and encouragement of crime.

And now, are you aware to what extent the other States of the Union have gone in this matter of protecting their own game? We have, you know, on our own books a law which prohibits the exporting of game birds. Do you know that a similar law exists in the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Arkansas, Washington, Kansas, Missouri, Oregon, Colorado, California, Tennessee and North Carolina, and the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, and that the laws of these States and Territories forbid their export at all times of the year, even when shooting is allowed? In addition to this the States of Nevada, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and West Virginia forbid the export of large game.

Now, let me refresh your minds with the testimony which the market men have given in reply to my questions as to where they got their game. You will remember very fully one thing, that whereas the first four of their witnesses answered my questions on this point with comparative readiness, after that they refused to answer them. But those who did answer them gave us information which is extremely valuable.

Mr. Hosmer stated that he obtained partridges and other game from New York and Illinois, both of which States forbid their export.

Mr. Bigelow stated that he received game from Maine, New Hampshire, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, all of which make it a crime to export game from their States.

Mr. Rand stated that he received partridges from Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, quail from the same States, and pinnated grouse from Nebraska, North and South Dakota, all of which States make it a crime to export any of these birds.

Mr. Patch stated that he received partridges from New York State—not from New York city, but from places outside the city in the State. That is also forbidden by law. He also stated that he received quail from Missouri, which State forbids their export from the State or even from one county to another in the State.

From that time on, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, it was impossible to get a definite answer to my questions on this point with the exception that Mr. Davis said that he understood that partridges came from New Mexico, which also forbids their export. These gentlemen refused to answer at all, excepting a general statement from several of them that their game came principally from west of the Mississippi River. I would call your attention to the fact that States west of the Mississippi River in which game abounds have laws just as stringent against its export as States which lay east of that river, and I submit to you that it is fair to suppose that the other dealers obtain their game from practically the same places from which the preceding witnesses obtained theirs.

The only part of the country where the export of game is allowed with any freedom is in the Southern States. The Northern States of New Jersey, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania have no law against it, but as you well know from the nature of these States the amount of game

in them is and must be small. New Jersey and Rhode Island are thickly settled communities, and Pennsylvania while having to some extent heavy woodlands in certain portions, has thickly settled populations and has not enough game to supply the demand in the State itself. From the South, leaving out the question of ducks, which we have not considered at this hearing at all, comes practically no game except quail. These come rarely to our markets because climatic conditions are such that they do not keep to be brought here.

This game, which is sold in Boston, 90 or 95 per cent. of it, as the dealers testified to you, comes from outside the State, coming almost entirely from those States which prohibit its export by law.

You have heard the testimony of Mr. Mackay, a most expert ornithologist, as to the regions inhabited by the birds spoken of. Our partridge, which is the bird mostly under consideration, does live in the mountain regions of the Alleghany south of Pennsylvania, not in the lowlands; but there it is by no means an abundant bird, and but few of them are killed. The partridge is more common in the Northern countries. The Canadian Provinces, the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota are the places where it is found abundant. It is found, but not to any great extent, in the other States.

I may say here that the export of any game is forbidden at all times by each and all of the Canadian Provinces just as strongly as it is by Maine and Massachusetts.

The 95 per cent of partridges sold by these men, on their own testimony, was all (excepting what one man says he received from Pennsylvania) brought here in violation of some law.

The 99 per cent. of quail sold by these men, on their own testimony, was all brought here in violation of some law, excepting what one man says he received from Virginia, and by a statute passed last month that State forbids their killing for the next two years.

The entire amount of pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse sold by these men, on their own testimony, was all brought here in violation of law, with no exceptions.

The market men, in the bill which they have presented, ask you now to allow them to sell all game from abroad at all seasons, and to stretch the mantle of Massachusetts legality still more widely over their attempts to corrupt the citizens of other States. We ask you to use the power of Massachusetts in its legislation so as to preserve our own good name, and not make this State an accessory to criminal action.

There is one other point to which I would call your attention. Mr. Stoddard, one of the officers of the Cold Storage Company, testified that he did not now have nearly as much game on storage throughout the summer as he did eight or ten years ago. When I asked him if he did not know that it had been, until 1894, contrary to law to keep game on storage through the summer, he answered "Yes," but that he had to keep it or lose money; thus admitting that he had knowingly for many years violated our existing law.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, he who comes into court asking favor or asking justice should do so with clean hands. The market men, commission dealers in game, and cold storage men who have appeared before you have testified that they have either violated the laws of this State, or have encouraged the violation of the laws of other States, or have done both, all to their own pecuniary profit.

Will you, do you dare to, legislate to help their unlawful gains? Will you not rather so act as to protect at one and the same time the interest of Massachusetts and her sister States?

I will also add a word on another point which has been discussed before you, although it does not come within the scope of the bill which we present, that is as to protection of birds of the plover species. To them we think should be given the same measure of safety that is given to the other birds. Forbid, we ask you, traffic in them upon the same lines which you apply to the others. Remember that killing the spring birds, heavy with eggs and ready to breed, in Texas and Kansas, tends to exterminate the species and to deprive us of the proper fall shooting that would otherwise come here.

RIFLE AND GUN CLEANING.

THIS is undoubtedly a subject which brings forth an opportunity for considerable discussion, and as it would seem to be a very important factor in the proper work of a rifle or gun, I make a few suggestions which I have found of value.

In the first place, I believe that a rifle or gun should be kept as clean and free from rust and spotting as possible. In a rifle barrel this is especially important, as rust causes roughness, and roughness causes leading, and we all know what that means in the accuracy of the arm. As to a shotgun, I am not perfectly clear that a spotted gun will not shoot as well as one without blemish. Possibly with the allowable variation in the accuracy of a shotgun the difference would amount to nothing. I know that our three guns are slightly spotted, still I believe they are as good shooting as ever. Living near the salt water, and using a gun for duck shooting, it is almost an utter impossibility to keep them bright despite what care may be taken. Now in the old days of the muzzle-loader, how many strong shooting guns were there which were perfectly bright and clean near the breech? How could one tell whether his gun was spotted, pitted or rusted? With a breech-loader the first impulse is to look through the barrels, and if one sees spots he is likely to have a bad impression, not only of the gun, but of the owner's way of taking care of it.

Now a good many claim that a gun should be cleaned at once after a day's shoot; others do not clean for weeks. A friend of mine has just cited an instance of a man who tried this experiment on two guns, shooting both for a season, cleaning one after use and leaving the other until the close of the season, and the result was that the gun frequently cleaned was spotted the worst.

Now as regards cleaning, I do not believe that a drop of water, either hot or cold, should be put into a barrel. For several years I have always washed out the barrels of our guns with hot water, wiping dry with cotton rags until I was assured they were ready for oiling, and am now inclined to lay this to the condition they are now in. And now as to the oiling question, I am fully convinced that too much oil is a frequent cause for rusting. Why? Because if you will note a barrel that has a surplus of oil,

you will see that the oil collects in drops, as it were drawing together and thereby leaving parts of the barrel exposed to the air. I know this has been my experience, and now use the following method in the cleaning of guns and rifles. I take equal parts of sperm oil (the best obtainable) and alcohol, and swab out the barrel thoroughly with this mixture. The alcohol cuts out the dirt and quickly evaporates, leaving a thin film of oil evenly distributed over the surface of the steel. This is more especially serviceable in rifle shooting when wiping frequently. When through shooting, I wipe the barrel perfectly dry after using the mixture, and then run through a rag saturated with a little vaseline. I have pursued this method on a new rifle purchased some time since and used almost constantly, and thus far not a speck of rust shows. This is a .22 barrel, and of course the more likely to show rust. Benzine, naphtha, paraffine oil, etc., are good cleaning agents, but are apt to rust a barrel if care is not taken to wipe dry, and then oil with sperm oil or vaseline. I believe the alcohol and sperm oil the best cleaning mixture one can find, and although it is an old formula, still I hardly think it can be improved upon.

ART.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Arkansas Game.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 7.—Mr. Joseph Irwin, an experienced and observing sportsman of Little Rock, Ark., says of the quail situation in this country, at the end of the season, March 1: "I am satisfied that the big snow that we had last winter, together with the efforts of trappers and pot-hunters, destroyed more birds than we can raise in five years." Mr. Irwin hunted over some good ground during this snow fall and found eighteen beavies, but the birds were too weak to shoot and were not disturbed. At the end of the season on the same ground he found only three small beavies. The snowstorm was heaviest about fifty miles northwest of Little Rock. About seventy-five or one hundred miles south of Little Rock the birds were not injured so much.

The same informant states that snipe shooting is now going on in eastern Arkansas, and that a good many woodcock are being killed there also. The duck flight was not coming by way of Little Rock at last accounts.

The Flight of the Fowl.

The ducks are making their way well to the north this week on their spring flight. They have appeared on the lower Illinois River and on the Mississippi in considerable numbers. They have been hanging over some of our larger lakes where the ice was not yet out. One or two warm days will let them into the lakes all over northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, provided there is wind enough to take out the ice.

Frozen Fish.

The water in a number of Wisconsin lakes was extremely low last fall, so that they froze nearly to the bottom during the winter. The worst fears seemed to be realized in regard to destruction to fish life in such waters. It is reported that a man chopped a hole in Beaver Dam Lake last week and found no water, but found a layer of frozen bullheads a foot thick. Kekoskee has not yet been heard from.

Shooting with the Camera.

Mr. A. M. Weinhardt, of this city, writes interestingly about some of the possibilities of sporting photography. He comments on the growing desire of many sportsmen to photograph game rather than to kill it, and suggests a method by which such objects can be obtained more easily than has heretofore been possible. Mr. Weinhardt thinks that one of the miniature cameras now on the market could be attached to the barrels of a gun in front of the fore end, and operated upon flying birds or moving animals with the same aim as that used in shooting. He says: "You are always sighting your game over a direct line with your camera, and you are following the game with this line at its fastest speed. Thus no attention is needed for the camera, and you can press the spring any moment you see fit, so that it may be possible to even kill your game after you have photographed it." He adds: "I may have made a wild suggestion in this, but perhaps brother sportsmen may show us how to improve and perfect the idea. In order to make my ideas plain I could send a few pen drawings showing how the instrument could be fastened. I have not yet tried the experiment myself, but some one else may perhaps take it up and find in it a source of pleasure and benefit."

Mr. Weinhardt's idea is not absolutely new, except in the application he suggests of a small camera on a regular sporting weapon. It would be very interesting to see his idea of the proper mechanism for operating the camera, and should such experiments ever be tried, it would of course be gratifying if we could hear of them.

Favorite Dog Dead.

Mr. A. H. Morgan, of the Illinois Central Railway, who is recently back from Memphis and vicinity, informs me that old Henry, Capt. Bobo's pet bear dog, has at length gone the way of all bear dogs. Henry died as he had lived, morose, independent and solitary. He went off by himself, lay down in a corn crib and just died. I have often before spoken of the peculiarities of this old veteran. He would never associate with the other dogs, and was the only one of the pack allowed in the house. He would not eat unless his food was brought to him on a clean plate, and in all ways his singular aristocracy formed marked contrast to the democratic ways of the fighting bear pack. Henry was a red, shaggy-faced mongrel, but he evidently knew more about his ancestry than any one else did, and was proud of it. It will be some time before Capt. Bobo takes on another self-appointed bodyguard in his place.

E. HOUGH.

309 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

North Dakota State Game Warden.

FARGO, N. D., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Governor Allin to-day appointed Geo. E. Bowers, of Fargo, State Game Warden for North Dakota for a term of two years, commencing April 1.

This appointment receives the indorsement of the State Sportsmen's Association, and we believe that Mr. Bowers will make an excellent warden, and that game law violators will have to be extremely careful in the future to avoid detection.

C. E. ROBBINS.

FOREIGN GAME BIRDS FOR MAINE.

COMMISSIONER HENRY O. STANLEY, of Maine, writes me under date of March 1 from Dixfield, Me.: "The capercailzie and black game I ordered from Sweden last fall passed through Auburn yesterday in charge of American Express Co., en route for Aroostook county, where they are to be turned loose. The express company telegraphed me that the birds were alive and apparently in good condition. They are to be turned loose at New Sweden, among the Swedes, who are very anxious to have them, as they will be a reminder of home, and they will be likely to care for and protect them. We are expecting another lot later on for the Rangeley region. I have very strong hopes of success with these birds. Ex-Minister Thomas, formerly United States Minister to Sweden, writes me that the climate in Sweden is identical with that of Maine. Also the forest growth, the hills, mountains and deep snows. He is familiar with the birds, having hunted them in Sweden, and he was very anxious that the experiment should be tried in Maine."

The capercailzie and black game are the two game birds that have been strongly recommended by Dr. John D. Quackenbos for New Hampshire and northern New York, and I believe a special appropriation was made by the former State for the purpose of introducing them. In fact, I do not know but an importation of birds or eggs has already been made by New Hampshire, as my memory is a little fogged on the subject, although Col. Wentworth has written me on the subject within a few months.

The experiment in Maine will be watched with considerable interest, and if successful there it should be successful in other States where conditions are similar.

A. N. C.

The Hunting Rifle.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 8 Cecil Clay gave an account of his experience with the .44-40 in moose hunting.

I must say he is either a wonderful rifle shot or had a long run of good luck.

In my opinion a .44-40 with 26 or 28in. barrel is a poor gun for moose hunting, not to mention the 20in. barrel. I think few hunters would want one even for hunting deer. I used a .44-40 Winchester a number of years and think I know just what it can and cannot do. Mr. Clay may be an excellent shot, but does the man live who can put a bullet where he wants it, under all conditions, with a .44, 20in. barrel at 200yds.? I think not.

Here, where the greatest part of the mountains are nearly covered with almost impenetrable brush, greasewood, buckthorn, etc., one wants a large caliber hard-hitting rifle to stop a deer quickly.

¶ If a wounded deer gets into the chaparral it is almost impossible to get him without a good dog, and when you have found him the work has just begun.

I should consider it risky business to shoot at a moose at 200yds. with a .44 if he were standing still.

A much better gun is the .45-70 with 405gr. solid or 330gr. Gould express bullet.

The .45-70 Winchester, half magazine, half octagon barrel, with shotgun butt, is a finely balanced and powerful rifle.

If any one doubts my opinion of the 20in. .44 let him try it at a target on a windy day for accuracy and penetration.

H. J. BURKHARD.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Noticing the comments upon the calibers suggested for large game in the recent issues of the FOREST AND STREAM, I wonder at some describing themselves as old hunters suggesting little but the largest caliber guns.

I have hunted deer and bears continually for over twenty years in season, in Wisconsin, Michigan and Northern Minnesota; during these years I have killed over 400 deer and a number of bears and moose.

When I first hunted in this country, I used the larger caliber, the .45-70 and .40-60 calibers, but found these guns very heavy to carry on long trips and discarded them nine years ago for the lighter .38 caliber, with a rifle weighing 7½lbs., which I find heavy enough at a long journey's end.

I find that a .38-55 bullet will do just as good service on all large game as the larger caliber if the vital parts are only struck.

One chief cause of so many deer, moose and caribou escaping wounded is often due to the poor marksmanship of the hunter, rather than to the smaller caliber of his rifle.

The killing effect depends upon the power of penetration, the force of the blow struck and the chances of striking a vital spot.

If one needs a larger wound to produce shock and hemorrhage let him use the .38-55 mushroom bullet, which with nitro powder gives most excellent service; causing a wound as large, if not larger, than a .45 caliber solid or metal patched bullet and doing even more destruction to the soft parts, as this bullet will expand without first hitting a bone. The only fault with the mushroom bullet is its destruction often of good meat, as with the .45 and .50 caliber.

Again a 7½lb. rifle is much more easily handled than those more heavy, and can be brought to bear from any position more quickly.

Again 1 or 2lbs. saved may be put into some other necessary article to be carried. I also prefer the 28 or 30in. barrels, giving a better range of sights than those shorter.

I have given nitro powder a thorough test this past fall and find it gives excellent results, especially with the metal patched bullet. With nitro powder used in a Marlin .38-55 the rifle will carry up to the line of sights, 170yds., while with black powder the same distance I note a drop of 10in.

E. M. C.

A Lucky Shot.

ONE night there was a light fall of snow; the next day was clear and warm, and we started out after rabbits. Ben took my double-barrel shotgun, George my Stearns pistol, and I took old "'60," an ancient muzzleloading rifle. Seeing a rabbit sitting alongside of an old rotten stump, George pulled out his pistol, shot, missed, and called to me to look out. I saw the rabbit coming full speed, and as he was going down the hill I blazed away, missing also. The rabbit ran across a prairie and on to another side hill about 200yds. distant and stopped by the side of a bare knoll. I told Ben to stand still and I would scare the rabbit out; so I hastily loaded the old rifle,

all the while keeping my eye on the spot where I had seen the rabbit last. I then took a rest over one knee and pulled. The rabbit jumped about 3ft. in the air and started to run, but Ben had seen him and served him with a well-directed shot. I had shot a hole through both ears with the old rifle, and called it a lucky shot.

J. H. G.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Peculiarities of Fishes.

SHOULD an investigator study the habits of a species of fish in one stream or lake and formulate his conclusions and publish them as hard and fast facts regarding the habits of that particular species, another student might study the habits of the fish in other waters, and when the two come together it might be a case of "wigs on the green" if it resulted in a discussion as to which was right and which wrong, when both might be right, although they arrived at different conclusions regarding the habits of the same species of fish. If all the conditions are not alike in the two waters the habits of the fish may be dissimilar in a marked degree.

It is the common belief that pike, generally called pickerel, are absolutely fatal to trout in the same water, yet there are waters where both exist and the trout increase annually in numbers and size. Pike found their way into an Adirondack lake and at once there was dismay in that region, and a movement was on foot to stock the lake with black bass to destroy the pike as the only remedy for the destruction of the pike. Before this could be done trout (lake trout) were caught with a lot of young pike inside of them. The black bass is praised for its care of its young after they are hatched, and yet the black bass has been convicted of eating its own brood after watching the eggs and guarding the young for weeks against all enemies.

Our common brook trout that every angler will swear is a home-lover, never straying from its birth stream except when opportunity offers for a dip in the sea and then only to return, when transplanted to Great Britain and liberated will promptly go down stream and disappear forever unless restrained. The rainbow trout, when brought from the Pacific slope and planted in Atlantic streams, disappears in a like manner, but if its journey is continued to England it remains in the water where planted. If there is any fresh-water fish in the world more destructive of trout than the black bass, by common report, I have not, I think, heard of it. The black bass has acquired such a reputation that when it made its bow to a British public there was one long and concentrated howl at its introduction to the waters of Albion.

I have just heard a complaint that is to me novel, and that is, that trout are eating the black bass in Raquette Lake, in the Adirondacks. Years ago the black bass was planted in this lake by the New York Fish Commission, and afterward it was believed to have been a mighty blunder to herd this lion fish with the lamb fish of the region, and I think it was. Now, Mr. Charles H. Bennett tells me the gentle, amiable, poetical, dainty trout has been caught with black bass in its maw. He caught one trout with 140 young bass in its stomach, and another that had swallowed 300 by actual count. After all, the bass are to blame and brought their fate upon themselves, for Mr. Bennett tells me that they ate the natural food contained in the lake and produced a state of famine, and the trout were finally forced to eat the famine producers. Fishculture has advanced to the point where serious attention must be given to food for the fish hatched and planted in such waters. We have improved upon nature in the number of fish hatched from a given number of eggs, but we have not made the same progress in keeping or providing food for the fish after they are hatched.

Since I wrote the foregoing I have learned from a correspondent in Maine that another tradition has been upset, knocked galley west, and crooked. He says that the limit in pounds that one could catch of togue (lake trout) in one day has been removed from the Maine law, and this action was taken because it was thought that the togue (lake trout) were devouring the brook trout. To me this precaution seems to be parallel to warning the people of Kalamazoo to keep indoors, so that when the statue of Liberty in New York harbor toppled over it would not fall on them. The two species of fish do not naturally inhabit the same depth of water; they spawn in different places and at different times, but if they do meet and one captivates the other as a stomach lining, it is another argument for more natural fish food in our waters.

Dancing for Animals.

In a personal letter from a lady residing in Rome, Italy, which came on the last steamer, she says: "To-night we are going to a ball at the Grand Hotel which promises to be very fine. It is for the Society for the Protection of Animals, under the patronage of the Queen and the highest ladies of Rome. I wonder if after dancing for charity and education and the warm-blooded animals we will dance for the fishes." Why not? I think it would be a good idea; but instead of dancing for the fishes, dance to provide them with food and let the fish breeders continue to hustle for the fishes themselves. If it should become fashionable to dance in the interest of our food fishes the matter of fish food would have an inning such as it never has had, but the millennium is not due yet.

Ouananiche on Pacific Slope.

My friend Dr. W. H. Drummond, President of the St. Maurice Club, writes me from Montreal under date of Feb. 28 and in his letter says: "An 'old country' friend of mine now living in Northern British Columbia, Cariboo District, tells me he is positive they have ouananiche out there, as he has caught them averaging 2½ lbs. and never more than 5 lbs. The description is exactly that of the Lake St. John fish." This is the third time, from three different sources, that I have heard of the presence of the supposed ouananiche in British Columbia waters, and yet, from any positive information on the subject, there is no good reason for thinking the fish exists on the Pacific slope. Mr. J. G. A. Creighton was the first to call my attention to what was supposed to be a landlocked form of salmon on the Pacific Water Shed, but he did

not intimate that it might be other than a form of Pacific salmon that had become landlocked, as we are pleased to term it. But later information pointed to a landlocked form of the Atlantic salmon in the same waters, but thus far there has been nothing offered to substantiate this belief. Starting with the knowledge as a positive fact that the ouananiche is the Atlantic salmon with solely a fresh-water habitat, although it may have access to the sea, and that the Atlantic salmon is utterly unknown on the Pacific coast, it is difficult to understand how the ouananiche can be found in British Columbia unless it has been taken there overland, and this I believe has not been attempted by the fisheries department of the Dominion.

Snowshoeing over Slumbering Black Bass.

A friend writing me to-day from Canada—a friend with whom I had some of the best trout fishing last year that is to be had in the waters of this free earth—says, rather mournfully: "Oh, how I long for the winter to pass away and the spring to come. It is such a tedious, hardly-ever-ending time to wait, and helps to make life seem so short. At present we have to do our fishing in our dreams." Well, that is as one may look at it. I went fishing on snowshoes one night this week without rod, reel, hook, bob or sinker, but my catch was something to remember as long as I live, and I may never equal it again unless I am favored with the same conditions. It was one of those occasions that fishermen refer to as red-letter days, though this was a red-letter night.

I had had a headache for one solid week, and my thinking machinery was out of repair. I had, added to other trifling ills, a cold, and could not move my arms without pain in some portion of my anatomy. I was taking several kinds of medicine and lots of advice, and all the time I knew I was seven different kinds of an ass to bend over a desk from morning until after midnight and expect a physician to heal me with drugs.

One afternoon a younger sister sent me a note asking if I would go snowshoeing that evening with her and a lady who was her guest, and if so to meet them at the train for Lake George that evening at 7 o'clock. I presume my physician would have said no and charged \$2.75 for the advice, but I did not consult him. I got a lot of advice for nothing, but I had decided to go very promptly and I was deaf to everything not in accord with my decision. I got to the train by running for it, but landed in a seat a demmed damp, moist, unpleasant body, with my heart making about 209 revolutions a minute. By the time the train stopped to let me off I was able to speak to the friends I had joined, and there were four of us. We got off the train on the high ground south of Lake George, and at once put on our shoes, and hauling a toboggan started south toward Glen Lake. The night was glorious, the moon nearly full, no wind and a temperature of 16° above zero. The snow was not the best, nor was there as much of it as I have seen in this locality, but on the south side of the hills we found once in a while sufficient crust to hold the toboggan for a slide. There was nothing whatever to mar the tramp and nothing tried to except one or two barbed-wire fences. Where I had the greatest pleasure, soul satisfying, and gifts were showered upon me to cause my heart to throb with pure delight, was in a piece of brush where I made a short cut with the toboggan. That toboggan treed on everything that was above the snow. Once in a while it was right side up, but not often; the cushion came off every time the toboggan treed or turned over, and the rope broke with becoming regularity every time I tried to haul the toboggan over a stump. The others were out in the clearing shouting to know why I did not hurry, but I was so happy I did not want to hurry, and when I caught one shoe in a stub and went on my head into a pile of frozen brush I was so filled with emotion and snow that I could not explain why I did not hurry. The sweetness and bliss of that passage of the short cut a poet would put into verse, but I cannot, I prefer to think of it. I got through finally with most of the toboggan and considerable skin left on my hands and face, and came out where the moon was shining brightly on the white snow and the other members of the party were awaiting me, and all was cheerful; but my heart was in the passage of the brush with a toboggan upside down. It was clear sailing to Glen Lake thereafter, except that one of the ladies instead of jumping a brook jumped into it, and the toboggan when turned loose ran down a steep pitch and smashed what was left of its nose against a tree; and when we were on its ice-covered surface I recalled to a select audience where I caught a small-mouth black bass of 8½ lbs., and how it took several years' time and as many quarts of ink to prove it to the angling world. As we crossed the lake I could fix in the clear moonlight the place where every big black bass had been taken during the past twenty years, and I would have given a small farm to have been able to turn the X rays down through the ice to the bottom of the lake where the bass were sleeping and found the largest one; for I believe there are bigger bass in the lake than ever came out of it. Across to Mud Lake is but a step, but there are no fish there, and thus another step and we were on Round Pond, where the 10lb. small-mouth black bass was taken. The fever was in my blood by this time, and if by any possible chance I had ever been able to sing, I would have sung a joy song then and there. We knew a sleigh was waiting for us a mile or so beyond, with fur wraps and heavy coats, and at the end of a sleigh ride a hot supper would be waiting later, and I postponed any outward manifestations of desiring to sing a joy or any other song, but my heart was light and my head clear and pains gone, or going, for I was free the next morning. The famous Lydia did not hit it exactly when she framed her familiar war cry, "Yours for health." She should have said, "Snowshoeing for health." Therefore I cannot agree with my dear Canadian friend and long for the winter to go, for if the same conditions should exist as on this evening, particularly if I was always permitted to make a short cut through the brush with a toboggan, I would wish for snow all summer. There is a moral concealed in this note, but I cannot point it out while I am on such excellent terms with my family physician, but it is free to all who discover it.

A. N. CHENEY.

A Minnetonka Pickerel.

HENRY PHELPS, of Excelsior, Minn., recently speared through the ice in Lake Minnetonka a pickerel weighing 20 lbs., of which, the record states, 3 or 4 lbs. were of roe,

FISHING TACKLE AND THINGS.

Now that the season approaches, each disciple of good Father Walton might be seen, no doubt, at spare moments, brushing up his tackle. Rods, reels, lines and hooks need to be carefully examined. The rods may require new whippings and a coat of varnish and mayhap a ferrule or so, while the reel, of course, needs tightening up, with perhaps a new screw; a drop of oil, too, is necessary for its well-being. Lines must be gone over with care to detect any weak spots, for what is more annoying than to have a line part when at the height of enjoyment with a good game fish? Hooks are to be retied, perhaps, and the points filed up, etc. Of course, the lines and hooks might be discarded and new ones added to the store, but there is to be considered the pleasure that comes to the heart of the angler in the overhauling of this old tackle.

Then there are the flies—those "poetized hooks" that must have particular attention—and what retrospection one falls into while at this pleasant occupation. There is that old "White Miller," the one sewed to a card with full record written thereon, and a bit of blue ribbon tied in a bow at one corner. It was with this fly at sundown many years ago that our very biggest trout was taken, since that date this particular "Miller" has reposed in luxury. He was pensioned at once, and when sometimes, at coldest winter, or at other times when a fit of blues is on, this fly brings up the recollection of one particular day and we are carried back to a time spent camping on one of Michigan's finest streams. That, however, was before the frost began to nip our locks. Ah yes, in the blossom time of life. But then, does one ever get too old to fish? We are up the hill and a part way down the other side, we are passing the mark "three score and ten," but still the other day our tackle box came out, as has been the custom for so many years, and all the implements were gone over and tricked up, while now we simply wait for the season. Or, as General Stanton has said,

"I jes' set here a-dreamin'—
A-dreamin' every day—
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'
On the rivers far away.

"An' I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish,
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller orter fish!

"While I'm studyin' or a writin'
In the dusty, rusty town,
I ken feel the fish a-bitin'—
See the cork a-goin' down!

"An' the sunshine seems a-tanglin'
Of the shadows cool an' sweet;
With the honeysuckles danglin',
An' the lilies at my feet.

"So I nod, an' fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller orter fish!"

OLD ROD.

The Art of Sizing them up.

YOUNG fishermen should take great care to acquire one faculty which only experience can teach and which all old fishermen possess. It is the faculty of mentally weighing fish. A young fisherman carries scales from the store, but with experience discards them for the mental scales, which are very much better, because by using them one can always weigh fish which are hooked and lost. At all times by a glance of the eye any fish is weighed. No danger, no doubt, but absolute certainty that the mental weight is the only reliable one upon which to base a story, particularly of a lost fish. Bass are so finely shaped, regularly curved and close mouthed that as soon as experience has given the angler his mental scales they are most easily weighed. One peculiarity of bass is their wonderful uniformity in size, length, breadth and depth, hence more are caught which mentally weigh 3 lbs. than any other weight.

Much sport is undoubtedly had in taking bass with bait, either common earth worms, minnows or fresh-water lobsters, but it is conceded by all of experience that the taking with the artificial and most deceitful fly furnishes the acme of sport and happiness. In fishing with the artificial fly the fisherman makes a cast and suddenly, quicker than electricity, quicker than even a "Hello!" comes back over a telephone, a signal flashes from the hook over the line and rod to the nerve center of the brain which entrills the angler, needing no Morse code nor code of civil procedure for interpretation; the wrist responds, apparently automatically, and yet with the prescience born of the most delicate skill, and the fish is hooked. This is only the beginning of care, anxiety and trouble. The instant that the angler feels the fish on his line all thoughts of business, money, wife or sweetheart are obliterated and the whole attention is absorbed by the one desire and impulse to save that fish. The prick of the hook and the restraint of the line and rod arouse the combativeness which the bass possesses to the highest degree. Look at that iron jaw and the fire in his eye, now of an intense scarlet hue, from the anger aroused. He darts this way and that, leaps from the water, sounds the depths, all the time on the move, changing his course like lightning, lunging and rushing like the born fighter he is. When at last he is safely landed the angler settles back in his seat, frequently pale and weak, but full of justifiable pride; one glance is given to mentally weigh the fish, he is carefully placed in the basket, and the angler is ready to try it again.—C. W. Smith in Syracuse Standard.

Mice for Bass.

I SHOULD like to suggest to my friends who expect to do any bass fishing this coming season, to add to their tackle a mouse trap, and keep themselves well supplied with live mice.

I have used them for bait for the last two seasons with splendid results, catching a great many large fish. The largest, and the record breaker for that stream (a small river in the northern part of New Jersey), weighed 5 lbs.

I hook the mouse under the skin of the neck and let him swim on the surface.

H. J. W.

BOSTON, MAINE AND THE SOUTH.

BOSTON, March 7.—Boston is annually visited each spring by many business men from the interior towns of Maine, and so great are the surrounding influences of game and fish in their native State that a large majority of them are sportsmen, and always have something interesting to say regarding fish or game conditions near their homes. Horace E. Jones, of Caribou, has just returned to his home after a short visit to the Hub, and waxes enthusiastic over the prospect of good salmon fishing in the Aroostook River at his native town. Twelve or fifteen salmon were taken on the fly at the dam last season, of which Mr. Jones captured two or three. It is the hope of the Caribou anglers that the fishing there will eventually rival that at the Bangor pool, and it is the intention to do everything possible to protect and increase the run of fish. The State has a large hatchery at Caribou, in which there are now 200,000 trout eggs, 100,000 landlocked salmon eggs, and 100,000 sea salmon eggs. Last year a feeding station was established in connection with the hatchery, the object being to care for the fish after hatching until they become of good size before turning them out to shift for themselves.

Capt. Fred. Barker, of Bemis Camps and The Birches, in the Rangeley region, has been in Boston over a week, having left for home but a day or two ago. He states that the Rangeley ice is quite heavy and well covered with snow, in fact, about in the usual condition of just this time of year. The Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes Railroad has been pushed through to Bemis camps, that being the terminal point of the road. An unique and interesting log station has been erected there which will show arriving tenderfeet that they are deep in the woods even though brought all the way by steam. It is the impression that the new railroad will make quite a change in the business of the sporting camps of that region, bringing a great many people for short trips who might be classed as transients. This is an excellent outlook in a business way, but does not promise too well for the fish and game.

Shooters and anglers bound for the South are still leaving Boston. Among the latest departures are W. M. Dizer, of Brookline, and S. C. Dizer, of Boston. A ten days' trip after ducks to Chesapeake Bay is the attraction that has drawn them away from home. Harry Cole and Mr. Pope, son of Col. A. A. Pope, have gone on a four weeks' shooting and fishing trip in the vicinity of Tampa, Fla. Not a few of those who have been South, particularly to North Carolina, have returned during the last two weeks, and pretty fair luck is the general verdict so far as I have heard.

HACKLE.

To Push the Game Preserve System.

FROM the following circular sent out by the vice-president it appears that the National Association has entered upon a crusade to promote the game preserve system in this country:

NATIONAL GAME, BIRD AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION. Vice-President's Office, Prairie du Chien, Wis., March, 1896.—Dear Sir and Brother Sportsman: For the better protection of our fast decreasing game and fish, I take the liberty of addressing you as a member of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association. From actual experience I am satisfied we can accomplish our objects as set forth by the National Association.

If each and every member will endeavor to have clubs formed, and in localities favorable said clubs establish private shooting and fishing grounds, clubs so formed can exert greater influence in legislation and become a power that will be felt throughout the nation. Let us join hands and all assist in this noble work. If this meets with your approval, encourage the forming of rod and gun clubs and recommend them to join the National Association, and we will have a band of brother sportsmen all working for a common cause. In this way the sportsmen of our country will come in touch with each other and will make the willful slaughter of game and fish so unpopular that greedy sportsmen will not and others dare not continue their destructive work. Come, sportsmen, up and away to the fields of labor. The day is breaking, unless we are at our stations we will be too late. I hear the whir of wings in the distance and only an occasional splash of the gamy fish as he breaks water for his morning meal. Empty creels and limp game bags are not pleasing things to contemplate. Very truly yours,

J. P. BARNUM, Vice-President.

Megantic Club.

THE following directors were elected at the annual meeting:

Directors—Arthur W. Robinson, L. Dana Chapman, W. K. McClure, A. R. Justice, Philander Cutter, George McAleer, D. C. Pierce, A. R. Brown, George C. Ainsworth, W. G. Kendall, George W. Wiggin, S. F. Johnson, W. A. Macleod, Albert Bernard, George H. Burt, Thomas Dickson, James B. Harvie, W. W. Peirce, A. W. Gleason.

The officers for the year are:

President, Arthur W. Robinson, Boston; First Vice-President, W. K. McClure, Plainfield, N. J.; Second Vice-President, W. A. Macleod, Boston; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, L. Dana Chapman; Clerk, Dr. G. W. Way, Portland; Assistant Clerk, Charles W. McConnell, Boston; Corporation Counsel: Hon. Henry Ceylun, J. R. Reed, W. A. Macleod; Superintendent and Maine Warden, Robert Phillips, Stratton, Me.; Canadian Warden and Superintendent, William Boyle, Jr.; Steward, Fred. M. Viles.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.
April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburgh.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. —Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

THE fourth annual bench show of the City of the Straits Kennel Club was held at the Auditorium building, Detroit, Mich., on March 3 to 6. The attendance on the opening day was slim. During the remainder of the show the building looked well crowded, and it is to be hoped that this enterprising club have made up for some of their past losses. It speaks well for the sterling fanciers of the City of the Straits that reverse after reverse has not dampened their enthusiasm. Even on the opening day, when everybody looked for another failure, no trace of gloom was to be seen on the faces of the members.

Many Eastern exhibitors and visitors were present, and one and all seemed satisfied with the increased activity which seems after a long period of gloom to be springing up in the kennel world.

Spratts Patent benched and fed in their usual satisfactory manner. The benching was tastefully arranged, with the judging rings in the center of the building, and the judging completed by noon of the second day. Mr. George M. Hendrie, president, ably seconded by the members of the bench show committee, Messrs. R. Humfryes-Roberts, secretary; C. A. Parkinson, A. T. Knowlson, W. Howie Muir, Charles F. Backus, R. McDonald, Ed. Wiles, J. C. Guillot and Guy D. Welton, worked hard to make their visitors comfortable, and Mr. Thomas C. Ouellette, who undertook the arduous and thankless office of superintendent, made a most efficient one.

The judges were: Mr. John Davidson for foxhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, dachshunde, deerhounds, Italian greyhounds and beagles.

Mr. Robert McEwen for collies.

Mr. E. M. Oldham for spaniels.

Mr. James Mortimer for the remaining classes.

The quality of the dogs on exhibition was very good in many of the classes, and there did not seem to be much dissatisfaction with the decisions. Belle Isle Kennels reaped a harvest in the rough-coated St. Bernard classes, among other victories beating American Cæsar with Eboracum in the open dog class. The following is a brief review of the classes:

Only five mastiff entries, and one of those absent, Miss Constable. In the challenge class for dogs Prince Cola, looking well, but beginning to show his age, was alone, and his kennel companion, Minnie Beaufort, well shown, secured the same easy honors in the corresponding class for the gentle sex. A very moderate specimen all the way from Canada was all alone in the open dog class; in fact, so much did the judge think of his quality he withheld first and second prizes and awarded him a third. First withheld was again the order in the class for bitches, second going to an unworthy daughter of the great Beaufort, Lizzie Beaufort by name.

The grand tug of war came on in the open class for St. Bernards, rough-coated, and it took the judge quite some time to decide between American Cæsar, whom he placed over Le Prince last year, and Eboracum. Cæsar, however, did not look quite the Cæsar of old, while his rival had improved wonderfully in condition and movement since last shown. Eboracum was awarded first, American Cæsar second, and Scion Lomond, who lost to the winners in head and body, third. In the open bitch class Belle Isle Kennels were again successful with the well-known Artilla, who somewhat handily disposed of Arlington Pansy, second. The first prize winner is much the better type, has a better head and muzzle and also has a shade the best of it in body, legs and feet. Lady Taylor, third, is a fair one, but was lacking somewhat in coat and condition. Alta was alone in the challenge class for the smooth variety dogs; he looked well. Alta Kennels' Judith, shown, as Mrs. Lee knows how to show a dog, in capital condition, had a walkover in the corresponding bitch class. Rex Watch won in the open class dogs, with Victor Watch second and St. Augustine reserve. The winner is a bit plain in head, but has a good body and moves well. Sunol and Sunbeam, both owned by the Belle Isle Kennels, were first and second in the open class for bitches. The winner is a nice stamp of bitch showing much quality, both were set down in capital condition.

Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury had an easy win in the open class for bloodhounds. His grand head, body, legs and feet will make him a hard one to beat in any company. Brough, the only other entry in this class, was fairly outclassed. Two entries in the open bitch class, and the result was not long in doubt; Layswood Chorus, first, scores over Queen of the West in head and body. The Queen lacks the quality of her sire.

Great Danes were a fair lot, Beau Brummel winning in open dogs from Prince, who lost to him in head and front. Senta II., the winning bitch, is a fair one that will improve with age; she had no difficulty in disposing of Earl's Olivia, second, who has but a moderate head and fair body.

Foxhounds.—Only six foxhounds were shown. Commodore easily beating Grandeur in open dogs, and Friendly having an easy win over Pastime in the open bitch class.

Pointers were a good lot. Moulten Banner won in the challenge class for heavy weights, beating Count Graphic. Although the winner shows age, he is still good enough to hold his own. Count Graphic loses in head and shoulders. Josie Bracket had a walkover in the corresponding bitch class, she looked well and fairly shone in condition as compared with some of the other entries in this breed. Mr. George Gould secured the ribbons in the challenge

class for the light-weight division with Ridgeview Comet in dogs and Miss Rumor in bitches. The open class for dogs 55lbs. or over was a fair one, but I cannot agree with the placing of the awards. Spot first, Furlough Mike second, and Hempstead Prince third, was the order. The issue seemed to be between Prince and Mike, with the former for choice. Spot is a big dog, coarse all over, heavy in shoulders. Furlough Mike should be in the light-weight class; he has a better head than the winner, but has a light eye. Hempstead Prince beats them both in head, body and shoulders, moves better, and shows the better quality and expression. In the corresponding bitch class Alice Leslie was rightly placed over Lady Graphic, second. The winner is a nice mover, has a fair head, good shoulders, and stands on good legs and feet. In light-weight open dogs, Chancellor, well known, won handily from Plain Sam, second, and Bert of Hessen, third. Plain Sam loses to the winner in head and muzzle. In bitches, Devonshire Pearl, another of the Gould string, won, closely pressed by Count Graphic's Baby, with Brighton Flossy third. It looked as if the last-named might have been higher. She has much the better of it in skull and shoulder, but is a bit wrong before the eye.

English setters were a good lot, headed by Cactus, winner in challenge dogs, and that grand bitch Maid Marian in challenge bitches. Warwick Kennels scored first and second in open dogs with Sheldon and Albert's Ranger, while Rodfield, placed third, might well have given way to Dan O'Light, R.; the last-named having the better of it in head, shoulders, coat, legs and feet. In open bitches, Blue Nell rightly won, with that nice bitch Albert's Moll second. The latter loses a trifle in body and action; in other respects they are close.

Irish setters, in the absence of Oak Grove Kennels, showed a falling off. Finglas was alone in challenge dogs. The old dog looked well and moved like a youngster. Bessie Finmore and Lady May Swiveller were the competitors in the challenge bitch class, the former winning by a narrow margin, principally in head. Kildare Malt first, Killane second, was the order in open dogs. Killane loses in body and coat. In corresponding bitch class Fawn won from Lady Finglas, second. I rather liked the last named best; she shows much the better type, gains in legs, feet and shoulders, and is the equal of Fawn in other points.

Gordon setters had seventeen entries, many of them being of good quality. Heather Lad was first in challenge dogs and Princess Louise in challenge bitches. Dash, first in open dogs, might well have changed places with Wang Ivanhoe, second, who beats him in head and body. Forrest Guy, third, is a fair-headed dog, but lost to Wang in all points. In corresponding bitch class Dwight Pearl first, Dwight Sarah second and Princess Bonnie third was the order, and rightly so. All three were shown well and are close together in quality.

Spaniels were a good entry, especially in cockers. In challenge dogs Pickpania easily beat old Bendigo, who, however, carries his years well and has done much good in the stud. In the open class, dogs, Viscount, first, has the better head, legs and feet, moves well and was shown in capital condition. King Cole II., second, is a good sort, but loses to the winner in head and front. Willie Silk, R., is too much field spaniel; he must be close to the 28lb. limit. In corresponding bitch class Woodland Minnie, first, is good behind the head. Miss Ginger, second, has a fair head, but is bad in body. Hamilton Jack again won in the any other color class for dogs. He is a good, workmanlike dog, but has not the proper cocker type. Had Cherry Boy III. been a little better in head he might have won.

Collies were a good lot, but some of the awards are hard to find a reason for. Sefton Hero was alone in challenge dogs, and Lady Gay beat Charlton Phyllis in challenge bitches, but wrongly so. Lady Gay has not got her last year's form. She had little coat. Dwight Ormonde, R. in open dogs, might have won. Hempstead Chief, first, is bad in head and ear, while Dwight Ormonde is good in head and ear; both have good coats. In the corresponding bitch class Cragston Thistle rightly won, with Hempstead Dorothy second. The winner is much the better quality.

Fox terriers were a good lot, Warren Safeguard winning in challenge dogs and Warren Capture in challenge bitches. Prisoner, first in open dogs, is a good one, with a nice head, good legs and feet, and plenty of terrier character. Dudley Stroller, second, is also a good one, a bit wrong in coat, but good in head. The Messrs. Rutherford scored first and second in open bitches with Warren Dusky and Warren Cautious.

Irish terriers were a good lot, the winners all being well known.

In bull dogs the Woodlawn Park Kennels as usual had all their own way, winning with Walhampton in the challenge class, Rustic Sovereign in the open dogs, and running second to Firefly with Grosvenor Lass in the corresponding bitch class. Firefly just had a little the better of it in head and chest.

Bull terriers were also a good exhibit. The bitch protested at New York for deafness was defeated by Frank Doll's Green Hill Empress.

Beagles were out in good force, headed by C. S. Wixom's strong kennels; needless to say, he secured most of the ribbons, dividing first prize, however, in the challenge class with Joe Lewis's good bitch Lonely. Champion Royal Krueger, alone in challenge dogs for dogs 15in. and under, was with others beaten for the special for best beagle by Ringleader.

RUSTIC.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. L. Younghusband's Prince Cola. Bitches: 1st, Dr. L. Younghusband's Minnie Beaufort. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Brutus. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, D. E. Lynn's Lizzie Beaufort.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH—Dogs: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum; 2d, A. Froembling's American Cæsar; 3d, J. C. Guillot's Scion Lomond. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla; 2d, A. Froembling's Arlington Pansy; 3d, Mrs. A. Cline's Lady Taylor. ROUGH OR SMOOTH.—NOVICE—1st, Alta Kennels' Victor Watch; 2d, J. C. Guillot's Scion Lomond. PUPPIES: 1st, C. J. Hirt's Jerry Simpson; 2d, C. Leonard's Gladstone. R., J. C. Guillot's Lord Dufferin II.—CHALLENGE—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, D. E. Waters's Alta. Bitches: 1st, Alta Kennels' Judith. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch and Victor Watch. R., Fenwick & Bousefield's St. Augustine. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunbeam and Sunol.—LOCAL CLASS—ROUGH OR SMOOTH—1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunbeam; 2d, C. Leonard's Gladstone. R., J. C. Guillot's Lord Dufferin II.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, S. B. Christy's Brough. Bitches: 1st, S. B. Christy's Layswood Chorus; 2d, Alta Kennels' Queen of the West.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—BARZOIS—Dogs: 1st, G. M. Keasby's Optimist.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in a Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs*: 1st, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummel; 2d, O. H. Brown's Prince. *Bitches*: 1st, Smith & Lepper's Senta II.; 2d, Algonquin Kennels' Earl's Olivia. R., J. L. Trent's Nellie.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, B. F. Lewis, Commodore; 2d, J. Smith's Grandeur. *Bitches*: 1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly; 2d, J. Smith's Pastime. R., J. A. Spracklin's Spot.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Challenge*—1st, J. H. Lyke, M. D.'s, Southern Rhymes.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Maurice Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d, Dr. S. Dixon Barr's Duke of Morning Quest. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle.

POINTERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs* (55lbs. or over): 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molten Banner. R., Leamington Pointer Kennels' ch. Count Graphic. *Bitches* (50lbs or over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Miss Rumor.—*Open*—*Dogs* (55lbs. or over): 1st, E. S. Brink's Spot; 2d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 3d, George Douglass's Hempstead Prince. R., Leamington Pointer Kennels' Duke of Essex. *Bitches* (50lbs. or over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Lady Graphic. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): G. J. Gould's Chancellor; 2d, Dr. J. R. Daniels's Plain Sam; 3d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Bert of Hessen. R., H. Leroy Jones's Young Americus. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic's Baby; 3d, R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossy.—*Local*—1st, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Duke of Essex; 2d, J. V. Revell's Judd Lansdowne; 3d and R., W. C. Wann's Ben Kent and Spring.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, H. Pope's Cactus. *Bitches*: 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marian. R., Washtenaw Kennels' Albert's Nellie.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon and Albert's Ranger; 3d, P. J. Madison's Rodfield. R., F. F. Bock's Dan O'Light. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Blue Nell; 2d, W. S. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 3d, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze of Washtenaw. R., Rathbone & Armstrong's Toledo Queen.—*Novice*—1st, Dr. J. Kime's Blue Lady; 2d, W. S. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 3d, T. G. Davey's Brighton Duke. R., R. Bingham's Bingham's London.—*Local*—1st and 3d, R. Bingham's Lock and Lady Mingo; 2d, F. Drouillard's Belle C. R., Rathbone & Armstrong's Max.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. S. Washington's Fin-glas. *Bitches*: 1st, W. N. Eakins's Bessie Finmore. R., A. von Cantz-hauser's Lady May Swiveller.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. Sutton's Kildare Malt; 2d, J. B. McKay's Killane; 3d, A. Drouillard's Frank. *Bitches*: 1st, A. Drouillard's Fawn; 2d, A. von Cantzhausen's Lady Finglass; 3d, F. L. Moe's Nona. R., Muckross Kennels' Rosamond.—*Novice*—1st, A. Drouillard's Fawn; 2d, withheld; 3d, L. C. Smith's Gato. R., W. Sutton's Kildare Malt.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. *Bitches*: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, C. S. Campbell, Jr.'s, Dash; 2d, O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe; 3d, Stone & McGregor's Forrest Guy. R., N. B. Tiler's Top. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and R., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Pearl, Dwight Sarah and Dwight Bee; 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Any Color*—*Challenge*—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Dean.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben; 2d, Walter V. Wann's Koon. R., J. A. Spracklin's Endcliffe Ebony. *Bitches*: 1st, Marcel A. Viti's Scandal; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Spracklin Belle.

COCKERS (not over 28lbs.).—*Challenge*—*Any Color*—*Dogs*: 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' champion Pickpania. R., Belle Isle Kennels' champion Bendigo.—*Black*—*Open*—*Dogs* (not over 28lbs.): 1st, Geo. Douglass's Viscount; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' King Cole II. R., A. F. Knowlson's Willie Silk. *Bitches*: 1st and R., Geo. Douglass's Wood-land Minnie and Lady Lola; 2d, J. R. H. Wagner's Miss Ginger.—*Any Other Color*—*Open*—*Dogs* (not over 28lbs.): 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III. R., Concord Cocker Kennels' Red Justice. *Bitches*: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, Mrs. Charles S. Wixom's Russette. R., Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie.—*Novice*—*Any Color*—1st, Geo. Douglass's Viscount; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' King Cole II. R., J. R. H. Wagner's Miss Ginger.—*Any Color*—*Local*—(not over 28lbs.): 1st and R., Belle Isle Kennels' King Cole II. and Mistress Disdain; 2d, Guy Crane's Maud S. II.; 3d, James Hendrick's Mollie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Foxhall Kennels' Roger O'Donohue; 2d, W. K. Cowan's Muldoon. *Bitches*: 1st, T. A. Casson's Marguerite; 2d, Foxhall Kennels' Nellie O'Donoghue.

COLLIES.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Predominator; 3d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde. *Bitches*: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle; 2d, Wood-lawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Dorothy. R., Burgess & Mitchellree's Lady Middlesex.—*Novice*—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief; 2d, R. Humphreys-Roberts's Sir Sefton Doone. R., J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle.

POODLES.—*Curly*—*Any Color*—*Challenge*—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Feat; 2d, Mepal Ken-nels' Mepal Cherry. *Bithes*: 1st and 2d, Morey Kennels' Morey Leah and Snow Ball.

BULL DOGS.—*Challenge*—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Walhampton.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Rustic Sovereign. *Bitches*: 1st, W. Wright's Firefly; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Gros-venor Lass.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—1st, S. M. Copeland's Bunker.

BULL TERRIERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, R. L. Huidekoper's Car-dona. *Bitches*: 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight. R., Mrs. J. H. McMillan's Edgewood Matchless.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, F. Dole's Victor and Masterpiece. *Bitches*: 1st, F. Dole's Green Hill Empress; 2d, H. Thompson's Merle Goddess.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs*: 1st, L. O. Seidel's Jay S.; 2d and R., A. Froembling's Blitz and Reinecke's Jay. *Bitches*: 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d, G. M. Bryan's Brontzis. R., A. Froem-bling's Bonny.

BEAGLES.—*Challenge*—13 to 15in.—*Dogs*: 1st, J. Lewis's Ring-leader. R., C. S. Wixom's champion Sherry. *Bitches*: Equal 1st, C. S. Wixom's Daisy Corbett and J. Lewis's Lonely. R., C. S. Wixom's champion Elf.—13in. and under—*Dogs*: 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches*: 1st, G. D. Welton's Kitty Clover. R., C. S. Wixom's champion Ava W.—*Open*—13 to 15in.—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Trumpet and Roger W. R., J. Lewis's Ratflier. *Bitches*: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Popsey; 2d, J. Lewis's Spinaway; 3d, W. Maynard's Midget B.—13in. and under—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Razzle and Little Wonder. *Bitches*: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Evangeline; 2d and R., G. D. Welton's June Clover and Henrietta.—*Novice*—1st, J. Lewis's Cherrywood; 2d, G. D. Welton's June Leader. R., C. S. Wixom's Dazzle.

FOX TERRIERS.—*Smooth*—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, L. & W. Ruth-erford's Warren Safeguard. R., F. H. Bowersock's Ripon Stormer. *Bitches*: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, B. S. Home's Prisoner; 2d, Dr. F. D'Evelyn's Dudley Stroller; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sage. R., Foxhall Kennels' Dux. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dusky and Warren Cautious. R., W. Le Mouier's Richmond Victory.—*Novice*—1st and R., L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dusky and Warren Sage; 2d, E. S. Home's Prisoner.—*Wire-haired*—*Dogs*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's End-cliffe Brisk; 2d and 3d, J. J. Lynn's Endcliffe Banker and Endcliffe Nailor. R., G. H. Gooderham's Norfolk Warrior. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nimble and Endcliffe Fidget; 3d, G. H. Gooderham's Norfolk Promise.—*Novice*—1st and R., Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nimble and Endcliffe Teaser; 2d, G. H. Gooderham's Norfolk Warrior.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Challenge*—*Dogs*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs Bent. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's A. Gessela.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Briggs Blazer and Briggs Bargain. *Bitches*: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d, J. W. Gar-ri-son's Briggs Breeze.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Challenge*—1st and 2d, R. McDonald's Merry Coll and Colored Preacher.—*Open*—*Bitches*: 1st and 2d, R. McDonald's Coloo and Hlawatha Tibbee.

DANDIE DINMONTs.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy; 2d, W. W. Dunnell's Tweedside King.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (over 7lbs.).—*Challenge*—1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood.—*Open*—*Dogs*: 1st, Raven Kennels' Rhodes Orme; 2d and R., E. Mack's Dandy and Perfecta. *Bitches*: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, Mrs. J. T. Walker's Clow.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, L. Cullen's Endcliffe Model; 2d, W. C. Bishop's Bradford Rejected.

TOY TERRIERS (all other than Yorkshire, under 7lbs.).—1st, C. W. Stuart's Dandy Stuart; 2d, Mrs. J. Wright's Trixy; 3d, Mrs. S. Post's Trilby.

PUGS.—*Challenge*—1st, T. A. Howard's Al Von. R., Miss E. Cryer's Rod Ivy.—*Open*—1st, Miss W. G. Britton's Bradford Marvel; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield. R., Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer Lad.

ALL TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs*: 1st, Alta Kennels' Little Billee. *Bitches*: 1st, W. C. Bishop's Dolcina.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs*: 1st, P. H. Hoyt's Tee Dee; 2d, J. Lewis's Spring. *Bitches*: 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Valenza; 2d, J. Lewis's Sprite.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS (for recognized breeds not classified, 0lbs. or over).—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Boxer III.; 2d, G. R.

Pierson's McGregor (Cumber Spaniel); 3d, J. P. Morgan's Herdsman II. (Old English Sheep Dog). (For recognized breeds not classified, 30lbs. or under).—1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star (White English Terrier); 2d and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Blazer (schipperke) and End-cliffe Kompaway (whippet).

The Admonitory Record and Ready Reference List.

Offense.....Causing the ears of two dogs to be cropped.— Justice before whom tried.....Thos. J. Kenna. Date of conviction.....Sept. 18, 1889. Sentence.....Fine of \$5 or 5 days in prison. Offense.....Cropping the ears of two dogs. Justice before whom tried.....Thos. J. Kenna. Date of conviction.....Sept. 18, 1889. Sentence.....Fine of \$5 or 5 days in prison. Offense.....Cutting the ears and the tail of a dog. Justice before whom tried.....Robert E. Connelly. Date of conviction.....June 12, 1893. Sentence.....Imprisonment in Penitentiary for six months.

Offense.....Cropping the ears of a dog. Justice before whom tried.....John J. Walsh. Date of conviction.....Feb. 28, 1896. Sentence.....Fine of \$25 or 25 days in common jail. Offense.....Causing a dog's ears to be cropped.— Justice before whom tried.....John J. Walsh. Date of conviction.....Feb. 28, 1896. Sentence.....Sentence suspended.

Title XVI. of the Penal Code of the State of New York contains the following sections among others:

"SEC. 655.—A person who overdrives, overloads, tor-tures, or cruelly beats or unjustifiably injures, maims, mutilates or kills any animal, whether wild or tame, and whether belonging to himself or to another, or deprives any animal of necessary sustenance, food or drink, or neglects or refuses to furnish it such sustenance or drink, or causes, procures or permits any animal to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, cruelly beaten, or unjustifiably injured, maimed, mutilated or killed, or to be deprived of necessary food or drink, or who willfully sets on foot, instigates, engages in, or in any way furthers any act of cruelty to any animal, or any act tending to producesuch cruelty, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"SEC. 669.—The word 'animal,' as used in this title, does not include the human race, but includes every other living creature. The word 'torture' or 'cruelty' includes every act, omission or neglect whereby unjustifiable physi-cal pain, suffering or death is caused or permitted.

"SEC. 15.—A person convicted of a crime declared to be a misdemeanor, for which no other punishment is specially prescribed by this Code or by any other statutory provision in force at the time of the conviction and sentence, is pun-ishable by imprisonment in a penitentiary or county jail for not more than one year or by a fine of not more than \$500, or by both."

Field Trial Comments.

IN a letter of recent date Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Win-nipeg, writes on the subject of field trials, and as he knows of them in all their details, his writings are worthy of weighty consideration. He says:

They demonstrate nothing. The only salvation of them is a few men born every year to take the places of the ones that have grown weary. There is, however, just one other chance for their salvation, and if this could be put in effect field trials would become popular, viz., to offer honorary prizes, eliminate the dollar-and-cents men, and make the trials a kind of annual "round-up" of sportsmen.

As to prizes, offer medals for the different essentials that make up a field dog, say a medal each for the fol-lowing qualifications: Fastest dog, most style on point, most stylish mover, best natural backer, best nosed dog, although this might be hard to decide, etc., and prizes for the winners. Some such move as this would enhance the circulation of sportsmen's magazines because a greater number would be interested. I told Mr. Wootton, Sec'y M. F. T. Club, the other day, he was a crank of a million; that this continent had 60,000,000 of population and he could not name sixty men who would or ever did do what he was doing. The FOREST AND STREAM has toadied to a corporal's guard of dog trainers and forgotten the army of sportsmen. Just for a moment think of the men you know, and you know them all, who have identified them-selves with the running of field trials, and if two-thirds of them are not dollar hunters and the remainder cranks you can call me a colossal prevaricator.

National Fox Hunters' Association.

A SPECIAL meeting of the board of directors of the National Fox Hunters' Association was called by the presi-dent at Lexington, Ky., Feb. 25, for the purpose of inves-tigating the charges recently preferred against the methods of awarding the prizes at the recent trials. There were present Dr. Wash Miller, President; W. W. Huffstetter, H. C. Trigg, Roger Williams, A. W. Hamilton, J. L. Bosley, C. M. Corbin, Francis J. Hagan.

Upon thorough investigation of all the facts and evi-dence in the case the board of directors finds that in the Derby the judges rendered a just, fair and impartial de-csion; that the awards were made unanimously upon the merits of the dogs as displayed in the field and were not determined by drawing names from a hat or any other species of lottery.

In the All-Age Stake they find that the first and second prizes were unanimously awarded by the judges to the respective dogs upon their merits as displayed in the field and not by drawing their names from a hat or resorting to any species of lottery; that for the third prize there were four dogs of equal merit in the opinion of the judges, and being unable to agree as to which was best the names of the four dogs were placed upon slips and the winner of the third prize decided by drawing a name therefrom.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN, Sec'y N. F. H. A.

DR. WASH MILLER, Pres.

Abolish Cropping.

NEW YORK, March 7,—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Allow me to thank you for the articles which have appeared in your paper against the cruel fashion of cropping. They have covered the whole subject, and should be enough to convince the American Kennel Club that the better way is to endeavor to lead any movement in the interest of humanity rather than to be forced, as is inevitable, to con-demn a custom which the laws justly declare a crime. May the late conviction in a Brooklyn court, which your paper recounts, be followed up in every guilty case, that it shall become actually odious to exhibit a cropped dog after July next.

HUMANITY AND GOOD TASTE.

English Bloodhound Club.

THE second annual meeting of the English Bloodhound Club was held in Madison Square Garden, Feb. 23, at 11 o'clock A. M. The committee on registration reported the names of several dealers who had been selling bloodhounds with fictitious pedigrees, and several cases were called to the attention of the club where dogs half bloodhound and half foxhound were sold for pure bloodhounds.

After consideration of the shows at which specials should be offered and the policy of the club for the en-suing year, the following officers were elected: J. L. Winchell, Fairhaven, Vt., President; Dr. C. A. Lougest, Boston, Vice-President; Charles H. Innes, 23 Court street, Boston, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive committee; the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Mrs. A. W. Lee, Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Kentucky. CHARLES H. INNES, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Dr. F. W. Kitchel's home in Perth Amboy, N. J., was destroyed on Feb. 27 by fire. The fire began in a room just above the kitchen, near the library. Notwithstand-ing the efforts of the fire department, the house was com-pletely gutted. This room contained one of the doctor's spaniels and a litter of pups. A small oil stove had been placed there to take off the chill in the room, and it is assumed that the dog either upset the stove or that it ex-ploded. The room being lined all the way through with yel-low pine it was soon a sheet of flames. Thinking only of his dogs, he attempted to save them, and but for the pres-ence of Ald Deitch, who forced him back, the doctor would have attempted to enter the fiery furnace. As it was, he received severe cuts and burns on his hands and face, and his hair was badly singed. Mrs. Kitchel also fared badly in an attempt to follow her husband. The doctor's large collection of curios was destroyed. We sympathize with Dr. Kitchel in his loss.

Of the 929 entries of the Mascotah Kennel Club's show, which is being held this week, Mr. Chas. H. Mason will have the task of judging over half of them. The increase in several of the classes which Mr. Mason will judge is noticeably great over those of last year.

In our advertising columns, A. Bradbury, Monument Beach, Mass., offers trained setter; Geo. M. Keasby, New-ark, N. J., offers Russian wolfhound puppies; C. W. Hardy, Unionville, O., offers bull dog; D. J. Treat, Moodus, Conn., wants dogs to train.

Yachting.

IT is the fashion this winter among American legislators to deride England and to assert the superiority and complete independence of the United States in everything. If those statesmen who delight in twisting the Lion's tail are in the least honest or consistent in their assertions of absolute independence, they cannot do better than to pass the bill which we publish this week, for the construction of a tank for model experiments at the Washington Navy Yard. Thus far American naval architects have been entirely dependent upon the re-searches of the British Government for their knowledge of the essen-tial facts as to resistance and similar important subjects. Even to those of moderate views, who see no harm in learning from England if she can teach us, it must be evident that no great nation can depend on another for scientific work of this kind, but that there should be an open and friendly but hearty rivalry as to which shall lead.

The work of one American, Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor, in this field, of the resistance of vessels, has already reflected credit on the Navy Department, of which he is an officer; and with the necessary facilities that would be afforded by the proposed tank, much further progress might be looked for in the line of general experiment and investigation. What is still more important just now, when the con-struction of large and costly warships is under consideration, is the actual testing of models. The amount involved is comparatively small; but the importance of the early completion of this work cannot be over-estimated.

It seems reasonably certain that the Hendersons have on the stocks a racing cutter for the Emperor of Germany, as the old Thistle (Meteor) has been renamed Komet and turned over to the German naval authorities as a training ship for yacht sailors. At the same time, while the Hendersons deny everything save the fact that they are building a racing cutter of the largest class, it is reported that they have in hand a yacht for Sir George Newnes, with which he will challenge for the America's Cup in 1897. The report is thus far un-verified and is probably untrue. What has become of the large racing schooner recently ordered for the Emperor by some obliging news-papers does not appear. Still another story ascribes the ownership of the new yacht to the Emperor and his friend, the Earl of Lonsdale, ex-Impresario and manager, and adds that she will challenge for the Cup.

The Steam Yacht Josephine.

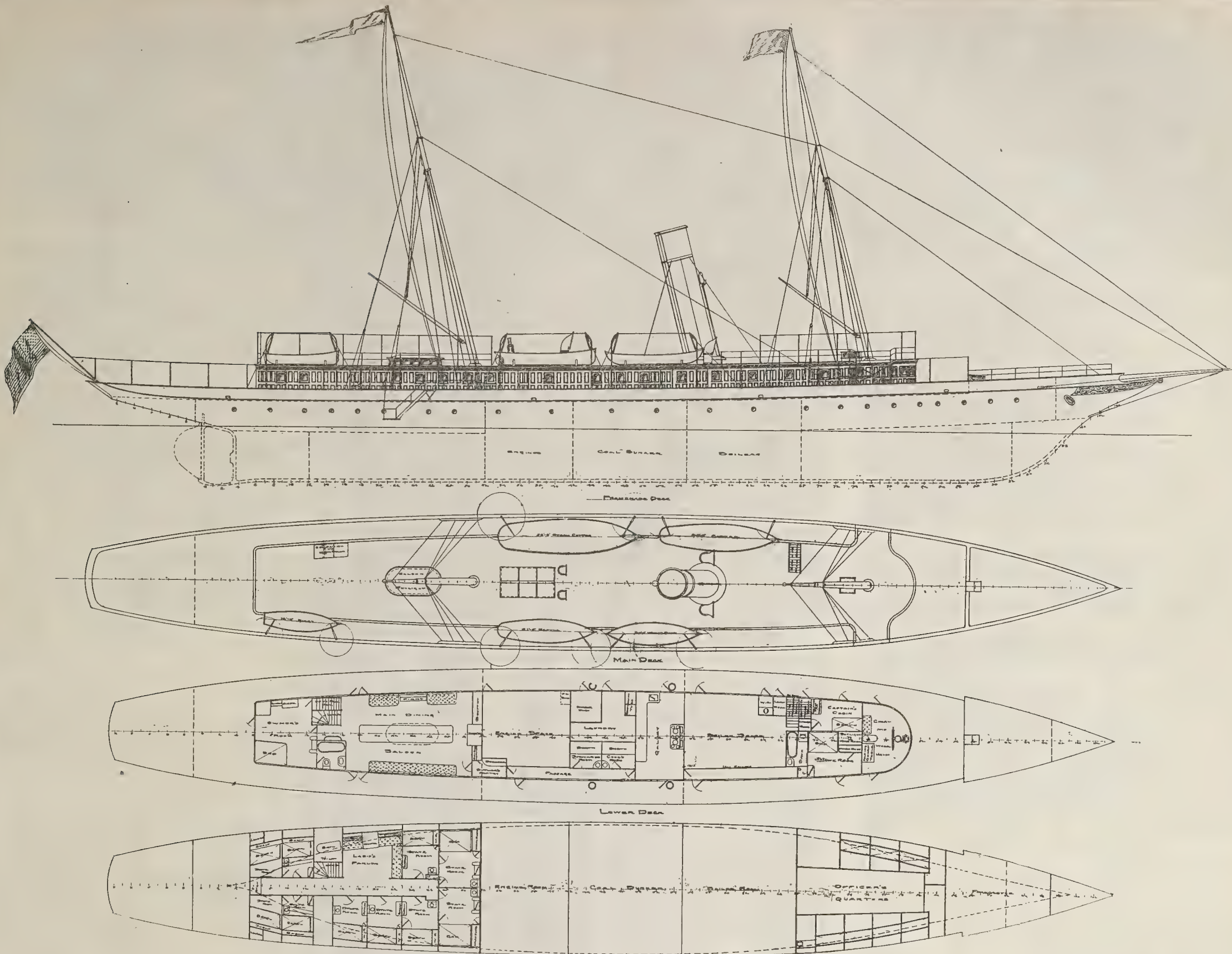
THE present year will be a notable one in steam yachting, as it will see some half dozen new yachts of extra size and quality added to the American fleet. The first of these to be launched, the Josephine, is building at the Crescent Ship Yard, Elizabeth, N. J., by Lewis Nixon, for P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, from Mr. Nixon's own designs. The launch took place on March 4 in the presence of the owner and a large number of spectators and was in every way successful. The yacht was christened by the little granddaughter of the owner. The following description is from the *Maine Journal*:

The Josephine is of the following dimensions: Length over all 225ft., beam 28ft., depth 18ft., draft of water 11ft., indicated horse-power 1,200, speed 16 miles. This vessel is built of steel, the plates made by the Carbon Steel Co. and the shapes by the Phoenix Iron Co., and has been placed in the highest class of the American Shipmasters' Associ-ation by E. Platt Stratton, the surveyor. She has eight watertight compartments. The promenade deck is 140ft. long and 18ft. wide. This deck is on top of the mahogany and steel deck house. In this house, starting forward, the first compartment is the chart house, which is fitted up also as a smoking room. Aft of this on the star-board side is a large guest room, with bathroom attached, and on the port side the captain's room.

A passageway running along the starboard side of the house leads from the galley forward to a dumb waiter supplying food to the ward room pantry between decks. The galley extends entirely across the house and back of it is a laundry, barber shop, rooms for the cooks and stewards, and a large store room.

The main saloon is in the after end of the deck house. It is 30ft. long and 18ft. wide, fitted up in paneled mahogany, with a mantle and fireplace flanked by buffet and bookcases in the forward end. Large sofas are worked along the sides. A piano is also fitted in this room. A very large deck room is abaft the saloon, to be used as the owner's sleeping apartment, in connection with which there is a tiled bath room. Down below forward is the large compartment for the men, carried all the way up to the rail. The ward room has eight large double staterooms, with wash rooms, bath rooms, pantries, etc.

The boiler compartment comes next, and then an unusually large coal bunker with a capacity for 210 tons of coal. The engine compart-ment is just abaft the coal bunker, and then come the after quarters, having ten commodious staterooms, a ladies' parlor with fireplace and numerous divans, two bath rooms and a maids' room. The holds are large and roomy for carrying provisions and stores for long voyages. The yacht has numerous auxiliaries, such as an ice-making plant



JOSEPHINE—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY LEWIS NIXON FOR P. A. B. WIDENER, 1896.

and refrigerating machinery, a fresh-water distilling plant—making the vessel independent of shore supplies of fresh water, a great desideratum in many fever-ridden ports—steam and hand steering gear, steam windlass and two power launches. She will have a two-masted schooner rig. No cumbersome bits obstruct the gangways, but instead a neat, combined chock and cleat is used, which is entirely out of the way. She has a steel bowsprit. The yacht has a long overhang at each end and very flaring lines forward, tending to keep her beam up in a seaway.

The large square stern gives the owner a grand open air lounging room. Double awnings will be used, with a 4in. air space between. Electric lights will be used throughout, and a storage battery will run the lights after midnight so that the tremor of the dynamo will not annoy those who wish to sleep. An arc of lights stretching over the masthead will be supplied, and a search light will be carried on the forward end of the house.

The engines are triple expansion, 18, 27 and 42in. in diameter by 28in. stroke. Steam is supplied by two boilers with 120sq. ft. of grate surface and 3,600ft. of heating surface. These boilers are fitted with powerful blowers so that the vessel can run at a high rate of speed if desired. She will be able to make 6,000 miles without recoaling.

A Model Tank for the Navy Department.

The following bill has been introduced in Congress by Representative Hilborn, of California, to fill a want that has long been felt by the naval constructors of the United States. The cost of the plant is but small in comparison with the value of the results to be obtained, on which may largely depend the wise or unwise expenditure of millions of dollars in the construction of new warships. The immediate importance of an adequate plant for experimental work and investigation is so little understood and appreciated that it is quite possible that the bill may not pass, but we earnestly hope that it may. Apart from its use by the Navy Department, the tank will practically be at the service of private shipbuilders as well. When even private firms abroad consider such an experimental plant, expensive as it is, as a necessary and profitable part of their equipment, the Government of the United States should be capable both of appreciating and paying for one.

A bill providing for a model tank for the U. S. Navy: Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby, directed to establish a model tank with all proper appliances for the purpose of investigating and determining the most suitable and desirable shapes and forms to be adopted for U. S. naval vessels.

Sec. 2. This model tank shall be located at Washington, D. C., upon such government reservation already under the control of the Navy Department as the Secretary of the Navy may designate, and shall be built upon plans approved by him. A naval constructor shall, under the direction of the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department, have charge of the model tank and all work done in connection with it.

Sec. 3. At this model tank experiments may be made for private shipbuilders upon the authorization of the Secretary of the Navy; provided that the cost of material and of labor of per diem employees in making such experiments shall be defrayed by the private shipbuilder; and provided further, that the results of such experiments shall be regarded as confidential and shall not be divulged without the consent of the shipbuilder for whom they may be made.

Sec. 4. For the model tank with all necessary buildings and appliances \$100,000 are hereby appropriated.

Model Experiments in Ship Resistance.

We reproduce from *Engineering* the following account of a paper read at the meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (British):

On the members assembling on Friday evening, Jan. 31, the president, Mr. E. Windsor Richards, occupied the chair. The first paper taken was by Lieut.-Col. Thomas English, and was on "The calculation of Horse-Power for Marine Propulsion." The object of the paper was to describe a method of calculating, from the results of a single sea trial of one ship, the horse-power necessary to propel another ship, of the same type, at any given speed. By the method treated upon, it is practicable with the ordinary appliances of a shipyard to approximate closely results which could otherwise only be obtained with a model tank. The author referred to Froude's method of separating the skin friction resistance from the wave-making resist-

ance. The former could be readily tabulated, while to ascertain the latter experiments have to be made either with an actual ship or with a corresponding model in a tank. The apparatus described consists of a small electric motor, furnished with a resistance coil, and running at a speed of about 1,000 revolutions per minute. The motor gives off about one-sixth of a brake horse-power, or a pull of about 8.4lbs. through 631ft. per minute on an endless piano wire stretched over two pulleys about 350ft. apart, one pulley being driven by the motor. The wire, therefore, is suspended horizontally over the surface of any convenient sheet of water. A towing frame is used, consisting of two similar and parallel levers, each 60in. between centers, and pivoted at their ends to the decks of the models. In this way the models are kept parallel to each other. The levers are divided, and are attached by short collars which can be clamped at any required graduation to pivots at the end of a bar, which is of the same length as the distance between the pivots on the deck of each model, that distance being 4ft. This bar carries a vertical spindle, to which the lower wire is connected by a ring which can travel up and down the spindle and thus allow for the sag of the wire.

Vertical slotted guides embrace the wire at both ends of the bar, and thus keep the latter, and therefore also the models, in a steady course. Loose diagonal guides connecting the models serve as stops to prevent them from coming close together when one lags behind the other. The levers are always clamped at the same graduation on each, and this graduation is varied by trial until the models tow abreast at the required speed. It is found that the requisite speed can readily be obtained within limits of 0.02 knots per hour. The principle upon which results are obtained is based upon the proposition that it will always be possible to make two models of such scales that the same absolute speed will for one of the models correspond with that of a ship which has been tried at sea; and for the other model with that desired for the proposed ship. The actual resistance of the model of the ship already tried can be calculated, and if the ratio of the total resistance of the two models at the same speed is found by trial, the actual resistance of the second model will be known; therefore the resistance of the proposed ship at the desired

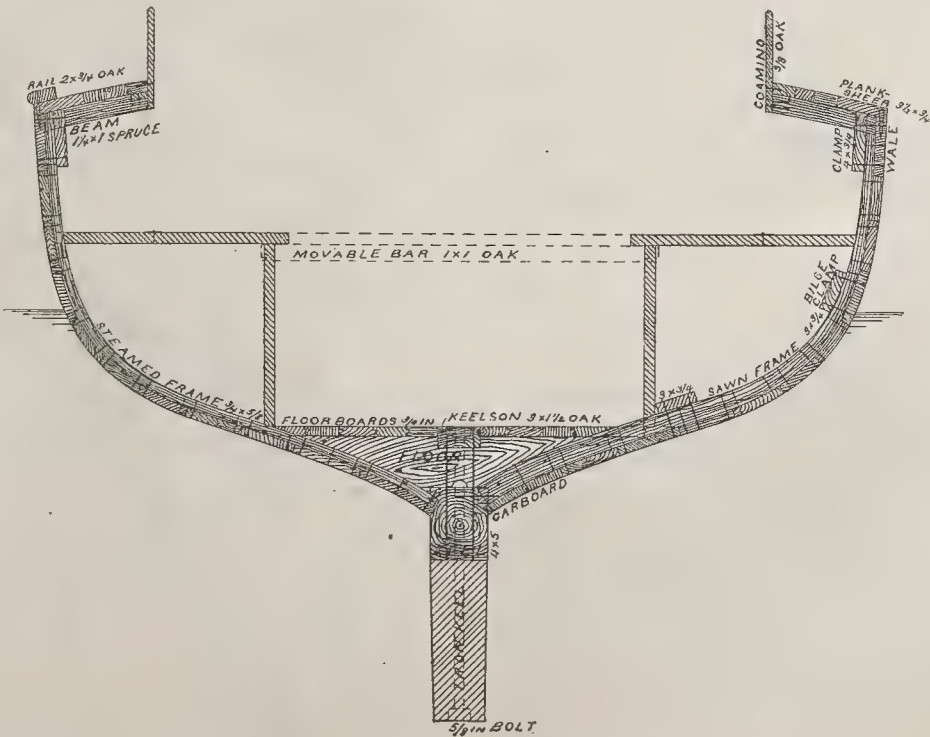
speed can be calculated. The models, which are 10ft. long, are made of yellow pine.

The discussion was opened by the reading of a letter from Mr. Froude, who was unable to be present. The method proposed was ingenious, Mr. Froude said, for obtaining horse-power estimates without laboratory apparatus. The advantage of the system rested in the fact that the two elements which are most difficult to estimate were approximately common to both models. As a matter of detail, Mr. Froude would suggest that when towing the models of 10ft. long alongside each other, with a distance of nearly 4ft. between them, their respective waves might interfere with the result.

Prof. Barr said that if the resistances were not exactly equal while the models were being towed, instability might result, and the models would come together. He had designed an apparatus involving similar principles, but this was intended for measuring wind resistances. He also had thought that the point made by Mr. Froude might arise in regard to the models interfering with each other. He would ask if there was any advantage in cost of production in using wood models over those made of wax, which were generally employed in tank experiments.

Mr. Leslie Robinson referred to the examples given by the author in the paper, in which he determined the horse-power required for a torpedo-boat destroyer of 300 tons displacement and 30 knots speed. The Janus and Lightning, built by Palmer's Company at Jarrow, had displacements of 247 tons, and they steamed on trial at 27.85 knots. The wetted surface of the Janus was 3,796sq. ft.; on the proposed vessel it would be 4,321sq. ft. The indicated horse-power of the Janus at 27.8 knots was 3,840; while the Lightning, steaming at 27.9 knots, required 3,990 indicated horse-power. Working these figures out, the estimated horse-power required for the 30-knot vessel would be 5,220 H. P. Referring to these figures, Mr. Robinson asked whether the details of the calculations set forth had been obtained by means of actual experiments from models. He asked this because the horse-power to give the speed seemed low; those accustomed to designing vessels of this class would give rather 6,000 indicated horse-power.

Col. English, in replying to the discussion, said he would communi-



TRENT—MIDSHIP SECTION.

cate with Mr. Froude by letter. With regard to the distance apart of the models, and the interference of the waves thrown off by them, he had settled the distance from observation of the waves of an actual ship on trial. The distance was measured of the waves going out at the stern, and the models were adjusted accordingly. It was an illustration of the beauty of Froude's system that corresponding speeds in models reproduced the actual wave formation made by the full-sized ship. Photographs had been taken of waves formed at sea, and the models in the tank were found to reproduce them. Prof. Barr had asked if the models closed together when the levers were unequal. He had not observed that, but, as he had said, there were diagonal guides for preventing this difficulty, and thus the models were prevented from coming too close together. The trial referred to in the paper consisted of eleven runs, and all the time the models kept almost exactly abreast, and when the speed was adjusted they were perfectly equal over the whole course. The advantage of wood over wax for models for shipyard work was that the ordinary workman employed could deal with the material. He thought the average model maker of the shipyard would be somewhat puzzled if he were given paraffin to deal with. In regard to the proportion of horsepower allotted to the 30 knot boats, he thought that with 300 tons displacement the power would be as specified.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburgh, are now busy with a number of yachts, outside their large line of boat work. They have in hand a steam yacht for W. H. Post, of Ogdensburgh, to be 60ft. over all, 55ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 8in. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft; with an Almy boiler of 100 horse-power. They have also the 30-footer for J. R. Maxwell, designed by Winttingham, a fin-keel with double skin. They will exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exhibition a duplicate of Ethelwynn, and also a 17ft. 6in. yacht's cutter built for G. H. B. Hill, of the schooner Ariel, from a design by W. P. Stephens. They will also build from Mr. Stephens' design a sailing boat for the davits of the steam yacht Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix. This boat will be similar in a general way to the 1-raters seen here on Sapphire II. and other English yachts, but will come in the 20ft. racing length class, though not intended for racing. She will be 26ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 4ft. after overhang, 3ft. fore overhang, 7ft. beam and 11in. draft of hull. As she is to be carried regularly at the davits or swung in on deck, she will be a centerboard boat, with a knife board of 3/4in. bronze, weighing about 160lbs. She will be double planked with wales and planksheer of teak and will be very handsomely finished. The rig will be a sloop, with boom and gaff mainsail.

The annual meeting of the Jeffries Y. C. was held on Feb. 17, the following officers being elected: Com., Elmer E. Gray; Vice-Com., Wm. D. Pigeon; Fleet Captain, Chas. L. Joy; Meas., Ambrose A. Martin; Treas., W. F. McLaughlin; Sec'y, Chas. A. Braynard.

Hamilton Morton, at one time secretary of the New York Y. C. and one of its oldest members, died at his home in Flushing on Feb. 19, at the age of 91.

The Halifax (N. S.) Summer Carnival Committee are discussing the possibilities of an international yachting contest in connection with the Summer Carnival, between local craft and yachts from the United States.

Willard E. Case, of Auburn, N. Y., has under way in the shop of Emerson Head a steam launch from a design by J. Beavor Webb. She will be 65ft. over all, 9ft. 10in. beam, with double skin of cedar and mahogany. The engine will be a triple-compound of 75 H. P., with a 3ft. 6in. screw. Mr. Case is a member of the Owasco Lake Y. C.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has elected the following officers for the year: Honorary Com., Sir Donald A. Smith; Com., James Ross; Vice-Com., George W. Hamilton; Rear Com., Robert Fitz-Gibbon; Sec'y, W. Arthur C. Hamilton, Box 975; Measurers, J. C. C. Almon, G. Arthur S. Hamilton and Fred. P. Shearwood; Committee, L. J. Smith, S. Jackson, G. Herrick Duggan, G. de Sola, G. H. Labbe, W. McLea Walbank, A. F. Riddell and Wm. Davidson. The club has now a membership of 430.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougall, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Trent.

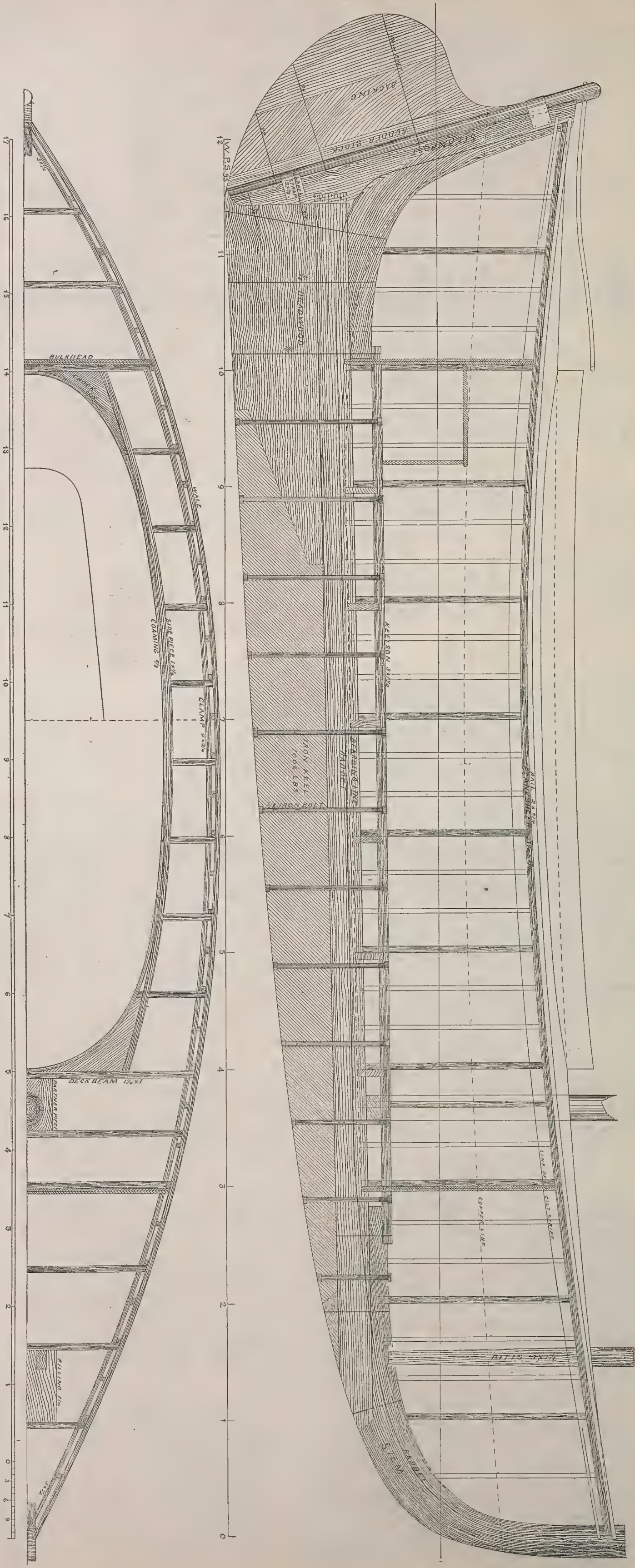
A HANDY CANOE-YAWL.

(Concluded from page 83, Jan. 25, 1896.)

THE accompanying drawings show the construction of the canoe-yawl previously described. It frequently happens in small craft, especially when designed to be built by amateurs, that the construction may be cheapened and simplified by the adoption of special

TRENT—CANOE YAWL, DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION.

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methods that would not be advisable in larger yachts. A good example of this is found in the skipjack Myra, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 3, 1894, the construction being novel and unconventional, but perfectly adapted for the special end in view.

In the present boat the construction is identical with that of large yachts, and the amateur who follows it out carefully, studying the use, the proportions and the fastenings of each member, need not be afraid, if he succeeds in this attempt, to venture on a larger and more pretentious craft. The absence of a counter removes the most serious difficulty in the way of the amateur builder, and leaves something for him to learn even after he has turned out a satisfactory canoe-yawl; but with this exception the construction is identical with that of the best yachts of such size as the amateur is likely to aspire to.

The first step is the "laying down" of the lines, or the duplication, on some convenient floor and to the full size, of the lines as already published. This is done by means of the following table of offsets, which, contrary to our usual practice, are to the inside of the planking and decking. The fractions in the table represent eighths of an inch.

After the lines are laid down on the floor, moulds are made from $\frac{1}{4}$ in. stuff for the stem, stern knee and the twelve sawn frames, shown as shaded in the sheerplan. The pattern for the iron keel is made full size from the lines on the floor; it may be worked to shape out of a single piece of common white pine. An allowance of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. per foot is usually made for the shrinkage of iron in casting, and the pattern should be larger than the lines in this proportion. Core prints are affixed for the core holes for the bolts, which are $\frac{5}{16}$ in. in diameter. The holes may be bored $\frac{3}{16}$ in., with a square recess for the head of each bolt on the bottom of the keel. It is well to have the casting made at the start, as there is no telling its exact size; it may vary more or less in cooling, and the oak keel and deadwoods should be accurately fitted to it at the start. If for any reason the keel cannot be cast until later, care should be taken that it will be, if anything, narrower and not wider than the wood keel.

The stem and sternpost will each be got out from knees, of hackmatack or oak, sided $\frac{1}{2}$ in. The head of the stem will be left square up to the top; it is usual to carry the bevel of the stem right up to the deck in catboats and sloops of the old models, as in all rowboats; but a much more shipshape finish follows from leaving the stemhead square, to take the gammon strap, stopping the bevel just below. The average boat builder or ship carpenter, however, will, if not watched, have the whole stem beveled before there is time to stop him.

The sternpost can be gotten out very nicely from a knee, one part forming the deadwoods. The grain should run straight down the after side of the post.

The rudder stock, of oak or locust, will be tapered from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter at the head to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at the heel, being rounded for about two-thirds of the circumference along the lower part. The sternpost must be the same taper, and in its after side a groove of circular section must be cut to fit the rudder. The rabbets will be laid out on stem and stern, the rabbit line and bearding line being shown in the drawing; the stem will be roughly beveled, leaving a little wood to finish up on; the score will be cut in the sternpost, and then they are ready for the keel.

The keel is of oak, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, the depth being uniform throughout, while the width diminishes to meet the stem and sternpost. It is squared up, the rabbit is marked and roughed out, and a tenon $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. is cut on the after end to fit a corresponding mortise in the sternpost.

If the keel casting is ready it is now placed on the wood keel, both being turned bottom up, and the holes for the bolts are bored with a $\frac{1}{8}$ in. ship auger.

The after deadwood is now fitted to the iron and wood keels, then the wood keel is set up on blocks, the stem is fitted and clamped fast and secured with a couple of $\frac{3}{16}$ in. blunt bolts, common round iron riveted over iron washers. The sternpost is next fitted, a couple of oak pins driven through the tenon, and a couple of spikes through the fore end of the horizontal arm into the keel.

At each sawn frame a cross floor of oak is required. These will be of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. oak plank, the shapes being gotten from the lines on the floor. Each will be jogged down over the keel, a limber hole being first cut, and in its upper side a jog $3 \times \frac{3}{4}$ in. will be cut for the keelson. This is also of oak, $5 \times 1 \frac{1}{4}$ in., and as there is absolutely no space to waste in this part of the boat, it will be jogged down into the floors, as already described, the floors being notched, and *not* the keelson. When floors and keelson are in place, a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bolt will be driven through the keelson and the fore end of the keel, and two such bolts will be driven through the keelson and each floor and down through the keel, with washers on each end. In this way the stem, keel, keelson, floor and sternpost are thoroughly fastened together, entirely independent of the iron keel bolts.

Now the whole frame is turned until it lies horizontally on the blocks, the after deadwood is finally fitted and bolted through the keel and sternpost, and the iron keel is again put in place. The long ship auger is again run through the holes until it comes out on top of the keelson. The holes made in the keelson are then each plugged with hard wood, and with an expansion bit a hole just large enough in diameter to take a $\frac{5}{16}$ in. nut and allow it to be set up, and just deep enough for the nut and washer, is bored on top the keelson. The rest of the hole, which, it will be remembered, was originally but $\frac{1}{8}$ in. diameter, is then bored out $\frac{5}{16}$ in.

After all the holes are bored, the keel is moved back an inch or so, and as each bolt is pushed through, a grommet, made of oakum soaked in white lead, is slipped over it. The bolts are now driven home until they show flush with the top of the keelson or projecting a little. Before they are set up a block of wood about 2in. square, not shown in the drawings, is slipped in between keel and keelson just beside each bolt, unless a floor happens to come within an inch or so, in which case the block may be omitted. The frame is turned up to its proper position and the nuts are set up as tight as possible, drawing the iron keel closely into place.

Now the stop-waters are put in at each seam, of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. dry white pine, and the rabbets are finally trimmed out. Jogs are also cut for the heels of every frame. The whole frame is then set finally on the keel blocks, the waterline, as marked from the floor on stem and sternpost is set level, and the ends are plumbed until every part is true and fair and firmly shored and braced.

The frames are of two kinds, sawn and bent, the former being the larger. They are gotten out from knees of the proper sweep, either of oak or hackmatack, the latter being preferable on account of the lessened weight. They are sided 1in. and moulded $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at the heels, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at the first bilge clamp, and $\frac{5}{16}$ in. at the extreme heads. They are spaced 18in. apart, as shown; the heel of each is well set into the keel and fastened with a boat nail, and each is also fastened to the floor beside it. For fastening the heels of all frames to the keel the common galvanized boat nail may be used. The floors and frames may be fastened with stout copper boat nails riveted over burrs, or with galvanized iron nails. As the scantlings are light throughout, it will be best to use copper nails, well riveted, for all through fastenings, as planking, clamps, etc. The cost on so small a craft is hardly an item.

After the sawn frames are in position, cross spalls of the proper length, as taken from the floor, are set across the heads of each pair of timbers, a center mark on each being brought into position by a line stretched from the stemhead to head of sternpost. When the frames are thus regulated and firmly shored, ribbands of rough stuff, of such size as will just bend easily, are run around them, being tacked to each frame with a small wire nail. The wale or upper strake, $\frac{5}{16}$ in. thick and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide amidships, tapering to $\frac{3}{16}$ in. at the ends, is then got out, of clear Georgia pine, or of mahogany if an extra finish is required, and put in place.

The steamed frames will be sawn from clear, straight-grained oak, to finish $\frac{3}{4} \times \frac{5}{16}$ in., and are spaced two between each two sawn frames, or 6in. apart on centers. The heels are jogged into the keel and nailed fast, but there are no floors on these frames. They may be bent nearly to shape, sprung into the boat, the heel nailed fast and then clamped to each ribband, a nail being put through each ribband in place of the clamp as the latter is removed. After all the bent frames are in, the garboards will be got out, also of clear Georgia pine, which is as good a wood as any for this purpose, quite equal to oak and easier to obtain. The planking may then be carried on, white cedar or cypress being used below the waterline and clear Georgia pine above.

One point demands special attention: as the lower planks are put on, in succession, they may be nailed to both bent and sawn frames, but the upper planks must not be nailed to the bent frames until all the lower ones are fully fastened. The reason is that by fastening in regular order, from the heel upward, the bent frames, being still free above, may be drawn down tightly into place, but if first fastened to the upper strakes, when it comes to fastening them about the bilge, it will be found that some of them do not fit quite snugly and cannot now be made to, being fast above.

There are two bilge clamps on each side, of clear Georgia pine, $3 \times \frac{3}{4}$ in. amidships and tapering to $2 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. at the ends, located, as shown, above and below the turn of the bilge. They may be put in either before or after the planking is done. If the sawn frames, on which alone they rest, are got out neatly and are perfectly true inside as well as out, it will be well to set them before planking, as they help to hold the frame. They are fastened with copper nails, one on each sawn frame, through upper and lower edges of the clamp alternately.

The main clamps are also of Georgia pine, $4 \times \frac{3}{4}$ in. amidships and tapering to $3 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. at the ends, where they butt on the stem and sternpost. They are set flush with the upper edge of the wales, allowing for the crown of deck, the deck beams being jogged into them. The deck beams may be of clear spruce or hackmatack, and are 1in. wide

and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep, spaced as shown. They are jogged in flush with the top of the main clamp and nailed to it. The inner ends of the short beams abreast the well carry a fore-and-aft strip of spruce $1 \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$ in., jogged in on top to help stiffen the coaming; the open spaces around the curve at each end being filled with 1in. spruce or pine. The coaming is $\frac{5}{16}$ in., of oak, steamed and bent, and fastened to the ends of the short beams, and this strip on each side.

The two bulkheads are of two thicknesses of white pine, cedar or mahogany, each $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, crossing each other diagonally and laid with canvas and paint between, both skins being very thoroughly riveted together while the paint is wet. A deck stop is placed in each bulkhead for ventilation, with a drainage plug at the bottom, but no use is made of either for storage; they are merely air tanks.

The planksheers may be of Georgia pine or mahogany, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, being $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide amidships and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at the ends. They are fastened with screws to the deck beams, wales and clamps. The deck is of clear, dry white pine, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick and from $1 \frac{1}{4}$ to 2in. wide; it may be either blind fastened or nailed from above and the holes plugged.

The mast has a square tenon $1 \times \frac{3}{8}$ in. on the heel, which is banded with iron, and this tenon steps in a mortise in the keelson, $1 \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. No other mast step is needed, and the length of the mortise gives every chance to alter the rake of the mast until its best position is found. The mast hole at the deck is 5in. in diameter, allowing plenty of room for wedges, which should be neatly worked to the exact shape, and not the flimsy sticks too often seen. Beneath the deck is a filling piece of yellow pine between the mast beams, and a similar piece is placed forward to strengthen the deck at the bitts. The latter may be placed as shown in the present plans, further upward than shown in the former drawing.

The floor is flush with the upper side of the keelson, the bolt ends being chipped off after the nuts are well set up, and the small spaces around the nuts filled with Portland cement. In the same way spaces about the bolt heads in the bottom of the keel are filled with cement.

In order that all water may find its way to the lowest part of the boat, where it can be reached with a small, movable boat pump, limber holes are cut in the lower side of the floors where they cross the keel, and a little Portland cement and tar is used to fill the small angles between keel and garboards and at other points. While the boat is perfectly dry, and before the deck is laid, this mixture should be run all along the keel, in the ends as well as amidships, filling all small spaces and making the top of the keel the lowest point that water can lodge; then it will run freely through the limbers. The steam frames, and in fact the sawn ones as well, are so light that it is inadvisable to weaken them by cutting the usual limbers.

The inside of the boat may be fitted up with seats and lockers, as shown, to suit the convenience of the owner and the proposed use, but as there is hardly any space for bilge water, and when the boat heels it will find its way into the lockers along the bilge, it would be well to fit these with zinc tanks.

For general sailing in smooth waters the well shown is not too large, and a tent may be used over it in cruising. For work in open and rougher waters a smaller well would be better, or a third bulkhead may be placed at the middle of the well, as indicated, and a small house built, either permanently or so as to be removable. About 3ft. of headroom can thus be had, enough to sit up under and to insure always a dry place for bedding and clothes and a snug sleeping place at night.

The edge of the deck is finished with a small oak rail just enough to catch the toes when working on deck and projecting so as to take the worse rubs. For ornamentation a gold stripe in a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cove may be run under the planksheer, and the bottom paint, of whatever color, may be carried quite high up the side with a curving line that harmonizes with the sweep of the sheer and the gold stripe, none of them quite parallel, but separated a little more at the middle than at the ends.

The rudder stock may be of oak or locust, with backing of white or yellow pine. The hangings are plain brass straps encircling the rudder post and riveted to the keel, as simple and durable as anything can be. The rudder head may be finished with a plain brass tube and a flat cap, but the seamless drawn cap, with hemispherical head, can be had, though more expensive. The tiller is of oak or of steel rod, as desired.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., is building a miniature steam launch, or steam canoe, on the lines of the canoe Vesper, 17×3 ft., with 1ft. added aft and more depth; the engine being a $\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. with 10in. wheel. It has driven a 16×4 ft. boat from five to six miles per hour, and a still higher speed is looked for from the "canoe launch." She will carry one or two men.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

REVOLVER PRACTICE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

At 3:15 P. M., Feb. 28, the first round of the preliminary revolver practice of the New York Police Force was finished. At that time Section 3 of the Harbor Squad, from the 38th Precinct, in charge of Acting Sergeant Robert Clark, came up from the ranges in the basement of the 8th Regiment Armory to the room above, where Roundsman Wm. A. Jones has his desk and blotter, and presented their score cards. Roundsman Jones is Sergt. Petty's second in command, and just now has charge of the revolver school.

The FOREST AND STREAM man—who was waiting for the completed record of the 2,470 men of the rank and file of the police who have now for the first time received instruction in handling the firearm which the law ordains they shall carry, and which circumstance may any moment oblige them to use—joined the little knot about the desk and read the scores with interest. Sergt. Clark lead off with 68; Roundsman John Kenmore had 50 to his credit; Patrolman John J. Crowley 52; Maurice O'Connor 55; Archie McCullum 59. The average for the squad was 57. Every man had qualified, and Sergt. Clark, by his score of 68, secured a place for his name on the "Roll of Honor," which carries with it exemption, for the present at least, from further practice. It was fitting that the last shots of the preliminary round should average so well. The reason was not far to seek. These harbor police have abundant opportunity for practice while on duty on the waters about the city shooting at bottles and river pirates and wharf rats of more than one species, and they are reasonably familiar with their weapon.

Their scores stand in notable contrast with those made by men from the first precincts called upon to shoot. The average score of 39 men from the second platoon of the 1st Precinct, for instance, was only 16 out of a possible 75; and of 43 men in the second platoon of the 4th Precinct only 2 qualified, the balance scoring under 45.

In this connection it is worth noting that the scores have steadily improved every week since the 30th of last December, when practice began. The men are beginning to realize that the practice is a matter of considerable importance to their future welfare, and they have begun to practice on their own account. The reward for creditable marksmanship is temporary exemption from practice, and the penalty for bad shooting is additional work at the range at a time when otherwise they would be free.

As the subject of police revolver practice is one of the greatest importance to our American municipalities, and as the articles already printed in FOREST AND STREAM have aroused considerable interest in various quarters and resulted in correspondence with the departments of other cities, it has seemed advisable to go into the actual routine as conducted in the New York school with more detail than heretofore.

We shall, therefore, in the present article endeavor to show how the men are brought to the score and how they are instructed, how the targets are arranged and how the ammunition is prepared, and other details of interest to police departments contemplating the instruction of their forces.

But first a summary of the scores showing what has already been accomplished is worthy of consideration.

The following table gives the scores by platoons of all the precincts with the exception of the 17th (Broadway Squad), 3d and 37th (Steamboat Squad), both of which precincts are on day duty exclusively, and for which no plan of practice has as yet been arranged. The number of men in each platoon or section is given, together with their total and average scores, and the men are graded into five classes, viz.: experts, first, second and third grades, and qualified. To qualify the man must score at least 45 out of a possible 75 on the Creedmoor target, 4in. bull. A score of 55 to 60 puts the marksman in the third grade; 60 to 65, second grade; 65 to 70, first grade, and 70 to 75, expert grade.

SCORES BY PLATOONS.

Precinct.	Platoon.	No. of Men.	Experts.	1st Grade.	2d Grade.	3d Grade.	Qualified.	Not Qualified.	Total.	Average.
1st	2d	39	0	0	1	1	3	35	638	16
	1st	40	0	1	0	0	1	38	911	22
2d	2d	31	0	0	0	1	2	28	627	20
	1st	38	0	1	0	0	4	33	872	23
4th	2d	43	0	0	0	0	2	41	1019	24
	1st	39	0	0	0	1	3	35	989	25
5th	2d	42	0	0	0	0	2	40	943	22
	1st	42	0	0	0	2	4	36	1062	25
6th	2d	29	0	0	1	0	0	28	705	24
	1st	21	0	0	0	1	4	16	644	31
7th	2d	22	0	0	0	0	1	21	450	20
	1st	21	0	0	0	0	1	20	603	29
8th	2d	32	0	1	1	0	5	25	1003	31
	1st	28	0	0	1	1	4	22	864	31
9th	2d	36	0	1	2	3	4	26	1332	34
	1st	32	0	0	0	1	6	25	977	31
10th	2d	26	0	1	0	0	3	22	863	33
	1st	27	0	0	1	1	2	22	787	28
11th	2d	28	0	1	2	2	3	20	993	35
	1st	29	0	0	0	1	2	26	839	29
12th	2d	22	0	0	0	1	4	17	701	32
	1st	21	0	0	1	1	2	17	618	29
13th	2d	24	0	0	0	0	3	21	780	33
	1st	30	0	0	0	1	4	25	954	32
14th	2d	33	0	1	0	1	2	29	1120	34
	1st	33	0	0	0	1	3	29	1005	30
15th	2d	38	0	0	1	1	3	33	1237	33
	1st	32	0	0	0	1	4	27	1018	32
16th	2d	36	0	0	2	0	3	31	1060	29
	1st	33	0	0	0	3	3	28	1092	33
18th	2d	38	0	1	0	0	6	31	1177	31
	1st	44	0	1	0	4	3	36	1453	33
19th	2d	51	0	0	0	2	10	39	1626	32
	1st	51	0	0	1	5	5	40	1446	32
20th	2d	43	0	1	1	0	5	36	1367	32
	1st	43	0	0	5	0	9	29	1583	27
21st	2d	36	0	0	0	1	13	22	1353	38
	1st	30	0	1	1	1	8	19	1153	38
22d	2d	40	0	0	2	0	13	25	1524	38
	1st	43	0	0	0	4	4	35	1876	32
23d	2d	40	0	0	2	2	11	34	1643	34
	1st	47	0	0	1	2	7	37	1439	34
23d Sub.	2d	18	0	0	0	0	1	17	561	31
	1st	18	0	0	0	1	2	15	524	29
24th	2d	43	1*	0	2	1	8	31	1379	32
	1st	44	0	1	1	2	7	33	1382	31
25th	2d	46	0	0	1	3	19	23	1871	41
	1st	47	1	0	1	5	6	24	1648	35
26th	2d	39	0	1	2	2	8	23	1438	39
	1st	32	0	0	1	1	9	21	1219	38
27th	2d	50	0	0	1	1	13	35	1746	35
	1st	49	0	0	0	3	9	37	1592	32
28th	2d	43	0	2	2	4	5	30	1701	40
	1st	41	0	1	1	3	4	32	1371	33
29th	2d	48	0	0	2	6	7	33	1723	36
	1st	47	0	2	2	1	15	27	1770	38
30th	2d	47	1	0	1	0	6	35	1255	27
	1st	40	0	0	0	2	4	34	1246	31
31st	2d	19	0	1	1	0	8	9	749	39
	1st	16	0	0	2	1	2	11	616	39
32d	2d	38	0	0	1	1	5	38	1254	33
	1st	40	0	1	1	0	2	40	1185	30
33d	2d	53	1	1	0	5	7	39	1726	33
	1st	55	0	0	0	2	10	43	1724	31
34th	2d	23	0	0	0	0	4	19	711	31
	1st	24	0	1	1	0	3	19	836	34
35th	2d	23	0	0	1	1	3	18	802	36
	1st	22	0	0	0	2	3	17	808	37
Section										
36th	2d	4	0	0	0	1	0	3	161	40
	1st	5	0	1	0	0	3	1	243	39
37d	2d	5	0	1	0	2	2	0	284	57
	1st	15	0	1	0	3	3	8	581	39
38th	2d	15	0	0	4	1	2	6	677	48
	1st	14	1	0						
* Score 75.										

that the words would signify to another man. To the policeman it simply means that twelve of the twenty-four hours are free from work of the ordinary kind. As the other twelve hours of the day are devoted to patrol duty, however, and as much of his day off must be given to sleep, he does not have any too much free time. The little he has is especially valuable, and he does not view with favor the orders to report for pistol practice that come on his day off. These off days, however, furnish the only opportunity for practice, as on other days he is on patrol or held in reserve most of the time, so of necessity this time is taken. Fortunately for the man, the practice does not take long, and it only comes around a limited number of times each year, and the more ready he is to meet the conditions and do his best the fewer these times will be.

At the school for revolver practice it has been found feasible to handle two platoons a day. These platoons are of course taken from different precincts, generally one from a large and one from a small precinct, in order to make the total number of men average about the same each day. The first platoon is ordered to report for practice at 12 noon and the other at 2 P. M. The orders are sent from headquarters, and the platoon marches to the armory a little before the appointed time, in charge of a sergeant or roundsman. A list of all the men has been prepared for the record and to show the absentees, if any. This is turned over to the officer in charge of the practice, who receives the platoon in an anteroom arranged for that purpose.

The ranges permit of four men practicing at once, but eight are first sent down, half of them to shoot and the others to look on, and gain what experience they may. As soon as four men have completed their scores they are sent back to the platoon, with their scores filled out on cards that record every shot fired, and four more are sent down to the ranges to take the place of those who looked on at the first round.

Method of Instruction.

When the man enters the range he is at once taken in charge by one of the instructors on duty, of whom there are at present four; patrolmen Arthur E. Benham, Max J. Fischer, Edward A. Pearson, John B. Cameron.

The instructor stands at his pupil's right side, and cautions him if he notices any tendency to carelessness. He is also on the alert to guard against any possible accident, and from his position can control the pistol arm of the shooter if necessary.

He shows his pupil first how to assume an easy position, quartering toward the target and standing firmly upon both feet, and then he instructs him as to grip and pull. The standard weapon is the .38-cal. Smith & Wesson pocket revolver, and the method taught for holding this is novel. The middle knuckle of the middle finger of the shooter's hand is braced firmly against the under side of the trigger guard, while the last two fingers grasp the stock. The thumb is extended forward along the frame, and the barrel is kept as nearly as possible in line with the shooter's arm. In explanation of this grip it is stated that it obviates the bruising of the third finger that results from firing heavy charges in this particular revolver.

The trigger is grasped with the middle joint of the index finger and the man is instructed to pull off by a gradual tightening of the finger. The shooter has a new target for every string of five shots if necessary. Fifteen shots in all are fired. He is at liberty to rest his arm between each shot if necessary, and as yet no time limit has been adopted. Either single or double action revolvers are allowed, but no weapons of the hammerless type are permitted to be used on the range. If a man has not a revolver meeting the regulations, he is obliged to provide himself with one at once.

Sergt. Petty also instructs the men in loading, using dummy cartridges for illustration. The revolver is broken and grasped firmly in the left hand, the barrel pointing downward. The cartridges are then inserted and the revolver closed, but during the entire operation the barrel is kept pointed where no harm could result from accidental discharge. The men are also shown how to extract a shell that by any chance has slipped in behind the extractor, and various other points about the arm are explained, the object being to familiarize them thoroughly with their weapon.

Targets and Range.

The target used at present is the 100yds. Creedmoor rifle target, with a 4in. bullseye. The range is 10yds. The conditions, it will be seen, are very liberal. A score of 45 qualifies, which means that the man is only required to get the average of his 15 shots inside a ring 23in. in diameter. The fact that so many of the police fail in what would appear to be a ridiculously easy test proves beyond contention the vital necessity of practice.

Each instructor with his pupil has nearly 5ft. of lateral space, so that there is little danger of interference. To still further guard against anything of this nature the space is divided by slight temporary partitions. A guard rail separates the men from the range itself, and as it is not necessary to pass in front of this to change the targets the element of danger is reduced to a minimum.

The manipulation of the targets is very ingeniously arranged. The targets—numbering 150 to each range—are stenciled on rolls of stout paper, and by an arrangement of wooden ratchet wheels are wound off one roller and on to another whenever a new target is desired. They are supported on easel-shaped wooden frames about 7ft. high, which are protected by detachable pieces of 3/4in. boiler iron. The surface of the target exposed measures 2ft. 6in. square.

After the shooting is over the ratchets are disconnected and the targets wound back and all bullet holes covered with pasters. The original targets made when the ranges were first opened are still in use. There are 600 of them, including the four ranges, but as they have averaged 70 shots or so apiece, they will soon have to be renewed. Of course from time to time badly torn targets have been cut out and removed.

The ranges are laid out in two tunnels, 9 1/2ft. wide and 11ft. high. These tunnels are sheathed with brick laid in cement and floored with asphalt. The rear end of the range is protected by 3/4in. boiler iron, tilted at an angle that deflects the bullets upward, where they are caught by a similar shield tilted down and thrown back. Only a very small percentage of the lead fired upon this range is lost, and bullets now being made cost the department less than 8 cents per thousand.

Preparing the Ammunition.

The officers in charge of the instruction load all the ammunition used at the range. To date they have loaded about 50,000 rounds. The ammunition is perfect in every respect, and is turned out at a speed that is almost incredible to men familiar with the limitations of hand loading.

As the scheme of loading is in a large measure original with Sergt. Petty and his assistants, it is worth description.

Bullets.

The lead for bullets, which at present consists in large part of the sweep-up of the range, is put in a melting pot capable of holding 250lbs. This is heated by a gas stove which is a part of the apparatus, and by which the amount of heat can be gauged so as to keep the lead at the proper point of flux. Two bullet molds are used. One made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company turns out ten bullets at once, and the other, an Ideal, seven. When the lead and molds are working right the bullets are turned out very rapidly. One man handles each mold.

Cleaning Shells.

Ten thousand shells are cleaned at once. They are first put into a tumbling barrel measuring 3ft. long by 2ft. in diameter. This is covered with wire netting and looks like an immense peanut roaster. It is turned with a crank, and a stream of water from a faucet above runs through till most of the powder residue is washed away. Then a stopper is put in the escape pipe of a kind of sink in which the barrel turns and water run in till the shells inside the tumbling barrel are covered. Pearline is mixed with the water to cut out the grease, and a gas stove beneath the sink is lighted. As the water becomes heated the barrel is turned and soon churns up a beautiful foam. The shells come out nicely cleaned and are spread on a drying frame made of zinc, 6ft. long and 2ft. wide, under which are arranged three sets of gas jets. As the shells become heated by the action of the fire they are stirred about with wooden paddles. The operation suggests popping corn. They must be kept moving at a lively rate, as there is always danger of annealing if the shells get too hot.

Sizing and Lubricating.

The bullets are sized and lubricated in one operation, and by a home-made machine that bears the stamp of Yankee ingenuity.

An old .32cal. loading barrel was taken and the sizing die bored out to .38cal. This machine works by a lever, and is firmly attached to a bench. Near by is a lubricating pump, worked also by a lever. A plunger with a leather washer on the end exerts pressure on the lubricant contained in a seamless brass tube 1 1/4in. in diameter and 8in. high. At the lower end of this reservoir is a small tube which conveys the lubricant from the piston to the sizing die, which is perforated on both sides at points opposite the canelure of a bullet inserted upside down with the heel just flush with the top of the die. The tube is connected with one of these orifices and the other is left open. When pressure is exerted on the lever controlling the plunger, lubricant is forced through the small tube and follows the canelure of the bullet till it reaches the escape orifice on the opposite side of the die. The bullet is then forced through the die and is ready for use. The lubricant is a mixture of 10lbs. beef tallow and 15lbs. mutton tallow and enough beeswax added to give it the required stiffness.

Loading.

About 600 shells per hour can be recapped by one man. The primed shells, 150 at a time, are placed in a steel loading block similar to a shotgun block. While one man fills one of the plates with bullets pushed in point first from the under side, another adjusts the charger plate above the shells and in a few seconds the powder charge for each cartridge has been accurately determined and the shells loaded. The plate containing the bullets is then placed above the loaded shells and each bullet is rammed home separately with mallet and plug.

Two men with the aid of this loading block turn out 1,500 cartridges per hour.

As all the ammunition used is loaded by the officers in charge of the range before and after the hours of practice, there is absolutely no expense for labor. All supplies are bought in quantities and at wholesale rates, and aside from powder and primers the expense is trifling.

As a general thing good things come high, but the management of the police revolver practice is an exception.

Results.

FOREST AND STREAM has placed on record the scores made in the preliminary round of the revolver practice. At future dates we hope to give detailed scores showing the improvement in marksmanship made by the department. Already the second round has begun, and before the last shots of the first were fired we were in possession of facts indicating that a marked benefit has resulted from the preliminary instruction.

As noted in the table above, the second platoon from the 1st Precinct, consisting of 39 men, in the preliminary round only scored a total of 638 points, or an average of 16 for each man. The first platoon from the same precinct, numbering 40 men, scored 911, or 23 per man. In the second round, however, these same platoons have scored respectively 1,496 points (average 38) and 1,429 points (average 37), an improvement for the precinct of practically 100 per cent.

The 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 32d Precincts all similarly show great improvement in their scores, though the percentage of gain is not so marked as in the case of the 1st Precinct, owing no doubt to the fact before mentioned, that the men in these precincts had been practicing in private in anticipation of the first round, and that their scores then made were better than they would have been otherwise. Of course it makes no difference to the department how the results are achieved. Good scores resulting from individual practice are, if anything, more desirable than those made as a result of coaching.

One thing is certain, and that is that the Board of Police Commissioners are in earnest in the matter of teaching their force the intelligent use of their revolvers along the lines proposed by FOREST AND STREAM, and the men are coming to realize the fact more and more each day. The results obtained show, in the first place, that the plan as adopted is perfectly feasible in all its branches, and in the second, that it is having the desired effect in improving the marksmanship of the force. There is of course abundant room for improvement in both plan and marksman-

ship, but that will come later. In the meantime New York may congratulate herself that she is at last in a fair way of having a police force that will understand not only the possibilities of their firearm, but also its limitations, and that will know when not to shoot as well as when to aim to kill.

Mr. Silas Burton, representing the Bridgeport Police Department, called on FOREST AND STREAM last week to discuss the matter of revolver practice.

The Bridgeport police have followed the New York Commissioners in deciding to instruct their force in the use of its firearm, and the local press has given the movement its hearty support. Other progressive cities are taking up the matter, and it is safe to assume that in the near future revolver practice will be a recognized part of police drill.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A New Revolver Club.

A NUMBER of gentlemen interested in revolver shooting met at 12 St. Mark's Place last week and organized a pistol and revolver club to be known as the Gotham Revolver Club.

Mr. J. B. Burnham was elected president pro tem., and Edward Maynard secretary pro tem.; Sergeant W. E. Petty, the amateur revolver champion, was elected shooting master. Messrs. Maynard, Waters and Burnham were appointed a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws.

Since the disbanding of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club a few years since, this city has had no representative organization of revolver shooters, and no gallery open to the public since Conlin's Thirty-first street place was closed. Though the object of the new club is primarily to secure a range where amateurs may practice, it will include in its membership veteran material from which a team of cracks may be selected worthy of testing the mettle of any similar organization in the United States.

There will be a meeting of the club at 8:30 P. M., Thursday, March 12, at the range, 12 St. Mark's Place, to transact business of importance, and a general invitation is extended to all who are interested in revolver shooting. St. Mark's Place is nearly opposite Cooper Union, and the range is easily reached by the Third avenue L, Ninth street station.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 23.—Payne and Hasenzahl shot the last match of the series of three arranged between them. Hasenzahl won today's match by 10 points, scoring 628 to Payne's 616. In the club scores, Gindele distinguished himself by making two clean scores, 87 and 91 respectively. Scores to-day were as follows:

Gindele	8	10	9	8	9	10	9	10	8	10	—91
	9	8	10	7	10	9	10	9	9	3	—89
	9	10	8	9	9	8	8	9	9	8	—87
	8	9	10	9	10	10	7	9	6	7	—85
Louis	10	9	9	7	8	7	9	8	9	10	—86
	9	7	8	10	8	10	6	8	10	10	—86
	8	8	8	8	7	8	10	5	6	7	—76
	6	7	8	7	8	6	10	7	7	9	—75
Wellinger	6	7	8	7	8	10	8	9	9	8	—80
	9	7	10	10	8	7	8	9	9	8	—85
	7	8	8	7	6	9	9	9	9	8	—80
	6	8	9	8	5	7	7	8	10	—77	
Weinheimer	9	9	9	8	10	10	5	8	8	6	—82
	9	10	5	6	5	10	7	7	7	9	—77
	8	6	6	8	10	9	8	9	6	6	—74
	10	10	3	5	9	6	8	6	7	6	—71
Payne	8	7	10	8	10	7	9	8	8	7	—82
	9	8	9	8	10	6	6	6	7	10	—79
	6	8	9	8	8	8	5	10	7	7	—78
	6	9	10	10	5	7	8	7	7	9	—78
Trounsteln	8	5	4	4	10	4	7	6	9	7	—64
	5	10	5	5	5	6	5	7	10	6	—63
	7	9	4	5	4	6	7	9	7	8	—61
	6	5	8	6	7	3	6	4	9	6	—60
Hasenzahl	10	7	9	10	9	6	9	9	8	9	—86
	8	8	10	8	7	9	7	9	8	8	—83
	8	6	7	7	10	8	9	8	8	6	—78
	9	8	7	7	8	7	7	9	6	9	—77
Randall	6	8	6	8	7	8	8	7	10	8	—76
	8	9	8	7	9	7	6	9	5	6	—74
	8	9	7	4	6	4	7	9	9	9	—72
	8	7	6	6	7	9	5	5	9	8	—70
See	6	6	10	7	9	10	8	10	9	9	—84
	4	7	8	8	10	9	9	7	6	10	—78
	9	7	6	9	9	6	6	9	8	8	—77
	8	9	6	8	9	8	5	7	7	7	—75
Hake	8	6	5	6	5	9	8	10	9	7	—73
	10	6	8	4	9	6	6	6	7	9	—71
	7	7	9	4	10	4	5	8	5	5	—64
	10	6	6	5	6	6	5	6	4	9	—63
Drube	8	6	9	6	6	10	9	9	8	8	—79
	7	8	8	7	6	9	8	9	7	7	—76
	8	8	6	7	8	6	5	7	6	9	—70
	9	5	6	8	9	9	5	7	6	5	—69

Meeting of the National Bund.

THE executive board of the National Bund issued a call for a meeting of delegates on Feb. 28 for the purpose of receiving the report of the board on the great festival at Glendale Park in 1895 and also for the purpose of choosing the place where the next festival should be held. The National Bund is an organization composed of 55 rifle clubs and schuetzen corps located in every portion of the United States. The attendance at the meeting on Feb. 28 was very good, about 40 out of the 55 clubs being represented by delegates.

The financial report of the executive board was passed, but the list of prize winners on the Point target was found to be in error; the report was therefore referred back to the committee to have the mistake rectified.

New York was unanimously chosen as the location for the next festival. It is uncertain, however, whether the shoot will take place in New York State or in New Jersey, as Hudson county, N. J., a stronghold of the Jersey riflemen, will be a candidate for the big shoot.

The officers elected were: President, Wm. V. Weber (re-elected); First Vice-President, Henry Offerman, N. Y. Schuetzen corps; Second Vice-President, Ignatz Martin, Elite Schuetzen corps, Brooklyn N. Y.; Third Vice-President, H. Hildebrandt, Brooklyn, E. D., corps; Fourth Vice-President, Gus. Ringler, Lutzow company; Secretary, Fred. Baumann, N. Y. C. corps; Corresponding Secretary, C. F. Roedel; Financial Secretary, H. J. Behrens, Independent Schuetzen corps, N. Y.; Treasurer, Geo. H. Wehrenberg (re-elected); Shooting Masters, Barney Walther, Geb. Krauss and Gus. Nowak. The executive committee is composed as follows: Fred Cooke, Robert Henke, Fred Exmeyer, Otto Uehlein and Geo. A. Fredericks. The honorary delegates are: Zeller, Lorenz and Wm. Hayes.

Carleton Rifle Association.

CARLETON, Mich., March 3.—The Carleton Rifle Association held its regular bi-monthly shoot this afternoon, some good scores being made by the members present.

Conditions, 200yds. range, standard American target, 8in. bull:										
J Orion	9	11	11	9	7	10	8	10	12	9—96
	9	9	9	9	7	12	9	7	11	7—89
	6	4	9	9	11	8	9	6	8	8—90
J Cole	8	9	9	11	8	9	8	9	9	10—95
	9	10	8	8	8	8	8	11	8	9—87
	9	7	7	8	8	8	9	9	10	9—84
L Richards	10	10	10	11	8	8	8	8	6	8—87
Ray Kent	9	4	8	8	9	7	7	7	12	5—76
T E Allen	6	10	7	9	7	7	7	7	8	6—74

The next meeting will be held on March 17, when the annual election of officers will take place. The conditions for prize shooting will also be arranged, and it is stated that all shooters will have an equal chance for the prizes, as a handicap will be introduced.

Walnut Hill Scores.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., March 7.—The weather at the range to-day was stormy, and as a result the attendance was small. Mr. Keough won the silver membership badge with 10 scores of 70 or better. Mr. J. B. Paine did some good work with the military revolver. The scores of to-day were:

Two hundred yards, standard American target:

Silver membership badge, won on 10 scores of 70 or better with a military rifle:

J. H. Keough.....81 70 83 81 73 72 74 70 74 77

All comers' off-hand match: C. A. Coombs 85, S. T. Parks 78, S. D. Martin 76, M. S. Day 74, A. W. Hill 68.

Off-hand medal match: C. A. Coombs 79, 78; A. W. Hill 74; G. S. Browne 73.

Military medal match: J. H. Keough 77, 77; M. T. Day 74; G. S. Browne 72, S. D. Martin 67.

Military revolver medal match, 50yds., 6 shots per minute:

J. B. Paine.....555555 555555 545555 555554 545555

Pistol, all comers' match, 50yds.: J. H. Keough 90 and 87, A. W. Hill 84.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—100-target handicap race, \$5 entrance, birds extra; handicap commences at 11 A. M. sharp.

March 17-18.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Tournament of the Morristown Gun and Athletic Club, at the driving park; live birds.

March 18-21.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York city; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. F. A. Kerker, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apgar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,375 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Huntingdon, Pa., Gun Club has started on another year of its existence. We have received the following report of its proceedings at its annual meeting, held on March 6: "The annual meeting of the Huntingdon Gun Club was held at the Leister House on Friday evening last, at which the election of officers for the ensuing year was held, resulting in the election of the following: President, J. A. Fleming; Vice-President, John McCahan; Secretary, Dr. G. G. Harmon; Treasurer, W. K. Crites; Field Captain, Elmer W. Stewart; Corresponding Secretary, F. E. Mobus; Board of Managers, W. A. DeForest, Gilbert Greenberg and L. R. Leister. Among the honorary members present were Sheriff Thomas M. Oaks, a bundle of humor on occasions of this kind; Martin Grube, an exponent of rifle shooting and a disbeliever in splash guns, and Henry Leister, once an active member, but now retired. The affair on the whole was quite a success. The schedule of events for the coming season, among which will be several live-bird events, will be announced at the next regular meeting.

Tuesday, March 17, is the date set by the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club for another of the 100-target handicap races that have become so popular lately. The entrance fee is \$5, targets extra, and the event commences at 11 A. M. sharp, no entries being accepted after the 25th round has been completed. All who enter the race will be entitled to a free ticket entitling the holder to view the Sportsmen's Exposition on the evening of the same day, March 17. Nate Asafalk wishes it to be stated that he will personally superintend the catering department as usual, while Robert B. Chetwood, William Parker and Billy Hobart will see to it that everybody gets all the shooting they want,

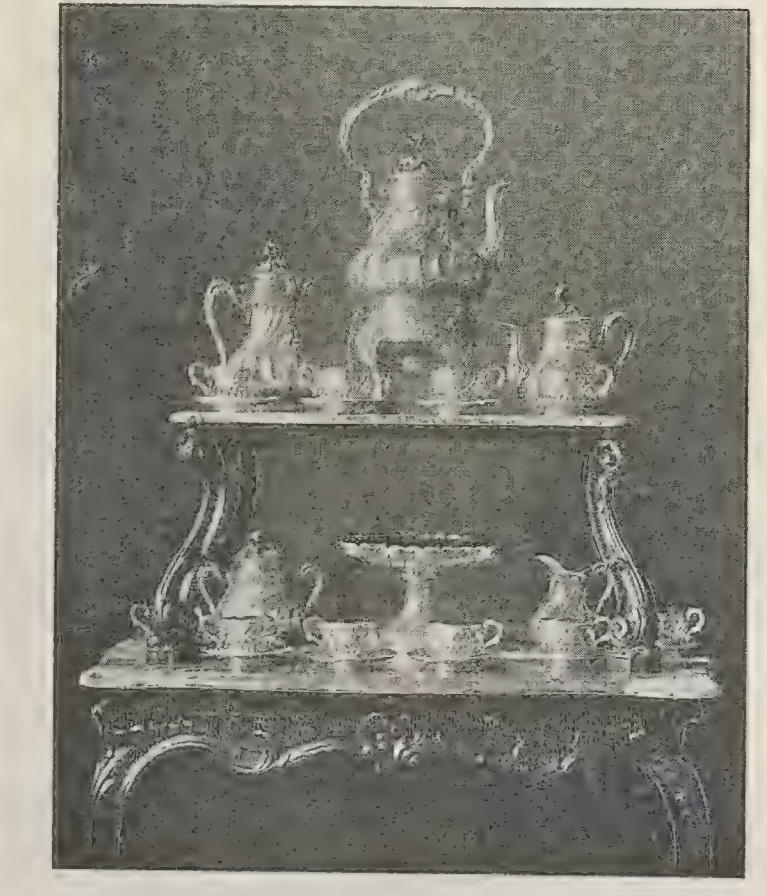
The April tournament circuit in Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska is decidedly on the boom. It's not now a plain "\$1,000 added" to the purses at each shoot. At Joplin \$1,275 in cash will be added to the purses, while the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf R. R. will make a rate of a single fare from all points on its line to Joplin on account of this tournament. This tournament takes place on April 28-30. At Atchison, Kan., Lou Erhardt's shoot, April 14-17, the amount distributed in cash and prizes amounts to \$1,400, the cash alone footing up to \$980, while four prizes, aggregating in value the sum of \$420, will be given as merchandise prizes. Frank Parmalee writes from Omaha that the Nebraska State shoot, that fits in between the two above mentioned shoots, is going to be a corker. It's a great year for trap-shooting anyhow.

Ed Rike was in the city the other day; in fact he's located here for some little time. Mr. Rike looks as healthy as ever, and says that the Ohio "Big Four"—Heikes, Rike, Raymond and Macdonald—will be on hand and do something toward making records at the E. C. tournament next May. In speaking about the Grand American Handicap, Mr. Rike thought he would like to enter if he could get about the 24yds. mark; he suggested that, considering how few pigeons he had shot at, that would be a nice mark for him. We agreed with him, wondering whether there was a single self-respecting pigeon that would dare to fly, with Ed Rike looking at it from the 24yds. mark. It would be Davy Crockett and the coon over again.



M. JOURNU.
Winner of the Grand Prix, 1896.

A new gun club has been organized at Newcastle, Pa., under the title of the Newcastle Gun Club. This club, together with the clubs of Meadville and Greenville, Pa., and Warren and Youngstown, O., form a Trap-Shooters' League much on the same principles as the New Jersey organization of that name that has done so much to benefit trap-shooting in New Jersey. Efforts will be made to induce the Butler (Pa.) Gun Club to join the league. The officers of the league are: President, Jared Reis; Vice-President, D. A. Moore; Secretary, D. F. Harlan; Treasurer, G. L. Pearson. The Board of Directors are composed of W. L. Johnston, R. W. Cunningham and G. H. Mathews; Team Captain, Wm. Alexander.



GRAND PRIX TROPHY—SILVER SET.
Won by M. JOURNU.

Phil. Daly, Jr., of Elkwood Park and of Long Branch, N. J., has been doing some good shooting down South according to the telegraphic dispatches from Hot Springs, Ark. A message dated March 5 says that he shot a match that day with John Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, the conditions being 150 live birds per man, \$500 a side. The match was shot in rain, Daly winning by the great score of 142 to 138. Daly's average was 94.6 per cent. He killed his last 78 straight.

The many friends of John S. Hoey will be very sorry to learn that his recovery from his late serious attack of the grip has been retarded by another setback, and that there is no immediate prospect of Mr. Hoey being able to either witness or take part in a shoot. Mr. Hoey is improving, but very slowly, according to latest accounts from Long Branch; still, it is cause for satisfaction to learn that he is once more on the way to good health.

J. L. Brewer has gotten into trouble and is now in the clutches of the law owing to his transgressing the laws of the State of New Jersey. The laws of that State don't allow any monkeying with goods upon which a chattel mortgage has been placed, but the McPherson Furniture Company, of Bridgeton, N. J., claim that Brewer bought several hundred dollars' worth of furniture upon which they had a chattel mortgage, and then sold the furniture without satisfying that mortgage.

The Binghamton, N. Y., boys are going to run their programme to suit the shooters, and will divide the purse on the Rose system. The Binghamton Gun Club is about as live an organization as there is in the State, while they can muster a pretty hot squad when it comes to shooting. Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Rome, Buffalo, etc., will be surely represented at Binghamton, May 28-29.

Shooters must not forget that they can have a lot of fun in this vicinity during the Sportsmen's Exposition week. On March 17 there is the 100-target handicap race at Elizabeth; March 18-21 are the dates for the Cobweb Gun Club's target and live-bird tournament at Baychester, N. Y., about 20 minutes' run from 129th street station on the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. The Cobweb Gun Club will make things very pleasant for their guests.

Our claim that a shell bursting in any manner in a repeating shot-gun, thus preventing an ejection of the shell and spoiling all chance of a second shot at a live bird or at a target, is a balk, has met with a very general indorsement, and by men too who never shoot the guns. The question is simply one of equity, and we think that Blue Rock's letter, which we give this week, is another facer for those who argue contra.

The near approach of the Grand American Handicap of 1896 is evidenced by the arrival of Manager Shaner in New York. During the next two weeks Mr. Shaner will become well acquainted with all the points of interest along the line of the New York and Long Branch R. R., the preparations for the handicap at Elkwood Park necessitating his constant attention, and consequently frequent trips to Branchport.

At the annual meeting of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, Chicago, Ill., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: A. W. Harlan, President; G. C. Lanphere, Vice-President; A. P. Harper, Secretary; Committee on Shoots—G. E. Marshall, A. C. Paterson and W. Metcalf. The opening shoot of the season will be held Decoration Day.

The Delavan Gun Club, of Delavan, Wis., is another new organization that has been brought to our notice. The following is a list of its officers for 1896: President, A. E. Barker; Vice-President, H. S. Bowers; Secretary-Treasurer, M. D. McGill; Captain, F. S. Burrows.

Rolla Heikes is in the city and expects to stay North until after the Grand American Handicap week. "The Bald Eagle of the Ohio Valley" says he is well, and he looks it. His next visit to New York will be the first week in May, when he will be here to try and capture the target championship at the E. C. tournament.

Clarence Dolan, the Philadelphia shooter, has been doing his part to uphold the honor of the United States at the Monte Carlo traps. In addition to other victories, he celebrated Washington's Birthday by finishing second in a field of 49 for the Prix des Clematites Handicap, killing 11 out of a possible 12 birds, standing at 27 meters.

We have received a copy of the programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Charleston, S. C., April 14-16. The Palmetto Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament will be held, will add \$400 to the purse.

In the Murphy-Work match at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., March 3, the contestants used the following guns and powder: Murphy, Francotte gun, 45grs. E. C. powder and No. 7½ shot; Work, Purdey hammer gun, 50grs. E. C. powder and No. 7 shot.

The Cobweb Gun Club's tournament, March 18-21; Cobweb Handicap, March 21, 15 live birds, \$15, birds extra, \$250 guaranteed, all surplus added. Entries, accompanied by a \$5 forfeit, should be made to F. A. Kerker, secretary of the club, 2312 Third avenue, New York city.

Mr. W. K. Everingham, secretary of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, informs us that the annual State shoot announced for May 20-24 will be held on May 19-23, the 24th of May being a Sunday.

Airy Lou Hardt's programme for his shoot on April 14-17 will be ready for distribution on March 15. Erhardt says of his shoot that "it will break all records of an amateur shoot, and probably bust that of an open shoot."

B. A. Bartlett has accepted an engagement with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and will be one of the company's representatives at the tournaments of 1896.

MARCH 10. EDWARD BANKS.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 29.—The weather has been so cold that the boys have not done much shooting as yet. A few of them got together to-day and did a little practice work, the scores below being the result of the afternoon's shooting:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Waldron.....111011101111111001110101—19	011111001111111010111011—19
Hobbie.....101011101111111011101110—18	1110111011101110111001—18
Kendall.....101011111001110101110010—16	010111101111100111100111—17
Brown.....1110110010010101011000100—13	111101110111011100110111—19
Winans.....000001100101001101110111—13
Hall.....000001010101010111001110—12
Vance.....	1111011111010011101110—19
Chaffee.....	001010111110111101100110—16
No. 3.	No. 4.
Waldron.....110110100110101110111101—17
Hobbie.....001011101110111110111101—18	01111110111011101111000—18
Kendall.....01011110111110111011100—18	10111011110101011111001—19
Brown.....10111100111111101011101—19
Vance.....10111111011101111100111—20
Chaffee.....110111001110111001101110—17
No. 5 was a 100-target race between Kendall and Brown; it was a close affair, Brown winning by only 3 breaks with a score of 92 to 89. The score for each 25 was as follows:	
Brown.....23 23 24 22—92	Kendall.....20 23 23 23—89
H. W. B.	

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Feb. 23.—The Paducah Gun Club met in its club room on Tuesday night, Feb. 11, and elected officers for the ensuing year. The officers were elected as follows: Fred Hoyer (re-elected), President; J. C. Piper, Vice-President; J. M. Lang, Secretary; A. E. Ans-pacher, Treasurer; G. H. Robertson, Captain; T. J. Moore, Vice-Captain; Haskel Hughes, Referee.

The first matter they brought up was the change of our grounds. At a meeting held a week later it was decided to move from Le Belle Park to the Riverside Park, a beautiful site on the Ohio River, near the Union Depot. The change was accepted and the move made. The club held a practice shoot to-day to test the traps and grounds. We are much pleased, and are satisfied that much larger scores can be made on account of having the beautiful Ohio River, about one mile wide at this point, for our background. Below are the results of the shoot mentioned. We shoot every Monday and Friday. All brother sportsmen are welcome.

	Ties.
Erhardt.....11110111111111111111—24	11111110111111—14
Craft.....1111110011111011111111—22	11001111111011—12
Steger.....11100111111111001110111—20	11101111100111—12
Lang.....1111111110011011111111—22
Piper.....1111111111111111100111—23—111	11111100111100—11—49
Hinkle.....1111111111111111111111—25	1111111111110—14
Ingram.....11101011101111111110111—21	1100011111110—11
Taylor.....1111111110111001110011—20	1101111001111—12
Raleigh.....1111111111111111111111—25	1111111110110—13
Holly.....1111011111100111101110—20—111—50
T. J. MOORE.	

Potato Shoots.

WATKINS, N. Y., March 2.—We have no gun clubs in our vicinity, but there are a good many firearms owned here and lots of powder burned, both in shotguns and rifles. With a desire to let what little small game there is still left with us have some sort of a chance to increase, we have turned our attention mostly to target work.

In lieu of something better we have organized what we call "potato shoots." Our method is very simple: On the day appointed each man makes his appearance on the grounds with a goodly supply of medium-sized potatoes and plenty of ammunition. The usual officers are then appointed and also a man to act as trap, that is, to throw the target; with a good strong arm they are thrown quite a distance, I assure you. Very few have to be brought in for the referee to inspect, as when struck small pieces of skin and bits of potato are usually seen to fly off the target.

Our last shoot was a great success, and we intend to have another this week. Would like to say in conclusion that perhaps this might be a good way out of our vexed potato question, besides preserving no little small game.

S. S. NORRIS.

The Winner of the Grand Prix.

THROUGH the courtesy of Lieut. Peter Gibson, of Cincinnati, O., we are able this week to give a cut of M. Journu, winner of the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, Feb. 5-6 of this year. M. Journu, who is a Frenchman, probably ranks as high as any pigeon-shooter in Europe, if not in the world. His form is consistent and he is a dangerous man at any time, no matter what his handicap may be. On Feb. 22 he won the Prix des Clematites with 7 straight, being the only scratch man—31 meters—and beating out forty-eight other shooters. The silver set, which was presented to the winner of the Grand Prix this year in lieu of the usual cup, is shown in the accompanying cut.

The photographs, from which the cuts were made, were presented to Lieut. Gibson by M. A. Blondin, secretary, Tir aux Pigeons, Monte Carlo; they are the work of Numa Blanc Fils, of Mente Carlo and Cannes.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 3.—The regular weekly shoot of the gun club, held this afternoon, was poorly attended, only 3 shooters putting in an appearance. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Dornin.....	23	21	21	23	21	20	Moorman,....	..	21	21	18	20
Scott.....	17	18	19	19	14	15	F. M. D					

Boston Gun Club.

Shot. Scores.								Events.							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		1	2	3	4	5	6	7
W Ds Forest...	7	7	8	7	9	7	..	H U Corbin...	7	5
G S Williams...	4	5	L Lester.....	7	7	5
U S Houck.....	6	8	5	6	6	9	15	J Greenberg...	7	8	7	7	4	8	15
E W Stewart...	6	9	7	7	8	Thompson.....	3	..	5
W H House....	3	5	7	5	8	8	15	Crites.....	5	7	5	6
F Mabus.....	3	5	Kline.....	5	..
J A Fleming...	9	7	6								

In New Jersey.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Feb. 22.—Heavy rain had only the effect of increasing the attendance at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club to-day, 14 shooters taking part in the events shot during the afternoon. The reason for the increased attendance is not hard to find. This club has never failed—rain or shine—to have its club house open and its traps ready for business every Saturday afternoon during the 15 years it has been in existence. When the rain is coming down with a persistency that is disheartening to anybody but a trap-shooter, making it doubtful whether there will be any shooting at his own club's grounds, if he wants to be sure of getting shooting he just hires himself off to the South Side Gun Club's grounds at Newark, N. J., feeling certain that he can get all the targets thrown for him that he wants to fire at. During the afternoon 1,100 targets were thrown, Neaf Apper doing the best work by breaking 92 out of 100. The scores made were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Young.....	6	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Hobart.....	9	7	6	6	5	2	5	1	1	1	1
W M Smith.....	3	7	8	6	7	4	8	4	1	1	1
Dawson.....	8	6	9	3	7	2	4	1	1	4	4
Orton.....	6	8	1	1	8	5	6	6	1	1	1
I H Terrill.....	5	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Elbie.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Whitehead.....	8	6	7	8	6	8	11	1	1	1	1
Thomas.....	10	10	9	8	9	15	10	1	1	1	1
Appar.....	10	9	7	9	12	8	1	1	1	1	1
Adams.....	10	9	7	9	12	8	1	1	1	1	1
Hassinger.....	6	8	10	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Folsom.....	6	6	9	6	4	1	1	1	1	1	1
Parker.....	4	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

All were 10-target events with the exception of No. 9, which was at 15 targets. The team races at known angles, 25 targets per man, resulted in a victory for Hobart's team by 8 breaks. Scores:

Hobart's team: Appar 21, Whitehead 21, Parker 18, Thomas 18, Hobart 16, Folsom 15—109.

Terrill's team: Adams 21, Hassinger 21, W. M. Smith 18, Terrill 18, Orton 14, Dawson 9—101.

March 7.—Fourteen shooters were present at the South Side grounds this afternoon. The weather was a pleasant change from that which has prevailed of late, but the strong westerly wind that swept across the Newark meadows made the shooting very hard, the targets taking most eccentric flights when thrown from the traps. In consequence scores were not up to the usual mark. In the team race Edwards's team easily defeated Whitehead's team by 12 breaks. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Adams.....	9	7	9	9	7	6	1	1	1	8	7	5
Edwards.....	6	4	8	9	8	9	1	1	1	5	7	7
Smith.....	5	5	4	5	6	7	1	1	1	6	7	1
Orton.....	3	4	1	1	1	3	7	9	1	1	1	1
Kierstead.....	5	4	1	1	6	4	3	1	1	4	1	1
Hedden.....	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
I Terrill.....	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	1	1
Whitehead.....	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	1	1
Elbie.....	2	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	6	4
D Terrill.....	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas.....	7	8	6	6	10	5	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dawson.....	4	3	4	3	4	3	4	7	1	1	1	1
Wambold.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1
Folsom.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	1

Edwards's Team.....	20	Whitehead's Team.....	19
Kierstead.....	19	W M Smith.....	19
Adams.....	17	Hedden.....	15
I H Terrill.....	16	Thomas.....	12
D D Terrill.....	13	Orton.....	9
Elbie.....	9—94	Jacobs.....	8—82

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The regular monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., was held to-day in a downpour of rain. The extremely wet weather kept the attendance down to a low mark, ten shooters being all that put in an appearance at the club house this afternoon. The club shoot is at 25 targets, unknown angles; the scores made were as below, E. Reynolds leading with 22 out of his 25:

H B Smith.....	0101110010110101100100111—14
S Randall.....	11011111111100011110111—20
E Reynolds.....	0111111111110011111111—22
R McDonald.....	00000111001011110011001—13
R Booth, Jr.....	01111100011000101111110—15
T Pratt.....	00111100001110111111101—17
M Allen.....	11011111111100011000111—18
H H Stevens.....	0010111111111111111111—21
T Hoagland.....	0111111111111111111111—21
G W Strong.....	1011111101100101111111—20

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

GREENVILLE GUN CLUB.

March 4.—The Walsrode Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was the guest of the Greenville Gun Club to-day at its grounds on the shore of New York Bay. There was a good attendance of shooters, all of whom did their best to locate the targets that were wafted in every direction by the gale that was blowing from the northwest. A return visit will be paid by the Greenville men next Wednesday, March 11, the shoot taking place on the Walsrode Gun Club's grounds in Newark. The scores made to-day are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Young.....	8	7	8	7	8	7	7	8
Perment.....	8	6	6	8	7	6	8	8
Leuthaus'r.....	7	6	8	7	6	8	7	8
Reinhold.....	7	8	5	6	5	6	6	1
Agnew.....	6	5	4	6	4	5	1	1
Blitz.....	6	5	4	7	4	7	4	3
Erhardt.....	4	6	7	3	4	7	6	6
Winters.....	3	4	3	2	6	4	3	4
Farelly.....	2	5	5	6	7	4	5	1
Collins.....	6	6	6	4	4	6	8	1

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

March 4.—The 50-bird race for the Knapp cup took place to-day at the Carteret Club grounds in a howling gale of wind that blew directly from No. 5 trap. The birds were a hard lot to kill, as the wind caught them and tossed them into the air, sending many of them back over the deadline with almost the speed of a cannon ball. Under such circumstances the scores made were not so low as they look on paper. It requires 5 shooters to make a contest, and just the requisite number put in an appearance at the club's grounds. These were: George Work, Louis T. Duryea, Fred Hoey, G. S. McAlpin and W. H. Stafford. Fred Hoey had hard luck and withdrew before the end of the match. The Carteret Club grounds have never been favorite ones with Hoey, who scarcely ever has any luck while shooting on them. He draws hard birds if there any in the traps, and he never does as clean work with his first barrel on these grounds as we have seen him do elsewhere.

The race between the other 4 shooters was very close and interesting. G. S. McAlpin finally winning the cup with 38 kills to his credit from the 29yds. mark. Next to him were George Work (31) and W. H. Stafford (28) with 37. Duryea coming next with 36 kills from the 31yds. mark.

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT AT ELIZABETH.

March 5.—While the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournament was in progress at Dunellen on Feb. 27, a little badinage on the part of some of the shooters present culminated in arrangements being made for a shoot at Elizabeth to-day, the conditions of the main event to be as follows: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, losers to pay for the targets and a turkey dinner for the winners. Another condition and a most important one was that Nate Astfalk, one of the most energetic members of the Elizabeth Gun Club, and caterer to that organization, should provide the dinner in the club house so that winners and losers could sit down together and enjoy themselves after the 100 targets per man had been shot at. Originally, 14 shooters entered in this race, but the cold and wintry weather, with a gale blowing about 45 miles per hour, kept three men from showing up, while Major Breintnall was detained at home with the grip and Tom Keller had other business that kept him in New York. Thus there were only 9 contestants for the honor of furnishing the dinners for the crowd. The number being uneven, it was decided that the expenses should be divided among the 5 low men.

Prior to the commencement of the 100-target race, 8 events at 10 targets each were shot off to keep the boys, who were on hand early, in good trim for their dinners. The wind was blowing great guns from the northwest, practically right in the teeth of the shooters, causing the targets to perform all the wonderful tricks they are capable of in the way of shot-dodging. So strong was the wind that at times it almost blew the shooter at the score off his perch, while it made the muzzle of the gun wobble around somewhat after the style of the nozzle of a line of hose that has escaped from the firemen detached to direct its stream.

The 100 targets were, of course, divided off into series of 25, each 25 being made an optional sweep, two moneys. In the first 25 M. Herrington, the representative of the W. A. Powder Company, distinguished himself by spreading his load of shot with such accuracy that he made the best score of the day, 24 out of 25; naturally he took fire

money in that sweep, Edwards coming next with 21. In the next 25 G. M. Smith, a name that disguises a Long Island shooter who knows how to handle a gun, but who from innate modesty prefers to conceal his prowess as a shooter under what Billy Hobart terms a *nomme de fusil*, carried off first money with 21, Herrington again getting a slice of the purse by scoring 20 and taking second money. The third series saw Smith once more take first money alone on a really excellent score of 23, Herrington and Edwards cutting up second money on 20 each. In the fourth series, Hassinger won first money by breaking 21, Astfalk and Herrington dividing second money with 19 each. The scores were then totaled up, and it was announced that the four fortunates were Herrington 83, Smith 78, Edwards 76, Parker 71. The five who acted as hosts were: Hassinger 70, Astfalk 69, Thomas 67, Schortemeier 60 and Dr. Jackson 58.

The scores per series of 25 targets were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	Total.
M Herrington.....	24	20	20	19	83
G M Smith.....	20	21	23	14	78
B Edwards.....	21	18	20	17	76
Wm Parker.....	17	19	16	19	71
W H Hassinger.....	16	14	19	21	70
N H Astfalk.....	18	18	19	19	69
L Thomas.....	15	15	18	19	67
L Schortemeier.....	11	17	17	15	60
Dr Jackson.....	14	16	14	14	58

At the end of the third series Herrington and Smith were tied with totals of 64 out of 75, capital shooting considering the conditions. In the last 25 Herrington went ahead of Smith, beating him out by five breaks. The tumble in Smith's score was due to his having to use some shells that were entirely different from those which he had been shooting, the load being plainly much slower than his previous one.

As regards the dinner, we cannot afford the space to do it justice. New Jersey shooters will realize what it was when we say that it was served in Nate Astfalk's very best style. It was a cause for rejoicing on the part of all present that Dutchy was in time to take charge of one end of the table and one turkey.

No sooner was the dinner disposed of than 15-target sweeps were started up. Before the boys quit shooting—and that was not until every shell on the ground had been used—11 15-target events had been shot off. During the day three or four of the shooters fired over 300 shots. Some idea of the difficult conditions under which the shooters labored in their efforts to break the targets may be gathered from the fact that M. Herrington was the only one to break 10 straight, while Edwards and E. Sickley alone succeeded in scoring 15 breaks in any event without losing a target. Sickley shot very well, having four 14s to his credit. Dutchy had a weakness for the 13 hole, as out of the 11 events he shot in he scored that number in 8 of them. The scores made in the sweeps were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Herrington.....	9	5	5	7	8	10	9	9	8	12	12	14	10	13	11	8	7	7	7
Edwards.....	9	2	9	7	8	7	7	7	7	13	14	12	14	12	13	11	11	15	12
Schortemeier.....	6	5	4	7	5	8	6	11	10	9	13	10	9	9	6	10	1	1	1
Astfalk.....	6	6	9	7	9	7	7	6	11	12	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hassinger.....	8	8	8	14	13	10	12	10	12	13	13	11	12	1	1	1	1	1	1
M Smith.....	10	8	10	13	11	13	10	1	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dutchy.....	13	12	10	13	13	13	11	13	13	13	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
E Sickley.....	14	9	14	15	14	10	11	14	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Roberts.....	11	10	11	9	12	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas.....	13	1	11	13	11	13	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Hammond.....	14	12	18	9	11	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Saxon.....	10	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Heiny.....	5	13	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 22.—The Boston Shooting Association held an all-day shoot on their grounds at Wellington to-day. Owing to all the clubs around Boston holding a shoot, and also owing to the severe cold, but few put in their appearance until the 11 o'clock train, when about twenty-five shooters showed up. From that time until 5 o'clock the traps were kept busy, and 3,305 targets were thrown. Following are names of winners:

- No. 1: Sanborn and Green first, Dickey second.
- No. 2: Jack, Sanborn, W. A. Brown and Dickey first, Green second.
- No. 3: Sanborn, Green and Dicky first, Brown second.
- No. 4: Sanborn and Dicky first, Green second.
- No. 5: Sanborn and Dicky first, Green second.
- No. 6: Sanborn and Dickey first, Green second.
- No. 7: Sanborn and Dickey first, Jack second.
- No. 8: Green first, Jack and Dickey second.
- No. 9: Green and Brown first, S. Wood and Sanborn second, Warren, W. A. Sanborn, Jack, Puck and Dustin third.
- No. 10: S. Wood first, Sanborn, Jack, Green and Puck second, Dustin and W. A. Sanborn third, Warren and Brown fourth.
- No. 11: Warren and Puck first, Green, W. A. Sanborn, Dustin and C. B. Sanborn second, Jack third.
- No. 12: Sanborn first, Puck and S. Wood second, Warren, Green and Brown third.
- No. 13: Puck first, Green second, Warren, W. A. Sanborn and Dustin third.
- No. 14: Green first, Puck, Dustin and LeRoy second, Warren and Brown third.
- No. 15: LeRoy first, Green, Brown and Allison second, Dustin third.
- No. 16: LeRoy and Dustin first, Green and Allison second, Brown third.
- No. 17: Puck and Brown first, Jack, W. A. Sanborn and LeRoy second, Warren third.
- No. 18: Dustin first, Warren, Puck and LeRoy second, Green third.
- No. 19: Dickey, LeRoy and Climax first, Puck and Allison second, W. A. Sanborn and Dustin third.
- No. 20: Dickey, Climax and Rule first, Puck, Allison and W. A. Sanborn second, Nichols, LeRoy, Burton and Jack third, Patterson, Brown and Ellsworth fourth.
- No. 21: LeRoy first, Dickey, Puck, Climax, Rule and Patterson second, Brown, Burton and Warren third, W. A. Sanborn, Dustin, Du Pont, Allison, Jack and Ellsworth fourth.
- No. 22: Dickey first, Puck and LeRoy second, Climax, Rule, Ellsworth and Stirling third, Allison Brown, Warren and Jack fourth.
- No. 23: Allison, Rule and Climax first, LeRoy and Jack second, Warren, Ellsworth and Dustin third, Puck fourth.
- No. 24: LeRoy and W. A. Sanborn first, Climax and Allison second, Puck, Rule and Jack third, Brown, Warren, Dustin and Ellsworth fourth.
- No. 25: Dickey and Climax first, Puck, LeRoy, Patterson and Eager second, W. A. Sanborn third, Burton, Rule, Stirling, Du Pont and Dustin fourth.
- No. 26: Puck and Eager first, Brown and Ellsworth second, Climax, Rule, Warren, Jack and Dustin third, LeRoy fourth.
- No. 27: Puck first, Dickey, Eager and Patterson second, Burton, Climax, Rule and Warren third, LeRoy and Dustin fourth.
- No. 28: Dickey first, Warren second, LeRoy and Stirling third, Burton, Climax and Patterson fourth.
- No. 29: LeRoy, Patterson and Eager first, Climax second, Puck and Rule third.

Trap-Shooters of Quebec.

SUTTON JUNCTION, Quebec, Can., Feb. 20.—Trap-shooting has taken a decided boom in this vicinity of late, and from present appearances it is safe to predict a number of local matches in the near future. We now have four clubs within a radius of fifteen miles, although up to the past four months a bluerock target was an unknown commodity. It is hard to say just what started the fad—if it may be called—but I think it would not be far out to assert that the influence exerted by the better class of sporting papers for good clean sportsmanship was responsible for the movement. Be that as it may, it's a real good thing, so push it along.

Waterloo was first to organize with a membership of twenty-four. J. E. Macfarlane was elected President, R. F. Shaw Secretary, and C. A. Nutting Field Captain. The club has had a number of private shoots and the fever is high.

Sutton Junction followed with a membership of twenty-three. The officers are: N. P. Emerson, President; J. C. Draper, Vice-President; A. W. Western, Secretary; W. R. Sofford, Treasurer; H. E. Hibbard, Field Captain; Dr. Page, C. A. Armstrong, E. G. Smith and J. Cran-dall, Directors. This club and the Waterloo Club have met once upon the field at Waterloo, as chronicled in the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1. The return match is booked for Feb. 27 at Sutton Junction.

Sutton Gun Club has only just been organized, and is not yet fully under way, but will soon be heard from. The president is Lieut. E. Greely; Secretary, C. M. R. Tarte; Field Captain, R. Curley.

North Troy, Vt., just across the border in Uncle Sam's territory, organized about the same time as Sutton, and although they have yet to hold their first meeting, they have the right material to push it once they get limbered up. Their officers are: C. Fowler, President; J. Lewis, Secretary; Dr. F. Page, Field Captain.

This constitutes the quartette. We will try and send you the scores as often as possible, that your readers may keep posted on what we are doing for sport up here on the border. If any up-to-date powder company has any spare cups or medals kicking around we are in the field.

A. W. WESTERN.

Rochester vs. Buffalo.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The team shoot to-day between the Auubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, and the Rod and Gun Club, of this city, was a very large affair, the teams were composed of 31 men on a side, 63 shooters in all taking part in the contest. In view of the fact that the home club put 31 men in the field that averaged generally 84.3 per man at unknown angles, congratulations to that club are in order. The result of the race was another decisive victory for the Rochester men, the scores at the close of the contest showing 654 to 539 in favor of the home team. (N. B.—The scores furnished us foot up 652 to 538.—Editor FOREST AND STREAM.) After the team race the Buffalo shooters were the guests of the home club and partook of an elegant banquet, President Halley welcoming the visitors in an appropriate manner.

The scores made to-day were as given below, Slim Glover being the only shooter to score 25 straight:

Rochester.	Buffalo.
Glover.....	Schwartz.....
Foley.....	Talsma.....
Hadley.....	E C Burkhardt.....
Byer.....	Berkhardt.....
Hicks.....	Bennett.....
Lane.....	C S Burkhardt.....
E O Meyers.....	A Forrester.....
C Rissinger.....	F D Kelsey.....
J Rissinger.....	E Andrews.....
Bush.....	Fries.....
Crouch.....	Hammond.....
McClintock.....	Heinold.....
Norton.....	Leban.....
Quirk.....	Middaugh.....
Stewart.....	Northrup.....
Griffith.....	B F Smith.....
H Peters.....	Reinecke.....
A Rickman.....	Oehmig.....
B Rickman.....	O'Brien.....
Wride.....	Hawkins.....
Kay.....	P G Meyers.....
Misson.....	G O Miller.....
Perry.....	Reid.....
W Rissinger.....	Storey.....
Boyd.....	Rounds.....
Mann.....	Coombs.....
Nicholls.....	McArthur.....
Weller.....	A T Smith.....
W Peters.....	Sweet.....
Fulton.....	Eaton.....
Squire.....	Lodge.....

Several sweepstake events were shot both before and after the team race. The scores made in these events were as follows, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Squires.....	14	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	South'w'h.	8	8	11	9	12	11	11	11
Bennett.....	14	12	13	11	11	14	11	11	Woodbury.	7	3	7	7	11	11	11	11
B Rickman.....	14	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	Borst.....	15	11	13	11	11	11	11	11
C Burkhardt.....	13	10	11	13	13	11	13	13	O'Brien.....	9	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Glover.....	13	14	12	15	13	11	14	14	Rounds.....	7	10	8	6	11	11	11	11
Forrester.....	13	12	10	13	11	11	11	11	Miller.....	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McClintock.....	13	10	8	11	13	11	15	15	Lodges.....	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hammond.....	13	13	10	12	12	11	11	11	Norris.....	13	9	14	11	11	11	11	11
Byer.....	13	11	13	12	13	14	11	11	Bush.....	12	6	11	11	11	11	11	11
Kelsey.....	12	13	9	14	12	10	12	15	A Rickman.....	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
E C Meyer.....	12	14	15	14	13	14	11	11	G O Miller.....	11	6	4	11	7	11	11	11
Hedley.....	12	12	12	13	15	14	11	11	Talsma.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A T Smith.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	Perry.....	10	13	13	11	11	11	11	11
C Burkhardt.....	11	14	9	12	10	11	12	12	Faish.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hanks.....	11	15	13	14	8	13	12	12	Norton.....	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Swarts.....	11	12	12	11	11	13	11	13	Balton.....	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wride.....	11	10	12	11	11	4	11	11	E Andrews.....	13	13	12	11	11	11	11	11
Stewart.....	11	13	11	12	13	11	11	11	H Peters.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Reinecke.....	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	W Peters.....	10	5	13	11	11	11	11	11
Reid.....	10	11	7	11	11	11	11	11	McCarthy.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Eaton.....	9	11	2	11	11	11	11	11	Stone.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Helmond.....	9	12	11	15	13	13	11	13	Rugg.....	13	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
Boyd.....	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	Crouch.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Weller.....	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	Maguire.....	11	11	12	11	11	11	11	11
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Weller.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	Burton.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Green.....	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	Griffith.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
C Rissinger.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	Lane.....	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
P G Meyers.....	10	10	9	9	11	11	11	11	Pickett.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Fries.....	10	13	11	11	11	12	11	11	Sauer.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
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Heil.	2121100111	8	Saeger.	2011202112	8
Acker.	0212010101	6	Mohr.	1020120112	7
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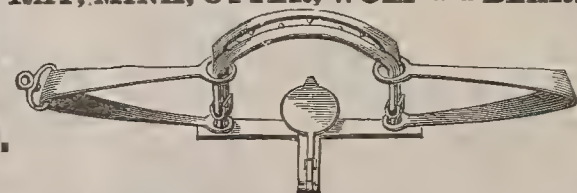
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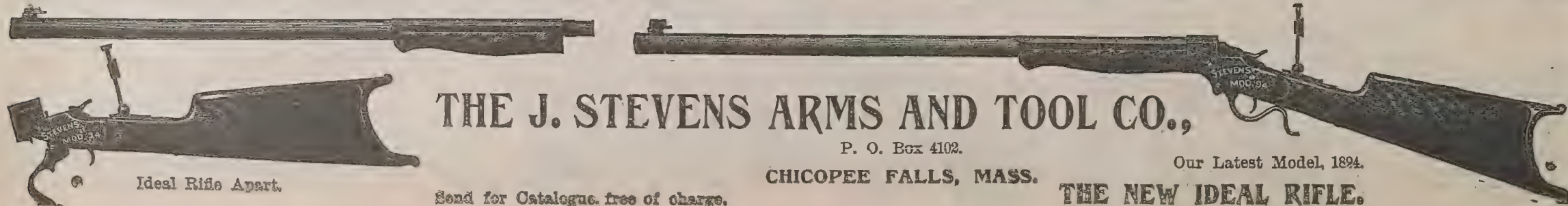


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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.—No. 12.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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THE "FOREST AND STREAM" INDIANS.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy of the exhibits on view this week at the Madison Square Garden is the FOREST AND STREAM's Indian camp. It is especially noteworthy because it is the real thing, the exhibition in New York to-day of a little piece of the old West—brought 2,500 miles East and carried twenty-five years back in time. Here is seen the old-fashioned skin lodge with the fire burning on the ground in the middle, the beds ranged around the walls and the door covered by the skin of a wolf—a medicine animal among many buffalo eating tribes. Behind the lodge stands the tripod which supports the medicine bundles and the sacred Thunder Pipe, which is of great antiquity. On the other side of the lodge stands another tripod on which hang the arms of the owner of the lodge; his bow and arrows, his shield and his lance, his raw-hide rope, his riding whip and other arms and implements. Scattered on the ground are skins of wolves, coyotes, mountain sheep, mountain lions. These are all either tanned or to be dressed for clothing.

Still further north is the sweat lodge, a frame of willow twigs woven into a bird-cage like structure. On the ground within is the place for the fire, where the stones are heated, and the painted skull of a buffalo bull. In this sweat lodge the members of the war party will take their medicine sweat before they start on their expedition of difficulty and danger. Before they do this, a fire is kindled in the lodge and the stones heated; then the frame is covered with robes or skins and the members of the party creep under them and sit about the fire, the leader of the party carrying his pipe. Water is thrown on the hot stones and a thick steam rises. Then the leader lights his pipe and smokes to the sky, to the ground and to the four cardinal points, and then he blows the smoke toward the bull's skull, and prays to the buffalo bulls, saying: "O, bulls, hear us this day and take pity on us. As you are able well to lead your people where you think they ought to go, so let me lead these my people in the right way and to success; as you are strong to run over whatever is in your way, so let us run right over our enemies when they are before us; as you have swift feet to run away when you are attacked and made afraid, so let us all, if we are attacked by too great numbers, have the power to run swiftly, so that we may escape. Accept this smoke which we offer to you and hear us now as we are setting forth to meet danger." Then the waiting warriors join in the prayer, "Hear us; pity us." More water is thrown on the hot stones, the men offer each some sacrifice, it may be a part of his body, sacred songs are sung, and when the ceremony is over the party starts off on its way to war.

One of the most interesting articles in the camp is the

tanned robe, on the flesh side of which Young Bear Chief has painted his *coups*—in other words, has written the history of the important events of his life. In the early days he was a great warrior, and on this skin he has set down in pictograph the account of all his important war journeys. Here are pictured the camps that he has stolen into by night, the horses that he has taken, the enemies that he has killed; and these pictures, if they could be translated and written out by a master of English, would form a volume which for interest and excitement would far exceed anything that civilized man can imagine. It is the true story of a brave man whose sole delight was war, and whose sole occupation in those old days was the war path, going or returning.

It is impossible here to give even a brief catalogue of the interesting old-time implements and relics which the FOREST AND STREAM camp contains. There is in it nothing new, nothing made for trade. Each article has been used a thousand times and has its own interesting history. To wander through this camp and see these old things brings back again so vividly the old days, which some of us think were the best days, that it is almost more of a pain than a pleasure to do so.

THE NATIONAL ZOO.

In our columns last week attention was called to a law which greatly hampers the National Zoological Park at Washington, and will always retard its growth and development. Congress, which appropriates the money for the support of this Park, provides in its appropriation bill that none of this money shall be expended for the direct enlargement of the collections, and forbids its use for the purchase of animals, although permitting the payment of transportation charges on specimens donated to the institution. As a result of this provision it is very difficult for the Garden to secure any except native American species. Now and then, it is true, some showman or menagerie keeper may loan an elephant, a lion or a hippopotamus to the Park, but such loans are likely to be withdrawn at any time. It is but a short time since a splendid hippopotamus—loaned to the garden, and which had been there for a year or more, and about whose temper and physical condition much was therefore known—was sold for about one-third its real value. If funds for the purchase of this specimen had been available it would have made a most desirable addition to the National collection. But although Congress declines to allow animals to be purchased for this Park, it does not forbid the reception of gifts, and an opportunity offers itself here for a wealthy man to spend his money in a very interesting and delightful way by purchasing from time to time desirable specimens and presenting them to the Garden. There must be many wealthy residents of Washington who are in a position to help these collections in this manner, and such persons after having made their gifts to the Garden will always have the specimens which they have presented under their own eyes, where their condition can be watched and their progress noted. The excellent health enjoyed by the animals confined in the Washington Zoo warrants the belief that such generous action would have its reward. Gifts to this institution would live and thrive for a long time, to give pleasure to the public and to be objects of especial interest and delight to their donor.

DR. NICHOLAS ROWE.

AFTER a long and painful illness, Dr. Nicholas Rowe died at his home in Chicago, on Tuesday, March 10, aged 54 years.

Dr. Rowe's youth was spent in the Barbadoes; he came to the United States and graduated in medicine, but his tastes and inclinations being more for the sports of the rod and gun, he abandoned medicine for the profession of sporting journalism. He attained some fame as a writer under the *nom de plume* of Mohawk before he began his editorial career in the year 1876. From that time till his death he was specially identified with the action and development of the sporting world as it pertains to the healthful pleasures of land and water. He was a member of many kennel and shooting clubs, and was a liberal contributor to their success. He was one of the most widely known of American sportsmen. Personally he was a gentleman of fine presence and great personal magnetism, and his executive ability was of a high order.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE effort which the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is making in opposition to the demands of the market dealers is regarded with an interest as widespread as is the territory from which the game is drawn to supply the Boston commission merchants. Boston has long had the undesirable repute of being a port of entry for goods contraband in other cities and States. It affords a market for game after the markets elsewhere have closed. We published last week the very intelligent and convincing argument made by Mr. J. Russell Reed before the legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game. The enactment of a law limiting the sale of game through the open season as it prevails in Massachusetts would be a distinct gain for game protection.

A PRESS dispatch from Denison, Tex., the other day recorded the feat of a Kansas man who in one day had killed 151 quail over a dog, "the greatest record at quail shooting ever held in the Southwest," and it was asked who could beat this quail shooting. Our notion is that almost any industrious Kansas shooter could beat the record, if he went about his work under proper conditions; but he would not be obliged to travel to Texas to accomplish the feat. If one is to shoot quail for the purpose of making a big score to brag of, the more expeditious method is first to have the birds trapped, crated and brought to the scene of operations. Score shooters of quail would do well to adopt the customary methods of trap-shooting.

General satisfaction was expressed when Florida adopted a law last winter limiting the number of quail an individual or a shooting party might take in a day, for it was anticipated that the statute would tend to discourage the inordinate record-hunting destruction of birds by guests of Florida hotels. Something may have been accomplished by the law in checking the abuse, but record shooting is still in full sway at some of the West Coast hotels, and pains are taken to chronicle the fact that some new record hunter has outdone all who went before him. In every one of these cases, of course, the breaking of the record means the breaking of the law as well; but the law apparently is the very last thing for a quail shooter to think of in Florida.

The Maine courts have decided, in the case of the ninety carcasses of venison shipped by schooner to the Boston market last winter, that the game having been killed legally might lawfully be shipped from the State. This decision was given before the rendering of the decision by the United States Supreme Court in the Connecticut export case. The result of that case was such as to make certain that if the existing Maine law does not answer the purpose of making game export a punishable offense, a new statute may be drawn which will effect this. We ought all to be grateful to Mr. Geer for his distinguished services in the cause of protection. What Mr. Geer has done is no less valuable because of the fact that the result was not in the least of his own seeking. His name will long be remembered with gratitude.

The importance of the Geer case decision, because of its probable effect upon game protection, has had very general recognition, and the report of it as given in full exclusively in the FOREST AND STREAM last week has aroused great interest and given decided encouragement to workers for protection. As we have pointed out, this decision indicates the direction in which effort should be expended in shaping legislation. Here we have a law which the highest authority says will stand the test. There need be no more half-hearted prosecutions under a non-export statute because of apprehensions respecting the attitude toward it of the courts of appeal. There can be no appeal.

We are so accustomed to note the constant diminishing of our game covers that we fail to give heed to the fact that wild nature is continually reclaiming her own from the dominion of man. A recent writer in *Garden and Forest* records that having driven through most of the hill districts of western Massachusetts in recent years, he has constantly been impressed by the extent of the areas which have reverted to woodland, and which promise to remain wild and uncultivated for generations to come.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XVI.

Uncle Lisha and Joseph go Voyaging.

UNCLE LISHA woke early from a troubled dream of slaughtered geese that when picked up changed to a leering, disagreeable man clad in a garment of feathers and a red woolen comforter tied about his neck. As the unpleasant vision dissolved in the vanishing mists of dreamland his awakening senses realized the dim, chilling dawn of the autumn day, its silver promise of golden hours, its absence of bird songs, the near stillness stirred but not broken by far away sounds, the raucous call of dusky ducks, the chiming whistle of a flock of golden-eyes already on the wing and the crazy laughter of a distant loon calling the sleeping winds.

These sounds became more separate and distinct when he crept forth into the open air without disturbing his companions and stood shivering by the cold fireplace. He heard what more attracted his attention, the rustle of quick nervous footsteps in dry leaves near by and a sharp "K-r-r-r, quit, quit, quit" that at once told their origin. He cautiously drew his gun from the tent and went in stealthy pursuit of the partridge, which led him down to the brink of the cliff before it burst into flight and went clattering far out of sight through the branches.

Uncle Lisha stared a moment into the brief disturbance of branches along the bird's aerial path and then through a narrow aperture in the green wall of cedars he turned his eyes upon the lake, always an object of admiration to him, a dweller among the mountains.

He saw Split Rock and the further shore of the bay becoming distinct in the growing light, and looming above the low-spread veil of mist, whose nearer frayed edge dissolved in the silvery sheen of the water, smooth as glass, yet gently undulating with long swells that were not perceptible except as they swept downward the lengthening reflections of Garden Island trees, or washed the sands with recurrent, slumberous murmurs.

As he peered out upon the tranquil scene through the narrow casement of boughs, he heard a sonorous gabble of voices mingled with the soft wash of the swells, evidently close at hand, yet coming from an unseen source, for there was no living object in sight but a small flock of ducks crinkling the glassy surface with their wake just in the edge of the mist. Raising himself on tiptoe and looking nearer, his heart almost choked him at the sight of five noble geese standing midleg deep in the sandy shallows almost beneath him. One tall old gander stood on guard stretched to his utmost height, while his companions dived in the submerged gravel.

With breathless caution the old man trained his gun upon them. Remembering all he had ever heard of the danger of overshooting in downhill shots and aiming low at two that stood in range, the trigger was pulled, the mimic thunder rolled across the bay, and as the multiplied echoes came tumbling back from distant hills and shores the lifting smoke unveiled two sprawling forms floundering in the shallows and a brief vision of the survivors climbing skyward with flurried wing-beats.

He knew not how, but with a speed and safety that seemed to him miraculous Uncle Lisha descended the cliff and secured his victims.

"There you be anyway!" he panted as he stood exultantly regarding them, "an' if you're tame wil' geese you're almighty smart ones, an' if any dumb man claims ye he'll be an almighty smart one if he gits ye away f'm your Uncle Lisher!"

Casting a furtive glance around, he gathered them by the legs and made all haste along the beach. Though he had not far to go to reach camp, his breath was well nigh spent; his short old legs were weak and his arm ached with a pain that he was proud of when he had climbed the steep path, and bracing himself for a final effort, held up his game before his gaping comrades.

"There, boys," he cried, "haow'll that du for a fore breakfast's job? I tell ye it's the airy bird 'at gits the worm. These 'ere geese is the birds an' I'm the worm."

Then in response to a shower of questions he related all the incidents of his exploit, while each of his companions "hefted" the geese separately and together and burned with envy or glowed with admiration.

"An' naow le's ha' some breakfasts," he cried when the recital was concluded, "for it's hungry work a-huntin' geese an' strainin' work a luggin' on 'em, as you may not know, but I du."

"I s'pose you won't hev no 'bjections tu my hevin' the feathers if I'll pick 'em?" Joseph asked as they sat around the stone table, and between bites he turned his eyes upon the geese, and with slow rumination calculated their yield of down.

"Not a ident'cal feather comes off'm them geese till they gits tu Davis, an' Jerushy an' the hull consarn on 'em sees 'em jest as they be, feathers an' all. No, sir," the old man continued with increasing emphasis, as he waved the half-picked thigh of a duck in the direction of the subject of his remarks, "the ain't a-goin' tu be nothin' duberous abaout them 'ere geese, ner nob'dy a-twittin' me 'at they're someb'dy 'nother's tame geese 'at I shot."

"Probly you'll goin' prove it by de smell of it too, Onc' Lashal! Dey was git purty hol' nough for smell w'en you gat it home."

"I'll resk but what they'll keep three, four days, an' you'll be a-goin' hum by that time, won't ye, Samwil?"

"Yes, I guess we'll git 'nough on't by that time," Sam answered. "An' I would kerry 'em jest as they be if I was you, for they're better worth showin' 'an anything we've got erless it's aourselves. What be you an' Jozeff goin' tu du t'day? Me an' Antwine's a-goin' up the Saouth Slang tu hunt some an' see the Injins make the canew. Want tu go 'long up in the scaow?"

"No, I don't sca'cely b'lieve we du, du we, Jozeff? I b'en a-callatin' tu gwup the crik a piece some day an' see an ol' feller 'at I useter know time o' the war 'at I hain't seen for fifteen year, an' I guess if Jozeff's a min' ter go an' hunt along up that way in the scaow, we'll go. I'd ruther see an ol' friend 'an all the dumb b'llin' o' Injins in the 'Nited States, an' I don't care no gre't 'baout seein' 'em make a canew. If 'twas mockersins, it might be interestin'. What say, Jozeff?"

Joseph pondered long before he answered, casting doubtful glances out upon the creek while he slowly mopped his plate with a bit of bread.

"Wal, I do' know sca'cely, Uncle Lisher. Du you understan' haow tu oar a boat an' gee an' haw it? 'Cause ye see I don't, an' the plaguey dumb things goes a-shoolin' 'raoun' jest where they're a minter, a dumb sight contrayer'n a hawg, seems 's 'ough. I cal'late they got it 'baout right when they called 'em she. I do' know but what it can be larnt, but I kinder reckon a feller's got tu hev the gift o' managin' on 'em, same as o' women folks, which some hain't ner can't git. Naow if 'twas M'ri' er Ruby, I should know jest haow tu go tu work, but darn a boat, anyways."

"Good airth an' seas, Jozeff, 'tain't nothin' to manage ary one. You jest got tu humor 'em, that's all. I can run that scaow boat anywheres on this 'ere crik, I bate ye."

"Wal, if you c'n du it it's all right, an' I'll go, but if you haffer depend any on me, we shan't git anywheres ner nowheres else."

Joseph's doubts being overcome, they set forth on their voyage, Uncle Lisha at the oars, shaping his course by frequent glances over his shoulder.

The weather was in the genial mood that autumnal days often assume as if to make amends for later sullenness and turbulence. The sun shone warm and bright, and the genial air was stirred by so light a breeze that it only wrinkled the outer channel with ripples that flashed back the sunlight and repeated the azure of the sky in quavering lines of blue, cut athwart by gold and russet reflections of further woods and nearer rushy margins. The marshes were webbed so thick with a veil of spiders' weaving that they looked as if a hoar frost lay upon them, while the sun threw a glade of burnished gold across the broad silvery level, broken by the curving seam of the channel and the brown domes of the muskrat houses.

Uncle Lisha pulled an even, steady stroke, but a noisy one, with a creak and splash that awoke echoes and aroused flocks of wildfowl, while the boat snored placidly on its course, its broad bow seeming to exhale long respirations as it met the ripples with a decadent surge. A party of crows came out of the woods, cruising overhead in a brief tour of observation, whereof they made discordant report as they flapped back to cover. A kingfisher sallied from his perch to meet the voyagers with a rattling volley of clatter that did not cease till he slanted in upward flight to a steadfast poise above a shoal of minnows, into which he presently plunged like a plummet, and then retired in silence to his Lenten breakfast.

So they pursued the voyage, Uncle Lisha too busily employed and Joseph in too great trepidation for much conversation, till the mouth of the East Slang was passed, when the latter cleared his throat and remarked:

"I tell ye what 't is, Uncle Lisher, it kinder seems 's 'ough a feller 'd feel consid'able stiddier an' safer on one o' them 'ere mushrat haouses 'an what he does a-bolancin' hisself in this 'ere plaguey ol' wobblin' boat, seems 's 'ough he would."

"He wouldn't git fur on one on 'em, I don't cal'late," the old man answered.

"Mebbe he might git fur in 'em," said Joseph, feeling guilty for venturing to pun in such a perilous situation; but Uncle Lisha did not deign to notice it and he continued in serious vein. "But ye see I hain't wantin' tu go nowher', on'y tu git aout ont' the land agin, which the' hain't no chance o' duin' here, 'ceptin' I land on one o' them mushrat haouses."

Uncle Lisha vouchsafed no answer, but half turned in his seat to study his course, thereby slightly tipping the scow.

"Sam Hill! Look aout!" cried Joseph, pulling hard on the gunwale. "You'll hev the dumb tottlish consarn t'other side up fust ye know!"

"Go 'long wi' your nonsense," Uncle Lisha answered. "You couldn't tip it over." In proof whereof he wagged his head and shoulders from side to side and raised a wash that shook the boat, yet not so much as it did Joseph.

"For the Lord's sake stop it, Uncle Lisher," he pleaded, "I can't swim no more'n a grin'stun."

"Nob'dy wants ye tu. You jes' sit still an' I'll navigate ye." Uncle Lisha smiled benignly as he resumed his stroke.

"Set still? It don't seem 's 'ough I could, no more'n on a hetchel, an' the tarnal boat won't let me. Say, Uncle Lisher, I wanten git aout an' set on a mushrat haouse till you come along back. Like 'nough I c'd shoot a mushrat er suthin'."

"Sho, the' wouldn't none come anigh ye."

"Wal, I don't care if they wouldn't. I've rid fur 'nough, an' don't want to go nowheres! You back up tu that big one an' le' me git aout. My back aches an' my laigs cramps, an' I'm dizzy-headed an' sick tu my stom-erk an' I don't feel very well myself. You le' me git aout."

"Why, Jozeff, be you in ri' daown airnest?" Uncle Lisha asked, resting his oars. Joseph's scared face gave sufficient answer without supplement of speech.

"Yes, I be. It seems 's 'ough I wouldn't ask for nothin' in this world 'an tu be sot on suthin' 'at wouldn't tottle every time I drewed my breath or rolled my eye. You jest lemme git aout."

"Sho, now don't be sech a 'fraid-cat. It hain't more'n a mile furdur tu where we're a-goin', an' then you can huff it back tu camp, 'crost the bridge an' so raound."

"I tell ye I've rid fur 'nough. You back up an' lemme git aout. Come now, du, Uncle Lisher. Whoa! Back! S-h-s-h! Dumb the plaguey ol' contry thing! Whoa! Hush!"

"Wal, if you will, you will, I s'pose," Uncle Lisha said, stopping the scow's headway with a great surge of the oars and backing her in the direction of the largest muskrat house. "But you'll git turrible lunsome, an' you can't move raound none."

"I've moved raound 'nough tu last me a month. An' I'll be contented as a clam a-waitin' fer ye. Seems 's 'ough I would till—till the ma'sh froze, so I c'd walk ashore." The slanting stern of the scow slid up the sloped side of the house and Joseph, hitching his gun along beside him, crawled out on all fours to the top, where he seated himself with a sigh of intense relief.

"There, naow, if 't wa'n't fer thinkin' o' gittin' away f'm here, I sh'd be as independent as a man on the town. You needn't hurry none 'baout comin' back. Seems 's 'ough I wanted consid'able time tu git settled an' rested up an' look 'raound."

"Guess you'll git settled an' sick on't 'fore I git aout o' sight. If ye du, you holler, an' I'll come back an' git ye. Good-by."

Uncle Lisha bent to his oars and with a strong pull,

assisted by a push of Joseph's foot, resumed his course, continuing it with moderate speed till quite out of sight, in momentary expectation of a recall. He passed the mouth of the East Slang and the long curve of the reach above it when he came where shore and channel became neighborly at a sandy landing, the cleanliest of all the old homestead ports that the inland voyager finds between the lake and the first falls of Little Otter. He pulled in at the foot of a great elm and stepped out on the flint-strewn shore, stretching his legs and straightening his back before he beached his boat and climbed the breast-high bank, which was cut to a steep incline by the wash of the spring floods, and overhung with a fringe of naked roots of shrubs and grass.

A level meadow lay before him, the rank aftermath dappled with purple heads of the second blossoms of clover and starred with late daisies. Beyond it a farmhouse and barns nestled among locust, cherry and apple trees, and a footpath led to it from the landing. This Uncle Lisha followed till the old house assumed a familiar appearance as he approached it from the unaccustomed direction. The smoke of an outdoor fire drifted up from behind a row of cherry trees that bordered the garden, and with it broken clouds of steam that diffused a savory odor of mixed cookery, the old-time hog's hotch-potch of pumpkins, potatoes and apples.

When his feet brushed the plantain and scuffed the chips of the back yard, Uncle Lisha came close upon the source of the smoke and steam, a great potash kettle slung to a thick pole by a log chain over a brisk fire of stubborn odds and ends of the wood-pile. A wiry little man of about his own age was sidling around the windward side of the fire, punching it here with a wooden poker, kicking it there with a quick thrust of his cowhide boot, and then pulling a hat apparently as old as himself well over his brows and sinking his chin deep into the grizzled ruff of beard that surrounded his throat, stooped and peered into the bubbling kettle, getting brief glimpses of wallowing chunks of pumpkins, bursting potatoes and dropsical apples. He was in this position as Uncle Lisha approached in the rear and touched him lightly on the most prominent part of his person with his gun. The guardian of the kettle was not at all startled, but only called out without turning his head.

"Hy, ye leetle sarpint, tryin' tu skeer yer gran'dad, be ye?"

Uncle Lisha touched him again, when making a sudden clutch with his free hand, he caught the stock of a gun. Then he quickly faced about, the look of surprise growing on his face when it met the complacent grin on another face as old as his own and on a level with it. The expression of blank amazement softened to one of pleased recognition when the visitor roared,

"Good airth an' seas! Abil, don't ye know me?" and the host responded in a higher pitched but as hearty a voice.

"Why, Lisher Peggs, you goo' for nothin' ol' sinner, is it you? Where'n time 'd you come from an' haow be ye, anyway?" and the hands of the old friends clasped each other in a vise-like grip. "I never thought o' it a-bein' nobody ner nothin' but some o' the young uns a-foolin'. They're keen ones, I tell ye. But, by Hokey, I'm glad tu see ye. Where'd ye come from, any way, an' haow be ye?" Abel Benham ran on in an uninterrupted flow while he lugged a block of wood in front of the fire. "There, set ri' daown an' make yourself tu hum. Got yer pipe? Wal, here's some terbarker. Light up an' le's have a smoke." While he filled his own pipe he stood off and made a critical examination of his friend, beaming upon him a slow smile of approval. "Wal, ye look jest as nat'ral as an ol' shoe. Leetle older an' a leetle fatter, but jest as humbly as ever. Where'd ye come from, anyway?"

Uncle Lisha accounted for his presence and the two fell into a discourse concerning past experiences till Abel bethought him of another hospitable offering.

"Say, there's a berril o' cider 'at's worked some. 'T hain't very sartain, but it's better'n water. Won't ye ha' some?"

He brought a brimming quart dipper of it, from which they drank in turn, and Uncle Lisha gave it the usual compliment of "being good for the time o' year," while he thought of poor Joseph in thirsty isolation. They eat the mellowest apples in the variegated fragrant pile that was flanked by a yellow mound of pumpkins on one side and on the other by a great heap of potatoes, blushing a dusky red through the clinging soil. When conversation lagged Uncle Lisha was taken to see the hogs, which were duly admired and their weight guessed, while a treat of back scratching and corn nubbins made the visit a mutual pleasure. Then the dinner horn sounded, and the visitor was forced, not much against his will, to partake of a bountiful meal, served in civilized fashion, which he realized was the better and more comfortable way, for he was beginning to tire of eating with his fingers and sleeping in his clothes, and of the untidiness of womanless housekeeping, and he was glad to eat food nicely cooked, unseasoned with smoke and ashes, off a clean plate, in the companionship of women and children, and finish the meal with a dessert of pumpkin pie, so dear to the Yankee.

Now and then he had brief mental visions of Joseph munching his dry, unsocial repast on the roof of the marsh dweller's hut, and felt some qualms of pity for his friend's solitary plight; but both were as fleeting as they are apt to be when one in the midst of plenty considers the condition of the wretched.

Not till he noticed how his shadow had lengthened while he smoked and chatted beside the waning fire did he realize how long poor Joseph had been left in solitary exile. Then he bade his friend farewell and set forth on his return.

With a long and strong pull Uncle Lisha sent the scow surging down the channel, and though he grew scant of breath with the unwonted exertion, he abated not the length nor strength of his stroke till he drew near the place where his comrade had been left, frightening scores of ducks to unnoticed flight a furlong in advance of his noisy progress.

Then he began to look forward, the lifted oar blades dripping a dotted wake while he turned his head, or trailed, bumping the gunwales and creating a succession of miniature whirlpools while he twisted his short body for a long look ahead. Discovering no one, he became anxious, but tried to quiet his feelings with the idea that he had mistaken his reckoning, and again plied the oars vigorously, casting frequent glances on either side. Pres-

ently he passed a muskrat house that he was sure must be the one upon which he had left his companion, for it was the largest in the neighborhood, and the weeds in front were pressed flat where the boat's prow crushed them down, and in further proof of its identity a piece of paper that had held Joseph's luncheon lay on the shelving verge, one sodden half anchoring the other that fluttered in the light wind.

Uncle Lisha checked the boat's headway with a backward stroke and headed toward the house, calling out as he approached it, with his face over his shoulder, in a deprecatory tone:

"There, naow, Jozeff, you needn't try tu hideye. You can't skeer me wi' your foolin'. Git right up an' git right in here."

There was no response, and as the bow grounded with a soft, semielastic bump he called again, rather impatiently, at the same time getting upon his feet and facing about:

"Come, naow, quit your foolin' an' git in here."

His face became blank with amazement as he peered over the top of the muskrat house and saw only the naked slope of its further wall.

"Good airth an' seas, has the critter got asleep an' rolled off an' draownded hisself?" he cried in real alarm, then took an oar and gently prodded the shallow water on all sides, but met only the soft resistance of the oozy bottom.

"Shaw, he couldn't never," he assured himself. "'Tain't deep enough, an' he'd ha' left his gun. But what on airth can ha' become on him? If he'd ha' waded ashore he'd

THE CARLIN GROUSE.

"In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leaves be large and longe,
Hit is full merrie in fayre forest
To hear the foully's songe."

"YES," quoth Mr. Legality to that excellent gentleman himself, "yes, there is much truth in the old ballad, and it is just as true to-day as it was when Robin Hood roved the woodland glade and added to the forest's music the twang of string and the whisper of stinging arrow." This soliloquy was inspired by the clear air and mellow sunshine of an October morning. Mr. Legality was standing on his front piazza in order to collect a few lungfuls of morning air therewith to sharpen his appetite for breakfast. The sunlight filtered through the shade trees and started the steam from the glistening asphalt pavement, that steam whose savor is inseparably connected in the city man's memory with the many sounds and smells of a warm morning in town. Those few lungfuls of atmospheres spoiled Mr. Legality's industrious intentions for that day. He thought of his office in the sixth story, and how the flies would buzz there toward noon, and how the whizz and clang of the trolley cars would wake into exasperating vibration every nerve in his jaded brain, and then he thought of a certain range of dark swamps of cedar and high knolls of beech and maple, joined by straggling lines of undergrowth and brambles; a wood of hollow, hill and glen, through whose midst ran a broad, clear stream that sparkled over rocks and boulders and

and indulged in a small period of mutual and self-admiration. "I made a first-rate shot if I do say it." "You must have; I didn't make a bad one myself. Guess I have my shooting clothes on to-day." "Pretty fair beginning. Looks as though we might take home quite a bag. Two here and five more just ahead." Every shooter understands this kind of talk, and knows the way one feels when he kills the first bird he flushes in the morning, and how he sees himself in imagination returning home about twilight with a heavy, heavy bag.

After a little of this mutual "aiming ahead" the hunters set out to secure the remainder of the brood of grouse. These latter, however, had apparently no desire to be secured, and proceeded to exhibit many of those niceties of character that most grouse seem born with. In vain the sportsmen chased and maneuvered. The only results were occasional whirs of invisible wings or the faintest possible glimpse of a brown streak in the air. Of course they shot at the "whirs" and shot at the "streaks," and half hopefully "sought dead" after every shot "just to make sure they hadn't hit him." At last it seemed as if the birds had all crawled into some woodchuck burrow or hied them to a happier land "far, far away," for not a feather could be flushed. So the sportsmen determined to hie them also and leave this untoward remainder to their meditations. They walked about a half mile up stream and struck the margin of a cedar swamp. Here as before they soon found birds, but they rose wild, three crossing to woods beyond the stream, and two cutting ahead into the swamp. These latter the sportsmen pur-



HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.
Judge Clinton, of Port Angeles, Wash., and hunting party on the shore of a lake in the Olympics. Elk killed where shown.
Photo, by a son of Judge Clinton, sent to us by Piseco.

ha' left a track in the ma'sh like a tew-year-ol' steer, an' he couldn't git through the mud, anyways. The' hain't been no boat come along 'at he da'st go in. Where in tunket has the critter gone? Jozeff! Jozeff! Jozeff!" he lifted up his voice and called, first accenting and prolonging the first syllable, then the second, and then both, but there came no answer save the mocking echoes repeating his call from the woods.

"Con-dumb the tarnal fool! Wha' 'd he wanter go tu roost on a mushrat haouse for anyhaow, julluk a cussed mudhen?" the old man growled in a tremulous voice when he had taken breath after futile listening. "And wha' 'd I ever let him for? I'd give all my ol' boots an' shoes tu see him a settin' in this 'ere boat ag'in. Yis, sir, I would."

He looked long and carefully all around far and near, and then shoved off into the channel and resuming the oars pulled lustily toward the camp.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Massachusetts Ferreters Fined.

SOUTHBORO, Mass., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A most unusual occurrence took place in the First District Court in Westboro, Mass., on Thursday, the 5th inst. A few days previous Southboro officers arrested eight lawless men for killing rabbits with the aid of ferrets. When surprised at their work they had six dead rabbits and two ferrets in their possession. Judge Bates gave them the limit—\$20 for each rabbit—which is pretty dear meat for the scallawags, and it ought to teach them a good, wholesome lesson. For years parties from Marlboro have raided Southboro covers with ferrets until the "cotton-tail" population was nearly extinct, and in spite of all local officers could do they have escaped arrest, as the law reads they must be taken in the act—an almost insurmountable handicap. The law should read that anyone caught in the woods with a ferret should be fined \$100 and denied the right of defense. However, all true sportsmen hereabouts are very thankful for this unexpected "pull," and are heartily congratulating officers and judge.

J. W. B.

caught the woodland shadows with its ripples. He thought of the cool shade and the cool springs, and above all thought of the burst of the whirring grouse, of echoing shot, of deadly aim and floating feathers. He thought, I say, of all these things, and his thoughts literally ran away with him. "That office doesn't see me to-day," was his final decree. He repeated this statement to his wife at the breakfast table, and having finished that meal he kissed his charming lady good-by and hied him to the railway station, bearing in his hand his light-weight gun and closely "tagged" by his invaluable friend and ally, Trump, this latter gentleman being a sturdy pointer of an orange and white complexion.

A ride of half an hour and a short walk brought this goodly pair to the rustic habitation of one Timothyseed, this same Timothyseed being a peculiar fellow, given rather to the sports than to the labors of the field. This trio, having become much acquainted in days of yore, were soon fully accoutered, and got them to the merry green wood to see what cheer they might find.

About 10 o'clock they reached the range of woods before referred to, and struck into a thicket of beech undergrowth. Luck was with them, for they had gone but a short distance when the unerring Trump began to give evident signs that there was an "indescribable something" in the air. "Birds ahead," quoth Seed. "Now, Legality, you walk along the edge of the cover and take the first bird that breaks across the open for the next piece of woods, and I will try my luck in the brush." And now Trump after a few more undecided steps came to a pause; then a few more steps, another pause—and then he settled into that pose so widely known and so justly admired, "a dead point." "Careful, old boy! Steady!" Whir—whir! "Mark!" A brood of seven grouse got up from a tangle of blackberry vines and buzzed off through the dense cover.

Mr. Timothy tried a snap shot at the only visible member of the bunch and was rewarded by a thud and flutter among the leaves. His shot was quickly followed by a report from Mr. Legality. "Dead bird!" "Tried to cross the open, eh?" "Yes, but I caught him at it." "That's right; I have one too." The two sportsmen got together

sued and flushed again, saluting them noisily, but unsuccessfully.

Now there was a moderately steep bluff bordering the swamp on the east, running through the swamp and across an open pasture to another piece of woods beyond. Where this bluff crossed the open it was thickly covered with stunted hemlocks and cedars. This was a favorite place with the grouse, and thither the two flushed in the swamp betook themselves. Mr. Timothy mounted the bluff to cross the open on the one side. Mr. Legality walked upon the open ground below. Mr. Trump took the cover. They walked a short distance when whirl-whir from the cover. Legality looked up in time to see a bird flashing over his head and trying to give him a nice open shot. "Bang! bang!" Well, some other noises followed the report, but they were neither echoes nor thuds of falling game. These sounds came from the mouth of Mr. Legality and described tersely and vehemently certain innate qualities which he considered himself possessed of. "Another bird ahead, look sharp!" came from Mr. Timothy, and sure enough whirl came a second grouse, apparently trying to see how closely he could imitate his predecessor. He imitated well, and Mr. Legality imitated himself. As the report of his second erring barrel died away an expression dawned on his face that caused Mr. Timothy to utter involuntarily to himself the closing line of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," "God bring us all good ending." He described himself over and over again, told how much money he had wasted on dog, gun and paraphernalia, and finally offered his whole sporting outfit for sale at rock-bottom prices.

Timothy was used to this sort of thing, and after making a modest monetary offer, merely as a matter of form, he proposed they should cross the stream and seek out the three grouse that had betaken themselves that way. So a shallow place was found and the three companions were soon splashing to the other side. This was a more open stretch of woods, with considerable ground hemlock clustering about stumps and decaying logs. For some time they hunted in vain, and were getting a little dispirited when Mr. Trump struck a trail. He led forward slyly as a cat, stepping noiselessly, stopping for an instant, draw-

ing on again. "Toho!" Ah, look at him! a perfect statue, rigid as though frozen. Slowly the two sportsmen step forward—another step—whir-Whir. One bird cuts to the left past Timothy. "Bang! thud." "Dead bird!" The other tries to cross Mr. Legality. His gun springs to his shoulder. A quick, steady aim, and a stream of feathers drift away, while the brave old grouse whirls to the ground. "Can I buy that gun and dog now?"

"No, sir. The gun is worth \$500 and the dog \$1,000 and—by Jove! but this is great sport, eh?"

But now it grows late and the stream must be crossed. It is deeper up here, but Timothy's waders are all right. Legality's short boots are no good, but a tree falling across a narrow place had made a slender bridge, and some wise farmer had decorated this crossing with a length of that sportsman's friend, barbed wire. Upon this trembling, slippery way Mr. Legality essayed to cross. Mr. Timothy, meantime sitting upon the bank, remarked the native grace and dignified bearing of the Legal gentleman in a way which the said Legality apparently considered uncalled for. At the expense of a few trouser wounds the crossing was at last achieved and the hunters turned their faces homeward. On their way they fell a-talking of the "Carlin grouse." That is that bird that ends so many a day's hunt by flying out of some unheard of, unthought of place where he has been lurking to exasperate the wily sportsman and to spring off at the most inopportune time, draw the fruitless fire of the entire party, and with a triumphant "hum" vanish over the tops of the tallest trees in sight. All grouse hunters know him. I myself doubt his true grouse nature. Isn't he some nasty little invulnerable imp that assumes grouse clothing and performs this final act just to take the conceit out of crack shots and take all hope of future skill from shots that are not "crack?"

Well, our two hunters were just discussing the "cussedness" of this variety of bird, and wondering if they were to see him on this occasion when—"buzz"—right out of a hollow stump not 20 yds. away. Not a tree nor bush for 30 rods. An elegant open shot. Four barrels emptied themselves into the air, but not into that portion of the air the bird occupied, and "over the hills and far away" he vanished in the twilight. "*Sic transit gloria silva*," quoth Timothy. "May he live long and prosper," rejoined Legality, and then without further venture they betook them to the railway station, shook hands and

"Each went on his several way,
Resolved to meet another day."

TIMOTHYSEED.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THERE appear frequently in your columns accounts of duck hunting experiences, mostly from the far East, wherein the relator gets up very early in the morning to the rattle of the alarm clock and goes away off miles to some pond or other duck resort, arriving just at day-break as like as not in a cold drizzle, putting out decoys or hiding in the grass or bushes near some flyway, getting a few shots and a whole lot of discomfort and wet, and going home with a good deal of (expressed) satisfaction, together with a black duck or two or a coot or sheldrake. I always feel sorry for such shooters and wish they could have the opportunity enjoyed by some others who have such good times and luck that I am afraid they don't appreciate them; but I don't know as the first-named want any of my sympathy. From their accounts they have a rattling good time, and whistle up courage in a very commendable way. All the same I'd like them to have a real good time, just once. Now, I'm not asking for inference that I am situated in duck shooting clover, as defined by some, and can go out and kill my 50 or 150 ducks a day. No, I can't do that, and I'm glad of it; but I can get more than a small family can eat without getting foundered, if I wish, and can do it very easily most any day in an hour or two, and that, I take it, is as much as any decent sportsman ("true," if you like) would desire to do. I can wander along the creek in the early morning after a three minutes' walk from the house, a few hundred yards above where the stream empties into the salt water; and surprise an occasional mallard as it seeks fresh-water tidbits among the bushes or sparse timber, and rises loudly quacking, to fall end over end when the gun speaks. Or I can wait, when the tide begins to flow, behind a log blind near the creek's mouth and see the wary widgeon in pairs or bunches cautiously sail to and fro just out of shot, querulously and timorously squawking, voicing its fear of unseen danger, though unable to resist the temptation that lies where the food is succulent, sailing, sailing to and fro, ever a little nearer, until they arrive where they can upend themselves and pull up the tender grass, which they wish they'd never done when the earthquake opens and two or three or four duckies flap out their lives in the shallow water, while the rest mount heavenward as from a spring-board; and the awful roar is repeated, followed by a very sudden collapse of one or two more baldpates and the rapid disappearance of the remainder. It must be an awful experience for them. By the way, I wonder if this is "pot-shooting." Or I can sneak along under the cover of the sandspit just beyond which the bluebills are diving a few yards from shore, and waiting until all or a majority have uptilted and disappeared in their funny and wonderfully slick way, make a rush beachward, and when they come up and hustle off terrified with great beating of wings put a full stop to the proceedings of some of them, which the boat a short walk away enables me to pick up at leisure.

Now this is very convenient and comfortable and enjoyable, and as Unc' Remus used to say "Dat make me say what I duz," when I express sympathy with the sportsmen alluded to. And isn't this just as well as it is to keep hammering away at ducks, day in and out as long as they fly, so as to boast of the big bag and slaughter in the papers? What a pitiful spectacle a game hog is, anyway!

I say I can get ducks as described, but I don't always when I want to, as happened the other evening when I shot a right and left as they rose only to see them disappear the moment they struck the water, and though I waited and watched patiently almost into the gloaming neither reappeared, at least to my careful vision, but the next day I found one washed up by the tide near by. I have heard tales of ducks mortally hurt diving and seizing grass or weeds in a death grip, and so anchored rob the shooter of his victory. But may be it's fable,

Do you s'pose my ducks played that trick? It's not the only instance in my experience of ducks diving in open water and not coming up.

Another instance of sudden and mysterious disappearance that occasionally nonpluses shooters occurred a few mornings since when I shot a trout-stealing kingfisher as I approached the creek, and alarmed a pair of mallards that rose straight up among the low trees and were quacking me adieu as the other barrel went off. The duck towered. The drake went off across the marsh, dropping lower and lower, evidently hard hit. Upward went the duck and I nearly dislocated my neck endeavoring to keep track of both. Finally the duck ceased towering and circled into the edge of the timber, and with futile beating of wings began to settle straight down. I gave a final jerk of my head drakeward and he had disappeared. Jerk again duckward and she was out of sight, and there I was, but I didn't stay long. I crossed the creek, and going to where I had marked the duck down, began the search, and failing to find her on the level ground ascended the side hill which quite abruptly dropped into the valley here, and when on the upper side of a towering fir, peering through the brush, I spied Mistress Duck cuddled down in a hollow at the foot of the tree almost concealed by brush and bush, which intervened between me and the bird and hedged her in on either side. I noticed that she cocked a bright and watchful eye at me and discretion suggested "better blow her head off," but I scoffed at prudence (as I so often have) with the reply: "What! shoot a crippled duck in the woods! Go to! I'll pick her up," and made a movement to step over the intervening brush, and, as Unc' Remus has it, "right dar I broke my merlasses jug." That duck turned and just scooted back through the brush, down around the tree, and when I had stumbled and floundered through the thicket and craned my neck after her I caught sight around the tree of her disappearing tail, and when I had fairly extricated myself and got to the lower side of the tree the earth had opened and swallowed her bodily, and though I searched for a good part of an hour through, around and under logs, brush and debris over a quarter of an acre faithfully, erect, on hands and knees, and prone on my prostrate body with hat off and head under a log, she never came to light. There were the feathers dropped by the tree, mute evidences of her trickiness, smartness and flight, but where, O where was the owner? I made several excursions round about and grew disgusted, and as often as I'd come back to those feathers hope sprung anew in the immortal breast, and I'd go off and do the thing all over again. I came to the conclusion afterward that she had climbed the tree when I was wrestling with the brush, and sailed out of the top or hidden therein until I removed from thence. I call such disappearance as that superlatively humiliating and exasperating. When patience had had "her perfect work," and more too, I pattered off to the marsh after the drake, if haply I might find his deceased body some'er's; but though I searched that open tidal resort faithfully, so as with tears, round about and way beyond where my strained eyes had last beheld his vanishing form, I never saw him more. He probably bored down in the ground with the crawfish. Duckless and despondent, "homeward the weary (hunter) wends his way," musing on the vicissitudes that euchre him when he has a hand full of trumps.

When I am outwitted thus or by other means, I have to fall back on communion with nature and reflect that it is not all of hunting to shoot, and so forth. That's what we do, you know, when we can't shoot anything. But I always found it difficult to commune when the mercury was about 29°, a dismal rain driving, and my nose, fingers and toes half frozen. So I say I'm sorry when I read accounts like those alluded to. 'Tis easier to commune in the leafy month of June, or maybe as early as February, in Washington.

I hoped to shoot some canvas or redheads, but have seen none near enough to recognize them. The varieties mentioned, together with butterballs and an occasional golden eye, comprise the bulk of ducks frequenting these waters. An occasional flock of brant is seen at safe distance from shore passing up or down, but none have stopped. There is nothing but ducks to hunt at this season, excepting bear, cat or cougar, the hunting for which is fine, but finding is very poor, bear being holed up until April, cat wild and wary, albeit fairly plentiful, and cougar being too far back among the more rugged and inaccessible mountains—particularly this season, when the snow has not been heavy enough to drive the deer and elk down among the foothills in any number. But I always enjoy roaming the upper plateaus and slopes that make up to the foothills—that is, when an occasional day free from rain happens along, which isn't any too often in this land of mist, drizzle and drip. Walking isn't any too easy, for the omnipresent sal-lal brush, from knee to waist high, impedes locomotion badly, but one may here and there find areas where the reckless hand of man has scattered fire and destruction, and here huckleberry bushes have supplanted other growth largely, much to the gratification of the bears, whose trails and signs can be found almost anywhere in the summer. Here walking is easier and timber more open, but back some miles from tide-water, unfrequented by man and fire, there are vast areas where the forest is dense and dark as anywhere else. Here in places may be found spots where the gloom is even more pronounced—light depressions in the surface, or shallow valleys where the mould lies rich and deep, from which the majestic trunks of giant firs and cedars thickly tower skyward—so thickly that the eye cannot discern their tops, through which no shaft of sunlight penetrates to disturb the shadows that for generations have brooded in the aisles of this woodland temple, where every footfall is hushed in the mossy carpet whose deep pile rivals the choicest Moquette or Wilton, and softens every outline. No jangling bell swings from airy tower, but the lofty spires that whisper with the winds wave a perpetual invitation to worship amid silence unbroken and profound, where naught shall distract the mind from contemplation and adoration of the great Creator who has fashioned such majesty and beauty in His "first temples."

Another time, coming out upon the brink of some deep gorge down which far out of sight a stream dances and sings, whose melody, faint and delicious, softly catches the ear through the magnificent evergreens sentinel the slopes whose 200ft. tops are another 200ft. and more below you, over which you look westward and behold a vision of beauty and grandeur unsurpassed; for there,

within seeming easy walk, rising boldly from the dark green of the endless forest which encompasses them, and thrusting their hoary heads up, up, up, soaring into the heavens, from whence they gaze serenely out upon the heaving Pacific, the wonderful Strait of Fuca, the lovely reaches of Puget Sound, while holding converse with their snow-mantled companions, Rainier, Hood, Baker, Helen and a thousand others of the Sierras, and sending messages to the rugged range of the distant Rockies, far to the eastward, stand the mighty peaks of the Olympics, startling in their apparent proximity, awe-inspiring in their majesty and eternal solitude, and wondrously and inexpressibly beautiful in their snowy robes that envelop them in unsullied purity. Such a view is recompense enough for a long and toilsome tramp. You gaze and gaze, and the wonderful beauty and magnificence grow and grow, and you are filled, mayhap even to tears with wonder and admiration and delight, and yet you are not filled. You cannot be. In the depths of your soul there is an unutterable craving for more, more, more, a greater capacity for appreciation and enjoyment that will not be satisfied and yet is ever unsatisfied, and you are compelled to turn longingly away from a scene that angels might sing of exultingly.

And it may be that returning from such a jaunt and view on such a day of wondrous clearness you come out upon a spur high up above a valley, between two ravines, and as you pause to rest a moment, facing eastward, before the sharp descent homeward, there opens from between the nearer towering, straight and motionless firs a vista, the loveliness of which you may travel many a weary day to match. The green so dark and dense and well defined near at hand fades and fades, and is dimmed and softened as no painter's brush can portray it. The outlines of the trees here so distinct are blurred and blended as they recede into a solid mass, until at seventy miles as the crow flies, if he flies very straight, there rises from a hazy horizon and seemingly from a perfect level the perfectly defined outlines of incomparable Mt. Rainier, clothed from crown to base in snowy white that glows and burns in the rays of the waning sun, a vision of loveliness that no language can adequately describe. Over two and a half miles further than where you stand his brow is bared to receive the good-night kiss of the day god, and so rare is this wonderful air at the moment that your attentive ear almost catches his "good night" in return, and to the earth that is already drowsy, while he keeps his silent, unwearied eternal vigil, and speaks with the glittering hosts that nightly twinkle responses to his greeting.

You may weary of men, but intercourse with nature never palls.

While you of colder climes are suffering with blizzards, snow squalls, chilling rains, in the fag end of a winter that dies hard, spring here has put out her feelers, and the back of a very mild winter is easily broken. Frogs are peeping and trilling their love lays in the ponds and marshes; the silken buds of the pussy willows are nigh to bursting in their ambition and haste; certain early sorts of bushes along the creeks, of which I know not the name, for I am not much of a bushist in these parts, have put forth leaves, and the white bloom buds are growing fast; robins and bluebirds are already numerous, the wild currant and gooseberry are arraying themselves in summer garb, and a new edition of grass, furnished in standard and orthodox green, is being published at the instigation of warm and vivifying rains. Notice the adjectives. The other kind of rains have been falling all winter. They seldom or never do anything else in winter, which is only an exaggerated sort of late autumn. Sometimes it snows, but that is only rain whitewashed. It's just as wet, for rain always precedes, accompanies or succeeds snow, and then all is gloom, slush, drizzle and slop. The cedars and firs catch all the mush, and drip for a week; for the rain is a mist of the same temperature as the snow, and if it snows 4in. and rains four days there will probably be about 3½in. left; and it's so nice to be out in, particularly along the side hills endeavoring to trail something, and slip, and flounder, and strain, and paw the air, and wrench your back, and come down finally, whack! and not have adequate literature wherewith to express yourself, while the slush is up your sleeves and down your neck and in your pockets and plugs up your gun. It's not all of hunting to hunt, as I think some one has remarked, and that's one of the times when you don't want to commune with nature. I intended to say something else, but I haven't time now. See you later. I'll simply remark, though, that last winter I wrote an account, which you published in yours of Jan. 4, of the red salmon found in these waters. I really hoped for some information on the subject from either Messrs. Bean, Goode, Samuels, Cheney or some other of the experts, but the article seems to have fallen as dead and heavy as some unlucky batch of bread for want of fresh yeast or flour, or proper fire or manipulation, or chemical combination or something. I suppose I must grope in gloom and ignorance some more, and comfort myself with the thought that the fish is just as pretty as though I was acquainted with its history, parentage and lineage, but a person likes to know the why of things sometimes.

WASHINGTON, February.

O. O. S.

Distracted dog-owners who object to the order of the muzzle perhaps find a word to the wise in the following experience of a well-known Parisian society woman. This lady bought, the other day, from a perambulating dog-dealer on the Champs Elysees, a ravishingly beautiful little toy poodle, whose feet especially attracted attention by their extremely delicate appearance. She took the treasure home into her salon, and was horrified on seeing it run at once up the curtain. The dog turned out to be a rat sewn into the skin of a baby poodle. This is an improvement on the story of the other Parisienne, who imported a most rare and expensive little toy dog from London, and found out, at home, that it was a joyful little mongrel sewn into the coat of a canine grandee. But why should not the distressed dog-owner of to day go and buy a rabbit-skin to wrap the unmuzzled doggie in?—*Westminster Gazette*.

PASADENA, Cal.—I had an orchestra seat in the Puente Hills the other day and saw ten foxhounds jump on a lynx in one act and one scene. The fur flew fast and fine.

P.

A RESTIGOUCHE BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to the roughness of the country, the difficulty in constructing totes or portages for the supply of the lumbermen in certain portions of New Brunswick compels them to use barges or flat-bottomed scows, 60ft. long, 8ft. wide and 2ft. deep, carrying from five to seven tons, drawn up the streams by three or four horses, often 100 miles to the scene of the winter's operations.

One morning late in October, at dawn of day, thirty years ago, I left my home at Dee Side on the Restigouche River, as captain and steersman on the cabin of my own boat. Besides my crew of three men I had as passengers my team of four horses, and so used are they to being carried down the stream that they stand very quiet, munching their hay and oats. The morning was cool, causing the fog to rise very thickly from the water. Around an island a mile below our starting point the river ran very strong, and at its lower end I caught sight of a large looking animal just stepping into the water. In a few seconds I made out that it was a bear crossing to a farm where previously he had been on the mutton chop business. The weight of the barge in the rapid water made us go much faster than the bear, and with our three oars at work we soon overtook him. As we neared him I steered the barge between him and the shore so as to cut off his landing. Seeing we were going to overtake him, I ordered my best bowman to stand on the flat transom (which forms the bow of the barge), having a long iron-shod maple handspike poised over his shoulder, and when I gave the word to strike him on the head with all his might. When we got within 4ft. of the bear I said, "Now, Jack, hit him." Jack struck, but not sufficiently hard. The bear sank and the barge ran over him.

I had told the other men, to be ready with their poles the instant the bear was struck to snub the barge, as we were in about 4ft. of water. They did so, while I swung the stern around toward the shore. This action threw the barge off the bear, and he popped up about the middle of the boat, coming well out of water and making a grasp at the gunwale with his forepaws. The quick swinging of the boat, combined with his ducking, made him miss. How it would have fared had he made good his footing among the horses I had not the pleasure to find out, as he got a sight now of the opposite side of the river and made for it apparently none the worse. We held the barge against the current for a little until the bear was somewhat below us, then put out our oars and went after him. He had some 200yds. to swim, and we overtook him just in time before he touched the bottom. Again the word was, "Now, Jack!" This blow broke his skull, down went his head, the boys reached over and grabbed him by the rear, holding him partly under the sloping bow, and the impetus the barge had drove us up on the shore. He weighed 300lbs. and was in fine condition, both meat and skin.

In dressing him I found his stomach quite full of something hard, but movable, and it turned out to be the clean-shelled meat of the hazel nut. Now, as the nuts had long fallen from the bushes and been gathered by the squirrels, the rascal must have robbed some of their winter's stores.

I may say that in my forty years' traveling through the woods I never saw a bear unless in a trap. Their scent is so keen and their hearing so acute that they are off before you can get a sight of them. As for a bear's footfall, you can see its print in soft ground, but never hear it.

FRED. MOWAT.

HUNTING IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

BALTIMORE, Md.—During the past year more information has been gathered about the Dismal Swamp of Virginia than was ever before known, and this information is of interest and practical value to the hunter and scientist. A party of scientists from the Department of Agriculture ventured into the swamp last summer to study the flora and fauna of the dismal region, and they gathered specimens of many rare animals, birds and plants. Over fifty species of birds were found breeding in the swamp; wild animals roamed about in the thickets, bears and wildcats, and nearly all of the small game, including deer and opossums; snakes were more abundant than in any other similar region in the South, and Lake Drummond, in the middle of the swamp, was literally swarming with perch, black bass, pickerel, sunfish and panfish.

The swamp proper consists of about 120,000 acres of lowland, covered with dense thickets of cypress, juniper, pine, blackjack and many other trees and shrubs. So dense is this thicket that it is difficult in many places to force an entrance through it, and the hunters have to depend upon the narrow, winding channels for a pathway. Dugouts, 12ft. long and a few feet wide, are used for navigating the channels and lagoons of the swamp, and the natives wander through the pathless wilderness in this way with great ease. If one wishes to walk through the swamp after his game he must carry one of the long Southern cane knives, with which he can cut the brakes, cat-briers and thorns that will constantly impede his way. One mile an hour in this way is considered rapid traveling in the Dismal Swamp.

But fortunately for the hunters there are numerous waterways through the swamp that enable them to reach the very heart of the gunning region. One of these waterways in particular is an old canal started in the days of George Washington and abandoned to-day except for hunting purposes and for floating cypress trees and logs down to the coast. This Dismal Swamp Canal is probably one of the oldest in this country, and among the original incorporators of the company was the first President of the United States. When Cornwallis was at Yorktown Gen. Washington availed himself of the canal to bring supplies across the country, and it was through this secret waterway that he succeeded in replenishing his stock of stores without exposing his men to the guns of the enemy. No one who was not thoroughly familiar with the topography of the country would ever have suspected the presence of a long canal running straight through the impenetrable swamp.

The digging of the canal started by accident and was completed in a peculiar way. The demand for juniper and cypress shingles first induced the Southerners to trespass into the wilds of the swamp. The cypress and juniper trees flourished in abundance, and the woodchoppers chopped down all along the shore and then began to penetrate inland. But as they proceeded the soil became

so soft and wet that it was found impossible to secure what they wanted. To simplify matters a narrow, long ditch was dug as they entered the forest, and the logs were floated in this to their destination. The ditch was made wide and deep enough to float a flat-bottom boat. One end connected with Deep Creek, a tributary of Elizabeth River, so that the logs could be floated right to the market of Norfolk. Year by year this work of gathering shingles went on, and further and further into the dismal wilds was the canal cut by the workmen. Most of the workmen were slaves, superintended by their white overseers. A certain number of shingles were required from each slave in one day, and all over and above these they were paid for. Years after the ditch was first started the workmen were startled one day by hearing strange voices in the distance. At first this frightened the workmen so that they were inclined to think that the swamp was the abode of evil spirits, but an investigation disclosed the fact that the North Carolina slaves had been digging a ditch from the opposite side toward the center of the swamp for the same purpose. The two parties had consequently met and over twenty miles of canal had been dug out of the swamp. The two parties had for years been digging independently toward each other, neither one knowing that the other was engaged in the same work. The point where the canals meet is marked by an angle. The canal is now owned by the Dismal Swamp Land Co., and it is very valuable to-day because of the ease with which the cypress and juniper shingles can be got to market. The shingles are made right in the swamp and shipped to the coast on flat-bottom boats. Logs are also floated down to Norfolk. At one time when the cypress and juniper were more plentiful in the swamp than to-day a single share of the canal company's stock was worth \$32,000.

Lake Drummond is located right in the center of the swamp, and is one of the loneliest bodies of water in the country. When the canal was cut through a branch was dug to connect with the lake, so that the water would rise higher, and one can consequently reach the lake in a dugout very easily. A curious phenomenon of the swamp is that the boggy soil in dry seasons becomes inflammable clay, which will burn half the year when once set on fire. The swamp represents a modern coal-forming epoch. During last summer the middle of the swamp was on fire for three months, burning not only the trees and underbrush, but the soil. Lake Drummond was supposed to have been formed by fire. Centuries ago fire must have burned out the present depression in the middle of the swamp, and the rains and streams of water in the swamp filled the excavation with water. The lake to-day is a beautiful sheet of water, frequented by birds and wild game, who come to its shores for food and drink. In the fall of the year innumerable deer are run into the lake by hunters, who then catch them with dogs.

During slavery days it was said that many runaway slaves escaped into the Dismal Swamp and lived upon the small islands that jut up out of the oozy slime here and there, subsisting upon the wild berries, birds and animals. Even the bloodhounds could not track them successfully here, owing to the wet, boggy nature of the soil, which would completely throw them off their scent. In many places the hunter sinks up to his waist in mud if by chance he steps off one of the bogs. The water is of a very dark color, similar to that in nearly all of the Southern streams; but it is excellent for drinking, and quenches the thirst as quickly as the best artesian well water. Lake Drummond is filled with pure water, and much lighter in color than that found in the streams in the swamp.

There are many reptiles in the Dismal Swamp, but the vast majority are harmless snakes, and the hunter can pick them off the logs with impunity. But it is well to understand the different species of snakes before attempting this. The cotton-mouth moccasin frequents the shades of the swamp and his bite is deadly. The small rattlesnakes, with here and there a diamond-back, may be found sunning themselves on the logs or trees. The swamp is also quite full of wild cattle, which have strayed from domesticated herds long before the Rebellion, and who have degenerated into creatures scarcely recognizable. They roam through the glades in herds of two or three, and hunters shoot them as they do bears. Although very diminutive in size, these semi-wild creatures are fierce and strong, and a young bull would be more than a match for a Southern bear. The cattle are stalked and hunted in considerable numbers, but they are always shot, and not lassoed and taken home alive.

Bears are very numerous throughout the whole length and breadth of the 300 square miles. They are chiefly the small Southern black bear, ugly and ferocious when cornered, but a coward when there is a chance to escape. They subsist chiefly upon the wild berries and the fruit of the sour gum. Hunters in one trip up the canal as far as Lake Drummond in the fall of the year have killed as many as twenty bears. Wildcats, possums and raccoons are quite plentiful, so that the hunter may never look long for sport to tempt his gun. The wildcats are particularly vicious and aggressive in these wild, dark haunts. They feel more at home in the dense forest than elsewhere, and they do not hesitate to attack a man when wounded. Brought out into the open country beyond the edges of the swamp, they prove as cowardly as the bears, but they appear to resent the intrusion of man into their wild region, and they express their feelings in unmistakable snarls and cries. The first night the inexperienced hunter spends in the Dismal Swamp he is apt to forget all about sleep. The wild cries of the wildcats, and the screams of nightbirds, and croaking of frogs, with an occasional bellow of an alligator, do not give to the air the pleasantest sounds. But in reality there is no danger. No hunter has ever yet been attacked in the swamp by beast, bird or fish.

The squirrels are probably the most numerous of all the animals in the swamp, and they are so abundant that it is a wonder they can find enough to eat. The squirrel hunter in the North would do well to visit the Dismal Swamp if he would like to find his favorite game in numbers suitable to his wishes. The swamp is full of nut and berry trees, and the squirrels fight with the bears for their share. In the fall of the year when the nuts are ripe the squirrels pick them up from the edge of Lake Drummond, where the wind has blown them in long windrows. Thousands of squirrels may be seen running along the shore and out upon logs and sticks to gather the fallen nuts.

While deer are common in the swamp, they are very difficult to get unless provided with good hounds that can

chase them through the swamp. They always take to the center of the swamp when pursued, and invariably seek Lake Drummond. In this respect they show their shortsightedness, for the hunters divide into two parties and take advantage of their weakness. While one party starts the dogs on their track the other waits patiently in the small dugouts on the lake, and as soon as the deer is heard crashing through the bushes they start for him. Once in the water the hunted creature can easily be shot or captured alive. Many fine Southern deer have been caught in this way for parks and museums, and there is no trap so secure and sure as Lake Drummond.

Birds abound, and breed in the trees, in the bushes, on the ground, and even under it. They sing in joyful songs from every bush and twig, or flash their gaily-plumaged bodies before your eyes at every turn in the canal. The long-legged crane and the equally long-necked blue heron flutter up from the lagoons in twos and threes; the graceful and brightly-clothed ibis watches you from the side of some swamp stream; innumerable ducks and geese flock in the center of Lake Drummond and inspect you warily; brush turkeys wander through the highest part of the swamp and utter their peculiar calls; and from every log and bush some strange bird greets you with a stare of wonder or welcome, and then utters a cry of fear. It is like going through a museum of natural history to pass through the swamp in a dugout. Rice mice, field mice, golden mice and lemming mice run up and down the trees and bushes and hide themselves among clusters of leaves and branches.

The forest growths are no less interesting and varied than the animals and birds. Cypress trees and junipers 50 years old tower high up above the swamp undergrowth; magnolias 60ft. high produce magnificent blooms that seem to touch the clouds and scent the whole forest around with their delicate odor; vines wrap and entwine every tree, squeezing out the life from the weak and seeking support from the strong; air plants 50ft. among the branches blossom half the year and drop long tendrils down toward the gloom below, and in the summer season the wild jasmine, laurel, dogwood and honeysuckle laden the air with such a combination of sweet odors that one feels intoxicated. It seems more like a fairy land than a swamp. The gloom and darkness of the vaults under the trees suggest unearthly regions, while the beauty of natural objects around relieves the mind of the depressing sense of forbidding surroundings. There are very few such places in this country that can produce the combined effect of gloominess and enchantment that one always feels when shut up in the dark glades of Virginia's Dismal Swamp.

G. E. W.

NEW ENGLAND DIALECTS.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I agree fully with your delightful correspondent M. de Montauban in admiration of Mr. Robinson's faithful representation of the Yankee and Kanuck dialects, as given in the Uncle Lisha series of sketches, I must differ with him decidedly in the supposition that the speech of the early settlers of northern Vermont and New Hampshire was in any way derived from an Irish ancestry or tinged with Irish brogue. The fact is, to the best of my recollection, that the Irish element was an almost unknown factor in northern New England until the building of the great railroad systems of the Vermont Central and Concord & Montreal during the period of ten or twelve years beginning in 1845. The Irishmen, driven from home by the great potato famine, then came over here in thousands, and did the great bulk of the manual labor in grading and excavating for these roads, an occupation for which the sturdy backs developed by their digging in the peat bogs of their native country eminently fitted them. They were as essential to the building of the railroad systems of New England as were the Chinese, in later years, to those of the Pacific Coast. Where they were planted they stayed, and their children brought up in our common schools are becoming valuable citizens, very different from those who have hung around the docks and slums of the great cities. In my boyhood days an Irishman was nearly as great a curiosity in northern New England as a red Indian, and I well remember the appearance of the first pair who came to this village at a somewhat earlier date, say 1835 or '6. One of them, Michael Tobin, was a strong, sturdy fellow, and at once found employment on a farm; the other, Peter Stoneham, was a confirmed invalid, but made a living, while he did live—which was not long—by ransacking the banks of the river and brooks for willows, osiers he called them, from which he supplied the village with baskets.

I remember his teaching me how to make one which lasted for a chip-basket for a year or two, and I tried to make a trout creel, but it was too clumsy for comfort. Two or three more drifted slowly in afterward, and found employment as gardeners in the village, but the great influx did not come until 1846 or '7.

It is true there was a large immigration in the southeastern part of the State in the last century of the Scotch Irish, as they were called, from Ulster county, and the names of Derry, Londonderry and Windham yet bear testimony to their points of departure, but they were of Scotch origin, and showed it in name, looks and language.

Among the most honored names in New Hampshire are those marked with the Scotch Mac, such as McDuffy, McDuffie, McGaw, McGregor, McNeill, McQueston and McRae, but they did not bring any brogue with them, and "there were no flies on them" either, to use the last slang phrase.

If Mr. Montauban will look over Sam Lovel again, he will find that Sam speaks of an Irishman as rather a curiosity in his experience.

The dialect and character of the native Yankee, as given by Mr. Robinson, are perfect as I recall them in the days in which he lays his scenes, and we now have a venerable fellow townsman, whom I can remember, when his wife was living, as always referring everything "to M'ri," while Uncle Lisha pegged boots at the corner near my father's house, and for a year or two after I first left home I was a fellow boarder with a Maine doctor who was a facsimile of Solon Briggs. Sam Lovel himself would almost pass for a photograph of my late lamented colleague on the Fish and Game Commission, A. H. Powers. Many of these so-called Yankeeisms are pure old English, now become obsolete at home, but I was much surprised at meeting some of them on their native heath in Lancashire and Yorkshire, when in England in 1850-1. Giving a man "a licking" instead of "a thrashing" was the first

phrase to attract my notice, but I afterward found many more. However, to use another Yankee phrase, "this is a great Boo for such a small colt," as I only intended when I began to disclaim any Irish origin for the native speech of New England, and to express my admiration for Mr. Robinson's exquisite portraiture of it, and my continued delight in reading his truthful and graphic sketches.

VON W.

POSSUM TOM.

THE trees were gaunt and the fields were brown, but there was sunshine and the droning of bees and the singing of birds abroad in the land. It was only the tenth of the year, but no day in June is more lovely and fair—more brilliant withal, or more floods the world with the delight of mere living.

I knew it was too warm to think of hunting, but the dogs were wild for a run, my pony stood at the gate, and I knew that birds could be found for the seeking, so I exchanged my corduroy coat for a jacket of canvas, and was soon on my way to the coverts. At noon, repentant and weary, I betook my lunch and the pointers to a spring that I knew for an hour of rest. Uncle Peter, an old colored friend, who was out hunting rabbits with three curs and a musket, paused in the act of kneeling to drink to greet my approach, and graciously invited me to "squench" my thirst before he "riled up de water." In return for his "manners" I offered him part of my "smack," and rejoiced to see the relish with which he partook despite his modest avowal that he "wa'n't er bit hongry."

When our pipes were produced I found my tobacco had been lost or forgotten, and Uncle Peter by dusting his pockets only managed to scrape up enough crumbs to half fill the hole in his corn-cob, but before he had half finished this he heard in the distance a familiar halloo to a hound, and exclaimed:

"Dat's Possum Tom yellin' at dat dog, Mars' Will! You des wate a minit; he's got de bes' stingy green en enny nigger I kno's, an' I'se gwine ter hobble ober dar an' git yer sum," and with this the old fellow set forth on his mission of mercy, soon after returning with a twist of home raised tobacco that bettered his praise in the smoking.

After contentedly puffing a moment or two I began speculating about the man who could raise such tobacco, and inquired:

"Who is this Possum Tom, Uncle Peter? Where does he live?"

"He's one er our niggers; hain't yer neber heayr my Mars' John talkin' about 'im? Yer hain't? I sho is s'prised at dat, 'cause hit look lack Mars' John don't never git tired er miratin' 'bout dat nigger."

"Tell me about him, Uncle Peter."

"Wal, sah, dat Tom's de lacklies' young nigger on de plantashun, an' dat's what mecks me say what I do, dat yer can't tell nuthin' 't all 'bout chilun what dey gwine ter be by 'n' by when dey git grow'd up—dat wus de 'onrest leetle chap eber I see. He wus dat puny an' sleepy lookin' dat ole marster call 'im 'Possom, an' de name dun hung ter 'im eber since; an', mun! he was er sight ter ketch possums too, 'twell Lou—dat's 'is wife—chored 'im er hun'in' 'um 'long in de fus' fall arter he had 'er."

"Lou's er monst'us fine 'oman, but I 'lowed dar wus gwine ter be trouble in dat cabin fum de start; an' sho 'nuff dar wus, an' heaps ob it."

"Yer see, Tom wa'n't nufin mo' 'n er boy when he up an' married, an' wa'n't no ways settled in 'is min' 'bout wh'er he want Lou er Jane, er ginger-cake gal libin' ober dar on de Riber Place. De berry day he had Lou I wus down at de quarters whar he 'us wuckin' nailin' bo'ds on 'is house tryin' ter git hit kivered 'g'inst de wed'in' dat nite; an' whilst I 'us dar dat nigger Jane cum er prancin' through de quarters lack er Morgan filly. Tom seed 'er, he did; an' des es soon es he clap eyes on 'er he drap eb'ry thing an' sorter r'ar up on 'is feets an' look'd at 'er, an' look'd at 'er, 'twell she 'us plum' out er sight beyant de hill, an' den he gin er long whis'le an' 'low'd, kinder ter hissef: 'Fore Gawd, I b'l'eves I orter had dat nigger."

"Dat settle hit; I kno'd dar 'us guine ter be trouble fur sho, an' hit wa'n't no s'prismen'ter me when I foun' out 'fo' de sum'er 'us gone dat Tom 'us guine possum huntin' mos' eb'ry nite, an' dat too down on de Riber Plantashun."

"Wal, der fus' thing yer kno' Lou she got jub'us, an' dar wus er fite, an' Tom he sich er leetle feller, he got de wust ob it; but nem' mine, stid erstop'in' 'im he des went huntin' mo' 'n eber. Dhen dey had mo' fites an' wus fites, 'twell dey raise sich er sturbment on de place dat Mars' John had ter teck er han' an' up an tell 'em dat de nex' time dey fite he guine ter move 'em clean erway frum de quarters an' out inter de woods whar ders guin' ons c'u'd'n scan'lize nobody but de owls an' de jay-birds."

"Dat settle de fitin' so fur es I kno', do Lou say she lay she stop 'im yit; an' de nex' time he went huntin' she tuck an' meck er pile outin 'is Sunday clothes an' burn 'em up ter de las' string."

"Tom 'us dat outdun at dat, he didn' kno' what ter do; an' Mars' John he gin Lou sich er talkin' ter dat hit 'us way long de nex' fall fo' she eben squeak'd, do dat nigger 'us huntin' wus'n eber now dat de varmint 'us sho 'nuff fitin' ter cat. I 'low'd she wa'n't lyin' so low fur nothin'; an' dat she was studyin' ter fling 'im on 'is back by 'n' by."

"Sho' nuff, one nite when hit wus des col' 'nuff fur er leetle fire do de house wus all open, an' I wus settin' by de chimby corner cleanin' out Mars' John's gun an' talkin' ter 'im 'bout de pa't'edges he dun kilt dat day, I heayrd Tom at de back do' callin' right easy lack: 'Unc Peter, Unc Peter.'

"I des say right erway ter mysef, 'Dar, Lou dun crimp dat nigger dis time, sho'r."

"I started ter go ter de do', but Mars' John he call out: 'What yer want, Tom? Unc Peter's busy.'

"I wants ter see yer, Mars' John. Step ter de do', please sah, Tom 'turned de answer."

"Ef yer want ter see me, Tom, cum heay, Mars' John say. Tom didn' cum an' didn' say no mo'; so Mars' John kep' on readin' de book an' clean furgot dat nigger 'us dar 'twell by 'n' by he heayr 'em erg'in: 'Mars' John, please, sah, step heayr des er minit.'

"Unc Peter, go an' see what dat nigger wants,' Mars' John say, widout eben lookin' up frum de book 'twell I cum back, an' he ax me what de matter. I wus dat tickled dat I mos' c'u'd'n talk, but I did meck out sum-how ter keep my face straight long 'nuff ter tell 'im Tom

'us out dar des es necked es he cum in de world an' ax 'im fur Gard's sake ter cum ter de do'.

"Mars' John jump up at dat an' grab er car'age robe out'n de hall an' fling hit 'roun' dat shiberin' nigger 'fo' he eben ax 'im what de trouble. Tom's teef 'us chat'rin' 'twell dey soun' lack de hail on de roof, but he say bes' he c'u'd: 'Mars' John, I started possum huntin' des now down on the Riber Plantashun. Dot made Lou mad an' she run an' cotch up wid me yonder by the gin house an' she flung me down an' tuck an' strip de las' rag off'n me, an' wen' home an' shet de do' an' pull in de latchstring, an' I des can't 'suade 'er ter lemme in de house.'

"'You go home, Tom, an' tell dat 'oman ter let yer in dat house,' Mars' John say, an' den he went back in de liberry an' laff lack he hurt hissef."

"'Bout 'n hour, I s'pec, I wus guine 'roun' shet'in' up de house, an' when I cum ter de back do' I c'u'd heayr Tom down at de quarters beggin'; 'Lou, oh, Lou! fur de Lord's sake lemme in, I'se mos' fre'z'."

"I wus skeerd dat nigger 'ud ketch 'is death out dar in de col', so I call Mars' John ter cum an' lis'en. Soon es he heayrd Tom beggin' an' er pleadin' whid dat 'oman he 'us dat mad hit skeerd me. He neber say er wurd, but he grab er big hick'ry stick frum out'n de rack an' pi'ched out in de dark; me er fol'rin' close behin' 'im es I dar'd ter keep 'im frum fin'in' out I wus dar. When he got ter de house he hit dat do' one rap wid de stick, an' I heayrd Lou hit de flo' when she jump out de bed when he say: 'Open dis do', Lou, an' let Tom in! Do yer want 'im ter die out heayr in de col'?' By dis time Lou had de do' open an' she 'turn de answer: 'I'se willin' ter let 'im in, Mars' John, but he ain't guine ter sleep wid me dis nite.'

"'Hit don' meck no differ' wid me nigger whe'r I sleeps wid you er no; all I wants is ter git ter de fire,' I heayrd Tom say, an' den I slip back ter der house 'fo' Mars' John fin' out I bin dar."

"Dat chored Tom er huntin', 'cep'in' rabbits in de day-time. He seed he c'u'd'n hole er lite ter dat 'oman cum-in' er guine, an' he des went ter wuck an' settled down 'twell now dar hain't nufin' 'bout 'im ter 'mind yer ob 'is good-fur-nufin' days 'cep'in' des de name—Possum Tom."

WILL SCRIBBLE.

GREENBRIAR, Ala.

ON THEIR WAY EAST.

The "Forest and Stream" Red Hunters.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.—It was a singular party which topped off from the Wisconsin Central train last Wednesday morning, and one which attracted a great deal of attention from the passers-by. This was the little band of Blackfeet Indians, on their way to the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York, in bond, so to speak, in the hands of Forest and Stream Publishing Co. from the Secretary of the Interior, who has granted to that representative sportsmen's journal the privilege of showing all good white hunters the ways of the red hunters of the West.

It would have disappointed any man disposed to carp or sneer at an Indian, because he is an Indian, to see those native Americans. Self-confidence and dignity are unmistakable and command respect under any color and of any color. It was impossible to avoid feeling impressed by the positive dignity of the Piegan leader, Bear Chief. One felt at once that he was in the presence of a man of consequence and power of character. Possibly some young white clerks who never rode a horse, or some rich young men who never earned a dollar, may have smiled at Bear Chief because he was an Indian. Yet by what right could they smile? Had they themselves ever proved themselves more manful? Have they ridden down the buffalo, or fought hand to hand, man against man, in contests where defeat meant death? Bear Chief is a fighter and is chief because he has proved himself a man.

The tall and dark man (he stands 6ft. 1½ in.) who came down the platform carrying the black-eyed baby was William Jackson, of the Piegans, interpreter for the party. Billy Jackson sported no long hair and wore no buckskin, but none the less he too is a fighter with a record which my clerk and my rich man's son will probably never care to equal. Billy was at the ripe age of 14 when he first became a U. S. scout and trailer. He was 18 when the Custer fight occurred, and was one of Reno's fourteen scouts in that battle. When the Indians drove back Reno's three companies of troopers from the river bank they left these scouts, cut off in a little willow patch. Here they lay and fought till dark. It was here that Charlie Reynolds, chief of scouts, was killed. Out of the fourteen scouts Billy was one of the four who got out alive. Since then he has been in the Riel rebellion and all the rest of the good fighting in the North, but you wouldn't know that to look at or talk with him.

Billy Jackson's wife, the very comely young woman who walked at his side and pulled the baby's shawl from off her head so she could get plenty of air, was Na-tò-ka, among her own people what the beautiful daughter of an old and wealthy family is with us. Na-tò-ka would disappoint sadly any observer who was looking for a looped and windowed ugliness. Her face was smooth and pleasant, her hair smooth as a seal's head, her garb neat and after the fashion of the settlements.

Jack Monroe, with the party, has been heard of before as a mighty hunter and trapper of the St. Mary's country. His home is near the top of the Continental roof, where you can send a twig to the Atlantic or the Pacific, as you like, by water route. J. W. Schultz, who traveled with the party as far East as Chicago, is known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as a guide and hunter in the Black-foot region.

Least, but by no means last, was the baby, Na-tò-yi, daughter of Billy Jackson and Na-tò-ka—the fattest, sleekest, jolliest, cutest little tot of a girl baby that ever struck Chicago or any other city. I had thought myself beyond such folly, but I confess I fell in love with Na-tò-yi. Her twinkling black eyes, her chubby cheeks and curly dark hair were too much for me; and about everyone else who has seen this baby—she is only 20 months old—has surrendered at once in similar fashion. It was a cold and snowy Chicago day when we went out into the street, but Na-tò-yi's bare legs kicked comfortably, and the snowflakes lay white on her curly pate. Then folks wondered what sort of creature this crowing little beauty was. At the hotel she owned the house in twenty minutes, and an hour later had a retinue waiting at her door. At Lincoln Park, where she went to have her first look at the elephant and the lion and the

monkeys, with her parents and friends, to whom all this was also new, she owned the animal house and tried to shake hands with the elephant, which ever after she calls to mind with slow and ponderous noddings of her own little noddle—a quick instance of the Indian readiness at sign language. At the dog show, where the party went that night, the baby again owned the house and received the attention of all the officials of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, as well as those of countless well-clad ladies who thronged the aisles and asked to be allowed to "hold the baby."

The hot air and the rich odors of the white men's many dogs in assembly proved too much for Na-tò-ka, the Indian woman, who became faint and had to be led into fresher air. She revived in time to see the performing dogs and monkeys, and at these both she and the dignified Bear Chief laughed heartily in wonderment and glee. I asked Bear Chief what his people would say if he told them he had seen a dog turn a handspring, and he replied: "They will tell me I am lying."

Bear Chief was even more quiet and reserved than was natural for him, and inquiry developed the pitiful cause of this. Within three days he had lost two of his own children, and the last thing he had done before starting on his long journey to the East to meet his friend on FOREST AND STREAM in New York was to hand over into the hands of his people the dead body of his baby, to be buried after he had gone. Indians are human, and this would have saddened any human parent. Bear Chief apologized for being silent and sad, but said his "heart was very heavy." Well it might be, though I could only admire the determination of the man, who put aside his own grief, and started on such a journey to keep the promise he had made to his friend. The Indian religion seems not to offer much consolation for the future state. We spoke to Bear Chief such sympathy as we could, and told him that now his children would never be cold or hungry again; and that they were happy where they were now. Bear Chief was silent for a time; then through the interpreter he said that these thoughts had not before come to him. "This talk is good," he said, "and it makes my heart much lighter." He sat around for quite a time in silence, and at length spoke to the interpreter, asking if he would ask me to have this talk written out and sent to his people, out at his home in Montana, where his women were mourning for the children that had died. I told him this should be done, and again he was silent for quite a while, but at length arose, came up to me, smiled, and shook my hand heartily. The language was plain, and I own I was touched by the whole incident. We sent out the letter, in care of the mission at the Blackfoot reservation, and I wish some comfort may come of it, at least in the news that Bear Chief has found friends in the land where he is visiting.

En Route to New York.

March 14.—The FOREST AND STREAM Indians are a surprise and a delight. We begin now to be better acquainted, and are trading hunting stories and general information. It is rather a fascinating experience, for me at least. I find the red hunters by no means so savage. They have learned much of the ways of the white people already. Polite themselves, they dread impoliteness and shrink from being stared at, though Bear Chief looks neither to the right nor to the left. The baby, Na-tò-yi, owns the sleeping car and the entire dining car service. Last night she met a little white girl in the car, and at once proceeded, by force of arms, to swap dolls with her, willy-nilly. Na-tò-yi's doll being of ging-ham, with a rag face, she realized the advantages of a big bisque doll with flaxen hair, and insisted on a trade. To this the white youngster objected, and we had a race war which for a time was hard to quell. It occurs to me that whether or not the visitors to the camp of the FOREST AND STREAM red hunters understand the ceremonies and customs they will see shown there, they cannot, any of them, fail to understand this Indian baby and her bright, self-confident and cheering, happy ways. It is an easy guess that Na-tò-yi will own Madison Square Garden next week, and it shall go hard if she do not also go back home with the entire scalp of Father Knickerbocker dangling at her belt.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

INTIMATIONS OF SPRING.

AT no time of the year does the lover of nature long for the woods and streams as about the end of March. It is a month before the season opens for trout, but the days are warm enough to melt the snow from the exposed places, although it freezes slightly at night.

You rise in the morning and think what a glorious day to be at that particular stream not 1,000 miles distant; the trouble is that you know the snow lies deep in the shady nooks and the pools are not yet entirely clear of ice. On going to your business you try to forget all about it, but as this is usually the dullest time in the year, you find yourself late in the afternoon sitting far back in the revolving chair with your feet on the desk, smoking and thinking of bygone times with rod and gun.

When at last you go home, you tell your wife that you are badly run down and need a holiday about as much as anybody ever did. She has seen it coming upon you for a week, but as it is not the first time, she has wisely concluded to let it run its course; for it is a real fever, with only one cure.

After supper you start and look about the house for your sporting duds, put the old rod together to try its spring and elasticity, fix the reel on the seat (although you know perfectly well it fits the rod), and closely examine your fly book. Perhaps you find that your boots need repairing and some of the tacks are lost; for I never wear rubber, but instead a leather, laced boot, 10 in. high, with hob nails in the sole to prevent slipping on the mossy rocks. Rubber boots are a nuisance first, last and all the time. If you have to walk any distance they sweat and blister the feet, and when wading those wild, rocky streams you are in constant danger of stepping in a hole and getting the boots full of water, to say nothing of the risk of drowning. With a pair of leather boots I am comfortable when walking on a hard road, sure of foot when wading, and with a dry pair of socks when finished I am in better condition at the end of a hard day's fishing than I could possibly be with rubber boots on.

But to return. When your things are put away you go downstairs and relate old experiences for the benefit of

your wife, who listens patiently and looks very much interested while you are describing how you captured that two-pounder last spring. When you retire to rest, your head is full of plans for an outing and your dreams are all on the same strain.

This sort of thing is kept up until finally you make up your mind that trout will bite, and oh! how you rush through that day's work to get the time for the purchase of some of the necessities that have been left to the last. That night you pack up everything for the trip and tell your wife to leave a cold lunch for you to get in the morning. When all is ready you take the alarm clock to your room and set it for 2:30 A. M.

You go to bed fully expecting to fall asleep at once, although it is only 9:30; but your brain is too full of eager expectations for immediate slumber and when you finally drop off it seems but a minute till you hear that cursed alarm going as if possessed of a demon.

Perhaps I will tell the story of that trip some time in the future, but as I do not feel in the mood for writing fiction it must be postponed.

CRUISER.

Forest Fires or Forest Police?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent editorial in FOREST AND STREAM which deals with the disappearance of our game in its relation to the occupancy of lands but lately of use solely or largely for the maintenance or pursuit of wild creatures for such sport as they might afford, and now devoted to the various uses of civilization, and as a consequence to the legitimate support and maintenance of civilized man, is in strict accordance with my views upon this subject. I believe that Sir John Lubbock estimates the breadth of land required to maintain an individual savage who lives by hunting at not less than fifty square miles. I have lived where I rarely tasted meat except that which fell to my gun, and I well remember a remark of my wife, that in our house-keeping "a gun was as necessary as a cooking stove." There is little game now in all that region, but there is plenty of wheat, corn and cattle, and the present occupants of the land are far more prosperous than were those who hunted in the long ago, while their children have opportunities for advancement of which in the old days their parents never dreamed.

This is legitimate and only what was looked for by thoughtful men.

That which most annoys me is not the diminution of our supplies of game and fish so much as the reckless—often wanton—waste and destruction which follow in the wake of the settler and leave but desolation in their track; and the apathy of the people and their chosen representatives, who, with comparatively few exceptions, regard with indifference such matters as forest fires, the pollution of streams, and the wanton and unlawful destruction of fish and game which constantly takes place under the eyes of those who live in the rural districts.

When I cruised northward to the Straits of Mackinaw last summer our boat was never out of sight of forest fires, while the smoke was sometimes so thick on Lake Michigan that we had to run by compass at noon.

The cost to the State of Michigan of these fires would have maintained for years a large body of forest police, who might, under suitable laws, have done very much to save both timber and game. Unless our people take warning in time their grandchildren, like the descendants of the old Greeks, will perhaps be found hunting for stray bushes on barren slopes, which in the days of their ancestors were forest-clad or otherwise productive. If the next Legislature will show a little common business sense and leave at home some of their political tricks they may earn the gratitude of the next generation by looking after these matters.

KELPIE.

Natural History.

THE WILDCATS OF NORTH AMERICA.

REPRESENTATIVES of the cat tribe, the great family known to naturalists as the *Felidae*, occur almost all over the habitable globe. Australia and the circumpolar regions are the only territories of considerable extent where wildcats are unknown. Of course, many of the smaller islands are free from their presence.

In fact, it may be said that two single species of cats divide the world between them, neither of them encroaching upon the other. These are the leopard of the Eastern Hemisphere and the panther of the Western. The former is found almost all over Africa and Asia, and at one time ranged throughout Europe, even to Scandinavia. In the New World the habitat of the panther extends from middle Patagonia through every part of South America, Central America and Mexico, all over the United States where not driven away by human settlement, and as far north as lower British Columbia and southern Canada. It inhabits alike the prairie and the forest, the mountain and the plain.

America must perforce yield the palm to Asia and Africa in the possession of the fiercest and most lordly of the cat tribe, the tiger and the lion. Yet the great cats of America, the jaguar and the panther, are not far behind these in size, activity and strength.

In an artificial classification of these quadrupeds we recognize three groups: the unspotted cats, the spotted cats and the lynxes. The first named, which are chiefly terrestrial in their habits, rank as the most highly organized of these groups from the fact that their young are always spotted or striped, and lose these markings before they reach the adult stage. This being the case, we may place at the head of American cats the panther, to whose immense range we have already referred. His superior size gives him an additional title to the first place on the list. This interesting quadruped, covering as he does so extensive a range, naturally rejoices in a variety of titles—panther, puma, cougar, Rocky Mountain lion, California lion—to say nothing of such local names as catamount and "painter." Naturalists the world over know him as *Felis concolor*.

This strong-limbed, muscular animal, well balanced in every part of his organism, if possessed of the undaunted ferocity of the Bengal tiger, might almost take rank by the side of that dreaded man-eater. The panther has been known to spring 20ft. into the air as an every-day performance in order to surmount the perpendicular face of a cliff and reach his cavern home. A young bull or a

half-grown colt sometimes falls a prey to his vigorous assaults.

But note the contrast when he has a man to face. This huge, tawny cat, to his shame be it said, is an arrant coward, driven to flight or to the refuge of a tree before the barkings of an unworthy cur, and shot from his perch by the hunter with as little show of resistance as if he were a squirrel or an opossum. He has "no stomach for a fight," and is only and occasionally courageous when the possession of a tempting piece of flesh so calls into play the greedy cat nature as to embolden him to face and repulse a pack of hounds until their masters appear upon the scene.

Annals of the early days of frontier and forest life, chiefly in our Western country, furnish occasional instances of attacks of the panther upon man, but the wily brute soon learned the meaning of the rifle crack, even if he had not already been taught to dread the sting of the Indian arrow.

Such is his cowardice that very few of the stories told of his prowess in confronting man can be regarded as authentic. We recall one such instance in the experience of a hunter in what was then the Territory of Washington. Returning alone through a forest with a haunch of venison on his shoulder, he was set upon by a "California lion," doubtless attracted by the meat, and in the struggle that followed the man was so terribly lacerated that he soon died.

Another instance in point was related to the writer by an old and trustworthy hunter in the Blue Ridge of southwestern North Carolina. About fifty years ago, when that now sparsely settled region was literally a howling wilderness abounding in game, large and small, a panther sprang from a tree upon the stooping form of an Indian engaged in digging ginseng roots. After a desperate fight, in which he was fearfully lacerated, the Indian succeeded in killing the panther with his knife. But such instances, as already stated, are exceedingly rare.

On our southwestern prairies, as well as on the South American pampas, the panther is sometimes captured with the lasso. The cowboy or ranchman, seeing a "big cat" straying at a distance from the brush, soon brings his fleet pony within the desired range, and the choking rope-noose ends the chapter.

The cry of the panther may be described as a long-drawn, shrill, whining scream, often losing the whine in its fierceness. It is cut into sections, so to speak, but lacks the screech-owl tremulousness of the cry of the smaller cats. It is often blood-curdling when heard in the lonely forest, or when it breaks upon the stillness of night.

There are but two other species of "unspotted cats" in North America, the jaguarundi (*Felis yaguarundi*) and the eyra (*Felis eyra*). The former inhabits the *tierra caliente*, the low hot country of Mexico and Central America, and I have seen no authentic account of its presence north of the Rio Grande. It measures 10in. high at the shoulder, 2ft. in length of body and 18in. in length of tail.

The eyra has much the same range as the jaguarundi, but has occasionally been seen and killed in Texas, where it is known as "the weasel cat," from its resemblance to the weasel when seen at a distance. I once saw a full-grown specimen of this cat in the live oak thickets of Padre Island on the Texas coast, but I failed to shoot it. It has also been seen in New Mexico.

The adult eyra is 18 to 20in. long in body, its tail is 10 to 12in. long, while its height at the shoulder is only 7in., and its front legs are almost abnormally short in comparison with the hind limbs. It varies in color from a reddish yellow to a bright rufous red, often mimicking the color of the clay of the numerous gullies (or arroyos) which everywhere cut the prairie along the coast. While its length is considerably greater, its height is but little above that of the domestic cat; hence, like the jaguarundi, it is by no means a formidable beast.

We come now to consider the spotted cats, which, though more attractive in respect to color, cannot claim superior beauty of form or grace of movement. The unspotted cats, as we have already stated, are chiefly terrestrial in their habits, although they sometimes betake themselves to the friendly branches of a tree, either to escape their one enemy, man, and his minion, the dog, or the better to lie in wait for and spring upon their prey. The spotted cats, on the other hand, are essentially arboreal in haunt and habit, resting by day among the sheltering leaves of forest trees, ready to spring upon any unwary deer, antelope, calf, hog or hare that may pass beneath.

The largest of American spotted cats is the famous jaguar (*Felis onca*), the most formidable of the New World *Felidae* by reason of its courage and ferocity. This great cat, almost the counterpart of the leopard of the Old World, is fully as long in body as the panther and 4 to 5in. lower at the shoulder. His feet and limbs are nearly as heavy, while his head is larger and his ears wider apart. His habitat is far more limited than that of the panther, ranging through Brazil, along the lower western slopes of the Andes, through the forests of the Amazon and the Orinoco, the wooded sections of Colombia and Central America, and along the Gulf Coast of Mexico and Texas, as far northeast, at one time, as the bayous of southern Louisiana. The jaguar is still an occasional inhabitant of southern Texas, though very rarely seen or heard. I have seen the skins of very large tawny and black-spotted specimens that had been shot along the line of railroad between Laredo and Corpus Christi.

Report having been made to me of a jaguar as occasionally seen in the great stretch of live oak near the Aransas, a small river not far north of the Nueces, I procured a pack of large hounds used to treeing wildcats and the like, supposing that they would also be available for my present purpose. As soon as we reached the locality named we killed a hog and exposed its carcass. The jaguar found the bait over night and devoured the throat and parts of the head. When, however, we put the dogs on the scent they refused to follow, bristling up, whining and showing other signs of fear. This had been predicted by my guide, who confirmed the statement of other hunters to the effect that the jaguar, unlike the panther, stands in no fear of dogs, but springs upon them and tries to drag them away, often with success. Our dogs proving useless for our purpose, we finally gave up our pursuit of the jaguar.

Of the spotted cats, the next in size to the jaguar is the ocelot (*Felis pardalis*), a beautifully spotted and somewhat

banded species, well known in the sections it inhabits. It is a little smaller than the average setter dog, lower in stature, but nearly as long. It measures 2ft. 3in. in length of body, and 14in. in length of tail. Its shoulder height is 16in., and its heavily moulded figure gives the impression of great muscular power. The head is broad and full.

The name leopard cat, popularly given to this animal, might well be changed to tiger cat, because its velvety spots are often lengthened into bands or stripes. Otherwise it is a miniature jaguar, except that its ground color is white, with a very little tawny in most specimens.

The ocelot preys upon birds, hares, lambs, young calves, antelopes and fawns. Its ability to hold and kill a full-grown deer is not well proved. It seldom leaves the shelter of bushes and trees except to cross prairies from grove to grove. The surest way to capture this cat is to explore the groves carefully, far and wide. Patient and thorough search will usually be rewarded by finding an ocelot extended on a horizontal limb of a tree, taking his siesta. He will not show excessive alarm at being discovered, but will sit upright, watching you closely and showing his teeth if you approach too near. At the first chance he will spring to the ground and make off at a regular cat gallop.

If, however, you do not intend to lose him, one bullet through his head as he sits looking at you will make him your property. And here, by the way, we may remind our sportsman readers that the head of a cat, and not the heart, should always be the point of aim. A bullet through the brain means instant death, but a cat shot through the heart or lungs, though of course mortally wounded, is often a very dangerous animal for a few moments at least. In the desperation of his last struggle he may hurl himself upon you, and a few seconds may suffice for a lacerated arm or face.

While in lower Texas a story was told me on good authority of a Mexican shepherd who, on returning to his hut one night and hearing the piteous bleating of a hurt lamb he had left within, determined to kill the intruder, which in the darkness he mistook for a coyote. As the beast dashed for the door the Mexican, used to such encounters, made a grab for it and found he had caught a tatar in the shape of a large ocelot. He had grasped it by the throat, and had it been a wolf he would soon have choked it to death. But the powerful cat used its claws at once, and the Mexican, seeing his mistake, tried to relinquish his hold. He found that it took two to make a bargain, for the ocelot clung to him and savagely tore his arm and hand. The man at length pinned the cat to the ground, and then, watching his opportunity, seized it by the hindleg, swung it free from him and over his head, and brought it down with all its 30lbs. with such force as to stun it, whereupon he killed it with his knife. He at once set out for the nearest town, twenty miles away, and arrived there only to find that his left arm had to be amputated at the elbow.

The cry of the jaguar is a rough, deep-voiced roar, resembling that of the lion, but with less volume of sound. When heard at a distance it is not unlike the braying of a mule, without the rising wheeze at the end of each note.

The ocelot's cry is more like the panther's than the jaguar's, and heard at night, half a mile away, recalls the weird, mournful cry of some great night bird of the owl or heron tribe.

The only remaining spotted cat of North America is the margay (*Felis tigrina*), an animal similar to the ocelot in its markings and general proportions, but much less in size. The margay averages 18in. in length of body, 8in. in length of tail, and 8 or 10in. in height at the shoulder. In some sections its size is considerably under these figures—in fact, hardly exceeding a large house cat. There is good reason to assume that this wiry, agile little animal inhabits the section just north of the Rio Grande, known as the "Bad Lands," abounding in cactus and seamed with arroyos. While there I heard many accounts of shooting a very small spotted cat; and I observed that the natives habitually spoke of three kinds, as the big leopard-cat, the small leopard-cat, and the little spotted cat. By these names they plainly designated the jaguar, the ocelot and the margay.

Last of all we come to speak briefly of the lynxes, which in popular parlance are designated as the wildcats proper, though they depart more widely from the true *Felis* type than those previously named. The tufted ear, the large limb, the furry foot, and the bob-tail, are the characteristics of the lynx group. Naturalists are as yet divided upon the question of making *Lynx* a separate genus from *Felis*.

The bay lynx has two well-marked varieties, the *Felis rufus* and *Felis rufus maculatus*. The typical species is the common wildcat of the temperate regions of the United States, and the variety is the spotted lynx of the Southwest, the Gulf Coast and occasionally of Florida.

These varieties constantly interbreed, and the differences are but superficially climatic. The broad foot and long hair are less noticeable in the Southern than in the Northern lynxes, which last approximate the larger and rougher coated Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*). This quadruped stands about as high and long as a setter dog, while the common wildcat (*Felis rufus*) averages 4 or 5in. shorter and 2 or 3in. lower, running down in some sections of the southern Alleghanies to the size of a beagle hound.

All the lynxes are less cowardly than the other cats. A lynx will take to a tree even when pursued by a small dog, and will do all in his power to elude the pursuit of man. But he will show fight when pressed to the wall or if surprised at a meal. The cry of the common lynx, or wildcat, is described as a shrill, long-drawn scream, somewhat tremulous in its cadences like the note of the screech owl.

S. F. A.

Starlings in America.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 1.—The flock of starlings that I wrote about last year are still flourishing in Pelham Bay Park, and have increased from about 50 to over 200 birds. I have seen them often, but have not been able to obtain any specimens, as they are very wild, and what seems strange to me is that, though the park is as wild and uncultivated as the rest of the country near New Rochelle, I have never seen them anywhere else. I have not been able to find where they nest yet, but I hope to do so this spring.

Yesterday I heard the song of the song sparrow for the first time, and as I write an early robin is hunting diligently for food on the lawn,

EDWIN S. HAINES.

Hibernating of the Woodchuck.

I WAS much interested in the article on hibernating of the woodchuck in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, more especially observing the difference of the length of time they remain asleep in different localities, owing, doubtless, to the climate, and possibly to other influences. I have only observed them in northern Maine; here they go to earth from the middle to the last of August—generally about the 20th—and it is seldom they make their appearance again before the last of March or first part of April, when they usually remain out or seek some other hole in the ground. Thus they hibernate seven months at least—more than one-half their lives in the dormant state—truly, they are one of the seven sleepers.

They are usually fat when they come out and are a dainty dish for the table, not having any of the strong taste they have later in the season.

These chucks are very fond of clover, and usually burrow near a field of that grass, and the singular part of it is that they go to den just as the delicious aftermath of the clover field is starting up fresh. It is possible, however, that they have already acquired a sufficient surplus of fat to last through the long winter, and nature makes them seek their long sleep.

We have here woodchucks of two colors, rufous and black. The former are more common, but the black ones are shiny and very pretty.

The chipmunk squirrel goes to den also in August and remains under about the same length of time. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

Maryland Bird Notes.

THERE seemed to be a striking unanimity among observers during 1895 as to the great scarcity of bluebirds, apparently due to the extremely low temperature that prevailed very far south during the winter of '94-'95. Whatever the cause, it is certain that an isolated pair or two were all that I observed in this vicinity at the usual mating time, and very few were noted during the fall migration.

This year I noted two pair investigating various nesting sites and actively courting as early as Jan. 23, and since then, even though we have had two cold snaps, several other pairs were seen yesterday, March 7, as many as twelve in a flock.

The purple grackle is here in numbers, a song sparrow was heard yesterday, and it will be interesting to note if we have an early spring.

There was a time not so many years ago when the scarlet tanager and the redheaded woodpecker were rare visitors hereabouts, but since 1893 these beautiful birds have been noted in greater number each year. Last year I saw fully thirty tanagers and no less than four pairs of red-heads nested on my lawn.

If there are any more interesting birds than these same redheads I do not know them. They are acrobats, carpenters, bird humorists of the first water, querulous, excitable, curious, industrious—uniting more characteristic traits in one than any bird I have ever studied.

SAM'L J. FORT, M.D.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Animal Instincts.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, Worcester, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For purpose of extended comparison I wish data as to habit, instinct or intelligence in animals, above all minor and trifling ones not in the books, useless or detrimental ones, and the particular breeds, species and genera showing each. Examples: Purring, licking, kneading objects with forepaws, humping back and "worrying" captured prey (like the cat), baying (at moon or otherwise), urination and defecation habits (eating, covering up, etc.), disposition of feces and shells in nest, rolling on carrion, cackling (or other disturbance) after laying, eating afterbirth or young, sexual habits, transporting eggs or young, nest-sharing, hunting partnerships or similar intelligent associations in animals, hereditary transmission of peculiar traits, rearing young of another species with resulting modifications of instinct, feigning death, suicide, fascination, and any others. Circular of information will be sent and full credit given for data used, or sender's name will be confidential, as preferred. Make answers full, always stating age, sex, place, date (or season), species, breed, and whether personally observed.

R. R. GURLEY, M. D.

The Mild Winter in the Northwest.

OKONAGON, Wash., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thus far this has been a very mild winter. We have not had what would be called a cold day. The snow in the mountains is quite deep, while on the south hillsides there has been but little snow. What few deer are left have fared well.

The Okonagon River from the Similkameen up to the Osoyoos Lake has not been frozen over. Geese, mallards and teal have been with us all winter, and I have seen all winter one meadow lark; it took up its quarters in Mr. Snyder's stable. A few days ago I saw one up near the mill. Mr. Cramer's hunting paradise has been invaded by the prospectors; in less than one week after the law passed there were more than 1,000 on the north half of the reservation.

LEW WILMOT.

A Maine March Robin.

AUGUSTA, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A robin was seen in this city yesterday, which is the first, I believe, seen this year. Quite recently we had a warm spell and a rain, which probably brought him; but now it has turned cold, with snow, and I am afraid the poor fellow will suffer for coming so early. I never knew of one coming so early before.

G. S. REYNOLDS.

Notes of the Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., March 9.—Early in February the pine grosbeak appeared in this vicinity in flocks of eight or ten, and they still remain and are daily seen about our orchards and gardens.

Ruffed grouse have so far wintered well and in goodly numbers. Our Mongolian pheasants are looking strong and healthy. The cocks are in fine plumage.

STANSTEAD.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

AT the time of going to press the second annual Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden is in full swing. It is already apparent that the good impression created last year has been so strengthened and broadened that the event can be considered to be, in many ways, the representative fixture of American sportsmanship. It is the assemblage of assemblages, the review of reviews, the presentment of the combined representations of sportsmen's activity in their several favorite fields. Since it is such, it can be held of the utmost value not only to the individual sportsman, but to the sporting goods trade, which must depend upon the intelligence and progressive-ness of that individual for its success.

Viewed as a whole—and at this hurried writing it can be viewed in no other way—the Exposition is in many ways superior to that of last year. The evidence of better management and more authority over detail is apparent. The spaces are better arranged and the total has a clearer and less crowded appearance. There are sixty-three different exhibits listed, and the variety of exhibits is greater than that of last year. The Exposition has for some time been receiving good and merited attention from the daily press, which last year treated it rather shabbily. This should have the result this week of bringing out a good attendance. The first day, Monday, was marked by the unfortunate snowstorm, which made city life a burden and street travel a travail, but in spite of this the floors were well crowded early in the afternoon, and the later days should see the house filled.

Nearly all of the great ammunition and gun houses have in their elaborate and elegant displays of modern guns. Here progress is apparent even for the one year past. The small caliber rifles and ammunition and the nitro powders have their development recorded, and there are other progressive inventions which shall have later mention. The powder companies are out in force, and their exhibits are ingenious, attractive and elegant, forming a strong feature in the Exposition.

Fishing tackle is excellently represented by several grand displays of the large firms, and the angler can loiter, linger and love new beauties in the most beautiful craftsmanship of the gentlest and most beautiful of sports. The total display in this branch of sport is vastly more comprehensive than was the case last year.

Taxidermy has not so many exhibits as it had last year, but those in place are extremely artistic and well chosen, with better effect than could be claimed for any show since the World's Fair. There were grand specimens of all the game animals of the world, and the hunter's life and methods were shown incidentally to this in a manner most thorough and gratifying.

Probably the most complete line shown is that of boats. There are all sorts of boats, from the FOREST AND STREAM Ethelwynn model down to a Rangeley clinker. There were large and small boats, sail boats and row boats and canoes, wooden boats, aluminum boats, rubber boats, steam and electric launch boats, and boats run by electricity in the rudder, to say nothing of a "bicycle boat," whose screw propeller is run by foot cranks like those of a bicycle and steered by handle bars like those of the latter machine.

By the way, the bicycle idea was very singularly and strongly in evidence. There were shown some aluminum wheels, very light and handsome, and some automotor bicycles and a horseless carriage. There was a bicycle boat and a bicycle magazine trap for throwing targets. The bicycle is certainly pushing its way into the domain of the rod and gun.

There is an extremely interesting and valuable display in the west galleries known as the Loan and Trophy Exhibit. Here there are many rare, valuable and curious things which all sportsmen should certainly see.

A curious feature is shown in an apparatus for producing the Roentgen X rays, and it is proposed here to photograph the interior of a gentleman who is so unfortunate as to have a load of buckshot in his neck.

There are three "backwoods cabins," all very realistic and well fitted, and one Indian camp, that of the FOREST AND STREAM. Upon the stage there are several expert and fancy rifle shooters, and an excellent band plays on.

We think we neither boast nor exaggerate in saying that the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit is one great feature of this Exposition, and one which competition in its own field never has nor will approach. We say the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, but should rather speak in the plural, for FOREST AND STREAM has no less than three distinct and unique exhibits, occupying, it is thought, more space by half than any other exhibitor has taken. The central exhibit is arranged on the main aisle in the center of the great floor, occupying a space 12 x 22 ft. in size. Here a cosy and typical sportsmen's newspaper office is shown. Trophies and paintings adorn the walls, and there is abundant but subdued and tasteful use made of all the natural decorative qualities of the objects connected with the craft. Come and see, and sit down and look about you. FOREST AND STREAM in epitome is there, in books and pictures, in promises and in fulfillments. The center of this space and the post of honor is given to the bound volumes of the 23 years of the life of this journal, a life as well and honestly spent as we knew how to make it. We confess openly that we are modestly proud of those 45 bound volumes which record the efforts and successes of this journal's career.

But the central exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM is not its chief feature, which without option of the paper has been popularly voted the feature of the whole show—FOREST AND STREAM'S Exhibit of the Red Hunter. We shall reserve for leisure effort the story of this portion of the FOREST AND STREAM'S endeavors to instruct and entertain. To those for whom it is possible our advice is to come and see personally something not frequently or easily to be seen—the life of the wild hunter as he lived in those wild and glorious days whose sunset is now fading forever on the sky. Here are to be seen the genuine skin lodge which made the favorite home of the Indians. They show here their dress and customs, their strange and weird religious ceremonies, their simple and interesting ways of life. The interpreter will tell what his people say. Bear Chief, head chief of the Black-foot tribe and a man of wealth and dignity, will give you an idea of the genuine wild chieftain of the plains, which you may rely upon as being genuine and correct. Na-

to-ka, the Indian woman, will change your notions of Indian women, perhaps, and with Na-to-yi, the FOREST AND STREAM Indian baby, who has established herself as a prime favorite and star attraction in one day's time, you are sure to fall in love. Of these things and of these people we shall speak at length later on.

In a gallery where the room can be darkened for the purpose (the entrance is at the center of the south side of the amphitheater) is located the third feature of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, a stereopticon display of over 150 pictures of interesting and stirring sporting scenes, all in charge of Mr. J. B. Burnham. This is a feature very much worth seeing, and all visiting sportsmen must be sure to visit it. It is part of the effort of this journal to give genuine and sterling features of novelty and attractiveness for the amusement and benefit of the legions of sportsmen who have always been good to it.

These legions of sportsmen, in so far as they are able, should see this great exposition this week. If they can not do so this week they may do so next week in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

BIG MOOSE LAKE, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently read an article in FOREST AND STREAM, written by Mr. Francis E. Oliver, of Syracuse, one of my guests of last season, on the protection of deer. That, together with letters written by other sportsmen, has prompted me to write and give not only my opinion, but experience for thirty years. I have been in the Adirondacks for thirty years and more, and have hunted deer in all ways and at all seasons of the year. When I first began hunting there was no law to say when we should kill or how many; and I think I can safely say that there were five deer there where there is one now, and probably more. I had an opportunity to see considerable of them during the deep snows, and I never found deer lying around dead, starved to death, as some will have it now.

Deer may get diseased and die off; and in fact I believe they do; but I don't believe they starve to death, as is claimed by many. Deer eat almost everything that grows in the woods, and there is always something within their reach.

The wolves were the worst enemies they had during the deep snow in those days. Wolves often killed great numbers on deep snows and crusts. The deer could stand that pressure for the season, for such destruction was short, and hunters were few compared to the present time. The deer is an animal that increases very fast, and will give us a proof of it if we will give them a chance. But with the increase of hunters and the dogs and all, the poor deer are getting the worst of it; for there certainly are less deer in the Adirondacks to-day than ever before. And what else can we expect when we think of the number of men and dogs that are in pursuit of them for so long a time?

There have been seen repeatedly in places that I can mention twenty or thirty men and as many dogs going in one band to hunt on certain streams. With all these men scattered out to watch the runways and all the dogs turned loose, what chance have the deer to get away?

Now this is no stretch of imagination, for it has been done repeatedly; and I have been told by reliable parties that the deer have been entirely cleaned out for a long distance where these parties go in. This is done mostly along the border of the woods, where they can go in with teams and tote out the venison. Add this to the hundreds of sportsmen manning all the lakes and ponds in the Adirondacks, and then see what the result will be; for it is true that during the dogging season you can hardly cross a pond or lake any day that you will not see one or more parties watching for deer pursued by dogs.

Now with these facts before us (and no one can show that it is not true) why ask the question, how shall we protect the deer or save them? I will tell you in my opinion how to do it. Take every dog out of the woods and keep them out. Give the deer a chance, and we will be able to get deer in a more sportsmanlike way a little later. I have always hunted deer with dogs and approve of it. Parties stopping with us last October, who came in to still-hunt, had a fine time, got a deer and seemed to enjoy it more than dogging. I think this the most sportsmanlike way of killing deer; and if we call off the dogs and let the deer increase, it will be no trouble to get a deer by still-hunting.

J. H. HIGBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I overheard an old Vermont farmer say, "There is a great deal of human natur' in mankind," and I think one may detect considerable "human natur'" in the talk—newspaper and otherwise—that is going on concerning the game laws in New York, and certain changes that have been proposed regarding them. There are three forces at work, and they represent three distinct classes of men. There is the man "whose god is his belly," who wants his game dinner and will vote to have it; there is the man whose idol is the dollar, and who deems it the inalienable right of the American citizen to traffic in game all the year round; and there is the man who worships at the altar of "true sport," and who engages in exhaustive arguments to prove that his ideas as to how and when game should be killed are the only real solution of the problem.

All these men will throw their ballots and their influence in the direction of their own personal interests, and they act within their rights in so doing. The class that controls the most votes will win. I can remember a year—not so very long ago—when a few sportsmen in New York city had sufficient influence at Albany to effectually block any change in the game laws that season. Personally, I wish that the same combination could be worked this year. I do not blame the gourmet and the market man for wanting to have the laws their way, and I do not want them to blame me for wanting laws that happen to suit my own selfish wishes. For, fellow sportsmen, if the truth is told there is considerable selfishness in our end of the business. What are game laws for? Surely not to create a food supply, for there is as yet no scarcity of beef, mutton or pork. Not for humanity's sake, because they would then proscribe the killing of game altogether. Not for purely sentimental ends, because the men who make the laws are not, as a rule, elected for sentimental purposes. A complete history of game laws, from ancient times to the present day, would probably show that they were chiefly enacted in the in-

terests of sportsmen, and that is about what they represent now. If we allow them to become obsolete or be replaced by others in the interests of the market man and the restaurateur, so much the worse for us.

All of which goes to show that sportsmen should stand together, decide on just what they want, and then work to secure it. And this leads up to the point which I wish to make—namely, that the laws regarding the killing of game in the State of New York are good enough as they now are, and that we "had better bear the ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of." Herbert Spencer's chapter on "over legislation" will apply to the game laws as well as to anything else.

It is a rather widely accepted fact that deer, under the present laws, are increasing in the Adirondacks as well as in northern New England, where the laws are more liberal. Why then should sportsmen quarrel among themselves about hounding and jacking and still-hunting? We all have our beliefs and our preferences regarding these things; but we know that they might be much worse than they are now, and that under changed conditions unthought of evils might creep in.

The time will never come when men can shoot deer from the porches of the big hotels or go hunting successfully with a brass band; but so long as the present order of things is maintained the real sportsman can go to the Adirondacks with more than an even chance of killing his legal quota of deer in a two or three weeks' outing.

Let us be very frank with ourselves and admit that when we go hunting we go to kill something, and that we do not buy a shooting outfit and hire guides merely for the purpose of viewing the scenery or enjoying the days and nights in camp on a diet of salt pork. Venison is good enough for us.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

CALIBERS OF HUNTING RIFLES.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was in the fall of 1892 that I sat for hours on a stand at the inlet of Meacham Lake, and at last a splendid buck came crashing through the alders and took to the water. When he had got a fair distance from the shore we went after him, and were within 40 yds. before the first shot was fired. Then I held my .44-40-200 Winchester well down on the back of his neck and let go—no results. A second and third shot at the same spot were equally without effect, but the continued noise seemed to confuse the buck, he turned sideways to see, and the fourth shot was sufficient.

When that buck was skinned we found the first three bullets within a 3 in. space on the back of his neck. Every one had struck the spine and had flattened without penetrating the bones.

I am not defending shooting deer in the water. Like most men I have done my share of it, and now have had enough of such butchery. But my experience in this and other cases satisfied me that the .44-40 rifle did not have driving power enough to be a satisfactory weapon for large game. In my poor judgement, one does not want a rifle that will kill game only when they happen to be so placed that you have a clear aim at a fatal spot, through soft tissues alone. On the contrary, your weapon should be able to send its bullet to the life whatever the position of the animal, provided the aim is correct. In the case under consideration a .45-70 or .45-90, and possibly a .38-55 would have killed the deer with the first bullet.

This buck was a particularly large and fine one, weighing nearly 250 lbs. not dressed, and his splendid head hangs in my hall now; but my satisfaction in it is a good deal marred by the remembrance of the needless torture to which he was subjected through the use of an inferior weapon.

Since that time it has been my privilege to use a .45-90-300 Winchester against elk, deer and antelope in the best preserved game region of Colorado, and for fair still-hunting instead of aqueous murder. In penetration, accuracy, flatness of trajectory and general merit, this gun gave me the most eminent satisfaction. It sent a 300-grain bullet completely through a great bull elk at 150 yds., brought down a buck antelope at fully 350 yds., and was remarkably accurate at the target at any reasonable range. By the way, I found it adapted only to the 300-grain bullet, and that with the heavier ball of 405 grains the recoil was greatly increased and the accuracy lost, the gun throwing from 8 to 10 in. high at 100 yds. Aiming at the point of the chest of a blacktail buck facing me at about 90 yds., I put a 405-grain bullet exactly between his eyes. This was of course sufficient to convert him into venison, but was not satisfactory as a target shot.

No rifle will do good work unless it is held straight; but why handicap yourself by using an inferior gun when a perfect one costs little more, weighs no more, and is as convenient in every other respect?

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters which have recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about calibers of rifles for large game have been very interesting to me.

Any person in selecting a rifle should select it with some particular purpose in view. I certainly should not want the same gun for shooting woodchucks and gray squirrels in my old home in New England that I would for shooting silver tips in these grand mountains, or the antelope on the plains to the south of us. The last gun that I would select for shooting any large game would be the shotgun loaded with ball cartridges. The experience of mankind both in war and hunting in the few centuries past has been such that the smooth-bore musket is no longer considered a valuable weapon, but has long since been discarded to give place to the modern rifle. Just why a man would wish to take the shotgun for shooting ball cartridges I cannot understand. In fact it is not quite as good for that purpose as the old smooth-bore musket. In accuracy and killing power at a distance exceeding 50 yds. it is not in competition with any of the modern rifles.

If the desire is to have both a rifle and a shotgun in the hands at the same time, that can be secured in a much more serviceable form by using the three-barrel gun. I have one 12-gauge with rifle barrel .40-70-330 caliber, which I consider the best all-round gun that I have ever used; its weight is 8½ lbs., and length of barrel 28 in. In accuracy at long and short range the rifle is equal to any Winchester or other rifle that I have ever used, and the shotgun leaves nothing to be desired except that it is not hammerless. In the mountainous country here, where we

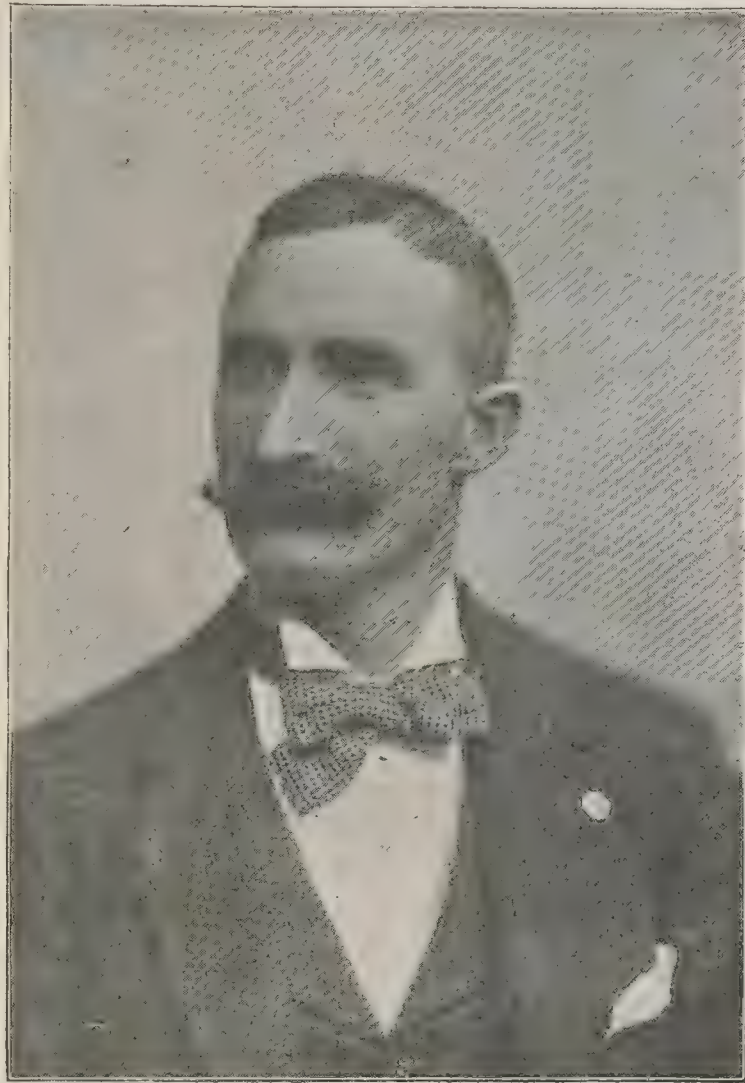
may strike grouse, turkey, deer or bear in the same day's travel, this gun suits very well.

We hear a great many talk about the great value of the rifle for decapitating grouse, and I suppose they would use it the same on quail if the opportunity should occur; but I do not claim to be so fine a shot that I prefer a rifle to a shotgun for either grouse or quail. I have a fondness for the good old scatter gun that may be of service on quail or grouse when under good headway. There may be some expert riflemen that actually believe that the rifle is the proper gun for grouse; but while I can plead guilty to having killed a few grouse with a rifle, I should not select that gun for the purpose in preference to a shotgun.

In regard to calibers, I have never seen any game that I want a larger caliber than .40 to use on. I think the .40-70-330 is a most excellent cartridge, and am glad to see that the Winchester people have put on the market one of their repeaters using this cartridge.

In regard to the small caliber smokeless rifle, I have only tried the Mänlicher, but believe they have come to stay. I do not like the action of the Mänlicher and would not use it on that account, but I intend to give the Savage .30 caliber a careful test with its different cartridges on antelope at long range and on large game next fall.

I think the greatest fault with most sportsmen in regard to securing the most effective weapon is their attachment to their first love in rifles. We frequently hear some old timer claim that the .44 caliber Winchester was one of the most effective weapons ever used in this country. That this little rifle was for years well to the front cannot be denied, but anyone who has taken the trouble to care-



S. F. FULLERTON.
Executive Agent Minnesota Fish and Game Commission.

fully test one of them alongside a .45-90, or a .40-70 or .40-65, cannot help knowing that in killing power the little short .44 cartridge is not in it, and for long range they are utterly useless.

Many hunters, if they make a chance shot with a gun and kill some large game at fairly long range, believe that they can always do it with that gun and that no other gun could possibly equal it.

It is not a difficult matter to make a practical test of the range, accuracy and killing power of a rifle. If not in a country where large game is plentiful for testing the killing power of a rifle, by watching for an opportunity one can usually find a sick horse or a cow, or one with a broken leg that the owner would be glad to have shot, and the post mortem examination will clearly demonstrate what a rifle will do.

I shall never be satisfied until I have tried a .30 caliber smokeless rifle with expansive bullet on some large game. I do not feel sure that they will do the work, but I am inclined to the opinion that they will. I know they have one excellent quality, that of a very low trajectory, and this of itself is a great point in their favor.

I would like very much to learn the experience of any practical man who has tried any of these rifles on large game.

H. B. HERSEY.

SANTA FE, N. M., March 3.

HELENA, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you have space in your paper for one more expression of opinion concerning the best caliber for large game, I would say, with all due respect to the many advocates of large calibers, that I have lived and hunted in the mountains of Colorado and Montana since 1877, have used all calibers, and have adopted as my favorite rifle the .38-55 Marlin. It is light, and its great accuracy enables a good shot to drop the largest game animals to be found in these mountains dead in their tracks with a single shot, whereas the recoil of the .45 and .50 cal. is considerable, and has a tendency to disturb the aim, making it very uncertain; and any experienced hunter of big game knows that a .45 or .50 cal. bullet will not stop a large animal unless hit in a vital spot.

A correspondent in your last issue wants a rifle that will combine accuracy, very flat trajectory and great penetration with a mushroom bullet; but he will find that accuracy is not consistent with very flat trajectory, and that great penetration cannot be had with a mushroom bullet.

If Dick of Connecticut ever hunts in the Rocky Mountains he will become convinced that shooting the heads off of grouse with a rifle is the only way we shoot them here; for if shot in the body with a rifle the result is a lot of feathers and very little meat, or a conglomeration of meat, feathers and intestines. A hunter will often leave camp an hour before sunrise loaded for bear, elk or deer. He will not deign to notice the grouse which rise in his path until the sun is several hours high, advising him that he is not likely to see any big game. He will then turn toward camp, and if fresh meat is scarce there he will begin clipping the heads off of the grouse; and any of the sportsmen who have hunted in the grand old Rockies, however they may differ in opinion with me on the subject of calibers, will agree that young grouse make a most welcome addition to the bread, bacon and coffee in camp.

G. A. T.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Death of Dr. Rowe.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 11.—Dr. N. Rowe, editor of the *American Field*, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 3011 Wabash avenue, after an illness of years which recently assumed acute form. He had been unconscious for two days preceding his death. His last hours were attended by friends and by his faithful wife, who has devotedly administered to his slightest wish during the three long years of his sickness. A meeting of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Sherman House this afternoon for the purpose of taking suitable action upon this sad event. A committee of three, consisting of F. S. Baird, R. S. Mott and E. Hough, were appointed to draft resolutions and reported the following, which were passed without amendment:

Whereas, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and valued co-worker, Dr. N. Rowe, whose name is a household word wherever true sportsmanship is recognized and appreciated, and whose efforts to elevate the better elements in sportsmanship through the columns of the *American Field* are universally known, and

Whereas, Dr. Rowe for many years was a prominent and influential member of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and devoted his best efforts to promoting game protection and the objects of this association, and freely donated his time and rare intellectual abilities in that behalf, and

Whereas, Dr. Rowe was held in great personal esteem by all the members of this association for his many lovable traits of character, now, therefore,

Be it Resolved: That the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association hereby expresses its deep sense of loss sustained through the death of Dr. Rowe, and that it extend to his family and friends its sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, and

Resolved further, That a copy hereof be forwarded to his family and given to the press for publication and spread upon the records of this association.

Funeral services are to be held at 8 o'clock Friday evening, after which the body will be removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and there laid at rest in Greenwood Cemetery, on Sunday, March 15. At the Chicago ceremonies the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will attend in a body.

Minnesota State Warden S. F. Fullerton.

THE accompanying portrait shows how a good game warden looks. It is the likeness of Mr. S. F. Fullerton, the hustling executive agent of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission. FOREST AND STREAM has often had occasion to notice the work of Mr. Fullerton among that of other able Western wardens. Mr. Fullerton went into office in April a year ago. Between that time and Dec. 1, 1895, he made 124 arrests, out of which convictions were had in practically all the cases. It is not alone in the number of arrests, but in their importance, in which Mr. Fullerton's work has been extraordinary. He has waged relentless war on the markets and exporters, and some of the heaviest confiscations in the West have been made at his hands. Supplied with an appropriation of only \$15,000 during his first year, he seized over \$5,000 worth of game, and used the money in prosecuting other offenders. He has practically stopped the shipment of venison from Minnesota, and is rapidly making that a closed State for illegal game dealing. As related earlier in these columns, he stepped into the breach a few weeks ago when the Minnesota law was supposed to have a bad hole in it, and has found legal means to stop the inflow of Dakota game which made a menace to Minnesota game.

Mr. Fullerton enunciates good FOREST AND STREAM doctrine in his confession of faith. He says, "The great principle in game protection is to stop the market, and this we have been endeavoring to do to the best of our ability. We believe, and the Supreme Court has so decided, that the game and fish of Minnesota belong to the State, and that all the citizens have an equal show at it, not merely a few pot-hunters, generally worthless, who pay no taxes, and make part of the lowest classes of people we have in the State. These people shoot and fish to sell. I claim that if they cannot sell their game and fish, they will give up the business and go to earning their living in a more honorable way."

Minnesota is to be congratulated upon the possession of her active and practical warden, whose reputation for integrity and efficiency is above reproach, and promises well for the future of Minnesota game.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Knights of the Rod and Gun.

AUGUSTA, Me.—The Knights of the Rod and Gun held one of their semi-monthly meetings on March 6. Interesting topics were brought up and discussed until 8 o'clock, then an hour was taken to debate on the shyest animal in the United States. I was decided that the big-horn, which was against the sea otter, was the shyest. No debate of the club was ever listened to with greater interest than this, as every member that took part in it talked well and brought out their points plainly and forcibly.

Never has the club been doing better than of late, never was such deep interest taken in it before. We are in hopes to be able to follow the rules of FOREST AND STREAM and make better sportsmen of ourselves and others.

EBERME.

A DAY WITH THE DUCKS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

HAVING a standing engagement with Mr. J. L. Griffith, whom I regard as the best canoeist at this end of the Potomac, I was delighted one evening last spring to arrange with him to start the next morning for a day's outing, provided that the weather should continue, as it promised at that hour to be, typical "duck weather."

True to the evening's promise, the morning dawned boggy with a drizzling rain falling, when we met at the boat house, two eager souls with rather more than a single thought concerning the day's anticipated sport, for the one is an ardent canoeist, while the other is an enthusiastic duck hunter.

The canoeist gave the first order to me, to take my seat in the bow and "trim boat." He then adjusted his own seat, picked up the paddle—and his part of the fun had already commenced. As for me, I loaded up and anxiously waited to get out of reach of the horde of "land" hunters that, on the slightest indication of ducks, will be found lining the banks of the river as far down as Wiley's Ford.

"Keep your eye open for a mallard from this bank," was the canoeist's caution as we passed from the Virginia channel to the Maryland shore.

Closely hugging the overhanging brush we were pushing along as silently as possible, when, suddenly, a *quack*, *quack*, sounds about 20 yds. in front of the bow as a pair of wood ducks take wing down the river. Instantly their graceful flight is cut short, as one bird falls to the crack of each barrel. The gunner pats himself on the back, "Good shot, old boy." The canoeist chimes in cheerfully with the remark, "Couldn't have done it better myself, you know!"

The game is picked up and a sharp lookout is kept for any other stray pair that may try the same tactics, but no more reward our watchfulness until we reach the broad eddy at Taylor's Ford. Here about midway of the stream we come in sight of a flock of small black and white ducks.

"Don't shoot too quick," suggests the canoeist, "I'll get you close enough for a shot."

But there has been a mistake in his calculations; before we are near enough for a shot the ducks rise and are away down the river. But look! They have circled and are coming back. Stop paddling; sit perfectly still and maybe we shall get a chance at them yet.

In the moment of beginning the descent to the river they perceive the boat, and rise again to go over us. Too late—for one of them. The left-hand choke barrel has been brought to bear on him, and leaving his late companions he joins the two summer ducks in the bottom of our canoe. After this event the flock continues its flight up stream, and all along the line you could hear the crack of sportsmen's guns until we passed out of hearing.

We had now reached what is known as the Swan Ponds, on "Taylor's Bottoms," and decided to take a trip around them, remembering that there are always to be found a few ducks in there. Before we were within shooting distance a pair of beautiful mallards had heard us, and left their feeding grounds. Concluding that there were no more ducks at that point, we proceeded through the marsh in the hope of getting a few snipe. None too soon had we changed our loads, for almost from under our feet there sprang a pair screaming *scape*, *scape*. They are too late; the gun has leaped to the shoulder, and a beautiful double has been scored. Before we reach the boat five snipe and a pair of plover have been added to our bag.

The next point of interest is at Mount's Falls, one of the heaviest falls on the river between Cumberland and South Branch. And now the canoeist is in his glory, for here is the chance to prove his skill. He has to dodge first a boulder on this side and then one on the other side. While he is thus engaged, in the heaviest part of the falls, a single mallard rises from the bank on the left of us. It is a long shot, but I try for him, missing with first barrel, but breaking his wing with the second. Now comes a chase. He has fallen where the current is swiftest and starts for the great falls just this side of Washington. But he is not quick enough at dodging, and we add him to the number in the boat.

From this point onward to Lapp's Run we have a quiet time, missing several shots. But as we approach the falls that end in a beautiful swirl under the willow branches, my partner directs, "Now keep a sharp lookout here, for I have never failed to raise ducks while passing this point."

Hardly are the words spoken when a very large drake mallard appears in the air in testimony to the correctness of the statement of the canoeist. Hurriedly I said: "Steady her for a minute, Lou," and in a flash he had reversed motion, bringing the canoe almost to a standstill, and I then made what I have always since regarded as the most difficult shot of my life. What a beauty he was, with his bronze head and wings, fully as large as any tame duck of the same kind that I have ever seen. This shot alone would have been compensation ample for the trip, the rest of which proved uneventful. At the mouth of the South Branch we disembarked, carrying our canoe to the railroad station to be loaded on the train for home, where we ourselves arrived at about 4 o'clock, having spent a day memorable as one of the most delightful of my life.

ZACK LANEY.

Unexpected Luck.

AS I PERUSED the columns of this week's FOREST AND STREAM I read at the bottom of one of the columns "Report your luck with rod and gun to FOREST AND STREAM," and reflecting for a moment, an incident that happened last fall while out hunting partridges with friend Ike and brother Jim came to mind.

We had driven out some six miles from town and had nearly spent one of those red-letter days, each of us having a few birds to our credit, and had started back to the old barn and were passing through a scattered piece of timber with thick brush on the edge, when right in front of us a partridge got up and flew toward the thicket. I pulled up and fired and so did Ike, and as the bird came down amid a shower of feathers Jim shouted, "She's down."

Our two dogs, Josh and Don, began to circle to find the bird, and Josh, who belongs to Ike, was the lucky dog, and retrieved him in good style.

But Don, who belongs to me, and is of course the best dog on earth, kept busily at work, as he always expects

to find a bird every time the gun is fired. However, we paid no attention to him, but were giving Josh his deserved praise, when Jim exclaimed, "Look here!" and there to our great astonishment came Don, as proud as a lord, with a bird in his mouth. We felt of the bird and found he was warm and had just been killed.

We had seen only one bird fly and only one fall. What we want to find out is where did Don's bird come from? Did any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever have a like experience?

J. E. B.

OSWEGO FALLS, N. Y.

SOME EXPERIENCES DOWN CELLAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had it on my mind for a long time to write you, and lo! another has put the identical question which I most heartily second, to wit, whether some of our mighty men at the light and festive trigger of the bobtailed gatling will not please tell us humble ones just how they do it that we may go and do likewise. Revolver shooting always had a fascination for me—on paper—and I have even tried my hand at it in a desultory way, just enough to let me find out what a lot there is in it that I don't know.

My essays were strictly practical. I then owned a handy S. & W. officer's holster affair, with octagon barrel, and that 5in. long for a guess, cal. 32. (Can't give closer details, for the weapon is now some 10ft. under ashes, burnt brick, molten glass, etc., of my homestead, which has just got done smoking). But with an eye to burglars I used to practice in my cellar, just to get a "dim religious light," you know. At 40ft. off, shooting left-handed at a 6in. patch of newspaper, arm bent, sight fairly rapid, both eyes open and with specs on, a point 6in. to the right and 4 or 5 below generally fetched up a little above left center. So much for heavy pull, weak wrist and ocular variation. But by placing my right hand on my noble breast and using that elbow as a rest—a matter of half a second's time in striking an attitude—I could approximate a center about every time. I now recall blowing a hole through a red squirrel in that way one morning, far up the Magalloway. My conscience smote me afterward for useless slaughter, and as a penance I tried to eat him; but my! wasn't he tough? I haven't shot one since.

Just a word to chaps who may be inspired by my example in the choice of a pistol gallery. I quit rather suddenly, because a bullet went through the plank, glanced from the stone work behind, boomeranged backward, caromed off a rafter right over my head, and tried to bore a hole in the cement close to my feet. It was very pretty to see for once, like a game of billiards with Pluto. But as P. had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and my case was *vice versa* (apply to Dick of Connecticut for translation), I proclaimed to my spouse that my education was completed and she now might bring on her burglars; whereat she has slept sweetly every night since in calm and perfect confidence of my protectionary abilities. *Requiescat in pace.* (Apply to Dick some more.) The caution is not needless. A friend of mine tried the same game with his Flobert rifle and his first shot plunked a hole through the gas meter 45 degrees away. He stopped work and scooted for a gas man. That remedied, he began again, and his second shot played follow-my-leader about 2in. from the other hole. That gas man told him he hoped he would keep it up, for it would give him lots of steady employment.

My compliments to Dick of Connecticut; I've greatly enjoyed his letters. May cheu as closely to the line, always, as in his last.

J. P. T.

Blue Mountain Park Notes.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN is having a piece of land just outside the southern boundary line of Blue Mountain Park inclosed with a fence of Page woven wire four and a half miles in length. The inclosure includes a small lake and will be used for fox-hunting with horse and hounds. The fence is 9ft. high and has 2in. meshes extending from the bottom up to a height of 4ft., and from its construction will effectually prevent the foxes from escaping.

In another inclosure a fence of the same material separates the cow buffalo from the bulls, and in the last year has suffered no other damage than the breaking of three small tie wires that can be repaired in ten minutes.

B.

Maryland Jacksnipe.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., March 6.—The jacksnipe are coming in now. I was out to-day with my young dog, but found them too wild to work the pup on. Out of nine birds found not one flushed closer than 40 yds. I have noticed in shooting here that these early birds are always shy. None of these birds were in the open meadows, but were in twos and threes at sheltered springy places close to thickets with southern exposure. There are quite a number of redheads on the shoals, but we have fewer geese than is usual this time of the year, no brant at all.

O. D. FOULKS.

North Carolina Fish and Game.

NEW BERNE, N. C., March 11.—Fresh shad are already selling for 20 cents and 40 cents a pair, according to sex, and we are getting tired of them. The fish markets here are a sight to behold. Bait-fishing has scarcely begun, but will be good next month.

Quail are becoming scarce, and ducks have departed from the creeks and rivers, but English snipe are plentiful and fat.

J. L. K.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well!

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Oldest American Angling Book.

I AM under the impression that the late Charles Lanman is generally credited with being the author of the first book published in this country upon the subject of fishing as a pastime; if not "generally credited" he certainly has been named in this connection by a well-known writer. On the other hand, no less an authority than Mr. Dean Sage, I believe, who is the owner of one of the finest angling libraries in this country, ascribes to John J. Brown the authorship of the first American angling book. The first edition of Brown's "American Anglers' Guide, Being a Compilation from the Works of Popular English Writers from Walton to the Present Time, together with the Opinions and Practices of the best American Anglers," etc., was published by Burgess, Stringer & Co. in New York city in 1845. The earliest work of Lanman's mentioned in the "Piscatoria" is "Summer in the Wilderness, embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior," which was published in New York in 1847. "Adventures of an Angler in Canada, Nova Scotia and the United States," by the same author, was published in 1848, and it is this book, I believe, to which credit is given for being the first angling work published in this country. The first American edition of Walton, by Rev. George W. Bethune, was published in 1847, and it would really seem that Brown's 1845 edition was the first to be published in America upon the subject of angling.

It was only very recently that I was able to find and purchase a copy of this first edition of Brown's "Angler's Guide," and a quaint little book it is, 18mo in size, although it contains many errors in the light of more modern days. Brown was a tackle dealer in New York city at 122 Fulton street, as his advertisement in the back of the book bears evidence. The advertisement concludes with the information that "Anglers will bear in mind that the present postage law admits of the transportation of many light articles of tackle at very small expense. Flies, hooks on gut, and light lines, can be sent in considerable quantities at the five and ten cent rates."

Preceding the title-page are some verses and above these the head of a fish under the word "The," and the volume concludes with the tail of a fish under the word "The." The book has a "Preface," an "Introduction" and "Introductory Remarks on Angling." In the preface the author says: "Having been situated for a number of years where the necessity of some general information on the subject of the art of Angling was daily seen, the author at first conceived the idea of publishing an American edition of 'Walton's Compleat Angler;' but on a later and more careful perusal of its pages and that of other writers, it was found that but little, comparatively, real practical knowledge could be given of the large variety of the fishes of our own country; he therefore concluded to publish, in a small form, the opinions and practice of the various English authors, with remarks thereon, and such information as could be gathered from American books and American sportsmen." The author admits that few American books could be obtained and intimates that the few were "magazines and philosophical works." If Brown could have known that between the date of his guide and the year 1896 fifty-three new editions of "Walton's Compleat Angler" would be published, and that two more would be issued in 1896, he might have considered it a good thing to edit an American edition of Walton even if it did not contain practical knowledge concerning our fishes. The introduction to the Guide states that "Linnaeus has defined nearly 400 species of fishes of the Old World, while our own country, possessing as it does great advantages over any other, cannot boast of a single treatise on a subject so fraught with interest to the admirer of nature." The author objects, very properly, to the remark of Buffon, "that in America animated nature is weaker, less active, and more circumscribed in the variety of its productions than in the Old World." We must have in the waters of North America something like 2,000 species of fishes, with several back precincts to hear from, as I believe Jordan defined about 1,800 species ten years ago, and Linnaeus with his Old World 400 species is of the back number species, although I say it with proper respect.

As to the fishes described in the "Guide" I will refer only to the black bass, as it is distinctively an American fish. The author says: "The Oswego basse and black basse bear so strong a resemblance to each other that not one fisherman in ten knows them as distinct entities. In form, color, weight and habits the two are almost perfectly identical; and yet their differences, though minute, are striking and essential. An Oswego basse, when placed by a black basse of the same size, is readily distinguished by his more forked tail, his greater thickness of shoulder, his coarser scales, and above all, by his mouth, which when open is nearly twice as large as that of the black basse."

How is that for a description, fifty years old, of a fish discovered within the past fifteen years?

I do object, however, when the author catches "Oswego basse" in Lake George, N. Y., for there were none there at the time, and there are none now, and never have been.

Champion Fly-Casters.

For a number of years I have each year compiled the fly-casting records of the world for a number of newspaper almanacs and handbooks, but not until last year was I obliged to write figures to be put into cold type recording that England held the world's amateur record for salmon casting. Until 1895 Mr. H. W. Hawes held the record with 138ft., made at Central Park, in 1888, at a tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association. Last season Mr. J. J. Hardy, at a tournament at Scarborough, Eng., won with a cast of 140ft. 3in., and Mr. John Enright, the Irish champion from Castle Connell, made an exhibition cast of 143ft. previous to the tournament.

This at least was as I have given it. I have just received a letter from Mr. Enright, written from Castle Connell, Feb. 29, in which he says: "I wonder if you are aware that the fly-casting tournament in which Mr. Hardy and myself competed in Scarborough in August, 1895, was held on grass. He beat me in the 18ft. rod competitions by, it appears, 20in., though when telegraphing the

result to Ireland the same evening I understood it was only 12in. I was beaten by. In the competition with 14ft. rods I beat him by over 12ft. Three days before I left Ireland I was not aware for certain that the tournament would be held on grass, but it was, and my practice was little. The following day, before reliable witnesses, on dead water, with a Castle Connell rod of 18ft. I did the world's record cast of 146ft. I then inserted a challenge to the world in the papers for any amateur, the casting to be done on water. There were no replies, but I am still open to a match. To a man trained to casting on the water it is a totally different thing to perform on grass. I practice a great deal on the Shannon, having fished it regularly since the opening day. I think you will agree with me that to cast on water is the test for both rod and man. My records at present, besides the one mentioned with 18ft. rod, are: 16ft. rod, 181ft. 3in., and 14ft. rod, 128ft. 3in., the measurements being taken from where the caster stood to where the fly dropped on the water. In the 18ft. rod-casting I stood about 5in. above the water level, and in the other two classes I stood below the water level. When does your American tournament come off, and what height above the water is the raft on which the caster stands? Do you have events for double-handed rods, such as 14, 16, 18 or 20ft.? An international tournament in New York may induce some of our fly-casters to venture over. I expect to compete at the international tournament to be held on May 9 at Wimbledon, seven miles from London."

I regret to say to Mr. Enright that there is no prospect of an American fly-casting tournament in the immediate future, of course I refer to a tournament of national character. The National Rod and Reel Association held its last tournament at Central Park in 1889.

There was nothing in the rules as to the height of the platform on which the caster stood. This was under the direction of the committee of arrangements, and it was about 10in., as I remember it, above the water's surface.

The National Association rules provided only for single-handed rods, not to exceed 11ft. 6in. in length, and salmon rods to be used with two hands, with no limit as to length. Up to 1885 there was a rule that no rod should exceed 18ft. in length, and that was the maximum length when the limit was eliminated. The tendency in this country is to use rods shorter than 18ft. in actual fishing.

An international fly-casting tournament in New York that would attract the best British fly-casters to compete with our own champions would be an event worth going miles to see, and I wish there was a reasonable prospect of such a contest being brought about. The international tournament to be held in Wimbledon is extensively advertised in the late English papers, and the rules are given in full.

State Fish.

It is more than likely that some who applied to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York for trout and other fish for planting in public waters will be disappointed when they find that less than the number they asked for have been assigned to them. I say that some will be disappointed, because it is quite evident that some of the applicants had no expectation of getting the number of fish with which they filled out the blanks. The reason why applicants will get less fish than they asked for is this: The aggregate of the applications for the various species of trout amount to 10,864,200 brook trout, 1,380,600 brown trout, 155,500 rainbow trout, and 6,110,000 lake trout, or a total of 18,510,300. The State has on hand for distribution 4,315,000 brook trout, 900,000 brown trout, say 40,000 rainbow trout, and 5,255,000 lake trout, or a total of 10,510,000. About 500,000 trout fry of various kinds will be retained at the hatching stations and raised to yearlings before they are planted. All things considered this is a very good showing, but if the State has not enough fish to fill applications in full they must of necessity be scaled down. At present there are not facilities for rearing more yearlings than the number I have given above, but when more rearing ponds are constructed the number of yearlings will be materially increased. The applications for black bass amount to 1,136,000 fish, probably about 1,100,000 more than the State can by any possible chance supply if it could rake the waters over without protest to obtain them.

A few people will be disappointed, possibly because they get no fish, but this is because they ask for brook trout to plant in pickerel ponds and lake trout to plant in warm, shallow water, where they would not live. Pike-perch are excellent fish and 13,413,000 have been asked for, but the pike-perch hatching operations have not commenced yet.

Aluminum Smelt.

Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, has sent me an artificial bait for landlocked salmon. It is called the aluminum smelt bait, and is light, strong and very attractive, so much so that it must prove to be a killing bait for other fish than landlocked salmon. The hooks are at the tail of the metal smelt, and for this reason should be a good black bass and lake trout bait, as both fish are quite apt to strike the tail of a bait rather than the head.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Value of a Size Limit for Trout.

I SEE by correspondence from Massachusetts, signed Hackle, that there is an effort being made to have a statute fixing the size of brook trout which may be lawfully taken or possessed.

Having been associated in a similar effort here in Connecticut (which, by the way, was successful), I will offer a few points which I believe warrant such a regulation:

To begin with, I think the 8in. limit too large, for although it protects more immature fish, I think 6in. a more "happy medium."

The most important and only real reason why such a law is desirable is to protect immature trout—or at least a large number which may not be mature. In nearly all our small streams where trout ascend in the fall to spawn the little fish, after becoming large enough to feed, remain safe from the old ones, as low water during the summer months drives the large trout down into the larger streams or deep pools.

In the shallow upper waters of every trout stream are found the small fish, averaging from the fry to 6in.; they remain there secure from large fish and feed on insect lava, which is more abundant among the springs and along the edges than down in the large pools. To take these little fish is to rob the stream of its future stock and secure trout weighing less than 1oz.

What a sportsman it must be who empties a basket of baby trout, none of which will weigh over 1oz.! Surely, no sportsman will be guilty.

A 6in. limit does not protect all immature brook trout, but it protects a large number, and if the open season is not too long carries many more so near to it that they become spawners the following season. If it were not for the fact that the different States spend annually considerable money propagating trout, there would be less justice for a law, but sportsmen must not think that the State is going to hatch trout to be dumped into every little stream and then pulled out again as soon as they are large enough to take a worm on a very small hook.

Trout fry are placed in a stream to furnish brood fish when old enough, that they may multiply and thus furnish food and sport.

My advice to my brother sportsmen in Massachusetts is to have the size fixed at 6in. and then see that it is enforced. You will all be catching larger trout and more natural increase will be the result.

C. W. HALL.

HARTFORD, Conn.

NETTING IN LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All sportsmen should do what missionary work they can to further the amendments approved for recommendation by the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game published in *FOREST AND STREAM* Jan. 18, 1896. If everyone does something toward correcting an abuse with which he is conversant, he only does his duty.

I consider my share consists in showing up the absurdity of the present law with reference to netting.

Section 132 of chapter 488 of the laws of 1892 reads as follows:

No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling, in the waters of Lake Erie, within one-half of a mile of the shores thereof, or of any of the islands therein, nor in the Cattaraugus Creek, or within five miles of the mouth thereof, or of any island therein; nor in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore or of any island therein, nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River; the waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson included between Blue (should be Bull) Rock Point, in the town of Brownville, and the town line between the towns of Lyme and Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin (should be Guffin) Bay and Three Mile Bay, (and) in the county of Oswego, between the northerly line of the town of Mexico and Jefferson county line, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act, * * *

The State Association demands that this act be amended so as to prohibit all netting except one mile from shore, in Lake Ontario and all of its bays, in the Niagara River or within three miles of its mouth, or in Lake Erie within one mile from shore, or within three miles of the Horse-shoe Reef Lighthouse.

All anglers should urge the passage of this amendment. The bays at the east end of Ontario left open to netters I consider the most natural breeding and feeding spots for black bass in the State of New York, if not in the country. The shores are of shelving broken limestone and boulders, free from weeds and shifting sand, and in many places about the bay are extensive reefs of the same material. Both shore and shoals are alive with crayfish, known to be the natural food of the bass. Minnows abound, sailing is safe, and all good fishing grounds are within easy rowing distance. In fact, after a varied experience with bass fishing in other parts of New York, in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont and Quebec, I have at last settled down on the bays at the east end of Lake Ontario as the best. That from year to year the fishing gets poorer is not strange, as bass have to run the gauntlet of nets of all kinds from the time they enter the bays to spawn to the time when they leave for deep water.

One not conversant with the facts wonders why netting is allowed in these bays. For an explanation we must go into ancient history. Thirty years ago these waters were actually alive with whitefish, ciscos, wall-eyed pike and lake trout. The pound-net was imported from Long Island Sound, every one that could owned and fished one, and the bays bristled with poles like a hop field. Tons and tons of food fish were taken and an industry profitably employing many men and much capital sprung up. Alluring profits, however, led too many to embark in the enterprise, and in a few years they all but exterminated the food fish of that locality. Where once there were a score or more of pound-nets and hundreds of men employed, there has not been a pound-net set for ten or more years, and the few men who still catch food fish with gill-nets by dint of hard work do well if they catch enough for their own consumption. The excuse for allowing netting in these bays therefore no longer exists, based as it is upon mere tradition of a long past commercial prosperity. Traditions die hard, however, and it was the influence of those remembering the days of former prosperity which forced the exemptions of the netting act of 1892.

If the amendment advocated were to work hardship on any considerable portion of the honest community of that region, I would urge its adoption with reluctance, for men who fish for money have rights as well as those who fish for sport (and fish), but let me present the true state of affairs.

Less than a dozen residents of that region fish for a living, at which they work harder and get less than a good farm hand. Perhaps three times as many residents fish gill-nets in the fall and catch, perhaps, enough ciscos for their own use.

Here is the point to which I wish to call the attention of legislators and reformers. These being the only shallow fresh waters in the State where netting is allowed the year round, netters from all over the State, and from other States, come early and stay late, bring nothing to the community and take away all they get. They are men who have been driven from home by their habitual violation of local game laws, and scent the prey of unprotected waters and descend in flocks upon them as turkey buzzards sniff and pounce on carrion. Their implement of destruction is the trap-net and their quarry everything that swims. From the time the ice goes out of the bays until it forms again these trap-nets line the shores and cover the shoals where game fish breed and feed. When bass are coming in from the lake to spawn they set their nets in and almost across the narrow inlet, destroying in that way millions of game fish yet unborn. I have the word of a dealer in fresh-water fish in New York that his firm receives barrels upon barrels of bass from these pirates in May before he can expose and sell them in our markets, and he is obliged to send them to Philadelphia, where the law is less strict. As these netters have a full

knowledge of the fact that catching or possessing bass before May 30 is illegal they have to take what is offered, and the commission merchant knowing the same squeezes them down to the uttermost farthing, so that the netters, for this early, illegal and indiscriminate slaughter of spawn-bearing game fish, get hardly money enough to tar a net.

Thus, to provide a few residents with a scanty living, the law allows a horde of aliens, most of them lawbreakers, to despoil the most natural game fish resort in the country; for, caught while coming in to spawn and beset on all sides all summer by trap-nets, hoop-nets, and driven into gill nets at night by torches and a splashing mob of market fishermen, how long will it be before black bass, like ciscos, whitefish and trout, will be a memory. I have it on good authority that more than twenty dollars have been the proceeds of one night's work on a reef with a gill-net, a few torches and men and boats. As they do not get much for bass, a night's work like that probably represents about 300lbs. of bass, and, as this slaughter is repeated almost every still night, it is easy to see why it is more common for an angler to lose hook, line and sinker on a rope or net than to land enough bass to eat.

It is easier to stop all netting than it is a part, hence I advocate the passage of the amendment as proposed; otherwise no one would seriously object to sturgeon fishing nor to using gill-nets for ciscos and whitefish after Nov. 1, although many bass are caught in the latter when set earlier for wall-eyed pike.

If the waters of those bays are adequately protected sportsmen will come there and will leave more money in the place in three months than the whole gang of netters would make in a year.

That my arguments may have more weight, allow me to say that I am no mere visiting angler, but a property owner and taxpayer, and last summer I spent four months there, and shall spend at least three months there every summer unless my sport is whittled down to sailing and catching sunfish.

R. W. AMIDON.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large number of members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enjoyed a very profitable meeting at the Copley Square Hotel, Friday evening, 13th inst. President Clark and Secretary Kimball keep things going at a lively rate and are hustling for the good of the cause at all times. During the last few weeks they with J. Russell Reed, Esq., who with ex-President George W. Wiggan act as counsel for the association, have attended many hearings before the Fish and Game committee, and always in the interest of better laws relating to fish and game and their more rigid enforcement. A meeting of the board of government was held at 5:30 o'clock, President Clark in the chair. The resignation of Mr. John Fottler, Jr., as librarian was accepted and Dr. E. W. Bramigan was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy. The selection was an admirable one. The doctor is a great lover of books, and it is his intention to set apart one of his office rooms for the collection owned by the association, properly catalogue and arrange them so that they may be easily accessible to the members—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

At 7 o'clock dinner was announced, Tom Henry's orchestra furnishing music. Cigars being reached, President Clark began the speech making by appropriate reference to the recent death of Gov. Greenhalge, a warm friend and frequent guest of the association. J. Russell Reed, Esq., spoke at some length of the work done before the legislative committee on fish and game, with especial reference to the law of 1894, which allows dealers to sell certain game birds in the winter and spring, and to keep them through the entire season provided they are not killed contrary to the laws of this State. The association desires to have this law amended so that they shall not be sold or kept here if they are brought here illegally—that is, from States which expressly prohibit their export. Mr. Reed showed to the committee that, by the evidence of the dealers themselves, a greater part of these game birds are brought here from Western States that have laws prohibiting their export, and that by keeping such a law upon our statute books Massachusetts encourages criminals in other States to violate existing laws in those localities. The outcome of the hearing will be awaited with considerable interest. President Clark referred to the proposed change in the lobster law, a bill having been reported allowing the taking of lobsters 9in. in length instead of 10½in., as at present, and said that if the bill passed it would mean ruin to the lobster fishery inside of five years, as a 9in. lobster bore very few eggs compared to one of 10in. or longer. It is one of the inconceivable things why the men of Dukes county (and none others appeared to advocate the bill) should thus deliberately endeavor to reduce the supply of lobsters below what it now is, and statistics show that the number taken in our bays and along the coast has been growing beautifully less year by year. The regular business of the monthly meeting was then proceeded with, and the following new members were elected: John N. Akerman, Dr. George McAleer, Ralph B. Williams, Arthur B. Holmes, Henry L. Kyser, Frank V. Noyes, Dr. S. P. Willard, Wm. R. Sears, Richard V. Joyce, T. G. Bremer, Wm. Almy, Wm. L. Mercer, Larra W. Sumner, Frank D. Sumner, Wm. H. Goodwin, Wm. F. McQuillen, Thomas W. Henry, W. A. Wilson, W. P. Richer, Geo. J. Raymond, Charles S. Clarke, Joshua S. Dunklee, Albert N. Paslin, Wm. H. Sweatt, G. A. Macauber, A. D. Thayer. A dozen or fifteen new names were proposed and laid over to the next meeting. Arthur J. Selfridge, Esq., gave a very interesting talk on "Outdoor Life in California," and the meeting was brought to a close.

WM. B. SMART.

Punta Rassa Tarpon.

PUNTA RASSA, Fla., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel assured that your many readers will be delighted to hear that the tarpon season of '96 was opened by Mr. W. L. Boyle, of New York, on Feb. 27, and that Punta Rassa has the honor to place a scale on her record board.

Mr. Boyle, who is cruising on the yacht Tarpon, is an enthusiastic fisherman.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—A reunion of the members will be held at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Thursday evening, March 26, 1896, at 7:30 o'clock.

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—Severe winter weather has prevailed all over New England during the present month, and the trout streams and lakes are ice-bound as never before at such a late season. A complete and sudden change will have to occur very soon if Massachusetts streams are going to be in good condition for the trout fishermen at the opening of the season on April 1. Snow and ice are abundant everywhere in Maine just now, and the railroads running up to the Rangeley region have had a sad time of it between the great flood of ten days ago and the sudden freeze up while the waters were at their highest. The big trestle just out of Farmington, so well known to hundreds of sportsmen who have traveled up into that country, has been carried away, and the Phillips & Rangeley road has been tied up for several days. Capt. Fred. Barker, who has just come into Boston from his camps, was obliged to snowshoe it from Rangeley to Phillips in order to get through, and several other guides who have passed through Boston en route to the Sportsmen's Exposition at New York had somewhat similar experiences in making the journey. In spite of the severe weather just now plans for early fishing are being discussed on every hand, and present indications suggest an unusual number of anglers preparing to take up the rod and reel as soon as the icy fetters let go.

J. F. Hutchinson, of Boston, whom I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM in January as going South with a party of Boston men, has just returned. North Carolina was their first shooting grounds, and from there Mr. Hutchinson pushed on alone to Georgia and Alabama. In the last mentioned States he had very fair quail shooting and also found woodcock in several covers. He considered North Carolina bird shooting on the decline, and from his experience this year thinks it necessary to go further South to get the old-time results.

Houghton's Pond, at the foot of the Blue Hills, a few miles from Boston, lies within the limits of the Metropolitan Park system. It is just a little too large to come under the control of the Commissioners, and is therefore free to the public, although not generally known. F. H. Talcott and Mr. Dorr, of Dorchester, went out there last Saturday and fished through the ice for pickerel; 36lbs. was the sum total of the catch. The largest one, weighing 2½ lbs., was hooked twice. The first time he broke the hook and got away, but about two hours afterward was tempted and fell a victim with the broken hook sticking in his jaw. The rain came down in torrents all day, but our friends considered that the least of their trouble.

E. B. Towne, of Newton, Mass., is at East Santa Cruz, Cal. He will stay for several months, and spends most of his leisure time in fishing. Fishing off the coast for salmon gives him some fine sport, and a letter just received by a friend in Boston tells the story of the capture of a very large trout in rapid water that took him a long time to land. He speaks highly of the trout fishing, and it certainly must be good if up to the standard of the one whose capture is described in his letter.

HACKLE.

STOCKING WATERS WITH BROOK TROUT.

ALMOST every one is interested in that most handsome fish, the brook trout. His perfect form and brilliant markings, together with the babbling brooks and beautiful scenery which he is invariably associated with, endear him to the lover of nature, the artist, the tourist and the public at large. By his spirited dash at a fly, his vigorous and gamy fight when hooked, he makes himself the one fish to be sought after by the angler with tireless zeal, and his delicately flavored and finely meated flesh pleases almost beyond comparison the palate of an epicure. The knowledge that a stream contains trout carries with it the conviction that it is pure and cold, and one does not hesitate to drink from a brook inhabited by this species of fish, as the water is always found to be of a superior quality. But all the cold, clear, pure streams we find now-a-days do not by any means contain the speckled beauties, though perhaps but a few years since they were there in numbers.

Bad and insufficient legislation, poaching, the short-sightedness and selfishness of fishermen, have rid most of our brooks of this beautiful fish, and with feelings of real sorrow and regret we now pass along the banks of a former trout stream, in a vain endeavor to see a flash of silver and gold from beneath the watercress or lily pad that causes our pulse to bound, showing that a noble fish has been disturbed at our approach.

Too much could not be said deploring this sad barrenness of many of our brooks were it not for the fact that the remedy for the evil is at hand, inasmuch that by careful restocking and judicious protection most of the natural trout streams may be brought within a reasonable time to their former state of productiveness. Artificial hatching has made the above possible and has also placed the cost of the undertaking within the reach of the majority of persons controlling suitable waters. We all know of the great work successfully done by many of the States in stocking the public waters of their respective commonwealths with different varieties of fish, but perhaps with none have the results been more marked and pleasing than with the species now under discussion. An intelligent and persevering effort in the above direction is almost sure to be crowned with success. Many private individuals and sportsmen's clubs have established trout hatcheries for the preservation or restocking of natural streams, but it is doubtful—leaving out the item of interesting enjoyment to be derived from such an establishment—if it would pay for most parties to indulge in the expense necessary to erect and maintain an affair of this sort, while trout fry can be purchased of parties making a business of raising them at little cost and in any desired quantity.

Parties not directly interested in the pastime of fishing may find it a profitable investment to lay out a few dollars in this direction if the opportunity is present, for cases are by no means rare where fancy prices have been paid by gentlemen of wealth to purchase a farm or lot of land mainly on account of a trout stream or pond situated within its borders.

In fact, perhaps no class of people should be more interested in trout culture than the farmers. They live among the hills and brooks, their lands often embrace a splendid stream, and besides the increased value a well-stocked brook gives to their possessions they can for the taking have, fresh from the water, a delightful meal whenever

they desire. Anyone having tried stocking a brook, with poor results, need not perhaps give up in despair of future success, for the knowledge and experience gained in the first attempt may insure success should they try again, carefully guarding against former mistakes. A few hints may be useful in this direction.

If a brook is to be stocked with trout, in most cases it may be best to obtain a quantity of fry of some reputable dealer, and, let me say right here, be sure you get good, strong, healthy fry, and that they count out the required number, for the temptation is often strong with unscrupulous parties to cheat in this respect. Buy no fry by measure; careful weighing is an improvement; but better insist on an actual count, as it is not such a terrible task to count out a great many thousand of comparatively small fry. If possible visit the hatchery; the manner in which the business is conducted and the appearance of the owners or parties in charge may materially assist in deciding whether you want to purchase their goods or not.

After procuring the young fish they would better be taken to the headwaters of the stream or put into the springs and little rivulets which flow into it, where they will be safe from any large trout that may chance to inhabit the main brook. Do not dump the fry out all in one place, but after equalizing the temperature of the water in the can with that in the brook scatter the little fellows along here and there, that they may find an abundance of natural food, which in all good trout streams is present in quantities.

Sometimes it is practical to dig narrow ditches from springs at intervals through the meadow, and if the outlets are guarded with screens (which can be put in by almost any one with little expense) they will be excellent places for the fry the first few months, or until they have grown large and strong enough to take care of themselves in the main current. The screens may be removed in the fall and the fish allowed to roam at pleasure. The ditches will also serve to drain and improve the pasture. A little artificial food given them occasionally may cause the fry to grow more rapidly, and these impromptu nurseries cannot fail to prove a most interesting feature to all during the summer.

If you desire to stock a pond, and it is impossible or inconvenient to keep the small trout fry in the ditches or nurseries mentioned above until they have reached a considerable size, larger fish had better be purchased at once—fingerlings, as they are called when from 3 to 6 in. in length—as they stand a much better chance of surviving the many dangers, and are also better suited in every way for the deeper water and varying temperature of the pond. The remarks in regard to health and count will apply to these yearling fish as well as to the fry, and be not satisfied along with the term yearling, but see that they are of good size; for stunted fish are not worth bothering with under any conditions.

As to the number of fish to put into a pond or brook one must decide to the best of his judgment, taking into consideration the probable supply of natural food, the quantity and temperature of the water, and the length of his purse; but better keep on the safe side and put in rather too few than too many.

A small stream of water of good quality and low temperature if properly used will keep more trout than most persons are aware of. But fish must, like most living creatures, eat to live, so, unless food is given them once in a while artificially be sure and not overstock.

The benefits of well stocked streams will most surely be realized by their owners, and in connection with a summer hotel or watering place the profits derived therefrom are often twofold. They add much to the attractiveness of a locality without the disadvantages which some more unnatural allurements often possess, and the class of people who come in pursuit of the sport a well stocked trout brook affords are almost invariably good fellows and welcome guests.

C. C. WOOD.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., March 1.

"JUGGING FOR HOGS."

ONE Sunday afternoon last October as I was reading the FOREST AND STREAM an idea struck me. Such things as ideas do occur to me occasionally, but I have always survived them. I resolved to put this idea into practice the next day. Therefore, Monday noon on my way to lunch I stopped at the house of Harry W. to get his assistance in the scheme. "Could he go fishing?" He guessed he would whether he could or not. He would meet me at the club house at 3 o'clock, sharp.

At the appointed time we were both at the club house. Taking the canoe, I put aboard six quart bottles (empty!) and a pint beer bottle (also empty!), some strong fishing line, dough bait, cheese and boiled potatoes. It was a beautiful October day, a slight breeze, just barely enough to ripple and dimple the bosom of the noble Delaware. We were soon afloat, and slowly paddled up the river and turned up the creek, fully enjoying the slight exercise of swinging a single paddle in the pure, health-giving air. About a mile and a half up the creek the bow of the Nawadaha was turned into the soft, muddy shore among the splatter docks to hold us against the tide while we rigged up our lines. Taking about 5 ft. of line, a hook was bent on and also a small split shot, then the other end was made fast to the neck of a bottle tightly corked.

When all were completed they were slowly dropped overboard, one at a time in the current. We were "jugging for 'hogs'!" the local name for carp. Of course I got my idea from an article in FOREST AND STREAM on "jugging for catfish."

The bottles were bobbing around and slowly drifting up stream, a distance of 20 ft. separating each from his neighbor, the pint bottle being in the center of the column.

We had not gone far before No. 3 began to give signs of added animation and then started for the opposite shore. It was quickly overtaken and we pulled in a fair-sized catfish.

"So far so good," said Harry, "but this ain't a hog."

By this time No. 7 was dancing at a great rate. This was finally captured and a 5 lb. hog taken in and out of the wet. The next 15 minutes were spent in watching the bottles slowly drift along. Suddenly the pint bottle disappeared from view to come up the next minute 50 ft. away. Then the fun began. We would see it, paddle hard and just about get to it when down it would go and we would just have to wait for its reappearance. Talk about trying to guess where a loon will come up! That bottle could beat any loon I ever chased. After chasing it about

half an hour it disappeared again, this time headed for Philadelphia, and we haven't seen it since. If any Philadelphian saw a beer bottle last October, passing that city at a rapid rate, that was certainly our bottle, and if they captured our fish, we would like to know his fighting weight—the fish's, we mean.

When we found the rest of our bottles two were jumping rather lively. One had a 4 lb. hog on; the other fish got away on picking up the bottle. The next gave us a lively chase before we managed to get it and proved to be the largest, a 14 lb. hog. Several more failures, a 9 lb. hog and two or three catfish finished the day.

If you want a lively time and plenty of fun try jugging for carp. We found slack-boiled potatoes the best bait.

The paddle home in the sunset (than which no place can boast of more beautiful sunset effects) and twilight, listening to the many voices of nature undisturbed by the quiet passage of the canoe, the dimly outlined flight of an occasional woodcock crossing the creek, hardly distinguishable from the bats in the increasing darkness, this is, after all, the best part of an enjoyable afternoon spent on Crosswick's Creek.

LOU. WILSON.

BORDENTOWN ON-THE-DELAWARE.

American Fisheries Society.

BATTERY PARK AQUARIUM, New York, March 15.—The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held in New York, May 20 and 21, unless a change of date be agreed upon. Members are requested to prepare papers and to send titles to the recording secretary early, so that a notice of articles may be sent with announcement of meeting. Corrections of membership list are earnestly desired.

TARLETON H. BEAN, Recording Secretary.

United States Fish Commissioner.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated for Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries John J. Brice, of California, formerly a commander in the Navy, from which service he was retired as physically disqualified. He is unknown in fishculture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

THE Mascoutah Kennel Club held about the most successful show in their history at Battery D, Chicago, March 10 to 13. The entry, 929, was a banner one, and the quality through most of the classes better than at any of their previous shows. Spratts Patent as usual benched and fed the show, and needless to say left nothing to be desired in that important branch, the commissariat department. The benching was arranged in a very satisfactory manner, with the large dogs all benched in the Armory Building and the small in Battery D. This arrangement gave considerably more room both for dogs and visitors. There were four judging rings in Battery D and one for small dogs in the Armory.

The judges were Mr. Charles H. Mason for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, spaniels, collies, poodles, bull dogs, bull, fox and Irish terriers; Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Great Danes and dachshunde; Mr. H. W. Lacy, bloodhounds, Boston, Black and Tan, Yorkshire and toy terriers, beagles, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles and ruby spaniels, and Italian greyhounds; Mr. John Davidson for the remaining classes. Their decisions were well received and with little, if any, dissatisfaction. Mr. C. H. Mason's classes included over half of the dogs on exhibition, and as the local specials were especially heavy and complicated in his classes, he did not finish judging until Thursday morning. The club would do well at their next show to do away with these specials with strings attached and, following the example of other shows, give local classes with a small entry fee. The entry in St. Bernards, collies, cooker spaniels and fox terriers were especially noticeable.

Mr. W. J. Bryson, the president of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, is a hustler of the first water. Nothing seems to daunt him, and the club are to be congratulated on their choice in having such a capable and painstaking man to fill such an important position. He was ably seconded in his efforts by Mr. W. G. Gunn, chairman of the bench show committee. Messrs. Randolph E. Fishburn, Herbert Alward, S. Clifford Payson and J. L. Lincoln also did good service, especially Mr. Payson, who worked hard as ring steward, and made a most efficient one. Dr. Gunn also served as steward, and with much credit. The show was well attended, except on the opening day, when the weather was stormy, as Chicago weather can be when the reverse is wanted, and it looks as if the club would at last, after so many years of trying, come out with a profit. The sad news was received on the second day that Dr. Rowe had at length succumbed to his long and painful illness, and many were the expressions, to be heard on every side, deploring his loss and recalling his great services to the fancy he loved so well. Many of the principal exhibitors and others present had a meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy with Mrs. Rowe in her great bereavement, and also sent to the house, as a token of their regard for his memory, a handsome floral piece.

Many prominent men interested in kennel matters were present from the East, and the show taken right through was a most successful one. On Saturday evening Mr. W. J. Bryson invited some twenty of the exhibitors and others to be his guests from Chicago to St. Louis in one of the private cars of the Chicago & Alton R. R., and needless to say a most enjoyable trip it was. Leaving

Chicago at 11:30 P. M., it was almost daylight when the crowd dispersed to their respective sleeping berths, for up to that time songs by Messrs. Oldham and Mortimer was the order of business, and this with sundry liquid refreshments served to hold the boys to their seats until the time aforementioned. St. Louis was reached at 8:30 the following morning, and before leaving the car a breakfast was served to which ample justice was done. The following gives particulars, etc., of the entries in the principal breeds:

In mastiffs Prince Cola and Marquis met and the first named won by a close margin. Both are well known, shown in the same condition it would be hard to separate them. Minnie Beaufort won in the corresponding bitch class from Sinaloa, scoring in size and massiveness of head. Both were well shown. Eight entries in open dogs, first going to Leamington, a big sound dog greatly improved since last year. He was closely pressed by Eldermann II., who beats him in head, but loses to him in body and hind-quarters. Rossington, third, loses to the former in size, but is his equal in mastiff character. Elkson's Leon, fourth, is a big young dog showing too much loose skin around his head, he has also a rather houndy expression. The reserve dog Barkis was his equal in every point but size. Beaufort's Boy, vhc., is too light in muzzle and is somewhat straight behind. Baby Bunn, also vhc., deserved his letters. Rowena easily won in corresponding bitch class, she scored in size, head and general massiveness. Fandango, second, outpointed Cherry Elliott, third, in shoulders and behind. They are about equal in head. No entries in class for puppies, dogs, and only one in corresponding bitch class. Thistle, first, is a very promising young bitch that will give a good account of herself when a little more aged. The novice class was made up of the winners in the open classes.

There was a capital entry in St. Bernards both as regards numbers and quality. The challenge dog class was vacant, but the corresponding bitch class had two entries, first going to Io and reserve to Rustic Beauty. The winner scored a bit in condition, but Rustic Beauty had the most quality. In open dogs Le Prince, the dog reported to have been shipped to Germany, was an easy winner from American Caesar and Eboracum, placed second and third in the order mentioned. The winner beat Caesar in type of head and behind. Eboracum did not show nearly as well as at Detroit; he moved badly behind. Easter Cyclone, fourth, is a nice, sound dog of good type, lacking in face markings, but with a fair quality head. Duke Wadsworth, reserve, was not in good condition; he is light in muzzle. In better condition he would have given a better account of himself. The vhc. dogs were a good lot, but not in it with the winners. Roylan, vhc., but for his faulty hindquarters would be one of the best. In the corresponding class for bitches La Princess, in capital condition, won; she was out of coat. Santa Monica, second, is from the same kennels; she is a fine, large-bodied bitch, with grand legs and feet, and a good, typical head. Belle Isle Kennels came third with Artilla, the Detroit winner; she is a good one, but lacks dark shadings, and is a bit long in muzzle. Baroness Streatham has a good, massive body, not quite straight on legs, rather long in muzzle, but has good depth; she lacks blaze. Sylvia's Lola, R., is a nice, sound, good-bodied bitch, well marked, light in color; lacks depth of muzzle. The cards were freely distributed and rightly so; there were many bitches of good quality behind the winners. Flora Lomond, vhc., was one of the best of these; a sound bitch, with very fair head and good body, but very light in color. Arlington Pansy, vhc., is a big, heavy-boned bitch with a massive head, rather lacking in quality. In dog puppies, Sothern, first, Duke of Wellington, second, and Sultan VII., R., was the order. The first prize winner is a nice-sized, good-boned puppy with a very fair head, but unfortunately, light in muzzle; he has a fair skull and good expression. Duke of Wellington was not in his stall. Sultan VII. has a fair head and will improve with age. Cromwell, vhc., is a promising puppy, with a well-marked head, and is a good mover. Grover Cleveland, h.c., loses in head, but is of good size and bone. Sylvia's Lola, R. in open class, rightly won in corresponding bitch class. The novice class winners were made up of twenty-eight entries headed by Santa Monica. She easily duplicated her win in the open class. Easter Cyclone deserved second place. Homer Bedivere, R., is a well-marked dog, rather short on leg, but with good bone; he is light in muzzle. Mascot Imperial, third, is a very typical dog, well marked, nice straight legs and is a good mover, but is a bit small. Melro Sylvia, vhc., is a promising one. The well-known brothers champion Melrose and Lawrence Garza had the battle between them in smooth challenge dogs; Melrose won with some to spare. In corresponding bitch class Pratt's Belle was the only entry; she looked and moved well. Alta Kennels won with Rex Watch in the open class; he is a large, well-grown dog, with good length of body, plenty of bone, good skull and expression; he is a bit light on end of muzzle. Fernwood King, second, has a good body, legs and feet and fair skull; his condition was of the best, and it was well for him it was so. Patrician, third, was lucky to beat Melkyrie, R. Ben Harrison, fourth, is a good sort, well marked, good body, legs and feet; his head is a very typical one. Pharaoh but for his bad colors would have been higher. Clovis has also to be content with three letters, his size as usual telling against him. In the corresponding bitch class Judith's Rachel won easily, with Sunol, second, close up. Lady Sylvia, third, was also well placed, and was shown well. Flora, fourth, is well marked, but loses to the others in size and head. In the puppy class for smooth dogs, St. Bernard won. He is well grown, with a well-marked and good type of head; his condition was bad. Prince Ferd, second, is a nicely-marked puppy and will grow into a nice dog. In the corresponding puppy class Lady Fernmore, first, is a promising sort, with a good head, body, legs and feet. Empress Louise, second, is a good-bodied orange and white, but weak in head properties. In the novice class Fernwood King won, with Sullivan second. The last named is a good big dog, with nice bone, but poor in head and shoulders. He might have given way to Lady Fernmore, third.

Bloodhounds were represented by five entries, among them being Jack Shepard, alone in the challenge class, and Simon de Sudbury, who easily disposed of Brough, second, in open dogs. Layswood Chorus, first in open bitches, is a typical one, with good head, loins and quarters. Queen of the West, the only other entry, was absent,

Great Danes were out in good force. Osceola Neverzen was placed first in challenge class dogs and bitches, beating Major McKinley, who is getting to be a cripple, R. In open dogs Osceola Voltaire, by far the most typical specimen, was placed first; he is a grand type of dog, with nice head, body, legs and feet. De Mello, second, was handled by the veteran, Harry Goodman; he lacks the winner's quality. In open bitch class Dina won, with Earl's Olivia second and Eulalia third. The winner is a nice sort.

Seven entries in Newfoundlands, among them being some good ones. Duke II., first, is a grand dog, showing much quality in head and body. Bessie, first in open bitches, is also a good one.

Only one Russian wolfhound, a fair sort.

Four entries in open bitches for deerhounds. Norma, first, is a good coated dog with a fair head. Kingsbury Alma, second, moves well, but lacks quality of the winner. Greyhounds came next, with Southern Rhymes first. He is well known and deserved his win. In open dogs, first went to Robert le Diable, with Davy Garrick second, and Harrison Belle third; while in corresponding class for bitches Southern Belle rightly won in the open bitch class. She looked well and is a hard one to beat.

(Owing to the recent storm the remainder of our report has been delayed.)

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. Younghusband's Prince Cola. R., Chas. E. Bunn's Marquis. **Bitches:** 1st, L. Younghusband's Minnie Beaufort. R., Chas. E. Bunn's Sinaloa. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Chas. E. Bunn's Leamington, Eldermann and Rossington; 4th, A. & B. R. Morse's Elkson's Leon. R., Walter O. Gunn's Barkis. **Bitches:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Chas. E. Bunn's Rowena, Fandango and Cherry Elliott; 4th, Fred. W. Sandberg's Blenda. **Puppies:** 1st, Chas. E. Bunn's Thistle. **NOVICE—1st** and 2d, Chas. E. Bunn's Eldermann and Rossington; 3d, A. & B. R. Morse's Elkson's Leon. R., Walter O. Gunn's Barkis.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-ORATED—CHALLENGE—1st, C. R. Joseph's Io. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, O. A. Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, A. Froembling's American Caesar; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum; 4th, H. D. Lingle's Easter Cyclone. R., Meisenheimer Bros., Duke Wadsworth. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, O. A. Pratt's La Princess and Santa Monica; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla; 4th, S. Moloney's Baroness Streatham. R., E. S. Hart's Sylvia's Lola. **Puppies:** 1st, H. D. Lingle's Sothern; 2d, A. Roadford's Duke of Wellington. **Bitches:** 1st, E. S. Hart's Sylvia's Lola. R., H. D. Lingle's Marie Tempest. **NOVICE—1st,** O. A. Pratt's Santa Monica; 2d, H. D. Lingle's Easter Cyclone. R., H. J. Cassidy's Homer Bedivere. **SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's champion Melrose. R., J. W. Fornof's Lawrence Garza. **Bitches:** 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Pratt's Belle. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch; 2d, G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King; 3d, C. R. Joseph's Patrician; 4th, W. Burgess's Ben Harrison. R., A. F. Kramer's Melkyrie. **Bitches:** 1st, C. A. Pratt's Judith's Angel; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol; 3d, E. S. Mitchell's Lady Sylvia; 4th, J. E. Holcomb's Flora. R., Loomis & Holcomb's Lady Maud. **Puppies:** 1st, D. W. Congreve's St. Bernard; 2d, C. F. Rettig's Prince Ferd. **Bitches:** 1st, E. S. Mitchell's Lady Fernmore; 2d, L. Marum's Empress Louise. **NOVICE—1st,** G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King; 2d, Mrs. D. J. Tyler's Sullivan; equal 3d, F. Rettig's Mascot Imperial and E. S. Mitchell's Lady Fernmore. R., A. F. Kramer's Melkyrie.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. Williams's Jack Shepard. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougeat's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, S. B. Christy's Brough. **Bitches:** 1st, S. B. Christy's Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Osceola Kennels' Osceola Neverzen. R., Donnybrook Kennels' Major McKinley. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Philip S. Shufeldt's Osceola Voltaire; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' De Mello; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Remond; 4th, Wm. Mueller's Leo Woldemar. R., Monrad J. Olsen's Henrik Isen. **Bitches:** 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Dina; 2d, Algonquin Kennels' Earls Olivia; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Eulalia; 4th, H. C. Cowan's Neustein. R., T. G. Kaniff's Ester. **Puppies:** 1st, Frank Kern's Iron Chancellor; 2d, J. M. Studebaker, Sr.'s, Tom Golden. R., M. M. Schultz's Baron S. **Bitches:** 1st, H. C. Cowan's Neustein; 2d, William Rodger's Her Majesty. R., Algonquin Kennels' Cora Moreau. **NOVICE—Equal 1st,** Sam Snell's Kingsbury Major and Algonquin Kennels' Earls Olivia; 2d, Rockford Kennels' Balder; 3d, M. M. Schultz's Baron S. R., Rockford Kennels' Bismarck.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson's Duke II.; 2d, Alfretha Kirby's Ben. **Bitches:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson's Bessie, Lady Grace and Princess Maud. R., J. A. Spracklin's Topsy.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. M. Keasbey's Optimist.

DEERHOUNDS.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Walter D. Griscom's Norma; 2d, Sam Snell's Kingsbury Alma; 3d and R., Wm. Potter's Lassie and Madge.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Southern Rhymes. **OPEN—1st,** A. Massey's Robert Le Diable; 2d, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 3d, Wm. Potter's Hector; R., A. Massey's King o' the Hill. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 2d, Mrs. E. Bardoe Elliott's Lucy; 3d, A. Jacobs's Harrison Belle.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Commodore. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Walker & Hagan's Big Strive; 2d, A. Krueger's Loud. **Bitches:** 1st, J. Gibbs's Veracity; 2d, Walker & Hagan's Pearl.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Moulton Banner. **Bitches** (50lbs. and over): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Josie Brackett. **OPEN—Dogs** (55lbs. and over): Geo. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 2d, Charles Heath's Roswell; 3d, Louis Boening's Dad; 4th, H. F. Gillette's Moose. R., E. S. Brink's Sport. **Bitches** (50lbs. and over): 1st, Leo S. Weil's Devonshire Jennie; 2d, E. M. Beale's Alce Leslie; 3d, Beverley Kennels' Graphic's Minnie. **CHALLENGE—Dogs** (under 55lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. **Bitches** (under 50lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Miss Rumor. **OPEN—Dogs** (under 55lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Chancellor; 2d, H. Lehou Jones's Young Americus. **Bitches** (under 50lbs.): 1st, Geo. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 2d and 3d, T. G. Davey's Faustina and Brighton Lucy. R., James S. Crane's Wamduka. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, L. M. Williams's Piedmont's Dick; 2d, Wilmette Kennels' Belac. **Bitches:** 1st, John Reinhardt's Trilby; 2d, H. Le Roy Jones's Belle of Babylon.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. Pape's Cactus. **Bitches:** 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marion. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Warwick Kennels' Snelton; 2d, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger; 3d, P. T. Madson's Rodfield. R., C. C. Sidler's Best Tonic. **Bitches:** 1st, W. S. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 2d, Cottrell & Stout's Susie; 3d, Frank Kruse's Beas; 4th, Bert Crane's Fling. R., Chas. T. Engel's Countess Antonio. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, John Holte's Kalsar; 2d, Warren Lusted's Jim Purser. R., Dr. A. W. Cooper's Ross. **Bitches:** 1st, J. T. Toohy's Leda Antonio; 2d, Warren Lusted's Ferris Girl. R., J. B. Turner's Lady Sue.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Washington's Flinglas. **Bitches:** 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finmore. R., A. von Cotzhausen's Lady May Swiveler. **OPEN—Dogs:** 2d and R., Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud and Pride's Boy; 3d, G. S. Bennett's Shamrock Bruce; 4th, W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare Malt. **Bitches:** 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty; 2d, A. von Cotzhausen's Lady Flinglas; 4th, A. & A. Burnett's Bonnie Belle. R., A. Kirby's Bessie M. **Puppies—Bitches:** 1st, J. J. Mannion's Kildare Grace.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. R., Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' ch. Remont. **Bitches:** 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Pearl. R., Highland Kennels' Highland Yola. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy; 2d, B. W. Andrews's Gip; 3d, Forest Kennels' Forest Leo; 4th, Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Pilot of Lorraine. R., O. Schaffer's Wang Ivanhoe. **Bitches:** 1st, Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Hazel; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Leola; 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie; 4th and R., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Sarah and Dwight Bee. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Harold. **Bitches:** 2d and R., Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Nettie and Lawn Katie.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, E. R. Pike's Beverly Jack; 2d, Com. G. C. Rester's Echo.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. **Bitches:** 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Drayton the Shrew. R., J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Dray. **OPEN—BLACK—Dogs** (over 28lbs.): 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Endcliffe Ebony. **Bitches:** 1st, M. A. Viti's Scandal; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Spracklin's Belle. **ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs** (over 28lbs.): 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Prince Charlie. **Puppies:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK OR LIVER—Dogs: 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' ch. Pickpanda. **ANY OTHER COLOR—1st,** G. Greer's Bambo. R., T. McK. Robertson's Red Obo. **OPEN—BLACK—Dogs:** 1st, C. G. King's Governor; 2d, G. Douglas's Viscount; 3d, A. T. Knowlson's Willie Silk. R., Mrs. G. J. Pottmeyer's Cnr Bang. **Bitches:**

1st and R., G. Douglas's Lady Clipper and Woodland Minnie; 2d, J. E. Wright's Woodland Finette; 3d, G. Greer's Dot Obo. **RED OR LIVER—Dogs:** 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III; 3d, F. H. Sturdy's Red Minto. R., G. J. R. a's Red Duke. **Bitches:** 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, T. McK. Robertson's Red Dolly; 3d, Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie. R., G. J. Pottmeyer's Governor. **ANY OTHER COLOR—1st,** G. Douglas's Woodland Trilby; 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy; 3d, J. E. Wright's Woodland Bessie. R., J. H. McTague's Tick H. **Puppies:** 1st, G. Douglas's Mirkwood; 2d, W. F. Carson's Trilby; 3d, D. Allenby's Flossie. R., Royal Kennels' Royal Diamond.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, G. R. Preston's McGregor.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, T. A. Carson's Mike; 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Tinker; 3d, T. W. Mills's Willy Reilly. **Bitches:** 1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite; 2d, 3d and R., Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Rose, Bridget O'Donohue and Judy.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero. **Bitches:** 1st, J. P. Morgan's Charlton Phyllis. R., S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, 2d, 3d and R., J. P. Morgan's Rufford Ormonde, Robin Gray, Cragston Donald and Cragston Black Diamond; 4th, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle and Cragston Blue Ruin; 3d, B. H. Westlake's Priscilla A.; 4th, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Lily. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, G. P. McAdam's Buff II; 2d, S. B. Stannard's Inspiration. R., O. E. Frankenthal's Skit. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, J. L. Lincoln's Recomense and Felwyn Dawn. R., J. O. Buhner's Princess Bonnie. **NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Donald; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde; 3d, J. W. Wakem's Christopher Columbus. R., J. L. Lincoln's Dictator. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Thistle and Cragston Blue Ruin; 3d, J. L. Lincoln's Recomense.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.—1st, J. P. Morgan's Herdsman II; 2d, Donnybrook Kennels' Bob-No-Go.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah. **OPEN—BLACK—CORDED OR RUSSIAN—1st,** M. E. Sarge's Hector. **CURLY OR FRENCH—Dogs:** 1st, J. F. Schnaitman's Dahomey; 2d, F. Kulie's Parisian; 3d, W. Dixon's Clicquot II. R., Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat. **Bitches:** 1st, 2d and 3d, Morey Kennels' Morey Leah, Snowball and Coquette. R., W. Dixon's Topsy. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, F. Kulie's Parisian and Zenobia. R., Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat. **ANY OTHER COLOR—1st,** 2d and R., H. H. Hunnewell's Jacko, Ponto and Hill Hurst Hilda; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cherry.

DALMATIANS.—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Aborn's Sport; 2d and R., E. J. Woods's Sport and Kelley D.; 3d, G. Siegmund's Jack. **Bitches:** 1st and R., E. J. Woods's Nellie B. and Edith G.; 3d, W. L. Aborn's Star. **Puppies:** 1st, F. J. Kane's Richard K.; 2d, E. J. Woods's Trilby. R., Wilmette Kennels' Doctress.

BULL DOGS.—Bitches (40lbs. and over): 1st, T. W. Mills's Sally Brass II. **Dogs** (under 45lbs.): 1st, T. H. Webb's Rowdy Ruffian. **Puppies:** 1st, A. C. Ledyard's Eli Yale.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's ch. Cardovva. **Bitches:** 1st, F. F. Dole's ch. Starlight. **OPEN—Dogs** (30lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Master Piece and Victor; 3d, Wm. J. Bryson's Aspiration. R., Mrs. E. P. Shibley's Chantauqua Clyde. **Bitches** (30lbs. and over): 1st, H. Thompson's Merle Goddess; 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 3d, I. W. Rosenstein's Sweetness. R., Wm. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin. **Dogs** (under 30lbs.): 1st, F. F. Dole's Pedler Palmer; 2d, J. Callahan's Rookery Boy. **Bitches** (under 30lbs.): 1st, G. Whitney's Lettwood Belle; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady; 3d, J. Callahan's Lorna Doone II. R., Osgood & Crosby's Phyllis. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, F. F. Dole's Master Piece; 2d, A. Flynn's Domino. R., W. C. Gunn's Chimmie Fadden. **Bitches:** 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Lady. R., J. Callahan's Lorna Doone II. **NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress and Master Piece.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Nan-kin. **OPEN—Dogs** (25lbs. and over): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Jem Mace; 3d, Mrs. E. R. Pike's Rueben. **Bitches** (25lbs. and over): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Countess; 3d, H. A. Snyder's Blondy. **Dogs** (under 25lbs.): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Tom; 2d, Mrs. B. Pope's Spider; 3d, Bayonne Kennels' Dandy. **Bitches** (under 25lbs.): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Peggy. **NOVICE—Dogs** (heavy and light): 1st and 2d, Bayonne Kennels' Jingo and Teddy. **Bitches:** 2d, H. A. Snyder's Blondy. **Puppies—Bitches:** 1st, Bayonne Kennels' Thoren.

DACHSHUND.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and R., A. Froembling's Blitz and Reinecke's Pick; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Professor Puck. **Bitches:** 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d, H. G. Meyer's Diana. R., P. Boening's Nipska. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck and Professor Puck. R., A. Nelson's Don Juan. **Bitches:** 1st, Wm. Korb's Hexe; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Squaw. R., A. Froembling's Liebe.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader. **Bitches:** 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely. **OPEN—Dogs** (over 13in.): 1st, J. Lewis's Rafter; 2d, Wm. Potter's Joe. **Bitches** (over 13in.): 1st, C. B. Rice's Lady May; 2d, J. Lewis's Spinnaway. **Dogs** (13in. and under): 1st, G. A. Buckshoff's Royal Dick. **Bitches:** 1st, Middleton Kennels' Fancy. **Puppies—1st,** J. Lewis's Cherrywood; 2d and R., C. B. Rice's Prior and Trump, Jr.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. A. Bowler's sock's Ryon Stormer. **Bitches:** 1st, Weeks and Turner's Grouse II. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Sunset Kennels' Dudley Stroller; 2d, I. W. Rosenstein's Seldon Strebor; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Blemton Firebrand. R., E. S. Horne's Prisoner. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter; 2d, W. L. Monnier's Richmond Victory; 3d and R., J. W. Wakem's Richmond Jessamine and Seldon Sweetness. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, J. W. Wakem's Seldon Sutor; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Jester; 3d, W. Edwards's Dandy Boy. R., C. E. Bunn's Mr. Coleman. **Bitches:** 1st, J. W. Wakem's Seldon Spinster; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lady. R., B. Breslin's Beauty. **NOVICE—Dogs:** 1st, G. H. Gooderham's Norfolk Regal; 2d, I. W. Rosenstein's Seldon Strebor; 3d, B. S. Horne's Prisoner. R., W. F. Render's Russley Flight. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter; 2d, G. Raper's Lady; 3d, D. J. March's Wakefield Madgeola. R., J. W. Wakem's Seldon Sweetness. **WIRE-HAIR—CHALLENGE—Dogs:** 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribbage. R., J. J. Lynn's Endcliffe Banker. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fidget. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Frisk and Endcliffe Teaser. R., J. J. Lynn's Endcliffe Nailor. **Bitches:** 2d and R., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Brunette and Bushey Bramble. **Puppies:** 1st and 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Gypsie and Hill Hurst Trump.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Best. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessella III. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain and Brigg's Blazes. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d, F. J. Bolger's Kate Carney; 3d, A. McGinn's Lady O'Neil. **Puppies:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain; 2d, Royal Kennels' Erin King. R., J. E. Wright's Erin Queen. **NOVICE—1st,** Toon & Thomas's Brigg's Bargain.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. McDonald's Merry Call. R., A. F. Hertzler's Bessie. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Kiltib and Rowdy Row. **Bitches:** 1st, R. McDonald's Ooloo; 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Tootsey.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Gleewood. **Bitches:** 1st, C. Wilson's Queen III. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Raven Kennels' Rhodes Orme; 2d, C. Wilson's Chicago Spider; 3d, E. Mach's Perfecta. **Bitches:** 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, J. Spengler's Lucy S.; 3d, C. Wilson's Chicago Maiden. R., C. S. Stuart's Queen Bess. **Puppies:** 1st, E. Mach's Perfecta; 2d, C. Wilson's Up-to-Date Chicago Girl.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Rompaway; 2d, 3d and R., J. A. Spracklin's Dick, Nancy and Ben.

HEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mr. James's Hard Tack. **Bitches:** 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Horset; 2d and 3d, J. Hopkinson's Beach Grove Blue Bell and Endcliffe Wasp.

DANDIEDINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. W. D. innell's Tweedside King; 2d, C. C. McLean's Tweed. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, W. W. D. innell's Kelsie Lass and Kelsie Countess.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. **Bitches:** 1st, C. A. Shinn's Endcliffe Maggie. **OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, J. A. B. Hossack's Heather Bloom.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blazer and Buster.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Bishop's Bradford Rejected. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, N. E. Oliver's Halifax Ted; 2d, J. Foster's Leeds Prince; 3d, L. Cullen's Chalessea King. **Bitches:** 1st, L. Cullen's Endcliffe Model; 2d, J. McGregor's Maud; 3d, Oliver & Sloane's Pansy. R., J. Becker's Bo-Peep. **Puppies—Dogs:** 1st, Mrs. W. J. Bryson's Torso. **Bitches:** 1st, Mrs. W. J. Bryson's Tosca.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—ROUGH-HAIR—(Under 7lbs.): 1st, Mrs. L. Boll's Roy. **SMOOTH-HAIR—1st,** J. A. Mander's Topsy M. R., Viola Darrac's Tito D.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, T. A. Howard's Al Von. **Bitches:** 1st, T. A. Howard's Hooker. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, W. G. Brittan's Bradford Marvel; 2d, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Dong; 3d, Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer. **Bitches:** 1st, Rookery Kennels' Princess Madge. **Puppies:** 1st, T. May's Rexford Della Fox; 2d, Mrs. A. Beckman's Rexford Daisy. **NOVICE—1st** and R., Rookery Kennels' Queen Madge and Countess Madge; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield; 3d, Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer Lad.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. S. Bukrer's Royal Baby; 2d and 3d, R. W. Holmes's Little Chummy and King Charlie. R., Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyr. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. W. Holmes's Nettie Bright Eyes and Little Mollie.

BLenheim SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and R., Ak-Sur-Ben Kennels' Dandy, King of Diamonds and Omaha Duke; 2d, Mrs. H. S. Hayden's Rex, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Ak-Sur-Ben Kennels' Omaha Beauty and Ruby; 3d, W. O. Bishop's Dulcinea. R., A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Marquis. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. H. S. Hayden's Marquis; 2d, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Major.

PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, J. C. McCord's Miss Wally.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—**CHALLENGE**—1st, F. H. Hoyt's Trixie. R., J. Lewis's Spring.—**OPEN**—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Tee Dee. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Io and Valenza.

CHIHUAHUAS.—1st, 2d and R., Mrs. L. B. Brandt's Syti, Nellie and Duke.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star; 2d, J. Carver's Ben. R., W. W. Weare's Alaska. *Bitches:* 1st, G. A. Van Zandt's Blinkbonny.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The quarterly meeting of the New England Beagle Club will be held in Mechanic's Building, Boston, April 20, at 2 P. M.

In the matter of the Manice Challenge Cup, Mr. James Mortimer has notified Mr. E. A. Manice of the official awards as follows: First: Windrush Kennels' Princetta (Jay—Princess); R., J. H. Matthews's Polly Flinders (Pterodactyl—Jargonelle).

At the N. E. K. C. show, Mr. James Mortimer will judge bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundland, Chesapeake Bay dogs, whippets, bull dogs, pugs and miscellaneous. Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge deerhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, Bassets, dachshunde, poodles, collies, sheep dogs and terriers, except Boston and fox terriers. Mr. John Davidson will judge foxhounds, pointers, setters and beagles. Mr. H. W. Smith will judge fox terriers. Mr. Alex. L. Goode will judge Boston terriers.

The premium list of the Mohawk Kennel Club's dog show, to be held beginning April 14, can be obtained of Mr. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y. Mr. Chas. H. Mason will judge all classes. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend. The dogs will be fed and benched by Spratts Patent.

In a letter of recent date Mr. N. T. DePauw, New Albany, Ind., informs us that he has arranged with Prof. Osthaus for a fine portrait of Jingo, one worthy of a pointer of the best that America ever produced. Prof. Osthaus, we learn, will paint portraits of the pointers India, Nabob and Tippoo.

The American Dachshunde Club.

THE club met Wednesday and Thursday to ratify a standard. The standard of the German Dachshunde Club, with the exception of requiring a longer leaner skull with moderate dome, was adopted. Mr. Arthur Froembling, Chicago, was elected secretary.

Faults and Interferences at Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The manner in which a dog hunts (whether he is fast or slow), especially when he is locating game of which he has caught a faint scent; marks the class to which he belongs more decidedly than any of his other performances.

The too close proximity of men or horses, particularly of the competing handler and his dog, are very liable to spoil the good work that would otherwise have been done; so it seems to me that to test this particular quality properly, it would be far more satisfactory—and save time too—if each dog that had not already shown his ability in this respect was worked single-handed.

The way in which he follows running birds and handles a scattered covey are also of the greatest importance. All these things test the intelligence and natural quality of a dog.

As regards faults, false pointing (in an aged dog) is among the most serious, for it shows timidity, bad style of hunting, poor nose, or want of intelligence.

Flushing ought only to be regarded as an accident if the dog has shown that he is properly careful (though not to the extent of pottering), has a fine nose, carries his head right, uses the wind properly, etc., for scent is sometimes very irregular and unevenly diffused through the atmosphere. A dog may catch it at a considerable distance from a bird and miss it when close to him. I fully admit that fine field dogs are bred, and that no amount of education can convert a low class dog into a high class one; still I believe most sportsmen will agree with me when I say that careful and judicious training is necessary to make them pleasant and satisfactory to shoot over, and that there is no reason why dogs of the highest courage should not be thoroughly trained (though not necessarily in one or even two seasons) without injuring their natural qualities and turning them into "plug dogs."

If from anything I have said in this or in any other letter anyone thinks that I do not consider that the class of dog that usually wins at field trials is the best that can be bred, I can only say that I must have expressed myself badly. I believe in dogs that have high courage, hunt in good form (that are intelligent, quick and snappy), that range well whether near or far, and that can go at great speed without distressing themselves or doing poor work on birds.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Continental Kennel Club.

THE C. K. C. held its annual meeting in the Palmer House, Chicago, on March 12. The minutes of the previous meeting were approved. The secretary's report showed a balance of \$511.83, and \$10 due. This is a good financial showing. There was no indebtedness. The club appropriated money for a suitable floral tribute to the late president, Dr. Rowe. The officers elected were: President, Dr. N. Rowe; Vice-Presidents, C. G. Stoddard, Dayton; E. S. Gay, Atlanta; H. K. Devereaux, Cleveland; R. Merrill, Milwaukee; G. W. Ewing, West Islip, N. Y.; T. G. Davey, London; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg; F. H. Perry, Des Moines; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T. Madison. The chicken trials are to be held at Kennedy, or some point in Minnesota or Dakota. W. S. Bell was selected to judge the chicken trials if arrangements can be so made. The quail trials to be held at or near Bicknell, Ind., beginning Nov. 2. Derby prizes, \$350, \$200, \$150, \$100, \$50.

Entry fee, \$10 forfeit, \$5 second forfeit, \$10 to start; setters and pointers to run together. All-Age stake, purse \$500; prizes, \$200, \$150, \$100 and \$50; setters and pointers run together. W. S. Bell and Royal Robinson were selected as two of the three judges. The third one will be announced later. The club deserves praise for disclosing its financial condition and all its workings, this in striking contrast to the workings of the U. S. Club, which refused to permit reporters at its meetings. A club draws its revenue from the public and there is nothing to conceal when public interest is sought. The C. K. C. made a big advance in electing an independent list of officers. The prize list for both trials is worthy of note. After the good work done by the pointers and their increase in numbers they can hardly ask for or desire separate stakes in the future. The reduction in the Derby entry fee will be a gratification to owners and is a wise act on the club's part. The entry fee in the All-Age is \$10 and \$10. This is also a wise and needed movement. With such skillful and progressive men at the head of affairs the club will no doubt hold successful trials and have an assured future of success.

The Baltimore Kennel Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new kennel club has been organized in Baltimore under the name of the Baltimore Kennel Association. The club will hold its first show in the Cyclorama Building, April 14 to 17. It was deemed advisable to hold a show open to all comers this season on account of the very limited time to be ready to follow Boston, and the management decided to make their first show a local show, open for competition to dogs owned in Maryland and the District of Columbia, and to give the proceeds to the Baltimore Day Nursery, a very popular non-sectarian charity managed by the leading society ladies of Baltimore. These ladies have taken hold of the show in great earnest, having secured large contributions in cash and a great many valuable merchandise prizes; among the prizes secured are a number of valuable silver cups for specials. From present indications there will be at least 300 entries from Baltimore city and the State, and the show will be the most successful, without doubt, ever held in Baltimore, and will give the Baltimore Kennel Association a great send off for their show next year. When such prominent and well-known ladies as are managing the Baltimore Day Nursery take hold of an enterprise, success is assured in the beginning. Let me add that dogs from anywhere can enter for exhibition, and be placed on sale, and that quite a number of the celebrities are expected to be on exhibition. The prizes will be merchandise for first and second, and a diploma for third. These prizes will be as valuable as money prizes, and will be appreciated just as much if not more so by most exhibitors.

The officers are: President, Wm. P. Riggs; Vice-President, Geo. Dobbin Penniman; Secretary, Dr. Geo. W. Massamore; Treasurer, J. Chambers Weeks.

GEO. W. MASSAMORE.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club bench show committee on Friday evening, March 13, it was decided to hold a bench show in this city on April 14, 15, 16 and 17, at Industrial Art Hall, Broad and Vine streets. Premium lists will be gotten out, if possible, on Wednesday, March 18, and all other arrangements for the show pushed vigorously. Acting on the suggestion to have a guarantee fund, \$1,000 has been subscribed and it will probably be increased to \$1,500.

The bench show committee is as follows: H. G. Sinnott, Geo. H. Thomson, J. H. Winslow, J. J. Snellenburg, F. H. Fleer, Dr. Geo. D. B. Darby, Hildebrand Fitzgerald.

Another meeting will be held on Monday evening, March 16, at the Aldine Hotel, when it is expected that the judges asked to serve will be heard from, and all the preliminaries for the show arranged.

At a special meeting of the P. K. C. resolutions on the death of Dr. Rowe will be passed.

BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

Yachting.

In view of the exhaustive nature of the evidence for the defense, as disclosed by the extracts published in the FOREST AND STREAM, it would seem that quite enough has been said about positive and negative evidence. Under the peculiar conditions of this case positive evidence is hardly possible. If, for instance, Lord Dunraven's representative had left Defender at 8 P. M. and the Cup committee had put a member of the Valkyrie party aboard at 8:15 to remain until measurement next morning, it could still be urged, with technical justice, that there was no positive evidence that a fraudulent shifting of ballast had not occurred. It may be said that this is an extreme case, and that ten tons of lead could not have been disposed of in as many minutes; but if the detailed evidence of fifty men is to be believed, backed by many known facts, this would be hardly more impossible than the juggling with the same ten tons three times in three days.

We conclude this week the extracts from the evidence given before the special committee. The inquiries of Mr. Askwith were directed mainly to establishing that the weather of Friday, the day of original measurement, was so threatening as to warrant the putting in of extra weight for the race next day; even in a yacht that ordinarily would not need more ballast. In this he was far from successful, the replies in the main being similar to those of Mr. Rogers when questioned as to the stability of Defender and the need of extra ballast in any weather. Another point on which he laid stress was the condition of the water when Mr. Henderson was put aboard Defender on Saturday morning, as well as the possibility of determining a slight degree of list from a point beam on. The replies to both of these questions went to show that there was considerable motion to the water and the yacht at the time Lord Dunraven made his personal observations; while the possibility of determining a vessel's list from a point abreast her was denied by all.

The evidence of Mr. Rogers is interesting and important in that it discloses a fact that has been hidden until quite recently, and also that it furnishes another instance of Lord Dunraven's inability to comprehend an ordinary business interview. Mr. Rogers—and his testimony is fully corroborated by Mr. Canfield—makes it perfectly plain that the marking of the yachts on Sunday morning was not, as at first generally believed, in consequence of Lord Dunraven's renewed demands, or even of his claim that Defender was over her lines; but was

determined on at a special meeting of the Cup committee on Friday morning, Messrs. Rogers and Canfield being at once dispatched to inform Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin. The latter fully agreed to the proposition, and was notified to be at the Erie Basin on Sunday morning, it being then too late to mark the boats that day. Lord Dunraven was visited by the two members of the committee on board of Valkyrie; the decision of the committee, finally granting the point he had been so long contending for, was made known to him plainly and deliberately, and the matter of getting the yacht to the Basin on Sunday morning, and of Mr. Watson affixing the marks on both vessels, was discussed, Mr. Watson being present. Important as all this was, it made no more impression on Lord Dunraven's mind than did the taking down of his complaint and the reading it to him by Mr. Fish on Saturday, or the visit of Messrs. Canfield and Busk to Lord Dunraven at the Waldorf on the evening preceding the last abortive race. In each of these three cases, deeply as he was concerned, Lord Dunraven has apparently failed entirely to grasp the meaning of the communications made to him; and, from his own evidence, has only the most vague and indefinite ideas as to what was said. The gentlemen who have had to deal with him on these occasions—Messrs. Busk, Canfield, Fish and Rogers—are widely and favorably known in business and club life as particularly able, careful and conscientious; they are none of them the kind of whom committees are too often made, but are among the best selections for such work that the club has made in years. It is more than strange that in three separate cases they should give plain, detailed and businesslike accounts of their relations with Lord Dunraven, while he, on the other hand, is hardly able to say more than that he may have seen them and they may have spoken to him on one subject or another.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

MISCELLANEOUS EVIDENCE.

The following extracts include only a very small part of the latter half of the volume, but much of the evidence is merely cumulative. We have selected the evidence of the first mate and the carpenter of Defender as fairly representative of some hundred pages of depositions and personal evidence given by all but four out of the crew of forty men, in addition to the riggers, tug boat captains and many others. The stories of Capt. Berry, who acted as mate on Defender, and of carpenter Blizard, are fully corroborated by those of the others, including Capt. Terry, of the schooner Grayling.

Archibald Rogers, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—You were one of the Cup committee? A.—I was.

Q.—And were on board when Mr. Fish was put on board by Lord Dunraven? A.—I was.

Q.—Will you state what he reported to the committee? A.—I understood him to say that he had a serious matter to place before us, and that he thought that a committee meeting should be called at once. The members of the committee assembled in the stern of the boat, and he produced a paper, written in pencil, which he explained he had made on board the Valkyrie. That not wishing to trust entirely to his memory, he had thought it better to write down the points, and that he had read them over to Lord Dunraven, and asked him to make any suggestion as to their correctness or not. Do you wish me to go further?

Q.—Will you state whatever he said as to any request of Lord Dunraven accompanying that? A.—It was rather dark, and I think that he read the paper over. At all events it was read to the committee. He then said that Lord Dunraven would like a remeasurement that night, if possible. He also said that he had read this document to Dunraven; and I am under the impression that Mr. Fish said that Lord Dunraven had made one or two corrections or interlineations or something of that sort on this memorandum. That is all I remember of Mr. Fish's statement.

Q.—Did he say anything about a request for the committee to take charge of one or either of the boats? A.—Not a syllable.

Q.—Or put a representative on board? A.—Not a word.

Q.—What do you say as to the reason why the request to remeasure that night was not complied with? A.—We were too far away from still water.

Q.—If it had been morning or noon? A.—If it had been in the middle of the day it might have been possible. It would have been possible, of course.

By the Chairman:

Q.—What time did the races terminate? A.—I think Mr. Fish came aboard about 6 o'clock. I cannot be positive, but I know it was dark very shortly after, while we were discussing this communication.

Mr. Rives—The Valkyrie passed the line just before 5:30.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—To get up into the Basin, and get the measurer there, and have the measurement done before dark was impossible? A.—Absolutely impossible.

Q.—Did you or the Cup committee make any communication to Mr. Iselin about this? A.—I cannot speak for the rest of the Cup committee. I did not.

Q.—What experience have you had in yachting? A.—I have owned several racing boats, English cutters and so on.

Q.—Were you on the Defender either the day before or after the 7th, in the Erie Basin? A.—I was on the Defender the day before the race, on the 6th.

Q.—When she was measured? A.—When she was measured. Just after.

Q.—Did you see how she set in the water that day in the Erie Basin? A.—Just casually. I was not paying any particular attention to her flotation.

Q.—Would you or could you have noticed, as you approached her on the side, as you did when you boarded her on the morning of the 7th, whether she sat deeper in the water or not? A.—I beg pardon. I did not board her on the 7th.

Q.—You did not? A.—No, I was not on board of her on the 7th. It was the 6th when she was in the Erie Basin.

Q.—You were one of the sub-committee appointed on Friday morning, as it has been testified here, with Mr. Canfield, in consequence of the receipt of a letter from Lord Dunraven, asking for a marking of the vessel? A.—Yes, sir, I was.

Q.—Were you at Mr. Smith's office at the meeting of the committee? A.—I was.

Q.—Did you undertake to act with Mr. Canfield on that sub-committee? A.—I was so appointed.

Q.—What did you do in consequence? A.—I proceeded with Mr. Canfield over to the Erie Basin.

Q.—What happened there, especially any communication with either Mr. Watson or Lord Dunraven? A.—It took us some time to get aboard on account of the crowd. The Defender was then being measured, and as soon as an opportunity occurred we hailed one of the officers on the deck and they sent a small boat and we were put on board. The Valkyrie not being in the Basin, we then went below and told Mr. Iselin of our function, and said that proper marks should be affixed in accordance with Lord Dunraven's request. Mr. Iselin replied that he saw no objection. On the contrary, he thought it was an extremely good thing, and he was very glad it was going to be done. Mr. Kersey then took us out on the Pulver to the Bridgeport, where we were received by Lord Dunraven, and then we communicated to Lord Dunraven the fact that we had come there to tell him that while we did not understand exactly how these marks were to be affixed, yet that the committee had decided that the marks were to be affixed in any way that was agreeable to him, and that we were perfectly willing to have his representative, Mr. Watson, affix these marks on both the boats.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—You said that to Lord Dunraven personally? A.—We did say that personally to Lord Dunraven. It was thoroughly discussed with him and with Mr. Watson.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Had the Valkyrie then left the Basin? A.—The Valkyrie had then left the Erie Basin and Mr. Kersey, in going out on the tug, made the remark to me that it would be impossible for her to come back, for she had grounded; she touched on going out, when she was towed out.

Q.—Does your experience enable you to form a judgment as to whether, as the wind and weather were on the morning of the 7th, it would have been desirable to have the Defender lighter or more heavily weighted? A.—My experience would tell me that it would have been desirable to have had her lighter.

Q.—Why? A.—Because she is a boat of immense power, and any of the loose ballast she had for trimming inside, if taken out, would enable her to go faster.

Q.—You arranged, as you understood, to have them come back Sunday? A.—Well, the instructions to us were to have these marks affixed on Sunday.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—What time in the morning of Friday was it that you had this meeting with Mr. Canfield? Was it the sub-committee meeting you

“speak of? A.—No, sir; it was a regular meeting of the committee at Mr. Smith's office, somewhere between 10 and 12.”

Q.—Do you know what time Mr. Canfield received the letter asking for the alteration in the marking? A.—I do not.

Q.—Do you remember this phrase of it: “Mr. Young, the pilot I have engaged, informed me yesterday late that if Valkyrie was not measured before noon there would not be water enough to take her out before the next tide?” A.—I do not call that to mind now.

Q.—You did not gather that you would be too late for the Valkyrie's measurement, when you went down to the Basin? A.—No; because we hurried all we could. We could not get aboard for a long time. The Valkyrie had gone when we got there; we certainly supposed when we left we would be there in time to catch the Valkyrie.

Q.—Are you aware that on Saturday night the Valkyrie left at the Horseshoe their properties, their tender and clothes, dinner—

Mr. Rogers—Saturday night?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—No; I am not.

Q.—Are you aware they quite unexpectedly went to Bay Ridge, because the weather was not suitable for getting into the Horseshoe? A.—No; I am not.

Q.—I have a letter here from Lord Dunraven in which he states: “So little idea had we of going to Bay Ridge on Saturday night that we left our house, home and dinner at Sandy Hook in the City of Bridgeport, and our boats and anchor and chain.”

Mr. Choate—This is a letter written recently?

Mr. Askwith—I received it this morning. I state that on his behalf, as a fact.

The Chairman—Do you offer that as evidence?

Mr. Askwith—It certainly cannot be said to be legal evidence, but I appear as his representative, and he states it to me.

Mr. Choate—I am willing it should be added to his testimony.

The Chairman—Very well.

Mr. Choate—It is in reference to this question about the arrangement on Friday, I suppose?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

Mr. Rives—In what respect do you suggest that the weather was unsuitable for going into Sandy Hook Bay on Saturday night?

Mr. Askwith—That is, I admit, only my memory of a conversation with him. These are the exact words that he uses himself.

Mr. Rives—There can be no foundation in fact, I think. Sandy Hook Bay is an excellent anchorage at any time, except with a strong northwesterly gale.

Mr. Askwith—I admit that it is only my memory. I think I would like to withdraw it, because I was not there, and I only speak of it, from memory of a vague conversation as to the weather.

Mr. Whitney—Let us get at it. What is it that you put in?

Mr. Askwith—I will read it again: “So little idea had we of going to Bay Ridge Saturday night that we left our house, home and dinner at Sandy Hook, in the City of Bridgeport, and our boats and anchor and chain.” He means to imply that if any arrangement had been known to him or any one on board the Valkyrie, they would have made arrangements for the City of Bridgeport leaving Sandy Hook and going to Bay Ridge, and for going back there in the evening rather than to Sandy Hook.

Mr. Rogers—May I ask a question? Do you mean that Lord Dunraven did not understand that he was to have these marks affixed on Sunday? Is that the idea?

Mr. Askwith—Yes. I think Mr. Canfield also implied that he had no intention of saying that he absolutely conveyed this either to Lord Dunraven or to Mr. Watson, but that the question of re-marking was discussed. That is my memory of the effect of his evidence.

Mr. Choate—It was the marking, as I understood. Mr. Canfield is here, if you want to ask him any further questions about it.

Mr. Whitney—I understood Mr. Canfield's testimony to be the same as Mr. Rogers's with regard to the marking of the boats. Is that your understanding, Mr. Askwith?

Mr. Askwith—I will read, if I may, Lord Dunraven's words upon the subject of the conversation about re-marking, when he says Mr. Canfield was present, and I suppose Mr. Rogers was also present.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I think you went off to the City of Bridgeport and had lunch there? A.—No, we had a drink there. We did not take any lunch.

Mr. Askwith—These are Lord Dunraven's words, if you will follow them kindly: “It is possible Canfield may have said something about Iselin's readiness to agree to outside marking. I remember a conversation with some one, Hyslop, I think, of the time of first measurement, on the subject of marking, and his saying there was no objection, but it could not be done. If Canfield and Rogers spoke about it to me at all it must have been merely that Iselin would not object, but that it was not practicable. Anyhow, it was not done.”

Q.—Does not that coincide with your memory? A.—It does not. Of course, if I may state more conversationally, perhaps, what occurred, I think, perhaps, I could throw a little better light on the matter. Mr. Kersey was very impatient to get us off, and he shouted to us—I know him quite well—to hurry up and get aboard, and when we got on the Pulver I told him that the committee were going to have the boats marked. “Well,” he said, “that is a pity.” At least, this is about as near as I can come. “Because you can't get Valkyrie back again now. She touched going out.” Then, when we were put aboard, there was a little confusion. Lord Dunraven's daughters were there and some other people; Mr. Henderson was there, and Mr. Duryea was there, and there was some confusion. I remember one or two introductions. Lord Dunraven, I think, introduced Mr. Canfield and myself to Mr. Duryea, I think, whom we already knew.

Q.—Mr. Duryea was a friend of Mr. Iselin, whom Lord Dunraven requested to be the representative of the Defender for the last race? A.—I don't know anything about that. Then the gentlemen, finally, and young ladies, were put on the Pulver, and when they departed Lord Dunraven asked us to come into his cabin, and we had another communication to give him, which we gave to him at the same time, and we then told him that the marks would be affixed as he suggested; then we had some little pleasantries, I remember, on it, that he said in the previous communication that it was a very simple matter, and we did not think it was, because we thought it impossible to affix them the way he said was so simple; and Mr. Watson was very hungry, and he hustled around to get something to eat, and he was eating and we were talking, and the matter was discussed at considerable length. There is absolutely no question about that in my mind.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Discussed between whom? A.—Between Mr. Watson, Lord Dunraven and ourselves. Of course it was brief, but it was thorough. Then, subsequently to that, when we were taken back on the Bridgeport into the Erie Basin, I remember Mr. Canfield calling Mr. Watson down from the upper deck. There was a large crowd on the end of the pier there, and I suppose he did not want to shout it out; at all events, I remember his calling Mr. Watson down, and while I could not overhear exactly the words that he used, I know that he was giving Mr. Watson instructions about the marking to-morrow and the batten; in other words, to get Mr. Watson and Mr. Hyslop together.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Who said this? A.—Mr. Canfield.

Q.—When? A.—This was when we were brought back by the City of Bridgeport into the Erie Basin.

Q.—On the Friday? A.—On Friday. It was following out—it was in the line of our whole mission, which was to let Lord Dunraven know that these marks would be affixed.

Q.—Was it not to the effect that the marks would be affixed before the next race? A.—No, sir; they were to be affixed on Sunday. Those were our instructions; or rather, those were the instructions which we gave to Mr. Watson.

Q.—Were there any orders that the boat was to go to Bay Ridge for that purpose? A.—We told him to have his boat there.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—By there you mean at the Erie Basin? A.—At the Erie Basin, on Sunday; and we were most particular, I remember, in instructing our measurer about the matter, and about preserving the batten, and putting it in a place where they could both get to it.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—There was no order for remeasurement at that time? It was simply for re-marking? A.—For affixing the marks. There was no remeasurement contemplated then.

Q.—Whom did you tell that the Defender was to be at the Erie Basin upon the Sunday morning? A.—I think Mr. Iselin.

Q.—Whom did you tell on board the Valkyrie that the Valkyrie was to be at the Erie Basin on the Sunday morning? A.—Mr. Watson.

Q.—Will you tell me exactly the time?

Mr. Rogers—Exactly the time when?

Mr. Askwith—When you told him so.

A.—I think that we told him so twice, although I am not sure about that; but I remember Mr. Canfield—as nearly as I can remember Mr. Canfield told him, when he was leaning over the stern of the little steam tug there—to be sure and have his boat in on Sunday morning.

Q.—Was that after you had left Lord Dunraven? A.—That was just after leaving the Bridgeport.

Q.—Where was Mr. Watson? A.—Mr. Watson was leaning over the bulwark, I think, on the main deck.

Q.—The main deck of the Valkyrie? A.—I think he came down from the upper deck. I am not sure whether it was the upper deck or the main deck. No; of the City of Bridgeport.

Q.—Was that after you were going away from the City of Bridgeport, having gone on board with Mr. Canfield, when you found that the Valkyrie had gone out of dock? A.—This was the same occasion.

Mr. Askwith—It really comes to a question, I suppose, of the effect upon Lord Dunraven's mind of what he understood.

[Mr. Rogers—I think it is quite liable, in a conversation of that kind, that he might have got mixed up; but I cannot conceive how it is possible that he could not have remembered our mission.

Q.—Do you think it is possible that he would have this impression: “They are founding this on some vague conversation?” A.—I cannot conceive it possible. We went there for a definite purpose, and with a definite mission, and we fulfilled it, and I cannot conceive it possible that he could have so understood us, but that it would be perfectly plain.

Q.—You went with the definite mission of giving him the information that his request for a re-marking had been acceded to, that re-marking to take place before the next race? A.—That re-marking to take place Sunday, as I understood, the day following the race. He had to come in Sunday anyhow, you know, because the race was going to be Monday. They had to be measured Sunday or else it would go over until Tuesday.

* * * * *

CARPENTER BLIZZARD'S EVIDENCE.

George W. Blizzard, being called as a witness on behalf of Mr. Iselin, testified as follows:

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—What is your business? A.—My business is carpenter by trade.

Q.—Where do you live? A.—I live at New Rochelle.

Q.—You have been employed a good deal by Mr. Iselin, have you not? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Were you employed in and about the Defender last summer? A.—Yes, sir; the whole season.

Q.—From the time she was built until she was laid up? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you have to do with the stripping of her at New Rochelle two or three days before the Cup races? A.—I did, yes, sir. I cleaned her out.

Q.—You cleaned her out, and did you weigh what was taken out? A.—Yes, sir; with the exception of a few articles which were not weighed; but in bulk, taking it right straight through, I weighed everything.

Q.—What kind of things were they that you could not weigh? Do you mean the water tank? A.—There was some stuff down below. That is, scrap articles, that laid in her bilge, and water, and such things as that, when she was cleaned out, that was not weighed. Everything else was weighed.

Q.—Will you state what you did to her and what you took out of her? A.—I took out some of the bunks, wire mattresses, and some mattresses and carpets, bedding and cooking utensils, range, water tanks, waste tanks, ice-box, and a number of articles. I could not exactly go over them all, but everything that was movable, with the exception of her four water closets. They were not touched.

Q.—Did you have to do with putting any lead in the place of what you took out? A.—Yes, sir; I helped to put it in.

Q.—Did you keep a tally of the weights? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—Have you got them? A.—I have; yes, sir.

Q.—Will you give us the tally of what you weighed, as it was taken out? A.—I don't know whether you can make it out or not.

Mr. Choate—You can read it off.

Mr. Blizzard—I will tell you exactly what I took out—the number of pounds. 6,587lbs.

By the Chairman:

Q.—You mean by that, what you weighed? A.—What I weighed; yes, sir. There was other stuff taken out that was not weighed. The stuff that came out of her bilge was not weighed.

Q.—How much, in your judgment?

Mr. Blizzard—That came out of her bilge?

The Chairman—Yes.

A.—I suppose in the neighborhood of forty pails or buckets.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Of water and stuff and dirt? A.—Yes, sir; dirt and stuff that was in the bilge at the time she was built in Bristol; that was not taken out; that laid in her all summer long.

Q.—You called it scrap iron. What did you mean? A.—Heads of bolts, cuttings and such things, sawdust.

Q.—You made her absolutely clean? A.—Yes, sir; I did. Clean as a whistle.

Q.—Does this 6,587lbs include the tanks? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you actually weigh them, or take the weights from Mr. Herreshoff? A.—I had to take the weights of the ice-box and water tanks from Mr. Herreshoff.

Q.—But all the rest you weighed yourself? A.—All the rest I weighed myself.

Q.—What were the two weights given you by Mr. Herreshoff for the water tank and ice-box? A.—I think he gave me a weight about 500lbs., as near as I can judge.

Q.—And you included it in your 6,587lbs.? A.—Yes, sir; I did.

Q.—Did you have any conference with them about the figure of 7,000lbs.? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Do you know what you describe of water, dirt, dust and scrap iron—can you form any idea of what it weighed? A.—I can't exactly, but I should judge the pails were very heavy. They would weigh at least 25 or 30lbs.—maybe more. I wouldn't swear to the exact weight.

Q.—That would be from 500lbs. upward? A.—Yes, sir. It would easily reach that.

Q.—Now about the lead that was put in up there? A.—The lead was put in there on the 5th. I helped to cut it. There were forty-two pigs cut on Hudson Park Dock, carried across two schooners that were laying there loaded with lumber, and put on board the Hattie Palmer and taken out to the Defender.

Q.—When she lay where, at New Rochelle? A.—At Hudson Park Dock, New Rochelle.

Q.—Were you on the Defender all that time? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You did not sleep there? A.—I slept on her after she left there; after she left New Rochelle: until after the International races were over.

Q.—Where was Defender lying there?

Mr. Blizzard—At New Rochelle?

Mr. Choate—Yes.

A.—She lay alongside of two schooners, at the dock, and the lead was carried across the two schooners loaded with lumber and put on to the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—Was anything else put on her after you had cleaned her out, except the two tons of lead, the forty-two pigs, at New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What? A.—There was one ton of lead that was put on to her the day she left there. I didn't see it put on.

Q.—I mean at New Rochelle, was anything else put on? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you know what was done for drinking water after the tanks were taken out and the ice-box? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What? A.—We had a couple of milk cans and they were filled up and put on board, and we had hardly enough to last us during the day.

Q.—Did you go on the Defender from New Rochelle, or did you come down by train, or on the Hattie Palmer? A.—Came down by train. I boarded the Defender in the Erie Basin.

Q.—Before or after she was measured? A.—Just in time to be measured. Before she was measured.

Q.—You took no part in that? A.—I took no part in that, no.

Q.—From that time on to the end of Saturday's race where were you? A.—I was on board the Defender, and stayed there.

Q.—Going on the Hattie Palmer to get a meal? A.—Going on the Hattie Palmer to get a meal, yes, sir, and returned aboard the Defender.

Q.—Did you see the twenty-one pigs put on at the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir; I did not.

Q.—Did you see them on the cabin floor? A.—I did, yes, sir; when I came aboard.

Q.—You were down there when the Hattie Palmer was alongside the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Both at Bay Ridge? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And at the Horseshoe? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything carried from the Hattie Palmer into the Defender except the twenty-one pigs of lead that were removed on the Hattie Palmer to be sawed, and the cots of the men? A.—Nothing else, no, sir.

Q.—Could anything have been introduced without your seeing it? A.—No, sir; it would have been impossible.

Q.—What took place down at the Horseshoe from the time when the Hattie Palmer drew up alongside until she left, and what were those times, as you recollect, in the evening of Friday? A.—Well, we left Bay Ridge between 6 and 7 o'clock; I suppose between 6:30 and 7 o'clock. We arrived at Sandy Hook about 8:30.

Q.—What took place there that night? A.—The Hattie Palmer came alongside of us and we took those twenty-one pigs of lead one at a time and put them on the sampson post, Capt. Hall holding the wedge, and one of the men here did the striking; and we cut those twenty-one pigs and put them down in the bilge of the Defender.

Q.—Did you help do it or see it done? A.—Yes, sir; I helped to carry them.

Q.—Was anything else put in there that night? A.—Nothing else, no, sir.

Q.—Did you lay the floor after it was done. A.—No, sir; I did not.

Q.—You do not know who did? A.—I don't know who put the floor down. It was loose. It would drop down in half a second. It would take no time to do that. Who did it I could not say.

Q.—What time did you turn in that night. Before or after the Hattie Palmer left the Defender? A.—After the Hattie Palmer had left, yes, sir.

Q.—How long after? A.—I couldn't say exactly the time, whether it was half an hour or an hour, but I know I turned in before 11 that night.

Q.—What time did you come out in the morning, the next morning? A.—I came out in the morning about 5:30.

Q.—Where did you sleep, with relation to the place where this lead had been put in? How near? A.—I slept on the starboard side, right close to it; with my cot and head right against the companionway.

Q.—You know the Defender pretty well? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Could there have been any bringing in of anything to an amount of nine or ten tons, or any amount, without your being disturbed? A.—No, sir. It would be impossible.

Q.—Is noise easily conveyed and heard from one side of that boat to another? A.—Yes, sir. She was all open. You could stand right in the stern and look straight through.

Q.—Do you remember Mr. Iselin and his friends coming on board the next morning? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And Lord Dunraven bringing Mr. Henderson and putting him aboard? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Where were you then? A.—I was on the deck, right just aft of the wheel.

Q.—Did you go to the side to see them come up, both parties? A.—I had a little bit of curiosity. I wanted to see him and take a look just the same as the rest of the folks.

Q.—Did others? Who were the rest of the folks you speak of? A.—The whole crew.

Q.—Was there a general movement toward that side where Lord Dunraven came up with Mr. Henderson? A.—There was on the port side, yes, sir; all the crew was on the port side. I was on the starboard side at that time.

Q.—Did you, under the direction of Mr. Iselin, that morning, and, if so, at what time—how long before the race began—sound for water, or examine for water, in the hold of the Defender? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—What did you do? A.—I went down under the floor, and I had a little rod there, I suppose in the neighborhood of 8ft. long, and if it is not taken out it is in there yet; and I had it marked, and I went down into her and marked it every morning; measured it.

Q.—Was there any water in her? A.—There was no water in her that morning. It had been pumped out.

Q.—Do you know of any sponging out done that morning? A.—I didn't see any sponging done on the bilge part of her, but I did on the lazarette. On the lazarette one of the men sponged her.

Q.—Did you take part with Mr. Herreshoff, Mr. Iselin and the Captain in the examination of the lead before sailing that day? A.—I didn't take any part in examining it; no, sir.

Q.—Or in taking up the floor or putting it back? A.—No, sir; I only took up the one little patch that I had anything to do with.

Q.—How long was the Hattie Palmer alongside that morning? A.—I should judge she was alongside in the neighborhood of about three hours.

Q.—And you and others went on her to get your breakfast? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything carried to or fro that morning? A.—Nothing; only the cots were carried aboard; taken off the Defender and put aboard. That was all.

Q.—And you sailed and came back with the Defender? A.—I did; yes, sir.

Q.—Were you on her until she was measured the next day or where were you? A.—No, sir; I left the Defender that night about 8:30, on board the Flint.

Q.—At Bay Ridge? A.—At Bay Ridge; yes, sir.

Q.—Where did you go? A.—I went home. Mr. Iselin let me go home; I went to New Rochelle and returned the next night; the next afternoon.

Q.—You were not present then on the following day, Sunday? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You do not know what might have happened between the time you left her and the next day at noon? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you know of any place in that vessel where water ballast or any other ballast could have been stowed without your knowing it? A.—No, sir. It would have been impossible to put it there. There was no place to put it.

Q.—Nothing to hold water? A.—There was nothing to hold water except the hull of the boat. The water would have to enter into the bilge if any water was carried aboard.

Q.—You had been on her all summer? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What do you know about the leak that Mr. Herreshoff has spoken of? What did that amount to? A.—In a heavy breeze she would leak considerably, somewhere along the forward part of the mast. In light weather she didn't leak hardly any. In any weather that we had she wouldn't leak five pails full all day long, hardly.

Q.—From your knowledge of her, from the time she was at New Rochelle until you left her at 8:30 on Saturday night, was there to your knowledge anything taken into her or out of her except the two tons of lead carried in, the one ton of lead taken in and removed on to the deck of the Hattie Palmer, sawed and returned, and the cots of the men removed and carried in again? A.—No, sir; there was not.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Did you go out on the sail at New Rochelle on Thursday that Mr. Leeds spoke of, in the Defender? A.—I couldn't say positively, but I think I did.

Q.—When Lord Dunraven was approaching the Defender on the morning of Saturday with Mr. Henderson in his boat, on which side did he land Mr. Henderson? A.—He landed him on the starboard side.

Q.—How many men were aboard the Defender at that time? A.—I didn't count them. I couldn't exactly say. I know the whole crew was there.

Q.—Do you think that the whole crew went to the starboard? A.—I can't say. I don't know.

Q.—Do you think that many of them crossed over from the starboard side to the port side after he had landed Mr. Henderson? A.—I don't know.

Q.—Do you know whether they went from the port side to the bows? A.—I couldn't tell you that.

Q.—Or that they went from the bows aft? A.—I couldn't say. I don't think they did.

Q.—Were you present at the measurement of the Defender? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—On board? A.—On board, yes, sir. The first measurement.

Q.—She was perfectly level on the water then? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you look over the side? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Several yachts? A.—Yes, sir; I have been master of several yachts.

Q.—Will you name some of them? A.—The schooner Comanche for one; the sloop Wasp; the Katrina; the R-glna; the Wizard; the Mischief. I do not know of any others of importance.

Q.—Were you in the International races prior to 1895, in any way? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—In a yacht, or commanding a yacht, or sailing, or what? A.—I was only an extra hand on the Valkyrie.

Q.—Were you in the Defender in 1895? A.—I was; yes, sir.

Q.—Who employed you? A.—Mr. Iselin.

Q.—To do what? A.—To go as mate of the Defender.

Q.—You were first mate, were you? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did she have more than one mate? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Who was the other mate? A.—George Conant.

Q.—When were you engaged? A.—I don't exactly remember about that. Somewhere along March, I think.

Q.—Before she began sailing? A.—I was sent on her as soon as she was launched.

Q.—You were on her from then until she was finally laid up for the winter? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You were on her at New Rochelle when she was stripped? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—The 4th or 5th of September? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And from that time on until Sunday night following, how much, if at all, did you leave her? A.—Possibly half an hour.

Q.—Does that include the times that you went on to the Hattie Palmer for your meals? A.—No, sir.

Q.—That half hour was when and where? A.—On Friday night, when we went to put the mainsail ashore at Bay Ridge.

Q.—Mr. Hyslop? A.—No, sir; we landed the mainsail at Bay Ridge.

Mr. Choate—I thought you said the measurer.

Capt. Berry—No, sir.

Q.—Why was that put on last? A.—I suppose to give more room on the Hattie Palmer to stow her cots aboard in case it rained the next day. It was an extra sail.

Q.—Did you have to do with the stowing of the two tons of lead at New Rochelle? A.—I did not.

Q.—Do you know that it was done? A.—I know it was put in; yes, sir.

Q.—You came down in her from New Rochelle? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was anything else put in her at New Rochelle after she was stripped, or on the way down, at any stopping place? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did she stop anywhere on her way down from New Rochelle to the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What time did she get to the Erie Basin Friday? A.—In the neighborhood of between 11 and 12, as near as I can remember. I don't remember exactly.

Q.—Did you see the twenty-one pigs taken on there? A.—I did.

Q.—Was anything more taken on while she was in the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir.

Q.—They were placed down on the cabin floor? A.—They were.

Q.—What part of the vessel? A.—About amidships.

Q.—Over where it was to be finally stowed? A.—Directly over where it was going to be stowed; yes, sir.

Q.—Will you go on and tell where you went from the Erie Basin, as well as you can remember, and what time you left, and where you stopped, and what happened? A.—We went from there to Bay Ridge. We left the Erie Basin probably at 4 o'clock, and I suppose arrived at Bay Ridge probably an hour later.

Q.—In tow of the Flint? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Then the Hattie Palmer came alongside of you, did she not? A.—Not directly; no, sir.

Q.—While you were there at Bay Ridge? A.—While we were there at Bay Ridge the Hattie Palmer was up at Twenty-sixth street getting coal and water.

Q.—But she soon rejoined you? She came and rejoined you? A.—Later; yes, sir.

Q.—And the men got their supper there, some of them? A.—The captain got his supper while the Palmer was alongside; yes, sir.

Q.—Where did you get your supper? A.—Aboard the Hattie Palmer.

Q.—While she lay alongside? A.—On the way to Bay Ridge, where we landed the mainsail.

Q.—Did the Hattie Palmer take anything on board when she landed the mainsail? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Then you came back, and by-and-by you got down to the Horseshoe? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And you were on board all night? A.—All night.

Q.—Either at Bay Ridge or on the way down to the Horseshoe or at the Horseshoe, was anything taken into the vessel, the Defender? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you remember taking the twenty-one pigs on to the Hattie Palmer, and their being cut and brought back? A.—I do.

Q.—Did you have anything to do with that? A.—I superintended the stowing of them in the hold; yes, sir.

Q.—You know just what was there? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You stowed it on top of what was already there? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Where did you stow it? Further aft or forward? A.—Forward.

Q.—Further forward? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—On either side of her middle line, or keel, or what? How did you stow it? A.—Right in the center of her keel. It was only 20in. wide. Something like that.

Q.—At any time was any lead or other thing of weight brought into her? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Except that extra ton? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Would you have known it if there had been? A.—I think I should.

Q.—What was your arrangement of watches from Friday in the Erie Basin until you got back to the Erie Basin on Sunday? A.—We had four quartermasters to stand watch day and night.

Q.—How long a watch? A.—Two hours apiece.

Q.—Of those four quartermasters three are here, are they not? A.—I think there are four here.

Q.—What time did you turn in Friday night? A.—Probably 11 o'clock. Between 10 and 11. Not later than 11.

Q.—How long were you in your bunk or cabin, or whatever it was? A.—Until about 5 A. M.

Q.—Before you turned in had the Hattie Palmer left? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Had she come alongside when you got up in the morning? A.—No, sir. Not when I first got up.

Q.—Was anything brought on to the Defender from the Hattie Palmer that morning? A.—No, sir. Well, not in the shape of ballast.

Q.—I mean anything of weight? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What was brought on? Do you remember anything? A.—Possibly a can of water to drink during the day. A can full of water, and lunch for the guests there, etc.

Q.—In the night where were you? Where did you sleep? A.—I slept in the sail room; in our main room.

Q.—Would you have been disturbed and known it if the Hattie Palmer had come alongside, or any other vessel had come alongside, or anything had been brought into the boat? A.—I think I should; yes, sir.

Q.—Going back to the next morning after the race; you came up to Bay Ridge and nothing came in contact with the Defender from the time she started on the race Saturday morning until she got back to Bay Ridge? A.—No, sir.

Q.—There she was joined by the Hattie Palmer again? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—From that time on until her remeasurement on Sunday, was anything put into the Defender? A.—No, sir; nothing to my knowledge; no, sir.

Q.—Would you have known it that night if anything had been taken out of her? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Nothing was taken out? A.—No, sir.

Q.—You have had this long experience in sailing. You always observe, I suppose, the wind and weather. How was the water where the Defender lay on the morning of Saturday, when Mr. Iselin came aboard and when Lord Dunraven brought Mr. Henderson aboard? A.—I should say there was a trifling movement there. Not much though.

Q.—Not perfectly still? A.—No, sir.

Q.—As the water then was, in your judgment, could anybody coming up alongside tell by eyesight whether she was immersed 3 or 4in., more or less, than she had been the day before in the Erie Basin? A.—No, sir; not unless they had some special mark.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Was that morning cloudy? A.—Rather; yes, sir.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Where did the Hattie Palmer lay that night while you were down at the Horseshoe, if you know? A.—I do not know.

Q.—Did she lay within 100yds.? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Or anywhere near you? A.—No, sir; she did not.

Q.—She sailed away? A.—She steamed away.

Q.—Did she lay alongside in the Erie Basin the next night—or at Bay Ridge, the next night? A.—No, sir.

Q.—What time did the Defender go from Bay Ridge into the Basin? Saturday night or Sunday morning? A.—Sunday morning.

Q.—You had become by this time pretty familiar with the Defender, had you not? A.—With the upper part of her; yes, sir. From the deck, I mean.

Q.—Inside? A.—And interior.

Q.—I ask you from your knowledge of her whether there was anything in her on this race except the three tons of lead and the people that were on board of her that you know of? A.—There was not.

Q.—And do you think you would have known it if there had been? A.—I think I should.

Q.—Does your experience and your knowledge of the Defender enable you to say whether she had ten tons more than you thought she had? A.—I think I could have noticed that.

Q.—How could you tell that? A.—By the unsteadiness of the boat, or too much wavering.

Q.—You had observed how she behaved during the trial races? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—If you had been her owner or builder, either on Friday night or Saturday morning, would you have deemed it desirable to have more ballast in her than you supposed she had, the three tons of loose ballast? A.—I would not.

Q.—Will you tell why not? A.—Because she had enough in her; because I thought she had enough in her already.

Q.—That is, that more would have been to her detriment? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Would have injured her chance of winning the race? A.—I think so.

Q.—Can you tell by going up to the side of a vessel whether she has a list of one or two degrees? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Do you think anybody can? A.—No, sir.

Q.—How do you discover a slight list, of one, two or three degrees? A.—Possibly by getting on—by being either directly aft or forward, and judging by the mast, etc., with the eye, and the incline of the deck.

Q.—But from the side you could not do it? A.—No, sir; not such a small degree as that, unless you had a special mark on the side that you could see in smooth water.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Are you experienced enough to notice a list of a degree, supposing you go to the stern of a boat, outside, on the sea? A.—It is rather doubtful.

Q.—Or two degrees? A.—Well, I could not say exactly how much.

Q.—If you saw a boat one afternoon, and you saw it the next day, and the boat was some 3in. deeper in the water, could you tell? A.—Positively, not.

Q.—What? A.—No, sir.

Q.—How long have you been sailing master? A.—Ten or twelve years, off and on; not steadily.

Q.—What time did you get up in the morning on Saturday? A.—About 5 o'clock.

Q.—How late had you been up the night before, over this lead? Capt. Berry—Friday night?

Mr. Askwith—Yes.

A.—Not later than 11 o'clock.

Q.—Was all the lead packed by 11 o'clock? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—It had been taken on to the Hattie Palmer after the Defender had been measured? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Some of it had been cut and some of it had been sawed. A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How many pigs were there? Capt. Berry—In the whole ton?

Mr. Askwith—How many pigs were cut and sawed at that time? A.—I could not tell you. I don't know.

Q.—You did not count them? A.—I didn't count them, and had nothing to do with cutting them.

Q.—Did you take any on board the Defender? A.—No, sir, I didn't handle any of them.

Q.—Did you see the men doing it? A.—I did.

Q.—Did they take them on board after they had been all cut, or as they were cut? A.—They were passed on board as fast as they were cut, I presume.

Q.—Handed from hand to hand, or by men taking them in their hands? A.—That I don't know.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—You were down below in the hold, I understood? A.—I was in the hold.

Q.—Superintending the stowing? A.—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—Did the men hand them in from hand to hand, standing in a line, or did each man bring them direct from the Hattie Palmer? A.—I could not see, if I was below, how they brought them from the Hattie Palmer. I know that the man at the hatchway handed them down.

Q.—Did different men bring you the same pieces of lead, or did the same man hand you the pieces of lead as they were passed to him? A.—There were several men on deck passing the lead down to the man in the hold.

Q.—Who was down in the hold with you? A.—I think a man by the name of Stephen Sellers stowed the lead in the lower hold.

Q.—He was with you in the hold? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Do you know whether the same man kept on passing to him from above or different men? A.—I don't know about that. There were two or three men standing around.

Q.—Did you see them? A.—I saw men passing there.

Q.—Were they different men? A.—Yes, sir; they were.

Q.—What position were you in at the time of the measurement on Friday, on the boat? A.—I think I stood on her bow, if I remember right.

Mr. Whitney—You mean the measurement on Friday.

Mr. Askwith—Friday morning.

Capt. Berry—Yes, I think I stood on her bows.

Q.—And from her bows you would not have been able to see the pipe amidships? A.—No.

MR. ISELIN'S EVIDENCE.

Q. Oliver Iselin recalled and further interrogated by Mr. Choate.

Q.—Mr. Iselin, is there any objection to your stating how much lead the Defender had in her? A.—No; I think not.

Mr. Whitney—Do you mean in her fin; in her casting?

Mr. Choate—In what they call the shoe.

Q.—Will you please state about how much? A.—In the neighborhood of 5 tons.

Q.—And what was the weight of the boom and spars that have been talked about? A.—We had four different booms and they were of different weights; but the one used in the Cup races was a steel boom that I had made at the last moment; and it was about 1,000lbs. lighter than the wooden boom which she had used in the trial races. There was also a steel gaff which was a saving of some 200lbs.

By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—When was the steel boom put into her? A.—It was put into her the day after the final trial race.

Q.—That would be about the beginning of August or end of August? A.—About the end of August; yes. It was the same day on which we came in the Erie Basin. We found Valkyrie in there and she was changing her steel boom. I think it was Aug. 31.

Q.—What was the object of putting in the steel boom after the success of the Defender in the trial races? A.—To lighten her top weights.

Q.—Were you seeking to lighten the vessel generally? No, not generally. I was seeking to lighten her top weights, taking off the upper weights and lowering her weight as much as possible.

Q.—Had you found it was an advantage then to have her weight more at the keel? A.—No; not more weight at the keel.

Q.—Weight more at the keel by the fact of making the top weight lighter and keeping the keel the same? A.—I kept the keel the same, but I lessened the displacement of the boat.

Q.—Would that have the effect of making her appear to sail lighter upon the water? A.—Certainly, if I lightened her boom.

Q.—It would? A.—Yes.

Q.—(By the Chairman)—When did you say this was put in; what date? A.—The steel boom?

Q.—Yes. A.—We tried it the day after the last trial race, and if I am not mistaken it was Aug. 31.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—Would it make her sail lighter on the water; higher up? A.—Certainly, to take 1,000lbs. out of the boom would raise her up just as much as 1,000lbs. of lead taken out of the bilge.

Q.—It would make her sail higher out of the water? A.—Certainly; just the same effect as 1,000lbs. out of the bilge.

Q.—Would it make her sail a greater height out of the water and therefore alter her load waterline more than 40ft? A.—No.

Q.—Can you give me the figures? A.—I can give you the figures as they have been given to me.

Q.—(By Mr. Choate)—By Mr. Herreshoff? A.—By Mr. Herreshoff, yes. I never have verified them.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—They have been forwarded to you or you have them in your note book from Mr. Herreshoff? A.—I have had them in my note book, yes. Now what would you like to know?

Mr. Whitney—That is, how much a certain weight changes the immersion; is that it? Difference in weight, how much it changes the amount of immersion.

Mr. Iselin—For instance, three and a half tons would immerse the boat 1in.

Q.—(By Mr. Rives)—That is 7,000lbs.? A.—Yes, and increase her waterline 3in., so that half of that, 3,500lbs., would immerse her ½in. and increase her load waterline 4in. Half of that again, which is 1,750lbs., would immerse her ¼in., or increase her waterline 2in., according to Mr. Herreshoff's figures.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—Those are Mr. Herreshoff's figures, not worked out yourself, but supplied by him to you? A.—Supplied by him to me.

Q.—Was it upon Mr. Herreshoff's suggestion that this alteration from a wooden to a steel boom was made? A.—No.

Q.—Who suggested it? A.—I did.

Q.—And did he fall in with it as a valuable suggestion? A.—No; he did not at first.

Q.—Previously was it of wood? A.—Yes.

Q.—You suggested it to him? A.—I did.

Q.—The boom was not purchased or fixed in the boat without consultation with Mr. Herreshoff, I presume? A.—No.

Q.—And did you subsequently convince him of the value of putting in a steel boom in preference to a wooden boom? A.—Yes, I did.

Q.—Did you have any figures worked out to show the alteration in the load waterline of the boat that this would cause? A.—No; none.

Q.—You did it as an experiment? A.—I did it as an experiment.

Q.—Did you sail any race with this experiment between the last race between the Vigilant and Defender and the first race between the Valkyrie and Defender? A.—None.

Q.—Did you give her many trials on the sea? A.—Only one on the open sea. The trial sail I gave her was the day after the last trial race, which was Saturday, Aug. 31. We came in the Erie Basin at once after and hauled out in the dry dock that night, but I won't be sure whether it was Aug. 31; I think it was. It was Saturday night.

Q.—You were not present yourself during the sail that Mr. Leeds spoke of on the Thursday prior to the race, were you? A.—I was.

Mr. Rives—Mr. Askwith is not very familiar with the locality. New Rochelle is not on the open sea. It is on Long Island Sound.

Mr. Askwith—I gathered from Mr. Leeds that he called it a sail from New Rochelle.

Mr. Rives—Mr. Iselin says there was but one sail off Sandy Hook in the open sea.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—That was not really a trial on Thursday preparatory to the race; it was merely a sail? A.—It was to try the sails.

Q.—It was to stretch the sails, wasn't it? A.—No, not to stretch them; it was to decide which mainsail we would carry.

Q.—And was it in similar kind of water to that she would have to go through in the race with the Valkyrie? A.—That would be impossible for me to say.

Q.—I am asking in my ignorance of the locality? A.—No; it is apt to be smooth there. It is only about five miles from shore to shore.

Q.—In the sail on Thursday do you remember whether there were two tons or three tons of lead that had been purchased by you in New York put aboard of her? A.—Yes, I remember that distinctly.

Q.—Which, two or three tons? A.—Two.

Q.—The other ton had not then been put in? A.—No.

Q.—Did you find any fault with the way in which the boat sailed upon Thursday, that you decided to put this extra ton in? A.—No; that had been decided before.

Q.—Did she appear to you to sail too light upon Thursday? A.—I was not judging at that time whether she was light or heavy. I was simply trying the mainsail. It was a question between the ramie mainsail and the cotton mainsail.

Q.—And your attention was chiefly directed to the sail? A.—Entirely to the mainsail.

Q.—It had been decided before that sail Thursday that the extra ton should be put in? A.—Thursday was the day it was decided.

Q.—After the sail or before the sail? A.—I couldn't say; we simply decided that after we found out how much weight we had taken out of her.

Q.—After the weighing of the furniture and the tanks? A.—Yes, after the weighing of the furniture and tanks.

Q.—What time of day were those weighed, do you remember? A.—I couldn't tell you; it took a good part of the day; a whole day.

Q.—Before or after the sail? A.—I really couldn't say, but I think it was going on at the time of the sail.

Q.—They were doing it during the time of the sail. Then you found when you came back what the weight was? A.—I won't be positive about that. I wasn't paying any attention to the weight at that moment.

Q.—Who was paying attention to the weight? A.—No one was paying much attention to the weight at that time.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—As I understand, Mr. Iselin, your decision was to bring her back to the stability that you had had during the summer, when you had sailed the trial races? A.—Yes.

Q.—On your direct evidence I think you have testified that you judged that 6,000lbs.—three tons—put down lower in the hold, would give the boat the same amount of stability that the 7,000lbs. would have given her that you had taken out? A.—Yes.

Q.—Isn't it pretty difficult, Mr. Iselin, to get a boat to lie still on her load waterline? A.—That depends.

Q.—You need smooth water? A.—You need very smooth water. I have often tried to get at it off my place; so has Mr. Herreshoff, but we never could come very near it even in the evening after the wind had died out. We made rough guesses at the waterline length, but we couldn't tell positively.

Q.—With these long boats the water is very rarely still enough, so that there is considerable motion fore and aft, isn't there? A.—Yes; the least ripple will make a difference of 4, 5, or 6in. In fact, it is very difficult to see both ends at once.

Q.—(By Mr. Askwith)—You don't wish to alter this piece of evidence of yours, "I know the boat was put on a perfectly even keel when she was measured"? A.—No; as far as I could tell to the best of my ability, I had her put on about an even keel.

Q.—You examined the telltale the moment before she was measured, before going to your place on the deck? A.—I couldn't say exactly, but it was before going to my place on the deck.

Q.—The telltale then showed she was on an even keel? A.—Yes, as I remember it the telltale did show she was on an even keel.

Q.—Then you went back to your proper position on deck? A.—To my proper position on deck.

Q.—(By Mr. Whitney)—Where was the crew stationed when this measurement took place? A.—Amidships; they are put in position by the measurer.

Q.—They are put amidships? A.—Yes; just as near as we can get so many men. Of course a crew of fifty men cannot all be exactly amidships, but as near as possible.

Q.—(By Mr. Choate)—Were their places fixed on port and starboard side? A.—Yes; they were supposed to be equally divided.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE Yacht Racing Union, of Long Island Sound, held a special general meeting on March 9 at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Cromwell being in the chair and the following delegates present: Norwalk Y. C., P. G. Sanford; Corinthian Fleet, J. D. Sparkman and R. F. Clark; Harlem Y. C., F. W. Cregan and T. C. Allen; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., O. E. Cromwell, W. C. Kerr and C. A. Sherman; Indian Harbor Y. C., G. E. Garland and F. B. Jones; Knickerbocker Y. C., O. H. Chellberg; Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., F. E. Towle; Hempstead Harbor Y. C., W. Dixon; Huntington Y. C., H. H. Jordan; Huguenot Y. C., T. F. Day and E. B. Hart, Jr.; Riverside Y. C., C. T. Pierce, W. A. Huntington and C. E. Diefenthaler; Douglaston Y. C., F. E. Barnes; New Rochelle Y. C., C. P. Tower; Stamford Y. C., H. O. Smith; New York Y. C., M. W. Bronson.

The proposed new rules were submitted by the council with the following preface:

"In submitting the following set of racing rules for the consideration of the Union, the council expresses the hope that if the rules are approved the clubs will, if practicable, adopt the new rules in full, or will so amend their existing rules that they will be made to conform in the main to the Union rules.

"The rules to be submitted contain but little original matter, the phraseology of the rules in use by the more prominent clubs being used as far as was possible. No radical changes are recommended, it being considered inadvisable to introduce any innovations. The advantages to the sport in the application of uniform rules is obvious, and it is to be hoped that the present year will be found opportune time to effect the adoption of uniform sailing regulations."

The rules were adopted with some amendments. We shall publish them in full shortly. The following suggestion was also made:

The council wishes to suggest to regatta committees that in issuing notices of races the circulars give the following information:

First—Date of race.

Second—Time of start.

Third—Under what rules race is to be sailed.

Fourth—Whether race is for all classes or a limited number of classes.

Fifth—Instructions as to the start.

Sixth—Time and place of closing of entries.

Seventh—Directions as to courses to be sailed.

Eighth—Whether race is open to all clubs or certain clubs.

If a chart of the courses is to be provided it should be reproduced on a circular or be mailed to an owner on receipt of entry. Entry blanks should call for the name of yacht, rig, racing length, racing number, whether yacht is cabin or open, club yacht is enrolled in, and name and address of owner.

If these suggestions are followed, it is believed that there will be greater conformity in the management of races, that the labors of regatta committees will be lessened, and, with the adoption of the permanent number plan, it will be unnecessary for a yacht to report at the club house previous to the start of a race, and the printing of entry lists can be dispensed with.

One of the most important as well as difficult tasks which the Association has had to deal with is the satisfactory assignment of non-conflicting dates for the many clubs of the Union. This year the calendar is short just one Saturday during the racing season, making the work still more difficult. The result of the council's work in this direction is as follows:

In submitting the following schedule of racing events on Long Island Sound for the coming season for the approval of the clubs of

the Union, the council desire to say that they have endeavored to allot to the different clubs the dates they have applied for. It has been found impracticable, however, in the arrangement of the events to avoid having but one race on each Saturday, but, as will be noted, not more than two races have been scheduled for any one Saturday during the season, and in most cases it will be seen that one race is a club's annual regatta and the other a special race. The council recommend that the clubs whose fixtures fall on the same date in this way arrange that the club holding an annual regatta avoid offering prizes in the classes for which the special race of the other club is given, and it is further suggested that special races be given for a very limited number of classes, either regular or special.

The racing circuit for the season is recommended to be held from June 27 to July 4 inclusive, comprising seven days' racing, and it is suggested that the regatta committee of the clubs giving races in the circuit confer with each other and make such joint arrangements as will conduce to the successes of the different races.

The council have considered it inadvisable to recognize races given by clubs for their own yachts only.

A full list of the regattas follows:
Saturday, May 16—Huguenot special.
Saturday, May 23—New Rochelle special.
Saturday, May 30—Harlem annual.
Saturday, May 30—Seawanhaka special, 1/4-raters.
Saturday, June 6—Knickerbocker annual.
Saturday, June 13—Douglaston annual.
Tuesday, June 16—Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
Saturday, June 20—Larchmont spring.
Saturday, June 20—Waterside open.
Monday, June 23—Seawanhaka, trial race, 1/4-raters.
Tuesday, June 23—Seawanhaka, trial race, 1/4-raters.
Wednesday, June 24—Seawanhaka, trial race, 1/4-raters.
Saturday, June 27—New Rochelle annual.
Saturday, June 27—Seawanhaka annual.
Monday, June 29—Stamford special.
Tuesday, June 30—Indian Harbor special.
Wednesday, July 1—Corinthian fleet annual.
Tuesday, July 2—Horseshoe Harbor special.
Friday, July 3—American annual.
Saturday, July 4—Larchmont annual and 34s and 30s, first race.
Saturday, July 11—Riverside annual.
Monday, July 13—Seawanhaka-International match, 1/4-raters.
Tuesday, July 14—Seawanhaka-International match, 1/4-raters.
Wednesday, July 15—Seawanhaka-International match, 1/4-raters.
Thursday, July 16—Seawanhaka-International match, 1/4-raters.
Friday, July 17—Seawanhaka-International match, 1/4-raters.
Saturday, July 18—Larchmont open and 34s and 30s, second race.
Monday, July 20—Larchmont special; 34s and 30s, third race; 21s and 1/4-raters.
Tuesday, July 21—Larchmont Eastward and Westward cup.
Wednesday, July 22—Larchmont special; cabin cats, Mangus cup; 34s and 30s, fourth race; 21s and 1/4-raters.
Thursday, July 23—Larchmont special; schooners.
Friday, July 24—Larchmont special; 34s and 30s, fifth race.
Saturday, July 25—Larchmont open and 34s and 30s, sixth race.
Saturday, July 25—Sea Cliff annual.
Saturday, Aug. 1—Indian Harbor annual.
Saturday, Aug. 1—Corinthian fleet special.
Saturday, Aug. 8—New Rochelle special.
Saturday, Aug. 8—Hempstead Harbor annual.
Wednesday, Aug. 12—Norwalk annual.
Saturday, Aug. 15—American special.
Saturday, Aug. 15—Stamford annual.
Saturday, Aug. 22—Horseshoe Harbor annual.
Saturday, Aug. 22—Riverside special, 30s, 1/4-raters and cabin cats.
Thursday, Aug. 27—Sea Cliff special.
Saturday, Aug. 29—Huguenot annual.
Saturday, Aug. 29—Seawanhaka special, schooners, 30s.
Saturday, Sept. 5—Huntington annual.
Saturday, Sept. 5—Larchmont special, 34s and 30s, seventh race.
Monday, Sept. 7—Larchmont fall and 34s and 30s, eighth race.
Saturday, Sept. 12—Larchmont special, schooners.
Saturday, Sept. 12—Indian Harbor special.
Saturday, Sept. 19—American fall.
Saturday, Sept. 19—Stamford special.
Saturday, Sept. 26—Sea Cliff special.
Saturday, Sept. 26—Riverside fall.

Interlake Yachting Association.

The annual meeting of the directors of the Interlake Yachting Association was held at the Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 15, with Com. J. E. Gunckel in the chair and the following directors present: Frank Hower, representing Buffalo Y. C.; Geo. T. Bliss, Erie Y. C.; E. W. Radder, Cleveland Y. C.; Geo. R. Williams, Sandusky Y. C.; John Holloway, Put-in-Bay Y. C.; Henry Tracy, Ohio Y. C.; F. R. Frey, Toledo Y. C.; S. H. Jones, Citizens' Y. A., Detroit; Bernard Schultz, West End Y. A., Detroit; C. J. Lichtenberg, Detroit Y. A., Detroit.

The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the Association out of debt, with a balance in the bank of \$112.93.

The report of the Put-in-Bay delegate on the matter of headquarters was accepted and the matter referred to the regatta committee with power.

The report of Mr. Tracy on the duties of the regatta committee, after some discussion and a slight change, was adopted, as were also amendments to the sailing regulations by E. W. Radder.

The motion by Mr. Tracy to classify yachts according to waterline length, also the motion of Mr. Hower that the Association measure the actual sail area of each competing yacht instead of approximating it as at present, will come up for action at the next meeting.

Com. J. E. Gunckel made a few remarks, advising the delegates to select good men for office, as the prospects for the coming year were very bright. The following were elected officers for 1896:

Com., G. H. Worthington, C. Y. C., Cleveland, O.; Vice-Com., C. J. Lichtenberg, D. Y. C., Detroit, Mich.; Rear-Com., Henry Tracy, O. Y. C., Toledo, O.; Fleet Capt., G. T. Bliss, Erie Y. C., Erie, Pa.; Sec'y-Treas., F. R. Frey, Toledo Y. C., Toledo, O.; Meas., J. W. Hepburn, T. Y. C., Toledo, O.; Fleet Surgeon, A. D. Stewart, M. D., D. Y. C., Detroit, Mich.; Race Committee: R. D. Potter, T. Y. C., chairman; Dr. W. G. Bean, C. Y. A.; Joe Nicholson, D. Y. C.; Bernard Schultz, W. E. Y. C.; Frank Hubbard, S. Y. C.; F. R. Frey, *ex officio*, T. Y. C.

The motion of Mr. Radder that the executive committee of the I. L. Y. A. be made members *ex officio* of the board of directors and shall have voice, but without vote, in proceedings of all meetings of the I. L. Y. A., will be acted on at the next meeting.

The prospects for yachting on Lake Erie are very bright and so far the following events will take place: I. L. Y. A. meet at Put-in-Bay, Aug. 3, 4, 5, 6. The 8th all boats will sail to Cleveland under command of the Commodore of the I. L. Y. A. to take part in the big Cleveland Centennial Regatta to be held Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13. Following this both Erie and Buffalo are going to give big open regattas. Yachting is on the boom and this summer is going to be the banner one of the history in lake yachting, and the Interlake Association will be in the lead.

Summer Carnival at Halifax.

HALIFAX, N. S., is preparing for a grand summer carnival to be held July 28-30-1, and with the extensive programme offered and the many attractive sights in this grand city by the sea it will be a delightful opportunity to spend a few days' vacation and escape the heat at that season of the year and enjoy the fresh cooling breezes which roll in from the broad Atlantic. It is really a chance to see a city of Europe (reached in a few hours), with its regiments of soldiers, hundreds of sailors from the ships of the British North Atlantic Squadron which has its summer headquarters there, its citadel, forts, etc. Among the carnival features will be single scull and four-oared races for large prizes in which the best oarsmen in the world are expected to compete, yacht races, competitions between crews from the warships, amateur races, etc., a magnificent illumination of one of the finest harbors in the world, with a procession of boats, open air concerts with music by military bands, horse races, bicycle and athletic sports by electric light and many other attractions.

Any information will be gladly supplied by R. T. MacIlreith, Secretary, P. O. Box 303, Halifax, N. S.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The chairman of the regatta committee of the American Model Y. C. has received a challenge from J. D. Casey, of the club, for the Century challenge cup now held by John Smith, owner of Dolphin. Mr. Smith is not at present a member of the club. The date named is May 30. The club will soon be established in its new station, Thirty-four street, South Brooklyn, where a new house is being built. The challenging yacht, Henrietta, is 67in. over all, 46in. l.w.l., 14in., beam, 13in. draft, 551/2 lbs. displacement. She is a new boat, just completed.

The 30-footer designed by H. C. Wintringham for J. R. Maxwell, and now building by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co. at Ogdensburg, will be named Argonaut. Her dimensions are given as 42ft. 10in. over all, 29ft. 6in. l.w.l., 9ft. 7in. beam and 7ft. draft. The S.-S. Co. are also building a second boat for Mr. Maxwell from Wintringham's designs, a 15-footer to be named Monsoon. She will be a bulb-fin, 22ft. 6in. over all, 14ft. 8in. l.w.l. and 4ft. 6in. beam.

Lake Michigan genius is coming to the front rapidly this winter, and now another designer from this water is out with a model from which a sloop will probably be built before the yachting season opens on Decoration Day. The proposed boat will be in the same class as the Vincendor and the other fin-keel building at Racine for a Chicago syndicate. The designer is Charles Tilden Sleeper, of this city, who was an active yachtsman during the '70s. He has been working out this idea for the past eight years, and in that time has made a dozen models, each of which was a modification of its predecessor. The latest model calls for a 44ft. waterline, and, the designer claims, will carry a sail spread that will make some of the old tars who love to crack on all the cloth that's bent open their eyes. He provides for all fixed ballast to be carried on the keel, but not in the shape of a fin. There will be 8 tons of outside ballast which will thin out perceptibly toward the forefoot, the heaviest weight being directly under the amidships section of the waterline. He haspased away every superfluous inch of fullness until the model shows a knife edge from every point of observation. The general dimensions to which this model is constructed are: Length, 44ft., load waterline; beam, 13ft. 6in. on waterline, 14ft. above waterline and 13ft. 6in. on deck; draft, 8ft. 6in. Another Chicagoan is out for honors as a designer and possibly may build a 40-footer from his own peculiar ideas in time for entry in next summer's big races. The gentleman in question is W. R. Crawford, of the Columbia Y. C. He has for some time past been studying out a model of his own, and had his plans all laid to build this winter when he was taken sick with typhoid fever. He is now in Florida convalescing, and if his physician will allow him to engage in the exciting sport of racing during the coming summer, an order will be placed for a 40-footer next month. The entire plans and specifications have been left in charge of his brother, who would have contracted for the boat before this but for the peremptory orders of the medical man that Mr. Crawford must not think of going into such exciting sport for another year unless the next thirty days show marked and almost impossible recovery of strength. If not built for the summer of 1896, this boat will be one of the cracks of 1897.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

The De La Vergne Machine Co., foot of East 138th street, New York city, has recently erected a large boat shop in connection with its machine works, and has entered extensively into the building of power boats, propelled by a gasoline engine invented by A. Hirsch. In addition to a number of small boats the company are building is a handsome craft for Mr. C. H. Osgood, of the N. Y. Y. C., to be used on the Thames River and Fisher's Island Sound, and a combined freight and passenger boat for parties in Boothbay, Me. Mr. John Adams Eppig has also placed an order with the company for an auxiliary cruiser, which promises to be a very handsome and serviceable craft. Her principal dimensions are: Length 50ft., beam 10ft., draft 3ft. 6in., and schooner-rigged. The yacht is intended for long cruises in home and Southern waters, and while a high rate of speed is desired she is intended principally for cruising, and from her interior arrangement will be unusually well adapted to the purpose for a craft of that size. Directly aft of the pilot house, which is fitted with a comfortable berth and lockers, is the main saloon, 12ft. long by 8ft. wide, opening from the after end to a passage leading to the companionway, on the starboard side of which is a large galley and on the port side toilet rooms, etc. She will have considerable deck room, and aft of the cabin house is a large cockpit running nearly to the taffrail. Like all the other De La Vergne boats, the machinery is concealed from sight, in this case being under the cockpit floor, and as the exhaust is under water there is no unsightly stack or machinery visible to mar the appearance of the boat or exhale disagreeable odors. The engine is regulated and controlled by a lever in the pilot house, thereby enabling one man to act as pilot and engineer without leaving the helm.

Robert Lenox Belknap, one of the old members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., died at his home in New York on March 12, of Bright's disease. Mr. Belknap at one time owned the sloop Arrow and later purchased the 55ft. Priscilla and converted her into the schooner Elma. He was born in New York in 1848, and has been prominent in business for many years, of late being identified with large interests in Wisconsin. He joined the 7th Regiment in 1866, being promoted until, in 1876 he became Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Staff, retaining that position until 1880, when he resigned. He devoted much of his time to charitable and philanthropic work, being a trustee of the Princeton Theological Seminary, treasurer of the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, and for several years a vice-president of the Presbyterian Social Union, of New York city. He was a member of the Union, Union League, University, Down Town, New York Yacht, Seawanhaka Yacht and Psi Upsilon clubs, of New York, and of the Minnesota Club, of St. Paul, the Society of the Cincinnati, of the Society of Colonial Wars, and the New York Society of the Sons of the Revolution. His frank and kindly disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him. He leaves a widow and six children.

At the annual meeting on March 3 the Sing Sing Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Francis Larkin, Jr.; Rear-Com., Gilbert M. Todd; Sec'y, Robert T. Dennis; Treas., Joseph Thompson; Meas., William M. Carpenter, Regatta Committee, Dr. Edward B. Sherwood, chairman; Charles S. Gowen, Robert T. Dennis; House Committee, Joseph Thompson, chairman; James Bedell, Robert T. Dennis, William L. Hull, William C. Kipp; Committee on Admission, Col. Franklin Brandreth, chairman; Francis Larkin, Jr., William I. Townsend, Edwin L. Todd, Joseph Thompson; Auditing Committee, S. Olin Washburne, chairman; Gilbert M. Todd, T. Henry Calam; Governing Committee, Dr. Edward B. Sherwood, chairman; Gilbert M. Todd, T. Henry Calam, William I. Townsend; Board of Trustees, Francis Larkin, Jr., Isaac B. Noxon, Edwin L. Todd.

The Ossising Y. C., of Sing Sing, N. Y., has elected the following officers: Com., A. Rohr; Vice-Com., B. Van Alstyne; Rear-Com., C. S. Raymond; Sec'y, J. H. Moran; Treas., C. D. Maleady; Meas., I. S. Haff; Admission Committee—L. W. Searles, Chairman; Wm. F. Metzger, Jr., W. Odell, Wm. Dodge, I. S. Haff; House Committee—E. Cuatt, Chairman; R. Peterson, Wm. Haff, E. P. Travis, L. Minerly; Regatta Committee—R. T. Dennis, Chairman; B. R. Smith, F. A. Griffin; Auditing Committee—F. A. Griffin, H. G. Rice, E. Cuatt; Delegates to New York Y. R. A.—R. T. Dennis, W. V. Stray, G. Leary; Trustees—H. Osborne, Chairman; J. Will, C. S. Raymond, S. J. Chambers, F. Valentine, I. S. Haff, G. W. Kipp.

The annual meeting of the Greenville Y. C. was held on March 5, the following officers being elected: Com., Alfred Renshaw, slp. Albattross; Vice-Com., Alexander R. id, slp. Ocean Spray; Treas., S. Renshaw; Fin. Sec'y, W. E. Hicks; Cor. Sec'y, C. Q. Sampson; Meas., S. A. Cooper; Regatta Committee, Charles J. Lsach, chairman; William Everett Hicks and Dr. S. E. Hollister; Delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association, Com. Renshaw, Vice-Com. R. id and C. D. McGlehan; Trustees, Alexander R. id, Alfred Renshaw, R. W. Hicks, Henry Queen and Charles P. Morton.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was held on March 7, the following officers being elected: Com., W. D. Boyce; Vice-Com., E. J. Baker; Rear-Com., H. Lovedale; Sec'y, R. Hayes; Treas., C. Morgan; House Committee—R. Summers, I. Ramsdell, H. Furney, H. E. O. Heinemann, J. Ingersoll; Regatta Committee—T. Boyle, D. M. Lord, C. Smalley, D. Clayton, F. J. Nicholson; Delegate-at-Large, H. Finney; Meas., W. F. Cothrell. The question of a consolidation of the Columbia, Lincoln Park, Hyde Park and Chicago Y. Cs. was discussed, and met with general approval.

The Shackamaxon Y. C., of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: Com., James Slemmer; Vice-Com., Chas. Bairley; Fleet Capt., Chas. Stanford; Rec. Sec'y, Henry S. Anderson; Fin. Sec'y, R. B. Murphy; Treas., James Slemmer; Meas., Wm. Cravin, Chas. Stanford and Chas. Bairley; Steward, Wm. Jones. The Trustees are: John McCormick, Wm. Jones, Richard Johnson. The Regatta Committee includes Fred. Anderson, Wm. Jones and Max Schladensky.

The First Naval Battalion, Naval Force of the State of Pennsylvania, has been holding some interesting meetings during the winter on board the old warship St. Louis, moored at Race St. Wharf, Phila., its headquarters. At these meetings the members have listened to talks by different experts; Mr. Lewis Nixon recently lectured on "Vessels of the U. S. Navy," and on March 9 Commander Francis Shunk Brown lectured on "The Rig and Sailing of Yachts."

Eleanor, steam yacht, Wm. A. Slater, arrived at New London March 9, with Capt. Scott in command, after a voyage around the world. She sailed from New London on Oct. 27, 1894, passing through the Suez Canal, visiting all the principal Eastern ports, then crossing to San Francisco, then north to Alaska and back to San Francisco, where Mr. Slater and his party left her, returning to the East by rail. Capt. Scott brought the yacht around the Horn, the last call being at St. Thomas.

The report of a 30-footer from Sibbick, for Com. Gillig and Vice-Com. Work, Larchmont Y. C., is denied; but it is said that Herbert Seeley, owner of the 21-footer Blonde and Brunette, has ordered a Sibbick 15-footer. There is no question of the speed of the Sibbick boats and the presence of one in the 15ft. races will make them still more interesting.

The Columbia Y. C., of New York, has elected the following officers: Com., J. F. Hitchcock, slp. Cygniet; Vice-Com., J. L. Hiller, slp. Ramona; Rear-Com., T. S. Coale, launch Banshee; Sec'y, G. Parkhill; Treas., J. A. Weaver; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. D. D. Stevens; Meas., A. Vogel; Trustees—G. R. Bidwell, E. G. Hoffman and W. F. Gorham.

The Ocean Y. C., of Stapleton, S. I., has elected the following officers: Com., James Gould, Jr.; Vice-Com., J. G. Meers; Sec'y, George Stapleton; Treas., G. E. Schindler; Cor. Sec'y, H. T. Wilson; Meas., Wm. Johnston; Fleet Capt., William Lindsey; Trustees, Thos. McNight, John H. Boldt and Henry Schindler.

The yachting department of the New Jersey Athletic Club has elected the following officers: Com., J. T. Parker; Vice-Com., W. F. Bernard; Rear-Com., W. B. Wilmerding; Sec'y and Treas., E. R. Grant; Meas., W. W. Genet; Fleet Surgeon, B. T. Kissam; Chaplain, Henry Weigs. The club has a good station at Bayonne, where Newark Bay joins the Kill von Kull, within half an hour of New York by rail, and offers excellent facilities for owners of small yachts.

V. D. Bacon, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency, several of whose designs and stories of cruises we have at times published, has purchased the Rudder Yacht Agency, and in future will be located at 155 Broadway, New York. Mr. Bacon has spent his life among the Cape catboats, of which he makes a specialty, and is prepared to furnish designs and attend to the building of new boats as well as the sale of all classes of yachts.

At the annual meeting of the New Haven Y. C., on March 11, the following officers were elected: Com., Henry S. Parmelee; Vice-Com., F. G. Beach; Rear-Com., Joseph Eaton; Sec'y, Frank W. Guion; Treas., George E. Dudley; Meas., C. W. Rawson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Hawkes; Regatta Committee—E. F. Mansfield, L. A. Elliott, C. W. Webb; Trustees—Joseph Porter and H. S. Holcomb.

The Southwark Y. C., of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: Com., J. O. Peoples; Vice-Com., Charles Brown; Rear-Com., William Nichols; Sec'y, C. P. Kiefer; Ass't-Sec'y, Thomas Platts; Treas., Jesse Wilhelm; Steward, H. Quinn; Trustees, Benjamin Wilson, George Kurtz and Edward Dealey; Regatta Committee, Benjamin Wilson, Thomas Murray and Jesse Wilhelm.

The Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Benjamin C. Lockett, cat Spendthrift; Vice-Com., E. G. Unit, cat Caper; Sec'y, Eustis L. Hopkins; Treas., L. S. Knevals; Trustee, George S. Towle; Delegates to the Y. R. U., E. P. Cronkhite, Frank Towle and G. Gardner Fry. The club has 202 members and 55 yachts.

The steam yacht Thespia, designed and built by the Cramp Ship-building Co. for David Dows, Jr., has finally been accepted by her owner. On her trial last summer the yacht proved so unsatisfactory that Mr. Dows declined to accept her, but the dispute has now been adjusted.

The Yale Cor. Y. C. elected the following officers on March 12: Com., A. De W. Cochrane, '96; Vice Com., J. D. Sawyer, '96; Rear-Com., W. S. Hoyt, '96; Sec'y-Treas., S. D. Babcock, '97; Governing Board—H. H. Benedict, '96; L. L. Lorillard, '97; S. B. Clark, '98; T. H. West, '96, and R. De P. Tytus, '97.

Messrs. Warner, Paulson and a third representative of the Lincoln Park Y. C. will meet with three representatives of the Royal Canadian Y. C. early in April to decide on the course for the international race. Cleveland is very favorably mentioned as offering good neutral waters.

The Musquito Y. C., of South Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., J. T. Powers; Vice-Com., J. T. Kelleher; Fleet Capt., C. J. Moriarty; Sec'y, G. L. Paget; Meas., A. H. Borden; Directors—J. Bertram, T. A. Maguire and C. A. Borden.

The Norwalk Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., P. G. Sanford; Vice-Com., A. E. Chasmar; Treas., H. S. Hatch; Sec'y, J. C. Green; Board of Directors—G. Bogart, G. A. Jennings, L. H. Nash, G. Van Alstyne and Wm. Byington.

The new 11ft. Ethelwynn, now on exhibition at Madison Square Garden, was sold before she left the shops, her new owner being Herbert Jennings, of Southport, Conn. He has named her Two Step and will sail her in all the Sound races.

The Newark Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wm. Murray; Vice-Com., Harry Bush; Treas., T. J. Rache; Fin. Sec'y, E. Hindenlang; Sec'y, A. F. Adams. The annual dinner will be held in the club house on March 19.

The annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts will be held on Thursday, March 19, at 7 P. M., at Young's Hotel, Boston. It is expected that at least twenty-five clubs—all but three in eastern Massachusetts—will be represented.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has arranged club regatta days as follows: May 30, race for club boats; July 7, spring regatta, special classes; Aug. 1, annual regatta, open to all classes; Sept. 5, fall regatta, special classes.

The Harlem Y. C. will purchase additional land on City Island to give room for the contemplated improvement of the club house. It will have in all a water front of 75ft., with 200ft. depth.

Electra, steam yacht, E. T. Gerry, sailed from New York for her builders' yard, Wilmington, last week. Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth will give her a new stern, decks and bulwarks.

The Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Dock, New York, are even busier than usual this spring, there being a large demand for special naphtha launches for steam yachts.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Hull on Feb. 24 from Port Royal, S. C., after a hard passage from Gibraltar; putting in from two days at Port Mahon.

Owing to the action of the Harvard advisory committee, notice has been sent to the Yale Cor. Y. C. that no university yacht race will be possible this season.

T. C. Ferris has designed a cabin cat for Dr. T. V. Ketcham, of Stamford. She will be 30ft. over all, 22ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. 6in. draft.

We have received from George Wilson, 23 Sherwood street, Piccadilly Circus, London, a list of yachts, both steam and sail, for sale by him.

Isis, cutter, has been sold by J. J. McCue to Messrs. Pendleton and Jones, of New York.

The annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. will be held at Delmonico's on March 26.

Gevalia, schr., H. W. Coals, is being rebuilt and lengthened aft by Smith, at Nyack.

Choctaw, the 40ft. c. b. cutter, has been sold by T. L. Arnold to J. M. Strong.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougall, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.		
Name.	Club.	City.
Benj. A. Barber.....	Worcester, Mass.
D. W. Carter.....	Worcester, Mass.
Walter H. Fuller.....	Worcester, Mass.
Edward H. Sargent.....	Medford, Mass.
CENTRAL DIVISION.		
Wm. C. Noack.....	Detroit, Mich.
Clarence H. Gould.....	Detroit, Mich.
Abram Ditmar Gill.....	West Park on Hudson, N. Y.
Watson De Bois.....	Albany, N. Y.
W. L. Kingsley.....	Rome, N. Y.
W. B. Johnson.....	Rome, N. Y.
Dr. John F. Fitz-Gerald.....	Rome, N. Y.
E. F. Pillow.....	Rochester, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free,

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Trap-Shooting.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 8.—A match was shot to-day between Messrs. Trounstein and Hake, Trounstein winning by a score of 347 to 344. A team race was made up to-day from the members present, five best scores to count. Team No. 1 won by 70 points, scoring 2,289 to 2,219. The scores below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range, the conditions being as usual: 200yds., strictly off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.....	10 10 10 7 9 9 9 7 9 10—90
	10 9 8 9 8 9 10 8 8 9—88
	9 8 10 8 6 8 7 9 9 10—83
	9 9 5 10 6 7 9 7 9 10—81
Louis.....	7 8 10 10 9 10 10 7 10 8—87
	9 9 10 10 8 5 7 7 7 8—80
	10 8 5 7 7 8 9 8 10 7—79
	8 7 6 9 8 5 9 8 9 9—78
Wellinger.....	10 6 8 10 8 9 8 9 5 7—80
	8 6 9 10 6 9 8 5 8 9—78
	6 7 9 7 8 8 10 7 9 6—77
	6 8 7 6 8 7 10 9 7 8—76
Weinheimer.....	10 4 8 8 5 7 8 6 10 8—74
	6 9 10 10 5 4 5 9 7 7—72
	10 9 8 4 7 5 5 6 10 9—73
	7 8 7 5 7 9 5 8 7 10—73
Payne.....	10 8 10 10 8 7 7 10 9 6—85
	5 9 8 8 8 9 7 9 10 9—82
	7 10 7 7 9 6 8 6 9 6—75
	9 7 9 10 9 8 7 8 8 5—80
Trounstein.....	5 5 6 7 7 7 9 19 10 8—74
	5 6 10 8 8 8 8 6 7 8—74
	7 8 5 4 6 8 7 9 8 9—71
	6 8 5 9 10 6 8 6 5 7—70
Roberts.....	6 9 8 9 10 8 7 6 8 9—80
	6 6 10 10 9 10 10 7 7 5—80
	10 4 8 6 9 8 7 9 8 7—78
	7 6 5 10 9 6 9 9 7 6—74
Hake.....	8 8 8 8 7 8 9 5 9 4—74
	8 7 6 10 5 6 7 6 8 7—70
	8 7 8 7 6 5 7 7 7 6—68
	9 7 7 9 4 3 5 5 9 6—66
Nagel.....	4 10 9 5 5 3 7 6 6 5—60
	5 7 5 7 4 5 5 7 5 10—60
	6 7 2 2 6 4 6 8 6 8—86
	2 6 4 7 3 3 6 6 3 5—45
Randall.....	7 5 10 9 7 7 10 5 9 6—75
	7 10 6 10 6 7 7 6 6 9—74
	5 8 5 6 6 6 9 10 8 6—63
	8 6 5 6 5 6 7 5 9 7—64
See.....	4 8 7 8 7 8 10 9 8 8—77
	6 9 5 9 6 8 9 9 6 8—75
	8 10 6 6 8 7 7 7 4 10—73
	7 4 9 7 8 4 9 9 9 6—73
Strickmeier.....	8 9 6 8 4 10 7 7 7 10—76
	8 7 4 8 8 8 7 7 7 10—74
	4 6 8 6 6 6 9 3 9 10—67
	6 7 6 7 7 7 8 6 5 7—66
Drube.....	9 10 7 9 7 9 8 8 10 10—87
	5 7 10 7 8 6 9 9 10—80
	8 7 10 10 10 7 7 8 6 7—80
	10 6 6 10 9 6 8 7 6 7—75

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 23.—The weather to-day was by no means unfavorable for work with the small bores. The consequence was that the range at Shell Mound was well patronized by rifleman.

COLUMBIA RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB.

The rifle scores made to-day were:

Unfred diamond medal—A. Strecker 9, D. W. McLaughlin 9 and 9, Dr. Rodgers 12, F. O. Young 11, W. Glindermann 12.

All-comers' 10-shot rifle record medal—Dr. Rodgers 67.

On the pistol range the markers were kept busy. To-day's scores were:

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers: C. M. Daiss 8, J. E. Gorman 9, F. O. Young 11, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, M. J. White 25, E. Trudo 38.

Diamond pistol medal, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 46.

Rifle, 22-cal., all comers, 50yds.: A. B. Darrell 18, M. J. White 19, F. O. Young 11.

The following are the winners of cash prizes on flags for the past month on the 50yds. range:

Pistol: C. M. Daiss 5 flags, F. O. Young 2, J. E. Gorman 1, A. H. Pape 1.

Rifle, 22 cal.: E. Hovey 6 flags, Mrs. Crane 1, P. Bohr 1, F. O. Young 1.

SAN FRANCISCO SCHUTZEN VEREIN.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held its monthly bull's eye contest for 20 cash prizes to-day. The winners and their records are as below.

First prize: H. Huber 209; second: F. Atzeroth 227; third: H. Stilling 276; fourth: Geo. H. Bahrs 436; fifth: H. Prien 455; sixth: H. Hellberg 469; seventh: J. de Witt 505; eighth: Otto Lemcke 506; ninth: Charles Tiefbach 530; tenth: A. Brauning 535; eleventh: H. Wicker 555; twelfth: C. F. Rust 577; thirteenth: F. P. Schuster 632; fourteenth: A. H. Pape 658; fifteenth: H. H. Burfield 677; sixteenth: J. C. Waller 730; seventeenth: D. B. Faktor 822; eighteenth: R. Finking 834; nineteenth: William Glindermann 876; twentieth: George Helm 876.

GERMANIA SCHUTZEN CLUB.

The monthly bull's eye shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club for ten cash prizes was held to-day with the following results:

First: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 210; second: R. Finking 236; third: H. J. Wicker 384; fourth: W. Gaives 480; fifth: A. Browning 525; sixth: C. Tiefbach 687; seventh: M. Ahrens 687; eighth: F. P. Schuster 760; ninth: J. de Witt 760; tenth: D. B. Faktor 809.

Nitro vs. Black Powder.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 4.—I have been much interested in the discussion on this question, but note that the tests were mostly with nitro in shotguns. Now where great accuracy is not required, as in the case of the user of the shotgun, nitro may possibly be better than black under some circumstances. I have had but very little experience in its use in this way, am afraid of it in large quantities, and reckon for what little shooting I do the old reliable black will answer.

However, in the case of rifle shooting I am of the opinion that nitro will not do. From my own experience and what I have seen others do, using small bore shells loaded with nitro, I firmly believe that black powder will give more accurate results, is much safer, and with the exception of noise, smoke and possibly more dirt is better and more reliable in every way. Take for instance the .22 short smokeless. Several of us have been thoroughly testing this shell for several weeks, and have come to the conclusion that the regular black powder short is as good as it can be.

When first using the smokeless we noted that the guns would spit from the breech, and upon examining the shells found them bulged and burst, in several instances the head being completely cut off. Of course this would not occur in every case. Then again when holding steadily the shots would bunch well together for half a dozen shots, and then to our dismay one would strike from an inch to 3 and 3 in. off the bulls-eye. This occurred frequently, using several different rifles, the shooting being done by several different persons, and using rest as well as doing the work off-hand.

Several weeks since my chum and I were down at the shanty on the bay shore looking over the boats and preparing for the spring fishing. A crow lit in a tree probably 200ft. off, and S. went into the house and brought out the little Winchester, slipped in a smokeless .22 short, and drawing a bead on the dusky victim let drive. The ball struck about 4in. high and Mr. Crow flapped slowly away, while S. looked blank. "Thought I had that fellow sure," said he. He then fired several more shots, using the same elevation, and every shot would have hit that crow, had he remained. This, with our experience in the gallery and on our home ranges, shows that the smokeless are not always to be relied upon as far as accuracy and uniform shooting are concerned. Their only redeeming feature in my opinion is the absence of smoke when used indoors, and the small amount of noise. They also appear to have greater penetration and range than the black powder shorts, but for the legitimate range of this size cartridge we are satisfied with the latter.

What has been the experience of others in this direction? ART.

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Pittsburg Rifle Club at its indoor range this evening:

Lincoln.....	70 73 80 82 80 77	Itel.....	79 88 75 79 .. 80
Henry.....	71 74 59 53 75 66	Lawrence.....	81 71 76
Lewis.....	73 60 69 67	Hodgdon.....	69 69
Hofmeister.....	64 69 60 59 77 66	Bradshaw.....	59 58 71 .. 62
Schmidt.....	63 71 61 65	Rankin.....	58 73 76 .. 69
Burt.....	60 59 60	Hull.....	59 77 74 85 .. 69
Ewing.....	80 64 79 79 78 74		

FIXTURES.

March 18-21.—BATCHES, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club of New York city; first two days, targets; last two days, live birds. F. A. Kerker, Sec'y.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; \$1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 28.—LYNNHURST, Mass.—Tournament of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Appar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Win. Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

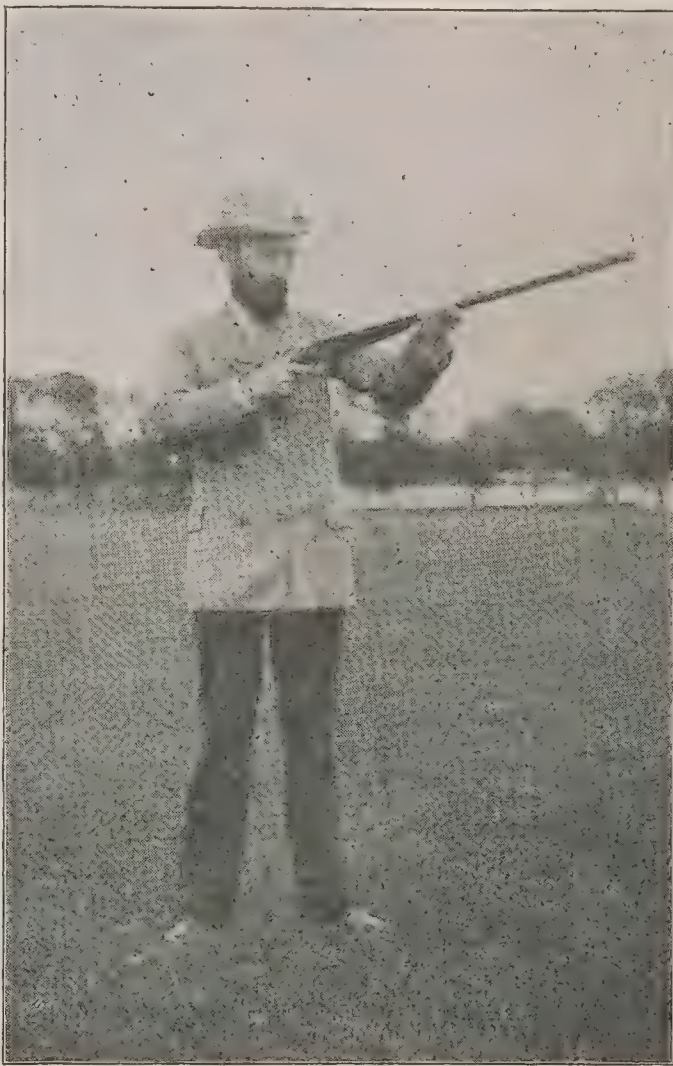
April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.



JOHN S. HOEY.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. O. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 25-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Galliard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONOXNOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

Death of John S. Hoey.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of John Shaw Hoey, which occurred on March 11 last at his home in Long Branch, N. J. Mr. Hoey had been ill since the beginning of February, and although he had experienced two serious relapses, one of them occurring early this month, it was hoped and believed up to within half an hour of his death that he had every prospect of a return to good health. His death was the result of a severe attack of neuralgia of the heart, superinduced by a case of the grip which he contracted on the stormy day of Feb. 6.

On Jan. 30 Mr. Hoey took part in a 100-target handicap race at Elizabeth, N. J., and although only a comparative beginner at targets he won first money with 84 out of 110, the day being very cold and blustery. The last time we met Mr. Hoey was on Feb. 5, at the Carteret Club, when he refereed during a long day's shoot. The next day, Feb. 6, he went to Philadelphia and contracted a very severe cold through exposure to the storm of wind and rain that swept over the Eastern States on that date. Mr. Hoey's condition became so serious that a trained nurse had to be secured to assist in nursing him. Toward the end of the month he was so far recovered that he was able to write us with pencil on Feb. 26 that letter regarding his views on the question of balks in repeating shotguns which we gave in our issue of March 7.

It was as a referee of live-bird events, rather than as a shooter, that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM best knew Mr. Hoey. His characteristics as a referee were: strict impartiality, unflinching attention during the longest and most tedious contest, an intimate acquaintance with all live-bird rules, a keen eye that never lost a point, and a quickness of apprehension that made it possible for him to decide a knotty question as soon as it was propounded to him. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the ablest and most popular referee in matches at live birds in this part of the country. When he was refereeing a match there was never any difficulty in keeping the run of lost birds, a blast on a shrill dog whistle telling more plainly than the call of "lost bird" the fate of that particular shot to the spectators. As the introducer of the use of the whistle in live-bird matches Mr. Hoey will often be remembered by men who never knew him.

Mr. Hoey was only 46 years old when he died. He left a wife and two children, the youngest 14 months old. Fred. Hoey, the celebrated pigeon shot, was his half-brother. The funeral service was held on Saturday afternoon, March 14, in the Presbyterian Church at Long Branch, the body being interred in Laurel Cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday. Among those present were: L. S. and W. P. Thomas, Walter W. Watrous, Walter Gibbs Murphy and Edgar Gibbs Murphy, Gould S. Hoyt, Col. M. J. O'Brien, Thomas G. Murphy, Percy Doboins, Mat. Burns, William Eastman, Jefferson McWilliams, E. Babcock, John Hawkins, W. Heisley, Japhia Van Dyke, E. W. Price, Charlie Hill, Frazier Price, Walter Hildreth, etc.

Repeating Shotguns and Balks.

AFTER the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for March 7 had been in the hands of the general public a few days, we were told occasional y that we were wrong in the stand we took upon the point argued under the above headlines. We were also told that "there are any amount of others who think just as I do."

We argued the question then and there with our objectors, but we regret to say that we met with no new arguments against our decision that a shell bursting in the chamber of a repeating shotgun, thereby causing a non ejection of the empty shell and a consequent inability to reload the chamber from the magazine, was "of the same nature as a misfire in that it was a balk."

On the other hand, we have met with many shooters—men who never shot a repeating shotgun in their lives, but who handle a double gun very effectively at the traps—who are entirely in sympathy with our ruling on that point. Where are those "others," and who are they?

The objectors seem now to have retired into their last stronghold. The only real argument (sic) they advance is that "the rules were never made for repeating shotguns." Granting this for the sake of argument, why have tournament promoters been doing an injustice for so many years to men who shoot repeating shotguns, by taking their money and letting them shoot when they actually have no *locus standi*? Our claim is, that the rules as they exist to-day are for all guns—single, double or repeating—and that they satisfactorily cover the question at issue.

Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 4.—Teams of 8 men from the Limited and Wabash gun clubs, of this city, met to-day on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club, the home team suffering defeat by 7 targets. The losing club was much chagrined at the result, as the term showed up much better in practice, and in the sweeps that followed the team race the members made scores that would have enabled them to win by a good majority. As a matter of fact, we are suffering from poor and irregular ammunition, which will be discarded; we then hope to do better work. Scores:

W Jones.....	111111110110011111101111—21
Bruner.....	1111111010101 1110101011—18
Wright.....	1111000010111111111111—21
O Wright.....	0100110111111111111100—19
Rose.....	1011101111110001001111—18
Ward Jones.....	1111110111111111111100—21
Linell.....	1111111011111111111011—23
King.....	111111101111110110111—162

Limited Gun Club.

Britton.....	1111111111111111111111—5
Comstock.....	11001101111111010111001—18
Cooper.....	111111101111110110110111—21
Parry.....	1110111001111111011111—21
Tutewiler.....	1011100001111110111010—16
Polster.....	1011101101111110110111—20
Moore.....	1001011101110110001011—15
Robinson.....	101111110111001111010—19—155

ROYAL ROBINSON.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 7.—The scores given below were all made at Watson's Park, Burnside, to-day:

Match at 25 live birds per man:

R Kuss.....	22110102011111111122123—20
J Bemis.....	011010121010211212122—17
J M Wilson.....	0030020000202020201011—11
DeWolf.....	101101012211001102w —12

Goodrich vs. Wright, 25 live birds per man:

R W Wright.....	222020112221122220110122—21
L H Goodrich.....	2200122220102012122211—19

Twenty-five live birds per man:

R Kuss.....	121011121121212011011122—21
J Bemis.....	12200021200212121020202—16
J M Wilson.....	21002012122020012022000—15
Dr Liddy.....	2112021212102w —18

J. Bemis and R. L. Snider shot a race at 100 empire targets, loser to pay for the targets, the race resulting in a tie as below:

J Bemis.....	100100110000000011001010111111111111—32
R L Snider.....	101110111111111110110110110110110111—41—73
	111111010110110110110110110110110111—38—73

Other scores were shot as follows: R. Kuss 26 out of 30, Goodrich 25 out of 30, Goodwin 26 out of 40, Liddy 15 out of 35, and J. A. Snider 10 out of 35.

BAVERLIGG.

Fargo Gun Club.

FARGO, N. D., March 4.—The Fargo Gun Club, at its annual meeting, elected the following gentlemen officers for the ensuing year: S. S. Lyon, President; A. Roberts, Vice-President; O. E. Robbins, Secretary-Treasurer.

The club will shoot on Friday of each week at 5:30 P. M. In addition to practice shooting the full programme will be shot each week, viz: 10 singles, known angles; 15 singles, unknown angles; and 25 singles, unknown angles. The last event is termed the gold badge contest, and the club will present to the member winning the badge the most times during the season closing Oct. 1, 1896, a prize badge or other suitable trophy. The members will be handicapped by allowing extra targets to the poorer shots; the handicap will be revised by a committee on the first of each month from the average scores made in the badge contest the previous month. Any member winning the badge will in the next contest shoot at 25 targets without extra target allowance. In case of ties, they shoot off at once at the original number of targets.

The club is flourishing, and much interest is being taken in trap-shooting matters. The programme for the State tournament, to be held in June, is ready for the printer and will be circulated early in April.

No effort has been spared to offer an attractive number of events with plenty of cash and prizes, and the prospects for a large attendance of trap-shooters are very bright.

C. E. ROBBINS.

FOREST AND STREAM has been a very good friend to me and has cheered many a sad, lonely hour on our ranch.

J. D. B.

CALIFORNIA.

The Interstate Programme for Charleston, S. C.

The first target tournament on the Interstate Circuit for 1896 will be held at Charleston, S. C., on April 14-16, as announced in our column of trap-shooting fixtures. The tournament will be given by the association under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club, one of the most active organizations of its kind in the South. The Palmetto Gun Club in October, 1894, gave another tournament that was fathered by the Interstate Association, but that tournament was ruined entirely by the awful storm of rain and wind that swept over the South the day before the shoot was to be held. The devastation wrought among the tents and fixtures of the Interstate Association was considerable, but everything was gotten ready for the shoot, Manager Shaner wading around at the score in gum boots, close on tin, of rain having fallen in 24 hours. Owing to the storm the tournament was a failure in point of attendance, hence, when the Palmetto Club asked for the aid of the Interstate Association in giving a tournament this year, the association acted upon the advice of its manager and promised that its paraphernalia should be at the disposal of the club for the days of April 14-16.

The programme for these three days is a varied one. On April 14 and 15 there are to be 10 events; five 15-target events and three 20-target events, all at unknown angles, and two events at 10 pairs; the entrance fee for each event is at the uniform rate of 10 cents per target. On April 14 the purses will be divided under the Rose system, but on the second day, April 15, the present system of division of moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10, will be adhered to. This occasion will be a good one for testing the real merits of the Rose system for a tournament of any size. On each of the above days the club adds \$125 to the purses.

On the third day, April 16, there will be a 100-target handicap race, unknown angles, handicaps ranging from 100 to 125 targets; entrance \$5, targets extra, \$100 added to the purse, 7 moneys. Contestants will be handicapped according to their showing during the two previous days' shooting. The second event on this day will be the Interstate team race, three men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, \$10 per team, \$50 added, 4 moneys. Teams must consist of three men from one State, and any number of teams from the same State can enter.

Among the other bits of information given by the programme is a page devoted to an explanation of the Rose system. The headquarters for shooters during the tournament will be the Charleston.

In New Jersey.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

March 5.—The strong northwest wind that blew to-day across Elkwood Park had its effect upon the scores which are given below. W. C. Price made the best record, scoring 21 out of 22, the lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.			
No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Conklin (30).....	1 1 1 0 2-4 0	0 0 1 0	1 2 2 2 2 0-7
E Price (30).....	1 1 1 1 1-5 2 0	1 2 2 2 2 1-6 1 0	—1
W Price (29).....	1 1 1 1 2-4 1 2 1-3	1 1 1 1 1 2-6	2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1-8
White (30).....	2 1 2 0 1-4 1 0	—1 0	—0 0
Van Dyke (29).....	2 1 1 0-4 2 2 1-3	2 2 0	—2
Sussman (25).....	0 0	—0
Tabor (26).....	0 2 1 1 2-4 1 0	—1
Magee (30).....	0 0 1 2	—2 1 1 0-2 1 0	—1
Walt (25).....	1 1 2 0 2-4 0	—0
Johnson (25).....	2 0 0	—1
Green (30).....	1 1 1 2 0	—4 2 1 2 2 2 2 2-8

No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$2, one money; No. 2, miss and out, \$1; No. 3 was the same as No. 2, and was won by W. C. Price on the shoot-off in No. 4; No. 4 was another of the same kind, and was divided between W. C. Price and E. Green.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

March 7.—To-day was the regular club shoot at the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. The attendance of members was not as large as usual owing to the rain that fell during the whole of the forenoon. The club shoot is at 25 unknown angles and 25 targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order. W. J. Simpson led to-day with 42 out of 50, Krebs, his nearest competitor being 4 breaks behind him. The wind, which came up strongly after the rain had ceased falling, caused the targets to be quite erratic in their flight. Scores:

Unknown angles.		Reversed order.	
W J Simpson.....	01111111111111111111	1110111100100111111100	—42
F Krebs.....	01111111111111111111	111011111011111100010101	—38
W H Huck.....	1001110101011100110101	1110011110111001110101	—34
Jeanneret.....	10110111111111111101010	10100100111000100110001	—31
James.....	100110111100010110001010	11111111101001000010001	—28
Flagg.....	0010000001010111001010	0001000110011101100010	—22
Marvin.....	0101000111010100101010	010000111010100010001000	—20
Black.....	000000101000011001110010	0101000001110000110001010	—18

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

March 12.—The second monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds and under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield. March 11 had a good deal to do with the attendance at this shoot, the weather yesterday being about as rough as any we have experienced this winter. Snow fell all day, a strong wind blowing at the same time, causing the snow to drift and making things generally unpleasant. A cold snap following on the heels of this storm froze everything up as tight as a drum, and to-day (March 12) opened up for all the world like a cold, bright day in the middle of January. There was plenty of snow on the ground, and plenty of frost in the strong wind that made itself felt as soon as one put one's head out of doors. Taking all things into consideration, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the attendance was very small for a league shoot.

Six teams were all that competed in the team race, and of that number one, the Endeavor Gun Club, had to make up a scratch team, so that its score will not count in the yearly averages; the totals made by the individual members will of course be credited to them. We understand also that a protest was made against the score of the Climax Gun Club on the ground that E. J. Clark, a newly-elected member of the club, was not qualified to shoot on the team, the claim being made that he was not a resident of the State, and should therefore be a member of the club at least six months before he could be eligible to shoot on the club's team in these team races. The League's constitution provides that a shooter must be either a resident of the State or, if he is a non-resident, he must have been a member of the club for which he shoots at least six months prior to the date of the shoot.

Probably owing to the glare of the bright sun on the snow, as much as to the strong wind that was blowing, the scores in the team race were by no means high ones. It looks as if known traps and angles, with targets thrown far and fast, and with a strong wind blowing, are harder than unknown angles, or at any rate as hard. To-day 23 was high, and only R. S. Williams, of Elizabeth, secured that total. The scores were:

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield: L. H. Schortemeier 22, T. H. Keller 21, C. Dutchy 21, E. J. Clarke 21, R. Manning 19, D. Darby 18—122.

Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford: E. D. Miller 22, H. S. Welles 21, Gus. E. Greiff 19, G. S. McAlpin 18, F. Krebs 18, E. A. Jeanneret 17—115.

South Side Gun Club, of Newark: E. A. Geoffroy 23, Thomas Dukes 20, R. H. Breintnall 20, C. M. Hedden 19, M. Herrington 17, L. Thomas 15—113.

Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth: R. S. Williams 23, C. C. Hebbard 21, W. M. Parker 18, N. H. Astfalk 18, H. A. Folsom 18, A. Woodruff 16—113.

Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City: B. Edwards 22, C. E. King 19, Eddie Collins 18, Wanda 16, I. H. Terrill 16, G. H. Piercy 15—105.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen: T. H. Brantingham 22, M. Henry 22, D. Runyon 17, Charles Giles 13, G. M. Warden 13, F. Van Nuijs 15—102.

The Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood, put in a broken squad of 4 men—W. N. Drake, A. Sickley, E. Sickley and These men shot their strings of 25 targets for the yearly individual averages, making the following scores respectively:

Several sweepstake events were also shot off, the cashier's books showing at the end of the day that 3,500 empire targets had been thrown, a remarkably good total considering that it was 11:30 before the boys got to work. In addition to the lateness of the start, a good three quarters of an hour was taken up with the discussion of John Benner's lunch. Secretary of the League Hobart acted as cashier,

Tom Keller and Dutchy Smith seconding his efforts by doing some lively squad hustling. Douglas Darby, familiarly termed "Doug," the new secretary of the Climax Gun Club, was on hand and acted as referee on several occasions, thereby becoming partly ossified by the cold just as often as he essayed the thankless task of deciding between losses and breaks. Like a baseball umpire, the referee at a target shoot gets no credit; when he makes no mistakes no one puts him on the back, but when he makes an error everybody jumps on him as incompetent. There's no wonder that people are always so anxious to referee target shoots!

Among the visitors was Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda), who has come all the way from Cincinnati, O., to take in the Sportsmen's Exposition and the Grand American Handicap; Milt Lindsley will be here also, and will be on view on both the above occasions. Mr. C. E. King, a representative of the King Powder Company, manufacturers of King's Smokeless, was also present and was introduced to many of the shooters by Mrs. Lindsley. M. Herrington was also on deck and showed what W-A powder could do when it came down to business. Unfortunately we have not the records of some three or four sweeps shot while the sun was dropping out of sight; it was then that Mr. Herrington did his best work, scoring about 45 or 46 out of 50, unknown angles at that.

Scores in the sweeps so far as our records go are given in the table that follows, empire traps and targets being used, the League having adopted that target as official:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	15	15	10	15	10	10	10
T H Keller.....	7	10	14	12	15	17	12	12	9	13	11	8	7
W N Drake.....	7	8	10	11	17
B Edwards.....	8	9	12	12	16	12
R H Breintnall.....	9	7	13	12	15	19	12	8
G E Greiff.....	10	8	11	9	16
G H Piercy.....	5	8	10	12	19	13	10	10	11	11	7	2
C Dutchy.....	8	8	14	12	18	16	13	13	12	13	8	7
E J Clark.....	9	10	14	14
L Schortemeier.....	6	9	15	15	18	17	13	9	14	11
A Whitehead.....	4
T Dukes.....	8	8	14	10
D Darby.....	6
C C Hebbard.....
G S McAlpin.....
N Astfalk.....
M Herrington.....
L Thomas.....
H S Welles.....
A Woodruff.....
E A Jeanneret.....
E Sickley.....
C M Hedden.....
Addison.....
T Brantingham.....
R Manning.....
E D Miller.....
E A Geoffroy.....
G King.....
J Roberts.....
H Folsom.....
E Collins.....
Wanda.....

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 were at known traps and angles; No. 13 was 5 pairs; all the rest were at unknown angles. Edward Banks.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., held its regular monthly club shoot to-day at its grounds near the Fanwood Road House. The weather was cold, with occasional snow flurries. Taking the conditions into consideration, the scores put up by the members present were decidedly satisfactory. The club shoot is a handicap, scratch men shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles, and the poorer shots being allowed extra targets to shoot at. The scores to-day were as follows:

W Parker (3).....	111111111111111111111111	—25
E J Clarke (3).....	111011111111111111111111	—25
P Jay (5).....	111110100110001111111111	—23
N Astfalk (3).....	011101111111111111111110	—22
T H Keller (0).....	111111111111111111111110	—21
C Smith (0).....	101011111111111111111111	—21
R Manning (1).....	110110111111111111111111	—21
J Singer (0).....	0101101111110000110010011111110111	—21
L H Schortemeier (0).....	101111111111111111111110	—20
D Darby (5).....	10010001101111111111111011	—20
S Terry (5).....	111111001111111111111110011011	—20
W Terry (7).....	110010011011101110110101010100	—18
J Swody (6).....	111001110001111111111110010100	—17
J Goodman (3).....	01100101101100111111111001001111	—17
W Squires (5).....	000111101010001111111000110010	—16
A Trust (6).....	000001010000110111110101101111	—15

The following sweeps were also shot, all being at unknown angles except No. 4, which was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Dutchy.....	9	10	10	4	10	10	Astfalk.....	8	8
Keller.....	8	8	8	5	9	10	Manning.....	7
Schortemeier.....	10	10	9	9	7	7	Darby.....	10	10	3	7	8
Clarke.....	8	9	9	7	10	9	J Singer.....
Greiff.....	7	9	8	8	Hebbard.....
Trust.....	7	5	6	4	7	7

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 7.—The members of the New Utrecht Gun Club held their club shoot to-day at the new grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Thirtieth avenue, Brooklyn. The first event was the club shoot, 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowance of extra targets. J. Gaughen won the Class A badge; Dr. Shepard, who had an allowance of two extra targets, the Class B badge, and P. A. Hegeman the Class C badge. The Hegeman prize shoot was won by A. Deacon, who broke 14 out of 15. Scores were much interfered with by the strong wind that blew across the grounds.

Club shoot.		Hegeman prize shoot.		
J Gaughen (A, 0).....	011101101111111111111111	—21	1110111111011111	—33
D Bennett (A, 1).....	0111001100111101001111110	—17	110111111111010	—12
M VanBrunt (A, 0).....	01101111011111110101000100	—15	0010111111101001	—9
D Deacon (A, 0).....	0110110010011111110010110	—15	1111111111111011	—14
Dr Shepard (B, 2).....	01111111111111111111110001	—19	100001010010101	—6
Dr G Pool (B, 0).....	10110111111111111111110001	—18	111111111001110	—12
H Fessenden (B, 0).....	1000010000101111111111110	—13	11101003101000	—10
P Hegeman (C, 0).....	0110011011000111100110111	—14	0011111011011100	—11
Dr O'Brien (C, 0).....	010011110101010101010101	—13	00001001000010101	—5
C Fleet (C, 2).....	00010100101000000010100100	—7	1100000000100000	—3
Dr Parr (C, 2).....	00001100000000000101000110	—6

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 9.—The members of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club turned out to-day in good force, the club's shoot being attended by 19 who took part in the main event, which was the club event at 7 live birds per man; Robert J. Valentine was the only man to make a clean score as below:

Class A: R. J. Valentine (30) 7, T. L. Murphy (26) 6, R. J. Frazier (26) 3, A. T. Moray (26) 4, P. H. Myles (26) 6, D. G. Murray (26) 4, C. A. Richardson (28) 3.	
Class B: T. T. Williams (26) 2, N. T. Ellery (26) 4, L. G. Jenkinson (26) 1, R. W. O'Brien (26) 3, H. J. Kane (26) 1, F. G. Hennessy (26) 3.	
Class C: P. L. Nelson (26) 2, T. G. Hardy (26) 3, S. J. King (26) 3, R. V. O'Brien (25) 2, W. H. Gregory (25) 2, B. W. Phillips (25) 1.	

BATH GUN CLUB.

March 9.—The Bath Gun Club held a shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon, four members putting in an appearance. The first event was the club shoot at 10 live birds; this was won by J. Schlieman with 7 out of 10, the score being as follows: J. Schlieman 7, J. Fallert 6, P. Fallert 4, Straub 4.

The four shooters then had a 25-target race, Joseph Fallert being top scorer with 18, P. Fallert being second with 17, as below: J. Fallert 18, P. Fallert 17, J. Schlieman 13, G. Straub 12.

HENDERSON AND WILLIAMSON.

March 10.—T. G. Henderson and R. V. Williamson, members of the Eureka Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man, the match taking place on the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, near Flushing. The match was a close one, Williamson suffering defeat by only two birds, the scores showing: Henderson (30) 40, Williamson (28) 38.

After this match a sweep at 5 birds was shot off, with the following result: J. H. Thode (36) 1, T. S. Brody (28) 0, J. G. Hennessy (25) 2, J. H. Schleuter (26) 3, R. V. Wagner (26) 1, T. G. Henderson (29) 2, R. V. Williamson (26) 2, L. H. Muller (26) 3, S. G. Porter (25) 4, D. G. Browning (26) 2, P. H. Myles (26) 2.

HUDSON GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The Hudson Gun Club held its regular shoot at the North Beach grounds this afternoon. In the club event at 7 live birds, F. G. Barton, T. T. Ellery and B. C. Fielding tied with 7 straight. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Barton won by killing 3 straight, Ellery scoring 2 and Fielding 1. The scores:

F. G. Barton (26) 7, T. T. Ellery (28) 7, B. C. Fielding (26) 7, D. W. Longman (26) 5, F. J. Patterson (26) 3, G. Lawrence (26) 2, J. G. Jenkins (26) 4, C. T. Williams (26) 3, F. G. Johnson (28) 1, J. R. Andrews (26) 4, P. J. O'Brien (26) 3, M. L. Offerman (26) 3, J. W. Young (28) 1, F. N. Long (26) 2.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The North Side Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park. There were only five members of the club present, that number taking part in the club event, which is at 7 live birds per man, the scores counting in the yearly averages for prizes. The scores made were as follows: J. H. Jennings (30) 6, M. Schmitt (28) 6, H. Heyer (28) 5, George Siems (28) 5, George Muller (26) 3.

The prizes for 1895 were won as follows: First prize, Harry Heyer; second prize, J. H. Jennings; third prize, George Siems.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WHEN proffered in payment for ticket to Washington, D. C., and return for the Pennsylvania Railroad's personally conducted tour, \$14.50 covers all necessary expenses for a three days' trip. Detailed itinerary at 1196 Broadway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.—No. 13.
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM'S INDIANS

As the time for the Sportsmen's Exposition drew near the FOREST AND STREAM set to work to devise some exhibition, apart from its own special space, which should have an interest outside of the trade in sporting goods and should prove attractive to the general public. The matter was one requiring some thought, and it was not easy to settle on material which should be an attraction, and at the same time instructive, and yet which should in no degree bear the character of an advertisement.

It was at length decided to try to bring on to New York a family of Indians and to reconstruct here a little camp, which should reproduce the Indian camp of twenty-five years ago among the buffalo-eating people. To the accomplishing of this we gave no little time and effort. It was necessary first to secure the assent of the Indians to come, and then to obtain from the Government permission for them to leave their reservation and visit New York for this purpose. It was necessary, also, to secure from the older people in the tribe the primitive implements, which had been preserved from the old days when their use was common, but which have now been supplanted by white man's utensils, and finally it was necessary to transport the party to New York and to superintend the erection of the camp.

All this was done, and successfully done. The FOREST AND STREAM Indians were the attraction of the show. This was recognized by exhibitors before the show opened, as well as by the first of the public who attended; the daily newspapers, which are quick to know a good thing when they see it, realized that this was the "feature" on which they could "spread." They did spread; and to-day there is perhaps not a better known man in New York than Bear Chief; and as one walks by his side while taking him about to see the sights of what he calls "this place of many houses," one hears the policemen, the cab drivers and many of the passers-by say to each other, "That is Bear Chief."

So the most novel and interesting part of the entire exhibition made by the FOREST AND STREAM was the group of Blackfeet Indians, brought on from the Blackfoot reservation in Montana, to show the American sportsmen of to-day how the primitive American hunter lived. The party consisted of Bear Chief, the council chief of the tribe; White Antelope Woman with her little daughter Natoye (Blessed), and Wm. Jackson, the interpreter.

Bear Chief was a brave warrior in the old days when warriors had a place on the plains. He has counted *coup* upon his enemy many times; his wives have often trimmed his clothing with the scalps of enemies, torn from their heads with his own hand.

White Antelope Woman is of the purest Blackfoot race, the descendant of a line of chiefs. In the literature of a few years ago she would have been called an Indian princess. Her mother is a medicine woman and has secret powers. She can see visions and dream dreams; she is a doctor and can do many mysterious things.

Wm. Jackson, the interpreter, is a good prairie man and served well from 1874 to 1879, during the last days of the plains wars, with such generals as Custer, Terry and Miles. He was with Reno on the eventful day of the Little Horn fight, and for twenty-four hours after that battle he lay hidden in the brush surrounded by hundreds of fierce savages.

In its exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition, held in New York in 1895, FOREST AND STREAM showed the arms and implements of the primitive American hunter, and traced his evolution from the stone-armed savage, whom the white men found when they first reached these shores, to the Indian of later days, equipped with the most improved weapons of modern warfare. These implements and this evolution were interesting, but it is more interesting still to see the living Indian again occupying his lodge, armed and equipped as he was in former times, and engaged in the same pursuits which occupied him during the buffalo days, before he had become the ward of the nation, a reservation Indian, and a hard-working tiller of the soil and grower of cattle.

It is through just this transition that Bear Chief has passed. Twenty years ago he was a fierce warrior, a buffalo killer. He wore the clothing of the savage, and except in the bitterest winter weather he was always absent from the camp, either in pursuit of food or on the war path. As a hunter and as a warrior he was successful beyond his fellows.

The same qualities which gave him preëminence in the

savage pursuits of the old days have pushed him to the front in these more peaceful times. When the buffalo disappeared, and it became evident that if a man would not work neither should he eat, Bear Chief recognized the changed position and made up his mind that he would work. For years he has been the most industrious man on his reservation, and now he is one of the wealthiest. It is he who raises the best crops, it is he who has the fattest cattle, his horses are the fastest, and his success in this respect has not been without its influence on his fellow tribesmen. They have seen that as of old he was successful in war, so now he is successful in peace, and so strongly have they been impressed by this that they elected him head council chief of the Piegan tribe of the Blackfoot nation. This is a fine tribute to Bear Chief, but it is more than that. The election to this chieftainship of the man most noted in the tribe for industry is convincing evidence of the good sense of the Piegans, and shows how completely they have accepted the idea of civilization, and have come to realize that labor is necessary to success and to life.

In the skin lodge with its crossing lodge poles, in the sweat-house standing near, and the drying scaffold hung with meat, were seen three of the characteristic features of the old-time Indian camp, the camp which in reality we can never again see. It had been intended to have these Indians occupied in their old-time pursuits, the man manufacturing or repairing his arms, and the woman dressing hides or making moccasins or other skin clothing. This idea could not be carried out. On the first day Bear Chief set out to make some arrows, and did make some sinew bowstring, but after that the people were so anxious to be presented to him and to ask him questions that he had no time for work.

Bear Chief is mentioned more than once in Mr. Grinnell's "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," and much detailed information about the Piegans and their ways of life in old times is to be found in that volume and in "The Story of the Indian" by the same writer. In both these books, too, are accounts of the wonderful practices of women who had the same mysterious powers that the Two Bear Woman possesses.

In securing the equipment for this camp Mr. Jackson, who had the matter in charge, scoured the whole Piegan camp for old-time implements and articles. It was the aim to show here only the genuine things, those which had been in use in the old days, and if a few articles were unobtainable and had to be made, they reproduced with exact fidelity the implements of long ago. A successful effort was made to give to the sons of civilization some notion of the life which the sons of nature used to lead. One of the most realistic things in the exhibit was the old goblet made of mountain sheep horn from which the baby and others drank.

It is impossible to give here a complete description of this little camp and the implements found in it. The family occupied an old-fashioned cowskin tepee, in which a fire burned on the ground, and were dressed in the ornamented skin clothing of primitive times. In and about the lodge were the implements of ancient times, bows and arrows, a lance and shield, all of them weapons of war. Fleshers, hide scrapers, parfleches, ladles and spoons made of buffalo horn, and stone hammers, are tools for women's use. Scattered about were hides. Hung up at the back of the lodge were various sacred bundles which contained the medicine of the Raven Carriers and the ghost dance medicine. Here, too, was the Thunder Pipe, the original one given centuries ago by the Thunder to a poor Blackfoot man, and handed down in the tribe ever since. The story of how this pipe was first obtained is told in "Blackfoot Lodge Tales." The sweat lodge with its painted buffalo bull's skull stood at the end of the space furthest from the tipi; the tripod which supported the warrior's arms was close to the lodge; some dried meat was hanging up. There were the fresh-killed heads and skins of mountain sheep and mountain goats; there were bone and stone tanning implements, relics of the Baker massacre, and a host of other interesting things.

Of all this interesting exhibit, the most interesting to many people was the little child Natoye (Blessed), dressed in buckskin and beads, and her clothing hung with tiny woman's implements. She is the most cheery, good-natured, courageous child that ever was, and she won all hearts by her smiles and her cunning ways.

It is not too much to say that it is largely due to the FOREST AND STREAM Indians that the Sportsmen's Ex-

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Forest and Stream 6 months and any two of the pictures, \$3.
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Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

SNAP SHOTS.

One point in the argument made by Mr. J. Russell Reed before the Massachusetts legislative committee on game, the other day, was that of the obligation which rests upon a State to deal justly with sister States. Every market open in seasons which are closed in other States offers inducements to law violations there. Massachusetts is morally bound to consider not only her own game supply and the effect upon it of a Boston market, but the supply also of New Hampshire and Maine and of every other State whose game may be killed for the supply of Boston dealers.

We print in another column some particulars respecting President Cleveland's nomination of an United States Fish Commissioner. The selection appears to be a questionable one for the interests of fishculture. The only known instance of Mr. Brice's connection with fishculture was his selection of a site for the Fort Gaston, Cal., hatching station, which because of its inaccessibility has proved to be useless except for stocking with trout the immediate waters upon which it is located. The reasons which may have guided President Cleveland in his choice are not known to us; but he appears to have been moved by a determination to take the Fish Commission out of the hands of "the scientists"—that is to say, of the people who might be expected to know something of the work of fishculture and its administration.

A goodly proportion of the deer killed in Ontario are killed in the water where they have been driven by hounds. In his annual report on the game interests of the Province, Chief Warden Finsley points out that this mode of deer killing made easy is rapidly depleting the stock, and that it would be wise to forbid hounding, at least for a term of years. However much opinions may differ respecting the merits of hounding, we may note as a sign of the times a steady growth of sentiment against killing deer in the water.

The treatment given the Sportsmen's Exposition by the daily press was as a rule inefficient and inadequate. Here was a vast assemblage of objects which were full of interest to tens of thousands, as shown by the attendance, and yet no New York paper thought it worth while to give an intelligent description of any single feature of the show.

The FOREST AND STREAM will very shortly remove to new and handsome offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street. This is two blocks north of the present location. The offices will be on the eighth floor, reached by the elevator at the Leonard street entrance.

hibition of 1896 proved a success. There were shown at this exhibition sportsmen's implements of all sorts in the very greatest profusion, but if the exhibition had depended solely on the attendance of those who themselves were actively interested in guns or boats or fishing rods or bicycles, the show would have fallen short of complete success. At any exhibition of this kind it is the great outside public that must be attracted if this complete success is to be attained, and by the exhibition of this Indian camp this great public was induced to attend. This attraction brought into the Madison Square Garden many thousands of spectators to whom the dealers would not otherwise have been able to show their goods, and the admission fees paid by these thousands have helped to swell the coffers of the Sportsmen's Association.

In view of this and in view of the universal interest expressed by press and public in the Indian camp, the FOREST AND STREAM feels justified in believing that it has done its full share for the sportsmen and for the dealers in sportsmen's supplies in this exhibition of 1896.

The "Forest and Stream" Exhibit.

FOREST AND STREAM might well say in the modest words of the illustrious Roman, "*Quorum pars magna fuit*," or as the office boy expressed it, "It was a big part of the total." The paper had three distinct exhibits. The Indian camp has been described, as well as the stereopticon exhibit in the south gallery, wherein spectators were reminded several hundred times, while looking at beautiful pictures of field sports, that FOREST AND STREAM was a good thing to have in the heart. Aside from these features was the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit proper, where the life and purposes of the journal as a journal were set forth.

This central exhibit was on the main aisle near the center of the Garden, and occupied a space about 14x22ft. in size. The object here was not to present a museum of curiosities, but to show an interior as of a typical sportsmen's journal. There were a few choice trophies, but no curiosities. The space was entirely open in front, nicely carpeted, and the walls, some 9ft. high, inclosing the back and both ends of the exhibit, were covered with heavy cartridge paper of dead finish, of deep salmon color, with dark green dado. This made a handsome background for the pictures, which deserved good handling. There were some paintings and drawings by Mr. Cecil Clay, and a fine painting of the Sunapee sailing, the latter offsetting a nicely mounted ouananiche upon the opposite wall. One end of the exhibit was dominated by the grand water-color by Prof. Edmund Osthaus, showing two field dogs on point. A second large canvas by the same master hand was hung upon the end of the wall outside. This piece ("The Retrieve") from its position appeared to be a part of the Colt's exhibit until closer inspection showed the magic hand of FOREST AND STREAM in search of attractions.

In the front of the inclosed space a long table held many of the tempting FOREST AND STREAM books, and near by stood a cosy settee, into which one sank gratefully at times when tired of board floors. A register of visitors showed how many old and new friends of the paper had called, and two of the most able and intelligent of the FOREST AND STREAM young men explained things and accommodated those who wanted to forget they were "chained to business." Not that they could do that very well, with so many little signs hanging about asking them to "do the next best thing."

On the exterior of the walls inclosing the exhibit there were hung many of the FOREST AND STREAM amateur photographs (enlarged), and full sets of all the many kinds of premium pictures offered by FOREST AND STREAM. Two great glazed frames showed pages of engravings taken bodily with the letter press from the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM. There were many elaborate FOREST AND STREAM signs about, which the eye could not possibly escape, and all in all the total was extremely fetching. Among the trophies adorning the outside wall was the magnificent caribou head known as the "Emperor," thought to be the finest of its kind, which was loaned by

favor of its owner, Dr. Davis, of Lancaster, Pa., who killed it in Newfoundland.

But the feature of the exhibit was within the office-like interior. A long shelf ran entirely across the back of the space, and on this shelf, reaching up almost to the sweeping beard of the buffalo head, stood in a magnificent array the solid and handsome bound volumes of a complete file of the FOREST AND STREAM from its first number up to date. A compelling sign called attention to these forty-six handsome morocco volumes. Of those twenty-three years we frankly confess we are not ashamed. We are



BEAR CHIEF.
Of the FOREST AND STREAM Indian Camp.

proud of the showing that FOREST AND STREAM made in every way, but more than all the exhibits to us were the forty-six volumes, recording alike the growth of the FOREST AND STREAM and of American sportsmanship. The two have advanced *pari passu*, the one helping the other, we beg to hope. We hope also that this advance will continue in the same intimate relation, and as we honestly believe the FOREST AND STREAM to be the best sportsmen's journal published to-day, we hope and believe that it will continue to be such as long as there is sportsmen's journalism in America.

Features and Incidents.

The motor cycle, the Magautrap, the horseless carriage, the manganese boats and the X ray machine were new things at the show.

The attendance at the Exposition for the first five days was recorded at 37,500. This did not include Saturday, the last and best day, when the attendance was estimated at 15,000. The total for the week was therefore considerably over 50,000—an excess of about 15,000 over last year's figures. If proper features are secured for next year the attendance should reach 75,000 at least.

Mr. Sam N. Crane, press representative for the Exposition, did his work most thoroughly and intelligently. The advance notices were of the greatest value to the Exposition, and the current news of the show was handled in a manner whose only drawback was the lack of intelligence on the part of some city editors on the daily press, who persisted in looking upon the Exposition as purely a trade display. That part of humanity which declined to be hoodwinked by such hands learned that the affair was somewhat more than that, and offered entertainment, instruction and amusement for all sorts and conditions of men, women and children.

One enterprising daily newspaper man wrote up a good story about a certain exhibit (the Cleveland Target Co.), which he said he would run for \$200. It did not run.

The Loan and Trophy Exhibit contained a lot of college footballs chronicling victories. These called forth gloomy glances from men of other colleges, and they represented a situation of danger.

And Diana of the Golden Bow nodded and beamed over her children.

The solid Parian marble columns of the cigar exhibit were made of fluted muslin, tacked in folds, and were full of solid air. There was no prettier booth.

The big Colt's display case is not shipped whole, but comes cleverly in pieces, all but the big glass front, which asks a wagon of its own.

The populace rose up and called Natoye "Blessed." There never was such a baby as the FOREST AND STREAM Indian baby.

The exhibits of taxidermy were so much scattered as to leave an impression of weakness in that branch. Yet doubtless this arrangement was really of more interest and value than one which would have massed all the trophy attractions.

The baby ocelot—a most charming spotted kitten—shown among other live young wild animals at C. G. Gunther's Sons' cabin, was purchased by Mr. C. W. Dimick, of the U. S. Cartridge Co.

On Sunday, the day after the fair, while the workmen were busy clearing up the Garden, a live raccoon escaped

from one of the cages, and at last accounts was still at large among the boxes and crates in the basement.

We violate no confidence in quoting the comment of the youngest FOREST AND STREAM office boy, who remarked with pride, "FOREST AND STREAM in dis show is de whole t'ing, see? Dem odder folks is in it, I don't t'ink. Nit." The foregoing language is not that sanctioned or encouraged on the staff, but the sentiment deserves endorsement.

Bear Chief, the FOREST AND STREAM Blackfoot visitor, was the best known man in New York during the week.

The papers had made his features familiar to the elevator boys, who addressed him as of ancient right.

The hardest working person in the Garden was Natoye, the Indian baby. Hers was a hit of unmistakable sort, and she was the unquestioned star. Dressed in her beaded buckskins, the 20 months old tot touched the curiosity and affection of every one who saw her. Sometimes she broke away from her parents, stole under the railing and ran off for a romp by herself in the aisles. On such occasions she was soon surrounded by a throng of laughing spectators, as she played hide-and-seek among the men's legs, or crowded and kicked in the arms of some lady. Perfectly fearless, she never cried of fright if she stubbed her toes and fell, unless she was actually hurt by the hard floor, so different from the prairie soil to which she is accustomed. Natoye was the recipient of countless presents. She had over a dozen dolls, and toys without number, not to speak of costly flowers from the hands of fashion and beauty. She takes home with her perhaps half a peck of coppers and coins, and might have had many more had her freakishness not often led her to decline without thanks the offers of small coins whose appearance did not suit her. Her favorite portemonnaie was her mouth, and this habit perhaps gave rise to the story of a daily newspaper man which stated that Natoye had swallowed \$1.50 worth of pennies, which were to be searched for with the X rays. Never did woman, big or little, create so genuine an enthusiasm as Natoye, the Blackfoot baby, and she showed her adaptability to the ways of civilization by having a real case of croup after the show, like a white baby—something unknown to her until her visit to the white people's country.

Some of the boys who played with the big Layman pneumatic boat in the tank managed to fall out of it one day, and got good and wet, or at least wet.

The 4-rater Ethelwynn, shown at the space of A. G. Spalding & Bros., made one of the attractions of the entire Exposition. It is not necessary to state that the model of Ethelwynn is by Mr. W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

The boat was sold.

The weather during the week ran the gamut of variability, and was all things except endurable. A few bright and warm days would have added thousands to the gate receipts.

Bear Chief, the distinguished FOREST AND STREAM visitor, enjoyed himself not only at the Exposition, but after it. He saw the big Brooklyn Bridge and went all over a big ocean steamship, the liner New York, and ascended to the top of several big buildings. After the trip in the elevator to the top of the highest building of the city, from whose summit he could see the panorama of the city and the vast expanse of the shipping, Bear Chief laid his hand upon his mouth. When asked what he thought of this, he said it was "a strange and fearful place." Bear Chief also visited Central Park and the leading museums, with the other members of the party, and they were repeatedly entertained by gentlemen who appeared to take pleasure in giving them pleasure.



WILLIAM JACKSON.
Interpreter of the FOREST AND STREAM Indian Camp.



NATOYE (BLESSED).
The FOREST AND STREAM Blackfoot Baby.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO OCEAN PASS.

In a former letter I have described our trip via Two Ocean Pass to our camp on the headwaters of Bridger's Creek. I shall from now on simply copy from my diary.

Monday, Sept. 4.—This was my own guide (Phillips's) first visit to this section of the country, but Woody and Billy Hague had camped here the previous year with a party of English officers. From camp, which was situated at an elevation of 9,000ft., we could see some rough high mountains, the haunts of bighorn sheep, and I was particularly anxious to secure a good head of one of these animals. This day (Monday) Phillips and I took the wrong trail trying to get up to the sheep ground, and followed a small creek almost to its source through a cañon with sides so steep that after some futile attempts to ascend them we had to give it up, and returned to camp, I somewhat disgusted with my guide. Phillips is a good man, and no doubt a good hunter by himself, but he is headstrong, and hunts too much with his legs and too little with his brains. This morning, for instance, I pointed out to him what I thought was the right trail, but he insisted that Billy had told him the trail through the cañon was the right one. As we were not provided with flying machines, we could not get over the top of it.

Upon our return to camp we found that P. had killed a 12-point bull wapiti. C. turned up later, having seen some sheep, but had been unable to get a shot at them. He had, however, killed a swift, and brought back the skin for the purpose of making a rug of it.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—This morning Phillips and I made another start for the high ground, having previously ascertained the right way to it from Woody, who confirmed my opinion of the previous day. We went horseback for a couple of miles until a steep hillside covered with sagebrush obliged us to dismount. We led our horses during the ascent, and when after a severe climb of an hour and a quarter we reached the top, a lovely view of mountain scenery met our gaze. To our left we could discern some very rough country, cut up by ravines and only sparsely settled on the farther side, while in front and some distance ahead there rose a gigantic rocky buttress almost bare of vegetation, for we were close to timber line.

This looked like good sheep ground, and as the hill we were on connected by a rough spur with the mountain in front, we tied our horses to trees and proceeded on foot. Every now and then we scanned the country carefully with our field glasses, but no game was to be seen, and there was a complete absence of fresh signs. From our elevated position we got a very good view of the surrounding country and made our plans for subsequent hunts.

In the afternoon, when we were on our way back to our horses, Phillips espied what he declared to be a big bull on a cañon far below us. The glasses told me that it was a bull, but a small one only; nevertheless, to humor my guide, I decided on the stalk. To get near the bull we had to make an almost sheer descent of some 1,500ft.; but after we left the ridge the wind changed and began to blow from the wrong quarter, so that when we got to the place where the bull should have been he had disappeared. Evidently there had been more than one of these animals, for we noticed quite a number of fresh tracks of different sizes. Tired and disgusted, we made our way back to where we had left our horses, hunting on the way through several miles of green timber. Just before we reached our horses we heard several shots fired in rapid succession, and by the smoke located the place, but could not on account of the trees see the sportsmen, C. and Billy. A moment later, however, we could see two large bulls emerge from the forest, about a mile away. One of them descended into the cañon we had just left, the other one entered a small clump of evergreens, from which he did not emerge again. Soon after we could see C. and his guide follow the tracks of the bulls. As it was getting dark and was furthermore beginning to rain, we returned to camp. C. and Billy came in late and empty-handed, having lost the tracks of the bulls in the dark, both of which C. had wounded.

This day, after luncheon, while Phillips was smoking his pipe, I took a stroll by myself, and came upon the carcass of a small sheep, which had evidently been killed only a month or so before; and some 40yds. from it, when looking upon the ground for tracks, found a discharged .40-83 Winchester cartridge. A sportsman has to go far indeed nowadays to find a place where another one has not been before.

P. stayed in camp this day. He had made a vow not to shave until after he had killed his first bull. Having been successful the day before, I hardly recognized P. in the clean-looking gentleman who greeted us upon our return to camp.

C. cleaned the hollow pointed express bullets which he used in his .45-90 Winchester for his non-success, and resolved to use only solid bullets hereafter.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—Near the place where I picked up the old .40 82 Winchester cartridge yesterday, Phillips and I saw two small bulls on the other side of the ravine, half a mile away. They had got our wind and were getting out of the country in great haste, raising great clouds of dust where they went over the bare hillside. Leaving our horses in a little ravine not far from where we saw the bulls, I descried a large blacktail bull—the only one that I saw during the trip—on the higher ground which we had just left. He was looking straight at us, and as he had no doubt been disturbed by us there was no use in trying to get near him. We then went on the hill which I had seen in the distance the day before, and which looked such a likely place for sheep. The ascent was very steep, and we had to cross a large snowbank near the summit; but this day I had the satisfaction of tiring out Phillips completely, he declaring "that I was the d—st white man for climbing a mountain that he ever saw." We reached the summit about noon, and took a careful look with the glasses at the other side; but no sheep or other game could we see. The view here was sublimely grand, it being the highest point we had been on so far.

After luncheon we carefully retraced our steps, and upon reaching the "green timber" near which we had left our horses, concluded to hunt elk, fresh signs hereabout being abundant. Walking quietly along the sloping hillside I soon jumped a good bull, but he disappeared in the

forest before I could get my rifle to the shoulder. A few minutes later, and while I was scrambling over a nasty piece of sliderock, Phillips, who had already crossed, called to me to "turn around and shoot, quick!" I managed to turn around in time to put in a quick snap shot at a bull who had allowed us to pass him, but missed.

We then returned to camp, I not very much elated over my bad luck and worse shooting. C. and Billy and P.



WHITE ANTELOPE WOMAN AND HER CHILD NATOYE (BLESSED).
FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit of the Native American Hunter.

and Woody also came in empty-handed; the latter, however, had seen a band of elk and some mountain sheep, unfortunately without getting a shot at either.

Thursday, Sept. 7.—P. and myself, with our guides, started out for the head of the valley in which our camp was situated, P. and Woody taking the right, and Phillips and I taking the left side. We went horseback for about eight miles and then separated. While Phillips was tethering the horses I thought I heard a bull "whistle" on the hill above us, and upon scanning the mountain side with my glasses saw four elk, three cows and a bull, half a mile above us. After some rough scrambling and climbing, and when yet some distance from the herd, we jumped another, smaller bull. As he was going in the direction of where the others were and would likely alarm them anyhow, I killed him with a shot in the shoulder. So steep was the ground that the bull, after receiving the shot, rolled down the hillside for at least 50yds. before he was stopped in his descent by a small tree. After gralloching the animal, who had a head of only eight points, we proceeded on our way and were directly met by P. and Woody. They had, with their glasses, seen several bull elk from the opposite side of the

valley on the hill toward which we were going. One of these bulls Woody described as being of truly immense size. We now decided to hunt in company, and after luncheon and a short rest climbed the hill, near the top of which P. and W. had seen the elk. When near the top I, being a trifle in advance, saw on the opposite mountain an immense bull—likely the same one that Woody had seen. The animal was going along the side of the mountain, which was so steep that it seemed almost impossible for any animal less nimble than a mountain sheep to keep its footing. Several times the bull did slip down a couple of yards, but he always recovered his footing. As he was at least 800yds. away he was of course too far for a shot. Although the early part of the day had been fine it now began to rain and snow. P. now proposed that we separate; Phillips and I were to go to the top of the hill, and he and Woody were to hunt the ground we then were on, and which was park-like in its nature. I had hardly proceeded a couple of hundred yards when I heard P. shoot twice, and upon rejoining him found that he had killed a smallish bull of ten points, hitting him each time. While we were skinning the bull a cow came to within 50yds. of our party and stood looking at us for some time, and on our way down to the horses we saw another cow. It rained hard during our way back to camp and the rain during the night changed to snow. C. did not get out this day, but stayed around camp, where he killed a couple of mallards and caught some trout. Fishing was not near as good up here as further below.

Friday, Sept. 8.—When we woke up in the morning we found that it was snowing and blowing very hard, and therefore decided to stay in camp. During the morning we amused ourselves by reading and playing cards, and thoroughly cleaned our rifles and the shotgun. But after dinner, about 1 o'clock, when the storm had let up somewhat, P. and Woody went out and did not return until long after dark. P. was greatly elated, having killed a magnificent bull of fourteen points.

PAUL FRANCKE.

ANOTHER GROWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you the following clipping taken from our local paper, the Hoosick Falls Standard: "A meeting of the Rensselaer and Washington Protective Fish and Game Association was held on Feb. 25. About twenty-five new members were voted into the Association. It was decided to send Messrs. W. E. Heaton and M. E. Brimmer to Albany to confer with the Game Commission in regard to introducing a bill in the Legislature to cover and make special laws for the county of Rensselaer and certain adjoining towns in Washington county. It is the desire of this Association to keep the woods and streams well stocked, and if possible to have laws to protect them, and to see that these laws are enforced."

This Association is something new here, having been in existence only about one month. This is just what we have needed for many years, and although it savors a little of "locking the door after the horse has been stolen," yet let us hope it is not too late yet to replenish our depleted covers and restock our streams.

Where four or five years ago you could find grouse and woodcock plentiful in almost any cover now you might travel all day long and could consider yourself very fortunate if you brought to bag one or two birds. Yet despite all this they are peddled from house to house at 50 cents per pair. This may seem strange, yet it is so. Ask one of these market hunters how he gets so many birds and he will unblushingly declare, "Why, I snare 'em of course."

Again, it was but a few years ago when you could go into almost any piece of woods and make a good bag of rabbits in a short time; now there is not one in ten left to tell the tale. And what is the reason? Ferrets. Ferrets from the first of September to the last of March; and rabbits sold at 25 cents a pair.

And our streams and ponds are in even worse shape. They have been netted, lined and blown (as it is called around here) until there is scarcely a fish of any size left.

I have often read in FOREST AND STREAM that "it is not all of fishing to fish." Here we cannot agree with that, for it is all fishing and no fish with us, but never mind, better times are coming; and I think next season that the first one who ferrets a rabbit, dynamites a trout brook or snares a partridge will hear something drop. And then perhaps I will growl some more, but for the present enough. And no doubt the editor will agree with me that it is enough.

OLD DRIVE.



BEAR CHIEF.

Photo-multigraph (of five positions at one sitting) by Mr. J. D. Bancker, No. 98 Sixth Avenue, New York.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

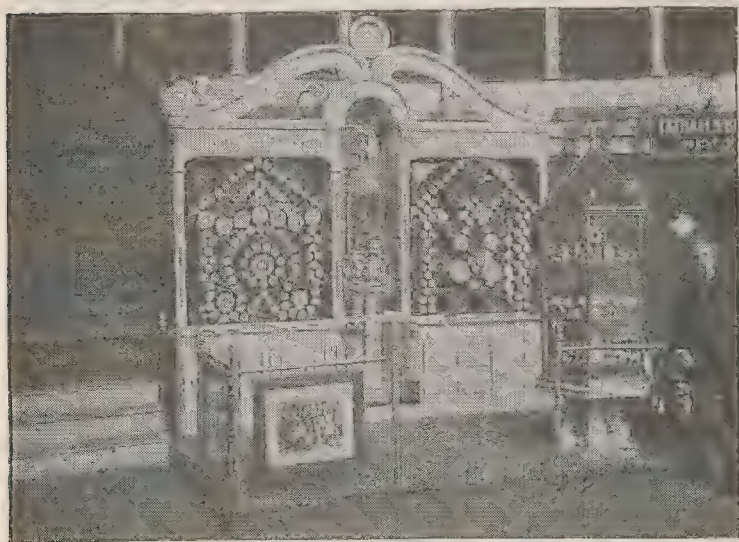
Exhibitors and Exhibits.

THE displays of sportsmen's goods at Madison Square Garden last week were such a collection as was never before gathered under one roof. In extent, variety and quality it was an eloquent exposition of the importance and magnitude of the field sportsmanship of America. We cannot more than hint of the individual exhibits.

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.

The exhibit of this well-known firm of powder manufacturers was one of the first the visitors saw on entering the Garden. It occupied space No. 1, immediately to the left of the main entrance, and during the week of the Exposition it was visited by hundreds of sportsmen who came to pay their compliments, and incidentally to say a word in praise of Du Pont Smokeless.

Mr. Francis G. Du Pont and Mr. Frederick J. Waddell



E. I. DU PONT & COMPANY.

spent much of their time receiving visitors and answering questions, for there is probably nothing under the sun that provokes more discussion than nitro powders, and Mr. Pierre Gentieu was to be found there at all times.

The various powders—sporting, blasting and smokeless—for rifle and shotgun, etc., were shown in cream-colored cabinets backed by plate glass that reflected from all points of view the sundry kegs and canisters, each representative of its special brand of powder.

In the center of the space was the celebrated Du Pont Trophy for the live-bird championship, won by Fred Gilbert at Baltimore last October. This has been fully described already in these columns.

In the front part of the space at one side stood a cabinet containing samples of the different powders, and their ingredients, including a new prismatic smokeless for use in the heavy 10 and 12in. guns in the army and navy. There were also shown samples of gun cotton used for making smokeless powder and that used for making dynamite, service gun cotton for use in torpedoes, and the fiber from which gun cotton itself is made. A number of loaded shells opened at the side to show the wadding formed a part of the exhibit, and the display was capped by a pyramid of peeled willow branches and charcoal from which the black powder is made.

"Du Pont & Co.," says a telling little circular, "never experiment with a powder at the expense of their patrons. Their name is a guarantee that the powder bearing it has been most carefully tested in the laboratory and field before offering to the public, and that it possesses every merit claimed."

No wonder the name is such a household word everywhere among sportsmen.

Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

The exhibit of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., as in the Exposition of 1895, was one of the most striking features in the Garden. Visitors to last year's Exposition will remember the beautiful display of shells, primers, bullets, etc., made by this company; the pyramids of ammunition of all kinds could not fail to attract the eye. The scheme for adequately showing the goods manufactured by the U. M. C. Co. was the joint idea of J. A. H.



THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

Dressel and W. M. Thomas, the latter better known to members of the sporting fraternity by his honorary title of U. M. C. Thomas.

Occupying the same place and space that it did last year, this year's exhibit was naturally one of the first to claim the attention of the visitor. The three pagoda-like structures of ebonized wood relieved with gold, the center one of the three rising 17ft. above the floor, were in themselves sufficient to make one look at them. But the contents of these pagodas were something that the shooting public wanted to see. In each was a hexagonal cone, its six sides covered with the products of the firm's factory at Bridgeport, Conn.

The cone nearest the entrance was covered with gun

caps of all sizes and kinds for muzzleloaders, primers of all sizes and kinds for black powder and the same for nitro powder. One side of the cone was devoted to cartridges for the one-pounder rapid-fire guns. These cartridges were shown both short and long, with the primers and fuses for the same. Some of the cartridges were sectionalized, so as to show the interior mechanical devices of the fuses, and also to show how the fuses act upon impact. The second cone contained metallic ammunition, both rim and center fire, the polished brass showing up to perfection against the dark cloth background. On this cone also were bullets galore—mushroom, metal-cased, self-lubricating, etc.—and here also were specimens of modern military ammunition for both smokeless and black powders and for revolvers and rifles. The third cone was given up exclusively to shotgun ammunition, this firm being especially noted for its products in that branch of the sporting goods trade. The variety of colors used to designate the different kinds of shells aided materially in making this portion of the exhibit more than usually effective. Trap, Smokeless, Nitro and Walsrode Special being arranged artistically with an eye to the general effect. Several of the shells were loaded and sectionalized, showing the system of wadding the various powders, which exhaustive trials on the part of the firm's experts have proved to be the most generally effective for both penetration and pattern. Gun wads of all kinds and in great numbers showed plainly what has been done in that line of manufacturing by the company.

At one end of the space occupied by the U. M. C. Co. were shown specimens of the three-pounder Hotchkiss and the one-pounder Driggs-Schroeder rapid-firing guns. Alongside these guns is also exhibited a 3in. plate of wrought iron, showing about a score of perforations made by projectiles from the three-pounder gun when firing for the purpose of testing ammunition. At the other end of the U. M. C. Co.'s space was an ebonized counter, some 10ft. by 3ft., covered with black broadcloth. On this counter were exhibited six specimens of modern high-power military arms: the Krag-Jorgensen, of the United States Army; the Mauser, of Germany; the .303 Lee-Metford, of England; the 8mm. Männlicher, of Austria, and the rifles adopted respectively by the governments of Spain and Belgium. The clips showing the arrangement of the ammunition for filling the magazines of the above arms also attracted considerable attention, while the working of the arms themselves proved of considerable interest at each session of the Sportsmen's Exposition. The specimens of penetration into large blocks of wood by the solid-pointed nickel-steel bullets were ob-



AMERICAN SMOKELESS POWDER COMPANY.

jects of much interest, the penetration being nothing short of the marvelous, while the crushing force of the soft-nosed bullet was well exploited.

During the whole exhibition U. M. C. Thomas was on hand to greet his friends and to explain to inquiring visitors all the wonders that rightfully belong to the expert manufacturing of ammunition for shotguns, rifles, both sporting and military, and the rapid-firing guns mentioned above.

The Hazard Powder Co.

The Hazard Powder Co.'s exhibit was a decided novelty in its main feature—the rolling mill for mixing the ingredients that go to form to a large extent the powder output of this firm. The rolling mill was not quite full size, it being necessary to reduce it slightly so as to conform with the space at the disposal of the firm. The mill was kept in motion by a small electric motor, and its rumbling wheels, which acted as mixers, were carefully examined by the curious.

On the wall at the back of the exhibit was a portrait of Col. A. G. Hazard, the founder of the Hazard Powder Co. in 1835, and its president from that date until the day of his death in 1868. The Hazard Powder Works manufactured many hundreds of tons of powder that were burned in defense of the flag between 1861 and 1865. In a glass case which hung against the wall were displayed the gold watch, diamond locket and opal and diamond scarfpin, that will be offered as special prizes at the Hazard tournament in Cincinnati, which will be held May 19-22.

The exhibit was in charge of Mr. J. L. Lequin, secretary of the company, who was assisted in answering the questions of the numerous visitors by Mr. Benjamin H. Norton. Both gentlemen were kept very busy handing out miniature kegs of Hazard's "Blue Ribbon," the company's smokeless powder, these kegs being much in demand as souvenirs of the Exposition. On Thursday Mr. Edward Prickett, superintendent of the mills at Hazardville, was present at the Exposition, and took considerable interest in discussing the future of Hazard's "Blue Ribbon."

Laffin & Rand Powder Co.

When referring to the exhibit of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., it is only natural that the first portion of it that comes to one's mind is the model of the company's

plant at Wayne, N. J. It is quite probable that no single article exhibited in the Exposition attracted more attention than this working model, which showed, as if from a balloon, all the buildings operated by this firm in the manufacture of its powders. The model was the work of the skilled fingers of Mr. John Lyon, one of the employees of the firm at Wayne. All the buildings were made of wood, while the miniature machinery, fashioned out of brass and steel, was made neat and bright by a nickel covering. Special points of interest were the glazing mill and the dry house where the unfortunate explosions at the factory occurred during the week of the Exposition, causing the death of five persons. The barricades erected around the dry house, and shown in the model, were very suggestive of the dangers attending the manufacture of explosives.

Mr. Edward Armstrong, who until recently had charge of the company's office in St. Louis, but who is now



LAFFIN & RAND POWDER COMPANY.

located in the New York office in Cedar street, was in charge of the whole exhibit. His position was no sinecure, the space occupied by the firm being packed nearly all the time with spectators who watched the machinery turning in the mills, driven by a little electric motor under the table, and who propounded to Mr. Armstrong all sorts and conditions of queries. The raw materials and the finished goods on exhibition in the cases were no small part of the firm's exhibit. The firm of Laffin & Rand is chiefly celebrated for its "Orange Extra," a standard brand all over the United States; but its Troisdorf, a nitro powder, is making its way among the ranks of the trap-shooting fraternity.

American Smokeless Powder Co.

If any one was to take a roll of W-A powder prior to its having passed through the cutting machine and ask anybody not previously acquainted with the article to tell what it was, not one in a thousand would say "gunpowder." Matthew Herrington, the New York representative of the company, and W. H. Skinner, the representative of the company who hails from the Windy City, were kept busy all the time explaining to people that the long, thin and almost transparent thread that they were looking at was nothing but a smokeless powder that, cut up into small particles, loaded right and wadded right, was calculated to make the best of the nitro powders now in the market look after their laurels. The cutting machine used for the purpose of turning the thread of gunpowder into material ready for loading was on view, and the arrangement of its knives was a source of much interest.

For the purpose of showing what the 220grs. cupro-nickel steel bullet can do in the way of penetration with 40grs. of W-A behind it, the company exhibited a section of a series of blocks of white pine that showed a penetration of 62in.; a section of a solid white oak log also showed a penetration of 43in. The specimens of artillery powder manufactured by this firm for use in the Driggs-Schroeder one-pounder rapid-firing gun, and exhibited at the Exposition, were about as unlike powder as one could possibly imagine, and it is more than possible that Messrs. Herrington and Skinner are looked upon by some doubting Thomases as fabricators of the first magnitude. Both the



THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY.

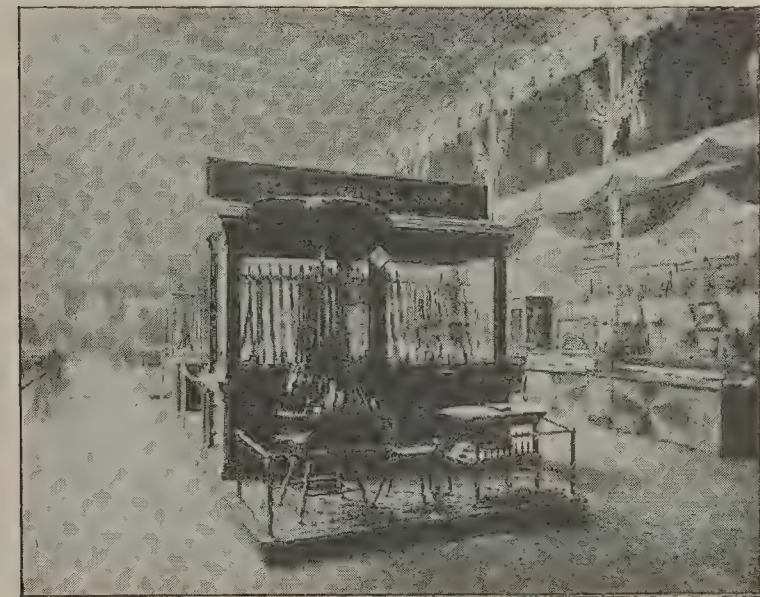
above-named gentlemen were tickled to death at the fact that the company's new plant at Pompton Lake, N. J., is now in full blast and running on full time; and that the company also will soon have a powder suitable for use in sporting rifles upon the market.

Parker Bros.

No sportsmen's exposition and no display of representative American sporting goods is complete without the big case of Parker guns, or without Capt. Du Bray to display them. The case and the Captain were just in front of the main entrance, forming an eddy in which gun lovers circled unceasingly. Indeed there were two cases of guns; for beside the great upright case which visited

the World's Fair there was a revolving upright case, displaying a number of the handsomest light weight and high grade guns. Parker Bros. had in all about eighty guns exhibited, from 8-gauge to 20-gauge, from 14lbs. to 5½lbs., from \$400 to \$65—in short, all sorts and conditions of guns except poor guns, of which there were none at all. The origin of the Parker gun is shrouded in the haze of antiquity, but ever since the days of spoken or written history it has carried the reputation of absolute reliability and dependableness. Besides that, the beauty of some of the high grades shown, with Sir Joseph Whitworth fluid steel barrels, is not surpassed by any arm of any country. A special quality of all the Parker barrels is that they are lathe-turned, therefore perfectly true and not wavy in line, as are those of many other makes.

Two new things were to be seen at the Parker Bros. space. There was a \$100 list steel barrel gun, which one



THE PARKER GUN.

ignorant might had thought wore a crown royal, and which is none the less a royal good gun. The frame is No. 1½ in width, and the barrels are of the Vulcan steel, fit to restrain dynamite, treason, stratagem or spoil. This is a handsome and serviceable gun for those who wish the "fluid finish" to take the place of Damascus.

Another and very interesting thing was shown in a reinforced gun stock which it is a wonder no one has thought of before. Everybody knows that the weak place in a gun stock is in the grip, or neck of the stock, and everyone has seen brass screws, barbed wire or twine trying to hold together stocks broken there. In this Parker stock (which was shown sawn through in sectional view) the stock is bored from the butt to the back of the lock plates, and a half inch hickory rod is driven in with glue to hold. A stock so strengthened can be hammered on the ground till the toe and heel are smashed off, but the grip will not break. This will enable all true sportsmen to punish a refractory dog with a feeling of safety and calmness. It will also increase the reputation of the Parker gun and Capt. Du Bray for indestructibility.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co.

A handsome upright glass case, operated by a handsome young man (Mr. G. Harry Marlin, of the company) and containing a handsome display of modern rifles, attracted justly a great deal of attention from the throngs who crowded along the main aisle. The Marlin Fire Arms Co. had much the same exhibit at the World's Fair, where it and all its features created much interest. A finer and more artistic display of arms could hardly be made. There was very little repetition or duplicating in this display, and the variety was noticeable, as well as the great excellence and beauty of the high-grade goods shown. Never has more lavish use been made of the arts of the engraver and worker in precious metals. Gold, silver and platinum



THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS COMPANY.

were etched, engraved, chased, embossed, inlaid and combined in most fairylike and bewildering fashion in the sixty odd rifles and revolvers shown. There were rifles stocked with birdseye maple, with sycamore, with curly maple, with Circassian walnut, with the beautiful native American "feathered" walnut, the light effect of some of which woods made the rifles look odd to those who always expect to see a rifle look dull and somber of hue. To still further increase this surprise, there were barrels in nickel, in silvery finish and in oxidized silver finish—such arms as had not been turned out before by any firm, and hence a novelty of the season. These artistic guns are mostly in the small calibers, and many are sold for use by ladies. One may easily spend a tidy sum for a little .22 if he likes.

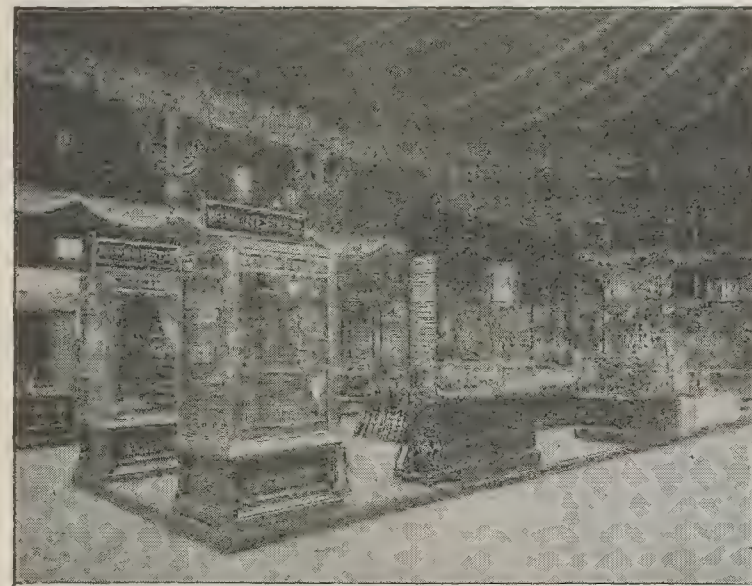
Mr. Marlin during the week sold to a Scotch gentleman visiting the Exposition two rifles, a .22 and a .38 55, which cost him \$242. The ornamentation on these arms was nothing short of exquisite. But yet more expensive was the purchase of a New York man, who bought a .38 55 which cost him \$160, and repeated the order in .22cal. The lock plates of the former gun showed a pair of elk, in gold, inlaid in the rich blue steel. A more striking bit of gun ornamentation one has never seen. Still another grand gun went to a New York man at \$100.

The Marlin take-down action was shown in a number of actual illustrations in the case, and also the Marlin four-barrel rifle—this consisting of four barrels of different calibers, interchangeable upon the same action. The Marlin "model '95," in all the heavy calibers (.38-56, .40-65, .40-82, .45-70 and .45-90) was also on hand. These big-game rifles are shown in nickel steel (for use with nitros if preferred), with taper barrels and in outline combining elegance and lightness with strength and durability. A beautiful catalogue of artistic nature itself shows the patterns of many of the handsomest of designs used in the engravings of these beautiful arms.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company occupied a large space in the central portion of the Garden, but that space was not large enough to accommodate all those who wished to see what was to be seen, and to have the capabilities of each weapon for killing or wounding explained to them. In his efforts to see that everybody went away satisfied, Mr. David Daggett, who had charge of the exhibit, was ably seconded by Brevet Captain George E. Albee, Ferd Van Dyke, Rolla Heikes and Jim Elliott.

The central part of the exhibit was much the same as it was at the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, Ga., where the company won highest honors possible in its line. This portion is formed of large glass and walnut cases filled with fancy arms of all descriptions, most fascinating to look upon, and each one of them perfect specimens of what this company is capable of in the way of firearms. A take-down .38cal. repeating rifle, model 1894, with a birdseye maple stock; repeating carbines, nickel plated; .22cal. repeating rifles, model 1890; bayonets, tools, etc., tastefully arranged with a large number of other rifles, carbines and similar weapons, all go to make up a very attractive centerpiece for a great exhibit. Around the base of these cases were some glass show



WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

cases that contained many articles of extraordinary interest. Of special note were the caps for muskets, manufactured by this firm mostly for export to South America. These caps are known as the four-split, six-split and the Spanish rib caps; the Winchester Repeating Arms Company is the only firm manufacturing these articles in the country.

Among the experts the schuetzen rifles exhibited by this firm of course were much and closely examined. These weapons are beautifully finished in every particular, and are unquestionably rifles of the very best quality. Many was the time they were handled during the Exposition by sharpshooters, several of whom have a national reputation.

In a glass case almost abutting on the center aisle of the Garden, and demanding attention by the clicking of machinery within, were a repeating shotgun, model 1893, and a .22cal. repeating rifle, model 1890. An electric motor showed the workings of these weapons, putting them through the motions of firing, ejecting and reloading with the steady regularity of clock work. Alongside this case was a stand against which rested some of the most curious looking weapons: Guns with barrels bent, curled, hammered and pinched—they were mere specimens showing just what sort of metal was put into the rolled steel barrels of the model 1893 repeating shotgun; these models stood every test, and not a flaw was to be seen. Another gun barrel showed a bulge near the muzzle, but no fracture; the bulge was caused by the placing of a wad of wet sawdust about 4in. down the muzzle, the gun then being fired. The result showed an even expansion without a flaw.

Two of the most beautiful portions of this exhibit were the 4 × 9 glass show cases in which was arranged the ammunition display of the company. Shotgun shells, loaded, unloaded or sectionalized so as to show the method of wadding recommended by the company. Here were the Leader, Blue Rival, Brown Rival and Metal-lined shells; rifle ammunition of all calibers; bullets, patched and unpatched, soft-pointed, hollow-pointed or solid; all were arranged with the aid of mirrors, so as to make one of the prettiest portions of a very taking exhibit. Between these two cases stood a one-pounder rapid-fire gun, a beautiful but cruel looking weapon, perfect in every detail of a death-dealing whole. Below the gun stood a 4in. plate, showing several perforations made by Winchester 6lb. armor-piercing projectiles in actual tests for the purpose of proving ammunition. Three of the projectiles that have actually passed through this plate are shown by the company, being fastened on top of the plate; they show but little sign of the ordeal they have had to undergo.

Something that was absolutely new in this exhibit to

everybody was the new repeating rifle (model 1895), a weapon that is now before the public as a single shot or repeating rifle of great power. It is stated by the company to be the first box magazine lever action rifle ever put on the market; it is light in weight and handsome in form, with perfectly proportioned round barrels. Ferd Van Dyke was hoarse long before the Exposition closed, his hoarseness being caused by his efforts to explain to the crowds that surrounded him just what the weapon was and what should be done with it. It is made for the following calibers: .236 Navy and .30 Army, 28in. barrels; .38-72 and .40-70 Winchester, in both round and octagon barrels, 26in. in length. The gun now ready for the market is the .30-cal. Army.

Where a firm covers as much ground as does the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., it is no easy matter to get together and arrange in a tasteful and attractive manner an exhibit worthy of so large a field. In its exhibit for



THE LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY.

the Sportsmen's Exposition of 1896, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. made no mistake. It was one of the features of the show.

Lefever Arms Co.

This well-known and popular firm had a full line of guns, from the cheaper grades, plain, strong, well made and useful, up to the most expensive, marvels of fine material and fine workmanship. Their new and improved ejector was an interesting feature. It was shown in a sectional model and in complete form. Exhibitions of its practical workings excited the interest of the shooters. In short it was a display of fine work in the art of gun-making, in which the Lefever Arms Co. could have a just pride and which sportsmen could study with profit. They also had their new automatic bicycle seat on exhibition, a most useful adjunct to the bicycle.

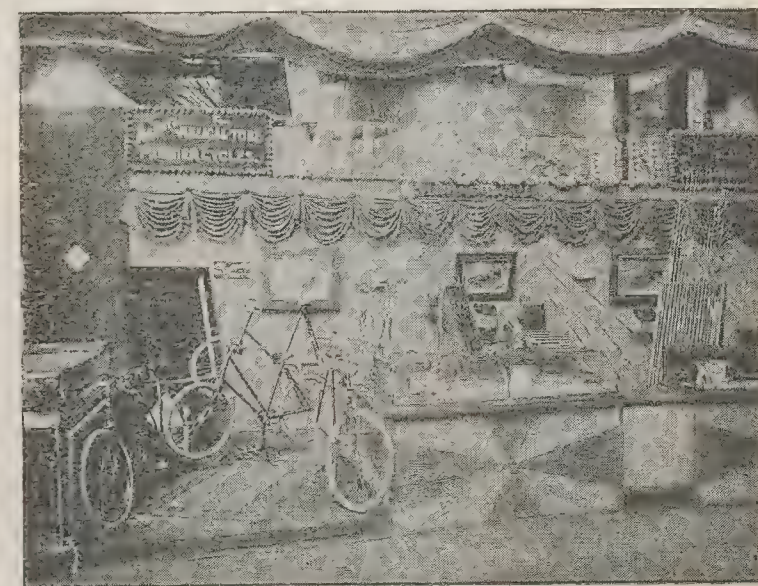
Wm. Mills & Son

Showed an artistic array of things that delight the angler's soul at spaces 105 and 106. Prominent in the display were a number of the celebrated Leonard rods in every conceivable style and size and weight, from heavy salmon and tarpon rods down to dainty little fly-rods for small brook trout fishing weighing but 1½ oz.—not a grain more. These rods were 7ft. in length, and despite their delicate construction had a lot of backbone. There were other light rods in the exhibit, notably some weighing from 3½ oz. to 4oz., 9ft. in length. These are good for most brook fishing with light tackle, and lines, leaders and flies are made especially for them. The flies are tied on extra light snells and sneck bent hooks, and the leaders are light and tapered.

Leonard's new Fort Myers tarpon rod is very light and very stiff. It measures 7ft. in length, and has an independent handle provided with Mills's patent reel lock, which effectually locks the reel on in any position.

In addition to the Leonard rods, a full line of Standard, Eclipse and Paragon rods were shown, all of which were graceful in outline and bore the stamp of fitness for their special purposes.

A novelty in the way of reels was a ball-bearing reel, one of the first ever put together. Though it runs freely it is not likely to come into general use, partly on account



WM. MILLS & SONS.

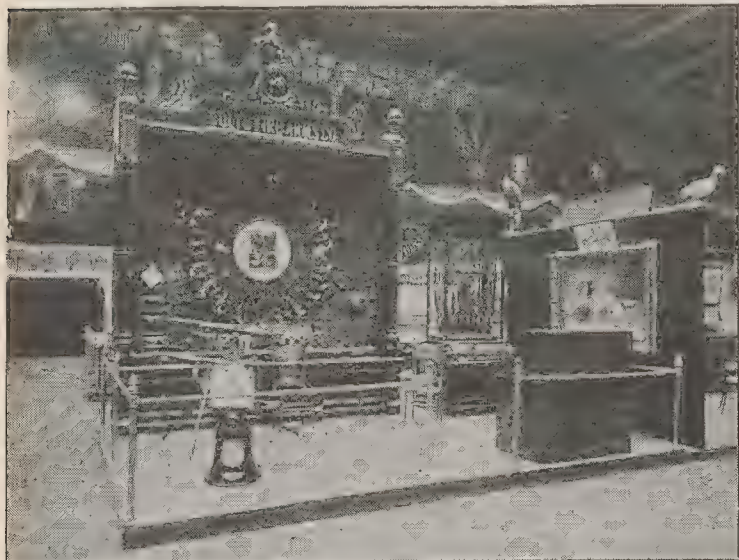
of the cost of construction and partly because it has no especial advantage over other reels now in use. The Crescent and Imperial reels were well in evidence, as were the Imperial, Monarch, Standard Silk and Standard Minnow casting lines.

Wm. Mills & Son are metropolitan agents for the Helical Tube Premier Cycles, and a part of their space was given up to a display of these wheels. It included a very pretty ladies' rational, all nickeled, weighing 21lbs., and a tandem weighing 35lbs. Helical tubing is constructed from the finest Swedish, cold-rolled sheet steel, wound spirally into tubes and brazed along its entire length. Government tests show it to be from 50 per cent. to 300 per cent. stronger than ordinary steel tubing.

The Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co.

The next-door neighbor of FOREST AND STREAM was the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co., whose simple, rich and expensive display is always a notable feature in any great exposition in any quarter of the world. The famous upright case, with its vast glass front and great circular display of Colt's revolvers and their forgings of course made the *piece de resistance* of the display. There was another upright case, containing more revolvers and pistols, also Colt shotguns and a number of Colt lightning repeating rifles, in calibers .22, .32, .38 and .44. Near this was the handsome desk and chair which asked so little room in an exhibit, plain almost to severity.

The novelty offered by the Colt company was not one of natural advantage to sporting trade, but showed clearly enough that in applied mechanics of arms and projectiles this great concern has no superior upon the earth. Refer-



COLT'S FIRE ARMS COMPANY.

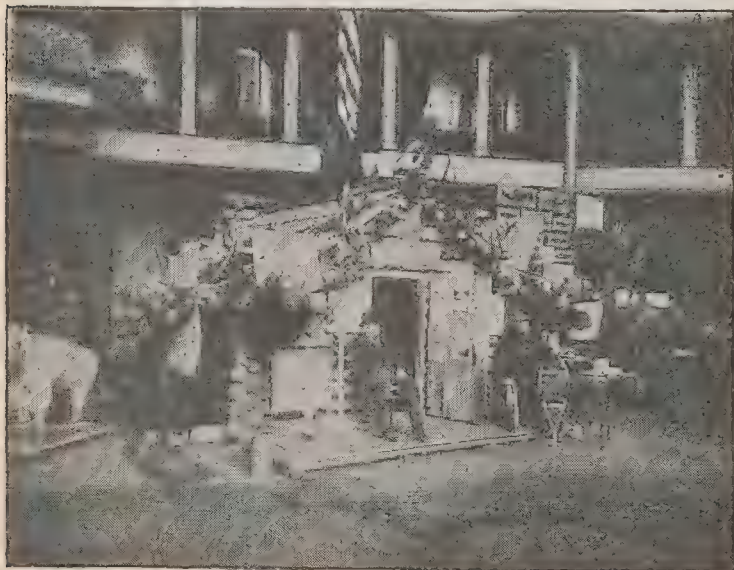
ence is made to the "automatic gun" for military use, one of the most terrible engines of swift and awful destruction of life ever manufactured. This gun passed the Ordnance Board at the Indian Head trials over many competitors. In it rapid-fire arms seem to have reached the acme of perfection. The gun loads and fires itself by the action of its own powder gas, and after the first discharge all the operator has to do is to hold the trigger back and guide the arm by the short pistol handle. The barrel of this awful gun is only 30in. long, and its caliber is tiny (.236 in the navy, .303 in the army model), but its feed belt of destruction is capable of melting down a regiment of men at a range beyond the dream of black powder days. This gun, shown in the army and navy mounts, was beautiful in its mechanical genius and perfection of manufacture, but gave one the shivers to think about.

Mr. C. E. Willard was in charge of the exhibit. The officials of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co. were represented by the vice-president, J. H. Hall, and the secretary, Mr. F. E. Belden, who were able only to snatch time enough from their business duties at Hartford to pay a hurried visit to the Exposition. The factory is running overtime and very full and crowded with work.

The Maine Cabin.

The breath of the pine forest in very fact was to be found at the white log house over whose door hung the rustic sign, "The Maine Cabin." Many a man touched the spruce logs with lovingness and sat on the fragrant balsam bed and wished he were in the woods of Maine, and handling in their proper field the paddles, the axe and pack which were here at hand to tempt him.

The Maine cabin and its adjuncts—for it had four times the space of that occupied by the cabin proper—were put in by the Maine Central Railroad and constituted a good display of one of Maine's chief traffic-makers, namely: its hunting and fishing resources. The cabin was built of peeled logs, chinked with moss, and was put up by Ed Grant, of Rangeley, Me. Other guides present were Grant Fuller, of Dead River; Freeman Tibbetts, of Rangeley; Granville M. Gray and Sebat Glossian, of Moosehead; C. R. Peavey and Jock Darling, of Aroostook. All these guides were courteous and obliging, and had many a bout spinning yarns with former or future customers. At one



THE MAINE CABIN.

side of the cabin was the table of woods photographs of camps, trophies, etc., shown by the King and Bartlett camps, back of which was a handsome wall hung full of great specimens of mounted trout, togue, etc. These photographs were very interesting, and afforded evidence of many a stirring hour in the forest or upon the flood. At this table Mr. H. W. Pierce and Mr. Julian Viles told of the beauties of their country.

Beyond the photograph tables and toward the rear entrance of the Garden were the four tanks of live wild trout and salmon, which cost so much time, money and trouble in the transportation from the Auburn State hatchery. There were about 150 of these trout in all, but the number shown had to be cut down for lack of room

Those on duty were fine, healthy specimens, the brook trout running up to 5½lbs., with landlocked salmon up to 8lbs. The fish showed all their brilliance and were the center of a constant curious throng.

In the Maine cabin exhibit lavish use was made of the possibilities of the camera, and numbers of fine enlargements from photographs afforded ornamental features of merit. In and around the cabin proper were some remarkable trophies mounted by Mr. S. L. Crosby, the taxidermist of the exhibit. The "third largest moose head in the world" (59in. spread) was shown under the placard "The Monarch," and a grand head it is too. There were several other moose heads, and many of caribou and deer, with a few game animals nicely mounted whole.

Inside the cabin a few trophies were put up to make it natural. The gun rack of dried deer feet was in good keeping, and the fireplace had the look of invitation. There was a woodsman's pack made of leather, which one distinctly does not like, and an axe sheath at its back, of which one does approve. A brand new Rangeley boat sat outside the cabin, and over the broad antlers of the moose were many handsomely executed paddles—some, one regrets to say, of that deadly taper which makes silent paddling back of a jack light possible; though the men about this cabin would scorn to use it illegally, however wisely and well they can ply it upon due occasion. All in all, the Maine camp and its environments were full of temptations to linger, to look and to long.

The railway making this exhibit was represented by its advertising agent, Mr. Wm. E. Woods. The whole exhibit was under the charge of Miss Cornelia T. Crosby. The literature descriptive of the exhibit, etc., was written by Harry B. Coe, and was a creditable feature of a highly satisfactory ensemble.

C. G. Gunther's Sons.

Of the log cabins shown the largest and most ambitious was that of Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons, furriers, who went to large outlay to fit up a hunter's log cabin of ideal sort and generous dimensions. The walls were of real logs, the roof was thatched with boughs, and the fireplace was such as all good hunters have seen and loved. The smell of furs was all about, and the great resources of these prominent furriers enabled them to make a grand display of fine furs of all sorts, as well as of dozens of handsomely mounted game animals, heads, trophies, etc. On the roof of the cabin a live gray fox and a pair of raccoons disported, and a hollow stump contained another raccoon. Inside the cabin a cage contained two live mountain lion kittens about a quarter grown and big enough



C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

to talk bass. There was irony in the sign, "Please do not handle," so a card reading "Danger" was put up instead. But the first placard was left on the cage of the baby ocelot, a spotted little kitten about 8in. long, which was so cute and quiet that everybody wanted to scratch its head. Several buffalo heads were shown at this exhibit, and a pair of mounted musk-ox calves. The lover of big game and natural history found no better corner in the Garden.

U. S. Net and Twine Co.

In addition to a full line of Kosmic rods, so popular for their beauty, lightness and strength, the U. S. Net and Twine Co. had some rods which were specially made and were specially noticeable from their symmetry and elegance of finish. A Kosmic outfit made specially for Mr. D. A. Heald was a marvel in its way, it consisting of two Kosmic rods—the lightest rods ever made for practical work so far as is known. One weighs 1½oz., the other 2½oz. Both are gold mounted and beautifully finished. They are finished with tiny, gold mounted reels. The whole is valued at \$350. Another fine specimen of the rod maker's art was a Kosmic pocket fly rod, in weight 3½oz., price \$50. It was a beauty made for actual work, as was its lighter fellows aforementioned. It measured 8ft. 9in. in length, and was in sections 15in. in length. Another novelty was a combination fly and minnow casting rod made with a reversible handle so that the reel came into proper place accordingly as fly or minnow was used. It made two perfect rods, yet the whole only weighed 6½oz. The famous gold mounted \$500 rod was also in this rare collection of choice material and high exemplification of the rod maker's art. The display was constantly the center of admiring groups.

King's Smokeless Powder Co.

In describing the exhibit of the King's Smokeless Powder Co. it would be correct to state that the most interesting and attractive part of this exhibit was Milt Lindsley and his wife, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda). It is no exaggeration to state that Mr. and Mrs. Lindsley were kept busy all the time the Exposition was open shaking hands with old friends that they had left behind them in New York and New Jersey.

As manufacturer of the now extinct American wood powder Milt Lindsley had a large following, and he has found that there are lots of shooters now who are ready to take up and use King's Smokeless on his say so. King's Smokeless has not been on the market many months, but the headway it has made has more than satisfied the firm that its new departure was well-advised. The bright green shell of the Peters Cartridge Co., loaded of course

with King's Smokeless, is never lonesome at tournaments; it has plenty of company. The articles exhibited by the firm were specimens of the powder, shotgun shells, etc. On the wall in the rear of the exhibit was a portrait of Mr. J. W. King, founder of the company; the firm was organized in 1878. Mr. Harry King, son of Mr. A. G. King, manager of the company's mills at King's Mills, O., was an able assistant to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsley when it came to talking to inquiring visitors to the Exposition about the merits of King's Smokeless and the Peters reinforced shells.

The firm has not given up making black powder by any means. On the contrary, it has with the advent of 1896 placed upon the market a new black powder under the name of "Retriever," so called, it is said, because "it gets the game!" This is a black powder of the very finest grade of sporting powders, and bids fair to rival the



THE KING POWDER CO.—PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.

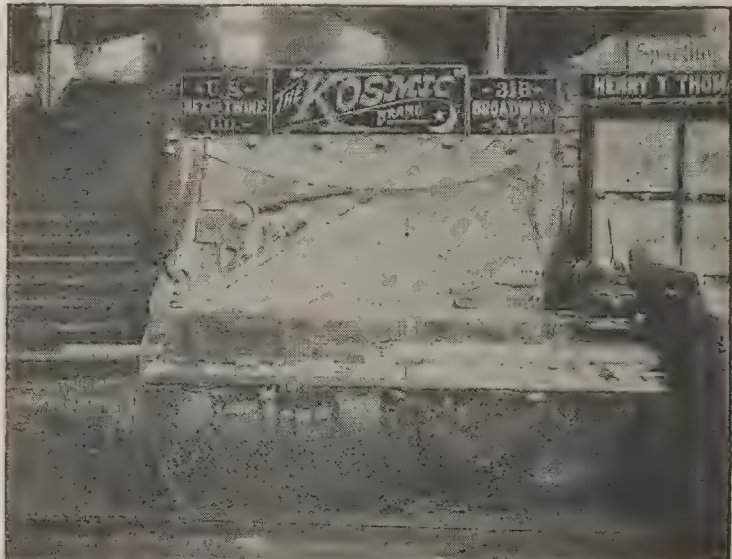
famous "Quick Shot," first placed before the public in 1886. Who does not know the trade-mark of Quick Shot? The mallard falling from the sky with a broken wing and several probable body wounds?

On the Stage.

The management of course did well to have a band, for of course the music gives an unconscious zest and life to a multitude wondering and gazing; but the band offered music so continuous and so loud as to be at times almost irritating, and many exhibitors complained of hoarseness incurred in competition with the band. The stage performances in rifle shooting offered by Mr. Gordon showed the trick of musical bars rung by rifle shots. Misses Cook and Clinton gave this same feat, alternating in notes and making an act that always brought applause, among their other numbers. Miss Clinton is taking up revolver shooting, and "Polly" Cook is taking on avoirdupois.

Art Features of the Exposition.

The sportsmen of the country had right to expect a better pictorial showing of the scenes of field and stream. In the Loan and Trophy exhibit in the front gallery Mr. Davidson's excellent yachting picture, a canvas 8ft. x 10ft. in size, and full of dash and life, constituted one of the considerable features of the artistic resources of the Exposition. In the same gallery were displayed Mr. Harris's pictures of the fishes of North America and a number of paintings of Western game and scenery by Mr. Carl Rungius. Chas. Scribner's Sons of course displayed Mr. A. B. Frost's shooting pictures, of which notice has been made in FOREST AND STREAM. There were eight of the original paintings shown of the twelve which are to comprise the series—Ducks from Shore Blind, Ducks from Battery, Summer Woodcock, Ruffed Grouse, Shore Birds, Prairie Chickens, Snipe, and Rabbit Shooting with Beagles. All these pictures, which of their nature are in many instances a trifle cold of color, are appropriately framed with flat gold frame—a pointer which purchasers of the series might perhaps remember. Sporting Incidents showed a series of horse pictures, devoted mostly to coaching, riding, hunting or horse show scenes, these being from drawings by W. S. Vanderbilt Allen. A number of special publications had exhibits of paintings,



THE UNITED STATES NET & TWINE CO.

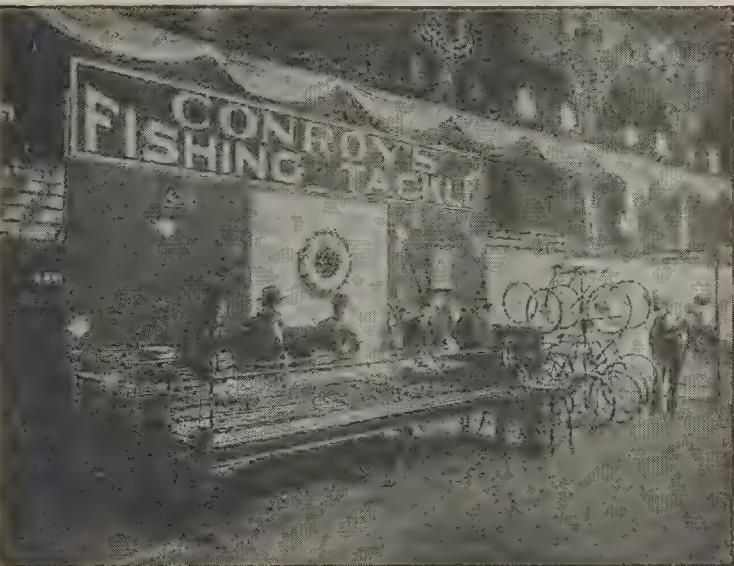
photographs, etc., etc., many of a purely advertising nature and some of faithfulness and beauty. Perhaps as valuable and rare a feature as any could be found in the two original Catlin paintings of Blackfoot Indians at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit. At the same space, also, could have been seen two other paintings, one or other of which would probably be the choice on popular vote of the sportsmen attending the Exposition. These were two large pieces by Prof. Edmund H. Osthaus, one of which is owned by a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, the other being loaned by the artist. The latter picture, 4ft. x 6ft. in size, is of a setter retrieving a grouse. It received much admiration, as did also the water color, showing a pointer and setter on point. A few salient and

excellent features such as these were all that could excuse the Exposition from the charge of extreme meagerness in a respect where that was not to be expected or desired.

Thos. J. Conroy

Had spaces 6 and 7, which were effectively decorated with a color scheme of red, white and gold. A sign of incandescent bulbs of ruby and frosted glass, arranged in circles to represent a target, occupied the center of the background. This is the trade-mark of Willard & Conroy, the bicycle manufacturers.

The leaping trout of the house of Conroy is too well known to need description. This trade-mark has prob-



T. J. CONROY.

ably been copied more extensively than that of any other firm in the sporting goods trade. Mr. Conroy's exhibit included rods, reels and lines, as well as articles useful to campers-out, such as the famous Ferguson jack lamp, wading shoes, axes, etc. Among the specialties shown was a new phantom minnow with gangs of large hooks, an improvement that any one who has ever used this killing bait for bass will appreciate when they remember the



OSTRANDER REPEATING DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUNS.

difficulty of extracting the old style hooks from the throats of large fish.

Two new split-bamboo rods were shown, the Monarch and the Le Roi. The Monarch has a grip that is designed to fit the hand perfectly. The Le Roi is made from bamboo of a special cutting that has never been subjected to fire. This cane is selected in the spring before the jungle has been burned, and may be distinguished by the absence



THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY.

of the dark colors that come from the stain of the burning sap. Other specialties are the Silver King reels and lines, the Paramount waterproof lines and Hercules lines, and the new one-piece split-bamboo tarpon rod with independent butt. Commissioner Stanley's smelt, which has proved a great bait for certain waters, is also shown, as well as the first split-bamboo rod made by the firm. This is a striped bass rod owned by John G. Heckscher, who paid \$125 for it twenty-six years ago.

"It was in constant use for many years," Mr. Heckscher writes, "killing large bluefish, striped bass, and the many enormous game fish off the coast of Florida, besides five

tarpon." The rod is as straight and serviceable as ever to-day.

The Ostrander Double-barreled Repeating Shotgun Company

Had space 41, decorated in green and white. Here during the busy hours of the show Mr. Ostrander, the inventor, assisted by Mr. Wm. Galt and Mr. George Michel, demonstrated the working of the gun to crowds of interested spectators.

In operating the gun four shots can be fired within two seconds.

The action of the gun is automatic and it has three safety features, consisting of a safety bolt, a safety slide and an automatic device whereby each trigger is locked by the opposite trigger. This makes it impossible to fire both barrels at once and insures against premature discharge of one barrel by the jar resulting from the explosion of the other.

As the gun only ejects shells from the barrel that has been fired, it is possible to continue firing one barrel without disturbing the loads in the other barrel and chamber. When hunting in a country where big game is found in conjunction with birds the hunter may hold two loads of



F. S. ALLAN.

buckshot in reserve while shooting small shot, or *vice versa*. The gun is symmetrical in appearance and weighs, in 12-gauge, from 7½ lbs. upward.

Frank S. Allan

Exhibited a portable electric propeller for small boats, which is very easily adjusted and manipulated. It may be applied to any boat, all that is necessary in the way of fixture being a socket similar to a row-lock socket, attached to the stern of the boat. The outfit consists of a portable propeller, motor and rudder in one piece, weighing 35 lbs., and four primary batteries weighing 25 lbs. apiece. These batteries furnish sufficient power to run



FRED SAUTER.

eight hours at a cost of 40 cents, and may be recharged in a few minutes. The device is applicable for any boat up to 18 ft. in length, and is said to give a speed of from three to six miles per hour. The propeller is regulated by a button and may be instantly reversed or stopped, or the speed may be changed as desired.

Fred. Sauter,

The taxidermist, had seven distinct exhibits, occupying thirteen spaces in all.

One of these exhibits was a group of Asiatic leopards. Two cubs occupy a den among *papier maché* rocks. The other day a cat discovered the group, and was no doubt moved by a feeling of relationship, for she took up her abode with them, and brought her family of kittens to live there too, along with the stuffed baby leopards.

In the center of the Trophy Room Mr. Sauter had a large group showing wolves attacking a buffalo. Another group showed a wild boar hunt. He also had groups of bears and a lioness with cubs. A very large tiger, measuring 12 ft. from nose to tip of tail, was a feature of the exhibit, and a good-sized moose, belonging to Passenger Agent Skinner, of the Canadian Pacific R. R., was mounted entire. There was a particularly fine elk head, the horns of which alone weigh 56 lbs. Beneath this was the diminutive head of a roebuck, a trophy of one of Mr. Sauter's recent hunts in Germany.

H. H. Kiffe

Made the feature of his exhibit his popular \$1 split-bamboo bait and fly-rods. Two young ladies, Miss Mole and Miss

Smith, tied flies which were in great demand as souvenirs. The booth, which was in charge of Mr. A. J. Green, was decorated with light blue drapery, against which in the background were dadoes of rods.

A. J. Cammeyer

Had a display of sportsmen's footwear at space 83. The exhibit was in charge of Miss H. Hatch and Mr. D. Plechner. It included hundreds of different styles of yachting,

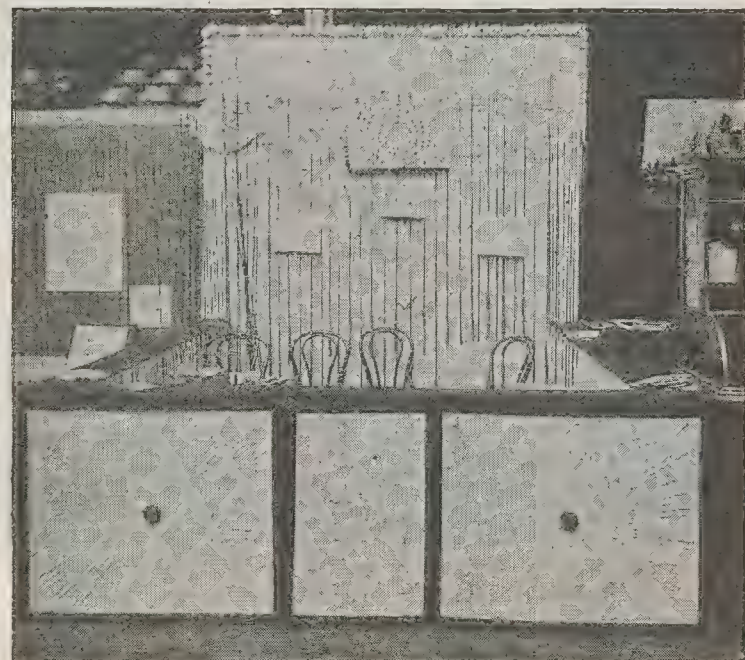


A. J. CAMMEYER.

tennis, baseball, cricket, bicycle and hunting shoes, as well as leggings and various styles of boots, displayed to advantage in handsome oak and plate glass cases. Boxes of patent leather and russet polish were given away as souvenirs.

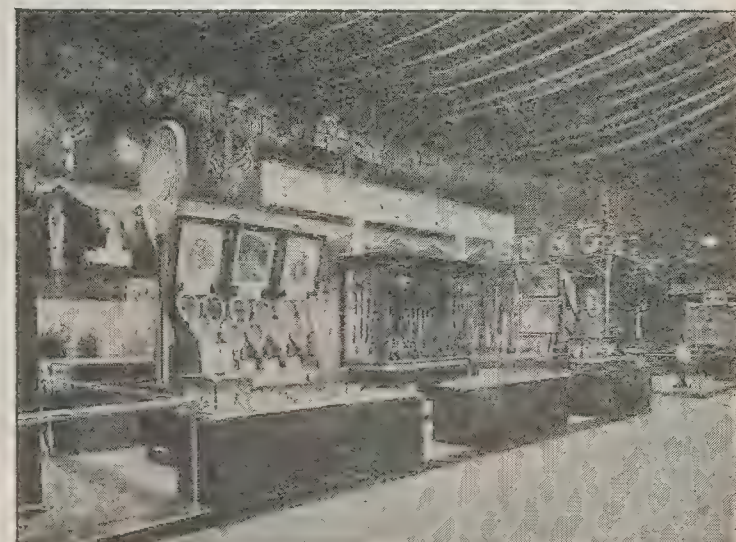
Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

The exhibit of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales was always a center of attraction. Not only was it centrally located, but the very varied nature of the firm's exhibit



THE H. H. KIFFE COMPANY.

caught the multitude. The show case of hunting knives of all shapes and sizes was tastefully arranged, the bright steel blades glittering wickedly under the strong electric lights that lit up the exhibit. The camping outfits in their wicker hamper of course appealed strongly to campers. They were perhaps a little too new looking to call up memories of camp-fires long since extinguished, but they were eloquent of boundless possibilities. The noble antlers of a patriarchal elk were a portion of this exhibit that always excited the admiration of the many devotees of big-game hunting that visited the Exposition; the head and horns were on view in the World's Fair, and were



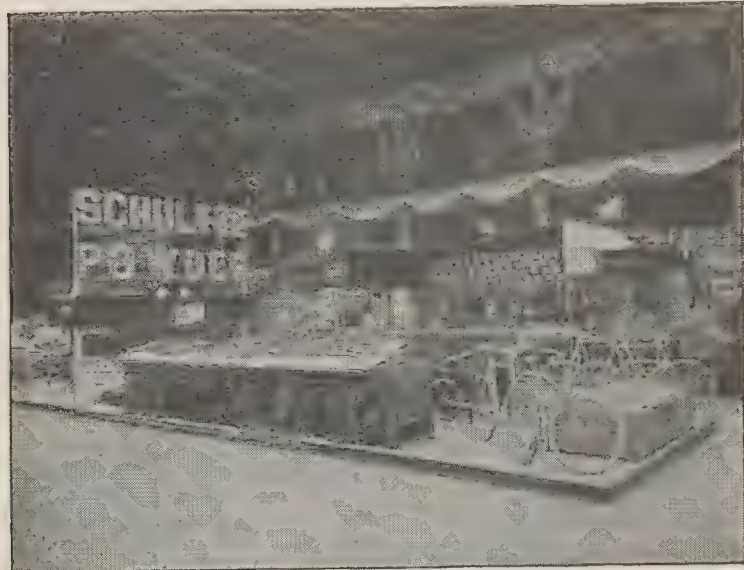
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

considered there as one of the finest trophies of the chase on show. The elk that furnished the trophy was killed on the Laramie plains, the mounted head being sent East from Denver, Col.

The gentleman in charge of the exhibit of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Mr. T. W. Stake, called our attention to four guns that he was just putting back into the show case after they had been examined by a lover of that kind of weapon. Mr. Stake was proud of them, and well he might be, for four more beautiful specimens of the gunsmith's art we have never seen. The guns were of the quality known as Charles Daly Diamond quality, beauti-

fully finished and engraved, and furnished with Krupp steel barrels. The retail price of each gun was \$100. In the show case were about fifty different guns, the total value of that portion of the exhibit footing up to \$10,000 or thereabouts.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales are agents for Wright & Dixon's lawn tennis goods and also for the Buffalo aluminum bicycle lamp. The lawn tennis rackets and



VON Lengerke & Detmold.

balls of course were examined and handled by those who enjoy that game, while the bicycle lamps seemed to catch the fancy of a large number of those who passed the exhibit. The Buffalo lamps only weigh about 3oz., and are not oil lamps, but burn tapers, a single taper lasting about six hours. It is claimed for them that they are much cleaner than oil lamps, besides being handier and lighter. Horton's steel rods were also on view in this exhibit, as was also a case of very handsome revolvers. A special feature in the revolver case was the miniature revolver, a veritable toy, a watch charm, but which fired a tiny cartridge. The taxidermist's art was not forgotten

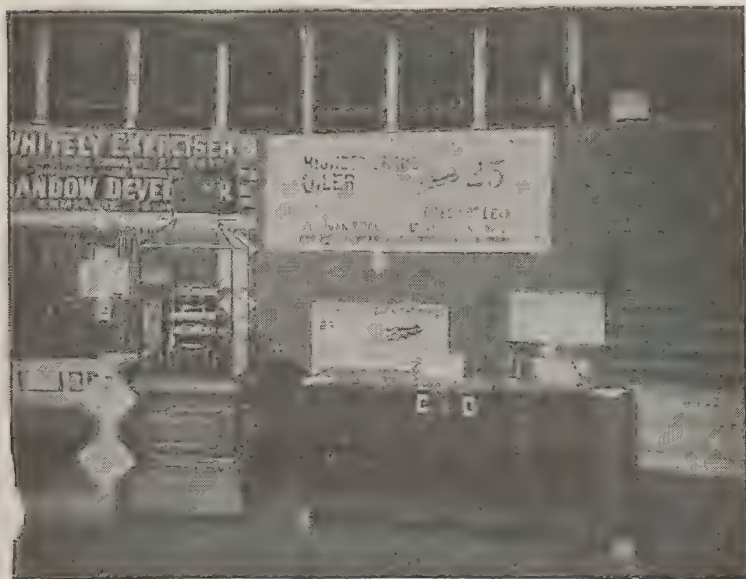


CLEVELAND TARGET COMPANY.

in this portion of the Exposition, works from the hand of T. von Rordorf attracting a lot of attention.

The Remington Arms Company.

Just across the aisle from the exhibit of the U. M. C. Company was that of the Remington Arms Company, of Ilion, N. Y., a firm whose firearms have made it famous for many years, its military rifles having penetrated to all parts of the globe. Just now the company is making a specialty of one of the neatest shotguns on the market. The Remington hammerless ejector bids fair to make a

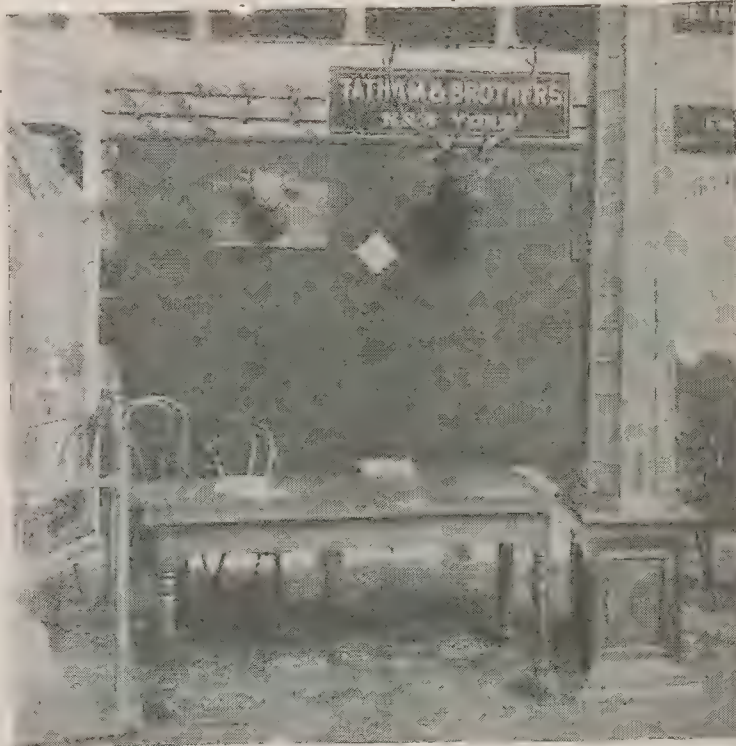


CUSHMAN & DENISON.

name for itself, both for looks and for capabilities; the specimens shown by the firm in its exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition were just the class of goods that a sportsman dearly loves to handle, throwing it to his shoulder and squinting along the barrel to see "how she comes up." The exhibit was in charge of Mr. H. W. Bradley, assistant superintendent at the works at Ilion, for the first part of the week, assisted by Mr. Fred Fay, from the New York house. Mr. Bradley had to leave for home on Wednesday, his place being taken by Mr. W. H. Grimshaw, from the factory. Mr. Grimshaw, in showing us other portions of the exhibit, called our attention to four B quality No. 3 match rifles. These beautiful weapons are splendidly finished, having a half octagon barrel, rebounding hammer, specially selected walnut stock, with check piece checkered fore end and grip, nickel-plated Swiss butt plate, Vernier peep and wind-gauge sight with

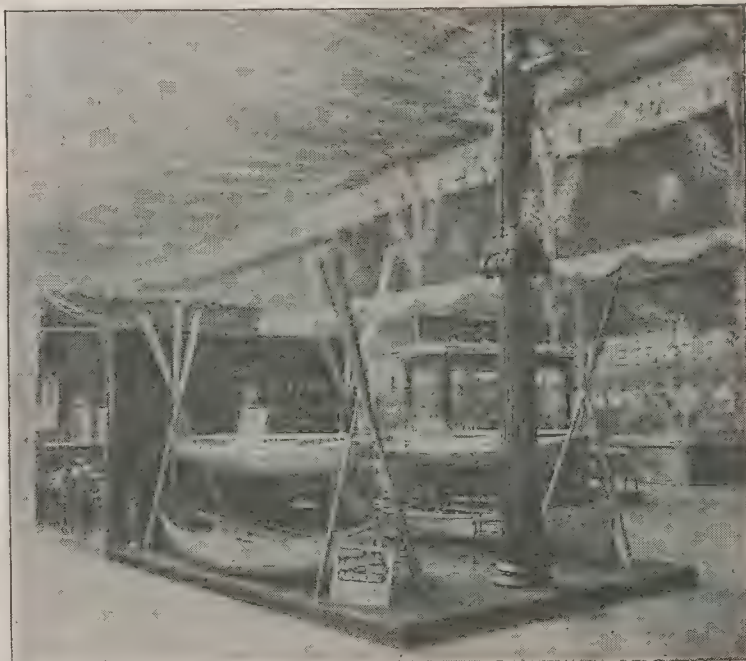
spirit level. This rifle is a specialty of the company, and is made expressly for fine target work from 200yds. up to 500yds. In the same show case with the above rifles was a sample of the Remington double derringers, the only pistol manufactured by the company and the only double derringer on the market. Together with the derringers were a couple of elegantly finished single-shot target pistols. These pistols are fitted with round handles, 10in. barrels, case-hardened frame, blue barrel, half octagon, Rocky Mountain rear and open front sight.

In the Remington Arms Co.'s exhibit we saw also two other very interesting articles—the Remington auxiliary rifle barrel and the life-line guns. The auxiliary rifle barrel is an ingenious contrivance for temporarily turning a shotgun into a rifle at will. The auxiliary barrel weighs about 2lbs. and extends the entire length of the shotgun barrel, being held firmly in its place by a thumb-nut at the muzzle. They shoot accurately up to 500yds. and can be inserted into any shotgun or taken out again with perfect ease, thus making a very useful combination shotgun and rifle. They are made in any caliber desired, and when ordering all the company wants to know is the



TATHAM & BROTHERS.

caliber and number of grains of cartridge. The life-line gun was a very curious looking weapon, being more like a carbine than anything else; the missiles that carry the line are something like a hollow weight for an old-fashioned clock or window sash. The weight of the "gun" is very deceptive as it lies in its case; the brass stock is very necessary, owing to the heavy recoil when firing. As may be judged from the foregoing brief description of



W H MULLINS.

this firm's exhibit, there was plenty to keep a visitor interested at the exhibit of the Remington Arms Co.

G. W. Cole & Co.

G. W. Cole & Co., the manufacturers of the "Three in One" compound, made quite a display notwithstanding the fact that they had practically but one article to exhibit—their "Three in One." The large sign that hung above the space occupied by the firm was sufficient to draw people, the title of "Three in One" being enigmatical enough to hypnotize the curious and make them come to the stand for the purpose of finding out what it meant.

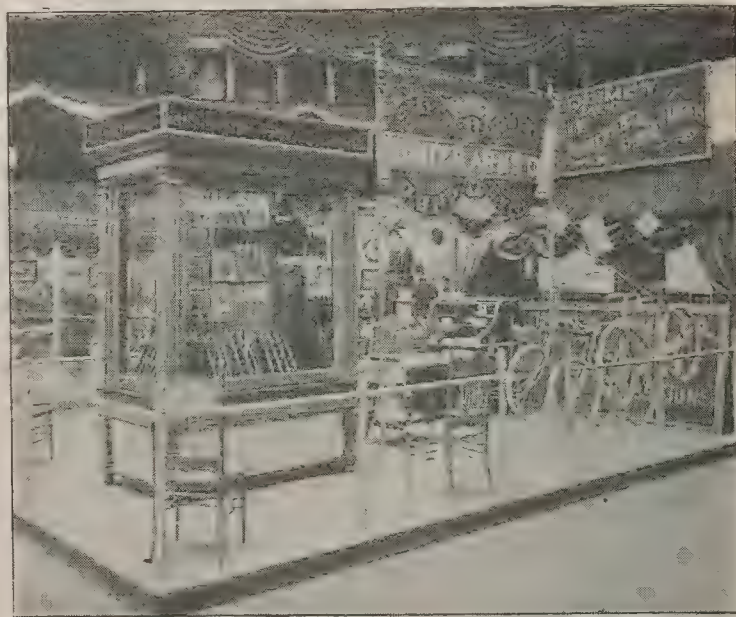
The explanation of the title "Three in One" is given by the firm thus: "Three in One does three things: Prevents rust, cleans thoroughly and lubricates." It is recommended very highly by the firm, who have also compiled a small pamphlet from the testimonials received from a large number of sportsmen who have tried the compound and who, judging from their letters, have found it to be all that its manufacturers claim it to be.

"Three in One" is not prepared solely for use on firearms; it is said to be very beneficial to bicycles, as "it does not gum." In fact it may be used with benefit on anything that is made of steel and which is exposed to the weather or to be handled.

The Hunter Arms Co.

The display by the Hunter Arms Co. of the L. C. Smith gun was very comprehensive and instructive. There were something like half a hundred guns or so in the cases, running from \$47 to \$500 in price, and of the beautiful and workmanlike quality of these guns it is needless to make assurance. Mr. H. McMurchy (who had to extend some of his business dates with the trade to attend the Sportsmen's Exposition this year) was of course ready to set forth the excellencies of the staple product shown

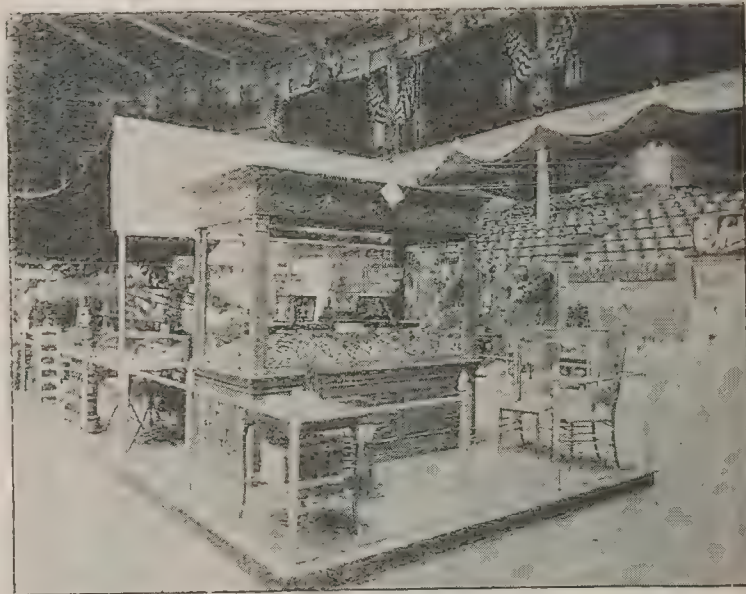
and at the space at various times were to be seen the president of the Hunter Arms Co., Mr. John Hunter; the vice-president, Mr. Thos. Hunter; the manager, Mr. Thos. Hunter 2d, and the assistant manager, Mr. Wm. Hunter, all stalwart men engaged in a stalwart enterprise. It may be an item of interest to state that during the Exposition an order was given here for one of the



THE HUNTER ARMS COMPANY.

highest priced American guns ever built, if not the highest. The order came with absolute *carte blanche*, and the request that the gun be the best the Hunter Arms Co. could make. It will have two sets of Whitworth fluid steel barrels and probably cost \$750.

The special feature arranged for this exhibit, however, was perhaps not so much trade display as mechanical display, and here the result was most interesting. On a display board all the parts of the locks, etc., of the L. C. Smith gun were shown in process of manufacture, from the rod of steel up to the point where the fingers of the



SMITH & WESSON.

forging and milling machines ceased to work them, and the fingers of the skilled artisans took them up. On another board the completed locks were shown, bright and perfect. There were barrels "in the bright" and barrels finished and browned, and one barrel, a very curious and interesting sight, half bright and half browned, showing the sharp line of demarcation where the figure of the Damascus had been brought up out of the apparently perfectly plain and silvery-looking surface of the welded steel. There were also several barrels showing the process of welding of the four-leaf Damascus.

It is perhaps a popular belief that American guns are



G. W. COLE & COMPANY—THREE-IN-ONE COMPOUND.

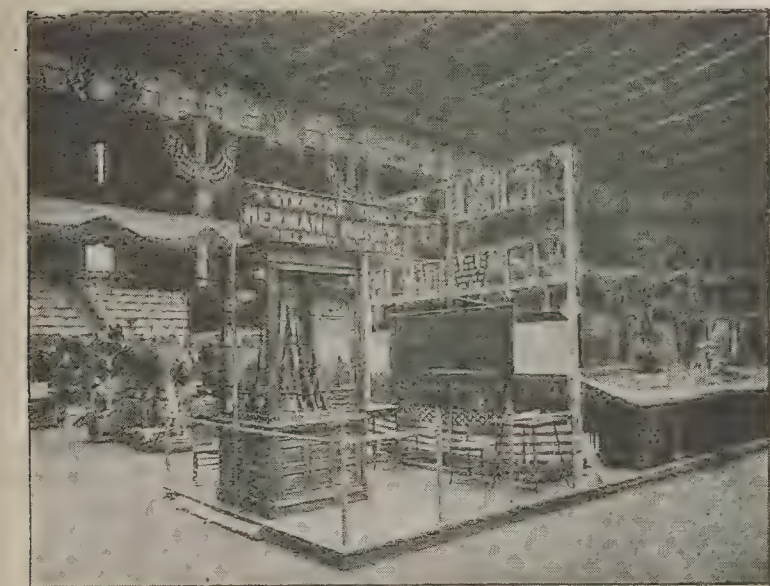
mostly "machine made." Of course, improved machinery does much of the heavy work, but the amount of hand labor is enormous, as inspection of the drop forging in this interesting exhibit would show. Perhaps the most interesting part of this progressive mechanical panorama was that showing the making of the solid steel frame of the L. C. Smith gun. The first piece, or No. 1, was a solid piece of gun steel, looking something like a section of railroad iron, and weighing about 4lbs. No. 2 showed where the drop hammer had hit the lump of steel and driven a notch or so into it. No. 3 showed still other blows of the big hammer. It began to have a sort of nose growing on one end. No. 4 had large notches and chunks smashed out of it, and the nose was plain. In No. 5 the drop hammer ceased and the drop forging began. The inchoate lump of steel began to take on shape and comeliness, as if it meant to be something. No. 6 showed

the lump of steel, now become the frame of the gun, at the point where the hand work begins. Between stages No. 5 and No. 6 the frame has passed through thirty-one different millings. Those who attend sportsmen's exhibitions can thus learn what it is to make a gun. The wonder is that the result of such mechanical skill costs so little to the consumer.

The Hunter Arms Co. also manufacture the Hunter bicycle, an excellent wheel, four beautiful specimens of which were shown, two in models for ladies. A great many ladies looked with pleasure at these wheels and Mr. McMurchy in his new green clothes.

W. Fred Quimby.

At the exhibit of the Hunter Arms Co. was the well-known sign of W. Fred Quimby, agent for the Hunter Arms Co., as well as for the Empire target and E. C. powder. Mr. Quimby was never in better fettle



THE SYRACUSE ARMS COMPANY.

than he was this week, and was willing to trade horses or swap stories with anyone who came along. Mr. Quimby has fitted up handsome display rooms for these goods down town, and in his hands they will flourish in the East.

Tatham & Bros.

Not far to the left of the main entrance was the display of Tatham & Bros., the shot manufacturers. They had hard goods to display, but managed it well. A miniature shot tower of glass, 10 or 12ft. high, made a good feature, and there was a big glass case full of little glass cases showing shot in all sizes from the homœopathic No. 12 to the gruff, coarse buckshot. Pyramids of shot sacks formed a background and courteous attendants did the rest.

Cushman & Denison.

The first thing to the right of the main door was the exhibit of the firm of Cushman & Denison, makers of the Perfect pocket oiler, a most useful implement for whose owns a gun or wheel. Two different styles of this handy contrivance were shown to best advantage, velvet and glass aiding as they could in the matter of tasteful and creditable display.

Mullins's Metal Boats.

The golden Diana which crowns the pinnacle of Madison Square Garden was designed by an artist and made by another artist, who works in metals. This same man, who is Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, O., concluded that if he could make a golden Diana he could make a good metal duck boat, or fishing boat, or pleasure boat. So he did all that, and "at the sign of the sailor" one could see them—four of the most unique and beautiful boats ever made. Two of these were of manganese bronze, and the lines were so beautiful and the embossing so cunning in design and so artistic in effect that one could only marvel and say, "What next?" These boats are stamped out of the sheet metal, and though thin and light, the metal is so arranged as to form the stiffest sort of craft. There are air tanks which float three men with the boat full of water. The ornamentation on these manganese boats was in excellent keeping, the dragon-head prow and stern reminding one of Norse sailing craft. The seats were cane-bottomed and every particular in good finish, though the cost of the largest boat was only set at \$110. The manganese boats are especially to be recommended for salt-water use.

The two aluminum boats are made on excellent clinker lines, and this build should give this model a holding power on the water which would make it punt much better than any smooth-skinned metal boat. The same ornamental beading and flower designs are used here to conceal yet to convey the quality of rigidity. The boats are beautiful indeed, and are seaworthy, sound and practical, and should last one a lifetime. Four of these boats have been used on the Kankakee marshes of Indiana in duck shooting and are reported a success. These metal stamped boats are a new thing in the trade, but are rapidly gaining vogue. Mr. Mullins further hands one a grand art catalogue, showing the many beautiful things he has done in metal. Viewing it, one can only believe that all things are possible these days and to no man more than the American sportsman.

The Cleveland Target Co.

The Cleveland Target Co. occupied the same space they had last year, and the scheme of decoration, in black and yellow, was the same as that employed then. These were bluerock targets and traps, be sure, and likewise a novelty in a crate of live bluerock pigeons of the genuine English brand, imported by the company for this occasion. But the great feature of this exhibit, and that which overshadowed everything else therein and kept Paul North perpetually happy, was the new Magautrap, perhaps as decided a novelty in the sporting goods trade as any shown at the exposition. In the opinion of the Cleveland Target Co., which certainly seems a warranted belief, the problem of the magazine trap is at last solved. A machine which requires only one trapper to operate, which breaks not over 5 per cent, and never breaks a perfect bird, which throws targets at unknown angles as fast as a man can load and shoot at them, and which can

be put in place at less than the cost of a battery of traps—that certainly would seem to be something of an acquisition to the sport of trap-shooting.

The Magautrap is operated precisely on the principle of a bicycle, or rather gets its motive power in the same way. The trapper sits on a bicycle seat and treads on two bicycle cranks, whose chain gearing operates a heavy horizontal fly wheel, which balances the arm and carrier that throw the targets. When proper speed is attained a little bell tinkles continuously, and at that time the fly wheel is revolving with very considerable momentum. The targets are fed into the carrier in stacks of ten, which are lifted in place by the operator who is driving the machine with his feet, but who has his hands left free. He is screened from the revolving part of the machine by a horizontal wire netting, and there can be no danger to the trapper, as there sometimes is when trapping at the ordinary trap. As the targets feed down into the revolving carrier, they are whirled off with a strong centrifugal force, and released while under that impulse by an automatic trip worked by the puller. The angles are never too sharp for the ordinary shooting, as seen in the use of other traps, but of course the puller cannot tell just at what point on the circumference of the target's circling course it will be when he releases it, so the feature of unknown angles is established unimpeachably.

"Magautrap" is not a Greek or Latin derivative, but is supposed to be a condensation of "magazine automatic trap." It is therefore pronounced "mag-go-trap." The suggestion that Paul North's card hereafter read "P. McGaw North" must on the latter account be rejected, and Paul North will not have any new cards engraved. Paul was about the happiest man in the Garden, and was in the saddle of the Magautrap a great portion of the time—to which end he was dressed in bicycle costume and a bright glad smile which he is said to carry now when he is asleep and dreaming.

"With this trap," said he, "you can have ten bluerocks in the air at once, a whole covey—just think of it! There is no longer any use for field-shooting, and all the money you need for a game preserve is about enough to build a couple of panels of fence. Come and see me run it!" So he hitched up his bloomers, and when last seen was making the bell jingle behind an imaginary covey of bluerocks. And that is something to think about.

Otto Goetze, Mannocitin.

Otto Goetze, 25 Whitehall street, New York, showed at Stand 38 samples of Mannocitin, the standard rust preventive, for which he is American agent. The exhibit included cans, tubes and jars of Mannocitin, illustrating the different forms in which it is offered to the trade and to individual sportsmen, as well as articles which had been rendered rustproof by applications of the preventive. Among these latter were gun barrels and bicycle tubing, parts of which had been left exposed to the action of salt water while other parts had been protected by Mannocitin.

Artistic effects were produced by various methods of applying the rust preventive. In some cases the rust was produced in bands alternating with the bright metal which had been protected by the compound, and in other cases words and sentences were thrown out in contrast by the same means. Wherever the Mannocitin had been applied it had effectually protected the metal from rust, though in every case the different articles had been subjected to the most trying conditions. As far as can be judged Mannocitin seems to protect absolutely from rust.

The Stereopticon Exhibition.

The FOREST AND STREAM stereopticon exhibition of pictures from outdoor life, though handicapped by a small hall with a low ceiling that prevented a good view and necessitated the cutting down of the screen to small proportions, was a success in more ways than one. During the week upwards of 6,000 persons passed through the entrance at the south side of the amphitheater and followed the evolutions of the pictures that came one after another in rapid succession on the screen. Now it was a field scene, an incident of partridge shooting, now the hunters stand over a fallen elk, or a struggle with a grizzly is depicted. Then it is a

yachting picture, and the salt spray dashes in sheets from the bow of the flying boat. The next instant a fisherman is shown playing a 6lb. bass, and so on through the list of more than 150 subjects, which covered most phases of an American sportsman's life. In the collection were a number of pictures of wild game in their native haunts photographed from life, and among these were some remarkably good pictures loaned by Mr. Jay Pierrepont.

The Syracuse Arms Co.

The Syracuse Arms Co.'s gun and George Mosher make a popular combination; neither of them has an enemy, and both have a great and growing circle of friends. If you want a gun that as far as the mechanism is concerned is simplicity itself, and that is honestly and accurately put together, and that is light and symmetrical, and not too high priced, you can order one of these guns.

They are made in all weights down to a six and a quarter

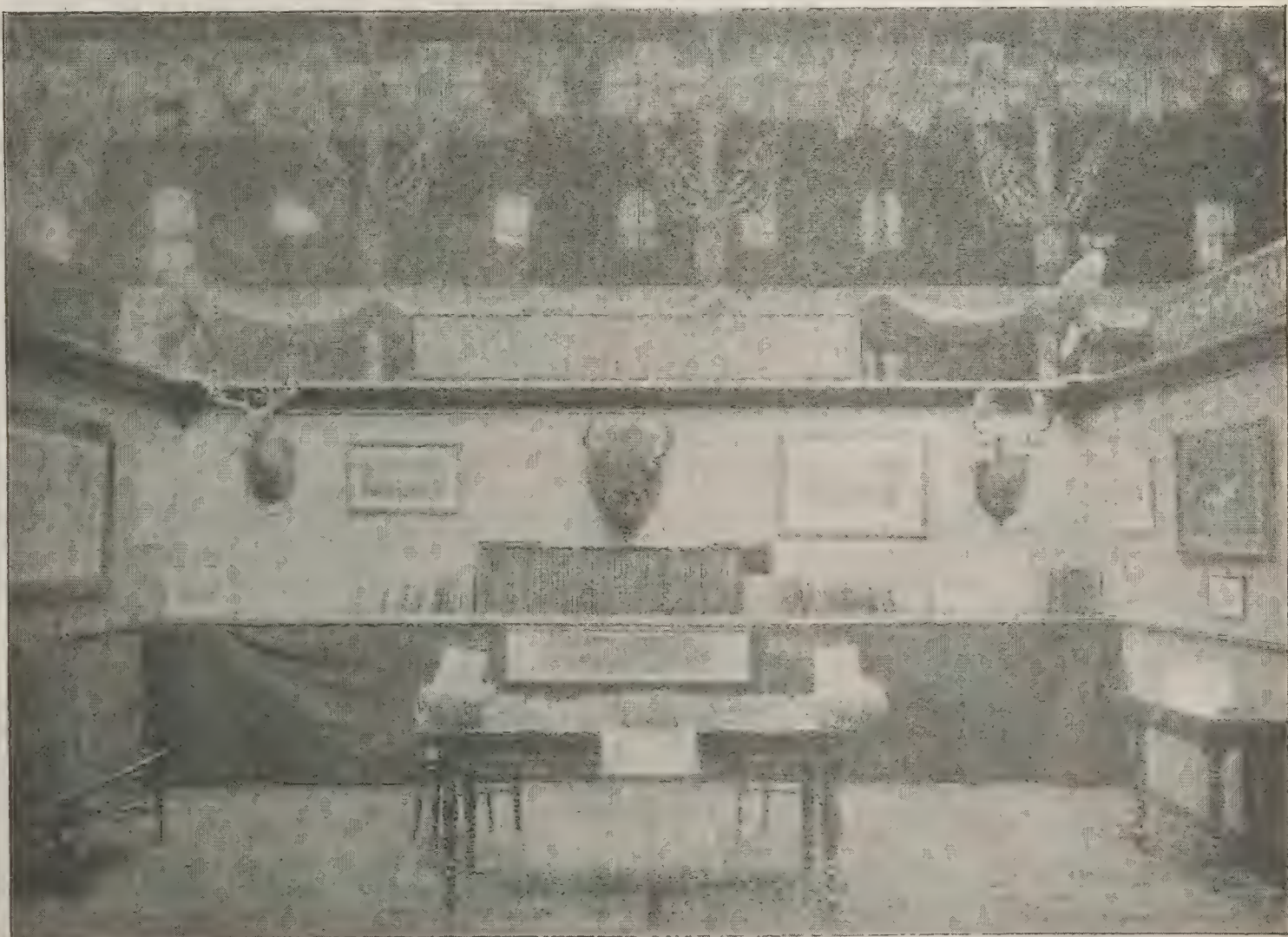


OTTO GOETZE—MANNOCITIN.

pound 12-gauge gun that is the very thing for a lady, and on special orders still lighter guns may be obtained. Messrs. Herman Boker & Co., 101-103 Duane street, New York, are sole agents.

Von Lengerke & Detmold.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold occupied a liberal space, double that of last year. An immense electric sign brilliantly lighted the exhibit, and at the same time proclaimed Schultze powder. Five new Mott Electric Live Pigeon Traps worked by a switch at the opposite end of the exhibit gave a practical illustration of the merits of this system of trapping. About thirty Francotte guns in various grades, from the \$80 net gun up to the \$400 pigeon gun, were neatly displayed in a novel and attractive manner. On similar tables and in a large show case were shown specimens in detail of their fine fishing tackle, comprising silk worm gut, flies for different kinds of fish, reels, split-bamboo rods, casting lines, etc. One of the most novel features was an arrangement of three separate cylinders, placed on the same level, so arranged that a bicycle could be placed upon them. On this an expert rider could balance and give an imitation of riding, but, as on a treadmill, there never was any progress at all. Many ludicrous happenings to the rider afforded the crowd much amusement. The display of wheels consisted of a half dozen models of the Lu-mi-num, a wheel made of aluminum, for which greater strength is claimed than is possessed by the steel tubing frame wheel. The motor bicycles of this firm, shown in the exhibit and in operation in the basement of the Garden, were an object of admiration. Large numbers of people witnessed them in operation. On the unfavorable track, six laps to a mile, it was said that the mile was made in two minutes and thirty seconds. It is the intention to form a company and manufacture the motor bicycle for sale. Miss Annie Oakley made V. L. & D. space her headquarters. For the



FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE-EXHIBIT.

entertainment of the crowd she gave occasional exhibitions of the rapid working of the Francotte gun by snapping empty shells, and her rapid loading, firing and the instant work of the ejector never ceased to interest the crowd. Dummies representing their various styles of loaded ammunition were also shown.

The Rungius Paintings.

In the Art and Loan Exhibition were some pictures by Mr. Carl Rungius, portraying hunting scenes in Wyoming. These pictures were taken from sketches made in the wilderness while Mr. Rungius was on a hunting trip last year, and portray the large game, the elk, antelope, scenery, etc., with rare skill and fidelity. The trophies were cups, medals and prizes innumerable, mementoes of success with pistol, rifle, shotgun and of athletic supremacy.

Smith & Wesson.

A full line of pistols of different sizes, models and calibers, in plain finish and in gold, in the most exquisite beauty of the engraver's art, was displayed in a neat case, the central piece of which was the Winans trophy. Their newest feature was a pistol with a solid frame, the workmanship of which is of the perfection and elegant finish so noticeable in all their work. This pistol is now made in .32cal. and later will be made in .38. In a gallery within the Garden, also provided by Messrs. Smith & Wesson, Mr. C. S. Axtell, an expert pistol shot, gave exhibitions of the wonderful accuracy of these pistols. At 30ft. the precision was but little short of perfect. On Wednesday the Springfield Smith & Wesson Revolver Club held a shoot in the S. & W. gallery, making a score of 70 out of a possible 75. The well-known expert, Sergt. W. E. Petty, also gave an exhibition of skillful shooting with a S. & W. pistol, his work at 30ft. being practically faultless.

Notes.

Besides the exhibits of taxidermy already mentioned the only important one was that of Mr. Thomas W. Fraine, of Rochester, N. Y. He showed a number of mounted heads and some fish mounted under glass. Mr. Fraine's work is sufficiently well known among sportsmen, but especial attention may be called to the admirable face modeling of his caribou and his elk, which are really remarkable. The work about the nostrils and eyes of these caribou heads deserves the very highest praise. His fish, too, are mounted in a very artistic and pleasing manner. To Mr. Fraine has been turned over for mounting the mammoth sheep's head brought on from the St. Mary's country by Scout Jackson, who was interpreter for the FOREST AND STREAM Indian camp.

Natoka, the Indian woman, was unanimously voted a beauty. Apparently she did not enjoy the occasion so much as the others, but sat for the most part silent and with downcast eyes, though when apart from the crowds she was less constrained and appeared to be pleased with the novelties that surrounded her.

The largest mountain sheep head and horns on earth were at the Sportsmen's Exposition, and they now belong near FOREST AND STREAM. The measurement made by an expert put the girth at butt of the horns at 18in. The largest pair recorded heretofore are 17in., so far as the writer at this time knows. The length of the horns is 38in. on the least liberal measurement possible. The ends of the horns are much battered. In absolute massiveness it is likely this head has never had any equal since the days of recorded sportsmanship. This was the unqualified belief of dozens of big-game shooters who admired it at the Exposition. The ram which grew these great horns was about 8 years old, and was killed by Wm. Jackson about thirty miles from his home in the Piegan reservation, a few days before he left for the East. He presented the head to a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff and it will henceforth ornament the Western office of this paper at Chicago. Several gentlemen wished to buy this head, and one offered \$100 a number of times, but "Billy" Jackson laughed at them and said so good a head was not to be sold at all, but given away. Naturally the happy man is thankful.

W. H. Wright, of Missoula, Mont., and Ira Dodge, of Cora, Wyo., were among the Rocky Mountain guides present, and both declared they would be on hand next year.

Jack Monroe, mountain guide in the St. Mary's country, of Montana, was one of the FOREST AND STREAM Montana party. Jack at once proceeded to make himself uncomfortable by buying a "hard hat" (Derby), which brought him a lot of chaffing from New York friends. He has guided a great many gentlemen of this city who looked him up when he was here. Not one of these but spoke most highly of him, and if Jack is as honest as he looks and talks—and everybody says he is—he is the right sort to tie to. The only thing yet discovered against his character is that hard hat.

"Billy" Jackson, interpreter and joint leader of the party of Indians, made a distinctly favorable impression at the Exposition and everywhere else. He was good-natured all the time, though his arms must have ached with holding Natoye, the baby, up so the crowd could see her. Billy Jackson is one of the Piegan tribe, and lives next door to the top of the Continent. It was a wise and fortunate choice that made him one of the party. Like many of his kind, Billy has little to say of himself, but those who know him know he can tell a true story of many a wild adventure in the West that is gone.

Mr. Thos. W. Fraine, the Rochester taxidermist, was so unfortunate as to have a fine mounted specimen, a mountain sheep head, stolen from his exhibit the night after the Exposition closed. No trace whatever had been obtained of it at last accounts, and the disappearance was highly mysterious.

They did not Belong There.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do you consider it in accordance with "the eternal fitness of things" that among the exhibits at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, just closed, there should be displayed the gaudy and "gobby" belts awarded or offered to professional pugilists? Hideous and inartistic in themselves, their presence in such a place was an insult to every true sportsman, as implying that his pursuits and practices are in any way akin to those of the degraded ruffians whose vocation is to thump each other's carcasses for pelf.

Why did it not occur to whoever admitted these articles to the show to invite a display of marked cards, thimble-rig apparatus and doctored faro-boxes—all of which would have been of equal interest to "sports," between

whom and sportsmen some one would seem to have been unable to distinguish? The tools of the professional gambler would be no more out of place in such an exhibition than the trophies of the prize-fighter, and I trust the pleasure of visitors to the next Sportsmen's Exhibition will not be marred through a repetition of the mistake (to put it mildly) that was made in this instance.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Natural History.

Killing Song Birds for Specimens.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The destruction of bird and animal life recorded in your columns is most disheartening. That a species is rarely seen seems with many of your correspondents quite a sufficient reason for killing every unfortunate specimen they come across. Some weeks ago a Mr. A. Hall related in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM with apparent complacency: "I killed a fine male mockingbird, which I saw feeding upon the berries of a red cedar that stands in my yard." This was in Ohio! Has that State no law against the killing of song birds? Or does the self-confessed murderer of the most lovely of all American feathered songsters represent the sentiment of the people there in regard to such matters?

That much of the killing of rare specimens is done for or by collectors does not seem to me a valid excuse.

An ignorant poor man who shoots small birds for the pot seems to me not so blameworthy as a man who does so to secure specimens for stuffing, or to verify the fact that a certain species is sometimes found in a particular locality.

Because a harmless bird or animal is rare ought to be the strongest of all reasons for leaving it unmolested, and as far as possible protecting it. I cannot understand a man's telling how he got his gun and tried to kill the only specimen of a passenger pigeon he had seen in twenty years, as one of your correspondents did not long ago.

Even the killing of a pair of golden eagles, as described by Bass, or of the peregrine falcon mentioned by Mr. Holman, is to be deplored on account of the rarity of these birds. The damage they do reckoned in money is trifling.

I sincerely trust a better sentiment will in time prevail in regard to such matters, but it can only be brought about by such people as FOREST AND STREAM readers and correspondents setting a good example and following that up by precept upon precept and line upon line.

When every man who claims to be a true sportsman limits his shooting to legitimate game in reasonable quantities, and only in lawful season, and hunts harmless rare birds or animals with no more deadly weapon than a field glass or a kodak, he will be teaching an impressive object lesson which cannot fail to be followed by good results.

GREENHURST.

The Florida Plume Bird Law.

THE attention of the *Advocate* has been called to the fact that people are still killing plume birds along the East Coast, in direct defiance of the laws of the State, which have made the killing or trafficking in of any crane, egret, heron, ibis or curlew a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding \$300, or imprisonment in the county jail for a period not exceeding six months. The continued disregard of this law will necessarily end in the extermination of those birds, without which Florida will lose half its charm. There was a time when the shores of the Indian River abounded with all kinds of water birds, which might be seen lazily flopping along the margin or resting on the trees which line its banks. Where formerly there were a hundred, it is now a rare occurrence to see one, and this is occasioned partly by their wanton destruction by *soi-disant* sportsmen, who shoot at anything in sight for the sake of killing it, frequently not even troubling to pick up their quarry when slaughtered, and partly by the desire of hunters to obtain the plumes, aided by the law-breakers who buy them. That excellent sporting journal, FOREST AND STREAM, has issued a warning, calling attention to this matter, in which "officers of the law are urged to strict enforcement of the statute; and the co-operation is asked of all good citizens who desire to stop the wholesale destruction of plume birds before they shall become extinct."—*Indian River Advocate*, Titusville, Fla.

A Looted Audubon.

THE report that a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," which was sold in this city recently for \$1,800, had been stolen during the Civil War from its possessor in the South, has called out this note from our contributor Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y.:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The late Dr. D. H. Murphy, of Royalton, was in the Union army. He once told me that while going from Atlanta to the sea with Sherman, at or near some place in South Carolina, they looted and burned a house, and he took a set of Audubon's "Birds of America" from the house; but the books were stolen from him before reaching Washington. I have a memorandum somewhere that I made at the time, giving the name of the nearby place, but I cannot lay my hand on it just now. At first I thought it might be this same set of books, but as Sherman's army did not pass through Natchez, Miss., they can hardly be the same.

Locked Moose Antlers.

TORONTO, Can.—In the spring of 1895 the Government rangers found in Algonquin National Park on the banks of a tributary of the Petawawa the carcasses of two bull moose, which had lain there during the whole of the winter. The animals had met their death in a singular way. During the rutting season in the autumn of 1894, at which time the bulls are exceedingly fierce, they had met in what proved to be a fight to a finish for both. In the struggle their horns became interlocked in such a way that they could not disengage them, and the lordly creatures succumbed, not to each other's prowess, but by a slower process of starvation. Their immense antlers, locked together as they were found in death, now grace one of the rooms of the Department of Crown Lands at Toronto.

A Goose Races with a Locomotive.

ERIE and Pittsburg trainmen are talking about the curious race between an express train and a wild goose, which occurred the other day between Shadeland and Summit. The veteran engineer, Tony Welsh, was at the throttle, and when the Canadian honker came lazily soaring alongside the engine and challenged the iron steed to keep up with him, Tony turned on the steam and made it necessary for the goose to flap his wings a little harder, and after getting out of sight of the train would settle down in a field and wait for the express to catch up with him. He waited at Springboro, Conneautville and Summit, and starting after the train from these points flew close to the coach windows in full view of all the passengers, who crowded over to that side of the train to observe the queer actions of the bird. When the goose at one time got close to the engine, Engineer Welsh pulled the whistle, and the bird was so badly scared that he turned over in the air like a tumbling pigeon.—*Pittsburg Post*.

A New Hampshire Woodcock March Brood.

NASHUA, N. H., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A circumstance has just come to my notice which is so singular (to me at least) that it seems worthy of record.

On the 13th of the present month Mr. Oliver Dodge, of this city, came upon a brood of woodcock, just hatched apparently. They were found on the south slope of a hill in the town of Brookline, N. H., some twelve miles from here. Is not this a very unusual occurrence for this latitude? Mr. Dodge is perfectly familiar with all our birds, a close observer, and could not have been mistaken. We have had a rather open winter. Could it be possible that woodcock have remained here all winter? I have known of snipe wintering here, but never woodcock.

This bird must have endured very severe weather while sitting, as the thermometer has been at or near zero the latter part of February.

W. H. B.

Spring Migrants Along the Sound.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 21.—On account of the cold and unseasonable weather the migrants are very late in arriving this spring. It was only the other night (March 19) that our old noisy neighbors, the purple grackles, arrived. For the last two years they arrived about March 9-10, but this year they are very late and then only in small numbers. Yesterday afternoon the robins and song sparrows were quite plentiful around the house and the friendly little chipping sparrows were with them also. In the morning I saw a mixed flock of cowbirds and red-winged blackbirds, but it was not a large one. I have not observed any phoebe yet.

EDWIN S. HAINES.

Starlings in Pelham Park.

SEEING Mr. E. S. Haines's article in your valuable paper, I can tell him where to find a nest of starlings in Pelham Bay Park. If the gentleman will go to Mr. H. Castrap's boat house, on the City Island road, he will find in front of his house an oak tree about 25ft. off the grounds, and he will see from the door a branch with a hole in it, which contains every year a nest probably of the same pair, and in due season he may enjoy the sight of the old birds feeding their young. I have watched them for the last three seasons, as did Mr. Castrap.

ALBERT W. SCHIELE.

March Robins on Staten Island.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While tramping on Staten Island yesterday (March 14) I found a large flock of robins in the woods west of Four Corners. In the same woods was a large flock of purple finches in full song.

Numerous scattered individuals of bluebirds and purple grackles were seen besides the usual winter birds. The songs of the robins and song sparrows, combined with the warm sunshine, made it feel like spring, though the snow and ice belied it.

HERBERT WHEATON CONGDON.

Deer Antlers.

OROVILLE, Okanogan County, Wash., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day my Indian helper killed a large black-tailed buck, whose horns were solid on its head—that is, they were solid enough to hand the deer in by. He shot at another who had a very big pair. The deer appear to be very scarce around Mount Bonaparte this spring, as he had to hunt four days before he got this one.

LEW WILMOT.

THE OLD RIFLE.

How sweet to my heart are the thoughts of my young days,
When visions of boyhood to memory come!
The valleys, the brooks and the slightly-trod pathways
That ran through the woodlands not far from my home.
The meadows and trees where the spring birds, like lovers,
Were billing so oft—but to tell you the truth,
Though I loved the old homestead, its fields and its covers,
I worshipped the rifle I owned when a youth—
The old Kaintuck rifle, the hair-triggered rifle,
The long-barreled rifle I owned when a youth.

That long muzzleloader I'd swing on my shoulder,
As oft through the forests I wandered alone;
Or trailed it while standing near tree, bush or boulder,
To look for a squirrel on stump, fence or stone.
If game showed in sight when I had "old Kaintucky,"
I cocked it, then took a deliberate aim;
Although but a youth, I in hunting was lucky,
For when that gun spoke I was sure of my game.
The heavy old rifle, the long-barreled rifle,
The hair-triggered rifle that brought down the game.

Many long years have passed since I owned that old treasure,
And shotguns and rifles in numbers I've had;
But none have I since had that gave as much pleasure
To me as this one that I owned when a lad.
How often I've thought of those hunts in the wildwood!
And tears of regret sometimes silently flow,
When memory turns to the home of my childhood,
And to the old rifle I owned long ago—
The old muzzleloading and two-triggered rifle,
The old Kaintuck rifle I owned long ago.

A. L. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

MORE UNEXPECTED LUCK.

J. E. B. IN his article headed "Unexpected Luck" tells how he and his friend shot at a grouse and killed it, but the dogs retrieved two, and they had only seen the one bird fly, and he asks if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever had a like experience.

I was shooting quail last November in Rawlins county, Kansas (one of the extreme northwestern counties of that State), and our shooting ground was the bottom land of a creek called the Little Beaver, which rises on the ranch property of our host and empties into the Republican River, and where our party have shot quail for the last six years, with but one exception.

My bag ran from ten or twelve birds per day to forty-two, and I remember the forty-two represented a stiff day's work in the creek bottoms, where the plum thicket and the luxuriant growth of sunflowers, in some places 10 to 12 ft. high, made the walking hard, and the heavy cover gave the birds a great chance to escape the load of No. 8 that greeted the whirl of the covey as my old setter Sport would flush them from the warm, sunny side of the creek, which seemed to be their favorite haunt on these cool November mornings.

We generally started from the rough board house we had built for our own use on the bank of the creek about 9 o'clock A. M., two of us going up the creek and two down, and I remember the creek was nearly always just "a leetle too wide" for us to jump, hampered with seventy-five cartridges, a little lunch, pipe and tobacco, and the small pocket pistol that most of us carried in our shooting coats, to say nothing of the gun in our hands; but as one of the boys said, "If you can't do it in one, make two jumps of it," and that is the way we usually got across.

This particular morning one of my friends, who had met with poor success the day before, elected to go with me down the creek, and I hoped to give him some shooting over my steady old dog. After hunting for a time with poor results we were looking for a comfortable place to eat our lunch, when I noticed Sport drawing very carefully to a clump of plum thicket, and in a few seconds he was frozen hard on what I judged to be a large bevy of birds. I called to my friend, "Come here, Lute, he has got them; you take the birds to the right and I will take those on the left," and almost before I had finished talking they rose with a rush. I killed with my right barrel, as did my companion, and I saw a bird to my left sailing for the creek. I threw the gun on to the bird and pulled the trigger, and to my great astonishment three quail dropped dead with scarcely a flutter, and I thought it was raining quail. Much to my surprise, instead of retrieving the dead birds that lay in plain view, Sport dashed into the creek, so I stepped forward and picked up the three dead birds, then turned for the spot where I had marked the fall of the first quail to my right barrel, when the dog came out of the creek with a cock quail not quite dead in his mouth, and evidently killed by the left barrel, making four quail killed where I only saw one. They had evidently swung together just as I pressed the trigger and my eye was completely filled by the vision of the one escaping bird.

Several times I have killed two quail on the rise of the bevy with one shot, but four full-grown birds, strong on the wing, do not often fall to a single shot, as these did, and in these days, when birds are getting scarcer and scarcer, and we have to go from sixteen to seventeen hundred miles for satisfactory shooting, it is just as well it only happens occasionally.

JAMES KIRKBY.

THE MAINE CAPERCAILZIE.

Two noble varieties of the game birds of Sweden—the capercaillie and black game—now live and move and have their being in the Maine woods.

As the *Republican* is the nearest newspaper to these birds in America, and may therefore in some sense be regarded as their official organ, we have thought that some account of these birds and the manner of their introduction to the American continent would be timely and interesting.

Thirty-three years ago, Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr.—then a very young man recently graduated from Bowdoin College—first set foot in Sweden; sent out by President Lincoln as one of the thirty "War Consuls" of the United States. This event was not without importance to Mr. Thomas's native State.

He soon became convinced that Swedish people would make a valuable addition to the population of Maine, and the Swedish birds would help out our supply of game.

Mr. Thomas's first idea he carried out in 1870, when he founded the successful colony of New Sweden in the forests of Maine which has caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and has added more than 3,000 to the population of our State.

A practical beginning toward carrying out Mr. Thomas's second idea was made a few days ago, when four capercaillie and seven black game, just imported from Sweden, were set at liberty in the same woods where a quarter of a century ago Mr. Thomas founded his Swedish colony.

The steps that have led up to this event are as follows: Although Mr. Thomas began to advocate the introduction of these birds into Maine more than thirty years ago, yet no definite result followed his private efforts.

At length, however, early in 1890, Mr. Thomas, then residing in Sweden as American minister there, in an official report to the Department of State fully described these valuable game birds, and warmly recommended their acclimatization in the northern wooded sections of the United States.

This valuable report was at once published by the Department of State in April, 1890, and reprinted in the FOREST AND STREAM and other newspapers.

This report was the first official and public proposal to introduce the capercaillie and black game into the United States. All attempts to introduce these birds date from and were caused by this report.

Mr. Thomas gave a still fuller description of these birds and their natural history in his large illustrated work, "Sweden and the Swedes," published in 1892, and here again he warmly advocated their introduction into the United States.

The first attempt at acclimatization was made by Mr. D. F. Stillman, of Rhode Island. Through Mr. Thomas he procured a number of capercaillie from Sweden. These were shipped in April, 1893. They were not properly cared for on shipboard, and only two reached New York alive; and they were in such poor condition that they died within a week. They were, however, the first capercaillie on the American continent.

Early in 1894, Mr. E. G. Gay, President of the Maine Game and Protective Association, succeeded, with the assistance of Mr. Thomas, in importing into Maine a number of both the capercaillie and black game. At the hearing before the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and Game, at Augusta, in January, 1895, Mr. Gay exhibited four lively specimens of the black game in a cage. These birds continued to be kept in confinement, and died one after the other, although a number survived for more than a year. Indeed, eggs were laid and some black game chickens hatched in confinement. They all perished, however.

Now one step further has been taken in the enterprise. The Maine Game Commissioners, through the good offices of Mr. Thomas, have obtained both capercaillie and black game from Sweden, and have set them at liberty in good order and condition in the woods of New Sweden. This has taken place early enough so that the birds will have opportunity to breed this present year. The greatest doubt about the success of the enterprise arises from the fact that only so few birds have been introduced—seven of one species and four of the other—scarcely enough to guard against the many accidents to which they may be exposed in a new country. One of the greatest dangers, however, we hope these feathered strangers may absolutely escape—that is, the slaying hand of man. There is a heavy fine for killing or hunting these birds, but we hope it may never be necessary to enforce this, and that everybody will treat our new woodland guests with true American hospitality.

We reprint from Mr. Thomas's work on "Sweden and the Swedes" the chapter on the "Capercaillie and Black Game," which the FOREST AND STREAM, the leading sporting journal of America, calls "the best available information respecting the game qualities" of these valuable birds.

It is hoped that the good work of stocking Maine woods with the valuable game birds of Sweden, first suggested by Mr. Thomas, will prove as successful as that gentleman's founding, in this county, of a grandly successful colony of the honest and industrious sons and daughters of Sweden. It is a noble, enduring monument, fitting indeed the character of one of the most distinguished sons of the Pine Tree State, and it will tell the story of his perseverance and success during the coming of future generations.—*Aroostook Republican*.

ONTARIO GAME INTERESTS.

WE have received the annual report made by Dr. G. A. MacCallum as chairman of the Ontario Game and Fish Commission, from which we extract the following:

Game Laws are Observed.

The Commissioners are pleased to be able to congratulate the Government upon the remarkable success which has attended the working of the game laws, for not only are they becoming more popular as they are becoming better known, but the farmers, those most largely interested, hail them as a means of keeping idlers and poachers from trespassing upon their lands, trampling down their crops, and killing off great numbers of useful insectivorous birds which are the farmers' best friends. The Sabbath, which before the present act came into force was often chosen as the day for hunting, is now seldom or never desecrated, except perhaps in some of the remote parts of the Province.

Wardens.

The Commissioners are pleased to be able to testify that the wardens have done much valuable work during the year—especially have they been efficient in preventing violations of the act in the northern sections of the Province, where the temptation to kill deer both before and after the open season is very great. In fact, these men have been unremitting in their efforts to enforce the provisions of the game and fish laws, thus earning directly for the people of the Province many times their salary. Of course much more efficient work could be done if the number of wardens were greater; for, owing to the great extent of territory which each warden has to protect, it is utterly impossible that every violation can be detected and punished. They have also made it their business to see that the provisions of the insectivorous birds act are carried out; although this is not strictly a part of their duty, yet it is quite in their line of work and is done by them for the great good it will accomplish.

Deputy Wardens.

There are now about 460 of these men—a force, if efficient, large enough to make the protection very successful; but, while there are a number of good and painstaking officers among them, the majority simply do nothing. They give as an excuse for their inactivity that they gain very little pecuniarily even in a successful prosecution, while they risk the loss of a good deal by offending neighbors, and if they should fail to obtain a conviction they are mulcted in the amount of costs, which most of them are unable to bear, there being no provision by which they are recouped. The Commissioners think that some plan might be devised by which the deputies would not be deterred from doing their duty through fear of the expense in case they are unsuccessful, it may be before an unfriendly magistrate.

Game in Ontario.

Although the enforcement of the game laws has had an undoubted effect in preserving the game during the last three or four years, the act might be made much more protective by restricting the number of birds to be taken or killed by any person in a day or year; for instance, in the case of ducks, if it were enacted that not more than twenty should be taken in a day or 300 in a season it would have a good effect. The same plan might be adopted with reference to the other game birds—quail, snipe, woodcock and partridge. The Commissioners are pleased to know that the Long Point Co. have set the laudable example to other clubs by making a by-law that not more than 500 ducks shall be shot on their reserve during a season by any member; formerly as many as 2,600 ducks

have been taken by one gun in a season. The Long Point Club are no doubt induced to this action by the observation that there is an undoubted decrease in the number of deep-water ducks, as the redhead, bluebill or scaup ducks. Wood duck too are becoming scarce.

There is an increasing feeling among sportsmen that further and greater efforts must be made in the near future looking toward the restocking of game covers, and quail seems to be the only bird which offers a fair compensation for the outlay of time and money. As is well known, none of the other native game birds admit of propagation; so that restocking with them is out of the question. Some ardent sportsmen have introduced the Mongolian pheasant and also the English pheasant, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed in which to test the success of the experiment.

The Commissioners are strongly of the opinion that Algonquin Park offers a most favorable opportunity for the introduction of the capercaillie and black grouse. These birds are natives of Norway and Sweden as well as the Highlands of Scotland, where they do well in the pine forests and other covers. The capercaillie is the largest of the grouse family, weighing as much as 10 or 12 lbs., and of excellent qualities for the table. The black grouse is not so large, averaging only about 3 lbs. in weight, but quite equal to our own ruffed grouse for the table. They have been introduced into the forests of Maine and are reported to be doing well.

Deer.

The Commissioners regret having to report that although the open season was last year shortened by ten days, yet, owing to the insatiable craze of hunters to take part in the sport of hunting this animal before it is finally exterminated, greater numbers than ever have been killed during the late open season. It is estimated by the wardens who had charge of Muskoka and neighboring districts that fully 3,000 deer were killed during the fifteen days' open season. The chief factor in this unreasonable slaughter is the use of hounds, which, to the number of about 800, were let loose upon the deer this season.

When dogs are used, and so many hunters are at the same time scattered through the woods, a deer when once started is almost certainly killed, if not on the runways, then while helpless in the water. If the dogs are stopped there will be little or no slaughtering in the water, which practice does so little credit to the sportsman.

We are of the opinion, too, that hounding during the rutting season is no small factor in rendering the does barren, not to speak of the diseases caused by plunging a tired and overheated animal into ice water.

The Commissioners are disgusted with the details of the wanton slaughter of this noble animal, and they are confident that if greater restrictions are not imposed at once the deer will in a very short time be an extinct animal in Ontario.

At the annual meeting of the Commissioners the question of hunting deer with dogs was discussed fully, and on a resolution prohibiting their use being submitted, it was lost on a division of three to two. In spite of this, however, there is a decided feeling over the whole Province that the use of dogs causes too great slaughter of this animal and will eventually exterminate it; while if only still-hunted, owing to the great expanse of bush and favorable covers for deer in northern Ontario, they may still become fairly plentiful for a great number of years. The Commissioners would also recommend that some plan be adopted by which each hunter may be checked from killing or taking more than his quota. The issuance, at a nominal sum, to every hunter of a license with two coupons attached would probably answer the purpose by compelling the hunter to attach a coupon to each of his deer, then any deer being sold or transported without the coupon would be *prima facie* evidence that it was not legally taken and would be liable to seizure.

Insectivorous Birds.

The Commissioners do not consider with pleasure the fact that a number of permits granted to take birds for their skins and to collect their eggs has reached the unreasonable number of sixty-eight for the year. In view of the rapidly decreasing number of our native birds, nine-tenths of which exist only to enhance the beauties of nature and to destroy myriads of noxious insects and weed seeds, it is to be deplored that a force of sixty-eight collectors should be let loose upon these inoffensive creatures to collect their skins throughout the whole year and their eggs during the breeding season, and not only for their own use in study, but also for foreign exchange as well as exchange at home. It should be remembered that the plumage of birds is finest during their mating or breeding season, consequently it is then that the collector gets in his work. It should be remembered, too, that often a great many specimens are killed before one is secured fit for mounting or making a good skin, and, when it is considered that at this particular season nearly all have nests or are mated, some idea of the destruction of our valuable and beautiful insectivorous birds may be estimated.

The Commissioners would recommend that greater care still be exercised in the issue of these permits, inasmuch as they fear that in some cases at least the skins and eggs are being made articles of trade. The example set by some of the neighboring States should be followed, in which very few of such permits are granted. Maine, for instance, only grants ten in any one year.

Fisheries.

Still the question of jurisdiction over Provincial waters remains unsettled, and as a consequence the usefulness of the Commission is curtailed, for immense tracts of depleted waters could be very profitably restocked and thus a cheap and wholesome food furnished the public. The Commissioners would urge that, if possible, the Government should take such steps as would force a settlement of this delayed question.

The Commissioners have to report that vast numbers of pickerel were during November thrown upon the north shore of Lake Erie, apparently throughout its whole length. A space about 4 ft. wide along the shore was covered with fish of all sizes, averaging about forty to the square yard. They were gathered by the farmers to use for fertilizing purposes. In order to verify the cause of such an immense loss of valuable fish the Commissioners sent samples of the diseased fish to Dr. R. R. Gurvey, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., who recently held the position of specialist in diseases of fish on the U.

S. Fish Commission. His answer was that he found minute tumors upon the filaments of the gills containing scores of *myxosporidia*, a fish parasite, very contagious and very fatal. The disease often appears as patches of moss or fungus on any part of the body. The fish, in this epidemic, principally affected is *stizostedion vitreum*, wall-eyed pike, dory, or yellow pickerel. There were also a great number of large water lizards, *necturus maculatus*, washed ashore.

Chief Warden.

Since the last report a successor to the late chief warden has been appointed in the person of Mr. Edwin Tinsley, of Hamilton, and there is good reason to say that he has been painstaking and efficient. His whole time being devoted to the work, he is better able to accomplish the duties of his office and other work than if only paid for part of his time, as seemed to be the case with his predecessor.

The Commissioners are also of the opinion that in order to start the nucleus of a collection of mounted specimens of the game and fish of the Province as well as of other rare and curious specimens of natural history, the chief warden should intimate to sportsmen and others his willingness to receive and have mounted by the best taxidermists such specimens as they may be pleased to donate. They are confident that a large number of valuable specimens could be thus secured. These could be kept in the office of the chief warden until their number would warrant a room or rooms being set apart for their accommodation.

"Squabs au Cresson."

WHEN the members of the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association visited Saginaw last week they were royally treated by the members of the local association. Among other features of the entertainment of the visitors was a banquet at the East Saginaw Club, and this banquet was far and away ahead of any other like affair ever given in this city. The markets of the country were searched for delicacies and it was the opinion of those who partook of the spread that it could not have been improved upon. There were many invited guests in addition to the members of both associations and the evening was delightfully spent. Among the many dishes on the menu card was "squabs au cresson," which was most palatable.

Mayor Merston cut short his California trip and returned home in time for the banquet. He was never in a happier mood than when he rose to address the banquet-ters in response to the toast, "Our Guests," and in fact he fairly outdid all his previous efforts in this line. The mayor partook of the dish labeled "squabs, etc.," and was highly pleased with it. There was something about the taste of the "squabs," however, that set Mr. Merston to thinking. The mayor is a sportsman of no mean ability and has successfully hunted everything on this continent in the shape of wild beast and fowl from grizzly bear to snipe, and it is safe to say that he had partaken of their meat, consequently he is entitled to be classed among the connoisseurs of epicurean morsels. For a time he could not just make out what the "squabs" tasted like. Then a happy idea struck him and as usual it happened to be correct. The "squabs" were nothing more nor less than quail, the killing of which at this season is strictly prohibited by law in Michigan and many other States, while the unlucky possessor of the birds is liable to arrest and punishment for having them in his custody.

The mayor thought about those "squabs" during the banquet and the next day he called the attention of the deputy game warden to the matter. It was learned that the "birds" were purchased in Chicago, were labeled "squabs" and put on the menu as such, and that neither the officers of the club or the local lumbermen's association were aware of their nature. The deputy warden is investigating and if possible will make complaint against the Chicago dealers. The affair has become noised about and has caused considerable comment among the members of the club, but it is not probable that anything will come out of it.—*Saginaw (Mich.) Globe, March 10.*

Mr. Merston comments on this: "The inclosed clipping, taken from one of our local papers, is self-explanatory. What the result will be I cannot say, but if dealers had no market for game it would not pay them to handle quail in or out of season, and the result would be, instead of our game being exterminated, as it is sure to be in the near future, we would have plenty of it and some left for our grandchildren."

Ontario Indians and Moose.

PORT ARTHUR, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago two Indians shot and killed a herd of seven moose, comprising two bulls, three cows and two yearling calves, on Jarvis River, about thirty miles southwest of this place. The two Indians returned to their reserve for assistance to bring home the spoil. After they had disposed of the meat among their friends, the Indians brought the two bull moose heads to Port Arthur to sell. After peddling them around town they found a purchaser in Dr. —, who paid \$50 for the two heads. They were fine specimens. The Doctor sent them to Montreal to be mounted. After they were shipped one of the game wardens telegraphed and had the two heads seized on the way; the Government authorities took possession and threatened to prosecute the Doctor for having them in his possession. So much for the game laws of Ontario, that will allow the Indian to slaughter moose and caribou, and a white man cannot even purchase a piece of venison or a head from them without paying the penalty of a fine. The Ontario Government is protecting the moose and caribou for the lazy half-breed Indians to slaughter as they see proper. J. E. NEWSOME.

"A Day in Central Iowa."

"A Day in Central Iowa," by Mount Tom, served to bring vividly to mind the many spring days of long ago, when the birds were plentiful on the prairies where I lived, and the tooting of the prairie chicken was heard in that land. Were it practicable I could find it in my heart to make a journey to central Iowa once more to hear that old familiar sound.

I thank Mount Tom for his information anent the spring flight of the waterfowl, and I hope that every feather of them will return next fall in good order.

KELPIE.

Stop the Sale of Game Out of Season at any Rate!

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just had handed me a menu of a prominent club here, and on noting thereon "Roasted quails, 60 cents," made the remark that they wanted to look out or they would get themselves in trouble by selling game out of season, to which is the usual reply, "Well, what are you going to do about it? We can get all we want. The markets keep game birds on sale. There is no way of proving whether they were or were not shot, trapped or in any way obtained in or out of season. There is no law to prevent a man's selling goods which he has bought for the purpose before the close season went into effect. I can buy and will buy all the game I want. I don't care a fig about shooting. Consider it cruel! It makes no difference to me when the game was shot. Would prefer to have it snared because I don't like to get those nasty shot in my teeth!" etc., etc.

—And the only reply we can make is, "What are we going to do about it?" What is the use of our spending hundreds of dollars restocking the covers, having game wardens to keep the birds from being shot out of season, when the market hunters can shoot all they can get, the cold storage men keep them for whatever call they may have, and the market men sell them openly up to this date (March 18).

There is only one way and that is, if not to stop the sale entirely, to at least stop the sale out of the open season, as well as to stop the shooting out of season.

May this little seed in the great platform of the "non-sale" question fall not among thorns and rocks, but where it will take root. ART.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 18.

More Notions.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of your (our) paper for something over a year, and Raymond Spears, in the edition of March 14, is the first one to express my personal belief in regard to birds and animals being able to think and reason. I wish to say I heartily concur in his views. The majority of mankind is so magnanimous as to allow that they have instinct—but reason, oh no! That would be placing ourselves on the same level with the rest of creation, so they say. My own belief is that birds and animals have sharper mental faculties than a great many people; at least they have a truer sense of friendship.

I also indorse what E. E. has to say in the same issue in regard to shooting ducks. A great many sportsmen seem to think it is positively wicked for a non-sportsman to kill a single bird out of season, but during the season they themselves will scatter their decoys in such a manner as to enable them to kill hundreds in a single day to each gun, and then we read a lot of complaints in FOREST AND STREAM about pot-hunters killing off all the birds and leaving none for the "sportsmen."

I am sorry to say I am not a "sportsman," unless reading FOREST AND STREAM makes me one; but I very much enjoy reading the hunting and fishing experiences of your contributors, and sometimes feel like uttering an equivalent to "cheu" when one of them tells about missing the biggest buck he ever shot at, or lets the biggest fish get away.

By the way, why don't some of the people in favor of large calibers for big game try a cannon? They could load it with grape shot, and thus reduce the chances of missing and losing the game. M. M. S.

Rifles for Goose Shooting.

THE WHEATLANDS, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the February numbers of our paper I have been much interested in the discussion about the proper size, load and caliber of hunting rifles; and as I am interested in this subject—though in a different way—I am going to "put in my oar," hoping that I may get the information I want from some of "the family."

I have occasional chances for shots from the shore at large flocks of geese, and sometimes swan; as these shots are not often closer than 500 yds., and seem from that distance be 1,000 yds., what is the best style of rifle to use? It is manifest that the trajectory must be as flat as possible, and that a heavy ball is not necessary to kill the game, the difficult part being to hit. A repeating rifle is the best for the work if one can be had with low trajectory. It is my case to under or overestimate the distance on the water under different circumstances, as to height, state of the atmosphere, etc. It is very provoking after working a long while to get a shot to find your bullet fall short, and, owing to high trajectory, even the skip of the ball will be thrown so high that it will go over the heads of the game; with a very low trajectory, a small error in estimating distance would still give a chance of "taking them in the neck." The reason the repeating rifle is best for the work, if equally flat trajectory can be had, is that a second or third shot can be had and the aim corrected by noting where the first ball strikes—either under or over.

I hope that some of our expert rifle shots will give their experience on this subject. SINKBOAT.

Dealing Justly with Sister States.

WEST NEWBURY, Mass., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel as if I was under obligation to you for the many pleasant hours you have given me in the years gone by, and especially during the past year. I take some half dozen different papers weekly, but would rather give up any three of them than to miss our old friends of the FOREST AND STREAM. And my children look for and listen to "Uncle Lisha's Outing" with as much interest as I do. And our wish for Roland Robinson is that he may live well and long in the land of forest and stream.

I also wish to commend the effort of the FOREST AND STREAM in behalf of game preservation. The clear presentation by Mr. Russell Reed of honest dealing with sister States is to the credit of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

It would seem as if the market men and commission men were in about the same position as the receiver of burglar Barrett's stolen goods were. They were knowingly receiving goods from other States that had been unlawfully shipped out of their States. Keep up the good work of protection to game is the wish of yours in love with the FOREST AND STREAM. QUAIL.

Maine Deer.

WHAT State can say that she has deer within the very limits of her capital? We can! A pack of hounds ran a deer toward the river, just below the State House, last fall. Some boys saw a deer in the pasture of Mr. Gannett's farm, adjoining the muster grounds, and tried to corner it, but fences were no barriers to him, and so the disappointed boys had to see their game escape. Mr. Curtis, a man living on the river road, saw a deer near his house, and a number of others have been seen about there. A companion and I, last fall, saw a deer within the city limits. And so I could go on and name other cases where deer have been seen within the limits of the city. As the law of the last Legislature prohibits the killing of deer in this county for five years, they will no doubt be very plentiful when the time expires.

It is the same old story all over the State—deer plentiful everywhere. Aroostook and Penobscot abound with them.

Only about forty years ago deer were very scarce in this State. It was on account of the wolves, which were here in such numbers. But when the deer left so did the wolves, which moved further north. Now that the deer are back in such great numbers it is feared that the wolves will also. A number have been seen and shot already.

In the report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for the year 1895, lately submitted to the Governor, we get some idea of the vast number of deer that were slaughtered that year. The report says: "During the open time 1,921 deer were shipped away by the American Express Company from different stations, nearly double the number in 1894. When it is remembered that the number of deer to be taken was reduced from three in 1894 to two in 1895, the claim that shipments of '95 were double those of '94 is a conservative one."

"It is estimated from careful sources that the amount shipped away in 1895 (1,921) represents two-fifths of the entire number killed; two-fifths were conveyed home by our people or sent to domestic markets, and the other fifth consumed by hunters and sportsmen while at camp."

"According to these figures there were 4,800 taken during the year. The shipment of caribou, 105, was double that of 1894. Of moose there were shipped 103, double the number in 1894."

BURT L. YOUNG.

The Darling Prosecutions.

LOWELL, Me., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 7th received. I don't know that I understand what you mean by those fines, but I suppose you mean my recent suits. The first one was some over a year ago. A warden in Patten swore out a warrant against me for killing a deer on Sept. 28, 1894. All the evidence they could produce was that an unknown man had passed through Patten with a deer's head on the first day of October, and they understood that I had been the man's guide. I was brought before a trial justice at Patten and nothing could be proved against me. The wardens and the State's counsel asked for a continuance and it was granted. I went there again at the appointed time and the State did not have a witness. I then pleaded for my acquittal, but failed, and the justice granted another continuance. It was continued five times and I asked them if I could then waive examination; they told me I could. I paid for appeal papers and when it got to the higher court it was thrown overboard and drowned. They made it cost me about \$40 to run after them where they had not a shadow of a case.

Their next move was, arrested on a warrant for misconduct in office as a game warden. I was brought before Judge Vose, I pleaded not guilty and waived a hearing. The judge without a particle of evidence sentenced me to three months in jail. I paid for appeal papers and then they made me pay \$5 more for a jail bond. I put in my appearance at the higher court with my counsel and filed a demurrer, which I think carries it to the law court. The judge told me that my own bond was good enough and that the first fat deer I killed to give the county attorney a quarter. The grounds my counsel took were that the warrant was without form or substance. They have no evidence to back up such a warrant. This makes costs and trouble for me and fills our newspapers with slander.

These transactions worry my wife and have been a great persecution to her, as she believes that Messrs. Wentworth and Vose mean to keep after me until they get the last dollar we have. And it looks like nothing but pure revenge, as they will swear out warrants against me for nothing, and only costs the State and myself money and they get their fees, etc.

J. DARLING.

We are all Poor Critters.

THE life's experience of the late lamented Deacon Bedott was effectively summarized in this dictum, and the article signed E. E. in your paper of March 14 lends to those words of wisdom an added force. He can see only selfishness depicted in every article that has appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM in the last ten years on true sportsmanship, stopping the slaughter of game, who constitutes the pot-hunter, etc.

Yes, there is no doubt that we are without exception a selfish pack, and when we have had opportunities of learning just how the particular selfishness of E. E. manifests itself in field or forest, we shall the better be able to judge how far he is to be accepted as a truer apostle of game preservation than has yet appeared among us.

Meanwhile, in answer to his last query (who will stand by him on the decoy question?) I reply: Even I. Not only this, but I will, in poker parlance, "go him one better."

I would favor the passage of laws prohibiting absolutely for the next five years the use of decoys of any sort, and during the same period forbidding the killing of any game (except dangerous animals) with any sort of firearms except single-barreled muzzleloaders. If with matchlocks or flint locks, all the better.

I had thought of limiting youngsters under 18 to the use of the bow and arrow, but remembering that I was once a boy myself, I "held in." Next. KELPIE.

MARCH 14.

Wild Geese Going North.

SHENANDOAH JUNCTION, W. Va., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A flock of twelve wild geese passed here this evening on their northern flight, but owing to a light fog were headed directly west and flying very low. These were the first I have seen. E. C. D.

Mongolian Pheasants in Massachusetts.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME.—WINCHESTER, Mass., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 7 is a long communication from Mr. Baumgartel, of Holland, Mich., apparently intended to instruct persons in raising pheasants, and yet near the close of the article he says: "I have had no success with the Chinese pheasants imported from Oregon. Out of thirty hatched, none lived over a month." Just what success he has had with the ordinary ring-neck or English pheasant he does not say, but from his statements as to difference of time in the hatching of the eggs and way of feeding, I judge his loss was considerable.

If his hens are good sitters and the nests properly made the eggs will hatch within a few hours of each other, and there will be no necessity of removing the young birds "to a warm place to await the hatching of the rest." I have often set a hen on fifteen Mongolian eggs and had them all hatch within a few hours of each other, and raised every one.

The Mongolian is a more hardy bird and easier to raise than other pheasants, and the breeder who cannot raise from 85 to 90 per cent. is not in a position to instruct others. The phenomenal success in the introduction of the Mongolian pheasant into Oregon and Washington, and the repeated failures with the ordinary ring-neck or English (which is a cross between the old English and the Mongolian), is an object lesson which our sportsmen will do well to consider.

The pure Mongolian is a distinct type in every way except in size, greatly superior to the English. I have owned both varieties, have studied them carefully, and have no doubt that if there is any decided success in introducing pheasants into our Northern and Eastern States, it will be from the pure Mongolian stock.

There will be no difficulty in breeding them freely, while as a game bird for the sportsman and for the table they are superior to other varieties of pheasants.

I am breeding them for the State and have neither birds nor eggs for sale, and my judgment is based entirely upon careful study of the habits and character of the bird.

E. A. BRACKETT.

The Changes of the Years.

NASHUA, N. H.—I have just been looking over a lot of my old FOREST AND STREAMS, 1885 to 1887, and I wonder if sportsmen realize the revolution (almost) that has taken place in firearms and ammunition—ideas, too—in such a short space of time. In these "venerable" papers scarcely any mention is made of nitro power or hammerless guns, except to speak of them in a rather skeptical way as something of the distant future, to be perfected and brought within reach of the purse of ordinary men before being worthy of serious attention.

In one of these numbers (I forget which) comes a wail from Massachusetts sportsmen at the prospect of having the opening season on woodcock changed to Sept. 15 (from August), one sage giving his opinion that the woodcock would mostly have left Massachusetts by Sept. 15, and that no shooting can be had worth speaking of after that date. I wonder if there is one intelligent sportsman in New England to-day who would advocate setting the date back to allow summer shooting. Personally, I think Oct. 1 is early enough anywhere in the United States. It makes a shorter season surely, but much more satisfactory in quality.

In one of these old papers I came across an article by Mr. E. Hough, "The Enchanted Valley," a delightful sketch, reminding me somewhat of some of my own Western experiences in 1879-80. It also made me wonder why the department of "Chicago and the West" was not started earlier. I almost feel as though I had been cheated in having been deprived of Mr. Hough's excellent articles until this department was regularly started; and all on account of a miserable "prospect hole" in New Mexico.

To those who impatiently imagine the cause—or rather the sentiment—of the better enforcement of the game laws is making slow headway, I recommend reading over the old files of "our" paper and contrasting the sentiment then with that of to-day. To me a gratifying result is shown, and I believe the progress is due to FOREST AND STREAM more than to any other one agency.

W. H. B.

Megantic Club.

WE have received the annual report of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, the contents of which have already been given in an earlier issue. President Robinson concludes: "In closing I thank you for your kind co-operation and support in the past, and I only wish every member could and would resolve to avail himself this season of the many privileges the club offers; for with 300 active, enthusiastic sportsmen, firmly convinced by actual experience of the magnitude and superior resources of the club's preserve, and of the healthful and beneficial results accruing to those seeking rest and recreation in the club's domain, working unitedly for a common cause—the club's success—the season of 1896 will surely be the banner year, and the Megantic Club universally acknowledged to be the greatest and grandest organization of its kind in the world."

New York Legislature.

ALBANY, March 23.—None of the numerous fish and game bills thus far introduced in the Legislature have become laws for the reason that both game committees are preparing an omnibus bill to take in all of the amendments that are approved. The committees do not like Senator White's bill from the State Sportsmen's Association.

The Senate committee has done absolutely nothing, but the Assembly committee has reported these bills: Hobbie, prohibiting the shooting of deer for ten years in the towns of Putnam and Dresden, Washington county; Allds, allowing hounding for deer from Oct. 1 to Oct. 15, and jacking from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15; Allds, making the open season for rabbits Sept. 15 to Feb. 15.

Both of the committees seem to be in favor of making the open season for partridges later by one month, but no bill of this sort has yet been reported.

Long Island Ducks.

EAST QUOGUE, L. I.—There are a great many geese and wild ducks in Shinnecock Bay, broadbills, black ducks

and a few redheads. It is quite early for so many in our waters. Around here it looks now as if most of our winter was over, and the birds are all in good condition for so early in the spring, for they most always come back here very poor.

L. E. HOWELL.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Horse Mackerel and Tuna.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "If you will look at 'Fishing in American Waters,' by G. C. Scott, pp. 136 and 137, under the heading 'Horse Mackerel,' you will find some notice of a very noteworthy fish. He says: 'This is not a fish for the rod and reel, for it is as strong in proportion to its weight as the bluefish, and it would trouble an angler to kill a 30lbs. bluefish or even take him in by trolling,' etc."

"I have never been where these horse mackerel are found and I wish to know more about them. I think they are the same as the famous tuna of Santa Catalina Island, California. If so they interest me. Those fellows out there are the most astonishing game fish I have ever heard of, being in the habit of chasing and capturing the swift flying fish by following just beneath until the exhausted flyer after a possible 700ft. sail drops into their jaws. I have seen them perform this feat a hundred times. I tried very hard to kill one with rod and reel during last summer, but they are very shy about biting and I never succeeded. I had one glorious run of 500ft. or more from a big fellow, but my fifteen-thread Cuttyhunk was worn and he parted it. If these fish are identical I want to know something as to their habits and whereabouts on the Atlantic Coast, therefore can you answer these questions for me: At what point on the coast would one be most certain of finding horse mackerel? What time of year? Do they take a bait? Have they been killed of any size, say upward of 200lbs., with rod and reel?"

My trouble just now is to know exactly what this tuna really is, for never have I seen its specific name given in any account. I have seen of the fish. Some years ago a friend on a vacation in California wrote me of the fish, and described it from his recollection of what some one had told him. Last season a friend at Santa Catalina Island sent me some photographs of black sea bass, and wonderful accounts of fishing for tuna, but I learned nothing concerning the identity of the fish. Jordan says the bonita (*Sarda chilensis*) is called Spanish mackerel, skipjack or tuna on the California coast, but he gives the average weight of the fish as 12lbs., so it cannot be the tuna of Santa Catalina Island that we are after. Holder writes of the tuna as "the king of Santa Catalina game fish—the irrepressible tuna. The tarpon is a slow coach to this uncaught fish—uncaught with reel—two, one of 175lbs., and another of 150lbs., having been taken on a hand line the past summer." But there is no description of the fish or specific name by which it can be identified, and I have asked Dr. Jordan to furnish it.

The horse mackerel (*Oreochromis thynnus*) is one of and the most important of the tunnies, and is also called ton, tunny and tuna in the Mediterranean, but it is not credited to the Pacific. It is found in the North Atlantic, and the best description of it comes from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Massachusetts Bay. It appears in June and remains until October, although naturalists have little to say about it. It is said to be growing more and more common at Newfoundland during the summer season. In the bays of Chaleur and Gaspé it is taken by spearing and by baiting. The bait is herring, on very strong hooks and solid lines, and according to the Canadian Fishing Report of 1862-3 the fishing is attended with risk, as there is danger of the fishermen being pulled overboard.

I can find no record of the horse mackerel being taken with a rod. Dr. Storer records that one was taken off Cape Ann that weighed 1,000lbs., but larger ones have been captured.

Mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake.

There is a bill now before the Legislature, and one clause of one paragraph reads thus: "Fish of every sort may be speared through the ice in Chautauqua Lake or in the outlet thereof from Jan. 16 to Feb. 15, both inclusive." I have received several letters protesting against this provision of the bill, as it must work injury to the mascalonge fishing in the lake. One correspondent has sent me the ovaries of a 40lb. mascalonge which I found to weigh 3lbs. 10½oz. The fish was "caught with a gaff hook in a fish house through the ice." The ovaries were sent to me on Feb. 25, and I was informed about a week later that another female mascalonge of about 40lbs. was exhibited in a market in Jamestown. The State is engaged in hatching mascalonge in Chautauqua Lake, and a few females of 40lbs. each would furnish as many eggs as are taken annually for propagation, and it would seem to be a mistaken policy to legalize the spearing of mascalonge for one month just before the spawning season, as it might result in killing the fish faster than the State could breed them. I am informed that the farmers about the lake who were in favor of spearing have come to realize their mistake, some of them, in advocating such a measure.

Inland Fisheries of New York.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 29 I referred to the investigation that had been made by Mr. John N. Cobb, field agent of the U. S. Fish Commission, to determine the value of the fisheries of certain inland waters of the State of New York, and I am now indebted to Acting U. S. Fish Commissioner Herbert A. Gill for a summarized account of Mr. Cobb's work. Fifteen lakes and three weirs were visited and investigation made as to the number of fishermen engaged, the capital invested, the pounds of fish produced and the value thereof, for two years—1894 and 1895—for the purpose of comparison.

From Chautauqua Lake, in 1895, 202,225lbs. of fish, valued at \$22,198, were taken, and this was an increase over 1894, when 166,070lbs. were taken, valued at \$19,164.

The most marked difference was observed in Oneida Lake. In 1894 50,000lbs. of fish, valued at \$3,750, were produced, and in 1895 211,863lbs. were produced, valued at \$8,989.

Of mascalonge 106,130lbs. were produced, valued at \$15,920. The fish that heads the list is the bullhead, 195,-

345lbs., valued at \$8,492, being taken. Black bass furnished 45,999lbs. of food, valued at \$5,078.

In 1894 a total of 591,119lbs. of fish were produced from the waters examined, and in 1895 the same waters produced 754,730lbs., an increase in one year of 163,611lbs. of the best fresh-water food fishes.

Lake Champlain Ice Fish.

More than twenty years ago I first heard of the "ice fish" of Lake Champlain, and when I saw them I found them to be the common smelt; but from that time to this the identity of the fish has been questioned at recurring intervals. Last year, when I saw smelts being taken at Port Henry, over 1ft. in length and weighing ½lb. each, and was told that even larger ones were caught through the ice at Port Henry and Westport, I was obliged to admit that I had never seen smelts of such great size; nevertheless that is what they were. Last week I was at Port Henry and the identity of the "ice fish" was once again discussed, with the added information that the fish were now sent quite regularly to New York city, where they were pronounced to be different from the smelt. I had some packed to bring home with me, and asked to have several of the very large ones put in the box to have the matter of species set at rest. The man who furnished the fish told me that after Mr. Cobb's visit to the lake the United States Fish Commission had sent for specimens to determine just what "ice fish" really were, and that specimens had been forwarded to Dr. Hugh M. Smith. I asked Dr. Smith about them and he writes me: "The specimens of 'ice fish' recently sent to us from Lake Champlain were the salt-water smelt (*Osmerus mordax*). They were fine examples, the largest being more than 1ft. in length and weighing ½lb. The females were filled with ripe spawn. I have never seen such fine smelts on the New England coast, although they are sometimes taken in Maine and Massachusetts fully as large as those under consideration. As you know, this species is landlocked in some of the Maine lakes, and Prof. Evermann took specimens in Lake Memphremagog; the fish in the latter lake, however, are quite small. In your opinion, do the Lake Champlain smelts come up the St. Lawrence River each year for the purpose of spawning, or are they permanent residents of the lake?"

I believe that smelts are not permanent residents of Lake Champlain, as they are caught only through the ice in February and March, and a search for them by the anglers in the summer and fall months has proven fruitless. In New Hampshire, where the smelt is landlocked, I have caught them in June, July and August, and if they remained in Lake Champlain permanently they would be found by those who have persistently sought them. Another reason for thinking that they come from the St. Lawrence only to spawn, for it will be noticed that they are caught in the lake just before the spawning season, is that they have two runs of smelt in that river, one of small fish and one of large fish, such as are mentioned by Dr. Smith; the large fish of the lake answering to those known to run up the river. The landlocked smelt that I have caught in New Hampshire are much more slender, length for length, than the Champlain fish, showing that the latter are accustomed to rich pasturage probably not found in the lake. In Lake Champlain the large and small smelts are caught together, showing that the schools must mingle after they reach the lake, and they mingle in more than one way, for large smelts have been caught with small smelts inside of them, showing that the big fellows feed on their small brethren. One big smelt has been convicted of eating seven small ones at a single meal. This I learned only a few days ago.

Fish Screens in Irrigating Ditches.

Some one has asked FOREST AND STREAM about the construction of the screens used in irrigating ditches in the West to keep fish from wandering beyond their bailiwick. Supt. Land, of the Wyoming Fish Commission, tells me that the law compelling ditch owners to maintain their screens has been repealed, but the screens were made of wood slats, 2in. wide and ½in. thick, set in a wood frame, the ½in. face of the slats facing the current. The frame and slats are painted with hot tar or asphalt varnish and they last for years, and the drift can be raked off with a rake made of nails to fit the spaces, a rake for each screen. The spaces would have to be adjusted to suit the particular fish to be controlled.

A. N. CHENEY.

Idaho Fishing.

HOTEL RIVERSIDE, St. Anthony, Idaho, March 12.—I send you a clipping from the Fremont county *News* of a catch that we made yesterday (March 11) on the North Fork of Snake River: "Landlord White, of the Riverside Hotel, O. H. Cusick and O. H. Kister were fishing yesterday afternoon and came home with 126 fine trout that weighed 60lbs. An afternoon's pleasure like that would make an Eastern sport jump out of his boots. This is undoubtedly the best country for fishing and hunting that can be found anywhere." I have fished trout in Vermont, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and Canada, but the fishing that I have found here surpasses any fishing I ever saw.

O. H. CUSICK.

The "Forest and Stream" Part of Education.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of your paper for years and I think it improves every year. After reading each number through, I do it up and forward to my 17-year-old boy, who is at school in the East. The FOREST AND STREAM part of his education must not be neglected, whatever else may be.

GREENHURST.

For a Man in Cold Water.

If you break through the ice and can't get out, put your wet hat, mittens or any other wet cloth as far out on the unbroken ice as you can reach. If the weather is very cold it will freeze to the ice and enable you to pull yourself out.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Halberton Paintings.

MR. THOMAS J. CONROY, No. 310 Broadway, New York, has on view seventeen oil paintings by Wakeman Halberton; they consist of fish pieces, landscapes and game.

SIRENS VS. BLACK BASS.

SOMEWHERE in the sea, an ancient myth tells us, lies an isolated rock, where the sirens, most beautiful and bewitching creatures, are wont to waylay "those who go down to the sea in ships."

I am not much versed in the details of this legend, and get some of my ideas from a picture which hangs upon the wall in my sanctum.

In some respects they seem somewhat behind, and in others quite up with or a little in advance of the times. As regards dress, they cling quite closely to the style which prevailed in the Garden of Eden (this from the picture), but they have reached the highest notch of perfection in voice culture, and men have nothing to say either in domestic or public affairs. Consciences they have no more than cold-weather raiment. Of course, situated as they are, they are more or less exposed to the elements, and a surplussage of clothing would only be a nuisance, and that deficiency may well be excused.

But as to the rock: upon this it is that they pose and sing, and not with the best of intentions. Oh, no! for they are as wicked as they are beautiful. The unfortunate mariners who sail near them become so enchanted by their beauty and song that, blind and deaf to all else, and neither seeing the foaming breakers nor hearing their roar, they tack toward them and meet their doom—a watery grave. Bad sirens! So through association they really become a part of the rock and their charms its charms.

Now I am still young and little traveled, and as yet have had no opportunity of even seeing salt water, much less the rock graced by these lovely beings.

In old Grand River's bed, however, I claim to have found a rock whose charms far surpass those of the rock of the sirens.

This old granite boulder of which I write and whose side of the question I will try to support, while not of great size, would probably comfortably seat three or four full-grown sirens, providing they dress in their usual becoming manner—mandolin sleeves barred.

It lies, in low water half submerged, right in the middle of the river's channel, and the action of the water has worn it nearly round.

The ample pool in which it is situated begins and ends with long, broad stretches of riffles, where the water gurgles and foams among stone and shale. There in the swiftly running, cool water the minnows flee for refuge from the hungry bass, and there too in spring the mullet congregate. At the right and north side and extending the whole length of this pool rises to a considerable height an almost perpendicular wall of alternate layers of solid rock and shale. In and out of the nooks and crannies of this wall, during nesting season, bankswallows are continually darting, while the pewee takes up a claim and rears her family under some projecting ledge of rock. At intervals, wherever they may get a foothold on the face of this cliff, scraggy aspens and stunted evergreens hang, and the summit is crowned with a more luxuriant growth of pines and other trees. Still higher, way up, an eagle or two may generally be seen circling round and round. They probably nest in the vicinity; at any rate, they are generally there. To the left of the pool stretches a beautiful green level of grass, dotted here and there with groups of trees and boulders. Beyond this the ground begins to rise gradually, and away on the gently rising slope, over thickets and wood, a beautiful panorama is lifted to view—just far enough for distance to mellow and blend, and yet not so far that objects seem indistinct. Well-cultivated farms, with buildings, orchards, meadows, pastures; the far-away, hazy, bluish background of forest—a pretty picture.

Looking up or down the river may be seen the same charming scenery; the stream with its pools and miniature rapids; on one side the cool, gray, rocky wall, on the other the low land, with its trees, rocks, shrubs and rushes. Occasionally there is an opening in the wall forming a beautiful ravine, where from its source, aspring far above, the water trickles down from ledge to ledge. There, sheltered from the cold winds, many delicate flowers grow, and with them—the curse of outdoor life—mosquitoes.

As soon as warm weather sets in for good, and the river clears and lowers, the charm begins to work, and from then till late in the fall I am a frequent visitor to the old rock, though each trip usually means a walk of several miles—not the best walking either. Through pasture and woodland, over fences and ditches, lugging minnow bucket and rod, I tramp; but never was labor more cheerfully undertaken (and I am constitutionally lazy) or more handsomely rewarded.

Sometimes I am accompanied by Ed or Walt, sometimes by my father, who is a veritable "block of the young chip," and better company on a fishing trip there never was or will be.

Often for want of two-legged company I took Jack along. Jack is only a dog, and a black one at that, but in my way of thinking he is far better company than most fellows when it comes to roughing it.

He is like my father in this: rain, heat, hunger, a night out of doors and bad luck of any description he takes like a true fisherman. He never curses everything and everybody in general, as nine out of ten, yes, 99 out of 100, "sports" will, if luck doesn't happen to run their way.

Sometimes we got there before the sun was up; sometimes he was just up and looking for us. Then and at sunset the river was looking its best. Little wonder that at such a time the bass like to play and feed. Golden does not half express the richness of the light which the water reflects. That coloring is as far more beautiful than that of gold as that of gold is more beautiful than the dull hue of iron. Then the gray cliff is no longer gray, but takes on, though in a less degree than the water, that rich, warm coloring which the rising and setting sun can give.

There on the riffles, standing in the shallow water, enjoying at the same time a sun and a cold-water bath (I never wear wading boots), we get our supply of minnows. How hungrily and eagerly the little fellows bite! Little they know they are offering themselves to be sacrificed, though for a glorious cause. Another thing, I never use a minnow net, which is in my mind and experience a useless, abominable, temper raising, profanity breeding invention. A little caution, a little hook and a little practice will supply you with minnows and no little sport in half the time you are deciding to throw away your min-

now net or give it to some angler against whom you have a grudge.

I can boast that I allow nothing else whatever to ruffle my sunny temper when upon a fishing trip, but when using one of those nets I lose all self-control. Wading waist-deep I do not object to; the extra trouble of carrying one I could put up with; but after scraping a hole well stocked with chubs from one end to another, with the infernal machine snagging on every root and stone and the handles of the same punching my ribs at every sudden stop, and then to find upon lifting it only a lot of shale and a possible crab or two, what could be expected? But perhaps I have been unusually unfortunate in my experience with a net; but such it has been.

Now, supplied with bait and changing my minnow hook for a snell, I approach my old friend the rock, who never refuses me a black bass. Wading quietly in a little above I toss my chub out and let him drift down past the rock, but nothing touches it; I feel only the twitching of my lively minnow. But this is not discouraging in the least. I know his black majesty is eyeing the tempting bait from his hiding place in under the boulder. He may not be ravenously hungry and just a little suspicious, knowing that no chub in his right mind and of his own free will would be fool enough to court danger by hanging round a place likely to be haunted by bass. But I'll try him again. This time I hold my bait alongside the rock and appeal to his sense of honor. Whether hungry or not, in all probability he will not naturally put up with such an insult; for an insignificant little chub to shake his fins right under his majesty's nose, oh, no! Swish—a jerk, a pull. I try to lead him away from the rock. Oh, too bad, he's off! No, I've got him again. This time he's hooked. Now, if he doesn't get under the rock we're all right. He comes to the surface; his dark green side flashes. He is a beauty. Away he goes again. He's a fighter, but the spring of the lancewood proves too much for him, though he tugs valiantly till the end. He will weigh about 2lbs.—2lbs. of solid fun and excitement. Ah, this is "the tie that binds" me to that old piece of granite.

I unhook and string him as gently as possible, then fasten him just below the cool riff, where he soon becomes as lively as ever, though a doomed fish.

But we are not through yet. I exchange the dead minnow (who lived and died not in vain) for a fresh one—and so forth.

This is my usual *modus operandi*, and the rest of the day is spent in much the same way, with variations—a sameness that is ever new.

At dark we start for home, with our long walk well paid for in advance.

Tired? Yes, but satisfied. Hungry? We will demonstrate later. Nothing is lost by getting real hungry, for everything tastes enough better to more than repay.

Of course never having seen the one, I may not be competent to judge impartially, but just the same I am ready to wager that my one rock in Grand River, as far as attractions go, will discount a whole island of sirens, singing and all, and I know all who enjoy black bass fishing (the best sport allotted to mortals) will back me.

United States Fish Commission.

Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.

THE nomination of John J. Brice, of California, for Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries came as a complete surprise to every one interested in the Fish Commission. Every appointment hitherto made since the Commission was founded has been based on conspicuous fitness and experience in dealing with fishculture. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the first Commissioner, was a scientist of general attainments, and the connection of his name with the Commission gave the latter a standing throughout the world which it could have acquired in no other way. After his death, which occurred during President Cleveland's first term, there was great difficulty in finding a competent successor, and Prof. G. Brown Goode, director of the National Museum, accepted an *ad interim* appointment at the President's personal solicitation, with the understanding that he should be relieved as soon as possible. Finally Col. Marshall McDonald, of Virginia, was appointed, a thoroughly equipped expert in fishculture on its economic as well as its scientific side. Although Col. McDonald was a strong Democrat, and made no secret of his affiliations, he scrupulously avoided allowing politics to enter into his administration of the Commission, and his fitness and success were so universally conceded that President Harrison retained him throughout his term. On Col. McDonald's death it was naturally expected, therefore, that the next Commissioner would be of the same stamp as his predecessors. This is the cause of the surprise generally manifested when Mr. Brice's name came to the Senate.

It may be that Mr. Brice will show his mettle and prove an excellent administrator, but at present he is almost or quite unknown in the field of pisciculture. He is a retired commander and a cousin of Senator Brice of Ohio. It is understood that he was urged for the place by Senator White, of California, as, although a native and formerly a resident of Ohio, he owns a small estate in California, and has spent much time there of late. At the Navy Department it is stated that his professional record is good, though not distinguished. The last time that his name came before the public was when the cruiser Adams went ashore in Behring Sea a few years ago. He was in command of the vessel, but was ill and in his berth at the time of the accident, and the burden of the court-martial which followed fell upon his executive officer. It was the illness he was then suffering which led him to apply for retirement, and the board who examined him pronounced him physically disqualified for further service.

The only instance in which he appears of record as connected with the Fish Commission was one detail to service with the Commission—such a billet as many officers have had, due not to their interest in pisciculture, but to the occasional need of a contribution of their professional knowledge to the accomplishment of some special task. In the Commission's report for 1889-91 the following passage occurs:

In view of the urgent and many requests received from citizens in the regions of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast to stock their waters with suitable food fishes, and the difficulties and cost attending shipments from the Eastern stations of the Commission, the question of locating fishcultural stations on the military reservations of those regions was considered, and Lieut.-Commander J.

J. Brice, U. S. Navy, who was employed under detail from the Navy Department, was directed to make a reconnaissance. Upon his report and recommendations the reservation at Fort Gaston, Humboldt county, Cal., was decided upon as offering the necessary requirements; and in compliance with the request of this office, the Secretary of War, on Oct. 16, 1889, gave instructions permitting the use of a portion of the same by the Fish Commission. The organization of the station was intrusted to Mr. Brice, who arrived at the place the latter part of November with some of the equipment. The use of a building 32ft. by 16ft., into which an abundant supply of pure cold water was led by gravity, was granted by the commandant of the post, Capt. W. E. Dougherty, United States Army, who also undertook the general charge of the conduct of the station. Mr. W. H. Morgan, who was serving as fishculturist at one of the Eastern stations of the Commission, was assigned as foreman. Capt. Dougherty remained in charge of the work till Oct. 1, 1890, when he was succeeded by Capt. F. H. Edmunds, United States Army, who has been placed in command of the post.

In considering the question of confirming this nomination, the Senate will be confronted with the familiar problem of the double office. Mr. Brice is still a retired naval officer, drawing a salary of about \$3,600 a year. The salary of the Fish Commissioner is \$5,000. He cannot, under the law, draw both salaries, and the question will probably be raised whether he can hold the two offices, even if he relinquishes for the time being the smaller compensation. In the case of Gen. Sickles, it was held that a retired army officer could serve at different times as Minister to Spain and as Representative in Congress without surrendering his military commission. Doubtless this will be the eventual ruling with regard to Mr. Brice, but the question can hardly fail to come up in some shape if the rival applicants for the Fish Commissionership are as active as rivals usually are under such conditions.

Mr. Brice is about 50 years of age and is described as a man of agreeable address and much personal popularity.

New Jersey Coast Fish.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 19.—The first evidence of fish life of the season along our coast was observed here yesterday. Owing to the turbulent character of the surf identification was impossible, but the general opinion is they were herring. If so, they were in sportive mood, as they appeared to be entirely at the surface, which is quite contrary to the habits of that species in this vicinity. The school, of several acres in extent, were finning their way leisurely along northward, and was a very welcome sight. The herring is quite a source of revenue to ye small boy of this vicinity. Crowding in the small inlets along the coast, endeavoring to reach fresh water, they are often left by the receding waves in very shallow water, where they fall an easy prey to the crab net deftly wielded by the youngsters, who sell them from baskets and push carts, finding ready market at this season of the year, when other fish are scarce. LEONARD HULIT.

The Earliest American Angling Books.

NEW YORK, March 21.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Referring to Mr. Cheney's article in your issue of the 21st, I would like to say, that while he is correct in mentioning "The American Angler's Guide," published in 1845, as being the first book published in America exclusively devoted to angling as a pastime, he will find a still earlier American book in which angling is discussed.

I refer to Dr. J. V. C. Smith's "Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts, embracing a Practical Essay on Angling," published by Allen & Ticknor, Boston, in 1833.

Of course, I am aware of the fact that the book possesses absolutely no scientific value, and is merely a compilation bristling with errors; but as one-fifth of its pages are devoted to "the theory and practice of angling," we will have to admit its priority of publication over Brown and Lanman. MARTIN EICHE.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A New Species of Bear in Maine.

PETE was a French-Canadian who led a hand-to-mouth existence in a little clearing on the southern edge of the Maine woods. His family was an ever-increasing one and Pete was put to his wits' ends to feed and clothe its members, for dollars were strangers in his locality. One autumn day a party of hunters, bound home from the woods, passed Pete's place, and one of the number noticing a fine fat bear carcass lying beside the shanty door asked the Frenchman if he would sell it. It took Pete some time to come to a decision, for he was torn in mind about the matter. Bears did not fall into his one trap every week, and that carcass would feed his family for some time to come. Then he thought of the pork, flour and molasses which dollars would buy at the settlement store, and that seemed to take his fancy. He was a long time thinking it over and was no nearer a decision when the would-be purchaser came to his rescue with the proposition that if Pete would hitch up his single steer and sledge and haul the carcass out a few miles to the railroad he would give him 20 cents a pound and leave the pelt. The Frenchman took him up and the bargain was fulfilled.

Some weeks later, when Pete went to the settlement store to buy a few provisions, he was handed a letter which his wife finally deciphered for him. It was from a provision dealer in one of the cities, who recalled the purchase of the bear meat, which he said was in great demand, and asked Pete to send him another by express on the same terms. Despite the protestations of his spouse, who was of a thrifty turn of mind, Pete had not paid much attention to anything since he acquired so much wealth, unless it was the spending of it. The bear trap lay rusting just where it had been dropped when its prize victim was brought in. What with some clothes all round, boots, pork, flour and the like, the money had been pretty well used up by this time, so next morning Pete fixed up his trap and lugged it off into the woods to set.

Two weeks went by and Pete had grown very tired of

visiting the trap. It was getting late for bears and he saw little hope of winning any more money that fall unless he took his axe into the logging swamp. As he came home one afternoon from a bootless visit to the trap, his last remaining pig, a boar, believing that Pete was bringing him something for his stomach's sake, made a jump at the pen fence. The old boards were none too sound, and giving way before the hungry onslaught, sent the frightened pig flying between the Frenchman's legs, toppling him over in a heap. Pete's mind, already considerably ruffled at the inconsiderateness of the bears, was now inflamed, and catching up the axe from the chopping block he set off in full career across his clearing after the porker, leaving a wake of blue haze behind. As he bounded along he raised the axe above his head and with all the strength born of anger sent it flying at the boar. This had a double effect. It struck the pig and killed him instantly, and as this was a possibility Pete had not reckoned on, it cooled his temper off as quickly. He left the pig and the axe as they fell, and turned back to his shanty bearing on his weak mind an overpowering load of remorse and dejection. Suddenly he stopped, then turned about and stopped again, and then ran back to the dead boar and dragged the carcass to the house. The darkness was settling fast, but Pete at once began to dress the pig, and never paused until the job was complete. Next morning the steer and ledge bore Pete and his pork, the latter tied up in old short bags, to the railroad, and the express agent later weighed and billed 100lbs. of bear meat to the dealer in the city. Pete went home and took up the trap, and in a week's time went to the settlement again, where he found a money order awaiting him.

The following autumn a party of hunters entering the woods pulled up at Pete's door, and the Frenchman recognized among them the meat dealer from "down country."

"Pete," said the dealer, "what do you suppose was the matter with that last bear you sent me last winter? My customers said it was so strong they couldn't eat it."

Without flinching a muscle Pete made reply: "By gar, she war queer b'ar. No savez 'less she war a cinnamon b'ar."

ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

ONE night, several years ago, on the banks of the Skunk River, Batty, Jim and myself were fishing for channel catfish. It was one of those intensely dark nights, and as luck would have it, we had forgotten to bring a lantern. As we had out about thirty short set poles and lines along the river, and aimed to make the rounds of the lines about every hour to rebait and take off fish, we had to devise some means for a light by which to follow the winding path along the banks of the stream. The long-handled frying pan with a little lard in it and a piece of rag for a wick was the best we could do for a light. With this light we could see about 3ft. ahead, but beyond that distance the darkness was even denser than without the light.

We had made the trip to the last line and were returning, very slowly picking our way through the brush. Batty was ahead with our improvised torch, I followed carrying the fish. Suddenly the light disappeared, leaving me in total darkness; there was a loud rustling of brush, a blood-curdling scream which caused every individual hair on my head to stand on end, a loud splash in the water somewhere below me, followed in a few seconds by a "waugh, waugh," and a great snorting and commotion in the water somewhere down there in the inky darkness. "John! John! where are you?" came the scared and trembling voice of Batty from the murky waters below. "Here!" said I, and then came sounds of a person swimming. Batty had walked off the bank of the river, taken a headlong plunge into the cold water about 12ft. below, lost the frying pan and his hat, and on coming to the surface was so scared and bewildered in the darkness that he did not know in which direction to find land until I had answered his frightened call. Left in total darkness I could render him no aid, as I was fearful of taking a plunge after him, and that I did not care to do under the circumstances. However, Batty got hold of some drooping grape vines and finally scrambled back to terra firma again. How Batty's teeth chattered and his voice trembled as he explained his sudden departure, and how I did laugh when I found he was not injured, Batty put in the rest of that night drying himself before the camp-fire.

The next morning we found that Batty had fallen between two partly submerged logs which were but a few feet apart. We shuddered as we thought what might have been the result of our accident. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

NEVADA. IOWA.

The Kennel.

PICTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 20 to 23—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummins, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. —Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

THE CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

(Following is the remainder of the report of the Chicago show, which reached us too late for publication last week.)

FOXHOUNDS—Big Strive, first in open dogs, is well known. Loud, second, loses to him in head and quarters. Veracity, first in open bitches, did not show such good type as Pearl, second; the last-named has much the better front and loin. English foxhounds, only one entry, Friendly, looking well.

Pointers were a very fair lot. In heavy-weight challenge dogs Moulton Banner was alone, and Josie Bracket was the only entry in challenge bitches. In open dogs Furlough Mike, more than closely pressed by Roswell, won; both are well known. Dad, third, has a medium head, good shoulders and body. Sport, the Detroit win-

ner, got R. here; his coarse type and loaded shoulders will always be a heavy handicap. In corresponding bitch class first went to Devonshire Jennie, a nice stamp of bitch, with good type of head, good front and quarters. Alice Leslie, second, lost to the winner in head. In the light-weight division the well-known Ridgeview Comet was alone in challenge dogs, and Miss Rumor was the same in the corresponding bitch class; both looked well and were set down in capital condition. The open class had four entries, two of which were absent. Chancellor, first, handily disposed of Young America, second, who lost to him in head and back. In the corresponding bitch class there were eleven entries, all of good quality. Devonshire Pearl first, Faustina second, Brighton Lucy third, and Brighton Flossie fourth, was the order, and the class was well placed. The winner showed much the better type and quality.

English setters were headed by Cactus and Maid Marion, each alone in their respective challenge class. In open dogs Sheldon repeated his Detroit win of the previous week, and carried off first honors, with his kennel companion, Albert's Ranger, second, and Rodfield third. All are well known. Rodfield loses in head and coat to the others. The open bitch class was also a good one. Albert's Moll, first, was second at Detroit; she showed better here, and is quite a good sort of bitch. Susie, second, lost a trifle in head, but she has good front and shoulders. Bess, third, deserved her place.

There was a falling off in Irish setters. Finglas was alone in challenge dogs. He looked well. In corresponding bitch class, Bessie Finmore handily disposed of Lady May Swiveller, who lost to her in head, body, legs and feet. Open dogs was a strong class headed by Lord Elcho, Jr., first, a good dog with nice head, coat and body. Chief Red Cloud, second, beats Shamrock Bruce, third, in head and body. In corresponding bitch class Pride's Beauty, a nice bodied, good moving bitch, won. Her head is of good quality and she stands on good legs and feet. Lady Finglas, second, loses a little in head, but is of good quality.

Gordon setters were well represented. In challenge dogs Heather Lad rightly beat ch. Rexmont, an old timer. Both were in good condition. Four entries in challenge bitches, first going to Dwight Pearl and reserve to Highland Yola. In open dogs Highland Kennels won with Highland Boy, a nice bodied, good moving dog with a fair head and good body. Gip, second, lost to the winner in head and quarters. Forest Leo, third, was closely pressed by Pilot of Loraine. Wang Ivanhoe, reserve, should have been higher in the class; he has a better type of head than any of the others and stands on better legs and feet. In corresponding bitch class Lawn Hazel, first, is a nice bitch, with good head and body; she was shown in first-class condition and well deserved her win. Highland Leola, second, is a good one, but lacks the winner's type and quality.

Spaniels were out in force, especially in cockers. Drayton Warwick was alone in challenge dogs over 28lbs. He looked in the pink of condition and improves as he grows older, losing much of the coarseness in head he formerly had. In corresponding bitch class Drayton the Shrew easily disposed of Daisy Dean, second. In open dogs Endcliffe Ben, a promising youngster, was also an easy winner, with Endcliffe Ebony second. In the challenge class for cockers Picpania was the only entry except Black Duke, who was entered to compete for specials only. Open dogs was a strong class, first going to last year's winner, Governor, who has gone a trifle thick in head, but has a nice cobby body and good front. Viscount, the Detroit winner, was second, and Willie Silk third; both are mentioned in my Detroit report. In corresponding bitch class Lady Clipper won with a bit to spare from Woodland Finette, second. Dot Obo, third, might have changed places with Woodland Minnie, reserve. Marguerite, the Irish water spaniel, won the cup for best sporting spaniel.

Collies were also a first-class entry. Sefton Hero, looking well, was alone in challenge dogs. In corresponding bitch class Charlton Phyllis turned the tables on her Detroit conqueror. In open dogs Rufford Ormonde was an easy winner, with Robin Gray second and Cragston Dollar third. The winner looked well, but was beaten later by Sefton Hero for the special prize for the best collie. In corresponding bitch class Cragston Thistle won, with Cragston Blue Ruin third. The winner was shown in good condition.

Bull dogs were very poor, only three being shown. In challenge class for both sexes and in open class for heavy-weight dogs there were no entries. In the open bitch class Sally Brass II. was alone; she is a fair specimen, shown in good condition. Rowdy Ruffian won in light-weight dogs; a good little dog, quite high enough on his legs, too straight in front, has a large skull, with well defined stop and plenty of substance; his hair needs attention. The well-known Eli Yale was the only puppy; this is a dog showing great improvement, and with age will make a good light-weight one.

Bull terriers were a good entry, in quality much better than last year. Brindles were out in force and seemed to have a following of their own. It is a question of importance to be considered whether this type should be encouraged, for with their battle-scarred faces, showing too well the brutality of their calling, alongside their white and by far more typical brethren, they made a very poor showing, and one that did not appeal in any way to the public. We did not hear of any sales in the brindle variety, while in the others the demand was keen and many sold. Champions Cardonna and Starlight were alone in their respective classes, both looked in first-class condition. In open dogs, Masterpiece, first, and Victor, second, was the order, thus reversing the decisions at Detroit and New York. The first named was shown in much higher flesh than at Detroit, still it looked as if Victor should have won. He has the better head and body. The winner is too long in body, has more bone, but carries his stern too gay. Aspiration, third, has thickened considerably in head. In corresponding bitch class there was again a reversal of awards, Merle Goddess winning over Greenhill Empress. The winner was protested for deafness, but the protest was not sustained. It is now a question for the A. K. C. to determine what constitutes a deaf dog, and a decision should be given without any delay. Both were looking well, the winner scoring in front and sharpness of back. I rather liked Greenhill Empress's head best, although a bit doggy; she is a bit loaded in shoulders, but was shown as hard as nails, while the Goddess was too soft. Sweet-

ness, third, although a fair sort, was quite outclassed in this hot company. In the light-weight division, Peddler Palmer rightly won, scoring over Rookery Boy in body, bone and condition. The last named has the better head and eye, but loses in bull terrier character. In corresponding bitch class Fleetwood Belle won; she was well shown, but looked a bit over weight. Her face is weak, she has a long back and is coarse in stern. Edgewood Lady, second, was shown in bad condition, being very thin. When shown in good shape she will take some beating. Masterpiece won handily in the puppy class for dogs, and Edgewood Lady in the corresponding bitch class. The novice class was well filled, but Greenhill Empress handily beat her kennel companion Masterpiece.

Fox terriers were strong in numbers and quality. Ripon Stormer was alone in challenge dogs and Grouse II. in challenge bitches. In open dogs Dudley Stroller, first, won at New York. Here he met and defeated his last week's conqueror, Prisoner, who had to be content with reserve. Seldon Strebtor, second, is a good stamp of dog, but showed badly. Blemton Firebrand has a fair head and medium coat. Prisoner, reserve, should have been higher up. When these classes were judged the light was bad and this may account for Prisoner not being higher up. Dudley Stroller also won the special for best smooth terrier in the show.

The other classes not mentioned were well filled throughout, but time forbids a more extended criticism. RUSTIC.

The St. Louis Bench Show.

THE judges were as follows:

St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs, Miss Anna H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.

Massiffs, Mr. Arthur Trickett, Little Rock, Ark.

Pointers and setters, Mr. P. H. Bryson, St. Louis, Mo.

Deerhounds, wolfhounds, greyhounds and foxhounds Mr. Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.

All other breeds, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Rustic Beauty. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, A. Froembling's American Caesar; 3d, Ashland Kennels' Safford. R., Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. A. Pratt's La Princesse and Princess Eulalie; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, G. A. Morris, Jr.'s, Nap; 2d, C. Stahlia's Major H. R. R. Dill's Capt. Kidd. Bitches: 1st, Alfretta Kirby's Flora; 2d, J. Enslin, Jr.'s, Cleopatra. —NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, H. B. McIntyre's Major; 2d, P. C. Scanlan's Hector XXVII. R., G. A. Morris, Jr.'s, Nap. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Pratt's Princess Eulalie; 2d, C. W. Daniels's Lady Refuge. —SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's champion Melrose. Bitches: 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Pratt's Belle. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch; 2d, G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King; 3d, A. C. Shallenberger's Melkyrie. R., Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol; 2d, C. A. Pratt's Judith's Rachel; 3d, A. C. Shallenberger's Melba. —NOVICE—2d, G. A. Lee & Son's Fernwood King.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Bunn's Marquis. Bitches: 1st, C. E. Bunn's Sinaloa. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, C. E. Bunn's Leamington, Rossington and Balderman. R., G. W. Hersman, Jr.'s, Duke Alexis. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, C. E. Bunn's Rowena, Fandango and Cherry Elliott. —NOVICE—1st and 2d, C. E. Bunn's Rossington and Cherry Elliott. R., Miss E. Henderson's Sioux. Puppies: 1st, C. E. Bunn's Thistle; 2d, H. Gaus's Paddin; 3d, Dr. C. W. Schaub's Dan.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, R. D. Williams's Jack Shepard. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, S. B. Christy's Brough; 2d, Wormwood & Eberhart's Sir Victor. Bitches: 1st, S. B. Christy's Layswood Chorus; 2d, Alta Kennels' Queen of the West. Puppies: 1st, R. D. Williams's Robin Hood. —NOVICE—1st, S. B. Christy's Layswood Chorus; 2d, Wormwood & Eberhart's Sir Victor.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, P. S. Shufeldt's Osceola Voltaire; 2d, Kansas City Kennels' Prince Victor; 3d, Orchard Kennels' Osceola Boy. R., R. W. Marks's Nero. Bitches: 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Katsie; 2d, Dr. J. W. Heitz's Hazel Kirke; 3d, Orchard Kennels' Ionia. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Orchard Kennels' O'Trily and O'Queen. R., Variety Park Breeding Co.'s King Henry. —NOVICE—1st, Dr. J. W. Heitz's Hazel Kirke; 2d, R. W. Marks's Nero. R., Variety Park Breeding Co.'s King Henry.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and 2d, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson's Duke II. and Bessie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson's Princess Maud and Lady Grace.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—Dogs: 1st, G. S. Keasby's Optimist.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, W. Griscom's Norma.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Southern Rhymes. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. C. Carpenter's Monk Bishop and Rome Marble; 3d, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick. Bitches: 1st, Robinson & Peyton's Pearl; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 3d, A. C. Carpenter's Maid Marion. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Robinson & Peyton's Mystic Maid and Magician.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Commodore. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. J. Hagan's Big Strive; 2d, C. A. Lyle's Rough; 3d, A. B. Whitlock's Price. Bitches: 1st, J. Gibbs's Veracity; 2d, F. J. Hagan's Pearl.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 2d, A. B. Whitlock's Mack. Bitches: 1st and 2d, A. B. Whitlock's Hazel and Mary.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket. —OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 2d, J. C. Bergen's Prince's Lad; 3d, E. S. Brink's Spat. R., R. B. Morgan's Lee M. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie. —CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. R., B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Miss Rumor. —OPEN—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Blue Dick; 2d, G. J. Gould's Chancellor; 3d, M. L. Voorhees's Sedalia Wid. R., H. L. Jones's Young American. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl; 2d, R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 3d, J. S. Crane's Wamudska. R., W. M. Faribault's Leslie. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, A. Graeber's Ben III; 2d, R. Gaerner's Roxie. —NOVICE—Equal 1st, E. B. Wolf's Dick W. and R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 2d, A. Graeber's Ben III R., H. L. Jones's Young American.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. Pope's Cactus. Bitches: 1st, J. Breu's Maid Marion. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 2d, J. T. Williams's Noble Lit; 3d, F. J. Bock's Dan O'Light. R., J. Men it's Washenow Grouse. Bitches: 1st, Dr. E. H. Kessler's Minnie K; 2d, B. M. Stephenson's Meg. Corsair; 3d, J. W. Scudder's Sis Fink. R., F. E. Fisher's Nellie Breeze. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. J. Dienst's Duke; 2d, J. W. Holmes's Run. Bitches: 1st, J. T. Williams's Arlena Gladstone; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Ruby Taylor. —NOVICE—1st, J. A. Graham's Miss Jinnie; 2d, W. B. Carr's Cinnalette.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Eakin's Bessie Finmore. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare Mall; 2d, W. Griffith's Mont; 3d, A. V. Minegrod's Tearaway II. R., A. Kodat's Kodat's Jack. Bitches: 1st, A. Von Gotzhausen's Lady Rozalia; 2d, Muckross Kennel's Rosamond; 3d, W. Griffith's Flora. R., W. Hart's Hart's Bessie. Puppies: 1st, T. J. Kelley's Queen K. —NOVICE—1st, A. Von Gotzhausen's Lady Finglas; 2d, W. F. Mayhew's Ross.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. Bitches: 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Yola. R., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Pearl. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, O. Schaffer's Wang Ivanhoe; 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy; 3d, B. W. Andrews's Gyp. R., H. B. Tyler's Top. Bitches: 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Leola; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Bee; 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Maria. —NOVICE—1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Leola; 2d, R. Schmidt's Don's Libbie. R., H. B. Tyler's Top.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Com. G. C. Reider's Echo SPANIELS.—ALL BREDS (over 28lbs.)—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK (over 28lbs.)—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben; 2d, J. E. Fleming's Black Duffy. Bitches: 1st, M. A. Vitt's Scandal. Puppies: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Ben.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK OR LIVER—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st, Concord Cocker Spaniels' Pickpania. —ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, G. Greer's Bambo. —OPEN—BLACK—Dogs (not over 28lbs.): 1st, A. F. Knowlson's Guy Silk; 2d, C. G. King's Governor. R., B. F. Lewis's Willie Silk. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. Douglas's Woodland Min-

nie and Woodland Dutchess. R., J. Wagner's Miss Ginger.—RED OR LIVER—Dogs: 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III. R., B. J. Rse's Red Duke. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Hebe.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, C. P. Wright's Brown Lad; 2d, G. Douglas's Woodland Trilby. Puppies: 1st, G. Douglas's Mirkwood; 2d, Mrs. H. B. Calkins's Michigan Joe.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Macgregor.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, T. W. Mills's Willy Reilly; 2d, C. B. Rodes's Mick Muldoon. Bitches: 1st, T. W. Mills's Nora O'Donohue.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Sefton Hero. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Charlton Phyllis. R., S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Rufford Ormonde and Robin Gray; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde. R., G. D. McLaughlin's Blizzard. Bitches: 1st and R., J. P. Morgan's Happy Ending and Cragston Thistle; 2d, R. P. Slattery's Laura II.; 3d, S. B. Stannard's Dorothea.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, S. B. Stannard's Stroller; 2d, H. H. Diddlebock's Prince Brownie. Bitches: 1st, S. B. Stannard's Sister Sue. R., J. J. Ryan's Queen May.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Ormonde; 2d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Donald. R., S. B. Stannard's Inspiration. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Morgan's Happy Ending; 2d, R. P. Slattery's Laura II. R., S. B. Stannard's Dorothea.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.—1st, J. P. Morgan's Herdsman II.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—CURLY OR FRENCH—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah. R., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Diamond.—OPEN—BLACK—CORDED OR RUSSIAN—Dogs: 1st, M. E. Sorg's Hector; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Ponce de Leon. R., J. Kunkel's Alii.—CURLY OR FRENCH—Dogs: 1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Flat; 2d, Louisa Finlay's Francois. Bitches: 1st, 2d and R., Morey Kennels' Morey Leah, Snowball and Coquette.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Jocko; 2d, Miss Ruth Sterling's Pierrot. R., Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cherry.

BULL DOGS.—Bitches (over 40lbs.): 1st, T. W. Mills's Sallie Grass II. Dogs (under 45): 1st, T. H. Webb's Rowdy Ruffian; 2d, A. C. Ledyard's Eli Yale. Bitches (under 40lbs.): 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lorna Boone. Puppies: 1st, A. C. Ledyard's Eli Yale.—NOVICE—1st, T. H. Webb's Rowdy Ruffian; 2d, A. C. Ledyard's Eli Yale.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. R. Huidekoper's champion Cordona. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight.—OPEN—Dogs (30lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Victor and Masterpiece; 3d, Dr. A. V. L. Brokaw's Sir Jack. Bitches (30lbs. and over): 1st, H. Thompson's Merle Goddess; 2d, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 3d, W. B. Cadwallader's Edgewood Flossie. R., I. W. Rosenstein's Sweetness. Dogs (under 30lbs.): 1st, F. F. Dole's Pedlar Palmer. Bitches (under 30lbs.): 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Empress and Edgewood Lady; 3d, H. C. January's Edgewood Pearl. Puppies: 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Masterpiece and Edgewood Lady. R., W. H. Hanschulte's Bob.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Masterpiece and Greenhill Empress. R., I. W. Rosenstein's Sweetness.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs (25 to 35lbs.): 1st, Donnybrook Kennels' Jem Mace; 2d, S. B. Stannard's Bruiser. Bitches (15 to 25lbs.): 1st, B. Pape's Spider.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, S. B. Stannard's Bruiser and Nellie.

DACHSHUNDE.—Dogs: 1st and R., Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck and Prof. Puck; 2d, A. Froembling's Blitz. Bitches: 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d and R., B. Froembling's Bonnie and Penni-Reinecke. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck and Venlo Squaw.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Squaw and Prof. Puck.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely.—OPEN—Dogs (over 13in.): 1st, J. Lewis's Reflier. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis's Spinaway. Dogs (13in. and under): 1st, E. Beue's King. Bitches: 1st, R. Fyfe's Girl II.; 2d, E. Beue's Queen. Puppies: 1st, R. Fyfe's Girl II.; 2d, J. Lewis's Cherry Boy. R., J. M. Nelson, Jr.'s, Bat.—NOVICE—1st, J. G. Teschemacher's Newton Spot; 2d, J. Lewis's Cherry Boy.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. H. Bowersock's Ripon Stormer. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Grouse II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. Horn's Prisoner; 2d, Ewald & Lackman's Hillside Domo. R., I. W. Rosenstein's Seldon Strebor. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter and Lady; 2d, W. Lemonnier's Richmond Victory. R., F. W. D. Evelyn's Langtry D.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Jester; 2d, O. E. Bunn's Mr. Coleman. R., L. E. Anderson's Dinks A. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Dudley Saunter; 2d, Ewald & Lackman's Letitia. R., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Daisy.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, B. Horn's Prisoner; 2d, Ewald & Lackman's Gen. Grant. Bitches: 2d, T. Ryan's Tipsey. R., L. E. Anderson's Dolly A.—WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribbage. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fidget.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Brick and Endcliffe Nailor. R., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trick. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Brunette and Bushey Bramble. R., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset. Puppies: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Teaser.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs's Best. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessala III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Blazer; 2d, Dr. W. C. Cushman's Boomellin. R., A. K. Kaime's Blue Ribbon Jack. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Maggie; 2d, J. McGinnis's Lady O'Neil. R., J. W. Garrison's Briggs's Breeze.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. McDonald's Merry Cole.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, R. McDonald's Ooloo.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Kennedy's Rhodes Orme; 2d, C. Wilson's Chicago Spider. R., E. Mack's Perfecta. Bitches: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, C. Wilson's Chicago Maiden. R., J. Cole's Rosette.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mr. James's Hard Tack. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Hornet; 2d, J. Hopkinson's Peach Grove Bluebill.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lethian Judy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, N. W. Ewing's Rex. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Dunnell's Kelsa Lass.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Rompaway.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Shinn's Bessie.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford, Jr. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Tuttle Tottie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. S. Oliver's Brown; 2d, L. Cullen's Prince. R., Mrs. W. Hutchinson's Duke of Gainsborough. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Mrs. W. Hutchinson's Judy and Princess Violet. R., C. E. Kehrman's Beatrice.—NOVICE—1st, L. Cullen's Chelsea King; 2d, Mrs. W. Hutchinson's Princess Violet. R., C. E. Kehrman's Beatrice.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—Dogs (under 7lbs.): 1st, E. D. Parker's Juan El Chico; 2d, J. M. Nelson, Jr.'s, Chico. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. H. & Mrs. Moore's Doty Dimple and Topsy Bird. R., Mrs. G. H. Steinberg's Nellie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, T. A. Howard's Al Von. R., Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: T. A. Howard's Hooker.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield; 2d, S. H. Slifer & Son's Ardy D.; 3d, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Dong. R., Miss W. G. Britton's Bradford Marvel. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Rookery Kennels' Princess Madge and Queen Madge; 3d, S. H. Slifer & Son's Lady Clover II. R., F. W. Puderer's Drummer Grace.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Lord Sheffield; 2d, S. H. Slifer & Son's Ardy D. R., Ravenswood Pug Kennels' Drummer Lad. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Rookery Kennels' Queen Madge and Countess Madge. R., T. A. Howard's Jane Hooker.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Alta Kennels' Little Billee; 2d, W. A. Swasey's Trouble. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. L. Schneider's Nellie.

BLLENHEIM SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Cole's Bobbie Burns; 2d and R., G. H. & Mrs. Moore's Dandy and King of Diamonds. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. H. & Mrs. Moore's Omaha Beauty and Ruby II. R., H. Pearson's Consuela.

RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, Alta Kennels' Baby Bowsie.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blaver and Bluster.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Fee Dee; 2d, J. Lewis's Spring. R., Mrs. A. Fitzpatrick's Boy. Bitches: 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Valenza; 2d, Mrs. Kate Taylor's Reta. R., J. Lewis's Sprite.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, R. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly; 2d, Miss Grace Thompson's Beauveaul. R., J. Carver's Ben.—NOT OVER 25LBS.—1st, Miss Edna Bizantz's Mopsy; 2d, Mrs. S. M. Parker's Chiquitta.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, L. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star and Blinkbonny.

The lovers of beagles and the merry sport afield which their powers afford will find in our advertising columns information of opportunities to purchase which are seldom offered. Mr. H. L. Kreuder has an entire pack placed in his charge for sale.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. George P. Finnigan has recently imported a pair of bloodhounds from the kennels of Edwin Brough, England.

In our report of the Continental Field Trials Club's meeting, published last week, the list of officers given was incorrect in that Major J. M. Taylor was elected president.

The Mohawk Kennel Club has decided to change its dates so as to avoid conflicting with those of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. They have not yet decided whether to take April 25 to 29 or April 27 to 30.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club has invited Messrs. Mason, Taylor and Mortimer to judge at its forthcoming show.

The Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual international dog show is to be held at the city of Toronto, Canada, Sept. 7 to 11.

The Seattle Kennel Club will hold their third annual bench show for four consecutive days, beginning May 13. Mr. Jas. Mortimer will judge.

Yachting.

The Sportsmen's Exhibition.

The nautical exhibits at Madison Square Garden this year afford but a meager representation of the interest of American sportsmen in yachting, canoeing and boating; and this portion of the show is still very far from attaining the prominence which it deserves. London is able to support a yearly exhibition of yachting appliances alone, and even though the same may not be possible in New York, the exhibit of yachts, boats and yachting appliances as a part of the Sportsmen's Exhibition should be very much larger and more important. That yachts and boats figure to any extent at all this year is due mainly to the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co., a branch of A. G. Spalding & Bros. Last year this latter firm made a very extensive and elaborate display of sporting and athletic goods of all kinds; but this season they have given preference to the boatbuilding branch of the business, and their entire space is devoted to boats. At the head of the main aisle, on the east end of the hall, they have a raised platform 60ft. by 12ft., carpeted and furnished with comfortable chairs and couches in the center, while around the sides are displayed a number of boats. The central point of the exhibit, if not of the entire show, is a duplicate of Ethelwynn, shown fully rigged and with sails set, and naturally attracting attention. It is a question which had the greatest number of



DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY.

admirers, the boat or the Indian baby in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit a few yards away; but these two were the belles of the show, attracting the ladies as well as the men.

The yacht is a beautiful piece of workmanship, the outer skin of Spanish cedar highly finished, the bottom below water being covered with a light green enamel, while the topsides are varnished. The deck is covered with canvas and painted with white enamel. The yacht is mounted on trestles about 6ft. high, so that the centerboard of 4 1/2 in. Tobin bronze could be shown in position, and though a ladder was provided for those who wished to inspect the deck and well much of the good work on the hull was invisible. The interior of the compartments is quite as finely finished in its way as the outside, a very elaborate system of light bracing from the frames and keel to the deck beams being used, so as to thoroughly stiffen the entire hull. The well is 3ft. wide (narrower than in Ethelwynn) with mahogany coaming and hatches. The mast is one of Young's hollow spars, but with a new railway devised by the builders, a tube being let into the after side of mast. The boom is hollow, made by the builders. The total sail area provided for by the spars is 232sq. ft., 193 in mainsail and 39 in jib. The mast has a slight rake. The rigging of phosphor bronze wire rope, is especially neat and shipshape; the shrouds are set up with deadeyes and lanyards, and the blocks, specially made, are well proportioned and of excellent finish. The mainsail, a leg o' mutton, is set with a single part of wire rope, using the spring goose-neck for the boom. The jib is set with a single halyard, a wire rope outhaul with jib being used for the tack. The workmanship and finish on both hull and rigging is of the highest class. As stated last week, the yacht has been sold to Herbert Jennings, of Southport, Conn., who will name her "Two Step."

On the platform beside her are shown two yacht tenders, one of 9ft. length by 3ft. 10in. beam, designed by W. P. Stephens, a very compact and able little boat, with a flat floor, full, round lines and a straight sheer, being intended to lie as snugly as possible when turned over on the deck of a small yacht. The other is a similar boat 10ft. long and 4ft. 2in. wide. Both are strongly but lightly built and well finished.

Two canoes are shown, both of the open Canadian type, and built of Spanish cedar, with hollow and round joint. One is the ordinary model, with both ends practically the same. The other was designed by her owner, W. C. Brown, of New York, an old canoeist and yachtsman. The bow is much longer and fier than usual in this type of boat, although the lines are by no means hollow; the run is fuller than usual, to carry the weights of the two paddlers when seated in their proper positions. The thwarts are placed at an angle instead of being level, as in the old canoes, making them more comfortable for the paddlers. The canoe has two light paddles of Washington cedar with spoon blades of a novel pattern, not like the so-called "spoon oar," but actually hollowed like a spoon.

The old specialty of the firm, the St. Lawrence River skiff, is represented by a 17ft. boat, lapstrake, and fitted with sail, folding centerboard and two armchairs on the thwarts.

One of the interesting features of the exhibit is a yacht's cutter or "market boat," designed by W. P. Stephens for the schooner Ariel, G. H. B. Hill. She is intended for the use of the crew in service between the yacht and the shore, to carry a good load and to stand the hard usage that such a boat is likely to receive at times. The length is 17ft. 6in., beam 4ft. 6in., depth amidships from rabbet to gunwale 1ft. 11in. The keel is rockered at both ends, instead of being straight, as is usually the case in this class of boat; and, on the other hand, the gunwale is very nearly straight, the deep waist leaving very little of the customary sheer. While the ends are fairly high, the middle is much higher than usual, giving a stiff and able boat when loaded and in a cross sea, a good height of thwart, allowing room for the rower's legs and plenty of height for the oars to clear the knees, even when loaded deep and in rough water. The ends are full and buoyant, all the lines being round, as in the small sailing craft. The boat is built on a bent keel, the scag being outside the keel entirely. The thwarts are kneed in a peculiar way, the ordinary double or single knees on top of the thwarts being

replaced by a single piece which runs down to the bilge, stiffening the whole side of the boat. The bottom is stiffened by two strips of oak, running the full length of the floor and projecting in, above the floorboards, to take the strain of any heavy stuff, such as ice, boxes or barrels. The boat has a strong, wholesome and serviceable look, and promises to be a success. Those familiar with the regulation yacht's boat will probably object to the full lines and absence of sheer, as well as other features, but there is a reason for each of these points that use will justify.

Near to the main exhibit the company have a large tank for the Layman pneumatic boats, a never-failing source of amusement to every one, a victim now and then getting a ducking through the kindly offices of some zealous friend who offers to assist him into one.



SPALDING'S PNEUMATIC BOAT EXHIBIT.

The naphtha or gasoline craft were represented this year by only two boats, one being a 21ft. lapstrake shown by the Daimler Motor Co. with one of their improved motors. The engine is small and compact, fitting in a square box nearly amidships, without a smokestack. The boat was well built, and altogether a handy and shipslike little craft.

The new Hirsh motor was exhibited in a 25ft. launch of good construction, but of indifferent model; the motor and general arrangement of the boat attracting much attention. This motor has two horizontal cylinders lying thwartship on each side of a central casting, the engine being of the explosive type requires a fly wheel, which is of small diameter, with a heavy rim, the whole mechanism being located under a wide thwart near the center of the boat. No engine or stack is visible, merely the usual seats around the sides and stern and an extra thwart amidships, the top of the box which surrounds the engine. The naphtha is carried in the usual bow tank, and a small charge is exploded as required in each cylinder, there being no boiler and no flame. The exhaust is located below water on each side of the sternpost, there being, it is claimed, no odor of naphtha whatever. The engine is started by turning a crank on the fore side of the box. The controlling mechanism, for starting, stopping, changing speed and reversing, is directly beside the wheel, in the bows, the helmsman having the engine under complete control. The motor, which is manufactured by the De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine Co., has just been placed on the market, a number of boats being now under construction. In addition to the very compact and convenient disposition of the machinery, which is at once evident to the eye, it is claimed that there is no noise, smoke nor smell, and that the fuel consumption is remarkably small, while the machinery is strong, simple and very easily operated without special skill.

An interesting novelty in the way of a power propeller is the Allen portable electric propeller. A curved tube of metal is hung by a swivel joint to the stern of the boat or canoe, the inboard end being short and forming a tiller, while the outboard end, 3ft. long or so, curves down under the water. A small electric motor is fitted just over the swivel, a flexible shaft operating a wheel on the end of the tube. Forward of the wheel is a metal fin, serving as a rudder. The battery may be located in any convenient part of the boat, a primary battery of sixteen cells, weighing altogether 10 1/2 lbs., being furnished, though other batteries may be used. The propeller can be turned in any direction or even swung inboard for inspection or for clearing in case of fouling. It propels the boat at a speed of three to five miles per hour. The entire apparatus may be unshipped and stowed away or transferred to another boat. It is fitted to boats of 10 to 18ft. length.

The Mullin Boat Co. had four of their metal boats on exhibition, two rowboats and two ducking boats, of aluminum and of manganese bronze which are described in another column.

Another novelty was the Ogden bicycle boat, a craft of skipjack model fitted with two sets of cranks, sprocket wheels and steering handles, like a bicycle, by which two men operated a small propeller. There was much room for improvement in the model and construction of the boat and especially in the gearing, which was very heavy and clumsy if judged by the average bicycle construction, to which it is closely akin. No idea of the capabilities of the invention could be formed from a mere inspection of the boat and gear on land.

A very odd craft was the Heather folding canvas boat, for hunting and fishing, exhibited by H. C. Squires. The frame was made up of rectangular sections of light hickory rods, six in all, hinged together, with a removable canvas cover containing air chambers and also pockets for hunting appliances. There was no pretension to model, the after part of the boat being but a rectangular box with square end, while the bow was a wedge with straight sides and flat bottom. The boat is claimed to be safe, buoyant and easily propelled by two very short spoon paddles with loops on the ends of the handles, into which the arms were thrust. The whole structure folded into a package small enough to be carried on the back.

Model yachting was represented only by two craft, in the Outing exhibit; the model yacht Myrtle, designed by H. C. Wintringham and built by H. C. Fisher, shown last year; and a new craft, Henrietta, de-



A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

signed and built by J. D. Casey. This boat, the rig of which was very well finished, though the hull work was rather rough, was fitted with a bulb-fin all of brass, the bulb being made of two brass cones with their bases joined. The fin was made of two flat plates of brass, between which a third plate was so fitted as to slide out aft, thus enlarging the area of the fin and moving the center of lateral resistance as far aft as desirable.

The only exhibit of yacht models was made by the Rudder, which showed two of T. R. Webb's best sloops, Dragon and Madrine, merely rough working half models, with no pretensions to finish. There was also shown a completely rigged model of the prize 15-footer designed by C. G. Davis, a craft of the Question type, but with some new features. The rudder extends far below the scag, the fore edge being vertical; but it can be lifted for shoal water or in case of fouling. While Question had no cockpit, this boat has two, one forward of the rudder for the helmsman, and one directly abaft the mast for the crew, the halliards and sheets being all led to it. The rig is the boom

and gaff, with a high peak and a jib of moderate area. Two complete models of exceptionally fine finish, the work of Gustave Grahm, the yacht model maker, were also shown here, both representing designs by C. D. Mosher. The smaller was for a boat of the general type of Vamoose, but with twin screws. Her dimensions are: Length over all 100ft., beam 11ft., draft 4ft. She is intended for a speed of thirty-five miles per hour, the hull to be of nickel-aluminum, with two sets of quadruple expansion engines of 2,000 H. P., and two Mosher boilers. The plans show an unusual amount of accommodation for a yacht of this class, the main saloon being 12ft. long, with owner's stateroom, toilet, large galley with ice chest, electric light plant, etc. The other model represented a larger and more elaborate craft, a high-speed cruising yacht of 200ft. over all, 180ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, and 8ft. draft, with twin screws, two oval funnels and schooner rig. The topsides were very handsome in appearance, and the lines of the underwater body were very pleasing to the eye, there being an easy roundness and fullness everywhere, with no hollow-ground bow and its accompanying humps, but a perfect fairness in all parts. The stern was a modification of the "hour glass" type, a concave bottom over the two screws, just resting on the water, the superstructure being hollowed out and spreading into a well-shaped counter at the deck. As showing the finish of these two models, which were complete in every detail of fitting, the boats at the davits, 2 to 3in. long, were all timbered, and in one case actually built of separate planks riveted to the timbers.

In the Loan and Trophy Exhibit, in the Concert Hall, were shown the cups won by Niagara, Mr. Howard Gould's 20-rater, last fall. One of the most painful sights of the entire Exhibition was an alleged model of Defender in silver, sailing on a stormy sea. When accurately and carefully made to scale from the drawings, and technically correct, these metal models are so thoroughly unreal and inartistic as to be anything but a source of pleasure to one familiar with yachts. The model in the present case looked as though it might have been made by some woodsman who had never seen a yacht, but had worked by copying the pictures in a Western paper. There may be a demand for art work of this kind, but certainly not from yachtsmen.

During the week many yachtsmen visited the Garden and examined with interest everything of a nautical nature; but, it may be said, in many cases with little satisfaction. This annual exposition offers opportunities which designers and builders throughout the country might avail themselves of to advantage; and we hope that they will do so in the future. Everything in the form of a yacht or boat is certain to attract attention, and from men who are regular followers of the sport and presumably purchasers. The few firms who have taken the trouble to exhibit this year will probably reap good returns from their efforts.

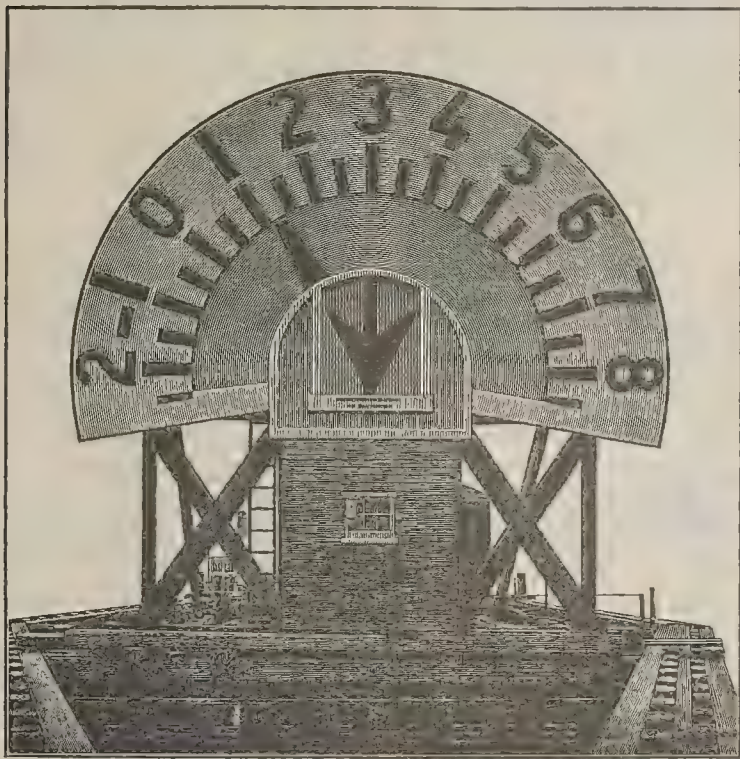
Tidal Indicators.

For several years past the attention of casual travelers by boat about New York harbor has been attracted by a curious signboard facing the Narrows, on the shore just by Fort Hamilton. A description of a duplicate of this odd and useful contrivance is given in a recent number of "Notice to Mariners," published by the Coast and Geodetic Survey, as follows:

The position of the tidal indicator established Jan. 1, 1896, on the northern end of the ice breaker at Reedy Island Quarantine Station is shown on the charts.

The indicator appears as a large semicircle painted white, and faces up stream. The inner edge of the semicircle is divided into spaces by heavy black lines representing feet and half feet. The longer of these division lines are numbered by figures in black.

A pointer, actuated by the rise and fall of the tide, turning about the center of the circle, sweeps along the inner edge of the graduations and indicates, at any moment, the number of feet of water above or below the plane of reference (mean low water) to which soundings



GOVERNMENT TIDAL INDICATOR.

on the charts are reduced. The minus sign shown near the left edge of the indicator indicates the number of feet below the plane of reference.

An arrowhead, placed in the center of the disk, is made to point up while the tide is rising and down while it is falling. A glance at the indicator will enable the navigator to tell the height of the tide, whether above or below mean low water, and whether it be rising or falling.

The division lines, figures, pointer and arrowhead can readily be seen at the distance of about a mile with the aid of an ordinary marine glass.

The ebb and flood currents in the vicinity continue to flow for quite a period after the water has begun to rise or fall. The arrowhead indicates whether the water is actually rising or falling, regardless of the direction in which the current may be running at the time.

The tide tables, published annually by this office, give the times and heights of the tides for each day, but these may be greatly modified by meteorological disturbances that can not be foreseen and cannot enter as elements in the calculation of the tables. The predictions taken from the tide tables may not, therefore, represent the actual condition of the tides. The tidal indicator, however, shows the actual state of the tide at all times.

Outward bound vessels, when about a mile above, should be able to read the indicator with the aid of an ordinary marine glass, observe the stage of tide and note whether it be rising or falling.

Should it be found that a vessel is too deeply laden to cross Baker Shoal at the stage of tide indicated, she will have sufficient time to anchor before the indicator is reached, and be in a position from which it may be watched until it shows that the shoal may be safely passed.

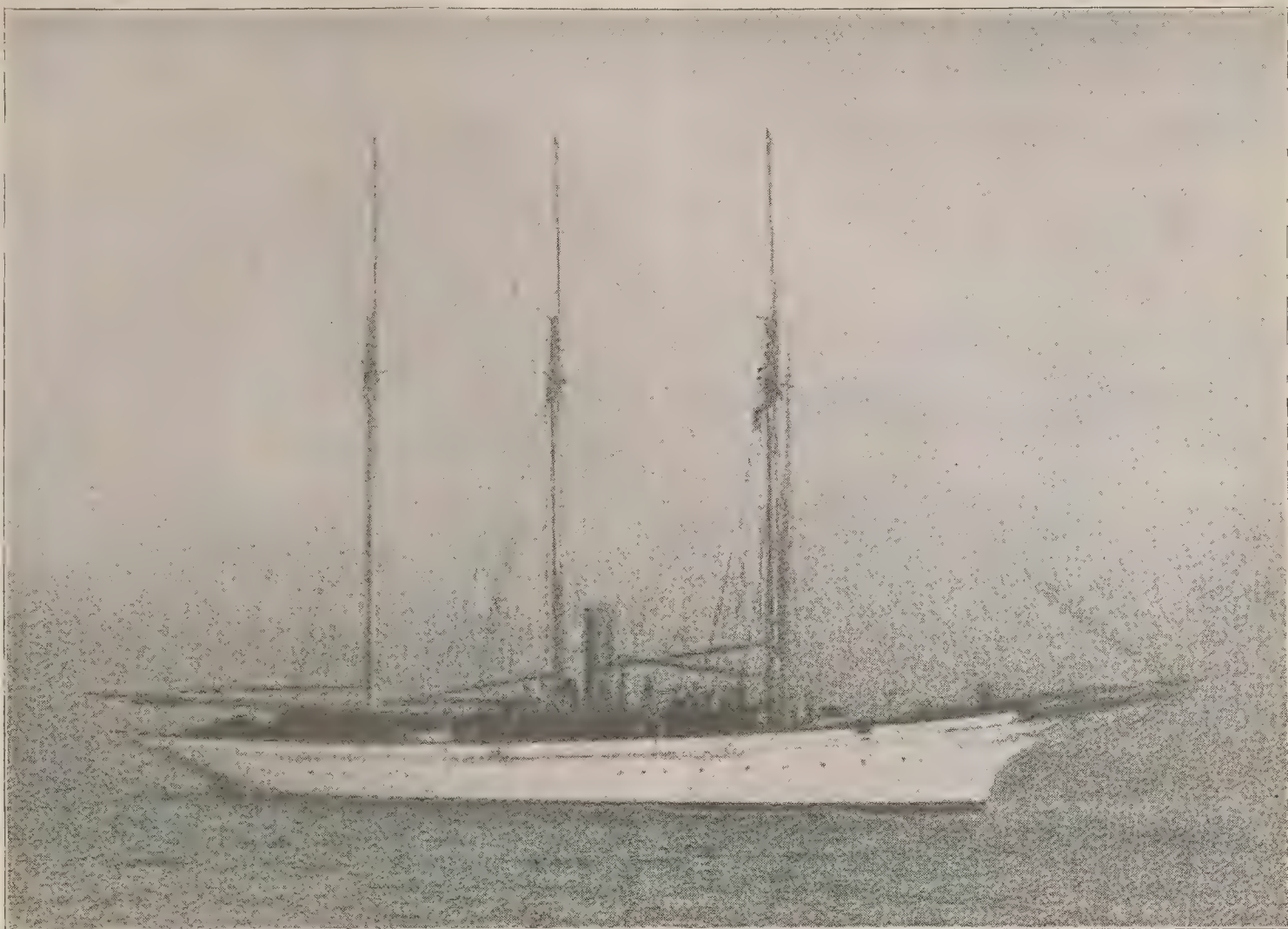
The cut shows a falling tide at 1¼ft. above the plane of reference.

The Mediterranean Regattas.

THOUGH the Mediterranean regattas have been on for three weeks, with Britannia, Ailsa, Satanita and a host of smaller craft, including the new Samphire, designed and built by Sibbick for Messrs. Goelet and Paget, there has as yet been no racing of any account. On Feb. 29, the opening day at Marseilles, Britannia carried away a main halliard block and did not start; Satanita fouled a mark at the start, but passed Ailsa, both giving up after the first round on account of the strong wind and sea, Samphire was under way, making a fine showing under the trying conditions. On March 8 at Hyeres there was another blow, the yachts being reefed. Britannia won after a very fluky race. The races were abandoned on March 9, the weather being so bad. A small French yacht, Mignon, foundered and one of her crew was lost. The first day of the Cannes regatta, March 13, was fair, with a light wind. Ailsa beat Britannia by 4m. 50s., Satanita being far astern. On March 16 the races for the Bennett-Goelet cups were started at Cannes, but called on account of the light wind.

The Nice regattas begin on March 29, and continue on March 30, 31, April 1, 4, 6, 7; April 9 being devoted to the cruising race from Nice to Genes.

On March 16 the indictments for manslaughter against W. H. Hulse and James Allen, captain and pilot of the Iron steamboat Perseus, which sank the yacht Adelaide on Aug. 23, resulting in the drowning of her owner, R. W. Inman, were dismissed in the Richmond county Supreme Court. The evidence was not sufficient to warrant a trial.



ARCTURUS.—STEAM YACHT DESIGNED BY ST. CLARE J. BYRNE FOR RUTHERFORD STUYVESANT, 1895.

The New Steam Yacht Arcturus.

THE mere purchase or building of a steam yacht of two or three thousand tons by a multi-millionaire is a matter of little import in yachting, probably implying nothing more than another floating palace for less fortunate men to admire and envy. When it comes, however, to the abandonment of sail for steam by the owners of the larger schooners, there is a meaning to it that yachtsmen cannot afford to ignore. That fine old cruiser Intrepid has within a couple of years been discarded by her owner, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, for a steam yacht; Mr. John E. Brooks, owner in turn of Resolute, Montauk and Lasca, on which latter his flag now flies, has a large steamer on Mr. A. Cary Smith's drawing board for next season; and now the old Palmer, once one of the best known and still one of the finest of the old schooner fleet of a generation since, is on the sale list, while her owner is making his first cruise in a new steam yacht.

The steam yacht Arcturus, whose picture is here shown, was designed for Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant by St. Clare J. Byrne, and built by Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, builders of the steam yachts White Ladye, Earl King, Valhalla, all of which were seen about New York last year. Mr. Byrne is well known also through Alva and Namouna, two of the handsomest yachts yet built in America.

The new yacht is 169ft. over all, 135ft. l.w.l., 27ft. beam, 17ft. 5in. depth and 13ft. draft, 478 tons. Her engines are of 500 H. P., cylinders 13, 21 and 34in. by 24in. She carries two Almy boilers, built in Providence, R. I., which have thus far given excellent results, the speed on the measured mile being 11¼ knots. The working pressure is 165lbs. The wheel is of the Bevis feathering type, as fitted to most auxiliary yachts. The yacht is elegantly fitted below and carries all the modern appliances in the way of electric plant, etc.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The shops of Charles L. Seabury & Co., at Nyack, are busy at present in every department, a number of yachts, large and small, being under way. Considerable work is now being done on the many yachts stored by the firm in addition to the new work. Charles Fleischmann's 135ft. steam yacht Kiawatha is nearing completion very rapidly, and will probably go into commission early in May. Her joiner work is all finished and in place. The boiler is finished and in the boat. The engine is finished and ready to set in the boat. Everything in connection with the boat is well along and there only remains the finishing work, upholstery, etc., which is now under way. The yacht will be enrolled in the New York and Larchmont yacht clubs. Capt. Frank Smith is in command.

Mr. John P. Duncan's 140ft. steam yacht Kanawha is progressing very nicely. Planking is all on, decks are on, joiner work being set up, deck house on, machinery and boiler nearing completion. This boat is enrolled in the New York Y. C., and is in charge of Capt. Wm. A. Miller.

The 85ft. twin screw steam yacht Mayita is almost finished, and will be ready for commission some time in May. This is a very fine little yacht, and is commodious and roomy. She has a fine model and is a very handsome looking yacht.

Mr. R. Lincoln Tippet's yacht Velthra, Mr. Jesse H. Metcalf's yacht Silva (both of Providence), Mr. Robert Goelet's Beatrice (of Newport), new yacht Willa Walla now building at Poughkeepsie, Mr. D. H. Lyon's yacht Outing (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), yacht Capt. Visgar, of Alexandria Bay, Dr. H. A. Mandeville's yacht Marjench, Mr. W. M. Roberts's new launch of Bar Harbor, and a number of other yachts and launches are having new Seabury Safety Water Tube Boilers built. These boilers have certainly become very popular, and are now in use in yachts and launches all over the country.

The 24ft. catboat Fizzle, belonging to Mr. W. H. Post, of Ogdensburg, has been sold to Mr. George C. Boldt, of the Waldorf Hotel, through Seabury & Co.'s New York office.

Mr. W. H. Caldwell's launch Niobe has also been sold by Seabury & Co. to Mrs. K. C. Homans, who will use the boat in the vicinity of Newport.

There is also being constructed, from the designs of C. L. Seabury, a very fine catboat for Mr. George R. Thorn, of Chicago, who will use the boat during the summer at Shelter Island. The principal dimensions are: Length over all 26ft., l.w.l. 18ft., beam 8ft., draft (with board up) 2ft. 6in. She will be fitted with a Tobin bronze rudder and centerboard; the lead ballast to be cast in one piece, with slot for centerboard. Babbitt's patent bronze blocks and patent slide rig will be used. She is to be named Kenwood.

The firm have also received an order for a ½-rater for a Providence yachtsman, the particulars of which will be given shortly. They also expect to close a contract very shortly to build a 36ft. waterline keel sloop, 54ft. over all, so that their business is not confined entirely to the building of steam yachts and launches. Mr. Seabury is the designer of the firm.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. will build a yacht for the purpose of meeting the Chicago yacht Vincedor. Following the meet of the Interlake Yachting Association at Put-In-Bay, Lake Erie, on Aug. 3 to 6, the Cleveland Y. C. will offer large prizes for a series of races open to all yachts on the lakes, on Aug. 10 to 13. The Chicago-Toronto match will probably be sailed at Put-In-Bay or later during the Cleveland races. The two events are likely to bring together all the crack yachts of the lakes, and to lead to an early opening of a very lively and successful season.

Capt. John Barr sailed from New York on March 18 for Southampton, and will at once begin to put Niagara in commission. Some changes in the fin will be necessary to meet the new Y. R. A. rule, and spars and sails will be thoroughly overhauled. The prospects are that there will be less racing for the 54ft. class about the Solent than in the last few years, and consequently that the class will resume the old practice of making the racing circuit of the coast. Such a change will give far better racing.

The question of communicating with the N. Y. Y. C. in regard to the expulsion of Lord Dunraven was informally discussed by the Yacht Racing Association at the meeting of March 12, but it was decided that no action should be taken.

The White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., held its annual meeting on March 14, the following officers being elected: Com., W. B. Dean; Vice-Com., J. W. Taylor; Sec'y, Fred. R. Bigelow; Treas., W. P. Jewett; Directors: Oscar L. Taylor, W. J. Murray, Samuel C. Stickney and H. T. Drake; Sailing Committee: J. P. Elmer, Tracy Lyon and D. W. Van Vleck. Some discussion was aroused by the following remarks of Com. Dean in the course of his report: "All practice races should be sailed in strict conformity to the rules. An excellent authority on yacht sailing writes as follows: 'It must be borne in mind that yacht racing is supposed to be an exact science, so far as the rules go, and from the firing of the first gun to the finish the contestants must obey the rules. Not only is there no room for courtesy, but neither contestant has the right to waive anything, or give one inch to the other. If there is a dispute as to facts upon which to apply a rule, the umpire—or committee—must ascertain those facts and apply the rule. There is no discretion. Otherwise everything would be confusion, and many races would be followed by dispute and dissatisfaction.' While all races are to be won by 'fair sailing and superior speed and skill,' every maneuver permitted by the sailing rules, which superior speed and skill enables one captain to make, to the disadvantage of his adversary, must be accepted as fair sailing." The question was raised as to the propriety of claiming all rights and taking every advantage fairly accorded by the rules, some members condemning as "jockeying" the recognized maneuvers of weather-bowing, blanketing, etc., and claiming that one yacht had no right to interfere with another under any circumstances. No decision was made by the club.

The Knockabout Association has adopted a distinguishing device for the boats belonging to its members, so that an Association boat may be readily told in the races. The device consists of a red ball 2ft. in diameter, crossed diagonally by a blue stripe one-third the width of the ball. It will be carried in the peak of the mainsail, and will probably be painted on it rather than made separately and sewed on. At the last meeting of the Association a rule was proposed requiring that boats of the Association be sailed by an amateur in all races, and that but one professional be carried in the crew. The rule meets with the approval of the members and will undoubtedly be adopted at the next meeting. There are now twenty-four boats enrolled in the Association, and additions are expected from the new ones now building. The prospect for a lively racing season in the class is an exceedingly promising one.—Boston Globe.

The Association of American Draftsmen, organized in 1892, has just been incorporated. The object of the Association is to promote and encourage a closer union of fellowship of American draftsmen in Government and private employ, and to discourage the employment of foreign to the detriment of American talent. Only citizens of the United States are eligible to membership, and those of foreign birth must have resided for ten years in this country. The initiation and dues are each \$1. The secretary is W. T. Jones, Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department, Washington.

The Chicago Tribune is the author of the following interesting jumble of misstatements: "H. A. Coleman, of Milwaukee, is building a sloop on the plan of Ethelwynn, which came over from England last year and gave Eastern yachtsmen a lively scare. His boat is 29ft. 6in. over all, and 19ft. on the water line, with only 6in. draft, and carries a 6ft. steel centerboard. Its mainsail extends along a yard, cluttopsal fashion, far above the mast, and enables it to carry much more sail than it is taxed for in the form of time allowance. Mr. Coleman intends to take the boat to Cleveland the coming summer to participate in the races."

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, sailed from New York on March 20, bound for a cruise to the Mediterranean. Mr. Phoenix will be accompanied by Col. J. Schuyler Crosby and Whitney Warren. The yacht will call at Fortress Monroe and then head for the Azores and Gibraltar.

Samuel Ayers & Son, at Nyack, are preparing to build three steam yachts from the designs of C. D. Mosher—one of 80ft., one of 75ft. and one of 45ft. The first will go to Lake George and the last is for John Jacob Astor. The construction will be very light, a steel frame planked with double skin; the outer of mahogany. The firm have nearly completed a bulb-fin 20-footer for C. J. Stevens, owner of Scarecrow, which boat is now for sale. The new one, Bogle, was designed by W. P. Stephens, and is 30ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 3in. beam, 11in. draft of hull and 5ft. extreme draft. She is of double-skin construction and carefully braced; the hull has two watertight compartments and a self-bailing cockpit. The sail plan of 440sq. ft., making 20ft. racing length, is the same as Scarecrow and Ethelwynn, with leg o' mutton mainsail. The spars and blocks are made by L. K. Young and the sails by R. H. Wilson.

William Hale Thompson returned from Oconomowoc, Wis., on March 14, at which place he purchased at sheriff's sale two yachts the Corsair and the Phyllis. The Corsair is a 27ft. sloop, built by Cornwall, at Long Island, and is the fastest of her class hereabouts. She was secured for \$600 for John Dupre, Edward Kohl and W. H. Thompson, and the latter will be her new captain. The Phyllis was bought for \$375 for Gale Thompson, is a 20ft. open catboat, and won eighteen races in New York. Both boats were owned by Robert Winslow. The boats will remain in the fleet of the Oconomowoc Y. C., Mr. Thompson being the vice-commander of the organization.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Defender has just been thoroughly painted inside and out, as she lies at her winter moorings. Mr. and Mrs. Iselin are expected home by the end of April. A report is current that the yacht will visit England, but it is unverified and probably untrue.

Nine of the new 30-footers are completed or under way at the Herreshoff shops, and two more have been ordered. The firm have partly finished a very elaborate knockabout for C. S. Eaton, of Boston, and Marblehead. She is about 28ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., and 7ft. beam, with 3,500lbs of lead in her keel. The frames are of bent oak, with double skin planking.

The following committees have been appointed by Com. Gillig, of the Larchmont Yacht Club: Regatta Committee—John H. Lovejoy, Chairman; Otto Sarony, H. C. Wintringham. House Committee—Augustin Monroe, Wm. B. Jenkins, S. W. Plum. Library Committee—Frank G. Shaw, Chairman. Art Committee—Horatio R. Harper, Chairman; T. D. Rich, E. J. T. Caldwell. Special Committee

for Racing Week—R. C. Fisher, H. R. Harper, John Neilson, J. Dunbar Wright. Ball Committee—Chairman, J. H. Sterling; Oswald Sanderson, C. C. Little. Illumination Committee—E. G. Unit, Chairman; Augustin Monroe, F. M. Scott, Wm. Murray.

Navahoe, yawl, R. P. Carroll, was at Barbadoes on March 2, sailing for St. Vincent.

Colonia, schr., Com. Pastley, has been launched at the Crescent Shipyard, her new centerboard trunk being completed.

St. George, steam yacht, E. J. Wythes, is now cruising in the West Indies.

Comanche, steam yacht, H. M. Hanna, of Cleveland, arrived at Barbadoes on Feb. 29 and started on March 1 for Trinidad.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The following gentlemen have just been elected members of the Western Canoe Association: W. G. Rankin, F. C. McMath, F. T. Barcroft, William O. Noack, Clarence H. Gould, Detroit Mich.; Gilmore G. Scranton, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

William Willard Howard, the noted American canoeist, returned to New York last week after a winter in Russia and Armenia. He will return to London in the early summer and sail in the races of the Royal C. C. and B. C. A.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apgar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Thirtieth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturer's prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 23-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-3.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 518 Broadway, New York.

Toward the close of the Sportsmen's Exposition it was a hard matter to find Elmer Shaner when the muscles of his face were not relaxed and his features full of smiles. We began to be quite anxious about Elmer when the entries came in so fast and began to do some record breaking; it was a relief, therefore, to be able to state that the crisis has passed and that "he's all right."

The company at the Cobweb Gun Club's tournament at Baychester, N. Y., last week was graced by a number of the best target shots in the country: Heikes, Glover, Bartlett, Fulford, Dickey, Leroy, Young, Apgar, etc. On the first day Rolla did some great work, as usual, making five clean scores out of seven events shot in, and making a run of 79 straight. The wild storm that prevailed on the second day of the tournament naturally reduced the attendance to a minimum, playing havoc also with the averages.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, has issued a programme for an all-day shoot on April 6. The grounds of this club are located at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, and are easy of access from the center of the city. The programme contains events at known and

unknown angles, popular prices (as they say at the theaters). Mr. Wm. Morison, secretary of the club, will be glad to furnish any information in regard to this shoot; his address is 1943 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 24.

EDWARD BANKS.

Grand American Handicap.

A RECORD-BREAKING LIST OF ENTRIES.

THE new system of dividing the moneys in the Grand American Handicap has proved a most gratifying success so far as the number of entries is concerned. When the entry list was handed to the handicapping committee the actual number of regular entries was found to be 101. One year ago the number of regular entries was 57, the post entries carrying the total up to 61. Of this number three declined their handicaps, the actual number of shooters being 58.

The conditions call for \$1,000, to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the three high guns. The balance will go to the next 11 high guns, the conditions of the event calling for a division as follows: "Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 100 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the \$1,000 will be divided 12, 12, 12, 10, 10, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th highest guns."

The following list gives the order in which the men shoot, their names and addresses, and each man's handicap:

Order of Shooting.	Name.	Address.	Handicap.
1.	M F Lindsley	Cincinnati, O.	27
2.	E S Rice	Chicago, Ill.	26
3.	Fred Hoey	Long Branch, N. J.	31
4.	E S Thomas	Denver, Col.	28
5.	Eddie Hill	Trenton, N. J.	30
6.	G S McAlpin	New York, N. Y.	30
7.	John A. Flick	Ravenna, O.	26
8.	T W Latham	Cleveland, O.	28
9.	George Corning, Jr.	Auburn, N. Y.	27
10.	F Emond	Buffalo, N. Y.	30
11.	S Glover	Rochester, N. Y.	30
12.	W G Clark	Hoboken, N. J.	30
13.	John R Blamey	Holyoke, Mass.	27
14.	Old Hoss	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
15.	R V Disbrow	Manasquan, N. J.	28
16.	W L Shepard	Chicago, Ill.	26
17.	W H Green	Newark, N. J.	28
18.	Irby Bennett	Memphis, Tenn.	26
19.	M M Mayhew	Utica, N. Y.	28
20.	D A Upson	Cleveland, O.	29
21.	A H King	Pittsburg, Pa.	29
22.	George Cumberly	Yardville, N. J.	28
23.	G L Nichols	New York, N. Y.	28
24.	Paul I Clark	New York, N. Y.	27
25.	L H Schortemeier	New York, N. Y.	29
26.	R E Grey	New York, N. Y.	26
27.	U M C Thomas	Bridgeport, Conn.	26
28.	Wm Wagner	Washington, D. C.	28
29.	J G Knowlton	New York, N. Y.	28
30.	J A R Elliott	Kansas City, Mo.	32
31.	S Cunningham	Washington, D. C.	27
32.	S D Burke	Northumberland, Pa.	27
33.	Wanda (Mrs M F Lindsley)	Cincinnati, O.	25
34.	P F McKeon	New York, N. Y.	27
35.	B F Smith	Buffalo, N. Y.	27
36.	A S Hunter	Utica, N. Y.	27
37.	Jas Timmons	Morning Star, N. J.	28
38.	W S King	Pittsburg, Pa.	28
39.	E W Price	Pleasure Bay, N. J.	28
40.	Geo W Coulston	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
41.	James Loomie	New York, N. Y.	27
42.	J G Messner	Pittsburg, Pa.	29
43.	E O Burkhardt	Buffalo, N. Y.	27
44.	E B Harris	Macon, Ga.	26
45.	E D Fulford	Utica, N. Y.	31
46.	Fen Cooper	Mahanoy City, Pa.	28
47.	Dr G V Hudson	New York, N. Y.	27
48.	O R Dickey	Boston, Mass.	29
49.	R R Merrill	Milwaukee, Wis.	29
50.	G E Greiff	New York, N. Y.	29
51.	Eddie Morgan	Paterson, N. J.	27
52.	M A Beers	Bridgeport, Conn.	27
53.	E S Singleton	Williamsport, Pa.	28
54.	H T Brown	Pittsburg, Pa.	26
55.	S J Held	New York, N. Y.	26
56.	Dr Weller	Rochester, N. Y.	27
57.	B W Claridge	Baltimore, Md.	29
58.	E A Geoffroy	Newark, N. J.	27
59.	Annie Oakley	Newark, N. J.	27
60.	R O Heikes	Dayton, O.	30
61.	Geo Mosher	Syracuse, N. Y.	26
62.	G W Hepler	Harrisburgh, Pa.	29
63.	W T Vincent	Jacksonville, Fla.	27
64.	Phil Daly, Jr.	Long Branch, N. J.	28
65.	F G Moore	New York, N. Y.	28
66.	Carl von Lengerke	Jersey City, N. J.	28
67.	H L Gates	Utica, N. Y.	28
68.	Capt A W Money	Oakland, N. J.	29
69.	E B Coe	Baltimore, Md.	28
70.	A W du Bray	Dayton, Ky.	28
71.	D M Porterfield	Vicksburg, Miss.	29
72.	W H Lair	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
73.	T J Eley	Dorchester, Pa.	28
74.	C R Wise	Passaic, N. J.	27
75.	T W Morley	Paterson, N. J.	30
76.	Justus von Lengerke	Orange, N. J.	29
77.	W W Watson	Louisville, Ky.	28
78.	W O Price	Pleasure Bay, N. J.	28
79.	Fred Gilbert	Spirit Lake, Ia.	31
80.	W S Edey	New York, N. Y.	28
81.	R Phister	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
82.	Lloyd Taylor	New York, N. Y.	28
83.	Andrew S Whote	Syracuse, N. Y.	26
84.	C B Lewis	Philadelphia, Pa.	27
85.	Noel E Money	Oakland, N. J.	28
86.	Hank White	Little Silver, N. J.	28
87.	Smith Hill	Paterson, N. J.	28
88.	August Schmitt	New York, N. Y.	26
89.	James Hood	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
90.	W W Bennett	Boston, Mass.	29
91.	Neaf Apgar	Plainfield, N. J.	30
92.	Frank Class	Morristown, N. J.	32
93.	H McPherson	Pittsburg, Pa.	27
94.	J S Dustin	Newark, N. J.	27
95.	Aaron Woodruff	Elizabeth, N. J.	29
96.	Dr Van Zile	Brooklyn, N. Y.	28
97.	Allen Willey	New York, N. Y.	30
98.	Geo W A Winn	Arlington, Mass.	27
99.	Chas Zwirlein	Yardville, N. J.	28
100.	J F Paddelford	Sherburn, N. Y.	27
101.	B Le Roy	Campello, Mass.	29

Programmes for Forthcoming Events.

SINCE our last issue went to press we have received programmes for three important tournaments: Apgar and Hebbard's tournament at Elizabeth, N. J., on March 31-April 2; E. C. Powder Company's tournament on May 5-8; the Hazard Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at Cincinnati, May 19-22. All the programmes deserve special and lengthy mention, but under the circumstances, and bearing in mind the pressure on our space owing to the Sportsmen's Exposition, we can only discuss fully in this issue the programme for the first-named tournament, which comes off next week.

THE APGAR-HEBBARD PROGRAMME.

The Apgar-Hebbard programme is profusely illustrated by cuts which show the features of many shooters, all well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns. These alone would serve to make the programme an interesting one, but there is other matter of more particular interest to shooters, viz., the schedule of events for each day. The schedule is the same on each day of the shoot: five 15-target events, \$1.50 entrance; two 20 target events, \$2 entrance, and one 50-target event, \$5 entrance. The whole calls for 105 targets and \$16.50 in entrance fees. Of course the shooting is all at unknown angles, five new expert empire traps and electric pulls being used for this tournament.

The division of moneys will be on the usual plan; there will be four moneys if less than 15 entries, five moneys if over 15 entries. A. S. A. rules, revised 1893, will govern all the events, except that the rise for all guns will be 16yds. The tournament is open to the world, no handicap. As for getting to and from Elizabeth, that is one of the easiest things possible, providing, as Dutchy Smith would say, "you have the price." The Pennsylvania R. R. and the Central R. R. of New Jersey run any quantity of trains to Elizabeth; there is no difficulty about getting there. HACKS at the station are always on hand to convey shooters to the grounds of the gun club. Once at the grounds, the club house is well warmed, while Nate Astfalk's catering department in that club house is no mean drawing card.

Jersey can boast as large a number of trap-shooters as any State in

the Union, and on this occasion visitors to the Apgar-Hebbard tournament will be welcomed and entertained by a goodly delegation from the Mosquito State.

THE E. C. AND THE HAZARD PROGRAMMES.

The programmes for both the E. C. and the Hazard tournaments are specimens of the highest class of job printing. The tasteful manner in which these programmes are gotten up cannot very well be beaten, while the reading matter is put before the readers in plain everyday language that just fits the case.

The E. C. tournament will be held at Guttenberg Park, N. J., May 5-8. Guttenberg Park is easily reached from New York City, and is an ideal spot for holding a tournament. \$2,000 added money will naturally bring all the shooters that can get there, while the popularity of the other Moneys, the Captain and Noel, is bound to have a favorable effect on the attendance. The special championship events in each day's programme will be watched with extreme interest, the conditions being: 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, expert rules, one man up, one shot and retire, and 50 pairs. The man who makes the highest aggregate out of these 300 targets is worthy the title of champion at targets. Each 100 targets at the different styles are divided into four events, one event of each being shot; thus the result will not be assured until the close of the tournament.

The programme for the Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament, to be held in Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, is a decidedly original composition and bears positive testimony to the versatility of its compilers. The method of dividing shooters into A and B classes is somewhat after the plan adopted at the very successful Du Pont tournament held in Cincinnati last year. The schedule of events for each day is the same; the programme calling for 170 targets, \$21.50 entrance money and \$350 in added money.

This tournament, like the Du Pont tournament of 1895, will be under the management and sole direction of R. S. Waddell, the Hazard Powder Company's agent in Cincinnati. The above statement is a sufficient guarantee, without going any further, that everything at this shoot will be "according to Hoyle."

Gilbert Accepts Budd's Challenge.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., March 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: Being advised of the posting of challenge and forfeit with Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent for Messrs. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., at Chicago, by Mr. Isaac W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., I have pleasure in accepting same, and will name following conditions to govern contest, and further name time and place: Saturday, April 4, 1896, 10 o'clock A. M.; Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill.; one hundred birds per man, loser to pay for birds; 12-gauge guns, and Du Pont Smokeless powder exclusively; the match in other respects to be according to rules governing the contest as published. Our mutual friend, Mr. W. L. Shepard, of Chicago, will name referee and in other respects answer for me.

FRED GILBERT.

The conditions governing the holding of this trophy, and challenging for the same, have been furnished by Mr. E. S. Rice and are as follows: "This trophy remains the property of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., to be held in trust by winner of same, bond to be given if required.

"The winner of Championship Trophy is subject to challenge for championship and trophy from any shooter in the world who is a member in good standing of any organized gun club; match to be not less than 25 live birds, American Association Rules, and on part of challenger a purse of \$100. Both contestants to stand at 30yds, regardless of position in Grand Tournament event. The holder of trophy to name time, number of birds, if in excess of 25, and grounds upon which match is to be shot. Match to take place within 60 days of challenge. \$25 forfeit to be deposited by challenger with either American Field, Chicago; Forest and Stream, New York; Shooting and Fishing, New York, or Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., when challenge is made; remaining \$75 to be deposited by challenger on day of match; holder of trophy to put up trophy on same day. All contestants for this trophy shall use Du Pont Smokeless powder.

"If either contestant fails to appear, unless in case of sickness, and for other reasons which are satisfactory to referee, he shall lose his forfeit, holder of trophy forfeiting trophy.

"E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. to be notified by challenger when challenge is sent, and they to name referee for match."

Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 14.—The Forest Gun Club, of this city, were the guests to-day of the Lansdale Gun Club. The two clubs shot a friendly team race, 9 men a side, known traps and angles, the Forest Gun Club winning by 12 breaks, as below:

	Lansdale Gun Club.		Forest Gun Club.
J Henry	0110111100110001011001001—13	McDaniel	111111011111111111110111—23
W Metz	11111101111111110111111—22	Dr Hapcock	10010100101011111111011—17
W Henry	100011100011111101101111—27	O K Stevenson	11100101110010110100001—13
H Zearfass	10100000101011110100111—14	T Ellwell	00101001010101010101101—13
F Henry	1001100010010000111001110—12	Riotte	00010011110101111111000—15
W D Zearfass	1111111011111101110111—23	Penrose	11111010101011011010101—18
W Quintrell	10110110111111011111110—19	W N Stevenson	1010110111011101011111—19
L Swartz	11100100000101101010001—12	Morison	1101111111111110011111—22
M Swards	11010110101010111100001—16—147	Banks	1111011111001101010111—19—159

WM. MORISON.

What Memphis will Do.

MR. IRBY BENNETT, who has been visiting New York for the purpose of seeing the Sportsmen's Exposition, gives the following information in regard to the Memphis programme of May 11-16:

"The Memphis Gun Club will devote the entire second week in May, beginning the 11th, to its tournament. Monday, May 11, will be the preliminary day, and \$600 (actual value) in merchandise prizes will be offered. The 'Memphis Mystery,' a novel event in which every entry will receive a prize equal in value to amount of entrance money (\$1.50), will be shot that day. High guns will take the pick of the prizes, but the prizes will not be known until the contest is ended.

"On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday there will be target events at 20 empires each and one event at 25 empires will be shot; \$50 in cash added in each event.

"Saturday will be devoted to live birds, and besides sweeps and miss-and-out events, a 25-bird handicap will be contested. The club will guarantee \$500 or \$600 in this event. The club will make this a gala week for the sportsmen. Programmes will be out April 5, and there is every reason to expect a larger gathering of shooters than in the 1895 tournament, when 109 men entered for the first event."

Shooting Around Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 14.—There was some very good sport this afternoon on the private grounds at Negley avenue. The scores in the three 10-bird events and in the three miss-and-outs were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
McPherson	2222121021—9	0002011122—6	2012112203—8
W S King	2220101222—8	2011121100—7	0012221212—8
McKee	2122202023—8	0222022101—7	0022210202—6
C A May	1111111112—10	1101211112—9	1141201222—9
Fargo	0211201020—6	1012111211—9	2111211101—9
Colt	1211002011—7		
A H King	2222021221—9	112131112—10	1101111212—9

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
McPherson	120—2	20—1	112221121—9
W S King	10—1	110—2	20—1
McKee	20—1	210—2	20—1
C A May	121—3	2110—3	112311111—9
Fargo	10—1	121—4	20—1
A H King	0—0	1121—4	11112111—9

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief," but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well!

At Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 11.—George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company, and B. F. Smith, of this city, shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man, 28yds. rise. Mosher won by a single bird, killing 39 to 38, as below:

George Mosher.....1e200e2e0122e203121201222-16
21211222121203122e212222-23-39

F F Smith.....02222222e022202222e22e22-19
e02202222e222202220e22222-19-38

The following sweeps were also shot, Smith killing 17 out of 18 shot at:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Kelsey.....	1222e22-6	20221-4
Pope.....	1210121-6	00102-2
Kirkover.....	02222ew	e2222-4	e-0	e-0
E C Burkhardt.....	22e11e-5	121e3-4	221-3	222-3
Smith.....	2222222-7	22222-5	220-2	222-3
Mosher.....	e211ew

March 14.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club held their regular weekly practice shoot this afternoon, the attendance being decidedly good. The scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Hanks.....	11	17	19	..	E W Smith.....	12	17	21	13
B F Smith.....	13	15	Forester.....	8	15	18	11
O S Burkhardt.....	11	13	20	10	E C Burkhardt.....	11	14	17	12
Dr Woodbury.....	4	11	12	..	W Walsh.....	10	15	17	..
McArthur.....	10	16	15	..	Bennett.....	12	17	21	11
Norris.....	13	20	20	11	Telma.....	15
Klinck.....	8	16	16	10	Brown.....	19	21
Sweet.....	10	14	..	9	C Haigh.....	15	10
Eaton.....	3	8	Dr Sauer.....	15	17	8	..
Braden.....	10	13	..	11	Middaugh.....	11
Miller.....	8	19	25	10	Hughs.....	2
Meyer.....	10	20

The Cobweb Tournament.

THE Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, is comparatively a young organization, but its youth is not to be counted against it, since that is not its fault, if fault it be. Youthful as the club is, it is full of life and energy, and understands the art of coming to the front without making a parade of its many good qualities. When the club first gave notice through our columns that it intended holding a four days' tournament during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, we must confess to having felt some qualms as to the successful outcome of the affair. In the first place, the club was practically unknown outside of the immediate vicinity of New York city, and secondly, there was no added money, except \$50 for averages, to attract the shooters. It is true there was the Cobweb Handicap on the last day, 15 live birds, \$15, birds extra, class shooting, 4 moneys, \$250 guaranteed. That was all right, and there was every probability of a good entry list for that event. But one event does not make a programme, and it was the target portion of it that we were afraid of. It is added money that counts, and that attracts the shooters. As it turned out, the live-bird days were the favorites, 28 shooters taking part in the Cobweb Handicap.

The weather on the first day was all right, although the bright sun made the glare from the snow very hard on the eyes. On the second day the weather conditions were something awful. It rained and blew from the southeast, the heavens fairly opening their floodgates and sending down water by the bucketful. The wind during the afternoon blew a whole gale and a healthy one at that, playing havoc with the averages of the crackerjacks, who were hustling for the average money regardless of the downpour. For live-bird shooting, the club could scarcely have chosen more favorable weather than that which prevailed on the two last days of the tournament. The management of the club worked hard to make everything go off smoothly; President Barker, Secretary Kerker, Treasurer Hendrick, Captain Train, McDonnell, Loonie, etc., were all on hand and looked after the guests of the club, while Messrs. Zorn and 'Lige Miller were here, there and every where all the time. W. R. Hobart acted as cashier for the club, but owing to the small number of entries in the target events his work was not very severe.

It sounded very much as if one was at Knoxville, Memphis, Cleveland, or one other of the big circuit tournaments, when one heard the first squads being called to the score. The list of those present will explain what we mean: Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass.; B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; Charlie Young, Springfield, O.; Tom Keller, New York; M. H. Clark, New Haven, Conn.; Dutchy Smith, Plainfield, N. J.; B. A. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y.; Neaf Apgar, Plainfield, N. J.; W. H. Skinner, Chicago, Ill., etc. Company, in short, fast enough for anybody. The other locals were good ones too: Louis Schortemeier, E. J. Clarke, Elmer Sickley, George Piercy, C. F. Floyd, Enoch Miller, etc.

Of course Rolla Heikes led the procession, although he started badly, losing 5 out of his first 23 targets in the first event he shot in; the targets he lost were the 1st, 6th, 7th, 9th and 22d. He then broke 79 straight before losing his 6th target in event No. 10, and the 10th target also in the same event; after this he ran out with an unfinished string of 35 straight, actually scoring 116 out of the last 118 targets he shot at! Elmer Sickley, a New Jerseyite who knows how to handle a gun, was second in the percentage column for the day with an average of 91.4, Dickey being close behind him with exactly 90 per cent. Scores and percentages will be found in the following table:

Shot at. Broke. cent.			Shot at. Broke. cent.		
E D Fulford.....	205	178 86.8	W H Skinner.....	75	61 81.3
O R Dickey.....	190	171 90	M H Clark.....	205	171 83.4
B Leroy.....	190	167 87.8	E J Clarke.....	105	74 70.4
S Glover.....	205	182 88.7	B A Bartlett.....	160	137 85.6
G H Piercy.....	205	160 78	N Apgar.....	160	136 85
C A Young.....	175	155 88.5	E Sickley.....	175	160 91.4
Dutchy Smith.....	205	176 85.8	L Schortemeier.....	160	137 85.6
E D Miller.....	105	77 77.3	R O Heikes.....	140	133 95
E D Stevens.....	175	106 60.5	T H Keller.....	125	104 80.3
C F Wash.....	145	115 79.3	C Parker.....	125	84 67.2
H G Wood.....	110	75 68.1	D B Brady.....	40	20 50

The scores in tabulated form were as below:

The scores in tabulated form were as below:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	25	15	25	15	15	15
E D Fulford.....	14	14	18	12	20	14	13	21	9	15	15	13
O R Dickey.....	14	12	17	14	22	11	15	24	13	15	14	..
B Leroy.....	12	14	16	12	23	13	15	24	11	14	13	..
S Glover.....	13	14	18	13	21	13	13	23	13	13	14	14
G Piercy.....	13	13	13	12	22	9	11	16	13	13	13	12
C A Young.....	15	11	17	12	23	13	14	23	12	12
Dutchy Smith.....	15	14	17	15	21	11	12	23	14	13	13	13
E D Miller.....	12	11	17	10	17
Stevens.....	13	12	11	8	19	9	13	4	9
C F Wash.....	11	12	17	12	22	11	11	19
Wood.....	11	10	12	9	..	10	12	..	11
W H Skinner.....	11	13	11	..	15	11
M H Clark.....	13	12	19	13	17	15	14	23	11	14	12	8
E J Clark.....	13	12	18	10	14	7
B A Bartlett.....	..	19	14	21	12	13	22	12	11	13
N Apgar.....	..	18	12	14	14	23	12	13	12	10
E Sickley.....	..	16	13	23	14	14	23	15	13	15	15	15
L H Schortemeier.....	..	18	15	21	12	22	13	14	10
R O Heikes.....	20	15	15	25	15	13	15	15	15	15
T H Keller.....	19	12	13	22	13	14	11
Parker.....	12	10	21	7	12	11	11
Brady.....	12	8

SECOND DAY, MARCH 19.

As stated above, the weather on this day was something unspeakable. A gale from the southeast swept over Pelham Bay and the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club, driving the clouds before it at a great rate and hurling the rain in solid chunks in the faces of the shooters. Everything was so much the color of the targets that it was out of all reason to expect the eye to follow correctly the empires as they dipped and scooted before reaching the rain-soaked ground. Left quarters were kept down by the wind behind them, that sometimes it was almost impossible to get on to them before they dipped out of sight. Dickey was top average for the day with a percentage of 74.8 out of 195 shot at; Elmer Sickley was second with a percentage of 74.4, but he shot at only 145 targets, not taking part in the extra event, No. 11, 50 targets, reversed order; this event wrought great havoc with the averages, Dickey and Fulford being high with 36 each out of the 50 targets. When such men as Sim Glover, Neaf Apgar, Charlie Young and M. H. Clark fall below 70 per cent. for a day's shooting, the task for the shooters to solve must have been a hard one. Prominent among the new faces on this day was that of Billy Fieles, who borrowed a gun and actually succeeded in breaking 45 out of 100. When event No. 8 was shot the gale and rainstorm were at their height, and everybody was shooting in gum coats of divers makes and colors; Leroy's 10 straight in this event can only be accounted for by stating that he had but a minute or so prior to going to the score finished a generous lunch, which he stated publicly had made him feel like another man.

The table which is given below shows the scores made in the pro-

gramme events. In addition to those events, however, there was an extra shot off at 50 targets per man, \$5 entrance, reversed order. How the wind made the targets get away from the traps, and how when once away they eluded the shot, is perhaps best shown by the scores made by the cracks in this event: Dickey and Fulford 36, Leroy and M. H. Clark 34; Bartlett 33, Glover 28, Apgar 27, Young 26, Pilkington 23. The general averages for the day were as below:

	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
S Glover.....	195	132	67.6	G E Greiff.....	25	9	36
O R Dickey.....	195	146	74.8	Lige Miller.....	30	10	33.3
B A Bartlett.....	195	139	71.2	O Zorn.....	20	11	55
E D Fulford.....	195	144	73.8	V L Klein.....	50	27	54
B Leroy.....	195	142	72.8	W J Elliott.....	10	3	30
C A Young.....	195	120	66.6	J E Pilkington.....	90	37	41.1
M H Clark.....	130	88	67.6	M B McDonnell.....	10	2	20
E Sickley.....	145	108	74.4	D B Brady.....	40	17	42.5
N Apgar.....	185	129	69.7	B Edwards.....	25	15	64
W Fieles.....	100	45	45

The table of scores given above tells the rest of the tale:

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	20	15	10	25	10	15	15
Glover.....	9	13	8	13	12	7	15	6	12	9
Dickey.....	8	8	7	17	9	9	20	6	13	13
Bartlett.....	6	13	7	16	11	6	20	6	10	11
Fulford.....	6	13	6	17	7	10	20	7	11	11
Leroy.....	8	14	9	14	9	9	15	10	10	10
Young.....	8	12	7	12	11	9	19	4	12	10
Clark.....	9	9	7	16	7	6
Sickley.....	9	12	9	13	7	8	20	6	14	10
Apgar.....	10	8	17	12	7	20	8	11	9	..
Fieles.....	8	2	10	4	5	8	8	..
Greiff.....	5	4
Miller.....	8	..	2
Zorn.....	6	5
Klein.....	7	6	4	10
Elliott.....	3
Pilkington.....	4	5	5	..
McDonnell.....	2
Brady.....	6	6	5	..
Edwards.....	6	..	10	..

The \$50 average money was cut up as follows: First, Dickey and Apgar, 83.8; second, Sickley, 82.9; third, Young, 81.2; fourth, Leroy, 80.8. To qualify for the above prizes the shooters had to take part in events 3-9 each day, these events calling for 235 targets. The other shooters who shot in all the above events, but who did not get in for average prizes, were: Bartlett, 80.4; Glover, 79.5, and Fulford, 78.7.

THIRD DAY, MARCH 20.

This was the first live-bird day of the tournament, and after the storm of yesterday the bright sun and cold, sharp air of to-day was most acceptable to those who ventured out to Baychester to have a try at the Cobweb's pigeons. There were several new faces among the crowd: Milt Lindsley and Harry King, of King's Smokeless Powder Co.; Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee; C. W. Tuttle and Geo. Corning, Jr., of Auburn, N. Y.; Chas. Wagner, of Fulton, N. Y.; M. Herrington, of the American (W-A) Smokeless Powder Co., etc. Altogether 25 shooters took part in the events shot at to-day. Bill Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., but now a Jerseyman from Hoboken, led for the day with a clean score of 29 straight. Fulford also went straight in the programme events, tying Clark's score, but he lost 2 birds out of 7 in the extra events.

The programme events were: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5, class shooting, 3 moneys, birds included; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7, class shooting, 3 moneys, birds included; No. 3, 10 birds, \$7.5 high guns, birds extra; No. 4, 7 birds, \$5, class shooting, 3 moneys, birds extra. In these events everybody stood at 28yds., with the exception of No. 4, in which all stood at the 30yds. mark. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
W G Clark.....22211-5	2121112-7	1122221112-10	2221211-7
B A Bartlett.....22e2-3	221e111-6	..	211e122-6
D B Brady.....02021-3	..	0100200w	2012120-5
S Glover.....10012-3	2211112-7	112212111-10	2111230-6
M Herrington.....00202-2	2221212-7	102120w	1202300-4
P McKeon.....22210-4	0121201-5	21101210w	0000w
F L Train.....12221-5	2122222-7	1222010w	12e2020-4
Jack Elliott.....21112-5	0021112-5	e1211210w	1223120-6
G E Greiff.....12112-5	0120112-5	2221112221-10	..
C M Donnelly.....20220-3	1e12302-4	..	001012w
E D Fulford.....21111-7	1222221122-10	..	111121-7
Aud Woodruff.....02021-3	1022100-4	..	22000w
F J Hendrick.....	1211110-6	1201112110-8	21000w
B Leroy.....	2122220-6	021200w	1121222-7
Chas Parker.....	1e22201-5	220220w	1120222-5
Chas Wagner.....	0201210-4	..	0201220-5
C W Tuttle.....	1221200-5
O R Dickey.....	1212020-5	2202221222-9	1011e2-5
R O Heikes.....	1022202-5
R Merrill.....	020201-4
H S Welles.....	2200222-5
Winchester Jim.....	2222222-7
G Corning, Jr.....	002e111-4
M F Lindsley.....	2202202-5
H King.....	2202202-5
E C Likely.....	1110220-5
Capt Money.....	2221112-7
H Hoffman.....	2011210-5

A couple of extra events were then shot. No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$5, the score being as follows: McKeon, Hood, Donnelly and Nichols, 5; Capt. Money, Train, Fulford and Lindsley, 4; McDonnell and Jack Elliott, 3; Barker and Corning, 1.

Extra No. 2 was a \$3 miss-and-out with 9 entries. The result was as below: Corning and Lindsley, 3; Money and Kerker, 2; Fulford, McKeon and Train, 1; Nichols and Greiff 0.

FOURTH DAY, MARCH 21.

The last day of the tournament was favored with glorious weather for the time of year. There was enough snap to the air and just enough breeze blowing to send off the birds with a speed that served to knock out even the cracks. The Mott traps were used to-day, as yesterday, and the work they did, although only just put down, made many friends for them. The traps were painted a brownish color, harmonizing very well with the prevailing color of the ground, causing the shooter additional trouble in getting quickly on to a fast bird that went away from him. The birds as a whole were an excellent lot, with only here and there some of the regulation puddin's. In the main event, the Cobweb Handicap, there were 28 entries, only one of whom, Cornelius Furgueson, Jr., managed to make a clean score. Bill Clark, Neaf Apgar and W. J. Simpson missed 1 bird each; W. W. Bennett, of Boston, Sim Glover and Gus Greiff, who shot in capital form, landed third money with 13 apiece. Of the remaining 21 entries, 11 got 12 and cut up fourth money, each man receiving a little more than \$3 apiece as a return for the "\$15, birds extra."

Miss Annie Oakley managed to get away from the Sportsmen's Exposition, where she was engaged all the week showing the merits of the Francotte ejectors on exhibition at the stand of Von Lengerke & Detmold, to try her hand and gun against some of the Baychester birds. Unfortunately she was a little under the weather, suffering from an attack of headache, her scores of course showing the effects consequent on such an attack. Conny Furgueson, the boy shooter of the New Utrecht Gun Club, shot very well, scoring 19 out of 22.

It was late before the handicap was over, but there was plenty of light left to bring off a miss-and-out, which was divided between Bartlett and Fulford at the end of the 6th round. The scores in to-day's events were:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
F L Train (28).....1021122-6	2222122-7	2222222e200222-12
E D Fulford (31).....2122210-6	2121222-7	e2e12e12111222-12
W J Simpson (28).....2221222-7	222122e-6	102212222122222-14
Jack Elliott (28).....1122221-7	1111002-5	10222222e22220-12
Capt Money (30).....2101022-5	e1e2221-5	020211222020222-11
W B Bennett (29).....2020222-5	2122222-7	22222222202220-13
J J Loonie (27).....1200122-5	2122121-7	110302110120220-10
Arnold (26).....2001112-5	1110001-4	10221210020012e-9
Nichols (28).....0101022-5	2122121-7	0221

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896.

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No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page v.

The Forest and Stream will shortly remove to new offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, entrance on Leonard Street.

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THE COWBOY.

A MAN who has punched cows himself becomes after a while a little tired of hearing and reading that all cow punchers are drunken villains, and feels like saying something in defense of this class of outdoor livers. They themselves are not much given to writing, for their hands are more accustomed to the rope and the latigo than to the pen; but even if they were practiced writers, it may be doubted if they would take up arms for the class to which they belong.

To the plains of civilized days the cow puncher is just what the Indian and the old-time hunter were to the prairies of buffalo times. They hunted the brown wild cattle that dotted these rolling uplands; he follows their domestic successors. They spent their lives on horseback and were always moving from place to place; he too is most at home in the saddle and is a true nomad. They had their own country, beyond which they seldom traveled except on certain special occasions; he also has his own range. Like them, and for the same reason—because his life is spent in the open air and in close communion with nature—he is in many ways simple and childlike and true. Like them, and for the same reason—because his life is spent away from the confining influences of civilization—he often lacks self-control and easily falls into temptation.

No life is harder than that of the cowboy, and men of no class do their work more faithfully than these. For poor pay they ride long and hard, conscientiously looking after the interests of their employers, and facing unflinchingly the bitterest weather and the sternest hardships. Often in the saddle from daylight till dark, and in addition to this standing night herd, they are hard worked beyond most men, and as a rule their service is not a long one. Many are crippled by accident or exposure, but even if this does not happen, the work is too hard for men of mature years, and most cowboys are either boys indeed or very young men.

The cow puncher of to-day differs in many ways from his brother of twenty years ago and this difference is the natural sequence of the spread of the settlements westward and of the restraining influences of an increased population. When the old-time cowboy came into town with a drive he was likely to promptly fill himself with whisky and then to seek diversion by taking the town and holding it until he fell asleep or was himself taken by a deputy sheriff. This law officer the cowboy looked on as his natural enemy, and if the two types came to blows—or shots—a funeral often followed. If occasion arose for such a gathering it was sometimes preceded by another assemblage when the friends of the dead man constituted themselves a vigilance committee—locally

known as "stretchers"—and hung the surviving combatant to a telegraph pole, a bridge trestle or a box car.

The cow puncher of 1896 is different. He is just as faithful to his employer, rides just as hard and as long, and faces wind and weather, hunger and fatigue, with the same steadfast endurance, but he is less picturesque. He wears smaller spurs; his hat band, instead of being a strip of fur, a snake skin, or of silver, is a plain leather strap. His saddle is less highly ornamented. He does not wear such expensive shaps. Besides, he no longer regards himself as the most important being in the country. He remembers that others besides himself have rights and privileges which must be respected. He no longer takes towns, and the "stretchers" no longer suspend him in return.

By his lack of self-control and the liberty he allowed himself the cow puncher of old times gained for himself a bad name which still clings to the calling. He was a sort of land sailor, who got drunk whenever he came to town, just as his prototype of the sea got drunk when he reached port. When drunk he was hard to manage—a tough customer. The cow puncher of to-day is a mild-mannered man, well-intentioned and a good citizen. He is as full of strange oaths and odd turns of speech as his predecessor of twenty years ago, is quite as good-natured and as hospitable, but he is less selfish and more regardful of others. Civilization has had its effect on him.

Yet, just as to-day you will sometimes in riding the range see an old broad-horned steer of the true old-fashioned Texas type, so sometimes you may come upon a cowboy of the old type—one who, being by nature a ruffian, models his conduct after that of the cowboys that he has read of, and strives to live up to the standard which he has set for himself. Happily such examples are seldom seen now, and the cow puncher of our day is a pleasant, light-hearted fellow, with whom anyone might be glad to camp.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is a decided pleasure to record that Utah has come to the front with a law forbidding entirely the export of game. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the United States Supreme Court decision in the Connecticut case is an indication of the nature of effective game protective legislation for which we should work in every State. Whatever question there may have been in the past respecting the complete jurisdiction of Utah over its own game, this was fully settled for all time when the Supreme Court handed down its determination of the Geer case. We trust that we may record similar action elsewhere until the game of the continent shall be confined within its own State limits.

A non-export bill was not approved by the New Jersey Legislature. One law enacted, however, which was in itself of sufficient merit to counterbalance many failures of legislation in other respects, was the one to abolish the charter of the West Jersey Game Protective Society. This peculiar institution has been described by us more than once. It was a private corporation to which the State delegated authority to make public laws binding upon non-residents shooting or fishing in the lower counties. Such delegation of legislative power was an extraordinary instance of how not to do it, and we have frequently stated our belief that if tested in the higher courts the statute would be thrown out as unconstitutional. The purpose of the society was ostensibly to protect the game of New Jersey against the inroads of shooters from abroad, but as a matter of fact the membership of 640 was composed almost entirely of residents of other States. Thus we had the spectacle of the game and fish of New Jersey controlled not only by private individuals, but by individuals who were not even citizens of the State.

The New Jersey Legislature also passed the Stokes bill providing for the appointment of county game commissioners and the imposition of a license upon non-resident shooters. At the time of going to press this bill is in the Governor's hands; we can hardly believe that it will be permitted to become a law.

The appointment of Col. Henry H. Lyman to be the Excise Commissioner of New York removes from the Fisheries Commission one of its most active and efficient members. Col. Lyman has made a good record on the Commission and has contributed much to its efficiency.

The most important subject of consideration at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association in Philadelphia last week was the scheme of organizing a federation of fish protective clubs throughout the State. The Pennsylvania Association itself has been widely influential in the past, and to its watchfulness and activity the citizens of the State to-day owe a debt of gratitude for the conservation of their fish supply; but at the best an individual association must fail of exerting influence against all the contending and conflicting agencies which conspire at Harrisburg to defeat right legislation and to further the private and selfish interests of those who are intent upon getting all the fish they can now without regard to the future or to those who are to come after. There is abundant material in Pennsylvania, if combined and directed with the momentum of a single body, to have weight with the Legislature and to mould public opinion. Secretary M. G. Sellers, of the Association, has long been interested in the federation project, and he tells us that the plan will now be taken up in earnest and pushed to a successful conclusion.

Bear Chief and his party left New York on Tuesday night of last week, and by this time they are home again on the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana. The coming to New York was an eventful excursion, and if we could write down Bear Chief's impressions of what he saw from the time he left the reservation until his return, what a volume it would make. It is needless to say that every moment of the time in New York was improved in seeing the strange and wonderful sights of this "place of many houses." It will be an abiding satisfaction that our representative Native American Hunter was a man of such worth and bore himself with such never-failing dignity and good breeding throughout the trying ordeal of his visit to this city.

The FOREST AND STREAM will very shortly remove to new and handsome offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street. This is two blocks north of the present location. The offices will be on the eighth floor, reached by the elevator at the Leonard street entrance.

We invite the careful attention of our readers in Missouri to the paper in another column describing the condition of fishing in their waters to-day. The state of affairs may be summed up in the one word, ruin. The contributing agencies are such that no one class of fishermen, professional or amateur, may point the finger of blame at the other. All alike, whether they fish for market or for the sake of fishing, have done and are doing their share to ruin the supply once so plentiful.

The dynamiter and the fingerling netter for market contest in the indecent scrimmage with the braggart who fishes for count, and between the two desolation ensues. What Missouri stands in need of is education in fishery economies; it would require only a comprehension of the very simplest rudiments of the subject to make sure an end of the market fishing and the score fishing. If the present rate of destruction shall hold good much longer there will be left no fish supply worth worrying about.

Note also that Utah forbids for three years the sale of trout. Thus the youngest State in the Union is giving points to the older commonwealths.

A tragedy was enacted in the National Zoölogical Park in Washington last Saturday, when the veteran of the buffalo bulls herded there provoked a younger rival to conflict and was done to death, not ignominiously, but after a battle-royal well worthy the survivors of a noble race. Rosa Bonheur has just painted a picture of the famous duel between the great Godolphin Arabian and Hobgoblin in 1734; and it is pronounced to be her masterpiece. Where is the American artist to paint for us as it deserves to be depicted this memorable duel between the last of the American buffalo? Rosa Bonheur's picture commemorates the victory of a progenitor who was to gain growing renown from his progeny for a century to come, but the American artist's brush would preserve an incident in the extinction of a race; and if the Frenchwoman's canvas glows with color, his well might be somber and filled with gloom.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XVII.

A Crusoe of the Marshes.

JOSEPH HILL stretched his cramped limbs with a sense of great relief to both body and mind while he watched the scow pass out of sight around the next bend, and caught the last glimpse of Uncle Lisha's hat rising and falling with slow regularity behind the tops of the marsh growth. The clank and splash of the oars faded out of hearing, and as far as he could see or hear he was the sole human occupant of the marshes.

Now and then a duck could be heard quacking a lazy call to comrades or uttering a startled note of alarm, and occasionally the quick, pulsing whistle of passing wings, and far away on the lake the wild cry of a loon, and high overhead the petulant scream of a hawk. Close at hand there was an infrequent rustle and splash of some invisible inhabitant of the marshes, but Joseph listened intently before he could catch the faintest sound of human life, such as the rumble of a distant wagon or ox-cart, or the mellowed shout of the teamster coming to him as if from a different world from that which held his indolent environment. He was quite contented with the isolation and the quietude as he sat at ease on the soft but stable roof smoking his pipe and patiently waiting for something to come and be killed.

Presently a huge pickerel appeared like an apparition in the dooryard of the muskrat, his cruel eyes and mottled sides shining with a magnified gleam through the clear, still water that barely covered his dorsal fin. Joseph had a mountaineer's admiration for this species, and deemed such a specimen a worthy trophy. His heart almost stood still as he realized the opportunity for securing such a noble prize. He made a cautious movement to bring his gun to bear upon it, but the wary fish detected it and dashed away with a sudden surge that tore the smooth surface into boiling eddies. Joseph dodged as if a blow had been struck him and gasped his disappointment.

"Gosh darn the luck! Wa'n't he a wolloper, though! Wal, the' hain't no feathers on him, anyway!"

Comforting himself with this qualified consolation he set to patient waiting again, with some hope that his recent visitor might return. The last ripple subsided and the schools of minnows, recovered from their fright, began to dart back into the restored quiet of the pool, when its surface was moved by the sluggish undulation of an under wake, then silently broken as a muskrat's head appeared, regarding the strange occupant of its abode with a grim curiosity that would have been alarming if exhibited by a larger animal. The creature remained quite motionless, while Joseph with the utmost caution raised his gun to a deadly aim, and at such short range that it occurred to him, as his finger tightened on the trigger, that the furry skin would be riddled into worthlessness and he had no desire for wanton destruction.

"I shall blow ye all tu flinders, I know I shall," he whispered to himself as his finger relaxed. His left foot was drawn well under him, his arm resting across his bent knee and supporting the long gun barrel. "If he'd swim off jes' a leetle mite funder," he soliloquized as he looked straight into the fierce deep-set little eyes, "it seems jes' 's 'ough I might."

Suddenly his heel slipped down the sloping wall, the gun barrel as suddenly descended and the muskrat dived with a splash like the plunge of a 10lb. shot. It is said that the scream of a panther and the plunge of a muskrat will startle the steadiest and most accustomed nerves as often as heard or seen, and Joseph jumped as if he had suffered the double shock.

"Gosh, all Connecticut!" he ejaculated, gasping as if he himself had been plunged in the cold water, "Why don't ye scare a feller ousen his boots! I snum, I most wish I'd ha' let ye hev, an' spotted ye all over the ma'sh, seems 's 'ough I did, a'most."

Gradually he recovered his equanimity and now gave his attention to feathered game; but though he lay close on the back side of the house, hoping that some passing flock or single bird might chance to alight in the channel within gunshot, all such espied him and veered off with swifter flight or climbed higher above him, giving his poor ambushade a wide berth. Only once a flock of teal, following the channel in low flight as if it was a path, flashed past him, slanting lower with set wings to alight, but dropped out of sight beyond the next bend before he heard the fluttering splash that told of their descent. After a while they reappeared, swimming down stream in a devious way, circling, ducking, diving and nibbling the water, till at last they started with a sudden impulse directly toward him. His gun was leveled upon them, the muzzle gradually lowering as they drew nearer and shaken by the tumultuous beating of his heart. Now they were almost within certain range, and his finger began to press the hard trigger and his teeth were set in expectation of the inevitable recoil, when all at once they became suspicious of the singular appearance of an old felt hat showing above the top of a muskrat house, and with one accord sprang to flight and vanished like wind-blown smoke.

"Wal, it does beat Sam Hill what tarnal luck I du hev right stret along this hul endurin' day! But them wa'n't nothin' but leetle pindlin' teal. I b'lieve the' wa'n't; not much meat on 'em, an' the feathers mere nothin'! But I swan, I wish I'd ha' got 'em!"

Half an hour passed, and he was drowsy with lying in the warm sunshine, when he was aroused by a stir of the rushes close by the nearest muskrat house, and then saw a large dusky gray duck swim out of the weeds and climb boldly and deliberately to its top. The slow upward movement of Joseph's gun was arrested by the thought that this could not be a wild duck, and he congratulated himself that he had not obeyed his first impulse.

"It's a dumb putty idee, folks a-lettin' the' poultry run loose, hither an' yon, an' then make folks pay for 'em when they git shot accidental." Then Joseph addressed the duck aloud: "Do ye know 'at you come almighty nigh a-gittin' shot, you ol' fool?"

The bird stood bolt upright and stretched its neck to the utmost, and Joseph clambering to the top of the house swung his hat and shouted lustily:

"G'long home, you ol' fool, 'fore someb'dy shoots ye! Shew!"

The duck squatted and sprang into the air with rapid

wing-beats, uttering discordant quacks of terror, and shrank to a wavering speck in the distance, while Joseph gaped at the vanishing form in blank and speechless amazement.

"The very ol' scratch is in everything!" he said at last, and sat down, laying his gun aside as if he had no further use for it. "Dumbed if I try tu shoot anything, an' I wish't Uncle Lisher 'd come along back."

He took his luncheon from his pocket and ate it slowly, more to pass away the time than to appease hunger. The droughtiness of the repast was aggravated by the abundance of unpalatable water that surrounded him, clear and bright to the eye, but saturated with rank-flavored weeds and nauseous to a mountaineer's palate accustomed to draughts from ice-cold springs. The channel was ruffled by the light northerly breeze, and as he watched the swift ripples continually flickering past it seemed as if he on the artificial islet was being carried as rapidly in the opposite direction by the current. At times slight tremors were imparted to the house by some violent movement of its inmates, and this added to the impression of its instability till Joseph's head swam, and he could not convince himself that he was not afloat, though his relative position to surrounding objects remained unchanged.

"I don't see why in Sam Hill Uncle Lisher don't come along! Wonder 'f he's hired his board up there? I know this 'ere haouse hain't floatin' off, but it seems jes' 's 'ough it was, an' I do' know but what them tormented mushrats is underminin' on't, an' 'll let me daown kerswash fust I know! Shew! Ye plaguey leetle torments, scat!" he shouted as he pounded the side of the house with fists and heels.

So passed an hour of discomfort and apprehension, relieved at last by the welcome sound of an approaching boat, which he doubted not was the long expected craft of Uncle Lisha. But when with provoking slowness it appeared around the bend, he saw an unfamiliar figure stooping and rising to the deliberate strokes of the oars, that, though wielded with the skill of an experienced oarsman, shrieked and clanked in doleful discord in their unlubricated swivels. Two short fishpoles protruded from either side and the fisherman, who wore a black felt hat and a red-backed waistcoat, now and then ceased rowing to overhaul his lines, and once to boat a big pickerel that Joseph could hear threshing the boat's bottom to the accompaniment of the shrieking swivels when their music was resumed.

Joseph had an impression that he had seen the ancient hat and red-backed waistcoat before, and when the boat passed him and its occupant's profile was revealed, he recognized the stolid features of Uncle Tyler, with whom he had had a brief acquaintance during a previous voyage on these waters. Remembering the old man's deafness he hailed him lustily, but the unconscious face gave no sign and the regular rise and fall of the oars was uninterrupted. Joseph drew in a great double lung full of air and let it out in a hail that would have done credit to Uncle Lisha himself; but if the old fisherman heard it, he mistook the direction from which it came, for he turned his head the other way.

"Hello there!" Joseph repeated, "come he-ere! Help! murder! fi-er."

But Uncle Tyler did not become aware of him till he had rowed quite past, and saw him prancing about on the narrow footing of the muskrat house and frantically swinging his hat.

"Was you a-speakin' tu me?" he bawled in an unmodulated tone as he ceased rowing. "What ye want? What ye duin' on top o' that 'ere mushrat haouse? Where's your bwut?"

"Hain't got no boat! Come back here an' git me!"

"No, I hain't got no terbarker. Sent up tu the store by a feller tu git me some last night, but he forgot it. Smoked my last pipeful a-comin' long daown."

"Gol dumb it, come back here an' take me int' your boat!" Joseph howled till his voice cracked. "I'll give ye all the terbarker I've got," and he beckoned with his hat, reinforcing the signal by waving a blue paper of Lorillard's long cut. This had the desired effect upon the old man's comprehension, and after carefully winding in his trolling lines, he put about and ran in to Joseph, who crept eagerly but cautiously on board the scow.

"Git int' the starn there!" Uncle Tyler commanded.

"Int' the what?" Joseph asked at the top of his voice.

"Int' the starn! the starn!" Uncle Tyler repeated as loudly, indicating the direction with all the fingers of one hand.

"Starn?" Joseph repeated, still unenlightened, as he crouched on hands and knees beside the ancient mariner and shouted in his ear, while he scanned the after part of the scow with a puzzled face. "I don't seem tu see nothin'. Guess you forgot tu fetch it, didn't ye?"

"Good land o' massy! You do' know no more 'baout a bwut 'an a hen!" Uncle Tyler declared in disgust. "Go an' set daown in that 'ere seat. That 'ere's the starn an' 't'other eend's the bow, an' this 'ere's 'midships. There, sed daown an' gin me that terbarker."

Joseph obeyed the last command first and crept to his designated place, steadying himself with a hand on either gunwale as he picked careful footsteps among seven or eight large pickerel that lay dead or at the last gasp on the slippery floor. These he had time to admire while Uncle Tyler leisurely filled and lighted his pipe, remarking, as he did so:

"I sent up tu the store for some terbarker las' night by a feller, but he forgot it."

"You are some nigher gittin' on 't 'an you was four, five year ago," said Joseph. "If you don't disremember you forgot tu send for it then. I shouldn't wonder but what like 'nough you'd git yesome in four, five year more." But the old man chose not to hear him till he asked in no louder voice, "Why didn't ye stop the boat when I hollered fust?"

"Did ye holler afore? Wal, naow, I hear'd suthin', but I reckoned 't wasn't nothin' but Larkin's bull a-bellerin'. I wa'n't a-lookin' for nobody rwustin' on a mushrat haousen. Haow come ye here anyway?"

"I got left here," Joseph shouted.

"Deaf in yer left ear? Can't ye hear me? Turrible disagreeable tu be deaf, I s'pose, most ev'ybody speaks so low naow-er-days. I ast ye haow ye come here—on this mushrat haouse? Onderstand?"

"Come in a boat! Got on here tu shoot ducks!"

"Ooh, tu shoot ducks," said Uncle Tyler, backing his scow into the channel. "Yes, yes, 'spected tu find ducks in a muskrat haouse! Wal, wal, that's a cur'us idee."

The old man gave way to an expression of mirth which was like the laughter of a ghost, being without sound. Having got his boat and his pipe well a-going, Uncle Tyler was enabled to observe his passenger more closely, when a gleam of recognition lighted up his stolid face.

"Good land o' massy!" he mumbled, trying to speak with the pipe wabbling between his gums and then letting the oars trail that he might remove it for freer speech. "I b'lieve I've seen you afore! Wa'n't you daown here afore, last year or year afore, or some'er's along there, you an' another feller 'at didn't know no more'n you du 'baout a bwut, gi'n me a polt top o' the head wi' an oar, hain't you one on 'em?" He took off his hat and searched for the exact spot on his bald pate as if to establish evidence or refresh his memory.

"Yes, I b'lieve I was one o' the ones," said Joseph, and proceeded to give a loud and brief account of himself and friends, to which the old man, as he plied the oars, listened as well as he could with his pipe preventing the opening of his mouth, which he apparently depended upon as much as his ears as an organ of hearing. When Joseph concluded with the relation of his latest adventure his auditor fell into another silently boisterous laughter, which brought on a violent fit of coughing, and after that he recovered speech.

"O, good land o' massy! You must be sick for tu think ducks 'ould come tu ye settin' right in plain sight. Wal, wal, you must be sick! I'll tell ye haow tu shoot ducks if ye won't tell nobody. You jest take an' shove a slab way aout int' the aidge o' the ma'sh an' sprinkle a mess o' oats onto 't, an' you fix ye up a bough haouse so 't you can rake it eend ways, an' bimeby when the ducks disskiver the bait and git wanted they'll come there reg'lar to feed, an' then you lay low fer 'em airly in the mornin'. Mebbey you'll ketch a hull slabful on 'em a feedin' tu oncte an' then, sir, you c'n rip up the hull magazine. That's the way tu shoot ducks! You c'n git 'em that way! Any lunkhead can! Naow you take an' let aout one o' them trollin' lines an' ketch a pickerel. You do' know 's you can? Wal, any dumb fool can heng a holt of a pole an' yarn in a fish arter he's ketched hisself. I guess you can, an' you'd orter git a good one a-goin' by the Saouth Slang."

Joseph was diffident, but otherwise not loath to accept a chance of redeeming his ill luck, and awkwardly paid out one of the clumsy lines while his skilled companion handily got the other to its work, though his attention was also given to keeping the boat moving in its proper course, his pipe in blast and a critical oversight of Joseph's management of the tackle.

"I do' know ezactly," the latter shouted, bringing his mouth to bear on the other, after some intent moments of watching his line, "but it most seems 's 'ough I druther ketch a whoppin' big pickerel 'an tu shoot a duck, seems 's 'ough I druther, tu-day."

"Wal, like 'nough you'll git you're druther," Uncle Tyler responded, and sure enough when his lure was trailing past the mouth of the South Slang it was arrested by a sullen, vicious pull that made the stout pole bend like a drawn bow and brought Joseph's heart into his throat at one leap. Remembering the lesson of a former year, he drew the top of the pole forward till he could lay hold of the line and then hauled it in hand over hand. Then amid a conflict of hopes and fears he saw a monster pickerel coming toward the boat with jaws as wide open as if he had an intention of swallowing it and the crew. Good fortune and a stout line and hook combined to favor Joseph in getting the fish on board in spite of flustered awkwardness, and he was fairly faint with pride and thankfulness when he saw his prize at his feet threshing the bottom of the boat and snapping the wide jaws, toothed as cruelly as a wolf trap. In the midst of his excitement he did not notice that Uncle Tyler had quit rowing and was calmly hauling in his own strained line till, with an easy motion, the old man lifted a fish as big as his own into the boat, remarking as he did so,

"That's the way tu ketch a pickerel!"

Thence to the landing at the willows the voyage was occasionally enlivened by the capture of a fish, and arriving there, Joseph offered the hospitalities of the camp to his rescuer, unlimited tobacco and such victuals as the place afforded in the absence of the cook.

In consideration of their mutual obligations, they became very friendly and conversed so constantly and loudly that the arrival of Uncle Lisha's boat was unheard, as was his no less noisy ascent of the path, slipping, stumbling and puffing asthmatically.

"Good airth an' seas! Be you here, Joseff? I snum, I never was tickleder tu see a man in this livin' airth. Why in time didn't ye stay where you was till I come? What d' ye want git on there for anyway?"

With alternate expressions of mirth, vexation and rejoicing over his safe return, he listened to Joseph's relation of the adventures of his exile, which Joseph ended with a solemn declaration that he would never again under any circumstances embark in any craft smaller than a canal boat, no matter how he might be tempted by fish or fowl.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

"A Looted Audubon."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM some correspondence about "Audubon's Birds of America," taken from a house on the line of Sherman's march.

If there is to be any restoration of property "appropriated" during the war, the writer would like to come in for his share. He can furnish a list of some 350 volumes and about fifty other articles of household use and adornment that were taken from his house at New Berne, N. C., after that city was captured by Gen. Burnside, and sent to their homes by the officers occupying the house, although previous to such taking the colonel commanding was informed that the property belonged to a loyal clergyman who had been forced to abandon it and go North on account of his loyalty to the United States Government, and the colonel promised to protect it.

The writer can give the number of the Massachusetts regiment and the names of the officers who occupied the house when the books and articles were taken. Gen. Burnside promised to pay for them—and stop the amount out of the officers' pay on the next pay-day; but before that day came the regiment had been sent to reinforce Gen. McClellan at the time of his "change of base," and when that movement was completed the officers of the regiment were entirely changed, and could not justly be made to pay for the sins of their predecessors, and therefore the writer was not reimbursed. WALTON.

THE READING OF THE ROBE.

OVER the willow frame of the sweat lodge in the FOREST AND STREAM Indian camp was spread a robe whose inner surface was covered with strange figures, specimens of Indian drawing. This was the life-history of Bear Chief expressed after the fashion of his people. Crude though the drawings were, they were plain to him and his people. He valued this war record as a white chief does the sweet praise of the artist and the printing press. So graphic, though rude, were some of the pictures upon the skin, that persons leaning over the railing could catch an occasional glimpse of their meaning. Persons within the railing could catch more of it and could question about it. Bear Chief would point with pride to such and such a drawing, and utter words which none but the interpreter could understand. Yet the more he pointed, the more the interest in the story robe grew. At length it was thought well that Bear Chief should tell aloud his history to some of the newspaper men who wished to learn about him, and a time was set for this event. The robe was spread down upon the floor near the lodge, and Bear Chief began to talk to a dozen or so representatives of the New York dailies. In a few moments the crowd pushed over the railings, and it was impossible to continue the reading of the robe. At the suggestion of Mr. Crane, therefore, the party took the robe up to the press rooms, and there, behind closed doors, to an audience of less than a score, occurred one of the most impressive scenes of the week.

Bear Chief was in full Indian costume. His shirt and leggings were of fringed and beaded buckskin. The fur of the ermine hung in long streamers on his breast. His sleeves and leggings were fringed with long, soft, black hair—too soft for the hair of horse—in short, hair from the scalps of his enemies, taken in the days of war. Bear Chief stood at the edge of the robe, pointing with an old buffalo bow which he held in his right hand, the interpreter, Schultze, being near at his left. At no time was Bear Chief's face more dignified and lofty than at this moment, as he stood erect and looked on the circle of faces about him. The ways of the Indian are not as ours. To him this was an invitation to a council. These men about him were chiefs, who had asked to hear him speak. To these he was to tell of his record as a warrior. He was to recount his coups. To him the occasion was one of dignity and importance to be met with deliberation.

Bear Chief began his story by pointing to a picture of three sleeping persons. "This was my first war trail," said he. "I was then 17 years of age. I went to war. We killed these three persons (Assinaboines) at night, and I took a horse.

"The next season," he continued, pointing to another drawing, "I went against the Sioux. This is I (putting his bow upon one figure). I had resolved to make a coup or die, but I had bad luck. The Sioux took me prisoner. I shot at one man, but missed him, and this man wanted to kill me. They took me to the tipi of Sitting Bull, and Sitting Bull it was who set me free. He said, 'You go with a whole skin because I am fighting the whites (this was about 1874 or 1875), and I want you to tell your people to join me in this fight.'

"At another time," continued Bear Chief, in the indefinite way of his kind, "I went against the Yanktonais Sioux. Our party met the Sioux coming up to fight. There was one warrior who seemed to be their bravest man. I killed him. I was glad.

"Another season I went against the Assinaboines again, and met them. One man was a coward. I went up to him and took his gun away from him and killed him with his own gun.

"Another season I went against the Crees. I did not do very much (this perhaps in irony), but I managed to kill one man by shooting him through the head.

"Another time a party which I was leading surprised a bivouac of Sioux who were not expecting attack. We killed six men and took thirty-seven horses.

"Another season I went to war. I found a Cree village and here the people were afraid, so they had their horses tied near the lodge doors. I was leading away a horse when a man came out. I shot and killed him as he came out of the lodge.

"Another time I found another village where they had their horses tied. I took a good horse and was trying to ride away silently, but a chief heard me. He ran out and caught me by the hair and tried to pull me off the horse. I pulled my pistol out then and shot him in the heart. As I rode away I shouted, 'You Sioux are no good. We Blackfeet are always too much for you.' I did not think that man or his people would understand, but I shouted this out anyway.

"Another season I went against the Crows. One man ran away and I followed him on horseback, and killed him with arrows as I rode.

"Another time I went south, to the Gros Ventre country, and we met a party of those people coming up to fight us. I followed one man, but he was a coward and would not fight, so I would not shoot him. I rode up and sprang on his horse behind him and killed him with my knife."

By the time Bear Chief had advanced thus far in his narrative, over half an hour had elapsed. The daily reporters were getting uneasy, and one of them, thinking to hasten matters, abruptly asked how many men Bear Chief had killed in all. This man may be pardoned for a discourtesy committed in ignorance, yet a greater discourtesy never was committed. Bear Chief was silent. On his impassive face was an expression that plainly meant he had been offended. The interpreter at length persuaded him to tell the number of his coups. Bear Chief said that he had killed in war twenty-one men. Then he refused to talk any more, though the story of the robe was not half told. The interpreter explained that an Indian chief when thus interrupted in council while telling his war record considers himself disgraced, as though discredit had been put upon him. The most profuse apologies were made, but it was too late. He would talk no more of his coups. At length he again spoke, and rarely has one seen orator show more dignity or impressiveness.

"When the buffalo went away," said he, "I saw that we must change. The white men came, and I saw that my old road was wrong. I said I would not go again upon the war path. I resolved to follow the road of the white man. I have been following that road the best I could. I am not even with the white man yet in this road (placing one extended forefinger a little behind the other), but I do the best I know how. I am glad now to be in the

white man's country, and to see these chiefs. This is all I have to say."

When the interpreter had delivered these words the impression was distinct. The rough and ready but kind-hearted boys of the press recognized the dignity of the man, though realizing the error of his conclusions in regard to themselves. They crowded about him in genuine admiration and regard, and offered explanations which it is hoped at last satisfied him that no disrespect was intended when he was interrupted. On the following days they did all their city editors would let them do. One paper (the *Press*) gave over half a page of drawings from Bear Chief's robe, and a story describing the same. From then on Bear Chief was fairly lionized in New York. During the latter days of the Exposition, after his constraint wore off and after he found himself held a personage of importance, he thawed out more and became distinctly sociable and pleasant. He was a surprise to all who met him. His powers of observation are very keen, and he sees without apparent looking, and once having seen a thing never forgets it. On the street and at the table he was polite and made no errors. It was evidently his intention not to offend anyone and to "follow the road of the white man." There are many white men less kindly, less sincere and less gentlemanly than this head man of the Piegan tribe. Our prominent men, our leading citizens—what is the record of their robe? What is the record of their successes, their sacrifices, their resolves, their fulfillments of their resolves?

Natural History.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been very much interested in what has been written in the FOREST AND STREAM from time to time on the question as to whether animals are possessed of intelligence. It would seem that there could be but little difference of opinion, yet there is considerable; but the opposition comes mainly from people prone to accept theological ideas, whether they conflict with fact or not.



HEAD OF MOUNTAIN GOAT
Stolen from the Sportsmen's Exposition.

In the establishment of the Christian religion as it is now understood care was taken to draw a line between intelligence and reasoning powers and instinct; for to concede intelligence to the lower order of animals was, it was held, to invest them with a degree of moral responsibility proportioned to their mental activities. This conception, however, was an offshoot of ignorance, for it implied a necessity on the part of man to explain mysteries which are of the Creator.

Man is said to possess instinct as well as intelligence. The distinction is most finely drawn, like that of the closest synonym, and it applies almost as well to animals, birds and insects as to man. The mind contains three elementary constituents: emotion, or feeling; volition, or the will; and intelligence, or thought. When we enjoy pleasure or suffer pain, we are said to feel; when we act to procure the one or avoid the other, we put forth voluntary energy; when we remember, compare, reason, our intelligence is exerted. Do not these definitions have a lower as well as higher order of application? There has been a disposition to underrate the acquired aptitudes of the inferior animals, and to refer their capability of self-preservation purely to their natural or primitive endowments. But in point of fact men and animals alike possess both instinct and acquisitions; for, although in man the preponderance is greatly in favor of the acquired, he too must start from something primordial, the basis of the other.

There has been and still is a tendency to underrate the acquired knowledge of animals, if not to ignore it altogether. It is made a matter of vulgar marvel that they should do by inborn power what human beings require an education to perform. We even attribute to them something like a superhuman inspiration, as when we speak of the bee as a geometer, of the swallow as a meteorologist, and of the beaver as an architect.

To trace the line of intelligence from the elephant to the

ant, from the eagle to the gnat—for it is herein conceded to them—becomes at once an interesting study, foreign, however, to the purpose of this article. We may go further, too, with our observations, into the vegetable kingdom, in pursuit of knowledge under the head of "instinct," or some other characterization, and ask how it is that the grapevine puts out its tendrils at the proper place for clinging to trellis; the ivy its clingers in the niches of the wall; why it is that the roots of the willow and other aqua-loving trees and vines invariably put their roots toward a running stream or stagnant pool when either is near; why many things in tree and shrub are seen which seem to be manifestations of some strange activity? But of course I make no such claim for vegetation; it would be absurd to do so.

But I have no more doubt that intelligence exists with animals and birds and fishes than that it exists in man. I am not yet quite ready to believe the doctrine that because they are possessed of intelligence they are consequently possessed of souls; still I confess that it is not for man to know what may hereafter be required in return for the endowment of that something, called by whatever name, which is chief among the wonders and mysteries of nature.

A dissenter from these views must never have been afield, must never have patiently studied the subject as presented to him, not in books, but in nature's own way. To know the habits and characteristics of animals and birds and fishes is to awaken the reasoning powers to the greatest activities, to set mere theory and philosophy aside when they conflict with unquestioned fact. There is a science of religion, so too there is the science of nature, with this difference: while the former rests upon faith and investigation, the latter, especially in its relation to animals, is an open book.

The doctrine of universal animal intelligence strengthens rather than weakens the basis upon which Christianity is founded, for it broadens our ideas of the infinite wisdom of the Creator. Since, as Buffon says, "neither ambition, interest nor desire of revenge can corrupt the dog," we see that the lower animals are in some respects man's superiors; that they possess such morality as man cannot claim, giving to them a cleanliness of life such as better accords with Divine commands than is always found in the higher order of intelligence. M. Blaze has said that "the dog most undoubtedly has all the qualities of a man possessed of good feeling, while man cannot be said to have the fine qualities of the dog." This, of course, is to be read in its broad sense, as what Sir Walter Scott said should also be: "He (the dog) has a nature noble and is incapable of deceit. He has a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood;" and as James G. Blaine said: "What is there that is more noble, generous or amiable in man which may not be found in the dog also?" As of the dog, so of almost any beast educated as the dog may be; but there are exceptions to the rule, as indicated by the qualified statement: What that is possessed of life as these that cannot be trained?

Shall we not keep abreast with the sciences and the general advancement of thought, and hold fast to the idea that animals and birds and fishes and insects and creeping things are all endowed with intelligence?

DWIGHT H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, March, 1896.

THE BLUEBIRD'S COMING.

NEWTONVILLE, Mass., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The bird flight has been in progress for a week or more and *Laus Deo!* we have bluebirds once more!

Last year I did not see or hear a single bluebird here or in any other part of the country. Last Sunday I thought I heard them in the orchard, but hardly dared believe it true. I was at much pains to verify my impression and finally caught sight of one bluebird and think I heard others. Mr. Maynard, the well-known naturalist, tells me he also has seen them and again this morning I heard them in another part of the town. This is a great cause for joy to me. I had feared it would be many a year before these dear friends of my childhood would again be abundant and I am not yet fully reassured by any means, but I feel greatly encouraged. I hope the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will report promptly in these columns all bluebird news.

The next best news is of the liberation of capercaillie and black game in the woods of New Sweden, in Maine.

I have received a very interesting and touching account of the welcome given to these birds by the Swedes of the colony and of their very great joy at the prospect of having in their new home these birds with which they have been so well acquainted at home. It is true that but a few pairs of the birds have been as yet set free in the Maine woods, but I understand that an effort will be made to import more for the same purpose, and now that the proper method has been adopted and the ridiculous attempt to stock the State by raising birds in captivity has been abandoned, we may hope for success. I hope the people of New Sweden will be able to report from time to time on the result of this last experiment.

C. H. AMES.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Notwithstanding the cold and wintry aspect of the weather the spring migrants are making their appearance. Ducks and geese were moving northward in large numbers March 22. A pair of starlings were seen the 23d. Robins and song sparrows have been numerous for the past two weeks. An occasional red-winged blackbird is seen. That aristocratic looking little chap the bluebird has thus far failed to put in an appearance. He was a rarity last year. Ruffed grouse wintered well, as did the quail supply, which consists of several good-sized bevs located in various parts of the county.

M. CHILL.

A Stolen Goat's Head.

REFERENCE was made in these columns last week to the theft of a Rocky Mountain goat's head which was taken from the exhibit of T. W. Fraine, the Rochester taxidermist, at the close of the Sportsmen's Exposition. This head was the property of Mr. J. J. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, who had loaned it for the Exposition. Mr. Pierrepont has given us the following particulars, which in connection with the photograph shown herewith will make identification easy should the head be offered for sale: Length of head 14in., horns 11in., ears 5in.; eyes 5in. apart; glands behind horns, oval and well marked.

The accompanying illustration of the head will serve to identify it,

Captive California Vulture.

THERE was captured in the early part of the present month near Chino, in San Bernardino county, Cal., a living California vulture (*Pseudogryphus californianus*). The specimen, which is reported to be a young one, is said to have been feeding on a cow and was so gorged with food that it could not rise in the air, and was roped, tied and put in the stable of Mr. Richard Gird's ranch. It is precisely in this way that the California vulture used to be captured by the Californians in early days, before that country became a part of the United States and when these birds were extremely abundant. Of late years they have greatly diminished in numbers, for their vast size leads to their almost continual pursuit. Great numbers too have been poisoned by carcasses set out as baits for wolves, mountain lions and other wild animals.

In the press accounts of the capture of this specimen the usual embroidery is to be found. The bird is said to weigh 100lbs. and to have a spread of wings 12ft.

As a matter of fact, the California vulture is the largest, though not always the heaviest, of North American birds. Its length varies from 4 to 5ft., its spread of wings from 8 to 11ft., and its weight is from 20 to 25lbs. It thus nearly approaches the condor in size.

From the description given of the captive bird it would seem to be a young one. Mr. Gird; its present owner, has it confined and values it at \$1,000.

Will English Snipe Eat Corn?

Two weeks since the writer was spending a few days at the Princess Anne Club, twelve miles below Virginia Beach, when one of the members, who had been shooting snipe in the immediate vicinity of the club house, returned with about a dozen birds. The dog in retrieving one wounded bird pinched it severely and the gentleman noticed in taking the bird from the dog some grains protruding from the bird's craw which upon examination proved to be pop corn, there being some ten or twelve kernels which did not seem to be in the least affected or decomposed by the gastric juices. The following day he also killed another snipe from which some twelve or fifteen kernels of the pop corn exuded from its craw. This pop corn has been preserved and will be planted at the club grounds this year.

The writer, having killed hundreds of snipe, was very much surprised at the fact that a snipe would feed on corn, a diet entirely foreign to its nature, in his estimation.

Where in the South did these birds find the kernels of pop corn? The birds were wild, showing that their arrival was very recent, probably the night before they were shot. Has any one ever heard of such an instance and can any light be given on this subject?

PRINCESS ANNE.

A Deer at Sea.

BEN LEWIS and Joe Sidelinker, of Tiverton, R. I., recently started from Newport on a codfishing expedition. When about one and a half miles from Sachuest Point, R. I., the point bearing N. by E., they came across a large buck deer, apparently bound for Navesink Highlands, as he was heading in that direction and going full five miles an hour. After a hard chase Sidelinker laid him out by a blow on the head with an oar, but that it only stunned him they had abundant evidence before they secured him in the boat. They took him to Newport and finally sold him to Roger Williams Park in Providence for enough more than to compensate them for the time lost in his capture. Where did the buck come from, and where was he bound? Are deer given to ocean voyages as a rule? This one gave every evidence of being wild, and certainly for twenty miles either side of where he was captured no park deer are kept.

QUEQUECHAN.

Spring Movements of the Birds.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first bluebird of the season seen here appeared to-day. Five have been around the old box twitting as of old. Last year not one was seen in this or the adjoining town as far as I could learn. The pine grosbeak has been quite numerous all winter. I noticed the first flock Christmas Day.

H. C. NEWELL.

BALLSTON SPA, Saratoga Co., N. Y., March 22.—At Song Sparrow's request to note when the birds arrive: I saw the first bluebird on March 19 and the first robin to-day, March 22. The weather is very cold with a foot of snow on the ground yet. They had better look out, for on March 28, 1872, they came and hundreds never went back.

BLUEBIRD.

Caribou Measurements.

THE head of "The Emperor" caribou, killed at Grandfather's Lookout, White Hills, Newfoundland, Oct. 27, 1894, by Dr. S. T. Davis, Lancaster, Pa., and shown by the FOREST AND STREAM at the Sportsmen's Exposition, measured: Length of right beam from hair to tip, 42in.; length of left beam from hair to tip, 41½in.; tip to tip, 32½in.; spread, center to center, 37½in.; circumference of right beam at hair, 6in.; circumference of left beam at hair, 6½in.; points on right horn 32, points on left horn 15—47 points; breadth of right palm, 7½in.; breadth of left palm, 6½in.; circumference of entire rack, 11ft. 9in.; diameter of space occupied by rack, 4ft.

A New Man.

NEW YORK, March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel that I must thank you for the benefit I have derived from the articles in your paper. At one time I used to read "dime novels" and other such literature, but your paper has made a man out of me. I now take some interest in sport, something I never did before, and I expect to have a very pleasant summer by following the good advice contained in your paper, instead of lounging around trying to find something to do.

Since your paper has taken the place of "cheap and poor" literature I am entirely changed. I now take an interest in other things besides my dress, etc.

You can credit yourself with having made a man out of a fop.

Again thanking you for what you have done for me, and wishing you everlasting success, I am gratefully,

G. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

JACK HUNTING.

BY A JACK HUNTER.

JUST at this time, when there is a hue and cry against this method of hunting, and when it looks as if our State Legislature were about to prohibit it by law, it may not be "good politics" to say anything in its favor. Practiced in early summer, in June and July, it can doubtless be made very destructive, as deer come to water much more during those months than later in the season, and the killing of a doe then means also the probable death of one or two fawns.

Take it within the present open season, after Aug. 15, and comparatively few deer will be killed by this method. By comparatively few I mean no greater percentage of the living supply than that supply will allow without permanent decrease. To have a successful night hunt several things are important, some absolutely necessary. Suppose you are hunting on a pond with from one to five miles of shore line or on a stream with perhaps ten miles. A deer coming to water is there from five to thirty minutes, seldom more than the latter, often less than the former.

The writer has, on several occasions, had deer cross the stream on which he was hunting just ahead of and also just behind his boat within plain hearing, yet come and go so quickly that he neither got sight of them nor even frightened them. With any considerable length of shore line several deer might come and go and stay in as long as they liked and yet never know that the hunter was abroad, as many a hunter can tell you who has hunted all night without even hearing a deer and yet saw plenty of fresh tracks on shore next day.

Then again the deer very soon gets "educated," and the educated deer knows his biz and don't you forget it.

There are numerous lakes and streams in the Adirondacks, yet there are many acres of land to one of water, and many ponds and streams are not frequented by deer. This from various causes, such as lack of feed, abrupt, rocky shores, deep water, etc.

Deer come to water to feed on the lily pads and on the tender grasses that grow on the bottom of some ponds and portions of some streams. A shallow pond with patches of lily pads or a grassy bottom is a good pond for deer, and here the jack hunter looks for and under favorable conditions finds his game. A warm, still, dark night is very desirable for a hunt. Not that deer are not killed on other nights, but the chances are not nearly so good. On a cold night fog raises and the hunter often tries in vain to get even a glimpse of the deer that he hears and from the sound judges to be within shooting distance. Presently the deer's nose discovers "where he is at" and he is up and away. On a windy night the deer is likely to scent the hunter long before he is within shooting distance, and even if he chance to be to windward of the game the water slaps against the sides of his boat, and his jack may be blown out just at the critical moment. With a big moon there is little use floating at all.

Commencing, then, with Aug. 15, the ideal nights for floating are very few indeed, and it seems rather too bad that the now law-abiding hunter who enjoys this method of hunting should be deprived of the privilege simply and solely because of those who kill earlier in the season in violation of the law as it is, and because it is not enforced.

Of course these same persons will not violate the more stringent law. Oh, dear, no! All the Legislature has to do is to make such a law as will prevent the man who now kills within the legal time from killing at all, and at once the woods will be full of deer. Why, I heard a member of the present Assembly just the other day say that he never saw a wild deer in his life, yet he should vote for the amendment.

But I beg the reader's pardon. This isn't what I started out to write. I started out to tell a few things about jack-hunting as I have seen them. Call it the history of a few hunts if you please.

My first jack-hunt I well remember, though it occurred about thirty-five years ago. I was then a boy, and my father lived in a backwoods settlement where deer and trout were comparatively plenty. One day a neighbor, whom I will call Fletcher, was at our house, and the conversation turned upon the sameness of salt pork seven days in the week. Fletcher said he thought a deer could be killed at Dodge Pond, a little pond some two miles away, almost any good night. We had no boat, but my father had some nails and rosin; Fletcher had some sound spruce boards, and saws and hammers were soon at work.

By middle of the same afternoon our craft was ready and we loaded it on to a wagon, yoked up a pair of 2-year-old steers, and with a single-barrel rifle, a "twenty-shilling" shotgun and a tallow candle, Fletcher and I were off for the pond. Before turning off the main road we met a bevy of young ladies, and one of them remarked while we were yet within hearing, "That is a spiky boat," and we saw no reason for contradicting the statement.

A short distance from the pond we halted in the barnyard of an abandoned clearing, unhitched our team and chained them to a wheel of the wagon, with a bundle of hay to keep them quiet.

After a due amount of hard work we had pulled, wiggled and hauled our boat to the pond and put it in to soak up, while we built a smudge to keep the punkies off, ate our luncheon, made a jack, loaded our guns, and then waited for darkness to come.

Our jack was a primitive affair—just a section of spruce bark about 1ft. long and wide enough to encircle the head except in front, with a piece of birch bark cut oblong and with the corners rounded at one end to form the bottom. The spruce bark was nailed to it at a distance of about one-third up and around the rounded end. The square end was allowed to project a little, that it might cast a shadow over the bow of the boat. Three small nails driven in the center of the bottom formed the socket for the candle.

The shotgun was loaded with as many fingers of powder as was deemed safe for the shooter, a paper wad on top well rammed down, then three large buckshot and another light wad, then and last a "G. D." cap. At first I used to wonder why these caps were called "G. D.," but subsequent use of them convinced me that there could be

no doubt as to the proper names, and I believe to this day that they were well named.

Twilight came and went and darkness settled over woods and water, and it was with a sigh of relief that the boy, who, then at least, regarded himself as all-important to the success of the hunt, heard his companion announce in a whisper that it was time to light up and go out.

A few minutes later he was seated on a pile of boughs well up in the bow of the boat, the jack on his head, its one candle throwing out a few sickly rays of light, shot-gun resting on his knees, and his senses of sight and hearing strained to the utmost to detect any presence of the game he was after.

Only those who have floated for deer and who remember their own first experience will understand his many disappointments—how his pulse quickened, how often his heart jumped up into his throat, how often his gun was half raised to his shoulder, to be lowered again as the paddler whispered, "That's only a rat," or "That's nothing but a log; don't shoot."

At length a different sound is heard, a faint cracking of brush, a swish, swish, in the grass on shore. The bow of the boat is turned toward it and the paddler whispers, "That's a deer." A few moments, and as we silently approach the shore the outlines of some animal, large and silvery, show dimly at first, then more plainly, and gradually take on the form of a deer. Slowly the shotgun comes to the shoulder, the boy glances along the barrel, feels sure that he is holding on in spite of the circles described by the muzzle, and then with a wince at the expected recoil he pulls the trigger. Peck! the cap has missed fire. The deer looks astonished for a brief instant and then the sharp crack of the paddler's rifle rings out, echoing from pond to mountain, from hill to crag. The deer has vanished in the darkness. Crash! crash! tunk! tunk! then silence. "He is dead, let's go ashore." It is Fletcher's voice that breaks the spell. My first night hunt is ended.

I do not remember the dates, but it was probably a year or two later on when one Saturday afternoon I saw two men from an adjoining town drive past with a boat on their wagon. Next day they drove back with two deer, and I soon found out that they killed them at Dodge Pond. The next Saturday night they hunted again, but got nothing.

This was more than the boy could stand, to have out-of-town hunters come and kill deer right under his nose, so to speak. They had hidden their boat of course, but not so securely that the sharp eyes of the boy could not find it. Once at the pond and five minutes' study told him where it ought to be hidden, and a few minutes' search found it. Then he returned home and hunted up a chum, and proposed that they go out floating. By this time the boy was the owner of a single-barrel pea-shooting rifle. A jack was easily made, and the weather being favorable the hunt began that same night as soon as darkness set in. There was the usual prelude of frogs and rats, false alarms at the sight of old gray logs and then the unmistakable splash, splash, of a deer walking in shallow water. It seemed ages almost, hours at least, and slowly the form of a deer loomed up to view. The rifle is carefully aimed and then—peck! With a snort the deer is off. Two or three jumps and he is within the thicket of small spruces that grow just back of the pebbly beach.

There is no accounting for some things. That deer stopped, turned partly around and deliberately stuck his head and neck into view from behind a spruce top. Quick fingers had pulled the "G. D." (?) cap from the nipple and replaced it with a fresh one.

The proper thing then had been to slowly bring the gun to shoulder and take deliberate aim, but the boy was a bit rattled perhaps, for he had learned by hearsay from his hunter friends just how to do it and knew better than to do what he did. He threw the gun to his shoulder with a jerk. The barrel gleamed in the light and the deer sprang. Giving the gun a jerk in the same direction and a little upward, the trigger was pressed, and the report for the moment obliterated all other sounds. Then we heard a faint rustling in the bushes beyond, and following the instructions we had received we silently backed away from the shore and ran to another part of the shore to reload and ask each other in whispers whether the deer was killed.

As soon as it was light enough to see to shoot we went over to the place where I had shot, landed and quickly found a nice ten-prong buck dead and cold. My bullet had caught him in the flank, and ranging forward through the vitals had evidently produced almost instant death. My exact weight before and after the hunt I do not remember, but am quite sure that the difference was considerable.

A few years later one dark, warm night, found the writer, then a young man, seated in the stern of a little flat-bottomed boat on a pond near by Dodge Pond. A neighbor, whom I will call Bill, sat in the bow armed and equipped with the usual bark jack and single-barrel rifle. For an hour or more we paddled around, hearing nothing but the frogs, rats and hedgehogs. Getting tired of this we were lying off the shore some thirty rods, and Bill had taken the jack from his head and was half asleep, when there came a mighty splash from near the shore, followed by the souse, souse that sends a tingle through the veins of the night hunter. Turning the stern of the boat toward the sound, the jack was silently lighted and adjusted on Bill's head, and at his signal that he was ready I turned the boat around and approach the shore. Presently a light spot shone on the surface of the water and this soon took on the form of an antlered head. It soon shone plainly in the light, and not wishing to risk getting nearer I swung the boat for Bill to shoot. Slowly the rifle came to his shoulder, which it hardly touched before it was discharged. Then as the report died away there was a confusion of sounds. Bill was furious. The blank, blank gun went too easy; went before he expected it to, before he had taken any aim; he had just put his finger against the trigger when off it went, and he had missed the blank, blankest best shot he ever had in his life. I was obliged to take this all in with one ear, but with the other I was listening to the deer. I heard it plunge for the shore, try once to climb the bank and fall back. At the second attempt it succeeded. Then came two or three quick, spiteful jumps, a fall, a little rustling in the leaves, then silence. I waited until Bill got out of both adjectives and breath; and then quietly asked him what ailed him. He went over part of it again, and I laughed. Then he got mad

and swore that he didn't see anything to laugh at. At that I sobered down, and told him that if he would stop his confounded noise and go ashore perhaps he would. But only the sight of the dead deer a short distance from the shore would convince him that he had not made a clean miss, and he never took kindly to my suggestion that he should always shoot just before he was ready.

The reader may think that all my hunts have been successful. He will be confirmed perhaps in the idea advanced by some that to kill a deer by jack light is just as easy as falling off a slippery log. Don't believe either one. I think you may put it about in this way: Divide all the nights I have ever floated by twelve. On three of those nights I have seen one or more deer; on some others I have heard, but have not seen any. On one of the twelve nights I have had a shot. Seldom more than one shot, for I never hunted after making a kill until more meat was needed in camp.

I apply this average to my whole hunting career. For the past few years I have had a better average, though one season, four or five years ago, I hunted hard night after night on every halfway decent night during a four weeks' trip and never drew blood. This, too, with a modern jack and gun and a modern \$3-a-day guide in the stern of the boat. Everything went wrong. If it wasn't one thing it was another. But during those four weeks I was about as lucky as any one, for I only heard of three deer being killed over a range of many miles, and the woods full of them and hunters too. That was one time at least when jack-hunting was not destruction to deer.

On one of these nights we were camped on a stream, narrow and crooked with marsh and alder shores for miles. We had run down stream some two miles when we met another boat hunting up stream. It was very dark and threatening rain and even as we sat chatting the big drops began to patter on the bushes and make bubbles on the water. "Boys, we had better get for camp; there will be no hunting after this and we will get wet." Well, I should say we did.

Our camp being the nearest shelter, we were soon hustling for it as fast as strong arms and skillful hands could shove the boats. Down came the rain, first in drops, then in streams, then by the bucketful it seemed, and we were all thoroughly soaked and our boats nearly half full of water by the time we reached shelter. Here we found the other hunters of our own camp, who had gone up the river, and also another party, all more or less and more rather than less wet.

A pail of water was hung over the fire to heat, the dishpan brought out, the juice of half a dozen lemons squeezed into it, sugar added, the contents of a long black bottle labeled (perhaps) Godfrey's Cordial allowed to gurggle just a little, hot water to suit the taste and, well, the boys said they didn't mind a wetting half as much as they thought they would.

In all my night hunting I have wounded and lost very few deer. No greater percentage of hit deer ever escaped me than from the average still-hunter. Sometimes a deer has to be followed next morning and is found alive. I do not like that; it is too much like butchery (yet how many still-hunters get their game with the first shot). I like a clean kill or a clear miss. I never in my life made a night shot at a deer without making a thorough search next day, if the deer runs off. By doing this I have first and last saved several deer after my companion on this hunt had given them up.

Perhaps the reader will also think that to kill is all the enjoyment I find in the hunt. That would be a great mistake. The kill is but the final act that rounds out and completes the pleasure of a night that is hardly less enjoyable without it. Indeed, more enjoyable in some respects, for after the excitement of the hunt is over one feels more or less compunction for having deprived of life one of God's most beautiful creatures.

This recalls to me a night hunt a few years ago. We were camped far away in the deep woods and near a good deer pond. My wife was with me and one night she went floating with us, occupying a seat between the paddler and myself. We were going up the inlet of the pond, which here ran through an open marsh, and discovered a deer standing on the bank and looking away toward the woods. He knew that something was wrong, but couldn't quite determine what it was. As I slowly brought the gun to my shoulder Madam whispered, "Don't shoot, it looks so pretty," and I lowered my gun. After sniffing the tainted air a few moments the deer bounded away and soon his shrill good night was ringing through the forest.

My paddler did not like it that I had let the deer go, and I had to promise him that the next one should not enjoy Madam's protection. An hour later on the owner of a pair of eyes that blazed out at me from the dark woods on a steep hillside responded to my call, and as the death rattle sounded in his throat Madam remarked, "It's too bad."

Now let me take you to the Stillwater. We are a large party—four ladies, four men and two small boys. Two of the men are guides, one of them the regular custodian of the club house and grounds. Jim, as we all call him, is quite an artist. No one can draw a finer picture of things that pertain to the woods and hunting and fishing, sometimes with fewer facts for a foundation. He can tell the most interesting yarn imaginable, all from whole cloth, as the saying is, and never a wrinkle of the face nor a twinkle of the eye will warn the most wary that it is not solid facts they are getting. While a good man about camp, he is only at his best seated in the stern of the boat at night with the single blade in his hands. Here he is a genuine diamond of the first water. Some guides paddle, Jim floats. With most guides you can feel the boat quiver to a greater or less extent as it responds to the effort of the paddler. Not so with Jim. You just seem to be propelled by some mysterious power that drifts you along through the darkness hour after hour, perhaps.

Well, to our hunting. Ten people in camp and only salt pork for breakfast. The night is still and dark and we prepare for the hunt. The jack-lamp is filled with oil, the wick trimmed afresh, the lens polished, the lacing of the leather cap adjusted to fit the head and the lamp lighted. Then with gun and jack and arms full of blankets we go down to the landing. While I hold the light Jim arranges the seat and blankets and I step into the 30in. canoe and sit down. The blanket is spread out well under my feet, so I can move them without making a noise; the sides are drawn up over my knees, both to

keep them warm—for sitting still hour after hour makes one feel chilly even on a warm night late in August—and to form a cushion on which to place the gun. Another blanket with part of it folded underneath me is spread over the back of the seat. Do not go floating without a good easy back to your seat. It is back-breaking business without one and you will soon get too tired to feel much interest in the hunt, and perhaps in trying to relieve the pain you can no longer endure you will move a little and in so doing make a noise and thereby lose your only chance for a shot that night.

Wriggling myself into an easy position with body turned a little to the right, so as to be able to shoot straight ahead of the boat if necessary, I wait till Jim is seated in the stern, then put my jack on my head. This is placed so it throws the light to the left at the angle natural to the line of the gun barrel when shooting, and so it will strike a level with the water at three to six rods away when sighting along the barrel. Then I put my gun to my shoulder, pick out a stone or tree to sight at and adjust the light so that when I bring my gun to my face it will sight well in the center of the circle of light. This is very important, and many a novice and a few old hands have lost a good shot by neglecting it. Now I am ready, and putting the cap over the front of my jack I signal to Jim to go. He pushes away from the dock and we turn our bow up stream.

For a distance of two miles and a half the river is nearly dead water, with low banks covered with grass and bushes. It crooks and turns to all points of the compass, and at one place comes within half a dozen rods of making an island, as indeed it does quite in times of high water. A large portion of this distance is good hunting ground, with frequent patches of lily pads or grassy bottom. At the end of this level the stream becomes much narrower, with higher banks, numerous sandbars, a quicker current and less feed.

For a furlong perhaps Jim plies the paddle with noiseless strokes, and the canoe moves rapidly forward. Then we listen. All around us are the noises of the night—unwritten music. Here, in a hoarse, bass voice, one inhabitant of the stream is telling all the rest that he is the biggest frog in the pool, and another answers in the same tone, "That's so; that's so." Then another lesser voice chips in and says, "He's my uncle," and another asks, "What's his name?" and the little frog gayly responds, "Pete, Pete," which is supposed to be short for Peter. Then a bat flutters by so close to my face as to make me dodge, and a muskrat swimming past suddenly thinks there is danger and goes down with a ker-chug that makes me jump in spite of the fact that I know what it is.

Slowly we drift along. Hemlock Point is turned. Some distance beyond is Cedar Cove, and as we approach we strain every sense to the utmost, for the numerous stems of the water lily standing erect, denuded of the leaf (for deer do eat lily pads), show plainly that it is a favorite feeding place. Not a sound greets us and we float along. Suddenly a few rods ahead and near the right hand shore we hear souse, souse, souse, and a deer has gone out. A swishing of the grass, a cracking of brush, and then his shrill trumpet of alarm warns every deer within a mile that danger is abroad.

Of course I have snatched the cap from the jack, thrown off the safety to my Lefever and half brought it to my shoulder. No use; the distance is too great, and in a moment I cover the light again and settle back to my easy position. After all, it would have been but little sport to have killed a deer in half an hour from camp.

Jim mutters imprecations on the jack, which, he says, leaked a ray of light and caused the disaster, plugs the offensive crack with a piece of cloth torn from the lining of his coat, settles back into his seat and on we go.

Now we are nearing the cut-off that in high water helps form the island before mentioned. Here is good hunting ground; watch out sharp as we drift along. A heron which has been frogging or asleep in the shallows rises at our approach with great flapping of wings and hoarse croaking—evidently disgruntled at being disturbed—some little bird flutters in the bushes on the bank, the night wind softly sighs.

A little further on the cracking of a limb on the left hand shore causes Jim to bring the canoe to a full stop, and for five minutes or more we listen. Then the whine of a hedgehog is heard, and half disgusted we push on past Cedar Spring camp ground into the strait beyond, on around the bend past Flat Rock Cove, on past Sand Cove.

As we pass Sand Cove another hunt—my first one with Jim as paddler—is brought to mind, and I will tell you about it as we drift onward. We had been well up the river and were on our return. As I remember now we had not heard a deer at all, and it was well past midnight. As we approached the cove, Jim's ear—sharper than mine—detected the presence of game, and he whispered to me to uncover the light. I removed the cap and peered into a bank of fog. Splash! splash! splash! Away went the deer through the shallow water, while my eyes tried in vain to bore a hole through the mist.

Climbing the bank the deer swung sharply to the left to go up stream. In turning he for a moment showed me the gleam of one eye, and instantly the gun came to my shoulder and its loud report woke the echoes and silenced the noisy frogs in our immediate vicinity.

Then we listened. The deer went on, making but little noise, and I felt but little confidence in the success of the shot. Next morning, however, we found a few rods back a nice spike-horn buck with but a single shot through his neck.

While I have been yarning it, we have approached Burnt Rock. Just below it is quite a crossing and feeding place for deer, but the river is so full of lily pads, grass and rushes as to make it almost impossible to get up to one. This was our luck to-night, for though we heard one and Jim did his best to get there the deer took the alarm and was soon at a safe distance in the woods, from which vantage ground he sent us the usual compliments.

For another hour we go on; on out of the broader river into the more narrow part, past sandbar and cove, with only the frogs and muskrats to keep us company. Now we are almost up to the hay meadows and our chances seem rather poor, when a deer is heard walking in the water a few rods ahead. Instantly we are on the alert, and as we get a little nearer Jim whispers to uncover. Off comes the cap, and I fully expect to see a deer, or at least its eyes, but neither are visible, and I begin a careful search ahead.

A few rods further on the river makes an abrupt turn to the left, and in the point of the elbow of the stream is a small cove. Just at its lower right hand side grows a single alder. This is not enough to hide anything by daylight, but at night it casts a shadow. I can see nothing until, as I am partly past this bush and slowly swing my light to the right, there in full view stands a deer. I say stands, but it is hardly that, for it is already going into the air. It is a beauty, and so clearly is it shown by the light—I never before nor since saw one so well—that I seem to see each separate hair and to gather in an instantaneous view every graceful outline of its shape as the tense muscles are already at work to carry it away from danger. For almost less than an instant I enjoy this beautiful picture, and thus the hunter's instinct recalls the hunter to his senses, the gun springs to my shoulder, the muzzle is thrown upward and as far to the right as a brief instant will allow, in hopes to catch the quarry while in the air, and the trigger is pressed. Then we listen. The deer runs away very clean, but then there are but few bushes on the bank here and these are but small ones. After a few moments Jim says:

"You never touched it."

"I think I did."

"No, you didn't. You never saw that deer until it was in the air."

"I know it."

"And you took no aim."

"I had no time."

"You didn't even look along the barrel."

"I know it; still I think I hit the deer. It seemed to me that my gun was well ahead when I pulled."

"No, you were right onto that deer, and if you had hit it at all you would have broken it right down on its tracks. You weren't twenty feet from it."

"Oh, yes, I was. I know I was very close, but I was a good deal more than twenty feet."

"Well, you haven't touched it, that's all."

"For all that we will look for it in the morning."

The run home was a repetition of the hunt up, except that no sound of deer was heard. Tired with my night's work and perhaps having little faith in the success of my shot, while Jim had none whatever, it was well on toward noon when we landed where the deer went out. Not a drop of blood could be found and but few marks on the hard gravelly shore among the little scattering bushes.

Looking over the relative positions of the deer and of the boat as nearly as we could place it, Jim was satisfied that I was from 50 to 60ft. away instead of 20, and he said, "It has made a little more sign than a wild deer ought to, and did not blow. Still, if you had hit it why didn't you drop it in its tracks, or why don't we find any blood? We haven't found even a drop."

I felt I could say very little in reply. Slowly and most reluctantly I was beginning to feel that I must have made a clean miss. Just then Jim pointed to a witch hopple leaf on a low bush before me, and asked, "Is that blood or only a red leaf?" "Only a red leaf, I think," and indeed it looked much more like that than anything else. Jim picked off the leaf, wet his thumb in his mouth and rubbed it on the leaf, and, lo! his mouth widened and widened until it seemed as if his ears would tumble off the brink and be engulfed. His thumb was red with blood. I only caught the last of his next remark, but it sounded very much like, "— you did hit it," and presently, "Yes, for here's a piece of bone. Now give me the Winchester and you stay behind, for Jim has got to do some fine tracking, for any blood has all dried up."

Slowly and with the greatest care Jim picked his way across the flat and up the hill out of sight. A few minutes later the crack of the rifle told me that the hunt was ended and that the camp could give salt pork a vacation. My shot had broken one hip. Since that night Jim has paddled me to two deer, neither of which got out of the water until we took them into the boat.

As I said earlier in the story, many another night's hunt has burned no powder nor wrought any havoc with the game supply. Many a time I have in the small hours of the morning returned to camp, shivering with cold or wet to the skin perhaps from some sudden shower. At other times we have run ashore, hauled out our boat, turned it bottom upward and got under it till morning or till the clouds rolled by.

I never hunted a night when I did not enjoy it, whether it brought any addition to the larder or not; but a better pen than mine is needed to describe all its attractions.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gov. Morton advised in his message that hounding, floating and killing of deer in water be made unlawful, and he is right.

None of those methods are fair or sportsmanlike, but are brutal and take advantage of the game.

We paid large amounts for bounties on wolves in order to get them exterminated, and one dog loose in the Adirondacks will kill more deer than ten wolves would; for they only killed to eat, while dogs kill for slaughter just the same as they kill sheep—and it is a fact that many hounds are allowed to run loose winters in the woods in order to get their own living, and many more get loose and go off for days at a time, killing deer in the deer yards and on the crust, only returning home when satiated and tired out.

We should have, say, open season for still-hunting forty days—from Aug. 15 to Sept. 25—for those who like to go into the woods in warm weather, and say twenty days—from Nov. 10 to 30—for those who would rather go in on the snow and when the weather is cool enough, so that venison can be kept and sent home, and when it is fat and at its best.

No person should be allowed to kill or take more than two deer any one year, and only to ship them when he accompanies the shipment.

Another thing—about small game. I hear there is an attempt being made to have open season for partridges, woodcock, squirrels and hares begin Nov. 15. That will be wholly unfair to the sportsmen in the State north of the Pennsylvania line, for all woodcock have gone to New Jersey and Long Island before that time, and the bad fall weather cuts off nearly all shooting after Nov. 1 even. The open season should begin Sept. 20 to Oct. 1, and close Jan. 1—except on rabbits, to Feb. 1.

C. L. PARKER,

A WOMAN'S VERSION.

AFTER many weeks of planning, talking and preparing Mr. and Mrs. C. and my husband and myself were ready to start on our long-talked-of camping trip one morning late in September. We were prepared to camp, shoot and enjoy life. Mrs. C. and I had never done much shooting, but we had our guns and were not afraid to use them. What little experience we had was encouraging, and we hoped to kill some game.

As we were carried along by train we watched all the lakes and heard all the different opinions of the people in regard to game. Some ducks were seen, but the weather was too fine for many. About 3 in the afternoon we arrived at B., a small station in northern Minnesota, where we found our tents, which had been shipped several days before. We went to the hotel and spent the rest of the day in engaging teams, buying groceries and other necessities and trying to find which direction to take. At last we had decided, and went to bed for the last time in four weeks in a house. It was raining and growing cold, so the prospect of living in tents was not very pleasing, but we had been told of all this, and did not expect to find all sunshine.

When morning came, what a day came with it! Cold, windy, and rain most of the time. We prepared for our long ride, and having plenty of wraps, were soon enjoying the ride and looking for game, camping places, etc. We passed many lakes, some of them large, with beautiful surroundings. After a ten-mile drive we came to the little village of M——, where we afterward received our mail. As we were leaving the village we passed a party of hunters, and saw that they had found many ducks, so we were encouraged and drove four miles further out. There we found our camping place. We spent some time looking the country over, but afterward concluded we were wise in our choice.

You that have camped can imagine the putting up of stoves and tents, unpacking of dishes, and getting something warm to eat after our long, cold ride. We soon had some coffee, hot muffins and eggs ready, and they were relished by all. The driver had in the meantime secured a nice load of straw, and our two tents were up, ready to settle. We filled the ticks for our beds, spread the canvas for carpets, after putting a good layer of straw down, and made ready for the night. To be sure the straw was in humps, and it seemed a little strange to be out of doors, but we all slept well and I might say long, if Mr. C. had not disturbed our morning dreams trying his sharp axe.

The second day was a busy one. Unpacking, settling, putting boats in the water, and doing some exploring. We found we had camped at Lake George, a small but picturesque lake.

Mr. C. and my husband found a point favorable for ducks and built a blind there and another on the island. These did not prove much of a success in after days, but some ducks were captured.

Mrs. C. and I had donned our corduroy suits, leggings and heavy boots, and were prepared for what came. We took a walk to the house—about a quarter of a mile away—the second evening, and of course carried our guns. As we were going along a pheasant rattled the dead leaves a few rods away. Shells were soon in my gun and I shot, but no pheasant could we find. We were encouraged though, for one of us had shot at something, at least. We were a curiosity to the settlers. Women with guns were unheard of there. We were called upon by all within two or three miles. One man came to see the "Injuns," and then it fell to my lot to be joked, being of dark complexion. One farmer came and made a long call, and astonished us all by saying he could not come again for a week. They were all kind, and desirous of giving all the information they could. From them we bought our milk, butter, eggs and vegetables.

The first week was fine, and of course we did not expect to see many ducks. We had time to explore the country and made many discoveries. We found to the north of us about half a mile Lake Jessie, and east of this a quarter of a mile another lake, which we call Lake Alice. Lake Jessie contained an island of a few acres of land, and on this we found several good passes. The owner had commenced two log houses and had them up to the second floor, and how we did wish we could finish them and make a permanent place to do our hunting. It is an ideal spot, with plenty of game. A mile north of us were the Leaf Mountains. You see, we were surrounded by lakes, mountains and wooded land. We enjoyed it all; took long walks of six and seven miles some days, which was a good distance to carry a gun. Mr. and Mrs. C. could not stand the long tramps, so my husband and I did the most of that. Mrs. C. would go out about the lake and camp, and always came in with game—one day a pheasant, an owl, a bluejay and a gray squirrel. She is a good shot, rarely missing what she aims at. We could shoot squirrels, gray, black and red, any hour in the day. Trees were full of them. Pheasants were plenty. We needed a good dog for them. We had a spaniel dog with us, a borrowed one, but never found what he was good for, and after two weeks sent him home.

One morning Mr. C. went out about ten rods from camp and was soon back with a pheasant. He asked my husband to come out and try for one, as there were more there, and in fifteen minutes they had killed three, so near to camp. We always had plenty of game to eat. Our camping stoves were of sheet iron, with folding oven and pipe made to telescope, so it was a small affair to carry; but they do first-class cooking and baking and were good heaters; we were much pleased with them, and surely our husbands were, for they had home cooking and lived as well as if they were there.

At last we found ourselves longing for stormy weather and ducks. This weather did come while we were there. There was only one day of rain, and then for only a short time, in all the four weeks. We finally found that ducks were coming more in the lake north of us than where we were, so we went over and toward night there were hundreds flying from Lake Alice to Lake Jessie. They were mallards and bluebills. My husband was sure it was a redhead lake, but the redheads never came. The only redhead he saw was on land, driving a team and holding a plow. Some or all of us would go over to the island in Lake Jessie and get on the passes and have good shooting every evening. I feel anxious to say that I shot a duck and winged another; but we did not get either, as they fell in the rice and we were without the much-needed

dog. But it was enough to see them fall, and now I can see how the hunters become so infatuated with the sport. The cold weather, the gathering of decoys, the long tramp home, and other hard work is all fun when you have killed the bird. As the fourth week of our camp life was near the end we knew our families must need our attention, so we began to prepare to leave Camp Daisy. A postal to B. brought Mr. H. and teams to our camp. We had had our breakfast and had packed the small belongings, and were only waiting to pull the stakes. It was all soon done, and we were sorry to bid good-by to the little red squirrel who had been with us through all, making a home in one of the trees overhanging our tents, and using the tents for his promenades and chattering; and to the lakes, camping place and pleasant surroundings. We all remember our pleasant trip and hope to return next year.

Now this is a woman's version of a camping trip. If you see anything in it worthy of a place in our beloved FOREST AND STREAM (which is a weekly visitor in our home) print it. If not the waste basket is always handy.

MINNESOTA.

NOVA SCOTIA GAME.

THE annual report of Mr. George Piers, secretary of the Nova Scotia Game Society, demonstrates a commendable activity by the society in enforcing the laws. The following paragraphs afford an interesting index as to the game supply and its preservation:

The law which has been in force for the past two years was found, by experience, not suitable for the different classes of game. We found that by having the open season for partridges as early as Sept. 15, combined with the abominable practice of snaring, in a few years more there would not be a bird left in the country. We also decided that the law prohibiting the killing of cow moose would not work, as numbers of cows were killed by mistake, and left in the woods; and no hunter when seeing a moose in the thicket has a chance of telling what the sex is. Your secretary was continually receiving correspondence complaining most bitterly of that section of the law; and also that there were many more moose cows than bulls, the latter being principally young animals.

By a misprint in the present law, hares were allowed to be taken on Sept. 1; they are then alive with vermin, and cannot be brought to market so early in the season without being more or less tainted.

The majority of cock and snipe shooters wanted the open season for these birds to begin on Aug. 20, as it has been proved to the satisfaction of all observing sportsmen that the majority of woodcock and snipe, which are bred in the Province, leave here about the full moon in the latter part of August; and the cock shooters have to content themselves with the few birds that are not strong enough to take flight with their earlier hatched brethren. The sportsman gets no shooting worth while until the full flight comes along about Oct. 20, which only lasts a few days, as they leave here about the full moon at the end of October to go to a more genial climate.

The chief game commissioner had some 300 circulars printed and distributed throughout the Province, among those interested in the preservation of game, etc., with questions to be answered as to time of open season, etc., for game and fur-bearing animals. These circulars were much appreciated by the general public. The new law has been compiled as far as practicable from the answers received. A large proportion of persons both in the city and country are in favor of prohibiting the sale of all game for three years or even longer.

The pheasants imported by your society some three years ago have undoubtedly been a success, and have not been interfered with by persons living in their vicinity. Mr. Price, of Kentville, who put out a few pheasants in addition to three hens sent to him by the society, states that they are thriving and becoming scattered throughout the country. Professor Butler, of Windsor, also turned loose a number of pheasants. I have heard of them having been seen on several occasions in different parts of Hants county. I strongly recommend that your society import say fifty pairs of pintailed grouse, a bird well adapted to our climate. The expense would be but small, the freight being the largest item. A few members of the society imported thirteen of the above birds last spring, but too late to breed that year. The cost of the birds was \$6, other expenses \$28. Your council has tried to procure a few pairs of ptarmigan from Newfoundland, but without success.

Commissioner Archibald says, "At Sheet Harbor, Musquodobit, Salmon River, and Moser River in particular, moose are more numerous than they have been for many years. At Liscomb, Guysboro county, they are also very plentiful. Several herds of caribou have been reported near Moser River and Liscomb." Mr. Archibald reports about forty-six moose and one caribou having been killed in his district; he states that one head, horns and hide, sold for \$64. From the large number of bulls that have been killed, he is of the opinion that there will be a great many barren cows for the next two years at least.

C. R. Kelley, agent at Yarmouth, reports having sold eleven licenses for large and nine for feathered game, amounting to \$420. He has been vigilant in keeping a sharp lookout on all foreigners who came to his district to hunt; he says a number of strangers who come to Yarmouth do not take out licenses, but go by train to other sections of the Province, and avoid paying for their sport.

During the last season there have not been so many moose taken as in the previous year; partly on account of the weather having been unfavorable during the calling season and of the law prohibiting the killing of cows, but mainly owing to the fact that moose are gradually disappearing in this part of the Province. Mr. Kelley knows of but twenty-three having been killed this year. The red deer have been seen on several occasions and signs of young with them.

Charles Clarke reports that there have been sixteen moose killed at Bear River. Owing to his keeping a sharp lookout for snarers, there have been no violations of the law in his immediate locality, but some sportsmen who were hunting to the westward, in the vicinity of fourth and fifth lakes, which represent the hunting grounds back of Weymouth, told him that they were literally covered with snares, and another season the society should send a couple of good men to destroy them and bring the offenders to justice if possible. Several of the moose so caught were left in the snares to rot. The red deer have been seen occasionally and look well.

Commissioner Crooker, Queens county, reports that last March, the snow being deep with a hard crust, he sent a reliable man in the direction of Ohio Settlement to look after doggers; he searched the woods for seventeen days and found where a moose had been killed. Mr. C. has no doubt that the man was a great protection to the moose; as there were no more signs of dogging. He was also in the woods in the vicinity of Broad River Lakes (one of the best moose districts in the Province) with a surveying party for three weeks, and was continually coming across moose yards, and saw several moose; there were no signs of poachers, nor did he hear of any being out. Mr. Crooker writes us that there are a number of lawless hunters who live at Ohio in Lunenburg county, who keep a pack of bull dogs, and come over into Queens and Annapolis counties to hunt; it is reported that they killed eight moose last spring with their dogs; they are the sons of John and David Smith. There is also another notorious poacher by the name of Aaron Weazel. He hunts wildcats with a hound and drives the moose all over the country. Mr. C. has been credibly informed of two others by the name of Frank Rowden and Charles Connell, who snared four moose near the Randolph Lakes, and two others in another direction; notwithstanding moose are very plentiful. Mr. C. recommends that if a crust should form this spring, the society should send men in the direction where those parties having dogs would be likely to hunt.

John Daley, agent, Digby, sold four licenses amounting to \$80. There were not so many moose killed this year as last. Caribou are diminishing and he agrees with H. A. P. Smith that wildcats destroy the fawns. The red deer are frequently seen by persons traveling through the woods. Mr. Daley does not know of any moose having been dogged last spring in his county, but there were several cases in Annapolis which were reported to the society. Mr. Daley writes that he is credibly informed that not less than ten moose were dogged and killed last March and the first week in April in the above county.

Dr. Bliss, agent for Cumberland, states that dogging moose was not indulged in in his part of the Province last spring. The fear of the law has certainly saved the lives of many moose during the last year. Snaring in Cumberland begins as early as the end of July or Aug. 1. The doctor thinks that about six moose were snared in the Athol district, most of them by old offenders. These men are very careful of themselves, visiting their snares by night with lanterns and altogether taking extraordinary precautions; some of them could have been "caught in the act" if reliable men could have been procured at the right time; one or two of the poachers may still be convicted if thought best by the society to try the case.

The abolition of spring shooting of blue-winged ducks on the Cumberland marshes has already proved the wisdom of the measure. The open day last autumn was a record breaker and large numbers were bagged. There were no golden plover in the vicinity of Amherst last fall.

David Freeman, agent at Kemp, Queens county, reports that moose are steadily increasing, and that there are quite as many bulls as cows. Last March when there was a hard crust on the snow Mr. Freeman kept a vigilant lookout for doggers and says that there was not one animal killed in that way; poachers knowing that they were watched. He found where moose had been started by hounds hunting for wildcats, which he thinks should not be allowed, as game is much harassed by the baying of the dogs when on the scent of their quest.

In Mr. Freeman's visit through the woods last fall he found but one snare; the practice is pretty well broken up in his section of the county. Mr. Freeman hopes that the society will urge the Dominion Government to stop the exportation of trout.

John Bower, agent at Shelburne, reports that moose are multiplying, 75 having been killed last season to his knowledge, six were shot within ten miles of the town. Mr. Bower, hearing that moose snarers were at work in Barrington municipality last fall, sent men to look after them, with the result of taking fifty-three snares. Bass was badly beaten when in the woods by some of those who lost their snares; he prosecuted them. Mr. Bower went to Barrington to attend the trial, which was a farce; the justice appeared to be afraid of the poachers and dismissed the case. The ruffians had the pleasure of paying \$14 costs.

I. R. Ruggles, secretary branch society, Lockport, writes that their society has been the means of preventing the destruction of game out of season, and has no violation of the law to report in the vicinity of Lockport; but in the districts on the borders of Shelburne and Queens counties, where the society has been unable to reach, unlawful killing has been carried on. Mr. Ruggles sent out a man last spring when the crust formed to watch the suspected parties. The would-be offenders were on the grounds with their dogs, but the weather proved unfavorable for them, and his man could get no evidence which he considered satisfactory. Mr. Ruggles begs to call the attention of this society to this locality, and urges that they take steps to have it closely watched during the snaring and dogging season. Mr. Ruggles was informed by a reliable hunter that he saw in two days' travel forty snares.

Mr. Ruggles reports game generally on the increase; hunters tell him that there are more bulls than cow moose, also that there should be a larger bounty given for bears, as they are most destructive to young moose. More hares have been offered for sale this year than usual. Red deer and pheasants have been seen about thirteen miles back of Sable River. The fishing in the rivers and lakes has been almost destroyed by bad fishways, and unless steps are taken to remedy existing evils there will be no fish in a few years in those waters.

David Rumley, Liscomb Mills, Guysboro county, writes that moose and caribou are numerous. Twelve of the former and two of the latter were shot between Moser River and St. Mary's. Mr. Rumley destroyed a number of snares. There has been one red deer seen in his district.

A. O. Pritchard, commissioner, New Glasgow, in his report last year called your attention to the more than ordinary increase of moose in Pictou and Guysboro counties. This season they have not been so numerous, having been driven away by the fires at East Pictou into Halifax county. Snaring is not practiced as it was in former years. It is fairly suppressed, that is, as far as it is in the power of three or four men to cover the vast forest area in these counties in search of snares. The Indians

have been less troublesome than heretofore. Many fine moose heads were sold in New Glasgow, Pictou and Truro, and were exported to the United States. Mr. Pritchard says that cow moose far outnumber the bulls. He has not heard of any caribou having been seen in his district. Partridges are conspicuous by their absence, and it will only be a matter of time before they become extinct unless the sale of them is prohibited, as every man and boy belonging to both the agricultural and mining districts owns a gun, and the open season being a fortnight too early, the mining industries that are growing up not only on the borders, but in the depths of the forest, have considerable to do with the destruction of game.

Commissioner Bigney, of Wentworth, Cumberland, reports moose plentiful. During the few days' snow in December quite a number were killed.

W. B. Harlow, agent at Caledonia, Queens county, reports that all game in and about Caledonia are multiplying annually, with the exception of partridges, which are growing more scarce every year. Since snaring and dogging have been stamped out there has been a greater number of moose and caribou in his district; he thinks the law prohibiting the killing of cows is a very unjust one. Mr. Harlow considers his section one of the best in the Province for large game. One or two hunters reported having seen red deer.

The Cape Breton branch society, which has only been in existence for two or three months, with twenty-one paid up members and the promise of assistance of all the sportsmen in the county, has prosecuted three persons for illegally having partridges in possession, and another year they hope to be able to give the parent society considerable assistance in enforcing the game laws.

Commissioner Donald Ross, N. E. Margaree, C. B., writes that there are fewer caribou this season than in former years. Mr. Ross is pleased to state that there has not been a single case of snaring in his district the past year.

H. A. P. Smith, of Digby, who claims to be an old hunter, writes that notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, moose are not increasing in our Province; he says that if we consider the small area of country in Nova Scotia where moose still live, and the way they are hemmed in by the railroad and small villages, it is an easy matter to understand why the novice who goes into the woods for this game, and sees a lot of tracks, imagines them to be very thick, and often takes each track he sees for that of a separate animal. Dr. Smith is also of the opinion, backed by several old Indian hunters, that the scarcity of caribou is greatly owing to wildcats. They follow the does about the time they are going to drop their fawns, and destroy the young as soon as born; he states that two Indians saw five wildcats attack a full-grown caribou, and they would have certainly killed it had they not been frightened away. He is afraid the red deer imported by the society will fall a prey to the cats.

MONGOLIAN AND RING-NECK PHEASANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read Mr. E. A. Brackett's remarks in your issue of March 28, in which he compares the merits of the pure Chinese pheasants with those of the English ring-necked birds.

I doubt if Mr. Brackett's experience is sufficient to entitle him to lay down the law so decidedly. A local knowledge gained within a very few years, with a comparatively limited number of birds, is of little value for general instruction. I do have "birds and eggs for sale," and those in large quantities, having handled during the past twelve years nearly 100,000 pheasants of all varieties. I would prefer, therefore, that some one else should emphatically contradict Mr. Brackett's statements, but that I think that there ought to be no delay in producing overwhelming evidence against his absolutely groundless libel on the English ring-necked pheasant. It is of no consequence whatsoever to me which kind I supply, but I am anxious as a sportsman that only the best all-round variety for game preserves should be introduced. I have sent English ring-necked pheasants to all the Northern States and different parts of Canada, even to Nova Scotia, and receive nothing but the best accounts of them from every part. A gentleman put out a few hundred birds on an island near New York where they are to be found now by the thousand after a season's heavy shooting. One of the largest preserves in America, situated in Vermont, was most successfully stocked with the same breed. A gentleman living on Long Island let out a few birds last spring to breed at liberty and found in the autumn that they had increased tenfold, and he assures me that within five years the whole island will abound with them. I can quote many other statements corroborating the above given instances from all parts of North America.

Mr. Brackett asserts that "the breeder who cannot raise from 85 to 90 per cent. is not in a position to instruct others." May I ask him if his experience has been gained by rearing these birds by the thousands or from a few coopfuls. If the latter is the case, it is needless to point out the vast weight his dictum will carry.

As I have previously pointed out on the authority of those competent to speak, the Chinese pheasant is the most unsatisfactory of all the varieties bred for sport. It is a third smaller than the English bird; it is a great wanderer and prefers its legs to its wings, and in all other countries is barred from their game preserves. But I must of course bow before Mr. Brackett's experience, which makes the opinions of other *soi-disant* authorities of no value. I hope, however, that he will forgive me for completely traversing his statements to the detriment of the English ring-necked pheasant, and allow me most unhesitatingly to maintain that wherever this breed has been introduced with any regard to its requirements, it has thriven and multiplied.

I noticed a letter some time ago in your columns about the inbreeding of pheasants, and advocating the constant introduction of fresh blood. I have always been convinced of the necessity of mating unrelated birds and have each year at great outlay and loss imported large consignments with that object. As another means to achieve this end I have begun an experiment in the crossing of Japanese pheasants (*phascanus versicolor*) with the English ring-necked variety, and have so far found it extremely satisfactory in every way. This crop is very beautiful and hardy, and I hope soon to be able to supply it in large quantities.

I have been told several times that the views I have expressed in your paper and elsewhere about Chinese pheasants have brought down on my head very scathing remarks sent to other publications which I do not see. I do not think that this is a fair method of answering my opinions, as I cannot be expected to peruse all the sporting journals throughout the States, and it leaves unassailed, without an opportunity of defense, by persons I would gladly have replied to.

In conclusion I would acknowledge that even people of the largest experience in the management of these birds can learn yet more about them; but it is worse than useless to be guided by mere tyros in this fascinating occupation.

VERNER DE GUISE.

MANHATTAN, N. J., March 27.

SCOUTING BELOW THE YELLOWSTONE.

LATE in the month of January last Capt. George S. Anderson, the commanding officer at Fort Yellowstone in the National Park, Wyoming, ordered Capt. Scott and Lieut. Lindsley to make a scout through the country to the southwest of the Yellowstone National Park for the purpose of learning what they could about the game and the game destruction of the region. The report of this scout made by Capt. Scott has been received in Washington, and from it we make some extracts.

The officers proceeded by rail to Market Lake, Idaho, where they learned that game trophies are occasionally shipped from that station, but always boxed and consigned as merchandise.

From this point they went on Jan. 29 twenty-five miles further to Rexburg, a little Mormon town of few inhabitants and no interest. On Jan. 30 they proceeded to St. Anthony, the county seat of Fremont county, whose inhabitants are largely Gentiles. At the hotel kept by Mr. White the officers learned that Rice & Findlay, bankers and leading merchants at St. Anthony, recently had a buffalo head which they had been trying to sell for \$50. It was learned also that the Winegars, one of whom is the son-in-law of Bishop Parker, who was formerly the Mormon bishop of the Egin ward, killed some buffalo last fall, probably two or three, and that they have a cabin in the Squirrel Creek Meadows, where they go to hunt and trap. It was subsequently learned that the man who brought in the buffalo head which had been in possession of Rice & Findlay was one Osborn, of Island Park. This man is said to have killed eight buffalo last fall.

On Sunday, Feb. 2, Capt. Scott and Lieut. Lindsley met Mr. Hawley, the deputy sheriff and acting game warden. All of the county officials seemed much in favor of game protection, and especially of a law for the preservation of the buffalo in Idaho. The present law prohibits the killing of elk and moose, and several attempts have been made to enforce it, but as yet the officials have been unable to secure a conviction. Many of the settlers to the north and east of St. Anthony kill elk for their winter's meat, but except the Winegars they do no other hunting and no trapping. One of the buffalo heads that Rice & Findlay had was a cow. Of the other no description could be had. On Capt. Scott's broaching the subject to Rice, he seemed considerably frightened and at first denied everything. Finally, however, he admitted that he had known the whereabouts of two heads and that he had been negotiating for them. He said, however, that he had got frightened and had refused to have anything more to do with them. It is probable that Rice & Findlay have the two heads hidden somewhere at present. The impression seems quite generally to prevail that there is some United States law protecting the buffalo.

On Feb. 3 the trip was continued eighteen miles up the North Fork to Marysville, to the house of Mr. Gooch, who is a justice of the peace and postmaster.

Marysville is between the North Fork and Falls River. The country is flat, not much higher than the river and without timber. It is a newly settled Mormon community and the people are poor and ignorant. A Salt Lake company has begun the work of taking out a ditch from Falls River, near the southwest corner of the Park. This will be completed in June and will furnish water to the whole country.

At the Black Spring, about four miles south of Marysville, Fred Reising has a homestead. He has been in the country only about a year, but is generally regarded as the worst poacher in the neighborhood.

On Warm River, which empties into the North Fork about six miles from Marysville, there are large springs, and along this stream there is more or less trapping of fur. Between Warm River and North Fork there are meadows where moose are said to winter, and up toward the National Park from this place is the hunting and trapping ground of four men, a father and three sons, named Shepherd.

On Feb. 6 Lieut. Lindsley went to the cabin of a man named Vaux, a trapper who lives on Warm River half a mile below a big spring, twelve miles from its mouth. About half of this journey was on *skis* over 2 ft. of loose fresh snow. Vaux is a Union veteran, who came here last October from the Big Hole. He is a prospector, and is trying to trap and poison enough fur to make a grub stake for next summer. He has killed two moose and two elk this fall and winter. He says that while fishing in the Falls River meadows last September he saw the carcass of a buffalo. The hide had been taken and the horns chopped off with an axe.

Dick Rock's cabin and elk corrals are one mile northwest of Vaux's cabin, in the meadows, and from them a wagon trail runs to Island Park and Henry's Lake. It is clearly out of the Park, probably eight miles. Vaux says there are six moose near his cabin, but no elk now. He thinks the elk come in later, for he sees many shed horns about. The river contains vegetable growth similar to that in Nez Perce Creek and Fire Hole, and Vaux said the moose wade the river and feed on the grass. There is usually a hard crust in March that sometimes gets strong enough to hold an elk. The snow early in February was a little more than 6 ft. deep at Vaux's cabin. Vaux said he saw trails of eight or ten buffalo last October about two miles up the river from his cabin. It led toward the meadows and had been followed by horse tracks. He said that some of the saw mill men told him it was scouts or soldiers driving them back into the Park.

There are three brothers, named Bell, logging at the saw mill. One of them has worked for Mr. Waters in the Park. They are Gentiles and seem very energetic, and

seem somewhat inclined to hunt or trap, but the officers could hear of nothing against them.

On the 8th Capt. Scott met Mr. Samuel Talon, who lives on a ranch at Marysville. He reported that Mr. Osborn, of Island Park, had sold buffalo meat to Mr. Charles Brown, on Fall River; also that Larney Bros. had several hundred thousand feet of lumber out on south bank of Fall River last winter—most of which he thinks was cut in the Park.

Securing a guide, the officers started out on Feb. 9 for Reising's old cabin on Porcupine. This cabin was built by him in 1890, and he has occupied it every winter since until last winter. It is now occupied by hunting parties who go there for meat. It is probably four miles from the west boundary of the Park. The report reads:

"Mr. Gooch hauled us in a sleigh about five miles, whence we proceeded on snowshoes and reached the cabin at dark. The snow increased rapidly in depth, and the *skis* sank deeper at every step. Found the head and forequarters of a bull elk near trail, about two miles before we reached the cabin. Found Mr. Shepherd and his son camped at cabin. They had a dog and toboggan. They said that the boy had killed the elk and had taken the hindquarters home. They had some of the meat in camp and were going to haul the rest home. The old man is not very strong. He is trying to get some fur, but has had no success as yet. Young Green has been with them and is expected up to-morrow with another dog and sled. They have two more elk somewhere, but they say nothing about it. It snowed all day, but was not cold.

"On the 10th we stayed at the cabin, and Shepherd volunteered to guide us to top of Divide toward Snake River Station.

"On the 11th we started for a cabin sixteen miles further on and near Bechler River. Reached crossing of Rock Creek and were all played out. Had to camp in the open air and melt snow for water. Cut wood all night with hatchet to keep warm. The snow here is 7 ft. deep. Very soft on top and it snowed all day. The blazes on trees are nearly all covered with snow and Shepherd was unable to follow the trail closely. Saw no signs of game, the recent snow having covered up any trails that may have been made before.

"On the 12th we left camp at daylight. Reached tree where Park regulations are posted at 11 o'clock. Shepherd said the cabin, which is a secret one built by Winegar some years since, was only one-half mile away. He started for it and came out at Bechler River. Was very much surprised at not being able to find it. The air was full of snow. Circled back and found it at 3 P. M. on bank of a little lake and about half a mile from Park regulations. It is much dilapidated. Had hole in middle of roof to let smoke out and there was considerable snow inside. Shepherd's son and young Green were with us, besides the guide employed at Marysville, and they had two dogs and toboggans. We camped in cabin, and at bedtime it was still snowing hard. Shepherd refused to guide us any further. Said he wouldn't undertake to guide us anywhere in such a storm, as it was impossible.

"The morning of the 13th it was still snowing. The guide and the young men were played out and sick. The dogs were tired and footsore, and we found we had only one day's rations left. The Snake River Station was still twenty-five miles distant and two rivers to wade before reaching it. It was clearly impracticable to proceed further, so we returned that day to Reising's cabin over the trail we had broken, and where Shepherd had some rations left. The next morning we had nothing but a small quantity of bread and some tea for breakfast, and that night we reached Marysville. During our absence the weather had been fine at Marysville, and the snow was crusted after we left the timber.

"From Marysville we returned as rapidly as possible to Market Lake and came home by railroad, reaching the post on the 18th.

"On the train coming home saw a traveling man who saw Snyder at Park City, Utah, last spring, peddling jerked meat and salt fish. He also had a head and skin of a young bull, which he was trying to sell for \$50.

"We heard from many different sources that buffalo have wintered in the meadows heretofore, and also about the warm formation on Mountain Ash Creek. Fresh sign was seen in that vicinity late last fall and it seems very probable that a small band is wintering there now, unless they have all been killed.

"It is equally certain that the poachers from Henry's Lake and Island Park come into the country adjacent every spring as soon as the snow crusts, so they can travel with their dog teams. We believe that the remnant of the band will be destroyed before spring unless extraordinary measures are taken for their preservation.

"There are two cabins in the meadows on Bechler River and one on Mountain Ash Creek, and I recommend that these, together with the secret cabin where we camped and the old Reising cabin, be destroyed."

A Prairie Chicken Incident.

MINNESOTA, March 21.—One morning early in September Pete and I left the city for a day off, I taking my pointer Rex and Lil, my English setter. Rex took his position in the rear of the Concord buggy, while Lil, who delights in watching the horse, was given the post of honor in front. We had scarcely left the city limits when at a cross-road Lil stuck her nose up in the air and began to look first one way and then the other. I stopped the horse at once and turned to look at Rex; he had jumped from the wagon and was frozen stiff in the middle of the road and looked back, and Lil with her forefeet on the wheel was making as pretty a point as one would care to see. We hastily put our guns together and started in to flush. We walked at least 35 yds. and then flushed two nice plump chickens. Both fell at a neat double by Pete. I was too far behind, having stopped after going 25 yds., thinking the dogs must have made a mistake. I call that great work for scrub dogs. The only way I account for it is that the strong wind blew the scent and perhaps the birds ran on after being pointed by the dogs.

JONES.

Illinois Mongolian Pheasants.

MACOMB, Ill.—While hunting last week a Biggsville man shot a Chinese pheasant. There is no doubt that it was a descendant of the birds turned loose by Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, some years ago.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the late discussion of the arm for big-game shooting. It occurs to me that if hunters ever do agree it will be by the majority rule, since men differ in their experience with the same gun. However, it is not necessary that we should agree, but we should appreciate the kindness of FOREST AND STREAM in giving space to our opinions.

Now, my opinion is that if a cannon ball were to strike the body of a moose or deer it would kill more suddenly than would a ball from any hunting rifle by striking the same spot. But the cannon ball might clip off a leg and do no more damage than would a ball from a .38-40. The accuracy of the gun, and its weight and length, are in my opinion prime factors in making it a desirable arm for a certain purpose. Then the questions follow: For what purpose? On what kind of grounds? Who is to handle it? A small man with a long-barreled rifle might successfully stalk certain big game on the plains or any open ground, but if he attempted to shoot deer in Michigan or Wisconsin forests with it he would get left by at least 50 per cent. He would have to be a first-class hunter to get standing shots at one-half the deer he would see, and the other half would simply run away while he was trying to bring his long gun to bear on them through the holes in the forest. If conditions were the same in the various hunting grounds, as for instance game not wild, open timber and leaves down, country level, etc., the problem would be nearer a solution, but even then two men might meet in the woods and exchange rifles to their mutual advantage.

I should like to read the facts attending some experiences of our friends with the guns they condemn and also those they recommend. I have killed deer with a .32-20 Winchester, getting five out of eleven taken by a party of nine hunters. The other guns were all larger than mine.

I now hunt with a .38-40, model '73. This gun has a 24in. barrel and weighs 9lbs. Its only fault, as I see it, for deer shooting is that it will not carry 100yds., as originally built, without elevating the sight into the third notch. I dressed the sight of my gun until it will hit the mark at 200yds. without elevation. I also cut the prongs off the hind sight, and find I can follow a moving object much better. With this gun I have killed my last fifteen deer with nineteen hits. This was done by still-hunting among the timbered hills and thickets. Seven of the deer were standing, two were walking, and four were running. I conclude that this is what an average hunter can do with that arm under ordinary circumstances. The four hits that did not kill must be attributed to my poor marksmanship, for every ball rightly placed did fatal work, and a shot at 196 paces at a fawn not over half grown was just as true to aim as those at closer range, dropping the deer in its tracks by breaking its back. Last fall I walked on to one of our boys just after he had killed an old buck. He was hunting with a .50-95 and shooting an explosive ball. His first shot had cut a foreleg off the deer below the knee, his second knocked a prong off one of the antlers, his third took a piece out of an antler at the base, and his fourth hit entered the shoulder and exploded, sending particles of lead in every direction. He is an average rifle shot, and the gun shoots as nearly correct as would be expected of a gun of its dimensions, but the two were not mated. It is too clumsy an arm for a small man to handle on moving game in the timber.

I have never had the good fortune to try my hand on moose or elk, but if I were outfitting for either of them I should select a gun that had sufficient killing power, but with length and weight such as would make it a handy gun in my hands. If I could not find such a gun I would stay at home.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent A. H., who writes in your number of Jan. 11 as one inexperienced in large game shooting and wanting advice, may well be puzzled at the conflicting opinions about rifles given by various practical hunters; but he may console himself with the reflection that, although it is impossible to decide which is the best rifle, he will be certain to obtain a good one by buying any weapon issued by the leading American factories and chambered for any cartridge between the .40-60-260 and .50-110-450.

Another fact is worth consideration. As stated lately by an old African hunter in an English sporting paper, rifles are now too good, and that is why large game is becoming exterminated.

While many hunters of very great experience, like the late Sir S. Baker, Capt. Forsyth and others, prefer rifles of larger bore, with heavy powder charges, there are some notable exceptions whose opinions deserve attention. Among the most prominent of these is Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, who wrote a work upon rifles early in the sixties. He was known to have great practical as well as theoretical knowledge, and to be a fine shot. For many years he was engaged at surveying in wild parts of the States, where he had to depend much upon the rifle for procuring food; yet in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM many years ago he asserted that a .40cal. with 40grs. of powder is large enough for any animal east of the Missouri River. That would of course include caribou, moose and bear.

When writing, about six years ago, to another American sporting paper, Mr. Cleveland made a similar statement, and gave details which showed that his favorite weapon was a Maynard .40 gauge, with a 20in. barrel, chambered for a 40gr. shell. That is the same length of barrel and powder charge as in the Winchester carbine, described by Col. Cecil Clay in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8. It is evident that neither of these gentlemen can have had much trouble with too high a trajectory, want of killing power, and other defects often complained about, or they would not have continued using such weapons through such long hunting careers. Still, it must be admitted that flattening the trajectory is of very great advantage, provided that too much accuracy be not sacrificed; for the finest judges of distance are liable to error, especially when their shooting grounds vary between plains, mountains and thick bush.

I read Colonel Clay's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, 1889, and was so interested that I have kept it up to the present time in a scrap book, where I treasure useful articles upon firearms; yet I was not convinced of anything except that the .44-40-200 carbine had done good work in his hands. It appears to me that this cartridge must always have one prominent defect for use against

any game larger than a Virginian deer. The bullet would doubtless kill even a moose well, when a clean side-shot is offered, but many instances occur especially in thick bush when there is no chance of aiming at any part except the hindquarters. Having never used a large-game rifle with less than 55grs. of powder, I would speak with some diffidence, but I cannot believe that the .44-40 bullet would penetrate between the haunches and through the abdomen into the front part of the chest of a moose, wapiti, or woodland caribou. I even doubt if it would reach the vital part of a large bull moose when striking the shoulder joint of one standing obliquely toward the hunter, a position by no means unfrequently presented. A rifle to be thoroughly satisfactory requires a bullet with accuracy, good striking surface and sufficient power to penetrate well into the front of the chest of the largest game, no matter in what position the latter may be standing.

Tastes vary so much that hunters will never agree about weapons, but perhaps the first consideration when choosing a rifle should be the weight which can be carried with comfort during a long tramp over rough ground. For a man of average strength and endurance, this should not exceed 9lbs. The next point is what cartridge giving the best combination of penetration, flattened trajectory, striking surface and accuracy up to fair sporting range (say 200yds.) can be used in a rifle of that weight without uncomfortable recoil. For myself, if selecting a weapon for every kind of large game in America, I would not hesitate to buy a "take down" repeater with half magazine, made for the Winchester .45-90 cartridge, but would load the shells with 85grs. of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 rifle powder, and either the 350gr. bullet of soft lead or one slightly lighter, hardened with tin and with a small shallow hollow in the point—depending upon which of these gave the best accuracy in the individual rifle.

For seven years I used English express rifles of .45cal. with powder charges of 110 to 124grs. and the usual hollow point bullets, which are about 280grs. weight, hardened with one-twelfth to one-tenth of tin. These have the following advantages: They can be so made and sighted that no allowance is required when fired at the shoulder of an ordinary deer up to 150yds., at which distance a good rifle will put several successive shots into a ring of 6 or 7in. diameter. As to killing power, hardly any deer or other thin-skinned animals struck fairly in the shoulder ever run more than 100yds., and nearly all drop on the spot or within 20yds.

Their defects are: First, want of sufficient penetration for shots at the rear of animals or even for shots at the point of the shoulder of large game with thick skins. Second, want of accuracy beyond 150yds., and in second-rate rifles even at shorter distances; although the majority of shots are true they are not all to be relied upon. Even a good express will rarely put a succession of bullets at 200yds. into less than a 20in. circle. Some matters increase the weight of the bullet and thus obtain greater accuracy, but this is of course at the cost of increased recoil in light rifles.

Although the express was very satisfactory for the majority of chances at game, I rarely succeeded in making the long, clean kills at 150 to 200yds. when after antelope which were not uncommon with the accurate old muzzleloaders taking charges of 55 to 62grs. An old Hindoo groom who lived with me eight years, and to whom I was much attached, generally accompanied me to hold the horse while I was stalking those animals. After I had used my first express for some months he said to me very seriously, "Sahib, that new gun makes a great noise, but the antelope run away. The old gun made little noise, but when you fired they used to drop."

A modification of the express rifle on Mr. Melford's principle is, I think, decidedly superior to the ordinary kind. The cartridge contains 90grs. of strong powder and a bullet weighing 360grs. It is 1in. in length and has a hollow at the point $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter. This is accurate enough to hit an 8in. bullseye at 200yds., and the trajectory resembles that of the .45-90-300 Winchester, being a trifle over 2in. high up to 100yds. and about 10in. up to 200. The rifle has been used for many years by some noted African hunters, and all speak of it in the highest terms. They say that if the bullet hit the hindquarters of a lion walking straight away it penetrates bone and everything else, going well forward into the very front of the chest, at the same time "mushrooming" sufficiently to give a large striking surface. When more penetration than the above is required the hollow point can be filled with a hard wooden peg.

The rifle is made 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight and gives no disagreeable recoil. This is partly due to its having a shotgun butt and stock of proper length. Although American rifles have been greatly improved for some years many have still to be made far too heavy, owing to the persistence in the use of narrow heel plates and short stocks. The Winchester Co. have for many years past made .50-95 rifles, specially for the British market, of about 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight and with shotgun stocks. I tried one at a target, found it very accurate, and with no more appreciable kick than an ordinary shotgun.

The oft-quoted saying of Mohawk, in the "Last of the Mohicans," that "a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet," is not strictly correct. Much depends upon whether the man behind it flinches, and the tendency to flinch can be prevented by having a shotgun butt and a stock not less than 14in. long, measured from the trigger. Two of the most accurate rifles I ever fired recoiled in a really terrific manner, but it is a mistake using such weapons for game shooting. They are all right if held closely to the shoulder and in exactly the same position every time. In hunting, a rifle has to be pointed up hill, down hill, to the right or left, and sometimes, in snap shots, fired almost before the butt touches the shoulder. Under such circumstances, if the kick be severe, the gun is twisted during the passage of the bullet through the grooves, so as to cause a perceptible divergence from the mark.

If a hunter be decidedly sensitive to recoil he would do well to choose a rifle chambered for the .45-70 shell, and load it with Gould's 330gr. hollow pointed bullet, or else select a 40-gauge.

I have never tried that size at game, but from the testimony of numerous good hunters there can be no doubt of its efficiency. The .40-82-260 has the same good qualities for trajectory and accuracy as the .45-90, but for moose and wapiti the .40-70-330 would perhaps be preferable, owing to greater penetration, and with a small shallow hollow at the point of the bullet, ought to have a good striking surface.

Within the last two years a few sportsmen in South

Africa have tried rifles, taking the new .303cal. cartridge, with its charge of smokeless powder corresponding to 70grs. of black, and its 217gr. metal jacketed bullet. This has great accuracy up to the longest sporting ranges, and a trajectory so flat that no allowance is required for the curve of the bullet up to a distance of at least 50yds. further than that of the best .45 or .40 express rifle. There are several disadvantages in the cartridge which will tend to prevent its general adoption. Many sportsmen like to indulge in occasional target practice, and the range of the bullet is so enormous that there are few places where it can be fired without most serious risk of danger to man and beast; and if it or the new American army bullet came into regular use for antelope shooting on the prairies there would certainly be some lamentable accidents. Owing to the immense strain on the breech, the rifle must be made of better material than that which suffices for ordinary sporting cartridges, or else some part of it is likely to give way after only a moderate amount of firing. The accuracy also is liable to diminish after a few hundred shots, owing to the rapid wearing out of the grooves. There are most extraordinary reports of the killing qualities of these rifles. With the full jacketed military bullet they are certainly very useless against game, unless a bone or large bloodvessel happen to be struck, the bullet only drilling a neat hole about its own diameter. With the point uncovered by the jacket and with the latter split longitudinally in four places, very good work has been done by some hunters, one indeed asserting that the effects are greater than those of a .45 express. On the other hand, some equally good sportsmen have found them more or less of a failure. One old elephant hunter wrote to a sporting paper here that small antelope, which dropped on the spot when hit with a .40 express bullet, ran sometimes for miles when a .303 bullet with a soft lead or hollow point had passed through both lungs. The penetration of this bullet is extraordinary, and it seems to act better upon rather large than upon very small quadrupeds, owing to the resistance in the bodies of the former causing it to flatten.

I doubt if it will ever be made, in the majority of shots, to stop game as quickly as the larger bores; and its extensive adoption would certainly hasten the extermination of game, owing to the temptation to fire at long ranges.

Whatever rifle A. H. may finally decide upon obtaining, I strongly advise him to have it fitted with an ivory-tipped foresight. This never glistens in the sun, and it shows with perfect clearness against the hide of any animal. I think it improves the shooting quite 20 per cent. The Lyman aperture rear sight is also particularly useful in preventing the tendency which most young, and even some old, sportsmen have to fire over the game by taking too coarse a foresight. With the aperture, if the trigger be pressed the instant the ivory bead is seen on the mark, the shot is certain to be accurate; but this is not always the case when an open rear sight on the barrel is used, because the notch or upper edge of the sight may be too much below the line from the bead to the eye of the hunter. For those, however, who prefer an open rear sight, it would be difficult to find a better one than the Lyman No. 6 pattern with a triangular piece of ivory to mark the center. This catches the eye instantly when the rifle is raised, and there is no blur, such as is caused by a notch. Fine sights may do best for target work, but all those for military or sporting purposes ought to force themselves upon the eye instead of having to be searched for.

After buying the rifle it is advisable to sight it carefully before using it on game. The alignment which causes a bullet to go straight for one man may possibly make it fly to one side or too high or low for another. When the sights have been correctly arranged the young sportsman should practice firing at various objects, such as knots on trees, spots on rocks, etc., at unknown distances and in all kinds of ground, up hill, down hill, and on the level, so as to learn what allowances to make for the curve in the bullet's flight. Judgment of distance can be much improved by fixing the eye on an object when out walking, deciding how far it is, and then pacing up to it. I think that in the long run those who never fire random shots bag the most game, and a rifle should never be fired at a deer beyond the distance at which it can be depended upon to hit an 8in. bull. At greater ranges there will be many missed or uselessly wounded.

A man is a bungler who cannot, as a general rule, stalk to within 150 or, at the most, 200yds. of deer on an open prairie, even when they have become wild from being frequently fired at. An intimate friend, and one of the best sportsmen I ever knew (who had stalked and bagged five ibex in one day), told me that he never fired unless he could crawl to within 100yds. of the game. That was before express rifles were invented, and he was then using a 12-bore made for carrying eleven round balls to the pound, with 44drs. of powder. Such rifles by good makers used to put (with open hunting sights) several successive shots in a 6in. ring at 100yds. At 150 they required a 10in. ring, so my friend would not fire, from dread of merely wounding an animal.

The late Horatio Ross had stalked deer during an unusually long life, and was one of the best shots at game or target in the British Islands, yet in his introduction to Macrae's "Handbook of Deer Stalking" he writes: "We often hear of very long shots having been made, but we do not hear of the many noble stags that have been wounded by reckless shooting at extreme distances." I cannot accuse myself of having often wounded deer, because I make it a rule never to fire at deer beyond the range of 150yds., and then only if I have a good, steady view."

Judge Van Dyke in the "Still Hunter" says: "For the past three years my rule has been to shoot at nothing beyond 150yds. if there is an even chance of getting closer to it, and not to shoot even that far if there is a fair prospect of shortening the distance. I fully believe I have got more deer by it. I certainly know that there have been fewer broken-legged cripples."

J. J. MEYRICK.

SOUTH DEVON, England.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to hunting rifles I would state the following: During the last four years I have killed in Europe a very large number of deer of various kinds, from the noble stag of the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) to the nimble roebuck (*Cervus capreolus*), and having used rifles of large and small calibers, I find that the .38-55 will do the work

every time in the hands of a careful rifle shot. By this I mean one who is tolerably certain that his bullet will strike a vital spot. Let him shoot the large caliber who fires at every deer he sees, trusting that his bullet will cause a mortal wound; this man will certainly be more successful with the .50 and .45-70 than with the .38-55, although, as E. M. C. says, the .38-55 with the mushroom bullet will cause a larger wound than the solid bullet of the larger calibers, but it spoils the meat.

U. F. BENDER.

ONTARIO INDIANS AND MOOSE.

FENELON FALLS, Ont., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the heading of "Ontario Indians and Moose," Mr. J. E. Newsome, of Port Arthur, in your issue of the 28th inst. professes to bring to public notice a great wrong which is being perpetrated by the Government of Ontario by the way Indians and half-breeds are permitted to slaughter game.

Mr. Newsome is manifestly misleading in his statement when he says that "the Ontario Government is protecting the moose and caribou for the lazy half-breed Indians to slaughter as they see proper."

Indians have no more right to kill game in Ontario than have white men, except where that right was accorded them by treaty prior to the enactment of the present game law, or "in any portion of the provincial territory as to which their claims have not been surrendered or extinguished."

But there is a section in the act which says: "The provisions of this act shall not apply to Indians or to settlers in any unorganized township or territory not divided into townships of this province, with regard to any game killed for their own immediate use for food only and for the reasonable necessities of the person killing the same, and his family, and not for the purposes of sale or traffic."

Mark the punctuation of the above and say where Indians are given any privileges over the whites.

I am well aware that advantage is being taken of the above to a very great extent, but why? Because the hunters almost invariably find a ready market for both antlers, hide, and carcasses. I have yet to meet the Indian who while he had a territory or hunting ground to himself and could not find a ready purchaser for more game than was required for the sustenance of himself and family who slaughtered any animals unnecessarily.

I came across a camp of two Indian hunters only a few months ago with no less than three newly slaughtered bull moose heads, which I am confident would still be alive and ornamenting their native wilds were it not that their slayers knew of a ready market for both heads and hides; for it was impossible to have taken more than half of one of the carcasses to the nearest settlement before it would spoil.

Let our hotel keepers or dealers in furs and others refuse to purchase game unlawfully killed, and the slaughter will soon cease. What Indian, or white man either, will go even one day's trip into a moose or deer country, either on snowshoes or by canoe, to kill more game than will satisfy his own wants, if he does not know of a ready market for his surplus supply.

JAMES DICKSON,

Member of Ontario Game and Fish Commission.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa.,—The second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association are going to be a great success this fall. At this early date many applications are being made for entry blanks and running rules. The blanks will soon be ready for distribution, and it is hoped all sportsmen interested in these trials will apply for them.

The entry fee will be the same as that of last year, \$10—\$5 to nominate and \$5 to start. After deducting 10% of the entrance fees to cover expenses, the money will be divided into 50, 30 and 20%. Entries in both Derby and All-Age Stakes will close Aug. 1, pointers and setters to run together. The trials will be run under the Eastern Field Trial Club rules.

We have liberated 100 dozen Kansas quail on the preserve this spring; these with the birds left over from last season will give an abundance of birds to work on.

Our overseer, deputy game warden J. W. Phillips, reports finding from six to eleven coveys a day while working the dogs he has in training, showing that the birds from last season have wintered well.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of this city, and Mr. S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn., have been asked to judge, if suitable arrangements can be made with them.

S. B. CUMMINGS, Sec'y.

More Grouse Shooting Haps.

MELROSE, Mass., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article in your issue of March 21, by J. E. B., relative to his dog retrieving a dead ruffed grouse after his brother's dog had retrieved one which they had both shot at, reminds me of an incident which happened while I was ruffed grouse shooting. I was walking along an old road, on each side of which were low pines and a few birches very thickly distributed. My pointer was a little in advance of me. Suddenly I heard a clucking noise, which I knew to be a partridge. I brought my gun up very quickly, so as to be ready when he started, when suddenly it was discharged. Scolding myself for being so careless and thanking my lucky stars there was not a companion with me to receive the charge, I quickly reloaded. I had just closed the gun when out flew a grouse. I fired at him as he crossed the path, but missed. While reloading I heard a flutter at the right and just a little ahead of me. I sent my dog in and stood ready to shoot the bird should he flush it. I was thunderstruck when he came running up to me with a grouse in his mouth. The bird had evidently been sitting on a limb of a low pine and had received a part of the accidental discharge.

Another incident happened with me while ruffed grouse shooting last fall which might cope with J. E. B.'s article. I was hunting, late one afternoon in November, in a thick piece of woods for a wary old grouse which I had hardly ever failed to flush in about the same place at the above time of day. Keeping my dog in pretty close, I had not far to go to hear his ever-welcome whir about 40yds. ahead of me. I just caught a glimpse of him as he cleared an oak, but could not get a shot. I followed, however, in

the direction I supposed he had taken, intending to hunt him as long as I could see, as it was growing dark very fast. Sending the dog into some scrub oaks, I waited two or three minutes. As he did not start the bird I whistled him up, intending to send him in another direction, when what was my surprise to see him come trotting up, proud as a lord, with a grouse in his mouth. The bird was still warm, and had been dead but a short time. I think the bird had been wounded by some gunner who did not have a dog, or if he did the dog was worthless. The bird I flushed I failed to find again, but I am quite sure it could not have been the one the dog found.

I think I have got as good a retriever as is made. He is quite staunch, although not perfect. He has retrieved many a grouse which I had no idea I had shot, besides retrieving the above grouse, which I have no idea who shot.

F. D. S.

North Dakota Non-Residents.

FARGO, N. D., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed clipping from the *Fargo Forum* gives the result of the test case brought to test the validity of our North Dakota game law:

"The hearing of the proceedings brought to compel Auditor Miller to grant a hunting permit to a non-resident for the same amount as to a resident of the State was taken up by Judge Rose at the court house this morning, and the peremptory writ was quashed.

"State Attorney Pollock appeared on behalf of the State, and cited the section of the code providing a license fee of \$25 for non-residents, as the ground on which the application was rejected. Mr. Maclay, of Ball, Watson & Maclay, represented E. H. Earle, the plaintiff, and the case was submitted without argument on either side. Judge Rose quashed the writ, and the case will probably be appealed to the Supreme Court. Mr. Maclay claims that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Connecticut case does not cover the point raised here, although a large number of local sportsmen disagree with him."

C. E. ROBBINS.

West Virginia Quail.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 21.—I saw a welcome sight yesterday—five quail in a place where there has not been a quail in several years. I was attending to my duties and saw their tracks in the snow, and all duties were forgotten and I followed their trail in the snow until they flushed; and as they disappeared in the woods my thoughts went back to the weary miles I traveled last season with not a feather. The companion of then, my Gordon Ted, is sleeping by his sire, Irish Ted. Why is it that a mongrel, with no pedigree, no home, nothing, will live to a ripe old age, while the dog whose forefathers can be traced to the originators of his race must meet the spite of one who is far his inferior in everything, that curse of every community—the dog poisoner?

I expect to go to Venezuela in a few months. Will any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have had experience in the torrid zone write me all the information they can on what to wear, what weapons, etc., they would take to the gold fields of the above country?

J. H. PIERCE.

Utah's New Law.

PROVO, Utah, March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a note in order that the matter may be mentioned in next issue if you think best.

The game law has passed the Legislature, and is in the Governor's hands. It is as stringent as the sportsmen desire—too stringent to be effectually enforced in some places.

1. The export of game at all seasons is absolutely prohibited.
2. The sale of trout, even within the State, is prohibited for three years from the passage of the act.
3. The killing of elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep is prohibited for three years from passage of act.
4. Close season is extended materially.
5. Not more than fifteen birds or 15lbs. of fish allowed to any one person in one day.

If the Governor does not sustain his reputation as a vetoer, we are O. K.

SHOSHONE.

Wounded Partridges.

ONE morning on starting out to see if I could find any birds, I came upon an old partridge, which I wounded. He flew quite a distance, and after I had followed him up I found him under a pine tree. Soon after I wounded another bird in the same way. He got away, but I found him unable to fly under a pine. Now, was it on account of the soft pine needles that these birds stopped here after being shot, or was it merely luck that they fell there, and being unable to fly were forced to remain there?

E. C. W.

To Prohibit Nets in Lake Ontario Bays.

THE following bill has been proposed, to put an end to the ruinous bass netting and other fish destruction in the bays of Lake Ontario. It should have the prompt and hearty indorsement of every man who is interested in saving from destruction the game and food fishes of those waters, and the way to indorse the measure is to send approval of it to Senator James Mullen and Assemblyman C. J. Clark. The bill amends Section 132 of the game code as follows:

Section 132. No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling in the waters of Lake Erie within half a mile of the shores thereof, nor of any of the islands therein, or in the Cattaraugus Creek or within five miles of the mouth thereof, nor of any island therein, nor in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore thereof, nor of any island therein, or within three miles of the mouth of the Oswego River or of the mouth of the Niagara River, nor of any island therein. Nor shall fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section be knowingly possessed.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & LICHTENSTEIN have opened a sporting goods store at 39 Beekman street (near William), New York. They have a full line of sportsmen's goods, but their specialties will be trap and field shooters' supplies, bicycles, boats and fishing tackle.

They have associated with them Mr. Frank Lawrence, who is well known to the sportsmen throughout the United States and who is thoroughly up to date in all sportsmen's requirements.

They will make a specialty of hand-loaded shotgun ammunition—a business with which Mr. Lawrence has been identified for some years, and in connection with which there are few experts better known. In his line a novelty will be introduced in the way of guaranteeing the ammunition.

Sea and River Fishing.

PASSING OF MISSOURI BASS.

IN his "Deserted Village" Goldsmith tells of the old soldier who shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won, and the same condition of affairs prevails with the old anglers who switch their rods and tell how once they caught the great bass in Missouri waters. But these days are gone, and if during the next five years the destruction of game fish in this State continues as it has during the past five, the waters will be as bare of fish as the great plains are now bare of buffalo.

It is not a pleasant story to relate of the wanton destruction of game fish in the rivers of Missouri, but it is a story which cannot be told too soon, nor its dire effects put too strongly. As is well known, Missouri contains the finest natural waters for game fish of any State in the Union. The great range of hills or mountains, which pass through the southern half of the State, contain the sources of many rivers which are fed by enormous springs. Thus the water is kept cool during the whole summer season and it is admirably fitted for the propagation of game fishes. In addition these rivers, emptying into the Mississippi, have this mighty stream to fall back upon for a supply which comes from the great States of Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana. But in spite of these advantages, the game fish, especially bass, are rapidly disappearing.

Take for instance the Merrimac River, one of the finest streams in the United States for small-mouthed bass, which is fed by immense springs in the Ozark Hills, and with its sandy reaches, gravelly bottom and deep pools, it is the ideal place for the home of the black bass. But so wanton has been the destruction of fish in this river that a person would starve to death before he could catch enough to sustain life. Netting and dynamiting have been the causes which have ruined this great river. Of late years there has not been so much dynamiting, but during the period when the San Francisco Railroad was being constructed the river was mercilessly dynamited and everything in it was practically destroyed. It seems to be a fact that where a river has once been dynamited fish do not return to it. Certainly the passage of fish from the Mississippi River up the Merrimac should in a measure restock the river, but such is not the case.

Another great Missouri fishing stream, nearly ruined, is the Big Piney. It is located in the southwestern part of the State, lies wholly within the Ozark Hills, and is fed by immense springs, the same as is the Merrimac. The destruction of fish in this river is due to the fish hogs from the great cities. We are aware that the native is roundly denounced who sets his net or who spears by torchlight, but the total number of fish taken by these did not amount to much, and fish were abundant in the Big Piney in spite of all that the natives took out. At Arlington on the Gasconade is a supply depot where boats and guides can be obtained. A day's ride across the country gives parties a sixty or seventy mile float on the Big Piney River, and two days' travel will take them near the headwaters of the river, giving them a float of over 100 miles. Now just imagine three or four parties a week during the whole fishing season floating down from the headwaters of the river, and it will be seen what an immense destruction of fish takes place. The usual course is for the guides and camp equipage to pull out early in the morning and move down the river to the next camping place. The fishermen then leisurely follow, fishing all the best places they find and dragging behind them the bass as they go down. For their supper a few of these fish are eaten and by the next morning the whole of them are dead and thrown away. This process of slaughtering has been going on for the past ten years. We are sorry to say that so-called anglers from St. Louis are the worst offenders, one party bragging that they had caught 1,200 bass in one of their trips. Is it any wonder that the river is now almost depleted?

The Gasconade, a larger river than the Big Piney, into which the latter flows, and once the home of myriads of small-mouthed bass, is also practically given up by fishermen. There are some places where fair fishing can be found if one goes so far from the railroad that it is not generally reached by the city fish hogs.

Passing to the southeast portion of the State, the smaller streams between the Ozarks and Mississippi have been practically fished out, but now and then a bass or croppie may be taken. Going further south we come to the great St. Francis River, which has been one of the greatest fishing streams of this State. It also flows through the hills of the Ozark range in its southern course, goes through the lowlands of Missouri down through Arkansas. In its lower reaches of water are immense beds of moss, which are the natural spawning grounds for the bass. Club houses have now been located along the river where these spawning places occur and the waters are being mercilessly fished the whole year round. This fishing is done by members of clubs who are supposed to take some interest in the protection of game, but who in practice take everything that comes along. Not only do these club members fish in the daytime, but especially at Buffalo Island, where there is a club house, a great many bass are taken at night with the fly. Last season thousands of them were taken in this manner and right from the moss beds. With a guide who knows all the open spots in the river the angler goes out at night, and with a big gob of bright feathers attached to a hook, and with a short line at the end of a stiff cane pole, the fly is skittered along in front of the canoe and thus the bass are taken and ignominiously yanked into the boat.

The Black River, long the favorite with St. Louis fishermen, is also being rapidly depleted, and parties are discouraged who have gone to this river during the past few years. Many club houses are located on this river also and the members seem to take but little interest in the saving of the fish.

In these rivers most of the destruction has been done by members from the cities. In addition there has been dynamiting, and also catching by nets and fish traps. Between Silver Dam, on the St. Francis, and Greenville, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, there are six large fish traps in active operation. These are very firmly constructed, so as to resist the floods of spring, and fish are caught and sold to the markets.

In addition to these points which have been stripped of

their game fishes, market fishermen are continually fishing along the sloughs on both sides of the Mississippi through the whole length of the States of Missouri and Illinois. This is a great source of destruction of game fishes, as these netters not only take large fish, but also the small. It is no unusual thing to see on Thursdays along Union Market, in this city, rows of wagons from up and down the river containing fish caught in this manner. Ostensibly they only contain catfish, buffalo and carp, but generally in the front of the wagon the shrewd buyer can find a supply of bass, croppies and sunfish. We recently noted in one of the wagons large strings of game fish which really were mere minnows and must have been of last year's spawning. It hardly seems credible that such small fish could find sale, but they seem to find purchasers somewhere.

So far as we are aware, there is nothing being done of any moment to prevent the continued destruction of fish in the waters of this State. We have a most excellent game law and game commission, but with that great amount of intelligence which is often shown by State legislators, not a cent of money was appropriated for the enforcement of the game laws; consequently they are a dead letter. If there was any way to reach the people of the State to educate them to the great loss the State is sustaining on account of the destruction of game fishes, a sentiment might be created which would force the Legislature to make an appropriation to enforce the statutes. The Missouri Fish Commission is doing some work in restocking waters, but this will amount to little as long as the destruction is permitted to continue. What this State must have if game fishes are to be preserved is an enforcement of the present law and the enactment of a close season. As it is now fish are taken before and during the spawning season, which prohibits all chance for the natural replenishing of stock. There are intelligent fishermen who do not know that to take a black bass even after spawning means the destruction of the young fish, for they are not aware of the guardianship which young bass must have before they can shift for themselves.

We have but briefly outlined what is going on in this State, and we only wish that FOREST AND STREAM had the power to create a sentiment in this State which would put an end to the present disgraceful conditions—not only as to game fish, but game of all kinds. ABERDEEN.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THE annual reunion of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association last evening at 1020 Arch street was of unusual interest because of the universally expressed opinion in favor of a central State organization, composed of the members of the local societies. Among the invited guests were State Senators Penrose and Baker and Representatives John M. Scott, William F. Stewart, John H. Fow and J. B. Goentner; Alfred Craft, President of the Norristown Fish and Game Protective Association; H. G. Unger, Secretary of the same organization; Dr. W. B. Shaner, President of the Pottstown Fish and Game Protective Association; Professors Christine and Dolley; the Rev. Dr. Fulton and Dr. George W. Massamore, Secretary of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association.

The table was laid in true piscatorial style. There was fish carved from ice and fish patterned in sliced lemons. Grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Hart, and the address of welcome was made by H. O. Wilbur, President of the Association.

Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, was unable to be present, owing to ill health, but sent a paper, in which he said:

"In the last decade the most valuable of the State fisheries—the shad fishery—has signally shown the worth of artificial propagation by an increase in value from less than \$100,000 to over \$500,000 annually—a result clearly traceable to the abolition of fish baskets in the Delaware, to the merits of a protective patrol of the river, and the advantages of annual artificial restocking. Lake Erie shows likewise a similar increase in the value of her great fisheries—a marked contrast to the decadence of the fisheries of Ontario, where there is no artificial propagation. Our mountain trout streams that were fast failing in natural production from evident causes again afford pleasure and profit to the angler and the farmer, a result owing to the liberation in their spring-like waters of the progeny reared in the State hatcheries.

"There is no longer a question as to the results of the Fish Commission's work. Its utility and desirability are acknowledged by those who were once its determined enemies—who sought to counteract its protective enactments in legislative halls.

"The Pennsylvania Commission, from its three hatcheries, now liberates in the waters of the State over 100,000,000 of fish annually, and this spring from its completed shad hatchery at Bristol hopes to largely increase that number, besides giving the assurance of a permanent propagation of shad in the future for the Delaware and Susquehanna. If, however, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has done good work for the State, the outcome of that work needs fostering care and protective influences.

"To those of our legislators here to-night we would appeal to remedy this neglect in the future, so that with adequate protection throughout the entire State the Commission's work may be no longer neutralized by illegal devices or unlawful fishing.

"The Commission has gladly observed the rapid increase of fish protective associations throughout the State. These societies, like your own, have interested themselves in our work, and in their respective localities have made protection possible and popular. The thought has occurred in this connection that a State association, composed possibly of delegates from each local association, would form a body which, collectively, would influence legislation in favor of fish protection and the enlargement of the work of the Fish Commission."

A. M. Spangler, one of the oldest members of the Association, spoke strongly in favor of the formation of a central organization. He believed that the confederation of the local organizations had now become imperative. He thought that in this way as much more could be done in shaping legislation as the local organizations have done by their individual efforts. He paid a high tribute to the local organizations and traced their history.

Senator Baker said that very few people except those who come in contact with legislation know what their

representatives have to contend with in laboring for fish protection. As an illustration, he said the Susquehanna River is one of the best fishing streams in the State, naturally, yet many of the counties on this river are the bitter enemies of the Fish Commission. "The people there want to catch the festive eel," he continued, "and resent the framing of any laws whatever for fish protection. We need national legislation. Congress should be appealed to to forbid the erection of fish baskets or any such contrivances in any river passing through two or more States."

Mr. Baker said that the greatest enemy to fish in the State of Pennsylvania is the dynamiting Italian, to meet whose particular depredations a bill was passed at the instance of Representative William F. Stewart at the last session of the Legislature. The next most destructive agency is the manufacturer who pollutes the water, yet such is their influence that when brought to book in the courts the law books show that scientists are found who swore to the purity of that self-same polluted water.

"We need organization to educate the people. We need the aid of the press. There are legislators elected for the sole purpose of defeating the work of the Fish Commission. Once they would have succeeded, save for the influence of the Philadelphia Ledger and the good sense of Governor Pattison, and for this both deserve the undying gratitude of anglers. The Ledger has done a splendid work for fish protection and the education of the people in this direction. I say frankly that it was almost wholly through its efforts that vicious fish legislation was defeated in the last Legislature, and the passage of good measures made possible. A pamphlet written for the Fish Commission for distribution at the World's Fair in Chicago by one of the members of its staff is one of the best educational works of the kind ever issued and should be read by every man in the State."

Dr. George Massamore told of the organization of the Fish Protective Association in Maryland. He spoke of the deplorable condition of the fishing industry in the State and the efforts made to have protective laws enacted. A measure for the protection of black bass was passed on Wednesday night. The Legislature has created the position of game warden, and a bill to clear the Susquehanna River and Chesapeake Bay of fish baskets is under consideration.

Representative Stewart praised the work of the Association. He said that had it not been for the work of that organization, undoubtedly the fishing in the waters of the State would have been much worse than it is. He advocated the formation of a central organization. He thought further that the various fish protective associations should form auxiliary societies in those counties along the Susquehanna in which the work of the Fish Commission is antagonized. The eastern and northwestern parts of Pennsylvania are in fairly good shape in regard to fish protection. It is only along the Susquehanna River that the people are ignorant as to their best interests, and auxiliary organizations would certainly do good.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Fish Protective Association will shortly be held to take steps toward the organization of a central association.—*Philadelphia Ledger, March 29.*

ANGLING NOTES.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden will have been so thoroughly written up in the columns of this journal that it will be superfluous for me to say anything about it, I imagine; and, furthermore, I saw so little of it in detail that perhaps I am treading on dangerous ground to say anything, for I have found since I came from the show that there were many things there which I might have seen had I gone to the places where they were displayed.

It may not have been the proper thing to do, to sit in the FOREST AND STREAM office section and visit with old friends and talk fish, fishing and fishculture, when there was so much to be seen elsewhere; but that is what I did chiefly. I did one exhibit thoroughly, and one exhibit I missed entirely, if it was there. The fishing tackle displays I did inside and out, and was impressed with two things: the artificial flies and a fly-rod. I saw flies dressed closer to nature than I ever saw before in an exhibit of American flies. They were neater, finer and better counterfeits of natural flies than is customary for our flymakers to produce, judging from my personal experience. That may indicate that our tackle dealers of themselves have arrived at a higher state of perfection in fly dressing, or it may indicate that as our trout become more wary from their acquaintance with the angling man they require a close imitation of a real fly to lure them, instead of a nightmare in feathers, silk and tinsel. I saw flies exhibited at the show that were in every respect equal to the finest English, Scotch or Irish flies, both in workmanship and design, and that is as much as any man can say in praise of artificial flies, no matter where they are made; for in Britain they have been in the business since before the Pilgrims landed, and naturally know how to do it.

The rod that pleased me was a six-strip wood rod. Made in six strips, glued together longitudinally like a split bamboo, the strips being of greenheart and lancewood placed alternately, the rod had great powers for casting and in resistance. The rod was so perfectly balanced and the action so evenly adjusted that altogether it seemed to be an ideal rod, and as I held it in my hand I longed for a line, reel and trout to try it.

I know that seven or eight different members of the staff of FOREST AND STREAM were engaged in writing up what the show had to offer in the way of exhibits, and as it will be as thoroughly done as space will permit, I will refer only to one exhibit that was missing, or if there I did not find it, and in this I was not alone. I expected to see an exhibit of food stuffs in portable form for sportsmen, and it was perhaps my one disappointment that I did not. In English sportsmen's journals it is as much a feature of the advertising columns to display what is fit for a sportsman's stomach as it is to mention where he can get his rods, guns, dogs, boats, clothing, boots, face grease, gloves, hats, etc., but not so over here. Read the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM for instance, and the only thing one finds mentioned for the inner man is a cocktail. But how about the other courses, the soup and game pies, and desiccated and desecrated things in tins and capsules and wafers and pills that go into your

pack or pocket and sustain life luxuriantly for from seven to thirty days at so much per pill or wafer? The light but filling food is what the sportsman of to-day wishes to know about, and the place to tell it is where sportsmen flock together, and if they are not gregarious at a sportsmen's show, where are they?

Only last September I had to wait twenty-four hours for a barrel of pork to be brought over the portage to the club house where I was fishing in Canada, and ever since I have been hoping to find that some one had been able to desiccate pork so one could carry in one's pocket enough for three meals in a country where trout swim in herds. Now having called attention to the omission of an exhibit of sportsmen's food stuffs, I trust no one will say it was there concealed in one of the departments.

Steelhead Trout for New York.

The United States Fish Commission has assigned to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, 50,000 eggs of the steelhead trout. The eggs will come from the Fort Gaston station in California, and may be followed by a second assignment if the number of eggs taken at the station will warrant it. The steelhead is perhaps the best of the black spotted trout, and is considered a gamier fish than the black spotted Rocky Mountain or cutthroat trout, as the *S. neyikiss* is variously called. This will be the first of the steelheads to come into the State for planting in State waters. There are now at the Caledonia station a few of the black spotted (*neykiss*) trout hatched last year, and they were the first of the species to be hatched by the New York Commission. Since the time, nearly thirty years ago, that I caught these fish, the *neykiss*, in waters where they are native, I have been impressed with their good qualities as a game and table fish and have desired to have the experiment tried of introducing them into Eastern waters. Dr. Bean, who is familiar with both species, is of the opinion that the steelhead will be more desirable in New York waters than the *neykiss*, which I have found in our markets sold as brook trout.

Caddis Flies for Fish Food.

A correspondent writes me as follows: "I noticed some time ago in the *Churchman*, I think, that the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission gave away fish food in the shape of crayfish, fresh-water shrimp and flies of the caddis worm. As I do not live in New York State, I wish to know if the Commission has authority to sell the caddis fly and upon what terms per thousand. What does the fly look like before it is a fly, when it is in the larval state?"

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission furnishes fish or fish food only for the public waters of the State. It furnishes neither one nor the other for private waters in the State or out of it, and it does not sell anything in the way of fish, fish fry, fish eggs or fish food. It does not furnish the caddis worm or fly to anyone, nor does it cultivate either.

It is, however, a simple matter to transfer the larvæ of the caddis fly from waters where it exists to waters where it does not. There are several species of caddis worms, and nearly all build cases or sheaths to envelop them in the larval stage. To quote from Réaumur, "The body of these larvæ is lodged in a silken tube, to the outside of which are fastened fragments of different substances selected for the purpose of strengthening and defending it. The sheaths may be quite irregular, rough and prickly, or smooth and symmetrical. When the old sheath becomes too narrow or too short the larva makes a fresh one. Sometimes the new sheath differs more from the cast-off one than our dress of to-day differs from that of our grandfathers. * * * They employ very different materials and the kind of material largely affects the dress which they put on. They make use of whole or nearly whole leaves, bits of leaves, or little sticks and straws. Others use reeds, roots, grains of sand gravel, or the shells of water snails and bivalves—in short, all the materials which can be found in water are employed by particular caddis worms. In some sheaths one only of these materials is employed, and these are the most neatly constructed. In other sheaths a number of different materials are made use of, so that the larva is dressed, so to speak, in rags and tatters, and its covering is altogether shapeless." One entomologist wishing to watch a caddis worm removed it from its sheath and placed it in water with bits of mica, and it quickly constructed a case from the mica through which its movements could be observed.

"Each sheath is a hollow cylinder with an opening at each end. The fore end, out of which the head and six limbs can be passed, is wide. The hinder end is narrow and closed with a circular silken plate with a hole in it."

Some caddis worms creep along the bottom of a stream, but others load their cases so heavily with gravel that they never move. At best, the larva is a poor swimmer, and to move at all they usually creep, hence the name "creeper" applied to the caddis and May-fly larvæ by the anglers in England. The caddis worm has at its hinder end two hooks projecting outward by which it holds itself in its case should an attempt be made to remove it. Réaumur says the cases of gravel and sand are the most difficult to construct, and yet a caddis worm will make one in five or six hours. In a trout pond on the top of a mountain in Vermont I saw the bottom literally paved with caddis worm cases of this description, and the trout in the pond were perhaps the finest flavored I ever ate. Trout eat caddis worms, cases and all, and a French scientist has told (and I repeated it in FOREST AND STREAM years ago) how many caddis worm cases he found in the stomach of a single trout. My recollection is that it was over 200.

When the larva of the caddis passes to the pupa stage it reconstructs its case and it is generally shorter than before. The pupa emerges from its case, climbs up the water weeds or stones until it gains the air, and throws off the pupal skin. When liberated it swims about easily, but with its back downward, and the fly escapes from the floating pupa. The fly has four wings, and wings and body have a hairy appearance, as though fringed with short hairs.

"The eggs of caddis flies are laid in water or on water plants, or on trees overhanging a stream, or sometimes far from the water. They are often of green color, and are laid many together in a mucilage which swells out as soon as it comes in contact with water, forming a cylindrical egg rope, or in some cases a flat disc."

To transfer the caddis fly for the purpose of furnishing

fish food the larvæ cases can be gathered in the spring, or the pupa cases, and placed in a bucket of water and carried to the stream or pond it is desired to stock. The cases are abundant wherever found, and it should not be a difficult matter to gather several hundred in a short time, the more the better, for this purpose. I imagine the eggs could be transferred successfully, as well as the larvæ.

A. N. CHENEY.

BARRACOUA AND BONITO.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 20.—Among the many guests from many climes idling away their time and enjoying the mere fact of living in the delightful climate of southern California in winter, as represented by San Diego and its comparatively new rival, Del Coronado, occupying a spit just across and between the city and the ocean, were and are a goodly proportion of anglers, and their impatience for the promised coming fishing has been but slightly allayed by the few little perch and surf fish which occasionally reward an hour's work on the Coronado pier. It has been increased by the pictures shown us and sold to us of big jewfish and bass whose weights run up into the hundreds, and whose dimensions dwarf those of the man photographed with them, all taken from the same pier that furnishes to us but the little ones and snags.

And the stories too—such, for instance, as of over 100 yellow-tails, many from 10lbs. to 30, taken in one day off the same pier and with the fly—are aggravating.

So when a few days ago the news came that the barracouda were running outside, there was a general furbishing up of spoons and getting together tackle for a try at them.

Outside is but a short way off as the bird flies, but as the fish or boat swims about eight or nine miles. Sail boats, row boats, naphtha, steam and gasoline launches came quickly in demand, and it soon became the fad to go trolling, and every evening the space on the floor of the lobby of the Coronado, which for months had been devoted to exhibition of the results of day's work by sundry guests among the quail, ducks and rabbits, was covered with fish, giving much entertainment and considerable perfume to the guests who gathered around.

The trip out around Point Lima, to and past the kelp bed, which fringes the coast at a mile or two of distance, then along its outside edge, was seldom without returns; from Point Lima to the kelp beds, bass abounded and struck freely, while a boat anchored amid the kelp could secure more than any not very avaricious man could require still-fishing.

While I am told of and am shown pictures of bass up to 200lbs., the largest I've seen was about 10 or 12lbs.

Outside the kelp the barracoudas one day, bonitos another, predominate, and passing through the schools (indicated as in case of mackerel by the gulls) every jig is apt to have one on, and we hope it's a barracouda, for compared with the bonito—which on bills of fare and by boatmen is called "Spanish mackerel"—it is a good fish.

The market prices show this. While the barracouda brings 4 cents a pound, the bonito is hard to get rid of at 1 cent. The bass ranks with the barracouda, and the beautiful yellow-tail, of which a few are being caught, rank with the bonito—that is, for a table fish; for catching he is superior, for already, although early season, none less than say 15lbs. have caught on, while of bonito and barracouda 10lbs. is about the outside limit.

It is said that the fishing is much earlier than usual this year; that such luck as we now have should not be expected before May.

There is another fish that we catch in the kelp, locally called and on the bills of fare sheepshead, which it by no means is, although it has jaws and teeth like the sheepshead. This fish I don't know; it is dark brown, with a wide band of red encircling it.

PISECO.

THE "BONE FISH" OF BISCAYNE BAY.

FOR the past two winters, skillful fishermen among the Northern tourists, whom I knew personally or by reputation among mutual acquaintances, have been reporting with enthusiasm the discovery in Biscayne Bay of a new game fish which is to surpass all the other ministers to piscatorial amusements. Some went so far as to say that the tarpon is superseded as the king of fish; as expressed by one of them who kills annually more than fifty tarpon, "the tarpon is not in it."

Such strong statements greatly excited my curiosity, and meeting Mrs. Stagg, of Kentucky, who holds the belt—or cestus, being a lady—upon tarpon, and she repeating again her story (not from her own experience) of last year, and being inflamed by this story of the "new planet which swims within our ken," I took a day at Biscayne Bay, returning to-night with three of the fish.

The bone fish is new to me, and so far as I can ascertain is taken only in Florida, at Biscayne Bay and probably southward, though as to the latter fact I have no information. A guide did tell me that it is abundant in Cuba, where it is called what he pronounced leetha, or "the swift."

The three specimens taken by my friend and myself weighed (by estimation) 6, 5 and 4lbs. respectively. The bait is surf bugs or sand fleas such as are used occasionally on the Jersey coast for sheepshead when that capricious fish declines his ordinary diet. They are taken in the same manner as there, by a scoop net, or digging with the fingers, when the breaker recedes.

The cast—two hooks No. 7 O'Shaughnessy, above a small sinker and 1ft. apart—is made 70ft. or more from the boat, along a sand bar, on the rising tide. Three inches of water on the top of the bar are preferable, but the day I was fishing was at the tail end of a "norther," and I had to fish the shallow channels next the bar in 3 or 4ft. of water. The strike is a slow nibble or mumble, and it requires quickness and discretion to hook the fish. But when he is hooked, which is by a sudden, slight motion of the wrist, the aspect of the contest changes from apathy to fierce activity. There is a lightning-like run of perhaps 100yds., then a return nearly to the boat, then an equally extensive run which cannot be checked, and then zigzag rushes and flourishes here, there and everywhere until the fish is exhausted, and finally lifted into the boat by the line—no gaffing or other ceremonial; there is no leaping or jumping—all honest fishwork, below the surface and in his own element. I have taken small-mouth bass of similar weight and length, and brook trout not so large, and they simply do not compare with this fighter. There is no fish (of his class) which can be named with

him. Comparison with the tarpon is absurd. They are not in the same category unless it be in beauty. It would be like comparing snipe shooting with hunting deer.

The fish is round barreled and heavy for its size. It has a pointed snout, with mouth under its nose like the hake, which is most erroneously called by New York fishermen kingfish. Its head has no scales, but is covered by a shining silver epidermis. The eye is black and quite large. The scales are large and are closely set on the body, and look like a network of closely compacted silver rings. A most gleaming fish! The back shades from light to bright ultramarine. It is certainly one of the prettiest as well as the most graceful of fish.

The first question asked as to a fish, "Is it good to eat?" This one is very good to eat. It has the disadvantage of the best of all fish for the table—the shad—of being full of bones, but the flesh in the intervals is delicious. I like it better than the pompano, and next after the shad.

Now is this fish a new discovery? Mr. Hulings, who spends his winter outing, pursuing them with occasional lapses into tarpon fishing for variety and exercise, tells me that he took the pains last year to stop over in Washington to consult the Fish Commissioners, and all the satisfaction he received was a disquisition verbally upon the lady (or "bony") fish very common in Florida waters and in no way related to this fish. Again, Mr. McFerrand, of Louisville, who claims this fish to be superior to the tarpon, reported to the same commission and received an elaborate (written) description of the same lady fish.

What is this fish, and how is it to be classified?

F. S. I. C.

BLUE LOBSTERS AND BAHIA QUAIL.

SECRETARY FREDERICK F. DIMICK, of the Boston Fish Bureau, was presented with a blue lobster two or three months ago. The crustacean was taken by a lobster fisherman in Boston harbor and is of a beautiful indigo blue color. Mr. Dimick had it kept alive in a lobster tank till a day or two ago, when it died. It retained its brilliant blue color for several days after death. It attracted considerable attention among lobster fishermen and others. But investigation proves that it is not so much of a wonder after all. Francis Hobart Herrick, Ph. D., in his "Lobsters of America," from the Government Printing Office, 1895, mentions blue, black, red and gray lobsters, with great variations in color shadings, spots, mottles and blendings. He attributes the variations in color to light and other conditions acting on the pigments of the lobster skin. In 1893 J. W. Savage received in Boston, from Nova Scotia, about 100 blue lobsters. That gentleman said at the time that they were of a beautiful blue: "As blue as bluejays." The same year A. P. Greenleaf received a large number of blue lobsters from Nova Scotia.

A big catch of pickerel was made at Hurd's Pond, in Wayland, the other day. A Mr. Irwin, of Waltham, put in fifteen lines and caught in one day a bushel basket full of fish. Some were several pounds in weight. He found the ice over a foot thick, though it was past March 20, a condition unheard of at that pond. The legal opening day on trout in this State, Wednesday, April 1, promises, at this writing, to be "much of a failure." The streams are not open, and the ponds are locked in ice, as noted above. Some of the streams at or near this water may be open, and these will be tried should the day be fine. But it is mentioned at the tackle stores that very little preparation has yet been made for the opening of the trout season. "Home-raised trout" (?) are to be had in the markets here, though they have attracted very little attention. It is likely that the legal open season on trout, at which time cultivated trout have always brought fancy prices heretofore, will be followed by very unsatisfactory prices to the marketmen. The presence of cultivated trout all the spring kills all the novelty at the early legal open season.

A few saddles of Maine or New Hampshire venison have just been seen in the market here; evidently lately killed, the hair being very long. I have asked the market salesmen where it came from, and they have replied: "We do not know. We are not supposed to know where goods are shipped from. Our business is to sell." This explains the whole situation. The venison was illegally killed and shipped out of Maine without a doubt, which fact the receivers prefer to keep dark. The FOREST AND STREAM's platform is the only true one: "Stop the sale of game at all times and altogether."

Mr. Arthur L. Finney is at home, in Boston, on a vacation visit. He has been in Bahia, Brazil, for several months, where he has charge of the warehouse and stores of the largest coffee concern in this country, Messrs. Hard & Rand, of New York. He loves the dog and gun just as well as he did when shooting on the Cape, before he left this country. Then there was no better wing shot than he, and he has always been a friend of the FOREST AND STREAM. His gun went to Bahia, but not his dog, the climate being too severely warm there for a high-blooded dog, bred in New England. He says that they use dogs there some for hunting, but they lack training and are poorly bred. Of quail shooting, he says he scarcely ever dreamed before. No dog is needed. One has simply to go out and shoot. But the climate; there's the rub. It is so enervating that one does not care to go out, even for shooting where the quail are as plenty as English sparrows. If one does go out, he wants a servant or two to carry the gun and pick up the game. The growth and underbrush present difficulties in moving about that are a trial to the gunner of North America. Venomous snakes are more abundant than the gunner cares for. Mr. Finney killed a number. One day when snipe shooting the Portuguese guide suddenly cried: "Cobra! cobra!" Mr. Finney jumped back none too soon, for he was very near stepping on the reptile. It was but the work of an instant to discharge both shot barrels at so short a range that the snake was blown into atoms. He describes the quail of that country as of brighter plumage than the quail of Massachusetts, with the beak straighter and more pointed. The snipe shooting he found also to be very fine, but the swamps are hot and so rank with vegetation that one makes very slow progress. The snipe he found to resemble closely those of this country. He goes back in a few weeks, and will follow up the shooting of that country as much as his spare time will allow.

SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at latest by *Monday* and as much earlier as practicable.

SOME BOSTON NOTES.

O. R. DICKEY, of Boston, has just reached home from a shooting trip to Muskeget Island, down by Nantucket. He went after brant, but only killed fourteen birds. They were there in great numbers, but flying very high. Muskeget is reached by sailboat from the mainland, and Mr. Dickey was kept a prisoner there for ten days by severe stormy weather and heavy sea. A return trip from the island is always subject to conditions of wind and weather, and he who visits its shores must abandon all hope of speedy return if storm and sea combine against him.

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Club is an organization of sportsmen which was started in 1892. At its inception, enthusiasm ran high among its members, and for a short time the club flourished wonderfully well. This condition of prosperity was followed by a relapse, and for the last two or three years the preserve has been rarely visited, and interest has sadly waned. That new blood was needed in the club was recognized by all the members who took an interest in its affairs, but it is not always an easy matter to get hustling and desirable members into an organization partially defunct. This almost impossible task, however, was accomplished last year, and several bright and earnest sportsmen were added to the membership, who have already aided in placing the club on a new and solid footing. The corporation has a capital stock of \$20,000, divided into 400 shares. The preserve lies in one of the best sections of New Brunswick, and consists of a tract of land 5,000 acres in area, known as the Stanus Grant. The property is covered by a dense forest, interspersed by more than a score of lakes and ponds, and traversed from end to end by the beautiful and picturesque Magaguadavic River. It is a fine shooting and fishing country, and the waters are so connected as to form the best of sport in canoeing. Some of the old camps have been abandoned, and three new ones have been built, one at Birch Island in Digdeguash Lake, another at Sparks Lake, and one at McDougal Lake. Mr. Thos. A. Sullivan, of Bonny River, one of the best known men in all that country, has been selected as the clerk and superintendent of the corporation. He is a man of great intelligence and well versed in all the fine points of woodcraft, in fact, an ideal man for the position. The Sparks Lake camp is about seven miles from the Bonny River House. It is a large and commodious affair, two stories in height. An ice house with a capacity of ten tons is situated near the camp. The lake itself and the streams near by furnish good trout fishing, and the scenery all about is very fine. Digdeguash Lake is about six miles long and one mile in width. The camp is located on Birch Island, about midway in the lake. There are three buildings here, consisting of a story-and-a-half frame cottage, a cook house and dining room, and a well-filled ice house. The situation is superb, commanding a view of the entire lake. The fishing is excellent, the trout being large and extremely gamy. The third camp of the club is at McDougal Lake, in one of the wildest sections of New Brunswick; Mt. Pleasant rears its imposing peak only a short distance off, and the scenery on every side makes an imposing picture. Good fishing is found here from May to October, and the shooting is excellent in the woods and marshes surrounding the lake. Taken altogether the Magaguadavic Club have a preserve unsurpassed by any other in the East, and the best of sport with rod and gun seems to be assured to them for many years to come.

Mr. Herbert Dumaresq, of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, has just returned from a four weeks' trip to Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Fla. Mr. Dumaresq is a member of the Sebago Fishing Club, and it seems to make no difference whether he drops his line into Northern or Southern waters, success accompanies him just the same. He is both scientific and lucky, and when these two qualities are combined in one person success is inevitable. While in Florida he fished for kingfish in the open sea with very favorable results. He caught two of these fellows trolling, one of 38lbs. and one of 40lbs., and on a lightsplit-bamboo rod he took a kingfish of about 10lbs. In Lake Worth he had very fine bluefishing with rod and reel. So well satisfied was he with the trip that he has about determined to repeat it another year, and hopes in the future to capture a tarpon, for which he will go well prepared.

The many Boston members of the Englewood Fishing Club, who have a preserve in New Brunswick, were much shocked a few days ago on hearing that their beautiful club house had been destroyed by fire. Just how the calamity happened I have not heard, but sportsmen everywhere will sympathize with the club members over this great misfortune, happening just on the eve of the fishing season.

March 23.—By the time FOREST AND STREAM is again placed before its readers the trout season in Massachusetts will have opened, and regardless of snow and ice or any other natural impediment to the sport, very many of Boston's anglers will have taken up rod and reel and journeyed to the streams (mostly on the Cape) which are situated near the city of culture. In spite of the very severe weather which has just preceded April 1, thereby promising poor conditions for fishing, I have found very few of the old-time fishermen who are going to miss the first few days, and it certainly speaks volumes for the lasting popularity of the sport to find that so many are not to be deterred from trying their luck, even though Dame Nature has been unusually severe this year. Most of the club members and many other gentlemen who have preserved streams on the Cape will leave town next Tuesday. Those who fish for sea trout in tide water streams will have a decided advantage over their less fortunate brethren who are compelled to break the ice over their favorite pools further inland. Augustus Flagg, who has not missed a year in a very long time, is all ready to make a start, and J. D. Brown will get away promptly to his preserved stream, where he always manages to get a few big trout to start the season. James Bird, although just recovering from a broken arm, has already gone down to Hoxie's at Plymouth, and will make his usual try for success in the streams of that neighborhood. Waldron Bates will also go down as the guest of some club friends. An acquaintance residing in Taunton tells me that the ponds and streams around that city are free of ice. This section of the State lying between Narragansett and Massachusetts bays gets the first benefits from the south winds of early spring, and its waters generally clear of ice some days earlier than other sections of the State which lie further inland. A number of the Taunton trout fishermen will get away for the first

day, and I sincerely hope that every man of them, whether from Boston, Taunton or elsewhere, will fully realize all the anticipations of the past two weeks.

It is not often that otter are killed near Boston, but that some of the animals are domiciled near the city is proven by the exceptionally good luck which befell Geo. F. Ward, of Canton, Mass., who shot one of these animals a few days ago which weighed 24½ lbs. and measured 5ft. 3in. It was a splendid specimen in every particular. Mr. Ward trapped this same animal before, but he got away, leaving the claws of one foot behind as a souvenir. On the day of the shooting he saw two others outside of their hole, but they got under ground before he had a chance to shoot. After long and patient waiting the large one came out to reconnoiter and our friend bored a hole through him then and there. Even then he succeeded in getting into his hole so far that Mr. Ward had to pull him out by the tail.

Henry Bryant and his friend, S. Decatur, of Boston, left on Friday last for the South. They have planned a most delightful fishing trip, going first to Key West, Fla., where they will charter a yacht and cruise around in Southern waters for a month. Both gentlemen are expert yachtsmen, and they take with them fishing tackle enough for a long stay and suitable for any kind of fishing in the well-stocked waters off the Florida coast. H. S. Hovey and George Mixter, friends of Mr. Bryant, have made this trip for several successive years. They are veterans in knowledge of the best fishing grounds in Southern waters, so Messrs. Bryant and Decatur are well coached in this respect.

Sportsmen who have visited the Sportsmen's Exhibition at New York could be seen in Boston at every turn during the last week, and I have purposely asked many of them their impression of the great show. The replies were almost universally good, and very many were highly enthusiastic. In nearly every instance particular and special praise was bestowed on FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit, it being the general verdict that the old and favorite journal had made a very creditable display of both its liberality and enterprise. It seems there is a project on foot to have a sportsmen's exhibition in Boston during the first week in May. There have been a few small circulars around the city stating the fact, but I have not yet found any one who seemed to be posted on the subject. Perhaps some one who reads this may be better informed than I and can give New England sportsmen the facts.

HACKLE.

LURES FOR TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue I saw a letter of Dr. M. G. Ellzey's on trout. No doubt his remarks are to the point and I am not going to criticise it. No doubt the localities in which both of us have fished being quite different in water, the habits of the fish, quality of the food, etc., must be taken into account. As a rule after June 20 our water (unless after heavy rains) is as clear as crystal. Our river has a course of some 150 miles, having feeders up which you can pole a canoe for miles. The trout are not the sea trout proper, for a large majority of them frequent the estuary and bay for six and seven months. They commence running up in the latter part of June and a portion of July, gradually filing into these large feeders as the water in the river gets warm, the feeding streams being much colder. In those streams are many deep pools, often shaded by the driftwood and debris brought down and lodged against the banks, having deep water underneath. I wish the Doctor could see some of those shelters in August as I have, and the rapacity with which the brutes will take anything you choose to offer—fly, bait cut from themselves, a piece of a red rag, bit of pork. But a mouse that is the *ne plus ultra*. Remember there is no food of the fish kind there. So long as they remain in the river proper, they can get the young salmon smolt on his way to sea, and a dainty morsel he is for the trout. Failing that the trout is not particular; one of his own family is not rejected. Failing this he will fill his stomach with a handful of water snails, digesting the shells without any trouble. If a bee or a large salmon fly should come within a foot of the surface "he is a goner." Even a squirrel crossing the river (as they often do) is not safe, should a three-pounder spy him. So much for lures for trout in the Restigouche.

The great majority of these trout after Sept. 15 (but not all) are worthless, and a gravid trout is enough to turn the stomach of a brave man. But just at this time a fresh run of fish enter from the estuary, continuing throughout October in fine condition, with not a sign of ova in them, and commonly 1½ lbs. in weight. This run of fish have not the ravenous appetites of the spring fish, and the bait fills the creel quicker than the fly. The best lure for these fellows is the salmon ova. I have done well with a small red glass bead for a while, but they soon smelt a rat. I believe they have the seeing, smelling and tasting senses almost in perfection.

The question now arises, what causes this run of fish so late? Remember the river is often closed by ice in November, and there can be no growth of vegetable, insect or fish life with the water at 32 degrees or less. Many of the June run make for the estuary water in November; and many of them remain where they spawned, not returning until the following May. The salmon act in the very same manner, hundreds of spent salmon returning to sea in June. Sea bright ones run up mixed with the spawned fish of the previous year running down, what we in Scotland would call a mended kelt.

The lessees and proprietors of the now nearly closed up Restigouche claim the trout as well as the salmon, so the settlers are debarred even from trout fishing. Some of those parties would like to see the trout extirpated, but fear the poor devil might hook or catch a salmon, the unpardonable sin of the poor settler, who first colonized the river, and while doing so had to exist as best he could on potatoes and salmon. I myself was one who did so and for months had nothing else.

The Doctor's blind is good if the locality is good, say at the mouth of a cold brook, but I prefer a floating blind, *i. e.*, a small raft covered with boughs. A week will gather a large school under it, but I have done as well after dark along the shore in a foot of water with a small-sized natural mouse (giving it a quiet swimming motion) as any other I ever tried. But I am sorry to say those fish have caused me to exclaim in vigorous Anglo-Saxon, when making a nice cast for a rising salmon just dropping over where I had seen him break. I have got one of

those rascally 2 or 3 lb. trout fighting and breaking water like a small terrier. I never go a trouting purposely; the game is not worth the candle.

JOHN MOWAT.

"Fishermen Would Catch Fish."

THE deity of yon temple once wanted to see the world. Hovering over a pool, he thought that a bath in its cool waters would be delicious, so he changed himself into a carp. The result was delightful, until he found himself hooked up by a fisherman on the bank. His spirit flew straightway to the Taoist, "Sovereign on High," and demanded a redress of grievances. The supreme deity merely remarked that fishermen would catch fish, and if he valued his dragonship so lightly as to return to the carp condition, he must expect to be caught.—*Chinese Myth told by W. A. Cornaby.*

New Brunswick Fish Commissioner.

MR. D. G. SMITH, of Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., has been appointed Fishery Commissioner to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. J. Henry Phair.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Cape Breton Tales.

WE were in a shack on the North Cape when Paul, our Indian guide and hunter, told these tales around the camp-fire:

"Bear—hum—North Cape bear hard to kill. We shoot a bear at Grand Aise—big, monstrous. Drag him one mile on snow to shack. Vera cold. Him stiff. Shut door, build fire, skin him. Hide off all but tail, bear thaw out, kick in forelegs, kick in hindlegs, jump up; we hang on to skin, he pull out tail an' bolt through door without his hide.

"Nextsummer at Bay St. Lawrence we kill him for good with skin just beginning to grow."

Our applause led him to tell a second.

"Cold in winter, yes. I was skatin' down Mira River last Christmas. Vera cold. Went chuck into air hole. Came up under ice. Vera dark, but I see spiles of ole coal road bridge down stream. Swim there. Catch spile, jam head 'gainst ice, break him, throw up hand. Mitten freese on iron spile, draw me up by it, throw up other hand, that mitten freese too, draw me up by it. Catch stringer, saved."

"But, Paul," said we, "how did you get the first mitten loose?"

"Pull out han' an' left him stickin' there."

But the old fellow would tell no more stories. We had presumed to question his veracity, a mortal sin with these men of the woods.

The Cape Breton fishermen are equally expert at drawing the long bow. One whom I met on the beach at Mainadieu unloading his catch just brought in from the banks discoursed in this fashion. I remarked the different colors of the cod, varying from pale crimson to a brownish white.

"Depends on their feedin' grounds," he said. "This here tinted fellar's a rock cod, lies on the rocks an' ledges. The light ones feed on the shoals—a sandy bottom. The tints vary with every place, an' a good skipper can tell when he is in fog or darkness by the looks o' the fish he's catchin'. I sailed with an old skipper once in the fore-and-after Charming Sally from Sydney to Halifax. That was our beat, from Sydney to Halifax and from Halifax to Sydney, carrying coal one way, an assorted cargo t'other. Cap'n Bill didn't carry no lead. When 'twas dark or foggy an' he wanted to know where he was he just dropped a hook overboard an' brought up a cod, an' after inspectin' him he'd yell out Table Head, Cow Bay, Mainadieu Passage, Gabberoose, Fordin, Cow and Calf, or wherever he might be, and so on all the way to Halifax."

"What did the biggest codfish, you ever knew caught, weigh?" we asked.

"Biggest cod I ever knew caught?" he put his boot upon the gunwale, buried his hand in his stubby head and thought. "Quintal an' a half" (150 lbs.) he said at last. "Job Wick got him off Gabberoose. I took one off Cogmandier once weighed a quintal. Best luck I ever had fishin' tho' was one afternoon in May in the fog, I don't know where, wish I did. There ain't a man from Mainadieu to Gabberoose that hasn't hunted high and low for that shoal an' can't find it. I took ten quintals finest cod you ever saw there in three hours, but the fog was so thick I couldn't lay any course, an' havin' nothing to buoy it with I had to leave it, trustin' to luck to find it ag'in, but we've never been able to, as I said."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y. Cohoes, N. Y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Nov. 27.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

OLD HOOK.

OLD HOOK was a pointer, brown and white, with little brown specks over the white places on his coat. He was the best pointer I ever shot over or ever expect to shoot over.

Perhaps two or three anecdotes of this wonderful old dog's sagacity in the field may not prove too afflicting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Before beginning, I will say that I have seen it stated in writing by an eminent sporting authority, "That a man who has been known for years to the whole community as a good citizen, good husband and father, and above all as a man of sterling integrity and veracity, has only to become the owner of a setter or pointer dog to develop in less than a week into a gaudy and ostentatious liar."

I think there's a good deal in that statement; so I will clear the ground at once by saying that the great old dog I'm going to write about was not my dog, but was the property of a friend and frequent hunting comrade of mine, Mr. Jas. Soby, of Picton, Ont. So, if I tell any lies in this paper it's done out "of pure cussedness," not to enhance the merits of my own property.

I first met Old Hook this way: One October afternoon in '87 I had walked with my gun over to a large and good woodcock cover about two miles from the little town of Picton, Prince Edward county, Ont. I remember I had no dog with me, having just lost an old favorite, and not yet having had time to get a new animal properly broken. In that cover at that time, however, the woodcock and ruffed grouse were quite plentiful—much more so than they are now, more's the pity—and it was quite possible to get a few without a dog, though of course it was a crippled sort of business doing so.

I hadn't been five minutes in the cover when I heard a tremendous honking and the strange continuous conversation-like cackle and gabble that always proclaim the approach of a large flock of wild geese. I was in thick cover, and when I saw the flock coming right toward me—and a mighty big flock it was, not 50 yds. up—I thought, as I rapidly changed my No. 8 shot cartridges for a couple of BBs, that I was going to persuade one or two of them to come down and accompany me home. To my utter disgust, when they came within about a 150 yds. of me, the big flock without apparent rhyme or reason wheeled with a loud outburst of alarmed clamor and made off to the southeast. In another moment I knew why, for I heard voices and saw approaching Jim Soby and W. P. Reynolds, another sporting friend of mine. They were accompanied by Old Hook, then a puppy of two years, and out, as I discovered afterward, for his first real hunt. As they came on I walked up a brace of woodcock. The one that rose first went outside the cover, and at the report of my gun it dropped close to Reynolds, who playfully put it in his bag and said nothing to me about it till the day's shooting was over. We knew each other so well that these little jokes didn't count.

I had a little black retriever, a very clever dog, who used to steal Jim Soby's birds whenever he got a chance and bring them to me, but as Kipling would say, "That's another story." The other woodcock flew in up the cover, but I got a fair chance at him and saw him fall. I called out to Soby that the bird was down, and he said, "Let me bring the puppy there and see if he'll point him. It'll be a good lesson for him." In another moment Hook passed me. Even then, when nothing but a puppy, he was solidly and strongly built, noticeably so, and had a remarkably broad, sagacious-looking head. He went on toward the fallen bird, working as steadily as a 6-year-old. About half-way to where the bird fell he suddenly deviated to the right, and before Soby or I could speak to him drew up and came to as good and steady a point as I ever saw. I walked up to him and away went the woodcock he was pointing. I had a beautiful chance at him and killed him easily. Soby called out, "You got him, anyway." Meanwhile Hook, without being told, drew toward the dead bird and pointed it. After picking this bird up, we cast the dog toward the place where the bird first killed fell. He found this bird in less than two minutes and pointed him beautifully. As we picked the bird up I said to Soby, "If he keeps this sort of thing up you've got a wonder in that puppy." This was the one occasion in my life when I turned out to be a prophet, and I am immensely proud of it, for the dog did turn out a wonder.

All the rest of that day he hunted as steadily and well as any well-trained old dog, and did two very clever things which older dogs, and good ones too, might easily have missed doing. A woodcock flushed wild in a small bit of detached cover. Soby and Reynolds both fired after him at long range. The bird was evidently hit, but kept on toward the main cover. As Hook was racing at full speed over an old barren field, which lay between us and the cover, he suddenly tried to stop himself, turned completely over, got up and came to a dead point. When we came up there was the hit woodcock within 2 ft. of his nose.

Later on he came to a point in the middle of a dense bit of thicket. Soby and Reynolds were with him. I was a little way off to the right. Soby called to me to "Come on," that "the dog was on a point." As I approached a large rabbit (or, to speak correctly, hare) bolted on Reynolds's side. He promptly fired, and turned bunny head over heels. I was turning back, when Soby called out again, "Come on! there's something in front of the dog yet. He hasn't stirred." Just then, probably at the sound of his voice, a fine woodcock flushed just in front of the pointer, and Soby cut him down nicely. Hook had never broken his point nor even turned his head at Reynolds's shot. Most judges will agree with me that this was wonderful steadiness, especially in so young a dog.

I could tell dozens of stories of this fine old dog's subsequent feats in the field during his useful and distinguished career, but one or two must suffice. Soby and I were shooting woodcock near a small stream called Trout Creek, in the same county. It was a bad place to shoot woodcock, being mostly covered with thick broad cedar and balsam bushes up to the creek, with the dense tangled wall of the swamp forest rising on the other side of it. A bird had flushed and gone down near the creek, and I called Hook up to me. As the dog came, I was standing on the edge of a small opening, all long marsh grass and wild flowers, the close cedar brush behind me, the stream running swiftly in front, and just beyond the stream the high tangled mass of white birch, cedar and wild vines which marked the edge of the big swamp. When Hook got to the opening he began to crawl like a cat, went into the creek in that fashion and halted in midstream, still on

his stomach with the water flowing over his back. When I moved up I saw why he did this. The woodcock was in a small bunch of fern and grass on the other side of the stream, and I had just time to catch him before he could vanish in the dense wall of verdure in front. If Hook had gone on a yard further or even stood up the bird would have flushed too soon and would certainly have got away. The old dog knew that as well as I could know it, hence his peculiar method of approach. He used his brains every time.

Once, I remember, we were shooting ruffed grouse, and Soby fired a long shot at one which was crossing an opening some way from him. The bird fell, but was only wing-tipped, so we set Hook on his trail. The dog followed it 60yds. or more into a dense thicket, and finally came to a point before a big log. We looked over the log and all round the log, but nothing turned up. We called Hook "an eh-eh'd old fool" and some other names, and were proceeding when the old dog jumped on the big log, managed to get his head into a hole on the top of it we had overlooked, and after a considerable struggle drew out the grouse alive. He handed him over to his master, and giving us a sad sort of look, as much as to say, "Well, you are a fresh pair of idiots!" toddled ahead.

Some funny things were said to me about that dog when we first shot over him, the inhabitants not being used to pointers and their ways. Once a lank, sallow, tallow-haired youth of 19 or so, a real swamper, rushed up to me in a great state of excitement and yelled out: "Say, Mister! That big houn' dog of yours, he's tuk a bad fit by the big elderberry bush thar! He's a-stannin' thar a-slobberin'!" I went to the place and found Hook rigid on a point, the slaver dropping from his jaws. That "fit" of Hook's resulted in my acquiring a nice ruffed grouse.

But the ideas of some country people—particularly those of the pot-hunting class—about dogs and dog training are peculiar.

By a pot-hunter we mean here a man that shoots game on every occasion in season and out of season, and sells his game at all times to any one mean enough to buy it.

The prohibition of the sale of upland game at any season of the year has completely taken the wind out of the sails of this gentleman in Ontario, as he shoots simply and solely to sell his game, not for his own use or amusement.

Well, one fall evening I met a typical gentleman of this persuasion as he was proceeding on his way toward a beech ridge to pot some unhappy partridges in the twilight while "budding" (i. e., eating the young buds) on the ironwood and birch trees. He was followed by an animal which in the uncertain light closely resembled an animated roll of old buffalo robe afflicted with the mange. It had a tail on it. "How does your dog work?" said I, by way of being polite.

"Fuss-rate," said he, leaning pensively on his old gun and regarding the interesting quadruped, who looked back at him with a baleful eye; "he wants some trainin' yet, but he's improvin' a heap. Las' season he swallered pretty much every bird that fell any ways off 'fore I could git thar, but I've pretty near belted the stuffin' out uv him for it, an' this year I kin generally git a holt on the bird before he hes it quite down."

I courteously declined his kind offer to let me accompany himself and "the swallerin' dog" to "see him wurk," and departed on my own way.

But I must bring this imperfect memoir of old Hook to a close. He was one of the nicest-tempered dogs I ever saw, and was a great favorite all over the town and the pet and playmate of Mr. Soby's little girls, who were inconsolable at his tragic fate; for his end was tragic, as is often the end of genius. Some cruel and cowardly brute or brutes had been scattering about the streets dog biscuit poisoned with strychnine to kill any poor dogs (or incidentally little children) that might find them. (We all know how fond very young children are of putting anything they pick up into their mouths.) Poor old Hook found one of these poison baits. He came into the office where his master was sitting, and in spite of every effort to save him he died in a few minutes.

Many other valuable dogs were killed in the same way at the same time. All the curs escaped of course, as the well-bred dogs having the best noses always found the baits first. The cruel rascal who performed this feat was never caught, which was probably a good thing for him.

Thus died a remarkable sporting dog, quite the best, without any exception, that I ever saw or shot over.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

International Field Trials Club.

It having been the opinion of some of the members of the International Field Trials Club for the past few years that our trials were held too early in the season, the committee have this year decided to postpone the date of the opening to Tuesday, Nov. 17.

The stake will be the same as usual, viz.: Derby, \$2.50 payable June 1, \$2.50 payable Sept. 1, and \$5 additional to start, divided on the percentage plan, four prizes.

All-age stake, \$5 payable Nov. 1, and \$5 additional to start. Three prizes on the percentage plan, with the International Cup to the winner of first. This cup must be won three times by the same kennel or owner. It has been won once each by Mr. Wells with Cleopatra, Mr. Davey with Brighton Tobe and Mr. Bangham with Dash Antonio. The prospect for birds is better than for the past three years.

W. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. Club.

The A. K. C. Stud Book.

VOL. XII. of the American Kennel Club's Stud Book is now ready for delivery. Besides the registrations, the Stud Book contains a valuable compilation of reference matter, namely, field trial and bench show winnings for 1895; bench shows and judges of 1895; and kennel names prefixes and suffixes, etc. In all the mechanical details the book is excellently done.

At the meeting of the English Kennel Club a number of important changes were made in the rules, one of the most important being that a dog must be registered when there is a change of ownership. For exhibition purposes, the name selected for any dog must have as part of its name the last two numerals of the year of its birth added as an affix, or if the year of its birth is unknown, then the last two numerals of the year in which the dog is registered.

BRUNO, THE FAITHFUL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is only a true story of a faithful, loving friend, "only a dog" called Bruno. When I first set eyes on him in a blacksmith shop in the town of Washington, Macomb county, Mich., Bruno was a small black, woolly ball of a puppy that one could put in a coat pocket. With the usual disregard of danger often seen in young puppies, he came toddling under the feet of a span of horses that stood stomping off flies, which made the smith remark: "I say, Yates, don't you want a puppy? He will get killed sure. A feller gave him to my boy, but if you will give him a little something I guess it will be all right." I found the boy, a bright little chap of five, who was much pleased with a silver dollar instead of the puppy. Some men who were present said he was Newfoundland, others said there were some bull and shepherd, others again were sure they must be water spaniel. If each was right he was a wonderful mixture of a pup. He was jet black all over, with long, silky, soft fur, short pudgy legs and a comical little tail that curled over his back. I put him in my pocket and drove home.

At his home introduction all were in love with him at once, with the exception of an old family dog, full of years and dignity, and three house cats. The latter, with tails like a fox brush, made themselves conspicuous by their absence. In a few days Bruno in some way conquered the aged dog, and the two were ever after loving friends. The puppy grew and thrived, and was the cleanest in his habits of the many we had raised. As he grew up he showed decided grit and tenacity of hold. At six months I drew him up from the ground to a window 12ft. above, he holding on to the fuzzy end of a rope. That winter his new coat came, jet black, long and very glossy. His height was about 18in.; head medium and very broad; ears long and pendant; eyes dark brown.

Bruno became a faithful watch dog, and woe to the coon, weasel or polecat that ventured about the hen house or coops at night. While a puppy I let him begin on rats whenever I could catch them. His first rat taught him a lesson never forgotten. As I let it out of the trap Bruno ran it down and grabbed it, but the rat got him by the upper lip, and the astonished puppy let out a yell and tried to shake it off; but as the rat held on the puppy's eyes became like sparks of fire and changed color. He shook it off, but again grabbed and soon put an end to it. His tongue was bleeding and his lip torn, but the light of battle still gleamed in his eyes, which softened with a look of love when I praised and patted him.

Bruno was to have a new experience that spring. He got a skunk under some rails. Attracted by his barks, I ran up, not knowing the quality of his game. I threw the rails off, and before I saw what it was he rushed in. Then I knew. Phew! Truly you could smell the result of that fight fully half a mile. After the first shake the dog dropped the skunk and jumped back some paces. Disgust and astonishment were very easily seen on that puppy; then he offered up his breakfast as a sacrifice. But as the skunk moved for us rear end first we both moved. As I came up with a long pole the puppy was ready for battle again. A sharp word of command brought him to a stand, then I circled about the skunk quickly, at times upsetting him with the pole. I soon had Bruno at it also. He would spring about, every once in a while getting a nip at its head. After this battle the puppy had to sleep in the barn, while a mud bath took out most of the "ile" from his long hair. Ever after Bruno would kill skunks after much barking and jumping about, but would come to close fight if there was any chance of an escape.

As another instance of grit displayed some time afterward. On account of heavy rains a creek had overflowed some pasture land. Bruno and I went after the cattle, which were on the opposite side. I carried him over on a rail fence and dropped him off on dry land. He started for the cattle, got hold of the tail of a large steer while the rest went plunging across. The steer in his fright bolted as it happened for the deepest part. At the bank I expected to see the dog drop his hold, but no! in went both. The water rose over the back of the steer, and I looked for the dog to be carried down by the swift current. But as the steer came out, out also came Bruno. Almost breathless and much exhausted, he had kept his hold. This tail hold business had cost me much patience and the dog many kicks before he got it perfect.

I also taught him to ride in a wagon and it was his delight to sit alongside of me on the seat, but he could ride on a hay rack at full trot. I took him up in front on horseback and at last taught him to ride alone. He did look so solemn! Sometimes would lead the horse at a trot. He would stick on as long as possible, barking his protest, and when shook off join in the fun.

And how he did love a gun! After a deal of training he turned out a good squirrel dog, but trailing rabbits was beyond his compass.

He paid his dog tax many times over from the bounty on woodchucks, and was the best all-round dog I ever owned. Of course he had imperfections. Who has not, be he man or beast?

Well, when we moved South of course he as one of the family went also.

And now for the sad ending. In the village one-half mile from our home lived a dog that was the terror of all dogs there, as his master was to the people. This dog had killed several of his kind, mostly small ones, some much loved. But on account of his brute of a master no one dare say or do a thing. One night I was awakened by dogs running rabbits, as I thought, and I took no notice of the yelps, as there were lots of half-breed hounds about. So I tried to sleep, hoping they would clear out soon, but the yelping continuing in one spot I got up, took my gun, loaded with 6s and went out. The first streaks of dawn were breaking, so I could see quite well, and this is what I saw. A very large yellow dog had something down, a black object. Where was Bruno? At this time the dog caught sight of me and started to make off. At about forty paces I caught him with an ounce of No. 6. At this he gave a howl, and turning came straight at me, his eyes like balls of fire. I fairly gloated over this, for I knew that my darling lay as good as dead at my feet and the spirit of revenge had hold of me. I stood still until he was within some 25 or 30ft., when the left barrel belched forth a stream of fire. He dropped with a large hole in his breast. Then I foolishly gave way to anger and passion. Oh, that I could make that dog suffer as he

had mine! Tenderly I carried my dying comrade, my loving friend, with the tears blinding me; foolishly, instead of ending his misery, I tried to dress his wounds, but I found his right foreleg shattered, while the left shoulder was almost torn from its place. Death came to the relief of the truest friend I ever had.

We buried him under the oaks, and the tears of the children watered his grave until we left the South.

The dog I killed weighed 72½lbs. The report of my killing him brought joy to many in the village, and all warned me against his master, who was a large, raw-boned, powerful man, while I only weigh about 125 or 130lbs. One or two advised me to carry a revolver, as every one did, but I was averse to that, as in case he tackled me I was afraid to have a weapon; but at last an idea came to me, so I put my .38 S. & W. in my pocket and walked over to the store. There I found several young men shooting at a tomato can with a revolver, and on a bench outside sat my dog man. He started as though to get up, but did not. Now was the opportunity I desired. Taking out my pistol, I asked for a turn at the tomato can. I hit three cans in three shots. This was called tip-top. Then putting in three fresh cartridges, I got a good-sized potato and hung it by a long string to a limb. This I set swinging. "Now, gentlemen, who can burst that potato? You know how it is done—far easier than it looks. You aim where the object pauses at each swing." Well, I knocked that potato to pieces, put up my pistol, got my mail, went home, and that was the end of the talked-of thrashing I was to get.

And now years have passed, but green is the memory of my dog, and whenever I read in FOREST AND STREAM of some faithful dog I remourn; I long for just one loving glance from the brown eyes of our faithful friend.

J. C. YATES.

Altcar Produce Stakes.

DENVER, Colo., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith find list of the entries, all whelped in 1895, received for Altcar Produce Stakes:

- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 13.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 13.
- L. F. Bartels (Royal Express—Dear Sal), May.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
- L. F. Bartels (Border Ruffian—Diana), May 21.
- Melrose & Durbin (Long Odds—Rachel), June.
- Melrose & Durbin (Long Odds—Rachel), June.
- Robinson & Peyton (Glenkirk—Scandal), January.
- Robinson & Peyton (Glenkirk—Scandal), January.
- M. Allen (Jim o' the Hill—Grace O'Malley), January.
- M. Allen (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
- R. L. Lee (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
- Dr. J. M. Norman (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
- Wm. McGibbon (Boomerang—Princess Marie), May 4.
- Wm. McGibbon (Border Ruffian—Miss Lottie), Feb. 13.
- J. H. Rosseter (Major—Daisy), June 14.
- J. H. Rosseter (Major—Daisy), June 14.
- Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
- Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Olicana), March 18.
- Chas. Barrow (Border Ruffian—Blister), May 10.
- P. J. Donahue (Boomerang—Irish Lass), March.
- J. G. Massey (Royal Express—Dear Sal), May.
- Wm. Walker, Jr. (Sorrento—Minnie), July 22.
- Wm. Walker, Jr. (Lambright—Breakaway), May 7.
- A. L. Weston (Babazoun—Buenretiro), June 21.
- A. L. Weston (Babazoun—Buenretiro), June 21.
- Q. Van Hummell (Astronomy—Viola), July.
- Q. Van Hummell (Astronomy—Viola), July.
- Q. Van Hummell (Van Tromp—Lady Sylvia), June.
- H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Lady of Fashion), March 10.
- H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Lady of Fashion), March 10.
- H. C. Lowe (Prince Charlie—Little Climber), March 3.
- D. C. Luse (Col. Breckenridge—Lady in Black), July 21.
- D. C. Luse (Ketchum—Swan), Jan. 28.
- D. C. Luse (Jim o' the Hill—Lady Dell Glendyne), Jan. 7.
- A. Massey (Miller's Rab—Lady Pembroke), June 16.
- Robinson & Peyton (Miller's Rab—Lady Pembroke), June 16.
- J. H. Watson (Royal Crest—Drytime), March 3.

L. F. BARTELS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The many friends of Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va., will be pleased to learn that he has added a boarding establishment for dogs to his training kennel. He now makes a specialty of preparing dogs for field work and teaching them to retrieve. Capt. McMurdo is so well known for his skill and sterling integrity that no doubt many sportsmen will avail themselves of the opportunities he offers.

Exhibitors should bear in mind that the entries of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's ninth annual show close on April 6. For premium lists and all other information address the secretary, Mr. Alexander Glass. The show will be held in Industrial Art Hall.

The premium list of the Philadelphia Kennel Club can now be obtained of the secretary, Dr. Alexander Glass, Philadelphia. Challenge class prizes are \$7, \$10 and \$15. Open classes have \$15, \$7 and \$3, first, second and third respectively; \$10, \$5 and \$3; \$10 and \$5; \$10 and \$3; \$7, \$5 and \$3; \$7 and \$5; \$7 and \$3. The special prize list is long and valuable. The dogs will be fed and benched by Spratts patent. Mr. Frank P. Smith is the superintendent Entry fee \$3. Entries close April 6. Mr. James Mortimer will judge mastiffs, Great Danes, bloodhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, English foxhounds, deerhounds, Boston terriers, fox terriers, dachshunde, Chesapeake Bay dogs and miscellaneous. Mr. C. H. Mason will judge St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, poodles, collies, pugs, bull terriers, Black and Tan terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, bull dogs, spaniels, and Italian greyhounds. Dr. M. H. Cryer, toy spaniels; Mr. Chas. Heath, pointers; Major J. M. Taylor, English, Irish and Gordon setters; Roger D. Williams, American foxhounds and beagles.

The Bench Show Committee writes us as follows: The success of the show seems assured. Entries are already

coming in at a rapid rate, although the premium lists have been out but a few days. A list of patronesses is being made, which will include many of the most prominent society people of Philadelphia. The first night of the show will be exceptionally brilliant.

From Mr. J. B. Stoddard, Palo Alto, Miss., under date of March 25, we learn that there is action in the dog world as follows: "We have sold Tick Boy to Mr. Geo. Crocker for \$1,000, and also a puppy by Tick, 11 months old, for a long price. The latter is a very good one indeed, and worth what we got for him. In fact, I do not think we got a cent more than the brace is worth. Only the fact that we did not feel able to keep so much money in two dogs induced us to sell at all. Tick is good property and would have paid us well. We are just finishing up the season. All our dogs are doing well."

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels claim the name
Lawn Reward for Gordon setter dog, whelped March 3, 1896, by champion Rexmont—Lawn Pretty Belle.
Lawn Rustic for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Ripple for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Rex II. for Gordon setter dog, same litter.
Lawn Bonnie Belle for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Black Bess for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Bud for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Brownie for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Baba for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Beauty for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.
Lawn Beebe II. for Gordon setter bitch, same litter.

BRED.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty's Flaherty's Florence, English setter bitch, Feb. 16, to Montell.
Mr. Harold B. Wallack's Lady Gay, English setter bitch, Dec. 10, to Blizzard.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels'
Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, Feb. 15, to Pilot of Lorain.
Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, Jan. 3, to Rexmont.
Dr. Jas. E. Hair's
Devonshire Fan, imported pointer bitch, Jan. 11, to Trinket's Naso.
Nellie Llewellyn, English setter bitch, Feb. 27, to Sheldon.
Mr. W. Knott's Nellie Bondhu, English setter bitch, Jan. 15, to imported Albert's Ranger.
Mr. F. E. Conlin's Conlin's Baby, English setter bitch, Jan. 23, to Sheldon.
Mr. W. J. Davis's Nia Llewellyn, English setter bitch, Feb. 20, to Sheldon.
Mr. R. E. Eldert's Duchess, English setter bitch, Feb. 23, to Sheldon.
Mr. E. E. Beach's Jessie, English setter bitch, Feb. 23, to Sheldon.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, Feb. 15, to Pilot of Lorain.
Rochdale Kennels' Marten II., fox terrier bitch, March 5, to Stipendiary II.

WHELPS.

Mr. J. Danforth Bush's Careless, bull bitch, whelped Dec. 15, three (two dogs), by Leonidas.
Mr. Harold B. Wallack's Lady Gay, English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 10, nine (five dogs), by Blizzard.
Mr. Fred Wilkey's Topsey W., fox terrier bitch, whelped, March 9, six (two dogs), by Rochdale Sportsman.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels' Lawn Pretty Belle, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, March 3, twelve (four dogs), by champion Rexmont.

SALES.

Mr. Edw. Wilshire has sold Pilot of Lorain, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. W. H. Worth.
Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels have sold
Lawn Coleus, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. John Hatch.
Lawn Hazel, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. C. W. Ward.
Lawn Nanc-, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. E. L. Dunn.
Mr. B. S. Horne has sold
Miss Forrest, fox terrier bitch, to Mr. F. H. Lindsay.
Faustina, fox terrier bitch, to Mr. J. C. Wasson.
—, fox terrier bitch, to Miss L. K. Clarkson.

Yachting.

A SYNDICATE of the Royal Canadian Y. C. has been formed and an order has been placed with Will Fife, Jr., for a yacht to meet the Chicago challenger. The new yacht will be framed at Fairlie and sent out in pieces, to be set up and planked at Toronto, as was done in the cases of Zelma and Vedette. Com. Æmillus Jones, of the R. C. Y. C., will have entire charge of the yacht.

BORN the *Yachtsman* and the *Yachting World* are still gravely exercised over Ethelwynn's violation of rules in placing four pigs of ballast on the beach when turned over for scrubbing and replacing them in the same position a short time later when the yacht was righted. We learn that Mr. Brand has lately followed the example of a certain noble lord and issued a printed statement of the wrongs he was subjected to while racing in America. As we have not been favored with a copy, we have no exact knowledge of the details.

THE racing in the Mediterranean is particularly dull and inconclusive. Satanita, Britannia and Ailsa have divided the rather empty honors of the fluky races, and the new Samphire has been several times defeated by the old 20-rater Stephanie. The weather has brought either strong winds or flat calms.

THE rules which we publish this week are the result of a great deal of careful work on the part of the committee which framed them. On the one hand the aim has been to provide a thoroughly satisfactory code of racing rules, and on the other the committee realized the necessity of departing as little as possible from the familiar rules of the clubs. The new rules are based directly on those of the leading clubs, but have been carefully rearranged and in some places added to in order to meet the conditions of modern racing in the small as well as large classes.

The Corinthian Fleet.

THE Corinthian Fleet at a recent meeting decided to establish a class of small craft which would be suitable not only for racing, afternoon sailing and general use, but at the same time be inexpensive; and after giving the subject careful consideration have adopted a type of craft now very popular at Atlantic City, N. J., as being best adapted for all-round work.

Com. W. W. Hollingsworth, of the Corinthian Y. C., of Atlantic City, and also a member of the home club, started the fleet by presenting to the New Rochelle Corinthians his last year's crack, Norseman, and in addition to boats which will be owned by members, the club will purchase one or two more for general use.

Their general dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 15ft.; l.w.l., 13ft.; beam (about), 4ft. 6in.; draft, between 6 and 12in. They cost to build complete, with sails and spars, about \$125.

A number of members of the club at Atlantic City have accepted an invitation to visit the Corinthians at New Rochelle in July, sending their boats up on the deck of a large vessel, and as three prizes have been offered by the officers of the club, the races between the little boats promise to be very interesting.

Full particulars in regard to the boats, rig and transportation from Atlantic City can be obtained from Mr. J. D. Sparkman, Sec'y, 80 Broadway.

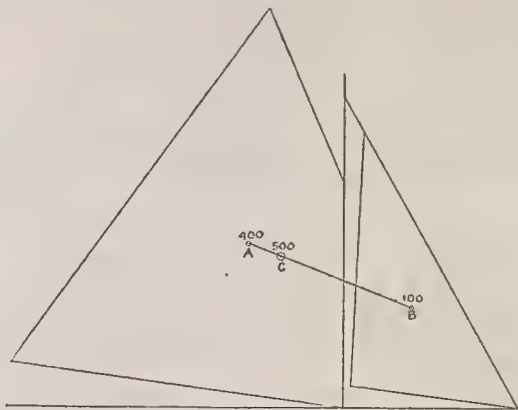
YACHT DESIGNING.—VII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 182.]

As we shall have frequent occasion to deal with the forces that act upon the hull and sails of a vessel, it is necessary that we should have some knowledge of the conventional methods of representing and estimating the effects of forces; and we may well stop now to borrow a few definitions from analytical mechanics.

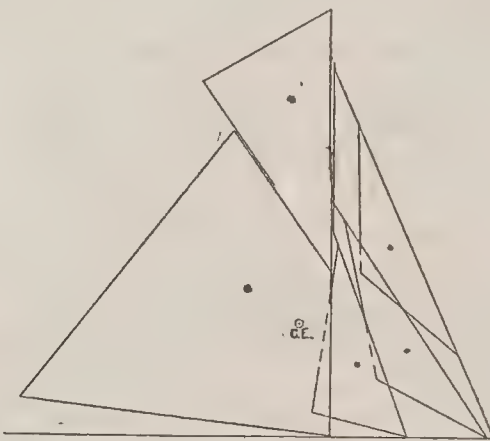
Those who have the opportunity will be well repaid by the study of at least the more elementary treatises on both analytical mechanics and descriptive geometry. The former, which treats of equilibrium and motion, considered as the effects of forces, includes many principles that are employed in designing; while the latter, which treats of projection and the principles of mechanical drafting, is the basis of marine drafting. Apart from the importance of the various principles of descriptive geom-



etry, which we shall refer to again at length when we come to the actual making of the design on paper, a thorough study of this science is of the greatest value to the designer in training the eye and mind to picture the complicated curves of the surface of the solid vessel from the mere confused lines on the flat surface of the paper.

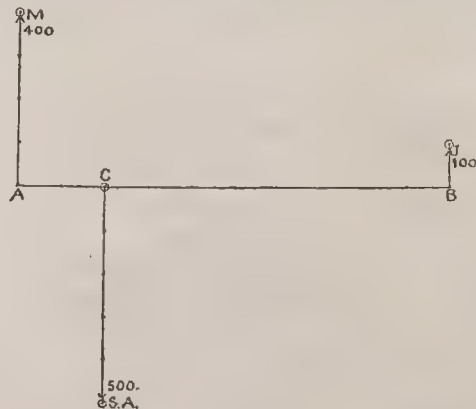
The principles of analytical geometry with which the designer is more directly concerned may be briefly stated as follows:

Force is that which produces or tends to produce motion or change of motion, its effects being visible in the production of motion or rest. The effect of a force depends on, first, its *intensity*; second, its *direction*; and third, its *point of application*. The intensity of a force is measured in two ways: First, *statically*, by the weight required to balance it; and second, *dynamically*, by the quantity of motion which it will produce. Forces are represented, both in intensity and direction, by lines; the lengths of these lines being proportional to the weights which would



balance the respective forces. The *resultant* of two or more forces is a single force which will produce the same mechanical effect as the forces themselves jointly. The *moment* of a force about any point is the product of that force into a perpendicular let fall from the point on the direction of the force; this moment measuring the tendency of the force to produce rotary motion about the point. This line, from the point to the force, is called the *arm*. Two equal forces acting on equal arms, but in opposite directions, constitute a *statical couple*.

The simplest and most practical illustration of these principles and definitions is the sail plan of a sloop, with mainsail and jib, Fig. 4. We will assume that the wind pressure is 1lb. per square foot and that the area of the mainsail is 400sq. ft. and that of the jib is 100sq. ft. The forces then will be represented by 400lbs. and 100lbs.; the former acting horizontally through the center of the mainsail, A; and the latter, also horizontally and in the same direction from us, through the center of the jib, B.



There is a point on the straight line joining A and B where, if a third force of 500lbs. (400+100) were applied, it would hold the two sails in perfect balance; and this force is the resultant of the other two. The point through which it acts, C, is called the *center of effort*, which we will denote in the future by the letters C. E. Its position is easily determined, as it must be such that the moments of the two sails are in equilibrium; otherwise it would not meet the requirements of the problem and we should have to seek a new point. The moment of the mainsail is the force, 400, multiplied by the arm, AC, while the moment of the jib is 100 multiplied by CB. As a matter of convenience we may consider either one of the three points, A, B, C, as fixed, and the line, AB, tending to revolve about it under the influence of two of the forces. We will assume that the point, B, the center of effort of the jib, is fixed, and that the force of the mainsail is tending

to push that sail to leeward. This force now acts on the arm, AB, which is 10ft. long, the moment thus being 4,000 (400×10). Opposed to it is the force 500, acting in the other direction on C; and as the moments must be equal we have:

$$\begin{aligned} 400+10 \times &= 500 \times CB. \\ \text{or } 4000 &= 500 \times CB. \\ \frac{4000}{500} &= CB. = 8\text{ft.} \end{aligned}$$

The proof of this is evident; the moment of the mainsail about the C. E. is 400×2, while that of the jib about the same point is 100×8, the two being equal. The case becomes apparently more complicated when we take a cutter with topsail and jibtopsail set, Fig. 5; or a schooner but it is in reality quite as simple; the six forces representing the sails having one resultant which keeps them in equilibrium.

The forces in the first instance may be represented graphically as in Fig. 6; M. being the mainsail, represented by a line 4 units in length; J. the jib, 1 unit; and S. A. the total sail area, 5 units; the distance, AB, being 10, and AC, 2 units. It makes no difference how many separate forces there may be, nor how they are located, one common resultant may be found for all.

Such a union of innumerable forces is the buoyancy of a floating body. The body is supported by the buoyancy of innumerable small particles of water, each acting upward against its own special spot on the bottom of the body. The resultant is a single force equivalent to the total weight of the vessel, and acting through one particular point, the *center of buoyancy* (C. B.), which may be determined by calculation. The *center of gravity* of a vessel (C. G.) is the common center of all the weights, and its location is entirely independent of the form of the vessel, changing with alterations of spars, crew or ballast. The center of buoyancy, on the contrary, depends for its position solely on the form of the vessel and is independent of the positions of the various weights. As a matter of course, the vessel can only be at rest when the C. G. is directly over or under the C. B., and it is the office of the designer to so adjust the two that this occurs when she is at her designed waterline; though this is by no means the invariable rule. The correct definition of the C. B. is the center of gravity of the displaced water, and it is sometimes called the "*center of gravity of displacement*."

Let us conceive of the vessel as caught and frozen fast in the ice and then lifted bodily out, leaving a cavity exactly the counterpart of the exterior surface of the portion of the hull below water. Neglecting all possible expansion or shrinkage in freezing, let us now conceive this cavity as filled with water, which in turn freezes and may be lifted out; forming a solid counterpart of the immersed portion of the hull. The center of gravity of this solid, the point within it from which if suspended by a cord it would rest with the upper surface level, is the center of buoyancy. It has nothing to do with the center of the entire hollow hull of the yacht, but is the center of the cavity made by the yacht when floating at her normal waterline.

While the center of gravity, apart from the small movements of crew and swinging off of sails, remains in the same position at all times, it is evident that when under way, especially in disturbed water, the center of buoyancy is constantly shifting as the vessel heels, scends and pitches, immersing different portions of her hull. The normal position of the center of buoyancy may be readily calculated, by a method which will be given in its appropriate place, from the lines of the vessel; in fact the position of the C. B. is usually determined at a very early stage of the work and the lines drawn so as to bring it in this required position. Since 1845-6, as nearly as any exact date can be fixed, it has been the custom of builders and designers to locate the C. B. abaft the center of length of the waterline, and this is universally the case at the present day. Prior to the date given the C. B. was located in nearly all vessels decidedly forward of the center of length, the belief being prevalent that the vessel would lift more readily in a sea. In harmony with this idea was the predilection for a full bow and long, clean run, the "cod's head and mackerel tail" model, in which of necessity the C. B. was located well forward. In the yachts of George Steers prior to 1846 these two features are very prominent, but a decided change is noticeable in the pilot boat Mary Taylor, modeled by him in 1847 or '48; while three years later he produced the celebrated America, with her long, hollow bow, a complete reversing of his old ideas. The same change was taking place in England about the same time, the famous old Musquito, built in 1848, being the first noted yacht with a very hollow bow.

Yacht Racing on Sunday.

THE *Yachting World* of March 13, in its leading article, comes out rather strongly—for an English journal—in favor of yacht racing on Sunday, as follows:

With the opening of picture galleries and the growing movement in favor of allowing the general public to view our national museums on Sundays, it must be admitted that on this side of the channel we are rapidly approaching within measurable distance of the Continental Sunday, when, as our readers are perfectly well aware, the biggest day's programme of the turf and the chief event in a regatta are generally down for decision. If the owners of Ailsa, Britannia, Satanita, Anglia, Samphire, Dusky Queen and other British boats now in the Mediterranean are willing and content that their craft shall race on the day of the week when the most enjoyment can be given to the most people, why should they not also give the British working classes an opportunity of seeing the cracks race in home waters on the same day of the week?

Just imagine the opening of the Thames season taking place on a Sunday. What a brilliant scene it would be, and what enjoyment it would give to thousands who have never seen, and probably under present conditions will never have an opportunity of witnessing a first-class yacht race! With a fine, bright, sunny day and the noble fleet of Thames pleasure steamers, Royal Sovereign, La Marguerite, Clacton Belle, Oriole and others, crowded with enthusiasts bent upon enjoying themselves to the utmost, the scene would be one totally unprecedented in the annals of British yacht racing, and a magnificent subject for the brush of an artist who, like Mr. W. L. Wyllie or Mr. John Fraser, would have his whole heart in the work.

Such a scene as we have tried to depict is well within measurable distance at the present time. Here in London we have cricket, tennis and foot-ball matches on Sundays, to say nothing of polo and other such sports. Of course, we can cruise about to our heart's content, but racing is strictly tabooed. For the alteration of such a state of affairs it only wants one to lead the way, and we are in a position to inform our readers that a leading club of the cruising description, having its headquarters on the Lower Thames, has just decided to try the experiment, having placed at least a couple of events down on its programme for decision on Sundays. We will watch the result of this innovation with a good deal of interest.

William H. Starbuck, of the American Y. C., died at his home in New York on March 29 of heart disease. Mr. Starbuck, who was a ship owner and railroad man, owned the steam yacht Tillie I., and later purchased the Palynia of James Gordon Bennett, lengthening her and renaming her Tillie II.

Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.

Racing Rules Adopted March 9, 1896.

RULE 0.—MANAGEMENT.

ALL races and all yachts sailing therein shall be under the direction of the regatta committee of the club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all doubts, questions and disputes which arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decision shall be based upon these rules as far as they apply, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the regatta committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the regatta committee shall be final, unless they think fit on the application of the parties interested or for other reasons to refer the question at issue for the decision of the council of the Yacht Racing Union, whose decision shall be final. No member of the regatta committee or council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed question in which he is directly interested.

A member of a regatta committee, who is the owner of a yacht sailing in a race, shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

RULE I.—APPLICATION.

1. The rules shall apply only to yachts sailing in a race.
2. Yachts shall be amenable to the rules from the time the preparatory signal is made until the finish of the race.

RULE II.—MEASUREMENT.

1. Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2.
Formula:
$$\frac{L \ W \ L + \sqrt{S \ A}}{2} = R \ L$$

2. The l.w.l. length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with any person or persons, who may be aboard when the measurement is being taken, stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, sternpost, or other part of the yacht below the l.w.l. projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length, and a form resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, sternpost, or the ridge of the counter for the apparent purpose of shortening the l.w.l., shall be measured between fair lines.

The measurer at the time of taking his measurements shall affix a distinctive permanent mark at each end of the l.w.l.

3. The sail area shall be ascertained by taking a perpendicular along the after side of the mainmast from the under side of the sheave of the highest halliard block, or sheave on the topmast, to the upper side of the boom, when resting on the saddle, or on the lowest part of the gooseneck, the distance of which point from the main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, as well as the other points used in measurement.

The forward point of measurement of the base line shall be midway between the intersection of the bowsprit and jibtopsail stay and the center of the tack or cringle of the jib or flying jib when set. The after point of measurement shall be the end of the main boom in schooners, cutters, sloops, and catboats; and of the mizzen boom in yawls.

The maintopmast shall be measured from the bounds of the lower mast to the lower side of the sheave of the highest halliard block or sheave on the topmast; 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the extreme length of the main gaff measured from the inside of the jaws to the after end, and the remainder shall be added to the base line.

In all cases where the length of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of the forward mast to the forward point of measurement, such excess shall be added to the base line. The length to be taken for the spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance of its outer end from the center of the foreside of the mast on which it is carried, measured when the boom is in place for use.

In pole-masted yachts and those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat halliard block and the under side of the sheave in the uppermost halliard block, or sheave on the mast, shall be used for determining the length of the base line in the same way as is the topmast, when one is carried.

In yachts which do not carry headsail, the forward point of measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

The sail area is obtained from these figures by multiplying the corrected base by the perpendicular and dividing by 2.

Where in any case, owing to peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot, in the opinion of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the regatta committee, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual sail area carried, or that may be carried on the spars used.

The prescribed method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and where the leach of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where, as in a lug mainsail, the luff extends forward of the mast, or the head is rounded, the increased area resulting shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurement.

4. If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight shall increase her l.w.l. length, or shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

RULE III.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing length, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Schooners.—First class, all over 95ft.; 95ft. class, not over 95ft. and over 85ft.; 85ft. class, not over 85ft. and over 75ft.; 75ft. class, not over 75ft. and over 65ft.; 65ft. class, not over 65ft.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—First class, all over 80ft.; 80ft. class, not over 80ft. and over 70ft.; 70ft. class, not over 70ft. and over 60ft.; 60ft. class, not over 60ft. and over 51ft.; 51ft. class, not over 51ft. and over 43ft.; 43ft. class, not over 43ft. and over 36ft.; 36ft. class, not over 36ft. and over 30ft.; 30ft. class, not over 30ft. and over 25ft.; 25ft. class, not over 25ft. and over 20ft.; 20ft. class, not over 20ft. and over 15ft.; 15ft. class, not over 15ft.

2. Yachts of different rigs shall not be classed together except in mixed races; open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts; and yachts sailing with fixed ballast shall not be classed with yachts using shiftable ballast.

3. In classes for open yachts using shiftable ballast, Section 2 of Rule XI, regarding fittings, water and ballast, and Section 1 of Rule XII, regarding crews, shall not apply.

RULE IV.—TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated according to the appended table.

RULE V.—ALLOWANCE FOR RIG.

In races where yachts of different rigs sail together, schooners shall be rated for time allowance at 85 per cent. of their racing length; yawls and catboats at 94 per cent, and sloops and cutters at their actual racing length.

RULE VI.—OWNERSHIP.

1. No person shall be the owner of more than one yacht entered for a race in the same class.
2. No yacht which has been chartered shall be entered for a race, unless she has been chartered in good faith for a period of not less than thirty days.
3. Each yacht entered for a race must be the *bona fide* property of, or be under charter to, the person in whose name she is entered, who must be a member of a recognized yacht club.
4. A person chartering a yacht shall be considered as the owner.

RULE VII.—ENTRIES.

1. All entries shall be made in writing and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving name of yacht, class, racing length and racing number, and must be lodged with the regatta committee not later than forty-eight hours before the time of starting, exclusive of Sundays, unless otherwise ordered by the committee.
2. The regatta committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.
3. Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next larger than her own, but shall be entered therein as of the minimum racing length of such class; this shall not be construed, however, to permit a yacht to enter a class for yachts of different rig, except in mixed rig races, or an open yacht to enter in a class with cabin yachts, or a yacht using shiftable ballast to enter in a class with yachts sailing with fixed ballast.
4. The same yacht shall not be entitled to enter for a race under different rigs.
5. The regatta committee may, if they consider it expedient, reject any entry.

RULE VIII.—INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Each yacht entered for a race shall at the time of entry, or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc.
2. The regatta committee shall have power to change the courses or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race, provided notice of such change is given to each yacht before the preparatory signal is made.

RULE IX.—SAILS.

1. Yachts may carry the following sails:
Schooners.—Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working main and fore gaff topsail, maintopmast staysail and spinnaker.
Sloops and Cutters.—Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jib-topsail, working gaff topsail and spinnaker.
Yawls.—Same as sloops and cutters, with mizzen and mizzen stay-sail.
Catboats.—Mainsail.
2. Yachts may set light sails over working poles.
3. No extra spars, booming out or whisker poles, except a spinnaker boom, shall be used.
4. A working main or foretopsail must be jibheaded and must not extend above the highest point used in measurement, or beyond the end of the gaff. A spinnaker must be triangular, and must not extend above the highest point used in measurement, or beyond the outer end of the spinnaker boom.

RULE X.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

1. Yachts in the first and 95ft. classes of schooners, and the first class of single-masted vessels and yawls, shall carry on deck a serviceable round bottomed boat, with oars and thole-pias or row-locks lashed in, measuring not less than 14ft. in length; in the 85, 75 and 65ft. classes of schooners, and in the 80, 70 and 60ft. classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, a boat not less than 12ft. in length; and in the 51ft. class of single-masted vessels and yawls, a boat not less than 10ft. in length.
2. All yachts shall carry on deck two serviceable life buoys.

RULE XI.—FITTINGS, WATER AND BALLAST.

1. Floors shall be kept down and bulkheads and doors left standing.
2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed after the preparatory signal. Neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged after 9 A. M. of the day of the race; but this restriction as to water may be waived by the regatta committee.
3. A race postponed or resailed shall so far as regards this rule be considered a new race.

RULE XII.—CREWS.

1. The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:
Schooners.—First class, 1 person to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 95ft. class, 32 persons; 85ft. class, 29 persons; 75ft. class, 19 persons; 65ft. class, 13 persons.

Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.—First class, 1 person to every 2ft. of R. L. or fraction thereof; 80ft. class, 27 persons; 70ft. class, 18 persons; 60ft. class, 15 persons; 51ft. class, 11 persons; 43ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 8 persons; 30ft. class, 6 persons; 25ft. class, 5 persons; 20ft. class, 3 persons; 15ft. class, 2 persons.

2. No person shall board or leave a yacht after the starting signal has been made, except in case of accident or injury to a person on board.

3. In Corinthian races, except in the schooner classes and in the first, 80ft. and 70ft. classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur, and must be manned by amateurs, except that any cabin yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew.

RULE XIII.—TIME OF MAKING RACES.

There shall be no limit to the time in which a race is to be sailed, except when it is otherwise specified in the instructions.

RULE XIV.—POSTPONEMENT OF RACES.

The regatta committee shall have power to postpone any race, should unfavorable weather render such a course desirable.

RULE XV.—RESAILED RACES.

No new entries shall be received for a race resailed; but a yacht duly entered shall be entitled to start, though she failed originally to start, or having started was withdrawn. No yacht disqualified in a race shall be entitled to start in case the race shall be resailed.

RULE XVI.—PRIVATE SIGNALS AND NUMBERS.

Each yacht shall carry the owner's private signal at the main peak and display a number, which will be assigned to her, on both sides of the mainsail above the reef bands.

RULE XVII.—LIGHTS AND FOG SIGNALS.

The Government regulations regarding lights and fog signals shall be observed.

RULE XVIII.—PROPULSION.

1. No means of propulsion other than sails shall be employed.
2. Manual power only shall be used for working a yacht.

RULE XIX.—STARTING AND FINISHING SIGNALS.

1. The starting signals shall be as follows: A blue peter hoisted as a preparatory signal and dropped at the expiration of the preparatory interval. A red ball hoisted for the start, and dropped at the expiration of the starting interval. If necessary to start the fleet in two or more divisions, a white ball shall be used for the start of the second division and a blue ball for the start of the third division. Additional signals for other divisions may be provided by the regatta committee. The club burgee shall be hoisted at the expiration of the starting interval of the last division.
2. The signal to denote the conclusion of the race shall be the lowering of the club burgee.
3. Attention shall be called to those signals by whistle or gun from the regatta committee's boat.

RULE XX.—TIME AT START AND FINISH.

1. All starts shall be flying and shall be "time" or "one-gun" starts, as may be specified in the instructions.
2. In time starts an interval shall be allowed for crossing the line and the time of each yacht shall be taken when the point, marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, first crosses the starting line. A yacht failing to cross the line until after the starting interval shall be timed as having crossed at its expiration.
3. In one-gun starts each yacht shall be timed from the starting signal.
4. The time of finish of each yacht shall be taken when the point, marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, first crosses the finish line.
5. In any start, if the point marked by the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls be across the line when the signal for the start in her class is made, she must return and recross the line.

A yacht so returning, or one, working into position from the wrong side of the line after the signal for the start has been made, must keep clear of and give way to all yachts in the race.

RULE XXI.—MARKS.

1. All marks, except Government buoys used as marks, shall fly the club flag or show a ball in the club colors. The markboat at the finishing line shall show two red lights and at intervals the club's night signal after sundown.
2. A mark is any vessel, boat, buoy, float or other object used to indicate the course.
3. Should any mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the regatta committee shall if possible replace it, or substitute the committee boat with mark ball hoisted and call attention by gun or whistle. Failing thus to re-establish the mark, the race may be ordered resailed or not, at the option of the regatta committee.

RULE XXII.—SHORTENING COURSE.

Should it be necessary during a race to shorten the course, the starting ball hoisted under flag B of the signal code, or in case of fog or darkness two blasts of the whistle or two guns fired, shall show that the race is to be finished with the round about to be completed, or at the mark where the regatta committee's boat shall be stationed when giving the signal, and the time allowance shall be reduced in proportion.

RULE XXIII.—ANCHORING.

A yacht may anchor, but must weigh her anchor again and not slip. A yacht shall not warp or kedge or make fast to a buoy or pier, vessel or other object except as otherwise provided under these rules.

RULE XXIV.—RUNNING AGROUND AND FOULING.

A yacht running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, boats, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance except from the crew of the vessel fouled. Any anchor, warp or boat so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

RULE XXV.—ACCIDENTS.

Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the regatta committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, they shall order the race to be resailed between each yacht and the winner in her class.

RULE XXVI.—SOUNDING.

No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

RULE XXVII.—RIGHT OF WAY.

When one yacht is approaching another yacht so as to involve a risk of fouling, one of them shall keep clear of the other as follows:

1. On Different Points of Sailing.—A yacht free shall keep clear of one close-hauled.
2. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on Opposite Sides.—

When both yachts are close-hauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft and on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

3. On the Same Point of Sailing with the Wind on the Same Side.—When both yachts are free or have the wind aft and on the same side, the yacht to windward shall keep clear.
4. Wind Aft.—A yacht with the wind aft is deemed to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she is carrying her main boom. A yacht with the wind aft shall keep clear of a yacht on any other point of sailing.

5. Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken.
6. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing, or the weather yacht by bearing away, is in danger of fouling.
7. Altering Course.—When of two yachts one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.
8. Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap is established.
9. Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward.

10. Rights on New Courses.—A yacht shall not be entitled to her rights on a new course until she has filled away.
11. Converging Close-hauled.—When two yachts both close-hauled on the same tack are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to windward shall keep clear.
12. Passing and Rounding Marks.—If an overlap exists between two yachts, when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

13. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room, and, in case one yacht is forced to tack or bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as nearly the same time as is possible without fouling. But should such obstruction be a designated mark of the course, a yacht shall not force another to tack under the provisions of this rule.

RULE XXVIII.—PROTESTS.

1. A yacht, having cause during a race to protest against any other yacht for a violation of these rules, may display flag B of the signal code, and keep such flag flying till answered from the regatta committee's boat by the answering pennant.

2. Protests must be filed in writing with the regatta committee before 6 o'clock P. M. of the day succeeding the race, exclusive of Sundays, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

3. If through protest the measurement of a yacht be called in question, the regatta committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such yacht, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measuring shall be collected from the owner, if the measurement be found wrong, and from the person protesting, if the measurement be found right.

RULE XXIX.—DISQUALIFICATION.

1. Every yacht must go fairly around the course and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht.

2. A yacht in any way causing a markboat to shift her position to avoid being fouled by such yacht may be disqualified.

3. A yacht, which in consequence of her neglect or violation of any of these rules shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any mark or obstruction or run aground, may be disqualified and shall pay all damages; and a yacht, which shall wrongfully cause another to luff or bear away in order to avoid fouling or shall without cause compel another yacht to give room or tack as otherwise provided in these rules, or shall herself fail to tack or bear away as required, or shall in any way infringe or fail to comply with any of these rules, may be disqualified.

4. The regatta committee may, without protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of these rules.

5. A yacht whose measurement has not been filed with the regatta committee prior to the start of a race, or within ten days thereafter, may be disqualified and forfeit all claim to a prize, and such yacht may, at the discretion of the regatta committee, be debarred from entering any other race of the club until her certificate of measurement has been filed with the regatta committee.

6. If a yacht, which has been officially measured, makes any alteration causing an increase of her racing length, and starts in a race without having been remeasured or notifying the regatta committee previous to the start that such alteration has been made, she may be disqualified.

7. If a winning yacht be disqualified, the next yachts in order shall be awarded the prizes.

RULE XXX.—AWARDING OF PRIZES.

1. Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which two or more yachts start.
2. Before receiving a prize, the owner of a winning yacht, or in his absence the person representing him on the yacht, shall sign a declaration that the rules governing the race have been complied with.

RULE XXXI.—SUSPENSION OF RULES.

The regatta committee shall have power to suspend any of these rules provided that it is specially stated in the notice of the race or agreed to by the competing yachts.

Spruce, Ethelwynn and "P"

THE *Yachting World* of March 13 contains the following letter from the owner of the 15-footer Question "P":
Editor Yachting World:

In your article of Jan. 17 I see an article on 1/2-rater "P". I don't know to whom you are indebted for your information, but it is, to say the least, not correct, and has caused me much trouble. Let me correct you.

In the first place, I am a boat builder by profession, as also a designer; am in business for myself and expect to be for some years. I designed and built Question. Sails were made by R. Hathaway. She is well constructed, of cedar, oak and pine with spars of white spruce. The cost of materials, including sails and steel board, rigging, etc., together with twenty-six days' labor at regular ship carpenter's wages, amounted to \$245 or \$249, and if you figure out such a boat you can readily see that such is the case.

Now, I had as good an order from a party in London for a 1/2-rater, and your article, besides putting me in a bad light, of course lost me the chance of getting one of my boats in English waters, as I had offered to build it at a loss to myself, so badly did I wish to have one "over there." I had inquiries from several, both in England and Scotland, and have not even a reply from one of them, and can account for it in no other way.

Q. beat Spruce and Ethelwynn over 14m. in one of their races for the cup last fall in a good breeze. Mr. Brand can vouch for this. Will you be so good as to correct your mistake, and by so doing you will greatly oblige yours truly,
L. D. HUNTINGTON, JR.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Feb. 15.

We are not interested in the issue between the *Yachting World* and Mr. Huntington, but as far as the statement that Question beat both Spruce and Ethelwynn is concerned, it is by far too little to say that it is incorrect, as it contains inferences that are entirely unfounded in fact. The same statement has found a place in many American papers since the final race for the Seawanhaka cup, and only within ten days we have had an inquiry from a French yachtsman, a designer and owner of small raters, as to its truth.

The facts, which we can vouch for, being present, which Mr. Huntington was not, are as follows: Question came over to Oryster Bay on Friday, Sept. 27, in charge of Mr. Huntington's younger brother, to sail in the special open races for the 15ft. class on the next day. Friday was the day of the sixth match between Spruce and Ethelwynn, the former having thus far won two races and the latter but one, so that the only chance of holding the international cup depended on Ethelwynn retrieving the reputation she had lost. It was blowing very fresh early in the morning, and when the two boats went out about 2 P. M. there was still wind enough to induce Spruce to reef, though Ethelwynn carried full sail.

The two sailed a hard and exciting race in a strong wind and sea, fighting every inch of water for nearly three hours. During the first part of the race they were together all the time, each jockeying the other. Question, sailed by Mr. Huntington's younger brother, who had been in the boat in many races through the season, knowing her and the locality to perfection, was out for fun only, with absolutely nothing to lose and everything, as it now proves, to gain. Had she capsized, or lost a spar, it would have been of no special consequence, as she was not racing. The conditions were those in which she has done her best work, a wind and sea. She went out to the starting line and crossed it several minutes after the international race was



Specimen targets made in the Smith & Wesson gallery at the Sportsmen's Exposition, S. & W. revolver, 30ft., regulation target, here shown exact size. Bear Chief three shots, the others five shots each.

started. By this time Spruce and Ethelwynn, running free, were well off their course, each bothering the other. Paying no attention to them, Question laid a perfectly straight course for the first mark and then stood it, past out into the center of the Sound, where there was the most wind, she having a small sail plan. She sailed wonderfully fast, as she has done before under special conditions, and made the two rounds of the course some time ahead of the true contestants, but of course was not timed, as she had nothing whatever to do with the race.

While done thoughtlessly, out of mere fun at the time, there can be no question of the very bad taste, not to characterize it more strongly, of now attempting to represent her as sailing on even terms with Spruce and Ethelwynn in an international race and beating both. Unfair as it is to Ethelwynn, the case would have been still worse had Spruce won, as her victory would undoubtedly have been discounted in the daily papers by the alleged fact that she was at the same time beaten by another American boat.

Fortunately for Question, she has a reputation honestly won in some very hard races through the season, and as a heavy-weather boat does not need any such doubtful international honors as are claimed in the above letter.

As she was, however, indirectly connected with the international races, having been one of the competitors in the earlier trial races in which Ethelwynn was selected, it may be interesting to look at her record. In the first trial race, Aug. 26, she was third, the first boat, Ethelwynn, beating her by 9m. 52s. In the second race, next day, Ethelwynn was again first and Question third, the difference in time being 3m. 22s. The third day found Ethelwynn again first and Question third, the difference being 6m. 21s. In all three races the Herreshoff boat Olita was second. In these races the crew of Question won the special prize for superior handling from six competitors. On Sept. 28, the day of the final international race, when Ethelwynn beat Spruce 10m. 41s. in a good sailing breeze, Question sailed in the special race of the S. C. Y. C. for 15-footers, in which Trilby was first and Olita second, the latter beating Question 6m. 38s.

Ethelwynn was designed for one specific purpose—to win races off Oyster Bay in summer. How near she came to this end is shown by her record; of the eight races made in the trial and cup series she won six. Of the other two one was won by Spruce by the small margin of 23s. and the other was thrown away by the groundless withdrawal of the boat when in perfect condition. We are willing to concede any claims of Mr. Huntington as to Question's exceptional speed and ability in a wind and sea, but we deny all claims that she has in any way raced against Spruce or Ethelwynn in the races for the Seawanhaka cup, or is entitled to any credit whatever for the questionable performance of Sept. 27.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Defender's broken topmast, presented by Mr. Iselin to St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, will be awarded intact to whichever armory, club or association in the United States contributes the largest number of votes. Should the winner desire to have it converted to the uses of a flagstaff, a U. S. post flag, 10 x 20ft., made of the best quality N. P. U. bunting, with full number of stars sewed on both sides, will be furnished. Should an association desirous of carrying a flag in procession prove successful, the regulation U. S. colors, 6 x 9½ft., made of the best banner silk, with full number of stars embroidered, silk ribbons to tie flag on pole, gilt fringe 2in. wide, and a pair of gilt tassels 7in. long, with the necessary cord, surmounted with gilt eagle, will be supplied. The following prominent gentlemen have kindly consented to act as committee of award: Latham A. Fish, Esq., Gen. James McLeer, J. Roger Maxwell, Esq. The price of votes has been placed at 25 cents. For convenience they have been bound in booklets, each containing Mr. Iselin's letter, a photograph of the two yachts, and votes to the value of \$10. Applications for booklets until June 2 to be addressed to Mrs. Dr. John Byrne, 314 Clinton street, acting for the Sisters of Charity, St. Mary's Hospital, St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., have been quite busy all winter. So largely has their business grown that they have been obliged to make many additions to their plant, and their facilities for turning out work have been nearly doubled. They have shipped two complete sets of launch machinery, including Tregurtha boilers and compound engines, to Kobé, Japan, and a Tregurtha boiler to Capt. F. Davies, R. N. R., of London. Among other shipments are a Tregurtha boiler for the launch belonging to the U. S. steamer Enterprise, and another for Sig. Heintzelman's high speed launch, and another for E. G. Pond, of Needham, Mass. A large number of Tregurtha boilers are being built under royalty in the Dominion of Canada.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 26, with Com. Brown in the chair. The following members were elected: Edward Eyre, Arthur W. Francis, John H. Hewson, Louis L. Lorillard, Jr., Samuel F. Barger, Albert J. Wise, Harry A. Van Liew, J. Williams Beekman, Geo. L. McAlpin, Henry Gilsey, Jr., Joseph E. Fletcher, Com. Richard P. Leary, U. S. N.; Chas. Fletcher, Lieut. H. C. Roundstone, U. S. N.; R. Hall McCormick, Henry S. Kerr, Robert Temple Emmet, U. S. A.; Frederick C. Fletcher, Frederic de P. Foster, Isaac E. Emerson and John D. Crimmins. Honorary Members—Edward J. Phelps and Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N. Flag Member—Miss Eloise L. Breeze.

The special committee appointed to provide cups to be presented to the owners of Defender and Vigilant delivered the completed cups to the club. Lord Dunraven's acknowledgment of Secretary Oddie's notification of his expulsion was read. An amendment to the by-laws giving the partial right of representation, without a vote, to owners of yachts under 15 tons, but not under 10 tons, was passed. The regulation governing the admission of non-members to the club house was changed so as to allow a member to introduce two guests at any time, provided that the same persons may not visit the club house oftener than once in 30 days.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Baltimore, has elected the following officers: Com., N. Tipton Slee; Vice-Com., Henry F. Dorton; Rear-Com., P. W. Hemsley; Fleet-Captain, H. W. Meredith; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. C. Wightman; Meas., E. W. Graef; Sec'y-Treas., Emil C. Mantz. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a very flattering financial condition, the remodeling of the club house at Stone House Cove and other improvements to the club property having been easily met by the current receipts. The fourth anniversary will be celebrated by the usual club banquet.

The firm has also added to its specialties the building of gasoline launches and engines, and has already quite a number of orders booked for the coming season. Among those nearing completion are an 18ft. launch fitted with 1½ h. p. gasoline engine for H. L. Howard, of Boston; an 18ft. mahogany yacht tender for another Boston owner; a 22ft. launch fitted with 3 h. p. engine for a West Virginia owner, and an 8 h. p. engine for a 30ft. launch for W. H. McLeod, of Boston. The firm is also building a 30ft. high speed gasoline launch for use in Boston Harbor.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, sailed from Norfolk on March 25 and reached Bermuda on March 29 after a rough passage.

The annual dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. took place at Delmonico's on March 26.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held on March 27. The following officers were elected: Com., Frank S. Ketcham, slip. Charm; Vice-Com., Alfred Wenzel, slip. Wanderer; Sec'y, Edward V. Ketcham; Fin. Sec'y, Frank Springling; Treas., Edward F. Fischer; Meas., William Sherman; Regatta Committee, Alfred Wenzel, chairman; John W. Dickinson and William Sherman; Trustees, Frank S. Ketcham, chairman; Edwin A. Stevens, Theophilus Butts, William T. Salter and Alexander Berry.

Margarita I., ex Semiramide, has been sold by J. R. Drexel, owner of Margarita II., now building, to Henry Walters, of Baltimore, who will rename her Narada.

Corimta, 46ft. bulb-fin, has been sold through J. R. Purdon to Wm. Caswell.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Name.	Club.	City.
Harry D. Priest.....	Wawbewawa O. C.....	Boston.
Edwin K. Abbott.....	Wish-ton-wish C. C.....	Northampton.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 6.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Forest Gun Club; grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. Wm. Morison, Sec'y.

April 7.—DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Live bird handicap, open to members of clubs shooting at Dexter Park and all Long Island clubs.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ARCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturers' amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEESKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK, N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cabrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WILKESBORO, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The New York State shoot this year [promises to be a very large affair indeed. Secretary E. W. Smith, of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, under whose auspices the shoot will be held, June 8-13, is most enthusiastic over the prospects for a big affair. Reviewing the situation he writes: "We are getting along very nicely. Have received over \$1,000 in cash donations and many valuable merchandise prizes, including an elegant upright piano, seven hammerless guns of different makes, two building lots, fine bicycle, graphophone and lots of others. Ex-Governor R. P. Flower sent check for \$25 and writes that he will try and be here during the shoot, and from every indication we will have the largest State shoot ever held in New York State. We expect to add \$500 in cash to the open sweeps. Besides the great merchandise and regular State events there will be a contest for the E. C. Powder Co.'s silver cup, the shoot for Dean Richmond trophy and the Lefever diamond badge contest. The Gold Dust Powder Co. has presented us with \$50 and a quantity of loaded shells as prizes for a separate event. We want all sportsmen in the State to come and we will try and make it pleasant for them and give each and every one an equal chance to win."

Mr. W. L. Agnew, secretary-treasurer of the Virden Gun Club, of Virden, Man., Can., writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Virden Gun Club was held on March 21. The following are the officers elected for the year 1896: President, J. H. Agnew; Vice-President, G. N. Miller; Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Agnew; Managing Committee—The officers and J. D. McNiven, Geo. Sanford and G. Silvester. Club shoot every Monday, 25 targets, 3 traps, unknown angles and traps, American Shooting Association rules. Trophies have been offered by prominent dealers in sporting goods for the highest percentage made during the season, each member competing to have attended at least two-thirds of the shoots of the club. Gold and silver buttons are offered for the high gun in the weekly meeting. All shooting class shooting. The managing committee is also a committee on handicaps. The club is ready to meet all comers, either in teams or individual matches, at targets or live birds."

President David Brown, of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes us as follows: "On April 30 and May 1-2 we held our spring tournament. We have named these dates in order to give those that will attend the great E. C. shoot convenient practice. We divide \$50 to the highest averages on the first two days, which will be at empire targets. The third day will be at pigeons only. There will be twenty regular events at clays, total entrance \$40. As you well know, we have fine grounds and good accommodations. Terms at hotels, \$1.50 per day and up. Stage from No. 44 Water street."

The match for the live-bird championship arranged for March 16 between E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, and C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, did not take place owing to Hoffman being returned as *non est*. As a matter of fact Hoffman has been suddenly attacked with the gold fever and has gone to Alaska to search for the yellow metal. He was therefore not on hand to defend the trophy, which was, of course, forfeited to Calhoun, who now stands ready to defend the emblem against any person qualified to challenge for it.

H. S. Lippack, of Dexter Park, announces that the third monthly live-bird handicap will be held on April 7. The event is open only to members of clubs regularly shooting at Dexter Park and to all Long Island clubs. The conditions are: 25 live birds, 50yds. boundary; handicaps from 25 to 31yds.; entrance fee \$15, birds included; if ten entries, \$10 will be added to the purse; if fifteen entries or more, \$20; if twenty entries or more, \$30; class shooting; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; American Association rules to govern.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., has elected the following list of officers for the year commencing March 11: President, E. A. Worthen; Vice-President, W. L. Stone; Secretary, J. S. Denning; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Captain, L. O. Harding; Directors, E. E. Morgan, H. E. Spear, E. H. Shattuck, B. H. Eagan and C. F. Reynolds. The Interstate Association announces in our column of shooting fixtures that it will hold a tournament at Burlington, Vt., Aug. 26-27, under the auspices of the above club.

The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., held its annual meeting and election of officers on Tuesday evening, March 10. The following officers were elected: President, Frederick Weigel; Vice-President, Irving Hoagland; Corresponding Secretary, H. H. Stevens; Financial Secretary, Rush Burton; Treasurer, Joseph Fisher; Captain, Clarence Oakley. The board of governors is constituted as follows: William E. Sperling, W. W. Pettit, V. S. Voorhees and W. W. Miller.

The Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., under whose auspices the Interstate Association will hold a three days' target tournament April 14-16, announces that it has secured rates of a fare and a third from all the railroads in the South for persons attending its tournament. All goods, such as shells, etc., should be shipped in care of L. W. Bicaise & Co., Charleston, S. C., who will take charge of same and deliver them at the grounds free of charge.

Frank Lawrence, who came recently from Chicago to reside in New York city, and who has since his arrival here loaded many thousands of shells for Henry C. Squires & Son, has resigned his position with that firm. Mr. Lawrence is now in business for himself in the sporting goods line. The firm's name is Lawrence & Lichtenstein; its address, 39 Beekman street, New York city.

The following is a list of officers elected by the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., at its recent annual meeting: President, J. W. Nelson; Vice-President, J. H. Moork; Secretary, R. Little; Treasurer, Phil. Pastoret; Captain, D. H. Day; Lieutenant, C. Carlson. The club has decided to purchase three medals to be contested for during the coming season.



GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, ELKWOOD PARK, 1896.

1. G. W. Coulston. 2. James Hood. 3. O. R. Dickey (winner). 4. J. G. Messner (winner in 1895). 5. W. C. Price. 6. Fred Gilbert (winner of Du Pont trophy at Baltimore, 1895). 7. Elkwood Inn. 8. Ernest F. Thomas. 9. George Cubberly. 10. Neaf Apgar. 11. T. J. Eley. 12. B. W. Claridge. 13. Fen Cooper.

The Washington Gun Club, of Conshohocken, Pa., has elected the following list of officers for the season of 1896: President, James O. Carter; Secretary, H. M. Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Kniebel; Captain, Thomas Smith; Assistant Captain, S. L. Carter; Treasurer, F. B. Richter; Trustees: F. B. Richter, S. L. Carter and Joseph Ruth.

Miss Margaret Kirkwood (the "Misskay" of the Boston Gun Club) was a visitor to the New York Sportsmen's Exposition. Misskay is an excellent shot at targets, singles or doubles, known or unknown angles. She has few, if any, superiors of her own sex in that branch of sport.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club was held on Saturday evening, March 21. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. Samuel H. Spalding; Secretary, Ernest E. Lincoln; Treasurer, Gus O. Henderson; Executive Committee, Thomas Howe, David Breen, Jr., and William Allison.

The North Shore Gun Club, of Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., held its annual meeting recently and elected the following officers: President, George B. Seaywood; Vice-Presidents, J. R. Dickson and J. A. Howard; Secretary, L. A. Scofield; Treasurer, Henry Seaywood.

W. L. Davis, of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club, finished the afternoon's practice shoot on March 24 with a run of 55 straight; 25 were at unknown angles and 10 expert rules.

The Neponset (Ill.) Gun Club claims May 19-20 as the dates for its semi-annual tournament. E. H. Miller, secretary of the club, will furnish all needed information.

A gun club has been organized at Sandy Hill, N. Y., quite recently. The club will soon be in working order for target smashing, a committee having been appointed to procure traps and targets as soon as possible.

W. P. Rayland, of Rome, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Rome Gun Club desires the assistance of its friends, hoping to secure the 1897 State shoot for Rome." Rayland carries considerable influence with New York State shooters and will doubtless have a strong delegation to back him up at the meeting of 1896, to be held in Buffalo, June 8-13.

Those who saw Du Bray go into ecstasies over the victory of the Parker gun in the Grand American Handicap of 1896 will be glad to learn that his temperature was normal on the morning of March 30. He was, however, still repeating "First and second with 103 competitors!"

The third competition of the New Jersey 'Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, April 21. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; league team race at 2 P. M.

At the last monthly live-bird shoot for the club cup donated by the West Side Gun Club, of Topeka, Kan., the cup was won by J. C. Clark with the score of 14 out of 15 live birds. The birds were a good lot, but a driving snowstorm from the east bothered them a good deal.

FOREST AND STREAM's tournament squad pads are just what you need when you want to run a tournament as it should be run. They save time, and time is money when it comes to throwing as many targets as possible. Send for sample and prices.

Our correspondents will readily appreciate the troubles that threaten to engulf the editor of these columns when they read the account of the Grand American Handicap, note the space it takes up, and realize the amount of good matter that must be reposing in the pigeonholes of his desk.

MARCH 31.

EDWARD BAKER.

The E. C. Tournament.

WHEN the E. C. Powder Co. gave notice last fall that it intended giving a tournament at targets somewhere in the vicinity of New York city, adding \$2,000 in cash to the purses, it was very generally predicted that the tournament would in all probability break all records for attendance. There were many reasons why this should be: New York is a central point for a section of the country that contains more trap-shooters to the square mile than any other portion of the United States; everybody is glad of an excuse to come to New York, and \$2,000 of added money is an excellent excuse; the popularity of Capt. A. W. Money and his son, Noel E. Money, was felt to be a big drawing card. All things considered, it did look as if the E. C. tournament of 1896, the first tournament on "the circuit," would be a monster affair. Since that time nothing has occurred to alter that opinion; if anything, it has been strengthened.

The tournament will be held at Guttenburg Park, N. J., one of the few places in this country absolutely perfect in all its details for the holding of a big tournament. It is very easily reached from New York city; ferries run frequently from the foot of Franklin and Forty-second streets to the Weehawken depot of the West Shore R. R.; it is then only about fifteen minutes by electric car to the park. Another way to reach Guttenburg Park is to take either one of three other ferries—foot of Barclay, Christopher or Fourteenth streets, New York—to the D. & W. R. R. depot at Hoboken; electric cars will then land you at the park in from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

When preparing its programme for this tournament, which is to take place May 5-8, the E. C. Co. felt that in view of the hospitality which has always been tendered trap-shooters from this section when visiting other portions of the State, it would be doing the right thing if it gave the clubs of this vicinity some chance to return that hospitality in kind. In response to an invitation from the company the following gentlemen have signified their willingness to serve as an entertainment committee:

T. H. Keller, Climax Gun Club; Col. R. Heber Bretnall, South-side Gun Club; Col. Chas. Lenora, Passaic Gun Club; Louis H. Schor-temeier, Emerald Gun Club; Harry Folsom, Elizabeth Gun Club; Henry Thurman, Keystone Shooting League; W. N. Drake, Maplewood Gun Club; E. D. Miller, Union Gun Club; Paul A. Jeanneret, Rolling Springs Gun Club; August Schmitt, New York German Gun Club; Wm. L. Davis, Worcester Gun Club; W. C. Gibb, Newburgh Gun Club; O. J. Loder, Peekskill Gun Club; Dr. Geo. E. Pool, New Utrecht Gun Club; the secretary, Riverside Gun Club, Red Bank, N. J.

The programme is the same for each day of the tournament, with a single exception as stated later; it is therefore only necessary to give the first day's list of events: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7 and 8 are 20 targets, unknown angles, \$3 entrance, \$40 added in each event; these events are termed the "regular events." Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are the "championship events" and are respectively at 25 targets, unknown angles, \$3.50 entrance, \$65 added; 25 targets, expert rules, one man up, one shot and retire, \$3.50 entrance, \$65 added; 15 pairs, \$3 50 entrance, \$65 added. The exception referred to above is in No. 6, which is at 10 pairs on the last two days of the shoot instead of 15 pairs. The total number of targets called for each day is 180 on the first and second days, 170 on the third and fourth days; total amount of entrance money each day is \$25.50, with \$395 added to the purses on every day of the tournament.

The "championship events" will carry out the scheme suggested by FOREST AND STREAM for finding the shooter who is entitled to the honor of styling himself the "champion of the world at inanimate targets." To gain that title the shooter will have to make the highest aggregate score in events Nos. 4, 5 and 6 on each day of the shoot; that means that he will have to fire at 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, expert rule, one man up, 5 unknown traps; and at 50 pairs.

This schedule makes 300 targets at the different styles of shooting most generally recognized in the gun clubs of the United States. A silver cup, value \$300, will be given to the man that makes the coveted

"grand aggregate" in these events. This cup will be a challenge trophy to be held under certain conditions that are fully set forth in the programme. The company wishes it to be fully understood that it bars nobody and no powder (except black powder) in any event shot during the four days of its tournament.

An important feature in these "championship events" is defined in the following notes in the programme: "Of the net purse in Events 4, 5, 6, in each day's programme, 10 per cent. will be taken to create a championship fund. The challenge trophy (a silver cup, value \$300) and 25 per cent of this fund to go to the shooter scoring the highest aggregate number of breaks in the above events. Fifty per cent. of the balance to be divided equally between the next four high guns, the remaining 50 per cent. of the balance being divided equally between the next six high guns." This fund will act efficiently as a suitable balm for disappointed shooters who have shot well up in the race.

Of course there is also an "average money fund." This amounts to \$150 and will be divided as follows among those shooting in every programme event during the entire four days: First \$20, second \$20, third \$20, fourth \$20, fifth \$15, sixth \$15, seventh \$10, eighth \$10, ninth \$10, tenth \$10.

Hotel headquarters will be the Bartholdi Hotel, Broadway and Twenty-third street, New York city, where a special low rate has been made for shooters. All purses at this tournament will be divided in 5 moneys—30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Under the head of "general information" comes the statement, "Black powder and 10-gauge guns barred." Under the same head comes the following:

"Four sets of traps will be run continuously during the whole tournament: two sets of empire traps and targets under the supervision of C. C. Hebbard, and two sets of blue rock traps and targets under the supervision of Paul North. Traps will be ready for practice on Monday, May 4. W. Fred Quimby, 224 Broadway, New York, cordially invites all sportsmen to make his office their headquarters during the tournament. Shells sent by express to Mr. Quimby's address will be delivered to the shooting grounds.

"The management of the tournament will be in the hands of Elmer E. Shauer, Pittsburg, Pa., assisted by John Parker, Detroit, Mich. W. R. Hobart, of the Elizabeth Gun Club, will officiate as cashier, and W. M. Parker, of the same club, will be the assistant cashier.

"Memphis tournament.—A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley Route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 3:30 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured."

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, March 25.—The above club held its weekly shoot-to-day under very unfavorable conditions, the wind blowing a perfect gale and making terrible slaughter with the scores. The merchandise match gave the following results: Gordon first, Spencer second, Sewell third, Williams fourth, Chester fifth, Sheffield and Horace sixth, Lewis and Morse seventh. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	5	6	10	5	6	10	5	10	10	5	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	5
Gordon.....	2	5	8	1	4	7	4	6	9	2	2	8	5	4	9	4	8	3
Sheffield.....	2	0	5	1	2	6	0	5	3	2	2
Sewell.....	2	2	6	4	8	1	3	6	2	3	5	6	5	9	8	8	2
Morse.....	0	2	4	1	5	0	5	2	1
Chester.....	3	2	4	2	1	6	3	5	8	1	0	5	4	3	2	6	4	2
Horace.....	3	5	4	2	1	3	3	4
Lewis.....	5	3	0	0	3	5	3	4	7	5	2
Williams.....	5	5	4	1	4	4	1	3	0
Spencer.....	2	6	3	3	8	8	3	8	6	9	2

Events Nos. 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 17 at regular angles; Nos. 3, 12, 16 at reversed angles; Nos. 1, 7, 10, 18, unknown; Nos. 2, 5, 11, 14, doubles; No 4, battery shooting.

Grand American Handicap.

ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BROKEN.

THE Interstate Association, through the agency of its Grand American Handicap for the year of 1896, has succeeded in breaking all previous records for number of entries in a live-bird sweepstake in the United States. A grand total of 109 entries with 104 acceptances is far ahead of anything of the kind ever held in this country, and with the possible exception of the Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo, won by Mr. Loillard in 1872, is the best on record for the world. In the Grand Prix this year there were 103 shooters, two less than took part in America's great event. In comparing the two events we should not overlook the fact that the Interstate's annual affair is only in its infancy, this being its fourth annual tournament.

The most astounding feature about this large entry list is that the Association does not add any money, whereas the management at Monte Carlo adds a most valuable consideration. Of course the Association and the Monte Carlo management are on an entirely different footing; the Interstate only holds this one live-bird shoot during the year, and instead of deriving a monetary benefit directly from the shoot, has to be content with the advertising it brings the members of the Association, who pay for that advertising by putting their hands in their pockets and satisfying the bills of expense for carrying out its yearly programme. That bill this year will be no small one, the sudden cold snaps and heavy snowstorms carrying off a large number. In order, also, to make sure that the birds would be of the best, the Association paid a good price for them; that the birds were of a high class is shown by the scores, many of the totals being the result of really first-class work with the gun. The expenses attending the running of such a shoot are very high, and it is no breach of confidence to state that the Association is considerably out of pocket owing to its venture this year.

THIS DREW THE SHOOTERS.

The Grand American Handicap of 1895 closed with 57 regular entries and 4 post entries; of this total of 61 entries 58 accepted, the value of the purse amounting to \$1,520. That amount was divided nominally among the 3 high guns in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; actually a combination was made among the straight men at the end of the 10th round, Messner, the ultimate winner, being, we believe, the only one of the 11 that refused to combine.

This year a new system of dividing the purse in this event was suggested, the secretary-treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, being the first to suggest a change. Mr. Dressel's idea was that the Grand American Handicap would be more popular if there was a chance for a larger number of shooters to get a portion of the purse; he suggested that the Association guarantee \$1,000 to the 3 high guns, and no matter what the number of entries might be, not to divide a larger sum among that number. The surplus, if any, was to be divided in some manner between a certain number of "next highest guns." Justus von Lengerke took hold of the idea and elucidated the scheme given later; the fact that the number of entries was nearly double that of last year speaks volumes for the scheme.

Had the same system of division of moneys that prevailed last year been in force this year at Elkwood Park, it is safe to say that there would have been a strong effort to make a combination at the end of the 10th round when shooting practically closed for the first day. At that time there were 13 straight scores of 10, Dickey, the winner, being one of the 13; Sim Glover and G. W. Coulston, who finished second and third respectively, would not have been in the combination, the former having lost his 6th bird, while Coulston's 5th fell dead out of bounds. There can be no question as to the popularity of the new system of dividing the purse, interest in the shoot being kept up long after a man had lost a couple of birds; at one time, so rapidly did the misses come, it began to look as if the 22 men might get a piece of the purse.

The purse itself was made up as follows:

103 entries at \$10.....	\$1030
98 acceptances at \$15.....	1470
6 post entries at \$35.....	210
	\$3710

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Below we give a complete list of the entries, showing the order in which they went to the trap, where they hailed from, and their respective handicap distances. The work of the handicap committee—Jacob Pentz, Major Taylor, Will K. Park and the editor of FOREST AND STREAM's trap department—was by no means easy, the task of apportioning handicaps for 109 competitors being a thankless one at that. With eight men duishing in the 24 hole, and 13 more with but one bird less, the committee has good reason to pat itself on the back. The entry list was as follows:

Order of Shooting.	Name.	Address.	Handicap.
1.....	M F Lindsley.....	Cincinnati, O.....	27
2.....	E S Rice.....	Chicago, Ill.....	26
3.....	Fred Hoey.....	Long Branch, N.J.....	31
4.....	E S Thomas.....	Denver, Col.....	25
5.....	Eddie Hill.....	Trenton, N.J.....	30
6.....	G S McAlpin.....	New York, N.Y.....	30
7.....	John A. Flick.....	Ravenna, O.....	26
8.....	T W Latham.....	Cleveland, O.....	28
9.....	George Corning, Jr.....	Auburn, N.Y.....	27
10.....	F Emond.....	Buffalo, N.Y.....	30
11.....	S Glover.....	Rochester, N.Y.....	30
12.....	W G Clark.....	Hoboken, N.J.....	30
13.....	John R Blamey.....	Holyoke, Mass.....	27
14.....	Old Hoss.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	27
15.....	R V Disbrow.....	Manassas, N.J.....	26
16.....	W L Shepard.....	Chicago, Ill.....	26
17.....	W H Green.....	Newark, N.J.....	25
18.....	Irby Bennett.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	26
19.....	M M Mayhew.....	Utica, N.Y.....	28
20.....	D A Upson.....	Cleveland, O.....	29
21.....	A H King.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	29
22.....	George Cubberly.....	Yardville, N.J.....	28
23.....	G L Nichols.....	New York, N.Y.....	28
24.....	Iaul I Clark.....	New York, N.Y.....	27
25.....	L H Schortemeier.....	New York, N.Y.....	29
26.....	R E Grey.....	New York, N.Y.....	26
27.....	U M C Thomas.....	Bridgeport, Conn.....	26
28.....	Wm Wagner.....	Washington, D.C.....	28
29.....	J G Knowlton.....	New York, N.Y.....	28
30.....	J A R Elliott.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	32
31.....	S Cunningham.....	Washington, D.C.....	27
32.....	S D Burke.....	Northumberland, Pa.....	27
33.....	Wanda (Mrs M F Lindsley).....	Cincinnati, O.....	25
34.....	P F McKeon.....	New York, N.Y.....	27
35.....	B F Smith.....	Buffalo, N.Y.....	27
36.....	A S Hunter.....	Utica, N.Y.....	27
37.....	Jas Timmons.....	Morristown, N.J.....	28
38.....	W S King.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	28
39.....	E W Price.....	Pleasure Bay, N.J.....	28
40.....	Geo W Coulston.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	28
41.....	James Loomie.....	New York, N.Y.....	27
42.....	J G Messner.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	29
43.....	E O Burkhardt.....	Buffalo, N.Y.....	27
44.....	E B Harris.....	Macon, Ga.....	26
45.....	E D Fulford.....	Utica, N.Y.....	31
46.....	Fen Cooper.....	Mahanoy City, Pa.....	28
47.....	Dr G V Hudson.....	New York, N.Y.....	27
48.....	O R Dickey.....	Boston, Mass.....	29
49.....	R R Merrill.....	Milwaukee, Wis.....	29
50.....	G E Greiff.....	New York, N.Y.....	29
51.....	Eddie Morgan.....	Paterson, N.J.....	27
52.....	M A Beers.....	Bridgeport, Conn.....	27
53.....	E S Singleton.....	Williamsport, Pa.....	28
54.....	H T Brown.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	26
55.....	S J Held.....	New York, N.Y.....	26
56.....	Dr Weller.....	Rochester, N.Y.....	27
57.....	B W Claridge.....	Baltimore, Md.....	29
58.....	E A Geoffroy.....	Newark, N.J.....	29
59.....	Annie Oakley.....	Newark, N.J.....	27
60.....	R O Heikes.....	Dayton, O.....	30
61.....	Geo Mosher.....	Syracuse, N.Y.....	36
62.....	G W Hepler.....	Harrisburg, Pa.....	39
63.....	W T Vincent.....	Jacksonville, Fla.....	27
64.....	Phil Daly, Jr.....	Long Branch, N.J.....	28
65.....	F G Moore.....	New York, N.Y.....	28
66.....	Carl von Lengerke.....	Jersey City, N.J.....	28
67.....	H L Gates.....	Utica, N.Y.....	28
68.....	Capt A W Money.....	Oakland, N.J.....	29
69.....	E B Coe.....	Baltimore, Md.....	28
70.....	A W du Bray.....	Dayton, Ky.....	28
71.....	D M Porterfield.....	Vicksburg, Miss.....	28
72.....	W H Lair.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	28
73.....	T J Eley.....	Dorranacetown, Pa.....	28
74.....	C R Wise.....	Passaic, N.J.....	28
75.....	T W Morley.....	Paterson, N.J.....	29
76.....	Justus von Lengerke.....	Orange, N.J.....	29
77.....	W W Watson.....	Louisville, Ky.....	28
78.....	W C Price.....	Pleasure Bay, N.J.....	28
79.....	Fred Gilbert.....	Spirit Lake, Ia.....	31
80.....	W S Edey.....	New York, N.Y.....	28
81.....	R Phister.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	28
82.....	Lloyd Taylor.....	New York, N.Y.....	26

Order of Shooting.	Name.	Address.	Handicap.
83.....	Andrew S White.....	Syracuse, N.Y.....	26
84.....	C B Lewis.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	27
85.....	Noel E Money.....	Oakland, N.J.....	28
86.....	Hank White.....	Little Silver, N.J.....	28
87.....	Smith Hill.....	Paterson, N.J.....	28
88.....	August Schmitt.....	New York, N.Y.....	26
89.....	James Hood.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	28
90.....	W W Bennett.....	Boston, Mass.....	29
91.....	Neaf Apgar.....	Plainfield, N.J.....	30
92.....	Frank Class.....	Morristown, N.J.....	32
93.....	H McPherson.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	27
94.....	J S Dustin.....	Newark, N.J.....	27
95.....	Aaron Woodruff.....	Elizabeth, N.J.....	29
96.....	Dr Van Zile.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	25
97.....	Allen Willey.....	New York, N.Y.....	30
98.....	Geo W A Winn.....	Arlington, Mass.....	27
99.....	Chas Zwirlein.....	Yardville, N.J.....	25
100.....	J F Paddelford.....	Sherburn, N.Y.....	27
101.....	B Le Roy.....	Campello, Mass.....	28
102.....	W J Simpson.....	New York, N.Y.....	29
103.....	N H Astfalk.....	Elizabeth, N.J.....	27
104.....	L T Davenport.....	Brooklyn, N.Y.....	30
105.....	E M Cooper.....	Red Bank, N.J.....	25
106.....	John H Shaffer.....	Pittsburg, Pa.....	27
107.....	Frank Hyde.....	Redgewood, N.J.....	28
108.....	G M Height.....	Red Bank, N.J.....	28
109.....	B A Bartlett.....	Lakewood, N.Y.....	28

Of the above 109 entries, 104 accepted the awards of the handicap committee. Five forfeited their entrance money "for cause." No. 2, E. S. Rice (26) and No. 16, W. L. Shepard (26), were unable to spare the time to take part in the great event. No. 21, A. H. King (29), one of the best shots in Pittsburg, Pa., was detained at home by sickness that confined him to the house, being threatened with typhoid fever. No. 25, L. H. Schortemeier (29), was dissatisfied with a mark that some good judges considered decidedly light. No. 90, W. W. Bennett (29), also a rattling good shot, who scored 18 out of 21 from the 30yds. mark at Paterson, N. J., in the Grand American Handicap of 1895, registered a mild kick with us against this year's mark, but also showed us a letter calling him back to Boston, Mass.

CONDITIONS OF THE EVENT.

Before giving the story of the shoot and the scores in detail, showing number of trap, flight of each bird and the result of each shot, it will be as well to recapitulate the conditions of the race as follows:

Grand American Handicap, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. rise, \$1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. \$500 and silver cup to first high gun, \$300 to second high gun, and \$200 to third high gun. In its programme the Interstate Association stated that it would divide all the surplus over and above the \$1,000 guaranteed to the three high guns as follows: "Should there be more than 70 and not exceeding 100 entries, all money in the purse in excess of the \$1,000 will be divided 12, 12, 10, 10, 8, 8, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. to the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th highest guns." This was the scheme finally suggested by Mr. Von Lengerke, referred to above.

From these conditions it will be inferred that the Interstate Association hardly expected the number of entries to reach the great total of 100. It did provide, however, for that contingency in a measure. The last sentence in the following paragraph taken from the programme for the Grand American Handicap shows that. The quotation runs thus: "The Interstate Association for its fourth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament has deemed it advisable to make such division of the money in the main event whereby a greater number of shooters will participate in the division of the purse. Therefore the following method of dividing the total amount will be adhered to: The Interstate Association guarantees \$1,000 in the Grand American Handicap, which will be divided among the three highest scores as follows: \$500 for first high gun, \$300 for second high gun, \$200 for third high gun. No more—no less, no matter what the number of entries may be."

WEATHER CONDITIONS WERE UNFAVORABLE.

While the handicap committee was at work in Room 318 of the Astor House on Monday, March 23, a light snow began to fall, and with it fell the spirits of the Association's manager, Elmer E. Shaner. The snow was coming from the northeast and out of a leaden-colored sky; it looked as if we were in for a good fall of snow. Before the labors of the committee were over there were 5in. of nice soft snow on the ground, with more to follow. When the sun rose on the morning of the 24th, between 5 and 5in. of "the beautiful" made pedestrianism a sorrow. The sidewalks of New York were in no condition for Marie Burke to cut didoes on. What must have been the state of affairs at Elkwood Park?

We did not reach the park until about 1 P. M., and at that hour there was lots of snow, while the sandy roads of Monmouth county were in a state of liquefaction that can scarcely be expressed. The glare of the sun on the snow was found too trying for the eyes of the shooters, hence Jim Elliott got in his fine work and gave the boys a wrinkle in the use of burnt cork, blackening his cheeks below the eyes and the sides of his nose, relieving the glare to a very great extent, but making the whole gang look like a set of toughs from "de Fift' Ward" after an election argument. It was next to impossible to recognize one's best friend under the circumstances, many hearty thumps in the back being the direct result of our seeming negligence. Not a man on Wood street, Pittsburg, would have known Old Hoss in his sun-ray disguise, while other equally respectable citizens of this great republic would have been denied admittance to their own homes by those nearest and dearest to them, so complete was the change wrought in the features of even the best favored.

The Nitro Powder Handicap was in full blast at the upper sets of traps, Nos. 1 and 2, known technically as the "old grounds," the event having 66 entries. The conditions of the event were: 15 live birds per man, \$15 entrance, birds included, class shooting, 4 moneys. The handicaps were the same as those apportioned for the Grand American Handicap. So large was the number of entries that the shooters shot in squads, shooting 8 birds on one set of traps and 7 on the other set. All ties were divided.

The Elkwood Park Introductory was shot on the third set of traps, which were located to the southeast of the grand stand. This event had 73 entries. Its conditions were: 10 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds included, class shooting, 4 moneys, 30yds. everybody.

With such a large number of entries in each of these two events, it was of course impossible to finish either of them under the existing circumstances. The distance between the grand stand and the "old grounds" is about 350yds., and this 350yds. was covered with a mixture of water, sand and melting snow that necessitated a hack ride unless one was provided with good gum boots.

PLANS HAD TO BE CHANGED.

At this point it would be a good idea to give the general public and the shooters themselves some notion of just how much the unexpected fall of snow on Monday afternoon and evening interfered with the plans of the Interstate Association for shooting off the Grand American Handicap. The intention was to have two sets of traps in front of the grand stand—one where the No. 3 set was located and one to the left of that set, placed just at the inner edge of the race track. This would have enabled the Association to run off the big shoot without inconveniencing the shooters in the slightest, as they would then only have had to walk a few yards from the warm room under the grand stand to the score. Those who were present will understand now what a difference that snowfall, added to the heavier one of the week before, made to themselves and the management. As it was, the Grand American Handicap was decided on the two sets of traps located on the "old grounds," where the turf was in good condition, the change causing much anxiety to the management and much discomfort to the shooters themselves, the accommodation at that point being wholly inadequate for the big crowds that gathered in rear of the traps.

FIRST DAY OF THE HANDICAP.

Wednesday, March 25, opened fine and with a tinge of frost in the air. There was enough wind too to make the birds fly well. By culling all the white and parti-colored birds for the first day's shooting the management was able to give the boys strong all-blue birds that were very fast, starting well and being hard to stop within bounds. So far as we know not a single kick was registered against the quality of the birds provided for the Grand American Handicap. We cannot recall a single instance where a better lot of birds have been trapped in a large handicap event, that is, outside of the big proprietary clubs, where the price of birds is often higher than it was at this shoot.

At the No. 1 set of traps Jacob Pentz acted as referee, W. Dutcher as official scorer, W. N. Drake taking the number of traps pulled and direction of the birds for FOREST AND STREAM. Tom Keller aided very considerably in getting the shooters to the score at this set of traps, his work being of great assistance to the management. At the No. 2 set of traps Herbert Wallack officiated as referee, J. Vone Emmons, of Long Branch, keeping the official score, taking bird tickets, and performing the duties undertaken by W. N. Drake at the No. 1 set of traps.

The conditions being one bird at each set of traps and then retire until everybody had shot at two birds necessitated the shooting of the odd numbered birds, viz., 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., at the No. 1 traps; the even-numbered birds, viz., 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., were shot at the No. 2 traps. This involved the transferring of the two scores to one score sheet as frequently as possible, so that the scorers might be able to keep track of those who had dropped out. This portion of the work was placed

in the charge of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM's trap department, who is hardly aching for that job again. Owing to the large number of entries it was impossible in the early stages of the game to keep the official scorers accurately posted, hence as will be noticed some shooters shot a bird or two after they had really dropped out of the race; this was due to their being called to the score by the scorers, who were unaware that those particular shooters had at that time three misses to their credit.

THE FIRST ROUND.

The first round gave the shooters a taste of what sort of birds the Association had provided for them. Out of the 103 shooters just 23 lost their birds, among the number being J. G. Messner (last year's winner), Fred Gilbert (winner of the Du Pont championship at Baltimore last fall), Fred Lucre (a 31yds. man shooting under a *nomme de fusil*), W. G. Clark, Capt. Money, James Hood, etc. Of the above number Hood, Gilbert and Messner all went out with 23, thus getting a part of the purse after all. Justus von Lengerke was unlucky enough to lose a bird through the hammers of his gun not being cocked.

In the second round there were 20 ciphers registered, making a total of 43 birds lost out of the 208 shot at in the first two rounds. Leroy's loss of his bird, which fell dead out of bounds, was a piece of hard luck; still the conditions of the contest were such that no man could lose heart on securing a single cipher. Fred Emond, of Buffalo; E. B. Coe, of Baltimore; Old Hoss and Annie Oakley were among the number to score losses in this round.

The average of misses was kept up well in the 3d round, 22 goose eggs being scored by Dutcher at the No. 1 set of traps. August Schmitt shot in remarkably hard luck, losing his first 3 birds and falling out for good in this round, thus gaining the doubtful honor coveted by Old Hoss of being the first man to retire. Louis Duryea, Tom Morley, Old Hoss and Wanda scored their first losses, their birds falling dead out of bounds. Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., also lost his bird in this round, but ultimately got in for the money by going out with 22.

PLENTY OF LOST BIRDS.

Round 4 was a deadly one, Vone Emmons finding it hard to keep track of both losses and bird tickets. Out of the 103 shooters left in 29 scored losses in this round, W. G. Clark, Taylor, Lewis and Dr. Weller each securing their third ciphers. Upson, F. G. Moore, Frank Class, Dick Merrill, W. S. King, Allen Willey, McAlpin and Wanda (their second zero), Gus Greiff, Noel Money, etc., were among the unfortunates in the 4th round.

The 5th round should have had only 99 shooters; as a matter of fact Dr. Weller was called up to shoot his 5th and 6th birds, owing to the scorers not being aware that he had dropped out. This made the number of shooters in the 5th round 100 even; of that number 21 scored losses, the average of 80 per cent. of kills being well maintained in the above 5 rounds. Among the number to lose their birds were: Coulston and Hood, both dead out of bounds; Dr. Hudson and Hank White also lost their birds, while Dick Phister had the bad luck to see his bird drop dead over the wire. This round saw the retirement of Annie Oakley, Gus Greiff, S. J. Held and Frank Hyde.

Round No. 6 had ninety-six shooters to try conclusions with the birds from No. 2 set of traps; of that number twenty-six scored lost birds, making the total of lost birds in the last two rounds at this set of traps (No. 2) 55 out of 199 shot at. Those who finally retired in this round were: Dr. Weller, McAlpin, W. H. Green, James Loomie, Billy Wagner, Wanda, S. D. Burke and P. F. McKeon; George Height and W. S. Edey were also out under the rules, but each was called up to shoot a bird on the No. 1 set of traps for reasons above explained. Sim Glover lost a bird in this round, while Tom Eley, W. C. Price and Charlie Zwirlein, all of whom got in for money, each lost a bird dead out of bounds. Jim Elliott spoiled his straight score in this round.

The 7th round had eighty-seven shooters, thirteen of whom scored losses. Height and Edey retired at the end of this round; Noel Money, Smith Hill, Dave Porterfield and Phil Daly, Jr., also dropping out for good, Singleton and Capt. Money scoring their third losses, but shooting another bird at the No. 2 set of traps. Fulford and Dr. Knowlton spoiled their chances of straight scores in this round.

In round No. 8, J. R. Blamey, E. A. Geoffroy, W. T. Vincent and Allen Willey retired for good, having scored the requisite number of ciphers. There were 17 lost birds in this round, several straight scores being ruined—Bartlett, Watson, Flick and Mayhew each scoring their first losses. Fred Gilbert lost his bird in this round dead out of bounds, this making his second cipher and placing him on the anxious seat for the remainder of the shoot; how the bird got over the wire was a mystery. It was knocked down with the first barrel, but the second barrel seemed to wake it up, the contents only serving to act as a brace, the bird rising and clearing the deadline before the dog got it.

The 9th round commenced with seventy-six shooters left in the race out of the 104 that had started in the morning. E. F. Thomas and Neaf Apgar both broke their straight shots by scoring lost birds, Thomas drawing a good bird from No. 5 trap that got over the wire before being retrieved. The total number of lost birds in this round was 11; Irby Bennett, John Shaffer, G. L. Nichols, W. J. Simpson and R. V. Disbrow making their third ciphers in this round; Disbrow scored 3 more birds before being called out for the reasons stated above.

In the 10th round, with seventy-two shooters, only eight ciphers were recorded, E. C. Burkhardt spoiling his straight score with the loss of a nasty bird from No. 5 trap. This round saw the final retirement of Jim Elliott, Paul I. Clark, U. M. C. Thomas and E. B. Harris.

STRAIGHT SCORES WERE SCARCE.

With the close of the 10th round a large number of the shooters left the grounds to catch their trains back to the city. As, however, there was ample light to shoot a few more birds, and as the birds themselves were flying as well if not better than ever, shooting was continued for another half hour. At the end of the 10th round there were only 13 out of the 104 starters with straight scores to their credit. These were: Dickey, Heikes, Fen Cooper, Carl von Lengerke, B. W. Claridge, J. F. Paddelford, A. W. du Bray, J. S. Dustin, Aaron Woodruff, G. Wellington, James Timmons, Dr. Van Zile and George Cubberly. Among those who shot their 11th and 12th birds the first day were Dr. Van Zile and George Cubberly; the former scored his first loss in the 11th round, following it up with a dead out of bounds in the 12th round; Cubberly had his 12th bird also drop dead out of bounds. This left only 11 straight scores in the morning.

A LOVELY SPRING DAY.

The second day of the Grand American Handicap (the third day of the meeting) was a truly lovely one. It was just like spring, the song sparrows trying their best to cheer the spirits of the mortals who had just come through about the toughest February and March on record. The birds at the start seemed a little slow, but misses came remarkably fast anyway. As the day wore on the birds flew splendidly, reflecting great credit on the Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, Pa., who provided all the birds for this shoot. As on the first day of the handicap, the pigeons were all blue, and as there was scarcely a vestige of Monday's snow to be seen, they were by no means an easy lot to get on to quickly.

The first thing to do was to shoot up those who were behind on the 11th and 12th rounds. When these had been completed it was found that there were 57 shooters left in the race. Of that number there were only 9 straights, Dustin and Woodruff spoiling their clean scores by losing their 11th birds. There were 15 lost birds in the 11th round, 7 in the 12th. Those who retired at the end of the 11th round were: Cunningham, Gray, A. S. Hunter, E. W. Price, George Corning, Jr., George Mosher and Nate Astfalk; H. McPherson and B. F. Smith, of Buffalo, were the only ones to retire at the end of the 12th round.

THE UNLUCKY THIRTEENTH.

The 13th round was an unlucky one for three of the straight men, Dickey, Paddelford and Timmons were the three that spoiled the looks of their scores. This left five men still with clean scores to their credit. W. C. Price, who was shooting well, also had the misfortune to score his second loss, dead out of bounds like his 6th bird. In all 10 ciphers were recorded in this round, Lucre, Latham, Knowlton and Phister retiring from the contest, the two last named losing their birds dead out of bounds.

In the 14th round Flick, Burkhardt and Mayhew retired, Mayhew's bird falling dead out of bounds. Class also scored his second loss, while Coe, Fulford, Watson and Timmons each scored a dead out of bounds, the losses placing them on the ragged edges with two misses each.

The 15th round was fatal to two of the straight-score men—Wellington and Du Bray—both of whom had their birds drop dead out of bounds. Beers lost his bird, scoring his second loss, while Gates, Morgan and Brown retired from the contest, leaving 47 survivors to fight it out for the \$2,710 in the purse.

The 16th round saw four more men retire—Timmons, Lair, Merrill and Justus von Lengerke—the latter losing his bird dead out of bounds. Hank White, Paddelford and Dustin each scored their second losses in this round, 7 out of the 47 that shot in the round scoring lost birds.

The 17th ended Fen Cooper's hopes of a straight score, as a fast bird from No. 2 trap seemed to jump clear of his shot, causing a cipher to go down on the score sheet. Messner, Du Bray and A. S. Whites scored their second losses, Beers retiring for good on three misses. White had made a good run of 13 straight between his first and second lost birds.

The 18th and 19th rounds were negotiated in safety by Heikes, Carl von Lengerke and B. W. Claridge, the only three straight-score men left in the race. Milt Lindsley dropped out in the 18th round, Apgar, Wellington, Morley and Winn scoring their second losses in that round. The 19th was responsible for the final retirement of Tom Morley, A. S. White, Old Hoss and Fred G. Moore, the two last named losing their

2 1 1 1 4 5 4 4 3 1 4 1 1 1 2 1 3 4
M F Lindsley (27)... 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —15
4 2 1 4 4 3 5 4 3 2 5 2 2 2 4 2 5
M A Beers (27).... 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 —14
4 2 3 4 3 4 4 4 5 2 4 1 1 2 3 5
Jas Timmons (28)... 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 —13
2 2 2 1 5 1 4 5 5 4 5 5 3 5 3 1
R R Merrill (29).... 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 —13
1 5 1 5 5 2 2 1 4 3 3 2 2 2 4 4
W H Lair (28).... 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 —13
1 4 3 1 4 3 3 1 2 1 2 2 1 4 4 1
J vonLengerke (29) 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 • —13
1 1 4 4 3 5 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3
H L Gates (28).... 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 —13
4 3 4 3 3 2 4 1 4 5 4 3 1 5 4
Eddie Morgan (27)... 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —13
1 2 4 4 4 3 4 5 1 1 4 3 2 5 4
H T Brown (26)... 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • —13
5 5 4 2 5 2 4 1 3 5 4 1 2 5
J A Flick (26).... 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 —13
5 4 5 5 1 1 5 2 3 3 4 2 4 3
M M Mayhew (28)... 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 • —13
4 2 2 3 4 3 2 5 4 5 5 4 5 4
E Burkhardt (27)... 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 —13
4 4 1 3 2 3 2 3 4 1 4 5 2
R Phister (28).... 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 • —13
5 3 4 2 4 1 5 1 4 1 2 5 3
Fred Lucre (31).... 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 —13
2 4 2 5 4 4 4 2 4 1 1 5 4
T W Latham (28)... 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 • 1 2 0 —13
2 1 3 4 2 1 4 1 2 3 2 4 2
I G Knowlton (28)... 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 • —13
4 4 3 2 4 5 4 2 5 1 2 3
H S McPherson (27) 1 2 2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 —13
2 2 2 1 5 2 4 4 2 2 3 4
G Corning, Jr (27)... 2 2 • 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 • 1 —13
4 2 3 2 4 1 5 3 5 5 3 5
R V Disbrow (28)... 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 • 0 2 2 2 —13
3 2 1 2 2 1 5 1 3 4 5 4
B F Smith (27).... 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • —13
1 4 1 1 3 3 3 5 4 4 2
S Cunningham (27)... 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 0 —13
3 4 4 5 5 5 3 5 4 1 3
R E Gray (26).... 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 • —13
3 1 2 2 5 3 5 2 1 1 4
A S Hunter (27).... 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 —13
3 1 4 4 1 2 3 4 3 4 5
E W Price (28).... 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 0 —13
2 1 2 5 4 5 5 1 5 1 5
Geo A Mosher (26)... 2 2 • 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 —13
2 4 3 4 4 1 2 3 5 4 5
N H Astfalk (27)... 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 2 2 1 0 —13
1 5 2 3 2 1 1 2 2 3
C R Wise (27).... 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 • —13
4 2 3 4 4 4 3 1 4 5
Paul I Clark (27)... 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 • —13
1 5 3 1 5 4 1 2 1 4
U M C Thomas (26) 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 —13
4 5 2 2 4 2 4 1 2 1
J A R Elliott (32)... 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 • —13
2 3 3 2 5 2 3 2 4 3
E B Harris (26).... 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 —13
3 3 4 3 3 3 4 5 4
Irby Bennett (26)... 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 • —13
4 4 2 3 2 2 5 3 1
G L Nicholls (28)... 2 2 2 • 2 • 2 1 0 —13
4 2 4 2 2 1 2 3 1
J H Shaffer (27)... 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 0 —13
5 3 4 3 2 2 4 1 4
W J Simpson (29)... 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 —13
1 4 3 3 2 4 1 5
J R Blamey (27)... 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 0 —13
1 3 3 1 5 2 3 2
E S Singleton (28)... 2 0 2 2 2 0 • 2 —13
4 2 4 4 3 2 3 1
E A Geoffroy (29)... 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 • —13
4 5 3 3 4 4 5 3
W T Vincent (27)... 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 —13
4 2 5 3 5 2 4 3
Capt Money (29)... 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 —13
2 3 4 2 5 5 1
A Willey (30).... 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 0 —13
4 5 4 4 1 1 4
P Daly, Jr (28).... 2 2 0 2 • 2 • —13
2 3 3 2 3 2 4
D M Porterfield (29) 0 2 3 1 0 2 1 0 —13
4 1 3 1 1 1 4
W S Edey (28).... 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 —13
2 1 1 5 4 4 1
Smith Hill (28).... 0 0 2 2 2 1 0 —13
4 1 2 3 4 3 2
G M Height (27)... 1 1 2 • 0 0 1 —13

1 2 5 2 3 1 2	
FE Money (28).....	2 2 0 2 2 0
3 2 3 2 1 3	
G S McAlpin (30).....	2 2 0 2 2 0
4 2 4 4 5 1	
W H Green (28).....	2 2 0 2 2 0
5 3 4 3 5 1	
James Loonie (27).....	2 2 1 2 0 0
5 3 3 2 4 3	
Wm Wagner (28).....	2 2 1 0 2 0
4 5 3 2 3 5	
S D Burke (27).....	2 2 1 0 1 0
4 2 2 2 3 2	
Wanda (25).....	2 2 0 2 0 1 0
1 3 3 3 4 1	
P F McKeon (27).....	2 2 0 2 0 2 0
4 3 2 2 2 1	
Dr Weller (27).....	2 2 0 2 0 2 0
4 2 4 2 2	
Annie Oakley (27).....	2 2 0 1 0 0
1 5 3 2 3	
G E Greiff (29).....	2 2 0 0 0 0
1 4 4 5 1	
S J Held (26).....	2 2 0 1 2 0
3 4 3 1 2	
Frank Hyde (28).....	2 2 0 2 0 0
5 4 4 2	
W G Clark (30).....	2 2 0 1 0 0
2 5 2 2	
Lloyd Taylor (26).....	2 2 0 0 0 0
3 2 3 3	
O B Lewis (27).....	2 2 0 0 2 0
1 1 3	
A Schmidt (26).....	2 2 0 0 0 0
Ties for cup on 24:	
3 1 5 5 3 4	
O R Dickey (29).....	2 2 2 2 2 2
1 4 3 2 2 5 3 5 2 3 4 2 4 3 1	
S Glover (30).....	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
3 2 5 5 1 4 2 2 1 2 3 3 1 4 1	
G W Coulston (28).....	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0
5 5 3 3 3	
R O Helkes (30).....	2 2 2 2 2 0
3 2 2 1	
F W Cooper (28).....	2 2 2 2 0
1 2	
E F Thomas (28).....	2 2 0
2 4 5 3 2 4 4 2 4 2	
F Cubberly (28).....	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1
5 5 2 3 4 3 2 1 3 1	
C von Lengerke (28).....	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0
Ties on 23 for 9th to 14th monies:	
5 2 5 2 3 3 2 2 2 4 3 5 1 5	
T J Eley (29).....	2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1
3 4 5 2 4 3 5 1 5 1 3 1 4	
B Leroy (28).....	2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0
2 1 2 5 2 5 1 3 1	
J G Messner (29).....	2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1
3 5 2 3 5 2 4 4 5	
Neaf Apgar (30).....	1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2
1 4 5 2 5 4 5 2	
James Hood (28).....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 0
4 1 4 3 3 4	
Fred Gilbert (31).....	2 1 2 2 1 0
1 1 1	
B A Bartlett (28).....	2 2 0
4 4	
W C Price (28).....	2 2 0
4	
B W Claridge (29).....	2 2 0
3	
E Hill (30).....	2 2 0
5	
O Zwirlein (28).....	2 2 0
5	
J F Paddelford (27).....	2 2 0
3	
E M Cooper (28).....	2 2 0

MANY ENTRIES IN OTHER EVENTS.

The Nitro Powder Handicap and the Elkwood Park Introductory Sweepstake were both started on Tuesday morning, March 24, the first day of the tournament. As stated previously, the Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 live birds, \$15, had 66 entries; the Elkwood Park Introductory, a 10-bird event, \$10, had 73 entries. There were very few 15s in the Nitro Powder Handicap, but plenty of 14s, 13s and 12s. The scores in both these events are given below:

No. 1.	No. 2.
J A R Elliott (32).....	22222222222222-15
D A Upson (29).....	12212221222222-15
Capt A W Money (29).....	12222222222222-13
G A Mosher (26).....	22210222222222-12
Dr Weller (27).....	22222100202220-11
O R Dickey (29).....	21122022120222-12
Seth Glover (27).....	22222022221022-12
A P Pope (27).....	22212201100202-11
J D Cavanaugh (27).....	11122121220220-12
J F Paddelford (27).....	21112121210222-14
T W Latham (28).....	22211112222122-15
R O Helkes (30).....	22222222222222-14
Annie Oakley (27).....	22222222222222-12
W T Vincent (27).....	22212222120222-12
F W Cooper (28).....	02112122121212-14

No. 1.	No. 2.
G S McAlpin (30).....	12112222222222-13
R R Merrill (29).....	11121222222222-14
S Cunningham (27).....	12211212222222-12
T W Morley (30).....	22222222222222-14
W S King (28).....	12210241122122-14
H McPherson (27).....	12112222222122-14
E O Burkhardt (27).....	022021001102210-9
F Emond (30).....	22111022111212-13
B F Smith (27).....	22222222222222-15
W G Clark (30).....	22122201112222-14
G Wellington (29).....	222121222210202-13
James Timmons (28).....	11121112211222-14
F Class (28).....	221220222222202-11
W Wagner (28).....	110212222221212-13
G W Coulston (28).....	01222222122212-14
M M Mayhew (28).....	021222222220212-12
W W Bennett (29).....	222222222222201-13
G Cubberly (28).....	12222122111122-13
A W du Bray (28).....	210222222200102-11
E Morgan (27).....	22202010w.
James Hood (28).....	1021112111122-12
T J Eley (28).....	11221203111212-14
R Phister (28).....	11222122202022-13
A S White (26).....	112201222012200-10
J Gilbert (31).....	01122200122112-11
F G Messner (29).....	122121222222210-14
H T Brown (26).....	221222122222222-15
J A Flick (26).....	12122212102010-12
B Leroy (28).....	222222222222202-14
B A Bartlett (29).....	220222122222221-14
W W Watson (28).....	221112022221222-14
W W Lent (27).....	222222222222202-13
F Lucie (31).....	222222222222222-14
E B Harris (26).....	122222222222220-13
G H Piercy (28).....	202221020222221-11
W H Green (28).....	112202122222210-10
D M Porterfield (29).....	222221122012212-14
B W Claridge (29).....	222221222222222-14
F G Moore (28).....	222022222222222-12
E D Fulford (31).....	121202121222202-13
L Taylor (26).....	122111021112221-14
W J Simpson (28).....	222222222222222-12
E Hill (30).....	220202022222222-12
S Glover (30).....	120112221222122-14
A Willey (30).....	222222222222222-15
H C White (28).....	221112011211012-13
E S Singleton (28).....	22202220020221-10
P Daly, Jr (28).....	220202221222022-12
C Zvirlein (28).....	222221202122222-14
Old Hoss (27).....	212022120112212-13
G A Winn (27).....	221222222222222-14
H S Welles (27).....	222222222222222-12
T H Keller.....	222222222222222-12
Capt Jones.....	222222222222222-12
W F Quimby.....	222222222222222-12
G Corning, Jr.....	222222222222222-12
Wanda.....	222222222222222-12
W H Conklin.....	222222222222222-12
Neaf Apgar.....	222222222222222-12
U M C.....	222222222222222-12
C von Lengerke.....	222222222222222-12
L D Thomas.....	222222222222222-12
G Davis.....	222222222222222-12
J G Knowlton.....	222222222222222-12
H L Gates.....	222222222222222-12
M F Lindsley.....	222222222222222-12
R W Price.....	222222222222222-12
E M Cooper.....	222222222222222-12
J von Lengerke.....	222222222222222-12
L Schortemeier.....	222222222222222-12
E S Rice.....	222222222222222-12

OTHER EVENTS ON THE THIRD DAY.

So many shooters having dropped out of the Grand American Handicap, Manager Shaner decided to shoot off as many of the programme events as possible on the third day of the shoot (Thursday, March 26), utilizing the No. 3 set of traps for that purpose.

He commenced with the Branchport Sweepstakes, 7 birds, \$5, birds extra, three high guns, 30yds. rise everybody. This event had forty-four entries, ten of whom scored their 7 birds and divided the purse. The Sportsmen's Handicap, 7 birds, \$5, birds extra, was, as its name implies, a handicap affair, the figures that follow the names in the score referring only to this event. There were forty-seven shooters in all, ten of whom, as in the Branchport Sweepstakes, scored all their birds and divided the pot.

Three miss-and-outs were also shot on this day, No. 2 set of traps being pressed into service after the completion of the 24th round of the big event. The entries were few in number, the chief interest centering in the ultimate possession of the cup that went to the winner of the Grand American Handicap.

No. 1, \$5 entrance: Bones and Capt. Money 3, Bouday and Lucie 2, Morley 1.

No. 2, same: Bones and W. S. Edey 10, Bonday 9, Lucie 7, Porterfield 5, Money and Morley 4, Fulford 1.

No. 3, same, 26 entries: Upson, Wellington, Lucie, Edey, Greiff, Woodruff, Merrill and Shaffer 7 (divided), Fulford 7, H. T. Brown 6, Gates and Hill 5, Capt. Money 4, Morgan, N. E. Money, Burkhardt and Bonday 3, Clark and King 2, Coe, Old Hoss and Corning 1, Daly, McPherson, Smith and Morley 0.

The scores made in the Branchport Sweepstakes and the Sportsmen's Handicap follow:

	Branchport Sweepstakes.	Sportsmen's Handicap.
B F Smith (27).....	2222222-7	20
E A Geoffroy (29).....	221212	2220
G Nichols.....	2210	222220
G E Greiff.....	10	122120
L D Thomas (27).....	22220	20
W S Edey (28).....	2222222-7	20
S J Held (26).....	2222220	2220
E O Burkhardt (27).....	2222220	2220
H McPherson (27).....	2222220	2220
F Lucie (31).....	2222220	2220
E D Fulford (31).....	1121211-7	0
J H Shaffer (27).....	10	220
P I Clark (27).....	1222222-7	2212222-7
W H Green.....	220	1212111-7
D M Porterfield (29).....	1110	2222220
C E Bonday (27).....	2212210	20
Smith Hill (28).....	2120	2220
P Daly, Jr (28).....	1222222-7	2220
M M Mayhew (28).....	0	2222222-7
T W Morley (30).....	2220	1
E Morgan (27).....	120	220
J A Flick (26).....	0	220
J G Knowlton.....	1222220	2222221-7
Capt Money (29).....	0	220
W G Clark (30).....	2112111-7	220
H L Gates.....	2222220	220
E Hill (30).....	122220	220
G E Loebie.....	0	2211222-7
W S King (28).....	21220	220
G A Hopper.....	0	220
F G Moore (28).....	2222120	20
M F Lindsley (27).....	0	20
G Wellington.....	20	20
J Cavanaugh (27).....	0	20
A P Pope (27).....	221120	20
Fred Gilbert.....	212220	20
Neaf Apgar.....	0	20
J S Duston (27).....	2122221-7	2212111-7
R E Gray.....	2221222-7	2210
F J Paddelford (27).....	210	20
G A Winn (27).....	2220	20
R R Merrill (29).....	1222112-7	20
A Woodruff.....	10	2220
C Zvirlein (28).....	2212122-7	2220
F Emond (30).....	0	2220
Old Hoss (27).....	0	2220
Annie Oakley (27).....	0	2220
E B Coe (28).....	0	2220
N E Money (28).....	0	2220
M A Beers (27).....	0	2220
D A Upson (29).....	0	2220
H T Brown (26).....	0	2220
James Timmons (28).....	0	2220
G Corning, Jr (27).....	0	2220
G L Nichols (28).....	0	2220
H L King (26).....	0	2220
M Herrington (27).....	0	2220
B W Claridge (29).....	0	2220

A DAY OF EXTRA EVENTS.

Friday, March 27, was just such a day as one would have asked for if fast birds were a desideratum. The change in the temperature from the spring-like weather of Thursday to the midwinter chilliness

of to-day was only another proof of the fickleness of this northern climate during the month of March. A gale from the northwest swept across Elkwood Park, finding its way under the tails of the birds and lifting them off the traps as fast as the quickest shot could have wanted. The birds were corkers and the shooters who put in an appearance enjoyed themselves to the utmost as long as the birds held out.

Two miss-and-outs, \$3 entrance, were decided, the first having seven entries and the second twenty-one, just a nice number, making the pot large enough and giving everybody a chance to shoot. The results in these events were as follows:

No. 1: E. W. Price, G. A. Winn, Eddie Hill, Fred Gilbert and G. Wellington 4 (divided); E. D. Fulford, G. Cubberly and A. P. Pope 3; J. G. Messner 2; B. F. Smith, C. Zvirlein and H. T. Brown 1; E. C. Burkhardt, B. W. Claridge, J. H. Shaffer, W. C. Price and W. S. King 0.

No. 2: B. F. Smith, P. Daly, Jr., H. T. Brown and G. Cubberly 6 (divided); B. W. Claridge, Fred Gilbert and C. Zvirlein 5; W. G. Price 4; E. D. Fulford 3; H. S. McPherson, Old Hoss, W. S. King, E. W. Price and T. W. Morley 2; J. Shaffer, E. C. Burkhardt and G. A. Winn 1; J. G. Messner, E. Hill, G. Wellington and A. P. Pope 0.

This last event brought to a close the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament of 1896, the birds having given out. From all that we have written on the subject, the success of this meeting can easily be grasped. It was the greatest event in live-bird circles ever held in this country and, given fine weather instead of 5 or 6 in. of snow, there would have been no hitch in the carrying out of the programme. Of course the extremely large number of entries, a number totally unexpected up to the last day for receiving entries, had a great deal to do with the elimination of several events from the programme. The snowfall, however, coming as it did on Monday morning and causing a complete change in the plans for shooting off the Grand American Handicap, must be taken into consideration by everybody who feels at all inclined to criticise the management of the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park.

"PIGEONWINGS."

Old Hoss is a happy man, although he did not get just what he went to Elkwood Park for. He was the first to enter for the Grand American Handicap, and he wanted to be the first to the score and the first to drop out. "I always want to be first in everything," said he, adding, "I left Pittsburg with a bunch of stogies, a box of matches, a quart and two shells; they've finished the quart, taken my matches, smoked nearly all my stogies and now some one has stolen one of those shells! How can I win the Grand American?" Still he stayed till the 19th round, having two of his three lost birds drop dead out of bounds, and making a run of 15 straight after losing his 2d and 3d birds.

Art, the Pittsburg setter, the property of Harry Vandergrift, and Milo, Vone Emmann's Irish setter from Long Branch, divided the honors in the retrieving line. Art and Bill McCrickart can come pretty near to running a shoot themselves.

One of the surprises of the shoot was the dropping out of Bill Clark at the end of the 4th round. At the tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club on the previous Friday and Saturday he scored 48 out of 51, making a clean score of 29 on the Friday.

Of the two scratch men, Class and Elliott, Class lasted the longest, not dropping out until the 21st round. Elliott fell by the wayside at an early hour, losing his 6th, 9th and 10th birds, the latter falling dead out of bounds.

Annie Oakley was not in her true form. She has shown time and again in the past that she could handle a gun with some of our best shots. She is now much in need of practice, and unquestionably feels the effects of the exhibition work she did while with the Wild West show. In all other respects Annie Oakley is the same as ever and just as popular as she always was.

E. W. Claridge, of Baltimore, Md., was looked upon by many as very liable to cause trouble for anyone who was after the cup. Up to the 21st round he killed all his birds, not scoring a loss until that round. In the 8th round he knocked down a bird and the dog was sent for it; the dog did not see the bird and hunted everywhere except in the vicinity of the pigeon. A man with a switch in his hand went out and called the dog to him, drawing its attention to the bird by pointing a stick at it; this was too much for the pigeon, which rose and fluttered over the boundary. Referee Wallace, a brother-in-law of the late John S. Hoey, and a thoroughly impartial judge, decided that Claridge should have another bird on the ground that the man's actions scared the bird out, adding that in his opinion the bird could have been gathered. This we take it was a perfectly correct decision, and outside of the fact that a referee's decision is final left no ground for any protest such as we understand was made.

Milt and Wanda won't forget their reception by the shooters of the North. If they have left New Jersey for Ohio, they are well aware by this time that New Yorkers and New Jerseymen do not possess short memories.

It is hard to say which was the most pleased man at the outcome of the big event—Dickey or Du Bray. Dickey won the cup, it is true, but Du Bray rejoiced because a Parker gun was once more to the fore in this event. Last year it was a Parker gun and Du Pont; this year it was a Parker gun and E. C.

Rolla Helkes kept pumping the birds out of the air with a regularity that made many bank on a 25 straight from him. Then came that bird in the 20th round which "flew de coop."

Sim Glover, the second man in the race, shot a 12-gauge Parker, having long since discarded his 10-gauge that caused the boys so much trouble at the tournaments in years past. Sim says now that the man who shoots a 10-gauge instead of a 12 is hardly right in his head.

Carl von Lengerke seemed to have a cinch on the cup when Claridge lost his 21st bird; it was hard luck for Carl to see his bird go out of bounds before dropping to the ground. He shot well in this race, scoring 32 out of 35, two of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds.

B. A. Bartlett made his first appearance in a tournament of any size since he joined the ranks of Winchester experts; 23 out of 25, one dead out, is a pretty fair record for anybody on the class of birds furnished for the Grand American Handicap.

The Pittsburg contingent was a strong one, comprising as it did such shots as Messner, W. S. King, Old Hoss, Harry Vandergrift (McPherson), John Shaffer and H. T. Brown; Alex King's absence was a cause of much regret to the Smoky City team. Brown was an unknown quantity until this shoot, having done very little live-bird shooting in his career. His work toward the close of the week showed that he can point his gun just about right.

U. M. C. Thomas made his debut as a live-bird shooter at this meeting. U. M. C. doesn't think live birds are quite as easy as targets, but says that he could make quite a score with a little more practice. Thomas is about our size now; if he needs practice we can tell him where he can get it. He attributed his lost birds to his trying to count, while at the score, his company's shells, which were scattered all over the place.

Ernest F. Thomas, known as Denver Thomas to distinguish him from U. M. C. of that name, was right in it again this year, scoring 24 out of 25. Last year he did the same thing, going straight until the twenty-second round; his mark then was 27yds.; this year it was 28yds.

A complete list of the shells used by those who took part in the Grand American Handicap shows that out of 104 shooters about 90 used shells manufactured by the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. Is there any wonder that U. M. C. lost his three birds so early in the race?

Just before leaving Pittsburg, Pa., to attend the Grand American Handicap, John G. Messner, last year's winner, was greatly surprised by a visit from a number of his friends and business acquaintances. These gentlemen called on him for the purpose of presenting him with a token of their esteem of him as a man and as a good shot. The token was in the shape of a remarkably handsome diamond badge that cost \$250, and a round trip ticket from Pittsburg to New York. It is unnecessary to state that Messner is very proud of it.

EDWARD BANKS.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. F. C., Jr.—Send your address to the editor of the trap department.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SPRING FEVER.

As the sun grows stronger and the last lingering snow-drifts become gray dirty streaks, as the earliest spring birds return and the brown earth steams and swells beneath the midday warmth, there comes to us a restless longing for something different from the ordinary life, which is perhaps the survival of a migratory instinct transmitted from some long forgotten ancestor, who changed his skies with the changing seasons. Call it by whatever name we may, "spring fever" or "bad blood," this state of mind exists and needs a cure.

There is no better remedy for it than to yield to the feeling, just as the birds and the beasts do, to burst our bonds for a little while and to spend a day, a week or a month, if we can, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." It matters little what the excuse may be that we make to ourselves and our business associates, whether it is to go fishing on the opening day, or to collect birds or wild flowers, or to take a long bicycle ride; any excuse is a good one which for a time frees man or woman from the restraints of every-day life and gives opportunity for communion with nature, now just stretching her arms after her long sleep.

Although this restlessness comes to every one except the most hardened business man, it does not come to all at the same time nor by reason of the same causes. One man may recognize its first symptoms as he walks through the crowded streets and feels a warm soft air of spring blow upon his face; another may be stricken as he walks through a city park and sees the swelling buds of the soft maple or the elm; a third may sit at his desk dreaming for an hour over a letter containing some chance remark which sends his thoughts a thousand miles afield, or yet another may find the sweet poison in some spring odor or in the voice of a newly come bird. Whatever its cause, all know the symptoms of the disease and all know the remedy.

Let him who dreams of brown foam-flecked streams, whose waters are kissed by the swollen catkins of bending willows, and bordered by sprangling alders, make ready his rod and start for the trout stream. There he will perhaps catch some fish, but whether he does so or not, he will find what is of more worth to him than trout, though he may not know it. He will see the new come sandpiper wading along the shallows of the stream, and the water thrush and the redpoll warbler sedately marching by the water's edge; the little tortoises scrambling along the bottom, and the muskrats diving in the quiet places. He will hear the merry gurgle of the blackbirds, the clink of the jay, the tumultuous cawing of the mating crows, and the far-off scream of the soaring hawk. He will stretch his legs in a long day's tramp and will come to his resting place at night honestly tired out, and with an appetite such as he has not had for months.

Or, if his dreams be of Florida, what more easy than to take train and find himself in a day at the long white beaches where the surf thunders unceasingly, where the sun is ever bright and warm, where the waters are bluer than the sky above them, where light-winged seabirds sail and dip, and where the man may turn back the pages of twenty years and at once become a boy again, running bare-legged over the sand, or wading in the surf to capture shells or fish, winning at the same time the rest and the new strength which mean for him, in the months to come, better work and more of it than he could have done without this interval of transformation from man to boy.

The mountain climber or the big-game hunter has his attack of the spring fever as other men do, but it does not send him away, for he knows that his time is not yet. But he plans, oh how he plans! He orders new guns or new ice axes and new climbing shoes; he studies maps and he corresponds with guides, and above all he talks over the contemplated trip with his chosen companion. They discuss elk countries and sheep countries and the best way to get a bear; or they figure on unclimbed mountain peaks and talk of glaciers and crevasses and bergschrunds and couloirs and cornices. And it may be that out of all this talk and planning and anticipation they get more pleasure than they do at last out of the trip.

There are many to whom these outings are their sole recreation, pleasures anticipated for one-half the year and looked back on for the other half, and the number of such is constantly increasing. It ought to increase, for they who really delight in such things do better work and make more useful citizens than those who pin themselves down to an unending round of narrow business life.

The laying aside for a time of the daily routine, the mental rest, the delight of again seeing beautiful things, long known, yet ever fresh, and of seeing other things which are wholly new—all these combine to pour into a man's system a new vigor which will enable him when he returns to his work to do that work with an increased interest, intelligence and earnestness. From the point of view of mere dollars and cents it is worth every man's while to take two vacations each year, one in the spring and one in the fall. Such play-spells pay for themselves in the better work a man by reason of them can do through the long months of cold and heat.

BASS TRAPS IN LAKE ONTARIO BAYS.

OUR issue of March 21 contained a letter from Dr. R. W. Amidon, of this city, describing the havoc wrought with the black bass supply of the bays at the east end of Lake Ontario by the trap-netters. The general State law applying to Lake Ontario forbids the use of nets within one mile of the shore, but exempts from this prohibition certain of the bays at the east end of the lake. This exemption was made some years ago at the instance of a few netters whose cause was espoused by Senator Mullin. From that day to this Mr. Mullin has looked out for his netting friends. He has done this and is doing it to-day at the expense of the public he should represent. No one wants or asks for the license to net, except the few individuals who make their money by netting black bass and disposing of them by an illicit trade with dealers in New York and elsewhere. Dr. Amidon has discovered by personal investigation that barrels upon barrels of black bass from these waters are received in New York in May, and being unsalable here are sent on to Philadelphia. The traffic in out-of-season bass profits a few; it is an outrage and robbery of the people at large. Senator Mullin's measure to shield it is a specimen of the rankest class legislation. It is for the advantage of a small class made up practically of outlaws, men who have been driven away from the interior waters of the State, compelled to remove themselves and their unlawful engines of destruction to quarters where they find immunity because they can induce a State Senator to champion their demands.

The bill proposed by the New York Association contains a provision repealing this Lake Ontario netting license. The measure should have the endorsement of the Legislature. Senator Mullin, as usual, is on hand to look after the interests of his black bass trapping friends. He has put in a bill—Senate Bill No. 972—which not only gives the bass trappers all they have had in the past but more too, for it extends the area of excepted waters and lets the trappers in where they have been kept out. The continuance of netting in these waters means the exhaustion of the supply of bass. It is for the public interest that Senator Mullin's class measure should be killed.

SNAP SHOTS.

A notable characteristic of the reports of the game and fish protective commissions of Nova Scotia and of Massachusetts alike is the degree of attention given to the trappers of game. In Nova Scotia the complaint is general of traps set for moose. This is a favorite method employed in the backwoods, and the most persevering activity of the wardens appears to be insufficient to cope with the moose snares. In the Massachusetts report most of the deputy commissioners record the prevalence of ruffed grouse snares and dwell upon the difficulty they find in checking the evil. Snaring is the favorite method with the man who kills for market. It is well known that game dealers find a ready sale for birds which have been snared instead of shot, for such birds bring a higher price because of their freedom from the leaden pellets. The method is also surer and more profitable than shooting. The snare will more certainly bring to hand the grouse; in practice snaring effectually cleans out the supply of birds. Deputy Commissioner Alon D. Faye reports an interesting experiment with which he has been successful in getting the best of the trappers and in preserving the game supply. Finding among the farmers of a certain section a general willingness to combine for the protection

of game, Mr. Faye called a meeting before the law was off, at which it was determined by a number of owners of adjoining lands to prohibit entirely trespassing without permission. This was intended not as a restrictive measure, but for the purpose of saving the birds from the "game hogs" for the benefit of the farm owners themselves and their friends, who would be satisfied with a half dozen birds or so as the result of a shoot. The agreement thus entered into having carried out, the result has proved all that was anticipated. The birds have been protected successfully and have been found sufficient to repay moderately pursuit with the gun, and for one local territory, at least in Massachusetts, there is likely to be good sport for years to come. We used to hear much from Massachusetts about the rights of the farmers' boys to snare grouse. As a matter of fact what right the boy had was not worthy of consideration, for it was not actually the maintenance of this right that the advocates of snaring were intent upon, but rather the interest of the professional market snarer. With the cheapening of fire-arms and the correspondingly increased popularity of the gun and its more common use among farmers' boys as well as others, the partridge snare is rapidly being relegated to oblivion by every one except the man who takes birds for market.

New York city is to have one of the largest and best equipped zoölogical gardens in America. During the winter months a committee of experts, consisting of Superintendent Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden; Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the Zoölogical Park of Washington, and Prof. Daniel G. Elliott, curator of the Zoölogical Department of the Field Columbian Museum, have been studying sites available in the 4,000 acres of park lands in the northern part of this city, and it is understood that they have determined upon a site for the garden subject to the approval of the newly-appointed director, Mr. Wm. P. Hornaday, of Buffalo. Mr. Hornaday is known as a zoölogist who has had much experience with wild animals both in their native state and in captivity. The New York park will give him an ample field for the exercise of his best talents; the opportunity is one which might satisfy the most ambitious.

The appointment of Col. H. H. Lyman to the Excise Commission caused a vacancy in the Fish Commission, which has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Hendrick S. Holden, of Syracuse. Mr. Holden is vice-president of the Commercial Bank of Syracuse, and is known as one of the successful business men of that city. He is a sportsman interested in shooting and fishing, in fishculture and fish and game preservation. It is said of him that he will fall in with the progressive ideas which have characterized the present Commission.

We regret to learn of the death at the early age of 36 years of our contributor, Mr. F. C. Gilchrist, of Fort Qu' Appelle, Northwest Territories. Mr. Gilchrist was the fishery inspector of the Northwest Territories, an office into the work of which he entered with enthusiasm. In the performance of his duty he had visited very many of the streams and lakes within the vast district under his jurisdiction, often under very severe personal exposure and hardship, to the severity of which is attributed the disease which resulted in his death. His contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM had to do mostly with the life history of fishes as observed by him. His notes were marked by originality and had the value which always attaches to first hand records of the ways of nature. The father of Mr. Gilchrist was Charles Gilchrist, Overseer of Fisheries at Rice Lake, Ontario, who has done so much to renew old-time wildfowl grounds by the planting of wild rice.

We print in our columns this week the full instructions given by Commissioner E. A. Brackett, of Massachusetts, for the rearing of Mongolian pheasants. Massachusetts has been successful in her pheasant enterprise, and Mr. Brackett's experience with the birds promises to induce a more general adoption of his methods. Pheasants are soon to be counted among the game birds of New England.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 812.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO OCEAN PASS.

[Continued from page 281.]

Saturday, Sept. 9.—The weather having cleared, Phillips and I went to where I had killed the eight-point bull on Thursday. We took Brown along and a pack horse for the purpose of packing the meat to camp. The snow had melted and the morning was bright and crisp, as is usual in these mountains after a storm. After assisting Brown to pack the meat and the head of the bull, and seeing him on his way to camp, we hunted afoot near the head of the valley, in a basin or park, inclosed on all sides but one by steep, rugged mountains. We hunted for several hours without even seeing so much as a fresh sign until about noon, when I saw what seemed to me the shoulder of an elk between two trees. Upon examining it with my glasses my surmise proved correct, and now I could also see the tips of the horns, proving that it was a bull. The distance was not over 80yds., but I made a disgraceful miss nevertheless, and I missed the bull again with the left barrel as he ran away. Trying to run after him to get another shot, I was soon out of breath, when Phillips called my attention to two more bulls which, alarmed by the shooting, had started after the first one. I shot at the last of these two, he being the larger, but again missed with both barrels. Disgusted with my bad shooting, we took after them on the run, but the rarified air soon winded me. After regaining my breath somewhat, I separated from Phillips, and had hardly proceeded 150yds. when I saw the head and shoulder of a large bull behind a breastwork, so to speak, of evergreens. He was looking toward Phillips, and had not noticed me. Pulling myself together for a steady shot and taking my time, I took aim at the bull's shoulder and pressed the trigger, but as the smoke hung in a dense cloud I could not see with what effect. Phillips, however, who had not seen the bull until after I fired, called to me to hurry, that he thought I had hit the bull, but that the latter had crossed the creek below us. When we arrived at the creek I was delighted to find a lot of blood in the spoor. The blood, however, soon stopped, or at least we could only find it at rare intervals. Once Phillips picked up a small piece of wood with some frothy blood on it, showing that the bull was hit in the lungs. We now decided to give him plenty of time to get sick and sat down to eat our lunch, resting for about an hour.

After that we again took up the track, and some fifteen minutes later jumped the bull, which had been lying down. Being somewhat in the rear I did not see him, but Phillips saw him plainly and said he could also see the bullet mark and that I had hit him too high up. After him we went again, and directly came to a place where the wounded bull had disturbed another one, and there being no difference in the size of the track we for a little time followed the wrong one before we discovered our mistake. Phillips now did some very clever work at tracking, I myself being unable to follow the spoor except under his guidance. After a mile of such slow work we again jumped the bull in some green timber. I just got a glimpse of him, but fired a snap shot nevertheless, which missed and made him go now down-hill faster than ever. Fortunately he was now going in the direction of where we had left our horses. Another mile or so of tracking and Phillips again put him up. I being to one side could not see him. I now proposed to Phillips that I take the lead and follow the track, which was here quite plain, and had hardly advanced 200yds. in that way when I saw the bull watching his back track. As no other part of his body was visible from my position except his head and neck I aimed for the latter. At the shot away went the bull again. Does he bear a charmed life? But while I reload I can see that he staggers, and down he goes with a crash.

He had a nice and very symmetrical head of twelve points.

We returned to camp with a pardonable amount of satisfaction at having killed the wounded bull after this long chase. The admirable woodcraft displayed by Phillips this day makes me forgive him all his former shortcomings, for without his aid I certainly never would have gotten the wounded animal.

Sunday, Sept. 10, is, according to P., mainly remarkable for the fact that I stayed in camp and cleaned up things generally. P., Woody and Brown went to bring in the head of the bull killed by P. on Thursday, and P. killed another bull of twelve points near the same place.

We have now plenty of bear bait, and if any bears are in this section of the country they should come to the carcasses of the elk. But so far we have only seen old sign, months old at that.

P. is rather "rubbing it into me" this trip, but he deserves his success. He is not only a tireless, resolute hunter, but also a good shot and good all-round sportsman. C. takes after his father (P.), but this being his first hunt in the mountains, he is not quite as successful as his pluck deserves. He broke the ice to-day, however, killing a nice nine-point bull with abnormal horns.

I attribute my ill success so far, or rather my bad shooting, to the rifle I carry. It is a new one, .45cal., and should have been made after the pattern of my old .40. But the stock is so very much straighter that I can hardly get my eye down to the sight at all, which causes me to overshoot. I have always been rather proud of my ability to shoot large game, having killed lots on previous trips, with misses only few and far between, and shall stick hereafter to the old .40, than which a better rifle never was made and which I fortunately brought along. I also like its long, heavy bullet, with only a small hole in front, better than the shorter one of the new .45, which seems to lack in penetration and breaks up too soon.

Monday, Sept. 11, is marked with red letters in my hunting diary, for on that day I killed the biggest bull elk that I ever saw, or for that matter ever expect to see again. That morning Phillips and I went on the high ground after sheep. We left our horses at the entrance of a cañon some three miles from camp, and climbed through the cool, green forest and later through a maze of dwarfed cedars until we got above timber line. We hunted the rocks and ridges faithfully, but saw no fresh signs of sheep; only elk tracks, even at this elevation, seemed to be plentiful. About noon we were within a couple of hundred feet of the top of the highest peak of the range, the name of which on the maps is given as

Yount's Peak, and sat down to eat our luncheon. The day was beautifully bright and clear, and the wind for a wonder, even at these higher levels, quite steady, gentle and from the east. What magnificent views one gets when hunting in the mountains. They alone are worth all the toil and trouble one has to undergo. To the east the mountains which form the cañon of the Stinking Water could be seen, looking so rough and barren that I doubt whether even in the centuries to come the mountain sheep, whose favorite haunts they are, will ever be quite exterminated in that range. To the west, just peeping over the nearer ranges of the Shoshones, I recognize my old friend the Grand Teton, under whose shadow I camped but three short weeks ago. And there, some hundreds of feet below us, a large hawk rises from his rocky perch and sweeps in circles, each larger than the foregoing, and on motionless wings through the rarified air in search of food, uttering discordant cries. How strange it seems to look down at the bird instead of up, and I cannot help suppressing the wish that I had wings to be able to sail away through space whenever the notion would take me. Altogether, we are up here "pretty close to God Almighty," as a friend with whom I hunted once in the Colorado Rockies quaintly expressed it.

With another friend, a lawyer, my companion on many a big-game hunt, and than whom a better sportsman and scholar never lived, I was once traveling on the divide between the Grand and the Eagle rivers, in Colorado. Neither of us had spoken for over an hour, but when we got near the highest point we both, actuated by the same impulse, reined in our horses to admire the scenery, which there was sublimely grand. Suddenly M., turning in his saddle, said: "F., do you believe in the existence of God?" To which I replied that I certainly did. "But," M. continued, "at times I seem to have doubts about His exist-

the edge of which had heretofore both prevented the elk from seeing us and us from examining the intervening ground, had a sheer drop here of about 200ft., and from the base of it there was a gradual slope of perfectly open ground covered with short grass—a regular mountain meadow—to where the game was. It was therefore impossible to proceed on the same line we had been doing. If we went further to the right the elk would surely get our wind and take alarm. We were therefore obliged to take the left side of the cliff, but after crawling along on our knees in the dry bed of a ravine for some distance, we only found that its course would eventually only take us further from our game. Contrary to the advice of Phillips, who wished me to stay here and wait till the game moved—which he supposed would be in our direction—I now retraced my steps to our first position on the cliff, crawling to the edge of it; but try as I would, I could not get nearer than what I estimated to be about 350yds. to the elk without being observed by them. There was no help for it, however, and I prepared to chance the shot. I am willing to confess that I did not like the distance. My rifle, a .400 double express by Fraser, of Edinburgh, was sighted to only 200yds., and except one buck antelope, which I had bowled over with it the previous season at what I afterward stepped over 400yds., I had never risked any long shots. At this high altitude, however, any rifle will hold up better than on a lower level, the thinness of the air straightening the trajectory by offering less resistance to the bullet and increasing its range.

Taking off my hat I put it on the ground beside me, placing a number of cartridges in it ready to hand. Then I took a careful look at the bulls through the field glasses and selected what seemed to me the one with the best antlers. This bull had its neck and head stretched out on the ground,



A HUNTING DAY.

Photo by Mr. Clay Pierce.

ence;" and then proceeded to argue and to illustrate his meaning. To all of which I only made answer that I failed to see what good it would do any man to doubt; that I had reasoned with myself on that subject many a time, and that I was a firm believer. Finally M. said, "F., I believe you are right. Few unbelievers can come out here, see what we are looking at right now, and not experience a change of heart. Unbelief is a disease of the cities." To all of which I agreed, and we proceeded on our way. Poor M., he has now gone to that land where all doubts cease.

But while I was thus day-dreaming Phillips had, with a more practical turn of mind, spread out the contents of the luncheon bag: cold fried elk meat, bread and a little dried fruit. I for one never get tired of venison of any kind, but Phillips said he'd give something pretty for a nice piece of ham! After our somewhat laborious climb of the morning it felt good to rest, but after Phillips had smoked his pipe we started again.

We had not gone very far when we discried at a great distance below us, in fact just at timber line, a band of animals. The field glasses showed that they were five bull elk and that they were feeding. As at least three of them carried very fine heads, I resolved to stalk them.

The descent over the snow and precipitous slope below it proved very laborious, and once I had a nasty fall on some slide rock, tearing my skin and my clothing and getting the muzzles of my rifle full of dirt. As I always carry a pocket wiping string, made of strong harness leather so it cannot break, my rifle was soon cleaned. But in my fall I also dislodged some loose stones and rocks, which went bounding down the steep side of the hill. Although this did not disturb the elk, which all this time were hidden from our view by a projecting cliff, it alarmed a band of nine mountain sheep, which had presumably been enjoying their siesta unknown to us, below the edge of the cliff. Very pretty they looked, but very tantalizing withal, being at least 600yds. away, as they went in single file at a rare pace down the hill, across the narrow valley and up the opposite side of the mountain, where we soon lost sight of them as they disappeared in one of the many snow-choked ravines. I was much afraid that the sheep would alarm the elk, but this fear proved groundless, for when we again got sight of the latter they had all five of them lain down.

But how to get nearer than 400yds. to those elk was now the question that worried me. The cliff we were on,

much in the same fashion that a well-trained pointer or setter does when commanded to "down—charge." I then gave the glasses to Phillips, telling him to watch the effects of the shot, raised the 200yds. sight and took aim at the bull's shoulder. At the crack of the rifle all five bulls jumped to their feet as if touched by an electric wand and moved a few steps toward our position, but being unable to locate the danger they there stood for some time all huddled together without moving. Not long though, for when I fired the left barrel at the same bull as before he made a tremendous jump sideways, while the others made off at a quick trot toward the timber. The big one made several ineffectual attempts to follow his master, but seemingly paralyzed in his hindquarters was unable to do so.

Phillips, who now had a good view of the bull with the glasses, called to me, "For God's sake, Mr. F., shoot; that bull carries a thousand-dollar head; there is not another one like him in Wyoming!" So admonished, and naturally a trifle excited, I reloaded and fired several more shots at the bull, who all this time was making frantic but ineffectual efforts to move. Finally, however, he succeeded, first walking very slowly and painfully, then a trifle faster, when I gave him another right and left barrel, which he acknowledged each time with a decided wince. Just then he came to a little rising ground which he intended to cross, and while pushing in fresh cartridges I could see that twice he almost fell in his efforts to ascend the rise. Then, after he got over the top of it, it seemed to me that I saw him fall and not rise again. Phillips, who all this time had been giving vent to his feelings in strong language—one moment praising the size of the bull's antlers and the number of times, the next reflecting in not very parliamentary terms upon my shooting abilities (as if that would improve them) and the next again cursing his luck because I would not allow him to shoot—now declared with an oath of superior emphasis which surpassed all previous efforts in that line, that he'd have that bull. (N. B.—If about to make a difficult shot at game tell your guide or companion to keep his mouth shut; or better still, if the nature of the ground permits, post him in a position some distance from you, so he cannot disconcert you by his remarks.)

Making all haste possible, we finally got near the place where the bull had disappeared. Holding my rifle at the "ready," I carefully and slowly peeped over the ridge—and there, just on the other side of it, lay my bull dead.

What a monster he was! and certainly larger by far than any of our horses. His antlers were of truly immense size, curiously palmated, with twenty-two points, and flatter than any I have ever seen before or since. After knocking out the whistling teeth—to be afterward made into a charm for my watch-chain—we set to work to cut off his head—no easy job, on account of its great size and the awkward position in which the animal had fallen. We finally succeeded, however, and, with plenty of neck skin attached, left it to be called for the next day with the pack horses. Then, the afternoon being already well advanced, we trudged along, tired out but happy, back to camp. Several times we disturbed elk during our tramp homeward, but only twice did I get so much as a glimpse of a fleeing form through the green trees. The sun had set long before we reached our horses; then mounting these, we rode through the gathering gloom to camp as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. After supper and sitting near the blazing camp-fire I related to my friends the killing of the big bull.

P. did not hunt this day. C. went out, but got no game; he saw two sheep, however.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Phillips went this morning to bring in the head of the big bull which I had killed the previous day, and C. and Billy went with him part of the way and then hunted by themselves. They returned in the evening without having seen anything. P. and I stayed in the camp, as it was snowing and looked stormy. This morning we had a visitor in camp—a trapper from the Wind river country whose camp, he told us, is located on the next creek north of us.

In the afternoon I went with Brown to see if any bears had visited the elk carcasses in the upper part of the valley, but found them undisturbed. Except two black-tail does, we did not see any game.

Wednesday, Sept. 13.—It being still very stormy, none of us went out in the morning, the wind being too high to allow us to walk on the ridges with safety, and in the forest dead trees were continually crashing down, making it dangerous to hunt there also. In the afternoon, however, P. and Woody went out, but soon returned, the storm having again increased in severity. P. had shots at two bulls, but did not hit either. This day we had some more visitors, two prospectors who had lost their way and did not know where they were “at.” They were old acquaintances of Phillips’s and made camp a little below ours. We gave them all the venison they cared to take.

As the evening was bitterly cold and old logs plentiful, we lit a huge camp-fire, around which we and our visitors crowded, listening to C.’s music on the banjo, and afterward telling stories.

PAUL FRANCKE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

UNCLE LISHA’S OUTING.—XVIII.

Around the Fire.

THE two uncles of all their acquaintances got on exceedingly well together, for it transpired that Uncle Tyler had been a Plattsburg volunteer, which was a close bond of friendship, and in their exchange of reminiscences he had no difficulty in understanding the other, who, he said, “talked jest as folks used to.”

“Some on ’em says ’at I’m a-gittin’ deaf, but I tell ’em its ’cause they don’t speak plain. The’ don’t nobody, sca’cely, now-er-days. But I can hear you a-talkin’ jest as plain as I could hear the cannon tu Plattsburg. An’ the’ wa’n’t no trouble o’ hearin’ them, was the’?”

“No, ner the hollerin’ nuther,” said Uncle Lisha,

“Du you reckenleck haow that minister hollered?” continued the other. “He come from over your way somewhere’s, cap’n of a compenry he was, all the men folks of his congregation his compenry was, an’ he got ’em all squatted daown behin’ a stun wall, an’ when the British come a-marchin’ up, some on ’em kep’ a-stickin’ of the’ heads up an’ a-peekin’ at ’em, an’ the minister he kep’ a-tellin’ on ’em tu lay low, but they wouldn’t, for all naow an’ ag’in one on ’em would git a chunk o’ lead in his head which it spilt him fer fightin’, till bimebye the minister he got mad an’ dammed ’em up hill an’ daown an’ grabbed a muskit an’ swore he’d shoot the fust one ’at peeked over the wall. Yes, he did; dammed ’em right tu the’ heads. An’ so arter he got hum they hed a church meetin’ an’ hauled the minister over the coals for cussin’, an’ by gol, sir, they voted tu ’scuse him, ’cause they ’lowed his swearin’ was a military needcessity.”

Uncle Tyler indulged in such immoderate silent laughter over his story that he brought on a violent fit of coughing, from which he recovered after so protracted a struggle for breath that his entertainers were relieved to see him depart homeward before he should die on their hands.

“He’s a crabbed ol’ creetur, but he’s got his good p’int,” Uncle Lisha remarked, as they watched him rounding the great bend, his pipe in full blast and puffing with the regularity, if not quite the volume, of a high-pressure steamboat. “Deaf folks an’ blin’ folks lives in worlds by theirselves, still worlds an’ dark worlds, an’ I cal’late it makes a man sort o’ crabbed tu live by hisself. But the ol’ creetur hes got his good p’int.”

“Yes,” Joseph assented, “so he hes, an’ it kinder seems ’s ’ough his best ones was oarin’ a boat an’ ketchin’ fish, an’ I do know but borryin’ terbarker in a way ’at you can’t deny him, ’cause he allers meant tu ha’ hed some o’ his own. But he is a turrible man tu oar a boat an’ a turrible man tu ketch pickerels. I do know ’s I ever see a more one. An’ naow I s’pose these ’ere ’at he helped me ketch has got tu be dressed.”

He heaved a sigh of resignation as he slowly drew his jack knife from his pocket and as slowly opened the rickety blade, while his eyes made deliberate selection of a worthy subject for his skill. This he laid upon a convenient slab, and began the task with increased courage when he saw Uncle Lisha opening his knife with an evident intention of lending a helping hand. As they scraped gray-green backs, spotted sides and silvery bellies to an even whiteness, and beguiled the most irksome of the angler’s labors with friendly discourse, they heard Sam’s return heralded by occasional shots faintly echoed far up the Slang, then saw the infrequent puffs of powder smoke whisked away by the wind before the tardy report burst on their ears, with briefer intervals, till the light birch canoe came swimming, swift and silent, around the last bend like a great duck, and glided into port close beside them.

Antoine rejoiced over the prospective change in the bill

of fare from fowl to fish and promised such skill in cookery as should no less gladden the others.

“O, bah gosh! Ah’ll tol’ you, Zhozeff,” he cried, as he sidled around with his arms akimbo when they were not engaged in gesture, and his head tilted to one side and the other, in inspection of the progress of the work, “w’en you’ll gat dat peekrils scope so he white lak snowballs, Ah’ll goin’ cook him so you’ll wish you was kingfish’n’ bird an’ heat feesh every day, all de tam, sem lak one man Canada.”

Uncle Lisha scraped his fish softly while he listened in expectation of a story, but Antoine seemed to have forgotten that he had one to tell, though the old man prompted him with an interrogative “Wal?”

“Wal,” he repeated after a while, “I’ve allers b’en wantin’ tu hear suthin’ about a man in Caneedy, an’ if you’ve got anythin’ tu tell le’s hev it. But whilst you’re a-talkin’, Ann Twine, you might be a rippin’ one o’ these ’ere fish.”

“No, seh, Onc’ Lasha, Ah’ll can’t oversaw de work an’ tol’ de storee an’ work mahsef all de once.”

“Wal, tell yer story then, if you’ve got it thought up. You wouldn’t half clean the fish if you sot aout tu.”

“Wal, seh, Onc’ Lasha,” Antoine began, as he deliberately filled his pipe. “Great many while ’go, w’en de tam was hol’, dar was one man Canada was lak for feesh so much he a’n’t do mos’ nothin’ but dat. W’en his corn ought for be plant his waf was plant it, if he gat plant ’t all, an’ he go feeshin’. W’en his corn was ought for be hoe, he go feeshin’. W’en it was tam for cut off, his waf cut it off, an’ de mans go feeshin’ an’ de sem for husk it, an’ jes’ de sem for rip his wheat, an’ t’rash it, his waf he do it, all of it. An’ w’en his hwood was ought for be cut he go feeshin’ in de ice. An’ w’en de Govny want it for go faght de Hinjin an’ de Angleesh, he’ll run ’way an’ go feeshin’, so bambye de pries’ he’ll gat mad at it an’ he tol’ it ’f he a’n’t ’have hesef for be so shiffin’, he goin’ turn it into kingfishin’ an’ den see ’f he’ll gat ’nough feeshin’.

“De mans he some scare an’ promise for be better, ’fore soon he fregit an’ go feeshin’ all de tam jes’ de sem. Den de pries’, O haow he’ll was mad an’ turn dat man into kingfishin’ raght off. De man he was supprise prob’ly, for feel hesef such leetly feller all cover wid fedder, but pooty soon he feel glad, for t’ink he’ll a’n’t gat for wear clo’s dat was trouble for git, an’ can go feeshin’ all de tam.

“He go up de river, ‘K-r-r-r-r,’ an’ he go daown de river, ‘K-r-r-r-r,’ an’ wen he see leetly feesh, ’baout so big he can swaller, ‘splosh’ he jomp on it an’ flew on a tree for heat it an say, ‘Tank you, Pere Jerome, it was funs for be kingfishin’.” When he was flew pas’ hees hown haouse on de river an’ see hees waf homp hees back hoein’ an’ rippin’ in de sun an’ his chil’ren cry for hongry he’ll holler ‘K-r-r-r-r’ jes’ lak he was laught at it, he such gre’t wicked.

“Wal, seh, he’ll had good tam all summer an’ long in de fall ’fore it come col’. Den he a’n’t hear de sing bird yaller any more ’cause dey all gone ’cep’ de jay an’ de whoodpeckit; den de river froze on top, but he’ll a’rt know ’nough for go to de warm wedder. He guess he was be hable for stay jes’ long anybody. One morny de river was be froze on top, but he’ll a’n’t know when he go for his breakfis’ an’ he go ‘K-r-r-r,’ lookin’ for see some feesh, an’ bambye he’ll see leetly fish swim under de ice an’ he holler ‘K-r-r-r-r’ an’ go fis’ head raght on top of it, ‘Floop,’ an’ bus’ his head on de ice an’ broke his brain all off an’ dat was de en’ of it.”

“Sho, Ann Twine, you’d a gre’t sight better be’n a-dressin’ fish ’an a-wastin’ your time a-tellin’ sech a dumb lie!” Uncle Lisha commented. “Naow you rence ’em off an’ kerry ’em up tu camp, fer Jozeff an’ me hes done aour sheer.”

While Uncle Lisha made his way to the water side with hands and knife held abroad till he stooped to cleanse them, Antoine began washing the fish, protesting meanwhile:

“O, Onc’ Lasha, you was want me tol’ it. You was jes’ lak man feeshin’ an’ git leetly bite, an’ he keep feeshin’ for ketch it, an’ w’en he ketch it, it was punkin seed, an’ he mad ’cause it a’n’t bull pawt. It bes’ was for be satisfy. Naow, hurrah for de supply!”

With that they bore their fish to camp, where Sam had preceded them and got the fire in full blast. Presently Antoine pranced around it in a culinary ecstasy, while the others watched him in rapt regard and grew hungrier with every whiff borne to their nostrils from the screeching pan. When at last they sat down to their rock table Uncle Lisha heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he adjusted his spectacles for detection of bones.

“Ah-h-h! This ’ere’s suthin’ like. The fact on’t is, I’ve eat duck till I’m a-gittin’ web-footed.”

“An’ bah gosh! Ah’ll pull up some fedder on mah back dis morny. Ah’ll was put it on Zhozeff’s bag if you a’n’t believed it.”

“I swan, Antwine,” said Joseph, “if you’ll let ’em grow all over ye, I’ll pick ye at the halves.”

“Say what you’re a mintur,” said Sam, “a good fat duck hain’t tu be sneezed at. I cal’late them leetle teal ducks is the ch’icest eatin’, and wood duck next, an’ black duck next, but any on ’em ’s good enough for poor folks. Arter all, the’s more fun in gettin’ on ’em ’an the’ is a-hevin’ on ’em, same as it is in most all huntin’ an’ fishin’ in the true sperit. I guess it’s his soul ’at enj’ys it. But then ag’in there’s dawgs ’at folks says hain’t got no souls, but I don’t b’lieve it.

“Ner I nuther,” said Uncle Lisha. “I’ve seen some dawgs an’ some hosses ’at thinks more ’n some men du an’ reasons aout things tew.”

“Yes,” Sam continued, “an’ jest think o’ humern fools an’ tew-legged hawks a-goin’ tu heaven, an’ good dawgs ’at thinks an’ dreams an’ sticks tu ye through thick an’ thin a-goin’ aout intu nothin’. It hain’t no fair shake! I cal’late dreamin’ is a sign of a soul. The body’s all asleep, but the’s suthin’ keeps a-goin’ on a-thinkin’ arter a fashion, an’ what is ’t if ’t hain’t a soul? You never heard a hawg du nothin’ on’y snore when he sleeps, but you’ll hear a leetle bird in the dead o’ night an’ darkness a-singin’ aout on his rwust suthin’ he hed left over from daytime, so faint an’ fur off, you know he’s asleep. An’ a dawg ’ll show ’at the’s a part on him a huntin’ in his sleep jest as much as folks feels tu be when they’re asleep. A dawg ’s got some advantage over us in not hevin’ no gun tu git off. It’s cur’us ’at a dream gun never will go off. You pull till you shet your teeth an’ eyes, an’ when the hommer falls it goes daown about ’s quick as a wiltin’ weed an’ about as heavy, an’ your dumb gun won’t go off. But what I was a-goin’ tu say, a haoun’ dawg ’ll foller a fox all day an’ all night a-singin’ glory halleluiah all the time, an’ when you shoot the fox

afore him he’ll on’y jest chaw his backbone a minute an’ give him a shake an’ then curl up an’ lay daown as comf’table as a kitten an’ jest as contented. His stomerk ’s as empty as a contribution box, but his soul is satisfied jest as much as a man’s is. But I’m a-losin’ my chance o’ gittin’ my supper, a-gabbin’! Shove the fryin’ pan this way, Antwine.”

When they had their fill of fish they enjoyed their loaf by the fire and recounted the day’s doings. Sam and Antoine told of the Indians’ progress in canoe building, Joseph his brief experience of Crusoe life and Uncle Lisha of his visit to his old friend and his alarm at Joseph’s disappearance.

“I didn’t know but them ’ere nigger hunters hed kerried the creatur’ off,” he said, “but I know’d they’d bring him back arter they tried workin’ on him an’ boardin’ on him a spell. But I tell ye I was glad tu find the creatur’ a-hollerin’ to that ol’ Tyler, ’cause I feel kinder ’caountable for his safe-keepin’.”

“I druther hev a deaf man tu talk tu ’an not tu hev nob’dy, if it is strainin’ work,” said Joseph, caressing his throat with a tender touch. “Gol, my throat ’s all furred up.”

“Dat was feeshbone, prob’ly. You’ll a’n’t wan’ heat more hurry as you spoke, Zhozeff.”

After planning how to spend the morrow, which was to be their last day in camp, they turned into their blankets and drowsed into restful sleep to the sound of the crickets’ faint, monotonous complaint and the fleeting whistle of passing wings.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN TENNESSEE.

At Home.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 5.—There is a rumor that when Mr. and Mrs. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, returned from a visit to the Atlanta Exposition, last December, they found a sign on the front door of their home, “Meals at all hours. Lodging 25 cents.” In their absence they had turned over their *menage* to a gentleman guest who had been running the establishment as a sort of wide-open resort for sportsmen, with Mr. Bennett’s relatives, his cook and servants as accessories after the fact. It is said that when Mr. Bennett saw the sign he made no objection of serious nature. “It’s all right about the meals,” he said, “but it seems to me they’ve set a rather low price on the lodging.” After which the lawful heads of the household entered into their own castle, where they experienced difficulty in resuming control, and indeed never did, according to rumor, succeed in breaking up the succession of midnight chafing dish orgies until they had promised to buy their guest his railroad ticket if he would only go home, which at last he reluctantly consented to do.

Such is the quality of the hospitality of the South. When you are told to “make yourself at home” there is something more than Hispaniolian in the invitation. The high quality of this gentle Southern trait—which makes it distinctive and inimitable—is its sincerity and matter-of-factness. With the invasion of this Memphis home I personally had nothing to do, except once in a while, in a quiet and dignified manner, to eat a bite of lobster or something at 12 or 1 o’clock at night; but I heard of the occurrence while at Memphis. Meantime I was again to “make myself at home” with Dr. W. D. Taylor, at Brownsville, some forty miles east of Memphis, where I had spent some delightful days the year previous. Of the way we went quail shooting there I would like to tell, and by the time I am done the telling I shall be ready to ask if it is not plain the South is the delightfulest part of all America. Megrimms, moroseness, melancholy and misanthropy abide not there, and the man who goes South and cannot say he is glad he is alive ought to be dead and buried forty fathoms deep beneath the green earth, and away from the face of the smiling sky.

To begin with, there were the greetings of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor and of the children down to the baby, “Sweet,” a yellow-headed cherub I wouldn’t mind having tied to my desk so I could talk to her once in a while. But my host allowed small time for this in the morning, and intimated we would best be afield. So we began three days of asport which I consider the ideal sport of America when at its best, and which certainly was to be seen here at its very best. We had hunted horseback, had the best of horses, the best of dogs, pleasant weather and plenty of birds in good country. Moreover, the shooting was in the company of men who know what sportsmanlike shooting is, and who shoot as gentlemen should for the sport of it alone, with no rush, nor hurry, nor unseemly greed or emulation. I think I have never seen three days of prettier sport.

The First Day.

Our party on the first day was made up of Dr. Taylor, Dr. T. D. Cooper and Mr. J. E. Chapman, and much to the pleasure of all we were accompanied by Miles Bennett, who handled the dogs and did not shoot. Mr. Bennett trained for a long time with Mr. Tucker, of Stanton, and had lately gone in for himself, and had some dogs in charge for Dr. Taylor and others of that neighborhood. Everyone knows that the sport of quail shooting lies in having a well-broken dog. For Miles Bennett’s success as a handler the pleasure of our shooting was sufficient evidence, and if he always does so well and has so good stock to operate there will be small room left for any objection. One thing I liked especially; Miles Bennett’s dogs were finished retrievers when he got through with them. To me, who am old-fashioned, and do not care to receive my opinions second-hand from the field trial authorities, there is no perfection in a day’s shooting if my dog does not retrieve. This is the one act of all others which fastens the companionship of man and dog afield. A special retriever to follow you around may be a better thing for those who fancy it, but I would not ask for it myself. It does not seem to me that field shooting need be a finely differentiated system, intended to destroy the very last bird and not to let one get away. Suppose your dog does flush a bird or so when he is bringing you the dead, and suppose a few birds do get away. Let ’em go, and God bless ’em. Are you not freed of the marking and hunting of dead, and the scramble after wing tips, and the haunting dread that your dog will nose out a dead bird and then go away and leave it? In the dog which brings you to your game like a gentleman, which is steady when you shoot, and which then enables you to stand quiet and untroubled like a gentleman while your game is brought to you—in that sort of dog you have not only a dog, but a

friend. To my notion Mr. B. Waters, in his work on retrieving, "Fetch and Carry," does as great a service to sportsmanship as is offered in any book of the dog whatever, in that he points out ways to that sort of friendship. But my dog, if I love him, must be no undersized and lathy field trialer, but a big, strong, handsome fellow. Behold! such were our dogs. And no bird went into pocket not handed there by mouth of dog. And there was no scrambling either for shots or for birds. Both dogs and men were under perfect control. Did I not say all was ideal?

Last year our mainstay was old Joe, a son of famous Gladstone Boy; but Joe had now at last yielded to the weight of years, and had been gathered to his father and his father's pedigree before him. But we had Mr. Chapman's Lemon, a fine old fellow, brother to Joe (Gladstone Boy—Lou), now well stricken in years also, but as good and sensible a dog as one ever fired a gun over. And we had The Boy, Dr. Taylor's handsome and high-headed young dog (Gladstone Boy—Echo), a F. F. V. and an all-day goer. This dog was a gift to Dr. Taylor from Dr. G. G. Ware, of Stantor, Tenn., who owned Gladstone Boy. Besides these setters we had Dr. Cooper's pointer Hazel on the first day, and on the second day we had Jack, a son of old Joe, yet another magnificently broken shooting dog. There are few parties ever better equipped even in west Tennessee, and that is saying a great deal. And we had the smoothest, nicest, most enjoyable time anybody ever did have out shooting—unless it was ourselves and friends on the days following. Against my companions no word could be said except that they wanted me to do about all the shooting, and my shooting was for some time of a very patchy sort. We bagged somewhere between twenty-five and thirty birds and then rode home—some six miles—in an air just frosty enough to make the horses feel good.

The Second Day.

On our second day we had a most welcome and desirable addition to our party in the person of Dr. G. G. Ware, who came over from his home on Dr. Taylor's invitation for a day's shoot. Dr. Ware is a fine specimen of manhood, well preserved and vigorous, though the silver of time is coming faintly into his hair and beard. He is said to have been a remarkably fine field shot in his younger days, and this I can well believe, with the amendment that he still is such, as I had reason to know from my day afield with him. Indeed, all the gentlemen of the party were good field shots, the Southern shooter understanding quail above all things. But not one of them would fire a gun that day, leaving all the shooting to be done by the two guests, Dr. Ware and myself. On this day we were Dr. Ware, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Benj. Miles, Mr. Marmaduke Johnson and myself, and again Miles Bennett went along to handle the dogs, which on this day were Jack and The Boy; Dr. Ware thus having the pleasure of seeing two of the descendants of his favorite Gladstone Boy working in the field at the same time, and very handsomely too.

This certainly was shooting at its very best. The day was simply faultless, the dogs were in good shape and everybody was happy. At least everybody was till we got into the shooting, and then I don't see how the others could have been absolutely happy to sit in their saddles and watch us shoot—and sometimes miss. Both the shooters would have been glad to hand over the guns to others for a turn; yet no, ours were the only two guns brought out from town at all, and the others would have it only that we were the actors and they the spectators. So they held our horses for us, and marked our birds, and carried our dead birds, and brought us shells, and handled the dogs for us, and in general treated us as though we were foreign dignitaries come down to buy the country. And Dr. Ware and myself rode and walked and shot ourselves through the loveliest sort of a day. When not actually at work among the birds we rode along with the others across the brown fields and under a blue sky which had no chilling winds. We visited as we hunted, and the whole occasion seemed to me typical of what the higher side of sportsmanship can mean. There never was a pleasanter or more courteous shooting companion than Dr. Ware, and as I stated above, he was a fine shot, and therefore all the better company, for he had no excuses to make. My one difficulty with him was to make him take his turn at the points, and sometimes the only way I could get him to take the shot was to tell him he was afraid to shoot for fear he would miss! Then he would put up the bird and always kill it, much to the pleasure of us all. My recollection is that we bagged thirty-three birds that day, thanks chiefly to Dr. Ware's steady skill alike in open or cover. The birds were big, well fed and strong, and cut out plenty of work, always making for the thickest cover they could find at the first rise. I do not recall just how many beavies we put up, but I should think somewhere near a dozen; so it may be seen the birds were wary.

That evening we hurried in before dusk, for it seemed that Mrs. Taylor had another of her hospitable surprises in store for us. The big Taylor mansion was full of guests, who all sat down to an old-time Southern dinner. In compliment to the Northerner there was a special dish of possum, and it was there I learned that in the South the possum *de luxe* is served whole, with a baked apple in his mouth. And again I had reason to marvel at what corn bread and sweet potatoes—and a hundred other things—can become in the hands of a genuine Southern cook; which latter, in my opinion, occupies a realm of her own in this world, and will have a separate balcony among the select saints in the world to come.

Dr. Ware and Mr. Ben Miles were in fine story-telling fettle that night, and our evening in all was the only possible climax of so enjoyable a day. We talked of many things, and I remember the negro problem came up. To this day I carry in mind a remark I heard Mr. Miles make once when we were speaking of the race problem. "God bless the American negro," said he; "I just love him! What would the South be without him! For my part, I tell my friends that if the negroes are all going to move to Liberia, I'm going too! I am satisfied that life without the negro would be a failure!" The real bearing of this remark would be plainer to those familiar with Southern life and acquainted with the genial personality of Mr. Miles. I am afraid if the latter had to do with our city dorkies he wouldn't want to follow them very far if they were about to be exported.

I should have related that an important guest that evening was Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, whom Dr. Taylor had never met, but whom he had asked to come over with

me. Mr. Divine did not arrive in time to join in the hunt, but, true to his promise, when we got home we found him in the best room in the house talking to Mrs. Taylor, and with a baby on each knee, each of whom was already calling him "Cousin Tom." The remaining features of Mr. Divine's introduction to Dr. Taylor were very simple. There is only one Tom Divine.

The Third Day.

On the following morning, very much to the general regret, Dr. Ware was obliged to return home. Mr. Divine also tried to go back home, but was prevented from doing so. He pleaded that he had brought no gun and no shooting clothes, but every man in Brownsville offered him his whole outfit, so Mr. Divine was soon equipped and we got him into a saddle in spite of his protests about getting back to business. On this day our party was made up of Dr. Taylor, Mr. Divine, Mr. Benjamin Miles, Dr. T. D. Cooper and myself, and yet again Mr. Bennett went with us to handle the dogs. This time we had Jack and Lemon, the latter being thought fit to go again after a day of rest. The old fellow is getting pretty old and stiff, and Mr. Chapman dared not ask too much of him; though he finished the day in elegant shape and showed himself again the grand bird dog. Dogs like Lemon, Jack and Joe may be meat dogs, but they are certainly the kind of dogs I should prefer to own. To shoot over such dogs, perfectly broken and perfectly handled, is the privilege of but few Northern men. To make a bird dog you must have birds, and in the North there are now few places where a dog finds birds enough to learn his trade and keep always at it. I do not hesitate to say that the cream of American sport as well as of American sportsmanship is in the South to-day.

On this day we made rather a late start, and at noon we had just two birds in our bag, having put up only one bevy, I believe. Mr. Divine was handicapped by his strange gun, which did not fit him and which shot too close a pattern for a quail gun; so that, though he is a very fine field shot, he was at some trouble to get the hang of things at first. There was a third gun in the party, but no one would use it, so Mr. Divine and I had to keep on at it. At length we quit being polite with Mr. Divine, and began "roasting" him when he missed, which seemed to agree with him. We got out some singles which had scattered along a little brushy gully, and Mr. Divine killed one of these, an overhead twister, in great shape. At first we all burst out into a great chorus of applause—enough to ruin any bird dog that ever tried to fathom the meaning of a human mind—and all shook hands with Mr. Divine in order. That was the end of his troubles, for he had found out his gun. I think he killed the next ten straight after that, and had no more trouble at all.

We had a great deal of sport that day, and a great deal of fun too. We got into some great bird country, and found birds until Mr. Divine and I fairly begged the others to get down and do some shooting. Late in the evening we got into a great open field of sedge and corn nearly a mile square, as grand a shooting place as ever lay out of doors. Here we soon had a big bevy scattered out in the sedge, and under threats of quitting on the part of the active members the third gun was brought into action, on this basis, that the man missing his second bird must give up the gun and also submit to what is technically known as a "bumping." Miles Bennett had been having all the work and none of the fun for a long time, and we prevailed on him to try a shot or so. He started off in hot style, but in a rise where Mr. Divine killed a double he missed right and left, and this ended his career. He was led to a fence and properly punished. There was hesitation among the others as to who should take the gun, but Mr. Chapman ventured. His reign was brief and inglorious, and not much more could be said for Dr. Cooper, who soon found himself receiving the condign punishment he had been ready to inflict on others. There remained then only Dr. Taylor and Mr. Miles.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Taylor, "I have to introduce to you the best quail shot in Tennessee, commonly known in these parts as Bogardus, on account of his matchless skill in wing shooting." Loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" and "Bogardus! Bogardus!" greeted this, but Mr. Miles was not elated at the reception.

"No, thank you, gentlemen," said he, "I don't care to shoot. Go ahead, go ahead."

"He never killed more than six quail in a whole day in all his life," whispered Dr. Taylor to me. "We'll just have some fun with him." So then he so renewed his flattery of "Bogardus," and the rest of us so joined in, that at length with great reluctance that worthy consented to take the gun. There were no birds located just at that time, but in less than quarter of an hour we marked down a fine bevy in the sedge. At this we heard a suppressed groan from our victim, but he kept a good face upon it, and at length crawled down off his horse to go up to the dogs when they pointed. He made a pretense of forgetting his shells, but we stopped the procession till he got in line, and then the three guns went on up to the dogs. About half the bevy went up at once, and in such shape that each man had fair shots. The best I could claim was a wing-tipped, down far off. Mr. Divine only got one of his two. But "Bogardus!" Well, "Bogardus" got both of his!

We walked on in again, and again we got fair shots all around. I got nothing, Mr. Divine got nothing. But once again "Bogardus" killed his double, and did it in excellent time too. The rest of us looked at each other, and we felt pretty sick, but we didn't say anything. The expression of surprise on Dr. Taylor's face was a study.

"Ah-h-h!" said Bogardus, drawing a long breath, "this reminds me of old times. Now, gentlemen, what say you if we follow the scattered birds into the cover along the gully?"

We meekly consented, feeling that our confidence had been misplaced. In the edge of the thicket a bird got up which I allowed I would kill at a certain point, but before I had begun to shoot "Bogardus" smashed the bird down with a center charge.

"My favorite shot," said he, calmly. "Let us go a little further along the thicket." So we scattered out, and worked along up the narrow cover which lined a flat and marshy little draw. The birds were scattered all through this and we put them up constantly. "Bogardus's" gun kept up its deadly work. He shot at every bird, and if we didn't kill it he did. The joke at length became too funny, and Dr. Taylor called a halt to allow all hands to laugh properly.

"Honor bright now, Ben Miles," said he, "how did

you happen to do it? You know mighty well you never did such shooting in all your life before."

"Blessed if I know," said Mr. Miles, wiping the sweat off his forehead (for he had been working hard). "But I do know that I had it all figured out that if I did miss my first birds I was going to throw down the gun and break for the tall brush in that ravine yonder, and then I don't reckon you'd have seen me any more to-day."

We all had to apologize to Mr. Miles for the joke we intended to play on him, and which he really played on us. It was a long time before he gave us any peace about it afterward. By the time we got done laughing we were tired. By this time we thought we must have killed a good many birds, and, although it was early, we left our scattered birds, called in the dogs and started home.

"I think we've got enough," said Mr. Divine. "I never had a better day's sport in my life." We found we had forty-five birds this time, which surely was a great plenty, and was crowding close enough for me the limit of twenty-five birds a day which I always set on my own gun—not that my gun did half the work, nor Mr. Divine's. It was the deadly weapon of Bogardus that brought up the count so rapidly!

So this is how they go quail shooting in Tennessee. Can one be blamed for growing enthusiastic over it and over the friends who made it possible in such perfection for an alien? Can one be blamed for using the expression I found in a letter from an Eastern man to-day: 'I never was South but once, and I have never wanted to go there again but once—and that was all the time!'

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

Natural History.

STARLING BOXES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to recent articles on the European starling, and especially to the one of Albert W. Schiele in your issue of March 28 on their nest in a hollow branch in Pelham Park, would it not be worth while, in order to induce them to nest, to do as we did, and undoubtedly do now, in Saxony, viz.: to erect nest boxes for them?

These boxes are 6 or 8 in. square, 12 to 15 in. high, made of slabs with the bark side out, built like a shed, with sloping roof, the front of the roof projecting 3 or 4 in. beyond the box to protect the entrance hole, which is 2½ in. in diameter, and bored three-fourths of the height of the box from the bottom, with a 4 in. peg under it for the starlings to light upon. A hollow log of suitable size is used when handy, with the same kind of a roof. These nest boxes are fastened onto a smooth-peeled pole to make it difficult for the cats to climb up, and erected in the trees so that they are just over tops of the leaves.

These nest boxes would be occupied for years in succession by apparently the same pair of starlings, and woe to the intruding sparrow that had taken possession of it while the starlings were absent on their winter migration, for the starling is not afraid of that pest, the sparrow.

There were one or two starling boxes in every orchard in the outskirts of the towns, and the country village orchards were full of them. It was considered a downright sin to kill a starling, and the little speckled black-coats knew it too.

Starlings are great insect eaters, and in their feeding and general actions are the counterpart, except in color, of our American robins, and, like them, they are fond of a cherry or plum or grape, but in consideration of their great value as insect destroyers, some ripe fruit is gladly granted them.

After all, why not foster our native robin? C. G.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 31.—No sooner does the snow disappear and the sun shine warm than a flush of green overspreads the ground, the trees to bud, and the birds to become numerous; so that, in spite of our treacherous weather, we can well believe that

"Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar winter's blooming child, delightful spring,"

has arrived at last.

On a fine, springlike day (March 28) I went for a ramble and a collecting tour through the woods. I found birds very numerous, and was surprised to see insect life begin to appear in the shape of butterflies, bees and flies. Through the air numerous flocks of birds were flying. Among them I could distinguish robins, bluebirds, gold-finches, and what is quite rare in this locality, a flock of cedar waxwings.

On every telegraph line I came to was perched a phoebe merrily repeating its own name in the sunshine. In a certain pine grove I came across I found many fox sparrows and juncos (snowbirds), and was delighted to hear their song. The song of the fox sparrow is, as near as I can make out, similar to that of the Baltimore oriole, and upon hearing it the first time I thought it was of that bird until I found my mistake. We might say that his song is like a wild flower, and if it could fall to the ground and take root it would probably spring forth as hepaticas or something similar. The fox sparrow, which is not only the most handsome of the sparrow family, but also the best singer, has a peculiar habit of scratching in the ground for food, not like a hen, with one foot at a time, but with both at once in a funny little spasm.

To keep the fox sparrow company the junco also sang a little, but his song did not compare with the other. It was simply a chirping and twittering like the chirping sparrow's, but louder and clearer. I have taken particular pains to note the songs of these birds, because it is said that our migrants and winter residents do not sing until they reach their Northern homes. Perhaps it was the fine day that made these birds so far forget themselves as to sing before they ought. To cap the climax, I captured on my way home a fine male specimen of a pine warbler (*Dendroica vigoensis*), which is said to be a very rare migrant in this locality, and it is only on very wild parts of Long Island where it is a rare summer resident. It arrives—if it does at all—about April 10, and its taking so early in the year, I think, is quite unusual. It is a pity that these interesting little specimens cannot find our climate more convenient to spend their summers than the cold, bleak regions of the North. EDWIN I. HAINES.

The Bluebirds' Coming.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this point (latitude 44° 30') the welcome bluebird came on March 31. On April 1 I saw the robin. Will some one please enlighten me with regard to the robins I see in flocks during the coldest months of the winter. In December, January and February I saw flocks of the red-breasts, which in every respect resemble the robin of the spring, unless it is their breasts may not be as brilliant.

Pine grosbeaks and snow buntings have been abundant, and in March large flocks of what I think must be redpolls come for the seeds we scatter for them about the house. We tried the experiment of nailing beef suet to the tree near the house to attract the chickadees, woodpeckers, etc., but on account of the heavy snows of the latter part of March the crows became very tame and came right up to the house and stole it.

I would very much like to know whether the little birds of which I speak are redpolls. The top of the head of each is dark red, backs darkish, breast ashy, and in many the breast is suffused with pink-like blood. Individuals among them are much lighter in plumage than the rest. Who knows?

To-day I saw a flock of a kind of grackle, or blackbird. They are not as large as the crow blackbird, but have the same note, viz., *Ora-heel ora-heel* and they differed from familiar grackle in being white at the bend of the wing, and I thought once I caught a glimpse of red too, but the white was very decided. They kept in compact flocks. Will not some correspondent tell us the proper names of the birds described? The redpolls are about 5 in. long and the grackle 7 in. C. D. B.

WESTFIELD, Mass., April 2.—I would like to hear something more about the bluebirds. Last year during the whole season I saw about thirty-five of our "bluejackets." This year I have already seen a score of times that number—in fact, nearly as many as usual. A. S. R.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 3.—Seeing that so great interest is being taken in regard to the bluebirds, I want to add my mite. I saw my first pair this year to-day, and although it was cold and squally they seemed to be in the best condition. G. C.

Wild Pigeons in Massachusetts.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week ago I wrote you a line saying I had just seen the first bluebirds since 1894. I to-day saw what I have seen but once for fifteen years—I have seen a flock of wild pigeons. I stopped at an old house to get shelter from a smart shower and heard the old familiar prate of the pigeon, which used to be so plenty. As soon as it slackened up a bit I went to look them up and found a little bunch of seven in some hemlock trees. They were not at all afraid, and I walked directly under them and was near enough to see that five were females and two old red-breasted cocks. The brakeman on the branch road in this town said he also saw quite a flock in some pine trees near the road to-day. H. C. NEWELL.

Red Pine Squirrel in Southern Indiana.

THORNTON, Ind.—Seeing in almost every number of your grand old paper something in regard to freaks in animals and birds in their migratory movements, reminds me that on last Christmas Day—Dec. 25, 1895—there was brought to me by a farmer a red or Northern pine squirrel, the first and only one ever known to have been seen in this part of the country or nearer than a point eighty miles north of this. The person who killed the squirrel had no idea what kind it was and many were the suggestions offered by those who saw the specimen, many thinking it a cross of the fox and gray squirrel, and various other combinations. The quail and rabbit crop has been very short here the past season. C. E. TRIBBETT.

Big-Horn Head Imbedded in a Tree.

BOZEMAN, Mont., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you photos of a big-horn head imbedded in a large green, quaking asp tree, found on Porcupine Creek—tributary of upper West Gallatin River—Gallatin county, Mont. The tree was near a rocky ledge or wall. As you will notice on the photo, the skull is completely imbedded. One horn slipped off the bone while it was being packed out of the mountains, the other horn is perfect. How did this big-horn head get imbedded in the quaking asp tree? Probably some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can solve this question. AUG. GOTTSCHALOK.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, April 14 and 28, at 8 o'clock. April 14—J. A. Allen, "Remarks on a Fish-eating Rodent from Peru." April 28—R. L. Ditmars, "The Sea Snakes (Hydrophidæ)." WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is reported that Col. Buffalo Bill Cody has at his ranch in Nebraska a carload of buffalo which will not go with the show, but will be kept there for breeding purposes.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

THE New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has indorsed the Malby bills prohibiting hounding and jacking, in the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests approve of the Malby bills prohibiting the hounding and jacking of deer, and are satisfied that unless the Legislature takes immediate action against the cruel and inhuman slaughter, there will be no deer left in a few years to be hunted. Statistics at hand show that during the year 1895 5,000 deer were killed in the Adirondack region.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CLUBMEN AT HOME.

In the area of a score of miles on the North Carolina coast where Currituck Sound is separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land, there are more sporting club houses than in any one other spot on earth. Most of the resorts are not only handsome structures outwardly, but inwardly are the very abode of luxury.

There are five great sounds which run parallel to the ocean and were at one time a part of the Atlantic, but a sandy bar was thrown up for nearly a hundred miles that varies from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles in breadth. In this long stretch of water, running from Virginia Beach to Cape Henry, the ocean only succeeds in two places in forcing its way through the sandy barrier, one at Roanoke Inlet and the other ten miles south at New Inlet.

This makes the waters of the southern sounds of Albemarle, Roanoke and Pamlico brackish during the heavy rains and salt in the droughts. The northern sound is Currituck and here the water is fresh, and that delicate marine plant, the wild celery, grows in its greatest profusion. This plant is the favorite food of that king of waterfowl, the canvasback, and his cousin, the redhead. In their autumn migrations from the regions of the far north, vast flocks of wild ducks following the trend of the Atlantic coast stop at Currituck Sound and spend the fall and winter months in what is probably the finest feeding ground on the North American continent. The vast profusion of wildfowl which annually crowd this section is almost incredible. Every foot of marsh, point and island in Currituck is owned by sporting syndicates, amateur or professional gunners, and the price of some of these choice spots prove them as valuable as town lots.

All the clubs are close corporations, the number is limited and it is exceedingly difficult to obtain admittance.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP HORNS IMBEDDED IN A TREE.

A sportsman may have to wait years before his time comes, and then a single black ball will reject him. The sporting members of these clubs are like the office-holders, "few die and none resign." It is related of a New Yorker that he waited ten years before there was a vacancy in a certain well-known club, and during his first visit to Currituck his gun went off prematurely and crippled two of his friends for life. On the mantel of the Culane Club house is a placard announcing that the period of probation shall be ninety-nine years.

Currituck Sound is a trifle over fifty miles long and varies in width from three to ten miles, in depth it is from 1 to 5 ft. It is interspersed with islands, sandbanks and marshes, which are covered with coarse grass and reeds. Any part of land that runs sheer into the open water is called a point, and here the blinds are built and decoys placed.

The slaughter of wildfowl by every species of weapon by day and by night bade fair to exterminate the game, and the Legislature passed stringent protective laws. If they were observed the game supply would be kept up indefinitely. Under the enactment there are two rest days in every week. Outside of the marshes and inside the sounds the shooting is free to the natives, but only battery shooting is allowed. All big guns, sneak boats and rifles are tabooed. Only the natives who gun for the market use the battery.

The rougher the weather the better the shooting. In calm days the fowl do not fly; they congregate and feed and are so wary it is impossible to approach them. The occupant of the blind can smoke and read his novel without any fear of interruption. When a driving wind is blowing then the club man's hopes are high. It means a day of hardships, for it is intensely cold sitting in these exposed blinds despite the warm raiment worn. Most of the sportsman's attire consists of two pair of underclothing, corduroy pants, India rubber boots coming to the thigh, cardigan jacket, hunting coat and another over that. Every club has its tame decoys and water dogs. These latter generally consist of mongrels crossed with Chesapeake Bay dogs. The finest retrievers I ever saw was this cross with the Irish setter. These dogs soon learn their business and become perfectly trained, and enjoy the sport as well as their masters. They crouch at the gunner's feet until the gun is fired, then rise on their hindlegs and glance over the blind, then dash first after the cripples, and will follow them everywhere. They seem impervious to cold and will doze tranquilly after their rush in the water, though their hair is frozen solid.

The kind of shooting varies in the sound. Some of the

club preserves are famous for being the haunt of the canvasback. A noted place for this sport is the Ragged Islands on Back Bay adjoining Currituck; from fifty to seventy-five a day have been killed. This club was formed by Norfolk, Va., sportsmen two or three years ago, but a Northern syndicate now controls it.

The oldest and a "three-tailed bashaw" among the clubs is the "Currituck." James Watson Webb, of New York, and his confreres are the members. The house is built on a sand dune a couple of hundred yards from the ocean beach. The interior arrangements of the club are more like a modern hotel. The membership is limited to twenty-five and each has his private apartment, his locker, guide, boat and dog. The sitting room has a good miscellaneous library; a vast fireplace, capable of holding a quarter of a cord of wood, is one of the attractions. One can imagine what a comfort this roaring crackling flame must be on a wild, stormy night, when the storm king has marshalled his forces and Boreas as advance guard is sweeping across the ocean and storming across the sound.

The club owns several thousand acres of marsh, islands and estuaries, and for common duck it is the best in Currituck. The canvasback and redhead are rarely seen in the marshes. These species feed in the open sound on the roots of the wild celery, which only the canvasback are strong enough to pull up. The other varieties of wildfowl, such as the shoveller, black duck, pintail and mallard, are found in marshes which consist of stretches—sometimes of vast area, interspersed with ponds—through which streams of sluggish water cross and recross each other. The ground in fine weather is generally firm and is used for grazing cattle, but is covered with such a tangle of vines, grass and reeds as to make walking impossible. In the dusk of evening all the wildfowl wing their way to these sheltered ponds, where they pass the night, and return to their favorite haunts before the break of day. Anyone paddling up these creeks in the night can hear all around him the whistling of wings and splashing of the water as these birds disturbed in their slumbers fly a few yards and then settle down again.

It is here that the pot-hunters get in their work, and they have done more to drive the game away than all other agencies combined. It is a well-known fact that no matter how persistently wildfowl are hunted in the day, if the feeding grounds are good they will remain in the same locality all the season, only getting more wary and timid; but if they are fired upon in the night, they will rise high in the air and leave the section for good and all.

The poachers steal up in a sneakboat in the night with a swivel gun, some 10 ft. long, loaded with ½ lb. of powder and some 20 oz. of shot, and slaughter the ducks by the hundreds. If they are closely pressed they throw the guns overboard, first taking the precaution to tie a cork or a piece of marked wood to identify the spot. Thus it is almost impossible to take them red-handed. Then, again, they build great fires on the edge of the estuaries and fire into the ricks of bewildered waterfowl. This night shooting is carried on regularly, despite every precaution, and if a club man has no luck and wants to carry home a string of ducks, some of the guides can always supply him—from a friend, of course.

Many club men prefer marsh shooting to blind shooting. It is infinitely more comfortable, for the cutting winds which come sweeping across the ocean are stayed by the high grass. In fact, there is no real hardship in sitting by decoys in a snug grass blind; though the wind may be blowing a hurricane outside, nothing but an occasional gust reaches the sportsman, who can smoke his pipe in peace without having the bowl emptied by furious blasts.

It is here that the club man uses live decoys, which are common mallard and barnyard ducks. These birds are kept in an inclosure half in and half out of the water, and when anchored a leather loop is attached to one leg, to which is fastened a stout twine with a pound weight at the other end. This is lowered gently into the water and the decoy is soon diving after his feed. They will hear the calls of the wild duck when inaudible to the gunners. These birds seem to delight in luring their wild brethren to the death, and so well trained are they that often when returning to the club house after a day's shoot I would not take the trouble to place them in the coop, but would merely unfasten the gyves and they would swim contentedly alongside the boat, gabbling and quacking as noisy as a gang of children released from school.

The Lighthouse Club is another old organization, which dates back to the antebellum days. All the old members have passed away. It is composed of Boston and New York men, elderly, portly and fond of good living as well as fine shooting. The building is like a huge barn, and a lofty mountain of sand threatens in the near future to bury it out of sight. Mr. Brumsley, keeper of the club, tells me that the shooting has fallen off of late years because of the persistent killing of the game by lawless market gunners, but this tale is duplicated by every keeper on the coast.

In looking over the record book of this club I find that eighty redheads was the largest scored for one day's shooting.

Probably the most exclusive sporting club in America is the Pamunky, named after that tribe of Indians. It is on an island of some four or five acres sitting out in the middle of the sound. To an antiquary this spot would be full of interest, for it is of artificial formation, and is composed entirely of oyster shells. As these bivalves do not grow in the immediate vicinity, they must have been brought in canoes, and the spot must have been chosen for festivals and pow-wows. This little island, resting like a jewel in the waters of Currituck, is as lovely a spot as ever nature formed or poet dreamed. The whole area is covered with a mass of tropical vegetation, and there are many big trees of distorted appearance, whose gnarled and rough limbs give evidence of great age.

The house is a low, flat, old-fashioned affair, in keeping with the surroundings. Four members constitute the club. This property is valued at \$100,000, the shares are

* To this club I had the honor of conducting ex-President Harrison in the spring of 1892. It was an instance of the pure democracy of the American republic. Here was the head of the Government leaving his home, accompanied only by a colored valet, visiting a club the members of which were politically opposed to him, and throwing the cares and restraints of his office behind him, mingling on terms of perfect comradeship with the clubmen—who treated him exactly as one of themselves, neither better nor worse. The ex-President is an ardent sportsman; he used to be at his blind before the dawn of day, and would remain there by himself until too dark to see the ducks, and there was no better wing shot in the club than he.

\$25,000 apiece and one could not be purchased for twice that amount. The president of the Pamunky is the head of a well-known New York railroad, and his three sporting associates are all multi-millionaires. During the past five years only one of them has visited the club, but the establishment is kept in perfect order all the same.

On a great wide stretch of barren sand near the ocean there stands a most interesting ruin. I was formerly a large and well-equipped club house. A half a century ago it was the finest place for sport on this continent. A great lake was near the house and it was the favorite resort of legions of wildfowl.

Tradition has handed down the record of some of the bags made here, and with the antiquated flint and percussion lock five hundred ducks a day were often made by a single gun. But the great mounds of sand moved toward the lake and every wind helped to fill up this game reservoir, until nothing but an acre or so of marshy ground was left to mark the site. The house, abandoned, has yielded to the crumbling touch of time. From its very inaccessibility it has not been disturbed. Rafter, brace, beam and girder remain just as they have fallen. Inside old chairs and bedsteads moulder untouched. I started to go up stairs, but the first step gave way and there was such an ominous creaking and rumbling that I was glad to get out without the whole structure tumbling about my ears.

The largest club house is the Narrow Island. It looks like an old-fashioned Virginia tavern. There is an island of about an acre which rises out of low, boggy marsh, and upon this the building rests. A wide stream runs close to the front door, where the boat house, wharf and craft are easy of access.

The interior is finely furnished. There is a billiard room and attached is a large sitting room, with lounges around the sides of the walls, where the members can slumber without taking the trouble to go to their own bedrooms. There are forty-one members in this club and all are ardent sportsmen, and the club is well filled from the opening to the closing of the season. Most of the members are from New York city. Sixty ducks was the largest bag made by an individual member last winter.

There is a club called Swan Island which is famous for the larger species of waterfowl. It has miles of sea meadows and the Canada goose and swan use these preserves as their resting and sleeping places, coming and going as regularly as the tame ducks to their home in the barnyard or cow-pen. In the night these geese and swan, who are as intimate as owls and prairie dogs, post their sentries and it is impossible to get near them. In the day they take flight at the sight of a man a half a mile away. I have often crawled behind the sand dunes and watched the birds by the aid of a powerful glass. On a fine sunny day they will sit for hours preening themselves.

Of all the birds that fly the Canada goose and the swan are the shyest, wariest and scarcest. After a little shooting they will not come anywhere near the decoys, and the only way to hunt them is with captured live ones, and toward the end of the season even these fail, and stray swan and geese will not approach anything but large flocks of their kind.

To get the finest wild goose shooting one must go some thirty miles south to Roanoke Island. It is among the low, flat sand wastes interspersed with ponds that these waterfowl frequent, and vast quantities are killed there. A club has just been organized, with Mr. H. A. Weeks, of New York, as president. A new club house has been built, and they have made a decided innovation in club life, for the members bring the lady members of their families with them, and thus lighten the monotony of many days when hunting is out of the question.

There are many other clubs, good, bad and indifferent, and there is the poor man's club. The club house is generally built on piles in the marsh which he owns. This club always consists of two, one stays in and cooks while the other hunts. Like the Irishman's shanty, this club house consists of

"Parlor, bedroom and hall,
And their locker is three pegs on the wall."

The establishment is warmed and lighted by a small stove and a kerosene lamp. But these men know how to handle a gun, and they kill ten ducks to the club man's one. There is a wide difference in shooting for sport and killing for a living.

Attached to the ceiling of every club sitting room is a metal disk like the face of a clock, only it has marked upon its surface the points of the compass. The weather-cock at the top of the house is attached to the hand of this weather gauge and gives the direction of the wind. This is all important, for it means a good day's sport or failure. If it is calm and still many club men will not take the trouble to rise early, but if there is a brisk nor-wester or southeaster blowing every man is awakened at 8 o'clock in the morning by a guide who flourishes a lantern in his face. Down stairs the stoves are red hot and the breakfast is eaten in silence.

The guides bustle about and soon the club man is sitting in the boat shaking with cold despite his many wraps. If his post is in the marsh he is soon comfortable; if, on the contrary, his station is an open blind in the sound, he sits in his boat and shivers the long day through. The sound is studded with brush blinds a few hundred yards apart. I counted nineteen from my post, and there was not much shooting after the sun rose in that special locality.

Even during good days big bags are the exception, not the rule, from thirty to fifty being the average to a crack shot. Many club men have told me that each duck they killed cost them \$5, and that can be readily understood when it is known that during fine weather there is practically little shooting; besides, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Sundays are close or rest days, when shooting is forbidden by law.

A long-continued stretch of fine weather sends most of the members home. A couple of weeks' enforced inaction is very tiresome, and the scenery is not very enlivening. Sunny, calm days may suit the pot-hunter, who lives in his battery while his partner paddles around and stirs up the lazy wildfowl, but to the club man it means dawdling and loafing, without any of the city accompaniments. The mails are very irregular and the papers several days old when they reach Currituck.

While most of the clubmen are moderate shots, some of the guests they bring with them should, for the sake of common humanity, never be allowed to get behind the big end of a gun. Every club house guide has his tale to

tell of wild firing, accidental discharges and narrow escapes. One of the visitors, who, like Mr. Winkle, wanted to be thought a sportsman, came to a certain club in Currituck a few years ago and made the champion shot on record. He was sent to the marsh in charge of an inexperienced guide, who put him in a blind on the side of a stream some 60 yds. wide. Having placed a lot of wooden decoys and a half dozen live decoys in position, the guide thought he would go across to the other side and take a nap. When he reached the opposite shore he found that the Chesapeake retriever had followed him, but he knew the dog would return when he saw the game; so he hid his boat in the reeds, and as he was standing on the shore he saw a flock of mallards heading toward the decoys. He crouched on the bank and watched the scene. The dog saw the wildfowl also, and springing into the water swam silently toward the blind. In the meantime the foremost of the flock alighted in the midst of the decoys, but the rest growing alarmed rose in the air and vanished.

It is a common thing for the marsh wildfowl to mingle with the tame decoys, but it is the sporting law to rise and make the birds take wing and let them have it before they have gotten headway. But this individual had the buck fever—was evidently crazy with excitement—he knew enough to point his gun in the right direction and pull the trigger. The result was a yell from the man, a howl from the dog and the frenzied quacking and splashing of the decoys. If there was a madder individual in Currituck that day than the one who paddled across the stream tradition has never handed down his name. A pellet of shot had hit him in the ear and brought blood. The dog lost an eye and was gunshy for a long time afterward. Four tame decoys would never more lure their brethren to an untimely death and two more were crippled. As for the wild ones, not a feather had been touched, and as they started on their journey to the North Pole they must have quacked in joyous gladness over the result of that shot. The guest returned home the next day, and as long as he lives he will be asked by his sporting friends how he likes duck shooting.

The shooting grounds of Currituck are very inaccessible, and it requires several days to reach them. It is this unapproachability which serves to keep up the game supply. There will soon be a railroad running to that section, opening it to the outside world. When this is done the shooting at Currituck will be but a memory.

There are many other clubs, prominent among which are the Palmer Island, Duck Island, Martin Point, Midgett, Van Slycks, Marlin Points, the Inlet, Jupiter Point and half a hundred others.

ORIGIN OF THE GRASS SUIT.

GENESEO, Illinois.—It was just two days before Thanksgiving when an excited individual was seen running through the streets of Geneseo, coatless and hatless, shouting "Ducks! ducks! see the ducks!" and the multitude, myself among them, turned their eyes heavenward, and there sure enough, through the steely glint of the November morning, wheeled a flock of perhaps fifty mallards. Time was, and not so very long before, when a dozen such flocks might have been seen any November morning passing over Geneseo; but that was in olden time, before the advent of the new sportsman, who does such yeoman service in trying to keep the other fellow from killing the birds.

For a time business was at a standstill, and the excited populace stood on the street corners in groups watching the ducks fade in the distance and listening to reminiscences of similar events.

The man who kept a record was in his glory, and told to listeners how it was three years coming March since the last flock was sighted; and only five years since a flock of geese was seen on their way to the sunny South.

I listened to this unwritten history with as much interest as any one, until, like an electric shock, it suddenly flashed upon me that perhaps those ducks had stopped to rest in Flag Pond slough, and were even then disporting themselves in its cooling waters.

No sooner did the thought occur to me than I began to fear lest it should occur to others, and as speedily as possible I drifted out of the crowd and made my way homeward. Once there I was soon arrayed in a hunting suit that had been worn but once before, and that only down in Smith's pasture to make me look sporty as I worried mud pies. The rest of my equipment consisted of a Parker 12-gauge and a dozen target shells.

As I hurry along the country lanes and through fields and pastures, crawling under a barbed wire fence and climbing over a board one, expecting to hear the familiar "Hi there now, get out of that; don't 'low no huntin' here" from the farmer, I recall how twenty-five years ago I spent an afternoon at this same Flag Pond, and how my old muzzleloader became so foul from excessive use that in loading the ramrod stuck in the barrel, and I had to retire with a disabled battery while the birds were coming in from every direction and dropping into the water under my very nose. The Flag Pond is about three miles from Geneseo and across Green River.

As I crossed the wide bottom approaching the river, I was startled to see a man with a gun making toward the foot-log that crosses the stream. The cold sweat started as I realized that he was at least a quarter of a mile nearer the goal than I was, but my distress was soon relieved when I discovered his gun to be an axe and himself to be a farmer looking after his pasture fences.

Crossing the river I made my way to the border of the timbered lands that line the stream.

The slough is some 200 yds. from the wood, and as I stood beneath the branches of a spreading elm, looking toward it, a great marsh hawk came sailing toward me. I was concealed from the hawk, but could trace his flight through the interlacing branches. As he passed over I held just ahead, and drew my gun along till an opening presented and pulled the trigger. The hawk comes chattering down with a broken wing and I turned and looked toward the pond just in time to see those fifty mallards rise above the grass and sail away to the north.

Instinctively I sink to the earth, feeling faint and sick as I see them fading to a mere speck. But, hold! they have changed their course and go east. Bemoaning the unlucky shot by which I have lost the chance of a lifetime, I watch the ducks. Again they change their course and for a time I was unable to tell whether they were coming back or going directly away; I was still in doubt when they drifted out of sight behind a grove. I watched

for their reappearance, and had about given up ever seeing them again when they suddenly came into sight only a couple of hundred yards away, headed for the pond and with wings set.

Down they came in a bunch to within a few feet of the surface of the pond, dropping their red legs and spreading their palmated feet as if to break the force of their contact with the water. Hovering for an instant they suddenly shot upward again, scattering as they rise, as if they had discovered an enemy and were off for good.

They soon returned, however, and went through the same maneuver again and again, each time hovering as if about to alight, only to wheel away again. About the fourth time they returned a few did alight, while the rest circled away as before. At each return a few dropped into the water till all were down except one old drake, who was still unsatisfied; and then the way that old fellow circled, hovered, towered and circled again was enough to turn an impatient hunter gray. All things have an end though, and so did this old fellow's investigations, and after about the four hundredth circle he too alighted, satisfied that there was no further danger.

Now was my time for action. Stooping as low as I could, I hurried toward the pond. When within 100 yds. I was compelled to get down on my hands and knees and creep, for here the ground sloped toward the water and the grass was not long enough to hide me. Going with all the speed possible, with due observance of caution, I was soon at the edge of the grass and had a view of the entire pond.

Cautiously looking about, I soon located the birds in the extreme east end and some distance to my right.

There was nothing now to cover my advance but a thick growth of Spanish needles that did not exceed 8 in. in height. Half-way between me and the water's edge was a solitary cluster of weeds, just large enough to cover me if kept in line between me and the ducks. I must now lie perfectly flat and worm myself along inch by inch. Before I had made my way 10 yds. I was one solid mat of Spanish needles. This aided me in my designs; for had the ducks discovered me, they must have given me a close inspection indeed to have suspicioned danger in anything so closely resembling a bundle of hay.

Arrived at the bunch of tall weeds, I take a look at the enemy. I am in no danger of being discovered now, and am at ease to admire—that is, as near at ease as any one could be with that bristling mass of Spanish needles grinding away at him.

There they are massed along the shore, preening themselves in the sun and talking to each other in satisfied little quacks. But alas for my hopes, they are still too far away for 38grs. of Schultze powder and No. 7 shot.

I must get still nearer. Twenty yards ahead was another bunch of weed. By lying perfectly flat, the top of my back would just about line with them and the ducks. Down I went, literally sinking myself into the ground, and plowed my way along. How enticing that wriggling mass of green and white did look, and Thanksgiving only two days away.

Between me and the coveted position was a barbed wire fence, the lower wire of which was only about 10 in. high. But such consummate skill have I acquired in the art of flattening that I passed under without even touching. At last I gained the point of vantage and took another look. Oh, but they were beauties! Lying flat as I was upon my stomach, I could not raise the muzzle of my gun quite high enough to clear the grass, and made up my mind to twist round with my feet toward the ducks, rise suddenly to a sitting posture, empty one barrel into their serried columns as they sat in "true sportsman style," and then get what I could with the second barrel as they rise. I calculated that a shot well placed in the center of the mass would net ten, and say I got two more with the second, that would be twelve. What a display I could make when I got back to town.

Quick as I was the ducks were quicker, and ere I could rise and get my gun leveled they were up and off, scattering as they went, and the best I could do was to pick out a fine drake with either barrel; this I did successfully, dropping one in the edge of the water and one a couple of yards up on the other shore.

I was greatly chagrined at my failure, and about to throw the ducks I had back into the pond, when I discovered another gunner approaching. This proved to be Mr. Frank Lawrence, who then lived in Geneseo. Frank had been struck with the same idea that had animated me, but having a long distance to go for his gun, had come in second best.

On the way home Frank felt very "blue" and I correspondingly elated. But the greater benefits of the trip accrued to him in the end, for from my array of Spanish needles he got the idea of his famous "grass suits."

E. P. JAKUES.

CAPERCAILZIE AND BLACK GAME.

PORTLAND, Me., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The readers of your interesting paper have been kept well informed upon the natural history of the capercailzie and black game, as well as upon the various attempts to introduce these noble birds to the American continent. Indeed no newspaper in the United States has given its readers so much information upon these birds, or has so warmly advocated their acclimatization among us, as the FOREST AND STREAM.

It is still fresh in mind, I am sure, that four capercailzie and seven black game were recently imported from Sweden, and on Feb. 29 last were set at liberty in the woods of Maine at the Swedish settlement of New Sweden.

Very many of your readers, besides myself, have no doubt been waiting with interest for some tidings from our new feathered guests. Are they still alive? Were they not so weakened by their long winter voyage over the ocean that they have succumbed to the cold and snows of this most blustering month of March? Have they not fallen a prey to the unaccustomed dangers of their new environment? Such questions have naturally suggested themselves.

It is therefore with feelings of great satisfaction, which I know many others will share, that I have to-day received information that both species of our new grouse are still alive and well. The information comes from Mr. Oak, one of the Game Commissioners of Maine, who resides only eight miles from New Sweden, who writes: "I have been making frequent inquiries about the birds to learn their prospects, and find that they are alive and well and apparently doing as finely as though natives.

The Swedes are very enthusiastic over the prospects. They are very much interested and say now that there is no doubt of the success of the enterprise. They have seen the birds a number of times and are exercising the closest police surveillance that they may not be destroyed. The birds have been seen 'budding' on the trees, apparently as contented and strong as though raised on the soil where located."

There would seem to be no reason why these valuable grouse, having survived their voyage over the ocean and their first month—the hard month of March—in the Maine woods, should not continue to thrive and to breed and multiply. They will be heard from often during the breeding season. In the early dawn of the bright spring mornings, the cocks of both species, perched on some lofty pine or birch of the forest, call the dames of their harem around them with a beautiful, oft-repeated love song. Indeed, the black game pours forth his liquid flute-like trills with a beauty and melody that would cause Melba herself to blush with envy.

Having myself enjoyed rare sport with both the capercaillie and black game in the woods of old Sweden more than thirty years ago, and having ever since advocated their introduction into America, I need hardly assure you, Mr. Editor, that it is a delight to me to know that these game Swedish birds are to-day happy and contented denizens of the forest of my native State, at the very spot where twenty-five years ago I founded a prosperous colony of the stalwart sons and the fair-haired daughters of old Sweden.

WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.

MORE NOTIONS ABOUT IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent communication to this paper I compared that method of deer hunting which is known as "shining" with that manner of hunting moose which is known as "calling," fairly showing that the two are strongly analogous when the hunter depends upon the assistance of a professional guide to insure success. Inasmuch as "shining" is under the ban of the law in some States, and is not considered "good form" by those who are inclined to take high ground in such matters, I ventured to question the legitimacy of moose calling—an analogous sport—as a method of hunting to be adopted by those who consider themselves true sportsmen.

It may be set down as an axiom that any mode of hunting which gives to the hunter the maximum chance for success and to the game hunted the minimum chance for escape cannot be *habitually*—note the italics—used by true sportsmen. "Sure thing" methods are characteristic of the pot-hunter.

Calling being the most sure and deadly mode of hunting the moose, it follows that it must be classed with potting ducks upon the water, killing sitting grouse that have been treed and held there by a barking dog, "shining" deer and dogging deer, unless extenuating circumstances and conditions can be found to warrant it.

The "Snap Shots" man—presumably none other than the editor himself—argues, in effect, that the end justifies the means. Admitting that there is a more sportsmanlike way of hunting moose, he says that the amateur hunter cannot be expected to expend the time, labor and money necessary to learn that better way; that the layman, without professional assistance, has little chance of securing a head to exhibit to his friends and "yarn" about; that he goes out for game, and that it is far more satisfactory to hire a guide and through his efforts kill a moose than it is to go it alone, get nothing and feel himself a real good, virtuous, high-toned sportsman!

All of which is very human.

And very plausible.

The great majority of moose hunters will say amen to it, no doubt. So will the deer "shiner" and the deer dogger. They too go out to get game. And the pot-hunter goes out for meat. He too will agree that the end justifies the means.

I know of but one reason why the moose hunter should be permitted more latitude than the hunter of deer, which is that moose are more scarce than deer and their habitat more limited.

And yet it might, perhaps, be fairly argued that the scarcer any species of game is the more punctilious the hunter should be in his mode of pursuing it.

Deer hunting is an expensive pastime too, expensive even for those who live close to deer-inhabited districts. That it requires no mean skill to kill a deer by still-hunting I can myself testify.

I have been out more or less for five seasons, and have yet to feel the thrill of joy which—so I am told—runs through one when viewing his first deer. Had I been an expert rifle shot, which I am not, I might possibly have killed just three does, but unfortunately I shot first and "blasted" afterward—never had a standing shot—and always found the deer, like the boy's rabbits, "too short." During two seasons I never even saw the flint of a white tail, and that too in a country where deer were fairly plenty.

My experience is that of many resident hunters, probably that of the great majority of still-hunters the country over.

Having by now created the impression, probably, that I am a very æsthetic article as a sportsman, a sort of Chevalier Bayard as a hunter, I shall promptly descend from my high horse and admit that I am nothing of the kind.

I questioned the legitimacy of calling as a mode of hunting moose simply out of curiosity to know how the craft looked upon it. In this last dissertation I have attempted to show by analytical reasoning the possible objections to it which might be set forth by a hunting purist or by a deer "shiner" in defense of the position that he is entitled to as much latitude in his sport as the moose hunter is in his. This not because I have the slightest objection to it myself, but—well, say that I have done it to be contrary, if you please, to take the other side against ye editor, or whoever the "Snap Shots" man may be.

As a matter of fact, I believe with Kelpie that circumstances are an important factor in determining what is true sportsmanship and what not.

If a man goes afield armed with a modern double-barreled breechloader which he has learned to use with skill, either from practice on game or at the traps, and shoots a sitting bird which his dog has pointed, I take it that he is little better than a pot-hunter.

So, also, if he takes a pot shot at a flock of ducks on

the water. The only possible excuse for such acts would be perhaps the near approach of night and a still empty bag upon his shoulder. To get game is the primary object of every hunter, and few there be with the moral courage to resist toward night—after a day of hard luck—the temptation to make a shot which will surely put something in the bag, be it sportsmanlike or not.

Poor arms and lack of skill in their use certainly excuse many things which would otherwise be highly discreditable. Take the case of some poor country lad, for instance, who, having completed his afternoon's "stent," gets out an old-fashioned muzzleloading single gun which he loads with cheap black powder, newspaper or hornets' nest wadding—the latter considered best by country youths—and too much coarse shot by one-half, and then starts for the wood lot on a run, for the sun is already sinking low in the western sky. Gaining its cover, he steals cautiously along some old wood road, his bare, brown feet making no noise among the crisp autumn leaves that strew the way, his bright eye ever on the alert for "partridge" or rabbit or, perchance, a prowling fox. Mayhaps he sees a ruffed grouse sitting upon a log before she has become aware of his presence.

Distrusting the powers of the old gun, which he knows full well scatters "all over creation" and is likely to have a blank space in its pattern as big as a peck measure, he creeps along until he judges that he is near enough, or until the wary bird sees or hears him, and with outspread tail and ruff erect utters the quill! quill! quill!—which is the signal for her flight—when he gets a rest if he can, sights as long as he can, and lets drive. If, when he has picked himself up and the smoke has cleared away, the boy sees the bird kicking upon the ground, how he whoops with delight as he rushes forward to pick her up, smooth her ruffed feathers and admire her barred tail! If there has been a hole in the pattern, he "darns the dumbled ole gun," loads up again and hunts up another bird.

It would be absurd to say that the boy has done something unsportsmanlike. He knows no better. His equipment fits him for nothing better. If a barn could fly he could not hit it, and would not dream of trying. He might pot ducks, without reproach attaching to the act.

If the trout positively refuse the artificial fly, I do not think that I demean myself as a sportsman by trying them with bait. But I never use bait if they will rise to the fly at all.

To return to moose calling: if the hunter can stay in the woods but a very few days, I think that he would be amply justified in using the mode of hunting most likely to give him a moose. If he can stay two or three weeks, then he should try still-hunting until he sees his visit drawing to a close and no moose yet in camp.

F. A. MITCHELL.

MANISTEE, Mich., Feb. 27.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Plegan Delegation.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 2.—It may interest readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that the party of Blackfoot Indians who had the Camp of the Red Hunter in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Sportsmen's Exposition last week have brought their journeyings so far West as Chicago on the way toward home, and on last Saturday evening left for Blackfoot, Mont., via the Wisconsin Central road to St. Paul, and thence over the Great Northern. All were in fair health, and Natoye, the baby, was about over her civilized croup. At Washington the entire party shook hands with the Great Father, visited the National Zoological Gardens and were photographed at the Ethnological Department. They saw the vaults of the U. S. Treasury, and an attendant explained what heaps of money were stacked up there, though he could not make the Indian mind understand what \$1,000,000 means. Bear Chief pondered for about an hour after leaving the Treasury vaults, and then said, "I cannot understand these things. I have seen with my own eyes that the Great Father has houses full of money, yet when his men come to sit in council with us and talk of buying our land, they always tell us the Great Father is very poor!" One hopes that this level-headed Indian man may carry home other and less puzzling lines of reflection from his visit East. At Chicago the party bought about half a carload of household goods of Montgomery Ward & Co., and about the last word from Bear Chief was the practical request that after a while the FOREST AND STREAM would act as his agent here at Chicago, when he sent in his money, and get for him a good wagon with two seats, not a very heavy wagon, but one with thick tires, which the rocks would not wear out so soon. From *travois* to wagon would seem a long step, yet as FOREST AND STREAM showed to thousands, it has occurred in the lives of these people, and they are trying to make the most of it. At Chicago, as at New York, they made friends by the score, and I imagine that many readers of FOREST AND STREAM in this city will follow them with interest even after they have reached their home at the edge of the big mountains of the North.

Elk in Michigan.

A few weeks ago I chronicled the statement of Mr. F. H. Lord, of this city, in regard to his killing elk in Michigan South Peninsula about thirty years ago, when he was a boy, remarking that this was the last actual news of an eye-witness of the killing of this animal in Michigan. This brings out an interesting letter from Mr. H. N. Botsford, of the Wolverine Dry Dock Co., Port Huron, Mich., who tracks the elk considerably further along than Mr. Lord leaves it in the history of that State. Mr. Botsford says that in the winter of 1867, and about the time Mr. F. H. Lord got his elk, Mr. George Bryant, a resident of Port Huron, went into the lumber camp of Mr. Horace Bunce, located on the headwaters of Elk Creek, in Sanilac county. While on his way he met a trapper who had just shot an elk and taken it to the shore town of Forestville. The locality of the shooting was only a few miles from where Mr. Lord did his shooting, and it is possible this was one of the same band.

"Later on," says Mr. Botsford, "Mr. Bryant opened a butcher shop in Port Huron, and on Dec. 14, 1877, ten years later, a Sanilac county farmer brought an elk he had shot to this city on a sleigh and sold it to Mr. Bryant, who paid 6 cents per pound for it. It had the head and horns on, entrails taken out and weighed over 500 lbs., as he paid \$30.50 for it. Mr. Bryant kept it at his shop several days before cutting it up. I saw it several times and had

part of it when cut up. Capt. F. J. Merryman bought the head and sent it to the Coast Wrecking Co., New York. Since then I have not heard of any elk being in the thumb of Michigan."

The above news is as authentic and definite as it is interesting, and at this writing is the last word on the elk as an inhabitant of Michigan, though I have heard unsupported rumors of elk having been seen in a certain part of the State much later than that.

Elk in Indiana.

This talk about the elk in this region brings also word on the subject from Indiana, though nothing except the proof that the animal once at some time abounded there. Mr. W. N. McKeehen, a merchant of Fremont, Ind., writes thus:

"I have been interested in the articles published in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the elk of Michigan. We think the elk were at home here at one time, evidence of which I send you by express to-day (a part of a small horn). What wouldn't a fellow give to have such game to hunt here to-day! Eheu! Many of these horns are being found in the marshes here since the marshes have been ditched and cultivated."

The piece of horn Mr. McKeehen is good enough to send is about 3 ft. long, broken and weathered and softened in spots, but still for the most solid and substantial. It rather sets one thinking about the swiftness of the march of civilization; for all this is happening almost within a stone's throw of the second (or first!) largest city of the United States.

Elk in Ohio.

Elk were within this century no doubt numerous in northern Ohio. In an article printed some years ago I mentioned the heaps of antlers found in the boggy thickets along the famous Castalia trout stream.

Before It Is Too Late.

It is too late now to save the wild game of America, but what are we to think of a statement, it will soon be too late to secure specimens of some of the native African big game! Chicagoans will follow with interest the doings in upper Africa of Prof. Daniel Giraud Elliott and Mr. Carl Akeley, his taxidermist, both of the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, who have set forth to gather zoological specimens for that institution. The expedition is this week at London, Eng., and the cable quotes Prof. Elliott as saying that the "rapid disappearance of wild creatures in Africa made it necessary for the expedition to go upon the field before it was too late."

Prof. Elliott and party will outfit in London, go to Aden, cross Berbara and thence strike south, making for Somaliland. He will have a large body of men along, including some fifty fighting men to stand off native scientists possessed of a penchant for collecting specimens themselves.

Beaver in Nebraska.

Mr. L. A. Coburn, of the Citizens' State Bank, Chadron, Neb., writes, saying that Mr. Wm. Benham, of that section, has brought into town two beaver, an old one and a yearling, caught on the White River, near Chadron. The animals created a great stir, being the first of the kind seen thereabouts for some years.

Mr. Coburn says sentiment is growing in that part of the country against spring shooting of wild fowl. Ducks and geese are very scarce and in poor condition.

A New Bullet.

Mr. Alfred Weed, of the Arcade File Works, of Anderson, Ind., is a rifleman fond of experimenting, and has patented a number of curious devices. By kindness of Mr. J. W. McNevin he sends up one of his inventions, an expansive rifle ball, with which he is experimenting and about which he would like news of results on big game. This bullet has absolutely no top, and is simply a section of a cylinder, perforated throughout, from end to end, with a hole about the size of the usual express bullet cavity. The bullet is cannellured, and when seated projects but little beyond the metal shell. It is said to take the grooves all right, to fly with sufficient accuracy at express ranges, and to have apparently a great tearing effect, the substance of the object struck filling up the hole and wedging the projectile out much as the express ball in its action.*

Gun Flints.

I don't know whether New Brunswick comes under the head of "Chicago and the West" or not, but probably it does, as Chicago is a large place. Anyhow, I have a number of friends up there (whom I have never seen), and one of them, Mr. W. T. Chestnut, of Fredericton, N. B., writes me a rather curious thing about modern gunnery. He states that they still use flint locks in his country! Speaking of illegal killing of fish by dynamite, he says: "Our people would be too slow for that. I never knew of but one case of dynamiting. To give you an idea of our quiet ways, I may say, my grandfather started business in this town in 1836, and we still carry it on in the same store, at the same stand. And we keep gun flints for sale yet. A man came in to-day and got three flints. I asked him how he liked his gun, and he said, 'Fine!' So I thought if he was satisfied I was. The more flint locks, the more game. I thought I would write you about this, as a man buying gun flints nowadays is something of a novelty."

It is something of a novelty in this region of change and "progress." But what a restful vision of peace and permanency it does call up! I fear we have given the price for our modern improvements in many ways.

He can Make a Record.

A real estate firm of Port Lavaca, Tex., booming a piece of land, speaks of the wildfowl near by, and says: "Gunners are always on hand to kill for the New York, Chicago and St. Louis markets, and a sportsman away from home for an outing can make a record." Out upon it! Record us no records, for we have records enough. We hear too much of records. Let some man who is a sportsman make a record by not making a record.

Ruffed Grouse Eggs.

Mr. A. McAllister, of El Dorado, Ark., writes asking where he can get two or three sittings of ruffed grouse eggs. He wants to introduce the bird into that country, where quail and woodcock are native. I am just out of ruffed grouse eggs myself, but perhaps some one can tell where they can be had. I should think they would be

* The Weed bullet was described in FOREST AND STREAM ten years ago.—ED. FOREST AND STREAM.

worth about \$10 apiece if guaranteed to be any good. I never had any experience raising ruffed grouse, but remember my father several times hatched out pinnated grouse eggs (prairie chicken) under domestic hens. They came out a-running, and were the eagerest things to go wild, starve, drown and die on general principles ever anybody saw. I should think ruffed grouse raising would be more grief in a short while than a man could get any other way; but this is not founded on actual experiment. What does anybody know about it, for our Arkansas friend?

Vacation Days.

To any one needing quiet and rest I can recommend the city of New York. It is a nice seaside place with good air. You can get horses and wagons at reasonable rates, and the fishing near by is excellent. I have been going there for quite a while on my annual vacations, and am just back from my trip there this spring, which my doctor said I ought to take. I feel much rested and refreshed. Of course, a fellow gets a good deal pulled down by the hurry and drive of Chicago life, and the best of men must have an occasional change of scene. New York is just the place. The sport with clams and lobsters is not surpassed, especially on the spring run. The pie bakery is still there, and the woman who makes ice cream has put in two new flavors this year. When you want to rest and catch step with your regular habits, go to New York.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

REARING MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

IN the annual report of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, Mr. E. A. Brackett gives full instructions for the breeding of pheasants as successfully practiced by him at the State pheasantry. For the benefit of others who are engaged in a similar enterprise we give that part of the report in full:

The Aviary.

The aviary may be built in almost any shape to suit the taste of the owner. It should have, however, not less than 144 square feet of ground room for a quartet of birds. As the success in breeding depends largely on the health and vigor of the breeding birds, it is well to have duplicate apartments, where the birds can be turned in, in April, and the ground in the old one strewn with phosphates, spaded well, sown with herdsgrass and clover seed, and allowed to remain until the 1st of September, when they can be returned and No. 2 be made ready in the same way for occupancy in the spring. Unless the aviary is very large, this rotation is necessary in order to raise good stock, as it keeps the ground in healthy condition and provides much good food for the pheasants.

As a matter of convenience and economy, it is desirable to build the aviaries in groups. The ground should be dry and a little sloping, that heavy rains may run off freely. I built one as follows: measured off a piece of land 24ft. square, set posts at the corners and along the lines, sawed off even with the ground; made frames of 2x2in. joists, 12ft. long and 6½ft. wide; boarded the lower part 2½ft. closely, and covered the upper part with wire netting, 2in. mesh. Twelve of these frames were made, set upon the posts and fastened together with rag screws, giving four apartments, each 12ft. square. On the side of each I built a small projection 3ft. wide, 2ft. high and 6ft. long, top covered with waterproof paper, and opening into the aviary. This was for giving dry earth to dust in, and for shelter if they chose to take advantage of it—which they rarely do, however, preferring to remain out in the roughest weather day and night.

Those who breed English pheasants do not cover the top of the aviary, but prevent them from flying over by clipping one wing. This would not always be safe with the Mongolian. I have repeatedly seen a Mongolian cock, with a close-cropped wing, fly up, strike the wire netting, and with feet and wings climb to the top, and, had it not been covered, would have escaped.

I made my roof by making frames 12ft. long by 4ft. wide, of 2in. strips of board, with a 2x2in. joist lengthwise through the center, crowning the laths, which were laid across the frame 2in. apart, and nailed to the sides and center. Three of these frames or sections were required for each apartment, and by running a joist across the middle of each apartment, supported by a post under the center, it makes a roof sufficiently strong to resist any weight of snow likely to fall upon it.

I dug a trench at the bottom, 1ft. deep, and set boards close together and nailed them to the base, and then filled in with rubble stone and covered with earth, making it vermin proof. Roofing slate would answer much better than boards, as it would not decay.

As the Mongolian pheasant lays from sixty to eighty eggs a season, two or three aviaries would give all the eggs a beginner would care to handle the first year.

Food for the Breeding Pheasants.

Pheasants, like the turkey, prairie chicken and quail, will be found in the spring, summer and autumn in pastures where there are low bushes, in grass lands, in fields of growing crops and in meadows near running streams. They feed on green food, bugs, worms and insects of every description. In winter their food is scrub oak acorns, barberries, haws of the wild rose, berries of the privet, moss found on trees and stumps, grass seed and such evergreen food as they can find. It is not known whether they feed on buds or not.

In confinement feed them on wheat, cracked corn, scalded Indian meal with a little fine-ground beef scraps and a dash of cayenne pepper mixed in, barley, buckwheat and chopped cabbage. Feed no more than they will eat up clean, and keep fresh water, ground oyster shells and sand by them.

About the first of March withhold the Indian meal and cracked corn, and feed with cabbage, lettuce and grain—rather short allowance, for if the birds get too fat it will interfere with their laying. All birds and animals indigenous to this climate come into the breeding season reduced in flesh.

Put evergreen boughs up against the sides of the coop in several places for the pheasants to run under. In confinement they seldom lay in nests, but drop their eggs, morning and evening, promiscuously over the yard. They must be gathered up at once, packed in cotton and set away in a cool place. They will keep two or three weeks, but it is better to set them as soon as possible after they

are laid. As the pheasants sometimes eat their eggs, it is well to keep a few glass eggs in the yard, where they can peck them if they are so inclined.

Brooding Hens.

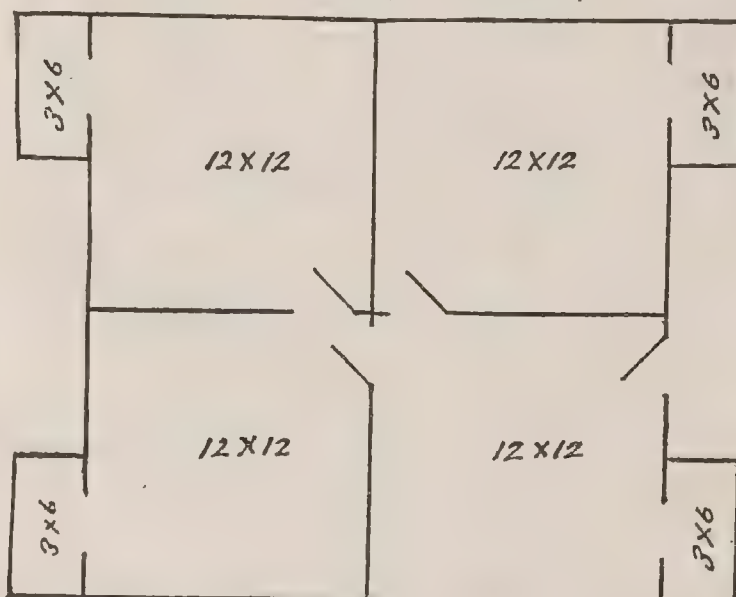
Pheasants can be reared with more or less success under any small hen; none, however, can compare with the bantams, and of these the Pekin is by far the best. No one intending to raise pheasants should be without a full supply of these patient, gentle little mothers.

Keep the bantams in a yard and coop by themselves, with plenty of room to dust. Everything should be done to keep them free from lice, as they are sure death to young pheasants. The following treatment, so far as I have been able to test it, has worked to my entire satisfaction: put ½lb. of bar soap in two quarts of water and boil until entirely dissolved, then take it out of doors and add two quarts of kerosene. Churn it with a hand pump five or ten minutes or until it is thoroughly mixed, then set it away in a cool place and it will keep good for several months. Six or eight weeks before the hens are wanted for sitting, put half a pint of the mixture into a pail and pour in hot water to dissolve it; add one quart of naphtha, churn well together, fill up the pail with water, and about 4 P. M. syringe every part of the hen house, driving the liquid into every crack and crevice with the force pump. When the hens go to roost shut the house up tight. This had better be repeated several times during the season. To make it doubly sure, when setting the hantams rub some of the mixture with the fingers under the wings and on the neck of the hen, and saturate a piece of cloth or sponge and put it in one corner of the coop.

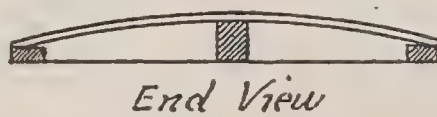
Arrangements for Hatching.

Make a box without top or bottom, 20in. long, 14in. wide, 20in. deep at one end and 14 at the other. At the

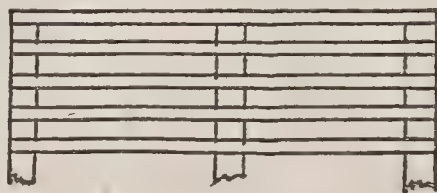
(Ground Plan of Aviary.



Section of Roof.



End View



Top View

bottom of the deepest end cut an opening 8in. square, fitted with a slide so that it can be shut at pleasure. Cut a slot 3x6in. on each side of the box, and cover it with ½in. mesh wire netting, to give air to the hen and chicks. Cover the bottom with 1in. mesh netting, nailed firmly on. Make two frames for covers the size of the top; cover one with wire netting, 2in. mesh; and the other with waterproof paper. Put a cleat on the box, so that one or both covers can be used. Paint the box inside and outside with paraffine varnish, or, if that cannot be had, with coal tar mixed with air-slacked lime. The odor of either will drive away any insects without injury to hen or chicks.

For the yard make frames 4x4ft. and 2ft. high, of 2in. strips of board, cover two sides with ½in. wire netting, one end with laths nailed on perpendicularly, 2in. apart, and the other end with laths nailed close together; at the bottom of this end, near the center of the frame, cut an opening 8in. square; set the frame close to the coop, so that the hen and chicks can pass freely from one to the other. For the top of the yard make two frames, one 3x4ft. and one 1x4ft., and cover both with 2in. mesh wire netting. Fasten the large one on and leave the smaller one movable. Place on sloping ground if possible and dig a small trench at the upper end to turn the water aside.

Cut a sod the size of the box and 2in. thick, and remove some of the earth from the roots near one end in the shape of a nest. Lay it in the box, grass side up, with the nest at the upper end, and with a mallet or stick of wood pound the nest into shape, and put a little fine hay or chaff in it. A nest made in this way will not become damp nor allow the eggs to roll out. Put glass eggs in the nest, and at night set the hen. Put plenty of food and water in the yard, and the next day open the slide so that she can go out to feed. If she returns to the nest, all right; the glass eggs can be removed at night, and pheasant eggs put under her. If she does not return, put her on the nest and try her again.

It requires about twenty four days to hatch pheasant eggs. Look after them occasionally when the hen is off, and if any eggs are broken remove them, or if any are soiled cleanse them with warm water and a soft cloth or sponge. With Pekin bantams for brooders broken or soiled eggs are seldom found. Always be sure that the box is closed at night. When the chicks are due remove

the food from the yard and put some in the box, and shut it so that the young pheasants cannot escape. As soon as they are all hatched lift the hen gently and remove the egg shells. This should be done with care not to frighten the chicks, and if any run out put them back under the hen. Persons whose experience has been confined to the English pheasant will find a marked difference in handling the Mongolian.

Food and Care of Young Pheasants.

Now comes the most difficult part of the work, for young pheasants, like young turkeys, are for the first two or three weeks very tender and hard to raise unless properly fed and cared for. There are a few rules that cannot be departed from without serious results. First, never allow the young birds, for the first two or three weeks, to get chilled, as it is almost certain death to them. Do not give any food for the first thirty-six hours, and little or no water for the first week unless the weather is very hot and dry. See that they are all in their coops at night and shut up.

After the first thirty-six hours feed a little at a time, several times a day, maggots if they can be had, if not custard, made without sugar and thickened with corn meal and finely chopped lettuce. Stir a very little meat crissel or finely ground beef scraps into the custard. When the birds are allowed to run out to forage the lettuce may be omitted. When they are three or four weeks old feed a little cracked corn and wheat, well soaked or scalded, increasing the amount as they grow older.

In their wild state young pheasants get very little food for the first two or three weeks, and it consists of small bugs, worms and insects, with more or less sand and a little green food. If we judge by the size of the broods, the wild mother pheasant brings up nearly all of her chicks.

As it is not possible to obtain to any considerable extent the same conditions which surround them in fields and woods, breeders have adopted various ways of feeding. We give below some of these methods:

Judge Denny, of Oregon, who so successfully introduced them into that State, bred them, while Consul to Shanghai, feeding them on ant eggs, a material not to be had in any quantity here.

English breeders feed on hard-boiled eggs and rice, allowing them to run out in inclosed grass land to forage for insects and green food.

Mr. Lownsdale, Lafayette, Ore., feeds on the custard without sugar, mixed with corn meal and lettuce, and a daily ration of crickets, until they are about 4 weeks old, and they are taught to eat wheat.

Mr. E. A. Stiles, game warden for the Liberty Hill Club, Connecticut, and a successful breeder of English pheasants, writes: "My birds begin to lay about April 25. The number of eggs that a single bird will produce in a season varies from fifteen to forty. No nests are required, as they drop their eggs at random. The eggs should be gathered as soon as laid, as otherwise the birds may acquire the habit of eating them. In regard to rearing the most important thing is to keep the chicks dry. Until they are a month or six weeks old it is death to them to run in wet grass. For the first few days I feed the young pheasants on custard cooked over a slow fire, also maggots and ant eggs if I can get them. I think your way of obtaining maggots an excellent one. I find that a little meat crissel goes a good way. Too much will give the birds dysentery—a very dangerous disease. Neither do I advise feeding too many maggots. Millet, canary and hemp seed may be given with the custard, also chopped lettuce, cabbage and onions. When the birds are a month old some wheat and cracked corn, soaked soft, may be given. The chicks should always be confined with the hen until they learn her call and then they may be given their liberty until they are several weeks; then, if they are to be kept under control, they should be put into a covered coop. Old birds lay better than young ones."

Mr. W. L. Gardiner, of Norwalk, O., a sportsman and breeder of pheasants, says: "I feed on maggots until six or eight weeks old—no grain or other food of any kind. I raise the maggots on beef's liver, hung in barrels with about 3in. of bran on the bottom, kept moist. Do not feed until the maggots are well grown. Never feed the young pheasants until they are 24 hours old, and feed the old hen corn as well, as if she eats too many maggots they will kill her. Keep livers enough to have plenty at all times. Set barrels in a partially shaded place and cover the top partially. The meat will be alive in three days, but not fit to feed for six days or more. The chicks must also have soft food, something easily digested, not constipating nor too loosening. They will stand any weather, but must be kept fed." Mr. Gardiner states that he raises 90 per cent. of his birds.

From the above statements it will be seen that various methods are recommended for feeding young pheasants, all of which are claimed to be more or less successful.

In the beginning of the breeding season, 1895, not having my arrangements completed for raising maggots, the first young pheasants were fed on hard-boiled eggs and custard thickened with Indian meal. However successful this may be in rearing English pheasants, it failed with the Mongolian, and we had the misfortune to see the coops strewn with dead birds. As soon as we were able to feed with maggots the death rate ceased, and scarce a half dozen birds were lost from feeding or disease of any kind. The method pursued was so simple and so successful that it may be of value to those who are interested in raising these birds.

The yards, coops and nests were made as heretofore described. Too much care cannot be given to the construction of the nest. If rightly made, the outer eggs will receive as much warmth from the hen as those in the center, and all will hatch at about the same time. This is very important, if you expect to have healthy birds. From thirteen to fifteen eggs were placed under each bantam, and in more than half the sittings every egg hatched, and the time between the hatching of the first and last eggs did not usually exceed three or four hours.

Most of the hens used for sitters were game bantams, and they made very good mothers, but were nervous and cruel to young birds belonging to other broods that strayed into their yards. In this way a considerable number were killed after they were three or four weeks old. When the coops and yards are made alike and placed near each other, this loss is likely to occur; and when it is possible to obtain Pekin bantams they should be used

in preference to any others, as they will cover more eggs and have not the nervous character of the game bantams.

A day or two before the eggs were expected to hatch the hen was shut into the box, as the chicks often escape from the nest almost as soon as they leave the shell, and get chilled. When the chicks were about 24 hours old the hen and her brood were moved to another coop, with yard attached. The nest in this is made of sod, grass side up and nearly flat, the old nest being too small and deep to allow the hen to brood over all her chicks without danger of smothering them. In moving them the hen was put into the yard with food and water, and the chicks were put in the new nest. When the hen had fed, the slide was opened to let her in to the nest, then the slide was shut and they were left undisturbed for twenty-four hours, when the top was opened, the hen removed to the yard to feed, the chicks fed sparingly on maggots and the hen allowed to go back. Until the chicks were 3 weeks old they were fed entirely on maggots.

At the end of the little yard, next to the coop, two pieces of board 1ft. long and 10in. wide were fastened in the corner, making an inclosure for keeping the food and water for the hen where the chicks could not get it until they were old enough to fly over to it. The grain and water for the hen were kept clean and fresh in two small glazed dishes.

The food for the sitting hens was the same as that given to the young pheasants after they were three or four weeks old, and consisted of one quart of whole wheat, one-half pint each cracked corn and Indian meal, a small handful of ground oyster shells, one spoonful each ground beef scraps and ground bone, all thoroughly mixed in a pan and boiling water poured over it, letting it stand several hours before using. When the chicks are strong enough to go over the little food inclosure they will begin to feed on it; and by the time they are three or four weeks old it will constitute a greater part of their living, one ration of maggots per day being enough.

The arrangement for raising maggots is simple and easily constructed. A small house 6x8ft. and 6½ft. high was framed and covered with matched boards. Four windows were cut in it, but instead of glass they were covered on the outside with ½in. mesh wire cloth, and solid shutters hinged on the outside. A ventilator 8in. square and 12ft. high was attached to the roof. By opening the door and windows, the house was sufficiently ventilated in a short time to do what work was necessary inside. Across one side, near the top and about 10in. from the boarding, a 2x2in. joist was fastened, and thickly studded with small meat hooks. Twenty inches below this were placed hopper-shaped boxes, 18in. square at the top, 12in. at bottom and 7in. deep, the bottom covered with ½in. mesh wire cloth. Below these were arranged tight drawers 18in. square and 4in. deep, around the tops of which were nailed strips of tin projecting inward about ½in., to prevent the maggots crawling out.

After many experiments we found that sheep plucks were the cheapest and most available material for the purpose, thirty-six plucks a week producing enough food for about 200 young pheasants. Three times a week from six to twelve plucks were spread in the morning on a hurdle covered with 1in. mesh wire cloth set out of doors, and by night were fully blown, when they were taken into the house and hung on the hooks. Seven plucks will produce from four to seven quarts of maggots. The hopper boxes were about half filled with a mixture of wheat bran and ground beef scraps (one quart of scraps to six of bran), thoroughly mixed and moistened with water. As this decomposes more slowly than the meat, it is well to mix it a day or two before the plucks are hung up. In about twenty-four hours (depending somewhat upon the temperature) the meat will be alive with maggots, which soon drop into the bran, where they find additional food and then drop into the drawers below. They are not in condition to use until the fourth or fifth day after the meat is blown, but if not then placed in a cool place will change to the chrysalid state, unfit for the chicks, in a few hours. By placing them in a refrigerator as soon as fully grown, where the temperature does not exceed 45°, further development is arrested, and they may be kept for several weeks.

All this may not seem very enticing work, but it is a necessity, as this or some equivalent must be used for food to insure success in raising Mongolian pheasants. The chicks are so small and tender for the first two or three weeks that all efforts to raise them on the food recommended for the English pheasants end more or less in disappointment.

After we began to feed on maggots the loss from disease was slight, but a considerable number was lost by accidents, nervous game bantams, and hungry cats that sometimes grew so bold as to climb over the fence into the large inclosure. When the young pheasants were but three or four weeks old they flew over into the garden and the adjacent woods, and many became the prey of marauding cats, my only compensation being that several cats came to an untimely end.

The treatment of the young Mongolian was quite different from the directions given for raising English pheasants. After the first week the board was taken away from the little yard, and the birds were allowed to go at pleasure into the large inclosure, shutting them up at night and letting them out in the morning, often by 5 o'clock, making no effort to keep them out of the wet grass or rain. They sometimes came in dripping, but did not seem any the worse for it. As Mr. Gardiner says, they will stand any weather if properly fed. Coming from the rough climate of China and southern Siberia, they suffer more from the heat in July and August than from the most severe winter weather.

Pheasant eggs are generally fertile, and under favorable circumstances will about all hatch.

There are very few diseases that pheasants are subject to. The most common is roup, which attacks the chicks when from one to three weeks old, and is most prevalent in cold, damp weather, and generally the result of getting chilled. As soon as one is affected with it, remove it, and move the coop to new ground. Keep the birds dry and warm, and they will not be much troubled with it.

Young pheasants sometimes develop weakness in the legs, which comes from sitting on cold, hard ground or on boards. If they are left in the coop, the others may pick upon them and perhaps kill them. Remove them to a place where they can have plenty of soft bedding, food and water, and they will soon get over it.

In handling pheasants, young or old, be careful to take them by the body, as their legs are easily broken.

In raising maggots it is well to remember that if it is intended to raise them in large numbers flies must be provided for that purpose. This is done by allowing a small part of each crop to mature. Flies are very prolific, depositing their eggs in a few hours, after which they die. If it is expected to have the meat well covered with eggs a sufficient number of breeding flies must be ready when wanted. In my first efforts in this direction I did not regard this, as I had no idea that the supply of flies would give out, but soon found my mistake. If you are in touch with the Darwin theory and have any regard for the survival of the fittest you will set steel traps around the house and one or two on top of posts set for that purpose. Homeless cats that ought never to have been, skunks, hawks and owls will contribute to swell your stock of food for the young pheasants.

Stocking.

Birds let loose in an unfamiliar place will be likely to scatter in every direction, and in a few days may be miles apart. To avoid this it may be desirable to make small coops of laths about 6ft. square and 2ft. high, with a small door that can be easily opened in one side. Place this coop in a quiet, partly shaded place, put the pheasants in it, and feed and water them for two or three weeks; then put plenty of food in, and quietly leave the door partly open, so that they can go in and out at will. If they are not frightened away they will come back to feed all through the fall and winter, and in that way will establish a locality in the vicinity where they were let out, and will be of interest to the farmer as well as to the sportsman.

Judge Denny, of Oregon, where they have become so plenty, says: "They have proved of great benefit to the farming and other agricultural pursuits in this State, in that they feed upon the pests and enemies of the crops—worms, grubs, borers, cutworms, flies, codling moths, aphids and other insect life, including their larvae—without doing any harm to the crops."

The farmer can keep them on his farm by building a shed or lean-to in a sheltered place, or by standing boards up against a wall sufficient to keep bare ground on which to scatter grain or cracked corn during the few weeks of deep snow. The birds will learn to come for this food, instead of seeking it elsewhere. The location of all animal life is a question of food.

As an illustration of the hardness of these birds, I will state that there was sent me from Vancouver last August a small box containing one hen and six small pheasants about 3 weeks old. They were eight days on the journey, with no other food except dry wheat and water. When the box was placed in the aviary and opened, they burst from it like rockets. Some of them were so small that they went through the 2in. mesh wire netting, but returned at the call of the mother hen. Owing to the fact that there was no bedding on the bottom of the box, two of them developed some weakness of the legs, but soon recovered. I have fed them on corn meal mixed with a very little ground beef scraps, cracked corn, wheat and chopped cabbage, and more healthy birds could not be found. Being a very late brood, they were not more than half grown when fall snow came; and yet they frolicked and skipped through it as if it were their natural element. Provided with shelter, they refused to take advantage of it, preferring to remain out day and night, no matter what might be the weather.

The addition of the Mongolian pheasant to our fauna, with his splendid plumage, stately bearing, advantage to the farmer and interest to the sportsman, would more than repay for any extra care that might be required in some places for his maintenance and protection.

Pheasant Rearing.

HOLLAND, Mich., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Mr. Brackett I will state briefly, first, my mode of feeding and rearing pheasants is that used by a gentleman who has had twenty-five years' experience in rearing them in England and who has kindly given me many valuable suggestions, which I have always profited by. Second, by following the directions given in my article of March 7 I have frequently had every egg in a sitting hatch and have reared all of the young birds.

It has been my experience that frequently the time of hatching of a sitting of eggs will cover a period of eight or ten hours. Now, since young pheasants will run soon after hatching, I have known the hen to leave the nest when but half the eggs were hatched. By removing the young birds when hatched this difficulty is obviated. If the nest boxes are made so deep that the young pheasants cannot jump out I have found that the hen will break many of the eggs by jumping upon them when she returns from feeding. Remember, all this refers to the English ring-neck. With us, as with many others who are interested in rearing pheasants for stocking purposes, the Chinese has, so far, proved a complete failure in my hands. The eggs hatch all right, but the young, almost without exception, die in a week or two. I have tried different kinds of food, but the result is always the same.

Mr. Brackett will confer a favor upon a great many of us who are endeavoring to rear pheasants if he will kindly give us his method of rearing the Chinese bird through the columns of "our paper."

As I stated before, the English ring-necks which we have liberated passed through the winter all right, and we expect a large increase if the hatching season is favorable.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL,

Sec'y Rod and Gun Club.

Keeping Game.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., March 31.—I killed during the last week in October two grouse weighing 1lb. 14oz., 1lb. 15½oz., and hung them in an upper room on the north side of the house. This is used for a store room and is unfinished. Yesterday I dressed them; to-day had them for dinner. One would think from their appearance and taste that they had been killed about the first of the week, and one wonders how long a game bird will keep under similar conditions.

H. CRUTTENDEN.

Missouri Game.

SOUTHERN, Mo.—The quail have wintered splendidly in this region, and if we can have a good hatching season our supply will be as large as it was before the freeze-out of '95. Ducks are reported plentiful. I have been too busy to see. I do enjoy FOREST AND STREAM. It reaches me on Saturday and is refreshing after a hard week's work.

SAC.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In all the discussion relative to preserving deer in the Adirondacks, I do not recall a single instance where speaker or writer has suggested reducing the number of deer that one man may lawfully kill in one season.

At present the legal number is two.

Now, if the real object is to preserve deer, why not reduce that legal number to one? This would be just as effective as the prohibitory measures now pending at Albany, and which will cut off hounding and jacking. I do not plead for these methods. I am willing to take any chances with other still-hunters, but if protection and preservation of game are really wanted, here is a simple method whose effectiveness all must admit and which would work no hardship to any class of sportsmen, whether obliged to take their vacation early or late in the season. In view of all the discussion and shades of opinion, and, so far as I have observed, ignoring this point of legal number, I cannot help thinking there is force in the suggestion so pertinently made by some of your recent correspondents, viz.: that there is a large degree of selfishness in much that is written on this subject. JUVENAL.

Jacobstaff Receives a Tribute.

JERSEY CITY, March 30.—Upon opening my mail on Saturday evening I found a box containing a fine head of a woodcock. The bill was 3in. in length, showing a fine specimen of this great game bird. Mr Wm. P. Boardman's cat had captured the bird and brought it to the porch. The bird was immediately confiscated as taken out of season. Upon reporting the matter to the sportsmen's assembly at Numan's, the headquarters of the lovers of the rod and gun in America, it was unanimously voted to send the same to Jacobstaff. "That," they said, "would bring him up here again when the season opens." Well, you may be sure it will.

But it is too bad. The ruthless capture of this head of a family may be the means of decreasing the woodcock in those swales by two, perhaps four members. Confound a cat, anyway. The body was not sent to us, as Mr. Boardman's little "handmaiden" is still on duty and knows how to prepare such delicacies. JACOBSTAFF.

Sea and River Fishing.

A SPRING IDYL.

The Poetry of Angling.

"It is not all of fishing to fish." To some this may seem an unwarrantable assumption, but by many it is now accepted as the tersest expression of a fact having all the force of a syllogism.

In patriarchal and mediæval times the fisherman was accorded an honorable place in the limited vocations then open to man in which to earn a livelihood for himself and dependants, and because his labors added to the food supply of less favored localities. The gratification of mere animal wants, the selfish and mercenary alone, prompting doubtless then as now, when higher motives do not impel, made the fisherman a mere laborer, where work was an irksome task, and whose only enjoyment was measured by financial results.

There was but little healthy sentiment in an age when might was right, and when it was the plan:

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Of such a fisherman it may be truthfully affirmed, "It is all of fishing to fish."

"A primrose by the river's brim

A primrose is to him, and nothing more."

But with the evolution of society, and the ascendancy of principle over might in government, the selfish and animal in our nature was ameliorated and softened, and the wholly selfish was largely dominated by the æsthetic and sentimental.

In no direction is this uplifting and ennobling of humanity more easily discerned and traced than in what is now comprehended under the very general term of sportsmanship, and in no subdivision thereof is the trail so well defined as in that blazed by the angler.

The older poets sing his praises and accord him honorable distinction in their immortal works, and in the early dawn of English literature appeared what competent writers and judges pronounce the leading pastoral classic in our language, "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton.

Overworked professional and business men found then, as they find now, recreation, pleasure and renewed energy in the sights which come to their eyes and the sounds that fall pleasantly on their ears, and who will wonder that the contents of the creel are the less valued part?

Going forth in the early morning to his favorite trout brook, nature speaks to his spirit under many forms. Her voice captivates not his ears alone, but she appeals to what is best within him through his every sense.

The domination of winter is at an end, and on every hand there is a reawakening and bursting forth. The snow-capped hills of yesterday have disappeared, and their dull brown robes of autumn time blend more in harmony with the dark green of the conifers beyond; but vernal showers, like a magic wand, will soon deck all in tints of emerald green. The swelling buds of the maple and the bursting catkins of the willow tell him that nature is aroused from her winter's sleep; but the beauty of a flitting bluebird in the copse diverts his thoughts, while the melody of the song sparrow seems like spring's triumphal note of joy.

Already has he forgotten the perplexities and annoyances of every-day cases; already he drinks in with each deep inspiration renewed draughts of health; already has he broken away from the withering restraints and narrowing prejudices of conventional life; again he is in touch with what is grand, strengthening and elevating in nature.

But he has not yet wet his line nor baited his hook, nor have his eyes yet seen the tiny cascades of the purling brook, nor traced its sinuous course through the meadow.

The morning grows apace, but our fisherman hastens not his steps. Crossing a stone wall, which passes through a growth of mountain laurel and white birches,

he sees the beautiful pink buds of the mayflower peeping out from under the belated snowbank, as if in protest to winter's cruel restraint, and as if to be promptly on hand when the time comes to take its allotted place in the sequence of flowers attendant upon the ides of spring.

Journeying down the gentle declivity, where nature a little later will carpet the ground with beautiful violets and modest anemone, his friend of former years, the hepatica, attracts his eye, and, putting forth his hand to remove some encroaching grass, a meadow mouse scampers suddenly away in fright at the unwonted intrusion.

But the music of the rippling brook now claims his undivided attention, and hastening footsteps soon bring him again to its margin. The fringe of green grass close up on either side and the nodding watercresses in its pellucid depths tell him that nature's forces have been at work for some time past.

He marvels at the restful murmur of the rippling brook, its tiny wavelets and miniature cascades, and he wonders when they thus began and how long they will continue. Such a small streamlet! and ever running from nowhere somewhere—ever running, ever singing, ever flowing, ever, ever!

Our fisherman's rod was still unjointed, and his mind reveled in the delights and enchantments of the scene until he was called back to the work in hand by the landing of a mink on the bank a little below him with a beautiful trout in his mouth, which he soon devoured for his morning meal. It dawned upon him that the quadruped mink has his counterpart in some biped men who look not above the gratification of the selfish and sordid, and who respect not salutary human enactments. From long observation he well knew the skill and success of the mink as a fisherman, nor could he withhold a modicum of admiration for his discernment and good taste in showing his preference for the toothsome, gamy trout.

His rod is now assembled, the reel adjusted, and away goes his lure dancing lively before him down the stream. He skillfully directs it from side to side, carefully restrains it as it engages in the eddy and plunges to the pool below, steals stealthily and warily along so that no concussion or jar will follow footfall to disturb the wary trout, redoubles his best efforts at the overhanging bank at the bend, in the open meadow keeps as far away from the brook as possible, and does not allow his shadow to face athwart the stream; and who will say that our fisherman has not earned and does not deserve the beautiful trout which he so carefully takes from their bed of moss in his creel and arranges side by side upon the grass in the order of their size, that his eyes may feast thereon while he eats his noonday meal on the sunny side of the old abutment which sustains the rustic bridge that spans the brook in the meadow?

The unusual exercise and lengthy walk result in a fatigue that our fisherman would call exquisite; for while the physical man gladly gives way to needed rest the mental is as buoyant and elastic as in schoolboy's merriest day.

The enjoyments of his nooning are not limited to the conventional hour, and already the sun is aslant in the heavens before he resumes his pleasant occupation. At each bend of the brook a new panorama meets his eyes. Clouds of fleecy whiteness scud athwart the luminous blue of heaven's dome, and the song of the vesper sparrow swells the growing volume of melody that greets the return of spring.

As a reward of his skill and perseverance a well-filled creel is already his, and ere

"The sun descending dyes the clouds in crimson"

he reels in and turns his steps homeward.

Age has laid a heavy hand upon the friend of his early years who gave him his first lessons in the gentle art, and now his many thoughtful acts of kindness return unto him as bread cast upon the waters. Our fisherman finds it a pleasure to make a long detour to call at his humble home and pleasantly while away a reminiscent hour, and to leave behind some choice specimens of his day's catch. A generous share of the balance is left with a convalescent friend, and he reaches home in the early evening hour at peace with himself and all the world.

Who will say that his day was misspent and that it is all of fishing to fish? GEO. MCALDER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Killing Salmon with Broken Rod.

If any one would take the trouble to gather together in one volume stories of the capture of fish under remarkable circumstances it would make a book of more than ordinary interest and one well worth the reading. Of course I refer to incidents that have actually occurred, and nearly every angler can furnish from one to a score from the pages of his own experience. These true stories are frequently quite as curious as those which some men rack their brains to invent for the pages of the daily papers and often prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Seated in an Albany club a few days ago after lunch, smoking with some friends, the conversation had turned to fishing, as I have noticed that it has the habit of doing on such occasions, when my old friend Dr. C. C. Schuyler came in and told this story, which is entitled to a place in that book which I have suggested. He was fishing on the Restigouche and his rod had given out a sound as though it had cracked, but a careful examination failed to disclose any defect, still he felt that there was something wrong which would appear at an inopportune moment. He was casting with this rod when a salmon rolled over the fly without taking it. Resting the pool he cast again and the salmon rolled over the fly as before. Another rest and the thing was repeated. Still another rest, and as the salmon again rolled over the fly the Doctor struck, and at that instant the rod parted, breaking square off about a foot above the reel. The salmon was foul hooked and going down stream like a race horse, with the major portion of the rod somewhere between the fish and the canoe.

Chase was made by the canoe men and the missing part of the rod recovered, when the Doctor, holding the fractured parts together with his left hand, played the fish until his hand gave out under the strain and the rod was passed over to one of the canoe men, who continued the fight until the Doctor was again able to take the rod and bring the fish to gaff. The salmon weighed 28 lbs.

A Novel Question.

On a previous occasion a gentleman at this club had said to me that he thought that the salmon in the Restigouche did not now display the same game qualities when hooked that they did in former years. I asked Dr. Schuyler about it and he was quite inclined to confirm this opinion, and when asked if there was any reason for it, he said that it was attributed to stocking the stream with salmon fry artificially reared, and that these fish were not as game when grown to adult size as those hatched naturally. To me this theory seems utterly groundless, and I cannot conceive of anything in the handling of the eggs of salmon artificially hatched that would impair the game qualities of the adult fish. I have a theory of my own on this subject, but having written to Canada for the opinions of salmon anglers there it would not be well to air my views at present; but I hope soon to give the views of the veteran John Mowat on the subject, and perhaps the views of other salmon fishermen in Canada and elsewhere.

Ouananiche and Landlocked Salmon.

A friend surprised me a few weeks ago with the information that there were ouananiche in Tuxedo Lake, reared from eggs obtained from the Lake St. John or Saguenay region in Canada. This was so opposed to all that I had learned at Lake St. John that I was dumb, for my friend is a lady and I could not dispute the statement had I been inclined to do so, and I had no such inclination. I was reasonably sure, however, that her informant was in error, for I have had occasion to keep a little track of what was done or not done with the ouananiche of Canada in the way of artificial propagation. During the Sportsmen's Exposition I met Mr. James L. Breese and Mr. R. B. Lawrence one evening in the FOREST AND STREAM office section, and we talked ouananiche and landlocked salmon until taps, and so I missed seeing the show that evening, which I did not regret.

Mr. Breese very promptly informed me that the Tuxedo fish were landlocked salmon, reared from eggs of the Maine fish obtained from the United States Fish Commission.

He gave me some figures as to the number of fish reared to practically 3-year-olds, from a given number of eggs, that were marvelous for the results obtained, but to be absolutely sure that he was correct he promised to send me figures from his report on the operations at the Tuxedo hatchery, and this he has done. Under date of March 28 he says: "I have been waiting for some figures that have escaped my memory about the landlocked salmon before writing you about them. * * * We were supposed to receive 10,000 eggs of the landlocked salmon from Grand Lake stream, Maine. There were twenty-eight dead eggs on arrival, and we lost 633 eggs in hatching. They were received March 3, 1892, and in December, 1894, we counted and turned out 8,029 salmon. Some of them were taken from the lake the following May and June up to 1½ lbs. in weight. On March 28, 1893, we received 4,000 eggs and turned out 3,374 salmon. On Dec. 10 1895, I think we have about 1,700 fry on hand obtained from the United States Fish Commission last November."

Of the first lot of salmon eggs mentioned, 9,339 fry were hatched, and over 85 per cent. of these were reared until they were nearly three years old. This is by far the best showing in rearing salmon fry of which I have knowledge. I have a memorandum that tells me that of a lot of salmon fry hatched in Maine by the U. S. Fish Commission 83 per cent. were reared to yearlings.

Of the second lot of eggs mentioned by Mr. Breese, over 83 per cent. of the total number of eggs were hatched and reared to nearly three years of age, and if the number of eggs lost in hatching were given it would bring the percentage of fry reared to 3-year-olds up to, if not above, the first mentioned figures, and the operations at the Tuxedo hatchery may be considered as notably successful. I intended to say in this note that I made inquiries at Lake St. John when I was there, and have been in constant communication with Mr. Chambers, of Quebec, since, and have failed to learn of a single attempt made to hatch the ouananiche artificially or to transplant it. I refer particularly to Mr. Chambers, as he has written a book, now in press, about the fish and its environments, and would know of any attempts in this direction. While I was writing, the mail brought me a letter from Mr. Wm. Seaton, of Quebec, secretary of the Triton Club, in which he says: "We are intending to stock one of our ranges of lakes with ouananiche this summer. I propose to get a score of good fish from Lake St. John, and after running a wire netting across the outlet, to let them loose in one of our lakes, where they can have strong running water at the inlet."

This would seem to be the first effort made, or to be made, to transfer the ouananiche to other than its native waters in Canada. Mr. Seaton tells in detail how he proposes to transfer the fish, and it is sufficient to say that it must prove successful.

Within five minutes after I arrived at the Saguenay I satisfied myself why the ouananiche of Canada remained at the surface of the water in August and the landlocked salmon of Maine sought the depths of the lake at the same season of the year, for the water the last of August must have been not above 52 to 54° F.

I have known of quite a number of failures to establish the landlocked salmon in lakes that seemed in every way suitable for them, but I have not known a failure where the salmon have been planted where they could find smelt food.

I am of the opinion that lakes containing the round whitefish (Adirondack "frost fish") would prove as suitable, and that the salmon will become established in such waters. Acting upon this belief I have for two years been planting fingerling landlocked salmon for the United States Fish Commission in two lakes—one containing smelt and the other "frost fish" for food.

Commissioner Stanley told me in New York recently that he could stock any lake with landlocked smelt for \$25. So the question of food for salmon is not a difficult one. In some localities where the landlocked smelt abound there are no facilities for hatching the eggs artificially for the purpose of transplanting. Where such is the case and it is desired to transplant smelt, brush may be cut and thrown into the stream where the smelt run to spawn, and the eggs adhering to the twigs can be transported in cans of water to the stream or lake to be stocked.

Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, told me that at Sunapee Lake, N. H., smelt were caught for

salmon bait and put into an old half-sunken row boat near the shore. The smelt spawned in the boat and the fry hatched and literally swarmed in the boat after the parent fish had been used for bait. I have seen young smelt at the mouths of the streams in the same lake in myriads in spite of the number of fish ready to prey upon them.

I left my desk for a little while just at this point, and upon my return found a letter from Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture of the United States Fish Commission, in which he says the Commission will this year be very short of landlocked salmon, and a number of assignments will be short and the deficiency will have to be made good with young brook trout. Applications are constantly made to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York for landlocked salmon fry or yearlings, but the State has practically none to give out from eggs taken from fish in State waters. If Lakes Champlain and George become stocked from "yearlings" now being planted from the United States Fish Commission the State should have a supply of breeding landlocked salmon to draw upon to stock other waters.

The Ladies.

At the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club in London, in February last, Mr. R. B. Marston, the honorary treasurer, speaking to the toast "Success to the Fly-Fishers' Club," said: "I have another suggestion. My wife said to me, 'Why don't you ask the ladies to come sometimes to your gatherings?' Now, I belong to one or two clubs where they are invited, and I believe it is a very good thing, because the ladies go home and talk about it, and tell their lady friends, and their lady friends, who would also like to go, get their husbands to join. Of course I told my wife that fly-fishers were such bashful men that they would not like to have ladies present, and her reply to me was, 'Well, that is one of the best fish stories I ever heard.'"

Now for the sequel. On March 12 the Piscatorial Society held its annual dinner in London, and in a three-page account of the dinner, given in the last *Fishing Gazette*, there is a list of those present, and in the list I find "Mr. R. B. Marston and Mrs. R. B. Marston, Mr. Wm. Senior and Mrs. Wm. Senior, Mr. Booker and Mrs. Booker and Miss Booker; Mr. Blundell, Mrs. Blundell and Miss Blundell," etc., down through a long list in which there are as many women as men, but the reporter had the grace to name the ladies first, as was eminently proper, and the men's names followed, becomingly, after. I am a firm believer in this sort of thing, and if fishing clubs will entertain the ladies it will be better for the clubs and club members. I have the honor to be president of a fish and game club, and it is a satisfaction to remember that the first entertainment ever given by the club, just a little music, flowers, luncheon and conversation, was graced by the ladies, and I think it was the ladies more than the men who have made the club a success.

A "G. W." Angler.

A few days ago I saw about twenty trout on two marble slabs, making a sight to cause an angler's blood to quicken at any season of the year, particularly at this season. On one slab were a lot of yearling trout averaging about half a pound in weight, and on the other an equal number of 2-year-olds of about 1½ to 1½ lbs. each. They were exceedingly fat fish and the silver gleam on their sides told of intimacy with salt water as well as of rich salt-water food. The two slabs were on Governor Morton's desk in the Executive Chamber in the Capitol at Albany, and a friend of mine who had brought them to exhibit to the Governor was describing the fish, the fishing and the preserve from which they were taken, and as he is a talker from Talktown, he was doing the subject full justice, and the eloquence was pouring out of him like a spring freshet at its flood. He stopped a moment for breath, not inspiration, and I tried to fill in the gap with "a few well-chosen words." I was not down for a speech and there was no reporter present to take down my words, and so I went directly to the point thusly: "Commissioner, will you look the Governor squarely in the face and tell him how you caught those trout? Did you grovel for them with mud worms or did you catch them artistically with an artificial fly?" My friend made a sound as though he had swallowed some loose fish hooks and the points had stuck in his throat, and he turned that fuller crimson that comes upon the robin's breast in the spring; then he made one of those tangled breaks of a converted pacing horse, but gathered himself together and found he was going level again, and with a Chesterfieldian bow said: "Governor, I caught them with bait; permit me to present them to you."

That evening, when we were dining at the Albany Club upon some of the same trout, with my friend as host, he turned to me without any Chesterfieldian or other kind of bow, without making a break of any kind, and without swallowing his palate, he said, in a clear mezzo-soprano: "Doggone you, I thought I had muzzled you with an invitation to dinner, and was expecting no storm indications unless it was from your partner in crime, seated at your left, but I told the truth about catching those trout and maintained the reputation of the angling fraternity; but—it nearly choked me to do it."

Preserving Fish.

A correspondent desires to know how to preserve fish and retain their colors. I have had the best success with 50 per cent. alcohol and 50 per cent. glycerine, preserving fish eggs and young fish, but Dr. T. H. Bean has told me that he uses one-third each of water, alcohol and glycerine.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fish and Freezing.

It is quite generally supposed that the sudden and complete freezing of lakes and watercourses must necessarily be fatal to all their inhabitants. Recent experiments by a French scientist, M. P. Regnard, have proved this to be an error. He cooled the water in an aquarium containing live carp to different degrees below freezing. At 0° C. the fishes seemed to fall asleep, but were not frozen. At -3° they were apparently dead, but retained their flexibility. The water being then gradually warmed, they revived, began to swim, and showed no signs of suffering. This would indicate that the polar seas, whose temperature never falls below 3° C., may be a congenial abode for creatures inured to this degree of cold.—*Scientific American*.

MASSACHUSETTS TROUT STREAMS.

BOSTON, April 4.—April 1 found many of Boston's anglers tramping along the banks of Massachusetts trout streams, and most of those who had the courage to go found very fair success. A. H. Wood and C. B. Jefferson were down on the cape and report very good fishing for the day, so good in fact that Mr. Wood has gone down to try it again. Augustus Flagg and some other members of the Somerset Club fished Scorteen stream down near Sandwich, but I have not yet heard with what luck. E. J. Brown owns a tide-water stream near Sandwich, and has made it a rule to be there on April 1 for several years. This year was no exception, and on his return Mr. Brown told me that he had caught a nice string, the largest weighing 2½ lbs. He blessed his luck over and over again, for just as he got the large one safely landed the snell of his hook broke off at the loop. Joshua S. Duncklee, chairman of the Boston Board of Assessors, and a friend who has fished with him for many years, were out on the first day, and the sum total of their catch were nine good-sized trout. The stream they fished was only fifteen miles from Boston, and considering that it was very high and running over the meadows, they certainly did well. I have also heard that the Worcester anglers who were out on the 1st met with good success, but have had no individual account of good luck as yet.

Dr. H. C. Haven, of Boston, who has a camp at the Rangeleys, only three miles from the Upper Dam, has gone down to make some preparations for the coming season. As the Doctor spends eight months of the year at this camp, no little amount of work is needed to place everything in good shape. He has generally left these preparations to others, but thought this year he would go down in advance and get a taste of the Rangeleys in winter.

H. A. Harrington and Geo. P. Johnson, of Boston, whom I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago as going South on a fishing trip, have just reached home. They have been to Homosassa, Fla., and report great sport in channel bass fishing. The tarpon were just beginning to arrive in the waters of that section as they were about to leave. They saw several, but did not do any tarpon fishing. Fine, warm weather prevailed during their entire trip, and letters from home containing accounts of the severe weather of the March just passed did not encourage them to return home earlier.

It is reported that two 20 lb. salmon were caught a day or two ago in the Bangor pool with the fly. It seems to me this is a little earlier than usual, and no doubt the news will start some of the enthusiasts down there post haste.

The ice in Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., is strong enough to last all summer, according to the stories of people who live on its shores. Twelve to sixteen inches is its reported thickness, and yet the lake is generally the first of the large lakes of New Hampshire to welcome fishermen in the early spring. It is a favorite place with Waltham, Mass., anglers, quite a number of whom visit it annually as soon as the ice goes out. For landlocked salmon Newfound Lake is the place of pilgrimage. A few days later than Winnepesaukee is when it usually clears of ice, and the salmon anglers begin a race up there as soon as the news comes in.

For a long time many members of the Megantic Club have urged the board of directors to have an annual ladies' night, so that the club members and their ladies could meet and become better acquainted. The proposition has finally been consented to, and the evening of April 24 has been set aside for the celebration of the First Annual Ladies' Night. The affair will take the form of a dinner, entertainment, etc., and will take place at the Hotel Vendome, in Boston. Like all the undertakings of this popular club, it will probably be a most successful affair.

HACKLE.

The Massachusetts legal open trout season has been a cold one. The first day of April was fairly pleasant, and some of the local fishermen were off. But Thursday, Friday and Saturday were cold and windy, with the mercury below freezing the most of the time. Some of the members of the Monument Club were at their preserve, but few trout were taken. Mr. J. Russell Reed, well known to the FOREST AND STREAM for his efforts in the direction of fish and game protection and propagation, has been down to his favorite resort on the Cape, and he is understood to have taken fifteen trout the first day; a good score certainly.

The brant shooters at Monomoy are having cold fingers. Mr. Warren Hapgood, the veteran of the Monomoy Brant Club and one of its founders, was down last week with several members and invited guests. At this writing no reports of success have been received. What is termed the Boys' Party is to start for the home of the club on Wednesday, but the rough weather and the lateness of the season have about killed their enthusiasm. At last accounts the gunners were reporting a good many brant seen, and "all young birds."

Salmon fishing has begun at Bangor, Me. The first day of April, the legal opening day, there were a number of boats on the swift water below the dam, but no salmon are reported taken. The river is full of ice and ice water, and since the opening day to this writing the weather has been cold and windy, with the mercury at 10 or 12° below freezing the most of the time; not very nice weather for fishing, to say the least. A Bangor, Me., special says that the State of Maine has received 40,000 brook trout eggs from the U. S. Fish Commission, from the hatchery at Greene Lake, near Bangor. The superintendent of the hatchery was directed to deliver 20,000 trout eggs to Commissioner Stanley and 20,000 to Commissioner Wentworth. The eggs have been delivered and are all being cared for at the Enfield hatchery. About 500,000 trout eggs are taken annually at the Government Hatchery at Greene Lake. The law provides that 25 per cent. of the eggs taken shall, when hatched, be returned to the waters of the parent fish. This leaves 375,000 to be distributed. Greene Lake brook trout are mentioned as particularly hardy and fine, and consequently the young fish from that lake are very desirable for restocking.

Later.—A Bangor special says that early on Thursday morning, April 2, Frank Cowen, of that city, hooked and landed a beautiful salmon on the Brewer side of the river; the first salmon of the season at the Bangor pool. The fish was large enough so that he got nineteen silver dollars for it in the market. A few hours after John E. Kent, of Vezie, got another salmon on to the land that weighed

17½ lbs. Still the weather is cold, with the river full of floating ice; conditions very unsatisfactory for salmon fishing. It is understood that the above fish were both caught with bait, nothing having yet been done with the fly.

SPECIAL.

THE BONE FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

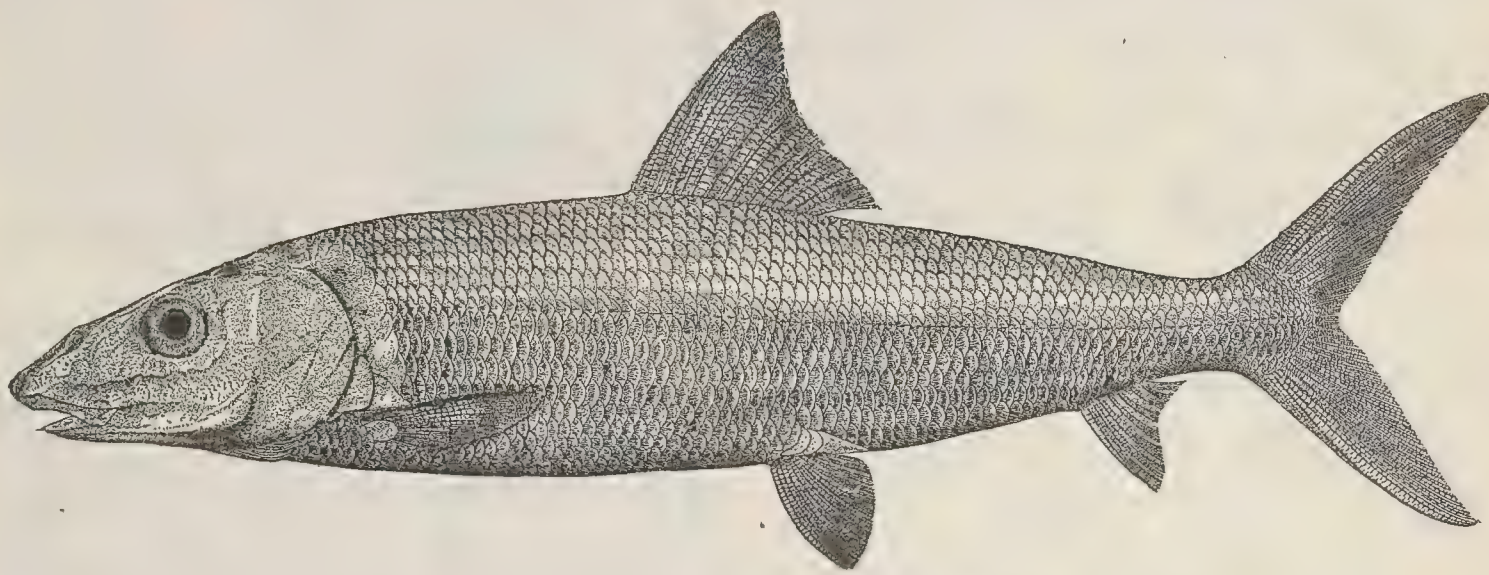
In your April 4 number F. S. I. C. describes his experience with a game fish which he believes superior to the tarpon, but its name and place in nature are unknown to him. Judging from the excellent description and from the name applied to the species in Florida it is almost certain that the conclusion reached by the Fish Commission in Washington is correct.

Possibly F. S. I. C. may have in mind the "bony fish" or menhaden of Northern waters when he says the "bone fish" of Biscayne Bay is in no way related to this, and if so he is right; but "bone fish" and "bony fish" are very different animals.

The best way to ascertain whether or not the game fish of Biscayne Bay is what the Fish Commission people claim is to examine the lower figure of plate 218 in Section I. of "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," or plate XXIII., figure 81, in the Nineteenth Report of New York Fish Commission.

If this suggestion proves well founded the Biscayne Bay fighter is the lady fish (*Albula vulpes*), and its pursuit and capture may delight the anglers of the West Indies, the Bermudas, Cape Verde Islands, Indian Ocean, the Red Sea and the coast of Japan, as well as those on both coasts of North America, extending occasionally northward to Cape Cod.

Dr. Goode says it is called "bone fish" and "grubber" in the Bermudas. W. I. de Nyse informs me it is sometimes caught in Gravesend Bay, L. I., where it is known



BONE FISH OR LADY FISH. (From Fisheries and Fishery Industries.)

to fishermen as the "cering." At the Bermudas Dr. Goode states it is considered a fine food fish, and he testifies to its value from his own experience. In the Caribbean Sea it is highly esteemed for the table.

Capt. Lewis B. Thurber, of Patchogue, L. I., secured a fine specimen of the fish in Great South Bay. The early writers on the fishes of New York, Mitchill and De Kay, do not include the "bone fish" and "lady fish" in their lists of fishes of the State. De Kay, however, refers to it as an extra-limital species under the name *Butirinus vulpes*, no common name being given.

All authorities agree that the "bone fish" is so named for cause, but it is unquestionably a fine fish, and now that its game qualities have been discovered we may expect to hear more of it. The beauty of the scales and the symmetry of the body combine to make it a striking object of the angler's art.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

NEW YORK, April 2.

NEW YORK, April 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your last issue I notice an interesting description of the bonefish of Biscayne Bay, Fla., and also an inquiry as to its classification, etc.

While being a comparatively new fish to the angling fraternity, it is by no means new to ichthyologists, as it is recorded in "List of Food Fishes of the United States," of 1879, under the name of *Vulpes albula* (Linn).

During a ten years' residence on the east coast of Florida I have had a large experience with this fish and heartily agree with F. S. I. C. in proclaiming it "the game fish par excellence of the Atlantic."

As he says, sand fleas, fiddler and hermit crabs are the most successful baits, but I have derived more sport from using a medium weight fly-rod with large, gaudy salmon or bass flies. Jock-Scott, butcher, scarlet-ibis and parma-chene-belle are my favorites, all tied on No. 3-0 hooks with twisted gut loops. There is some excellent advice to fly-fishermen intending to visit Florida contained in Dr. Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida," and in the collection of papers made by C. F. Orvis and A. N. Cheney entitled "Fishing with the Fly," but the bone or lady fish, mentioned in these works, is a totally different fish in appearance, habits and habitat.

I will add that there is great and almost unknown sport in store for the Northern angler who will go to Biscayne and depart from the conventional bait and "billiard cue rod" and experiment with the fly along the sandbars and mangrove shores.

MAXIE.

An Episode of Opening Day.

THE first day of the brook trout season found the Corpulent Dentist at Willow Brook, sixteen miles away, wielding the daintiest of rods and tossing the most seductive of flies lightly on the turbulent stream. Ill fared it with the angler for a brave hour's work when, reaching an inviting riffle, the lascivious fly dropped gently on the water and was instantly taken by what the dentist called "a veritable monster of the tribe of trout." It was a sturdy fight, carried on for a heart-breaking space of time, before the angler dared venture to lead the trout up to within reaching distance of him. Arrayed in wading boots and otherwise well equipped for daring aquatic feats, the portly Dentist, like Kipling's ship that found herself, felt tolerably safe in making a fearless attempt to

capture his prize. With a strong right arm outstretched he stooped to conquer, slipped, and sat down heavily to his armpits in the rushing waters. It required a heroic struggle of two minutes' duration to get extricated from the icy bath, with rod and line badly tangled, and the "speckled beauty"—pardon the term, brethren—gone!

When the Corpulent Dentist emerged from a nearby farmhouse half an hour later attired in a flaming red flannel shirt, a pair of trousers lacking several inches in sufficiency of waist measure, cowhide boots having a low décolleté cut to them, a seventeenth century dicer and a frock coat that would have aroused the envy of a New Jersey hobo, he lacked all of the divinity that doth hedge a king. Although he realized fair success that day, our friend avenged his mishap of the morning only by reaching home at nightfall and having his most intimate associates mistake him for a Western road agent.

M. CHILL.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN SMELT.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am surprised at the article on Lake Champlain ice fish in your paper of March 28. I am afraid the anglers our friend Cheney interviewed were a stupid and queer lot. While having the greatest respect for friend Cheney and his writings (from what I have seen for the last twenty years), I beg to differ with him, and would say, be it known to all it may concern, that as a rule Lake Champlain smelt and herring do not migrate to salt water, but at the approach of summer retire to the deepest part of the lake, where they find 200 to 400 ft. of water. Here they stay at the bottom most of the time. When the broad lake freezes over they work up in shoaler water, where the fishermen take them through the ice. They are caught later in the winter at Port Henry, it being

further away from the deeper part of the lake.

I have seen smelt in the lake every month in the year, and have caught them in most of the summer and fall months. While trolling off Cedar Beach in very deep water with a lake trout rig I caught a smelt 14 in. in length. This was in July. I was running a good-sized dace 150 ft. below the surface, using 1½ lbs. lead. Also in August while trolling I caught a ½ lb. smelt in the middle of the lake opposite Westport, where I was running a minnow 200 ft. below the surface. When camping in August at Apple Tree Point, a little north of Diamond Island, I used to go out before sunrise to fish for wall-eyed pike in about 100 ft. of water. Very often the pike would chase and drive schools of smelt to the surface. They would leap out of the water by hundreds; they were fair-sized smelt.

In September I was fishing on a reef far out in the lake opposite Westport. This reef has 18 ft. of water on it, breaking off suddenly to 200 ft. A strong current was running from the deep water over the reef. Pike were biting finely. Once in awhile the water would fairly boil close around the boat, caused by the smelt coming to the surface, driven up by large fish. Some of the pike threw smelt from their mouths after they were in the boat. Game protector Goper Liberty was with me at the time. Once while anchored on this reef in a still time with the current running as before, suddenly I noticed great quantities of air bubbles rising to the surface all over the reef. This was a mystery, but it was soon solved by the appearance of thousands of smelt leaping from the water apparently disabled and in trouble. It seems that the current brought them up from deep water and the diminished pressure expanded their air bladders to such a degree that it brought them to the surface in distress, notwithstanding that they expelled part of the air before they broke water.

I have taken fair-sized smelt from the mouths and throats of wall-eyed pike all through the summer and fall months; this was when fishing in and near very deep water; and have frequently used smelt so taken for bait with good success. My friend, Samuel P. Avery, Jr., tells me that he picked up a dead smelt on the shore of his island at Button Bay. He went out on his favorite reef and with this single smelt caught five fine wall-eyes. Smelt are the natural food of wall-eyes in Champlain and make the best of bait. I have never found smelt in black bass taken in Lake Champlain.

Sometimes smelt come to the surface toward night, and in cloudy weather when the lake is still observing persons can see them swimming about in large schools, making a wide and curious ripple on the water. This is generally seen at the middle of the lake, where the water is the deepest. Smelt can be caught in Lake Champlain in any of the summer months by going to the right place and using the right means, but I do not think to much advantage, as they lie in deep water and are more scattered than in winter; still, by a little effort enough can be caught to use for bait.

Here I want to raise a note of warning to those that think of introducing smelt to feed lake trout; they are ferocious little brutes and persistent destroyers of small fish living in all depths of water; they would destroy the young trout. This I think is one reason lake trout are not more plenty in Champlain.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

BAIT-CASTING WITHOUT FRILLS.

THE above heading is not intended as a mere excerpt from the vocabulary of popular slang. On the other hand, it is an attempt at compactness which, transcribed with more verbosity, implies that the art of taking game fish can be acquired with the scientific accompaniment of light and effective tackle within a moderate outlay. The majority of writers on the pleasures of angling have too frequently assumed that skill necessarily accompanies an expensive outfit. Publishers have winked at these statements because it pleases dealers, who in return respond with profitable advertising. But the millionaire will not resent the impeachment of his purse, but will submit to the imposition in considering he is paying for the privilege of a monopoly. Hence it would seem that one of four things exists—that prominent writers are ignorant of the resources of the angling art, belong to the favored of wealth, are bidding for favors, or are not dealing honestly with the subject.

I was brought to an appreciation of the situation by an incident that occurred last summer. An acquaintance who enjoys a good enough salary in a Western city to give himself and family the comforts and moderate luxuries of a home had been in boyhood a simple pole-and-line slinger after the manner of youth. As with many others, business and family cares had detracted his attention until at length, finding some leisure hours coming his way, the old boyhood love returned. The angling literature current in newspaper, magazine and book form impressed upon him the extent of his rustiness in the sport and bespoke an exaltation of ethics commensurate with extravagant outlay if he hoped to come within the pale of scientific sportsmanship. The figures of \$50 for a bait rod, ditto for a fly-rod, \$20 for a multiplying reel, \$10 for a "click," \$15 for a book of flies and leaders, \$10 for a tackle box, 15 cents a foot for lines, besides a small fortune in landing nets, creels, waders, boats, etc., etc., etc., showed an elevation of the art as commanding as high-priced. It was while he was trying to reconcile some sort of expenditure akin to the above with his bank account that I happened one day to ask him to go after bass with me.

"But I haven't got any tackle," he said, "and, look here, I don't know whether I shall get any this season, as the outfit costs such a confounded pile. I have been looking over this catalogue, and it states that only first-class goods will give satisfaction, which also accords with —'s book on angling."

"Yes, I see, it does come high; but then you know one must pay roundly to be considered eligible to the good opinion of the fraternity. However, I can fit you out for an afternoon's sport."

"But I don't know anything about casting, you see, so I will be a nuisance."

"Well, never mind about that. It is not the most difficult thing in the world to toss a frog a few feet, which perhaps I can convince you, at least let me show you something of the method, and then if you have fishing instinct you will speedily take kindly to the sport."

One hazy midsummer Saturday we were afloat on a lovely Minnesota lake, where the bass were abundant, rowing to a favorite spot at a contraction of the lake, where a wooded point jutted out, half encircling a bay whose inner crescent was fringed with lily pads and an outward barrier of rushes, extending toward the open expanse of water. Here we rested, while I unpacked the tools. I had brought two types of weapons to illustrate my proposed exordium on the discrepancy between cost and sport.

One rod was a plain jointed lancewood that had seen some five seasons of active conflict and had never failed, and probably cost not to exceed \$3.50. It was furnished with a nicked open or skeleton reel listed at \$2, and a braided line in which a quarter of a dollar may have been invested. The other rod, which by the way had been presented to me by a loving friend, was one of those symphonies in split-bamboo, silver and jet; the reel was a rapid multiplier as elaborate as jeweled bearings and aluminum construction would furnish, while the snaky black line was one to delight the most fastidious. The latter outfit probably represented a numerical value expressed in one figure and two ciphers. I never inquired the price for reasons obvious to any one who has been the recipient of a gift.

In external appearance and detail of finish the two sets were markedly different, but in the "hang" of the rods, that delicacy of balance so pleasing to the angler, there was little choice. When the "symphonic poem" was rigged ready for business my friend's expression of delight paid tribute to his appreciation of the beautiful.

"It's a dandy," meaning the bamboo.

"Yes, but the lance is a daisy."

"Correct; still it's cheaper," feeling both rods, "and it don't seem to be quite so stiff as the dandy."

"Probably; but you will soon see the discrepancy don't count."

I did not want to underrate the beautiful gift of my friend, while on the other hand years of associations with the older rod in many a plucky battle had wedded it to my affections. It had survived when a varied assortment of other rods had been laid aside, and although one of the cheapest, in cost, I had owned, it was also meritoriously one of the best. But I had a theory to put in practice that day, so said but little concerning merits, leaving the candidates to tell their respective stories and sing their own praises in deeds. Diving into the frog basket I inquired: "Which rod will you try first?"

"O, neither. I'd break them before I learn to cast that frog from so delicate a structure. Let me see you throw and I'll try and 'catch on.'"

"Well, then, notice that here is a half-grown batrachian, not too small to entice a hungry bass and hardly enough to stand the strain. Casting is fun for the angler, but I imagine is a serious business to a frog. One gets careless sometimes and don't thumb the reel in time, and then there occurs a crack-the-whip sort of action and froggy goes spinning away on his own hook, so to speak. So he must be strongly secured either by binding him with a thread to the hook, as well as inserting the latter, or by putting him in this little harness I have here. I use a big hook, which fly fishermen will stare aghast at, but a 4-pounder in this lake has a name that does not belie his appearance, and you want a hook that will catch somewhere and hold in his big maw, and besides fly-casting and bait-casting are not analogous methods.

"Now observe that the frog is reeled up within a foot or two of the tip. You can cast sitting or standing, to the

right or left, but the knack is in swinging the rod so the frog does not go out around the tip. You do not usually cast directly in front, but toward a point nearly in line with the shoulders. If you wish to take a right hand cast lay the rod arm, unless you are left-handed, across the left breast and swing the rod upward and to the right, but don't let the tip travel much ahead of the hand or the frog will circle around and land on your head. Do you see that bubble—how far is it? No, not 100ft., call it three-quarters of the distance.

"Well, here goes." Zip, splash! and no rise, "See, I watch the frog in its flight, and as it touches the water my thumb presses the coil of line and the reel is checked; otherwise there would occur language unbecoming any one but a disgusted angler with an entangled mess of line on his reel. Now I'll reel in slowly and see if—well, here is the frog and no strike recorded yet.

"Note that little clump of weeds some 40yds. to the left. Looks inviting. Whir—bang! Blamed if he isn't a good one. No use waiting for him to swallow that frog; he's got the hook sure. It's all on account of his greediness in catching froggy on the fly, as it were, the moment it touched the water. Well, we will put on the breaks and see how he looks. Dandy, ain't he? And he is on a daisy rod.

"Cast your eye on to this 9oz. pole and I'll show you what it's made for. Bend? Well, I should smile. But look at the tough. Reckon he feels the spring of the old lance and proposes to hunt for cover among those ticklish reeds. Now mind the rod while I point the butt at him. Keep your seat; don't jump overboard, for it won't break. I've seen the tip lie alongside of my wrist a good many times before; but ain't he gritty, that is, the bass? Ah! here he comes. Cunning, but stupid, for he is rushing toward arms ready to embrace him, and I can reel about as fast as he can swim, and—biff! Thought he'd have to make another kick out of water. It's a good kick, but not high enough to loosen the grip of that big plebeian hook. So he seems to think, for he sulks and wants to rout in the mud, and—gives it up. Get out the landing net and take him in out of the wet."

"Jewhittaker!" gasps my companion, "he must weigh 10lbs. What a monster! But where are your scales?"

"I never carry scales except when I am alone; they are too exasperatingly truthful for anything but private consultation; but if I should give a guess on the accuracy of a fisherman's judgment when he is showing off before a pupil, I would brace my modesty up sufficiently to hazard that he will fall within 5lbs.—mebby over 4."

"But he is 2ft. long."

"Well, that depends on whose feet you adopt as a standard of measurement. But are you ready to try a cast?"

"No; you rig a frog on the dandy and throw again."

"All right, mark a cast to the right. Pass the rod arm toward the left shoulder, start the frog without a jerk, let the tip and hand fall into the trough of a curve of versed sines, flattening out to a straight at the finish, keeping the bait under the tip as it starts on its flight to the mark. Thumb the reel, so. Splash! No strike. Reel in slowly for general results. None, not even a pike. Cast again to the left, reversing the position of the rod arm. The dandy don't seem to be in it—no—yes. Well, I'll feel him with a turn of the wrist; and, by jingo! he is hooked.

"Clap your eyes on to the rod and see how it takes the strain. You will notice it don't yield from tip to hand piece with the lissom grace of the other rod. But it is quicker in its resilient action, which presupposes a stiffer backbone, but resistance to fracture is not greater. See, the bass has turned for deep water; wonder what the beggar means that he don't hunt for salvation among the reeds. Well, as long as he don't try to shovel up this tangled bottom I'll give some line to impart agility and confidence in the break for liberty. Hear that reel scream. Beats a Paderewski solo, eh? Wonder what *Micropterus* thinks about it, if his auricular apparatus is of any account. But they say fish don't hear very much, so he misses one of the best pieces in the entertainment.

"Mind the rod now while I clamp on the reel and big-mouth luffs on to the other tack, if he don't miss stays, and I reckon he won't from the headway he has on, in sawing the water with that little black thread, and you will see what the bamboo is capable of doing. Yes, it is a dandy, but excuse me from further eulogy on the rod's merits until this fight is over. A fellow at the butt can't calmly deal with nice points of comparison, or philosophize on ethics, while that little fiend at the other end of the line is stirring things up in such fashion. An instructor and moralist should punctuate his arguments with fervor, but moderation and dispassionate eloquence should prevail.

"Just now I'm fishin' and gettin' hot, and— Mind that oar! Great Izaak! The cuss is towing the boat around and making for the reeds! That won't work, *Mr. M. salmoides*, the spring of that tip is bound to hold you level if you weigh a ton, and durned if I don't think you do. What! Give it up? Well, then jump right in here alongside of your brother.

"Say, did I say anything unbecoming a fisherman?"

"No, nor a Sunday-school teacher either—that is, one who is placed under similar conditions."

"Well, the verdict?"

"Easy enough: the bass is a whopper—big as the other, and the rods are both of them dandies and daisies. Both fill the bill, I think, so far as good sport is concerned, and the cheaper one seems to be in it along with the costly one."

"Thanks on behalf of the rods and tackle. Now I'll rig on a frog and you try a cast."

"Excuse me, please. I will not make any attempt with those tools after their exploits to-day. But I wish you would help me in selecting an outfit within what I see can be done on a moderate amount, and then I'll essay first trials with my own weapons. But who invented bait-casting, anyhow?"

"S-h-h! Don't speak so loud, or we will be heard in Chicago. Those chaps in the Windy City (pet name, by the way) have been imposing on FOREST AND STREAM's staff correspondent and making believe they have a "cinch" on the patent. Now, when we reach your home and go down cellar to open the ventilator, and are thereby safe from eager ears, where they will not hear even the drawing of a small cork, I'll whisper something that I had from good authority on an angler's word of honor. But mum is the word, or when you go to Chicago next summer you will find yourself in trouble with those jealous though modest egotists who angle along the Fox and Calumet."

CAYUGA.

New Jersey Trout.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 4.—Disconsolation reigns in the camp of the New Jersey trout fisherman. So far as I have learned not a line has as yet been cast to ensnare the spotted idol of the creek. Much preparation had been made and anticipation ran high among the craft hereabout, but the inclement weather and swollen conditions of the streams have held the most ardent in abeyance. Some good catches of white perch have been made, however, in some of our estuaries and lakes, and that sport had under proper conditions is not to be despised. The next few weeks will witness the opening of salt-water fishing, and we will see what the season has in store for us.

LEONARD HULIT.

Wisconsin Nets are Nuisances to be Destroyed.

OSHKOSH, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Supreme Court has declared the law that allows game wardens to take up and burn fish nets when found in the water constitutional. This will take the heart out of the fishermen on Lake Winnebago, who were looking for the law to be declared unconstitutional, so that they might get pay for the fifty miles of nets burned by the wardens.

AGAMOK.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.
BENCH SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's show, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Alexander Glass, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show.

D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles.

Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.

April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y.

Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can.

C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburgh.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. —Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

BATTERY A'S COON HUNT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several members of Battery A, D. C. N. G., were sitting around the armory smoking and talking when a pause ensued which was broken by Lieut. Marron saying: "Say, fellows, ever been on a coon hunt?" A chorus of voices broke in, "No! what's it like?" says one. "Any fun in it?" says another, and a third exclaimed: "I'll take it in, fun or no fun."

"Well," said Lieut. Marron, "I've got an invitation to go on one from Ed. Thorn and bring friends."

"Who's Ed. Thorn?"

"Why, he is a prosperous young farmer and lives about twelve miles from here."

The preliminaries were soon settled and Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895, was the day fixed for a start. A good team was secured and the wagon loaded with everything needful for a pleasant trip. The following comprised the party: Senior Lieut. Albert Robbins, Lieut. Marron, Sergt. Murray, Corporal Chase, privates Gus Marron and Joe Gates. Nothing of consequence took place on the trip down.

Arriving at the house, everyone was soon acquainted and all were especially introduced to Mr. Jack Loggins (a local colored politician), whose dogs Burr and Dash were to be used on the hunt. It is said that Uncle Jack in a game on a Saturday night can clean up all the coons on Eleventh street, S. E., and thence to Piscataway, and go to church next morning with the dignity of a United States Senator when voting for an increase of pay.

Mr. Albert Jenkins, John Jenkins and Jimmy Edlin were on the ground as invited guests. John Jenkins had a poodle dog which he called Miller. Just why he was called Miller no one but John knew, for he was of a darkish gray color and much resembled a coon. Miller followed his master to the hunt, who threw several stones at him and had the supposed satisfaction of seeing him recross the branch apparently returning home. Alas! poor Miller's affection for his master cost him his life.

Everything being in readiness for the start, Thorn approached Sergt. Murray with a guano sack containing a grubbing hoe, pick, axe, shovel and a coil of rope, saying, "Sergeant, you seem to be the strongest of the party. You had better bring this with you."

For a moment Jim's countenance became a study, and he looked as if he was sorry he had come. "Never mind," says Thorn, "we can send for them if we need them," and Jim is wondering yet whether Thorn was in earnest or not.

"Now, Jack, we'll proceed to hunt the *Didelphys virginianus* and the festive *Procyon lotor*," said Lieut. Marron.

"Lieutenant," said Jack, "if you're gwine to hunt birds and sich you'd better wait till mornin', 'ca'se them dogs is only broke to coons and possums," and the party proceeded to Tinker's Run to hunt coons and possum. They had not gone far when the dogs broke into a full cry and every one went tearing through the bushes and briers, the countrymen in the lead, yelling and shouting to the dogs, "Hark! Hark! Hark to 'em! Sick 'em! Whoop 'em up!" etc.

The excitement was intense, and artillerymen and countrymen vied with each other to be in at the death fight.

The dogs were soon come up with and such a fight was

never before seen on Tinker's Run. "There he goes down the branch!" "Bring a light!" "Hit him with a pole!" "Shoot him, lieutenant!" "Sick him, Burr!" "Go for him, Chestnut! Don't let him get under the bank or he's a goner!"

Jack Loggins in the meantime, having secured a fence rail, hit the poor beast a fatal blow and was drawing him to the bank. "Bring us light here," and John Jenkins threw the light of his bull's eye on the floating object and exclaimed in disgust, "Why, that's my dog Miller. Pa'er will be satisfied now, for poor Miller will never suck another egg."

Cries were heard up the branch, and Sergeant Jim being missed, haste was made for his rescue. He was found hanging over a foot pole, his voice nearly gone, and begging them not to let him drop. The countrymen lifted him to the bank and he was soon revived. When asked why he didn't get off the log and come to them, he said he was lost and wanted them to find him. Before making another start Thorn pulled down a long, wild grapevine and trimmed it up, and made a loop in the middle, which was placed around the sergeant, and with a sturdy countryman at either end, all possibility of Jim's getting lost again was reduced to a minimum.

The party returned to the house. About 8 A. M., as if by mutual consent, all hands began to yawn and dress, and Jim gave an exclamation of terror, and dressing quickly made for the barn. The others soon followed, and found Jim had a struggling black cat in one of his boots in one hand, and the severed tail of the cat in the other, rubbing himself vigorously around his loins. The battery men rushed in and asked what was the matter, when with a sorrowful countenance he told them that he had a bad case of "shingles," and if it had not been for the black cat bleeding on him he would have been dead in an hour. "Shingles, thunder! that is where that grapevine rubbed you last night." "Say, fellows, it's on me this time. You won't say anything about this and help to graft that tail on again."

The day was spent in talking, looking over Thorn's tobacco crop, and all the battery men received a twist of fine tobacco and an invitation from all the countrymen to come down again, while the battery men declared the countrymen were the most hospitable they ever met, and the latter reciprocated.

Corporal Chase, who had never seen persimmons grow, secured a small flour sack full, which he placed in the wagon without the knowledge of the others, and Private Gates sat on them during the ride home. Arriving at the armory, Chase drew out the bag and exclaimed, "That's a nice mess for me to take home," and Gates replied that he was in a nice mess to go home to his mother, who would say to him, "Why, Joseph!" and then he would feel like crying.

Lieut. Robbins, who had been treated with the respect due to his rank, soon pacified them, and all resolved that, while they did not catch a coon, they had had a good time.

OLD COON.

The Cedar Rapids Bench Show.

TO HOLD a bench show and have everything run smooth, no fault finding of superintendent, judges, etc., seemed to be one of the impossibilities of this life after reading the reports and criticisms of the different shows held throughout the country.

But nevertheless the Cedar Rapids Kennel Club, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., bears off the palm as having inaugurated and carried on a show without a kick from anybody. This may come about to a certain extent from the environments connected with the show, as it was held in the old Baptist Church and the proceeds were contributed to charity. The dates were March 24, 25 and 26. There were about 150 dogs in the building, and many of the classes contained some fine specimens, especially pointers and setters, and the competition was warm. The benches were made of dressed pine lumber. The feed was nicely boiled beef. Superintendent Calder and his attendants were ever on the alert, courteous and kind, and a cleaner and neater run show I never saw, and I have attended bench shows for twenty years.

The judging in the non-sporting class was done by A. G. Eberhart, and the sporting class was handled by Geo. E. Poyner, Williamsburg, Ia., and two more painstaking judges never stepped into a ring. They took plenty of time, examined every entry with great care, and when they made their awards they were indorsed by every exhibitor. This establishes the fact that there are few men their equals as judges. The officers of the club are a snappy, keen lot of business men, and, with the characteristic "get there" for which Cedar Rapids is noted, we predict for the future a bench show that will compare in size and quality with any show in the West.

OLD TIMER.

A Kansas Wolf Hunt.

OTTAWA, Kan.—One of the great events of the year is the Thanksgiving wolf hunt. The hunt must not necessarily occur on Thanksgiving Day, but that is the day usually chosen, because it is a holiday and all the crops have been gathered out of the way of the hunters.

That day was therefore appointed as the day for a grand circle hunt near this city and taking in the whole of Harrison township.

The day was very pleasant and a great many attended the hunt, starting from the borders of the township and moving toward a spot which had previously been agreed upon as the center.

At first the men and boys were in scattered groups, and their dogs, being so far apart, failed to start any game until they were half-way to the goal and formed into regular lines. There were three divisions: northwest, east and south; the northwest and east divisions met first, and formed a large semi-circle; then moving far enough toward the goal to get clear of the cornfields, they stopped and waited for the other division. They had not been there long when they saw the south division coming slowly forward, driving three wolves in front of them; but before the lines met and completed the circle, two of the wolves made a rush through the opening and escaped. The other wolf didn't notice that he was inclosed by a circle of men and boys until it was too late for him to escape the way his companions did, and everybody thought he was in there to stay.

The circle now contained, besides the wolf, about sixty prairie chickens, a number of owls, and a great many jack rabbits and cottontails. The birds seemed bewildered

by the shouts of the men and barking of the dogs, and kept flying round and round in a circle, getting shot at every time they came near a man with a gun.

The circle was now complete and was closing in on the wolf when he realized that the men were looking for him, and it didn't take him long to decide what to do. A small corner of a cornfield was included in the circle, and the wolf made for this in a hurry, and everybody thought he would get away. In the cornfield were Paul Robinson with his dog Snap and Lewis Gill with his dog Don, and as the wolf came past they started the greyhounds after him. The two hounds followed him and the young dog Don downed him three times, but as Don is not yet grown, was not strong enough to hold the wolf. Immediately on coming out of the corn the wolf received a charge of shot from a mounted farmer, but ran just as fast as ever, pursued closely by Don.

Charles La Follet now appeared on the scene with his pack of trailing hounds, and after a long chase captured the wolf and carried the pelt home in triumph.

The hunt was not, on the whole, what might be called successful, but there was plenty of excitement, and some of those who had guns killed cottontails, jack rabbits and prairie chickens.

I heard of one accident which came near being very serious. Some one laid his gun down in a crowd, where it was stepped on and discharged. The charge of shot tore off the heel of one man's boot and then struck another man in the leg. The limb was pretty badly bruised, but fortunately for him only three shot entered the flesh.

F. B.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In the course of a chatty letter we have this week received from Mr. Freeman Lloyd, who appears to have been doing good service as a war correspondent during the recent disturbances in South Africa, we learn that both fox terriers and collies are being boomed for all they are worth. "Dogging," writes our lengthy friend, "here is swifter than in England. Imagine a community all over money, fond of sport, and with anything of a free-and-easy manner. Bookmakers are allowed to stand up in the street, and we have Sunday entertainments, wonderfully swift, I can assure you!"—*British Fancier*.

It would seem that Owney, the post office dog, is growing a bit eccentric in his ways, as is becoming to greatness the world over. He recently arrived in New York, and of him the *Herald* says: "Owney, the post office dog traveler who arrived here from Washington last Friday, spent yesterday in prowling about the newspaper distributing department in the basement of the post office. He also invaded the men's smoking room, where he slept and was fed alternately. Owney has grown as fat as a spring lamb. His amiability has somewhat decreased since his last visit, and he reserves the right to snap at those visitors who displease him. A few months ago Owney took another flying visit to Japan, and before his arrival in New York he paid a visit to Albany, his birthplace, which he had not seen for two years. Here are some of the new tags that Owney wears on his collar: 'Owney, call again; Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Feb. 27, 1896.' 'Welcome, Owney; Rome, N. Y., March 7, 1896.' 'Hotel Ruhl; Jackson, Michigan.' 'Owney, wishing you a happy New Year, January, 1896. Campbell and Trubshaw, Tacoma P. O.' Owney has now acquired thoroughly independent habits. He scorns the idea of being shipped away from one place to another like a leather satchel. His stay here now depends entirely upon his own sweet will. When the mood seizes him he will jump upon one of the mail carts and board an express train bound for a destination to his own liking. 'Owney will suit himself, I guess,' said Superintendent Bradley, of the railway mail service. 'He may leave to-day at his own option or remain with us a week. He has obtained wonderful celebrity, as my mail testifies. Numberless articles have been written about him in the juvenile papers and boys' magazines. Not long ago I received a letter from the managers of a dog show in St. Louis asking that I send Owney to be exhibited. Unfortunately Owney does not travel on scheduled time and his whereabouts were then unknown.'"

Humane persons will, our Paris correspondent says, be glad to hear that all stray dogs are not taken to the Fourrière, or Paris Pound, to be there killed or passed on to vivisectionists. There is a dog refuge at Garches, founded by nine English ladies in 1890. Besides the income from its capital, this asylum receives a subvention from the Society for the Protection of Animals. The Paris agent for receiving masterless dogs, sending them on to Garches, is a Mme. Faure. She is seldom without a party of canine refugees. A neighbor of hers, Mlle. Mazerolles, is on the same lines a guardian angel to cats. She sends the homeless cats she discovers to Bezons, where Mme. Claude Bernard has founded a refuge, near which she lives, and in which there are eighty cats. An active benefactress of the feline race in Paris is a Mme. Donon, an aged lady of 70, living at Asnières. She has now eleven cats and sixteen dogs under her care, and for some years afforded hospitality to the dogs and eight New Caledonian cats of Louise Michel. Six out of these eight died. The survivors are Marguerite and Moumoute. They both have short forelegs, and developed hindlegs like the kangaroo.—*London Daily News*.

Mr. Louis Steffen, secretary of the Northwestern Beagle Club, informs us that a meeting of the field trial committee will be held on Tuesday, May 5, at 2 P. M., in Milwaukee.

The entries of the Mohawk Kennel Club's show, April 25 to 29, close on April 17. The secretary informs us that the express companies will return free of charge all dogs on which charges have been prepaid.

Dogs will sometimes contract curious habits. It is on record that a north country butcher owns one that chews tobacco. This has been going on for three years. Indeed, it began when the animal was a puppy, its owner having started the habit by giving it small pieces of tobacco to play with. Now it has a preference for plug tobacco, and will not touch fine cut, and has become so accustomed to chewing the weed that it always looks for a daily quid.—*British Fancier*.

[Our esteemed contemporary would have given the

above item more news value had it mentioned whether the dog spit on the stove or in the spittoon in man fashion, or threw its exhausted quid indifferently against the wall or out of the window.]

The English setter puppy Muncie Mark, by Gath's Mark—Belle of Blue Ridge, owned by Mr. G. G. Williamson, died of distemper recently. He won v.h.c. in the English setter puppy class at the late Chicago show.

On March 27 the Hamilton Kennel Club was reorganized at an enthusiastic meeting held in Mr. A. D. Steward's office in Hamilton, Ont. The last meeting was held in 1893. There were \$30 in the treasury. The annual fee was placed at \$1. The list of officers elected is as follows: Patrons: Wm. Hendrie, J. M. Lottridge, George Roach, Senator Sanford and Mayor Tuckett; President, E. Tinsley; First Vice-President, R. B. Harris; Second Vice-President, R. F. Woodehouse; Treasurer, D. S. Gillies; Secretary, Wm. J. Tulk; Executive Committee: All the officers and W. McDonald, C. W. Ricketts, Rev. Thos. Geoghehan, A. D. Stewart, J. J. Tulk, Dr. H. S. Griffin, Joseph Kennedy. The club will hold a show open to the world on May 9. At a later meeting on April 1 it was decided to hold a cat show for lady exhibitors in conjunction with the dog show. The entrance fee for dogs will be 25 cents. The following have been selected as judges: R. F. Woodehouse, cocker and King Charles spaniels; Dr. Griffin, bull terriers; A. D. Stewart, bull dogs and pugs; F. R. Close, fox terriers; W. H. Thompson, St. Bernards; W. J. Tulk, Russian wolfhounds and English greyhounds; E. Tinsley, pointers, setters, hounds, etc. It is likely that George Ball, of Toronto, will judge the other breeds.

Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C., in our business columns calls attention to his list of well-bred English setters. J. Kay, Pleasant Dale, Me., offers broken beagles. 21 W. Seventeenth street, New York, offers fox terrier. John de Morgan, West New Brighton, N. Y., offers mastiff. Standard Kennel, Georgetown, N. Y., offers broken beagles. Redstone Kennels, Huntington, N. Y., offer Irish setters.

The entries of the Baltimore show number 335. Spratts Patent will bench and feed. Mr. E. M. Oldham's skillful services will be devoted to the superintendency.

The Irish setter champion Tim, famous as a bench show winner, died last Monday at the kennel of his owner, Dr. L. C. Sauveur. His death was attributed to old age.

Yachting.

A HINT FOR A CHEAP OUTING.

It is to be regretted that it is impossible for all of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to indulge in an annual outing. There are many, however, who never take a trip because they imagine that, in order to enjoy an outing, it is absolutely necessary to be the possessor of a fat pocket-book. Upon looking at the matter from this standpoint they ruefully decide to stay at home. Knowing by experience to the contrary, I hope to be able to dispel this erroneous notion from the minds of some, if not all, who may read this yarn.

It seems to me that when a sportsman knows of a way by which many of his fellows might be benefited, he should consider it a duty to in some way convey this knowledge to them. Who knows but it might be the means of restoring to robust health some unfortunate invalid in whose breast all hope has died.

Many a person who stays at home bewailing his hard lot through the hot summer months could indulge in an outing of a month's duration or longer, the total cost of which need not exceed the sum of \$40. The good gained by the general health on such a trip would more than compensate for the money expended.

Strange as it may seem, of the outings in which it has been my good fortune to indulge, those that have proved the most beneficial and that always awaken the most pleasant memories are invariably the ones that have been the least expensive.

Of the kind of outing of which I will tell in this article, however, there is this much to say in the very beginning: Let no person indulge who is averse to roughing it a little; while a good roof would always be at hand to afford shelter and there would be a sufficiency of eatables, there would be no soft mattresses on woven wire springs on which "to woo the drowsy god." A straw mattress in a narrow bunk would be the bed, the bill of fare would consist of unlimited quantities of strong black tea or coffee, bread, butter, potatoes, meat, oysters, clams, fish and hardtack. I will guarantee that the appetite would always be in condition to do full justice to such food. Perfect digestion and that deep and refreshing sleep, known only by those whose lives are daily spent in the open air, would also be enjoyed.

In the line of sport fairly good fishing could be had, and there would be an excellent opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with the management of a small boat.

While such an outing would be different from a cruise on a yacht, inasmuch as there would be no sailing from one port to another, still the true elements of enjoyment of a yachting trip would all be present, and, it seems to me, more than could be found aboard a house-boat.

There would be ample opportunity in which to study some of nature's works, and to read, row, fish or take life easy by indolently lying on deck watching the passing commerce and at the same time receiving the full benefit of the healthful breezes and bright sunshine.

Another thing to be considered on a trip of this kind is, there would be nothing whatever to worry the mind after once getting aboard. All that it would be necessary to take along would be an extra shirt or two, a change of underclothing, some fishing tackle and the oldest and most dilapidated suit of clothes to wear aboard the boat, that the outer could rake up.

Now to the ways and means. In the near vicinity of a number of Eastern cities are to be found numbers of small oyster growers, that is, persons who to be distin-

guished from the steamboat oysterman are called small growers because they have to depend on small sloops with which to gather their crops. Through the summer months, when business is dull, it would be an easy matter to obtain board on one of these boats at from \$5 to \$6 per week.

As oyster grounds need more or less attention all the time a great deal of sailing is done to and from them. It is on these occasions that the outer would have an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of boat sailing. The owner or whoever happens to be in charge of the boat is never averse to taking it easy while some one else handles the tiller; to him it is work to handle the boat, not pleasure. A better school than this in which to learn small boat navigation it would be hard to find. There are occasions too when a good-natured oysterman is not averse to taking a day off himself, mayhap to pay a visit to some favorite fishing spot. An idea of what might be experienced on such an occasion may be gained from the following experience of my own. I was then, however, not a boarder, but the guest of the owner of the boat, who has long since gone out of the oyster business.

It was one of those balmy June mornings which seem to be made in order to entice those who labor away from their toil. Not the faintest sign of a breeze stirred the water as the sun rose out of the mirror-like bosom of Long Island Sound, causing the Connecticut shore to stand out in sharply defined banks of verdancy in the clear atmosphere. The distant shores of Long Island hung suspended, a mirage on the sky. Here and there an island seemed set like an emerald gem upon a sea of glass. A flock of ducks floating on the surface, in the magnifying atmosphere, looked more like a reef of black-headed rocks than like living things. The only moving objects to be seen were two or three steamers which, on account of the mirage, seemed to be steaming through the heavens.

Such was the morning that Samuel Chard looked upon as he thrust his frowzy head through the companionway of the stanch sloop Guiding Star, of Greenwich, Conn. After gazing around and sniffing the fresh air for an instant, Sam yawned, then sneezed and that settled everybody's chances for further sleep that day on the boats anchored in Indian Harbor. It also caused two other frowzy heads to appear in the companionway. One of these heads belonged to Sam's hired man, George; the other being a part of my own anatomy.

"No wind, 'Skip'—no work to-day," said George, addressing Sam with a grin of satisfaction. He knew that his wages would run on, whether he worked or not.

"I don't care," said Sam. "If we should get some this afternoon though, we'll take a run over to the island and try to get a mess of eels. I'm eel hungry."

"Where will you find any eels over there?" asked George, who had evidently figured on a day ashore. "Why, over in that creek that empties into the Sound at the end of Lloyd's Neck. We'll take some eelpots along and set them to night when the tide is out."

It is unnecessary to tell how often I scanned the surface of the Sound that day for the first indication of wind. About 4 o'clock a light breeze sprung up out of the west and after getting our anchor, the Guiding Star, under mainsail and jib, glided out of the harbor into the waters of the Sound.

The Guiding Star is rather a swell among oyster sloops; she is about 45ft. on deck by 14ft. beam and will carry in the neighborhood of 1,000 bushels of oysters. Although she was built in 1876 her timbers and planking appear almost new to-day. Like most boats of her class, her cabin is placed well aft, so as to give plenty of deck room forward. She carries a mainsail, topsail and jib. With a capable man at the tiller she is as able as most centerboard boats are.

When the wind came the sail across the Sound was delightful; the air was soft and balmy, and there was just enough of it to round out the sails of such craft as depended on the wind for propulsion. It was in the neighborhood of 6 o'clock when we anchored in the Sound to the west of and close to the point that forms Lloyd's Neck. After furling our sails we got out the eelpots and putting them into the skiff we started for the shore. The creek, in which it was our intention to set the eelpots, flowed but a short distance from where we landed. After landing we carried the eelpots to the banks of the creek, and as the tide was out we each took as many as we could carry, and wading into the creek clothes and all, we commenced to set them. It took nearly an hour to set all of them. It was 7:15 when we got aboard the sloop again. After putting on some dry clothes I went on deck to watch the sunset.

Could I live to be as old as Methuselah I would always remember that evening. As the king of day sank in his rosy bed back of the shores of Westchester county he traversed the heavens with delicate tinted rainbow paths, which, rising higher and higher into infinite space, seemed to mingle, then melt, among the pale worlds which were beginning to flash their twinkling presence on the advancing night. The softest zephyr whispered through the rigging a low accompaniment to the complaining sob of the surf rolling on the point. To add to the soothing sensation imparted by the rhythmical courtesying of the sloop as she gently rose and fell on the smooth waves, the aroma of baking biscuit, steaming coffee and roasting oysters came forth from the cabin to fill my nostrils.

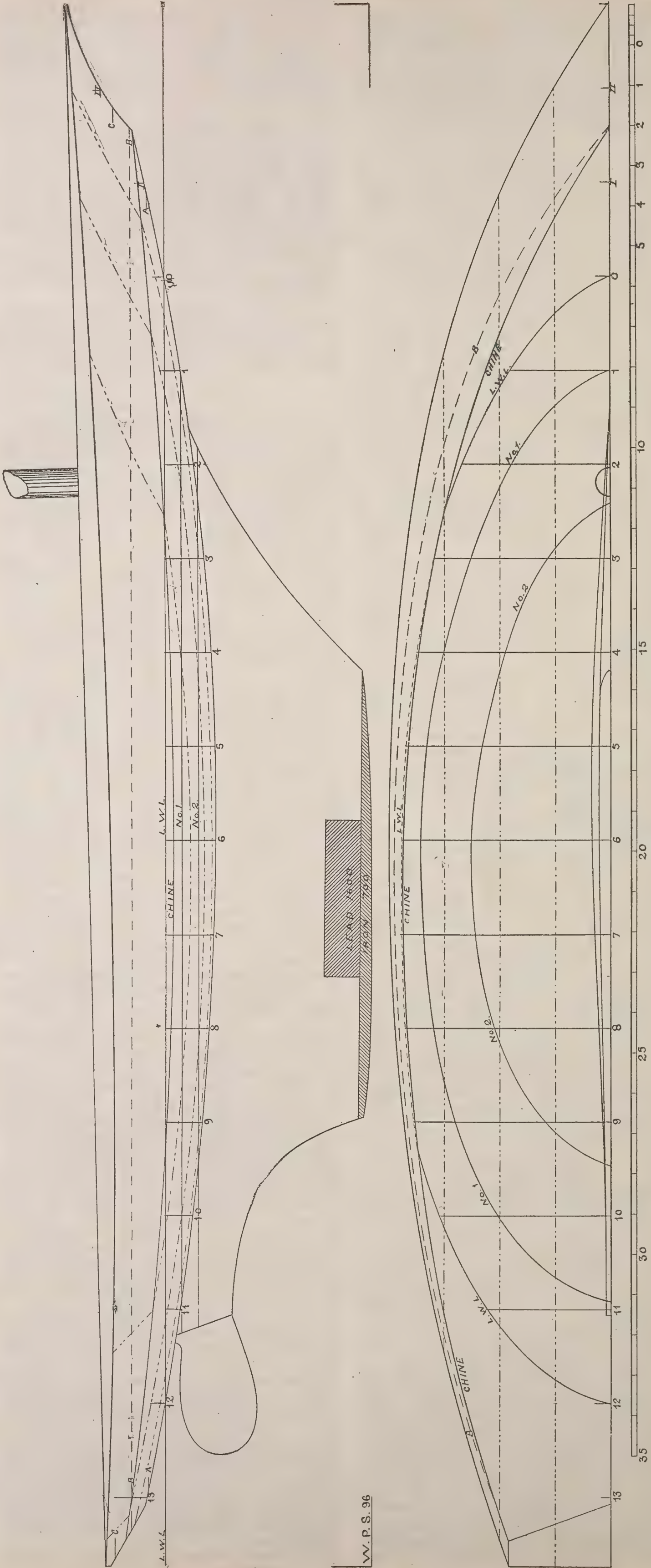
Just as the lighthouse on Captain's Island flashed its first warning gleam the cry of "Supper's ready" put an end to my dreaming. I can't do that supper justice, so I shall not try. When the dishes were washed and put away we lounged on the deck, smoked and spun yarns until well into the night, then taking a final look to see that all was right and that the riding light burned as it should we turned in.

Smash—slam—bang—crash! "Ugh! where am I?" I soon find out, as, rising suddenly in my bunk, I fetch my head a thump against the under side of the deck.

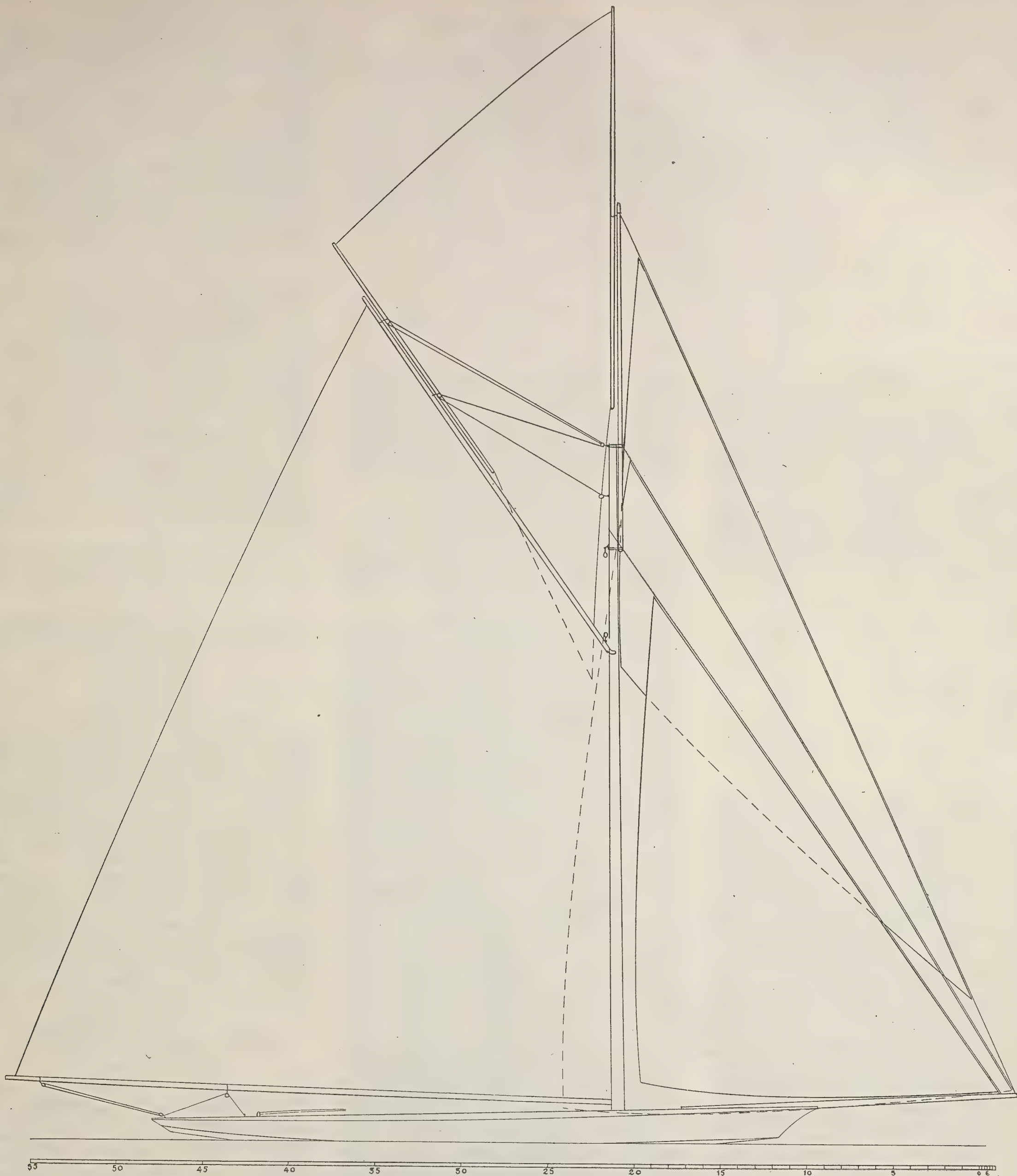
The sun is streaming through the cabin windows, but what a change from the peaceful night before. A gale of wind is blowing right out of the north and the Guiding Star is pitching her bowsprit into some of the seas. Another crash of pans and kettles causes Sam and George to tumble out on the double-quick.

Hastily slipping into our clothes, we hurried on deck to find a nasty condition of affairs. The Sound was covered with whitecaps and it was becoming worse every minute. We could not have anchored in a worse place had we tried.

Hurriedly tying a double reef in the mainsail, we tum-



MYTH. DESIGNED BY THOMAS CLAPHAM FOR COM. E. B. LEAMING, 1893.



MYTH—SAIL PLAN.

bled into the skiff and started after the eelpots. We received a thorough drenching as we landed in the surf, but we didn't mind that much. After gathering the eelpots together we carried them to the skiff. We had to make two or three attempts before we managed to get through the breakers again and headed for the sloop. It was a hard row, but we finally reached her all right.

After making the skiff fast we proceeded to get under way. It took fully twenty minutes of the hardest kind of work to get the sloop up to her anchor. Every time she dove into a wave a perfect deluge would come aboard and we would receive the full benefit of it. When we were nearly ready to break out her anchor we hoisted our double reefed mainsail, then all hands manned the windlass, and after nearly breaking our backs we managed to start the anchor out of the sand. Sam hoisted the jib (which we had reefed) and George and I hustled the cable aboard as quickly as we could.

The wind and tide were now taking us astern at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Hurrying to the tiller Sam tried to put her on the starboard tack, but in vain, as she insisted on going on the port tack. This was unfortunate for us, as it compelled us to head her for the shore, and we were already close enough as it was. Giving her a good full, Sam ran her within about 150 yds. of the shore; then, after shoving the tiller down, the sloop came slowly up into the wind, where she stayed for an instant and, in spite of all we could do, she swung back on the port tack again. How to account for this strange action was a puzzle. However, there was no time to be

spent in wondering idleness; what was to be done must be done quickly, or the Guiding Star would be in the breakers.

This was one of the many occasions on which I have seen Sam demonstrate his ability to handle a boat under all conditions. As a small boat handler, I never have seen his equal. If his superior in this respect exists, I would go a long distance to see him. He displayed not the least excitement or nervousness as he headed the sloop for the shore once more. "Go forward, George," he said, "and when we come about wait until I give the word, then shove the jib as far to windward as you can. Don't touch it, though, until I give the word."

It seemed certain that we would go ashore before Sam's cry of "hard-a-lee!" broke out; then, as he shoved the tiller hard down and the sloop swung sluggishly into the wind, we experienced an anxious moment. Slowly, slowly her bowsprit pointed up into the eye of the wind, then, when she seemed almost to stand still, Sam called out: "To windward with your jib—quick!" The word was given and the order obeyed exactly at the right time, for she slowly paid off on the starboard tack and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the breakers slipping away astern.

We now discovered the cause of the sloop's strange actions in coming about. The anchor had gotten away and 6 or 8 ft. of cable had run out, thus allowing the anchor to drop that distance below the surface, and causing the boat to act sluggishly in stays.

It was one of the hardest thrashes to windward, cross-

ing the Sound that morning, that I have ever enjoyed taking part in. The green waves with their white crests gave us a battle royal before we finally anchored at our old berth in Indian Harbor.

It has been my good fortune to take part in many sails and cruises on the Sound, but for spice and excitement this June dash on the oyster sloop Guiding Star shines forth from memory's treasure store as one of its brightest gems.

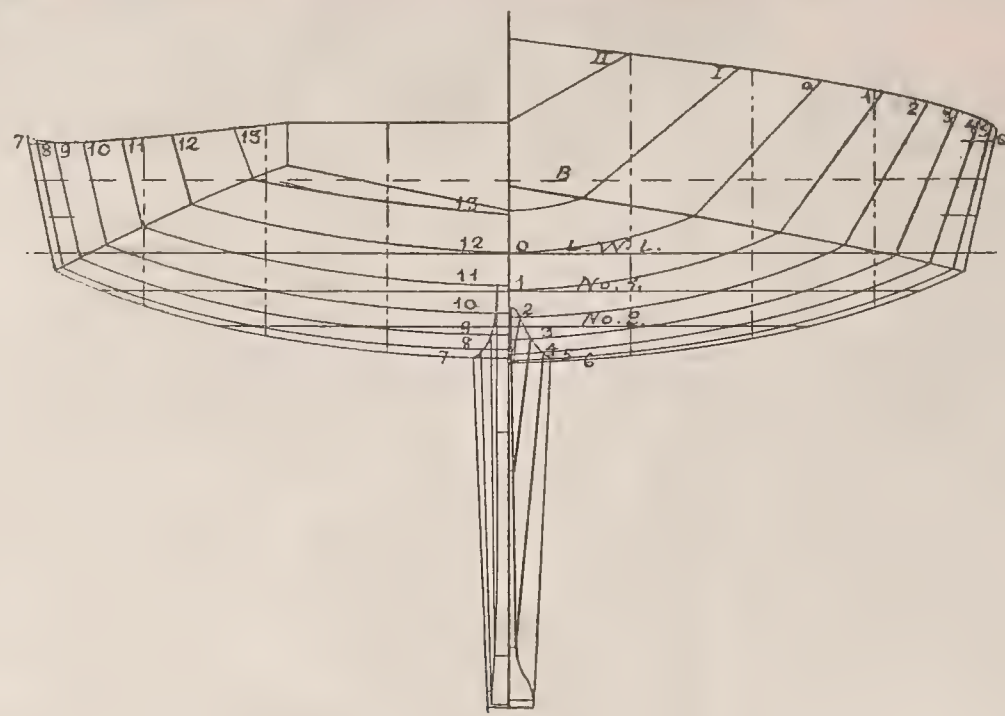
Sam's appetite for eels, however, was unsatiated, for when we examined the eelpots we found we had caught but one eel, and it was no larger than an overgrown angleworm.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Model Yachting.

THE annual meeting of the American Model Y. C. was held on April 3 at the club rooms, 227 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., James H. Lane; Vice-Com., Cornelius Van Ness; Sec'y, Geo. F. Pigott; Treas., Geo. W. Townley; Meas., Frank Nichols. Com. Lane appointed the following regatta committee: Frank Nichols, chairman; Geo. E. Davis and T. R. Goodwin. Trustees—James H. Lane, three years; W. W. Beebe, two years; Capt. W. H. Hooker, one year.

A challenge from the Wave Crest M. Y. C. for the American M. Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy was announced by the secretary, creating quite a furore. It was found that the accompanying vouchers were all correct. The club has thirty days from the date of receipt of challenge to decide, and will probably accept within that time. The interval will be occupied by trial races to select a yacht to defend the trophy; the name of yacht and owner being sent to the challenging club. The name of the challenging yacht is Ripple, owned by Wm. Wallen. L.w.l. 43in. This race and one for the Outing cup will make things lively this season for model yachting.



BODY PLAN.

Myth.

Few Eastern yachtsmen realize the extent to which yachting and yacht racing is now popular on the Northwest Coast, or the rate at which they are growing, but the noble waters from Puget Sound northward have of late years been the scene of many races. Not a few of these have gained added interest from the fact that they are to a certain extent international, the border of British Columbia being close at hand and many yachts hailing from the north of the boundary line. The yacht *Myth*, for whose lines we are indebted to her owner, E. B. Leaming, of New Whatcom, Wash., commodore of the Bellingham Bay Y. C., now holds the championship of Puget Sound after three years of very successful racing.

Myth was designed by Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., and built by George E. Simpson, of New Whatcom. She is of the "Bouncer" type, and when launched, in 1893, carried the usual long centerboard and balance rudder. In the spring of 1895 Com. Leaming made some important changes in the yacht, replacing the centerboard with a deep wooden keel loaded with 700lbs. of iron and 1,600lbs. of lead, and adding a large and permanent cabin house, giving good room, making of the yacht a keel cruiser. The dimensions are:

Length over all.....	38ft. 10in.
l.w.l.....	28ft.
Beam, extreme.....	11ft.
l.w.l.....	10ft. 5in.
Freeboard.....	1ft. 3in.
Draft, hull.....	1ft. 3in.
extreme.....	5ft. 3in.
Mast, from fore end l.w.l.....	5ft. 1in.
deck to hounds.....	32ft. 3in.
upper band.....	38ft. 3in.
diam. at deck.....	8½in.
Bowsprit, beyond end l.w.l.....	18ft. 3in.
Boom.....	35ft.
Gaff.....	25ft.
Topmast.....	20ft.
Topsail yards.....	16 and 23ft.
Spinnaker boom.....	30ft.
Area of mainsail.....	978sq. ft.
jib.....	306sq. ft.
clubtopsail.....	239sq. ft.
lower sails.....	1,279sq. ft.
Y. R. A. rule.....	1,851sq. ft.
Rating, Y. R. A. rule.....	8.7

A large balloon jib is also carried, set on the upper jibstay. *Myth* was launched in the spring of 1893, and during that season sailed in four open regattas, winning first prize in her class in each race. The first of these races was at Victoria, B. C., where, under the Victoria rules, she was placed in class A and sailed the course in one-half hour less time than any yacht in any class. The next race was for the Northwestern International Championship, and, under the rules of the Association, *Myth* was placed in class B. In this race she not only won the class B international trophy, but again sailed the course in shorter time than any yacht in any class. Her third race was at Victoria, where again she sailed in class B and easily won first prize. The fourth race of the season of 1893 was at Port Townsend, Wash., where *Myth* again sailed in class B, starting fifteen minutes after the class A yachts, and again not only distanced all her competitors in class B, but passed through the entire class A fleet and completed the course ten minutes ahead of any other yacht, and in twenty-five minutes shorter time than any yacht in her class.

In the season of 1894 *Myth* competed in but two open regattas—the first at Victoria, May 24, in which she sailed in class A and lost through a disabling accident when about two miles in the lead of the entire fleet. This is the only race ever lost by her, and at the time of the accident she was placed a sure winner. The other race was the annual Northwestern International regatta, sailed at New Whatcom, Wash., in which she sailed in class B, and again not only won in her class, but beat all yachts of all classes, making the course in over fifteen minutes shorter time than Zora, winner of class A. This race made her the permanent owner of the class B trophy of the Northwestern International Yachting Association, by reason of her successful defense of it for two seasons.

Last spring the *Myth* underwent radical changes—her owner having converted her into a comfortable keel cruiser by the addition of a commodious, permanent cabin and the removal of her centerboard, and putting in its place a keel—giving her at this time a draft of 5ft. 3in.

Last season, under her new rig, she entered the regatta at Victoria, May 24, in Class A. The race was not completed within the time limit, owing to a falling wind; but at its conclusion *Myth* was about 30min. ahead of the next yacht in the fleet. The same race was resailed May 27 in a stiff blow, and *Myth* won first prize, again sailing the course in a shorter time than any yacht in any class. On July 24 she sailed in Class A in the annual regatta of the Northwestern International Y. A., and won the championship trophy.

The foregoing includes only open regattas; she has won first prize in her class in all the regattas of her home club.

Myth is to-day generally acknowledged as the fastest yacht on Puget Sound in any weather or under any conditions.

Navahoe's Cruise.

We are indebted to Capt. G. L. Norton, of the *Marine Journal*, for the following interesting letter from Capt. F. F. Norton, of Mr. Carroll's yawl *Navahoe*, written at Jamaica on March 23:

We sailed out by Sandy Hook on Saturday, Jan. 25, at 5 P. M.; on Tuesday, Jan. 28, took pilot at 4:30 P. M., took pilot off Gibbs's Light, Island of Bermuda, making the run in about three days. Sailing thence on Feb. 5, we arrived at Port Castries, Island of St. Lucia, in nine days, including one night at anchor under Montserrat. After three days at St. Lucia, we went to St. Pierre, Martinique; from there to Port Rosseau, Dominica; then out to the windward island of all, Barbadoes.

After five days at Bridgetown we got under way for St. Vincent, where we lay in the harbor of Kingstown one day and night. From there we sailed south along the Granadines and by Granada, between the Island of Trinidad and the mainland of Venezuela, into the Gulf of Paria, and came to anchor off the city of Port Spain, Trinidad, our most southern port being about in lat. 10° N.

After visiting all points of interest set sail for La Guayra, the seaport of the city of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. After three days there we set sail for the Dutch Island of Curacao, where we arrived next day and remained four days, sailing on last Friday, March 20, and arriving here yesterday, March 22. From here we shall work along toward home, where we expect to arrive about the end of April.

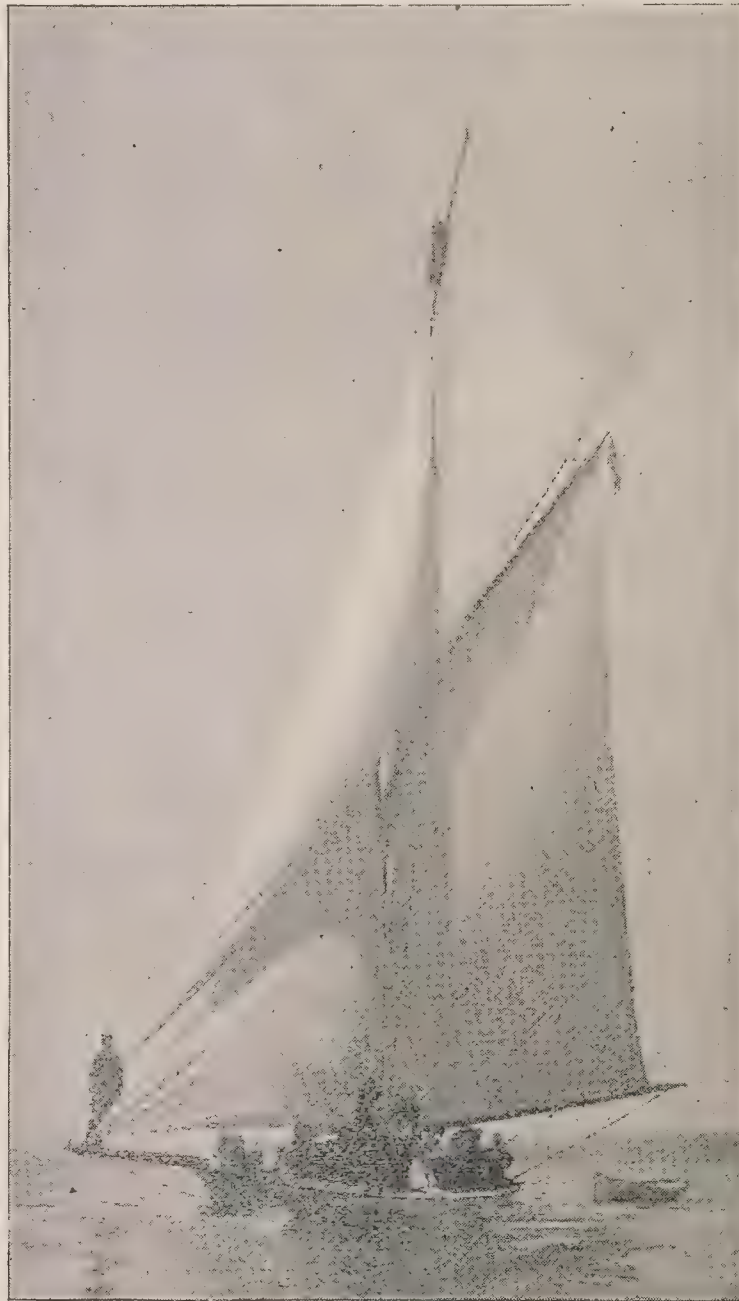
Although it upsets all my old ideas in regard to a sea-going vessel, as to position of ballast, etc., I must admit that *Navahoe* is a very good sea boat indeed, especially in running in a high sea. I think well also of the yawl rig; we have reefed the mainsail but once since leaving New York, although we have experienced some pretty stiff breezes. It is amusing to listen to the comments and exclamations of the crowds of natives that surround us at most of the places we visit; such a vessel as *Navahoe* never having been seen before in these waters. They seem to take the greatest interest in the shape of the bows and the length of the mast, but seem not at all surprised that we go from place to place at almost steamboat speed, but rather

think it curious if I tell them that the yacht will not make more than ten or twelve knots under ordinary circumstances; they think that she ought to go at least twenty.

So far we have had a very fine cruise, fitting from place to place under cloudless skies, and all the time with fine, warm weather. With awnings from stem to stern when in port, a naphtha launch, a good crew, two first-class cooks and two stewards, no one could spend the winter more pleasantly than Mr. Carroll is doing. The party of three includes Mrs. Carroll and her sister. All have their bicycles and have found fine roads on some of the islands. We shall probably remain here four or five days, and then go to Key West or Fernandina via Cape Antonio; then to Charleston and Chesapeake Bay.

A New Racing Yacht.

AN interesting boat among the new productions of the season is the racer for W. E. C. Eustis of Boston, now approaching completion in one of the buildings of the old iron foundry at Pocasset, the temporary quarters of boat builder Buzzell since the burning of his shops at Monument Beach, in December last. The boat is to replace the 33-footer *Salmon*, which was burned beside the shop, and is about the same length on the waterline, but is longer over all, has considerable greater beam and will carry a much larger sail plan.



MYTH.

In *Salmon* was tried the experiment of a narrow boat of Grilse type. While *Salmon* was fast with eased sheets, she could not lug canvas to windward with her beamier competitors, and it was pretty conclusively shown that the live ballast which kept the narrow 17-footer on her feet could not be relied upon in a 30-footer. Beam was what was needed. So at the time of the fire, *Salmon* was being rebuilt wider than originally designed. Her destruction gave opportunity for a new boat, and the one under consideration is the result.

The new boat has *Salmon's* light draft, long and easy lines, absence of all hollows and light displacement, but is a more beamy and consequently more bulky boat all around. She is built specially for racing, and is of very light construction. Buzzell is credited with her design, but suggestions have been made by the owner and his constant sailing companion, George H. Richards.

The new racer is 48ft. over all, 32ft. 6in. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 1ft. draft. Her forward and after overhangs are about equal. The transom at the stern is about 8ft. 6in. across and 2ft. in depth. No attempt is made to gain length on the forward overhang, but the after overhang will be utilized to its entire length when the boat is heeled, giving her a very long slide to sail on. The lines are long, sweeping and easy, and the slack bilge allows of a very easy boat all over.

The midship section shows a floor with quite a little dead rise, an easy bilge and a flaring topside. The easy sweep of the keel makes a very long floor, and the boat is booked for fast work off the wind beyond all question. She has an easy form to drive and not much of it, so that she should also be good in windward work if properly balanced in board and sail plan. Her beam and weighted board should keep her on her feet, even with a good-sized sail plan.

She will have a hollow bronze centerboard weighted with shot to a total of about 2,500lbs. The board will be made of 3-16in. plates on trussed frames to a total thickness of 1½in., and will be raised with a winch. About 1,000lbs. of inside ballast will be carried for trimming.

The keel is of oak, and is in one piece from stem to stern, a splendid

stick, 4×8in. The oak frames are 1×1½in. amidships, and tapering to ¾×1½in. at stem and stern. They are spaced 9in. on centers amidships and 12in. at the ends. The planking is double, the inside skin being 1½in. Oregon cedar and the outside 1½in. Michigan white pine, the whole finishing to ¾in. in thickness. The deck is two thicknesses of 5-16in. Oregon cedar, laid diagonally and covered with canvas.

The centerboard box comes to the deck, and gives opportunity for bracing the boat by truss rods from its top to the bilge at about the waterline.

The watertight cockpit is 5ft.×7ft. 6in. and 16in. deep. It has no coaming around it. A slide at either end gives access to the interior of the boat. Considerable accommodation is found amidships, there being room to sit upright on a low transom. A post and rod rail of aluminum will be set in on the deck a foot from the gunwale. The boat has little sheer, and as the deck crowns somewhat she looks quite straight from stem to stern.

She will steer with a tiller on a metal rudder, forward of which will be a small metal skeg, to prevent fouling by seaweed, etc.

Her sail plan has not been quite decided upon, but a 45ft. pole mast, a 45ft. boom, a 23ft. gaff and a bowsprit 10ft. outboard have been made. With a hoist of 22ft. in the mainsail and with a small topsail above it, a sail area of about 1,400sq. ft. is given. Nickel steel rigging will be used, and Wilson & Silsbee will make the sails.

The boat will be ready for the water in about three weeks. She will be raced in the Buzzard's Bay races, and may also be seen in Boston waters. She will fit the Eastern Y. C. 35ft. class.—*Boston Globe*.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Toledo Y. C. resulted in the re-election of Com. E. D. Potter, Jr., for a third term; Vice-Com., R. P. Mathias; Rear-Com., Wm. Gates; Sec'y-Treas., G. P. Brayley (re-elected); Treas., J. Hepburn; Fleet Capt., Walter Coakley; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. A. Todd; Directors: F. Frey, S. O. Richardson, R. G. Nelson, Herbert Bissell, Will Sapp, A. P. Crane and Hugh Hone, commodore and secretary; Regatta Committee: R. G. Nelson, Will Shumacher and Hugh Hone; House Committee: L. Cunningham, W. Sapp and Mr. Richardson. The club has been very prosperous during the year, both in its general affairs and in racing. The old station at Gard Island has been sold, and a new one, with a fine club house, will be established at Riverside Park. The usual club regattas on Decoration Day, July 4 and Labor Day will be held, and the club will take part in the races of the Interlake meet and other events on the Lakes.

Within the past week the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. has taken orders for four racing 15-footers. One of these, for H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., will be similar to Ethelwynn in construction, but from a new design by W. P. Stephens. Another, for W. B. Hayden, owner of the steam yacht W. B., will be from the original Ethelwynn design, and will take part in the races for the 15ft. class at Ogdensburg. The other two are for T. F. Day, of New York, both from the design by C. E. Davis, which was shown at the Sportsmen's Exhibition. One of these will be raced by Mr. Day about the Sound. The company is now building an addition 40×80ft. to the new shops at Ogdensburg, on the water's edge, with provision for convenient launching and hauling out of boats.

At the annual meeting of the Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, N. J., on the Delaware River, the following officers were elected: Pres., S. W. Beldon; Vice-Pres., R. S. Woodward; Sec'y, J. B. Reynolds; Purser, Chas. E. Burr; Capt., Louis W. Wiese; Mate, Walter R. Robbins; Directors, P. F. H. Brakeley, R. S. Murphy, Rev. E. S. Taylor, C. E. Force, Dr. B. W. Macfarland.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

Mahn-a-Wauks of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 29.—At the annual meeting of the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. the efficiency of Com. F. B. Huntington during his term of office was recognized by his unanimous re-election.

Last year the members did not attend the annual meet of the Western Canoe Association at Ballast Island, but several went into camp at Madison on Lake Mendota for about two weeks. This year, however, a large delegation of the local canoeists will go to Mullet Lake, Mich., near Cheboygan. The present membership of the club includes only active canoeists, and last night the roster was increased by the election of J. D. McWhorter, of this city, and N. H. Cook, of Chicago. Mr. McWhorter is a member of the Milwaukee B. C., which owns the house occupied by the Mahn-a-Wauks, and has sailed with the canoeists for several years. Mr. Cook is one of the best known canoeists in the country, and at Mullet Lake next summer he will race under the colors of the Mahn-a-Wauks.

Treasurer Gregg's annual report indicated that the club was in a flourishing financial condition and on a better footing than ever before. A fully equipped kitchen has been added to the club house during the past year and dinners are given frequently. In addition to this Mr. Gregg stated that a number of canoeists throughout the West who visit Milwaukee frequently desired to join the club, and at the next meeting of the board of directors non-resident memberships will be created. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: Com. F. B. Huntington; Vice-Com., Guy F. Gregg; Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens; Board of Directors, A. W. Friese, J. D. McWhorter, E. H. Holmes, H. A. Viets.

It is proposed to hold a series of races, and all the canoes will be properly handicapped to make each event interesting. It is probable that the first regatta will be held Decoration Day.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Walnut Hill Range.

March 28.—To-day's scores at the Walnut Hill range were: All-comers' off-hand match: J. T. Humphrey 83, J. H. Keough (military) 81, E. H. Bonney 79, C. C. Adams 77, J. Cooney, Jr., 70, M. A. Hill 69, S. D. Martin 67.

All-comers' military match: J. H. Keough 46 and 45, M. C. Cooke 42, A. W. Hill 40, C. W. Gilmore 38.

Military medal match: A. J. Litchfield 45 and 43, S. C. Sydney 44, A. Cummings 41, H. G. Smith 38.

Military badge match: A. J. Litchfield 43 and 42, S. D. Martin 41, A. W. Hill 37.

All-comers' pistol match: H. S. Harris 93, W. A. Stevens 86, M. T. Day 83.

Military revolver medal match, 50yds., 6 shots in one minute: J. H. Keough, 29, 29, 27, 26.

April 4.—The gale of wind that swept over the Walnut Hill range to-day kept many shooters from entering the contests, and also made good scores very hard to get. The results of the shoots were:

Military medal match:
G Chesley.....455444555—45 545345344—41
J W Blake.....5444545535—44 545544444—43
F B Blake.....5444445454—43 444544445—42
A W Hill.....41 L Y Hunting.....38
S D Martin.....40 A W Hill.....35

Military revolver match, 50yds.—6 shots in one minute:
J H Keough.....54555—29 55455—29 55554—29
E P Ignots.....54554—28 55554—28
A W Hill.....45545—27 44445—25

All-comers' pistol match, 50yds.:
J H Keough.....7 10 9 7 7 8 10 8 8 10—84
H Blood.....9 8 7 8 8 7 6 10 5 8—76
M T Day.....74 A W Hill.....71
S D Martin.....73

Americans are Invited.

MONSIEUR PAUL MONOURY, a member of the Societes de tire de France, has written Mr. James S. Conlin, of the new Manhattan Revolver Club, that there will be a grand national shooting tournament this year from July 17-Aug. 3. Americans are invited to compete and will be cordially welcomed. Mr. Conlin informs us that special prizes will be offered for revolver shooting, and that in all probability some of the best shots in the new Manhattan Revolver Club will cross the water for the purpose of trying to bring back some of the trophies offered for competition.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 22.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. In the team shoot Capt. Gindele's team scored 2,276 points, Lieut. Payne's team 2,281, Gindele's team thus winning by 45 points. The captain of the winning team again distinguished himself by making a clean score of 80. Mr. See used King's Smokeless powder in to-day's contest. Scores:

Gindele.....	8 9 10 8 9 10 8 10 9 9-90
Louis.....	7 9 7 8 8 8 7 10 10-84
Weinheimer.....	6 10 9 6 10 8 9 9 10-78
Trounstein.....	7 8 9 9 9 10 8 9 8-83
Hasenzahl.....	8 8 10 10 8 9 8 6 7-84
Payne.....	7 8 5 9 7 10 7 7 9-78
Hake.....	4 5 9 6 6 8 9 9 6-71
Wellinger.....	9 5 8 8 6 4 10 5 8-70
See.....	6 10 7 10 4 6 9 9 10-80
Drube.....	9 7 9 9 7 6 8 5 6-77
Strickmeier.....	6 9 7 6 6 6 6 8 9-73
Gassman.....	6 9 7 6 6 6 6 8 7-72
Randall.....	6 6 7 4 6 10 7 10 9-75
	3 5 7 5 9 10 8 8 6-70
	6 8 7 9 7 8 6 7 1-69
	8 4 7 7 8 10 5 8 5-67
	10 10 5 10 8 10 8 7 8-86
	7 6 6 10 10 9 10 8 10-85
	9 9 8 8 7 9 8 9 7-82
	10 5 10 8 7 8 8 5 7-79
	7 8 9 10 7 7 7 9 10-82
	9 9 9 9 6 6 6 8 0-80
	7 8 7 8 7 10 9 9 5-79
	7 9 5 9 7 7 9 9 8-78
	8 5 8 8 7 9 10 8 8-77
	7 6 8 8 8 9 7 9 6-74
	8 7 8 10 7 5 6 8 6-72
	8 7 6 7 8 4 3 4 10-65
	10 8 7 9 9 8 8 10 6-84
	9 10 6 8 9 4 10 8 7-59
	10 6 8 8 8 9 8 5 9-67
	8 7 6 8 8 9 9 8 7-75
	8 7 6 9 10 7 9 10-83
	6 4 9 9 10 9 6 8 7-97
	7 9 7 7 10 9 2 7 8-73
	6 6 6 7 6 9 7 9 8 6-70
	9 8 7 7 8 9 10 10 9-87
	7 6 10 8 10 7 7 8 10-81
	6 6 10 6 8 10 8 6 8-74
	-6 5 10 7 9 6 6 9 6-70
	9 6 8 8 5 6 9 4 9-71
	8 10 8 8 9 3 6 5 6-68
	5 6 8 7 7 6 6 8 6-93
	8 8 8 5 5 10 7 5 6-78
	7 5 8 6 10 6 8 9 5-93
	9 7 8 8 6 10 8 6 5-80
	9 7 8 9 8 6 6 4 7-39
	9 5 5 8 6 7 5 6-86
	9 8 10 6 6 9 10 6 7-90
	8 7 6 6 8 9 5 7 6-74
	7 9 4 10 6 8 7 6 8-71
	8 10 5 6 7 6 6 6 7-90

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, Eng., March 13.—The revolver shooting season opened on March 4 at the North London Rifle Club, the South London not commencing for some time yet. Very few members of the North London have shot yet, and no scores of any account toward the revolver championship of the club have been made. Below are details:

C Knapp.....	776757-39	W Lee.....	572535-27
Major H. Palmer.....	576676-38	C R Howell.....	533563-36
A W Carter.....	647747-35	W Treadwell.....	540704-21
A J Comber.....	735756-33	C T Britton.....	405343-19
W Luff.....	654664-31	Brading.....	345244-22
Lieut Richardson.....	475336-28		
March 11.—Revolver series 11, alternate hands, 20yds., fixed target:			
C Knapp.....	567776-38	Capt W Evans.....	255437-26
Lieut J Howard.....	657756-36	A F Allman.....	653526-26
A W Carter.....	677565-36	W Treadwell.....	255332-19
A J Comber.....	775755-36	C T Britton.....	330356-20
W Luff.....	775755-36		

The North London Rifle Club has challenged the French club, Le Pistolet, to shoot a revolver team match of five a side next July. Le Pistolet, through its president, Viscount Clarry, has accepted. Both clubs want Mr. Walter Winans (who is a member of both clubs) to shoot on their team. Mr. Winans will most likely abstain from shooting on either team to prevent appearing to put one club before the other. The French team is exceptionally strong (the members are not allowed to be specified) and will most likely win easily.

The second stage of the Kelso challenge revolver bowl, shot for at the Swallow Street Gallery, Piccadilly, London, has now begun. Mr. Walter Winans, winner of the first stage with a highest possible score, is leading with a score of 41 out of a possible 42 in this second stage.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22.—A wet, lowering day greeted the marksmen at Shell Mound Range to-day. There was no wind, and as a consequence the powder smoke hung like a fog between shooter and target. The chief event was a public shoot given by the Germania Schützen Club. A number of valuable prizes were offered on the Honorary target. Scores of 3 shots, \$1 a ticket.

Winners: F. O. Young 71, Dr. Rodgers 70, A. Strecker 70, N. Ahrens 69, G. Alpers 69, McLaughlin 63, Schuster 63, Faktor 63, Bendel 63, Burfield 63, Glinderman 67, Attinger 67, etc.

The result of the bullseye shoot is not yet known. Columbia Club scores, Columbia target, smallest numerical scores win:

Blanding pistol medal, 50yds., 3 shots: J. E. Gorman 11, F. O. Young 11, C. M. Daiss 12, Hanlon 20, Eisenbach 51.
Revolver medal (for pocket revolvers), 50yds., 5 shots: J. E. Gorman, 28, 33, 26; E. Carr, 37, 49, 63; Pape, 46; M. J. White, 58; Kennedy, 64, 98.
22cal. rifle medal, 50yds., 5 shots: E. Jacobson, 10, 11; M. J. White 30.
Unfred diamond medal, 200yds., 3 shots: Dr. Rodgers 14, F. O. Young 15, L. Smith 41.
Most lin. centers during month with rifle: Dr. Rodgers 4, A. Fetz 2, Young 2, Strecker and McLaughlin 1 each.
An interesting pistol match between two of our leading pistol champions was shot for a trophy, 100 shots each: Smith Carr won with 461, C. M. Daiss 493.

Gotham Revolver Club.

The new Gotham Revolver Club has met with success beyond the anticipations of its organizers, and it has already been found necessary to put a limit on membership. This limit has almost been reached, and it is only a question of a few weeks before the club will have a waiting list.

The gallery at 12 St. Mark's place will be open to members every afternoon and evening of the week, and Tuesdays and Fridays will be club shooting nights.

Among the latest additions to the membership are several of the old New York Pistol and Revolver Club men. Handicap shooting will be a feature of club nights, and everything will be done to make these nights profitable and enjoyable.

The officers of the club are: President, George E. Jantzer; First Vice-President, J. B. Burnham; Second Vice-President, R. L. Walterbeek; Secretary-Treasurer, William Maynard; Shooting Master, Wm. E. Petty; Executive Committee, Dr. John J. Gorman, Edward Banks and Frank Lawrence; Committee on Membership, William Maynard and J. B. Burnham.

Manhattan Revolver Club.

NEW YORK, April 2.—This evening the shooting committee of the Manhattan Revolver Club awarded the prize for the best score made during the month of March to C. B. Bishop, who showed an average of 87.6 per cent. The conditions were: Best 10 shots, 20yds. range, .43cal. revolver. The scores for the month were as follows:

Adams.....	88 87 85 85 81 81 81 79 79 79	Average.....	82.5
Bishop.....	94 90 88 83 87 87 86 83 85 85		87.6
Boyken.....	87 86 86 85 85 84 83 82 81 81		84.6
Cohen.....	93 90 86 85 85 84 83 82 81 78		84.7
Coulston.....	95 87 87 85 84 84 84 84 81 81		85.6
Furniss.....	74 73 72 70 68 66 63 62 61 60		65.7
Westbay.....	81 81 80 78 77 77 77 77 76 78		78
Robinson.....	88 86 83 83 81 81 79 73 73 72		79.7
Summers.....	61 44 43 41 41 41 40 40 35 34		41.9
Sayre.....	76 73 73 71 70 70 67 66 65 65		69.7
Lynch.....	70 77 76 72 70 70 70 67 67 67		71.8
Wilder.....	89 87 85 89 89 79 78 77 76 76		81

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; \$1400 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. O. J. Loder, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK, N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. E. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open to all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 28-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. R. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Memphis, Tenn., *Commercial Appeal* gives the following description of the new grounds leased by the gun club: "The club which will give the great shoot is composed of men whose congeniality and enterprise would be admired in any circle, and for their spirit and ambition in maintaining the high standard of the club they deserve commendation. Two months ago their old grounds at Billings Park were given up, and they were at a loss to know where they would find a locality. To-day they have leased a section of six acres on the Raleigh line, perfect in surface and faultless in situation. No prettier shooting grounds can be found than those of the Memphis Gun Club will be when completed in line with present plans. They are already inclosed, and the entire six acres are covered with a heavy sod, which will be kept out close and made to present at all times a velvet-like appearance. The club is having constructed a beautiful little club house 14x22 feet. It will be built of dressed lumber throughout, and about three sides of it will be a broad veranda. This little structure will be brightly painted, and it will be the resort of ladies who come to hear firing and see the targets fall. Inside the building there will be lockers for the club members in which the guns, shells and shooting equipments may be kept securely."

The State meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Zeeland, Mich., on April 21, 22, as already announced in our column of fixtures. The State three-men team race on the first day and the individual championship event on the second day are the special features of the meeting. The following, taken from the programme, is something out of the common line, and should therefore prove of interest to shooters: "At all shoots held by the League, 3 cents each shall be charged for all birds thrown in programme events, 1 cent of which shall be placed in a fund, and said fund divided equally among the visiting teams present at such shoot; provided that each member of said team shall shoot in at least 50 per cent. of the programme events of such shoot. In order for any team to be eligible to a share of this fund its members shall belong to the State League at least fifteen days prior to the date of said shoot, and must be members of the same gun club, or assigned by the president of the League to such team at least fifteen days prior to said shoot."

Many shooters will regret that fate (or rather business) compels Tom Keller to hie forth to the far West just at a time when he would fain stay East and meet those who will journey to the Empire City for the purpose of taking part in the E. C. tournament. During his absence from this city Tee Kay will take in the Atchison and the Omaha shoots, and will then make a beeline for the Pacific slope, where he will renew his acquaintance with old friends. His absence from the tournaments of "the circuit" will be much regretted, and will possibly cause the disbandment of the famous troupe of freaks of which he is sole proprietor.

The championship event at the E. C. tournament is the next big affair of any very great interest to trap-shooters in this section. The cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. to the winner of the title of champion at inanimate targets is a very elegant piece of workmanship. The race will be a most exciting one; the introduction of the expert rule and the doubles into the contest makes it an open question as to who will be the fortunate man to make the highest aggregate at the 300 targets.

Milt Lindsley left New York on April 4 and commenced to work his way back to King's Mills, O., by way of Philadelphia.

We have received a great number of inquiries as to who were the winners of the previous Grand American Handicaps. The simplest way of answering these queries is to refer the parties making them to the advertisement of the E. C. Powder Co., which tells the story fully, with the exception of Messner's win last year. On that occasion Messner, from the 25yds. mark, killed 35 straight, using 3/4drs. of Du Pont Smokeless; Elliott was second with 34 out of 35—1 dead out of bounds—from the 33yds. mark, using 48grs. of E. C.; Class was third with 25 straight in the race, and 7 out of 10 in the shoot-off; Class stood at the 32yds. mark and shot Schultze powder—50 grs. we believe.

When we first learned that S. J. Held had made a match at 25 live birds with Dr. G. V. Hudson, one of the best shots in the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, it seemed to us as if he was taking up a big contract. When we heard that the conditions were Held 25yds., Hudson 21yds., we put it down as a cinch for the doctor, and a most remarkable piece of match making. The result shows that Held was beaten easily, Hudson scoring 18 to 14. It is said that the pigeons were a remarkably fast lot, and were aided by a strong northwest wind that blew half a gale at Dexter Park on Friday afternoon, April 3, the date of the match.

The Pawtuxet Gun Club is a new organization that has come into existence in the vicinity of Providence, R. I. It has a charter membership of twenty-five, and starts off well equipped for the purposes for which it was organized. It is expected that the club will be in full working order by the middle of this month. The officers of the club are: President, William G. Crandall; Vice-President, George Crandall; Secretary, N. B. Horton; Treasurer, William H. Sheldon.

After a successful week at the Sportsmen's Exposition, Paul North transplanted himself and his magatrap to Elkwood Park, in order that the shooters and those present might have an opportunity of judging what the automatic trap could do in the field. The sight of "whole flocks of bluebirds" in the air at the same time was better evidence of the trap's real merit than the whole of Paul North's talk during the Exposition week.

Elmer E. Shaner will be in New York from April 18-25 for the purpose of getting everything in shape for the E. C. tournament at the Guttenburg race track; Jack Parker will be on hand about April 27. Traps will be in position by Saturday, May 2, so that Managers Shaner and Parker can give the boys some preliminary practice; everything will be in readiness for shooters to call "pull" at 8:30 A. M. on Monday morning, May 4.

Since the publication of the programme for the E. C. tournament the Hotel Bartholdi has been closed up. Headquarters for shooters during this tournament will therefore be the Hotel Metropole, Broadway and Forty-second street, a most convenient location for those using the Forty-second street ferry to Weehawken, the quickest and best way to get to Guttenburg. Special rates have been made for shooters.

The Brownsville (Pa.) Gun Club was permanently organized on the evening of March 12, with the following list of officers for its first year: President, W. T. Dougherty; Vice-President, W. H. Fisher; Secretary, E. H. Hormell; Treasurer, H. H. Dawson; Captain, A. M. Sargent; Trustees—F. D. West, W. H. Herbertson and A. M. Sargent. The club starts out with 40 charter members.

Fulford used his single Francotte gun with much effect at the Apper-Hebbard tournament on the Elizabeth Gun Club's grounds last week. E. D. said that he had found just what he wanted for targets: the above gun and his load of Schultze powder; from his scores it looked as if his judgment was about right, as the conditions were decidedly unfavorable for high scoring.

George A. Steck, secretary of the Palmetto Gun Club, Charleston, S. C., writes us as follows: "The steam yacht E. H. Jackson has been tendered to the club for the entertainment of visiting sportsmen at the Interstate tournament, April 14-16, and that on the following day the shooters will be taken to points of interest in the harbor and up the Cooper and Ashley rivers."

Noel E. Money, secretary of the E. C. Powder Co., writes that the company has already sent out over 3,000 programmes, and are having some more printed; he requests us to state that if anyone wants a programme, all he has to do is to send his name and address to the company at Oakland, N. J., on receipt of which a programme will be mailed to him at once.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has suffered a loss in the recent death of its vice-president, W. J. Edbrooke, of Chicago. Mr. Edbrooke was also president of the Lake County Club at the time of his death; this organization owes its existence in a large measure to Mr. Edbrooke's personal efforts in its behalf.

A gun club has been organized at Eau Claire, Wis., with a membership of twenty to start with. The officers are: President, A. J. Rust; Vice-President, W. E. Scott; Secretary, E. M. Fish; Treasurer, J. T. Joyce. The club is putting in a full set of live-bird traps and blue-rook target traps with electric pulls.

The Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club has issued to its members a list of prize shoots, one of which takes place every two weeks from April 20 to Sept. 7. The club gives six prizes for each class, A and B. A member must shoot in six out of ten contests to qualify for a prize; the six best scores count for averages.

The score put up by the Newburgh, N. Y., team against the Cobweb Gun Club's team on Friday, April 3, was a very high one, the team total for the 90 birds shot at being 77. The birds trapped were a good fast lot, many of them taking a lot of stopping in bounds.

Walter Watrous won the Knapp cup at the Carteret Club last week with a score of 44 out of 50 birds shot at; the birds were a fast lot, so the score must be set down as a good one. E. F. Thomas, W. S. Eley and H. B. Wright were close after him.

Dick Merrill left for the West on Monday afternoon, April 6. He will return with the swallows on or about May 1 for the express purpose of seeing what he can do in the way of carrying off the championship cup at the E. C. tournament.

Next week's list of tournaments includes the following: Interstate Association tournament at Charleston, S. C., April 14-16; Lou Erhardt's shoot at Atchison, Kan., April 14-17; Peekskill, N. Y., shoot on April 15-17.

Now that the tournament season is getting into full swing, don't forget that FOREST AND STREAM's Tournament Squad pads save a club time and money in running a tournament.

EDWARD BANKS.

Gilbert Defends the Du Pont Championship.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., April 4.—Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., successfully defended his title to the Du Pont championship trophy to-day. By the great total of 92 to 74 he defeated I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., the challenger, giving an exhibition at Watson's Park of some of the finest live-bird shooting seen here for many a day. The birds were a good, fast lot, not a single one needing to be flushed when the trap was sprung.

Gilbert started off in the lead, killing his first 39 birds without an error, Budd meanwhile dropped 8 birds, 7 of them falling dead out of bounds. Besides his run of 39 straight kills mentioned above, Gilbert made a run of 13 straight, finishing the match with an unbroken string of 17 straight. Budd made a run of 19 from the 30th to the 48th rounds inclusive. Gilbert lost 4 birds dead out of bounds, Budd losing 12 the same way. The traps fell as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Gilbert.....	18	26	17	25	14	100
Budd.....	22	20	27	18	13	100

Gilbert used a 3/4lb. L. C. Smith gun, 3/4drs. Du Pont, 1 1/2oz. Ray-mond's No. 7 shot; Budd used a 7lb. 4oz. Scott gun, 3/4drs. Du Pont, 1 1/2oz. Tatham's No. 7. The full score was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 4 3 3 4 4 2 3 3 4 4 2 5 3 1 3 3 4 2 2 4 1

F Gilbert, 3 4 3 3 4 4 2 3 3 4 4 2 5 3 1 3 3 4 2 2 4 1

Spirit Lake, Ia., 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2-25

1 3 3 2 1 4 1 1 4 3 4 2 3 4 2 2 2 4 3 2 5 3 3

2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1-23

4 1

Programmes for Forthcoming Tournaments.

We have been unable for the past two weeks to do much in the line of noticing programmes of tournaments that are booked for the near future; the demand for space in the columns of our issues of March 21 and 28, due to the great show at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, and the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, necessarily crowded to the wall matter that could be held over for a week or so. Among the matter thus held over were the programmes for the Hazard Powder Company's tournament at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22; Lou Erhardt's tournament at Atchison, Kan., April 14-17, and the Interstate Association's tournament at Birmingham, Ala., April 29-30. Taking them in order of date, the first would be the programme for

LOU ERHARDT'S BIG SHOOT AT ATCHISON.

At this tournament, the title of which is "The Second Manufacturers' Amateur and Thirteenth Open-to-all Tournament," \$960 in cash will be added to the purses; in addition to this there will also be 12 first prizes of the actual value of \$440, making a grand total of cash and merchandise of \$1,440. The E. C. Powder Company has also given a silver cup for competition at this shoot.

The "open to all" programme for each day is the same: 4 events of 20 targets each, unknown angles, \$2 entrance, \$25 added to each purse. The "amateur" programme is decidedly varied and really needs a close perusal to understand it properly. Each day there are 4 events of 20 targets each, known traps and angles, the entrance in each event being \$1. In each of these events the 2d, 3d and 4th prizes are of uniform value, \$15, \$10 and \$5 respectively. The first prize in each of the events Nos. 2, 6, 10 and 14 is \$20 in cash; in all the other events the first prizes are guns that list from \$30 and \$75 down to \$25 and \$20. The E. C. cup will be shot for on Wednesday afternoon, April 15, the conditions being 30 targets, known traps and angles, entrance \$1, with an optional sweep of \$1, the sweep being divided into 4 moneys.

The "rules and regulations" state, *inter alia*, that there will be two sets of bluerock traps and two sets of empire traps kept busy all the time throwing respectively bluerock and empire targets. Of course, as soon as the programme is finished extra events will be run off to suit shooters. There is one item in these rules and regulations that Lou Erhardt emphasizes in full-faced type: "We are going to have a dead square shoot." His tournaments in the past are guarantee sufficient that what he says he will do. He will be assisted in carrying out his intentions by the manager of the shoot, Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich. A fare and a third rate has been obtained on all railroads in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri.

Besides aiming at having "a dead square shoot," Erhardt is after his 1895 record: Highest number of entries, Nos. 6, 7 and 8, 94 each; lowest number of entries, Nos. 14, 16 and 17, 54 each; average for the seventeen events on the programme, 70 entries.

THE BIRMINGHAM TOURNAMENT.

The Birmingham, Ala., Rod and Gun Club, under whose auspices the Interstate will give its tournament in that city on April 29-30, has decided that all the events shall be shot under the system used at all the Interstate tournaments in 1895, that is, shooters will be classified according to the plan set forth in the programme as follows:

"Shooters will be classified from the records they have made at their home clubs, or from the best information obtainable, into two classes—expert and amateur. That class of shooters whose usual averages rank them as experts will constitute the expert class.

"Shooters who are classified as experts must at all times shoot in accordance with the expert rule—which is targets from 5 unknown traps, known angles, rapid firing system. Shooters who are classified as amateurs must shoot at targets from known trap, unknown angles. Any shooter in the amateur class who wins or divides first money must shoot in the next event which he enters in the expert class; if in this event he fails to win or divide first or second money, he will fall back to known trap, unknown angles, in the next event he shoots in, and so continue to be graded. Shooters classified as experts do not receive the benefit of the sliding scale."

The programme of events is the same for each day: Nine events of 15 targets each, entrance \$2, and one event of 20 targets, entrance \$2.50; \$10 in cash is added to each purse by the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club, making a total of \$300 added money. The price of targets is included in the entrance moneys. The grounds of the club are favorably located and can be easily reached by electric cars that run every twenty minutes. The Morris Hotel will be headquarters for shooters during the tournament. For all further information address Henry S. Going, secretary of the club, Birmingham, Ala.

THE HAZARD TOURNAMENT AT CINCINNATI.

The Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament for amateurs and experts, which will be held at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, will be the third tournament on the circuit for 1896. It immediately follows the Memphis shoot, which occupies the six days of May 11-16 inclusive, and like that shoot it offers the enormous attraction to shooters of \$2,000 in cash prizes. This shoot, as was the Du Pont shoot of 1895, will be under the management of R. S. Waddell; it is no more flattery of that gentleman to add that if he keeps up the high standard he attained in his management of last year's shoot the Hazard tournament of 1896 will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to be able to spare time and money to take part in it.

The programme issued by the company for its tournament combines the qualities of a history of the origin and growth of the Hazard powder works at Hazardville, Hartford county, Conn., and a programme of events to be shot at a four days' tournament. Another quality it possesses is one that is rather unusual in this style of literature: It is in no small degree a pamphlet of apt quotations, the best of which perhaps will be found at the foot of page 17: "Put money in thy purse."

There is so much matter in this programme that requires close attention on the part of shooters who may wish to take part in the tournament, that it has been thought better to reproduce fully Mr. Waddell's description of how this shoot will be run. There will be two sets of traps, A and B; at the A set shooters will shoot at unknown angles, and at fairly difficult flights of targets within the limits of the A, B, A. rules. At the B set all events will be at known traps and angles; this set of traps will be used solely by amateurs. In the matter of classification Mr. Waddell says:

"All contestants who have under their own or assumed names, at any tournament held in this country during the fifteen months preceding this tournament, made an average of 85 per cent. of the artificial targets shot at, and whose record of such percentage has been published in *American Field*, *Forest and Stream*, *Shooting and Fishing* or *Sporting Life*, will be limited in all contests at this tournament to the use of A set of traps. All contestants who have not made a published record, during the time stated, of 85 per cent. of the artificial targets shot at will, until he or they have an average of 85 per cent. or better either in the Hazard prize events or the total events in which he may participate either day, be permitted to shoot at B set of traps.

"Any contestant at B set of traps who, on either the first or second days makes an average of 85 per cent. or better in the Hazard prize events or in the total of all the targets shot at, will be limited to the use of A the following day. Any contestant who makes an average of 85 per cent. or over at B traps the first day and in shooting at A traps the second day falls below 80 per cent., may return and contest at B set of traps the third day of this tournament. The control of the traps and the regulation of angles, speed and flight of targets will be entirely under the control of the manager, and it is hoped by this means to equalize the expert and amateur classes so far as practicable.

"Excepting the above conditions, all contestants will enter, shoot, and divide purses in the same events as though a single set of traps were used."

The next page of the programme tells just how the \$2,000 in cash and prizes (the latter of the value of \$100) will be divided, the whole making a generous list that is bound to attract shooters. A summary of the list may be made as follows:

Added money in events, \$3.50 per day.....\$1,050
Daily averages, \$50 per day.....150
Hazard averages, cash, \$400 {
prizes, \$100 {.....500
General averages.....250
To those using Hazard Smokeless, pro-rated.....50

Total.....\$2,000

Under the head of "Important Items" comes the following: "Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. There will be a good roof over the scores for the 12-gauge guns. Contestants using smaller gauges will shoot in separate squads. Bluerock traps and targets will be used. Emery Hotel will be headquarters for shooters. Loaded shells and guns can be forwarded to the Hazard Powder Co., First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, O."

Tuesday, May 19, is called "Preparation Day." On this date there will be two sets of traps in readiness at 9 A. M. At the A set there will be shot a programme of 12 events, 15 targets each, entrance \$1, targets included, 4 moneys. At the B set 12 events of 10 targets each for practice. The programme adds: "This is your opportunity to try Hazard Smokeless."

The programme is the same for each day: Four 15-target events, \$2 entrance, \$30 added; three 20-target events, \$2.50, \$40 added; two 25-target events, Nos. 3 and 5, "Hazard Prize events," \$3 entrance, \$55 added. In regard to these Hazard events the programme gives the following instructions: "Contestants in events Nos. 3 and 5 each day will be required to use shells loaded with Hazard Smokeless powder only, and to go to the score in each of these events with boxes bearing the special seal of 'The Hazard Powder Co.' Parties wishing to sup-

ply their own shells for these events must ship them to R. S. Waddell, manager, for examination, marking and sealing, on or before May 10, 1896. The use of other ammunition will bar the contestants from sharing the purses and prizes in these events."

The following, also from the programme, is important: "The Cincinnati May Musical Festival opens in this city May 19, 1896, and continues during the week; this is the date our tournament begins. The railroads generally make a half fare rate from points within 200 miles of the city and reduced rates from more remote points. These rates have not been named, but we request that all who expect to attend the Hazard Smokeless Powder tournament write R. S. Waddell, manager, after May 1, when a circular giving full information regarding rates will be mailed to each correspondent."

The closing feature of an interesting programme appears on page 39: A pair of old boots (the illustration shows them to be in poor repair) is offered by the management for "the most accomplished kicker, the first recognition of his valuable services at a tournament—with the compliments of the manager."

Before completing our review of this programme, we wish to call the attention of all shooters to the following, which appears on the above page: "Nobody barred. This is a square race. No dropping for place will be tolerated."

PEEKSKILL GUN CLUB.

The Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club has issued its programme for the tournament it proposes to hold on its grounds on April 15-17. The Peekskill club holds a record for an 8-men team, 25 targets per man, known traps and angles; on Aug. 20, 1894, the club's team shot a match with the Marlborough (N. Y.) Gun Club under the above conditions, and succeeded in establishing the record of 193 out of the 200 shot at—an average 96.5 per cent.—each member of the team using Walsrode powder. Of this record the club is deservedly proud; it is without question a record that will stand for a long time.

The first two days of its coming tournament will be devoted to events at empire targets. The first day's programme calls for 195 targets, at a uniform entrance of 10 cents per target. It opens with a 10-target event; No. 2 is at 15 targets; then come five 20-target events, followed by two 25-target events; No. 10 is at 10 pairs. The second day's programme contains 11 events and calls for 195 targets, plus a team shoot of 6 men to a team, 25 targets per man, any 6 men to constitute a team. Under 12 entries, 3 moneys; over 12, 4 moneys. In no case will an entry be accepted in any event after the first squad in that event has shot out. This is an excellent rule and will be strictly adhered to. Interstate Association rules will govern all events, both live-bird and target. Black powder is barred. Shooters at the score are protected from the weather, rain or shine.

The live-bird programme for the third day, Friday, April 17, consists of three events: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7; No. 3, 15 birds, \$10; birds extra in this event, which is a handicap race. Orrin J. Loder, secretary of the club, is the man to write to for further information.

THE BINGHAMTON TOURNAMENT.

The Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club, one of the many progressive gun clubs that claim New York State as their home, has arranged an attractive tournament for May 26-28. While the club does not add any money, it has drawn up a programme that in these days must command the attention of all shooters. There is a novelty about it and a boldness in cutting loose from old traditions that pleases us very much. It is true, the entrance fees are high in comparison to those that usually find their place in programmes of tournaments, but there is a compensation that must be borne in mind when figuring on the probable result of an individual's effort: All the purses are divided under the "straight-out" or "Rose" system. Under this system, one which we have often quoted as being absolutely fair and a positive bar to all dropping, pooling or combining, each man who gets a place receives his pro rata share, no matter how many men there may be in the same hole with him. The Binghamton shooters have tried this system in their home shoots and like it so well that they are going to give their visitors a taste of its sweets at this tournament.

The first day's programme consists of ten events, eight at 15 targets, \$2 entrance, and two at 20 targets, \$3 entrance; targets extra at 2 cents each. On the second day there are four 15-target events of a similar character to those above mentioned, and a 100-target handicap event, entrance the price of the targets, the prize being a silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Co. This event will be divided into four events of 25 targets each, with an optional sweep of \$3 on each 25 targets. The conditions will be unknown angles, extra targets being awarded the shooters in such proportion as the handicapping committee shall deem fit. All purses in the target events will be divided into four moneys.

The third day's programme is made up of three live-bird events: No. 1 is at 5 birds, \$5, birds included, 3 moneys, class shooting, 23yds. everybody; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7, birds included, 4 high guns, 28yds. everybody; No. 3, 15 live birds, \$15, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds., class shooting, 4 moneys. The above completes the programme.

The Arlington Hotel will be headquarters for shooters, and all guns, shells, etc., shipped in care of the hotel will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Electric cars run past the hotel door every fifteen minutes, making the trip to the grounds in twelve minutes. The shoot will take place rain or shine, as shooters at the score will be well protected from the weather. The grounds will be open for practice on May 25. H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, will answer all communications in regard to the above tournament.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., March 25.—The members of the Meadville Gun Club turned out a good force to-day, 16 competing in the club event, No. 1, 5 targets per man. Adams led with 24, H. A. Johnson, Krider, Hayes and Belton coming next with 22 apiece. Scores:

Lashells.....11111111010111001000100—15
H A Johnson.....110111100111111111111—23
Leberman.....11111101101111111111101—21
Reisinger.....0111101111101111110100101—17
Krider.....1111111011111111011101101—22
F W Smith.....111111111100000101010101—17
Hayes.....11111110111101111111111—22
Prenatt.....1010100101111111110101111—18
Baker.....0001111001110001101101010—15
Belton.....11111111111100101111111—22
Neal.....01010001001000000101111—11
Carscaden.....11111001111001111101101—19
Adams.....11110111111111111111111—24
Stein.....111111101101111001100111—19
Taifer.....100100100011001100000010—9
Yates.....010011000111110101010101—14

Other events were shot as follows:

Events: 1 2 3 4 Events: 1 2 3 4
Targets: 25 10 10 10 Targets: 25 10 10 10
Adams.....21.....Belton.....20.....
Lashell.....19 4 10 8 Leberman.....9.....
Johnson.....19 9 8 Krider.....7.....
Smith.....23 7 8 9 Reisinger.....10.....10
Prenatt.....22 8 8 10 Yates.....5.....5

J. H. REISINGER, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 2.—The scores given below were made to day by members of the Marietta Gun Club at its first regular shoot; the event was at known traps, unknown angles. It was a very windy day—a gale blowing all day—hence the low scores:

Glover.....10000000010100100000001—6
Setze.....101111001011011010100101—15
Black.....11010001011010001001100—13
Maurry.....00011011110110110010010—14
Meinert.....0111100101011010111011—17
Love.....01010100101101000110000—11
Thornton.....0001001001000010001000—7
Wellons.....00000100000110010100100—7
Reynolds.....11110110011101000100101—15
Bailey.....0010001001000001010000001—6
Gramling.....0010100010111011011011—15
Stiles.....0101111111001110011001—17
Austin.....101100010100110010011001—14
Mosher.....11000000100010101000010—8
Stephens.....000001001000010011011000—8
Whitlock.....100101101111011001101—17

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

King's Smokeless Gun Club.

MADISONVILLE, O., March 28.—The King's Smokeless Gun Club, of this city, held its club shoot to-day, making the scores given below:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5
Targets: 10 10 20 25 15 Targets: 10 10 20 25 15
W H Settle.....10 8 15 19 13 J H Mackie.....10 9 18 22 14
Wirt.....8 7 15 21 14 H Stevens.....8 7 14 17 12
R M Burton.....7 8 15 20 12 F C Tuttle.....7 5 8 13 ..
H Burton.....7 5 14 18 13

De Lancy School Scores Two Wins.

WISSINONG, Pa., March 27.—A team of the De Lancy School shot a race to-day with the Chestnut Hill Club on the grounds of the Suburban Gun Club. The day was cold and very windy, everything being against high scores. Chestnut Hill was short a man, Grugan shooting as substitute. Scores:

De Lancy School.
Seymour.....01000101110010111010111—16
Harris.....10111110100111101110011—18
Vaux.....10111110100101111111111—18
Huber.....0100010110111111111100—17
Van Schaick.....10101100010111000100010—11
Du Pont.....0101010101111110110101—17—97

Chestnut Hill.
Furness.....011010101101010100001101—14
Newhall.....01000100010101011011011—13
Hayward.....111010001110010111011011 16
Benson.....01001010000000000000000—3
Biddle.....11110111111101100101111—20
Grugan.....0100001100010001111111—13—79

March 28.—A team from the De Lancy School Gun Club won the Inter-Academic Association, of Philadelphia, championship to-day by defeating teams from the Penn Charter and Episcopal Academies on the grounds of the Suburban Gun Club, of Germantown. De Lancy's victory was an easy one, the team winning by the solid margin of 17 over Penn Charter and 37 over Episcopal Academies. Owing to the sickness of one of the members of the last-named team, Reese shot two scores, scoring 42 and 41 respectively. The conditions were 50 targets per man, 200 to the team. Scores:

De Lancy.
Harris.....1111001100011111101011110110110100111—36
Vaux.....1111111111111011011100101001010111101—39
Huber.....11111110111111011011011111111111100010101—41
Seymour.....0100101010011001001110110110111110—34—150

Penn Charter.
Homer.....1000110101110100111001101011111001110111—34
Trainer.....100111010111011011101110011011001011111—36
West.....101011011101100101111111111111100010101100—36
Jaques.....01010101010010010011010010110010010111001—27—133

Episcopal Academies.
Bunton.....01000100000100000101001000000001000100100000000—9
Reese.....0111110111111101011011111111111110111101—42
Page.....100100100010011100001000010100101101000100101—21
*Reese.....0010111111111111010111111101111111110011—41—113

*Second score.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 1.—Once again a beautiful day greeted sixteen shooters at the Boston Gun Club, Wellington, Mass., this afternoon. Some new faces were noted, among them being Messrs. Milt. F. Lindsley and Geo. G. King, of the King's Powder Co., Cincinnati, O., who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the different moneyless events along with the rest of the company. This rampant notion that money is necessary to secure interest and sport is shown on these grounds to be a very great mistake. Just as much rivalry exists, though to tell the truth under these circumstances it is always of the good-natured variety, and compares very favorably with that where the gambling element is considered to be the principal means of enhancing the sport. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
Targets: 10 10 5 6 10 5 6 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Gordon (17).....8 8 2 5 6 3 2 6 8 8 9 10 9 8
Chester (14).....4 4 2 3 4 3 2 8 5 5 8 7 7 7
Sheffield (15).....8 8 2 1 4 1 4 6 6 9 10 6 .. 7
Miskay (17).....7 7 3 3 9 3 3 8 5 5 7 .. 8 ..
Beveridge (16).....6 3 0 1 4 4 2 6 4 5 5 .. 2 ..
Lindsley (16).....8 5 2 3 5 2 4 8 8 6
King (16).....6 5 2 2 8 2 3 6 5 7
Moore (16).....8 8 2 4 8 2 3 7 9 7 6
Horace (16).....3 3 7 0 3
Sears (16).....2 3 7 1 4 5 5 8
Spencer (17).....4 4 3 2 7 5 6 6 5 7 5 ..
Lennon (16).....8 1 0 1 .. 7 6
Curtis (14).....1 2 1 .. 1 .. 1
Pond (15).....2 2 5 .. 1 5
Nickols (16).....5 4 3 .. 3 7
Parker (17).....5 .. 5 9

Events Nos. 2, 9 and 13 were known reverse angles; Nos. 3 and 6 unknown, Nos. 4 and 7 pairs, balance of events 10 targets, known angles. Events 5, 6 and 7 composed 18th contest in prize series with totals as follows: Miskay 15, King 13, Moore 13, Spencer 12, Sears 12, Nickols 12, Gordon 11, Lindsley 11, Beveridge 10, Horace 10, Chester 9, Sheffield 9, Lennon 9, Pond 9, Curtis 4.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 17.—The regular club shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. Mr. French, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, was a guest of the club. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 10 Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 10
Nelson.....21 21 22 22 23 7 Moorman.....21 15 16 19 18 5
Terry.....20 20 18 21 9 7 Dornin.....21 22 23 21 22 7
French.....11 19 15 14 .. 7 Stearns.....13 14 16 20 19 ..
Scott.....21 18 15 21 16 8 Tunstall.....12 11 9

March 27.—Several members of the Lynchburg Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon, having for their guest Mr. W. C. Collins, agent for the Du Pont Powder Company. The following were the scores made:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 10 Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 10
Collins.....9 9 10 8 12 .. Scott.....22 17 17 21 18 9
Nelson.....15 19 19 21 21 7 Tunstall.....9 18 22 12 17 3
Moorman.....17 10 21 16 17 4 Stearns.....17 9 13 19 17 5

F. M. D.

At Watson's Park.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., March 28.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park by members of the Garfield Gun Club:

Ties
No. 1. No. 2. for 2d. No. 3. for 2d.
T P Hicks.....123110221211112321—18 10111—4 10—1 00221—3 111—3
Dr Shaw.....123121111122021212—17 01211—4 1120—3 02110—3 0—0
S Palmer.....11111212301212212—15 21231—5 .. 01011—3 220—2
W H Palmer.....101202000122122211—15 .. 12102—4 ..
Dr Liddy.....2012002120111020122—14 02100—2 .. 02110—3 221—3
A Patterson.....2112120120200210201—13 22101—4 2222—4 01012—3 111—2
B Barto.....10121—4 220—2 21022—4 ..
J H Amberg.....21001—3

In a 10-bird sweep the following scores were made: Patterson 8, Wilcox 7, J. Bemis 6, Amberg 4.

A miss-and-out resulted as follows: Barto 7, W. H. Palmer 6, S. Palmer 5, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Liddy 1, Patterson and Hicks 0.

In a practice shoot at 20 live birds Dr. Shaw killed 17, missing his 8th, 17th and 19th birds. At the target traps Amberg broke 41 out of 60, Wilcox 38 out of 60 and Barto 33 out of 40.

RAVELLIDGE.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., March 23.—A Republican Congressional election and bad weather kept a good many shooters from coming out to our last club shoot. Trap-shooting is now at a premium in this portion of the United States, and we expect to have 150 shooters (including Lou Erhardt) at our tournament, April 28-30. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
E D Porter.....18 17 16 18 20 19 C W Green.....18 17 18 16 20 16
W Huntley.....16 17 16 19 18 16 18 B F Wilson.....17 18 18 20 19 18
T S Molloy.....19 18 17 16 20 14 12 T Cox.....20 16 20 17 18 15 17
J Cragan.....17 18 16 14 16 13 16 T Kiamonth.....19 18 16 20 17 14 16
J Thurman.....20 18 16 18 16 13 14 A Dixon.....17 17 16 18 17 15 10
W E Morgan.....14 16 18 17 19 13 15 H Dixon.....19 18 17 18 16 12 19

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 27.—The following sweeps, all 25 targets, unknown angles, were shot to-day by some members of the Binghamton Gun Club:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5
Kendall.....18 20 17 20 21 Rose.....16 17 19 18 19
Hobbie.....19 21 21 21 22 Brown.....17 18 19 20 21
Vance.....20 19 21 22 21 Winans.....13
Hall.....14 18 19 18 19 Kane.....13

H. W. B.

The Newburghs Defeated the Cobwebs.

THE third and final match between the Cobweb Gun Club, of Baychester, N. Y., and the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., took place on Friday, April 3, on the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club. The result was a decisive victory for the visitors by the score of 77 to 70. Each team was composed of nine men, although the original conditions called for ten men on a side. Newburgh, however, was a man short, and although B. C. Everingham was on the ground, not having a gun and not being prepared to shoot, only nine men shot. Mr. Everingham declining to run any chances of dumping the visitors. Thus each team shot at 90 birds, making the Newburgh's average of kills just 85.5, a high percentage, that was the direct result of about as even a piece of team work as one ever sees. Two men scored all 10 birds, one man 9, and the six others 8 each.

The day was favorable in every respect for good sport at the traps. A high northwest wind drove the birds off to the right at a great pace, while the bright sun and cold, sharp air were bound to make the birds feel good and put snap into them. As a matter of fact the birds were a good lot taking them altogether, though the scare ropes were needed several times to start some that would not leave the trap. There were any number of brilliant shots made, and generous applause greeted some excellent second-barrel work on the part of more than one shooter.

The Cobwebs started off very poorly; McKeon, Brady, Donnelly, Train and Knapp all lost their birds in the 1st round, the Newburgh men going to the front with 9 kills to 4. In the 2d round the Cobwebs picked up 1 on their opponents, scoring 7 to 6; in this round Harry Higginson, captain of the Newburgh team, made an excellent second-barrel kill of a fast bird from No. 1 trap. In the 3d round Gus Greiff made a capital shot on a very nasty right-quartering driver from No. 3 trap; he duplicated this shot in the 6th round on a precisely similar bird. Taggart also in the 3d round centered a swift-flying circling incomer with his first barrel in a manner that caused his friends to call out in chorus, "Good boy, Boxer." Where so many good shots were made it is hard to particularize and make a note of each one. Besides those mentioned above, Dain's 7th, Brady's 8th, Greiff's 9th, Donnelly's 7th, Train's 9th and Pilkington's 6th were all capital pieces of work with the gun.

The three low scorers on the Cobweb team were Train, Donnelly and Knapp; Train had the misfortune to lose 4 birds dead out of bounds, while both Donnelly and Knapp were out of form at the beginning; it is only fair to state that Donnelly's right hand was badly crippled with rheumatism. Knapp missed his 3 first birds; he then killed the 4th, but lost his 5th dead out of bounds; settling down to his usual quick shooting, he snapped the next 5 birds before they had a chance to get hard. Pilkington, the only straight on the Cobweb side, was loudly applauded when he scored his 10th bird.

A surprise party to many was W. C. Gibbs, the secretary of the Newburgh Club, who stopped some fast birds, scoring 8 out of 10; he was handicapped by a bad attack of toothache, spending the time between shots nursing the molar that caused the right side of his face to swell and give him a more generous expanse of cheek than usual. Frank Southard and Jack Halsted both shot well, as they always do, while Jimmie Taylor had the hardest kind of luck in losing his 4th bird, which just topped the wire before falling dead. Harry Higginson drew a very good bird in the 6th round and spoiled his chances of a straight score. Dain, usually one of the most reliable shots in the Peckskill or Newburgh clubs, let 2 birds get away from him that were far easier to score than some that he stopped during the shoot; Dr. Horton and E. C. Likely both did good work for their team.

The following table shows the scores made in each round and the totals of both clubs at the end of each round:

Number of round:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Newburgh's score per round.....	9	6	8	7	7	9	6	8	9	8
Newburgh's total at end of round.....	9	15	23	30	37	46	52	60	69	77
Cobweb's total at end of round.....	4	11	18	25	32	40	47	55	62	70
Cobweb's score per round.....	4	7	7	7	7	8	7	8	7	8

From the above it will be seen that the Cobwebs did not make a clean score in any one round, while in the 1st, 6th and 9th the Newburgh team negotiated its 9 rounds without a loss. It will be noticed also that the lead of 5 in the 1st round and the majority of 2 in the 9th round make up the total of 7—the difference between the team totals at the end of the match; in the other 8 rounds both teams scored 59 out of 72 shot at. The full scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Newburgh.										
	1	1	5	3	2	2	4	3	2	4
J B Halsted.....	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	10
	2	2	5	3	2	4	3	4	1	5
F Southard.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	10
	2	1	5	1	4	3	5	5	1	5
H C Higginson.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	9
	2	2	3	5	4	1	5	3	5	8
H P Dain.....	1	0	1	1	2	1	1	2	8	8
	2	4	2	5	1	1	5	3	2	8
W C Gibbs.....	1	2	2	1	0	2	1	2	8	8
	2	3	3	5	2	4	1	5	3	8
Dr Horton.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	8
	1	5	5	4	2	5	2	5	5	8
E C Likely.....	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	8
	2	5	2	3	1	1	2	3	4	8
G Taggart.....	2	2	1	1	0	2	2	8	8	8
	4	3	3	2	1	5	5	2	3	8
J Taylor.....	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	8	77
Cobweb Gun Club.										
	2	4	4	5	2	4	3	5	5	5
J Pilkington.....	1	2	2	2	1	2	1	2	10	10
	4	3	3	2	1	3	4	1	5	9
D B Brady.....	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	9
	3	3	3	4	4	3	5	2	2	9
G E Greiff.....	1	1	2	0	2	2	2	1	2	9
	5	5	1	4	2	5	4	5	2	9
F J Hendrick.....	2	2	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	9
	5	2	4	1	5	2	5	5	3	9
G S Nicholls.....	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	9
	3	2	5	4	1	5	1	2	5	8
P F McKeon.....	0	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	8
	3	2	5	4	5	2	4	3	2	6
A D Knapp.....	0	0	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	6
	3	2	2	1	4	2	3	4	5	6
F L Train.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	6
	3	2	2	4	5	4	3	3	1	6
O M Donnelly.....	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	2	4	70

The following sweep at 5 live birds was also shot, all at 23yds.:
Dr. Horton..... 10112-4 R R Merrill..... 22223-5
N Apper..... 11201-4 A P Pope..... 22403-3
G E Greiff..... 22112-5 Seth Clover..... 11122-5
H P Dain..... 202-1 H C Higginson..... 22223-5
F Southard..... 2140-2 Jarvis..... 20212-4
D B Brady..... 01223-4 P F McKeon..... 11232-5
J Taylor..... 11232-5 F L Train..... 22223-5
J B Halsted..... 22221-5 F J Hendrick..... 01020-2

Washington Gun Club.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Pa., March 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Washington Gun Club, of this place, at the club shoot held here to-day:

Club shoot, 25 blue rocks per man: Con Williams 22, T. Smith 20, S. L. Carter 17, John Keyser 16, D. Kriebel 14, G. Haines 10, J. Ruth 9, J. A. Smith 8, N. Haines 7, G. N. Kriebel 22, H. M. Johnson 19, G. Righter 16, T. Mitchell 15, J. Restnie 11, G. Gaylor 10, J. E. Carter 8, P. Johnson 7.
GEORGE H. KRIEBEL, Cor. Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., March 15.—The Missoula Rod and Gun Club held the first shoot of the season of '96 this afternoon. The dozen shooters who attended made fairly good scores considering the exceedingly unfavorable conditions. However, the boys will have to improve their scores somewhat if they expect to retain at home any of the benefits of the State tournament of May 22, 23 and 24.

The club's old standby, Bob Rogers, knocked out the highest score, 16 out of 20 singles, at unknown angles. Scores:
W Cave..... 1111000100010110011-11 J M Evans..... 1010011011101110111-15
E Mix..... 11111111100001010-14 A Sterling..... 101010111110100000-11
Thompson..... 0000101111100111110-12 J P Menard..... 101011101110110011001-13
C Searles..... 110011001011110100-12 F Allinson..... 0110110100110111111-14
R Rogers..... 10101111101011111-16 W Brayton..... 101100111001110001111-14
C A Lemley..... 100101010110110111-13 C W Bishop..... 1101000001101101010-10

MISSOULA, Mont., March 22.—A day perfect as any in midsummer brought out but a half score of shooters to the Missoula Club's grounds to-day. A marked improvement in the shooting over that of the previous week was noticeable in the medal contest, which was won by the field captain on a score which recorded but one miss in the 20 shot at, and in the practice shooting which followed there was still better work done by all of the boys.

Will Cave..... 1101011111101010111-17
C A Searles..... 10111111111011111-19
L L Hunt..... 1001100000101001111-10
J P Menard..... 1100011100010010011-11
F H Allinson..... 0110110100000100101-8
C W Bishop..... 0101101000110110101-12
W P Brayton..... 1101011010010101011-14
H W Thompson..... 0101101001110111111-15
C A Lemley..... 0111010110010101111-14
J M Evans..... 1100100100100100100-10

March 29.—The weekly shoot of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club was to-day much more conspicuous for the presence of a sweeping, twisting, howling March wind than for that of club members. At the last meeting of the club it was decided to change the hour of the shoot from 9 P. M. to 10:30 A. M. on account of the fact that as a rule during the spring months the mornings are bright and pleasant, while the afternoons are cloudy and windy.

This was the first trial under the new order of things, and we found Dame Nature in a contradictory mood, and the shoot profited little by the change of hours. Notwithstanding the wintry aspect of the weather, eight of the shooters put in an appearance at the proper time, and the following scores were made, H. W. Thompson carrying away the gold medal and C. W. Bishop the silver, after a shoot-off of the tie:

A Class.
Brayton..... 0000110000101111010-10 Searles..... 11011111101111111-18
Menard..... 1011111110100001111-14 Mix..... 00000000111110111-10
Thompson..... 01111111111111111-19 Cave..... 1101010110100110111-17
B Class.
Allinson..... 0000010101000011110-8 Bishop..... 1010100100010010010-8
WILL CAVE, Sec'y.

Sutton Junction vs. Waterloo.

SUTTON JUNCTION, P. Q., March 18.—Owing to stormy weather and bad roads the return match between the Waterloo and Sutton Junction gun clubs booked for Feb. 27 was not pulled off until to-day. The conditions were 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The home team won the race with a score of 145 against 188, the visitors being somewhat handicapped by their use of No. 6 shot at fast birds. They are a lot of first-class fellows and took their defeat with good grace, expressing a determination to do the Sutton Junctions yet. The scores made were as below:

Sutton Junction.										
H E Hibbard.....	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	11
A W Westover.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	19
S Draper.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	20
Dr Page.....	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	12
E G Smith.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	14
W R Safford.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	18
A Hibbard.....	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	14
N P Emerson.....	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	14
E Greely.....	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	12
J Crandall.....	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	14
J Clark.....	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	7
G Clark.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	10
J Grocott.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	13

Waterloo.										
J E McFarlane.....	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	13
Dr Clark.....	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	13
R F Shaw.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	14
Geo Moyon.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	14
Rev J T Strong.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	10
A McFarlane.....	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
S H Martin.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	10
W McDougall.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	12
A S Newell.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
H E Allen.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	7
E J McKunne.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
C A Nutting.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Arthur McFarlane.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10

WESTOVER.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 21.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot this afternoon at Audubon Park. Thirty shooters took part in No. 1, the badge shoot, 25 targets per man. C. S. Burkhardt led in this event by breaking 23. Nos. 2 and 3 were at 15 targets, No. 4 at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:					Events:				
1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5
Kelsey.....	20	12	11	10	Storey.....	17	10	10	10
Bennett.....	21	12	9	5	Williams.....	20	10	12	10
Miller.....	11	5	10	4	Rounds.....	15	10	10	10
C S Burkhardt.....	23	10	12	6	Dr Sauer.....	10	4	5	5
E C Burkhardt.....	18	11	10	9	Swope.....	17	8	9	9
Hanks.....	17	6	14	10	Friesen.....	17	11	11	11
E W Smith.....	20	10	10	6	Alderman.....	17	11	11	11
Reinecke.....	12	8	10	4	Stacey.....	12	12	8	8
McArthur.....	17	10	10	10	J Koch.....	11	11	8	8
Reed.....	16	8	6	3	Chapman.....	10	5	5	5
Woodbury.....	9	6	10	10	Eaton.....	18	10	10	10
Talsma.....	14	10	10	10	Brown.....	13	13	13	13
Coombs.....	10	10	10	10	Porter.....	18	8	9	9
Meyers.....	20	11	10	10	Russell.....	10	10	10	10
Sweet.....	11	4	10	10	Ackes.....	9	9	9	9
Klinck.....	13	4	10	10	Genemany.....	10	10	10	10
Norris.....	19	12	13	13					

Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 21.—The Wilmington, Del. Rod and Gun Club sent a 7-men team to-day to try conclusions with a similar team of the Forest Gun Club, of this city, the race taking place on the ground of the latter at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. After an exceedingly close contest, the home team won by two breaks, scoring 123 to 121. Scores:

Forest Gun Club.										
McDaniel.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	17
Walker.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	10
W N Stevenson.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23
H B Stevenson.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	14
Roverot.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Morison.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	18
Thurman.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	19

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jersey..... 0100101010100101010110-13
Bilderback..... 1111111111111111111101-23
Hartlove..... 00101111111001001000101-13
De Vue..... 111111111111111111110101-21
Evans..... 111111111111111111110101-21
Grubb..... 01001010010010010100101-11
Cleaver..... 101011101111111111110101-19-121
WM. MORISON, Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

LIFE HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

NEXT to the capture of the salmon the investigation of its life history claims the deepest interest of the angler-naturalist. There is no royal road to learning the habits of this king of the rivers. The little that we know has been laboriously collated from the observations of many students in various lands.

The sea-going habit of the fish takes it early beyond our reach and no one follows it or sees it under satisfactory conditions again until the near approach of the spawning season and the rapid ascent of the fresh-water streams.

On the rivers no observing stations exist except those of a special and temporary character, established in the interest of some statistical bureau or fishcultural organization. This seems remarkable when we consider the wide distribution of the salmon family, the size and enormous number of individuals, their intense interest to the angler, and the surpassing value of the industries to which they give rise.

We know that the Atlantic salmon "roams along the coasts of Great Britain in summer in search of food, and may be found close inshore many miles from where any fresh water enters the sea, loitering in estuaries and also at the mouths of rivers up which it purposes ascending." It is also well known that the same species enters rivers of the United States during spring and summer, passes on to its spawning grounds, and returns to the sea after the reproductive mission has been fulfilled.

The temporary residence of the young in fresh water and their assumption of a silver livery preparatory to their departure to marine feeding grounds is also fully spread upon the records.

There is on the Pacific coast a group of salmon which is no less interesting than the salmon of the Rhine, the Tay, the Restigouche and the Penobscot. Five members form the group, and we speak of them as the quinnat, dog salmon, silver salmon, red salmon and little humpback.

These live in the North Pacific, from whence they ascend rivers of Asia and northwestern America for the purpose of reproducing their kind. Some of them travel only a short distance from the sea to deposit their eggs; others make journeys exceeding 1,000 miles, and after the fatigues, injuries and privations incident to spawning, none are left alive to return to the ocean.

It has been pretty generally supposed that the Pacific salmon becomes sexually mature in four years from its birth, and that when the young fish enter the sea they remain away from the rivers until ready to spawn. This is certainly not true in all cases, as will appear from what follows.

Mr. H. J. Barling, who manages a salmon fishery at Karluk, Alaska, noticed small salmon during many seasons returning from sea with the adults. To quote his own language:

"For many seasons past I have noticed the small fry in surprising numbers standing inshore with the adults, and while I was satisfied that they were small salmon, I could not so positively state ere this on account of not being able to catch them before they escaped through the larger meshes. I was enabled to furnish you the few which I sent by backing up the nets with the small mesh seine at the time we caught over 1,000 small salmon and only 900 adults.

"Some of my friends on the (Karluk) river always maintained that these small fish were trout, and even now some are hardly satisfied. I will state, however, that these small fry salmon are not to be seen in numerous quantities after August 10.

"I have always maintained ever since I have been in Karluk that all the fish we catch are not Karluk bred fish, being merely attracted inshore by the fresh waters from the Karluk River. This year (1895) was not as much so as in many years past, but that was caused by the extreme lengths of the nets driving the salmon outside the range of the inner buoys."

The young fish proved upon examination to be red salmon, but there is no reason to believe the habit is con-

finied to that species; in fact, other kinds have been observed to come along the shores and enter the Karluk beyond the influence of the tides. We may be justified in believing that young salmon return with the adults at will, and if observations were continuously made at suitable localities on salmon rivers this truth would be easily established.

Concerning the age at which the quinnat or Columbia River salmon breeds, the most satisfactory conclusions have been reached by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, director of the Trocadéro aquarium, Paris, from materials obtained in the United States. Eggs of the quinnat were forwarded, and there is now a steady yield of eggs from acclimatized salmon.

Even in the four small basins devoted to California salmon in Paris 50,000 to 60,000 eggs are produced annually and 30,000 fry are reared. The fish after five generations in fresh water spawn as freely as in the first generation, and they mature at the age of 3 years, when they are 31in. long and weigh from 13 to 15lbs.

A MAN UP A TREE.

THERE is published in Port Jervis, N. Y., a farmers' journal, which is engaged in an incessant and all-the-year-round campaign against game protection. Its editorial platform calls for the free coinage of silver, the immediate abolition of all fish and game laws, and the contribution to its own treasury of one dollar and a half from every farmer who shares its sentiments, and for whose life, liberty and pursuit of happiness it is so valiantly waging warfare. The game laws it denounces as enacted at the behest of hired attorneys of sporting millionaires; the operations of the laws, it points out, afford constant examples of tyranny and outrage on the hard-working farmer. Game wardens, as viewed through its spectacles, are all sneaks and cowardly minions who should incontinently be dumped into the creek. The Port Jervis editor is buoyed up by the proud consciousness that he is pounding the Legislature for the abolition of these obnoxious laws, although we are bound to say that the Legislature most shamelessly has not yet come to a realizing sense that it is being pounded; for the mill at Albany goes gayly on year after year grinding out its new grist, and new burdens are laid upon the already staggering Port Jervis farmer.

We have never been able to understand the reason for this intense game law opposition in the particular vicinity where this farmers' journal is published; but in the news dispatches of last week there was an item which may give some clue to the solution of the puzzle. In the New York Sun of April 10 was a report from Port Jervis of what happened to Jacob Flint, an aged farmer of Sullivan county, when he was pruning an apple tree on the morning of April 9. As told in the Sun (wherein if you see it is so) farmer Flint was perched up on a ladder 12ft. from the ground, cutting the suckers from an apple tree, when he suddenly found himself in the midst of hundreds of wild geese, which were making their flight northward. They swept through the branches on each side, and threw farmer Flint to the ground below. At this point the narrative ends. Whether the old man was killed or escaped with the fracture of a half-dozen ribs is not recorded.

This omission of further particulars is in itself full of significance. We are to understand that there was no need to tell the rest; that every Port Jervis farmer would supply the sequel for himself. So many farmers there have been knocked out of apple trees by wild geese that all the other farmers—the survivors, so to speak—know perfectly well what happens to each new victim. The story, then, is a plain and simple account of an every-day occurrence, told in the fewest possible words and with no ornamentation or embroidery by the reporter. This is something that has perhaps happened to hundreds of Port Jervis farmers who possess apple orchards which they prune. Nothing is more common, they can tell us from experience, than for wild geese to sweep by hundreds through the branches of apple trees while making their flight northward, and if a farmer happens to be standing on a ladder among those branches at the precise moment when the geese pass through them, nothing is more certain than that he will be thrown to the ground below. Any old goose shooter will tell you that it is almost impossible to resist the impact of one hundred wild geese, let alone several hundreds. Wild geese are popu-

larly believed to fly at a rate of 90 miles an hour, or 1½ miles per minute, or, roughly, 131ft. per second. A goose will average 8lbs. in weight, and 100 geese would weigh 800lbs. Imagine then the shock experienced by a man weighing say 150lbs., balanced uncertainly on a teetery ladder, very likely an old one, among the branches of an apple tree, when struck by a loose mass weighing 800lbs., moving at a rate of 131ft. per second. Obviously the whole weight would not strike the man at once, but it may be questioned whether the rapid succession of blows would not be harder to resist than the single heavier one.

This, however, is but idle speculation. The solemn fact remains that in the aerial and unequal conflict of man and nature—man up an apple tree and nature in the form of feathered cannon balls whizzing through the air—man must "come off his perch." Here is found full and sufficient ground for the journalistic stand taken by the Port Jervis agricultural editor in opposition to the game laws. The issue for which he is contending is a simple one—down with the game or down with the farmer. One or the other must go to the ground. Let it be the game. Every one is entitled to prune his apple trees in peace, to climb ladders in security, to hold his ancestral acres unassailed by the flying battalions of the air. How criminally foolish is it then to enact tyrannous game laws and to turn loose an army of sneaking game wardens to protect the deadly geese. Repeal the laws. Dismiss the wardens. Exterminate the game. Let the honest agriculturist live out his life unvexed and unafraid. The Port Jervis journalist is engaged in a just cause. We trust that the dollars and the half dollars may flow into his coffers and that his subscription list may wax bigger and bigger until not a game statute shall remain, nor a wild goose be left to imperil the life of an honest man up his own apple tree.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is said that President Cleveland was actuated in his nomination of the new Fish Commissioner by a determination to eliminate from the affairs of the Commission any undue preponderance of scientific influence; it was his desire to put the Commission on a practical basis. Those who viewed with apprehension the accession of Commissioner Brice, believing that in the new incumbent there would be found one who was neither scientific nor practical, will find little reassurance in the interview with the Commissioner which we copy from the Washington Star. Mr. Brice talks blithesomely of locating his salmon hatcheries near the spawning beds, where he says he proposes to take the eggs from the beds and to put in their places the fry after hatching. This is to outline a programme of absolute impracticability. One can no more take salmon eggs from the spawning bed than they can take up water from the sand of the desert into which it has sunk. The new Commissioner has begun the wrecking of the Commission by discharging chief clerk Gill, and it is rumored that other employees of the Commission, who know their work thoroughly and upon whom as upon Mr. Gill the efficiency of the service depended, will in their turn be dispensed with also.

The Brackett-Husted bill in the New York Legislature, which ostensibly is for the improvement of the navigation of the Hudson River, but really is to authorize the devastation of vast areas of the Adirondacks by the pulp millers, is one of the most impudent jobs ever proposed at Albany. It gives into the hands of a commission of lumbermen and pulp manufacturers the watershed of the Hudson in eight Adirondack counties; authorizes them to dam anew any stream which has ever been dammed, which practically means all streams in the territory, and grants license to flood forest lands by the square mile. The measure has already advanced far toward final passage, but it will not be too late to defeat it if the Legislature is made to understand how the public regards this barefaced attempt to despoil the North Woods for individual greed.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 812.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XIX.

Sungahnetook.

SAM's comrades were in delicious, semi-torpid enjoyment of a morning nap when he quietly left his place among them and, after making a breakfast of stealthily gathered fragments, set forth in fulfillment of a promise made to himself of a day alone in Sungahnetook, the fish-weir river of the old Waubunakees. He was not unsocial, but yet at times was fonder of solitude than of company. Like a true lover of nature, he desired not to go with a crowd to woo his mistress.

Creek and lake were thickly shrouded in a tattered web of mist whose gray shreds slowly undulated in the motionless air, disclosing near glints of unruffled silver water and further away brief glimpses of russet and green marsh, beyond which the unveiled forest glowed in the faint dawn with all the divers hues of autumnal flame. Every single-pointed willow and many-pointed maple leaf was giving its contribution to the slow shower of crystal drops that pattered on rushes and fallen leaves, or tinkled on the quiet waters. The soft continuous sound was punctuated at intervals by the louder voices of awakening life, the sharp whistle of passing wings, the raucous diminuendo of a duck's call. Then came from afar inland the challenge of a cock, the mellow lowing of kine and quavering bleat of sheep, or from the lake the clatter of an anchored sloop's capstan, the echoed voices of her crew, mingled with the crazy laughter of a loon.

To these drowsy sounds of awakening day Sam added the dip and drip of his paddle, as with head above the mist that wreathed the canoe he shaped his easy course across the shallow head of the bay. Then he entered the stream's gateway, gorgeous with the autumnal colors of the water maples. Looking around and backward, he could imagine himself in the solitude of the primeval wilderness, for there was no visible sign of man's intrusion on the wooded banks at either side, nor on the silent lake, nor on the rugged crags of Split Rock Mountain, and these were the bounds of vision.

A few rods up stream the illusion was dispelled where the cleared bank opened to an old pasture. The turf was cut with wheel tracks of wagons that had brought apples to the Canadian boat, signs of her recent presence that set Sam to wondering how it fared with her contraband freight.

Passing the next bend, he was between wooded shores, where ferns and other moisture-loving plants crowded each other in rampant growth. Ducks frequently arose before him, singly and in flocks, taking wing from the water or jutting logs, out of range before he discovered them or could bring his unready gun to bear on them. He saw that shots were only to be got by prowling along on foot, and ran in behind a little island that hugged the left bank. It was crowded with great trees; most conspicuous among them was a towering elm and an immense buttonwood, whose trunk shone unearthly white amid the forest shadows, like the ghost of a giant, and all were embowered in a tangle of wild grapevines.

As Sam stepped on shore he caught a glimpse through the treetops of a flock of ducks whistling with lowering flight toward some spot below him and back from the stream. Thither he cautiously made his way and presently saw an open space among the trees, toward which he made a stealthy approach under cover of a clump of alders. When he reached this he discovered a narrow lagoon lying close before him. It was some twenty rods in length, bordered by a growth of wild rice and covered with duck weed. A great branchless tree lay lengthwise of it at the nearer end, an inviting roosting place for wood ducks, a score of which were occupying it with heads uplifted and alert, or comfortably resting on their mottled breasts or tucked beneath their wings, the males resplendent with bright color, the females shining with gilded bronze, yet all strangely inconspicuous in nature's nice adjustment to their environment, never failing so to blend them with the hues of her changing seasons. As many more swam idly to and fro, meshing the green scum of duckweed with a network of watery paths.

If Sam was aware of a qualm of conscience it came too late to withhold him from the unfair chance, and he raked the log with such deadly aim that more than half its happy crew tumbled overboard, killed outright or in the last extremity, splashed aimlessly; sorely wounded, struggled instinctively toward the cover of the weeds, while the affrighted survivors jostled each other in flurried flight, knowing not what to make of the catastrophe which had befallen their comrades, but wheeled and pivoted in confused wonderment till Sam came forth to secure his victims, when they took flight, yet returned to circle and hover overhead, reluctant to leave a haunt where man so seldom intruded. Another shot fired to secure a cripple served to convince them of its present unsafety, and when Sam bore away his abundant trophies he left the pool as silent and deserted as it is to-day, when it is known to every gunner of this region, and even the poor heron and bittern avoid its precincts.

After depositing the ducks in the canoe and following the bank a little further, Sam came opposite a landing where a scow was moored and a dugout lay with its nose in the bank. On the level sward a seine was spread and a man was kneeling upon it, busily engaged in mending it. A little boy with hair like sun-burned tow stood watching the net-mender and making frequent proffers off help that were ungraciously refused. The man's inquisitive eyes soon made him aware of Sam's presence, but he made no sign of his discovery except to bawl out without raising his head:

"Haow d' du, Capt'n Tawmus," and he did not change his position till he had finished the rent he was tying. Then he threw down his netting needle and rising to his feet came to the bank with a peculiar awkward swaggering gait and a swing of the arms that continued after he stood still, like the slowly ceasing vibrations of a pendulum, motions by which Sam recognized an old acquaintance, one of the money diggers of Garden Island.

The child followed the man to the bank, dividing his gaping attention to the stranger with inspection of a cedar fish pole that was set with its sharpened butt in the bank and supported by a crooked stick at the water's edge. He skipped from one occupation to the other with an awkward agility that seemed to have been acquired in

dodging gratuitous cuffs. He drew out his hook, spat upon it and cast it with such faith and skill of a true angler that Sam's heart warmed to him, the more for his forlornness.

"Why, goodness gracious, Peter-ah!" the man cried in dull surprise, "I took ye tu be Tawmus Baker, an' consequently I called you Captain Tawmus. Haow's your folks-ah? Crops tol'able good? I do' know's I c'n call your name. What is 't when you're tu hum, anyway-ah?"

Sam gave him the desired information and he continued:

"You don't say! A-huntin' ducks, be ye? Wal, you won't git none. The' ha' none-ah up the crick ner no-where. I b'en daown the crick myself an' all I got was this 'ere-ah." He took a coot out from the log canoe and held it aloft for Sam's inspection. "I do' know what sort o' critter he is, but I'm a-goin' tu see haow he'll eat. I fooled that 'ere duck, sir. He sot right aout in plain sight, but I went a-sploshin' along in the ma'sh an' a-lookin' t'other way, an' made him think I was arter su'thin' else, an' I got right up tu him. Fooled him, I did, by gracious, Peter! The' hain't no use in your a-goin' up the crick ner daown crick nuther," the man declared, giving meantime no more attention to the presence of his child than he would have done to that of a dog.

"I'm 'bleeged tu you for tellin' me, but I guess I'll go 'long up a piece. I kinder want tu see what the crick looks like, an' I don't care no gre't abaout ducks anyway."

"Wal, go and be darned," the other snarled, "but you might jest as well leave your gun-ah. An' you'll come tu a gut o' the ma'sh 'at you can't git acrost-ah."

In spite of such discouraging advice Sam went on with his ready gun in the hollow of his arm and his thumb and forefinger on hammer and trigger, and a watchful eye on the stream as each bend unfolded a new reach. He crossed the formidable gut at one stride and at the next turn came to a long westward reach down which the rising sun shone full in his face, dazzling him with level beams that sheeted the rippling water with a sun glade of wrinkled gold, and glorified the mist with more and brighter colors than the rainbow bears, all minutely mirrored in the innumerable drops that beaded every twig and bejeweled every leaf.

Shading his eyes with his hand, he searched the resplendent reach to its further end, and there discovered a figure skulking swiftly along the bank. The form and motion, though revealed but in glimpses, were unmistakably those of his late interlocutor, whose purpose of forestalling Sam was easily guessed.

"Wal, go and be darned," said Sam, quoting the man's ungracious godspeed with a chuckle. "I guess I'll lay low right here a spell."

A group of lusty basswoods, sprung from the mouldering parent tree, overhung the bank with a drooping spread of branches, and Sam crept beneath the leafy tent, stretching himself on the green sward to wait at ease for what might come to him. The monotonous babble of a shallow rapid not far above him, and the softer irregular swirl of deeper water around a half-sunken log near at hand, were the loudest sounds that reached his ears for awhile, and then the quiet of the morning was broken by an echoing roar, and before the echoes ceased there was a rush of wings, recurring again and again as flock after flock of frightened ducks came hurrying past, unseen but in fleeting glimpses through openings in the branches. At last there was a clattering splash of an alighting flock, and in a few moments he discovered them swimming down stream toward him. When they came near enough he fired into the thick of them, with a result that would have sickened with envy the heart of his rival had he beheld it. Six ducks lay feebly beating the water with their wings, or clawing the air with up-turned paddles, and a seventh dived and fluttered down stream in a futile attempt to escape, till Sam reloaded his gun and ended its struggles.

Then with the aid of a pole he gathered in the game and again retired to his ambush. Laying his loaded gun within easy reach he sat down to the enjoyment of a comfortable smoke, idly watching the patch of water gliding past him, tangling in its eddies the quivering reflections of the other shore with floating frost-painted leaves, some waterlogged with far-away voyaging, others newly launched and buoyant, sailing across the current in wafts of the breeze till stranded on the bank or swept onward in the stronger current.

Then as silently, but more swiftly and suddenly, and scarcely less gayly colored than the drifting leaves, a flock of wood ducks swam into the narrow arena. After tacking up stream a moment to inspect an evidently favorite resort, they crept in onto a willowy sand spit that jutted down stream and formed a tiny cove almost beneath Sam's hiding place. Instinctively he stretched his hand toward his gun, but withheld it as he became more interested in watching the unsuspicious birds crowding and jostling each other for the best places, then one after another standing upright and shaking out their wings, then settling down and preening their plumage. They were so near him that he could see the flash of their bright eyes, the red and olive markings on the drakes' bills, the colors of their crests, and almost count the arrow-shaped spots on their breasts.

"By the gre't horn spoon!" he whispered to himself, "they're tew harnsome tu spile, an' they're so clust tu, I sh'll knock 'em all tu flinders. I've got 'nough anyway, seben here an' 'leven in the canew, so what's the good o' murderin'? But they be turrible temptin'."

Just then he caught sight of the money digger at the bend above. It was evident that he saw the ducks, for he stopped a moment, then cautiously backed away and began a wide detour to reach a point opposite them. Sam drew a stout piece of a fallen limb to him, carefully balanced it in his hand, and then watched intently the crest of the other bank. After a considerable time the crown of an unkempt head slowly arose from behind a log of driftwood stranded among the trees in the spring freshet, and then a pair of eyes slowly scanning the shore till they fixed on the object of their search, then sank out of sight, then reappeared behind the rusty barrel of a slowly leveled musket.

As Sam saw a brawny hand reaching out to cock the clumsy hammer after assured aim, and wondered that the audible double click did not alarm the ducks, he threw the club at them. Before the hurtling missile splashed in the margin of the sand spit the ducks sprang into the air, uttering quavering *wee-uks, wee-uks* of alarm.

For a moment the musket held to its blank aim, then

was uplifted as the disappointed gunner slowly arose to his feet and came out upon the bank, craning his neck up stream and down stream to discover the cause of the mischance, till at last he drawled:

"What in all smutteration scart them 'ere ducks-ah?" and then after vainly waiting for an answer, "Gol dum the tarnal luck."

Shaking with smothered laughter, Sam watched the man vent his disappointment in stamping and fuming, till at last he saw him depart, bearing a couple of ducks, the sole trophies of his stolen march.

Sam resumed his exploration of the stream, and after coming to a great raft of driftwood that bridged it he discovered another little lagoon in the edge of the narrow intervale, so close to the level upland that it was shaded by its hemlocks, and ducks and partridges were near neighbors, each in their favorite haunts.

Then he came to banks clad with willows, and they in turn with wild grapevines, purple underneath with clusters of frost-ripened fruit. Out of one of these wild bowers a partridge and a wood duck took sudden flight from their interrupted feast, one making for the woods, the other for the water. Sam tumbled the duck back among the willows by a snap shot that he was prouder of than of those which had given much greater scores.

The next bend of the stream disclosed the majestic peak of Camel's Hump through the vista of a willowy bank and a pine-crowned knoll, and when the hunter had warmed his heart with a long look at the grandest of his beloved mountains he turned back, for the landscape was beginning to show more farmsteads than woods.

The way back over a path once traveled seemed so long that Sam had been expecting to come upon the bowery island for some time before he caught sight of its ghostly guardian buttonwood shining afar off through the shadows of the water maples. He was about to shorten the way by a cut across the bend when he heard the agonized scream of a child. It apparently came from the landing, and he bent his steps that way with a premonition that help was needed.

He was running at top speed when he came to the place and at a glance saw the dugout adrift slowly rocking on the agitated water with a cedar fish pole floating near it. With eyes intent on the water he dropped his burdens and threw off hat and coat and waistcoat.

In the same instant a scared little face and a pair of clutching hands broke the surface. Making a long leap, Sam plunged and found himself not beyond his depth, but so near it that he could swim faster than he could wade, and a few strokes brought him within reach of the child. He caught him by the hair and bore him to the shore.

The little fellow had life enough in him to impede his rescuer with wild clutches and to cling desperately at the grassy margin when he was brought within reach of it, so that when Sam had dragged his own waterlogged self up the steep, slippery bank he had less trouble in pulling the boy up it than in bringing him to it.

The poor little fellow had not much breath to spare, but plenty of water, to rid him of which Sam laid him across a log and gently rolled him from side to side, his patient moaning and crying feebly between fits of strangling.

When he had recovered speech and natural breathing and a disposition to cry continually, Sam took him up tenderly in his arms and carried him toward the house, which stood a quarter of a mile away behind a straggling orchard, whose unpruned lichened trees were as old, forlorn and neglected as the weather-beaten house and ruinous barn.

"Haow old be ye?" Sam began, catechizing his charge.

"Seben, goin' on eight."

"Haow come ye in the crick?"

"Fishin'," was the laconic response, and then with sudden interest the child added, "Say-ah, 'd ye git my fish pole?"

"No, I had all I wanted tu git you."

"Wal, you'd ortu git it. The's an ol' roncher on it-ah. Pulled me right in. They'll lick me for losin' on't, ah," the boy whimpered.

"No, they won't, nuther. Don't you worry, they'll be glad 'nough tu git you. Naow, you look a-here. You're tew leetle a feller tu go fishin' alone. Your father 'd ortu know better 'n tu left ye. The' won't allers be somebody 'raoun' tu pull you out. Don't ye go again. Naow, don't fergit." Sam gave him a gentle shake to emphasize his injunction and the boy nodded assent. Then discovering they were drawing near the house he struggled to get down.

"You lemme go," he whimpered, "I wanten go an' dry me. Marm 'll lick me for gittin' wet."

"By the gre't horn spoon! if she does I'll draowned the hull fam'ly. Haow many on 'em is the? Wal, nev' mind, you keep quiet," Sam added, guessing the computation was beyond so young a head, when he saw a full half dozen tow-thatched heads swarming out of the door to stare at him a moment and then vanish as suddenly as a litter of frightened woodchucks.

A gaunt, unkempt woman appeared, shading her inquiring eyes and blank, wondering face with both hands till she recognized the visitor's dripping burden. Then her face grew white with terror and she wailed out with her hands piteously outstretched:

"Oh, Joby's draounded! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"No, he hain't draounded, marm," Sam declared in a cheery voice, "but he's almighty soaked an' you'd better dry him off an' put him tu bed."

Her face became a little less woeful, yet she would not be assured, but cried out:

"O, Joby, hain't you draounded?"

"No, marm, I hain't," the boy answered feebly.

"Yis, you be tew draounded," she protested.

The children gathered behind her in an awed semi-circle that broke to let Sam and their mother pass in, and closed in again in their rear while he kicked a rocking chair to a place by the stove, motioned her by a nod to be seated in it, and put the child in her lap.

"You take off his wet clo's an' put him tu bed," he commanded, "an' I'll roust up the fire," and while she began to obey him he fed the cracked old rotary stove with an armful of wood.

"Sis, you run aout an' git a han'ful o' catnip an' steep it up in a tin o' b'ilin' water," he said to a girl of 12 who stood staring at him in abashed amazement, then addressing the mother, who was struggling with the clinging ragged garments: "You give him a good lot on't, hot as he c'n take it."

After seeing the catnip tea a-brewing, Sam went to the

barn and took off and wrung out his clothes, affording an interesting spectacle to three of the boys who followed and watched him through the half open door till he disposed of them by throwing one of his boots at them.

When he returned to the house, shivering, but no longer dribbling a trail by which he could be traced, he found his late audience of the barn giggling in safe retreat behind the stove, the patient in bed and his mother administering doses of hot catnip tea, with the comforting assurance that "he'd ketch it when his pa got hum."

coax, but any way they couldn't make me know nothin', an' bimeby they cleared aout, an' you'd better b'lieve I wa'n't sorry; no, sir, not one mite. An' I tell you what, Mr. Lovel, I don't want no more o' my Southern relations tu come a-visitin' on me; no, sir! They're tew interestin' tu white folks! Nancy an' the young un is all the darkies I want tu bother my brains with."

"You hain't heard nothin' but what he got away all right?" Sam asked.

"Mr. Bartlett thinks he did, sure, an' he says that nig-

TWO OCEAN PASS.

[Concluded from page 291.]

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Phillips and I went out again after sheep, hunting on the north side of the cañon. We saw fresh traces twice, but no game. A very high wind was blowing, increasing in strength toward the middle of the day to such an extent that my guide deemed it unsafe for us to remain on the higher ground, where, when trying to walk in an upright position, we were in danger of being blown over the precipices. Still, there is a peculiar fascination for me in hunting over the steep, rugged cliffs, and I much prefer it to hunting in thick, green timber.

I have come to the conclusion by this time that sheep are very scarce in the neighborhood of our camp, and that the best way to get any would be to make a side camp for a couple of days near timber line, and from there try and get above their feeding ground early in the morning.

P. and Woody this day crossed the divide to the Grey-bull country, where P. killed a big bull of thirteen points at a distance of 600 yds. He fired six shots and hit him three times; but they saw no sheep.

Friday, Sept. 15.—This day C. and Billy hunted on East Mountain and saw three bands of elk. C. killed a big bull elk of twelve points and wounded another smaller one, which he unfortunately lost. We others had stayed in camp to give C. a chance, as he had not yet killed a big bull, but in the afternoon P., Phillips and I went to see if no bear had yet paid a visit to the carcass of P.'s fourteen-pointer.

The trail—so called by courtesy—led through about the very worst piece of "down timber" that I have seen in my seven years' experience in Western mountain hunting, and how P. and Woody got safely through it that night when P. killed that elk will always be a mystery to me.

No bear had visited the carcass yet and it looks as if we would have to return home without the skin of one of these animals.

On our way back to camp we saw a band of elk in the distance—at least thirty in number, with one big bull among them who was continually whistling. The moment they got over the divide and out of sight we spurred our horses after them. Said P.: "F., you go and shoot him (meaning the bull) if he is bigger than your big one; if not, let him go." So when near the place where the whole band had crossed the ridge I jumped off my horse and grasping my rifle said to Phillips: "Here, Jack, hold my horse," and took after the elk on foot. I could not see them, because they were in the green timber below me, but I could hear the bull "whistle" once or twice and tried to locate him by the sound. Before I could get near him, however, I heard him whistle again, this time much further away, and the band was traveling so fast that I was unable to keep up with them. Still, I followed their tracks for quite a distance until the lateness of the hour compelled me to give up. I now retraced my steps to a place half way down the mountain, on the top of which I had left P. and Phillips with my horse, and taking out my glasses saw P. put his to his eyes and look, as I thought, straight at me. I therefore waved my hat, motioning them to come on, and saw them start, as I thought, in my direction. So sitting down, I waited for them to come, but I waited and waited, and neither Phillips nor P. put in an appearance. It then dawned on me that they had either not seen my signal at all or had misunderstood it. I hated to have to walk back to camp with my own horse so near and still so far, but I disliked worse to have to climb a couple of thousand feet back to the top of the mountain, where I was not all sure about still finding Phillips. So I set out on my weary tramp of some eight miles, the setting sun bidding me to hurry. It was dark when I reached the camp, and then Phillips came in, leading my horse. "Where is P.?" was the first question that I asked him. He said P. had left him on the mountain, telling him to



THE SHORE OF YELLOWSTONE LAKE.
Illustrating Mr. Francke's "Two Ocean Pass."

"I don't care," poor Joby whimpered under the blankets; "I wa'n't a mite tu blame. I got holt of a ol' roncher an' he yanked me in, so naow. I wish I'd got him. He was a ol' roncher." And he began to cry piteously over the loss of the fish and the impending chastisement.

"There, there, bub, don't ye take on," said Sam, shivering over the stove. "If your fish hain't le' go when I git back there, I'll haul him aout and lay him on the bank for ye, an' your pa won't tech ye, I know. It's bad 'nough tu git draounded 'thaout bein' licked for it. Booc! it's consid'able cool bathin' this time o' year!"

"Why, you be cold, hain't ye?" the woman said. "I was so took up wi' Joby I never thought. Won't ye hev ye some sperits? We hain't a drop in the haouse, but won't ye hev some? The's some camfire; that 'ould kinder warm ye. It's warmin'."

Sam declined the spirits that were not and the camphor that was.

"You needn't think I hain't obleeged if I hain't said so," the woman said, looking more gratitude than her words expressed, as she followed him to the door. "If his brother was here I'd tell your fortin' an' not charge ye nothin'. His brother gives me the influence. I hev secont sight."

"You'd ort tu hev looked fur enough ahead tu kep' your boy from tumblin' int' the crik," Sam said as he left her, and she called after him:

"Wal, I foreseen he was a-goin' tu git draounded, an' I've said so all summer."

Sam warmed himself with a run to the landing, where he had the luck to find the dugout stranded on that side. He picked up the boy's pole with a big pickerel fast to the line, and leaving it conspicuously displayed on the bank crossed the stream. When he had rescued the child he noticed the scow and seine were gone, and concluded that the owner was seeking for better luck in fishing than in duck hunting. He picked up his things, and was soon afloat in his own canoe.

As silently as the outsped current the canoe glided down stream, and Sam with eyes constantly alert scanned banks and water without discovering anything worthy of note till, upon rounding a bend, he found himself close beside a man kneeling by a hollow log on the verge of the bank. It was the negro Jim, who, as the bow of the canoe slid noiselessly into his field of vision, turned a startled face toward Sam.

"Good Lord, Mr. Lovel, haow you did scare me!" he exclaimed with emphatic jerks of his head. "You 'pear tu be allus a-scarin' of me! My Lord, haow you did scare me that night." He laughed as if at the recollection of an excellent joke, then became suddenly serious. "But 't wa'n't nothin' to what come arter! No, sir!" He dropped his voice to a lower but no less emphatic tone and came nearer Sam, who held the canoe by an overhanging bough. "'Baout half an haour arter I come back four fellers come a-rarin' int' the ol' shanty, lookin' arter Bob. Yes, sir! 'Where's that nigger you be'n hidin'? Where's that nigger?' 'No niggers here but what belongs here,' says I, 'me an' Nancy an' the young un, an' them's as many as I can 'tend tu.' But no, I was all sorts of a lyin' nigger, an' they knowed I'd got him hid, an' through the haouse they went, up stairs an' daown, an' under the bed an' int' the buttry; but nary Bob nowhere, an' mighty good for some o' their healths 'at the wa'n't naow, I tell you. One spell they'd cuss an' 'nuther spell they'd

ger hunter's gin it up an' cleared aout. I guess Bob's shakin' his heels in Canerdy by this time, don't you, Mr. Lovel?"

"I hope so," said Sam, and then with professional interest in the other's evident employment, "Hain't it mid-dlin' airy for trappin' mink?"

"I reckon they'll du me more good naow 'n they will if somebody else gits 'em by'mbye," Jim said, with repeated and decided jerks of the head.

"Wal, they hain't my mink," said Sam, loosing his hold of the branch and letting the canoe drift away. "Ta' care of your relations when they happen along."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lovel, I will sartain, but I don't want tu see none of 'em, no, sir," and chuckling and wagging his head he resumed the setting of the trap as Sam drove the canoe on its course.



ON THE MARCH.
Illustrating Mr. Francke's "Two Ocean Pass."

A smart breeze ruffled the green water of the bay with waves that flashed like fire in the broad glade of the low sun and flecked the far blue of the lake with leaping whitecaps as the canoe slid over the long undulations of the shallows toward her port.

A flock of golden eyes took flight before her, their wing-beats ringing like the quick clangor of tiny bells, and flocks of teal and dusky ducks whistled past, coming in early on the favoring breeze from their day's outing on the lake. One by one a company of herons forsook the shallows beneath the cliffs and sagged on slow vans toward the woods of Little Otter, and high above all an eagle made stately progress through his aerial realm. The wash of waves was left behind when the canoe entered the creek and presently it slipped in at the landing, where Sam found his friends already returned and awaiting his coming.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

be sure and wait until I came back, but that after a while he (Phillips) had seen me in the valley walking back to camp and so had followed. While Phillips went back trying to find P. we had the only bear excitement during the whole trip. Just as we were getting ready to sit down to supper old Sly, Woody's bear dog, began to growl furiously. "Look out, old Eph is around," said Billy, who knew the dog well. Hastily slipping a couple of cartridges into my rifle, and backed up by C. and his Winchester, I went to where Sly was growling now more furiously than ever. It was so dark that even the horses loomed up but indistinctly, but after staying out there a while and almost straining my eyes out of their sockets, old Sly quieted down and we returned to the fire. We certainly found no tracks the next morning and never found out what had aroused old Sly's ire.

Directly afterward Phillips came in with P., he having

met him only a short distance from camp. I fear I shall never hear the last from P. about my remark, "Here, Jack, hold my horse."

Saturday, Sept. 16.—It having been decided to break camp the next day, as C. has to be in college by the 28th, I go to improve my last chance, if possible, and with Phillips visited the carcass of the twelve-point bull which had given us so much trouble to track him. The others stayed in camp to pack up the odds and ends.

No bear had been to the carcass of the elk, and the only way I could account for their complete absence was that we were too high up in the mountains, while the bears themselves at this season of the year kept further down below. While we were discussing this question we discovered, a couple of thousand feet above us, two mountain sheep, rams, I thought, even after a look with the glasses. Shall we go after them? If we are not in camp by noon P. will understand that we are after either bear or sheep; so here goes.

"Luck is going to change at last and I am going to get a ram after all," I thought as we toiled up the steep acclivities of the mountain. Accustomed and inured to climbing as I was by this time, the almost perpendicular ascent obliged me several times to rest to regain my breath, and once I nearly came to grief for good and all. Crossing some slide rock I slipped, and, being unable to regain my feet, had just presence of mind enough to turn over on my back spread-eagle fashion, trying at the same time to dig my heels into the loose shale. It would not hold, however, and the prospect of my being dashed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, the edge of which I was rapidly approaching, seemed unpleasantly near, when Phillips managed to reach me my leather rifle sling and by its aid to pull me back on firmer ground. It is accidents of this kind which make it desirable for two persons to hunt together in these mountains, so one can eventually render assistance to the other; but the cause of this particular accident was no doubt the rubber-soled shoes which I wore and which were without heels. However desirable these may be for still-hunting elk in the timber, they are not near as good as stout hob-nailed shoes for mountain work on rocks.

When we reached the place near where we had observed the two sheep I was almost completely fagged out, and had to take a rest of several minutes. Then, inch by inch, we wormed our prostrate bodies forward until I finally got to within 25yds. of a large ewe whose head and neck were visible, the body being hidden by a large rock. The moment she saw us we remained perfectly motionless, and she kept staring at us for fully a minute. Then she evidently made up her mind that she did not like our looks, and disappeared. We heard a clatter of small stones, and running toward the noise saw the whole band—five in number—disappearing over the sky line. They were only ewes and lambs, and we had had our climb for nothing.

In the afternoon we packed up our things and got everything ready to move on.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—But we had so many trophies of elk and elk antlers that we decided to split up our party, P., C. and I going ahead with Woody and Brown, leaving the others with the heavy luggage and most of the pack horses to follow us in a more leisurely manner.

We followed the same trail which we had traveled coming in and on our way killed half a dozen grouse, while P. this day made a most remarkable shot at a black-tail buck. He and Woody (who were riding ahead) had seen the buck—a small two-year-old—feeding, and P., whose double express was packed up in its case, therefore took C.'s—his son's—Winchester. The first shot hit the buck, who was about 150yds. distant, breaking a hindleg high up, but the next three shots missed—all being high. The buck was so badly wounded, however, that he was caught and dispatched by Woody with the knife. And now comes the remarkable part of the story. While we were standing around the dead animal P. turned to me and said: "I can shoot this Winchester all right, but I am not stuck on it. Did you see where the last three shots went?" I told him they had gone about 6ft. over the animal's back. Then we all looked at the rifle and C. said: "See here, papa! you are the luckiest man I know of, killing a 150yds. shot with the 400yds. sight up." And so it was, C., after his last long shot at elk, having forgotten to put the sight down again!

After traveling all day we made camp at Cliff Creek in a drizzling rain. I helped Brown to get supper, and was voted a good cook.

Monday, Sept. 18.—The morning broke bright and clear, but all the higher peaks were covered with snow. We traveled all day long through lovely scenery, but although a few moose are known to exist around here in the swamps, we saw none of the animals themselves or any of their fresh traces. Being now again in the Park, we of course dare not kill anything; but I should have liked to have seen a bull moose, this being an animal which I have never seen yet in his native wilds.

In the afternoon, near where the Yellowstone River empties into Yellowstone Lake, C. tried to photograph a large porcupine at close quarters, with the result that he scared the animal, which rushed among our pack horses, making them buck and kick. In the confusion which ensued Brown was pulled out of his saddle by the pack horse which he was leading and measured his length upon Mother Earth. His remarks about porcupines and kodaks were both loud and fervent.

We went into camp for the night on the east shore of Yellowstone Lake. We saw two spike bulls enter the water near our camp for their evening bath, but both sun and wind being wrong, we could not obtain their photographs.

Tuesday, Sept. 19.—The horses had strayed during the night and it was late before we made a start. With our glasses we counted sixteen bull elk in a shallow part of the lake opposite our camp.

The trail followed the east shore of the lake more or less all the time and the scenery was lovely, the tops of the Tetons being again visible in the southwest. This day we got several times quite close to bull elk, who in each case were challenging our horses, and when we made camp in the evening, near the Steamboat Spring, we not only saw two more bulls, but the elk kept up a perfect concert all around us all night long, challenging and whistling.

Wednesday, Sept. 20.—Woody said we should get to the Cañon Hotel this evening, so we made an early start. It began to storm during the early part of the day and it snowed more or less all day long. The country through which we traveled seemed alive with ducks, geese and

pelicans, but the driving snow obscured a great deal of the more distant scenery. We got near the Yellowstone River about noon and could see the stage-road and the telegraph line on the other side. We crossed the river a little above the Mud Geyser. No one seemed to know the ford, so C. and Brown went across first at a place which seemed, and was, quite shallow. They then insisted that some 50yds. further up it was still shallower; but when P., Woody and I got near the middle of the stream we had to swim our horses—and the pack horses, following suit, got a good many of our belongings quite wet.

The Mud Geyser I consider if not the most wonderful, then certainly the most gruesome sight in the Park. We all walked a great deal this afternoon to keep ourselves warm and about dusk arrived safely at the Cañon Hotel.

Thursday, Sept. 21.—Last night we slept again in a bed, in a room heated by steam. After bidding Woody and Brown good-bye and informing our families of our safe return by telegraph, we left the Cañon Hotel for the Mammoth Hot Springs. There must have been quite a foot or 15in. of snow on the ground, but the roads being good we got to Larry's at noon and arrived at the Mammoth Hot Springs in the evening, where we were welcomed by our friend, Captain Anderson, of the Sixth Cavalry. We were quite disappointed not to find any mail, Captain A. having sent our letters after us with a soldier who was going on a scout a week ago, and the soldier had missed us.

Here closes my diary. While we were unfortunate in not getting either sheep or bears, we had the consolation to know that no such collection of elk heads as our party obtained was ever brought out of the Shoshones before.

PAUL FRANCKE.

THE BIG TROUT OF BEAR VALLEY.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish. —Isaac Walton.

In July, 1894, a big trout lived in a dark pool at the head of Bear Cañon, in the San Bernardino Mountains of California. The trip from Pasadena to Bear Valley, by way of the upper road to San Bernardino, and thence by the Arrowhead Grade, the Mountain Crest and Bear Valley wagon roads, into the valley, returning by the City Creek Grade, and home through Redlands, Riverside and Pomona, is about 235 miles in length. It reaches, at the highest point, an altitude of 8,400ft., and take it all in all, wheat fields, vineyards, orange groves, thriving towns, orchards, profound cañons, magnificent views of foothill and plain, pine forests and snow-clad heights, cannot, I believe, be matched in an equal distance, in our own land or elsewhere.

As courtship is to the honeymoon, so is preparation and the journey to fishing. We (son and I) overhauled the camping wagon, put in the tent, the spring bed, frying pans, kettles, angle worms, bacon, canned corn and tomatoes, "Macaulay's Essays," landing net, coffee, fish bag, eggs, ham, rods, ammonia (for snake bites), tape measure, thermometer to take temperature of cold springs, and especially a memorandum book, for we are after a big trout, leaving nothing to guess work. Imagination is well enough to make small fish big, but I have noticed that the weight or measure of a large fish read from a note book seems more to our friends as an unvarnished tale than simply words of mouth. People believe that Jonah camped in a whale for one reason, because it is written in a book. Then after we had made a special visit to the Angel City and subpoenaed what good Isaac Walton called "a jury of flies likely to condemn all the trout in the river," we set the alarm for 4 o'clock A. M., and got up three times in the night to see if the clock had stopped.

At last we are off, and drive forty-five miles the first day. The next morning we are in San Bernardino at 10 o'clock, and after reinforcing the commissary department start for the mountain, some six miles, and, pulling up a cañon for several miles, beautiful with oaks, sycamores and a swift stream of clear, cold water, camp at the foot of the steepest part of the Arrowhead Grade. We were now fairly in the mountain air, and breathing the pleasant smells peculiar to the shrubs and flowers of that region. Early to bed, the brook sings us to sleep, and up early for the steep climb. This takes about an hour and a quarter. The road is cut into a spur of the main mountain, and doubles on itself several times before reaching the pine forest near the summit. Here, at an elevation of 5,000ft., we begin a journey hard to describe, but once experienced never to be forgotten. An hour's ride up hill and down, every turn of the road disclosing new and wonderful views, brought us to the famous Squirrel Inn, built after the description in Frank Stockton's story of that name, and owned by a club of wealthy gentlemen, who have erected several beautiful log houses close by.

Mr. Adolph Wood, vice-president and manager of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, very courteously showed us over the interesting hostelry. It is built of hewn pine logs, has immense stone fireplaces, and is profusely decorated with large numbers of ornithological and marine specimens, the great turkey hanging over the dining room mantel being a marvel in the art of taxidermy. The premises are in a forest of noble pines directly on the edge of the mountain, and commanding a view to the south practically limitless in the clear California atmosphere.

Pushing on, the road winds around the higher peaks, affording views to the north of Antelope Valley and the Mohave desert, and again to the south, where towns and villages on the plain, with their surrounding orchards laid out in squares, look like an immense checker board.

We reached camp on Deep Creek, a tributary of the Mohave River, about 5 o'clock, fed and tethered the horses, and were soon whipping the stream for a supply of trout. We stopped at eighteen, and such a supper—a foretaste of the good things to come. A big camp-fire, we retire, and only the moping owl breaks the profound silence of the vast mountain solitude.

The next morning a two hours' steady climb brings us to the toll house of the Bear Valley wagon road, altitude 7,000ft., temperature at 10 o'clock 65°, and after another long grade we reach the highest point in our journey—8,400ft.—on the north side of a peak at least 1,000ft. higher. Here we drink from the famous Barrel Spring, which gushes from the granite rocks a stream as big as a

4in. hose and with a temperature of less than 40°. We drive on, up hill and down, and at last, when we were sure there could not possibly be another hill to climb in California, we emerged into a beautiful park of green, flower-strewn meadow, set in a grove of giant pines. From this lovely spot it is down grade to Bear Valley, which soon opened to our delighted vision. First the great silver lake in its setting of green meadow and dark pine forest, then the hills rising to the south into the great San Bernardino Mountains, and all capped and crowned by Grayback, two miles and a quarter high—timberless, gray in its tremendous precipices of granite, its vast dome smooth and white with snow that never entirely disappears. The devout angler at each recurring season times his pilgrimage to this famous spot when the moon is at her full, and pitching his tent on the north shore of the lake, often walks forth in the evening to gaze on these snowy heights, a full mile higher than where he stands, to fill his soul with the grandeur of the scene and with reverent thoughts of the great Architect who planned and piled up these giant hills for his children.

Bear Valley is about ten miles long and affords summer pasturage for hundreds of cattle, which are yearly driven up from the desert on the east side of the range. A dam at the very head of Bear Cañon and at a point where the hills almost come together at the west end of the valley was built in 1885. It is 53ft. high and 175ft. long, made of huge granite blocks quarried on the spot and cemented together with cement that cost \$12 per barrel delivered. The whole structure is crescent in shape, with its convex side against the lake. The reservoir is five miles long and holds 280,000,000,000 gallons of water, and is held to supply the irrigation systems in the fertile valleys below during the dry and rainless summer. It furnishes the juice for the far-famed navel oranges of Redlands, Highlands and vicinity. After its release at the dam it just plunges down Bear Cañon eleven miles to the Santa Ana River, forming incidentally one of the finest trout streams in southern California.

Bear Cañon is a dark and profound mountain gorge, heavily wooded to the summit of its almost perpendicular sides, the bottom narrow and strewn with irregular masses of granite, and the stream which roars and plunges and foams over its rough bed is thickly lined by willows, effectually barring the approach of the angler, except at considerable intervals, where great ribs of rock come down to the stream at right angles, restraining the mad waters into long, deep pools. These often have a fall of 10 or 15ft. pouring into their upper reaches, and here the fisherman may cast his fly without hindrance. What dear Walton and his pupil Venator would think of Bear Cañon as contrasted with the primrose banks and the honeysuckle hedges of old England it is hard to tell, but doubtless it would have given them some ideas in advance of the sublimity to which they have now so long been accustomed.

Here is the only place in southern California where I have seen the ouzel or water thrush, so marvelously described by John Muir in his "Mountains of California." Except for his size, this, the only bird of the Sierra waterfalls, reminds one of the Eastern wren, especially in the management of his tail. He flits by as you stand quietly on the bank, alighting on a half-submerged rock, where he sits in the spray of a roaring fall, now diving into the foam, now standing in the shallows; in an instant back again, alert, polite in his poisons and bowings, happy in his rainbow home, and mingling his cheerful voice with the ceaseless song of the mountain river.

The fish in the upper part of this stream are of good size, not many less than 1lb. The further down you go the smaller and more numerous the fish, but the journey back is something that makes the most ardent angler think twice before repeating the experience. The only trail that leads to the bed of the cañon ends less than a mile and a half from the dam, the last descent being very steep, where if you study wisdom you will have a burro to pull you up (by his tail) on your return.

Our camp was made under a group of pines and hard by a spring of clear, ice-cold water. The bluejays and chipmunks at once began our acquaintance, and encouraged by a handful of grain fairly overran us, even jumping on our heads and scampering across our laps if we sat still. As they pouched the grain and carried it into an old hollow stub, we estimated that there was eight solid quarts of the pretty creatures in the den at one time.

The next morning we arose before day and first took a long look at Grayback, already beginning to flush with the glorious pink of dawn. Breakfast, lunches (one of which was forgotten and the other subsequently lost), horses saddled, and we are off to the dam, two miles below, then on foot a mile further, and we turned our steps to fish back. Only a small part of this upper stream can be approached with a rod, but every pool and open rapid rewarded us with beautiful fish, until our bag was very full and our stomachs very empty. At one point I found the boy who had jumped to a flat rock a few feet from the bank in frantic gesture, trying to secure a big fish he had hooked, and in his enthusiasm said, "Papa, this is the best time I ever had in my life."

Twice I took two large trout at a single cast, and by the time we reached the big pool below the dam we were the happiest boys in California and the hungriest.

As there was no luncheon to eat, we at once made ready for the big trout. That day the pool, with a surface of perhaps an eighth of an acre, was supplied with nearly 3,000in. of water, an unusual quantity, as the preceding winter had been seriously deficient in rainfall.* It foamed and thundered down a rocky bed 200ft. with a fall of 70ft., and rushed through the middle of the pool until turned back by a granite wall, causing two great eddies, revolving in opposite directions, on either side. We were on a flat rock directly at the end of the bisecting inflow. The eddy to our right was completely covered with large pieces of thick, rough pine bark that made their slow and ceaseless rounds with the current and caused the deep water beneath to look black, although actually clear as a crystal spring. We felt that the big trout we had come so far to catch was in the deepest water under the bark.

Whence the feeling when no eye had seen him, and when not a flower or leaf or bird had whispered of his presence? The scientist answered that it was a brain shadowgraph produced by the X rays that cannot be re-

* In California an inch of water is what will flow through a hole an inch square under a pressure of 4in., and amounts in quantity to 13,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. A miner's inch is the same size with a pressure of 5in.

fracted or reflected by prism, or stopped by scalp or cranium; but we think it was the angler's sixth sense, descended from St. Peter, the fisherman in apostolic succession, and always to be transmitted to the elect of future generations.

My split-bamboo was of the lightest, I had 50yds. of line on the reel, and a single gut leader. I removed all flies but the trailer, hooked on three fat, juicy Pasadena worms, and carefully dropped them, with their seductive, wriggling, squirming lengths, into the water, where the current slowly swept them down into the bark-covered depths. I had played out about 10yds. of line when I knew a fish had stopped the bait. How did I know it? We will not wait now to analyze the intuitions of an angler, or the flash when eyes of lovers meet, or the snap shot you made last November when that old cock partridge set all the dry leaves whirling as he sped away in his last rush. I instinctively waited for him to swallow everything, and then struck. It felt solid and no mistake. The rod bent, fortune smiled, and the big trout swam, without unseemly haste, into the clear eddy on the other side; and then all at once he discovered that his dignity was compromised. One tremendous swirl, a dive, a soar, and he came to the surface with a mighty splash and lunge. I remembered afterward that my involuntary exclamation was in the exact words used by Pharaoh's daughter more than 3,000 years ago, "Moses in the bulrushes!" a sort of hydropathic swear, and for the exigency not very wicked. The fight was now on, and the actors and audience interested. Time was noted and coolness assumed, if not felt. Round and round the pool the big fellow darted, now yielding to the rod and now making the reel sing again. After a goodly exhibition of this circus he dropped to the bottom of the deepest hole and sulked. All was quiet for seven minutes, when suddenly he resumed his former motions, with additions and variations. At last, as the watch ticked on, he began to show fatigue, his rushes became less frequent, and we could oftener see his broad, gleaming side, and almost imagined we could hear him gasp for breath. Yet even now he needed the closest attention, and I was very, very careful. Finally he made a closing rush up into the white foam of the inlet, and his strength seemed to depart. I gently led him into shallow water, my son carefully drifting the net under the exhausted fish, and in a twinkling he was ours. Time, thirty-five minutes. Mr. J. S. Worley came down with a carpenter's square, we laid the trout on a plank, and exactly measured him at 25in. "A gallant trout," to use Izaak's words, and alone worth double the journey.

Of course the boy wished to try his skill, and he succeeded, under tuition, in landing one of 18½in. Then a gallop home to camp and supper. Boiled trout with sauce of drawn butter, baked potatoes, coffee, tomatoes, hot biscuit. Fatigue, the lost luncheon, wet feet, church, state, and even home and friends, were all for the moment forgotten, and only when nature cried enough did we come back to earth and wonder if there were other worlds to conquer.

Somebody kicked off the clothes that night. The next day we spent in visiting the gold mines in Holcomb Valley. Another day we made a trip to Bluff Lake, and you may be sure in the delightful week that followed we did not forget to visit and revisit the trout stream, and always with abundant success.

All too soon the hour of departure came; a good-bye to the squirrels, the birds, the meadow and lake, and we were lying down the hills and through the forests. We made the final descent from the mountain by the City Creek road, which drops 3,800ft. in the first ten miles below the upper toll gate.

We reached Redlands in time to express a box of fish home to our household and neighbors, and camped for the night at the edge of an orange grove. The next day on to Riverside and through the whole length of its incomparable Magnolia avenue, camping on the Santa Ana River near Rincon. The third day with a big drive brought us home, the most satisfied pair of Pages that ever cast a fly or caught a trout.

BENJ. M. PAGE.

PASADENA, Cal.

THE WILY GOBBLER DECOY.

GREENVILLE, Miss., April 7.—Some of you folks up yonder may think it a sin to kill a wild gobbler in the spring. I have heard it stated that the best time to kill him was when you could. The man who fools an old gobbler at any time of the year will never be considered a pot-hunter in my estimation. There will always be enough to go round.

While the hen is hovering over her brood and fighting off hawks, owls and wildcats, old Mr. Gobbler is on his roost far out over the water, never attempting to fly to the ground until all disturbance is over and he has scanned every inch of the ground near where he expects to get his breakfast. He generally has the company of several old rascals like himself, and what one fails to see some of the rest are sure to see. When their eyes are shut their ears are open, and nothing in the world has sharper ears or eyes than a turkey.

When spring comes and the buds begin to swell the old gobbler begins to strut. He is then as fat as a pig. He does not gobble much at first, perhaps once or twice from the roost at break of day and once after he flies up on his old cypress limb and is comfortably fixed for the night. He does not get down to business in the tone of his voice till later on when the hens begin to set. Then he feels lonesome and begins to ramble about. He listens for the call of his hens and will go a mile out of his way at the sound of another gobbler to see what he is making such a fuss over. The anxiety of his situation causes him to get thin, and the thinner he gets the more he puffs himself up with wind. What was a short and indistinct gobble at first now sounds like a role on a brass drum, and the drumming of his feathers can be heard a mile.

A tame gobbler is the best decoy, if he is trained well and is used to the woods, and does not struggle to get loose at the approach of the game.

A cedar box bored out of inch stuff 6in. long by 2in. wide, with thin sides, and a piece of slate 1in. wide and 3in. long, make the best call. Hold the slate between thumb and forefinger lengthwise, and draw the furthest edge of the box toward you across the slate. With a little practice it can be graduated to any note.

On March 29 a friend and I took the train for Anguilla, a station on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley road. We were met there by Paul Dinkens and his party, all good hunters. We spent the night and next day at Anguilla getting our camp outfit ready, and on Tuesday morning, with a

pair of stout mules and heavy wagon well loaded, we started for the hunting ground. Six miles brought us to the Sunflower River, where we crossed on Mr. Batton's ferry, and then took our course due east ten miles further over a very rough road. We camped near Darling Bayou on a high cane ridge. We carried our decoy gobbler in a box just made to fit his body, with openings at each end for head and tail to protrude. The sides of the box are about 4in. high, and hoops are bent over the top just high enough to keep the turkey in a sitting posture. This box is mounted with broad straps to go over the shoulders and buckle in front like a knapsack. There were just eight hunters in the party, and by dividing in twos we arranged to have a hunter acquainted with the woods with each two.

In the morning at 4 o'clock we set out, going in different directions. My partner and myself took Fox, the gobbler, and persuaded Wash, our driver, to go with us and tote him. We took our way through a most abominable thicket. After passing through the cane we got into briars and tangled vines. It was very dark and we floundered over logs and through water sometimes waist deep for four or five miles, until we found a good location on a palmetto ridge with an open space among some large trees. We tethered Fox to a stake in the open and took our station by the root of the trees at a good shooting distance from him. I told Wash to get back out of the way and hide himself, but I could not get him to go, as he declared a "pant'er" would sure get him."

When day began to break Fox gave a mighty gobble and everything in the swamp appeared to hear him and make answer, the owls especially. The sun was shining through the tops of the trees when we heard an old fellow answer. This pleased Fox and he came very near



LOCKED ANTLERS.

gobbling his head off. We soon had the wild one coming; we could hear him drum as he strutted through the palmetto long before he was in shooting distance. At last he came into the open, cautiously took in the surroundings, and started toward Fox. My partner stopped him with a load of No. 6 in the neck. A grand fellow he was, with spurs like a game cock and beard full 10in. long.

As it was late in the morning we went to camp with our trophy. Wash was disgusted. He declared that Fox was as heavy as a sack of meal, and that he could have killed two turkeys if he had had a gun.

We broke camp on Saturday after spending four days in the woods, our party having killed ten gobblers, which was one apiece and two over. We had a fine time. Everybody was good-humored and happy.

Just before our leaving camp two hunters came to us who had been all the morning trying to call Fox away from the camp. They had heard him and taken him for a wild one. They looked very sheepish when they found out their mistake.

We parted company at Anguilla to meet again, if we are all alive, in November for a big deer hunt on the same ground. I hope we will all be there.

SOUTHERN.

Deer Horns and Velvet.

OREGON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 9, 1895, I see that one of your correspondents makes the statement that in his opinion deer do not rub the horns to remove the velvet. I have hunted deer in the West for twenty years, and my observation leads me to the belief that your correspondent is certainly mistaken. There is in captivity a short distance from here a large buck, the owners of which have ample opportunity to observe its habits, and they state that he does rub the horns upon trees and bushes during the season that the antlers are in the velvet. Nearly all the hunters in this region of western Oregon agree that this is a fact.

I should like to ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if it is considered that there is a distinct species of deer that bear only forked antlers. While a good many fine heads of horns have fallen to my rifle, some of the largest deer killed had simply forked horns. In one instance the horns were slightly palmated or flattened like the horns of the moose, and the deer was as large as one killed near the same place that had six points.

E. L. HOWE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 14 Mr. C. F. Amery undertakes to explain how a bird maintains or even increases its elevation by sailing flight, by taking advantage of the wind, and the parabolic curve of the wings. I am sorry to say that he has not made it clear to me, as this is one of the things I have been wanting to know for many years; and what is now said on this subject is not for the purpose of provoking argument or asking puzzling questions, but solely in search of information. When the bird is floating in the air, after his momentum is used up, he is subject to just two forces—that of the air and the force of gravity. This latter force is changeless under all circumstances. If the bird weighs 5lbs., gravity is pulling him toward the earth with a 5-pound pull all the time, whether the bird is moving upward, downward or horizontally, or is stationary, and it makes no difference whether his movements are the result of muscular exercise or whether he is being carried along by the wind. If an opposing force equal to or greater than that of gravity is not applied, the bird will inevitably be drawn to the earth.

Mr. Amery says the bird finds this force in the wind. As wind is a body of air moving horizontally, I am unable to see how a bird floating in it would be in any way affected by it, except to be carried along with it. That this body of air is constantly changing its position as regards terrestrial objects could not affect the bird, because he is subject to no terrestrial influence except gravity. Wind, applied to a floating body, is a force only so long as the wind moves faster than the floating body. When the speed of the body becomes equal to that of the wind, as it is bound to do, the relations of the body and the air to each other are exactly the same as if both were motionless. For these reasons I am unable to see that the wind has anything to do with it.

Mr. Amery also compares the sailing of the bird to the sailing of a ship, but the conditions are totally different, for the ship is acted upon by two forces, the wind and the resistance of the water against the keel; but the bird has no keel, except in slanting flight upward or downward. Then gravity acts as a keel, or rather just the reverse, as it is an active instead of a passive force.

As yet I can call the phenomenon nothing but a paradox, although it is self-evident that a paradox in nature is an impossible thing. I am not saying that Mr. Amery's theory is all wrong, only that he has not made it clear to me.

If he or any one will give an explanation that is clear to all of us he will clear up a mystery that has puzzled millions of us.

O. H. HAMPTON.

MOHAWK VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Chained to the gripe" has been my lot for a week past, and to my fellow-sportsmen who have been chafing under the other "chained to" let me say, congratulate yourself that you have not been fastened to this vile importation from sunny France.

I have been much interested in the recent articles on "bird flights," although the opinions expressed have been entirely at variance with my own. I think the tail of a bird in its flight is like a rudder to a ship, and the direction of the flight is controlled thereby. To illustrate and corroborate if possible my own theory, I will give an incident that occurred to me in my early shooting days, when I owned neither pointer nor breechloader: I was hunting in an extremely thick piece of second growth when a grouse rose behind and a good distance from me. I turned and shot at the bird, which presented a square cross shot. After a flight of a few feet the bird struck against one sapling after another until seemingly exhausted, and finally struck the ground with that "dull thud" so familiar to sportsmen and the readers of sensational fiction.

On retrieving the bird I found it alive and apparently unhurt; but on closer examination I found two tail feathers cut by a shot about in the center, and the loose ones hanging. On subsequent examination I found this was the only shot that had touched the bird. Now, my theory is, that the bird directed its line of flight with its tail (or rudder), and being unaccustomed to these two loose feathers was unable to avoid the trees, the repeated concussions dazing and exhausting it. I hope to hear from others on this subject.

I must not close without joining the thousands in praise of our favorite FOREST AND STREAM, the *ne plus ultra* of a true sportsman's journal. Two recent articles have particularly delighted me: "The Christmas Grouse" (how often has his counterpart outwitted us), and "The Carlin Grouse," in your last number. In Timothyseed we recognize one who lives "near to nature's heart," to whom it is not all of hunting to fill an enormous game bag, but whose delight is to get in touch with her virgin simplicity. He has the happy faculty not of bringing the described scene to us, but of transporting us from our offices and counting-rooms until we seem to hear in reality the whirl of rapid wings, and grasp our cherished and familiar gun again.

ADIRONDACK.

New Hampshire Bird Notes.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 9.—The first robin I have seen this year made his appearance on my garden fence the day before yesterday, April 7. No bluebirds have been seen here yet, though some of your correspondents note their arrival in places where they were not found last year.

We have had a larger invasion than usual of the rose-breasted grosbeaks, first noticed about Feb. 20, and remaining a month. A flock of eight or ten of them have been in evidence from my window nearly every day for a month, but I have not seen them within the last ten days.

VON W.

Locked Antlers.

MR. ISAAC EDSON, of Otsego, Mich., kindly sends us a photograph of locked deer horns discovered by him while on a hunting expedition in the Northern Peninsula last fall. Mr. Edson came upon the two bucks while one of them was still alive and was struggling to free itself from the dead body of its antagonist. The reproduction gives a very good view of the horns.

A NEW AUDUBON SOCIETY.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I inclose a circular of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, just started here. We mean to have members only within the State of Massachusetts, trying to thoroughly canvass the State. This makes it possible to keep up a permanent interest among the members through annual reports or some such reminder. The rest of the work of the society is publishing articles in newspapers and being represented at the State house, where we hope for better laws and better enforcement.

What we especially desire is that other States shall take up the work on the same lines; and if every State would do this the result would be inevitably good. A few private contributions of money would cover the expenses, which are not large, the principal expense being a secretary's salary, and the membership fee covers distribution of circulars.

(MISS) MINNA B. HALL.

The announcement to the society reads: The purpose of the society is to discourage buying and wearing for ornamental purposes the feathers of any wild bird, and to otherwise further the protection of our native birds.

We would awaken the community to the fact that this fashion of wearing feathers means the cruel slaughter of myriads of birds, and that some of our finest birds are already decimated, and may be utterly exterminated by the demand for their feathers.

We would make an appeal to all lovers of nature, since by this reckless demand of fashion the woods and fields are being stripped of one of their chief attractions, and the country deprived of indispensable friends to agriculture.

The use of the aigrette so commonly worn, which is obtained from the egret or snowy heron, is a marked instance of the evil we would restrain before it is too late. These plumes are almost invariably taken from the parent bird while it is hatching or rearing its young, and the whole family is therefore usually destroyed.

Chapman in his "Birds of Eastern North America" says: "The curse of beauty has numbered the days of this, the most dainty and graceful of herons. Twenty years ago it was abundant in the South. Now it is the rarest of its family. The delicate aigrettes which it donned as its nuptial dress were its death warrant. Woman demanded from the bird its wedding plumes, and man supplied the demand."

"The Florida herons have gone, and now he is pursuing the helpless birds to the uttermost parts of the earth. Mercilessly they are shot down at their roosts or nesting grounds, the coveted feathers are stripped from their backs, the carcasses are left to rot, while the young in the nest above are starving."

To lessen the demand is the most effective method of staying the evil, and it is earnestly hoped that all intelligent and humane people will join the society.

The feathers of the ostrich and other domesticated birds may be worn. The ostriches are farmed for their feathers, which are taken from them without injury to the birds.

You are invited to join the society. Membership \$1. No annual assessment. Address Miss Harriet E. Richards, secretary and treasurer, Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley street, Boston.

The pledge reads: "Being in sympathy with the principles of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, I hereby agree not to purchase or encourage the use of feathers of wild birds for ornamentation. I hereby subscribe \$1 to become a member of the society."

THE CAMP ROBBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith a faithful drawing of a little animal which inhabits the forests upon the western slope of the Cascade Mountains, and of which I can find no description in my natural history. It is called the "wood rat" by the hunters, trappers and lumbermen who see most of it and know its life history.

It is a rat sure enough in habit, appearance and character, all but its tail. Its slender muzzle, long whiskers, beady eyes, round ears, nearly naked feet and gray-brown body indicate the rat; but the tail is that of a chipmunk, though a little longer. A big rat, with long, furry tail, flattened as is that of a chipmunk, and thinly covered.

The wood rat is a sociable fellow, loves a joke, and affects the society of mankind.

He loves to steal as well as does the magpie, and will carry off anything he can handle just for the fun of the thing. His sense of humor is great, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a whole household to be kept awake all night by the rollicking, reckless and tremendous fun a couple of these rats will have playing tenpins under the rafters.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

TACOMA, Wash.

[Under the name camp robber the wood rat, or mountain rat, described by our correspondent, is one known through pretty much the whole Rocky Mountain region and even far out on the plains to the east, and the great piles of stick which form a portion of its nest are often seen near the crevices of the rocky buttes on the prairie and in ravines and coulees along the Missouri River. This rat belongs to the genus *neotoma*, and in one form or another is distributed over a good part of the country. It is more or less abundant in the South, extending as far north as Pennsylvania, and as already stated is found in considerable numbers all through the Rocky Mountains and country to the west as far as the Pacific. Its common name—camp robber—is derived from its habit of picking up and carrying away from the camp anything that may strike its fancy. In this way it appropriates many articles which would be thought useless to it, and which it hardly seems possible that it could carry off, such things as knives, forks, tin plates, cartridges and so on. It is also likely to carry off towels, dish rags and small articles of clothing, but these it might be imagined would be used for the lining of its nest. In the *North American Journal of Science* some years ago Prof. Benjamin Silliman, describing the nest of the wood rat, says it is about as large as a bushel basket; it was formed entirely of railroad spikes that it had carried away. The wood rat is a bold fellow and if he receives any encouragement becomes almost impudent. His fondness for the property of other people makes him very unpopular with campers and settlers in the West, and he is usually killed on sight.] The qualities of this little animal have attract-

ed the attention of persons who dwell in the region which it inhabits, and a number of interesting articles have appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* about *neotoma*. One of these, entitled "Monty," was from the pen of the late H. P. Ufford, and another interesting sketch was written by Capt. Chas. Bendire.]

Return of the Bluebirds.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In answer to Mr. Ames's article I send you the following extracts from my notes: In the spring and fall of last year I saw very few bluebirds, and I know of only one pair that nested here last summer. On pleasant days this winter I have been surprised to see small flocks of bluebirds, numbering from ten to twenty, in the neighborhood of New Rochelle. During last month (March), though the migration was very late, numerous quantities of bluebirds passed through here, and on warm days you can hear their *tru-al-ly* as of old. I have received news from Maryland that large quantities have passed through that State, and have also heard favorable accounts from New Jersey.

EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: After an absence of over a year the first bluebird of the season was seen here Thursday, April 2. Last season none at all were seen here.

D. J. H.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., April 10.—The cold weather has broken at last. Bluebirds and robins are here in great numbers. I saw three small flocks of black ducks on April 2, and quite a number of whistlers and sheldrakes. The ice in Saratoga Lake is still firm, being 15 in. thick. I have heard of very few ducks being killed; those were in swamps and pond holes.

BLUEBIRD.

P. S.—I am not a new reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, but I have had it for about twenty years.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9.—I have a question to ask in regard to the increase of bluebirds this year over last, which I hope some one will answer. How is it that when the birds were so scarce last year, even during the fall migration, that they were so fairly abundant this spring? I have never heard of their breeding in the South during the winter. Now, where do they come from? G. C.

Animal Intelligence.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I agree with Raymond Spears in regard to birds and animals having the power of thought and reason. Like M. M. S., in March 28, I too believe that they are often brighter than a good many of us.

Now the difference between man and beast is that one has reason and the other instinct. In my opinion they are one and the same thing, only not so highly developed in animal as in man.

When the mother partridge "plays broken wing," to draw the intruder away from her little ones, is it simply instinct that somehow, without any reason on her part, performs this wonderful piece of intelligence? Or, I suppose when a crow is flying overhead, and you raise your gun, and he suddenly sheers to one side, or turns completely about and retraces his flight, that he is acting under this wonderful instinct—does not reason that there is danger in that gun? Queer, isn't it, this wonderful instinct that governs him? To my mind he shows as much reason in this act as you or I would if some one were pointing a rifle at us with the intention of killing.

Yes, yes, of course this must be this yet unsolved and unexplained instinct that informs the crow somehow that on getting a certain height above you he is safe from the gun. Then circling and hovering far above he will send down his defiant battle cry.

Can or does anyone dare say that the dog, fox and wolf have do not think and reason in all their cunning ways and tricks? I think that anybody who half studies the life of reynard agrees with me that the crafty fellow is able to do his own thinking and planning about as well as the average man.

EBERME.

Intuition of the Cat.

MISS Felina is a difficult animal to train, but she will sometimes "catch on" by a sort of intuition that is quite astonishing. Like a good many boys, I was naughty enough to get some fun out of animals by teasing them. I had observed that when a cat is weaning her kittens she snarls at and cuffs them a good deal if they are persistent in nursing. Well, when the old cat was particularly adverse to their attentions I would amuse myself by tossing the kittens toward her, when she would work herself into a real frenzy of rage, and make a dash for her offspring as if she would annihilate them at a stroke. Finding my persistence in the game intolerable, she started for one of the closed doors of the room which had a handle and thumb latch. She jumped and caught the handle with one foot, and with the other pressed the latch and opened the door. I think this was the first time she did it. However, if not the first time, it became a regular habit with her, and if she did not learn it at that particular time I am at a loss to guess how she "caught on" how to catch on in so skillful a manner as would do credit to any smart dog.

N. D. ELTING.

A Blackbird Wintering on the North Side of the Forty-ninth Parallel, North Latitude.

ESTEVAN, Assa, Canada.—Winter in this vicinity was ushered in by a big snowstorm on Nov. 5 and continued thereafter, with the exception of a few soft spells (but at no time wholly disposing of the snow) till the early days of April following. A solitary blackbird, probably deterred by this untoward event from embarking on its southern flight, wisely betook itself for shelter to a lone police stable near by. For some time it manifested considerable alarm at its forced proximity to man, but the force of circumstances, coupled with the exercise of kindly offices in placing food at its disposal, gradually overcame this propensity, so that in a short time man's presence appeared to be regarded as a matter of course. And so this frail denizen of a sunny clime has been enabled, and with some degree of enjoyment as evidenced by many a cheery note, to withstand the rigors of a northern winter, beset with many a storm, and on the advent of spring hail the return of its congeners from their southern haunts.

W. M.

An Easter Woods Ramble.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A pleasant Easter morning drove me to the woods for a ramble and I must say that I was both surprised and benefited by the indulgence. I sought no particular cover, but my hour in the brush disclosed the fact that there was at least one spot in this vicinity where the birds had wintered well. I saw no less than seven ruffed grouse. I don't think I saw any of the seven twice, as I marked the flight of each and could see them quite a distance. Three I saw on the ground quite near each other, and watched them for a minute before the nearest one flushed. Surely here was a brood which must have been quite overlooked last fall, and which ought to furnish some sport for next fall. I saw one meadow lark, the first I have seen this season. An old gray squirrel diverted my attention for a few moments as I wended my way homeward, and a tempting looking brook made me register a vow to try it later. The season is backward here, ice is still upon secluded ponds, and it will be quite the first of May before we can expect to be in any condition for fishing. Of that more anon.

J. W. B.

Red Squirrel in Southern Indiana.

UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The occurrence of the red or pine squirrel as far south in Indiana as Thorntown, as recorded in the last number of *FOREST AND STREAM* by Mr. C. E. Tribbett, is unusual and interesting. This is not, however, the first record of its capture in central Indiana.

In Evermann & Butler's Preliminary List of Indiana Mammals (Proc. Indiana Academy Science, 1893, p. 180) this squirrel is recorded from La Grange, Huntington, Fulton, Wabash, Miami, Blackford, Randolph and Franklin counties. Randolph county is nearly due east of Thorntown, and Prof. U. O. Cox reports seeing several examples in that county in the vicinity of Farmland in 1888 to 1891.

It was recorded from Franklin county, some fifty miles further south than Thorntown, by Dr. Rufus Haymond, the pioneer Hoosier naturalist.

BARTON W. EVERMANN.

A Hawkish Pigeon.

THAT a domestic pigeon should be meaner than a hawk is a statement not easily credited, but in one particular instance mentioned by an acquaintance of mine, whose word is not to be questioned, a large male bird belonging to a person in Ironton, Ohio, sought recreation in killing chickens. My friend now and then would find his chickens, which were from two to three weeks old, lying dead on the ground with their necks broken. He was much puzzled to know the cause of their death. But one day the secret was revealed, when he saw the pigeon alight upon the ground near a chicken and immediately pounce upon it and with great dexterity break its neck. Being granivorous he had no use for the chicken, and therefore his depravity exceeded even that of a hawk.

N. D. ELTING.

Game Bag and Gun.

OCTOBER DAYS.

OCT. 16 was an ideal early autumn day, one of the sort that makes the business man feel good and the sportsman delightful. On this particular bright and cheerful day I had a telegram in my pocket from Massachusetts telling me to be sure and come. Leaves were off and birds plentiful, so I was throwing off all business cares to become for a few days the sportsman in the old Pelham Hills of Massachusetts, consequently I could for once in my life realize how good the man felt whom I had once heard say, under great pressure of pleasure, "I have an embarrassment of riches."

I sometimes think could any of my dogs understand some of the things I say to them while preparing for the trip and *en route*, as well as they understand and have it impressed on them while "at it," they would think me a fit candidate for an asylum.

On this trip I take Jennette, but am sorry I can't take them all. One as fast as she is all I or any one man on earth would care to hunt grouse with. She is particularly selected, however, because she is a sure retriever, and with her along a wing tip has no terrors for me.

The baggage master received her on the Boston & Albany train much as he would a sample trunk, coldly indifferent, almost with an annoyed look; but how susceptible is human nature in a blue uniform. The silver coin turned him into a prince of graciousness, and Jennette slept on a sack of letters addressed to cultured Boston. I in the meantime go back in the train, stow away my outfit, and settle down behind some blue and curly wreaths to dream of the victories and defeats of the to-morrow. I had just killed my twelfth or thirteenth grouse, and Jenn was pointing another, when the sport was rudely interrupted by "Play whist!" and realizing that I had thoughtlessly refused one time to play poker in Montana and old sledge in Colorado, and been set down as a tenderfoot and treated as such, I played whist.

At Springfield I secured my patient little traveler from the smiling baggage master, changed cars, and started north. There was a long delay at Holyoke. A freight train was wrecked ahead, and my train was to back down to Springfield again; but I was not going with it, nor had I any intention or desire at this time to visit Holyoke. I found that Bartlett's Corner was eighteen miles away, the time 9 o'clock in the evening, the stomach empty, the spirit fast becoming dejected. The sportsman expects hardships and would be disappointed if he returned home without them; they are part of the trip, and to make it a success they must needs be. I found a liveryman who, for the consideration of \$5, agreed to carry me to my destination by midnight.

With Jennette curled up on the seat beside me under a generous fur robe the start was made. The fog had settled deep and heavy along the Connecticut River, and the moon had retired early, leaving the night dark and threatening. At Old Hadley I discovered that my driver didn't know the road, and although the night was chilly I began to get hot. His only lights were two well-spent candles in the brackets on each side of the wagon. We

had left the river and started over the mountains, making inquiries as we went (and how many times have I inquired of myself since why I did not have sense enough at that time to burn just one of those candles at a time). The ascent grew sharper and the lights dimmer until the summit is reached and the descent begun, but in the dark those lights had burned out.

The clear conscience New England farmer is not the easiest thing on earth to awake before midnight; he comes much easier after four in the morning. (How different from our city farmers.) All this I found out that night after feeling for front gates, finding big dogs and yelling myself hoarse. Borrow a lantern? Not one. I came to the conclusion that there was but one lantern in that county, and some one had borrowed that to sit up with a sick friend. While I was making one last appeal at a gate, a brute of a dog and a sleepy native, the heavens suddenly became illuminated by the burning of a barn in the distance, and fortunately in Bartlett's direction, and with "first road to the right, second to the left," etc., many thanks, good night, and a vigorous kick at my friend's dog, we drove on. I am sorry the man lost his barn, very sorry, but mighty glad of the light it gave, being it had to go. As the old town clock told of the midnight hour I rapped at the door of a friend's house indeed.

I value too highly the space in *FOREST AND STREAM* to tell in detail of those three well-remembered days in Pe-ham. Months dark and cold have passed since then, yet some of Jennette's exceedingly clever work still lingers in my memory. I will venture some of it.

As the sun came creeping up over the hills that morning we were out to meet it. The vapor arising from the drying autumn leaves was sweet smelling extract to the sportsman. Jennette seemed to imbibe the spirit of the morning and occasion, and proved much faster than was desirable. These hills and swales were smooth and vastly different from the rocks of Pike county, and more than one "partridge" got under way out of reach. However, by carefully getting their line of flight and introducing vigorously a birch switch, we finally got down to business. She makes a point, but the bird flushes badly, yet a glimpse is secured just between a big chestnut and its little family of suckers. Instinctively the gun is up and off. A flying vision, a crack and nothing is seen. All is still. Jenn retrieves a dead bird—a chance shot that was successful. Another point, but the breaking of a twig under my boot puts this fellow on wing. We get his line, but not a shot, and press on. Jenn finds where he struck, takes the ground scent of this running bird and follows in a pace. Finally she stops; so do I, want of breath alone demands it. The silence is too much, another whir and away it goes, Bartlett trying to tame it with two badly aimed barrels, and again we follow on. Surely we are far enough; in fact we are nearly out of the woods; something must happen here, and it did. Jennette swings swiftly to the left and is off. We wait. Those fine nostrils are full, but the location is incomplete. See this dumb brute work out this problem in her own way and raise your hat to an intelligence oftentimes unappreciated, but to the true sportsman always delightful and refreshing. I see that streak of mottled animation passing swiftly into the wind near the open country. She bears off a point toward me, strikes a careful trot, slackens to a measured walk and stops, lays the head around nearly on the left flank, raises a front paw and becomes motionless. I step ahead in the direction indicated by the position of that head, the stillness is broken by the roar of the mighty wings as the bird starts on his last flight. The underbrush was scant. Under the spreading branches of an oak he fell. Jenn sees it all—the flight, the kill, the fall; yet stands firm until the word is given to fetch, which she does with alacrity.

Shortly after Bartlett walks one up and nearly scared it to death "by turning loose" both barrels again. I tried to stop it by firing as it crossed my bows, and questioned for the time being my success. I see it strike an embankment 100yds. away as though it was hunting cover. We climb the hill and Jenn passes along the ridge at the edge of Laurel's. Like a flash she swings and comes to a full point. I close in and call "Steady!" Instantly she disappears into the bushes and is gone. I yell at her and at the same time make ready to fire. No need; 30yds. away I hear a flutter, see a commotion in the bushes, and she returns with a wing tipped grouse. I have been asked why she did not hold the point. Because she knew more about it than you or I.

Again a bright morning breaks into view, and the tried hunter Page is to guide me. Jennette is left at home to nurse sore feet, and I am out for shooting purposes only. Old Sport, who has tracked many a grouse to its doom, is put down. I can hear Page now as he calls in that peculiar tone: "Woah, Sport! Steady, Sport, get into that clearing! Look out! There she goes!"

Bang! bang! And in many cases that bang settled it. Some however reached the clearings, heard the vicious crack, crack of my gun and passed on, and are flying yet for all I know, for aside from nervous shock their health seemed good where they left me. If there is a harder shot in the world than a grouse crossing an old woods road or a 10yds. barren knoll under full wing, I in my hunting experience have failed to find it. Yet by chance perhaps I did stop a few.

We start down through an old woods and find Sport making game. A wild flush follows, which is repeated four times, until my patience is nearly exhausted, and so is that piece of woods, and still again that bird takes himself off prematurely for us, and makes for a long birch swamp extending an eighth of a mile to the left, dividing an immense meadow into nearly two equal parts; but away out it drops to cover. I am directed to take up a position by an old stump about the middle of the left clearing, and I regret seriously that I could not be in both meadows at the same time. Page entered from the right side, opposite me, and called "Look out!" The high wind soon brought to my hearing "Woah, Sport. Look out, Sport, there she goes." I turn all eyes, but to no avail; it didn't come my way. Page appears and says she has gone out to the point and he will send that bird back my way. I wait, that meadow becomes a whole county in size, seems as though a whole flock of grouse could cross a thousand places out of range of my gun, and my gun is no slouch either. I tried to see in every direction at once. The sun went under a cloud and everything seemed dark and tangled up; my coat got too small, I open and shut the safety of my gun, and sight it; the stock has grown sin, since I stood there. At last the

spell is broken. An echo, not a voice, is heard. It comes down the wind. She goes. My eyes are glued on that point of swamp; as the ball pitcher delivers the ball, so did that grouse appear, with me in the position of catcher. Coming down that meadow 3ft. from the ground, it traveled faster than the sound of its beating wings and increased to the size of a cannon ball. How far away it was when I had dropped to one knee (to keep me from



JEANNETTE AND THE BIRDS.

jumping out of its way) I will never know, nor the distance from me when I pulled the trigger, or whether I had one eye open or both shut. The noise of my gun brought me to my feet and senses with a bound. I saw bounding toward me a dead bird that I would rather have had than the farm on which it was killed.

That day was full of exciting sport and some good shots (time has erased from my memory the bad misses); and again the shadows in the woods told of the late afternoon, and night was on when we lowered the string in the woodshed and added our birds to the successes of the day before. Then behind some more curly wreaths we go over the day's sport. Another day, and the farewell is said—only three short days, but how full of freedom and life! The return home is made, flavored with a sweet remembrance.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

THOMAS ELMER.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN FLORIDA.

It was on Feb. 10 last that, persuaded by a keen native of the languid State of Florida, I drove over a very sandy road a distance of twelve miles from the sleepy village of Arcedonda. We had with us three dogs, Don, Dora and Juno, the first two being well-built English pointers and the last a thoroughbred Irish setter. On reaching our shooting ground we found a succession of cotton fields, varied here and there by scrub, sand and an endless variety of semi-tropical vegetation. The country was flat and uninteresting and everywhere free from moisture, and the temperature at 9 o'clock in the morning recalled an early summer's day in Michigan. We both wore flannel jackets, shirts and trousers, with stout laced boots and canvas leggings, and I really felt tired, in the way one can only feel in the sunny South, before I had pulled a trigger.

The morning was calm with a cloudless sky. A nigger followed closely in my tracks and my companion had with him a boy, both these adherents being liberally supplied with cartridges. The average native of the South suffers from a chronic lassitude. He is tired all day, goes to bed tired and wakes up irresolutely in the same condition.

My friend, late a captain of Southern cavalry named Steele, was a shining exception to this rule, and the easy way in which he carried his gun told of long experience, while his light, springy step gave promise of good staying powers.

We had got about a couple of hundred yards from the horses when Don and Dora suddenly pointed and Juno backed, though quite 30yds. in rear.

In a moment I lost that tired feeling and made a slight detour to the left so as to bring my companion in a position to shoot parallel with my own.

As I did this I almost stepped on three quail, and a hurried double shot checked a fast flyer, which seemed to have got in very quick time a long distance off. Not a dog moved. All three were steady as rocks and already we were both within 10yds. of the two pointers. A moment later a bevy of fifteen or sixteen birds rose with a rush and four reports rang out sweetly on the still air. We had each killed clean with both barrels and had also the satisfaction of seeing the remaining birds scatter and gradually drop 200yds. ahead. Here too the ground broke into gentle ridges, with just enough cover to make the quail lie close. Altogether the prospect looked pleasant, but the silence was broken a moment later by the sudden jumps of a large hare, which was neatly killed by my companion in the act of nimbly clearing some fallen trees.

The dogs were now ranging some 40yds. ahead and a light breeze from the west had sprung up and was blowing gratefully in our faces, while we still had 100yds. to traverse before we reached the spot where we had marked down the birds. Suddenly all three dogs turned to the right, and you could have covered them with a blanket as they stealthily drew toward some low scrub and at its very edge became rigid in points which there was no misunderstanding.

We had found a fresh covey, and they were without doubt within a few yards of the noses of our trusty dogs. This time the birds rose irregularly, and my companion got rid of three cartridges with marvelous quickness to the tune of as many dead birds. He certainly was a lovely shot, and I missed one chance in pure admiration of the deft way in which he handled his shooting-iron. I did, however, get in both barrels, killing clean with the first

and hitting the second bird so hard that we picked him up dead 50yds. further on.

Those of the bevy which got away we marked down not far from the undulating ground where we knew the others were lying, and the pleasant feeling of having plenty of work on hand was strong upon us.

I cannot conceive anything prettier than the shooting which followed a few minutes later, when point succeeded point and birds continued to rise singly for quite half an hour. At one time we had seven birds dead while scarcely moving out of our tracks, and the still drawing dogs told us that there were more to come.

I never saw birds lie so closely. Every now and then one would have to be kicked up out of the tangled vines, and the manner in which he got through space when once on the wing amply atoned for his previous lethargy.

Shortly after noon we sat down to a modest luncheon composed of bread and butter and potted meat. We were then close to a spring, the water of which was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.

My colored friend informed me that despite its attractive appearance this water was a deadly poison, and I have since learned that in Florida it is not an uncommon thing to find water which is beautiful to the eye, but far from suitable to the stomach.

The women drink tea and rain-water caught in cisterns. The men are not partial to these innocent beverages and are not averse to the fire-water of the North.

Twenty-four quail, four pigeons and two hares lay dead beside us on the sand. Those of your readers who have shot in Florida need not be told that grass is there a luxury, and can only be artificially produced. I have often pitied the poor attenuated cows, who here grow tired in walking from one blade of grass to another.

Luncheon over, we again settled down to steady work and were not long in finding fresh bevy. In spite of sand-burs, heat and drought, the dogs seemed tireless, and until we ceased shooting at 5 o'clock in the afternoon there was no pottering or false points, and no matter how heavy the firing those staunch brutes never lost their steadiness.

The writer has shot in Michigan, Wisconsin, western Canada and Indiana, but has never before encountered quail which for close lying and fast flying could compare with those Florida birds.

I am sorry to say that toward the end of the afternoon I missed a bird with both barrels which rose within a few inches of my feet.

My companion, with the true courtesy of his race toward a stranger, never pulled a trigger when he could give me the shot, and at 5 o'clock our bag numbered forty-four quail, six pigeons and three hares.

Tired, but contented with our pleasant day's outing, we turned our faces homeward, and my last act before seeking my welcome bed was to see that our three matchless dogs got the good supper they so well deserved.

RIDEAU.

OTTAWA, Canada.

MONGOLIAN VS. ENGLISH PHEASANTS.

WINCHESTER, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the Legislature of Massachusetts instructed the Commission on Inland Fisheries and Game to introduce the pheasant into the State if possible, we opened correspondence with every one we could find who had any experience in breeding and rearing them. This correspondence amounted to nearly 100 letters. The testimony from all, except two or three who had the English pheasant for sale, was in favor of the Mongolian as being superior as a game bird. It is well known that the English is a mongrel bird and semi-domesticated. One of the dissenters was Mr. De Guise, who then as now lauded the English pheasant and offered to supply us with them at \$86 per dozen. When informed that we did not want them, preferring the Mongolian, he replied that he would furnish Chinese pheasants at \$80 per dozen. Just what he meant we were unable to say, as there are thirteen varieties of pheasants in China, but we would have been willing to pay his price had we been sure of obtaining pure Mongolian stock. We sent a man who was familiar with the birds to Mr. De Guise's place, and he reported that he did not find any Mongolian pheasants, and from what he learned of his method of feeding the young birds, he could not have been successful in rearing them, for the Mongolian requires a very different treatment. Whether this report was correct or not, the Commission cannot have any controversy with Mr. De Guise, as we are not breeding pheasants for sale. He is breeding them for market, and however successful he may be in raising English pheasants, he has much to learn about our New England climate.

Finding that all attempts (and they cover a period of several years) to introduce the English pheasant into this State had failed, we turned our attention to the Mongolian. Learning that they had been phenomenally successful in Oregon, we opened correspondence with Judge Denny, who introduced them there. Judge Denny was Consul-General at Shanghai for seven years, and in the employ of the King of Corea for eight years. During his stay there he had nine of the thirteen varieties and selected the Mongolian as being the best all round game bird. In 1881 he brought eighteen of these birds to Oregon, and so rapid was their increase that in 1894 the State game warden, Mr. Maguire, estimated that last year in Linn county alone, during the open season of three months, there were about 13,000 killed, and the year before, when the snow and sleet were on, 1,200 dozen were sent to one dealer in San Francisco. Correspondence from others confirms these statements.

There is no man in this country who so thoroughly understands the character and habits of pheasants as Judge Denny. In speaking of the Mongolian he says, "They are not only a first-class game bird, but a delicious morsel of food. They are hardy and clearly 'the survival of the fittest.'"

From our own experience with both varieties, we fully indorse all that he says. I have been a sportsman for more than fifty years, and so well satisfied am I of the superiority of the Mongolian that I gave away all of my English, and am breeding only from the Oregon pheasant. I have neither the desire nor the time to enter a controversy on this subject. In my note to you I said that it would be a mistake to introduce the English pheasant into the New England States; I now go a step further and say that wherever the Mongolian can be had it would be a blunder to introduce the English into any of our States. No true sportsman, who understands the habits and char-

acter of these birds, would hesitate a moment as to which bird he would select.

There is nothing very difficult or requiring long practice to enable any one to successfully breed pheasants. Given the right conditions, no bird is more easily raised.

Let our sportsmen look at this matter in a common-sense way, avoiding all personalities. Here is a breeder of English pheasants who says that during the last twelve years he has handled nearly 100,000 of them. Enough, if they are worth anything, to stock the whole United States, and he is only one of many who are breeding and turning out these birds. To this may be added many importations of these pheasants during the last twenty years.

Now, Mr. Editor, you are in a position to know something about game. Look on the map of North America and put your finger, if you can, on a single State or county where these birds abound; and then turn to Oregon, where in 1881 Judge Danny set loose only eighteen Mongolian pheasants, and consider the marvelous increase of that variety. Here is an object lesson more conclusive than all that has been or can be said in behalf of the English pheasant in this country.

Facts are stubborn things. The more the breeders boast of the thousands they have let loose, the worse their case appears. A hundred thousand English pheasants liberated during the past twelve years and where are they? Is there a single public domain stocked with them? Eighteen Mongolian pheasants set free in Oregon, and the State is overrun with them.

Personally it is a matter of no interest to me how much time and money my brother sportsmen spend in trying to introduce here a bird that thus far has proved of no value except on private preserves, where they are obliged to feed them in winter.

Again I repeat that I must decline all controversy on the subject. Satisfied beyond a question of doubt of the superiority of the Mongolian pheasant as a game bird, this State will make a thorough experiment in introducing them.

E. A. BRACKETT,

Chairman Board of Com'rs of Fish and Game.

REARING PHEASANTS.

I HAVE read with much pleasure and interest Mr. E. A. Brackett's report and indorse the whole of it.

I have been interested in pheasant rearing for the past five years and have had many ups and downs, but I have learned a lot of things by experience, and if I may add a little to pheasant culture which may be of use to others I am only too happy.

And I would suggest, in addition to what Mr. Brackett has given in regard to the hatching out of the young birds by bantam hens or any kind of hen, the great advantage it is to have an incubator.

I place the eggs after being under the hen twenty-two or twenty-three days in an incubator, where the birds hatch out more quickly and are not able to get into any place where they could be chilled, nor do they run the risk of being trodden on by the hens. I have sometimes found that the eggs do not hatch out at the same time and consequently the hen gets very uneasy and she does not sit close enough on the unhatched eggs, which may remain for two or three days chipped without breaking because they were not hot enough; but if placed in an incubator heated up to 101° F. they will break in two or three hours. Another object gained is that it gives a splendid opportunity to completely asepticise the hen and free her from any insects. Also it prevents the young chicks from being infected, as there can be none in the egg and the incubator should be completely free of them. And in the warm days in the beginning of June it is very hard to keep the nests completely free of the insect pest.

I leave the young birds in the incubator till they are able to run about freely and then place them under the hens again, who have been sitting on dummy eggs.

I think also I may be allowed to add to the very excellent cuisine of Mr. Brackett and others Spratts game meal. This I have found most excellent when added to the custard and the chicks thrive on it. Spratts crissel takes the place of the maggots, which are hard to get in this climate during the month of May and early June, when the most of the birds are hatched out.

I begin with very little of it and increase daily, say for every twelve chicks begin with a teaspoonful and get up to a tablespoonful about the end of the second week. I think Mr. E. A. Styles's manner of feeding is about the best of any, but I don't wish to be invidious; they are all good.

But the watchword in pheasant rearing in this country certainly should be "eternal vigilance." Watch the cats. Be on the lookout for rainstorms. Count your birds two or three times a day, and by these means you will save a great many, at least this is my experience.

J. S. NIVEN.

LONDON, Ont.

SHOOTING PHANTOM BIRDS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM. I read about J. E. B.'s unexpected luck, shooting at and killing a single grouse and his dog retrieving two; also of J. K.'s luck, shooting at a single quail and killing four. I have a true incident that happened some time ago. A friend by the name of F. C. M. is a very enthusiastic hunter, but a very poor shot, as a great many hunters are. He is also a member of our local fish and game association, with the privilege of hunting all the year round. He was the possessor of a very good dog, named Jeff, at that time. I was out one time with my friend F. C. M. and one-armed Bill S. to a place where they knew there were several beves of quail and some grouse. After hunting over some cover, my friend's dog Jeff made game in an open field. Calling us up after trailing some distance, the dog came to a point at the edge of a thick swale, my black and white setter Blink and one-armed Bill's red Irish Bruce backing—as pretty a picture as ever I saw. We watched them as long as we dared to, as my dog Blink, being jealous, was getting uneasy. I told my friend F. C. M. to go in and flush, which he did. A large bevy of quail got up. He, not believing in shooting at singles, let go in the bunch afterward, claiming he saw one drop. I did not shoot, as I was so much taken up by the dogs. One-armed Bill did not shoot, as he averred he could not get a shot from where he stood. However, F. C. M. sent his dog Jeff to retrieve, and to our surprise he brought a

woodcock in his mouth. Thinking it might be a bird that some one else had killed, or perhaps one the dog had caught, we examined him and found several shot in him. We came to the conclusion that he got up at the same time that the quail did.

E. B.

THE PETIT MANAN DEER CASE.

(From the Kennebec Journal.)

BANGOR, Me., April 10.—A most important opinion was handed down from the law court to-day. It was drafted by Chief Justice Peters, and the document is one that will be of special interest to sportsmen. Through the courtesy of Gen. Charles Hamlin, reporter of decisions for the Supreme Court, the *Journal* is able to present it in full to its readers. It is as follows:

State vs. Parker, Peters, C. J. The respondent was complained of for killing a deer in close time, and the question of his liability to be prosecuted therefor is presented to this court upon the following statement of facts agreed to by the parties:

"The respondent had in his possession at Steuben, in Washington county, on June 19, 1894, parts of a deer, which said respondent killed on June 15, 1894, being in close season, to wit: Between the first day of January and the first day of October, in the inclosed deer park on Petit Manan Point, in said Steuben; said park being the property of the Petit Manan Company, so called, and said respondent being the owner of one-fifth of the deer in said park, in common with said company; said deer was caught alive, when a fawn, on Township No. 29, M. D., by Charles Haycock, in the month of June, 1888, being the close season, as aforesaid. That said Haycock sold said deer the following year after his capture to Horace F. Willey, of Cherryfield, by whom it was kept until the month of November, 1890, when he, said Willey, sold it to the said respondent, who then put it into the park aforesaid in company with other deer therein confined, and it was in his possession continually until killed by the respondent as aforesaid. The respondent was arrested by game warden Charles I. Corliss, and on July 5, 1894, was arraigned before Jacob T. Campbell, Esq., a trial justice in and for said Washington county, at said Cherryfield, on complaint of said Corliss, charging said respondent with having in his possession at Steuben, June 19, 1894, one deer and parts of a deer killed in close time, as aforesaid, whereupon said respondent waived examination, and was found guilty by the magistrate, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$40 and costs, from which sentence respondent appealed. The law court to affirm or disaffirm the decision of said magistrate, as the law and facts in the case warrant."

The respondent contends upon the strength of the cases of Allen v. Young, 76 Maine 80; James v. Wood, 82 Maine, 173, and State v. Beal, 75 Maine, 289, that the deer was so far within his dominion and control in open time as to have become his absolute property, with which he could at any time do as he pleased. The doctrine of the above cases has been lately emphasized somewhat by the decision of the court in State v. Bucknam, 88 Maine, 385, in which it has been distinctly held that, under our statutes, one who lawfully obtains the ownership of game in open time, in that case carcasses of deer, is not criminally liable for having the same in his possession in close time afterward. Some of the States have decided that laws which do make such act criminal are not constitutional, but that question did not arise in the case referred to.

We think, however, that, giving the respondent the fullest scope of protection which the doctrine of those cases can afford him, he fails to find them any sufficient justification for his act. We refer to the act of killing the deer within close season, waiving now all question of illegality in capturing the animal alive originally.

Probably it would not be questioned that in particular instances *feræ nature* may be so far reclaimed and domesticated, or if not reclaimed may be so closely subjected to confinement by a person as to be regarded as under his dominion and control and to become his property. And, if captured or obtained at a proper season and in a lawful manner, there might be no reason why such person should not control such property at all seasons as he might at any other, subject, however, to any restraint upon the use of the same which may be imposed by our game laws.

But we think that a proper construction of the statute applicable to the facts in the case at bar does not admit of a conclusion that the deer in question was under such dominion and control of the respondent and his associates as to allow them to kill or hunt such animal in close time. Their so-called possession was not actual and complete enough; was more fictitious than real. The deer was roaming wildly over a park covered mostly by woods, as was stated when the case was reported, containing between 700 and 800 acres of territory, and surrounded on all sides by the sea excepting at a narrow strip or neck connecting this, an almost natural park, with the main land. And artificial structures are placed across this neck to prevent the escape of the animals therefrom. Animals kept within these wide boundaries cannot be said to be thereby either reclaimed or held in close confinement. Should they escape from the park either by sea or land into other woods it would be preposterous for the proprietors of the park to set up an ownership in such animals against other persons who might kill or capture them off their premises. The most of the proprietors can reasonably claim is that they possess by some artificial means some facilities for capturing or recapturing deer within their woods, and perhaps for obtaining actual possession of the same either dead or alive; and, while that may be denominated an approach toward possession, a step in the direction of possession, to style such a condition of things as an absolute actual possession, thereby giving the respondent complete property in the animals, would be far-fetched and visionary.

The ideas which we entertain on this subject are aptly illustrated by the remarks of the court in *Commonwealth v. Chace*, 9 Pick. 15, a case involving the question as to how far and under what conditions doves might be the subjects of larceny, and we quote largely therefrom:

"It is held in all the authorities that doves are *feræ nature*, and as such are not subjects of larceny, except when in the care and custody of the owner, as when in a dove-cote or pigeon-house, or when in the nest before they are liable to fly. If, when thus under the care of the owner, they are taken furtively, it is larceny.

"The reason of this principle is that it is difficult to distinguish them from other fowl of the same species. They

often take a flight and mix flocks with the doves of other persons and are free tenants of the air, except when impelled by hunger or habit, or the production or preservation of their young, they seek the shelter prepared for them by their owner. Perhaps when feeding on the grounds of the proprietor, or resting on his barn or other buildings, if killed by a stranger, the owner may have trespass, and if the purpose be to consume them as food, and they are killed or caught or carried away from the inclosure of the owner, the act would be larceny. But in this case there is no evidence of the situation they were in when killed, whether on the flight, a mile from the grounds of the owner, or mingled with the doves of other persons, enjoying their natural liberty. Without such evidence, the act of killing them, though for the purpose of using them as food, is not felonious."

Judgment below affirmed.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Spring.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 11.—This week warm showers have softened the marble heart of the earth. The young man with turn-down stockings is visible in the land, as also the young woman with trousers. On the curb at the corner an ancient crone is offering sassafras to the public, and at the cheery banquet board the wild, sweet fragrance of the tender onion is apparent. Spring has come.

The Flight of the Snipe.

The weather of the past few days has been such that we should have a fine chance at jacksnipe hereabouts for the coming week. The flight even of golden plover was in lower Arkansas and west on that parallel last week, and the snipe precede the plover by many days. Mr. E. P. Maynard, a Chicago gentleman just back from Arkansas, says that he and a friend put in two days on the famous prairie near Devoll's Bluff, in eastern Arkansas, but saw only few snipe. The weather was rainy and they thought the birds must have passed on north, which is probably the case. A week ago to-day some fair bags of snipe were made on the sloughs near Wheaton and Hinsdale, Chicago suburbs, and some birds have been killed also along the Sag and out near Blue Island, but the warm days have been followed by cold ones and no great number of birds have been in. The weather of the past three days has been warm and rainy, and will without doubt bring the remainder of the birds up to stay—so far as such capricious fowl can be said to stay anywhere. At Fox Lake, fifty miles north of here, some shooting has been had. I should expect to hear of good bags at jacksnipe on the Kankakee near Koutts and Shelby to-day and tomorrow. The lucky ones will get it. Then a few days later others will go to repeat the performance of their friends and will find the birds are not there. They do not stay very long if the country is warm and open to the north, but pass on up along their line of migration.

Golden plover are usually to be expected at their best in this vicinity about May 1, perhaps earlier if the grass gets green and the days are warmer. None are reported at this writing. At any place adjoining Chicago though one would expect them very soon if the warm spell holds. Gilman, Ill., is a favorite place for the plover shooter, and some good bags are made there. Often the very edge of Chicago is equally good, but the shooters are abundant there always.

Ducks.

The old Kankakee this season showed a little sport to the duck shooters who like spring shooting, and a few birds were killed on the Illinois, the shooting at both places being of the patchy and irregular nature which now characterizes all our shooting here at any season whatsoever. At Fox Lake a great many deep-water ducks came, and tried to light the best they could for the ice and the shooters. Some of the lower lakes of Wisconsin held the fowl for a time, and at Koshkonong the deep-water ducks, redheads, bluebills and canvasbacks fairly swarmed for a time, and are even yet not all gone. Eddie Bingham took a couple of his Chicago friends up with him to his old home on Koshkonong, and they had three days of very pleasant sport and got a nice lot of birds. I do not hear of any better bags than these anywhere for this region this spring.

New Koshkonong Club.

The Carcajou Club, with a good membership of Wisconsin men, A. M. Valentine, of Janesville, president, has been added to the clubs already holding preserves on the famous Koshkonong waters. It will control three miles of lake front, including some of the best of the deep-water duck shooting.

The Wisconsin Law.

The Wisconsin law on duck shooting is peculiar and convenient. It prohibits spring shooting of snipe, plover and marsh ducks (mallard, teal, etc.), but allows shooting of deep-water ducks in the spring (redheads, bluebills and canvasbacks). Such a mixed law is not of very much use, as many careless native shooters will kill any sort of duck they can. It is the July woodcock shooter who does for most of the young (and illegal) wood ducks along the Kankakee River. Legislators have a touching confidence in human nature. But then the Wisconsin legislators have declared that when Illinois has prohibited spring shooting on all sorts of ducks, it will do the same! (Illinois has no close season on ducks or snipe in the spring.) There is some human nature in that too. Meantime Illinois shoots all over both Illinois and Wisconsin in the matter of such ducks as Wisconsin makes legal, and heeds not the voice of Wisconsin saying that Illinois is real mean not to abolish spring shooting for the sake of Wisconsin. Our divers State laws "protecting" game are good subjects for a comic opera.

Grouse Grounds.

The great grouse grounds of Wisconsin are in the upper part of the hardwood region, or where the hardwood timber begins to give way to the pines. Marshfield, Wis., is at just such a point, and Mr. J. A. Kerr, who lives there and who this week made FOREST AND STREAM a pleasant call, says that in the fall the ruffed grouse shooting is quite good. That is also a very good deer country, though most of the hunters go further north in the deer season. Mr. Kerr has killed four bears since his residence in Marshfield, and says they have lots of fun running foxes

there, though they have to shoot them to get them. There are some wildcats and any quantity of rabbits. Trout fishing they have to go a dozen miles to get, and by going on up about sixty miles further north, along the Wisconsin Central road, they get to the Fifield and Butternut chains of lakes, where the muscullonge are to be had in good size. These are Flambeau waters, that stream emptying into the Chippewa, which carries the 'lunge from the Mississippi. The Flambeau is a lovely stream to run.

Mr. Kerr says that it is all nonsense saying the non-export laws of Wisconsin are respected, but he says they could be enforced if the express companies of Chicago would be honest in their attempts to enforce the laws. Thousands of pounds of grouse, venison and trout go out of Wisconsin every day in their season, and only too much out of season. The goods are boxed and billed through to Chicago, and the local express agent takes care that he does not meddle in any one's business by trying to learn what is in the boxes. The express agent gets a commission on what business he does, and does not want to lessen that business in any way, and game is the same to him as anything else. If this state of affairs be the case, it may be seen about how faithful are the protestations of the express companies annually and regularly made to the sportsmen of Chicago. They will help prosecute or allow prosecution when the goods are found in their possession; but they take precious little care to keep such goods out of their possession. It is no doubt true that the railroad and express companies could in one year break up the game trade of Chicago and establish fine shooting in regions now shot out. But they will not do this, because they figure there is more money in the freight than there would be in the fares of the sportsmen they would carry out to such shooting grounds if the latter offered anything to shoot. In this the companies are probably or possibly correct. But they are not right. It is their wide cloak of secrecy that has made cover for the illegal destruction of our Western game. In spite of all the hoggishness of many men who pass as sportsmen, such men do not have time to kill as those who make a living at it, so that it is the markets which have taken the game. And without question two-thirds of the goods of the markets—perhaps four-fifths of the total—came to them illegally, killed illegally, shipped illegally, or carried illegally by common carriers who were delicately careful not to seem to break a law, nor to keep any other man from breaking it who made them a dollar by doing so. This is a fine, big, boyish, good-natured, strong country, this America of ours. And how dearly it loves a humbug!

Opening Day on Trout.

The first of our trout fishing here is done in Wisconsin, and the opening day of the season falls on April 15, next Wednesday. While not so far advanced as it was at this time last year, the season should be enough so to afford a basket of trout to the early and ardent who will sally forth next week. It will of course not be worth while to go too far up to the pine country, for there the streams are muddy and cold, if even free of ice; but lower down in the State there are a few streams which carry a few trout—some very good ones, if you know where to go. Mr. H. L. Stanton and his friend Mr. Willard will start Tuesday next to some streams in Walworth county, where they expect at least a day of walking. It remains as yet a case of bait, and he who scorns the patient and faithful worm might as well stay home, for it is not warm enough yet to render the fly anything but ornamental as an accessory to the sport.

They will Come North.

A great many Northern men have heard of or have seen on their native cactus the two San Antonio, Tex., sportsmen, Joe George and Oscar Guessaz, who are positively the only two shooters in America who shoot 20-gauge guns and live on baled hay. It will be pleasant news to these and many others to learn that both these gentlemen are to come to the North on a visit this spring, more especially to attend the E. C. Powder Co.'s tournament in New Jersey, May 5-8, but incidentally to have a good time, and of course to see Chicago. Mr. George was born near the City Hall in New York, and will act as guide to Mr. Guessaz, who was discovered in the chaparral west of the fifth principal Meridian. I hope all who meet these gentlemen in the North will remember the debt the sportsmen of this region owe to those of the South.

P. S.—Mr. Guessaz will not bite. P. P. S.—Mr. George has agreed to leave off his gun when appearing in full dress.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

BALLS IN SMOOTH BORES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM for nearly twenty-one years, and during that time have noticed that at regular intervals of about three years some one asks if a ball can safely be fired from a shotgun. Then follow a few replies, both negative and affirmative, and the subject is dropped. One of these periods with the usual question having recently come around, may I be permitted to attempt a reply?

To one at all familiar with the literature of the hunting of large game this question is a strange one, for in the past and at the present time great numbers of such animals have been and are hunted and killed with smooth bores, especially in Africa and India, where the great value, with certain obvious limitations, of such guns is perfectly well understood and appreciated. Pages of FOREST AND STREAM could be filled with quotations from various writers telling of good work done by 10 and 12-gauge smooth bores at distances up to 100 yds.—and much more game is killed within that distance than beyond it. For night work and in jungles and forests these are more convenient and efficient weapons than any rifle, better adapted to and as accurate in snap shots, and the terrible shock from such a large ball is more effective in at once stopping the game than is the bullet of any but the heaviest rifles. From greater use most sportsmen can do far better snap shooting with a shotgun than with a rifle, and this is an important point to be considered in comparing the two arms.

Common sense is as valuable in this matter as in others. In this country a smooth bore is no more a proper arm to carry when hunting antelope, sheep or goats than is a .50-110 300 Winchester express for squirrels; but for such work as jumping white-tailed deer, bear hunting in the

Southern canebrakes, watching for a grizzly to come to bait at dusk and similar forms of sport, I am convinced that a good 12-gauge smooth bore that has been well tested by its owner is a much more useful and efficient weapon than is a rifle under the same circumstances. The opposition to its use is largely due to ignorance of its merits and to the widespread idea that the use of ball in shotguns is dangerous both to shooter and gun. Provided the ball does not jam in the choke there is no danger to either; but the best results are obtainable from barrels especially bored for the purpose, not choked, but cylindrical to within a few inches of the muzzle, when there should be a slight contraction, also cylindrical, in which the ball fits snugly until it leaves the barrel. The axes of the barrels should so converge as to intersect at from 50 to 75 yds. Proper fitting of the balls is of course of the utmost importance, and a special mold should be made from accurate micrometer measurements of the bore after deciding whether a patched or naked ball will be used; the former is the more accurate.

Now load a few dozen shells with different weights and kinds of powders and test them carefully at measured distances of from 10 to 100 yds. Having decided upon the combination which gives the best results, do not vary it, but load 100 shells and practice snap shooting at stumps, stones and other natural objects at unknown distances. In this way alone can one acquire such familiarity with the gun and its shooting qualities as will insure good results in the field.

After considerable experimenting, I have found that in the gun I use for this purpose 3½ drs. by measure of E. C. powder and plenty of wadding in a good grade of nitro powder shell, firmly crimped down on the ball (which must not have a wad over it), gives the best results, with a minimum of recoil and a maximum of penetration. Lyman's ivory shotgun sights aid in taking a quick and accurate aim, and other details might be given, but the above are sufficient to guide any one in testing his own gun if he cares to.

ABSAROKE.

LONG RANGE GAME SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recognize the killing power of Mr. Irland's gun and respect it accordingly, but do not think it an ideal hunting rifle; and when its worthy owner essays to smash the vitality out of a bull moose at 400 yds. he is certainly taking too many chances of crippling the animal instead of paralyzing him on the spot. That is, unless Mr. Irland can instantly convert himself into a yardstick and measure the exact distance at once without alarming the moose. That the gun is inaccurate or lacks stopping power, no one will claim; but the trouble lies in the high trajectory of the bullet and the hunter's inability to judge the distance correctly. Suppose, for example, that Mr. Irland saw a moose 400 yds. away, and that his eye estimated the distance to be 350 yds.; that he adjusted the sight for that distance and then held on the center of the 36 in. target; what would be the result? A clear miss! Why? Because the bullet would fall below the target while traveling the 50 yds. lost by his error in estimating space, and the only possible result would be the smashing of a leg. If his estimate came within 25 yds. of being correct he could only scratch the lower part of the animal's body, and it would get away—yes, get away, even from the most expert rifle shot in the country shooting from a perfect rest and using Mr. Irland's .45-120-500. With many sporting rifles an error of only 10 yds. would save the life of the moose. This is no flight of the imagination, but a solid fact, and it should cry out in thunder tones against that class of sportsmen who think they can judge space and kill game at almost any distance. Such attempts are brutal folly and should not be made. The certain killing of game at long unmeasured distances cannot be done with any rifle I know of, for the reason that a long range weapon is needed, and as that arm must have a high trajectory it consequently involves too much guesswork on the part of the man who handles the rifle; and as not more than one sportsman in a thousand is sufficiently familiar with the ever varying phases of geography, light, etc., to make correct estimates of space, I must repeat my statement: Such killing cannot be done with any degree of certainty and ought not to be attempted.

Some small caliber man might take one of those "crochet needle guns" and by holding on the withers of the moose, with level sights at 400 yds., hit the 36 in. circle on the lower edge, and what would be the result? It would simply tickle the old fellow's diaphragm, and he would go off laughing at the simpleton who tried to exterminate him with a crochet needle. A moose is occasionally killed at 400 yds., and because he has accomplished this remarkable feat once the hunter is too apt to believe he can do so whenever a fair shot is offered. Let the sportsman count these lucky shots as they should be counted—accidents—and his bump of conceit will grow smaller as his experience enlarges.

Mr. Irland seems to have a poor opinion of the ordinary repeating rifle as a gun for moose, and not without reason, for many of them are quite worthless for such purposes; but the Winchester Company is now making a repeater that commands the respect of all who are acquainted with it. I refer to the .50-100 450. It does not have the long range of the .45-120 500 Sharps, and its trajectory is too high, yet it shoots true and strong, and has great paralyzing power up to the limit of range that any sane man ought to shoot a moose. If it could be modified and made to manipulate 150 grs. of powder and about 500 grs. of lead it would suit me better; but a workable repeater of those gentle proportions I understand is beyond the capacity of the manufacturers to produce at present. As we can expect and realize great things from the above firm I am living in hope of possessing a .50-150-500 repeater in the near future. While waiting for it I shall continue to shoot my .50-100 450. By using a soft nose bullet and 50 grs. each of Hazard's No. 4 and No. 2 ducking powder one can make a cartridge that more than equals in power the 120 grs. Sharps factory-made cartridge, and it does awful execution, smashing the bones of the heaviest moose with ease. For deer I load the mercurio-mushroom bullet in place of the solid soft nose, and the shot produced by this unique bullet is simply terrible—the deer goes down in a heap, and stays there. When it comes to the question of repeater vs. single-shot rifles, much can be said in favor of both. For accurate work where one shot only is needed I prefer the single-shot rifle; for game the repeater has its advantages, and as the first and second class guns will all shoot better than

the average man can hold, I fail to see any sound objection to their use, providing the man masters the weapon, and thinks more of making a center shot than the rapid pumping of the lever.

Your correspondent fully agrees with Mr. Clay when he states that the man who cannot kill a moose standing still at 200 yds. would "do much better to try his hand at something else. I should call for still more rigid requirements, and say that the hunter who shooting off-hand cannot puncture his cap with considerable regularity at that distance is not qualified to do long range game shooting. But when Mr. Clay intimates that he makes a regular practice of tripping the heels of a moose at full speed when over 200 yds. away from him, then I must enter an emphatic protest against the publication of such nonsense. True, the gentleman may have killed a moose or two on the run at that distance. No experienced running shot will deny it. The question is, with what regularity can he repeat the performance? For surely Mr. Clay would not shoot one of these noble animals outside of a radius of 15 in. from the heart. That would allow him as large a killing circle as any rifle shot could reasonably expect, and I should like to have Mr. Clay inform us how he performs the act of stopping the moose while traveling at its highest speed and crossing his line of sight at right angles 200 yds. away. Kindly tell us, for upon your answer much will depend. Remember, it is not altogether guesswork; that good, solid mathematics play an important part in the little affair; that you must perforate the 30 in. circle well in toward the center in order to make a stopping shot, and that the decapitation of a grouse at 40 yds. or the hitting of a standing moose at 400 yds. is simply boys' play in comparison with the killing of a swiftly running moose at 250 yds. If the explanation is not satisfactory to the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, some of them may be unkind enough to say that the 220 yd. running shot was made much after the manner of an estimable lady I knew of who once saw a large hawk making off with her pet hen. Rushing into the house she seized a shotgun, and running out, pointed the gun heavenward, closed her eyes and pulled the trigger, when to her utter amazement down came the hawk dead as a stone. Now, it is not my desire to insinuate that Mr. Clay killed that bull moose in this manner, and I hope that he will succeed in proving to the experienced members of the moose hunting fraternity that he actually did it on scientific lines—yet this is considerable to expect from a man who would use a .50-110-300 for target practice at 600 yds.

Mr. Clay is quite severe on what he is pleased to term "would-be hunters" and those who use large caliber rifles, implying that such sportsmen are compelled to use big guns for the reason that they are not sufficiently well posted in the art of still-hunting to approach their quarry near enough to enable them to hold a small gun on a fatal spot. This insinuation must be the result of want of observation on the part of Mr. Clay; for if he will take the trouble to correctly inform himself upon this subject, he will probably be surprised to learn that among the advocates of large calibers and heavy charges of powder will be found the greater part of the most expert shots and experienced hunters known in this country, men who can place a bullet where they want to when they get the chance; and the oft-repeated failure to get this chance is one strong reason why small caliber guns cannot do the work required of them.

If a .32 cal. bullet could be placed in the brain or spinal column at every shot there would be no need of such guns as Mr. Clay rails against. But where is the man who can play the part of Svengali and induce a moose or grizzly bear to pose for him while he calmly selects the most vulnerable spot on the animal's anatomy to perforate with his little gun? Years ago and in the far West big game was quite obliging and would loiter around for us, and occasionally ask to be shot; but one can seldom duplicate those experiences nowadays in the East, and it is well that it is so. Conditions have changed; much hunting has developed the naturally keen senses of the quarry into an abnormal alertness, and the hunter must accept his chances as they come, and shoot at the best target offered when he feels fairly sure that the animal can be brought to bag; and the best results under these conditions are obtained when a large-caliber expansive bullet is propelled by an enormous charge of powder. The shock to the nervous system produced by such a projectile is simply terrible, and its value cannot be overestimated. It stops the animal on the spot, and the secondary and tertiary effects of the bullet are not needed. Your game is dead. Such is the charge usually used by the sportsman who knows how to stalk his game and drop it on the spot when he pulls the trigger. Don't handicap a good workman with a poor tool, or, in other words, do not use a .44-40 200 on moose.

To those sportsmen who are contemplating the purchase of one of the new military rifles, .30 cal., smokeless powder and steel jacketed bullet, let me suggest the advisability of first considering a few facts in relation to these guns. The ideal army gun and the ideal hunting rifle are constructed with entirely different results in view: the first one is designed to cripple, while the second must paralyze the animal shot at immediately. To produce the latter effect one must use a bullet with a large striking surface and drive it with an enormous charge of powder. The .30 cal. Government cartridge will not kill quickly unless the brain or spinal column is pierced, and even then it is not to be depended upon, as an authentic case is on record of a man who was shot through the brain with it and then recovered. The great power of the gun as shown by the makers is somewhat delusive—more apparent than real—and to satisfy yourself as to the correctness of this statement you have only to place a soft nose cartridge in one of the rifles and then test its penetration; its piercing power is at once reduced 80 per cent. and sometimes more. The diameter of the wound is a trifle more than double the size of one made by the solid bullet, but it stands no kind of a comparison with the wound made by a .45-70 Gould, and its penetration is considerable less. Again, take the penetration of a .45 hollow point and a .45 solid bullet; the mushroom loses less than 30 per cent. in piercing power notwithstanding the fact that it often expands to over three times its normal striking surface, and makes an exit hole alongside of which the .30 cal. soft nose opening is insignificant indeed. As the penetration of the Gould bullet is regarded as not sufficient for moose, large bears and an occasional buck when in certain positions, it is very evident that the .30 cal. soft nose is not in the race at all for large game.

—An exhibitor of a certain small caliber smokeless

powder rifle was recently expatiating upon the merits of his gun, and among the many good qualities possessed he said that a bullet fired from the gun had a velocity of 2,000ft. per second, and then, in the next breath, informed me of the astonishing fact (?) that it shot point blank up to 200yds. What is the real truth in this case? The bullet has a trajectory of over 6in. at that distance and an actual drop of over 8in. While at 300yds. its trajectory is 14in. with an actual drop of nearly 20in. In regard to the accuracy of these "crochet needle" guns the least said the better for the rifles, as it is an established fact that the one commendable feature of these arms—a low trajectory—is obtained by sacrificing accuracy.

Any one who doubts this statement would do well to consult those disinterested expert rifle shots who were furnished with samples of smokeless powder high velocity rifles about a year ago for the purpose of testing their accuracy, and after fair and impartial trials made their report, which was so uncomplimentary to the guns that the manufacturers withdrew them and begged the marksmen to allow them a few years more in which to produce a more perfect arm. If not convenient to find one of the above marksmen try one of that company of military experts who again gave this class of guns a fair test a few months ago, and were so keenly disappointed at the result that they would say nothing, but were finally induced to show the score, which was so astonishingly poor that I dare not record it here for fear of taxing the credulity of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

H. B. S.
NORWICH, Conn., March 30.

Spring Shooting.

WABASHA, Minn., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual spring slaughter of ducks has commenced here, and ten times as many ducks are being killed now as last fall, owing principally to the fact that the lakes and ponds throughout the Northwest are very dry, and there is more water in the Mississippi Valley than elsewhere, and the birds in their northern flight follow the river. I don't care who he is, high or low, rich or poor, any man who will go out in the spring and slaughter a lot of ducks or any other kind of fowl bears the characteristic ear-marks of the "great American game hog," notwithstanding any excuses he may make to the contrary. But men of this stamp are as a rule not susceptible to or have no ability to feel or conceive any of the divine attributes of true sportsmanship.

WABASHA.

FOX LAKE, Wis., April 6.—Ducks, mostly bluebill, are quite plenty on the lake, and several flocks of redheads, pintails and mallards have been seen. Wild geese are also flying some, and one or two have been shot. Two sports from Milwaukee shot sixty-nine ducks yesterday, nearly all bluebills, and 80 per cent. of them were males. A large flock of big white swans were on the lake to-day. They were pure white and a fine-looking bird, as near as could be seen. Four of them settled just outside of a flock of decoys in use by a couple of hunters and were fired at with four charges of No. 4 shot, but their heavy plumage and the distance shot at, about 80yds., prevented their being brought to bag.

D. J. H.

OSHKOSH, Wis.—I saw in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to-day that Messrs. R. B. Organ, Will Mussey and Ed. Bingham, of Chicago, had just returned from Lake Koshkenny, Wis., where they had killed 200 ducks. I should like to ask the gentlemen if it is true and what they did with the ducks. Of course they took none home with them, as that is against the law. In fact, isn't it against the moral laws of sportsmanship to shoot ducks in the spring anyway?

AGAMOK.

GIBSON WELLS, Tenn., April 5.—Snipe are here and in great numbers. I have had some of the most enjoyable days I ever had, and made some very creditable bags. My son Dan and I on March 26 bagged forty-three. On the 27th, 28th and 30th thirty-five and a number of smaller bags. The snipe here give a dog a chance to work some on them, as they lie in low sedge fields and slashings where the water is not over ankle deep. I predict a great quail crop the coming season, as there are a great many birds left over.

R. B. MORGAN.

Vermont Deer.

THE Rutland *Journal* of April 8 reports: Deputy Sheriff Stearns and State's Attorney J. C. Jones went to Mendon yesterday to investigate the shooting of two deer which were found wounded on Monday in that town. The deer, a buck and a doe, were found on the mountain road beyond Mendon City. The buck, which was an exceptionally large one, weighing nearly 300lbs., had been shot through the head and the doe was torn and cut up, apparently by a dog. Both deer were alive when found and were taken to a barn in Mendon, but they were too badly injured to be saved. Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley, one of the officers of the fish and game club of this city, was notified of the killing of the deer and a search for the guilty party was at once commenced. The authorities have a clew as to whom the guilty person is, but no arrests have yet been made. It is thought that the deer was shot by some one who was rabbit hunting and who shot on the impulse of the moment and not with the direct intention of killing the animal. The doe was probably pursued and overtaken in the deep snow by the hound belonging to the hunter.

Under date of April 9 the *Herald* reports: C. P. Goss, who lives on a farm near South Wallingford, discovered three deer, two bucks and a doe, in one of his meadows Tuesday afternoon. The animals were very tame and, though the Bennington & Rutland track runs through the meadows, the deer did not appear to be frightened at the passing of trains and remained until evening.

There was another development in the Mendon deer-shooting case yesterday that may help the officers in running down the party or parties guilty of mutilating the deer found Monday.

Joe Neddo, a lumberman living in Sherburne, brought a dog to the city yesterday which he claims he found chasing deer in the Mendon woods. According to Neddo's story he was in the woods late Tuesday afternoon and heard dogs barking near the place where he found the wounded deer on Monday. Thinking that there might be trouble, Neddo followed the sounds and soon came upon a fine deer wallowing in the snow a short distance in front of two dogs. The animal was bleeding from some

kind of a wound in the flank and was thoroughly exhausted. Neddo captured one of the dogs, frightened away the other and let the deer escape. The dog which Neddo brought to this city he thinks is one owned by a man named Geno, who lives on the Mendon stage road not far from the Sherburne line.

Sportsmen in this vicinity are much wrought up over the wanton slaughter of deer that has been recently brought to light and they will spare no pains in apprehending the guilty parties.

A Pennsylvania Scalp Competition.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club has instituted a hunters' and trappers' prize competition, the rewards being cash prizes of \$40, \$30, \$20 and \$10 to the four persons having the highest number of points to their credit for killing the birds and animals named, and to be counted as follows: Catamount 11, fox 10, weasels 7, mink 6, great horned owl 5, hawk 4, skunk or polecat 2, owls other than horned 1. The contest commenced April 1, 1896, and will close March 31, 1897. No two or more persons will be allowed to form a combination or partnership by placing skins, scalps or heads together to help another secure a prize. Contestants must produce the heads of all birds and the skins, or scalps with both ears attached, of the animals. The birds or animals to be counted must be killed in Luzerne county. Each contestant shall make affidavit that all rules governing this contest have been complied with. Scalps, skins and heads may be returned at any time to any member of the undersigned committee, by whom a record will be kept. The result will be announced a few days after the contest closes.

E. A. RHOADS, H. S. REETS, T. B. HARRIS, J. F. O'NEILL, Committee.

Chicago as a Shooting Resort.

IN "Chicago and the West" in FOREST AND STREAM of April 11, Mr. Hough gave a brief though alluring pen portrait of New York as a peaceful, restful hamlet, in which the overworked brain toiler might obtain a beneficent outing, free from the business pressure, selfish competition and mental strain incident to life in a really great city. We know now what constitutes Mr. Hough's idea of a pastoral hamlet, that is to say New York city, but the following from the *Times-Herald*, of Chicago, somewhat confuses us on his ideas of a really great city, meaning Chicago: "Hunting is especially good in Michigan avenue. People lined the lake front and filled the big hotel windows to watch more than 200 sportsmen shooting ducks yesterday. There was a continuous rattle of shots all day, the birds falling one by one in passing over the lines of small boats from the Illinois Central station to Randolph street. Two prairie chickens flew across the park in the afternoon. One, befuddled by the sights, and probably weary from long flying, turned in front of the Auditorium and started toward the building. It spied an Easter exhibit of flowers, and, imagining it a good place to rest, dashed against the window. A big crowd gathered about the stunned beauty, the boy who captured it finally starting to find a bird store."

BOWERY.

What the Gun Did.

C. E. McDONALD, engineer of the switch engine in this city, is a badly battered up but much wiser man to-day. While the locomotive was standing on a side track near Colchester yesterday, he discovered some wild geese in a pasture near by. Some boys were near with a shotgun, which they loaned him to kill a goose. He rammed in two loads of powder and shot, either one of which would have blown up a howitzer, and creeping up on the geese, blazed away with both barrels at once. For a while it was difficult to tell which was the worst injured, the geese or the shooter. Mr. McDonald was rendered unconscious by the "kick" from the gun. His face, head and hands were badly bruised and cut. Fortunately he recovered consciousness in a short time and is now all right except the bruises. He only succeeded in wounding one goose, which was run down and captured. As a "kicker," that gun could give some of Macomb's citizens a beating.—*Macomb (Ill.) Journal*.

The Unearned Increment.

ONE night we decided to lay for black duck at a pond which lay about five miles from the house. We arrived there before the sun had set and so did not go to our blind at once, but started to walk around the pond to see if we could start up a duck from the reeds which grew about the edge. I went around one side and my companion the other. I found that I was getting wet and so struck up on to a small level place which led away from the pond, when suddenly I came on a puddle full of lily pads, and in it sat two black ducks. I determined to kill them at all cost, so I took good aim and fired, and then up from the pond came three more; at these I fired and got one. On going down to the pond I found three ducks dead in the water. After picking these up I returned to the blind, where we lay till it was so dark we could not see, when we returned with only four ducks, my companion not having got a shot, and now I am the envy of all the sportsmen in the neighborhood.

O. C. W.

New Jersey Game Seasons.

THE new law, in effect April 14, makes the open seasons: Rabbits and quail, Nov. 10 to Jan. 1; woodcock, month of July and Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; snipe, months of March, April and September; ruffed grouse, Oct. 1 to Dec. 10; reed and rail birds, month of September; squirrels, month of September and Nov. 10 to Dec. 10; plover and doves, months of August and September.

New York Game Law.

New laws permit the killing of deer on Long Island on each Wednesday in November; extend to 1900 the close term on Mongolian pheasants; make the open season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits, Oct. 15 to Feb. 15, ferrets forbidden; the Long Island season remains Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; and Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties are excepted as to use of ferrets.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Smelt of Lake Champlain.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 28 I wrote of the smelts, or as they are called locally "ice fish" of Lake Champlain, and said that I believed that they were not permanent residents of the lake, "as they are caught only through the ice in February and March, and a search for them by the anglers in the summer and fall months has proven fruitless." My friend Mr. Rowland E. Robinson has written me a letter upon this subject, from which I quote:

"Hon. M. F. Allen, of that place (Ferrisburg, Vermont), told me a few years ago of catching pike-perch off Split Rock, in Lake Champlain, that were gorged with smelt. I do not recall the date, but it could not have been earlier than the middle of June, and may have been in July or August. Mr. Allen is an old angler, well acquainted with the varieties of fish common in our waters, and could not have been mistaken in the identity of the smelt."

"I well remember seeing an occasional specimen among the great hauls of other fish taken in the old days of unrestricted seining on the then famous fishing ground at the mouth of Lewis Creek, the Sungahneetook, or Fishing Weir River of the Waubunakees. These facts go to show that the smelt remain in the lake during at least part of the summer."

The author of "Uncle Lisha" is the first person to my knowledge residing on or near Lake Champlain to call the smelt of the lake by its proper name, or, in fact, to admit that it is a smelt. That Mr. Robinson has himself observed the smelt among the fish caught in the lake, and that Senator Allen bears like testimony, should settle the question of their presence in the lake in summer. There is a whitefish found in Lake Champlain the young of which might be mistaken for the smelt when found inside other fish, unless the observer was familiar with both species, but this would not apply to either of the gentlemen quoted. A strange thing about the smelt is that they have not been caught by those who have searched for them in the summer months. My information on this subject comes from fishermen at Port Henry only. A year ago, when smelt fishing through the ice was at its height, I visited the fishermen on the ice, and questioned them as to their knowledge of the smelt in the summer months. All agreed that although search had been made for them they had not been taken. Another strange thing is that no one seems to know anything about where they spawn.

The Tuna of California is the Horse Mackerel.

In a note about the tuna of Santa Catalina Island I stated that I had asked President Jordan to identify the fish, as it is not mentioned in his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," and he writes me under date of March 31 from Leland Stanford Junior University, California:

"The tuna, which is now caught in considerable abundance off the coast from Monterey southward, is the tunny of Europe, of which the proper scientific name is *Thunnus thynnus*. When I was on the Pacific coast before I did not see this fish. I, however, got one for the World's Fair at Chicago, which was exhibited there and weighed some 600lbs."

"Occasionally I have seen as many as a dozen of these fishes in the markets of San Francisco at one time. The fish is exactly the same as the European and Atlantic species." This is, I believe, the first time that the identity of the tuna has been established in any journal, although it has been written of by scientists and laymen, but always as tuna, and the tuna of the books is a different fish. This too is probably the first time that the Atlantic tunny has been credited to the Pacific slope.

The gentleman in Philadelphia who first asked about the California tuna writes: "Allow me to comment on what you have written. With due deference to so excellent an authority as Dr. Jordan, I think he is mistaken with regard to our fish, since you say that he says that the bonita is the fish called at Santa Barbara Island, and from California south to Chili, the tuna. At any rate the bonita of Catalina, and more especially the mainland, is a very different fish. It seldom weighs over a dozen pounds and has well-marked bands down the sides. If I can find it I will send you one of my photographs of this fish."

"The tuna on the other hand is a gigantic fellow—the fishermen say he goes 1,500lbs. sometimes—and although they belong to the same family I believe he is vastly different. For speed and strength he is ahead of any fish I have either observed or read of, and to catch one of his tribe would indeed make a man high hook of the coast."

"From the pictures I have seen I have an idea that the tuna is closely related to if not identical with the Atlantic horse mackerel, but I learn that the latter is not very much thought of as a food fish, whereas the Pacific fish readily sells as a great delicacy in the San Francisco or Los Angeles markets for \$12 or \$15 per fish. So say the fishermen, who catch them only at rare intervals in their nets. My reason for writing to you was to try to find out something about the Atlantic fish. I am very anxious to try conclusions with one of these big fellows this summer, and I wanted to know just where they were to be found along the Atlantic coast, and as to their habits and the possibility of locating and hooking one. I have a reel that will carry not less than 1,000ft. of 21-thread line, a good rod, upon which I took well over 5,000lbs. of fish at Catalina last summer, and a proportionate ambition to tackle anything in the line of a game fish that can make things lively. The horse mackerel can, if I can only get a hook into him so as to give me a fair chance. You say you will make a note on this matter. Do so and you will oblige me greatly, as I think there will be answers giving the information I desire."

What I said was that Jordan had stated that the bonita (*S. chilensis*) is called skipjack or tuna on the Pacific coast, but as its average weight was 12lbs. it could not be the tuna we were after. The photograph of the bonita sent by my correspondent answers to Jordan's description of the fish, with "about five blackish stripes running obliquely upward from the pectoral region to the upper edge of the tail, these variable in number and direction."

However, Dr. Jordan's letter, quoted above, will make

the matter clear and explain why there is no description of the horse mackerel, as existing on the Pacific coast, in his "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," and it only remains for some one to come forward and tell in *FOREST AND STREAM* where the horse mackerel may be encountered on the Atlantic coast with reasonable prospect of hooking one. Should one of these fish be captured with hook and line the majestic tarpon will be obliged to retire to the primeval forest to conceal its emotions at its downfall from its proud position as the greatest hook-and-line fish in the world.

A few words about the photographs sent to me by my correspondent showing some of his catches at Santa Catalina Islands. One is of two yellow-tails (*Seriola dorsalis*), for this classification see the appendix of Jordan's "Synopsis," as in the body of the book it is given *Seriola lalandi* of 32 and 43 lbs., the latter being the Santa Catalina Island rod and reel record for this species of fish. Another is of a sea bass of 43 lbs., and its captor says: "These fellows fight well, and as they come near the boat at the last they are as beautiful as a trout, possessing all the brilliant colors of the rainbow." This sea bass I take to be *Centropomus undecimalis*, and it is quite unlike another photograph of the black sea bass or jewfish.

Tip-ups in New Hampshire.

The use of tip-ups in pickerel fishing through the ice agitates a portion of the public mind every season. My friend and fellow laborer, Ed. Mott, the "Old Settler" of the New York *Sun*, was sitting at meat with me in the Albany Club when he informed me with the air of one who knows, "They have only three seasons in Pike county, Pa."

"Only three! How does it happen that they are shy one season?"

"They never had but three, and that is enough. There is the trout fishing season, the bear hunting season, and the season for catching pickerel through the ice. But they have only two seasons in New Jersey. One is when they drink apple jack hot and the other is when they drink it cold; so you see, Pike county, Pa., is better off than would first appear to a man up a tree."

At another time I will relate where this conversation led us, but now I must return to the tip-up question. Every winter the question comes up regularly, "Can I use tip-ups in fishing for pickerel?" And every winter and spring I read the game laws to inquirers, and they at once proceed to denounce the law-makers if the waters they wish to fish do not come under the exceptions. Fish Commissioner Griffin, of New Hampshire, submitted to the Attorney-General of that State the following question: "Is it legal to fish for pickerel through the ice with several hooks and lines attended by one person?" The Attorney-General's reply is before me, and I quote from it: "From your question, I understand you to refer to the practice of setting a single hook and line with bait in a hole cut through the ice, one person at the same time having several single hooks and lines so set at points conveniently distant from each other. Section 3 of Chapter 133, Public Statutes of New Hampshire, prohibits the taking of pickerel 'in any other manner or with any other device than the ordinary way of angling with a single hook and line with bait, artificial fly or spoon,' and the same section also makes the having in possession upon any fresh waters of this State, or upon the shore of the same, any gill or seine net, spear, jack, torch or trawl, *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the law by the person having the same in possession; thus indicating what methods of taking fish the statute is designed to prevent, none of which includes the one in question. Taking fish in this way through the ice has been practiced for a very long time, and must have been as well understood by the members of the Legislature who enacted the law as the other methods prohibited by them, and it is reasonable to assume that if they had intended to prevent the catching of fish with single hooks and lines set as before described, they could easily, and would have said so.

"I am therefore of the opinion that fish can be taken in this way, subject to limitations imposed by Chapter 61, Laws of 1895."

It is evident that the Attorney-General of the Granite State understands fishing through the ice for pickerel with tip-ups (and I imagine there are very few men brought up in the country, fond of fishing, who do not), for his opinion reads as though he understood fishing as well as law; but I think, unless my memory plays me utterly false, that the Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that fishing with tip-ups is fair angling, and that I mentioned the decision in this journal several years ago. The New York law on this subject is not very unlike the New Hampshire law, except that after providing that no fish shall be taken by methods other than by angling, it defines angling "to mean taking fish with hook and line and by rod held in the hand, and does not include set lines."

I have always maintained that tip-ups are not "set lines," as a set line is a device separate and distinct from a line or lines used in tip-up fishing. A set line is a long and heavy line with from 100 to 500 short lateral lines, each armed with a baited hook, attached thereto, and this line is "set" or anchored in a stream or pond and left to do its own fishing during a night or longer. The set line of fresh water is the trawl of the sea fisherman, and "the trawl is set by allowing it to sink to the bottom, the ends being secured by anchors." Tip-up fishing is the acme of all fishing with many country people, and it is a healthy sport, and really does less injury to the fish interests than other methods of fishing which are legal. As it is, the law permits fishing through the ice with tip-ups for pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels and sunfish in any waters of the State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, black bass, landlocked salmon or moscalonge. To emphasize the fact that the game law is a piece of patchwork, waters that do contain trout are excepted. After limiting the tip-ups to certain waters under certain conditions, the same section gives the spear an inning in these words: "Provided, however, that pike, pickerel and wall-eyed pike may be taken with hook and line or spear, and moscalonge with hook and line, in any of the inland waters of the State not inhabited by trout or salmon of any kind during December, January and February," except in one lone county. Fortunately the sea waters are excepted by the word inland. Section 141 is a bird! I used to think Section 140 was the banner section, for the first stanza reads: "It shall be lawful to fish at any time for perch, suckers, bullheads and pickerel with nets and fykes, and to spear and fish through the ice

in any of the streams, ponds or lakes in Warren county," except, etc.

It is quite evident that the law itself does not intend that tip-ups shall be considered set lines, for it makes a distinction between them in that beautiful Section 141.

A. N. CHENEY.

BOSTON ANGLERS AND MAINE ICE.

BOSTON, April 12.—The weather continues remarkably cold and backward. This is not pleasant for the early fishermen proposing to visit the streams and ponds for trout. More than one early enthusiast has got home from the Cape with no trout. In Essex county the streams are still full of ice, and the boys have done nothing. A report yesterday from Lake Auburn, Me., mentions Supt. Hanson, of the fish hatchery there, as saying that the ice can scarcely leave that lake before May 1, and possibly considerably later. He also mentions prospects of good fishing there, with the idea that the fishing has been better in that lake for a couple of years past than in almost any other waters in Maine. Fish Commissioner Stanley got a 9 lb. landlocked salmon on the fly there the last day of September last year. On the spawning beds later more large salmon and trout than ever before were taken for the purpose of propagation, and liberated after being stripped. I saw a gentleman Thursday, from Lewiston, Me., who remarked that the ice in Lake Auburn could not possibly get out before the middle of May. He is pretty well posted as to the Maine fishing waters, and thinks that the ice will be remarkably late in getting out this year. Only last Tuesday there were 2 ft. of snow in the woods in the vicinity of Eustis and Round Mountain Lake. By the way, I learn that Mr. Charles L. Bly, of Boston, has bought an interest in Edgar Smith's camps and fishing and hunting preserve at Round Mountain Lake. Several new camps are to be built this season and other improvements made. Mr. Bly and his most estimable wife are very much in love with Round Mountain Lake.

The fishermen have made a few trips to the Cape and the south shore, but the fishing has generally been very poor. Along the north shore but little fishing has been done, high water and snow and ice prevailing. Punkapog Brook, in Canton, or near the Blue Hills, has yielded one or two strings of trout. A crack fisherman of that section—his name is not given—caught thirteen good-sized trout there in one day last week, though the banks of the brook were overflowed, and the most of the lower part of it an overflowed meadow. Mr. Henry Savage and a friend fished the brook the same day, with the result of four good trout. They are satisfied that some good strings will be taken as soon as the water starts to go down.

Mr. Geo. B. Appleton, of Appleton & Bassett, will make an early trip to Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, where he will be under the direction of Fish Commissioner Wentworth, and where he is likely to get some of the best of landlocked salmon fishing. He will be accompanied by Arthur Soden, the celebrated baseballist; Mr. Devlin and possibly another friend. Mr. Arthur T. Sisson, for some twelve years a salesman in the fishing tackle house that is now Appleton & Bassett, has left that place and taken charge of the tackle department of John Wood, Jr., on New Washington street. Mr. R. H. Jenkins, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, will make an early fishing trip to Newfound Lake, N. H., for the purpose of trying the lakers. He is invited by a friend who is posted on the fishing there. They will go on the departure of the ice.

No further reports of salmon being taken at Bangor have come to hand at this writing. The weather has continued cold and unfavorable. A few salmon from the Penobscot are to be seen in the markets, evidently from the weirs at Bucksport, or somewhere below Bangor. What is termed the Dry Goods Club would visit Sebago Lake, Me., in pretty good numbers if the ice would only be out on April 19, Patriots' Day, and a legal holiday in Massachusetts. But the members are very much afraid that the lake will be locked in ice even as late as that day. Arthur Shaw writes Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, under date of Friday, April 10, that there is a foot of solid ice in Sebago Lake, with no prospect of its breaking up before May 1. Mr. Shaw is an experienced guide on that lake. He has guided for Mr. Woodman a number of seasons, and his opinion concerning the ice is good. Mr. Woodman has his fishing tackle all packed ready for a telegram saying that the ice is out of his celebrated landlocked salmon waters; but he does not expect to be off for a couple of weeks at the very least. Sebago Lake cleared of ice last year April 15, ten days later than the year 1894. On April 19 of last year the Boston Dry Goods boys dedicated their new camp called Sebago. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, April 11.—Reports of the April 1st stream fishermen continue to come in, and nearly every man who has been out had some success, even though conditions of weather and water were bad. Dr. Hall, of Warren, R. I., was obliged to journey seventeen miles to his favorite stream, and although he found the water high and rapid, he captured a few trout—enough to make him feel repaid for the trip. James Edgar, of Brockton, Mass., with two or three friends, went down to Lakeville and found the streams so high that fishing was almost impossible. A very small creel held their catch of the day, and even then it was not necessary to tie the cover down. Another friend spent the first two days of the month down at Plymouth and came back with several trout, the largest of which weighed 1 lb. 15 oz., two hours after his capture. It is needless to say that this gentleman was satisfied. Not thinking for a moment that such a large trout made his home in the stream he was fishing, he thought he had hooked some mongrel fish or other; but this thought was rapidly dispelled by the strong fight made by his victim, which was all the more fierce since our fisherman was placed at a great disadvantage, being crouched down in an alder thicket too dense to give any freedom of action. W. K. Churchill and his friend, Mr. Vose, of Walpole, Mass., have gone down to Scorten Brook, on the Cape. Both men are good fishermen and are pretty certain to find reward. Some men are born with the fishing instinct fully developed, and surely if there is such a man in Massachusetts it is E. S. Thayer, of Salem. He can and does take fish where none are supposed to exist, and laughs to scorn many of the fixed rules of your ancient angler. He does not take any lengthy vacation, but manages to get away during

the fishing season on many short trips of two or three days' duration. His first one of this year will begin next Monday, when he starts for Plymouth, intending to fish Eel River for brownbacks or California trout, with which this stream has been stocked. Mr. Thayer is now anxiously waiting for the ice to go out of Newfound Lake in New Hampshire. He goes up there every spring and gets the very first of the salmon fishing.

A Portland friend tells me that the ice in Sebago Lake is 20 or 30 in. thick. In spite of these formidable figures the landlocked salmon fishermen, who go there in the early spring, are expecting it to break up about the usual time, that is, the last of April. A party of Portland men have organized a fishing club and are building a club house, which is said to be very fine. It is expected that an unusual number of anglers will fish Sebago waters this spring, as the lake has been steadily growing in favor with salmon fishermen during the last five years.

Mr. H. Marston, of Boston, returned a few days ago from California. He has been out there several weeks, and states that he had good sheephead fishing, which he enjoyed very much. Just before starting East he reached a place on the coast where the salmon were running.

H. B. Stowell, of Boston, has been on the Pacific coast for about two months. He reached home last week. Trout fishing and some shooting furnished him with recreation during his stay in the West, and he came back with many pleasant memories of the trip.

Ed. Grant, the Maine guide who was with the Maine exhibit at the New York Exposition, spent a few days in Boston this week en route to his home. The redoubtable Ed. has been having quite a vacation visiting friends in other cities since the show ended, and during his short stay in the Hub he was followed in his perambulations by ripples of laughter from those he met over the quaint stories which he tells of experiences in the Maine woods. He has no equal in this accomplishment, and is a general all-round favorite among sportsmen.

That Boston sportsmen's exhibition which was to take place in Mechanics Building early in May has been abandoned, at least for this year. Nearly all of the Boston sporting goods houses signed a paper requesting that the show be put over until next year, on the grounds of lack of time for preparation, etc. A show of this magnitude cannot be carried to a successful issue in such a short time, and May would have proved much too late to hold it. It was a wise move for all concerned to put it over.

In a recent issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* I mentioned something of a fire which occurred a short time ago on the preserve of the Ingewood Fish and Game Corporation in New Brunswick. I have since learned that the club property destroyed was much more extensive than reports at that time indicated. The buildings destroyed were the main club house, cook house and guides' room, guides' house, ice house and the new lounging camp, only one year old. Very fortunately the burned buildings were partially insured, so there will be some reimbursement for the loss. The fire took place on Sunday night and its origin is unknown. The warden, who was living in the guides' house, discovered fire issuing from the roof of the club house, and it was but a few moments more when the structure burst into flames. The club will rebuild at once, and it is the intention to put up a two-story log camp about 22x45 ft. A partition will run across the center, with fireplace on each side. There will be a dining and lounging room downstairs and eight sleeping rooms on the upper floor. An 8 ft. covered piazza will run around three sides of the building, and there will be accommodation for about fifteen people. In addition to this the club have two nice camps, which were not burned, that will accommodate twelve people. Other buildings for cooking purposes, guides' dining room and ice storage will be built, and all will be finished in time for the early fishing, for which a good-sized party is now organizing to go down. The club have placed in their waters in each of the last five years 50,000 sea salmon fry, and have built a fishway at one place 32 ft. high, costing a large amount of money. There are twenty-six lakes and ponds on the property, in all of which good fishing can be had.

HACKLE.

New England Trout Seasons.

CHARLESTON, N. H., April 9.—Although we have had a long, cold winter, the streams have not frozen to the bottom as they did the two previous winters, and the prospect for trout, in due season, is better than last year. But even May 1, to which our open season has been restored, will be full early. The fact is, that the middle of May, in average years, is early enough for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and all northern New York, say north of the line of the Erie Canal; while south of that, and for Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, May 1 is early enough, except for the few streams which empty into Long Island Sound and Buzzard's Bay, where trout can be taken in April.

Our game seasons of all kinds begin too early and last too long if we expect the future generations to know anything of wild game except by tradition.

I hope you will "stand by your colors," as I know you will, to prohibit the sale of game and abolish "spring shooting."

VON W.

Maine Ice.

AUGUSTA, Me., April 5.—While fishing through the ice last week (I think it was Tuesday, March 31) I saw an English snipe pass overhead. I do not think, however, that these birds have arrived in any great number yet. The ice on the lake where I was fishing was about 15 in. thick on an average. One hole was cut, however, where the ice was 34 in. in thickness, though of course this is unusual, and probably found only in a few places. One can think how much thawing or warm rains it must take to break up this ice, and it will probably be some time before he can go fly-fishing at Rangeley.

G. S. MORTON.

Cape Cod Trout.

DR. G. B. HARRIMAN, of Boston, recently bought a farm and trout brook in South Wellfleet, on the Cape. The first day of April he caught twenty-four trout that weighed 15 lbs. They were counted and weighed by Mr. G. W. Holbrook, of Wellfleet.

H.

COMMISSIONER BRICE'S PLANS.

COMMANDER JOHN J. BRICE, the new United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has been interviewed by a Washington *Star* reporter.

"The first work of the commission," he said, "will be the establishment of hatcheries all over the country, and a description of those on the California coast will illustrate the idea to be carried out with them all. In California there will be sixteen central and subhatcheries. The theory is that the central hatcheries will be of a permanent nature, and have ponds for the propagation of trout and fishes of that class, with permanent working forces stationed at them, while around them will be grouped the smaller or subhatcheries located in easy proximity to the spawning beds of the salmon. To these places, during the spawning season, men will be sent who will take the eggs from the beds and then deposit in their places the young fry that will be hatched in the commission hatcheries.

"This fry will be kept at such places until the umbilical sack is exhausted, which will be probably from twenty-five to twenty-six days, and will then be allowed to drift out of the hatcheries into the stream. It is the intention to cover all of the streams on the Pacific coast that are frequented by salmon in this manner.

"The same system will be adopted on the Atlantic coast, where the shad will be treated identically as the salmon are on the western side of the continent," he continued. "It is the intention to extend these hatcheries from the Kennebec River on the north to the St. John's River on the south, and by this system I believe we can be assured that the supply of food fish each year will be greater than the demand.

"The propagation of fish is simple enough," declared Commissioner Brice. "It is almost impossible to destroy the life of the fish egg. Heat is about the only property that will effectually accomplish this—cold does not affect it—and 90 per cent. of the eggs we place in the hatcheries produce fish. There is no reason, therefore, why the streams of the United States should not be full of fish of the species either natural to their waters or which have become acclimated to such a degree that they flourish as though they were native to them.

"We do not propose to introduce fish in a stream without a full investigation as to its characteristics and the effect it will have on the natural denizens of such waters.

"Now, take your Potomac River, for instance, as a case in point to illustrate what I mean. A few years ago the Potomac was full of black bass from above Cabin John bridge to its headwaters, and fishermen enjoyed magnificent sport all along it. Now there is general complaint about the scarcity of the bass in the Potomac. This change is due to no other cause than the carp. The carp is a natural scavenger, and he destroys the spawn of a fish wherever he can find it. The carp follows the schools to their spawning beds and sucks up nest after nest without fear of interruption, because he is too big and unwieldy for the fish he pursues to drive him away. There will be no more carp distributed by the United States Fish Commission while I am in charge of it, and they will be cleaned out of all the ponds wherever they may be that come under the authority of this office.

"There will be no wall-eyed pike distributed either. We have received many requests for fish of this character under different names from various parts of the country, but they are all wall-eyed pike pure and simple, a most pernicious and destructive fish, and, as I said, none will be distributed. The perch is another destructive fish. There are very few members of the perch family that do not come under the condemnatory head. Like the carp, they follow the schools and destroy their spawn.

"We do not propose to introduce any more foreign fish in American waters," he continued. "There is some demand for the introduction of the German trout in this country, but the persons who desire such an importation apparently do not realize what an effect the appearance of this fish would have upon our native varieties. The German trout is stronger, larger, more vigorous and vicious and grows faster than any of our variety, and if it were introduced into this country it would quickly drive out the brook trout in the East and the rainbow trout in California. No," continued Commissioner Brice, "the care and preservation and increase of the fishes indigenous to American streams, or which have been found to adapt themselves to our waters without driving out or destroying the native varieties, should be the aim and object of the fish commission.

"Yes, there will be something in the way of a reorganization in the work of the commission," he replied in response to the reporter's query. "Its aim will be to secure the very best practical results of the most far-reaching nature; to exert the widest possible influence for good. It will be our object to reach all localities and increase wherever possible the supply of food and game fish native to their ponds, streams and lakes, introducing other varieties only when the assurance is absolute that no evil results will follow. Of course the scientific branch of the work will be fostered, as it is an important and necessary adjunct of the work, but it will be conducted as incidental to the practical aims of the commission."

Lake Champlain Smelt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think your correspondent in *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 28 wrong in his opinion that Lake Champlain ice fish or smelt are not permanent residents of the lake. Perhaps for those who are interested in this matter a few of the incidents coming under my personal observation may prove of interest.

At Thompson's Point, situated on the shore just across from Split Rock lighthouse, is no doubt one of the best fishing grounds for the American pike perch to be found along the lake. On the point are nearly two score of cottages, among them being that of Justice J. D. Brewsters, of Washington, D. C. Here each season are to be found many of the disciples of Izaak Walton enjoying their summer outing.

On the reefs just off the point I have caught many a fine string of pike, and very many times have observed that after getting them in the boat they would disgorge one or more smelt. This will more often happen if the fish is caught in deep water, say from 35 to 60 ft. If the smelt is in a fair state of preservation, he makes a far more attractive lure than any live bait we are able to get.

Again, I have seen in the gray of the morning and at

twilight thousands of smelt jumping on the surface in much the same manner as yellow perch do.

Mr. Harrington, a friend of mine here, caught last July three smelt in less than 20 ft. of water which appeared to be as firm and hard as any caught through the ice.

These facts, I think, are sufficient to prove that smelt can be found in Lake Champlain twelve months in a year if one only knew where to look.

FERRIS.

THE "BONE FISH" OF FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 4 Mr. F. S. I. C. has an article on "The Bone Fish of Biscayne Bay," and after giving a very fair description of this gallant fish he asks: "Is this fish a new discovery?" By no means. It is well known to all Florida anglers. I have repeatedly described it in my articles on Florida fishes, and a few years ago in the Florida number of *FOREST AND STREAM* I gave quite a full description of it, likening it to a silver shuttle on account of its quick, erratic movements when hooked, and pronounced it the gamest fish for its size in salt water.

It is the bone fish, or lady fish (*Albula vulpes*), and was named by Linnæus himself nearly two centuries ago. It was noticed in the waters of Florida and the Bahamas a century ago by the early voyagers, and was called by them the bone fish. It is found in tropical seas the world over. Another fish named by Linnæus, the "ten-pounder" (*Elops saurus*), and which belongs to the same family as the tarpon, resembles the bone fish very much, except that the mouth is terminal instead of beneath the snout. This fish is often confounded with the bone fish, as it is equally common in the waters of south Florida.

As F. S. I. C. is loth to accept the correct identification of the bone fish by the authorities at Washington, it is possible he has in mind the ten-pounder. I am forced to this conclusion by his statement that "it has a pointed snout, with mouth under its nose like the hake, which is most erroneously called by New York fishermen kingfish." Now the kingfish (its correct name) has its mouth beneath the snout, while that of the hake is terminal. The kingfish is also called barb and whiting, but never hake, which is a very different fish. The bone fish, ten-pounder and tarpon all belong to the herring tribe, and are all fine game fishes.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

TAMPA, Fla., April 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The comments of Dr. Bean upon this fish which I found at Biscayne Bay are what I wished to draw from some competent authority. I did not flatter myself that I had discovered a new species. It was new to me and I think it will be to the majority of Florida fishermen. I did not compare it with the tarpon as a game fish, but stated that the two fish are not in the same class. It would be impossible to compare the lively little bone fish with its mighty and most beautiful relative.

Now I want to ask of Dr. Bean one more question: What is the proper name of the fish which abounds along the western coast of Florida, and which is known there as the "lady fish," "bony fish" and "ten-pounder"? That is the fish which was described to Messrs. Hulings and McFerrand by the Fish Commissioners as the bone fish. It is long and slim, with silvery scales—without the glitter of the bone fish—and its eye is large and yellow. When hooked it leaps clear of the water, like a tarpon, several times in rapid succession, and often succeeds in freeing itself. It is worthless for food. F. S. J. C.

Pennsylvania Association Methods.

MR. MARION G. SELLERS, the active secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association (1020 Arch street, Philadelphia), sends out to members "a reminder for your outings," which is:

"Sec. 12, By-laws.—It shall be the duty of every member to report at once to the executive committee or some member thereof any violations of the fishing or other laws of the State affecting the interest of this Association, and it shall then be the duty of the executive committee to communicate such violations to the proper authorities, and demand their abatement and the punishment of the offenders."

He has also devised a card which runs:

"Sometimes I forget!

"To keep up with the work of the Association, and on fishing or other outings to mention the Association to anglers I meet; to interest persons I meet in its work; to name such as may be desirable as members to our secretary, and get them to join; to increase the Association's correspondents by informing our secretary of any other fish associations I learn of; to carry on fishing trips to hotels and other places blanks, circulars, reports, etc.; to help start other fish protective associations.

"And when opportunity offers to attend the monthly meetings; to visit the rooms with my friends; to make use of the books, periodicals, etc.; to induce my friends to join the Association; to pay my dues promptly and save expense of collector's visit."

Jo Merry Lake.

BOSTON.—Two or three parties of Boston sportsmen are desirous of building camps this year on certain Maine waters, but the fact that the land cannot be purchased may hinder them. Mr. Wayne H. North, Mr. George H. Lanphier, with ten or twelve of their friends, are very desirous of building a camp on Jo Merry Lake, in that State. They were there on their hunting trip last fall, and some of them had been there before. They are in love with the country, its fishing and shooting; but they have been flatly refused the privilege of buying the very small lot of land they want—any land on the lake, in fact. A lease the owners would be glad to let them have, and the condition of the many sportsmen who have only leases is mentioned. But it is not a lease that is wanted, and their determination not to accept of a lease will doubtless result in their not building where they most desire to build. They have about determined to purchase an abandoned farm not so very far from the lake. Here they can own the sod they occupy, and keep teams, so that it will not be hard to reach the lake where they wish to hunt and fish.

SPECIAL.

Fish Paintings.

MR. WALTER M. BRACKETT, of Boston, gave an exhibition of his pictures of salmon and trout, and of Mr. Arthur L. Brackett's pictures of live game, at his studio, 41 Tremont street, Boston, this week.

Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, of Hartford, has been exhibiting in his studio a number of his trout paintings, including the original of "Two at a Cast."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

ONE of the private yachts that ply the waters of Gull Lake in the summer season is the Bohemia, a stanch little vessel fitted with a safety engine of the latest model, and capable of holding her own against all comers. She is owned and operated by two residents of a neighboring Michigan town, the elder a bachelor bookseller of no slight experience as a sailor, and the younger and slighter a banker whose love for aquatic pleasures keeps him on the water the greater portion of the summer. Other crew the Bohemia has none, and the two men are so entirely congenial that they are never at a loss for good times when in each other's company. It chanced one day last summer that quite a large excursion of country folk had come in on the adjacent railroad to spend the day at the lake, and as a party of them lingered near the dock, the Bohemia steamed up to make a landing. The elder man, who officiated as master, deemed this an excellent opportunity to give the landman an illustration of how things were, or should be done, on shipboard, and in making the landing and getting the line ashore he took occasion to issue as many orders as he could possibly think of that were pertinent, with some that were not, interspersing them with notes and comments somewhat after the style of the mate on Mark Twain's Mississippi River steamboat. During the operation the "crew" endured all this with silence and apparent patience, but as soon as the vessel was made fast and he had a chance to do so he took the admiring crowd into his confidence something after this fashion:

"Did you fellows hear how the Captain abused me while we were making the landing? Well, I am just about tired of this kind of thing, and as soon as my month is up I intend to quit him. I'm sick of being ordered around and sworn at without cause, and more than that, I can't get my wages half the time when they are due me. The old cuss is nearly a month behind with me now."

The Captain overheard a part of this jeremiad, as it was intended he should, and after the "crew" had gone up to the neighboring hotel for a cigar or some other light beverage, he proceeded to inform the natives what a thoroughly worthless man he had shipped before the mast.

"He needn't be in such a hurry to talk about deserting the vessel," growled the Captain. "I mean to discharge him anyhow when the month is up, and as for owing him anything! Why, he is in debt to the boat now four dollars and thirty-five cents for beer and tobacco."

And the crowd extended its silent but sincere sympathy to the unfortunate commander who had been so sadly imposed upon.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., April 8.

BURGETTSTOWN, Pa., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* that H. J. W. used mice for bait. Dave Stottlemeyer and James Murphy, two old Potomac fishermen now residing in Burgettstown, Pa., have used mice for a number of seasons with good results. While they were fishing in the Raccoon Creek last season mice could not be found, so they baited with young ferrets. They were startled, but well pleased with the results, as the ferrets ran all the fish out on the bank, where they fell an easy prey to the two old salts.

J. K.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 21 to 24.—Southern California Kennel Club's show, Los Angeles, Cal. F. W. Ingalls, Sec'y.
April 25 to 27.—Mohawk Kennel Club's show, Cohoes, N. Y. Wm. T. Ford, Sec'y, Cohoes, N. Y.
May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 9.—Hamilton Kennel Club's one-day show, Hamilton, Ont. W. J. Tuik, Sec'y.
May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburgh.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

KINDNESS TO DOGS.

It is commonly accepted that good temper or ill temper in the dog is a matter of individual inheritance, much the same as his color or conformation, etc., is such. Of course, all dogs have infinite varieties of temper, but however different they may naturally be one from another, it is rare indeed that one is so ill tempered that proper treatment will not bring good temper with it. Neither good nor ill temper are fixed traits. The former can be spoiled

by ill treatment or mischievous teasing; the latter can be improved by kindness and firmness.

If a dog is angered by continuous teasing, the effects become permanent. Good temper does not return when the anger has passed away. He anticipates more unpleasantness, and what may have been momentary irritation at first, by repetition settles into chronic ill temper.

Courageous dogs may display their ill temper in active hostility or resentment. A cowardly or timid dog may be ill tempered, but being deficient in courage he may show it only by sulking or by disobedience, etc. Ill temper in time leaves its imprint in the dog's expression and manner. He constantly expects trouble and when there is none he alertly is watching for it. All advances then, however honestly made by a stranger, are viewed with distrust and manifest disinclination to receive them. Friendly advances have so often concealed treacherous purposes that the dog is suspicious of friendliness. In these matters he differs not from his master, who, once bitten, is twice shy.

As for ill treatment, it not only sours the dog's temper, but it mars his companionable qualities. He becomes distrustful and unsociable, and as his companionship with man brings him more pain than pleasure when ill tempered, the dog rarely presumes on making any friendly advances.

The dog does not differ from man in seeking that which is pleasurable and avoiding that which is painful. Let life become a hardship to him, whether from overwork, ill treatment or an impoverished manner of living, and he shows the effects of these inimical conditions and influences of life much in the same manner as does his master. Under ill treatment, the dog's best development, mental and physical, is checked. His confidence in his master, cheerfulness, contentedness, amiability, devotion to his master's person and interests which comes from affection for him, are all dormant or at most but indifferently in action.

Kindness excites the more amiable traits which by many repetitions become habitual. A dog which naturally may be quick tempered may have his temper so cultivated that it becomes good, or at least the ill temper is always dormant. Kindness has a wonderfully beneficent effect on all animals, on none more than on the dog, the latter having an extraordinary responsiveness to any appeal to his affections or gratitude.

When ill temper is developed in the dog by man there is an implication of ill temper in the man which of itself might be profitably corrected. Ill temper begets ill temper between man and man quite as well as between man and dog, and if the ill-tempered dog begets a dislike he differs not therein from his ill-tempered master.

In raising dogs, and in their companionship, keep in mind that their good or ill temper is largely a matter of cultivation, and that kindness is an indispensable factor. Faults can be corrected and punishment administered when necessary without impairing the dog's good nature in the least, if the master be not ill natured in his own methods.

JUDGES, HANDLERS, FIELD TRIALS.

SOME suggestions have come to FOREST AND STREAM recently intimating that in some vague manner the differences of opinion in regard to dogs, rules, methods, anything and everything, could be so harmonized by some rule or agreement or vague method of dissipating all dissatisfaction that harmony would reign triumphant and sweet music go echoing down through the canine vistas of the future.

The idea has no material foundation in fact, and none has more illusion as a matter of fancy, for the fundamental principles of a field trial as in those of all other competitions rest on differences of belief and differences of opinion. Without such differences there would be no competition. One man believes his dog is superior to other dogs; a number of other men each respectively believes the same of his own dogs. Here, then, is the first principle which actuates men to competition.

As in all forms of competition which carry weight in the estimation of the world at large, there must be impartial and disinterested men who arbitrate on the differences of opinion, who give prestige and formality, the facts submitted being the performances of the dogs. Many men can recognize that they are beaten when superiority is shown by competitors. Many men, on the other hand, have such an affection for their dogs and are so prejudiced in their favor that they can see no inferiority in them even when it palpably exists. To such men the judges' decisions are sure to bring dissatisfaction. Men differ in their mental make-up and conscientiousness quite as much in the dog world as in the greater world. There is no possible way to avoid dissatisfaction if a decision is made. These differences and dissatisfactions have existed from time immemorial and will exist inferentially so long as men submit their differences for adjudication.

However, there may be aggravating causes aside from the inherent principles of the competition, and of these probably none is more in evidence than professional handlers being club members. The professional handler's interests are distinct from the club's mission and its interests in arranging a strictly impartial competition for all competitors alike. When one professional competitor has a voice in arranging who shall judge, what shall be the amount of the prizes, what rules shall govern the competition, where the competition shall be held, etc., he has an advantage over his brother competitors who have not such privileges. Moreover, a professional handler-member by his knowledge of all the inner workings of the club has an advantage over those who are not members. Some have been pleased to pervert such remarks as a reflection on their social standing, a matter entirely foreign to the issue. It is absurd to confound what is equity for all with the social standing of a professional or anyone else. One's social standing is precisely what one makes it, and has no reference whatever to what is fair between man and man in legitimate competition at a field trial.

While there are certain first principles of equity which should be recognized, there are also certain financial matters which must be correctly adjusted so that clubs will not be harassed with debts and deficits.

There is no doubt but what the prize lists and expenses of a number of clubs have been too high, particularly so in recent years, since stringency in money matters set in, and canine interests suffered thereby. Considering the

ownership of dogs in a broad public sense, it is a luxury, and is therefore sympathetically affected by the prosperity or otherwise of a people. When hard times force retrenchment, there is nothing which can more readily be dispensed with at the outset than the luxuries of life. Still, notwithstanding the changed conditions of the financial world as they affect canine interests, nearly the same rate of values in making a competition are maintained. There is but little difference in entry fees now from what they were in the more flourishing times of years past.

There is no club which can afford to pay, year in and year out, its current expenses and \$400 or \$500 a year to its secretary. In exceptionally prosperous years, when competition is well patronized and when the membership list is long, the revenue may stand such a large draft on it, but let a bad year come, and then the heavy salary, combined with the other expenses, sap the financial vitality of the club. Once deficits are shown, the membership decreases, enthusiasm is deadened, prestige is lost, and generally disorganization is the end. There is no good reason why gentlemen should organize, guarantee purses out of love of a sport, etc., on a basis which may involve them in financial responsibility beyond what they care to pay. The truly equitable policy for a club to run on is the sweepstake; then the parties chiefly at interest, the competitors, make their own competition as cheap or as valuable as they please. The club might give plate or added money, but it performs its chief mission in arranging an impartial competition, selecting the judges, and in giving a prestige and standing to the competition from the reputation, influence and character of its members. Guaranteeing fixed money stakes and all the expenses in matters in which, be they ever so successful, there is nothing to gain, and in which when there is a loss the members have to make it good, is not founded on a true basis.

It is said that professional handlers would not support field trials if the prizes are not guaranteed, etc. Well, if they did not, whose would be the loss? The sportsman, the club member who pays his dues, cannot gain a penny for his trouble and his money. He derives no benefit other than the pleasure from furthering the sport he loves. The professional handler must support field trials, for they are not an incident of his business, they are the life of it on the basis of high prices for training. All the sweepstakes run by clubs have kept the latter out of financial embarrassment.

The love of the dog is fully as strong as it ever was. It is broader and more general. However general conditions have changed while particular conditions pertaining to dogs have changed but little, the love of the dog is still as strong as ever.

But for to expect that at any time the views of judges, handlers, owners, club members and the public will be all alike and satisfactory is to cherish an illusion and expect the impossible. It is better to correct the real evils which have been many times pointed out in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM than to indulge in any dream of universal peace and brotherhood of interests which are inherently in opposition.

The problem is not to change the fundamental principles of the competition, but to keep each interest distinct by itself, so that no one element is judge, jury and chief proprietor all at the same time. Then place the competition on a financial basis fitting with a club's mission, equitable to all the parties at interest, and make it at least in part a sport instead of a hustle for the dollars.

Wolf Hunting in Dakota.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Possibly you would like to publish a true wolf hunt had by me recently.

About a week before our hunt we determined to concentrate the wolves on the Trimble farm, fifteen miles southwest of Jamestown, and accordingly left a horse on the open prairie just south of the Trimble farmhouse. The unsuspecting horse was led to a point where we thought the wolves would most enjoy him, and then given a leaden pill which killed him. A few days after rumors came to me that the wolves had "caught on" and were having a genuine banquet.

On the morning of Jan. 8 my brother, W. O. De Puy, of Bismarck, and I loaded on our wagon four Russian wolfhounds and started for the scene. We arrived at the Trimble homestead at 10:30 A. M., and immediately, accompanied by Charlie Austin, on horseback, we let out the dogs and drove slowly to where the horse was lying in state. In the meantime, Castle, who runs the Trimble farm and wolf pasture, had perched himself on the tall horse stable to see the fun. Just as we came to the small knoll in front of the dead horse, Austin said, "There's a wolf." Not 100 yds. off was a big ugly gray wolf going as fast as he could away from us.

"Sic 'em! sic 'em!" and away our horses sped and the hounds fairly flew. My brother and I in the wagon, with both horses on a full run, only touched ground once in a while, just to know we were on earth. Over old plowing and snowdrifts we galloped, but this race we knew would soon be ended, for already the leading dog had turned the wolf over. Mr. Wolf got up and started to run again, but this time two hounds tackled him and he rolled again; up he got again and started on his last run, for some three hounds had him, and then the fourth took a bite and then it was simply chew, chew, chew! and Mr. Wolf, weighing 60 lbs., lay dead at our feet. We let the puffing horses breathe and allowed the dogs to have a snow lunch and stretch themselves out for a brief rest, then we loaded the corpse on the wagon and started for more wolves to kill. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when "Sic 'em! sic 'em! sic 'em!" Another wolf was sighted. Away we went again, but this time the race was too short, for in five minutes the wolf had joined his mate and was thrown into the wagon.

We clucked to our horses again and slowly drove over the prairie. Some half a mile off, on a side hill, a wolf, sitting up and looking like a giraffe, was seen. Away we went. At first the wolf seemed paralyzed, for he did not move while we were going the first 40 rods. Castle, looking from the top of the stable, said with the snow flying 50 ft. in the air, completely enveloping the horses and wagon, we looked more like a moving cloud than a set of hunters, and it was that appearance no doubt which deceived the wolf. Mr. Wolf soon sailed away in his rolling motion, ducking down through every little coulee he could find. The distance from us and his speed made us despair at first of ever getting him. On we went rap-

idly; bangety-bang and rub-a-dub dub went the wagon over the ice and frozen ground, and clickety-clack went the horses' hind shoes against the tires of the front wheel. The dogs were over the knoll away ahead of us. Soon we saw the wolf coming over a hill toward us. We knew the dogs had turned him. Immediately the dogs came over the hill too, and then a roll, a tumble and occasionally a yelp, when the wolf would clip a dog, and then all was over. Wolf No. 3 was laid in the wagon. On looking at our watches we read 11:20, and saw that we had been just fifty minutes in killing the three wolves. On examining our wagon we saw that the rear spring was a wreck and that during the last chase the wagon box was resting directly on the axle, which fact accounted for some of the noise we made. We all voted this the best wolf hunt we ever had, and I doubt if the record can be beaten.

DR. R. G. DE PUY.

Pointer Club Meeting.

A MEETING of the board of directors of the Pointer Club was held April 4—the first held by the new board—and the amount of interesting business transacted speaks well for the future of the club and the pointer.

The members present were Messrs. Anthony, Lewis, Jarvis, Sutton and Webster. The application of the Philadelphia Kennel Club for specials was considered favorably, and \$20 was donated—\$10 each to the best pointer dog and bitch exhibited and owned by a member of the Pointer Club.

The officers have been doing yeoman's service very quietly, and as a result of their labor felt justified in recommending the holding of a field trial, and stated that a full guarantee subscription fund had been raised, and that the stakes arranged for would at last enable pointer breeders of the world to demonstrate just where the pointer belongs in field work. The stakes decided upon will be generous in purses and four in number, as follows: A members' stake, open to members only, a cup; a Derby stake, open to all pointers and setters, first, second and third moneys; an all-age stake, open to all pointers and setters, first, second and third moneys; a champion stake, open to all pointers and setters, a cup.

The trials will be held in North Carolina in December, the date and location of the grounds to be made public later.

A committee was appointed by the board, consisting of the president, vice-president and secretary, which will have charge of the events and arrange all the details.

It was resolved that the board hold regular quarterly meetings hereafter, to be held on the first Wednesday of the months of April, June, August and November, at 7.30 P. M.

It was also resolved that the club give an annual dinner, the event to take place during the week of the Westminster Kennel Club show.

A list of candidates for membership was submitted and the following persons duly elected: Messrs. C. H. Odell, W. H. Root and W. Gould Brokaw, New York; George N. Clemson and Wm. H. McQuoid, Middletown, N. Y.; R. A. Fairbairn, Westfield, N. J.; C. L. Wright and R. J. Richardson, Plainfield, N. J.; C. G. Stoddart, Dayton, O.; Thomas Blyth, Madera, Pa.; W. E. Sperling, New Brunswick, N. J.; C. E. Davies, Boston, Mass.; H. P. Dortch, Goldsboro, N. C.

Mr. C. H. Odell was elected a member of the board of governors.

F. S. WEBSTER, Secretary.

English Setter Type and Breeding.

WINNIPEG, Man.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. P. H. Bryson, the judge at the late St. Louis bench show, writes to the press lamenting the fact that the English setter is losing all typical characteristics.

This is brought about by indiscriminate breeding by those who imagine they know more than nature, and who are misled with the idea that they are nature's sculptors, and who think that by selecting the clay they can mould a typical form. They reason it out on the same principle as the individual who wanted to raise poultry and keep a trim garden. His idea was that if he crossed a short-legged Dorking on a long-legged Langshan the result would produce a fowl with one long leg and one short one, so that no matter which leg it stood on it would be a physical impossibility to scratch up his garden. Unfortunately with the dog breeder, when he has produced his caricature, and having failed to produce a specimen to fit the type, he then advocates the adoption of a standard to fit his production, which is about as typical as the so-called Chesapeake.

Experienced breeders know that you cannot produce with certainty—as these dog sculptors claim—say a typical-headed dog by breeding a heavy-skulled specimen to one with a head and nose so narrow and pointed that, Mr. Bryson says, they can drink out of a bottle. It is ancient history to know that good ones are usually produced by what is most aptly termed a "nick," or some particular sire or dam that has character, which they transmit to all their offspring.

Personally I would sacrifice type for field ability, yet I experience a good deal of pleasure in experimenting for a happy nick, and candidly admit that my *beau ideal* field dog is a great disappointment to me if he happens to be ill-shaped, and would be correspondingly pleasurable were he typical.

But I hope if I am not successful in breeding a dog of typical form that I shall not try and cry down judges who for a quarter of a century have consistently and boldly stood up for type notwithstanding the sneers and adverse criticisms of those who were trying to grind their own axe, and whose idea of type is largely based on pedigree.

Yes, Mr. Bryson is quite right when he says "it is time to call a halt," and that we should try and produce something that will look a little bit like dog and less like you would expect from the progeny of a greyhound, a pug and a fox.

THOS. JOHNSON.

From Cape Town, South Africa, comes to us the *African Field*, a journal devoted to agriculture, horses, dogs, poultry, pigeons and general sport. Its letterpress and artistic features show the guiding hand of a master. From the amount of interesting matter embodied in its twenty-four pages, there must be extraordinary action in South African civilization, contrary to the general belief that it is still a land of savagery. The *African Field* has much the artistic appearance of a journal published in the cities of older civilization. Its merit entitles it to the success of the truly deserving.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We can readily imagine the pain which Mr. W. W. Titus must have felt in parting with the cream of his kennel, Sam T., Minnie T., Cora T. (Minnie T.'s sister) and Nancy T., her litter sister. Mr. Titus informs us that he sold them to Mr. A. C. Waddell, who acted as agent for Mr. George Crocker, the price paid being \$3,500. He also has sold his household furniture, stock, kennel yard, etc., and will give up his game preserve to Mr. Waddell, who will establish his kennel there. Mr. Titus, we regret to say, is going out of the business. While he may leave the business, he cannot leave his friendships, and of these there are hosts, as is fitting there should be for a man whose career has been one of sterling integrity and amiable personality. We heartily wish him good luck in other fields of action. Mr. Crocker has secured dogs of genuine worth, whose honors have been earned by the fairest of effort. The prices can be relied upon as being *bona fide*.

Mr. H. W. Huntington, who is well known to our readers as a steadfast dog fancier, has begun a public literary career in the important position of editor of *The Clubman*, published at 102 Fulton street, New York. The first efforts have a finish which denotes more than a passing knowledge of editing. The sheet is neat and artistic. It is devoted to clubs, cafés, hotels and general sporting topics. We wish it success.

We are constantly in receipt of letters asking where dogs of this and that breed can be purchased. Heretofore we have given information even when there were no advertisements of the breeds of which there was inquiry. It is reasonable to presume, however, that breeders who do not advertise are not specially interested in sales, therefore we shall not presume hereafter to call attention to their produce if they do not care to do so themselves.

Mr. George Richards finished the training season in Mississippi recently and returned to his home in Stewart, Minn. Nearly all the other trainers, non-residents, have returned to their homes.

A horse and dog show will be held in conjunction with the Mineola Fair next September, held by the Queens County Agricultural Society. The Mineola Fair is identified with the first bench shows of America, one being held in conjunction with it in 1874.

Greyhounds are very subject to heart disease. One of the most sensational incidents in connection with the Waterloo Cup occurred to Princess Dagmar, who won in 1881. During her first course her opponent was observed to suddenly stop and apparently lie down. Of course, the judges and slipper were on the spot immediately, when it was discovered that the unfortunate animal had dropped dead from over-exertion, and near him was lying the hare, stone dead also. An autopsy of the bodies revealed the extraordinary fact that they had died of heart disease. Master McGrath, one of the most famous of greyhounds, also succumbed to its effects suddenly after one of his final victories. He was the only dog, with the exception of Colonel North's Fullerton, that ever won the cup three times in succession. His fame was so great that he was accorded the unique distinction of being commanded to appear with his owner, Lord Lurgan, before Her Majesty the Queen.—*British Fancier*.

Nachtrag.

A Modern "Fast Cruiser."

ONE of the healthy signs of the times in yachting, that makes the cessation of syndicate racing less a matter of regret than it might otherwise be, is the great and growing interest in small craft from 40 down to 15ft., in which speed, while by no means neglected, is relegated to a place duly subordinate to ability, handiness; and in the larger yachts to accommodation as well.

The first crude attempts at safe cruising boats, made mainly through the efforts of the FOREST AND STREAM about 1880-85, developed heavy, slow boats, in spite of their good qualities: but the improvements of the present day in the line of lighter construction, lead ballast, and lighter, stronger and better canvas, wire, blocks and other details, have of themselves greatly increased the possibilities for speed; while much more has been done in the actual form of hull.

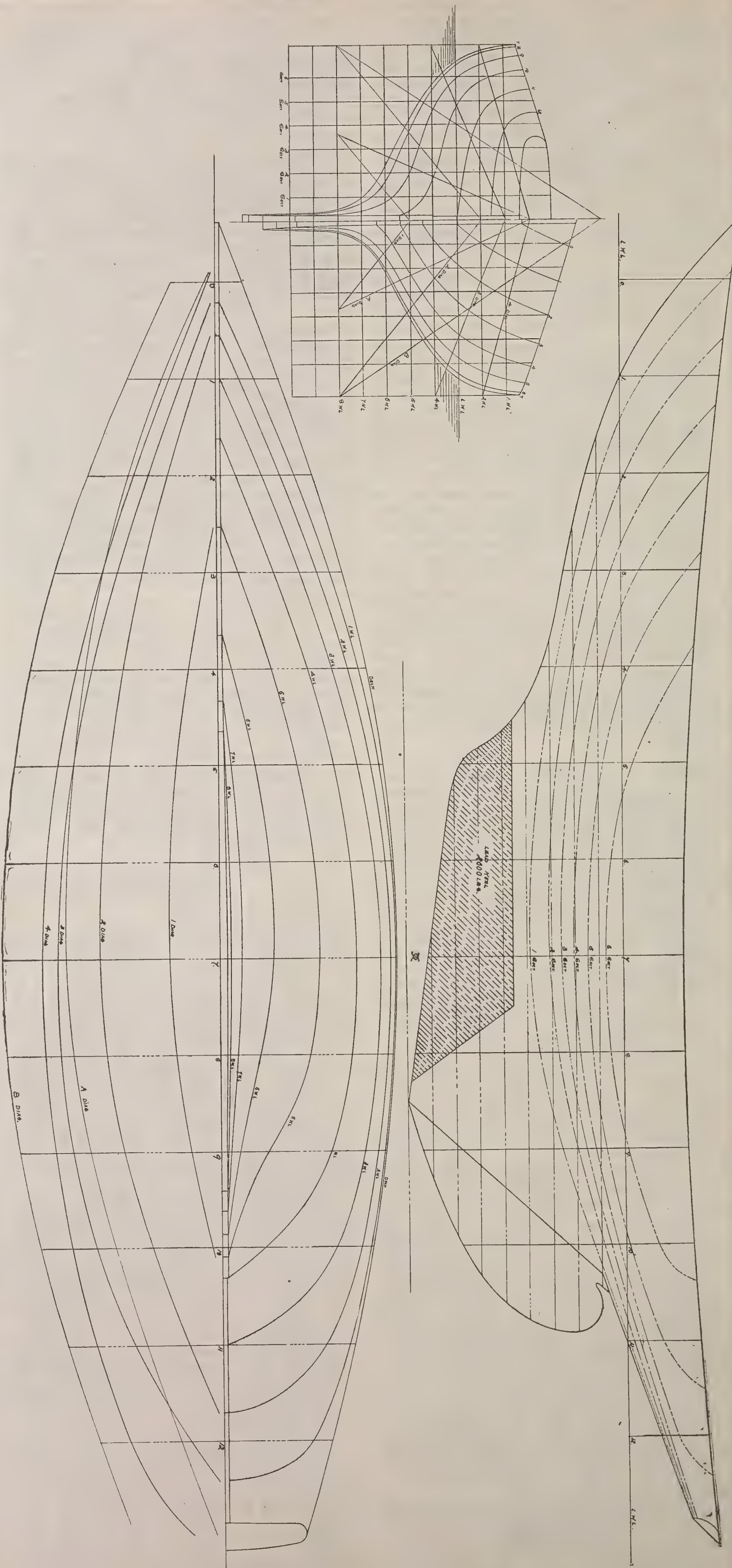
We have of late published a number of modern designs of knockabouts and similar small craft, and this week we add to the list another, the work of Wm. A. Fairburn, the well-known naval architect of Bath, Me.

The design was made for yachtsmen in Hopewell, Me., for general use about the Maine coast in cruising and afternoon sailing—such work as has given a name to the "knockabout," though the yacht does not conform to the limitations of that class. Mr. Fairburn has turned out a boat that is both easy in her form and of good power, with a very pleasing form below as well as above water. The dimensions are:

Length over all.....	27ft. 6in.
l.w.l.....	20ft.
Beam, l.w.l.....	6ft. 8in.
deck.....	7ft. 4in.
Extreme draft.....	4ft. 6in.
Least freeboard to deck.....	1ft. 3in.
Sheer forward.....	2ft. 6in.
aft.....	1ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Weight of hull—construction and equipments.....	3,000lbs.
lead keel.....	2,600lbs.
inside lead ballast.....	300lbs.
Displacement, Salt Water.....	6,128lbs.
Fresh Water.....	5,934lbs.
Center of buoyancy aft of center of length.....	1.147
below l.w.l.....	.80
Area of load water plane.....	34.42sq. ft.
Center of flotation aft.....	1.1ft.
Lbs. per inch of immersion.....	503 lbs.
Area immersed midship section.....	8.84sq. ft.
Transverse metacenter above C. B.....	2.608
Longitudinal metacenter above C. B.....	23.25
Midship section aft of center of length.....	2.
Area immersed longitudinal section.....	55sq. ft.
of mainsail.....	421sq. ft.
jib.....	79sq. ft.
Total sail area.....	500sq. ft.
Center of lateral resistance aft of center of length.....	2.09ft.
below l.w.l.....	1.772ft.
Center of effort of sails forward of C. of L. R.....	.65ft.
above C. of L. R.....	16.784ft.

The design includes another set of sails with an area of 460sq ft., the boat being rigged with jib and main sail with a mast with bowsprit. The boat will have a fairly large, comfortable cuddy and a roomy cockpit, both of which will be perfectly watertight. There are no doors in the aft end of cabin, entrance being obtained by means of the overhead booby hatch only. For a boat of her size she will spread an unusually large sail area, and this feature will no doubt prove quite beneficial in the light sailing breeze usually experienced.

Kabeyan, cutter, has been sold by C. L. Seabury to W. P. Draper, who will use her about Bar Harbor. She was designed and built by Mr. Seabury for his own use, and in several seasons' sailing has proved a very satisfactory craft. She is 35ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 9in. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft.



DESIGN FOR FAST CRUISER.—WM. A. FAIRBANKS, N. A. 1896.



SAIL PLAN.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

The practical results derived from the racing of many small yachts in place of two large ones are shown in the following programme just issued by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. as a direct result of Mr. Dugan's challenge for the Seawanhaka Cup. Great as the interest is in Canada it is likely to be exceeded on this side of the line in the construction and racing of the defending fleet.

The Sailing Committee have decided upon the racing fixtures for 1896 as follows: Saturday, May 9, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 16, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 23, 15 footers, Ross prizes; Monday, May 25, 15-footers, Ross prizes; Wednesday, May 27, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, May 30, 15-footers, Ross prizes; Wednesday, June 3, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 6, 15 and 20 footers—15, Ross prizes, 20, club prizes; Wednesday, June 10, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 13, 15, 25, 30 and A classes—15, Ross prizes; 25 and 30, club prizes; Wednesday, June 17, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 20, 15 and 20 footers—15, Ross prizes; 20, club prizes; Wednesday, June 24, 15-footers, club prizes; Saturday, June 27, 15, 25, 30 and A classes—15, club prizes; 25, 30 and A, club prizes; Wednesday, July 1, A. M., Sir D. A. Smith cup, open to 25, 30 and F. A. classes; Wednesday, July 1, P. M., club prizes; Saturday, July 4, 20-footers, club prizes and Girouard cup, open to 25-footers; Saturday, August 1, cruise; Saturday, August 8, cruise; Saturday, August 15, 25, 30 and A classes, club prizes; Tuesday, August 18, Hamilton Trophy, open to 20-footers; Saturday, August 22, Vice-Commodore Geo. W. Hamilton's cup, open to 25, 30 and A classes.

The racing will be almost exclusively devoted to the 15-footers, for which club prizes will be given on May 9, 16, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24, 27, and July 1, and upon the other six dates, May 23, 25, 30, and June 6, 13 and 20, the commodore's handsome prizes will be sailed for, the boats

coring by the following points in each race: First boat to finish 20 points; second, 15; third, 11; fourth, 8; fifth, 6; sixth, 5; seventh, 4; eighth, 3; ninth, 2; tenth and all other finishers to score 1 point. The boat winning the greatest number of points in the six races by this table will be awarded first prize of \$125, the second \$100 and the third \$75. Mr. Ross when presenting the \$300 stipulated that it was only to be sailed for by the 15-footers eligible to be chosen to sail for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. challenge cup, *i. e.*, a boat must be of Canadian design and build, so no boat unless fulfilling these conditions will be allowed to race. Any of the six races being called off by the sailing committee for want of wind, foul weather or other reasons, shall not be sailed, but cancelled. All races on Saturdays will as far as possible be started at 3:30 P. M., and on Wednesdays at 6:30 P. M. Chart of courses, conditions, etc., will be mailed to members as soon as possible.

The racing this season, especially in the 15ft. class, promises to be very keen and well contested, as there are now six new 15-footers completed and seven more in course of construction, and all will be finished before the end of April, and have a week or so in which to tune up and take a few trial trips before the first race on May 9. The following list of names who are building shows that many a hard tussle will be had before the season is over and each owner is no doubt confident that his boat will prove a surprise to the others. The members who have placed orders are Messrs. Robert Fitzgibbon, H. G. Eadie, Arthur Hamilton, Lionel J. Smith, J. C. C. Almon, A. W. Shearwood and Charles H. Routh (jointly), Kirkpatrick and Prissick (jointly), E. S. Clouston, R. R. Wallace, G. H. Duggan, James Ross, Rev. H. Kittson, A. L. Drummond and D. A. Poe. Messrs. Dinning, L. M. Ogilvy and others are anxious to build if time permits. Five are, it is understood, being built in Toronto, three in Brockville, one in Cobourg and five in Montreal, and when this little fleet gets together

it should prove a very pretty sight and well worth a trip to Dorval to witness a race from the club pier, as the courses to be sailed this year will not take the 15-footers out of sight at any time in a race. The steam yacht owners have also intimated their intention of giving a prize to be competed for by the 15-footers or other classes.

"Forest and Stream" on the Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have you any idea how powerful an organ the FOREST AND STREAM has been in awakening an intelligent interest in yachting, both sail and steam, on these fresh-water ponds between the St. Lawrence and Duluth? Apparently not, not lately that is. I have been all through that campaign, from the primitive birch to the modern racer with overhanging ends like an alligator, and I am well within the truth in asserting that the FOREST AND STREAM by its illustrations and descriptions of various craft, running from 20 to 120ft. waterline, has contributed more than any other medium to the present advanced stage of water sport on the Great Lakes. Has any other paper presented different types of boats propelled by steam or wind, or both, to the nautical public in the middle West since the bateaux epoch? Well, hardly; hardly any, that is. Are you aware that the principles of flotation as presented by Stephens and the lamented Kunhardt and various designers of steam craft, appearing from week to week, have inspired the yacht clubs and yacht owners of every port on fresh water between 75 and 95 west longitude? That the dainty sailboats and palatial steam yachts now getting ready to go into commission in these parts, in eight cases out of ten, first found a lodging in the minds of their owners through a perusal of these columns? I fear not, not from the signs that is. Nevertheless it is immensely so.

Let us have some more of these good things, accompanied by cuts,

that will tempt us to invest as largely as our purses will stand. The whole field has not yet been covered. The Lakes yet lack a boat that can be sailed fast to windward by two men in a heavy gale through a heavy sea like the teeth of a saw, and then run into shoal water at night and furnish them comfortable sleeping accommodations; they still lack a steam, naphtha, gasoline or oil burning launch of fair size and great seaworthiness, coupled with much cheaper cost, to explore the thousands of beautiful bays and islets scattered over a whole summer's cruises, some of them practically off soundings; the present well-known ones are only purchasable by millionaires.

AMHERST.

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

THE new rule of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, under which all new yachts of this year will be built, is notable as marking the first attempt of any prominent yachting organization to place restrictions on extreme features in designing. How fully it may meet this very desirable end is as yet a matter of conjecture, and the first year is likely to show some serious defects in it; but as the first step in a direction which all clubs must ultimately take, it is well deserving of the attention of all yachtsmen. We have already published the formula, but its exact application can only be understood when familiar with all its details, which are given in the following official circular, recently issued:

Yacht Racing Association.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MEASURERS ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

The measurer shall not measure for the Yacht Racing Association a yacht or boat which he has designed or built, or which any firm he is interested in has designed or built; nor shall he measure any yacht in which he is interested as owner or otherwise.

Before measurement the yacht must have on her length and girth marks, and before testing the marks and measurements the measurer

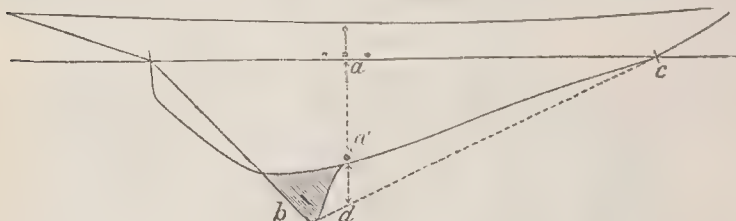


Fig. 1.

must ascertain from the owner or his representative that the yacht is in her correct racing trim.

All sails, spars, gear, etc., as usually carried by the yacht when racing, must be on board, and also the usual racing crew when the measurements for the length or girth are being taken or checked.

The measurer may allow sails, spinnaker gear, tackles, etc., to be put amidships while the measurements and marks for the length and girth are being tested.

The measurements to be taken are the length, breadth and girth, and the length of the spars, or dimensions of sails, in accordance with the Yacht Racing Association Rule No. 3, for the rating of yachts, as follows:

The rating of every yacht entered to sail in a race shall be ascertained by adding together length (L.), beam (B.), 0.75 of girth (G.), and 0.5 of the square root of the sail area (S.A.), and dividing the sum by 2 according to the following formula:

$$\frac{L + B + 0.75 G + 0.5 \sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = \text{Rating.}$$

In all ratings figures in the second place of decimals below 0.05 shall be disregarded, and those of 0.05 and upwards shall count as 0.1.

The length shall be taken between the outer edges of the official marks of the Y. R. A., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht, this length to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost or other part of the vessel below the marks for length project beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall, for the purpose of the rule, be added to the length taken as stated; and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair-line of the ridge of the counter, with the intention of shortening the length, shall not be allowed for in measurement of length, if at or immediately below the marks for the length, nor above if within 6 in. of the water level.

The breadth shall be taken from outside to outside of the planking,

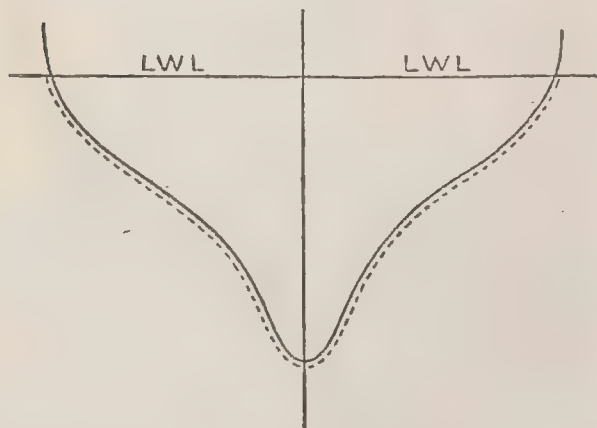


Fig. 3.

in the broadest part of the yacht, and no allowance shall be made for wales, doubling planks or mouldings of any kind.

The girth shall be taken from l.w.l. to l.w.l. under the keel at a station 0.6 of the distance between the outer edges of the length marks from the fore end. The girth shall be measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station at right angles to the l.w.l., see Figs. 1 and 2, a, a', and Figs. 3 and 4. If the draft forward of that station, e, e, Fig. 2 (not including the girth of a bulb, if any), exceeds the draft at that station, a, a', twice such excess to be added to G. In taking these measurements all hollows in the fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel to be treated as filled up straight. Should a piece be added, as at b, then a line must be drawn from b to c, and the girth be measured to d. (Fig. 1.)

In the case of a centerboard, 1.5 times the extreme drop of the board below the keel to be added to the girth as taken at a, a'; and if the board is dropped below the keel at e, e, the excess at e, e shall, nevertheless, be added to girth in accordance with the rule. Bulb or ballasted centerboards to be measured as fixed keels.

Owners shall mark the length for rating of their yachts on both sides at the bow and stern, in such manner as the council may direct, with the official marks supplied by the Y. R. A., which marks shall at all times represent the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid over all length.

Owners shall mark the points for measuring the girth as follows: by fixing three metal discs of suitable size on each side of the yacht, not less than 2 in. or more than 6 in. above the load waterline level (and parallel thereto), and not less than 3 ft. or more than 6 ft. from end to end, and so that the center mark, a, of the three, coincides with the distance 0.6 from the fore edges of the bow marks (see Figs. 1 and 2, a); and the owner shall also place a disk coinciding with this center mark (perpendicular to the l.w.l. level) under the rail or covering board, and another on the side of the keel perpendicular to the l.w.l. level, see a', Figs. 1 and 2. The distances between the l.w.l. level and the horizontal marks to be measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water with crew on board according to the rule, and deducted from the girth as obtained from center mark to center mark.

Example of working:

L.w.l. = 45 ft. Girth = 23.4.
Beam = 13.0 Sail area = 2,600.

The girth multiplied by .75 is 17.55.

The square root of the sail area 2,600 is 51, which multiplied by .5 equals 25.5.

Then the sum will be:

L.....	45.00
B.....	13.00
.75 G.....	17.55
.5 $\sqrt{S.A.}$	25.50
	2101.05

50.87 = 50.9 linear rating.

Length.—The length (L.) for use in the formula shall be obtained by measuring the length over all on deck, and deducting from this length the distances in to the bow and stern marks as fixed by the owner, from perpendiculars let fall from the bow and taffrail, as shown in the diagrams. These perpendiculars if measured when the yacht is afloat are to be obtained by a hand lead sunk two or three fathoms deep, so as to insure a steady line to measure from. The distances in from the line are to be taken by a rod placed parallel to the water surface, as shown in the diagrams.

After the over all length has been taken the measurer must see that the crew are placed at and about the mid over all length. (See Rule 14.) He must then ascertain that the yacht is not immersed at the load waterline beyond the length represented by the owner's marks at the bow and stern.

If a yacht is measured in a tideway, the measurer must view and verify the marks in smooth and during slack water; and the overhangs must be measured in smooth and during slack water.

If the measurement for length is obtained when the yacht is ashore the position of the bow and stern marks must be afterward verified or checked when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, and before the certificate of the measurement is sent to the secretary.

The over all measurement must be taken parallel to the l.w.l. above the deck, starting from any convenient point forward on the rail, knee, etc., ahead of the fore end of the l.w.l.

When the length over all is taken with rods, a line should be stretched taut from the point forward to the taffrail to facilitate the accurate shifting of the rods.

Beam.—The beam may be measured when the yacht is afloat or ashore. The beam shall be taken by means of a straight edge and plumb line.

Girth.—The girth is to be taken from center disk to center disk (a, a) at right angles to the load waterline under the keel, following the curve of the cross section as shown in Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, and must necessarily be measured when the yacht is on the stocks or laid ashore.

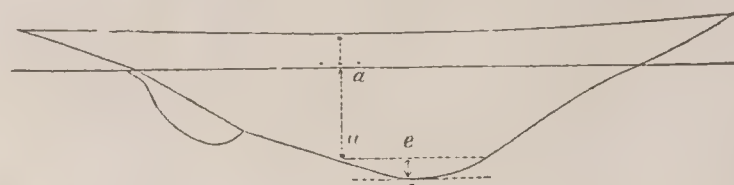


Fig. 2.

When the yacht is afloat for the other measurements the measurer shall check the level of owner's girth marks with regard to the waterline level.

The distance between the water level and the metal disks marking the horizontal line, or line parallel to the line of flotation, must be accurately measured when the yacht is afloat in smooth water, in racing trim and crew on board stationed amidship in accordance with the rule, and deducted from the girth as taken from center mark to center mark.

In the case of a yacht being fitted with a centerboard or lifting keel, the owner shall either block up the yacht so as to show the board or lifting keel lowered to its full extent, or shall furnish the measurer with a true drawing to scale of such centerboard or lifting keel lowered to its full extent.

Spars and Sails.—In measuring the main boom length from the mast to the pin of out-haul tackle, the measurer should see that the traveler, whether on a slide or round the boom, is chock out. For this purpose the clew of mainsail should be unshackled and the traveler hauled out to the farthest point to which it can be taken.

The measurer should ascertain for himself the point on the bowprit or crane iron to which the base measurement for fore triangle must be taken.

In measuring the height for fore triangle, a piece of white linen should be attached to the ring of the tape, and the tape can be then hoisted by the signal halliards.

Before measuring a jackyard the sail should be bent to it, or the foot laid parallel to the yard and fairly stretched; and, as a check, besides measuring the distance from the sheet to the outer lacing hole, the number of cloths from sheet to clew should be counted.

All measurements should be taken and recorded in the measurement book twice, and a third time if there is any material disagreement.

A steel tape or rods must in all cases be used for taking the measurements.

Trim and Length Marks.—The measurer must take and record in

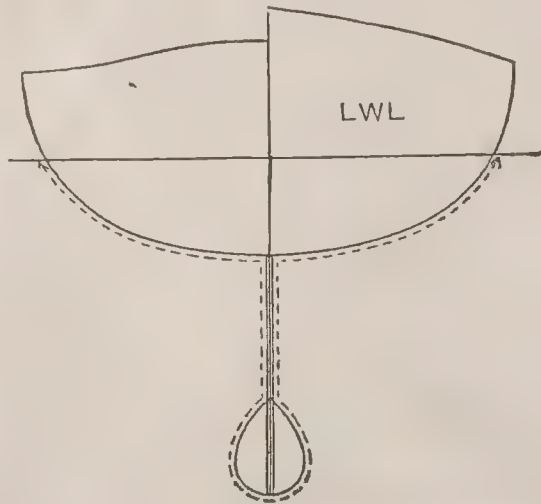


Fig. 4.

the measurement book such notes of the yacht's trim and length marks, by measuring the height above water at the taffrail and stem, or by such other means as will enable him at any subsequent date easily to ascertain if the immersion at the waterline or the marks at the bow and stern have been altered since measurement.

Ballast.—If a yacht has movable ballast on board the measurer must note its position.

N. B.—In the event of any difficulty arising under the first paragraph of these instructions or otherwise as to the measuring of any particular yacht, the secretary shall make arrangements for the measuring of the yacht.

FEES FOR MEASURING.

The measurers shall collect the fees before measuring and be responsible for the same to the hon. treasurer.

	Members.	Non-members.
24ft. rating and under (for girth).....	1 1 0	1 7 6
Over 24ft. and not above 52ft. (for girth).....	1 11 6	2 2 0
Exceeding 52ft. (for girth).....	2 2 0	2 15 6
24ft. rating (for length, beam and spars).....	0 15 0	1 1 0
24ft. and not above 52ft. (for length, beam and spars).....	1 1 0	1 11 6
Exceeding 52ft. (for length, beam and spars).....	1 11 6	2 12 6

Half fees for a measurement of length and beam only if carried out conjointly; also half fee for spar or sail area measurement only.

Fee for certificate when no new measurements are required, 5s.

Upon measuring days fixed by a yacht club, boats of 24ft. rating and under will be measured at an inclusive fee of £1 12s. 6d., and half fee for girth only, or for length and beam only, or for spars only. The yacht club in such cases must pay the measurer's traveling expenses. The scale applies only when not fewer than four yachts are measured on one day.

When a measurer has to travel any distance specially to measure one yacht, the owner must pay his traveling expenses.

Upon regatta days, if sufficient notice is given to the secretary that yachts require measurement, the fees will include the measurer's traveling expenses; but for special visits to measure, the attendant traveling expenses must be paid by the owner of the yacht.

Ample notice must be given to the secretary by the owner as to when his yacht is ready for girth measurement.

EXTRACT FROM RULE 14.

In yachts of 42ft. rating and under the total number of persons on board during a match shall not exceed the number set forth in the following table:

Not exceeding 18ft. rating.....	2 persons
Exceeding 18ft. and not exceeding 24ft. rating.....	3 persons
Exceeding 24ft. and not exceeding 32ft. rating.....	5 persons
Exceeding 32ft. and not exceeding 36ft. rating.....	7 persons
Exceeding 36ft. and not exceeding 42ft. rating.....	9 persons

If an owner elects to have his yacht measured for rating length with

a smaller number of persons on board than set forth in the foregoing table, such number shall be stated on the certificate of rating, and shall not be exceeded in any race sailed under the certificate.

DIXON KEMP, Sec'y.

24 SUSSEX GARDENS, HYDE PARK, LONDON, W., March 12, 1896.

A Sharpie 30-footer.

A CRAFT that promises to be a surprise in the new 30ft. class is now on the stocks at Hunt's boat shop at Bridgeport, Conn. While the dozen other yachts of the class are fin-keels of the conventional round framed model, this latest one is nothing more or less than a fin-keel sharpie. Her owner is Clinton Barnum Seeley, formerly owner of Atlantic, schooner, and her designer is William Gardner, well known through Liris, Kathleen, Alcæa and Norota. The yacht will conform to the special rules governing the class, with 30ft. l.w.l., etc., but will have only 8ft. 1 in. extreme beam. The model is that of a New Haven sharpie, to all practical purposes. The keel is nearly as long as the over all measurement, the stem being straight and with a slight forward rake from end of keel, while the transom, about 1ft. deep, rises from the after end of the keel. The overhang is about equally divided forward and aft, the ends of the keel running out in continuation of the fair sweep of the bottom, as in the ordinary sharpie. The corner between stem and keel is not rounded off, but the two straight lines meet at an angle. The transom is about 5ft. across and is not square but has a fair round and is well shaped.

The bottom has a round of about 5 in. to the floors, and the side timbers are not straight but swept to a long radius; all the middle frames having the same sweep, while the forward frames grow straighter toward the bows.

The construction is heavier than in most Gardner yachts, but is very interesting. The keel is flat, about 12x3 in. amidships, and, as stated, running in a fair sweep from heel of sternpost to transom. At the angle between bottom and side an oak chine is worked, about 3x5 in. amidships, with rabbets on lower and upper edge. The floor timbers and upper timbers are jogged into the chines, and stout oak floors cross the keel to take the strain of the fin. The bottom planking will be single, fitting in between keel and chines; the topsides will be double-skinned.

The fin will be of 3/4 in. steel plate, and the lead bulb will weigh 5,600 lbs. The fin is 5ft. deep below keel, the hull drawing about 2ft., and is about 5ft. long fore and aft, the edges being vertical. The bulb overhangs the fin about 1ft. at each end. The fin is secured to the keel by steel angles, and provision is made for shifting the fin forward or aft after trial to correct any faults of balance before it is finally fastened with 3/4 in. rivets. The rudder is approximately square in form; a steel forging with steel plate blade. The yacht will have a snug cabin under a low trunk, with well-crowned roof.

Mr. Hunt is making an excellent job of the construction, which is by no means as easy as is commonly supposed; in fact, in this size of craft, where single planks cannot be used and a regular frame is necessary, the laying off and actual building are both more troublesome and difficult than in a yacht of the conventional rounded form and its accompanying construction. The spars will be made by the Outing Goods Mfg. Co., successors to L. K. Young, at Bridgeport, the mast, gaff and spinnaker boom being hollow.

Biscayne Bay Y. C.

WITH the snow falling heavily in New York on April 7, there is something particularly tantalizing and irritating in the accompanying picture of the home of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., of lat. 25° N., "the southernmost yacht club in the United States." The wretched victims of the "temperate" climate of New York and Boston must all be moved to envy of the fortunate few who compose the B. B. Y. C. The new club took shows a roll of twenty-six members with twenty-one yachts. The officers are: Com., R. M. Munroe, yawl Ullis; Vice-Com., L. D. Benton, aux. yawl Susie B.; Sec'y, Kirk Munroe, yawl Allapatta; Treas., W. H. Browne, yawl Holgozana; Meas., A. L. Cailliet, stmr. Fin de Siècle. The club sails under the Seawanbaka rule.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Yesterday the old wooden drawbridge at the entrance of the Tiburon Lagoon was raised to let out the white-canvased flyers of the Corinthian Yacht Club. Last October the fleet went into winter quarters in the lagoon, and the old drawbridge has kept faithful watch and ward over their hibernation. So yesterday morning the merry, merry clubmen with the auxiliary power of two big draft horses, hauled on the falls and tackles, and the yachts were liberated for the season's sport. As each enlivened craft passed through the draw it was greeted with cheers from the launches and rowboats lined up abreast outside of the lagoon and on the shore. All of the graceful craft left the moorings and slipped out into the broad waters of the bay except the sloop Ceres. She draws 5ft. of water, and her iron keel was firmly glued to the muddy bottom. Two launches pulled strongly on the towlines, but the low water and the adhesiveness of her winter bed defied their efforts and she stuck. A high tide and a tug will start her and she will join her sisters shortly. The yachts that were taken out were as follows: Witch, W. Brooks; Secret, G. G. Barlage and T. T. Tracy; Elece, F. F. Ames; Pride of the Bay, William Nutt; Mignon, G. V. Beber; Freda, A. Lyons; La Paloma, E. G. Carrera; Cupid, R. Dean; Speedwell, Ed. Donahue; Fen Follett, H. H. Gorter; Iris, A. R. Gurrey; Arturas, William Grover; May, Newell & Hawkes; Clara, Hamilton, Hopps & Young; Cornelia, L. E. Hart; Phœnicia, H. Justins; Naiad, Kelly Bros.; Petrel, M. Mordecai; Æolus, Morrow & Westerfield; Mist, W. R. Moody; Belle, O'Brien Bros.; Truant, J. W. Pew; Venture, William Romain; Pinta, F. E. Schoeber; Thelma, S. B. Stevenson; Cisne, H. L. Head. They were taken to their moorings in front of the Corinthian clubhouse, where the work of trimmingship was commenced. Spars were scraped and put in place, the rigging set up and the decks scrubbed, and sundown found the white squadron in shipshape condition for flight. It was a beautiful day, sunny and without wind, and the bay around Tiburon was like a sheet of glass.—San Francisco Call, March 30.

A regular meeting of the Seawanbaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on April 7, with Com. Rouse in the chair. The club rules were amended to conform to those of the Yacht Racing Union. The following dates were announced: May 30, a special race for 15-footers, over inside course on Oyster Bay; June 22, first of trial races, continuing each day until a defender is selected; June 27, annual regatta; Monday, July 13, first race of international series; Aug. 26, Rouse cup for schooners and 30ft. class. Mr. B. C. Ball, helmsman of Ethelwyn in the races with Spruce last year, was present by invitation to receive a handsome silver matchbox presented to him by the club. On April 10 the club met with a serious loss in the death, at the age of 38, of its fleet surgeon, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, an old and very popular member.

At the annual meeting of the Cohasset Y. C., on April 2, the following officers were elected: Com., Lyman D. Willcutt; Vice-Com., Frederick H. Pratt; Treas., Chas. H. Cousins; Sec., Harry W. Souther; Meas., Arthur O. Higgins. Executive Committee, Wm. H. Crane, A. A. Lawrence, B. C. Clark, John C. Howe, Edmund L. Parker. House Committee, Chas. W. Gammons, Chas. C. Wheelwright, Elmer W. Lewis. Membership Committee, Edw'd F. Willcutt, T. Fred Stoddard, James A. Bouve, Caleb Lothrop, Edw'd F. Ripley, E. Snow, Jr., Frank R. Peggam. Regatta Committee, Dan'l N. Tower, John Richardson, Ralph B. Williams, Jas. Dean, Jos. N. Willcutt.

On April 8, Mr. Payne, of New York, introduced in the House a bill providing that yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the custom houses or paying tonnage tax.

The Lawley Co. will build for Oliver Ames, of Boston, a cruising cutter from designs by A. Cary Smith. She will be 54ft. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 8ft. draft, with a freeboard of 2ft. 3 in. About 9 tons, nearly all of the ballast, will be on the keel. The yacht will be of modern build, but with nothing of the freak nature in her construction.

Fleur de Lys, schooner, recently purchased by George Lord Day, from George Trotter, arrived at New York last week after a winter cruise to the West Indies under her new owner.

The yacht building at E. B. Strickland's yard, Port Republic, N. J., for J. J. Kane, Jr., of Phila., will be named Celia. She is intended for both racing and general use.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, arrived at Ponta Delgada, Azores, on April 12, having sailed from Bermuda on March 31.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Canoeing.

The Modern British Canoe.

THE accompanying design, which we reproduce from the *Field*, shows a canoe of new model just building by Turk, of Kingston-on-Thames, for W. Baden Powell, from his own designs. We have long since lost the run of the numbers of Mr. Baden Powell's Nautilus series, but this design must be somewhere about Nautilus XVII. or XVIII. The canoe will be one of the first designed to the new rule of the Royal C. C., as follows:

"Rule 23. A cruising canoe, to be classified for racing purposes, shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern. Any metal keel, centerplate or ballast shall be detachable from her, and any 'bucket

may answer admirably, but not, in our opinion, for the all-round work that may reasonably be expected from a sailing canoe; nor is it the long-looked-for craft that is to rejuvenate canoeing.

Canoe vs. Yacht.

I HAVE frequently been asked by yachting men, "What on earth can you find in a sailing canoe that so weds you to canoeing that in your heart of hearts you prefer it to any other kind of sailing?" Well, one answer is that canoe sailing is the nearest approach to union between the animate and the inanimate, with a resultant mastery over the freaks of aquatic nature. Personal prowess, a bait irresistible to human nature, equally keenly sought and sometimes praised in war, in politics, and I am credibly informed in love and matrimony, is to be found in canoe sailing in the highest and purest degree and with the least comparative amount of personal danger. Whether the blood-tingling prowess is earned in a masterly exhibition of management

Rifle Range and Gallery.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

NEWPORT, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have read with much interest the article from Brass Barrel on handling a revolver. I have often wondered why it was that no space was devoted to revolver shooting, while every issue brings out discussions of the proper caliber, length, weight, loading and holding of rifle and shotgun. Then, too, it seems all the more strange when we think that in no other country is the revolver in more universal use (if ownership or possession implies use), while quite a large proportion of such possessors know little or nothing of the proper manipulation of the arm, to say nothing of efficiency in its use. I am glad Brass Barrel has set the ball rolling, and I trust we may hear from some of the revolver shooting fraternity as he suggests. ROB.

TORONTO, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Feb. 29 there appeared a letter from Brass Barrel on revolver shooting, in which he suggests that experts such as Walter Winans and others might be induced to contribute articles on the subject to FOREST AND STREAM. Brass Barrel voices the feelings, I have no doubt, of many of your readers, myself included, who, while not experts, have a taste for revolver shooting, but have no opportunity to get tuition in the art.

I have failed to find any book dealing with the modern revolver, and have watched FOREST AND STREAM carefully to see if I could get any hints on the subject, but without result. MORTIMER.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I find a question asked by Brass Barrel that hits my case "plumb center," and with all due respect for your foot note regarding a high front sight I would like to hear from some one who shoots a revolver and can make a decent score with one. I have been troubled some years with the same complaint that B. B. has and I have become discouraged. RASTUS.

[We have in type for our next issue a practical paper on pistol shooting and another one for early subsequent publication. We believe that these will in large measure supply the instruction asked for.]

One Rifleman's Experience.

DECKERTOWN, N. J., Feb. 8.—From somewhere there was handed down to me a fondness for firearms, that is, some kinds of firearms, for I never took kindly to shotguns. I early fell heir to a good one, but seldom used it. It was too comprehensive to suit me. I wanted an instrument of precision; the rifle and revolver were more to my liking. I read tales of hunters and trappers out West who could drive nails, snuff candles and "bark" squirrels with unerring precision. This was the sort of practice I wished to emulate.

However, I was a grown man before I owned my first rifle. It came to me in the way of a trade, and was a sure enough back number. It was of the kind so highly indorsed by Frank Forrester in his "Manual for Young Sportsmen"; a Perry, made in Newark, N. J. This one was almost a cannon, for it weighed over 12 lbs. and carried a .50 cal. ball. The load, either a paper cartridge or loose powder and ball, was fed into the forward end of a tumbling breech block, operated by a finger lever. A feeling of chagrin comes over me now when I recall the many loose and erratic ways of that rifle for which I stood responsible. Nothing short of omniscience could tell where a ball fired from it was going to fetch up. I didn't "bark" any squirrels with it that I can remember, and sometimes I weakened and thought that perhaps a scatter gun was not such a bad thing after all for a fellow like me.

I was running a drug store over in New Jersey in those days, and now and again Doc Stiles and I would drop out of town for a little shoot. Doc was a royal good fellow and used to send me lots of prescriptions. He was the very soul of honesty, and I never suspected him of an intent to increase his surgical practice surreptitiously, but when I think of the pounds of lead which we turned loose, in ounce hunks, in our peaceful New Jersey valley, it is a marvel to me that we did not materially diminish the Democratic majority for which that section of New Jersey was particularly noted. There was little danger of hitting a Republican then.

On occasions Lew Beatty would join us with his .56 cal. carbine and we would have a glass ball shoot, but most of our shooting was at a target put up against a tree or some other convenient fixed mark.

I cannot say that all this practice made me a much better marksman, but it removed the last vestige of gunshyness. The results of our shooting somehow did not beget confidence. When I found that Lew's old .56 could give me Perry odds, I nearly lost faith in everything along the line. I pulled myself together again, however, and cast about for something better than a Perry.

Long range shooting was all the go then, but I did not care for it. I had served my time at artillery practice, and wanted a change. I began looking for a neat, compact little gun that was easily carried and of a moderate, "good all-round" caliber. This had always been my taste in rifles. I liked condensation.

The market was not as well supplied with light-weight guns then as now; Creedmoor rifles were all the rage. The Sharps and Remingtons had it between them, and made heavy range and sporting weapons mostly. A catalogue of the latter firm contained one little rifle, however, which I thought would suit me, and knowing well the reputation of the firm I sent for the gun, feeling confident that I was going to get something good. It proved to be a flat failure. It was made on the revolving plan and was of .38 cal. Seth Green's favorite arm was a Colt revolving rifle, but it must have been better built than mine, for mine had a dangerous way of firing off several charges when you only calculated on one, and besides was weak, ill-made and forever out of order. I sold it for half its worth to a fellow whose girl had gone back on him, and began to look for something better.

About this time I left the store and went to live on a farm. I was fond of horseback riding, and this part introduced some new features into the choice of an arm. For shooting from the saddle a finger lever is objectionable unless the throw is very short. I liked the Maynard much, but the mode of operating it to me was objectionable for the above mentioned reason. The repeaters then made were not thought to be "in it" with the single loaders for accuracy. The Frank Wesson was my choice at last. These arms seemed to be free from most objectionable features, were neat and finished in appearance, and had an excellent reputation for accuracy. I finally ordered mine of a firm in New York city, .38 cal., extra long, 24 in. barrel, and 8 1/2 lbs. weight. It was fitted with swivels and sling, and was a singularly handy and handsome little gun. This was before the days of the .32-40, .38-55, etc., and I thought I was choosing a pretty good cartridge. I used a cannellured ball and cut them off at the mouth of the shell, thus getting a good cartridge for short range and small game shooting. I have known the soft lead bullet when used entire with the full charge of 37 grs. of powder behind it to pierce sixteen in. pine boards placed 1 in. apart, and bury itself in a chestnut stump behind them. My shooting was much improved with this gun, and when it did not do right I blamed myself. It would make an unaccountable miss every once in a while, and I noticed that my first shots were always the best. The powder crust had a way of collecting at the rear of the rifling, which I did not quite understand, and that this may have had something to do with my gun's failings I now suspect. I had a feeling that this rifle was trying to be good anyhow, and I used it with a great deal of satisfaction for ten years or more, but still I did not attain to the point of excellence in marksmanship which had been the dream of my boyhood days and the hope of my early manhood.

Finally I concluded that Lyman sights might help me somewhat and packed my rifle off to Middlefield. Mr. Lyman wrote me in a few days that the rifle was ready to ship and in a postscript added that in testing the adjustment of the sights he had found that it had shot wild. This was final. My idol was shattered. It gave me a pang, but my old favorite had to go.

I think the firm I purchased it of was to blame for its faulty behavior. Not having a .38 extra long in stock, they had sent out a .38, short or long, to some bungler to re-chamber for the longer cartridge. I find that many a good rifle is ruined in this way. A burr, however slight, left at the rear of the rifling holds the powder crust, and this cutting into the next ball fired destroys all accuracy. The Wesson



BISCAYNE BAY Y. C. HOUSE.

well' fitted within the sleeping compartment shall be detachable. Dimensions (maximum): Length over all shall not exceed 16 ft.; beam not over 42 in.; sliding seat (if any), when rigged in, to be within the beam of the boat; her fixed draft, including keel or drop keel, when hauled up, shall not exceed 14 in.; the extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load waterline length or rating length; rating (length of L W L. X sail area) not to exceed 0.3.

"Minimum dimensions: Depth inside, from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 3 ft. of mid over all length and at not less than 10 in. out from the middle line), shall not be less than 14 in.; depth outside, from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 1 ft. from either end), shall not be less than 12 in.; sleeping space not less than 5 ft. 6 in. in length, with hatchway thereto of not less than 18 in. in width for a distance of 3 ft."

We must confess that on first sight we were under the impression that the paper had been roughly handled in the mails; and, when this proved not to be the case, that the drawing represented the result of leaving a canoe for a day or two with her ends on the rocks and with cargo and ballast all amidships; but a further study of the design proved that both conclusions were erroneous.

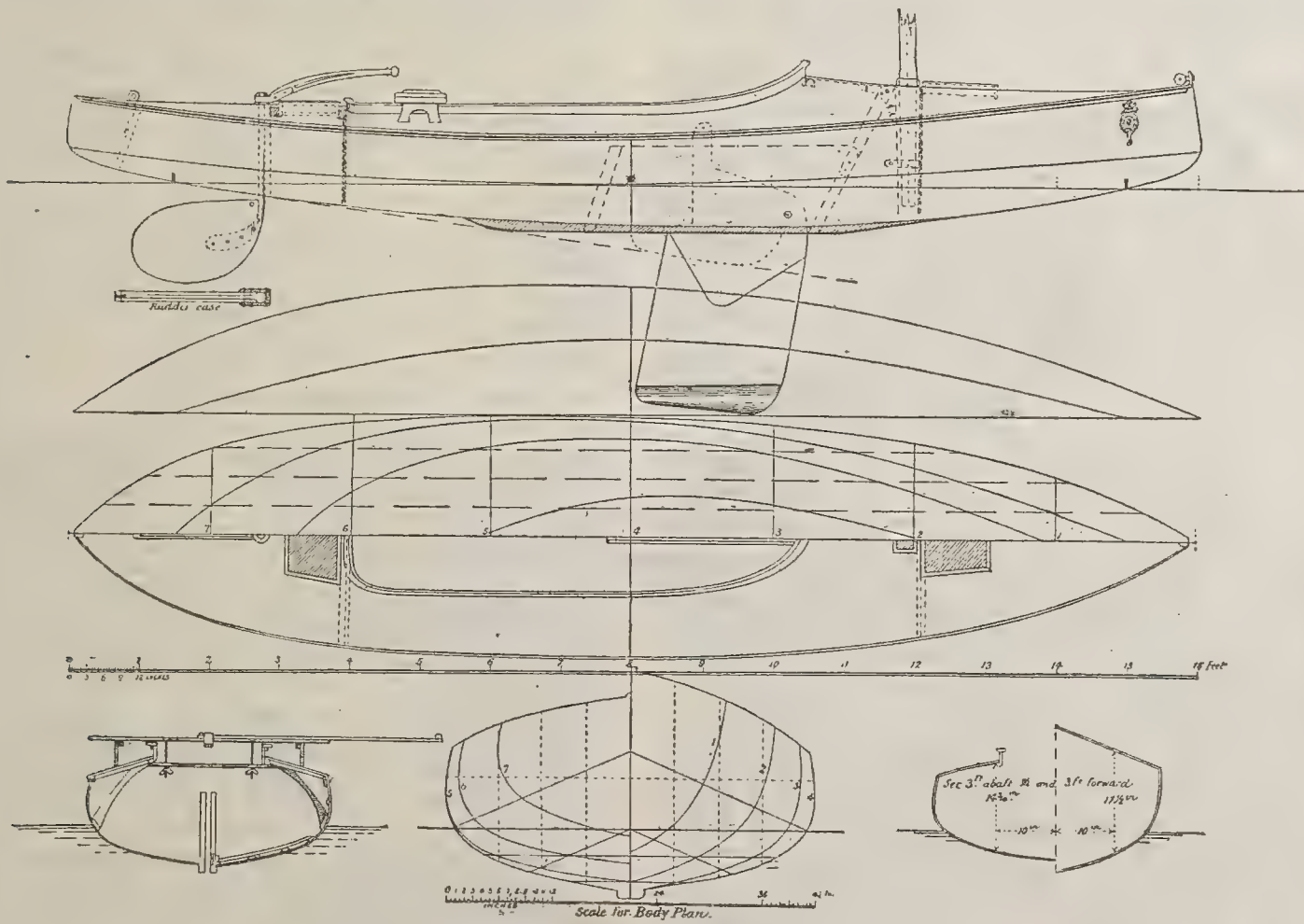
In view of Mr. Baden Powell's long experience as a user and designer of canoes, of his superior knowledge of the particular work and water for which this craft is designed, and of the reasons given by him to

and pluck in a wild weather race in presence of hundreds of spectators, or is gained on a storm-torn lake cruise, where a combination of perfect man and nearly perfect boat has got to windward of death with no "gallery" except the gulls, it is the same to the true canoe man—he did it, and he did it alone. To the yachtsman this is impossible, because "he didn't do it," his crew helped.

A sailor, even an admiral, who takes command of his own yacht, is looked at with half eyes by the crew, the idea between decks being that a skipper is being done out of a billet; and even in a 1/2-rater on the Solent, if the owner tries to enjoy his boat without a paid hand, the whole field is against him, for they think 30s. a week, and more, is being kept out of the pockets of an honest man. Is it not so also in salmon fishing? You go without a gillie, fish the pools without advice (advice usually tempered with whisky), kill and gaff your own fish; well, what's the verdict? "Ah! he's no much a fisherman, but he's just a bit lucky." Thank goodness, the "attendant" has not yet entered the sailing canoe—W. Baden Powell in the *Field*.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

THE officers of the Atlantic Division are extremely anxious that a good division meet shall be held this year to accommodate those who may be unable to visit the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone in August. In order that the interest in canoeing may be awakened as early in the



NAUTILUS CANOE.—DESIGNED BY W. BADEN-POWELL, 1896.

justify the peculiar features, we are loth to venture a criticism; but we confess that it is a relief to the eye to turn from the exaggerated outline of this *fin de siècle* production to the fairer and moderate sheer, the sweet lines and harmonious proportions of many of the older Nautilus, such as are illustrated in "Yacht and Boat Sailing." Aply as the advantages claimed for this design are set forth, we cannot reconcile ourselves to either the type to be developed by the rule—as exemplified by her—or to the bulky form and peculiar details of this individual design, as representing a desirable all-round canoe. If, as has always been assumed in discussing the canoe, portability, housability and compact form generally for purposes of house storage and rail transit are among the prime requisites; and if, as American practice shows, the limit of sail allowed by the R. C. C. rule—112 sq. ft. for 16 ft. l.w.l.—is smaller than desirable when a 42 in. slide is used, it should be possible to produce a faster and altogether better canoe save for a sort of sea work which is never done here, if abroad, in a waterline of at least 15 ft., and with no less useful but with far more symmetrical ends. About a year ago we were called on for a design for a large canoe on the dimensions of 16 ft. over all and 42 in. beam, and very much against our will we were compelled to limit the l.w.l. to but 12 ft. 6 in., for the sake of appearance in up-to-date overhangs. No doubt a better craft could have been produced by less overhang under a limit of 16 ft. over all, and longer l.w.l. with appropriate canvas.

For certain special work we can understand that the new design

spring as possible, it is proposed to hold the meet on Decoration Day, but some objection has been made to so early a date. We shall be glad to hear from canoeists as to their ideas and wishes in the matter.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A correspondent asks for information about the Columbia River, in Washington, as he is desirous of making a canoe trip on it.

We have received from J. H. Rushton a supplement to his catalogue containing descriptions of a large line of small gasoline launches. The models, which range from 10 ft. 6 in. upward, are of the sharpie, canoe and dinghy types, both with and without overhangs. The W. Verine double cylinder marine motor is used, a very compact and convenient engine. These small power craft are a novelty that will be appreciated by many.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery. COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine on Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

arms have an excellent reputation for accuracy and the perfect finish of my rifle went to show the improbability of any detail of its manufacture having been slighted.

My next choice was a Stevens. I never thought this make of rifles handsome and they lack, as far as I have had experience with them, that nice solid workmanlike make-up which is so dear to a rifleman's heart. A single point will explain what I mean. The rifle I bought was supposed to be one of their best finished guns, but if the barrel was tipped up when the hammer was down on the firing pin, and there was nothing to prevent this being done, the firing pin cut into the rear end of the barrel. I did away with this difficulty by making a slight groove in the rear end of the barrel with a rat-tail file. I suggested this simple remedy to the manufacturers, but they did not think it amounted to anything, as "one should not open a rifle with the hammer down," etc. But just such things are happening all the time, and guns should be so constructed as to put accidents as nearly as possible beyond the bounds of possibility. Besides it is not fair or wise to allow such defects to exist to detract from the merits of otherwise excellent arms. Rifleman are finicky about such things and want weapons as perfect in every detail as possible.

For accuracy the Stevens cannot be beaten. When I got hold of mine I was delighted to find what a marvel it was in this way, and I was also much disgusted to think that I had wasted years in practice with rifles that would not shoot where they were aimed. The first thing I did with my new Stevens was to knock over a red squirrel at 81yds. Then I went around and shot the tip off of every lightning rod on the farm buildings without a miss. I found at once that I was a better shot than had seemed possible before. I could do lots of fancy work with this little gun, and each shot added to my confidence. It would shoot where it was aimed every time. The caliber was .22, and it carried the long rifle cartridge. I shot in the 200yd. Tribune match with it and scored 42 with a stiff breeze blowing. This was with plain open sights. With the Lyman sights on I repeatedly in practice made 48 out of the possible 50.

My Stevens still holds good, though somewhat injured by a foolish fellow, to whom it was one day loaned, trying to blow out a lodged ball by firing another cartridge after it. I have killed many hogs and beeves with it, using for this purpose the ordinary short .22 cartridges. One shot does the work every time. For this work I like it better than a larger caliber on account of its creating no alarm among animals when a number are in a bunch together.

Recently when looking up the spruces of northern New Jersey I carried my little rifle with me on the saddle to gather specimen cones and twigs with from the tops of the trees; it saved much troublesome climbing. The Stevens is great, but there are other good guns, and the rifle of the future will be a repeater. When I get a new gun it will be a Marlin '93, to carry the famous .32-40. This suggests an objection to the .22, i. e., the difficulty of keeping it clean, even with good care. I want a rifle with a hole in it—one that I can run a good hickory rod through. I would have my Marlin of the sporting model, but with 20in. barrel, to make it handy on horseback. The .32-40 is up to anything in reason when it has a man behind it who knows how to shoot. In the .32 shell I can use almost any weight ball I please, from the 50gr. round up, and vary the charge to suit my purpose. The solid-head shells can be used many times. Thus I would combine the economy of the .22 with the effectiveness of a larger caliber when I wanted it. The seven charges carried in the magazine of the 20in. Marlin would be ample for any encounter. Express balls and metal-jacketed balls can now be had for this caliber, and they greatly increase its effectiveness. I would buy my gun of Mr. Lyman, furnished with his sights, first, because it would not cost any more than it would without them, and they would greatly increase its efficiency. Besides, I would be more confident of getting a good gun if it was tested by an expert before it came to me. I would have the stock of my rifle made of selected walnut, but without pistol grip or ornamentation, and have it fitted with swivels and sling. This latter arrangement is good even if you use your rifle entirely afoot. If you learn the convenience of a sling strap once, you will never have a rifle without one. With a rifle of the above description I would feel prepared for anything in the line of rifle shooting that is likely to fall to my lot. It is a matter of keeping cool enough and being expert enough to put a ball in the right spot that tells after all, and while I have had no experience in big game shooting, so perhaps am not entitled to an opinion on this subject, I more than half suspect that the reason the majority of sportsmen carry cannon into the woods is that they have not confidence enough in their own marksmanship to hit a vital part with certainty and want to get the game anyhow. Sportsmen are now restricted in many States in the number of deer they may shoot in a season, and it might be a good thing next to compel them to prove a certain amount of proficiency with the rifle before being allowed to shoot at a deer at all. E. W. MILLEN.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., April 5.—In the team shoot to-day Lieut. Payne's team scored 1,566 points to 1,559 scored by Capt. Gindele's team. Each team was composed of four men to a side; the totals were made up of the five best scores out of eight shot. Gindele made another clean score of 90 to-day. In a match between Roberts and Nestler for the five best scores, Roberts won, scoring 390 to 389. Payne used King's Smokeless powder to-day. The scores given below were made under the following conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.....	8	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	10	10	—80
	7	8	7	9	9	9	10	10	10	9	—81
	9	6	8	9	7	8	10	8	10	7	—82
	7	7	9	10	8	9	8	8	5	10	—83
Payne.....	9	8	10	8	7	10	8	8	9	5	—84
	9	6	6	9	10	7	10	7	9	9	—85
	10	9	8	9	6	7	6	9	7	9	—86
	8	8	8	7	10	8	9	9	5	7	—87
Weinheimer.....	9	8	10	6	8	7	10	6	8	7	—88
	8	6	9	5	5	9	5	8	10	7	—89
	6	5	10	9	6	5	8	10	5	7	—90
	10	10	9	6	6	6	5	8	4	6	—91
Wellinger.....	8	8	6	10	8	9	8	9	10	9	—92
	8	8	7	5	9	8	10	9	9	10	—93
	8	9	10	8	7	6	5	7	9	9	—94
	8	9	6	8	9	9	7	5	10	6	—95
Nestler.....	10	5	7	7	8	7	9	9	10	8	—96
	8	8	7	10	6	6	10	6	10	10	—97
	9	7	9	8	5	8	10	9	7	7	—98
	10	9	9	6	7	6	6	9	7	7	—99
Hasenzahl.....	7	9	9	9	7	8	7	10	8	7	—100
	8	9	6	9	8	9	10	7	5	6	—101
	6	9	8	9	9	8	5	8	6	9	—102
	8	7	7	6	7	9	7	9	8	9	—103
Roberts.....	7	10	10	4	6	9	8	10	8	10	—104
	9	8	7	8	5	7	9	9	10	8	—105
	9	5	9	6	10	7	8	8	9	6	—106
	8	8	7	8	7	8	10	5	9	7	—107
Trounstein.....	9	5	6	4	10	9	9	8	7	6	—108
	5	9	10	8	7	5	5	3	4	5	—109
	5	7	4	3	3	10	4	5	7	9	—110
	10	9	5	6	4	10	5	3	4	4	—111
Drube.....	8	8	9	6	9	9	9	9	7	6	—112
	9	8	6	7	8	7	8	7	9	8	—113
	9	8	9	6	10	5	7	8	7	7	—114
	8	7	10	9	7	9	6	6	7	6	—115

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will hold a prize shoot at its gallery, 54 Gregory street, this city, April 23-25. The shooting committee is as follows: L. P. Hanson, W. J. Hennessey, R. H. Duff, John Speicher and W. J. Channing.

The programme is open to all, a valuable list of premiums being offered for winning scores on the ring and bullseye targets. On the ring target the price is 25 cents for three shots, or three tickets for \$1. On the bullseye it is five shots for 50 cents. The bullseye on this target is 3in. in diameter. Shooting commences at 7 P. M. on April 23 and 24, and at 2 P. M. on April 25. The gallery is only five blocks from the Cortlandt street ferry on the Jersey City side.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21.—NEWARK, N. J.—Third monthly competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—ZEELAND, Mich.—First tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Zeeland Gun Club.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; \$1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Farnalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A Knoxville, Tenn., paper gives the following information in regard to the efforts of the Knoxville Gun Club in game propagation in eastern Tennessee: "The Knoxville Gun Club proposes assisting nature in making east Tennessee the hunter's paradise, and has made a splendid start by ordering a coop of ring-necked English pheasants, which will arrive in Knoxville to-day. The birds were ordered at the instigation of the club by its president, Mr. S. B. Dow, from John E. Durrell, proprietor of the Pheasant Ridge pheasantry, Pheasant Ridge, O. The coop cost the club \$40, but the members are exceedingly anxious to stock this section of the State with this game bird, and as it is a very vigorous and prolific bird, they are sanguine of success. The birds will be taken to a tract of land of which the club has control, and will there be loosened for breeding purposes." The Knoxville Gun Club has done a great deal for trap-shooting in the past, always taking the initiative and making startling departures in the way of tournament-giving. It is quite on a par with the history of this club that it should be among the first—if not the very first—gun club in the South to take active steps toward propagating new game birds in that section of the United States.

The match on Saturday last, April 11, between George McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and George W. Coulston, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was of special interest in view of the fact that Mr. Coulston had recently expressed his willingness to shoot quite a number of different matches, naming his men and the distances at which he would have himself and them stand when shooting the matches. It is evident that Coulston did not think quite so highly of McAlpin's shooting capabilities as did the handicap committee of the Grand American Handicap, since he figured that it was worth 2yds. to him to have the match shot at Woodlawn, the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club. McAlpin, whose handicap at Carteret is 29yds., brought down 88 birds out of his 100 from the 28yds. mark, defeating his opponent, who stood at the 80yds. mark, by 3 birds.

We have received a circular issued by the tournament committee of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club setting forth its claims to the votes of members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in favor of holding next year's shoot at Rome. The claims as set forth in the circular are certainly strong ones, and should bear fruit at the annual meeting at Buffalo in June. Rome is a long way from New York city, but as no club in this vicinity has come forward as a candidate for the shoot in 1897, it may be taken for granted that the Rome Gun Club will not be opposed by the delegates from New York city gun clubs.

J. A. Penn, secretary of the newly organized gun club of Wheeling, W. Va., writes us under date of April 10 as follows: "The Wheeling Gun Club, which was organized on Feb. 5, has a membership of sixteen and holds its first shoot on April 14. The president of the club is G. O. Smith, of this city. A team race will be arranged with the Fairmont Gun Club, to take place here some time in the latter part of May." Wheeling has a number of good shots among her citizens, one of the most prominent being the secretary of the club, J. A. Penn, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the above note.

Frank Lawrence, the "grass suit man," now senior partner in the firm of Lawrence & Lichtenstein, of Beekman street, this city, was a guest at the Saturday afternoon shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, on April 11. In one event it seemed as if fate was unkind to Frank, balks from targets broken in the trap pursuing him during that event with such monotonous regularity that some one remarked that if Frank were one of his grass suits he probably would not flush the coveys so often.

The Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., with grounds at city line and Enfield street, is one of the handiest clubs for a Brooklyn shooter to belong to. Under the presidency of Dr. Littlefield the club has taken a new lease of life, and during the coming season its Saturday afternoon shoots will be a feature in the life of a Kings county trap shooter. The grounds are less than a five minutes' walk from the terminus of the Kings County Elevated Railroad in Brooklyn.

One of the best and most durable crimps we have ever seen is one that is being put on the market by its patentee and inventor, Billy Wagner, of Washington, D. C. Neal Apgar is using one now and swears by it. The crimp itself is very neat and pretty, and seems to us to compress the paper so firmly while crimping it that the shells will stand a great deal of wear and tear in shipping and handling, with but very little danger of the crimp working loose.

We have been asked several times recently whether any powder is barred in the championship or other events on the E. C. tournament. A reference to the programme will show that no powder, save black powder, is barred. The events are open to all, nobody barred. The championship cup, presented by the E. C. Powder Co., stands 24in. high, is solid silver, and is valued at \$500. The man that wins it will have to shoot.

The Reliance Gun Club, of Oakland, Cal., is evidently an organization that is officered by energetic men. It has issued a programme for the season of 1896 that shows that the management is fully alive to the importance of keeping up the interest of the club members if the club itself is to be a success. The list of prizes offered is a solid one, and should answer the purpose for which it was designed. The club's secretary is Sheldon I. Kellogg, of Oakland, Cal.

The officers of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are: President, Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.; Vice-President, Jere Lott; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George E. Pool; Committee on Live-Bird Shooting: C. M. Meyer, G. E. Nostrand and F. W. Duryea; Committee on Target Shooting: A. A. Hegeman, M. Van Brunt and D. Deacon.

A special low rate has been secured for shooters who want to go to Memphis after the E. C. tournament is over. The special car leaves at 3:30 P. M. on May 9, from the foot of Liberty street, this city, and runs to Memphis via the Shenandoah Valley route, a route that carries one through some of the loveliest scenery in the United States.

The third monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League takes place on Tuesday next, April 21, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, at Newark, N. J. The league team race is scheduled for 2 P. M., as usual; but there will be a series of sweepstake events shot off during the day, commencing at 10 A. M. sharp.

The Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of the British Isles is completing its arrangements for the championship meeting which will be held at Wembley Park on May 27-30. The prize list for the meeting exceeds, so it is said, \$2,000 (\$400) in value. Target shooting in England is growing very rapidly in popularity. The sport has come to stay.

Capt. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., through the medium of the London *Field*, has issued a cordial invitation to English target shooters to cross the Atlantic and take part in the tournament of the E. C. Powder Co. As additional attractions Capt. Money holds out the Memphis tournament and the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati.

Last week was the quietest week in trap-shooting circles experienced in many months; it was but the lull before the storm. This week sees the commencement of the Southwestern circuit of Atchison, Kan.; Houston, Tex.; Omaha, Neb., and Joplin, Mo. Other fixtures for this week are Charleston, S. C., and Peekskill, N. Y.

The Newburgh, N. Y., boys are making preparations for their tournament on April 20-May 2. They say (and we believe it) that it will be the shooter's fault if he doesn't have a good time at the grounds of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association on the above dates.

In answer to numerous inquiries received during the past week, we will state once again that the E. C. Powder Co. bars no powder, save black, at its tournament the first week of May. In the regular programme events and in the championship events, contestants may use any nitro powder they choose.

C. E. Robbins, secretary of the Fargo, N. D., Gun Club, writes us that he expects the number of shooters in attendance at the State shoot at Fargo, June 10 and 11, will be double that which was present at the shoot in 1895. The programme for this tournament is noted under the head of "Western Trap."

The Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club expects to be in running order by May 1. At a meeting of the club held on Thursday night, April 9, it was decided to erect a club house 12x20ft. The club now boasts of 63 members, among the number some capital target shots.

The programme for the Joplin, Mo., tournament reached us too late for notice in this week's issue. It contains a wealth of advertising matter, but the meat of the work lies in the announcement that \$1,275 in cash will be added to the purses at this shoot.

Fred Quimby has been showing the boys at Watson's Park that he can shoot live birds. "Some people think I can't shoot pigeons," says Fred; "let them come at me and I'll show them whether I can or not."

From Fred Gilbert's score in his match with I. W. Budd for the Du Pont Championship trophy on April 4, it looks very much as if it will be some time before Fred receives another challenge.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., is out betimes with the announcement of its sixth annual tournament at targets at its Marion grounds on Labor Day, Sept. 7. EDWARD BANKS.

The Keystone Men Won.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 9.—In a team race, sixteen men on a side, shot to-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League of this city at Holmesburg Junction, the home team won by 28 breaks, scoring 334 to 306 scored by their opponents, the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa. The contest was at 25 targets per man, known traps and angles. The scores were:

Keystone League.	Independent, of Reading.
Landis.....	Huber.....
French.....	Graff.....
Duke.....	Evans.....
W. Johnson.....	Graul.....
Miller.....	Jones.....
Ridge.....	Taylor.....
Peters.....	Schaaber.....
De Voe.....	Henry.....
Leaming.....	Smock.....
Treadway.....	Lindsay.....
Wolstencroft.....	Eppinger.....
David.....	Hock.....
Thurman.....	Bird.....
Longnecker.....	Cleaver.....
Anderson.....	Esterly.....
E. Johnson.....	Paddock.....
.....15-33410-306

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 4.—Owing to the near approach of the club's big tournament, a great deal of interest is taken in trap matters here. Nearly any day one can find enough club members anxious and willing to go out to the grounds to have a shoot. On regular club days the members turn out in force; to-day proved no exception. There was additional interest in to-day's shoot on account of the contest for an L. C. Smith hammerless gun. To equalize the shooters as far as possible and enable each one to have a chance to win, the conditions of the race were 25 targets for the scratch men, with an allowance of extra targets to those not so skillful. The number of birds allowed is set next to each shooter's name. The gun was won by Bruce Plummer, one of the youngest members of the club, who scored 25 out of 26, after one of the most interesting contests that ever took place here. As the scores show, some excellent shooting was done by a number of the participants:

Allen (25) 23; Neely (25) 22; Divine (25) 23; A. B. Duncan (25) 24; J. B. Duncan (25) 21; Poston (25) 23; White (25) 21; Erhardt (25) 19; Bennett (26) 24; Plummer (26) 25; Robertson (26) 20; Thompson (26) 19; Yahnke (26) 22; Mercer (27) 15; Vance (27) 16; Dr. Slack (27) 17; Watson (27) 19; Frank (27) 20; Sullivan (28) 24; Deming (28) 20; Walker (28) 18; Gregg (28) 16. PAUL K. LITZKE.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 12.—The arrangements for this season's league contests in the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League have now been made. The prizes to be contended for are:

First—Championship trophy contest; a handsome silver vase of appropriate design; to go to the club whose team shall win the greatest number of contests.

Second—Hunter Arms Co.'s prize; a high grade L. C. Smith hammerless ejector gun, to the club winning the trophy.

Third—Parker Bros. prize of a high grade hammerless Parker gun, to the club whose team shall make the highest aggregate score in all the team contests.

Fourth—The Cleveland Target Co.'s prize of five blue rock target traps, to the club whose team makes the second highest aggregate score in all the team contests.

The first contest takes place at Youngstown, O., on Thursday of this week, and the matter has aroused a good deal of interest among trap shooters in this section. Of course there will be an intense interest on part of the men composing the teams and the prizes will be of sufficient value to stimulate emulation. The greatest good hoped for by most of us is to stimulate the trap-shooting interest by making it popular, so that it may gradually lose the worst of its present gambling element and replace this with high class sportsmen who shall become enthusiasts on the score of the very large amount of sport which may be gotten out of it. The personnel of this league I believe to be first class, and I hope our scores may be worthy of us. J. W. H. REISINGER, Sec'y Meadville Gun Club.

On Long Island.
EUREKA ROD AND GUN CLUB.
April 8.—The Eureka Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its monthly live-bird contest at the North Beach, L. I., grounds to-day. The club contest is at 7 live birds, handicap rise. In to-day's contest three men tied for first place with straight scores of 7. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, James G. Worthley (27) won by killing 4 birds, Wunderlich and Beaumont, both 27yds. men also, scoring 3 and 2 respectively. The full scores were:
J. G. Worthley (27) 7, H. J. Wunderlich (27) 7, J. J. Beaumont (27) 7, C. P. Herbert (28) 6, P. J. Ulrich (27) 6, C. T. Morrissey (23) 5, Dr. J. E. Jelliffe (26) 5, W. H. Rydesburg (25) 4, H. A. Nolan (26) 3, A. J. Rein-ecker (26) 3, J. A. Anderson (26) 2.
PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.
April 8.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held to-day at Dexter Park. The club contest is at 7 live birds, the members of the club being divided into three classes, a trophy going with each class. J. Bennett and F. A. Thompson were the only shooters to make clean scores, and both being Class A men, they had to shoot off the tie miss-and-out. Ben-nett won in the third round of the ties. The scores made were:
Class A, 28yds.: J. Bennett 7, F. A. Thompson 7, A. Botty 5.
Class B, 25yds.: John Wye 6, E. Frost 5, H. J. Selover 4, H. Bram-well 3.
Class C, 23yds.: A. Andrews 4.
UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.
April 9.—The Unknown Gun Club turned out in force to-day at Dexter Park, the occasion being the regular monthly shoot of the club at live birds. The club contest is at 7 birds for three cash prizes. So good were the birds that not a single straight score was made. John Akhurst, J. Bohling, R. Potter and E. A. Vroomo divided first money with 6 each; 5 split up second money, third going to four others. The scores were:
J. Akhurst (25) 6, J. Bohling (26) 6, R. Potter (26) 6, E. A. Vroomo (28) 6, M. Brown (28) 5, L. Kolb (25) 5, Wm. Sands (28) 5, Robert Smith (25) 5, J. B. Voorhees (27) 5, H. Boemmernann (25) 4, H. Knebel (28) 4, H. Van Staden (25) 4, D. Timker (21) 4, A. Ranken (23) 3, J. Knebel (25) 2.
ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.
April 10.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its regular monthly live-bird shoot on the North Beach, L. I., grounds this afternoon. The club competition is at 7 live birds, handicap rises. In this contest three men tied for first prize and club badge: S. G. Hennessey (26), R. V. Bolton (26) and H. L. McTammany (28). On the shoot-off for the club badge, miss-and-out, Hennessey won by scoring 3 straight, Bolton losing his third bird and McTam-many his first pigeon in the ties. The scores in the club shoot were:
S. G. Hennessey (26) 7, R. V. Bolton (26) 7, H. L. McTammany (28) 7, T. T. Dillon (27) 5, G. E. Samuels (26) 5, L. G. Schwartz (24) 4, J. V. Brlovey (27) 4, P. G. Henderson (28) 4, D. G. Longman (26) 3, G. L. Neilson (26) 3, L. G. Harper (26) 2.
RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB.
April 10.—The Ridgewood Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly live-bird shoot at Wissell's Ridgewood Park this afternoon. The attendance of members was very good, 20 shooters facing the traps in the club competition, which was at 7 live birds per man. So good were the birds that not a single straight score was made, while only 3 succeeded in stopping 6 out of their 7 birds. The 3 mentioned above were G. A. Diem (25), Charles Wissell (28) and Peter Eppig (30). Peter Eppig having previously won the badge, he was not entitled to shoot off for it again this month; the shoot-off, miss-and-out, was therefore confined to Wissell and Diem, the former winning in the 3d round. The scores were:
C. Wissell (28) 6, P. Eppig (30) 6, G. A. Diem (25) 6, J. Gardes (30) 4, J. Welz (30) 4, J. Bruemer (25) 1, R. A. Homeyer (28) 3, P. Kunzweiler (25) 3, M. Schlotter (26) 5, H. Neiderstein (25) 3, Ignatz Martin (30) 4, J. Bernel (25) 5, J. J. Jung (25) 4, C. Kadel (25) 5, Eppig, Jr. (28) 5, H. J. Wiemann (30) 5, F. Ibert (30) 2, L. C. Gehring (30) 5, G. F. Widmann (25) 2, G. Silber (25) 4.
BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.
April 11.—There was quite a large attendance at the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, near Flushing, L. I., this afternoon. The main attraction was a match between Frank G. Barton, of the Hudson Rod and Gun Club of New York city, and Peter J. Ulrich, a member of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club. The conditions of the shoot were: 50 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, A. S. A. rules to govern. Barton won the match easily by 3 birds, scoring 41 to 38. Other events were also shot as follows:
No. 1, 5 birds, handicap rise: T. J. Williamson (26) 3, D. W. Long-man (26) 2, C. R. Claverley (28) 3, B. G. Ullmann (27) 4, A. W. Philips (26) 4, G. W. Schmidt (26) 3, L. G. Hennessey (26) 2, T. H. Cameron (26) 2, H. P. Loomis (28) 4, S. G. Porter (26) 4.
No. 2, same: F. S. Andrews (26) 3, R. V. Koehler (26) 5, T. J. Wil-liamson (26) 3, D. W. Longman (26) 2, C. R. Claverley (26) 2, B. Ullmann (27) 2, A. W. Philips (26) 4, G. W. Schmidt (26) 1, L. G. Hennessey (26) 2, T. H. Cameron (26) 3, H. P. Loomis (26) 4, S. G. Porter (26) 1.
No. 3, miss-and-out, 26yds. all: F. S. Andrews 3, Koehler 1, Willam-son 0, Longman 2, Claverley 3, Ullman 1, Philips 2, Schmidt 1, Hen-nessey 2, Cameron 2, Loomis 2, Porter 1.
No. 4, same: Philips 0, Porter 1, Koehler 2, Williamson 2, Longman 1, Claverley 2, Ullmann 0, Schmidt 3, Hennessey 2, Cameron 1, Loomis 3.
VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.
April 11.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held this afternoon, was well attended, several guests of the club being among those who took part in the several events shot off. The team race was the feature of the afternoon's sport, each man shooting at 25 targets, known traps and angles, the losing team paying for the targets. The scores in all the events were as follows, Neaf Appar, of Plainfield, N. J., making the high average for the afternoon:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
N. Appar..... 8 9 8 9 9 6 10 23 9 15 15 17
F. S. Edwards..... 9 7 9 10 9 5 9 24 10 10 12 18
A. Hegeman..... 6 9 7 5 4 4 6 18 ..
P. Adams..... 6 8 8 9 9 6 10 21 8 13 13 ..
M. Herrington..... 8 9 8 8 9 4 9 21 9 14 11 ..
T. Baron..... 8 8 5 7 .. 5 .. 21 .. 12
H. S. Welles..... 5 6 7 6 3 5 15 8 12 9 ..
F. A. Thompson..... 8 9 7 6 2 8 21 8 12 12 ..
Dr. Allen..... 4 7 6 5 .. 17
H. L. Johnson..... 5 6 4 4 1 .. 14 1
S. Lyons..... 6 21
J. S. Remsen..... 8 10 7 .. 8 23 9 12 ..
Frank Lawrence..... 5 6 .. 4 18 6 14 ..
Thornton..... 6 2 18 6 10
Bishop..... 4 3 .. 11 6
Dr. Adams..... 5 .. 8
In the above events No. 6 was at 5 pairs. No. 8 was a team race between teams chosen and captained respectively by Edwards and Thompson. As the full score below shows, Edwards's team won by 11 breaks:
Edwards's Team.
F S Edwards..... 11111111011111111111—24
Neaf Appar..... 11111111011111011111—23
Platt Adams..... 01111111011101110111—21
S Lyons..... 0111111111011101111101—21
Frank Lawrence..... 111001111111110110100—18
Thornton..... 011100011111011110101—15
H S Welles..... 1000001101011100111111—15—140
F. A. Thompson's Team.
J S Remsen..... 111011111111111111111101—23
T Baron..... 1111011111111100110111—21
M Herrington..... 0011111111111011111101—21
F A Thompson..... 1111111110011111100111—21
A A Hegeman..... 0111100110010111011111—18
H L Johnson..... 01010101100011101100110—14
Bishop..... 1100000101110001010100—11—120
NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.
April 11.—George McAlpin, of the Carteret Club, and G. W. Coul-ton, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, shot a match to-day on the New Utrecht's live-bird grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. The conditions were: 100 live birds per man, \$100 a side, Coulston at 30yds., McAlpin at 28yds. At the end of the 25th round Coulston led by one bird, but the score was a tie at the half-way mark. Both scored 20 out of the third series of 25, so the score was still a tie when they started to work on the last series of 25. In this series McAlpin did his best work, scoring 24 out of the 25, running out with 20 straight kills and a total of 83 to 85 for Coulston.
In the club shoot at 10 live birds, W. G. Clark was the only one to score 10 straight. Clark, Gilman and Frost were the winners in their respective classes. Scores:
G W Coulston (30), New Utrecht G C., 01232202122222202222—22
02112122222222222212—30230—22
22222202020221222222221—20
2112022221202202222201212—21—85
G S McAlpin (23), Carteret Club..... 02223121221032222123212—21
222220222120222222222222—23
222202221222212221212—20
2222022212222222222222—24—85

Club shoot:		Class A.		No. 1.	No. 2.
W G Clark*	2221222122—10
T W Morley	2221222222—9	20202—3
O Furgueson, Jr	2202222222—9	22221—5
Capt Money	212022122—8	01111—4
Dr Littlefield	1100210110—6
W F Sykes	201202221—7	01220—3
G W Coulston	02212002—5	22101—4
		Class B.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Gilman*	202112121—9	0211—3
Dr Shepard	0021123012—7	2212—4
Conny Furgueson	2220222202—6	22222—5
F W Duryea	2001112010—6	20001—2
D Bennett	02121002—5
		Class C.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Frost*	200111212—7
Parr	2020210021—6	00122—3
Fleet	0000021101—4
Deacon	01111—4
Daley (guest)	22012020—5	22222—5
McAlpin	22021—4
* Winners in their respective classes.					

In New Jersey.
ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.
April 4.—The regular shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City was held to-day on its grounds at Marion. The wind was very high, making the shooting very difficult and having its effect upon the attendance. All events were at 10 targets, unknown angles:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
E. Ingam..... 8 6 7 5 6 8 7 9 8 7
J. S. Dustin..... 7 8 6 8 7 6 7 6 6 6
Seeley..... 4 4 5
G. H. Piercy..... 5 8 8 7 8 7 6 7 7 7
L. Piercy..... 4 .. 6 6 .. 7 6 ..
A. R. Strader..... 8 8 9 8 8 6 9 8 8
J. A. CREVELING, Secretary.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.
April 4.—Only three of the members of the Hamilton Gun Club, of Hamilton Square, N. J., faced the traps this afternoon. A bitter and exceedingly strong northwest wind made the flight of the bluerocks very erratic at times. Scores in the club shoot, 25 targets, known angles, were as follows:
W A Mellan..... 111101110111110101111—21
J V Hutchinson..... 0011101101110000100111—16
Wm Cubberly..... 11100100110000100101000—10
FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.
April 11.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held its monthly target shoot this afternoon. The attendance of members was not very large, but some good scores were the result of the efforts of those present. The programme was a varied one; Nos. 1 and 3 (medal shoot) and 7 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 5 and 7 at reversed order; No. 4, expert rule. Scores were:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets: 10 15 25 20 15 10
Wambold..... 9 14 24 15 12 7 8
Sinnock..... 9 13 23 18 14 9 8
D Fleming..... 9 10 18 14 .. 7
T Smith..... 7 10 20 16 .. 5
Jewell..... 5 11 17 9 9 7 8
H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

Programmes for Forthcoming Tournaments.
NEBRASKA'S STATE SHOOT.
The programme for the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association tournament, to be held at Omaha, Neb., on April 21-24, has reached us, and is indeed a formidable looking booklet, being composed of 56 pages without counting the cover. The large amount of advertising matter in those pages is a high tribute to the popularity of the State Association, of the local organization under whose auspices the shoot will be held, and of the management of the tournament—Messrs. Frank Parmalee, George Loomis and J. C. Read, men who are deservedly popular with all the shooters in the Southwest and with those who attend the tournaments of the circuit.
Divested of the advertising matter the programme is not a lengthy one. For the first three days the management has provided exactly similar programmes: Eight 20-target events, \$3 entrance, \$30 added to each purse, and a 50-target event, \$3 entrance, handicap allowance of targets. The first prize in this event on the first day is a \$100 dress suit, on the second day an \$80 Remington hammerless gun, and on the third day a silver cup presented by the E. O. Powder Company. In each of these events there are also four other prizes, the purse being divided into four moneys.
The programme for the morning of the fourth day, April 24, contains four 20-target events precisely similar to those on the first three days of the shoot. The afternoon programme is about the most important of the whole shoot; three special events are set down for decision on that afternoon. These are: (i) Diamond badge championship of the State of Nebraska, 10 live birds per man, \$10 entrance; (ii) gold medal for champion club team, 10 targets per man, two men to a team, \$5 per team; (iii) Plattsmouth cup for champion club team, four men to a team, 10 targets per man, \$10 per team. The above events are open only to residents of the State of Nebraska.
Cash prizes for grand averages are given for all events up to and including the programme for the morning of April 24. There will be twelve average moneys graduating from \$20 down to \$9, the whole making a sum total of average money of \$160. The programme does not state whether this is for high guns, hence we presume that it means class shooting as far as grand averages are concerned.
The "notes" contain, as usual, information of value to intending visitors, chief among the items mentioned being the instructions as to the shipment of shells and guns. These should be shipped either to the Paxton Hotel or in care of the F. S. Parmalee Gun Co. This information is something that should never be omitted from a programme of any similar event. The grounds will be open for practice on Monday, April 20. All purses, except when otherwise stated, are divided into five moneys. All ties in the target races are divided, except those for the first prizes in the 50-target events; such ties must be shot off. All shooting will be at known traps, unknown angles, from two sets of empire traps. The Paxton Hotel will be headquarters for shooters; the cashier will be at the hotel at 8 P. M. each evening from Monday, April 20, until the close of the tournament, for the purpose of taking entries and paying off moneys.

TEXAS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.
The twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Houston, Tex., on April 20-24, under the personal management of J. Emmett Haney, of that city. It is by no means an easy matter to give a synopsis of the programme gotten out for the occasion by Mr. Haney, who has devoted much time and labor to drawing up a programme that will attract the shooters of the Lone Star State.
In addition to a long list of merchandise prizes, the association adds \$230 to the purses as follows: On the first day, April 20, it adds \$30 to the purses in three 20-target events, \$2.50 entrance; on the second day it does the same thing over again; on the third day it adds \$10 to each of the purses in four 20-target events, \$2.50 entrance, and on the fourth day it adds \$10 to the purse in seven similar events. The fifth day is devoted to live birds. The main event on this day is the contest for the Individual Championship Diamond Medal, for which event the association guarantees a purse of \$200 in case there are twenty five entries; the contest is at 20 live birds, and the medal is now held by M. F. Hope, of Farmersville, Texas.
There are several other championship events in the programme. On the first day, event No. 4 is the contest for the championship challenge medal, 50 targets, \$3.50, targets extra; this medal was won last year by the late August Holzapfel (Holz), of Cuero, who took it with a score of 49 out of 50. Event No. 4, on the second day, is the contest for the team championship, each team to consist of two men, both members of a regularly organized gun club that is itself a member of the State association; the contest is at 25 targets per man, \$5 a team, targets extra; Messrs. McCormack and Joe George, of San Antonio, won this event in 1895. Event No. 7, on the second day, and event No. 6, on the third day, are contests for an Ithaca 16-gauge hammerless and a Remington 12-gauge hammerless respectively.
Other special prizes are: Diamond badge, valued at \$50, presented by J. L. Mitchell to the member of the T. S. S. A. who makes the highest average in all the programme events; diamond watch charm, valued at \$75, donated by W. D. Husten & Co. to the resident of Harris county who makes the highest average in all the programme events. The Remington gun contest will be a handicap affair, the handicap being as follows: All contestants who have averaged 90 per cent. or better during the first two days will shoot at 20yds. rise; 85 per cent. men will shoot at 18yds., and 80 per cent. men at 16yds. for 12-gauge guns; 10-gauge guns, 2yds. further back.

THE NEWBURGH PROGRAMME.
The programme for the tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., is decidedly easy to de-

scribe. The dates for the tournament are April 30-May 2. The first two days are devoted to targets, and on each of these days a programme of ten 20-target events, \$2 entrance, is scheduled; three of the ten events each day are at known angles. The live-bird programme for the third day is as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7; No. 3, 10 birds, \$10.
The club donates \$50 for average money, divided as follows: \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8 and \$5 to the shooters making the best general averages on targets; ties divided unless otherwise agreed upon. In all events there will be three moneys under twelve entries; over twelve, four moneys. All guns shoot from the same mark. These grounds have a good sky background, and the programme will be shot out, rain or shine. Gidney's Hotel, 200yds. from the traps, makes a rate of \$1.50 per day. Stages run from 44 Water street, Newburgh, direct to the grounds.

Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown.
ALLENTOWN, April 7.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held its regular monthly medal shoot on their new grounds at the Duck Farm Hotel, Griesemersville, this afternoon. It proved to be one of the most successful meetings since the club's organization. Among the participants were shooters from Carbon, Berks, Bucks, Northampton and Lehigh counties.
Before the regular match John Rehrig, of Lehigh, who, it is said, will shortly arrange a match with Frank Class, gave an exhibition of his skill with the gun and rifle. With the latter he hit quarters which were hurled into the air.
The gold medal was won by Brey, but he waived his claim to it and allowed it to go to the next highest man. The individual scores were as follows:
Club shoot, 25 targets per man:
M Brey..... 1111101111011101111111—22
H Porter..... 1111101001101111111111—21
I Hahn..... 0111101111110111011101—20
H Schantz..... 1101011111111101110110—20
F Saeger..... 0100111111011101111110—20
J Rehrig..... 1101111101111100111100—19
C Hohe..... 1101011101001101111110—18
H Mohr..... 1110111101010010110111—18
A Greasemer..... 111010011011001101001—15
S Weiler..... 111100000000111111101—15
O Acker..... 0100011011110101010100—13
E F Miller..... 001000001100110111101010—12
A Miller..... 000100100000101100101110—9
H Acker..... 010101001000000101000000—6
A Weiler..... 000001000001000000010000—4
H Erdman..... 000000000000000101000010—4
In a sweep at 6 live birds, \$2, 2 moneys, the following scores were made:
John Rehrig, Harry Gassner, S. Weiler and H. Parker 6, Frank Saeger, M. Brey and A. Weiler 5, A. Greasemer, O. H. Acker and H. Mohr 4, Isaac Hahn and Ed Ulmer 3.

Western Traps.
ILLINOIS STATE.
CHICAGO, April 11.—A meeting of the board of directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Sherman House yesterday afternoon to make preliminary arrangements for the annual shoot to be held at Burnside, June 2.

DAKOTA STATE.
The business-like programme is at hand of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's second annual shoot, June 10 and 11, at Fargo, targets only. The Rose system of division of purses will be used, no handicap, except that professionals and agents will shoot at unknown traps and unknown angles in all events. Under the above system there can be no dropping for place, and all shooters may come, under the assurance they will have a square deal and a rattling good time at a pleasant place and among pleasant people. Several special attractions and a long list of merchandise prizes are offered. The officers of the association are: C. E. Robbins, Fargo, President; J. J. Gokey, Dawson, First Vice-President; D. R. Duck, Larabee, Second Vice-President; W. W. Smith, Fargo, Secretary; H. E. Magill, Fargo, Treasurer.

GARFIELD SERIES.
The series of six live-bird shoots for club individual championship held by the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, will close to-day. Mr. T. P. Hicks is held safe for first, and either O. von Lengerke or Dr. Shaw for second.

EUREKA CLUB.
Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, is now doing business regularly at the old stand, and promises to show plenty of sport alike to members, visitors and competitors this summer.

WILL GO EAST.
Frank Parmalee and half a dozen others from Omaha state that they are going East to the E. C. Powder Company's tournament, May 5-8, and they will be but a few among the Western men that will be there, including of course Budd, Grim and the rest of the Iowa contingent, a few from Illinois and more from Ohio. For all these we bespeak consideration at the hands of the Eastern shooters, who we are to understand will be there from all corners from Maine to New Jersey. The inducements offered will take a lot of Western capital to the seaboard, but as the circuit progresses we will get it all back again before the snow flies in the fall.
E. HOUGH.

The Grand American Handicap Record.
PAUL R. LITZKE, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us as follows: "I see a report going the rounds of the press to the effect that the number of entries in the Grand American Handicap (104) was the largest that ever took part in any live-bird sweepstake shoot in this country, and, with the possible exception of the Grand Prix du Casino at Monte Carlo, won by Mr. Lorillard in 1872, was the best on record for the world. Taking everything into consideration, such as the number of birds each contestant is required to shoot at, the amount of entrance money, and the fact that whenever a shooter is unfortunate enough to lose three birds he must retire from the contest; and furthermore that it was high guns to win, the large number of entries is nothing short of remarkable.
"Yet it still remains a matter of record, that the number of entries in the Grand American Handicap of 1896 has been exceeded in the United States. During the tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, in June, 1891, at Watson's Park, Chicago, there were 123 entries in the Board of Trade diamond badge contest. The conditions of this event are 10 live birds per man, \$10 entrance, 4 moneys, class shooting. Only eighteen of the contestants succeeded in killing all of their birds, and it was necessary for Mr. M. J. Eich to kill 15 more birds straight before he disposed of those in the tie with him; he had therefore to kill 25 birds straight to win the trophy. Rolla Heikes will doubtless remember this event, as he was one of the 34 who scored 9, and Roll, as usual, didn't do a thing but shoot them all out, though he had to kill nineteen straight in the shoot-off.
"What is more remarkable about the above large entry list is, that it is one of the conditions of the contest that anybody to be eligible to compete must be a resident of the State of Illinois. Rolla Heikes was then residing in Chicago, representing the Standard Keystone Target Co."

Mr. Litzke, who is representing FOREST and STREAM at Airy Lou Hardt's shoot this week, and who will in turn visit Omaha, Neb., and Joplin, Mo., in our behalf, is a walking encyclopedia of events in the history of trap-shooting. We thank him for reminding us of the above event, although we hardly think it is fair to either event to draw comparisons between them. One was an "open to all, 25 birds, \$25, birds extra" affair; the other was a "State event at 10 birds." Each is a record in its way, although the list of entries in the Chicago event stands as the record for the largest number of entries in a live-bird sweepstake in the United States. The Grand American Handicap of 1896 had 109 entries, 104 shooters, not 104 entries, as stated above by our correspondent.

Binghamton Gun Club.
BINGHAMTON, N. Y., April 8.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Binghamton Gun Club:
Events: 1 2 3 4 Events: 1 2 3 4
Kendall..... 18 23 20 18 Hall..... 7 18 13 ..
Boss..... 17 18 20 18 Vance..... 13 13 ..
Brown..... 22 21 22 19 Hobbi..... 21 22 ..
H. W. B.

MEMPHIS TOURNAMENT.—A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 3:30 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured. For information apply to J. E. Prindle, New York Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York; or L. J. Ellis, Eastern Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York.

At Watson's Park.

GRAND CROSSING, Ill., March 31.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park, the shooters named indulging in a little practice work:

Fred Gilbert.....	111111110111121211	—19
W L Shepard.....	00101102020011012122221101012	—22
Rice.....	000021022100002010011100222	—13
J H Amberg.....	0110120022101111010	—13
McCauley.....	0000220201111220210	—11
A C Bogardus.....	001200002210	—5

In a shoot at 20 empire targets on the same day the scores were: Gilbert 18, Amberg 16, Bogardus 15, Rice 13, McCauley 12, Shepard 10.

April 3.—There was quite a lot of shooting to-day at Watson's Park. Among those doing some practice work were: I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., the principals in tomorrow's match for the Du Pont championship trophy. W. P. Mussey also did some practice work at live birds as follows:

W P Mussey.....	00202200222022000120120—13	
	2201110200022220222210—18—31	

In shooting at 50 live birds for practice I. W. Budd did not show up very strongly, only scoring 40 out of his 50 as below:

I W Budd.....	221210120122010112210020—18	
	1101211011120211111111—22—40	

Three sweeps at live birds were also shot. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 birds, \$5, 2 moneys; No. 3 at 5 birds, \$3, 2 moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Eddie Bingham.....	222220220—8	2222123212—10	22222—5
L M Hamline.....	222020220—6	1112110220—8	11202—4
I W Budd.....	222200002—5	2000221021—6	01122—4
Fred Gilbert.....	123120221—9	222212011—9	11222—5
Isgriff.....	0010222112—7	1220221211—9	20021—3

After the above live-bird practice, Mussey and Hamline shot a couple of 50-target races, breaking even as below:

No. 1.	No. 2.
W P Mussey.....	10001001100011111111001100100011001110110—23
L M Hamline.....	011010110010101111111010101100111100010101—33

No. 2:

No. 1.	No. 2.
W P Mussey.....	0111110011111100101101100100011001010001001—29
L M Hamline.....	011010110100010110101010010100011100101010011—25

On this day also in practice at 40 targets the following scores were made: H. F. Carson 34, Fred Gilbert 33, W. L. Shepard 24, Rice, Jr., 20.

April 4.—In addition to the Gilbert-Budd 100-bird race, the scores of which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of April 11, several events at live birds were also disposed of to-day at Watson's Park. The match between Fred Quimby, of the W. Fred Quimby Co. of New York, and L. M. Hamline, of this city, created a lot of interest. Quimby, who shot extremely well, won easily by 6 birds. Score:

L M Hamline.....	1201102020201020002122210—15
W Fred Quimby.....	12110201021122222222101—21

A 10-bird sweep, \$5, 2 moneys, resulted as follows:

Dr Frothingham.....	122221222—10	W F De Wolf.....	0022210000—4
W L Shepard.....	2210211221—9	G Deiter.....	221102022—8
Fred Gilbert.....	222221121—10	I W Budd.....	201101211—8
Richards.....	221121201—9	E S Rice.....	00122w

Another sweep, same as above, was also shot:

R Kuss.....	2212122021—9	T P Hicks.....	112121201—9
Dr Shaw.....	12002—3	Babcock.....	20020—2
Schick.....	102121212—9	A C Bogardus.....	010121202—6
G Deiter.....	222222222—10	Mason.....	1221021021—8
C E Felton.....	030210112—7	Knott.....	1002121202—7
G Kleinman.....	1012111001—7	Barto.....	2222000022—6
Eddie Bingham.....	222202222—9		

Another 10-bird sweep, similar in every particular to the two foregoing sweeps, resulted as below:

Fred Gilbert.....	1221111221—10	Thompson.....	2202122001—7
George Kleinman.....	1221121212—10	Shepard.....	0112220012—7
G Deiter.....	222222222—10	Shoge.....	0230102101—6
R Kuss.....	0211212102—8	Wilcox.....	1220012001—6
L M Hamline.....	1120111010—7		

Eddie Bingham and A. C. Bogardus shot a couple of 50-target races as below:

No. 1, 50 targets, expert rule, \$10 a side:	No. 2, 50 targets, \$10 a side, 3 known traps, known angles:
E Bingham.....	111111111110000101111111111111111111011011—42
A C Bogardus.....	01011011101111111111101101010101000111111100011—36

The tie in the last race was shot off at 10 targets, Bogardus winning by breaking 10 to Bingham's 7.

Other target scores on this day were:

A Bingham.....	0111111111110100010111
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The Memphis Tournament.

We have just received a copy of the programme for the third annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. The Memphis tournament of 1894 was a big affair, but the shoot given last year outdid its predecessor in every detail. This year the club proposes to have a week of shooting, and to make this event an improvement on that of 1895. As an inducement for shooters to attend its tournament the club will add \$1,600 in cash and \$500 in prizes to the purses. The dates for the shoot are May 11-16.

For the first day, May 11, there can hardly be said to be any regular schedule of events; it is really "merchandise prize" day, prizes valued as above at \$500 being shot for on that day. The main feature of the day will be the "Memphis Mystery" event; in this event every contestant is guaranteed a prize equal in value to the amount of his entrance fee. This event ought to be productive of much genuine fun. Other events to suit shooters will also be shot.

The list of events scheduled for each of the next four days of the shoot, May 12-15, is as follows: seven 20-target events, \$3 entrance, \$50 added to each event; one 25-target event, \$4 entrance, \$50 added to each purse. This makes a total of twenty-eight 20-target events and four 25-target events; thirty-two events in all, with \$50 added to each purse. All purses are divided into 5 moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

In its programme for the sixth day of the shoot the club has made a departure from the usual practice of breaking inanimate targets, a departure that has been rendered possible by recent legislation in the State of Tennessee. For this day a handicap at 25 live birds is announced, \$30 entrance, \$500 guaranteed by the club and all surplus money added, class shooting, 4 moneys. Entries for this event can be made up to the night of May 15, post entries paying a forfeit of \$5 extra.

The above completes a recapitulation of the programme with the exception of a few references to the "rules and regulations." Under this head the club announces "No handicap, open to all." All shooting will be at unknown angles. Dropping for place will not be tolerated, the club adding: "We mean it." Shooting commences each day at 8:30. Special rates of a fare and a third on all railroads. Shells and guns can be sent in care of J. G. Schmidt & Son or Frank Schumann. In either case all goods so sent will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

In regard to the special Pullman car for Memphis from New York, which will leave at 3:30 P. M. on May 9 via the Shenandoah Valley route, the programme requests that those desiring berths in the car should send in their names to Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., Oakland, N. J., or to Tom Keller. We have been asked to state that owing to Keller's business calling him to the extreme western limits of the United States, he will be unable to be present at the shoot or attend to the booking of berths for the above cars. All letters in regard to such matters should be sent to Noel Money.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 5.—Inclosed please find scores of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club, made to-day at the weekly medal contest. J. M. Evans carried off the medal on a score of 19; F. H. Allison the silver medal on a score of 10 out of 20 singles at unknown angles. Scores:

A Class.	
J M Evans.....	111111110111111111—19
H W Thompson.....	111010110111011110—16
Will Cave.....	111100111101111110—16
W P Bryant.....	1100111111010001100—12
J P Maynard.....	111011110111010111—15
Ed Mixx.....	0011000001011100001—15
Robert Rogers.....	110111011011101101—17
C A Searles.....	11111110111101011—17

B Class.	
F H Allison.....	0011010010101010101—10
O W Bishop.....	0111010100000010100—8

WILL CAVE, Sec'y.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 4.—W. S. King did some good work to-day at the live-bird shoot held by the Herron Hill Gun Club. In a 5-bird sweep and the two 10-bird sweeps that followed it he went straight, making a run of 25 straight. In the 15-bird sweep he only scored 10, but in the miss-and-out that brought the day's proceedings to a close he ran 10 straight, dividing the pot with C. A. May. The scores were:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C A May.....	2120210011—7	2011221101—8
W S King.....	1221112222—10	1122122121—10
A H King.....	112112122—10	0112021202—8
McPherson.....	12211—5	0212121202—8
Farmer.....	10111—4	1101012001—6
J S Robb, Jr.....	12112—5	2212212022—9
Cleveland.....	0022001012—5	1020010100—4

	No. 4.	No. 5.
C A May.....	2012002211212—12	1112222212—10
A H King.....	01221211110123—13	10—1
McPherson.....	20022022102202—10	2221220—6
W S King.....	200211221100101—10	2121121212—10
Cleveland.....	100102212100010—8	20—1
J S Robb, Jr.....	112212021202112—13	1220—3
Farmer.....	12201020121212—12	212220—5

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

April 4.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Hazelwood Gun Club was well attended. In the first event, at 25 targets, Dr. Stillely ran 25 straight, while Crossland only dropped his 7th target. The scores in the two most important races shot during the afternoon were as follows:

No. 1.	No. 2
Dr Stillely...11111111111111111111—25	1111111101111111001011101—20
Crossland...11111101111111111111—24	1111111101111111011101—22
W Walton...111111110111111101011—22	1111111110111011111010—21
Smith...011111110111111111101—22	11011111011101101101101—20
P McCann...11101110111111110110010—19	1111111111101100010010—18
F Wilbert...101011011110110110110110—18	
Parsons...11111110010110110110010—17	0101111011110000110011—17
C Duke...0100100110110110101011—15	111001100110110111011000—16
O'Brien...001100010110110001111001—13	
Conerton... ..	001101110111101101001001—15
C Stillely... ..	11111011111001100010110—17
Dr Holmer... ..	0011011011101111100111—19

New Castle Gun Club.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., April 8.—The regular weekly shoot of the New Castle Gun Club was held this afternoon. The attendance of members was very good, 36 shooters taking part in the club event, which resulted as follows:

Club shoot, 25 targets:	
Tom Ellison.....	100101111000110000101011—13
Dr Elliott.....	1011010011011111111110—19
E D Reis.....	101000100100010110100000—8
C W Hart.....	011111111101001010100100—17
B Cosel.....	1010110011101101010101—16
C G Sankey.....	1111100001000101010111—15
Wm Harlan.....	0001000101011000000000—7
A M North.....	001101100001100110001110—12
B T Braby.....	001100110100011100110001—12
Jas Braby.....	100010110000010100001111—12
E I Agnew.....	1011110100110100101011—16
Sam Cosel.....	0010100000100000100000—5
F Grace.....	10110010111000100101001—12
B Cunningham.....	1010101000010101011111—14
J O Sutherland.....	10101000010100000100100—9
Shaner.....	0101110011101000101000—12
Armstrong.....	1000011010100011011111—15
Dr Bell.....	01100111100101000000100—11
F Harlan.....	0000100000011100011110—10
William Hill.....	00011000010111010010000—11
L D Pierce.....	1100111111011111111001—19
W Alexander.....	00000100101010010000010—8
M Gillette.....	00101001110100100111000—14
J A DeNormandie.....	0110001010101001011000—14
J Reis.....	010111111010101111110011—19
Rev Glazert.....	1001110001001010101000—12
Dr Lee.....	0010100100001100000111—11
P A Buchanan.....	0101110100011101111000—15
J Elder, Jr.....	01111001101010000100101—13
Dr Greene.....	0001000000000100100100—6
George Pearson.....	0111010111010010101001—15

D. F. HARLAN, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 8.—The last shoot but one in the Boston Gun Club spring prize series took place at Wellington, Mass., to-day. About a dozen shooters turned up to do justice to the programme. The prize totals have for the past three shoots assumed a condition most interesting. Between first and second is a difference of 3 birds, and it is by no means an impossibility that the second will succeed as winner of gold badge. Third and fourth positions are already tied, also sixth and seventh. The final day is awaited with some degree of anxiety. The weather conditions this week were excellent, and though the prize scores were somewhat lower than the average, some good shooting was done in the extra events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	5	10	10	5	10	10
Gordon.....	8	7	3	4	4	7	4	4	9	5	8	3	6	10	
Sheffield.....	8	9	4	2	5	3	2	6	4	5	8	5	9	9	
Miskay.....	6	7	4	2	8	2	3	6	3	10	3	7			
Sewall.....	7	9	2	6	6	3	5	6	3	10	7	4	5	6	
Eddy.....	6	4	3	3	3	3	6	2	5	8	3	6	8		
Horace.....	4	3	3			8	3	4							
Spencer.....	6	4				7	4	4	7	4	5	8	5	7	9
Williams.....	1000110101001	5				8	3	7		3					
Pond.....	111001101101001					3	5	3							

Events 2 and 11 were known reverse, 3 and 7 unknown, 4, 5 and 8 pairs, 5 straightaways, 13 known angles, use of two barrels, and balance of events known angles, with 14 at 20yds. distance.

Between events 10 and 11 two straightaway miss-and-outs were shot and won by Eddy and Gordon.

Events 6, 7 and 8 composed second last contest in prize series scores as follows: Gordon 15, Horace 15, Spencer 15, Eddy 14, Sewall 14, Williams 14, Miskay 13, Sheffield 10.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 8.—This was the opening day of our shooting season for 1896. It was rather a slim affair, however, as the water has been all over our grounds and they have not dried out well as yet. The scores were:

No. 1.	Class A.	No. 2.
H A Johnson.....	11011111111111111111—23	1110111111110110111111—22
F W Smith.....	00111111111101111111—23	1110111111011011111111—22
Hayes.....	11111111111101010101—21	1010100110101010100111—17
Reisinger.....	01101101111101010111—19	10101111111111111111—23
Preisat.....	111001101110101110011—18	00000111111111111011—19

Class B.	
Stein.....	111111110111101011110—20
Krider.....	1010110110100111111011—18
Clark.....	1000110111011101100111—18
Lashell.....	010101011110101100101—16
Leberman.....	1000110110101001011100011—13

Class C.	
Baker.....	110011100000101110000010—11
Yates.....	0000000001010101010010—8

No. 1 was at known angles, No. 2 at unknown angles.

J. H. W. REISINGER, Sec'y.

Lakeside Rod and Gun Club.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STEAM YACHTS.

THE attempt to exclude from American waters all yachts built abroad, which met with such a conspicuous failure in the attempt of Collector J. Sloat Fassett to seize Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht *Conqueror*, and in the withdrawal of the bill championed by Senator Frye and Commissioner of Navigation Bates, has just been revived by Congressman Payne, of New York, in a new bill introduced in Congress, nominally intended to secure certain privileges and courtesies to foreign yachtsmen, but actually designed to prevent the use of foreign-built yachts by American citizens.

That such a bill would in the end result in any benefit to American designers and builders is a matter of serious doubt, and, as applied to steam yachting, it would work decided detriment to the sport for a long time to come.

The yachtsman who contemplates the investment of several hundred thousand dollars in a steam yacht has only to look into the matter superficially to make sure of some very important facts. On the one hand, by going abroad he can secure in a comparatively short time a steam yacht of the highest possible class, designed, for instance, by Mr. Watson, whose long list of successful boats—*Maria*, *May*, *Rona*, *Sapphire*, and others larger and finer—is a most satisfactory guarantee of the performance of a new vessel. The yacht will be built in a yard where such work is a specialty and by workmen familiar with all its details; and a thorough carrying out of all guarantees as to time of delivery and quality of work may be confidently looked for.

If, on the other hand, the order be placed at home with the recognized builders of steam yachts, there is no guarantee as to who will design the vessel, when she will be completed, or that she will be other than a flat failure when nominally ready for delivery. If anyone is inclined to dispute this there is ample evidence of its truth in two of the largest and most expensive of the recently built American yachts, one a failure in appearance, speed, accommodation and all the qualities that a steam yacht should have; the other even a worse example and only accepted by her owner after a long litigation.

The passage of this bill will make a square issue for American yachtsmen to consider: either to have no steam yacht or to pay an excessive price for one that is practically useless.

There are reasons which need not be quoted now for the unfortunate condition of steam yacht building in America to-day, a condition closely identical with that of the building of sailing yachts in 1880. That these latter conditions were so altered as to lead in a few years to the design and construction of such American yachts as *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer*, *Gloriana*, *Defender* and *Niagara*, is due almost entirely to the introduction into America of a few English yachts—*Madge*, *Maggie*, *Stranger* and *Clara*—and the visits of *Genesta*, *Galatea* and *Thistle*.

The same thing was shown on a much smaller scale last year. The introduction of one little English boat, through the payment of a good round sum to the treasury of the United States by way of penalty, has brought work to the value of thousands of dollars to American builders this year, and will be the means of setting afloat probably 200 boats of home design and construction.

The mere presence of such British yachts as *Sapphire*, *Zara* and *Hermione* last year, and the contrast they made with the homely tubs of home construction, has already done good. It is only through the competition of such yachts as those now building by Messrs. Higgins, Goelet and Drexel that American yachtsmen can be aroused to the fact that such craft cannot be designed by some unknown foreign draftsman in a big American shipyard, or built by men familiar only with coasting steamers and mercantile work.

There need be no fear that under existing conditions the evolution of the American steam yacht will not come quite as surely as it has in the case of the American sailing yacht, and all efforts to hasten it by the prohibition of open and legitimate competition can but retard it in the end.

PUBLIC FISH FOR PUBLIC WATERS.

ONE common trait of human nature is to try to get something for nothing, and many people who take good care to give an honest equivalent for what they may acquire in their dealings with individuals show themselves not a bit squeamish about getting from the public what they can without paying for it. They would scorn to steal a ham from a neighbor's smoke house, but will make away with the State's venison on the hoof and experience never a qualm. They would not purloin so much as a smoked herring from the grocery store, but if they can bamboozle fish commissioners into granting them a half million trout fry for their private waters they have no thought of having accomplished anything but the most worthy and honorable acquisition. That is to say that, as the men who get fry from the public hatcheries for their private waters are many of them individuals who are engaged in business and are filling positions of trust and responsibility, we must assume that as the world goes they are honest and honorable.

In the past the methods of fish commissioners have been somewhat slipshod and irregular as to the disposition of fish fry produced at the expense of the taxpayers. It has been the practice in some States to turn over large numbers of the fry provided at public expense to individuals, by whom the fish have been devoted purely to individual profit; but one by one State legislatures are enacting laws intending to remedy this gross abuse and perversion of public funds. These statutes, as in Massachusetts, provide that all waters stocked with State fish shall be open to the public. Last year a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature by Mr. Rogers, the enactment of which would have been to throw open to the public all waters which had been stocked with trout or other fish from the State hatcheries. This would have included club preserves, streams on farms which had been posted by the proprietors, and certain trout ponds maintained as adjuncts of country seats. There is one such pond within a few minutes' ride of New York city, where trout have been deposited year after year, and where the fishing by this time must be so excellent that the effect of the Rogers bill, if it had become a law, would have been to precipitate a perfect army of fishermen from the metropolis, and there would have been neither trout nor lawn left. Such a penalty imposed upon the owners of private waters which have been stocked with public fish would have been more severe than the offense deserved. The bill was defeated. It was introduced again this year in the same form, but exempting from its provisions any rights now existing of persons owning land or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of the act. The measure has become a law, and thus while it will put a stop to the misappropriation of public funds, it will bring no hardships upon those who have profited by the generosity or the mistakes of fishery officials in the past. The precise wording of the new law is "that all waters heretofore stocked by the State or which hereafter may be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed."

The next step for New York and Massachusetts and Minnesota and every other State in the Union is to enact a law providing that all private waters stocked with fish from the United States hatcheries "shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein." Such a law would put an end to the diversion of Government funds by Senators to raise fish for their constituents.

ON THE KELP BEDS.

STRETCHED along the shores of the West coast, sometimes a mile or two from land, or again fringing the rocky bluffs and islets, lie great beds of the giant kelp. Anchored by tiny threads to the rocks or sand of the sea bottom, the stems, small at first, but slowly growing to great cables, reach the surface and lie spread out in thick, clustered masses which cover the water. These cables, three or four inches in diameter, terminate in globular swellings as large as an orange, and from the end of each of these grow ten or a dozen fleshy leaves six or eight feet long, which float upon the water's surface.

Rising and falling with the long, slow swells of the restless Pacific, the great mass responds to each movement of the water, and swings to and fro with the changing tide. It is never quiet; but, except at the borders, storm or calm make little difference in its motions, yet when the breezes

blow the kelp bed has a voice of its own. It is a voice that speaks only in melancholy cadences, for the passing airs, as they catch the upturned edges of the broad streamers which are the plant's leaves, turn them over one after another with a slow, slapping noise which is indescribably weird and mournful. Heard under a gray sky, on a dull sea, with the vast expanse of an empty ocean before one, and the black, threatening rocks of the coast behind, the sound is depressing—ominous.

Yet on the kelp bed there is life and often bustle, for it is the resting place and the home of many curious creatures of the sea. Shells and crustaceans and fishes spend their lives among these restless stems, and birds of many sorts rest upon them and find subsistence there. Hurrying flocks of shore birds, on their migration flights north and south, pass over them on swift beating wings and whirl and twist and turn, and then perhaps alight in a close mass and at once spread out and scatter over the kelp to pursue the tiny creatures on which they feed. At midday the gulls flock hitherward to rest, and turning their white breasts toward the sun dose in the warm light until their feeding time has come again, when one by one they stretch their snowy pinions and winnow their way out over the broad ocean. Here too the great blue heron may stop for food and move with deliberate and cautious tread, and in attitude most ungraceful, until his keen eye has detected an unlucky fish, and he slowly draws back his long neck and with unerring thrust secures the victim. The great clumsy brown pelicans' slow flight often brings them here, and they stand in long lines on the kelp bed with necks drawn in and closed eyes, while about its borders, or in the occasional spots of open water, ducks and sea pigeons and guillemots and auks, with now and then a loon, dabble and dive in undisturbed contentment.

The abundance and the variety of the life which inhabits these great beds, their changing aspects under differing conditions of sea and sky, and their permanence, are the things which make them most interesting to civilized man. To the savage the plant is useful, for from its slender stems, knotted together, the Indian of the Northwest coast makes the long deep-sea fishing lines with which he drags up from the depths the giant halibut, and in aboriginal hands the kelp has other uses.

The traveler by canoe who encounters one of these kelp beds will do well to circumnavigate it, if he can, rather than to force his way through it. When pushed the stems yield a little and then swing back, and to work a canoe through them is a difficult and laborious task. Yet in the lee of such a bed his frail bark may float safely in the wildest storm, secure from any danger from the waves, and to its stems the voyager, weary of paddling against wind and current, may tie his vessel, feeling sure that his anchor will not yield, but that he may sleep here secure and await the turn of the tide.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is with extreme regret that we learn of the death of Judge D. D. Banta at his home in Bloomington, Ind., on Tuesday of last week. Judge Banta was numbered among our oldest contributors, and our columns have frequently been graced with admirable sketches of camp life and exploration from his pen. Judge Banta was Dean of the Law School of Indiana University. He was a man of fine presence, of high culture, learning and a spirit which made him popular with young people. It is said of him that his students loved him; and that is to say all.

The FOREST AND STREAM is now domiciled in a handsome suite of offices in the New York Life Building, No. 346 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, two blocks north of the former location. The present entrance is on Leonard street. The offices are on the eighth floor, rooms 809 to 812.

The Western office of Forest and Stream Publishing Co. has this week been removed to 1206-1207 Boyce Building, Dearborn street, Chicago, where new and handsomer quarters have been fitted up.

Kill your fish when caught. That is just as much a rigid rule of good sportsmanship as any other obligation of the craft. It is a rule never to be forgotten nor neglected.

The Senate Committee on Territories has again at this session reported adversely upon the proposition to admit railroads to the National Park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ABOUT BLACK FLIES AND THINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up at our fishing camp we are not much troubled by flies, and so long as we stay there we use no lotions or other protections against them. When we go out fishing we defend ourselves as the case demands. If we are going down the Black River between the middle of June and the middle of July we do well to take all the protective devices we can lay our hands on. But about the camp, as I said before, we do not need them.

Three or four years ago, when I was overseeing some work in the rear of the camp, where there were lots of trees and bushes, I got badly bitten, so badly, in fact, as to bring on quite a fever, so that one day I was obliged to take to my bunk for several hours. But all the rest of the summer I seemed to have less trouble from flies than usual, although ordinarily I took less pains to protect myself against them. And even since that I think I have less trouble than most of my companions on fishing trips, and although I get some bites, I doubt whether I get my fair share.

I thought that perhaps I had got partially inoculated against them, not enough to last always, but enough for one summer. Perhaps if I had let 200 or 300 more of the creatures have a go at me and lived through it, I might have been completely inoculated for the rest of my days.

Now, my dear FOREST AND STREAM, I suggest that you get somebody to develop this plan of inoculation and set up an establishment where folks who want to go fishing can go and get inoculated against black flies for a week or ten days, or as long as they can afford. Those who can go fishing for a fortnight should pay ten times as much as the poor fellows who can get only a week off, and those terribly rich chaps who can afford to go to Maine or Lake St. John or even to the Adirondacks for a month or six weeks at a time should pay a thousand times as much.

But as I have no money to make out of the scheme, I am not going to bother myself about details. You have experts and specialists in New York to arrange all those, and if what I have heard about New York is true, there are people there who would contract to supply all the black fly virus that could be wanted at reasonable prices, if well paid in advance.

I have some more work to do up at the same place as before and just at the height of fly time, so I reckon I shall know more about inoculation when I get through than I do now. I once met a distinguished English officer up at Roberval who ought to be well posted on the subject. If anybody wants information, he might give some. If inoculation is any good, he ought to be well secure for life.

While waiting for this establishment to get started we shall have to depend on the fly poisons and preventives that are on the market, of which there are many that are good, but all more or less inconvenient, and for one reason or another unpleasant. For my part I think any strong, pungent odor will keep the flies away, and the main difficulty is to find something clean and nice that will prevent too rapid evaporation. Perspiration, of course, carries off the whole mixture in a short time.

Mosquitoes I don't mind much in the daytime, and for the nights our beds are all well netted. If I get a bite the effect lasts only a few minutes. In a quarter of an hour there is no sign of it.

I cannot endure those muslin nets that cover the whole head and face. They are too hot. And besides they leave no place for my pipe, and where should I be without that? Not that I think tobacco smoke keeps off flies. It is not acrid enough. One might think the common Canadian tobacco would keep away anything that had senses, but for all its smell it is very mild. A black fly in good fighting trim would only howl at it, and even a mosquito, when really out for blood, would simply roar with laughter. A smoke that does not make your own eyes tingle has small terror for flies.

So I just stitch netting to the brim of my straw hat, fitting it close to my face in front, so as to leave eyes, nose and mouth free, but loose behind, to protect my bald spot and my neck. Not many of the beasts get inside it, and a plentiful application of weak ammonia when I get to camp cools off the bites beautifully. An old pair of stockings, with the toes cut off to let fingers through and a hole at the heel for the thumb, protects hands and wrists perfectly.

But anyway, flies or no flies, I intend to go fishing as soon as the ice is out of our pet lake. It looks now as if that wouldn't be before about the middle of August; but as the latest I ever knew was May 22, I have hopes. Last year it was April 30. Meanwhile the boats and canoes are being overhauled, the fly-book replenished and the rods revarnished. I remember the girl who said it was "better to be ready and not be asked than to be asked and not be ready." So about the snow and ice, I feel as the old chap did down in Maine, who admitted that the snowbanks were still rather heavy, but reckoned "the Fourth of July 'll give 'em a sweat."

So I still feel fairly sure of trout for the Queen's Birthday, and if Her Most Gracious Majesty would come to this country and go up to Lake Clair I would give her a taste of one such as never tickled her royal palate before. And that reminds me. Last year I told one of my guides that I should expect some guests on the Queen's Birthday, and he answered, "*La fête de la Reine, c'est le 4 Juillet, n'est ce pas?*" (The Queen's Birthday, that is the Fourth of July, isn't it?)

I hope this summer to get a few more of those land-locked salmon, the result of my planting in 1892. Last year I got two, one of 1lb. and one of 1½lbs., enough to show that they were living and breathing. The lake where I took them was not where I should expect to find them, it being quite small. There is plenty of food in it, however, so much that the 2lb. trout will not always bother themselves to rise for a fly.

I am glad to see that my friends of the Triton Club propose to put some ouananiche from Lake St. John into some of their waters. To transport the fish alive from Lake St. John ought not to be difficult for the Tritons, but I think that the Provincial Government ought, in fairness to lessees and for its own eventual advantage, to establish a hatchery for trout and ouananiche somewhere up in that region. There is no immediate necessity for it,

but by the time one could be well under way it will be desirable to replenish some lakes and stock others. The Government should furnish lessees with facilities for keeping up their supplies.

Why don't somebody contrive a landing net of fine wire, in which the hooks wouldn't get caught so aggravatingly as they sometimes do in twine? Small wire would be pliable enough and would not offer so much resistance in rapid water as twine. I have often wished I had one down on the Black River. Just under the dam the hole where the big trout hide is about 2yds. square, and all the rest is a torrent. If you strike a two-pounder in there and he gets hold of that swift water you have nothing to do but to run with him to a little bit of an eddy about a couple of hundred yards down stream. If he gets out of that he is a goner, and so are your flies, for the next holding ground is a quarter of a mile away, and you have to go through woods to get to it.

There is good fishing in the Black River when the water is right.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, April 10.

FOREST AND STREAM CONTRIBUTORS.

Antler.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have the pleasure of sending you a photograph of Mr. E. L. Stratton, your correspondent under the name of Antler. Mr. Stratton was born in Massachusetts over eighty-four years ago.

At his tender age of one year his parents moved to Cattaraugus county, New York, where his youth and early manhood were spent.

An ardent hunter from his earliest youth, he has had many adventures and hairbreadth escapes while waging war on the bear and other "varmints" of that then sparsely settled country.

In 1874, being in very poor health, Mr. Stratton moved to the mountains of East Tennessee, locating at Grand



ANTLER.

View, a small town on the eastern edge of Walden's Ridge and overlooking the Tennessee Valley.

Here in a sheltered spot and near a good spring that does not fail him in the driest season, he built his log cabin and here you will find him to-day. The pure, bracing mountain air of this mild climate proved to be exactly the thing for his failing lungs, and after a residence here of twenty-two years he is still very much alive.

For one who is looking for an all-the-year-round climate there is none better in America than these mountain heights of East Tennessee; neither too far North or South, where the winters are mild and open, and usually no snowfall.

In summer the thermometer rarely registers above 90° and the nights are always so cool that a man feels the need of a warm blanket, and can sleep his eight hours every night.

The water is pure and soft, and malaria and mosquitoes are things unknown.

Such my friend has found here, and he affirms that he "will not go back on the bridge that has carried him safely over."

Though past the age for active participation in his lifelong pastime of deer hunting, he dearly loves to stir up the back-log in his capacious fireplace, and seated in a splint-bottomed chair before its genial blaze recount his many adventures of long ago, in which (I suspect) his trusty rifle rarely barked in vain.

Mr. Stratton is a great admirer of the writings of the immortal Nessmuk, and was a regular correspondent of his for years previous to his death, and never tires of discussing that woodsman.

Though long past the allotted three score and ten, our friend is as light of heart as a boy, and for a man of his years remarkably active, and in his tramps around the mountains might tire out many a younger man.

May he live to enjoy many more peaceful years in his mountain home.

CAMERAMBLER.

GRAND VIEW, TENN.

The Adirondack Land Grab Bill.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17.—This resolution was adopted by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at a meeting held April 8:

Resolved: That the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests disapprove Senate Bill No. 964, 1895, entitled "An act for the improvement of the Hudson River and the driving of logs and of the hydraulic powers thereon, and to check freshets therein, and for the better supply of water for the Champlain Canal," and do not believe the passage of this bill is to the best interests of the Forest Preserve and Adirondack Park; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation in the Senate and Assembly.

ESCENAS DE LA BELLA FLORIDA.

It is undoubtedly true that the scenes and incidents of life which the memory loves most of all to cherish are those tinged with a kind of romantic sadness. The simple songs and ballads of a nation, those that portray love of country and the gentler emotions, are all inspired by serious, sometimes even melancholy, sentiment; by no means despondent, but strong, noble and sedate, for all noble sentiment is sedate. To these emotions more than all other is due the fact that he who loves the manly sports of forest and field so certainly imbibes and cherishes sentiments closely akin to poetry. He has roved the mountain and seen its floods; he has trod the plain, now tenantless of the vast herds of game that once ranged its mighty expanse. He has seen the superb forests year by year yield to the sordid greed for gain; the beautiful streams depleted not only of their own element, but of the creatures that make their current their homes. He has had his noble horse, his faithful dog. He has had gallant comrades and formed friendships the like of which are formed nowhere else. Some of these he may have yet, with whom he happily meets each year, though for only a short season, then bids them adieu. Joyous days have passed, never to return again.

Instead of philosophizing I intended to write about Florida, and a retrospect of my vacations there brings up a thousand recollections much like these sentiments which have just escaped me.

My home is high up in the Southwest Mountains of old Virginia, where in the winter time there is ever a war between the altitude and the latitude, with often furious results of climate. A few winters ago, as a result of trying to meet the demands of my profession, I was exiled to hunt the sun. Who nowadays in this busy nation of ours, as a result of his own folly, has not met a similar fate? With gloomy forebodings I received my sentence, but whither should I wander?

Happy indeed is the man thus unfortunate who loves to hunt—loves the forest and stream!

Instinctively I gathered my sporting outfit and found myself one morning in the city of Jacksonville, Fla. Never will I forget that day. It was damp, cold and dark—the dense fog from the St. John's rolled in and wrapped the town in a reeking pall. The inmates of the beautiful hotel moved noiselessly over the cushioned carpets; sat muffled in silent, unhappy groups. There were no fires—no heat.

As aimlessly as I had left home I boarded a craft for the upper St. John's. It was only just dark, but it was night. The waters of that weird old river were black—blackier than the night above. I slept, for all else seemed to have deserted me.

How our little craft appeared wending its way I do not know. Sometimes just room to pass the banks; now gliding into a great lake; now overhung by the mossy live oak, the dense walls of the hummocks on each side; then the boundless prairies. Were they afire, and did they burn out this horrible gloom and darkness?

The dead tall pine, covered with a blaze to its top, brilliant candles of that spooky forest. The storms of watery fowl, the splash of the ugly saurian. None of this did I see, nor did I hear, but next morning I saw a Florida sun and felt a Florida climate.

Still I wandered from the St. John's to the Indian River until good fortune led me to the lodge of Capt. Sharpe, so cozily ensconced in the hummock on the banks of that beautiful river. There I met some gentlemen whose company was destined to afford me among the happiest moments of my life. Some of them strong men of affairs when moving in this busy world, all ardent sportsmen, enthusiastic and brave in the field and forest.

This region was a revelation to me, all strange and new. I still listlessly basked about, and in the little club room I would imbibe enthusiasm from the recitations of my new acquaintances.

Being no novice in field sports—save as to this strange land—the morning came in an incredibly short time when I should seek the noble game.

Mounted on the sturdy little pony, equipped for a deer hunt, I was then truly in Florida. My friends, have you seen this beautiful land where I then stood?

To the east of me, from whose shores I gazed in rapture, was the Indian River. It must be the most beautiful stream of water on earth—or is it a stream? It is saline, fed by inlets from the Atlantic, the muffled roar of whose billows I then could hear. Having neither source nor confluence, lying north and south, straight between the dense walls of forests from end to end; shallow, clear, its bed sheeted with sand as white as snow. While filled with life above and beneath its surface, still it is affected neither by time nor tide. It is the embodiment of perfect repose.

Then the day—and all good winter days are alike in Florida, yet like no other days elsewhere, for they are simply perfect. You have no bald and glaring azure sky to rave over; but have you not seen those paintings of pure fancy suspended somewhere between heaven and earth, and whether meant for human or angel image is unsolvable from the crépon drapery of wings and robe and flowing hair about the figure, and still the sky beyond? Just so inscrutable is the Florida sky. Not far away, never glaring, never lowering; here a cloud like a snowbank; now another, a long, white, narrow web, from the Atlantic to the gulf, corrugated, draped, fringed and tasseled, it hangs till night; then look west when the sun sets, my friends, and hide away the crude pigments of human art in despair!

Beyond the shore hummocks west of me is the pine woods, through which we must go to hunt; and this reminds me that we must rave no more until I tell you about the hunt, for "this that I am gaun to tell" is true, and I select my first one, because it so impressed me and varies but little from many others I have had. There were three of us, Balton on his pony and Beal on his mule. We were armed with light double-barrel shot guns, necessitated as you will see by the mode of hunting. The dog that was to find the deer was Mr. Beal's old Lady, a full-blooded hound sent him from Kansas, but certainly as ungainly looking a specimen of the canine race as you ever saw. Her tail was cut to "scarce a stump," and her ears showed the marks of many reckless encounters with cats and coons. Her match for sagacity, cunning and hunting instinct I never saw. Recently, just after Lady had performed one of her wonderful feats in finding deer, Beal had her under a string and was affectionately patting her, when he said with evident feeling: "Poor old Lady,

she is getting old. I meet people sometimes who ask me where my great deer dog is, and when I show them they say, "That ugly old thing?" and it makes me both sorry and ashamed."

We rode toward the St. John's River, six or seven miles, to where we approached near the prairie.

You know the country between the Indian and St. John's rivers is ordinarily open, flat pine land, the undergrowth mainly of saw palmetto in beds, ranging in height from the waist to the head, sometimes higher. There are sloughs jutting in covered with grasses, ponds usually circular, and both sloughs and ponds are in many places boggy. I had never seen or been in such a country, and every time my pony would get into these places I thought maybe I would land through to China. I would get hurt every turn I made; the thorns and briars would stick me; the Mexican bayonet would prod me; the palmetto would saw my hands. Noon came without finding a track in this, to me, aimless hunt, and finding a place elevated above the standing water, we lunched and fed our horses. Soon after starting old Lady struck a track and began following it noiselessly. Then my comrades became quiet and serious, following her silently, their guns ready for use. Around and around this relentless old hound followed the course of these feeding deer, now stopping to scent this sprig of grass, or this bush; now holding her nose strongly to the ground, ever cautious, but eager; now trotting, wading and swimming the grassy sloughs and ponds—we always close at her heels. Presently Beal stopped her by signal and said, "Gentlemen, our horses are making so much fuss in the water we had better dismount, and I'll put a string on Lady." I had not at that time gone to Florida to wade water, although I have long since taken to it, so I asked to be allowed to stay on my pony and keep in the rear, to see how this strange deer hunt would end. My comrades dismounted and tied their horses, and Beal put a cord about 10ft. long on Lady, and held one end of it. Silently they went along, and as silently my little pony, who knew more than I about that kind of hunting, followed, stepping as lightly as a cat. Directly they turned back toward me, for you know the mystic tricks of deer before lying down. As they did so I stopped, as it happened, by the side of a palmetto bed, more elevated than the surrounding land, of an area of not more than an eighth of an acre. As Beal approached me holding Lady by the string, I forgot myself and said: "If you hunt deer in water like this why don't you have a fish gig?" "Hush," said he in a suppressed voice, "the deer are right in there," and he hadn't more than spoken when Lady raised her head and ears, gave a yell, and out right in front of me, not ten steps, jumped a large doe. While I could not believe my eyes, I involuntarily put my gun to my shoulder and shot, and as suddenly the deer dropped. I could see that it was shot about the side and neck. It kept floundering about and I raised my gun to shoot again, but Beal told me not to do it, that he would go and cut its throat. Being entangled in the brush with the string on Lady, before he reached the deer it had struggled behind a clump of cabbage palms, rose and ran off, so that I could not shoot it.

Another deer then "ripped" from same cover some distance in front and out of gunshot; still another on the side next my friend Balton, who wounded it badly, and search was made for more than an hour to find it; but Lady had seen and scented the blood of the one I wounded and refused to follow the other, when finally we turned to search for the one I had shot. She followed this one readily, trailing it to a slough difficult to travel, and it being late, we had to abandon the trail and start for home, for when dark comes in Florida, night comes. There is no twilight, but snap out the light of a candle in a dungeon and almost so suddenly does the blackness come in that weird land. From that day have I treasured with miserly care the beautiful surprises and sights I beheld. Riding along where the timber yields to the prairie, the latter spreads out away to the west—to the St. John's and on the other side. The sun literally disappears in the grass. The little cattle were in groups, lowing like bugles, to whose call the sly and eager calves were slipping from the coverts. Yonder in the prairie arose the circular wall of low palmetto, around a pond; still further a solitary cabbage palm. Just in the timber line is a little hummock, oblong, dense in growth from the standing water and fertile soil. No forester or gardener could supply this art of artless nature, nor its profuse variety. Dark, dense and green were mixed the silken foliage of the low pine, twined in the serpentine arms of the laurel; the umbrageous spread of the live oak, clad in its somber robe of hanging moss; the artistic fan of the short palmetto, standing out, quivering, always quivering; the red bud, luminous as fire in the dark; and, as if for show, alone above them all arose the stately palm, proud aristocrat of the forest, content with moderate stature when standing without a rival, but tower it will above them all when pressed! There too was the magnolia, queen of the jungle, superb in her green, glistening robe, her mossy footstool bedecked with verbenas. The sense of loneliness never possesses you.

The mode of deer hunting in Florida, with which I am acquainted, is unique. In the mountains, you know, the deer stalker must be cunning and noiseless, with wind and weather in his favor, or he will never approach his game. If the hunt is with hounds it is a chase and the capturing is done on "stands." In Florida hunting is done with a slow dog and on horseback, the game being shot as it rises from its cover, and if missed (as you will more often do than hit) the chase is ended. It takes a steady horse, a cool head and a quick eye to bring down the deer. Its habits are to hide, generally in thick scrub palmetto, and to lie close to elude its pursuer. I have seen the dog locate their lair and make more than one noisy bound at them before they would rise, but when they do they rise flying. First, may be, a long high leap to locate the surroundings, then a spreading crouch below the brush, this way and that, curving, twisting; then when they reach the open, a high kangaroo jump, your shot striking above them, below or behind, anywhere but in the vital place.

Last winter Balton, Beal and myself hunted a day next to the St. John's. We trailed a young doe round and round, and as usual, before lying down it went into a large pond. Time and again old Lady would go into the pond, find the trail, follow it to the brink and fail to find the deer's bed. It had taken a long leap out of the water into the brush on to the brink. Finally she struck the right place and put it up and Balton killed it. We had

passed and the dog had gone half a dozen times within 10ft. of it. Winter before last we three were trailing an old doe and her yearling and Lady was untusually eager, occasionally giving tongue, when we saw the old doe get up a long distance off and begin to sneak out of the palmetto, head and tail down. We shot several times at her, but missed, when Beal, who had galloped off to catch his dog, told me to ride in where the deer had gotten up, that the yearling was still in there. Having great confidence in his knowledge as a hunter, I rode in and found the bed of the one we shot at, but rode all over the ground, I thought, without getting the other up, when I turned my horse's head toward my comrades and spoke to them loudly, when up right behind me "ripped" this little deer, affording me a difficult shot, but I knocked it down dead.

Again, Mr. Capert and myself were hunting a young and inexperienced dog and had trailed two deer long and patiently. I was following the dog along the edge of a slough in the water and Capert rode out into the low palmetto, when within 20yds. of him up jumped a deer, which, after giving a bound or two, stood until he shot it in the head; then within 10ft. of him another got up, and this one he killed too.

There cannot be more intensely exciting sport than hunting deer in this manner. You seldom know where they will rise, or how; whether before or behind you, or where. You are sometimes in a slow walk, sometimes in a trot—oftener in a gallop, here, there, anywhere; and five escape where one is bagged. They are never followed unless crippled, and are seldom badly enough crippled to die, and escape. It takes a hardy and zealous hunter to endure these chases. You must be every inch a horseman. You will be in water, in brush, then in a bog, unless you know the grasses and shrubs that warn you of these treacherous spots. You stand a chance of riding on an alligator; then you and your horse will have a "rucus," and unless your girth is strong you may measure lengths with the gator. These elements of daredeviltry, however, only give greater zest to the chase. Did you ever camp out in Florida? If not you have never been in an ideal camp. No snows to tramp in; no chilling sleets to freeze your courage; no mud to soil the clean carpet of palmetto fans within your tent. The most beautiful camp-fires that ever glowed are those made of Florida's resinous pine. You sleep the sleep of the just and eat the hearty meal of the hunter.

None the less pleasant were our short sojourns at the hospitable lodge of our warm-hearted and chivalrous host, where the fair and accomplished ladies composing the families and friends of my comrades made their home for a season. There, with comfort and pleasure, we would doff the hunter's garb for the habiliments of polite life. "The hairbreadth 'scapes by field and flood" gave us sentiment for the song and wit and smiles that awaited us. Lounging about the piazza, the full Southern moon would thrust its rays from the other shore of that placid river, and the pardonable "gush" of some fair one would bring out the bronzed hunters. The silhouette of the dark hummock on the other side stood out like a mountain, and the rolling clouds from the Atlantic, with their moonlit whiteness, loomed up like peaks of snow. Slowly the pale light would cross the river, so distinct that the moving craft, both great and small, could be seen crossing the track from shore to shore.

Why, is not this curious and narrow strip of land, this peninsula of Florida, the climax of gentle beauty and sentiment anyway? Created, they tell us, by the toil of the silent mites of the briny deep, it is by nature a land of repose, destined to be the asylum of the restless and worn toiler of this nation. From the Atlantic come the trade winds, as buoyant to the inland sojourner as to the sailor. On the west, somewhere about that great gulf, is the source of that mysterious stream of life which finds its way over this globe, where the rays of the sun themselves have no power. You sniff the ozone right from the fountain head of this mystic river. Could it have been that this was the spring, fabled to preserve eternal youth, which inspired the quest of Ponce de Leon when he discovered his "island of Florida"? This quixotic navigator did not find the spring, but he did discover a land of eternal youth and beauty.

SAMUEL CECIL GRAHAM.

VIRGINIA.

TELLTALE TRACKS.

AND it didn't snow the day after, but the day before, the first of the month, when March came in like a lion, with a gale from the north before which the firs on the hilltops swayed and writhed, tossing their long arms wildly; a dead or insecurely rooted monarch here and there, whose top was among the clouds, crashed to earth with reports like those of big pieces of artillery; the crests of wintry looking waves in the Sound, driving in fleets before the blast, broke into foam and spume that went flying; and whirling, scurrying, eddying masses of snowflakes—do you hear what I'm saying? Eddying flakes, dry snow, which is as rare here as would be eddying raindrops, chased each other in open order, careening across the open water, swooping down from the hill crests, searching out every nook and cranny in the deep gorges, and sifting lightly through the broad arms of firs stretched out to detain them, or coming in solid battalions, a dense wall of surging whiteness, massed for the charge that blotted out the farther shores already blurred, obscured the roaring waves that leaped to swallow the stragglers, crossed the hither beach at a bound, and came driving onward in magnificent array, shrouding noiselessly the intervening landscape, and passing by in a wild tumult of jostling flakes that, spent and breathless, found a resting place in the hollows and along the rapidly whitening hillsides.

It was the day after, when it didn't snow, as I said, though the wind was still in good lung power, that I wandered abroad gunless in an inch or so of dry snow to amuse myself studying the vagaries of the four-footed tribes as they had zigzagged along the hillsides and among the thickets bordering the winding stream that babbled loudly of the cold winds and belated snows which chilled the hitherto rapidly opening buds or lengthening leaves of certain bushes that bent over the limpid current or greened the transparent depths of some placid pool. I wanted, too, to locate the houses of certain coons, whose tracks I had occasionally seen in the fringing sand or mud along the stream, if perchance they had ventured abroad in the chilly night, and to see if the meandering mink had left evidences of his foraging for trout,

The coons had left no tracks. They had been content with the warm hollow in the heart of some gigantic cedar, where, after sniffing the temperature from the lofty opening when the moon rose, they might cover their noses with their banded tails, and, forgetting the call of hunger, snore away the long night while the owl hooted in the complaining wind. When the weather moderates though, you may hear in the thickening dusk their tremolo whistle answering others across the valley as they emerge from their safe retreat and set out in a warm drizzle along the creek and marsh in search of shell and other fish, frogs, mice and other dainties wherewith to satisfy their omnivorous appetites. But you needn't expect to set a trap on some discovered runway in the woods, or at the foot of their home tree, and have them tumble into it the very first night. Some young and confident and wise-in-his-own-estimation coon may indeed do it, but the chances are that they won't. They'll go clear around that trap, although covered up with half an hour's cunning and care, or what passes for such among smart men, and blaze out another trail, and when you get tired of going to that unsprung trap you can move it somewhere else and likely repeat the operation. Or if you set the trap just where they descend from the tree and conceal it never so cunningly, they'll either dodge it when they come down or come down the other side. It don't matter to them. Or you may bait a crevice between the roots of a tree with some tempting morsel of fish or carcass of wild duck, setting the trap nicely concealed just outside, and they'll avoid that place as you would the plague; but remove the trap some day, leaving the bait, and the next morning or very soon thereafter it is conspicuous by its absence. Sly old coons! Their powers of scent and sight, like those of other wild animals, are as far beyond the ken of man as can well be imagined.

But though the coons had left no telltale tracks, the minks had been abroad, and I shortly came across a track leading from the creek straight back across the little wooded, brushy valley toward the hillside. Where he came from, up or down stream, I cared not; where he was going interested me more. And, come to think of it, there is considerable Americanism in that idea. Americans are more apt to say, "Where is he? Where is he going?" than "Where did he come from?" which is the burden of inquiry among the aristocratic cultivators of family trees in other lands, who may indeed make reply, "Well started is halfway there," but I'm on a mink trail now, and we'll let the other trail go.

He started off kind of moderate, but he's going on the full jump, 3ft. at a clip. Must be on urgent business. His is no slovenly jump like that of Br'er Rabbit, but neat and clean, the hindfeet alighting in the tracks of the fore. Alongside a long prostrate fir he goes a ways, then creeping under, bothers me under cover of an old rotten tree-top. But going around this, I find his track again, slower now, dodging here and there, and finally going up the side hill through a tangle of brush and down timber. What does he want up there? He's following his nose under promise of something good for the inner mink probably, but after a few yards makes up his mind that this is the wrong hill; so he turns and, reaching the flat again, after some seeming aimless wandering, abandons his track at the upward roots of a big tree, and I join him in the abandon. But I'll remember that spot. There's been snow enough for the purposes of myself and that mink. Now let's go back to the creek again. See the bird tracks, how fine and dainty they are where the feathered beauties have hopped about, garnering seeds, I suppose, though my gross eyes see naught to produce seeds or any other kind of food in this thicket of vine-maple and alder. If I could only drop the salt of Latin nomenclature on the tails of these birds, everybody would at once catch on to the identity of the birds, if not to the birds themselves; but I didn't bring along my Latin to-day, so we'll just call them black caps and blue jays, and let it go at that. Quite a number of the thrush and sparrow families, as well as robins and bluebirds, have already arrived, and—hello! here's an exclamation point of another sort right here, where a grouse has alighted this morning when he flew down from his breakfast and ramble. See his mincing little short steps. Wonder where he went. Let's follow him just for fun and see. Aha! here's another track. He wasn't going to ramble around here alone. Wonder if they have paired so early. Perhaps, for there has been a spell of very pleasant, warm weather lately, which may have hurried house-keeping along. Well, two's company, three isn't; so I'll have to be slow and careful if I see them and—wh-r-r-r, gracious! that came pretty near startling me. Where's the other? Can't see her anywhere. She's probably this minute, as rigid as death, watching me and ready to burst away. B-r-r-r! There she goes up the hill to join her lord, and I might have seen her any moment if I had looked in the right place. It's curious we never can or do though, or at least very seldom. This sudden explosion and goneness when a grouse goes somewhere reminds me of a day in '64 when we had got the Johnnies on the run off east of Atlanta, and from an eminence we could see evidences of them in a piece of woods about a mile away. A 10-lb. Parrott gun was run up on to the hill, and I sat on my horse and watched those shells in transit. Did you ever do it? Well, opportunity may present itself during the next war, if you are patient. Of course, we didn't watch each shell very long, neither do we watch a grouse any length of time in a thicket; but there was just glimpse enough to make affidavit to, as though you had caught the line of a bee a few yards away bound for home late in the afternoon. There is this difference, though, between the grouse explosion and that of the gun? you generally know when the cannon is to be fired; not so with the grouse. Otherwise the comparison is tolerably apt, for the discharge of the cannon is generally followed by the explosion of the shell, which sometimes makes trouble and often doesn't. Same in the case of the grouse.

But let us make and follow tracks again. There may have been a wildcat abroad last night. His vanishing track was visible some mornings since after a warm wet snow, which melted all too soon for definite conclusions. The nimble and saucy red squirrel has been widely abroad, as usual, and here has gnawed his fir cone into bits and added them to the already large pile on this log, or there has sat with the spray of cedar buds and extracted the tiny tender heart with which to vary his standby of fir seeds, or yonder has dug holes in the ground for some other delicacy. He is a chunky, inquisi-

tive, impertinent, ubiquitous little scamp, with much the same chit-r-r-r as his Eastern congener, but with in addition a funny little squeal of inquiry, or alarm, or anger, or all three; and the suddenness with which he disappears at short notice, or rather no notice, is a perpetual source of wonder and amusement to me, and I never lose opportunity for enjoyable entertainment in permitting him to approach quite close as I sit or stand motionless, and then suddenly jumping see him just simply vanish. He never lacks a place to disappear instantaneously, and the completeness with which he does it beats any lightning transformation that ever was and is just "too funny for anything." He just scatters. See him as he mounts the log on one end of which you sit. "Heyo!" he says, "what's this? Never saw that thing before." And then he begins to squeal and approach cautiously. He isn't coming too fast. Every time he utters his little short squeal he jumps jerkily forward or straight up and down, and every time he jumps he jerks his tail. Little by little he approaches, with his hindlegs stretched backward to the fullest extent, a sort of drag on his front legs, lest they carry him too far into danger. Every now and then panic seizes him, and he whirls a few feet rearward with redoubled squeals and begins over again. Oh, how curious he is. He'd give his last fir cone to know what that monstrosity is up there, and he is just about scared to death over it at the same time, and he is mad all over at himself and the monster into the bargain. How bright his eyes are, and the tips of his ears almost touch each other, which adds to the intensity of the *qui vive*, while the whole of his little frame quivers with excitement. Now, when he is within 6 or 8 ft., make a sudden motion, and where is he? Vacancy has swallowed him, and before you have fairly determined which side of the log he vanished at, up pops his head, and he spits out that squeal again, intensified by rage and baffled curiosity. He is a very funny fellow. At times he is the wariest of squirrels, and at others I have walked very slowly and cautiously within full view of him as he sat on a log eating to within 8 ft. of him, and watched him for minutes with great pleasure. True, before I had got so close he had backed off once or twice, but he returned and resumed his meal. It is interesting to watch him cutting off cones from the trees and dropping them to the ground. He does not eat his meals in the trees, but cuts quantities at a time, and descending eats them at his leisure, taking them to some favorite stump or log, where piles of hulls show what an appetite he has. When he gets fairly engaged in cutting cones, the energy and attention to business he shows, and rapidity with which he gets around the top of the tree, fairly raining down cones, is very entertaining.

It is not to be wondered at that he cuts quantities at a time. He shows excellent judgment, for it is a good way to the top of one of these firs, and he can't afford to make the trip more than once or twice a month. He is not quite as long bodied as his Eastern cousin, his tail is not as long, and his coat is darker; but in his mental and moral make-up he is very closely related. There goes one now across the creek on that log jam, just flying, and—oh! here's another mink track coming out of this same jam and meandering along the stream side, sometimes in the snow and again in the edge of the water. He's taking it leisurely here, pottering along in and out, crawling under logs and brush, and here and there giving me the slip by wading in the water. Now I wonder what's started him, for he is on the keen jump, going across stream on this log with big leaps, but never a slip. I'd not like to risk it at such a pace. But there's no hurry. The track won't run away, and I'll—Wait a minute. (That's just what I will.) What's tuning up here along the creek so early in the season? The song of the brook partly drowns the other, and I can't just locate it for a moment, but now—Well, if I ever! I never did. There on a stick of drift that has lodged in midstream, where the rapids are running swiftly and noisily, just washing the upper side of the stick, stands a water ousel with his toes in the water trying to outsing the stream in the most delightful duet that ever entranced the woodland; but he can't succeed; more's the pity, and some of the lower, sweeter notes are lost to my ear. Oh, the little darling! Did anything ever equal that entertainment amid such surroundings? Many times have I seen him on different streams, always stopping to watch and admire him, for there's no bird that so winsomely appeals to me as this bonny, soncy sprite of air and water. But though I have often heard his chirpy greeting, never before have I known that he possessed the power of song, or listened to his delicious melodies. It is a revelation that is as sweet and enjoyable as is possible to imagine. Gun? What? Can't hunt without a gun? Why, a gun would be as much out of place here as a battery of artillery in the presence of the angelic choir.

Sing away, sweet birdie! May no murderous hawk or owl with deadly claw and beak ever spy you out. May no prowling ornithologist with wicked gun ever take the trail that intersects yours, but may you live always to charm the nymphs and sprites of woods and waters, and all people who delight in contemplation of such a blithe-some creation that is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

But I wonder where our mink has gone. We'll go and see. Softly across this barkless slippery cedar log now, for we are not as sure-footed as the mink, and a souse into that chilly water wouldn't be relished. But hold on a minute. See that trout in the deep pool below you; isn't he a beauty? A foot long, if an inch. And there's another and another, smaller, to be sure, but just as pretty. Rainbows they are, playing slowly about, with here and there young salmon of 8 or 10 in, keeping them company. They'll keep though until April, unless some darting mink fastens on them with his sharp teeth. Let us hope to have his pelt stretching before he does it. To that end let us follow his track again. Here he jumps off the log and pokes about some stranded drift; then wanders up the shore and disappears in a dense tangle of treetop, vine-maple, briars and devil's walking-stick, which is too much for us; so we'll circum-walk it, only to find the track mounting a log that slants downward, hanging over a pool about 6 in. above it. Minkie has clearly taken water here, near which is a big upturned root in the edge of the stream, and, though we search each border up and down, his track is nowhere to be found. So we are at the end of our string once more. But there are two mink in the stream at all events, and may get into a trap one of these days.

Quite a detour fails to unmask any cat tracks. He has

evidently gone to other foraging grounds for his rabbit, and as he is a great roamer it's of small use to search for him. I don't think we'll go homeward the way we came—too brushy. The trail's just outside on the old logging road, where twenty years and more ago there was a dense wilderness here, and loggers denuded the forests of the huger trees without notification to Uncle Sam. The land wasn't surveyed, and he was too far off anyway. Branch skidways run all about to accessible points, the logs rotted wholly or rotting in their beds, and the roads almost or quite obliterated by rank growth of maple, fir, cedar or alder—for growth is rapid in this damp climate—and a few years suffice to blot out evidences of man's devastation, save where the huge stumps stand, almost indestructible, the holes in which, for the chopping boards, still remain; and one can still see in fancy the stalwart woodsman 6 or 8 ft. from the ground, one on each side the tree, wielding the axe or huge crosscut saw from their perches as securely and effectively as though they were, with their Eastern brother "fallers," on terra firma.

See this dainty little track here crossing the trail? It emerges from beneath one end of a rotten log, and disappears beneath part of the same log on the other side, and is made by the deer mouse or kangaroo mouse, the latter name being most appropriate. He is a beautiful little fellow, with very long hindlegs and short fore, like his namesake, and can jump surprisingly for such a wee beast. There is a rabbit or hare track leading off into the thicket, the big furry feet making as large a track or larger than a fox's; but he is welcome to his tracks—we don't want them, and don't begrudge the cat any satisfaction he can get out of the other puss; for the latter is very poor provender for "we all," and the disproportion between size and length of legs is laughable. He is a very poor substitute for the fat little cottontail of the East, but I don't know that it's his fault, for his rations are restricted. He can't line his ribs with sal-lal brush and such trash.

But what is that note that comes "winding o'er the lea," as it were? What sound is it that swells and dies away upon the ambient air? Why doth it cause the inner man to leap in response, and the weary feet to quicken with new strength?

It is the horn, the joyous horn, the winding horn of tin,
Which gude wife puts unto her lips, to call the hungry in,
or something like that. Hurry up or we'll be late.
WASHINGTON, March. O. O. S.

Since writing the above I have secured the lovely nest of an ousel, which I accidentally spied on the almost perpendicular face of a rock wall alongside a 30 ft. fall of water, where the flying drops and spray almost curtained the mossy home of the little darling, which it was then engaged in building, or I should not have taken it. It was about as large as a half peck measure, and so placed that the entrance was overhung by a hood to shield it, and is a thing of beauty and a curiosity, I assure you, built entirely of moss excepting the nest lining.

Natural History.

HOW BUZZARDS SAIL AND PUZZLE US.

O. H. HAMPTON'S query about the sailing flight of birds doubtless will bring to you a barrel of letters from scientists telling all about it in scientific language, but I venture to try my hand at it in plain, matter-of-fact English, and hope that it will be clear, though unscientific.

To begin with an object lesson: I've forgotten if O. H. H. lives in Chicago or California, but will ask him to climb up a fourteen-story block or shin up a big tree, whichever is most convenient, taking with him a big umbrella and the baby, or in default of the latter, the family cat. Let him tie the two together and drop them overboard, and if the umbrella is strong he will be agreeably surprised by the safe arrival on earth of the whole outfit, if the parachute is spread open when launched, and the baby is tied to the handle and not to the point. The curved pinion of the umbrella will so deaden the descent that it will gravitate earthward but slowly, compared to more compact things.

Next, let him take a kite, a good big one, and send it skyward some breezy day. That kite weighs something. Gravitation works against it all the time. Yet it goes upward and even against the wind within certain string limits!

Next, take a buzzard—theoretically, that is. For sanitary reasons personal handling is not advised. He is half a mile up. The wind you may be dead sure is blowing, for it always is blowing at some altitude, whatever it may be doing nearer to or further from the earth.

Buzzy's wings are spread and curved, umbrella-like. It doesn't annihilate his gravity, but it does reduce his downward speed. The wind approaches. He lifts his neck, and, as though hung on gimbals, tilts his body slightly. What is left of his weight acts like the tension of the kite string. The wind, striking his upturned expanse, sweeps under him. The weight pulls down. The wind pushes up. The bird moves onward fast or slow, according to the strength of the wind or his own wishes. If weight and wind are balanced just right buzzy stays stationary. If wind is the stronger, the bird as he moves forward also ascends. In his lifetime of practice he knows perfectly how to adjust his weight and angle to the wind so as to do what he wishes with it. For example, compare the perfectly involuntary balancing of a bicyclist on his wheel, which seems so unstable a thing, yet is so reliably upright under trained guidance. It is all a matter of balance. Buzzy rides "hands off," tilted forward or backward according to the need of the moment, flattening his wings in a gust, curving them hollow in a lull.

Seems to me O. H. H. lives in Florida or some such place, where big trees and houses are not. Well, let him take a cypress shingle, weight one edge of it slightly, bore a hole in it near the middle, reeve a string—a fishline—through it and heave it into the water. Then let him walk along the bank pulling at the string, and observe.

The weight of the buzzard is represented by his pulling on the cord. Let him walk up stream, or against the tide. The rush of the water represents the wind. If the angle of string and shingle are right he will see it has a tendency to shoot outward and away from him as he goes on. In other words, he has transferred the buzzard's problem

from the perpendicular to the horizontal. If he pulls harder than the water (gravitation represented), shingle comes in. If tide pulls harder (wind represented), shingle goes out. If the pulling force was not fastened to the bank, shingle would keep on going out indefinitely till it struck the other shore. O. H. H., isn't this clear as Mississippi mud? J. P. T.

ABOUT SERPENT NATURE.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.—According to time-honored records, it is early in the season to offer stories about snakes. Truths about snakes, however, when they may be additions to natural history, should be always in season. I admit being so ordinarily human that I have always been adverse to almost all snakes. I have neglected few opportunities of bruising the heads of such serpents as have come under my immediate notice. Instinctively I hate snakes, and (in the tone of Shylock) "Hates any man the thing he would kill?" * * * "Wouldst have a serpent sting thee twice?"

Not to rely entirely upon the inclination of "instinct" (for I believe that even our instincts may be, to a great extent, formed by education and circumstances), I have, I fear, confirmed my hatred of snakes by a fair share of observation and reason. I hate the appearance of snakes, I loathe their habits, and they are the only things in a natural wilderness that I have dreaded and feared. In the scheme of nature they may perform functions of which I am ignorant; I know some of them catch mice, gophers and other rodents; a lover of nature may learn to consider some snakes beautiful; they were endowed with life by the Creator.

But may not the gophers, mice and rodents upon which they prey be more important to the natural good of the world than the snakes? Is there any creature that man may not learn to admire, to love and protect? We cannot exist a day without interfering with some natural condition. If we have a salad for dinner we may consume whole colonies of creatures that would otherwise have fulfilled some part in the great natural plan.

But let me get a little closer to these snakes. From the great boas in South American or African jungles, ay, from the very serpent in the Garden of Eden who played such an important part in our earliest annals, to the musical rattler of our prairies and mountains, and the venomous moccasin, asp or adder, even to the little garden or garter snake, can anything more to their credit be said than I have written? They have had time enough since the serpent's interview with Eve to have manifested their best traits. No, they have always been serpents. They seek the most harmless and defenseless creatures for their prey. With loathsome stealth they still slide through grass and foliage, underneath flowers and fruits, noiseless grovelers, notorious for deceit and cunning, knowing no fairness, mercy or pity.

They drop from their screens upon defenseless creatures, taken by surprise, and strangle or crush them in their slimy coils; endowed with poison, they lie in the pleasantest places and under the fairest flowers, venomous and deadly, waiting for a chance to sting or strike. Cowards they are, always ready to flee or hide, and only seeking harmless or unwary victims. The most insignificant and harmless of the serpent tribe is but a robber of the nests of small birds, the murderer of fledglings or lizards. If he is supposed to benefit man by destroying gophers or mice, or frogs and fish, he does even this in the most loathsome and cowardly manner; penning his victims in a hole in the ground or taking the young in their nests, he swallows them alive.

I do not wish to destroy anything needlessly, and will not take the life of any creature merely to see it die. Indeed I have not found it in my heart to kill all snakes. If I kill one that is not venomous I do so conscientiously—and not for merely selfish reasons. If I kill a mole or a gopher for destruction in my garden, I do it reluctantly, and usually find some use for the little carcass by feeding it to the cat or the poultry. But there are sins of omission as well as commission. If I find a snake swallowing a nest of fledgeling birds am I humane to pass by unconcerned? RANSACKER.

Migration of Humming Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to ask if any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers know anything about the migratory habits of the humming birds. I do not remember having seen in a list of birds killed by flying against exposed lights the humming bird's name, which leads me to believe that they do not fly at night. Do they fly in large or small flocks, alone or in pairs? RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[Nothing very definite or detailed is known, we fancy, about the migration of the hummers. They go and they come. We are under the impression that migration takes place for the most part during the daytime, because the little fellows consume so much time in passing from our southern border to the latitude of New York. It is nearly six weeks from the time they enter the United States until they reach their northern homes. Again in the far West we have seen regular flights of various species of hummers passing up the cañons and along the mountain sides, which were evidently composed of migrating bands and not merely groups in search of food. It is stated (but we do not know with how much truth) that in the Mississippi Valley the hummers appear in localities with the opening of the buckeye flowers. At Sing Sing and in southern Connecticut people look for them when the cherry blooms are in their prime.]

Stinging Snake.

JENNINGS, Calcasieu Parish, La., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you the extreme tip of tail of the so-called stinging snake, concerning the existence of which there was some controversy a year or two since in the columns of your paper.

I killed the reptile from which this member was taken while out with a hunting party of residents to-day on the prairie near this place. The specimen was about 5 ft. long, of black color on the upper portion of body, with red cross-bars underneath extending about halfway up the sides. When attacked the snake lashed out savagely with its tail, thrashing that member forward toward the head—a peculiar action or movement I have never before observed in any of the family here or elsewhere.

In killing it the head was so mutilated by shot that I

could not distinguish accurately if it presented the broad, triangular characteristics of the rattlesnake and water moccasin, both of which species I have also encountered here. The head, however, so far as I could judge, seemed to have the shape usually ascribed to venomous kinds. The majority of the natives and old settlers here say the chief danger of this species lies in its tail, and I hear various accounts of injuries inflicted by this sting upon animals as well as human beings, but can trace no fatal results therefrom.

I understand that this snake is invariably found in the open country. It evidently grows to a large size, as one was brought into town a year ago that measured between 11 and 12 ft. in length.

If possible I shall obtain a perfect specimen, or its skin at least, to bring with me on my return to the North.

I had a good opportunity to notice to-day this fellow's maneuvers, and it certainly appeared to me that the tail was used as a weapon.

LEONARD G. SANFORD.

[From the description we imagine that this may have been a specimen of *Farancia abacura*, one of the Colubrine (non-venomous) snakes. A specimen would determine the snake's systematic position.]

Bird Notes.

SHELDON, Vt., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw the following birds here for the first time this season:

March 30, song sparrow; March 31, robin; April 11, shipping sparrow; April 14, pigeon woodpecker (high hole). No bluebirds as yet.

On April 11 I saw a robin curiously marked. Its larger wing coverts were white, so when its wings were closed it made on its back a perfect white "V." Several of its middle tail feathers were also white.

STANSTEAD.

SEARSBURG, N. Y., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I found a song sparrow's nest yesterday, the earliest I have ever found in this latitude; also saw a woodcock to-day, he is at least two weeks ahead of time. Partridge are drumming; they promise to be plentiful with us this fall.

HECTOR.

INDIAN ROCK, Me., April 16.—I saw a crow blackbird yesterday, also one fish hawk, the first that I have seen this season. Saw a pair of gulls to-day and heard a partridge drum; I think he must have found a stump or a log some distance from the ground, as the snow is nearly 3 ft. deep in the woods.

C. T. RICHARDSON.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am unable to find bluebirds in this locality.

A.

Weights of Moose.

I HAVE killed between thirty and thirty-five moose in my twenty years of lumbering, but never killed one that would weigh 700 lbs. I once killed a bull whose head measured from end of nose to butt of ear 5 ft. His horns had fallen off and he was in poor condition, he did not weigh 700 lbs. So the old State of Maine, so far as its Moose goes, is away far ahead of New Brunswick, provided the hunters give 16 oz. to the pound.

J. MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, New Brunswick.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WET DEER HUNT IN ARKANSAS.

FIVE of us were on a camp hunt in the White River bottoms of Woodruff county, Arkansas, in the latter part of November, 1895. Two of us were Northern men and three were Arkansawyers, and we had with us four dogs of nondescript variety. Four of us had journeyed to our camping place on foot, a distance of some thirty miles, while the fifth with a team of ponies and a rickety wagon conveyed our tent and other things. The country roundabout was as wild as it ever was, and tracks in the soft earth indicated that various kinds of animals were here at home.

These bottoms are subject to overflow in times of heavy rain, which condition renders them valueless from an agricultural standpoint, though they are covered with much valuable timber. Having selected a camping site we pitched our tent—a 7 ft. by 9 ft. affair intended for two—on the afternoon of a certain Friday, and having tethered the ponies to convenient saplings and cut them some armfuls of small cane upon which to browse, we dispersed into the woods to look for game, returning at dusk, each having seen sign, but no game bagged. About dark that night it began to rain quite hard. Saturday morning when we awoke we found the dogs inside the tent and the rain coming down in torrents. Here we were, five men, four dogs, seven guns and a camping outfit cooped up in a 7×9 tent. All day Saturday and all Sunday night the rain continued to fall without intermission. Once during the day a couple of us donned oil-cloth suits and essayed to go hunting anyhow, but it was of no use, we could not hunt in so much rain.

Sunday morning found the situation unimproved. The rain still fell as abundantly as ever, and although our tent was pitched on the top of a slight ridge, the ground had become so saturated that water was beginning to find its way under the edges of the tent, and the ground inside on which we had our beds, consisting of a layer of small cane on which we spread our blankets, was getting muddy. In coming to this place we had been obliged to ford a good-sized creek, with the water then nearly up to the bed of our wagon, and in view of the situation in camp and the danger that the water in the creek would become too deep to be forded, a motion was made that we move out beyond the reach of high water. But thoughts of breaking camp and tramping out of the woods in such a storm loomed up forebodingly in the minds of a majority of the campers, and the motion was lost. We therefore spent another day with the dogs under our canvas shelter.

We had hoped that Monday morning would bring a cessation of the downpour, but in this we were disappointed, for the rain continued unabated. By this time the ground inside of our tent had become thoroughly wet and likewise the most of our bedding. Again a motion was made to move out and this time there was no dissenting voice.

It was about 6:30 A. M. William, the grand master of

our cuisine, had gotten a few dry sticks together and in spite of the rain had started a fire just outside the door of the tent, preparatory to getting some breakfast. Andrew asked how long before breakfast would be ready. William said an hour. So Andrew and I took our rifles and went out into the woods, thinking that a little stroll might relieve us from the ennui of our recent imprisonment in the tent, and give us an appetite for corn bread and pork.

Soon we separated and after going about one-fourth of a mile I found an open glade some 200 yds. across between two heavy canebrakes, and thought that here would be a good place to watch for a deer, especially as I could see freshly made tracks in the mud.

I accordingly leaned up against a small tree and kept a sharp lookout.

Presently I saw a medium-sized buck coming toward me from the canebrake on my left. I stood motionless and he continued making directly toward me. I had my rifle, a 44-40-200 Winchester model of 1893, under my oil-cloth coat to protect it from the rain, and when the deer had gotten within about 100 yds. of me I began very slowly to get out the weapon. The deer saw my very first move, and stopping instantly, looked at me with all the intentness he could muster.

Slowly, inch by inch, I raised my rifle and when the sights filled upon the white patch covering his throat I fired, and down he went with his neck broken just below the head. The bullet also severed one of the jugular arteries and I had no use for my knife, as the blood gushed forth from the bullet wound in a stream the size of my finger. Taking off my belt, I looped it around his horns and dragged him to camp, where I arrived in time for breakfast.

Breakfast over, we broke camp and piling the deer and our luggage into the wagon, started for civilization. All through the woods the water was from a few inches to a few feet deep in every depression, and for a quarter of a mile at a stretch in places the road was under water.

Luckily that creek had not risen so much but that we managed to get through it with the wagon. All day we plodded through the mud and water in a blinding rain, all hands walking, to enable the ponies to proceed at all, until finally our troubles ended and we again found ourselves dry and warm.

The deer head has been mounted and whenever I look at it I am reminded of that wet hunt in Arkansas.

AUTOKEE.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

THE RIFLE AND THE CARIBOU.

SEVERAL correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM have referred to a letter in which I spoke of the Sharps .45-120-500 cartridge as a fatal dose for moose, and the Winchester single-shot as a good conduit for it. With many of the kindly criticisms I agree entirely. The rifle described is not the ideal hunting rifle. That weapon does not exist; but, fortunately for mortal comfort, every man's own gun is the next thing to it.

Four hundred yards is too great a distance at which to shoot at any game, as the well-informed H. B. S. truly says; and in all I had to say I had mostly in mind distances under 300 yds. I repeat that a good shot, with a proper rifle, under favorable circumstances, can kill a moose at 300 yds. with one bullet.

And I wish to remark that when returning to camp you suddenly become aware of a big caribou standing gray and solemn against the sky, on the crest of a ridge too far away for comfortable shooting, you are pretty likely to try a shot, if you can get no nearer. Here is the situation: The caribou has seen you. He has run a few steps and stopped, for reasons known to himself. He stands looking back. There is not a bush between you and him. Half a dozen times as you have come down that hill each morning you have unconsciously counted the steps, and you know there are 321 of them. In the calm stillness of approaching evening the old fellow, motionless against the golden western heaven, looks as big as a horse. His great white collar, plainly visible at that distance, makes his head, in the center of the white circle turned toward you, look like a black bullseye. Now, Mr. Clay, with your .44-40, and Mr. H. B. S., my impression is you are going to give him one for luck, anyway. You of the .44-40 toss your leaden messenger heavenward in a graceful rainbow curve. The gentle breeze, imperceptible to you where you kneel, wafts the missile softly to one side, and as it sings by Br'er Caribou he starts like one rudely awakened from a dream. By the time you run to the top of the hill he is a vanishing speck, looking like a rabbit on a trot far down the purple valley.

But you, H. B. S., who know the accuracy of a 500 gr. bullet with a paper patch, take my rifle sighted for 100 yds., while the caribou stands trying to make out what we are. Put up the fine needle point of the Lyman combination fore sight. Sit down and rest your elbows on your knees. Raise the rifle till the fore sight appears to point a foot above the caribou's back. Now steady. Turn loose the 120 grs. of powder. If you are lucky you may cut the poor caribou nearly in two, and he will be beyond all knowledge of this life before you can get to him.

Oh, yes, 50 yds. are better. Who that has done it can forget the sight of the big buck peacefully lying down on the side hill where you, serpent-like monster, have crawled upon him till you can see the damp hairs where he has given his side a lick with his tongue. That is still-hunting. And the redeeming feature about your murder is that you kill the unfortunate animal without his ever knowing what happened to him.

Yes, I know my rifles are "cannon." But in some years of shooting I do not know of one deer or moose or caribou that I ever left to die a slow and miserable death.

This very evening I have suffered while reading the story of a big elk that was wounded by a .40 cal. Winchester bullet, and only killed after twenty-four hours of painful, pitiful toil to escape from its pursuers. The man who told the story concluded with this remark, which condenses the whole controversy into a brass shell: "We now looked to see which ball had struck him the evening before. We found that one had entered the neck and lodged in the vertebra near the shoulder. We cut it out and it proved to be from my Winchester. F.'s rifle was a heavy Sharps, and would have stopped the elk with the first shot, if he had hit it."

If I die by shooting, hit me with a Lin. Gtling bullet, please.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

DUCK SHOOTING ON A MISSISSIPPI OVERFLOW.

WILDFOWL shooting in the timber. What glorious memories are recalled by those magic words to the sportsman who has been permitted to enjoy the fascinating sport.

Sometimes the shooting is done in the pleasant autumn months, when the purple haze of October covers the woods and fields with a filmy veil. Again it is in wild, blustering March, when the winds howl unceasingly through the treetops and the storm-king reigns supreme. But the wildfowl shooter cares little for the roar of winds or storms, for he is warmly clad and sheltered by the woods and underbrush.

The only drawback to this kind of shooting along the Mississippi is that it cannot be indulged in every season, for the reason that a spring or fall overflow is necessary to supply the water, and of late years this is not a semi-annual or even annual occurrence. It is when one of these overflows on the Mississippi occurs during the autumn months (alas, only too rare) that the duck hunter is thoroughly happy. Then the wildfowl are migrating southward, plump and fat. The wide stretch of water affords ample room to rest their weary pinions, while the submerged willow swales and pin oak ridges furnish the delicious acorns and succulent roots that they love so well.

Most of the timber shooting is at mallards, where they linger in countless numbers, loath to leave until a cold storm drives them further on toward their southern home. Many times I have seen the overflowed timber lands filled with these handsome birds, each eagerly intent upon securing its quota of acorns.

A stretch of river twenty-five miles above and below Savanna, Ill., comprises some of the best wildfowl shooting grounds on the Mississippi. A few years ago one of these welcome overflows occurred in the fall. Acres of ducks, mostly mallards, hung around until late in November, dreaming idly on the bosom of the Mississippi, or devouring acorns in the timber. It was during this season that sauntering down street one windy morning I met a shooting companion, George T. We both stopped and looked inquiringly at the sky.

"This wind will drive the ducks out of the river," commented George.

"Your diagnosis agrees with mine exactly," I replied.

"And they say," continued George, "that the mallards are so thick in the timber west of Spring Lake that there is danger of their digging the trees up by the roots."

"You be ready in twenty minutes and we will go down and give them something else to think of," said I, hurrying away to don my corduroys.

We were soon in a boat gliding down the river bound for the timbered ponds between Spring Lake and the river about four miles below Savanna. When near our destination we turned aside into a deep, narrow channel, and started out through the timber, eyes and ears alert for ducks. Far ahead we could hear them quacking and calling to each other, little dreaming that their feast was soon to be disturbed. A short distance in the timber and without warning a pair of fine mallards arose, protesting at our intrusion. George was alert and at the double report of his gun they both subsided and we picked them up as we went by. Far out in the woods the flapping and quacking of ducks, frightened at the report of the gun, was borne to our ears.

"Hurry up and let's get in that pond west of Spring Lake and get out our decoys," said George.

Just as we rounded a point to start out through the timber, a mallard sprang up from the edge of the trees not 25 ft. away. In its haste and fright the duck flew against some small branches and it was ludicrous to watch its tactics in trying to extricate itself and get away. My companion was as much astonished as the fowl and his first barrel was fired ere the gun was to his shoulder, missing it clean. The second barrel followed the first almost instantly, but the duck went on. Seeing that we were about to lose a fine bird through George's carelessness, I dropped the oars and seizing my gun turned on my hips, and killed the duck with a lucky snap shot. George looked foolish. "Don't say a word, I have been there myself," I said. Before he could reply a pair came over us and my companion made as pretty a double as one could wish to see. Picking up our ducks, we rowed through the timber to an open place that in low water was a shallow pond.

Throwing out a dozen decoys, we pushed our boat under the trees, and filling our pipes sat down to wait for our intended victims. There was so great an extent of feeding grounds that of course we could not expect to get a shot at a hundredth part of the ducks that were flying and alighting in different parts of the timber.

We sat smoking for about five minutes, when five mallards came over high up, and seeing our decoys bowed their wings and with that peculiar pendulum-like swing of the body dropped straight to the water. When about 10 ft. from the decoys their wings went up like a reverse lever to check their momentum, and just then two guns cracked and two greenheads lay among the decoys; for some reason our second barrels missed, probably we undershot, a common fault with climbing ducks.

"I call that pretty poor shooting," remarked George.

"Yes, if we can't do better than that, we will hunt around and find some rocks to throw."

A vociferous quacking out in the timber and George got out his duck call and sent a seductive answer to the lonely female mallard, and as she dropped into the decoys a load of 63 ended her troubles then and there.

"Let's take turns making doubles when a pair comes in," I suggested.

"All right, go ahead, and I will see how you do it," replied George.

We had not long to wait; a low musical hiss greeted our ears as a pair of greenheaded drakes dropped over the timber. I caught the sheen of a chestnut breast as I pressed the trigger and drew on the other one just as he got to the top of the trees. He struck the water a second after his partner, and never made a kick.

Shortly after we made the star shot of the day. A bunch of a dozen swung in and we emptied four barrels at them, and never got a feather.

"Well, I'll be blowed, we must have forgotten to put shot in the shells," said George in disgust, watching the rapidly vanishing fowls.

"We certainly forgot to put shot in the ducks," I answered sadly.

"Keep quiet, here comes my double." As they flut-

tered above the decoys, side by side, George killed them both stone dead with the first barrel.

"You shoot the ducks and I'll get out the lunch," I said.

Pickles, bread and butter, pie and ham were arranged on the seat, and I had gotten as far as "Come to din—" when a sharp report greeted my ears, and looking up I saw a mallard drake high up; throw his head on his back and double up like a jack knife. As he struck the water I said: "That was a beautiful shot, now come to lunch."

No one but a sportsman can appreciate how delicious everything tastes out in the woods. As George remarked, "If we had hit the big flock half as hard as we did the lunch we would have a blamed sight more ducks."

Just as we came to a delicious section of raisin pie, a low, sharp hiss greeted our ears, and a big, fat mallard drake dropped with a splash among the decoys, 20 yds. away. As he sat gracefully erect like a soldier on guard his neck looked to be 1 ft. long. A moment he eyed the surroundings, all the time uttering the peculiar hiss that no instrument or tongue can successfully imitate, then he caught sight of us sitting motionless in the boat. His neck seemed to stretch up 1 ft., and then with a mighty bound he sprang 10 ft. into the air. I covered him instantly, and as the charge from my gun struck the drake with terrific force it seemed to hurl him forward 1 ft. and the next instant he collapsed, with every bone in his body broken, while a drift of feathers floated away over the water.

We got good shooting until about the middle of the afternoon, when the wind went down and the ducks settled in the Mississippi.

However, we had ducks enough—about thirty, mostly mallards—and were content to leave them alone until another time.

FRANK E. KELLOGG.

GENESEE ASSOCIATION.

THE Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protective and Propagators' Association held its annual meeting in Rochester, N. Y., April 14, with President Harry J. Woodworth in the chair. The treasurer reported as follows:

Balance in treasury last year.....\$100 36
Dues, receipts, etc.....134 05

Total.....\$234 41
Disbursements.....201 03

Balance in treasury.....\$33 28

The report of the executive committee gave this review of the work of the year:

"Since our annual meeting events have occurred in which we are directly interested. Early in 1895 the present State Fish and Game Commission succeeded the old one, and for a period while they were getting established in office the protective force was disorganized. This was unfortunate, for it left our waters during the time of spring spawning unprotected. Still we do not think much harm was done, thanks to the much improved public sentiment, which is no doubt due to the work of this Association—and this is the strong argument of such organizations. The present State Commission, of which one of our associates is a member, has had many difficulties to contend with, but has overcome them and is now in a position to do, and we believe will do good work in the future. It is their settled policy, while not abating in their work of propagating, to give increased attention to the protective branch of the work—reasoning that better results can be had by combining natural with artificial propagation—protect the seed planted and the parents while in the act of propagating their species.

"Rochester is surrounded by waters that are unexcelled for their breeding capacities, and if undisturbed during the breeding season in the spring months, and then kept free from illegal netting, our people will have the very best of angling—affording opportunity for supplying our tables with fish fresh and sweet together with the recreation. Notwithstanding the lack of protection the past year, we are confident that the fishing this season will not be disappointing.

"Your committee have continued the work of pheasant breeding, and, as might be expected, we had much to learn, and have had some ill luck, but confidently look for better results this year. Protector Brooks, until he was laid off on account of exhaustive funds, done some excellent work. Made forty arrests and thirty-four convictions. Special Protector Marshall deserves much praise for his work on Lower River and the ponds west of Charlotte. The improved fishing the coming season will, we believe, prove it. Conesus Lake Association continues steadfast in their good work, and the improved angling proves it. It is very strange that the good people in the vicinity of that lake do not see the wisdom of co-operating with them, for every person who is attracted there by the fishing contributes to the wealth of the locality. Good angling is sure to increase the number of cottagers, who are sure every season to leave many dollars there. Special Protector De La Verne has been an efficient officer on this water.

"Hemlock Lake, while it has not been neglected, is deserving of much better attention. This we expect it will now have. The Upper River—here we are looking for most excellent results. We have been giving it special attention and have been much encouraged by the hearty co-operation of our Park Commission. We expect good results from the planting that has been done—wall-eyed or yellow pike, perch and bass. Through the kind assistance of our old protector, George Schwartz, 1,500 mature black bass have been transplanted from the Erie Canal wide waters to the Upper River. This was done voluntarily and without compensation. We now confidently look for most excellent fishing in this direction—much desired for the tired mechanic or business man after his day's work is ended. Gentlemen, you surely can be content and proud of what you have accomplished, and if we persist we are sure to receive the thanks of the public.

H. M. STEWART, THOS. W. FRANE, HARRY S. WOODWORTH, JAMES H. BROWN, J. B. Y. WARNER, Executive Committee.

"Report of bird committee, Genesee Valley Association.

"The past year has not been so successful in the raising of pheasants as this committee would have wished. We started the season with a good stock of birds at our two pheasantries, one situated at No. 641 Genesee street and cared for by Mr. Toogood, and the other at Penfield, man-

aged by Mr. Hipp. Unfortunately Mr. Toogood was obliged to change his residence last spring, which had a rather demoralizing effect on his birds; this coop at that time consisted of eight hens and four cocks. We at once commenced to provide new and more commodious quarters for the birds, and built a large coop, 28x14, divided into compartments, boarded up 3 ft. from the ground, then wired to the height of 7½ ft., and the roof wired entirely over, as a precaution against rats and other vermin. We sunk tin a foot or more into the ground under the boards. While these coops were being prepared the birds were placed in a large corn crib for temporary quarters.

"The hens commenced to lay April 24 under adverse circumstances. They laid about 125 eggs. A dozen of these were given out to Mr. Loomis, a member of this Association. The result was no chicks. Another dozen of eggs were sold to Joseph Tone for \$5. A good percentage of these were hatched out, and when a few days old were stepped on by a horse and killed. The rest of the eggs—about a hundred—were set under hens and twenty chicks were hatched out. Of these eight were successfully raised and liberated in Seneca Park last fall. Three hens and one cock have died this winter. Since then we have added six hens and two Mongolian cock birds to these coops."

"BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS, Jan. 24.—Thomas W. Fraine: Dear Sir—The quails have not been seen in the park since late in the fall. The probabilities are that they are spending the winter in thickets near the parks. The pheasants have become quite wild and are occasionally seen, usually one at a time. It is impossible to tell whether all have survived or not. Yours truly,

"C. C. LANEY."

"PENFIELD, N. Y., Jan. 8.—Mr. Fraine: Sir—In regard to the pheasants I have had the worst kind of luck. Seven hens and two cocks; eggs, 135; chicks hatched, 35; chicks raised, none. Two hens have died. I find that the cocks will not mate with more than one hen. Two years ago I had eight eggs, hatched five and raised four of them. Why I should have had such hard luck last year is more than I can tell. The young birds I feed with hard-boiled eggs and potatoes. When about two weeks old bird seed, and from that to wheat. The old birds prefer wheat to any other kind of grain. I also feed all kinds of greens in the summer, and in the winter cabbage. In the spring they are very fond of grubs and worms, later in the summer they do not care for them.

"Yours, A. N. HIPPI."

A letter from L. D. Ely, of the Bayside farm, which is located near the shores of Irondequoit Bay, says: "I regret that I cannot give you a more accurate account of the pheasants. I have been unable to give them my personal attention the past year, and the man who has had the care of them is not an experienced hand. I drove out to the farm last evening and made inquiries of him regarding them, but he has no record of eggs laid, chicks hatched, etc. As near as we can recollect, we started in last year with seven hens and three cocks. One cock ran with the seven hens in a covered yard. About July we liberated two hens and a cock. One of the hens was seen on the farm a few weeks after, and a little later the cock and other hen were seen some distance south of the farm. One of the hens in the inclosure died during the summer, and one of the cocks was killed on account of an injury, leaving four hens and one cock at the end of the season, of the old birds. Those in confinement laid about 150 eggs. We set, I think, eight hens on them. Two of the hens left the nest before the pheasants were due, and two killed the birds as soon as they hatched. There were three or four broods of from six to ten taken from the nests. At one time, I believe, we had twenty or more young birds.

"A few were killed or died, but the largest number disappeared without our knowing what became of them. Their run was not covered. Out of the lot we have six young hens left, which with the four old hens and cocks make ten on hand at the present time. From the above account one might think pheasants difficult to raise, which is not a fact, as they are remarkably hardy. It was owing to poor care that we were not more successful with them the past year.

"Two years ago I superintended the care and feeding of them myself for a short time, and was surprised to find that they will thrive in a small inclosure if they have a large run with a good mother. They need very little food above the insects and worms which they gather for themselves.

"The chicks I think more hardy than young turkeys, and they will thrive on any farm or in any woods, if not killed. In this section hawks and skunks are their worst enemies. I know that they will stand our winters, as one of my cock birds that was hatched in 1894 escaped that summer and came back to the breeding yard in the spring of 1895 looking for a mate, one that escaped with him having been shot in the fall. I find the yolk of hard-boiled eggs and chopped lettuce very good food for the chicks when first taken from the nest. The lettuce or other green food should be continued as long as they are kept in confinement, and insects and worms should be supplied if they cannot find them for themselves. Yours truly,

"L. D. ELY."

"LYONS, N. Y., Jan. 28.—T. W. Fraine, Esq.: Dear Sir—Replying to your respects of the 23d inst., as to how I have done with my pheasants during the past season, will answer upon the whole had very poor success. Started in with a pen of three females and one cock. They laid many eggs and I set in the neighborhood of seventy-five eggs. Hatches were fairly good—about 75 per cent. My trouble came when the birds were from a week to two old, and most of them were carried off by gapes of diarrhoea. Did everything I could to save them, but of no avail. Increased my flock to eleven, seven females and four cocks.

"This winter have lost two females, one being killed and the other died from what seemed to be croup, though I believe this is not a disease they are likely to have. I have five good, healthy females to-day, and am not at all discouraged by reason of bad luck last season. The same happened with me in the breeding of chickens many times and I have made a long study of poultry rearing.

"Shall commence next season with the same vim as before, and know that I can make a better record. We have got to approach the plan as is most successful in turkey raising to success in pheasant rearing; birds must

have a good run, plenty of good meat, food and good dusting place. Shall be pleased to learn from your report what others have done. Yours truly,

W. S. GAVITT."

The officers elected for the new year were: President, A. Emerson Babcock; First Vice-President, Harry S. Woodworth; Second Vice-President, H. M. Stewart; Treasurer, Thomas W. Fraine; Secretary, Frank J. Amsden; Executive Committee: J. B. Y. Warner, Daniel Bascom, Dr. David Little, James H. Brown, Howard H. Widener, A. B. Lamberton, Edmond Redmond, Charles R. Richards.

BRIGHT SPOTS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—I so thoroughly and genuinely enjoy my weekly FOREST AND STREAM that I can hardly wait for Friday morning to arrive. I get my paper on the New York express of Friday morning, and, although Friday is hangman's day, and is usually conceded to be the most unlucky of all days, I long each week for its coming, as it brings FOREST AND STREAM. How I managed to live for thirty-two years without this paper now seems a puzzle to me. Every sportsman or lover of outdoor recreation should, by all means, take a sporting journal of some kind. To sit quietly and read of the experiences, pleasures and opinions of others is the next thing to participation. Again, such reading is largely conducive to the exercise of retrospection. And what man does not like to muse in sweet reverie of the past? Let one's past be ever so dark and dreary, the bright edges of silver will show around the blackest of clouds. And the darker the cloud, the more beautiful the tints around it. So, kind friend, when you feel blue and disappointed about something that has gone wrong with you, use my remedy for the blues. Take your gun and dog and go hunting, or your tackle and go fishing, and if neither of these are possible, clean up your guns, work with them, polish and oil them and handle them. If this does not entirely satisfy you, go get out FOREST AND STREAM, and sit down and read it from beginning to end, ads. included, and I will guarantee that when you get up your blues will be gone. If you do not believe this try it. I will frankly confess that I am a crank about hunting and guns, but a great deal of my enthusiasm about such things is due to cultivation of the habit, and you will find that in an incredibly short time you will become thoroughly imbued with the same spirit.

I have many, many bright spots on my canvas of time. In looking back at the numerous hunting and fishing expeditions that it has been my good fortune to participate in, one trip of one day's duration looms up so pleasingly that I will recount it if you care to hear it. I will call this one day's hunt a bright spot, for such it is.

Just six years ago the 15th day of last September I was invited to join in a deer hunt on Walden's Ridge, some eight miles from Chattanooga. Sam Wester, a chum of mine, had a beautiful summer home up on the ridge, and Sam informed me, to my great astonishment, that deer could be killed within 1½ miles of his house. In fact, he told me that he had killed as many as nine deer in that locality the year just past. I told Sam that I considered him a first-class chump for not inviting me before this time; but he said that he had only recently learned of my enthusiasm for deer hunting, and had supposed that quail shooting was all that I cared for. In fact the dozen or so regular deer hunters in Chattanooga are as clannish as Indians. They own all the hounds in this section, and they are extremely cautious whom they take out and show their covers and runways to. They have to be selfish in order to preserve the game, otherwise there would not be a deer on the Cumberland Mountains in a few years. On this occasion Sam's regular standbys failed him, so he just went out in the byways, as it were, and invited three greenhorns, as he called us. The other two gentlemen invited were L. H. Bixby, of the City Water Co., and E. W. Mattson, editor of the Chattanooga Press, the only Republican newspaper in town. Sam had "method in his madness," as he was running for sheriff on the Republican ticket and he was afraid not to ask Mattson.

I did not tell Sam that I had lived for six years in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and the Indian Nation, had followed civil engineering business, and had walked all over those States surveying, and had killed more deer than he ever saw. I just kept my mouth shut and let him blow off his enthusiasm, and vow that he was going to run a deer right square over each one of us just to see us miss it.

Well, about noon we four set out on horseback from Sam's Store, bound for the mountain. All had shotguns excepting myself, and I had an ordinary, 73 model 38 cal. Winchester, the only rifle I owned at that time. It was nicely sighted with silver "knife blade" front sight, however, and I had practiced with it enough to feel sure that I would not disgrace myself. The other boys laughed at me, said I could not hit a deer running with a rifle, and so on. I "sawed wood" and said nothing, told them maybe I could not hit the deer, but I was going to try him a magazine full anyway. Sam was an old hunter, and strange to say up to this time he had never used anything but a shotgun to kill deer. He had a splendid No. 10 gauge cylinder bored Parker gun, made especially to shoot buckshot, and as Sam is a good wing shot he hardly ever let a deer escape that came within 50 or 60 yds. of him. My! but the rascal was conceited. He thought he knew it all, and that the rest of us were featherlings under his guidance. He even cautioned us how to carry our guns in riding through the woods to prevent shooting each other.

Well, we arrived at Sam's summer home at 3 o'clock and spent the afternoon in talking over the next day's sport. Sam assured us that he would run at least one deer through some one of the three stands he intended to put us on; as he had located a bunch of deer two or three days previously, and knew exactly where to go to get them up.

I thought this was more like playing hunting—to be comfortably housed and enjoy the hospitalities dispensed by Sam's good wife, his five children playing around us and climbing all over him, his two oldest boys all excitement and begging Sam to allow them to accompany us. Then the supper bell rang, and we were seated at a table loaded down with good things—Mrs. Wester presiding at one end of the table and Sam at the other. This was more like city entertaining than hunting, but Sam reassured me after supper was over. He had a great bushel basket full of corn bread and a pan full of the scraps from

the table, and leading the way out to the barn proceeded to feed his hounds. Then I saw as fine a lot of hounds as I ever laid my eyes on. Most of the pack were bred from English stag and fox hound stock, and all were large, well-developed dogs. He had fourteen, and what a pow-wow they raised as he opened the door to feed them. Then came the usual scramble and the fights over who would get the most. Sam broke the bread up in small pieces and scattered it all over the barn floor, so all the dogs could get some; but then a hound is a hound and you cannot make anything else out of him. There were four especially large, fine hounds in the pack. My diary tells me their names were Leader, Queen, Dan and Rock. These were the imported dogs from which the rest of the pack had been raised, and I guess that their being the parents of the others had something to do with their domineering tactics. Every time one of the younger dogs came near one of these four it was sure to be wallowed around and badly misused. Then two of the old dogs would get into a dispute over which one was eating the fastest, and stop eating to fight it out. Then two or three of the younger ones would take sides and there would be a general mix up for five minutes, until Sam would have to step in and decide the day by kicking all of them over. Such is a hound's life, ever selfish and aggressive.

Sam now showed us his last year's trophies, which consisted of several nice heads of horns and a number of skins. So we went back to the house feeling happy, yes more than happy, joyous, for we now had great hopes of success on the following day.

We rested on beds of down that night and dreamed of hounds and deer and such things, and were oblivious to the world when we were rudely awakened by Sam pounding on the door. "Get up, boys, it is four o'clock and I want to be on the travel by five." We needed no coaxing, but bounded out of bed like schoolboys and had a race to see who could dress first. Such is hunting, gentlemen. It will put energy and life into the most gouty limbs. After a superb breakfast, which was awaiting us hot and smoking on the table, we were ordered to horse and started off at a gallop. Everything seemed to be in our favor, even the elements, as it had rained hard during the night and cleared off before day; so now the scenting would be good. In half an hour we three visitors were on our stands and Sam had taken a wide circuit with the pack to start the deer.

About four miles from Sam's house is an old hurricane where the fallen timber and thick brush and grapevines afford good cover for game of all kinds. It was here that Sam always got up his deer, and they nearly always ran through one of the stands that we filled. We were stationed at intervals along the crest of a small ridge that ran east and west, and divided the waters of two creeks which flowed in opposite directions.

Sam had been gone about two hours when I caught a sound that I thought was the cry of the hounds. I listened attentively to distinguish whether it was the sighing of the wind or really the dogs. It seemed to draw nearer, and in a few moments I could distinctly distinguish the voice of one dog from another. Then I stood up on a log to get a more commanding view of the slope of the ridge, and see over the top of the thick bushes. The cry was very confusing, I could not tell whether it was nearing my stand or going toward the next stand below me, which was occupied by Mattson. In a second more I heard Mattson's shotgun boom! boom! in quick succession. I thought, well, Mattson had either got one or scored a miss. But before I could move I heard the dogs coming full cry toward me. I looked off through the trees in the direction of the music, and saw a deer coming. I still stood on the log so I could see. I now cocked my rifle and waited. The deer was headed straight toward me, so I could gain nothing by moving. When it was within about 40 yds. of me, I drew at the fore shoulder and fired. It did not stop, only tucked its tail. I threw in another cartridge, took more careful aim and fired again; still it did not stop. Now it was out of sight, hidden by the thick brush. I now ran out into the road at the ridge, and got in another shot as the deer jumped across the road. Still it did not stop. I thought to myself, well, darn that deer and darn this gun, because I knew I had hit it twice. I now saw the deer climbing the steep side of another ridge 200 yds. away. I ran my rear sight up to the top notch, took aim and fired again, but still the deer did not stop. There was no use shooting any more, as I saw my last shot knock up the gravel 10 ft. behind the deer and I had taken careful aim just over its back. The deer was now going in a slow walk, and with a good rifle I could have knocked it down easily. It climbed slowly up the ridge and just as it reached the top it fell. By this time Bixby was at my side. He had seen the deer jump across the road from where he stood some 400 yds. away, and had run down the road, hoping to get a shot at it. We now went over to the deer and found it dead. It had three bullets in it: one through the side, one in the hind quarters and one through the neck; yet it had run 350 paces from where it was first shot. So much for your small short cartridges. I would not carry a .44-40-200 or a .38-35 rifle in the woods again.

This same season I shot another deer on identically the same stand with a .44-40-200 rifle, and it ran four and one-half miles, and was finally dragged down by the hounds. Sam Wester was a witness to that performance also. The last-named deer was shot 10 in. behind the foreleg; the ball ranged backward through the intestines and lodged in one of the hams; the deer had been approaching at an angle of about 45 degrees to me. If I were of a mind to do so I could name many deer that I have lost entirely in using a .44-40-200 Winchester, and have followed for hours with dogs on a blood trail and never got the deer. How any one can advocate the use of such a gun is more than I can see, because I defy the most expert hunters to hit a deer just where they want to when it is running and jumping in the thick brush. A man is doing fine work if he hits it anywhere from its nose to its tail.

We now cut the deer's throat, and then strapping it on my horse behind me set out for Mattson's stand. When we got there we found Sam and Mattson standing, one where Mattson stood and the other where the deer was when Mattson shot at it. They were just thirty steps apart. Mattson said two deer had gone by where Sam was standing, and there the tracks were to show for themselves that he had shot both barrels at them, and had not touched a hair that he knew of. He was candid about it, anyway, so we agreed not to tell anybody when we got

to town, and he was happy. There was a mark on a tree over Sam's head, 10 or 12 ft. from the ground, so Mattson must just have fired his gun off in the air. Sam told us that he had killed a deer when the dogs started the game, so that made up for the chances Mattson had thrown away.

We now rode to the hurricane or windfall, and got Sam's deer. Sam had killed the first deer that got up, and at the sound of his gun three more had jumped out of the same fallen treetops. If his horse had not acted so foolishly he could have killed another, as he was within 35 or 40 yds. of them. We now went back to Sam's house and had plenty of time to skin and dress our venison before dinner. We all had lots of fun at poor Mattson's expense. Even Sam's kids geyed him about missing his deer. But poor Mattson bore it so good-naturedly that we at length got ashamed of ourselves and let him off. After a good dinner and many thanks to Mrs. Wester and Sam for their whole-souled hospitality, Bixby, Mattson and I took our departure and arrived at home early in the afternoon.

We had been gone but little over a day, and had all the venison we wanted and the best time we ever had in our lives.

About three years ago Sam Wester and his family moved to Boise City, Idaho, and are there now. I have been out there once since Sam moved West, and in company with him and six other good fellows had a two months' hunt in Jackson's Hole, just south of the Yellowstone Park. In fact, I have hunted in the identical cañon where the Bannock Indians were killed last year. Perhaps I may write that up for *FOREST AND STREAM* readers some day.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

New York Game Laws.

THE Assembly passed on April 21 the Sanger bills allowing deer jacking Sept. 1 to 15, and hunting Oct. 1 to 15. The Malby bills in the Senate have been amended to conform to the Sanger bill. This appears to indicate that hounding and jacking will not be entirely prohibited at this session.

SHOT.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

THE hot weather had given me the fever, and as the cool shades of the evening came to relieve the hot, burning rays of a July sun, that royal leader of good fellows, Judge James Fitzsimmons, came slowly into my office and sat down, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face.

"Well, old man," said he, "if this weather continues I must get out of town, or I will turn into a living stream of water; besides I am tired out, and I am hungry for some good fresh fish. Don't you know of a place where fish are plenty and the weather more moderate than this? Say, let's get a couple of good fellows and go away and get rested. Now, think up a place and let me know, and we will arrange to go."

Well, here was a go. A man as mad as myself to break the confinement of the office for the freedom of stream and woods—to catch fish and eat them too.

I called upon Fred W. Salsbury, to interview him for new fishing waters. He recommended the Nipigon River, in Canada.

To our party we added Capt. H. Jones, the owner of the steamer *Blanche*, and a capital good fellow and sailor; then, to fill up and make complete the party, John F. Edmundson, Esq., the fun maker, to drive away the blues after the loss of the largest fish, and Dr. J. D. Milligan, surgeon-in-charge and as fine a trout fisherman as ever cast a line, and myself to complete the list.

Aug. 7, 1895, was the day fixed to start, and by the P. & L. E. R. R. to Cleveland the route; thence by boat to Detroit, and from there to Grand Rapids over the D., L. & N. R. R.; thence to Mackinaw City over the C. & W. M. R. R., and then to Duluth over the D., S. S. & A. R. R.; thence by steamer *Hiram P. Dixon* to Port Arthur, and by the C. P. R. R. to Nipigon station.

I detail our route for the reason that we have passed over some very valuable fishing country, the product of which was shown to us at different points along the C. & W. M. R. R. by many fishermen who came in and kindly exposed the contents of their creels to us.

At Thompsonville station a party of fishermen had a very fine creel of trout weighing anywhere from 1 lb. to 2½ lbs. each, and were as happy as the proverbial fisherman after a successful day. So at different stations along this railroad were exhibited to our eager eyes these fresh trout until our mouths watered and our hearts wished for the Nipigon.

Near Mumsurg station on the D., S. S. & A. R. R. a party of two old sports came aboard with a creel of half dozen trout that would weigh about 2 to 3½ lbs. each and the sight of them set us wild. The train did not go half fast enough, and had it been possible for us to go by telegraph we would have done so.

In time we reached Duluth, and pitching our baggage into an express wagon we drove like the wind to the steamer *Hiram P. Dixon's* dock, which whistled us to hurry, and as our baggage was put on board the line was cast off and we were on the waters of Lake Superior en route for paradise. The voyage over the western and northern end of the lake was one of delightful rest, and at the same time it was one of great unrest because that boat took just twenty hours to make Port Arthur, and every hour seemed to be two, because we were confined to the narrow limits of a small steamboat, while in fancy's dream the trout and fish of the Nipigon danced, splashed and leaped in every direction.

At sun up on the lake about every person on board was up and ready to rush to the depot so as to catch the morning train at Port Arthur, which seemed only a stone's throw away, but as the smoke and steam arose over the treetops the chances of catching the incoming train lessened. The train stopped at the end of the dock, and as our boat touched the dock the train began to move and in a few minutes it was beyond our sight. Had the train stopped five minutes we could have reached it with our baggage and landed at the Nipigon Hotel ready for breakfast. But, alas, our boat did not move as fast enough and a delay of a day seemed imminent. The Northern Hotel lies beyond the dock a short distance and to it we wend our way, and our host soon sets before us a fine meal and

with it we soon recover our usual good spirits. By a happy thought our chief and leader, the genial, jovial and thoughtful Fred W. Salsbury, hies himself away to Fort Williams, and upon his return he brings with him an order to ride upon a freight train to our destination. Thinking we are tied up here for a day our party had scattered over the town, but in the excitement of the hour Capt. Jones and the funny man, Edmundson, were lost and from this point they returned home, while the other three wended their way to the end. The fisherman surgeon, Dr. J. D. Milligan, of our corps, had been detained and detached at Detroit, and did not rejoin us, much to our regret and to his chagrin.

In about two hours we arrived at Nipigon station, interviewed the station agent, who conducted us to the Taylor House. It is the only hotel in the place, and is kept by a jolly, jovial, honest man, who spared no pains to make us comfortable. This was the end of civilization, and from this point begins the ascent of the Nipigon River.

Before ascending the Nipigon, it is absolutely necessary to interview the law's representative, so ably filled by Mr. Wm. McKirdy, fish warden of that district. After the production of the necessary papers of introduction, we made application for permission to go up the river, and are promptly provided with them. Having taken such good care of us in this respect, we concluded that we were safe in his hands for the entire outfit, and after conversation together an order was given for guides, tents, cooking utensils and provisions for one week.

As there are three of us, Mr. McKirdy advised two boats and four men called guides, but why I am unable to answer. The starting point is on the river about three-quarters of a mile from the hotel. Our good clothing was left at the Taylor House, and what baggage we would not need. We also left our railroad tickets and our money, because there was no place to use it beyond this point. Bidding everybody goodby, we started for the river. At the landing we found Joe Esquimo and three other Indians whose names we did not learn, but one we called Big Chief. The boats were 18 ft. birch bark canoes of about 4 ft. beam. Into these were packed our baggage, week's provisions, tents, etc., and seven men. In order to equalize the load, the Judge and myself were assigned to one canoe and Fred and the baggage were put into the other. As we were strangers to the Indians, they made the division according to their ideas, and Fred and the baggage got the old-looking canoe, while the Judge and I got the new one. We congratulated ourselves upon our luck in having got the best looking craft, and were happy and contented. We feasted our eyes upon those famous waters, its rock-ribbed hills, clad with forests, and were contemplating how soon we would break the record, when our attention was arrested by the gabbling of the Indians. As our education in Chippewa had been neglected, we could not understand what all this argument was about, but I suddenly discovered that we were filling with water. The Indians ran the craft ashore and yelled to the camp on shore, when the inhabitants rushed down to us.

A lot of talk followed, and we got out and our baggage followed. There were a lot of Indian girls standing around. We tried to make the best of a bad bargain and tried to talk to the girls, but not a word would they answer, but two of them picked up a canoe, shoved it into the water and paddled off. After a while they came back with two men from across the river with a lot of pitch, tar, etc., to repair and put in good condition our leaky canoe. In the course of time we overtook Fred and the guide Joe, who, by the way, is a great scholar, informs us that we have been on Lake Helen and would now go westwardly into the Nipigon River. Joe talks good English, and is a Latin scholar as well. I had with me some copies of the annual reports of the United Hunting and Fishing Clubs of Pennsylvania, and when I showed him the advertisement of a certain firm on Broadway he at once said, "I know where Broadway is. It is in New York." It was a great relief to hear an explanation of the waters over which we were passing, and Joe was the only one with us who could give it. I missed much of the legends of the river because I was separated from him nearly all the time, and as I was the smaller of the party I was always assigned to the boat that could hold me.

The houses were soon left behind. They passed from our ken, and the wild, rugged wilderness stretched out before us in unmeasured miles. The water was clear and ice cold, and to our imagination it was alive with fish. After passing up the river some three or four miles we saw an Indian with five sturgeon 6 ft. long which he had caught that day, and we were sadly tempted again. But no stop was made, no cessation of the constant dip of the paddles by the Indians, and we moved steadily up the stream.

Soon the dim roar like a passing train or like the distant thunder falls upon our ears, and soon it becomes so loud that we cease to hear one another talk, and the leader motions where to cross and what to do. As I steady myself and turn facing the north I see the water falling over high falls with high land on both sides and rushing with mighty force, bearing white caps with it, and dashing itself against the opposite bank, and to one who is timid it seems foolhardy to attempt crossing.

Our men had been there before, and we sit still and leave everything to them; and shortly we land safely and get out, to our relief, as we were all cramped up from our long ride in the boats. At the particular spot where our boat touched the shore there stands an old tree, whose long, gnarled roots clasp in its grasp rock of different sizes, and then runs into the earth beyond our sight and affords a good harbor for the canoes. The shore is rocky and the land beyond slopes back, ending in a small hill. This is a camping ground, and the evidences show that a good many other fishermen have sought slumber, rest and food at this point. The falls seem about 15 or 20 ft. high, and the water so rough and the current was so swift that none of us care to rig up a rod and line to make a cast. The portage here is about a short quarter of a mile to a small creek of black water not over 30 or 40 ft. wide and 5 or 6 ft. deep. We go up this stream several hundred feet and disembark again. The chief, Joe, kindly consents to our making a camp here for the first night, and the camp is pitched upon top of a high hill, up which we carry our traps, water, etc.

Leaving the work for the Indians, I rig up my line and make a cast with a small fly, and land a 7 in. trout; another cast and I land a 10 in. trout, and then follows one

of a foot, when Fred came bearing down upon my sport, and we soon had sufficient to make a taste for supper for ourselves. After that Joe says he will show us where to get fish, so that we will not eat minnows like what we had for supper; and we smile at thought of anything better than those trout caught, cleaned, fried and eaten all within half an hour.

A war whoop was given to assemble at the bank of the small stream, and we go down it to the Nipigon a short ways above the laws at our first landing. It is now dusk, and in the semi-light the river runs like a mill race, and as the lines touch the waters they straighten out to the full length. As the strain is steady we know it was not a fish bite, so we reel out more line, and soon have three-quarters of it out. Slowly we reel up and then let it out again, and as it has become dark no idea by sight can be had of the location of the line. By touch we ascertain from the reel how much line is out and how far down the current it has gone, when suddenly a jerk comes to my line and my heart is in my mouth. In imagination I cannot have anything but a 9lb. trout, and I play it carefully. Fred, who is in the boat with me, says, "Is it a big one? Does he pull hard?" and a lot of other questions; but I remain silent, my speech is gone and I am only feeling. When I feel the fish tugging at my hook real hard I make a strike and fasten it. Then begins a rush and I am willing to swear it weighs a ton, and is the largest trout in the river. I reel in my slack line and soon see an object breaking the water a short distance away, and carefully I guide it along to Fred, who sits in the stern of the canoe with landing net, makes a dash at it, but miscalculates the distance and misses the fish, but I have hooked him deep and strong and soon bring him up again, and Fred throws him into the boat. The moon gives a few rays of light, but not enough to see by, so I strike a match, and shading it from the wind, throw the rays upon my catch, my big trout; but the light blinds my eyes, and Fred screams and yells until I fear he will upset the boat. I sit dumbfounded at this hilarity, and when Fred recovers himself he cries out, "It's a wall-eyed pike. Eager to know what I did catch I reach over and the scales prove that Fred is correct, and my first trout of the Nipigon is a wall-eyed pike or pike-perch. The joke is on me, and I get mad at myself for coming hundreds of miles only to catch that fish when they can be killed nearer home. I want to quit or be pitched overboard, but Fred commands with much authority, "Keep quiet! Keep still; I've got a bite." So he had. A splash away down the rushing waters of the pool showed there was trouble down there and that there was much activity, so, thinking my time for a laugh had come on Fred, I awaited the landing of the fish. Bracing myself ready to scream and crow over Fred when his wall-eyed pike came in, I watched the contest with landing net in hand. But Fred, anticipating what I would do, concluded he did not need any help, but reeled up his fish until he reached his line, gave it a swing, and into the boat came a speckled brook trout of at least 4½lbs. weight. Forgetting to laugh at his discomfort, we both sent out yells of victory to apprise the Judge in the other boat, and he came down to join us and to assist. A smaller trout was added by the Judge and that closed the night's sport. We crossed and recrossed the stream, moved up and moved down, but no good, the fish had quit and so must we.

The order was given to return to camp, and slowly and reluctantly we went to camp, to sleep and yet to dream of what fish the morrow would bring to us.

The Indians had made us good soft beds made from leafy underbrush, and after smoking a pipe of peace we wrapped ourselves in blankets and slept the sleep of the righteous fisherman, at rest with peace to the world and everything else.

J. W. HAGUE.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CANADIAN ANGLING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it is an Englishman's privilege to growl when things go wrong with him and to write a letter to the *Times* when he has a grievance, I don't know what better an angler can do when apparently about to be thwarted in his design of early spring fishing than write all about it to FOREST AND STREAM. My good friends, Hart, of Waterbury, Durand, of Newark, and the rest of them, are impatient to know when the spring fishing is going to open this year in Canada, and I know that down in Springfield and Bridgeport and other anglers' homes there are hundreds of other trout fishermen who have not yet written up to Canada to know how the winter is passing, but who nevertheless are very much in earnest in their desire for knowledge under this head. Generally by this time of the year Quebecers are able to form some opinion about the coming of spring and the opening of the angling season. The snow has often entirely disappeared by the middle of April, and even if the ice has not left the lakes, it is preparing to go, and farmers are getting ready to plant their spring crops. But to-day the outlook is most discouraging, and I know not what to say to the many waiting American anglers who want to know how to time their spring fishing trip to their preserves. I suppose we shall have spring some time this year, but thus far there are not many indications of it if I except the recent arrival of the crows and of an odd robin or two. Sleighs are still running here, not only in the country parts, but also in the city streets; teams are crossing the ice bridge over the St. Lawrence, and a fur cap and a fur-lined overcoat were by no means uncomfortable on the way home from the club last night. I have put away last year's flies that I took out last month to examine, and feel as if it will be almost an eternity before I require to look for them again. The warm weather may come with quite a rush when it comes at all, and unless it does there will be very little May fishing this year in northern Canada, and none at all in the middle of the month. The snow is very deep in the woods, the spring floods are certain to be as heavy as ever, and not much fly-fishing can be had until the snow water has been carried down to the lakes. Short springs are usually hot ones here, and so it is altogether unlikely that the opening of the ouananiche season will be much delayed, the probability being that trout fishermen who come up here for the early spring fishing in Lake Edward, or in their own club preserves, and have a fortnight to spare for it, will be able to take some ouananiche before their return. This is specially true of the pools at

the mouth of the Metabetchouan and off the Roberval shore, where the angling is good during the last eight or ten days of May, and where ordinary salmon flies are found to be the best surface lures. And in the Grande Décharge it is seldom that there is not good sport by June 10 or 15.

Of all the many localities where fishermen go to fight the festive ouananiche I like best the Grande Décharge, unless many days' journey be made from civilization up some one of the great northern feeders of Lake St. John, where mighty cataracts are to be met and portaged around. One advantage of the Grande Décharge is its accessibility. A large iron steamer, the Mistassini, crosses to it every morning from Roberval. Among and around the many picturesque islands at the head of the discharge and in the waters of Lake St. John itself, just above them, monster pike are to be taken by trolling, often up to 20 and even 30lbs. in weight. Sometimes a ouananiche takes the spoon thus trolled for pike, and I have seen them leap out of the water, spoon in mouth, and shake it much as a terrier will shake a rat. But for the highest kind of the sport the ouananiche must be sought with the fly, and for this fishing there is no more favored locality than the many scum-covered pools at the foot of the various rapids and chutes of la Grande Décharge.

I have lately been ransacking my notebooks for descriptions of some of these pools and of the best unleashed trout waters in this north country for use in my forthcoming book on "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," and may shortly offer you some of these sketches for the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, whose weekly visits, with its fresh, breezy pages, and friend Cheney's interesting and instructive "Angling Notes," go so far toward compensating many of us for the long time that we have to wait for spring in order to go a-fishing.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, April 14.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—April and May are two months of doubt and discontent for the sportsmen of this region. A good many fellows don't think it right to go shooting in the spring, but they want to go mighty bad just the same. They have been chained to business all winter and can't go fishing, because it isn't time or isn't legal. So they don't know what to do, and end up by being unhappy. They have the choice of fishing for bass in Illinois, where it is legal, but wrong, or of waiting till June 1 before they go fishing for bass across the line in Wisconsin, where it is both illegal and wrong in the two months mentioned. They can go trout fishing after April 15, but it is apt to be so cold they can't catch anything, and most folk would rather catch something, when you get right down to their bedside inner consciousness, not paying too much attention to their spoken or published utterances. Of course, they could go trap-shooting, but some folk don't care for that. About all the earnest young sportsman can do is to put his hands in his pockets and wait till things get warmer and more legal, revolving meantime the remark of Napoleon at Waterloo, "This is magnificent, but it ain't business."

Heavy Flight of Snipe.

The sudden advent of warm weather brought with it the heavy flight of snipe predicted last week. Not for several seasons has there been such abundance of jack-snipe on the Kankakee marshes as during the last few days. Extremely large bags of these birds have been made on that part of the grounds lying near Koutts and Hanna. At Maksawba Club grounds the birds have appeared in swarms. Mr. W. P. Mussey usually is posted on the shooting at that point, and to-day I stepped in to ask him about it, but found he was absent at the club after snipe himself. He had telegraphed L. R. Brown and R. B. Organ to come on down quick, as the shooting was fine. Last week the snipe were all over the marsh, but the cover was poor and the birds were very wild, so the shooting was hard, but by this time the young grass is up and the birds are not so new and wild.

The snipe have appeared all along the series of sloughs and marshes west of this city. On the Kishwaukee River, further west in the State, they are on hand to-day. At Fox Lake they have been in for over a week, and all over the lower edge of Wisconsin they are right now dropping in in great numbers on all the little marshes and upland warm bogs. One should have no difficulty in getting all he should want in any one of a dozen different localities in Illinois this coming week. The golden plover are due now. Upland plover have appeared all over northern Illinois and in lower Wisconsin. The ducks have gone on north for the most part, though a few blue-bills linger on the lower Wisconsin lakes. The ducks are pairing very fast and so are the snipe.

Fishing.

It is a sort of unwritten law among the better Chicago anglers that bass fishing should not begin until the latter part of April at least, and I have not heard of any catches as yet, though I think the bass would bite now at Momence on the Kankakee, or at any of the points on the Fox between Aurora and Elgin. The big-mouth bass are now spawning in the lower Wisconsin lakes. The pickerel are now far up the streams, and this week the run of suckers was on in full force, and the natives were spearing the usual numbers. The humble sucker is a perennial picnic to the farmer man in the spring. He is a trifle illegal when speared, but is good with dandelions or long radishes, and the farmer refuses to have him abolished.

Opening of the Trout Season.

On the day preceding the opening of the Wisconsin trout season this week Mr. H. L. Stanton and Mr. Frank Willard, as mentioned last week, went up into Wisconsin to wet an early line, and I went along to sort of take care of them. We went to our favorite outing place of Waukesha county, Wis., getting into Mukwonago about dark, and thence going over to Billy Tuohy's place on Eagle Lake, which we made headquarters on the little trip. There are a few small streams in that part of the country which Billy knows about, and we went in there to see if we could catch a mess of trout, not expecting any great sport, as the country is all farming land, settled for half a century and tramped over continually by all sorts of city and country folk in quest of sport. I cannot recommend it as a trout fishing region, but as a place to go to for an enjoyable outing it is hard to surpass. It seemed

doubly pleasant to us city dwellers who were getting our first sniff of clean country air after the long and awful winter of Chicago. A prettier land never lay out of doors, and we had full opportunity to see many miles of it behind Billy's trotters, for trout and travel are inseparably connected in that region. We skurried about over a wide strip of country, and it was only by dint of Billy's thorough familiarity with the locality and his skill as a trout fisher that we at length managed to compass our ambition, and got together what might by a lively stretch of the imagination be called a mess of trout. Of satisfactory fishing we had none whatever, but we felt that we had done our duty and opened the trout season in due and solemn form.

I know of no one line of human activity wherein a man will make as big a fool of himself, and do so as cheerfully and repeatedly, as he will in the matter of trout fishing in this Wisconsin country. As a rule the trip into the trout country is successful about once in twenty times, and the discouragements are continuous and multifold, but that appears to make no difference. Our streams are fished to death, and barring a few up in the pine country are not very good trout streams anyhow, but the deep paths along them are paved with city dollars dropped in search of the most beautiful and alluring fraud that ever aided in the downfall of mankind. Every time I go trout fishing I vow I never will go again, but I have and I do and I will, I suppose, as long as I live. There is nothing one is so sure to do as the thing which is against his judgment. Yet much as I have traveled over upper Wisconsin in search of a trout stream where one could cast a fly and catch a few trout, I confess I have never found but half a dozen streams where that was possible, have found only three of them with trout enough left to afford decent fishing, and have had only one or two days on either of those when the trout were actually rising so that one could take a basket in the only truly enjoyable way of catching trout. A good many fine takes of trout are made in Wisconsin, but the majority of these are made with bait in small streams where the fly cannot be used. Such streams as the Brule and allied rivers were once good for the fly, but are so no more. The best of our fishing for trout is in the short rivers which flow into Lake Superior, but the best of these are awkward to get at. We have nowhere in this part of the West such fishing as is enjoyed by those who go to Maine, Canada or New Brunswick, the natural trout regions. Perhaps I say this in a fit of grumpiness caused by the last unlucky trout trip to the country north of here; but even as I write it I remember the successful trips also, and one thing is certain, I shall keep on going until I find my stream and my trout and my day, and so finally get the best of my ancient enemy, and that with the honorable weapons allowable in such a contest. In which determination Mr. Stanton and Mr. Willard concur, the feud being as ancient in their case as my own, and the issue at this date much the same. But why should we rebel, and why should we vow vows? Did not this small and painted hypocrite afford the reason and excuse for a fine day out of doors, and for much ham and eggs, and for many libations of the purest spring water, and for a walk of seven miles after dark one night when the frogs were singing by the way and the snipe were "booming" up high in the dark, and everything was still and sweet and calm? After all about this little villain, maybe he has his compensations.

Habits of Bass.

Paddling about in a boat along the channel between Eagle and Lulu lakes, after we had concluded our campaign against the trout, we found pleasure in watching the fish which had crowded up into the shallow water. There were numbers of them, and many very large, which latter we took to be dogfish. Billy told us, however, that they were not dogfish, but bass. "A dogfish will not run very far when he gets into cover of the reeds or grass," said he, when we told him of our observations; "but a bass will run and keep on running, clear through the grass, when you scare him, until he gets quite out of sight." This comment on the surly and impudent methods of the dogfish was new to us, but is no doubt correct.

"A black bass, in my mind," continued Billy, "is the shyest and the warriest fish there is. About any fish has a blind side, but a bass hasn't. A trout is very foxy in some ways, but is the biggest fool on earth in a good many other ways. You follow a trout and chase him into a hole under the bank, and he will stick his head out of sight and either think he is safe or else be so scared he won't move, so you can pick him right up in your hand. But I'd like to see you 'tickle' a black bass that way. The first time your fingers touch him he will jump about forty rods."

Ruffed Grouse Eggs.

Referring to late inquiry in these columns in regard to some ruffed grouse eggs, I have the following letter which may afford good advice, if it does not offer satisfaction. It comes from Rex Piscator, of Chicago, who says:

"I notice in our paper that Mr. McAllister, of 'Arkansas,' wants a 'settin' of ruffed grouse eggs. I can't supply him, and don't believe they would do him any good if I could. I remember that when I was a little shaver my grandfather caught two boys (old enough to know better) a few minutes after they had shot a 'hen pheasant' during the breeding season. After telling the boys what would happen if ever he caught them on the place again, the old gentleman searched for and found the nest. He took the eggs home and placed them under a setting hen, and in due time they all hatched. Like your pin-nated grouse, I believe they were born a-running, and as far as I know they never stopped; leastwise they disappeared utterly, so utterly, in fact, that there was a well-defined notion in the neighborhood that the whole thing was a myth, and that grandfather B. never had any pheasant eggs.

"I don't think it would pay Mr. McAllister for his trouble. Better get some old birds and liberate them."

But how shall he get the old birds? They do not frequent fox traps, and a snare hangs them by the neck till they be dead.

Chicago Bear Country.

The mountain idea that a horse is good bait for bear was well proved in Chicago this week, only in Chicago we use a live horse instead of a dead one. In a traveling circus outfit which had quarters on Sangamon street a bear got loose and killed a Shetland pony belonging to the show, proceeding further to eat up most of the pony before he could be persuaded to stop. Residents of this

city are earnestly requested to corral their stock at dark, or else not kick if the bears eat their horses.

Flint Locks and Ox-teams.

Commenting on recent mention in *FOREST AND STREAM* of the fact that gun flints are still a staple of merchandise in Fredericton, N. B., Mr. Frank H. Risteen of that city this week writes me:

"I think, perhaps, our friend's references to gun flints and dynamite, though correct enough as far as they go, might mislead you as to the prevalent type of civilization down here. I used to know an old bushman who was fond of saying that "Civilization runs in streaks." I fancy that is true even in Chicago. In all strictly rural, farming, lumbering sections, which have been long settled, ancient habits and implements may be found in abundance. I believe that as many flint locks are to be found in the back townships of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire per square mile as in those of New Brunswick. I know that a few years ago I saw more ox-teams coming into the city of Hartford than I ever saw in New Brunswick in my life."

Hartford, as I understand it, is a suburb of Greater New York, though I am surprised to learn that the ox phaeton of our fathers still obtains there as the chief mode of fashionable conveyance.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

BOSTON ANGLERS AND ANGLING.

A BROOK trout weighing 7½ or 8lbs. was taken from the waters of Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., a few days ago. I have not heard the particulars of the capture, but am surprised, with many others, to learn that square tails of this size are denizens of this lake. I have heard that Quinsigamond had been stocked at different times, but had no idea that success of this kind followed the operation. The story was verified to-day by one of Worcester's prominent anglers, and I understand the trout is being mounted and will be shown later in the window of one of Boston's prominent tackle stores.

J. M. Niles, of Boston, has gone trout fishing down near Willimantic, Conn. This section of the Nutmeg State is well patronized by Boston anglers, one party of gentlemen having a preserve there, and many others going down to fish the different streams. C. D. Sias, of the Chase & Sanborn firm, and a friend will start for that vicinity in a few days. Mr. Sias spent some time there last season and had excellent luck.

In a letter to a Boston friend a Kentucky gentleman, who has fished for many seasons at Moosehead Lake, gives some interesting facts bearing on the trout fishing in the late summer and in September as compared with that in years gone by. With the exception of isolated cases during which the trout rise well, owing perhaps to particularly favorable conditions of both the weather and water, he thinks the fishing is gradually growing poorer, and gives several reasons for its decline. Commenting on the spring fishing just after the ice goes out, he states that many parties go there, hire the little steamers and cruise up and down the lake until they find the fish, who are there in schools, and kill hundreds of pounds of them, so many in fact as to largely reduce their numbers. Again, he says, the minnows and smelt have increased so that the trout feed mostly under water, not rising to take the fly as formerly, when feed was scarce. In the old days the trout would drive the minnows into shallow water near the shore and would then take the fly readily. Now the lake is alive with their food, and such action on their part is unnecessary. These little fish abound now in water to a great depth, and the trout are scattered everywhere. In order to prove the depth of wave agitation, this gentleman took the temperature of the water about Sept. 1, and found it to be as follows: 10ft. down, 65°; 20ft., 64°; 30ft., 63°; 40ft., 56°; 50ft., 46°. He argues from this that 30ft. ordinarily shows the depth of the wave action, and from these figures it would seem that he is right. Not many of the Moosehead anglers have given the same attention to these matters, and no doubt some will differ with him in his deductions. HACKLE.

BOSTON, April 20.—What is termed "The Boys' Party" of the Monomoy Brant Club got back to Boston Wednesday. The party was fairly successful, as success in shooting goes at the present day. The party of eight got thirty brant, while the party preceding them got forty-one. In "The Boys' Party" were the following sportsmen: H. D. Reed, A. H. Wright, N. W. Arnold, R. S. Grey, Henry Colburn, Jos. Noon, Joseph Dorr and George Hopkins. The boys complain that brant shooting at Monomoy is not what it once was, by any means. Crack shots mention having shot 100 brant alone in a day years gone by. But now there are too many gunners at Monomoy. The Monomoy Brant Club has four boxes, and for years there were no other shooting boxes or pits there. Now Capt. Gould, of the Life-Saving Station, has three boxes. The Bristol Club has two. But the "Big Four," so termed, has what troubles the other gunners a good deal. They have a raft, in the middle of which is a sunken shooting box. In weather sufficiently mild they can anchor this raft where they choose, and they can move all along the beach, even right in front of the othershooting pits. Gunners there this season say that this raft and the shooting from it does more to scare the brant away than all the other shooting there is done, with the possible exception of the sailboats that are pressed into the service. There is a law against shooting from steamers, but none against shooting from sail or rowboats; and there are hosts of gunners, whenever the weather permits, shooting off Monomoy. Then there are the Muskegit shooters, across the channel or bay, and, all in all, the brant are shot at so much that they are rendered very wild and uncertain.

At this writing the ice in the Maine trout lakes is as strong as ever. Only two or three really warm days have been experienced, and very little is done toward thawing the solid covering of ice. The native fishermen are still fishing through the ice on these waters. A gentleman from Rumford Falls mentioned to-day that he had heard directly from the Rangeley waters, and that there could not possibly be any fishing for New York and Boston sportsmen there till well into May this year. A gentleman just in from Winnipiseogee says that there is fishing there yet through the ice. This is unusually late, and he does not think that the ice can go out for a couple of weeks.

Mr. John G. Wright is ready for the landlocked salmon at Sebago. His friend Robinson, of South Windham, is

keeping him posted. He has no favorable reports from the ice in that lake.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, for several years secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has found a new spot for fishing, and one in which there are brilliant prospects. Dan Hole Pond, in Ossipee, N. H., was stocked with landlocked salmon some seventeen or eighteen years ago, and lately it has begun to come into note with sportsmen. Last year a salmon was taken there with rod and reel that weighed 19½lbs., and rarely is one taken that weighs less than 8lbs. Two of Mr. Harding's party got 13 and 14lb. salmon there last year. The pond has a record of salmon speared or taken off the spawning beds of over 20lbs. There are also very large trout in the pond or lake of three miles in length by three-quarters to one and a quarter wide. Several years ago Mr. D. H. Blanchard was spending a vacation in that region, and some one sent a trout to the hotel, which Mr. Blanchard saw. It was square-tailed and weighed 14lbs. The theory is that it is a sort of a golden trout or like the trout of Sunapee Lake, not yet well classified in the minds of fishermen and naturalists. Ex-Commissioner Griffin tells Mr. Harding that he has no doubt of the existence of these great trout in Dan Hole Pond in considerable numbers.

As soon as the ice is out of that pond Mr. Harding will start with a party of his friends and customers. In the party will probably be Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wakefield, Edward Brooks, W. B. P. Weeks, Wm. Baggs, G. W. Prouty and C. P. Stevens. Landlocked salmon will be the principal fish sought for, but Mr. Harding hopes to get one of those big golden trout. Reports from the ice there do not suggest that the party can be off before the 1st of May, but still the weather has been remarkably hot for three or four days, with reports of the mercury indicating 90° at several points in the backwoods of Maine and New Hampshire. The parties interested in Dan Hole Pond see good prospects there for angling, if the spearing and stealing from the spawning beds can only be stopped. Between Dan Hole Pond and the little pond there is a sluiceway or river, and here the salmon and trout gather in the running water in great numbers at the spawning season. It has long been the custom of the natives of the town to take these fish almost by cartloads, and enforcements of the fish laws have been few and far between. But of late there is a better sentiment springing up, and the people of the town—a sparsely settled one generally—begin to see what the advantages from sportsmen coming there will be to them, and Mr. Harding and his friends hope that the stealing of the then worthless salmon and trout from the spawning beds will soon be a freak of the past. There is one good camp already at the pond, and others are likely to go up this season. I understand that the land can be had by purchase instead of lease, which is much better for the sportsmen in the long run.

I learn that the new Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lake R. R. is to be opened to Bemis, foot of Mooselucmagantic Lake, May 11. This will be a new way to the Rangeleys, all rail. There is little prospect, however, that the ice will be out of those lakes at that time. SPECIAL.

FAVORED ASHLAND.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue I was greatly pleased to note the communication from Joseph Cover on trout fishing near Ashland and around Chequamegon Bay. I am glad that Mr. Cover has so completely voiced my sentiments touching this point, as affording facilities for sport found in no other city of the same size known to me, and so easily accessible as to be open to all who care for them.

Besides trout fishing, concerning which Mr. Cover has so entertainingly written, good sport of almost every kind can be had almost within the city limits. During the open season last fall I shot mallard, teal, bluebill and widgeon on the Ashland Washburn road, at the head of Chequamegon Bay, not more than twenty minutes' drive from the center of the city. True, I never made large bags, single birds each trip being the rule. But where else can one leave his home in the city and in so short a time reach a point where he is reasonably sure of a killing shot by patiently waiting a few moments in the morning or evening?

Last fall I went out back of my house to test the pattern and penetration of my gun with different kinds of powder and different sized loads, and put up a nice bunch of plover within easy shooting distance of an avenue on which there is considerable travel at all hours of the day.

One day while driving with my wife I got out of the buggy to pick some scarlet leaves, and surprised a whole family of partridges within forty rods of the blast furnace in the west end of the town.

There is good perch fishing off nearly all the docks in summer time within five minutes' walk of the principal hotels.

One hour by steam yacht takes one to Kakagon, where in the summer the finest kind of pike, pickerel, bass and perch fishing can be enjoyed, together with duck shooting. Late last fall parties bagged as high as an average of twenty-five bluebills to each gun in one day's shooting.

Then we have the peerless Apostle Islands, distant about eighteen miles, and available twice each day by steamer during the season of navigation. Madeline, the largest of the group, is some fourteen miles long and five to eight miles wide. Big Bay cuts into the north shore of this island and affords a broad crescent sand beach some two miles long. Here are some fishing shacks and that is all in the way of human habitation one will find. A friend and myself spent two nights on the bay last September, and the recollections of that trip are among the pleasantest of my camp-fire experiences. We hunted ducks on a small inland lake and snipe on the beach, and took a sail with the fishermen out to the banks and saw them lift the fat lake trout, and saw the screaming, fighting flock of gulls which gathered to snatch up any tidbit that might be furnished by their friends, the fishermen.

A few hours' drive or even walk with pack on back will take the sportsman to the seeming heart of the primeval forest and the Manitowish waters (of which Mr. Hough leaves nothing to be said as to its aspects and sporting possibilities in winter) are but a snip of a trip down the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. Some time I am going to hunt up a congenial spirit and go over those waters in my Peterborough. Wonder if we can secure enough fish, fish and fowl to last two hungry mortals during the trip. I shall count the expedition

eminently successful if we do. We are in the center east and west of the famous deer country of northern Wisconsin, and taken all around this is a great location for a man with a sportsman's heart and a slim pocketbook.

I would respectfully ask for the opinion of brother sportsmen, through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, on the practice of taking fish with hook and line and returning them to the water. How often we read of landing a 1 to a 4 or 5-pounder, and after gloating over and admiring his magnificent proportions returning him to his native element, as we already had more than enough for our needs. I have conversed with two different owners of trout preserves in this vicinity, and they fully agree that this variety of fish when treated as above described invariably die. What kills them, the landing, gloating or admiring?

GEO. W. MEARS.

ON THE METAPEDIA.

The First Day.

As the salmon season is again looming in sight, I want to tell you of three days' sport I had last August among them on the Metapedia River, the largest branch of the Restigouche. Having heard that some of our friends were putting in a good time—two of them killing twelve fish in a week—on some of our pools, I bundled my canoe on a morning freight of the I. C. R. R. at Campbellton, and in an hour was landed at Mill Stream station, ten miles from its junction and twenty-three from Campbellton.

For the last three seasons I have angled alone—without an assistant—and I would rather kill one fish in this manner than a half dozen with a couple of guides. It requires probably a little more skill, perhaps a little more time to land your fish, as well as a thorough practical knowledge of how to handle your canoe with only one hand.

When it is sport you are after, and not slaughter and a big bag, the game between yourself and a 30-pounder (if you hook one) is most interesting to its close. The canoe I use is a clinker-built Gaspe, 23ft. long, 26in. wide, 11in. side, sharp at each end, top deck on each flush with gunwale 2½ft., with the usual three seats, weight 90lbs. One man can pole this canoe at the rate of twenty miles a day against the Restigouche current, which is pretty stiff—in some spots from six to ten miles per hour.

My angling rig is simple. A socket is fitted in this top deck within reach of my hand from where I sit, and at an angle pointing down stream. At the upper or bow end a small metal pulley projects. Through or over this a codline runs; to one end is fast a 16lb. lead; the other end is fast where I sit. When a fish is hooked the butt of the rod drops into the socket, standing at an angle of 45°, with reel all clear, and my anchor is at the cat-head very quickly. I then have both hands free. If the fish runs I can paddle after him (if necessary); if he slackens, I can reel up without moving the rod. But as I have a socket at my belt for the butt, and a thong above the reel for my teeth (to hold on), I generally take out the rod, for I think that one of the pleasures of angling is to feel the fish. I sometimes surmise that one may tell by the feel what he is going to do next; no doubt one can tell when he is trying to rule out the hook by grubbing on the bottom—a rather dangerous pastime for both hook and cast.

In low water and late in the season fish don't care to leave the pools, so it is much easier for the angler; but in June in heavy water, with the fish on his way up, it is no fool of a job to follow and keep within 10 or 15yds. of a 20lb. fish; and I must confess that at this time I would not object to another hand at the bellows, particularly as I am now seventy-five years of age, and getting somewhat broken-winded. When a fish runs down the river (as often they do) you must overtake him. This means to paddle hard, take in line, get below him, and help him down before you can get him to face the music and turn up.

I believe that many salmon are lost, particularly those which take the fly under water, because the angler does not tighten his line quickly, or, as some have it, does not feel the fish. I don't mean a strike; if you go in for that, a 1lb. trout or less would snap your tip. Many anglers, when a fish rises and they strike short and miss, pull the hook away and wait. No doubt the fish drops to where he started from, and does not see that fly. I prefer leaving the fly for a little time near the spot, and drawing it a little up and transversely across the current. Always remember that if the fish chose to take the hook in his mouth he would not miss it. The fish hooked foul (by the body fins or tail) were no doubt trying to drown that fly, or, as Mr. Dean Sage tells us in his valuable work on salmon, the feeding time had not come round. But I am digressing away off from my starting point—all anglers will moralize when they talk fish.

I got my canoe into the river, which is quite near the station, in fact the I. C. R. R. is not a stone throw from it for thirty-six miles. Then I had to pole about a mile to the upper pool. It was now 9 A. M., my leader and cast were in water, rod ready. I felt like having a cup of tea, and was in the act of gathering some dry wood when I saw a fish break water on the opposite shore. Well, I did not boil that kettle. I put on a 12ft. cast, a No. 6 black dose having a silver body and tail. As the pool was much the deepest on the far shore I dropped my lead well over, 20yds. above where I had seen the fish break. As the sun was behind me I sat low down and tried my best to raise that fish. Dropping gradually down, finally I knew I had got below where the fish lay and was just thinking about giving up when the fish (or another) broke water a rod above the bow of the canoe and inshore, more for spite than any other reason. I turned half round, shortened my line and threw the fly a yard above the fish. As the fly sunk a little and the current carried it down, I reeled the line in slowly toward me, and at the same instant four salmon were coming toward it, one very close seemingly determined to have it, but he stopped when within a few inches. Then the hindmost fish darted past the others and I could plainly see his mouth open when he took it. In all my experience I had never seen a fish take under water before. I have seen them race for a yard or two on the surface when the fly was being drawn from them. I have no doubt the other fish following the fly caused this fellow to hurry up, or being a later run fish he was more anxious. I had no fever on me and I did not forget to feel that hook go home. He was a poor fighter and would not leave the pool, here about 40yds. wide, nor did he ever break water. It was a fair close fight for about twenty-five minutes. At last I could lift his head out of

water and he commenced to roll over. I was now in 18in. of water near the head of a rapid at the lower end of the pool. I saw he was a heavy fish and dreaded fooling with him on the shallows, so I let my anchor down, grabbed my gaff and stepped out, as I could now lead my fish. I very soon had the steel into him. He was a fresh run 28lb. male fish, and didn't I enjoy that cup of tea out of the old kettle, with a can of Boston baked vegetables. Then it made a smudge to keep off the few black flies and snoozed under the shade until about 4 P. M., determined to try for another fish before leaving, for I was quite satisfied that they were there.

When the sun began to touch the tips of the high hills I dropped the canoe quietly over to near the same spot. At my fourth or fifth cast I got a splendid rise, the fish coming well out, and before I had time to place the rod in the socket he was away up stream like a flash, running full 50yds. to the foot of the upper rapid, and coming full 3ft. clear of the water. As I feared he might run up the rapid I got anchor up, paddling up with one hand and reeling in with the other. No doubt the fish had often been there, lying in the aerated, broken water. When I got within 10yds. of him I began to press him so hard that I was actually drawing the canoe upon him, and when my cast came in sight I had to desist. He stood the pressure for a minute, running 10yds. up into the rapid. Finding this was harder still, he went off down pool, bound for his old resting spot. I did not want the fish to go there, as I fully expected to get another, if not ruffed out, and as the fish was now more tractable, I made out to keep him clear of the deeper water, quietly working to the lower end in very shoal water. After a few flurries, I found that I could raise his head clear, and stepping out on the beach, with a good, quick draw I had the fish high and dry. With a good strong leader it is no feat to do this, only the landing place must not be too abrupt. The impetus of the fish, combined with its own efforts to escape, actually forces it further up on the shore. This was a female fish of 21lbs., quite dark in color, having been probably six weeks in fresh water. I now again dropped over to the favorite spot, casting faithfully over it, and finally getting further down the pool. Not a sign could I get. As it was now sundown I applied for refuge to my kettle.

By the time I had my lunch it was quite dusk, when right opposite I heard a fish leap. I could not see the exact spot, but judged by the sound. I then put on a white fly—a silver body having a small silvered propeller attached to its head. It was now fully dark, and I went on, not casting very often, but drawing the fly transversely across. I was just about reeling up when a fish rose outside in the shoaler water where I had not been casting, and about 80ft. from me. I went for him, drawing the fly pretty sharply. When within 15ft. of the canoe he took with a rush. He seemed to be large, and I said to myself, the tug of war is to come now. I soon had my lead up and prepared to fight. I did not press the fish. He took very little line. All I feared was that he might dart under the canoe. However, he went for the rapid, and I made him bear a good share of the canoe. When he got into the quicker water he tried to lie there. Not for long though. He could not stand the pressure, but had to come down. I kept the canoe well to the shoal side of the pool, and it was a continuous give and take for ten or twelve minutes. At last he began to splash and roll over. I now left the canoe and walked down the shore to where I had landed my former fish. I was somewhat afraid to use the gaff; it is dangerous in the dark, and is just as apt to take the cast as the fish. So I did not hesitate, but got the fish under way; allowed no slackening, and to his surprise had him his whole length dry before he could realize it. He turned out a 17lb. male of about the same condition as last fish; probably ready for mating.

I now put down stream for McDonald's at the mill stream station to sleep the sleep of the just and dream of to-morrow, well satisfied with my day's sport.

JOHN MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, New Brunswick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME RANGELEY EXPERIENCE.

OUR party consisted of two medicos and myself, a newspaper man; and this being our first experience in the Maine angler's paradise, we learned some things (by experience and expense) that might serve to help other novices who try the same thing.

We thought we had arranged to have a steamer meet us at South Arm, Richardson's Lake, and therefore left Andover at 3 in the afternoon with no misgivings. A misunderstanding caused us to remain at the boat landing all night. There was no shelter there then, and we slept under the stars and found "the canopy of heaven" a cold coverlid. It didn't help matters when, in the cold, gray dawn of morning, we found that there was a hotel a few rods up the lake and just hidden by a depression in the shore line. We did happen to have some pork in our luggage—our provisions had been sent on to Upper Dam—and catching a number of 1lb. trout we had a nice supper.

All things must end, and so early the next afternoon saw us at Upper Dam; and here is pointer number one. Unless you have much baggage, so much that you can't handle it yourself, fight shy of the honest lumbermen at Upper Dam. We paid \$1 for transferring four or five small bags and bundles a distance of 100 rods. Our objective point was Buckfield Camp, which is situated on an island at the head of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, about a mile from Senator Frye's camp and Lake Cupsuptic. On our way up, when Capt. Barker's little steamer was making ten miles an hour, Deke, a member of the party, fired at a loon with his Winchester. The distance was fully fifty rods, the boat was far from still, but he killed the bird, and it now adorns Dr. T.'s office in Rockville, in the Nutmeg State.

We spent several days around the lake without meeting with much success; but we finally were enlightened as to the popular game. We had been fishing with flies, ordinary-sized baited hooks, etc., and caught few trout; other sportsmen were landing fish weighing from 3 to 9lbs. It was this that led us to investigate, and we found that the success was due to these facts: A large pickerel hook is "bent in" to the line, it is baited with half a dozen or more fat, wriggling angle worms; the man with the rod and reel takes his seat in the stern of a boat, an experienced oarsman pulls the boat slowly and easily about

the "good places;" the speed is just sufficient to keep the hook and worms near the surface at the end of 50ft. of line. Result—big trout. One was landed 100yds. from our camp, and we went over to the Haines Landing Hotel to see it weighed; 9lbs. flat; another tipped the beam at 9½lbs. Hundreds were caught in this way, ranging from 1 to 5lbs. A Philadelphian and his son caught 100lbs. of trout in one day—thank God we're not all hogs!

We discovered that Mooselucmaguntic furnished big fish, Rangeley Lake numbers, and Richardson the biggest and finest. That the time to be at the lakes for sport is early in June. That angle worms are \$1 a quart. That the hotels are good and rates fair. If anything in this helps a fellow angler to more successful sport I shall feel repaid.

NOVICE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Between fifty and sixty members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enjoyed a very profitable meeting at the Copley Square Hotel, Thursday evening, 16th. Dinner was served at 6 o'clock, and at its close business proceeded, President Clark in the chair. The following new members were elected: Andrew J. Bailey, H. D. Littlefield, Thatcher Magaun, F. H. Richards, J. Q. A. Field, Edgar S. Darr, Fred. A. Foster, Arthur F. Luke, Fred. S. Risteen, George E. Bruce, George L. Tracy, Clarence A. Woodman, George M. Woodman, Dr. M. A. Morris, Thomas H. Rollinson, Dr. William Ferguson, W. P. B. Weeks. An excellent musical programme, arranged by Mr. Walter C. Prescott, a member of the Association, was very much enjoyed. Mr. Smart, for the committee on the enforcement of the fish laws, called attention to the recent arrest of parties for seining smelts in South Shore waters, and congratulated the Association that the authorities had finally made a beginning to put a stop to a nefarious practice that had been going on to a greater or less extent for years. In the case referred to the work of detection and arrest was very cleverly done by members of the district police, the men being caught in the very act of drawing their seines. Dr. J. Frank Perry gave a very interesting talk on dogs, their treatment when sick, and the effect of drugs, poisons and tonics upon them.

I regret being obliged to chronicle the passage by the Legislature of the lobster law, making the legal limit 9 instead of 10½in. President Clark and the committee on legislative matters were indefatigable in their efforts against the bill, but as in many other cases they found it much easier to tear down than to build up. The main argument for the bill was that as Maine and Rhode Island allowed the taking of 9in. lobsters, Massachusetts should do the same. There was a hard fight against the bill in the Senate and it was finally passed by only one majority. It now goes to the Governor, and if it should become a law I am willing to go on record as making the prediction that within five years the very men who were so anxious for its passage will be foremost in wishing for its repeal.

I have lately been overhauling my tackle and find it all right for the coming season. In a few weeks I expect to visit a particular stream down in the Maine Woods that has never failed to yield a generous lot of the speckled beauties and will "report my luck" later on.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

EHEU!

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed is an account of a horrid crime which comes from the columns of the San Francisco *Examiner* of April 6:

"The largest catch that has been reported is that of H. R. Bowie and Louis Raffort, of this city. They fished the headwaters of the Austin, Pole Creek, Red Slide and Bear Pen creeks, all branches of the Austin, about eight miles north of Cazadero, and caught over 1,200 trout. Many were of fair size, but the majority of the fish were small. To fish these creeks one must drive from Cazadero to Tropper's ranch, where excellent board and lodging can be had for \$1 a day. All of the creeks are within easy reach from this place."

Of course the perpetrators, possibly very clever fellows in some other ways, should have their rods broken, and should be sent to the House of Correction and made to eat those fish only on Friday until they consumed them. I suppose they couldn't be convicted if the law was plain and they confessed to an honest jury. Hardly anybody is punished under game laws.

There is another thing, not quite so depraved, which ought to be stopped. FOREST AND STREAM is encouraging, when it ought to be correcting, some of its lively correspondents in their efforts to soil by ignoble use a very good Latin word by substituting it for a curse-word. Eheu finds an equivalent in our language in the simple and sad exclamations ah! and alas! I think if FOREST AND STREAM will refer to books from which we learned our lessons in the classics in days when we had gotten a few years beyond pin-hooks, no encouragement was given for its use in the sense that Uncle Lisha Peggs used "dumb" when two "dodunks" scared the ducks in the Slang. If I am not too many days out of school, I think one pious Eneas, who skipped when Troy got too hot for him and made his way over to the African coast to make a mash of the Carthaginian Queen Dido, had occasion to use this word. There are some interesting details of that affair, games, etc., no fishing of our kind, 1,200 trout in four days, because the fish in adjacent waters were large enough to swallow Jonah, which one did; the rest were generally sardines, upon which they fed. Anyway, after the Trojan masher had the African Queen well hooked she asked him to tell the story of the Fall of Troy and the sad tale of his woes. Very soon after he commenced he so filled up with grief and sad memories that he insuflated this exclamation, Eheu, into his account.

He gave Dido the marble heart, according to the story, as the masher generally does, and took his Latin with Eheu over to the Italian shore ranch on the Tiber, probably trapped and tamed wolves, using the she ones for wet nurses, and introduced Eheu and other nice words to society, but never taught anybody to think that it had a "low down" meaning, and neither has it. Now I'll be glad if a Domsie will fish up some Latin texts and help FOREST AND STREAM to put a stop to making bad slang of good Latin.

G. B. C.

STOCKTON, Cal.

North Shore of Lake Superior.

ALL lovers of the rod and line have heard of the Nepigon and its great brook trout, but perhaps few are aware that nearly every stream emptying into Lake Superior between Port Arthur and Sault Ste. Marie contains the toothsome *Salvelinus fontinalis*. The Steel River, east of the Nepigon, it by some preferred to the latter, but the Michipicoten or Missinabie is, I believe, the best of the lot. Its trout are not so large as those of the Nepigon, but are more susceptible to the fisherman's lures. It has not been much frequented. At the Hudson Bay post at Missinabie, on the Canadian Pacific Ry., canoes and guides may be obtained. The north shore of Lake Superior is at its best in the summer. In the spring the Muskoka District is very good. East of Huntsville, on the Grand Trunk Ry., at Hollow Lake (or, as the Aborigines call it, Kahweam-begewagamog), there are both brook and lake trout; and in the northern part of the Township of Livingstone, on the border of the new Algonquin Park, there are several small lakes teeming with speckled beauties, while nearly all the streams flowing to the Ottawa from the Muskoka District contain trout. Still further north, in the Temagamingue region, the sportsman may get black bass, bear, lake and brook trout in abundance. These grounds are now fairly accessible by Canadian Pacific Railway to the foot of Lake Temagamingue. Then steamer forty miles up the lake to the Montreal River. Then a day's travel by canoe with Indian guide, when one gets beyond even the outer rim of civilization, in the land of the moose, the bear and the beaver, to say nothing of the gamy denizens of the deep. Guides can be obtained from the Hudson Bay Company at Mattawa or Baie des Peres, and nowhere within reasonable distance of railways is there better work for trolling line, fly-rod and rifle. The middle of May is the best time to take this trip. The bear and trout seasons are then at their height, and in addition one escapes the black flies, which usually do not settle down to business until the first or second week in June. The lake itself is considered one of the most picturesque on the continent, where there are the greatest and finest lacustrine basins in all the world. I am certain sportsmen who can afford the time and money will never regret a trip to any of these favored districts.

S. R. CLARKE.

TORONTO.

New Jersey Fishers.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 18.—The condition of our trout streams has improved very much during the past ten days, and both Pine Brook and the Hackhockson are being industriously fished. The catches so far, while not great in point of numbers, are entirely satisfactory as regards the size of the fish. Mr. J. Harson, proprietor of the hat factory at Eatontown, this week presented me with a fine pair of trout, 1lb. each, taken from the stream within 100yds. of his factory, and into which the refuse dye from his mill runs. It would not appear that that substance interferes much with the fish. In the stomach of one I found the shells of five snails, something I never before heard of and cannot believe to be of common occurrence, besides which the shell of an immense beetle, which must have been at least 1in. in length when taken.

LEONARD HULIT.

[The shells belong to a common fresh water mollusk of the genus *Physa*. There is in England a species of trout known as the Gillaroo trout, whose stomach has become thickened by its habit of digesting hard-shelled mollusks until it has become like a gizzard.]

Horse Mackerel in Cape Cod Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the information of your correspondent, A. N. Cheney, I write to say that the horse mackerel abounds in Cape Cod Bay, or if he does not exactly abound he at least frequents those waters. I know, because I spend my summers at Sandwich, and the fishermen thereabout not infrequently take them in their traps, where they are very apt to play the mischief with the seines.

They follow up the common mackerel and I suppose prey upon them. An investigator as to their bait-taking preferences would probably have to feel his way, for I have never heard of any experiment in that direction, but Mr. Cheney will not be allowed to go without professional advice, should he visit the Cape.

C. L. N.

A Beautiful Fish.

A BROOK trout of singular beauty and of great size was brought into the FOREST AND STREAM office on Tuesday last by Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of this city. So far as known it is the record wild fish of the season for Long Island. It was caught by Mr. James L. Livingston, of Far Rockaway, L. I., in the Mill Neck stream, down in the salt meadows. This Mill Neck stream is the property of the Mill Neck Club, and is of course preserved water, but it was a wild fish. The bait used was the plebeian an e worm, and the capture was made at 4 P. M. on April 6. The fish measured 20½in. in length, girthed 12in., and weighed 3½lbs. It is remarkably shapely and very highly colored—a perfect beauty, in fact.

WALTONIAN.

"I go a-fishing," said Simon one day,
"Tis good for the weary to rest, they say,
And rest for the body and rest for the soul
United will make one "every whit whole."

And fishing's a sport that combines both in one,
Though in it there's naught that's new under the sun,
But FOREST AND STREAM, hill, meadow and dell
Distill the sweet influence that makes a man well.

The tramp o'er the mountain, the camp by the rill,
The draught from the mountain, the bath by the mill,
The comforting fire and music of streams,
Invite to repose and to many pleasant dreams.

The teaching of nature, the absence of man,
Recreate the soul of the weary who can
"Come apart for awhile," and on the green sod
Hold uninterrupted communion with God.

J. C. A.

SALMON FISHING FOR SALE.—Freehold; on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Mirmichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—Adv.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKE STORY.

WE mining people and dependants were having our usual Sunday afternoon chat on the veranda of the country store, this time swapping snake stories. The subject was started by K. telling us how D.'s little fox terrier bitch had been blinded in both eyes by a little blacksnake having spat in his eyes, causing a whitish film to spread over them, and how D. had had a narrow escape, the little reptile having spat at him and missing his eyes by only an inch or two, the spittle landing on his forehead. These were hard, dry facts that most of us had heard before during the last two days. Then old Oliver lit up and told us how when he and Harry had been in the DeKasp gold fields of the little time they had with a couple of mambas (one of the quickest and most poisonous of South African snakes).

Harry and I were going to sink further on an old shaft on a good reef (a quartz vein holding lots, little or no gold). We had gone down about 60ft. and put a little drive at the bottom through the reef to cut her to see what she was like, and had abandoned it for a few months till the rains were over. When we went back to recommence work we went to have a look at the shaft and see how it was looking, and we saw that a couple of fine, lively, businesslike mambas of about 10ft. long had jumped our claims and were snug and comfortably lying at the bottom of the shaft. We decided to make them clear or we would make it hot for them. They did not seem to be inclined to get, so we sent down a bottle with a dynamite cartridge, a little cap (detonator) and a short lighted fuse inserted.

The usual thing happened—the fuse burnt down, the cap exploded, the dynamite went off and the bottle got all broken up. H. and I then went to the tent to have a smile on the strength of our hit and get a rope to go down and see how the jumpers were feeling. I went down and saw lots of broken glass, but nary a sign of a snake, and so I came up and reported, saying: "That there were no holes and no snakes, and wondering where in the deuce the beggars could have got to, for they could not climb up 60ft., a clean perpendicular untimbered shaft of 5ft. square. Could they?"

"Why; that's nothing," said Harry. "When I was digging at Pilgrim's Rest I saw a snake go right straight up the side of the whitewashed wall of a hut and shed his skin as he was going."

Oliver then relit his pipe, K. coughed, and we departed for our various camps.

The spitting snake and that a snake can climb up a perpendicular untimbered shaft are undoubted facts in my mind, for I have heard so many reliable prospectors and miners in South Africa affirm it. The whitewashed wall yarn I can't swear to.

THE CANADIAN.

UMTALI VALLEY, Rhodesia, South Africa.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 9.—Hamilton Kennel Club's one-day show, Hamilton, Ont. W. J. Tulk, Sec'y.
May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. F. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. —.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

DOG TRAITS AND DOG TRAINING.

A RECENT article in FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject of instinct and bird knowledge, advancing some data for the proposition that instinct is nothing more than acquired knowledge, opens a field of speculation upon the subject of dog training, a most vexatious subject to all sportsmen, for a well-trained and highly serviceable dog is the exception, and the exception irrespective of whether he has been trained by an expensive trainer, a cheap trainer or the owner himself. Of course this statement would be challenged by all trainers, and by every amateur trainer who thinks he has trained a dog well, or who has in fact done so. But we all know how few and how far between the good dogs are, no matter who trains them. A sportsman has no difficulty in procuring a good gun, and can even acquire the art of shooting well with it; but when it comes to getting a good dog he at once meets with difficulty, deceit and disappointment. You hardly ever meet with a man who has not a good gun, but you hardly ever meet with a man who has a good dog. However well trained your dog may be when the trainer gives him to you, he is apt to fall from grace. If he remembers his training, he is still prone to be a poor bird finder, to have a poor nose, no bird sense, or no stamina. And when we train him ourselves, he is subject to the same deficiencies, only more so. In short, the dog is a lottery wherein there are about ninety-nine blanks to one prize. And the blanks are so well bred, so enticing, so friendly, so smart, so good in some one or two directions, that "with all his faults we love him still," and go forth and brag about him. He finds birds well, but he breaks shot. He hardly ever finds a covey except when he runs into it, but he is good on single birds. He has a

good nose, but does not range 100yds. from the gun. He is a good ranger and bird finder, but once in a while he flushes. And so on to the end of the list of dog traits. Our system of training goes to the extent of drilling the animal in a more or less mechanical manner, and when the dog takes to hunting he does it with one eye on the cover ahead of him and the other on the drill sergeant; and when he finally applies his training to his field work he gets tangled up in the human methods of canine development and grasps what he can of it, takes his licking for the rest and makes up his mind that while hunting is a delightful pastime, it is hazardous and perplexing. That fellow back there has a callopie in his mouth, a whip in one hand and a shotgun over his shoulder. Sometimes he shoots, sometimes he whistles and sometimes he whips. It makes me weary and about 2 o'clock I am going to quit!

Contrast the uncertain training of the dog with the easy and certain acquirement of knowledge in the natural way. One is a system of repression, and the other is a system of progression. One appeals to the sense of fear, the other to the sense of utility.

By the time you have trained a dog as well as you know how, you will have succeeded in making him point, back, retrieve and drop to shot; and while you are doing it you are making him cock-eyed with looking back at you, and his intelligence refuses to progress along human lines and stops or rebels. Like the forced and precocious child, he finally turns out vicious, peculiar or dull.

Is it possible that we are training our hunting dogs in the wrong method? I am not wise enough to answer that question and I will not attempt to do so. I know that I have had all kinds of pointers and setters, so far as their training went. Those that I trained perfectly had no sense of their own, and those that I half trained had more sense, were better bird finders, but had, each of them, some canine idiosyncrasy that brought him down below the level of the desirable dog. I am half inclined to believe the way to train a dog is to let him learn from his superiors. This is a slower process, but it excludes any sort of human interference. So far as my experiment and observation have gone, it takes at least two years for an old dog to train a young one. They learn in this manner to point, back, retrieve and range, and no other dog can range like the self-taught or dog-taught ranger. He goes like the wind and hunts for birds every minute with an eye single to finding them. In time he learns to hunt to the gun to the extent of not getting lost; and in time the gun learns to hunt to him, because where he is there the birds will be found. One day he will watch the old dog retrieving for awhile and then say to himself, "I believe I can do that—I am going to try," and forthwith he becomes the best and softest mouthed retriever you ever saw! It is not like the pup who retrieves in play, it is the act of a mature and thoughtful being.

We all know that the one human trait which towers over everything else is courage. Learning, wit, strength, ambition, sincerity, goodness, all come back to courage. It is much the same with the dog; and the indomitable courage of the unwhipped, dog-taught dog carries him far afield and carries him as fast at night as when he started in the morning. Talk about pointers and setters only being good for one or two hour heats at high speed. I know a half dozen that can do it all day and I would not keep a dog that could not. It is all in the training, or development, of the dog.

I do not know, however, that an old dog can teach a young dog to be steady to shot, nor to come in when ordered. I suppose we will have to keep putting our human fingers in the pie here, unless some old dog makes a specialty of teaching young dogs to be steady to shot and to mind the whistle. I would like to see the young dog that would break shot after an old dog had whipped him for it a time or two!

I fear I have not made myself very plain to many, and that I will not be very kindly received with my strange notion by many others. And yet I am sure there must be many who have felt that there is a flaw in our treatment of our dogs; and perhaps there are some who have fancied, as I have, that the right way is along the line of self-development and self-discipline, and observation and thinking by the dog instead of by the man. If I am wrong, please charge it to the fact that my observations have misled me.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

AN OLD FOX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Almost every one about the townships of Auburn, N. Y., knows Dr. Kennedy, as he has been an eye and ear surgeon here for thirty years, and having mixed up fox hunting pretty thoroughly along with the sight and hearing trade, he has had numerous antics with old John Fox, the wildest of all animals on earth, for reynard had a world-wide reputation for cunning before there were any newspapers to advertise him.

The doctor and his lovely wife are very fond of horses and dogs, and are prone to possess the best to be had for money, and along under a piazza adorning their carriage house are tacked up two rows of fox skins, over sixty in number, twenty-four of which were added during the past season.

The armament for the chase is a repeating shotgun and a pair of tall white foxhounds, own brothers, one being 5 years old and the other nearly 2 years, and the house pets run to beagles.

These people are seemingly contented and happy, for they have an abundance of the world's goods and are often seen riding or rambling around the woods and fields together, for the cry of the dogs on a cold or fresh trail tingles the ears and quickens the heart with a pleasure that no other music can produce. People who love it, and love the woods and hills and valleys and streams, need not be mused up with the multitude to find fun and deep-rooted pleasure. What an unspeakable delight it is to such folks to stroll across the big cedar swamps after a fresh layer of snow has fallen, and view the fresh-made trails of foxes and rabbits and mink and squirrels and partridges.

That kind of people don't need to sail across the heaving bosom of the ocean to find amusement, and almost heave up their diaphragm in doing it.

In a ramble across the big Owasco swamp with dogs and gun not long ago, the writer found a fox trail of unusual size, a trail of a fox that had made a meal off a

partridge he had snatched from a stump. The crafty old grouse catcher had a splay foot that made an uncommon large imprint on the moist snow, and the dogs were started on the trail. It led them out through the north end of the swamp and around the fields into the south end, where soon after the long, eager cry of the dogs told the hunter that reynard had cut loose from his cosy nap and was heading up the valley to the south. In the mean time a stiff gale had risen from that quarter, and the air was laden with driving snowflakes. Notwithstanding the wind and snow, the gunner headed up in the direction they had gone at a brisk gait, being stimulated by the baying of the hounds, which rolled back on the breeze. As the fox led out of the valley up on to the hills overlooking Skaneateles Lake the snow and wind quickly obliterated his trail, which made it difficult for the dogs to follow, and the tail end of the procession was scurrying along brisk enough to keep them in hearing.

After three miles of tramp, over the hills and through the woods and stump lots, he finally caught up with the dogs. As the storm was increasing and the trail was buried under the snow, the hunter called off the dogs and headed for home with a stern wind. In coming over the last hill before pitching down into the valley the young dog ran his nose up in the air and galloped up the wind toward Decker's big sugar bush, a half mile to the south. That made the other dog uneasy, and the hunter snapped a leading strap in his collar so as to make sure of taking one dog home; for the snow had ceased, yet the wind was stout. As he meandered off down the hill the absent dog began to give tongue way off back in the sap bush, and the hunter got down between the roots of a big elm tree at the south end of a swampy grove, out of the wind and to get a little rest, and to take an occasional glance back on the side hill in the direction of the lingering dog. It was not long before the hound in hand began to whine and cast eager looks in that direction, as much as to say, "Let me loose, I hear it going on," and directly the eager running cry of the young dog was wafted down the wind to the hunter's ears, and he was stringing it out up over the hill and headed north. Well, now, brother hunters, after a man had given up all hopes for the day, didn't that raging sound take the chill out of a man's bones and make him feel like a king on his throne with the warm side up?

A half minute more and a brown speck broke over the brow of the snowy hill half a mile away and was headed toward the black ash grove and looked like a hawk sailing. The hound in hand saw him as the fox neared the bottom of the hill, and whined to go, and as the fox stopped at a gap in the fence to take a look behind and decide if it was himself that the hound was making such a hoodoo about, the hunter slips around behind the elm with a gun and dog accompaniment, pocketed his mittens, cocked the repeater and sat it against the tree, unsnapped the leash from the dog, clapped both hands over his ears and slewed him around tail end to the fox, which was heading straight across the grove, and as old Shine used to say, "it looked very much as though the gunner would get a rip at him."

There were a thousand places close about that this fox might have run and steered clear of all hindrances, for he had his senses on the alert, and ears poked up in front as he bounded and rolled across the roots and knolls like a rubber ball, for a little further down the swamp farmer Cuykendall was whaling up an old tree into stove wood. The steady pick, pick of the axe veered reynard's course in the gunner's favor, and as he galloped across an opening about 40yds. away a pop of nitrate turned him end over end. Firing the gun released the hound and the fox rose on his haunches, just in time to nail the dog's nasal organ in the first round. Reynard always hangs on when he gets a grip, and a man who has been there well knows the only certain way to turn one loose is to shut off his wind; but the dog, Buster, has had his nose in a fox's jaws now for the fifth time, and ought to profit by experience. Anyway, this time, as the shooter ran up, the fox loosened his grip, dodged through a rail fence, got two jumps ahead of the dog, so that a shot at the fox would comb the dog too. All this happened in five seconds, and the yelling and howling started the farmer sprinting after the fox, which was headed down his way, that sheered old red toward the grove again, and though the hound was yelling and running his best lick wasn't able to shut up a foot of the gap, while the gunner mounted the old rail fence for a better view, shouting "sick 'em, sick 'em," and yelling as a man does in a dream. A new factor appeared on the scene in the shape of the big white pup flashing down through the trees like a specter. He had come in on the trail and got his eye on the fox as it shied back into the grove, and inside of a hundred yards' run he had the old ranger by the back, whisking the big bushy tail around the atmosphere, and both dogs spent the time mopping that big splay-footed fellow around in the snow until hunter and farmer got there and stopped the gymnastics.

While the men stood talking and getting their breath back, and the dogs were lapping snow, that fox went bounding away, and the dogs had to overhaul in a short run and give him another churning. More anon from

REPEATER.

Schipperkes and Carving.

I NOTICE a great deal is being written in your valuable paper at the present moment upon the above subject. I am not prepared to say whether the terms gouging or carving are proper ones or not, but I prefer the former and will use that expression in this letter as opposed to docking. There can be no possible doubt that a schipperke that has been gouged has a far more typical appearance than one that has been docked. The docked dog may perhaps have rounded quarters when he has nothing better to do than to wonder what has become of his tail; but let some other thought enter his mind, or let him meet another dog, and you will see the stump stick up and wag. The dog that has been gouged has no stump to wag.

Now for facts. In the early days of the schipperke craze there was a fairly well known kennel of this breed; and in course of time that kennel brought out several dogs bred in England. Whatever other points these dogs possessed, everybody remarked on the wonderfully rounded quarters, just like a guinea-pig, they all had. No matter how pleased the dog might be, there was no trace of a stump. Now, being in the secrets of this kennel, I am able to tell you how this typical rump was produced. The operation took place at five or eight days old, and was invariably done under ether. A slit was made over

the top of the tail where it joins the body, the tail was carved out completely, and some of the muscles on either side were cut away; two stitches were then put in, some antiseptic dressing applied, and the puppy restored to the bitch. In a few days the stitches were cut, if the bitch had not already removed them. Out of some thirty puppies treated in this manner, not one single one died, or for the matter of that appeared to suffer any inconvenience whatever, and the only dog of the lot that was ever examined by a veterinary surgeon was passed by him, after a careful examination, as "having been born without a tail." Mr. Mosely found that he could not get the first caudal vertebra out of a dead full-grown dog. I know an experienced surgeon is able to do it in the case of a live puppy five days old.

Please do not think for one moment that I am advocating the gouging, carving, or even docking; far from it, as I am desirous of seeing all dogs left as the Creator made them, and I have seen an uglier object than an undocked schipperke.

Nobody expected for one moment that the Kennel Club would ever put down docking. There are, I believe, very few breeders of Great Danes or bull terriers who are members of the club, but there are at least two prominent breeders of fox terriers on the committee.

The attitude of the Kennel Club in the matter is a puzzle to those not versed in its ways. An owner of an Irish water spaniel pulls a few hairs out of his dog's tail, or a Bedlington terrier has a few hairs pulled out of his top-knot. In either case the law of the land would take no notice, but the Kennel Club inflicts its greatest penalties on these two horrible barbarians. Another man mutilates his terrier by cutting off half its tail. Of course it does not hurt the terrier in the least, in fact he really likes it; but the law of the land says that it shall not be, and if they could catch him would fine him for it. The Kennel Club pats him on the back and says, "Go on, my boy, blow the law, we say you may do it."

There can be no possible argument in favor of cropping, docking or rounding. Fox hounds are rounded, and if you ask a M. F. H. why, he will say, "to prevent their ears getting torn." The same M. F. H. does not round the ears of his beagles that he uses to shoot rabbits in the thickest gorse. Why? Because it is not fashionable.

The advocates of cropping, docking, rounding and all forms of mutilation have not, as a rule, been under the surgeon's knife themselves. The owner of the above-mentioned kennel of schipperkes has, with the result that he disposed of all his schipperkes but two, and took up another breed of dogs that the Kennel Club, in its great wisdom, allows to be exhibited as the Creator made them.—*W. R. Temple in Stock-Keeper (England).*

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.

THE Philadelphia Kennel Club's show was a noteworthy success, especially considering the short notice on which it was arranged. It was held in Industrial Hall, beginning on April 14. The catalogue showed 542 entries, of which a few were duplicates. The special prize list was made up of numerous prizes, and there were many special strings attached to many of them.

The show was nicely conducted. Dr. Alexander Glass, Messrs. Geo. H. Thomson, J. H. Winslow, Dr. Darby, members of the bench show committee, gave matters their personal attention. Mr. F. P. Smith superintended.

The excessively hot summer weather which prevailed during the show caused much discomfort to the dogs, the large ones in particular. The hall has windows only in the ends high up, thus the light and ventilation were not the best that could be desired. The attendance during the day was very light. In the evening the tide of humanity set in and the hall was well filled. It is probable that the show about paid expenses, with perhaps a trifle over. The best society people gave it their indorsement, many of the ladies as patronesses and many more by visiting it.

Mr. James Mortimer judged mastiffs, Great Danes, bloodhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, English foxhounds, deerhounds, Boston terriers, fox terriers, dachshunde, Chesapeake Bay dogs and miscellaneous.

Dr. M. H. Cryer judged toy spaniels.

Mr. Chas. Heath judged pointers.

Major J. M. Taylor judged setters, American foxhounds and beagles.

Mr. C. H. Mason judged all other classes.

The quality of the dogs was noticeably good, taking one class with another.

On the first day of the show, the club gave the judges, reporters and exhibitors a bountiful lunch, and were most attentive and obliging to all concerned at all times. It was remarked that the Philadelphia Kennel Club management was not outdone by any in considerate attention and kindly courtesy. Besides offering prizes and competitions to the fanciers, the management made the event pleasant.

MASTIFFS were few in number, six all told, of which four were owned by Dr. Lougest. Of these Emperor William had no competitor in the challenge class, and the same is true of the open class, in which was Bob L. There were three dogs in the open bitch class: Vere, first; Nelly Bly was second. Third was withheld, as were also the prizes in the local class, which had one entry.

ST. BERNARDS made a good showing in numbers and competition, the Swiss Mountain Kennels and Seaforth Kennels being well represented. Roland, Jr., alone in the challenge class for rough-coated dogs, was shown in open condition. Leeds Barry had an easy win over his six competitors in the open class, and won the special for best St. Bernard. Sir Hugh, second, is not so truly formed as the winner, though catchy in his markings. The winners in the open bitch class, Countess Madge, Florette and Princess Irma, are well known. In smooth coat challenge dogs, Melrose King got the decision over Scottish Leader, the latter moving poorly. Steward's Barry had no competitor in open dog class, while in the corresponding bitch class Belgrade had practically no competitor, second being withheld.

BLOODHOUNDS had but two entries, Simon de Sudbury and Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES were noticeably lacking in high quality. They numbered five.

NEWFOUNDLANDS numbered three and were a poor lot. First was withheld, second went to Kensington, undersized, poor in coat and type.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—Of the seven shown six were

owned by H. W. Sharpless, and most of the winners are well known.

DEERHOUNDS were also a poor lot and numbered three. GREYHOUNDS numbered eight, of which Lord Neverstill had no competition in the challenge class. The dogs were a moderate lot. Davy Garrick, well known, was first. Duke of Morningquest and Puck, second and third, were fair hounds. There were two in bitches, Southern Belle having practically a walkover, the prize being withheld from her single competitor.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Twenty hounds competed for the honors. Commodore had no competition in challenge class. The fourteen dogs were mixed in quality, some of them being very good, some poor. Clay, Steave and Pope's Sanson, three good hounds, were first, second and third respectively. They are of a type not uncommon in Kentucky, but not commonly seen elsewhere. A protest was lodged against the winners on the ground that they were not American foxhounds, but harriers. The protest was disallowed. Clay, first, has good legs and feet, stands on them truly, has a shapely well-ribbed body, good neck and head. Steave, though a good hound, is not equal to the winner in head and feet. All of the class received some sort of commendation, though hardly deserving so much. In open bitches, Flirt, an evenly developed muscular bitch, symmetrical and sound of build, won first. Gipsy was a fair second. Speed, third, a bitch of fair quality, was extremely pig-jawed.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Of the seven shown six were owned by the Pembroke Hunt. Mainstay and Maximus, first and second in dogs, two large, well-built hounds, excellent in body, good heads and fair symmetry, were faulty in knees, both knuckling over perceptibly. Third went to Graphic, being a fairly good hound. Friendly and Lady Blush, first and second in bitches, were not good in knees; while third, Larceny, was plain in head.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS had three, one in each class. Deacon, the challenge class winner, is well known. Echo, the winner in the open dog class, and Daisy, in the bitch class, were ordinary.

POINTERS were mixed, good and poor. Sir Walter won easily over his three heavy-weight competitors. He is stoutly built and although he is a good dog, he is lacking in the general symmetry of a first-class show dog. Second went to Gamster, the latter carrying lumber. Third was withheld. Bitches, 50lbs. and over, were ordinary and were three in number. Alice Leslie, first, is shallow in chest, throaty, slack in body and lacking in symmetry. Bell Westlake, second, is better than Alice in many points. She is good in body and quarters, head passably good; a fairly good bitch. Open dogs, light weights, numbered seven. Prince's Boy, first, is stilty, light in bone of arm and lower thigh, is cut up in the flanks as is a greyhound, is deficient in short ribs, and is nearer a greyhound type than that of a pointer. He was too finely drawn. He won the special for best pointer. Though catchy to the eye, he will not bear close examination, as will Sir Walter. Rap Ightfield, second, plain in head, is good in bone, body and feet. In bitches, under 50lbs., Brighton Flossy won first. She is flat in ribs and narrow in muzzle, yet is a good-looking bitch. Gamster took first in the local class. W. Gould Brokaw won the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS were in good numbers and quality. Sheldon and The Earl were the challenge entries, dogs, the former winning. Maid Marian had no competition in the corresponding bitch class. Eighteen faced the judge in the open dog class. Rodfield, first, stands badly on his forelegs, a fault which seems to grow greater with time. He stands with his elbows in and his feet turned out. He is light in muzzle and carries his tail with an upward swirl. His carriage is poor. There were about three dogs in very close competition for second, Cincinnati Pride, Montell and Mecca. Cincinnati Pride has much setter character and carries himself well—much better than Rodfield, whose best points are good back, shoulders, body and quarters. Montell, third, is straight in shoulders and stifles. Freelance, reserve, and first in local class, gives way to Mecca, vhc., in legs and muscular development. Freelance is also light in muzzle, straight in stifle and shoulder, and light bone. Rodfield won the special for best setter, though he, in our opinion, was far from being equal to Queen Vic. In the competition for best setter or pointer ne competed with Prince's Boy, the latter winning. In body, back and quarters, the setter was the better. Both were faulty in legs, the pointer being stilty and light in bone, the setter not having straight front legs nor standing straight in front. The pointer was the better in head and tail, and each was some way from being a first-class specimen. Black Rock, hc., was full of character, but out of condition. In bitches, first went to Countess, plain head, good body, thin in flesh; closely pressed by Prima Donna. Ann of Abbotsford, third, in turn was closely pressed by Kyd Monarch, the latter a symmetrical bitch, whose peculiar manner of walking at times probably set her back. Breeze Nellie, vhc., is a good all-round bitch, and Gilhooly is a good puppy.

IRISH SETTERS were good in quality and nearly all the winners are well known. Kildare won over Bob, Jr., in the challenge class for dogs, and Queen Vic won over Norna in bitches. Chief Red Cloud, a good setter, took first in an easy class, second going to Kildare Malt, the latter a bit coarse and flat in ribs; third being withheld. The open bitch class was a good one. Lady Finglas was the winner, beating Pride's Beauty, second, and Duchess, third; Kildare Hope, reserve, crowding the second and third places very close, and winning first in the local class. Oak Grove Kennels took the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS were light in entry, and are nearly all well-known dogs. Leo B. and Highland Yola had no competitors in the challenge dog and bitch classes, and there were but three in the open dog class. Wang Ivanhoe, first, is cowhocked, but was shown in good coat and condition; Gip was second and Highland Boy third. In bitches Santa Marie is faulty in head, and Princess Bonnie, second, has the same fault. The only puppy was a coarse specimen. Dr. S. G. Dixon took the kennel special.

SPANIELS had a good entry, though most of the winners are already known to fame. While there was a good number, there were but few classes in which there was hard competition, the entries being divided up among numerous classes. The real surprise of the competition was Belle, a white, black and tan, winning the specials, beating the New York winners for them. She is a very handsome bitch, typical in head, straight leg, good bone, first-rate coat and a first rater in every

way. The Mepal Kennels won the kennel prize.

COLLIES were in good force and quality. Goldust was looking at his best, winning the specials from champion Christopher and Charlie. In his own class he won easily. In the puppy class Hempstead Recruit was the winner. He is a dog of good size, was in good coat, has good bone; plain in head. Mr. H. Jarrett won the kennel prize.

POODLES were an excellent lot. Champion Chloe was shown heavy in whelp, which pulled her out of shape somewhat. When shown in her old form she will be the same formidable competitor again.

BULL DOGS were a good entry. The classes were divided by weight, over 45lbs. and under 45lbs. for dogs, the bitches being divided in the same manner on a 40lb. limit. L'Ambassador, first, is quite a good dog, better in face than Capt. Kidd, though the latter is more catchy in color.

BOSTON TERRIERS were fair in number and quality.

BEAGLES were quite a fair lot. The challenge winners are all well known. There were six in the open dog class over 13in. First went to Trump It, a long cast, slack-built dog, not good in beagle character. Second went to Roger W., a fairly good beagle. Third went to Truman, a dog of excellent beagle character, better than the winner in body, legs, feet, brush and character. He has a slight heaviness of skull. Tyrant, reserve, and Farrier, vhc., are also good beagles. In bitches, over 13in., Popsey and Rose of Hornell were fair. In dogs, under 13in., Little Wonder, first, has an excellent head, but is light behind. Brownie, second, is better in body than the winner, though not equal in head properties. In bitches, two good ones were shown: Velvet, first, and Dazzle, second, the latter more symmetrical and of higher beagle character than the winner. Third went to Princess Brownie.

FOX TERRIERS were quite a good lot and were in fair numbers. Mere Sepoy, a good puppy standing on good legs and feet, a corky little fellow, won first in the puppy class, smooth or wire-haired. B. S. Horn took the kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIER winners are all well known.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS were the best shown in a long time.

TOY TERRIERS.—In the five shown Capt. Jinks won easily.

PUGS were but eight in number, though of good quality as a whole.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS were ordinary.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Rob L. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vere and Nellie Bly; 3d, withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Hellgate Kennels' Roland, Jr., and Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, Seaforth Kennels' Sir Hugh; 3d, J. C. Haywood's Crown Prince. R., C. L. Armour's Rover. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Hellgate Kennels' Countess Madge and Princess Irma; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Florette. R., F. Martie's Baddie.—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Seaforth Kennels' Melrose King. R., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. A. Steward's Steward's Barry. Bitches: 1st, Hellgate Kennels' Belgrade; 2d, withheld.—SMOOTH AND ROUGH—Puppies: 1st and 2d, Hellgate Kennels' Cereberus II. and Hellgate Olga. R., Mrs. T. J. Dewees's Defender II.—LOCAL CLASS—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leeds Barry; 2d, J. C. Hayward's Crown Prince. R., J. B. Didenker's Nero.

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Simon de Sudbury; 2d, S. B. Christy's Laywood Chorus.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Ward's Marcus Antonius; 2d, E. Kneriene's Major McKinley II.; 3d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummell. Bitches: 1st, E. Reutemann's Diana; 2d, D. Walsh's Donna.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Kensington. R., A. Kirby's Ben.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—CHALLENGE—1st, 2d and R., H. W. Sharpless's Ataman IV., Argos and Princess Irma.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. M. Keasbey's Optimist; 2d, H. W. Sharpless's Adrooski. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. W. Sharpless's Armeta and Viatka.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Dr. C. B. Penrose's Dutch Bitches: 1st, W. D. Griscom's Norma; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Bonnie Scotland.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d, S. D. Barr, M. D.'s, Duke of Morningquest; 3d, Mrs. W. W. Green's Fick. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 2d, withheld.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Commodore.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 3d and R., N. Q. Pope's Clay Steave, Pope's Sanson and Pope's Strive. Bitches: 1st, N. Q. Pope's Flirt; 2d and 3d, Lima Hunt's Gipsy and Speed.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, and 3d, Pembroke Hunt's Mainstay, Maximus and Graphic. Bitches: 1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly; 2d and 3d, Pembroke Hunt's Larceny and Lady Blush.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Com. G. C. Reiter's Echo. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy.

POINTERS.—OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, W. Gould Brokaw's Sir Walter; 2d, Frank H. Fleer's Gamster; 3d, withheld. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 2d, T. B. Bell's Westlake; 3d, R. E. Westlake's Gyp Winslow.—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, W. G. Brokaw's Prince's Boy; 2d, D. W. Pfauz's Rap Ightfield; 3d, withheld.—Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossy; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Fanny Davenport; 3d, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; R. C. Phelps, Jr.'s, Eldred Polly. Puppies: 1st, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; 2d, R. E. Westlake's Startle.—LOCAL—1st, F. H. Fleer's Gamster; 2d, G. T. Newhall's Chester.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon; R. Victoria Kennels' The Earl. Bitches: 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marian.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 2d, E. A. Burdett's Cincinnati Pride; 3d, H. L. Keyes's Montell; R. F. G. Taylor's Free Lance.—Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Countess; 2d, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna; 3d, E. A. Burdett's Anne of Abbotsford; R., A. G. Soistmann's Kyd Monarch. Puppies: 1st, C. J. Gayler's Gilhooly; 2d, B. Machemer's Dan Laverack; R., B. Machemer's Lissie.—LOCAL—1st, F. G. Taylor's Free Lance; 2d, J. McShane's Meuch's Duke.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' ch. Kildare; 2d, Miss B. A. Bartleson's Boo, Jr.—Bitches: 1st and R., Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic and Norna.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud; 2d, Mrs. W. Sutton, Jr.'s, Kildare; 3d, withheld.—Bitches: Mrs. A. Von Cotzhausen's Lady Finglas; 2d, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess; R., R. N. Crissy's Kildare Hope.—LOCAL—1st, R. N. Crissy's Kildare Hope; 2d, W. Wilkerson's Maybe Willem; R., C. G. Alexander's Bang.

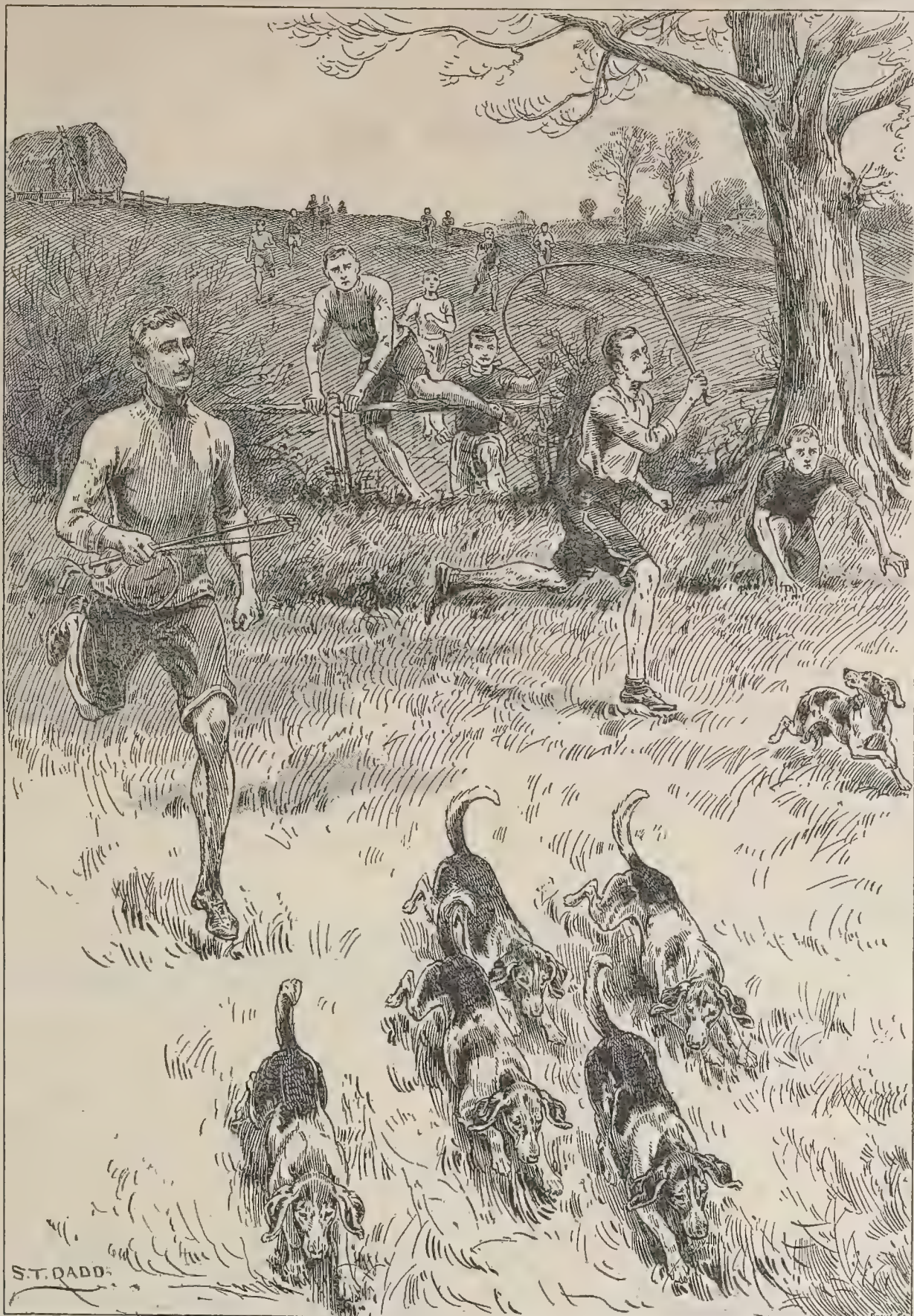
GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Bitches: 1st, Highland Kennels' Yola.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, O. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe; 2d, B. W. Andrews's Gip; 3d, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie and Princess Bonnie. Puppies: 1st, W. B. Wright's Speed Item.—LOCAL—1st, P. Mealey's Ned Mayer.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Dr. J. T. Kent's Belva.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Major Gilfeather and Susie.

SPANIELS.—ALL BREEDS, OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rutus. Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's The Shrew.—FIELD SPANIELS, BLACK, OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. R. Preston, Jr.'s, Royd Monarch; 2d, M. A. Titi's Toby; 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Black Night. Bitches: 1st, W. A. McClellan's Princess Alice; 2d and 3d, M. A. Titi's Slander and Jossip.—ANY OTHER COLOR, OVER 28LBS.—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Albion Light Bells.

CCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER, NOT OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. Bitches: 1st and R., Mepal Kennels' Baby Ruth and Woodland Princess.—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Red Doc; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Bambo. R., Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack.—BLACK, NOT OVER 28LBS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Commodore; 3d, Pomona Kennels' Adam. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle; 2d, R. Brooks's Trilby II.; 3d



THE FINCHLEY HARRIER'S BEAGLES.

and R., Brookside Kennels' Woodland Belle and Carrie.—RED ON LIVER, NOT OVER 28 LBS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S.; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, G. Douglas's Woodland Ada; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Russetta. R., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Girl.—ANY OTHER COLOR—OPEN—1st, F. Alder's Belle; 2d and 3d, W. F. Payne's Tansy and Loraine.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. Jarrett's champion Christopher. Bitches: 1st, H. Jarrett's champion Flurry III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. E. L. Sauveur's Goldust; 2d, H. Jarrett's Domino II.; 3d, Mrs. J. M. Maguire's Christopher. Bitches: 1st, J. Black's Maid of Bute; 2d, R. Buckle's Hazlewood Victoria; 3d, H. Jarrett's Roslyn Gypsy. R., Mrs. Sauveur's Ormskirk Gypsy Maid. Puppies: 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Recruit. R., P. Leery's Sweet Daisy.—LOCAL.—1st, H. Jarrett's Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Maguire's Chorister. R., Miss E. Frease's Colonel.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—CURLY BLACK.—1st, H. G. Trevor's Milo. R., Morey Kennels' champion Rajah.—CORDED.—1st, Morey Kennels' Morey Leah. R., Meadowmere Kennels' champion Chloe.—OPEN—CORDED.—1st, M. O. Work's Czar; 2d, Mrs. V. McLaughlin's Lady Gay.—CURLY BLACK.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Meadowmere Kennels' Emperor and Milan; 2d, Mrs. W. Bloodgood's Caesar; 3d, Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat. Bitches: 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Cybele; 2d, 3d and 4th, Morey Kennels' Snowball, Coquette and Morey Juliette.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Prince; 2d, Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. V. McLaughlin's Sport; 2d, Miss S. Moller's Viva; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Cherry.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Prince; 2d, Morey Kennels' Morey Fiat.

BULL DOGS.—OPEN—Dogs (over 45 lbs.): 1st, C. G. Hopton's L'Ambassador; 2d, S. B. Christy's Capt. Kidd.—UNDER 45 LBS.—1st, J. R. Hiley's Lord Roseberry; 2d, T. Morse's Rustic Crib. R., H. K. Caner's Caithness Monarch. Bitches (over 40 lbs.): 1st, C. G. Hopton's Lady Monarch; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Maggie Murphy. R., Mrs. E. Mauderson's Liberty.—UNDER 40 LBS.—1st, T. Morse's Rustic Anthia; 2d, G. M. Valentine's Topsey.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona. R., T. Holden's Dusty Miller. Bitches: 1st, F. Dole's Starlight. R., R. S. Huidekoper's Edgewood Topsy.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. Wolfe's Trafalgar; 2d, R. A. Alger, Jr.'s, White Captain; 3d and 4th, F. Dole's Masterpiece and Victor. Bitches: 1st, F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 2d, R. A. Alger, Jr.'s, Southborough Lady; 3d, Toon & Thomas's Hayelock.—LIGHT WEIGHT—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Perper's Castle Joe; 2d, F. K. Stevens's Ben Brush; 3d, Miss Edith R. Catlin's Monte. Bitches: 1st and 2d, T. Holden's Ruby and Bonr.—LOCAL CLASS.—1st, J. M. Bullock's Diamond Dauntless; 2d, W. F. Kendrick's Roderick. R., Miss Miriam P. Darby's Lady Veima.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—25 LBS., AND NOT EXCEEDING 35 LBS.—Dogs: 1st, T. Morse's Rustic Jack; 2d, Paelp & Davis's Bob; 3d, Penn Square Kennels' Smoke. Bitches: 1st, Phelps & Davis's Nancy; 2d, R. Boyd's Buzy.—UNDER 25 LBS.—Dogs: 1st, M. C. D. Borden's Commissioner II.; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Banker. Bitches: 1st, M. C. D. Borden's champion Topsy; 2d, Penn Square Kennels' Daisy Button. Puppies: 1st, Phelps & Davis's Consul.

DACHSHUNDE.—Dogs: 1st, A. Froemling's Blitz; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck. Bitches: 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' What's Wanted; 2d, E. Meckelke Vogt's Gredel.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—OVER 13, NOT EXCEEDING 15 IN.—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Sherry. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Daisy Corbett.—NOT EXCEEDING 13 IN.—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Razzle. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Evangeline.—OPEN—OVER 13 IN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Trump It and Roger W.; 3d and 4th, Hempstead Farm's Truman and Tyrant. Bitches: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Popsey; 2d, Parkview Kennels' Rose of Hornell.—UNDER 13 IN.—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder; 2d, W. McLean's Brownie. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Velvet and Dazzle; 3d, W. McLean's Princess Brownie.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard. Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captions.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, B. S. Horn's Prisoner; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sager; 3d, L. A. Biddle's Warren Critic. Bitches: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dusky and Warren Sterling; 3d, B. S. Horn's Dudley Saunter. Puppies (smooth or wire-haired):

1st, Mere Kennels' Meresepoy; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Senator. R., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Actor.—LOCAL (smooth or wire-haired)—1st and 2d, L. A. Biddle's Warren Critic and Warren Dial. R., Miss M. P. Darby's Poverino. WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Sensation and Endcliffe Teuson; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap. Bitches: 1st, E. J. Galbally's Walney Vice; 2d, Dr. J. F. Belt's Vixen.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessila III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs' Blazer; 2d, Dr. W. Cushman's Boomellin; 3d, C. Sinnickson's Hilltop Patrick. R., H. M. Sill's Pat. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brickdust and Endcliffe Fusee; 3d, Mrs. C. A. Shinn's Gessila's Pride.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, R. S. D. Ripley's Glenwood and Surrey Gem.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. Rogge's Razzle. Bitches: 1st, J. C. L. Rogge's Trilby; 2d, C. W. Mills's Queen Bess. R., Davis & Winter's Pittsburgh Lady.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Miss Crow's Uncle Sam; 2d, T. H. Garlick's Glenshea II.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. H. L. Kirby's Endcliffe Maggie. R., Mrs. Barr's Sir Thomas.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. J. W. Paten's Elphinstone; 2d, Miss Bunting's Lord Caumley. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. C. A. Shinn's Tutie Tottie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, L. J. Cullen's Prince; 2d and 3d, Mrs. F. Senn's Harbor Swell II. and Young Bright. R., A. McGinn's Royal Bright. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Beauty; 2d, A. McGinn's Lady Bright. R., L. J. Cullen's Endcliffe Model.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Captain Jinks; 2d, J. J. Ennis's Duke.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, L. A. Van Zandt's Rising Star and Blinkbunny.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy. R., Mrs. E. L. Sauveur's champion Attrac' ion.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Fensbury Duke; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Rookery Kennels' Queen Madge, Princess Madge and Countess Madge.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. J. F. Sinnott's Aaron.

BLLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Iriquois; 2d, Mrs. J. F. Sinnott's Crowborough Impressario.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Maru; 2d, Mrs. C. Merchant's Jappo.

RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, Miss A. L. Sinnott's Jeremiah.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's King of the Fancy; 2d, Miss M. H. Catlin's Snob.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. P. Kirby's Beautiful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—FRENCH BULL DOGS.—OVER 30 LBS.—1st and 2d, A. J. Drexel-Biddle's Ramis-Lutteur and Dragonne.—UNDER 30 LBS.—1st, C. P. Schlicker's Prince Bismarck (English Pomranian); 2d, Toon & Thomas's Blazer (Mexican terrier). R., D. Hastings's Totz (Maltese dog).

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Dr. Louges's. Best dog, Emperor William. Best bitch, Vere.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best four rough-coated, Hellgate Kennels. Best St. Bernard, Leed's Barry.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Best kennel, H. W. Sharpless's. AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Best three couples, N. Q. Pope's. Best foxhound, Mainstay.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, W. Gould Brokaw's. Best setter or pointer, Prince's Boy.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best setter, Rodded.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best Irish setter, Queen Vic.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon's. Best Gordon, Santa Marie.

SPANIELS.—Best kennel, Mepal Kennels. COLLIES.—Best kennel, H. Jarrett's. Best collie, Goldust. Best in open classes, Maid of Bute. POODLES.—Best kennel, Meadowmere Kennels. Best curly in open classes, Emperor. BULL DOGS.—Best in open classes, L'Ambassador. BULL TERRIERS.—Best kennel, F. F. Dole's. Best one in open classes, Greenhill Empress. DACHSHUNDE.—Venlo Farm Kennels'. BEAGLES.—Best kennel, C. S. Wixom's. FOX TERRIERS.—Best kennel, B. S. Horne's. Best in open classes, Warren Dusky. Best wire-hair in open classes, Endcliffe Sensation.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.

THE local show of the Baltimore Kennel Association, held April 14 to 17 inclusive, was a gratifying success. It was quite well patronized, everything considered, and the opinion prevailed that there would be a balance on the right side of the ledger.

Mr. Geo. Thomas judged pointers, setters, spaniels, Basset hounds, beagles, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous; Mr. J. Olney judged Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. Joe Lewis judged all other classes. The show was benched and fed by Spratts Patent. Mr. E. M. Oldham superintended.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Miss A. E. Merz's Caesar II.; 2d, H. Collin's Bruno; 3d, S. S. Lee's Lord Chorlmondley. Bitches: 1st, F. L. Wolf's Nellie. Puppies: 1st, A. Cameron's Prince.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, T. J. Sheubrooks's Sir Ethelwood and Ethelwood Bute; 3d, Miss A. George's Rex. Bitches: 1st and 3d, T. J. Sheubrooks's Sweetheart and Ethelwood Queen; 2d, F. C. Schleicher's Lady Mary. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. F. C. Schleicher's Miss Gilmore; 2d, G. Goldman's Keene; 3d, G. C. Haskell's Baltimore.—SMOOTH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, R. Griffith's Welcome. Bitches: 1st, T. J. Sheubrooks's Royal Ruby. Puppies: 1st, T. J. Sheubrooks's Royal Ruby; 2d, W. W. Frames's Bevis.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. E. Simon's Clifford; 2d, J. H. H. Maenner's Victor. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. H. H. Maenner's Cora and Juno; 3d, A. W. Struth's Nellie. Puppies: 1st and 3d, J. H. H. Maenner's Wodan and Moreau II.; 2d, H. Schaub's Helen.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Miss M. Brooks's Champion II.; 2d, F. G. Laudeman's Rover.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. Howard's Earl of Wyvis.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Westbrook's Toronto; 2d, Miss Emily Bryan's Collington; 3d, Mrs. H. Collins's Sloux. Bitches: 1st, C. F. Smith's Nellie Bly II. Puppies: 1st, R. H. Goldsmith, Jr.'s, Ribs.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, S. S. Howland's — and —. Bitches: 1st and 2d, S. S. Howland's — and —. 3d and 4th, Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club's Maud Maid and Twilight.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Gardner's Bounce; 2d, A. P. Gorsuch's Clay; 3d and 4th, R. C. Stewart's Rattler and Winder. Bitches: 1st, A. W. Pleasants's Brookfield; 2d and 3d, R. C. Stewart's Jill and Lullaby. Puppies: 1st, W. Kennedy's Driner; 2d, 3d and 4th, C. E. Riegan's Yorkley, Echo and Sweetlips.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. Simpson's Jeff and Beaver No. 2; 3d, M. Wilson's Rex. Bitches: 1st, W. Simpson's Lot; 2d, G. L. Golder's Belle; 3d, T. J. Tidings's Kate. Puppies: 1st, W. H. Simpson, Jr.'s, Dell.

POINTERS.—Dogs (55 lbs. and over): 1st, J. McHenry's Jackstone; 2d, M. Wilson's Mort O'Bannon; 3d, McSherry & Ross's Nassos's Rock. Bitches (50 lbs. and over): 1st, Miss B. B. Wilson's Rose of Norfolk; 2d, J. B. Clarke's Nell. Dogs (under 55 lbs.): 1st, G. W. Massamore's Peterkin of Naso; 2d, M. Wilson's Sport; 3d, J. Groot's Sport. Bitches (under 50 lbs.): 1st, McSherry & Eisenhauer's Diana Kent. Puppies: 1st, withheld; 2d and 3d, H. T. Beck's Lightning and Thunder.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, L. M. Levering's Bal Macada; 2d, C. Hagan's Pride of Baltimore and H. L. Clarke's Clarke's Phil. Bitches: 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, G. Turnbull's Quiz. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Abbott's Don; 2d, H. D. Penniman's Gr. on; 3d, T. C. Pugn's Grover. Bitches: 1st, G. D. Neavitt's Belle; 2d, J. R. McSherry's Peg's Lady Ringgold; 3d, G. B. Timanus's —.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, E. Thomson's Lord Chesterfield. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Linthicum's So So.

GORDON SETTERS.—Bitches: 1st, Dr. B. H. Smith's Myra.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—2d, Mrs. M. G. Rousseaux's Mabel.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Louisa W. Symington's Prince.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK.—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Abercrombie's Black Beauty. Bitches: 1st, S. Cassard's Lady Fidget; 3d, Adelaide E. Kernan's Gipsy.—ANY COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, A. E. Messing's Partha; 2d, M. Wilson's Juan. Bitches: 1st and 2d, A. E. Messing's Fannie and Lorain. Puppies: 1st, F. C. Nicodemus, Jr.'s, —; 2d, A. D. McConachie's Fat C.

COLLIES.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, Miss Mary King's Dandy Dimmont of Elderslie; 2d, H. H. Scott's Allitoe; 3d, H. D. Hockaday's James I. Bitches: 1st, M. P. Dawson's Curama; 2d, D. Quigley's Lassie S. Puppies: 1st, R. Wenstall's Luath; 2d, W. H. Chas's Rex; 3d, F. E. Fossett's Dixie.—SMOOTH-COATED.—1st, Mary K. Hinkley's Roy; 2d, A. Roddel's Rover.

POODLES.—Dogs: 1st, Miss L. Myers's Bubi.

BULL DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, W. R. Bonsal's Bingo. Bitches: 1st, S. H. Congdon's Chloe.

BULL TERRIERS.—Bitches: 1st, G. Brooks's The Shrew; 2d, H. C. Redner's Bessie.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Miss M. Thompson's Jags; 2d, T. N. Strother's Bully Boy; 3d, Miss O. M. Gill's Jinks. Bitches: 1st, H. C. Redner's Bessie.

BASSET HOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, M. S. Tyson's Turk and Drayman; 3d, W. E. Williams's Ring. Bitches: 1st, P. Cronmiller's Lady Fly.

DACHSHUNDE.—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Whistler's Nicodemus; 2d, H. S. Lehr's Marquis; 3d, H. Tiermann's Roy K. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. O. Perin's Georgetown; 2d, E. Burke's Billy.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, H. A. Devries's Hunter of N.; 2d, T. Deford's Mount; 3d, E. R. Pitcher's Billie Tramp; R., Cloud Bros., Kreuger Roy. Bitches: 1st, M. S. Tyson's Actress; 2d, J. J. Davis's Jess; 3d, G. B. Timanus's Fantine.—Puppies: 1st and 2d, F. A. Bond's Dixie Katie R.; 3d, J. J. Davis's Tramp.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Irwin's King Gold; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Mustifer; 3d, Mrs. R. Garrett's Sezy.—SMOOTH.—Bitches: 1st, E. W. Irwin's Sadie; 2d, R. C. Stewart's Fury; 3d, Mrs. R. Garrett's Foxy.—Puppies: 1st, W. J. Cochran's Wynnewood Fritz; 2d, Mrs. T. M. Smith's Josephine; 3d, Mrs. E. S. Hooper's Dcn.—WIRE-HAIRED.—1st, W. Clark Dulany's Ebor Larchmont.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, C. M. Stewart's Imported Jack Kilbannon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. G. W. Fisher's Tim. Bitches: 1st, Dr. G. W. Fisher's Tim.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. O. H. Hannum's Beauty; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Little Swell.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, G. H. Gent's Patsy; 2d, Miss B. Kirkland's Jack; 3d, W. S. Everly's Jumbo. Bitches: 1st, C. J. E. Oden's Toots.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. E. Simpson's Kiku.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, M. L. Runge's Cute; 2d, W. Weil's Pink.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25 LBS.—1st, A. E. B. Clark's Dago.—UNDER 25 LBS.—1st, L. B. Myers's Baby; 2d, Miss Meyers's Ruby Prince; 3d, Mrs. J. A. Reed's Chippendale.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best mastiff, Caesar II. Best Great Dane, Cora. Best St. Bernard, Sir Ethelwood. Best pointer, Peterkin of Naso. Best English setter, Bal Macada. Best spaniel, Lady Fidget. Best beagle, Hunter of N. Best fox terrier, Ebor Larchmont. Best dachshund, Nicodemus.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We publish a cut, taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (England), illustrating the manner of the running of the Finchley harriers. The hounds follow a drag and the men follow the hounds afoot, thus adding a zest and interest to the sport which are absent without the hounds. The illustration is spirited and contains many palpable suggestions which could be adopted and practiced in America. The sport as portrayed has the advantage of being practicable in rough sections, where riding is impossible. It has the further merit of

being independent of horses and thus of the great expense attached to keeping a stable. From it the lovers of the smaller hounds may gather some valuable ideas for practical application.

Mr. Joe Lewis informs us that he has in charge a number of pheasants ready to turn loose soon on Dr. Fowler's estate at Moodus, Conn.

We learn that Mr. Thos. Hallam has accepted an engagement as assistant handler of dogs with the Pacific Coast Kennels, at Smithville Flats, N. Y.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association.

ENTRY blanks for the second annual field trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association are now ready for distribution. Entries close Aug. 1. Messrs. W. S. Bell and S. C. Bradley have consented to judge the trials. S. B. CUMMINGS.

Yachting.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has within a year of its organization become a very important factor in yachting about New York, and the races sailed under its direction will include nearly all the important events of the Bay and the Sound. The following official announcements have been made during the past week:

RACING EVENTS.

The Council announces that, with the consent of the clubs concerned, the following changes have been made in the schedule of racing events for the coming season since the last general meeting of the Union:

Huntington Y. C. annual on Aug. 29 instead of Sept. 5.
Stamford Y. C. annual on Sept. 5 instead of Aug. 15, and special races on Aug. 15.
Corinthian Fleet annual on Aug. 15 instead of July 1. Special races on July 1 instead of Aug. 1.
Norwalk Y. C. annual on Sept. 7 instead of Aug. 12.
American Y. C. annual on July 6 instead of July 3.
New Rochelle Y. C. annual on July 3 instead of June 27.
The following additional races have been scheduled:
Yale Corinthian Y. C. annual June 6.
Waterside Y. C. special race Aug. 1.

You are requested to inform the Council before May 1 whether the annual regatta of your club will be for all classes or a limited number of classes; and, if your club are to have any special races, just what classes the races will be given for, as the complete schedule should be issued early in May.

RACING RULES.

You are informed that the racing rules adopted at the last meeting were printed in full in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 4, and will also be issued in pamphlet form by the Rudder Publishing Co., 155 Broadway, N. Y., from whom they can be obtained in quantity.

RACING NUMBERS.

The Council desire to call attention to the necessity of having the yacht owners of your club who intend to enter their yachts in any races on the Sound obtain the racing numbers that will be allotted to them before the first race of the season. Arrangements have been made with Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, N. Y., to furnish the official class letters and designating numbers at 25 cents per set. They will also allot the numbers in order of application. Where it is impracticable for clubs to furnish to the Council lists of yachts as called for in report, applications for numbers can be made directly to Rehm & Co. by individual owners.

It is suggested that notices be sent at once to all the yacht owners of your club with reference to this matter. The allotment of letters and numbers can not be properly made unless owners give information as to the racing length of yacht, if measured, and if not, the yacht's class.

REPORTS.

Enclosed are reports made by the Council at the last meeting of the Union, which were adopted.

FRANK BOWNE JONES,
Sec'y of the Council,
38 Park Row, New York.

PERMANENT RACING NUMBERS.

In pursuance of the resolution adopted at the last general meeting of the Union that the Council formulate rules for the allotment of permanent racing numbers to yachts enrolled in clubs represented in the Union, the Council submits the following plan:

That on or before May 1 each club furnish to the Council a list of yachts enrolled in the club to which racing numbers are to be assigned, giving information as to the name of yacht, name and address of owner, racing length, rig of yacht, and whether yacht is cabin or open. The Council will then advise each owner as to the number allotted the yacht and the letter designating the yacht's class, and also where such number and letter can be obtained.

The Council propose to allot numbers and letters upon the following plan:

Schooners—First class, A; 95ft., B; 85ft., C; 75ft., D; 65ft., E.
Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls—First class, F; 80ft., H; 70ft., J; 60ft., K; 51ft., L; 43ft., M; 36ft., N; 30ft., O; 25ft., P; 20ft., R; 15ft., S.
Numbers will be allotted consecutively from 1 up in each class. A certain proportion of numbers in the 36ft., 25ft. and 15ft. classes will be reserved for the special 34ft. class, the 30-footers, the 21-footers, and the special 15ft. class.

The Council desire to call the attention of regatta committees to the necessity of providing temporary numbers for yachts entered for regattas from clubs not represented in the Union. Such numbers should run from 100 up.

DEFINITION OF A CABIN YACHT.

A vessel to be considered a cabin yacht must have substantial cabin accommodations, forming a part of the permanent structure of the yacht.

CORINTHIANISM.

Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. It is consistent with the motive, higher than mercenary, found in the ranks of officers of the navy and naval architects, notwithstanding the remuneration they receive; while it is inconsistent with the trade of the shipwright and the fisherman, even though one following such a trade has never been a paid sailor. In this respect the following general definition is given:

No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood, or who is by occupation a shipwright, sailmaker or rigger, or who has accepted remuneration for services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht, or who is a professional in any sport, shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman.

CIRCULARS AND ENTRY BLANKS.

The Council wishes to suggest to regatta committees that in issuing notices of races the circular give the following information:

First—Date of race.
Second—Time of start.
Third—Under what rules race is to be sailed.
Fourth—Whether race is for all classes or a limited number of classes.

Fifth—Instructions as to the start.
Sixth—Time and place of closing of entries.
Seventh—Directions as to courses to be sailed.
Eighth—Whether race is open to all clubs or certain clubs.
If a chart of the courses is to be provided, it should be reproduced on the circular or be mailed to an owner on receipt of entry.

Entry blanks should call for
First—The name of yacht.
Second—Rig.

Third—Racing length.
Fourth—Racing number.
Fifth—Whether yacht is cabin or open.
Sixth—Club yacht is enrolled in; and
Seventh—Name and address of owner.

If there are both fixed and shiftable ballasts classes for open yachts it should be stated on the entry of such yachts in which class they are to be entered.

If these suggestions are followed it is believed that there will be greater conformity in the management of races, that the labors of regatta committees will be lessened, and with the adoption of the permanent number plan it will be unnecessary for a yacht to report at



MODERN KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN.

the club house previous to the start of a race, and the printing of entry lists can be dispensed with.

The Eastern Knockabout.

On the New England coast there is a type of boat which is working its way steadily into favor, and by its good qualities proving itself the one long sought for by those who want to spend their leisure hours on the water in the pleasure of sailing a small boat which can be handled easily alone if necessary, but at the same time is large enough to give comfortable berthing space for two or three on a cruise. This little vessel is called a knockabout, and the name is probably the most concise description of the boat that could be given. The idea, in the minds of those who fostered the type in the beginning and have since been its steady promoters, is a boat compact in form, built strongly enough to be taken out in any sort of weather, ready at all times to "go" for a friendly rival in a scrap around the harbor or out at sea; the sails to be small enough to stand a blow from any quarter, and sufficient ballast on the keel to make her absolutely safe even for the man who knows "all about sailing a boat."

Along the deep water coast near Boston, at the "north shore," and among the islands of Maine, the knockabout is seen in every harbor. Many of the yachting men who have made the fame of far larger craft own these small boats and find the pleasure of sailing them a relief from the dreary monotony of mug-hunting on their big races, and the ennui inspired by their autocratic skippers. The knockabout is the ideal boat of the man who wants to get out on the sea by himself and cruise to his heart's content wherever the winds and waters will carry him.

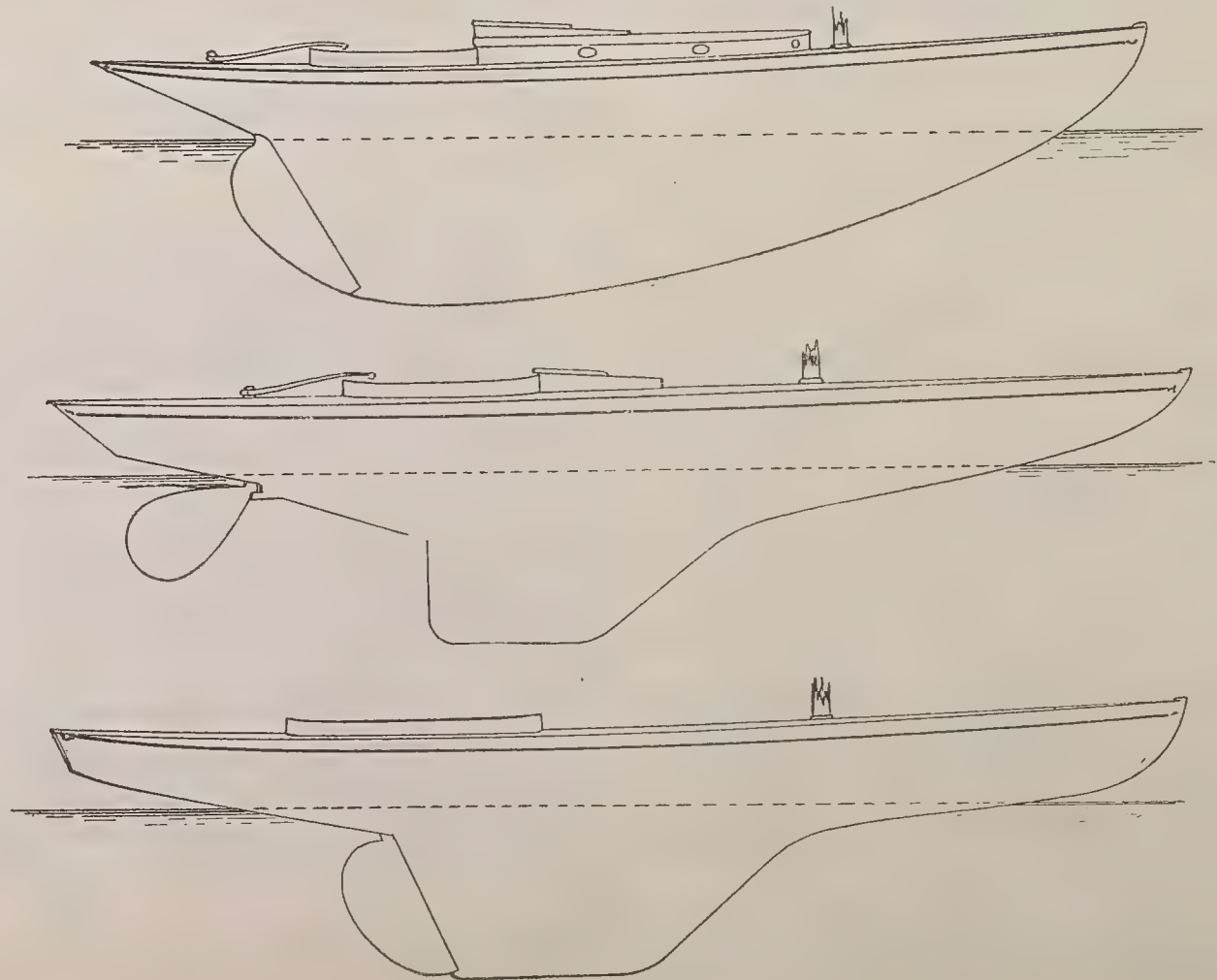
To the man who objects to the gymnastic performances of sailing a canoe or skimming dish there is solid satisfaction in one of these able little sea boats that will stand up to its work at all times, and will

not be damaged seriously if he happens to "find" unfamiliar ground on a foreign shore. Roomy enough for two or three with comfort, the knockabout is very easily handled and will slip along from port to port surprisingly fast in light airs, while the overhanging forward and after ends insure good seaworthiness in the strong winds that usually blow on this coast. A boat of this type draws only 4 or 5 ft. of water, so that good anchorage is readily found in any harbor, and having no bowsprit she can be worked in and out of a crowded space where a boat with a forward spar would be running amuck.

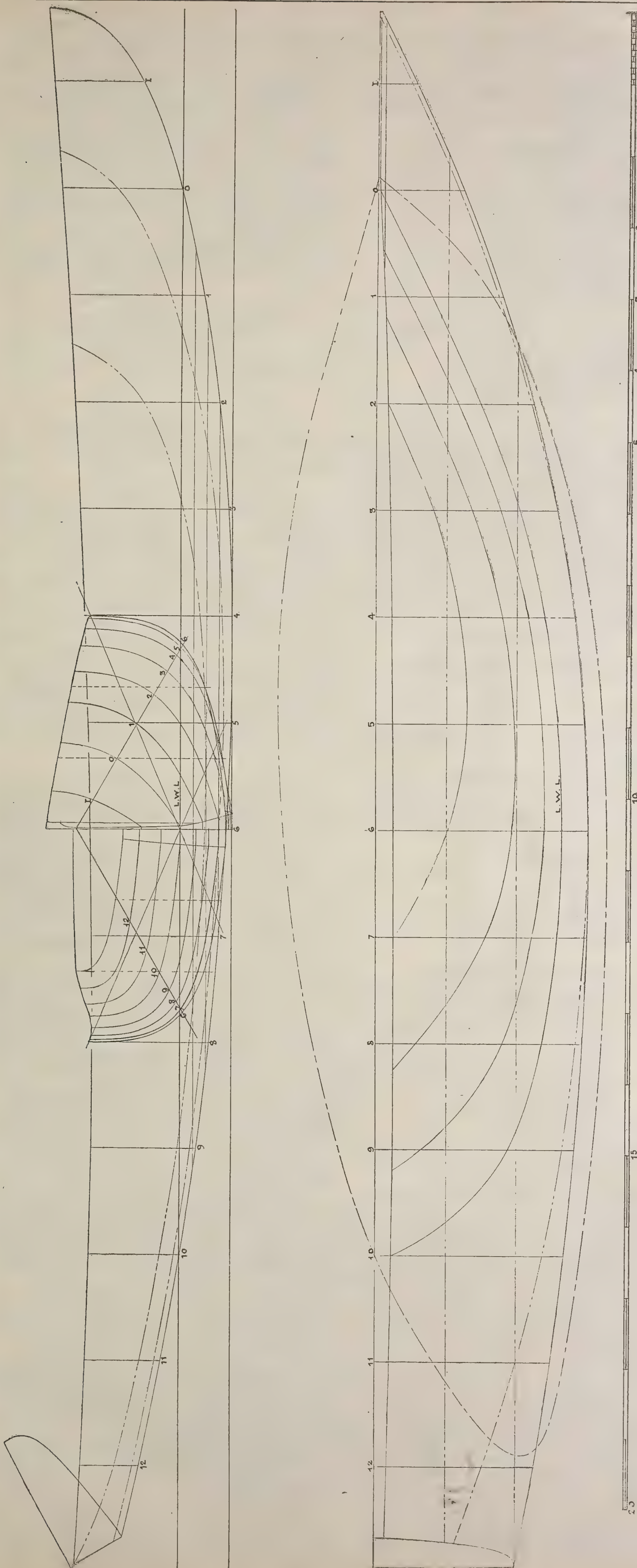
But it is not in cruising only that the greatest sport is to be had with these boats. Classes for knockabouts in the club races have lately become most popular. With twenty and thirty starters at the line, and all so nearly alike, the competition between them is very keen. The sailing qualities of any one boat are so closely equal to the average of all that the races are intensely interesting, and each one has a fair chance of winning. The earliest boats were not built under the strict limitations now in force, and it was quickly seen that unless arbitrary rules were formulated to guard against it, the boats would soon degenerate into racing machines, and the type would lose its most valuable characteristics.

It seems practically impossible to construct a rule that cannot be evaded in one way or another by those who are not in sympathy with the spirit of the restriction, and it is only by a general consensus of opinion and agreement as to the object sought that the desired qualities in any given type can be preserved. Each year the rules have had to be amended in order to counteract the tendency shown by one designer or another to depart from the original idea in taking advantage of some looseness in wording the regulations, and branching out on unseizable lives in the effort to gain every little point of advantage to speed at a sacrifice of the general utility of the type.

According to the rules adopted by the Knockabout Association for this year of grace 1896, "a knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keel), decked or half decked, of fair accommda-



MODERN KNOCKABOUTS.



ions, rigged simply, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one headsail. The l.w.l. length shall not exceed 21ft. The beam at the l.w.l. shall be at least 7 and not over 8ft. The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than 5ft. from the forward end of the l.w.l. The planking, including deck, shall be not less than $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, finished. The frames shall be not less than 1in. square, and spaced not more than 12in. on centers. The deadwood shall be filled in. The rudder shall be hung on sternpost. The outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs. * * * The actual sail area shall be not over 500sq. ft., not over 400sq. ft. of which shall be in the mainsail. * * * The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz., the product of one-half the distance from the attachment of the tack to the stem to the forward side of the mast at the tack mark of the mainsail, multiplied by the distance from the upper edge of said tack mark to the bottom of the jib halliard block."

These rules also go on to say that "The limits of freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder and place of mast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions." This is intended to allow the entrance of boats that have heretofore raced as knockabouts under the earlier rules, and yet do not come up to the present requirements. Most of the older boats have a larger displacement, and carry much more ballast than is necessary to secure seaworthiness and reasonable speed, but they were strongly built, and were designed to carry out the intentions of those who desired to increase the general interest of all in a type of boat at once staunch, able, inexpensive to build or maintain, and adapted in every way to the most pleasant form of yachting.

The racing machine pure and simple has not heretofore made its appearance, but this year the vandals have descended, and the regatta committee for next year will have a job cut out for them in revising the rules sufficiently to retain any sort of resemblance to the original idea of a knockabout in new boats that may be built. The main effort of designers this year has been to reduce the wetted surface and displacement, apparently the only two points not governed by the rules, and alteration probably will have to be made in regard to these points as also defining more exactly what is meant in the sentence reading "The deadwood must be filled in." Some of the older boats have from 4,000 to 5,000lbs. of outside ballast, while this year the actual total displacement of one or two of the boats is but little over 5,000lbs.

With the limitations of scantling for frames and planking, taken with the other requirements, it would seem difficult to reduce the displacement much, but this has been accomplished by using a double skin and gaining strength enough in that to reduce very materially the fore and aft stringers and clamps as well as the floor timbers. Then the deadwood at each end of the underwater body has been done away with almost entirely, and the result is a boat with a fin-like keel short in length and carrying the ballast as low as possible. A very raking sternpost on the after end of the fin-shaped deadwood to carry the rudder is generally the method adopted to comply with the rules. This gives practically a fin-keel boat with the disadvantages of having the rudder on the after side of the fin, and too near the center of lateral resistance to be effective in properly controlling the boat. In one or two of the boats the sternpost consists of an oak piece let into the after edge of the deadwood, and serving as a natural stiffener for the built up fin more than anything else, and does not enter the body of the boat at all, being cut off flush with the inside of skin planking; the rudder stock enclosed in a pipe continuing unsupported to the deck. It is a nice question to decide, "When is a rudder-post not a rudder-post?" In another boat the rudder stock has actually been brought up through the floor of the standing room or cockpit, showing how nearly amidships must be the rudder.

The necessity of placing the rudder further aft, in order to efficiently control a boat with so short a spread of canvas in a fore and aft direction, has been appreciated by some of the designers, but how to do it under the rules without detriment to the speed of the boat has been a difficult problem to work out. The conventional approximately triangular form of longitudinal section with sharply raking rudder is ineffective; keeping the rudder at the after end and placing it more upright with a short straight keel increases the wetted surface and puts the ballast too far aft for the best position of its center of gravity in relation to the center of buoyancy of the boat. The most noticeable example of ingenuity in attaining the desired result is shown by one of the boats where the designer has used an oak crook as sternpost; the short, upright arm at the after end carrying the rudder, projecting downward like a fin or paddle into solid water and raking aft to avoid collecting seaweed. The main piece of this sternpost runs forward along the bottom of the boat and forms a sort of keel until it reaches the main keel nearly amidship, where it is scarped to it. The keel is cut and bent to shape forward, forming one piece with the stern; the ballast being bolted directly to the keel amidship in the form of a deep plate of lead does away with all filling pieces of wood, and there is absolutely no deadwood in the boat. Of course, the displacement of this boat is very small, and having undoubtedly less wetted surface than the other boats, she ought to show a good deal of superiority over them in speed if properly sailed.

The cabin accommodations are properly suited. The quarters are very small, but in a knockabout built for cruising with a length over all of about 30ft., and drawing from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5ft. the quarters can be made very comfortable for three; a raised trunk deck over the cabin about 6 or 8 in. high gives light and air with good head room while sitting on the transoms; the overhanging ends are used as storage room for provisions, the sail locker requiring but very small space, so that altogether the roominess of a knockabout is quite remarkable.

The cost of building one of these boats of course varies a good deal, depending on the tastes of the owner, the finish required and the modesty of the boat builder. A strong, well-built, but plainly finished boat, with pine planking and oak timbers, iron fastened and with iron keel, can be built for about \$800; whereas an elaborately fitted cruiser, or a racing boat with double skin of mahogany and no expense spared in making her the finest of its kind, will cost \$1,400 or \$1,500.

Considering the length of time one of these boats will last with small care, and the few repairs required owing to the strength of the compact form and small sail plan, the original outlay of \$1,000 or \$1,100 required to build a first-class knockabout will probably bring more satisfaction and pleasure to the average man than can be found in any other type of seagoing yacht.

The accompanying sketches give an idea of the variations in form, and an ordinary sail plan of the boats as now built, though many are cut shorter on the foot, with a good deal more hoist.

Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association.

THE following dates have been announced by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts:

May 30 (Memorial Day), Saturday—South Boston Y. C., off City Point.

June 17, Wednesday—Massachusetts Y. C., off Nahant.

June 20, Saturday—Dorchester Y. C., off Dorchester Bay.
June 27, Saturday—Winthrop Y. C., off Winthrop.

June 27, Saturday—Duxbury Y. C., at Plymouth.

July 4, Saturday—City of Boston (probably), off City Point; union race by Plymouth. Duxbury and Kingston yacht clubs, at Plymouth.

July 18, Saturday—Quincy Y. C., Hull Bay.
July 25, Saturday—Hull Y. C., Hull Bay.

July 29, 30 and 31, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Quincy Y. C.

Aug. 1, Saturday—Savin Hill Y. C., Dorchester Bay.

Aug. 10. Monday—Manchester Y. C. off Manchester

Aug. 13, Thursday—Manchester Y. C., special races, off Manchester.

Aug. 12, 13 and 14, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Corinthian Y. C., invitation series, at Marblehead.

Aug. 15, Saturday—Corinthian Y. C., at Marblehead.
Aug. 17 and 18, Monday and Tuesday—American Y. C. at Newbury.

Aug. 17 and 18, Monday and Tuesday—American I. C., at Newburyport.

Aug. 22, Saturday—Revere Y. C., at Lynn Bay.

Aug. 25, Tuesday—Duxbury Y. C., at Plymouth.
Aug. 26, Wednesday—Plymouth Y. C., at Plymouth

Aug. 27, Thursday—Kingston Y. C., at Plymouth.

Aug. 29, Saturday—Cape Cod Y. C., at Provincetown.

Sept. 5, Saturday—South Boston Y. C., off City Point.
Sept. 7, Labor Day, Monday—Lynn Y. C., off Nahant.

All races except the Beverly and Corinthian will be sailed under Association rules. Entries must be made to Commodore J. B. White.

Association rules. Entries must be made to Secretary, A. T. Bliss,
111 Milk street, Boston.

A Design for a 15-Footer.

The design here illustrated is one of several studies in 15-footers made by George E. Wilbur, Esq., of Taunton, Mass. It has not been built from, but with the appropriate construction and fittings would certainly make a fast boat. Special care has been taken to secure a form that will alter its fore and aft trim as little as possible in heeling up to about 20°, thus easing the steering. The design was originally intended to carry a hollow centerboard of Tobin bronze filled with mercury, but an ordinary plate-board or bulb-fin may be used, as in other boats of the class. The dimensions are:

Length over all.....	22ft.
l.w.l.....	15ft.
Beam, extreme.....	6ft.
l.w.l.....	5ft.
Draft of hull.....	9in.
Freeboard, lowest.....	1ft.

Lake Geneva.

For some half dozen years past the center of sandbag racing, once located at New Orleans and then for many years about New York, has been at Lake Geneva, near Chicago, the summer home of many Chicago men, and one of the several places in the West where yacht racing has flourished. For some years the fastest of the New York and Sound sandbaggers, such as Rival, Expert, Tatler and Phyllis, have been purchased by the members of the Lake Geneva Y. C., and many new boats have been specially ordered of the leading Eastern builders. Unlimited racing, under "plain and simple rules," and with free sail, free sandbags and free crews, has had a fair trial under the most favorable conditions, the owners of the boats asking nothing but sport and speed, and paying the highest prices for fast boats and for big crews to race them. The result has been exactly the same as in dozens of similar cases, and with probably the finest fleet of racing sandbag boats ever brought together in one club, the interest has of late decreased, as the yachtsmen of the lake have awakened to the fact that the hustling of sandbags is work better suited to longshoremen than to the requirements of the Corinthian yachtsman, with but a limited time each week for yacht sailing. The reaction has taken the usual form of the establishment of a new racing class under modern rules and limitations, as follows:

LAKE GENEVA Y. C. 18FT. FIXED BALLAST CLASS.

I. Waterline length shall not exceed 18ft. 6in. Racing length shall be $L.W.L + \frac{1}{10} \sqrt{S.A.}$. Time allowance, none. Sail area shall not be less than 20sq. ft. Rig: Any sails which include a jib and mainsail, in which the head triangle has an area of not less than one-quarter the area of the mainsail. Crew not to exceed four men.

II. Waterline length shall be taken between the outer edges of the official marks of the L. G. Y. C., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht. This length to be termed the waterline length, and to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost, or other part of the hull below the marks, projects beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projection or projections shall for the purposes of the rule be added to the waterline length taken as stated; and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair line of ridge of counter, with the intention of shortening the waterline, shall not be allowed for in measuring the length if at or immediately below the marks for waterline, nor above if within 6in. of water level.

III. Owners shall mark the waterline length of their yachts on both sides of the bow and stern, in such a manner as hereinafter described, with the official marks of the L. G. Y. C., supplied free of cost by the secretary or measurers, which marks shall at all times represent the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid over all length.

Provisions are made for measuring the actual spars and sails by triangulation, and for all details of waterline measurement.

The interest already taken in the new class is shown by the fact that two new yachts are now building from designs by Linton Hope, in addition to several by American designers; all being of light build and with modern fittings. The two Hope boats are similar to the famous Sorcerer; one, building for Mr. Rumsey at Racine, being 30ft. over all and 18ft. l.w.l.; while the other, building at Milwaukee for Mr. Carpenter, owner of the noted sandbagger Rival, is 29ft. over all and 17ft. 6in. l.w.l. Both are of extreme light construction, double-skin planking, with no frames. The rig for the former will be sent out from England by Mr. Hope, and that for the latter will be made from his plans in this country, the spars being made by the Outing Goods Mfg. Co. The class promises plenty of keen sport throughout the season.

James Rich Steers.

JAMES RICH STEERS died at his home, No. 143 East Thirty-fifth street, on Friday, April 17. He was eighty-eight years old and had been ill but a short time. He was the last survivor of the firm that built the famous schooner yacht America.

He was born in Plymouth, England, on October 15, 1808, and was the son of Henry Steers, who held an important place in the construction department of the royal naval dockyards at that port. His father took the family in the spring of 1815 to the Isle of Guernsey, where he built two privateers for the French Government. In April, 1817, the family went to Washington, where the father, who was employed in the construction department of the United States Navy Yard, made the plans for the frigate Brandywine, which was the first war ship with a round stern in the United States Navy. In 1823 the family came to this city, where the father built for the Dry Dock Banking Company, at Tenth street and the East River, the first marine railway constructed here.

James R. Steers was then an apprentice under his father, and the first vessel on which he worked was the 500-ton steamer Governor Walcott, which was the first vessel ever hauled out of the water on a marine railway. The company then built a bank at Tenth street and Avenue D, now known as the Eleventh Ward Bank, of which James R. Steers's eldest son, Henry D. Steers, is now the president.

A company was formed in 1826 to recover the gold which was said to have been sunk in Revolutionary days on the British frigate Huzzar. James R. Steers's father, who had the contract for the work, and who was assisted by his son, then invented and used in this task the first air pump ever used in submarine operations. In 1829 the father and son built the United States sloop-of-war Peacock. James R. Steers in 1830 became superintendent for the old shipbuilding firm of Smith & Dimon, whose yard was at Fourth street and East River. He then married Miss Frances E. Hunt, of this city. They had four children, all of whom survive.

Mr. Steers built the yacht Edwin Forrest for Gerard Stuyvesant in 1841, and afterward built many other yachts, among which were the Three Brothers, the Miller's Damsel, the Huzzar and others, which will be remembered by the older yachtsmen of the present time. In 1842, with his brother George, he built the yacht Martin Van Buren, which proved to be the fastest boat of her size at that time. In 1850 the two brothers formed the ship and yacht building firm of George & James R. Steers, whose yard was at the foot of East Twelfth street. In October, 1850, this firm entered into contract for building the yacht America with John C. Stevens, Edward A. Stevens, George Schuyler, Hamilton Wilkes and J. Beekman Finley. In June, 1851, the brothers went in the America to England, and in August personally sailed her to victory over the fleet of the Royal Y. S. in the historic race around the Isle of Wight which resulted in the bringing of the America's Cup to this country, where it has since continuously remained.

Mr. Steers, who had not been actively engaged in any business since 1857, was a charter member of Polar Star Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, and was one of the oldest Free Masons in this country. He was formerly foreman of the Volunteer engine company known as Live Oak Company, No. 44, and is believed to have been the oldest survivor of the Volunteer Fire Department of this city at the time of his death. He was a Democrat.—*New York Herald.*

Beverly Y. C.

THE BEVERLY Y. C., of Beverly, Mass., has arranged the following fixtures for the season, all but one being at its Buzzard's Bay station: No. of

Race.	Date.	Where Sailed.	
232.....	June 17.....	Off club house.....	1st open sweepstakes.
233.....	June 27.....	Off club house.....	1st championship.
234.....	July 4.....	Off club house.....	2d open sweepstakes.
235.....	July 11.....	Off club house.....	2d championship.
236.....	July 23.....	West Falmouth.....	3d open sweepstakes.
237.....	Aug. 1.....	Off club house.....	3d championship.
238.....	Aug. 8.....	Marblehead.....	1st open.
239.....	Aug. 22.....	Off club house.....	4th championship.
240.....	Sept. 5.....	Off club house.....	4th open sweepstakes.
241.....	Sept. 7.....	Off club house.....	2d open.
242.....	Sept. 12.....	Off club house.....	5th championship.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A mess dinner of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will take place at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, on April 30. Mr. W. P. Stephens will give an informal talk on the 15-footers, to be followed by an amusing entertainment.

The annual meeting of the Miramichi Y. C., of Chatham, N. B., was held on April 6, the following officers being elected: Com., J. C. Miller, Millerton; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart, Chatham; Rear-Com., John McKane, Newath; Sec.-Treas., J. R. Lawlor, Newath; Meas., Thos. Crimmen; Trustees: L. J. Tweedie, R. H. Gremley and P. Wheeler. Election of Members: Com.: W. A. Park, Dr. P. Dolin, R. A. Lawlor, Jas. Robinson, M. P. Howard Williston and Chas. Sargeant. Regatta Com.: R. R. Call, E. Hutchinson, L. J. Tweedie, E. Lea Street, D. G. Smith and John B. Sargeant. Mr. George Watt offered a silver cup for competition, the cup to become the property of the yacht owner winning it twice. The following dates were selected for club cruises and races: May 25, opening cruise. June 11, triangular race at Newcastle for the W. R. Gould cup, which will become the property of the winner of the race. July 1, cruising race for the Stewart championship flag, now held by Orana. July 23, triangular race at Chatham for Lt. Governor Fraser's cup, now held by Mr. Burr. Aug. 27, triangular race at Newcastle for the Thos. D. Adams cup, now held by Vice-Com. Stewart. Sept. 24, triangular race at Chatham for the Watt cup.

The Erie Y. C., of Erie, Pa., has issued a preliminary announcement of a series of open regattas to be held off that port from Aug. 15 to 20, following the races at Cleveland. The races will be open to yachts of all recognized clubs, and all yachtsmen are invited.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C. 15-Footers.

THE New York C. C., now located at Bensonhurst, will soon have added a fleet of a dozen or more 15-footers, all built to one design by Henry Rigby, of Canarsie. The boats are of the skipjack type, with slightly rounded bottoms and flaring sides, and will be fitted with iron centerboards. Some close racing is expected throughout the season. The following notice has just been sent out:

The New York C. C., wishing to encourage racing among the half-raters, and having ten of these boats in the club at the present time, has decided to hold races for this class on the following dates: May 30, June 20, July 4, July 18. Aug. 1. Races to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. One gun start. These races will be for points, the boat winning the greatest number of points in the series to take first prize (a cup presented by Mr. Louis Bourry). In addition, the winner of each race to receive a flag presented by the club. Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. rules to govern each race.

These races are open to members of any regularly organized club. Entries, to be sent to Regatta Committee, New York C. C., Bensonhurst, L. I., will be received 24 hours prior to each race.

The privileges of the club house will be extended to owners and crews of competing boats.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

NORTH LONDON RIFLE CLUB, March 18.—Revolver series III.; target appearing and disappearing at intervals of three seconds, at 20yds.:
A J Comber.....7 6 5 5 4 4—31 A W Carter.....7 5 4 3 3 2—24
W Luff.....7 7 7 6 3 0—30 Lieut Richardson.....6 6 4 2 2 2—22
C Knapp.....7 5 3 3 3 3—26 C T Britton.....6 3 3 3 3 2—20

March 25.—Series IV., 50yds.; stationary target:
Lieut J T Howard.....4 5 7 5 6 7—34 J MacDonald.....5 4 0 4 7 6—26
Carter.....6 7 7 6 5 3—34 W Luff.....5 3 4 5 5 3—25
Major H Palmer.....5 6 6 7 6 3—33 Capt Evans.....4 3 4 7 4 3—25
A J Comber.....7 6 7 2 5 3—32 Lieut Richardson.....4 5 6 2 3 5—25
Knapp.....3 5 5 6 4 7—30 C Tyser.....0 4 2 6 5 2—19
Lieut Varley.....5 6 6 4 4 5—29 Tilbury.....2 0 5 5 0 0—17
Denyer.....3 6 6 6 2 6—29 Andrews.....0 4 4 2 2 4—16
Lieut Clemence.....6 5 4 4 3 5—27

April 1.—Series I., 20yds.; stationary target:
Major H Palmer.....7 7 7 7 5 5—38 Lieut Richardson.....7 7 3 3 6 7—33
A W Carter.....5 6 7 6 5 3—27 E Howe.....7 5 3 3 6 7—32
Capt W Evans.....7 7 6 7 4 4—36 Britton.....3 4 5 3 7 7—29
Knapp.....6 7 5 7 5 6—26 W Lee.....4 7 4 4 3 6—28
Lieut Varley.....6 5 4 7 7 7—26 W B Thompson.....4 4 5 3 6 5—27
A J Comber.....7 4 6 5 7 7—26 Franzmann.....6 4 3 5 4 5—27
Lieut W Clemence.....7 6 7 3 7 4—34 Roxburgh.....2 5 3 4 6 3—23
Major J H Cowan.....4 5 7 7 7 4—34 T H Howe.....3 3 2 4 5 4—21
Denyer.....3 7 7 6 7 3—33

Carleton Rifle Association.

CARLETON, Mich., April 7.—The Carleton Rifle Association held its regular bi-monthly shoot this afternoon. The scores were highly satisfactory. 200yds. range, standard American target, 8in. bullseye:
H C Maloney.....10 8 7 8 12 11 11 10 12—100
Chas Davis.....10 6 8 9 6 12 10 11 12 9—95
J Cole.....9 9 10 10 8 9 10 9 11—94
L Richards.....7 10 9 11 6 9 12 11 9 9—93
George Post.....7 8 9 9 10 12 10 9 8 8—90
J Orion.....8 10 9 8 12 8 10 9 6 9—89
J. Orion, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 28-29.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Open to all.

April 28-30.—JOPPIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; \$1,275 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. R. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. O. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 7.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Tournament of the Home City Gun Club. Targets.

May 15-16.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Tournament of the Oritani Field Club. Targets.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cairns, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WORMONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The shooting committee of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., is composed of the following members: Thos. Bell, chairman; John R. Banta, secretary, and W. Irving Conklin. This committee has sent us the following communication, which we gladly publish, feeling sure that it will be read with interest by all the trapshooters in the States of New York and New Jersey: "The Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will hold a two days' open tournament May 15-16. This is one of the strongest field clubs in the State and has started out to establish a reputation at the traps equal to that won on the diamond and the bowling alleys of New Jersey by its ball players and bowling teams. The shooting is in charge of a committee of three members, who have absolute control of their department. Of the 300 members there are twenty-five promising shooters. The sport is yet young, having been introduced only a year ago, but the Oritani boys have gone about it enthusiastically, as their orders during the year show that about 50,000 targets have been thrown. There are many others who promise to fall in line at the traps a little later. Shoots are held every week and the scores are generally good. The grounds, houses, traps and platform are being rearranged for the greater convenience of those who attend their tournament. As this will be the first tournament of the club, great efforts are being made toward a successful issue. There will be five traps, electric pulls, with thirty scheduled events and added money. Next Saturday the club will shoot for a silver cup, to be won three times before it becomes the property of the winner. It has been won once by George Griffiths and twice by Irving Conklin, but the latter is likely to be beaten at the next contest. The Oritani committee promise the shooting fraternity a good time and absolutely fair play in every event. A handsome programme is being prepared, which will be sent to all clubs throughout the country."

The programme for the Joplin, Mo., shoot next week is about as easy to describe as any we have ever received. All events except the Owl shoot are open to the world. On the first day there are eight events at 20 targets each, \$3 entrance, \$30 added to each purse. On the second day there are eight more events precisely similar to the above; in addition to these there will be a 50-target event, \$10 entrance. For the winner of this event the E. O. Powder Company offers a silver cup, while the management of the shoot guarantees \$270 as follows: \$100 and the cup to the winner; \$75, \$50, \$25, \$15 and \$10 to the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th respectively. On the third day there are eight more of the 20-target events, the same as on the first and second days of the shoot. For average moneys in the 24 events of 20 targets each, the management offers \$50 to highest aggregate, \$25 to second, \$15 to third and \$10 to fourth; it also gives \$5 each to the next twenty-five high guns that have shot in all the above 24 events. Event No. 9, on the last day, is the Owl shoot. This is a team race for 8-men teams, to be composed of amateurs who are bona fide members of Missouri or Kansas gun clubs; each man shoots at 10 targets, unknown angles, and 10 targets, three unknown traps and angles. W. G. Sergeant, secretary of the Joplin Gun Club, is the moving spirit in the management of this tournament.

Ed. Taylor, representative of the Ladin & Rand Powder Company, in Cincinnati, O., and secretary of the Ohio State Sportsmen's Association, is in the city on a business trip. Of course we had a talk on the prospects for a good shoot at Dayton in June; the dates of the Ohio State Association's tournament are June 9-11. Mr. Taylor thought the change in dates, from the second week of May, might injure the attendance somewhat, but added that the change was made to suit the Buck-eyes and the Cleveland team that won the team championship at last year's shoot. Ohio, as a trap-shooting State, plays second fiddle to none, so that it's safe to bank on a successful shoot. The Buckeye State will not be far out of it when it comes to dividing up the championship honors at the E. O. tournament.

The advance programme of the New York State shoot at Buffalo on June 8-13 gives promise of a great tournament. The Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo will make good every statement that has been issued in its behalf. It now offers to the public \$1,000 in cash added to the purses and over \$3,000 in merchandise prizes. The full programme will be out on or about May 10. In the advance sheet which we have received, we note with satisfaction that "some arrangements will be made to place the amateur where he will have some chance with the expert." By the term "expert" we understand the club means the paid professional, and under such circumstances we think the amateur should be protected in State shoots.

We have the following from San Antonio, Texas, dated April 11: "J. M. George, Albert Steves, A. B. Critzer and O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, will leave this city for the E. O. tournament at New York on the evening of May 1, via the International & Great Northern R. R. They will pick up the Miller Brothers at Austin, Tex., and the rest of the Texas delegation on their way North. It is an assured fact that Texas will be very largely represented at the E. O. tournament." The above is good news indeed; the Texas delegation will receive a hearty welcome from its Northern friends.

Dick Swiveller (W. L. Colville), the eastern representative of the United States Smokeless Powder Company, was present at the Peeks-kill, N. Y., tournament, making friends for the smokeless powder manufactured by his company. This powder—Gold Dust—is but little known east of the Rockies, but is a great favorite with shooters on the Pacific slope. Although much under the weather, owing to the extremely unseasonable heat we have been experiencing, Swiveller shot in several events and held up his end with the boys.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, looked in on us upon his return from Charleston, S. C. Elmer was enthusiastic over the success that attended the association's latest effort in the South, and was equally enthusiastic over the working of the Rose system of dividing purses that was tried on the first day of the tournament. Our correspondent at that shoot also speaks most highly of this system. As already stated, the Binghamton, N. Y., boys will use this system at their tournament, May 26-28.

The Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association has elected the following list of officers: President, Samuel F. Wilson; Vice-President, Philip H. Randall; Secretary, Earl C. Whitaker; Treasurer, William W. Mosher; Captain, J. F. Russell; Directors: W. L. Plaisted, Willis S. Knowles. The association was shown, by the treasurer's report, to be in a thoroughly healthy condition financially. It was decided at the meeting to do away with all sweepstake shooting, unless leave is specially granted by a vote of the directors.

The burning down of the new trap-house of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., while the members were engaged in the regular bi-weekly shoot, should be a warning to other clubs to see that similar buildings are kept clean of all such inflammable material as the excelsior, used for packing targets in barrels. Trapper boys will smoke, and the seductive cigarette butt and excelsior do not form a good combination inside a trap-house built of hemlock lumber.

The annual spring tournament of the Boston Shooting Association takes place at Wellington, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. The programme issued by the management is one that should suit the amateur and the novice, containing as it does a large number of 10-target events, 70 cents entrance. There is a 20-target event on each of the first two days in which \$50 is guaranteed for the purse, the entrance money for these events being \$2.40. On the last day there is a 6-men team race—"any six men on the ground"—\$50 guaranteed, entrance \$2.40 per man. The tournament will be managed as usual by O. R. Dickey, the club's manager.

Several of the Massachusetts friends of Orrin R. Dickey will tender him a complimentary dinner at Boston on Friday evening, April 24. President E. B. Wadsworth, of the Boston Shooting Association, has kindly remembered us and sent us an invitation to be present and see Dickey crowned properly with the wreath of laurels he won at Elkwood Park last month. Nothing would please us better than to accept the invitation and do honor in our humble way to one of the most popular and one of the most expert handlers of the shotgun in the United States, but, alas! it's the same old story—"Chained to business," etc.

The Bolling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., defeated the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday, April 16, by the score of 207 to 184. The match was shot on the Bolling Springs grounds, the conditions being 10-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. George S. McAlpin and W. J. Simpson scored 24 each for the winners, Carl von Lengerke doing the same thing for the losers.

They're all guessing who is going to win the championship at the E. C. tournament. North, East, South and West will all be well represented in the championship events; and what is best of all, the champion will be a bona fide champion—he will have earned his title by work and not by blowing. FOREST AND STREAM prides itself not a little on the outcome of the suggestions it made last fall.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., will hold a tournament on Thursday, May 7. The programme includes twelve events at 15 targets, \$1 entrance in each event. There will also be a 50-target event shot off during the day. All purses are divided into four moneys and all ties divide. Everybody is welcome, nobody barred, the shoot taking place rain or shine.

As usual, Lou Erhardt has landed on top. A total of 132 shooters in attendance on the first day of his shoot ought to satisfy him now. We suppose, however, that he'll be out again in about 10 months from now with a plan to draw even a larger number of trap-shooters to Atchison, Kansas, than that above mentioned.

The programme for the Elizabeth 7th bi-monthly tournament, April 28-29, is a good one, as usual. The first day is devoted to targets, the second to live birds. The main event on the live-bird day is a 25-bird race, \$10, birds extra, handicap. Nate Astalk will cater for the club, and that, of course, means that the creature comforts of the shooters will be well looked after.

The special car for the Memphis shoot will not leave at 3:30 P. M. on May 9, as announced, but at 5 P. M., the railroad company having altered its schedule, the change in time commencing on April 19 last. The car will go via the Shenandoah Valley route, as previously arranged.

FOREST AND STREAM's tournament squad pads will be used at the E. C. tournament, Joplin, Mo., will also use them at its shoot next week. The above are credentials enough when recommending them to the managers of coming tournaments. Send for sample and prices if you want to save your club money.

The Ashland, Mass., Gun Club has been recently reorganized, and has started on its new career with a tournament at blue rock targets on April 20. The club issued a varied and interesting schedule of events for that date.

This week the boys are hard at work smashing targets at Omaha, Neb., under the able leadership of Frank Parmalee, George Loomis and J. C. Read. Next week it will be Joplin, Mo.

Owing to the pressure on our columns due to Lou Erhardt's big shoot at Atchison, Kansas, we have had to hold over a lot of good material for the trap department.

APRIL 21.

EDWARD BANKS.

Charleston's Interstate.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 18.—"Let us have what you can on the shoot at Charleston, and above all let us know how the boys liked the Rose system of dividing the purses." I found this terse note lying on my desk a few days ago. There were no Roentgen rays needed to develop its meaning. It conveyed an order for a jaunt which I had made once before, and in dreamy moments I still smile as I think of the jolly good time we had. They have such a clever way of making you comfortable in the South that I was willing to undergo the old operation once more.

Sunday, April 12, found me whizzing toward the land of the magnolia and jessamine. An uneventful trip and then the city of magnificent harbor and historical connections was at hand. Jumping off the train and hurrying along the streets I could not help recalling that the weather was a "little bit different" from the time when I was here in 1894. Oh, what a day that was! There was a wind which traveled faster than the Empire State express, and stage rain couldn't hold a candle to the downpour which flooded Charleston on that occasion. The Charleston natives said it was called an equinoctial storm, and came every year; but I noted that even the oldest inhabitant was busy for a week later telling of former visits which were not so destructive. But enough of the weather.

I had not been in Charleston over an hour when up came several of the Palmetto Gun Club boys, grand fellows all of them. They shook hands with a warmth and energy that made me feel longingly for the good time coming. It came soon enough and conquered by the way. L. W. Bicaise, president, and George A. Steck, secretary of the Palmetto Gun Club, had scarcely yelled "What do you think of our weather?" when a short, rotund figure came hurrying along. A glance, a shout and a grip. The cheery person was Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's energetic manager, still vearing his share of the laurels for the recent Grand American Handicap—America's, in fact, the world's greatest live-pigeon shooting event. In a jiffy Shaner told how he had been met by the Palmetto boys and aided in his arduous task of putting up the traps, screens, tents, blackboards, etc. He said he was convinced that a year and a half had wrought no change in the tireless energy and strong will of the local gun men. They were men who brushed aside any drawbacks and obstructions which might arise, and were in the battle until the last shot was fired. Everything was in readiness for the word "pull" at 9 A. M. the next day, and the turn of the universe proved it.

The shooting grounds are located on the Disher farm, about 300 yds. north of the old Hibernian Park, now known as Tuxedo Park, where the tournament was held in 1894. They are admirably suited for the purpose of trap-shooting. The Northern boys gave a glance of recognition at the surroundings and pointed out spots where that storm of 1894 got in its fine work on board fences, tents, small sections of out-buildings, roofs, etc. Talk about that sou'wester was barred after the first event started, it being declared that "knocking that knock-tional storm" might prove to be a rain-maker.

The events, every one of them, developed good sport. The squawk of the horn resounded often. The bluerocks trapped well during the entire tournament, and everything went like clockwork—not a hitch, not a complaint, and very, very few targets broken by the traps. The cry "all ready for the next event" was heard before the closing shot was fired by the last squad of the event in progress.

THE ROSE SYSTEM.

The sportsmen present, one and all, were pleased with the Rose system of dividing the purses. I have never been at a tournament where any rule or system was so universally praised as was that of Mr. Rose at Charleston. It was the consensus of opinion that it was the best system for dividing the purses that has yet been devised. It proved to be the boon which target smashers have been striving to secure for years. It is indeed strange that while the hundreds of interested persons in the East racked their brains to devise the proper method of dividing purses, a shooter from far-off Saluda, Colorado, should hit upon the perfect system. I would like to meet Mr. A. R. Rose just to say, "How do you do?" His plan speaks for itself. It's the fairest, simplest and most practicable scheme yet devised to effectually prohibit that pernicious habit of dropping for place which has really nullified the sport in hundreds of events since trap-shooting became popular. It cannot be tricked, and is bound eventually to come into favor and perpetuate the name of Rose. I heard Manager Shaner say that he never handled a tournament before where so many shooters were satisfied with the amount they had received from the purses as at the end of the first day's shooting here when the Rose system was used.

The first day of the tournament, April 14, found some thirty-five or forty shooters taking part, with the entries running as high as thirty. Among the prominent shooters present from a distance were: Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, Conn., representing the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; D. M. Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss., and H. P. Collins, Baltimore, representing the Hazard Powder Co.; Lieut. A. W. du Bray, Dayton, Ky., representing the Parker Gun and still happy over the second consecutive win of the Grand American Handicap by the aforesaid gun; Dr. S. J. Fort and L. D. Thomas, Baltimore, Md.; J. O'H. and Frank Denny, Pittsburg, Pa.; Col. J. A.

Anthony and J. W. Todd, Charlotte, N. C.; H. C. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C.; James Baker, Macon, Ga.; T. J. Desmond, Stillmore, Ga., and several others whose names have slipped my memory. Ten regular events, having \$100 in cash added to the purses, and two extra events were shot off during the day, all purses being divided by the Rose system. About 5,000 targets were trapped in the different events.

The second day brought two newcomers to take part in the shooting—Messrs. John Rucker and Henry Woeltjen, of the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga. The same number of regular events with the same amount of added money as the first day were scheduled. The regular system of dividing purses by the percentage plan into four moneys of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. was used, and in several events helped to show up the many good points in favor of the Rose system. The regular programme was finished in time to permit of the shooting of three extra events. About the same number of targets were trapped to-day as yesterday.

The third day was devoted to the shooting of a handicap target race and a three-men interstate team contest. The conditions governing the handicap target race were as follows: 100 to 125 targets, entrance \$5, targets extra, seven moneys, the handicap allowance to be determined by the percentage made by a contestant in the regular events of the previous two days. The handicap allowances were not announced; thus interest was kept up until the last moment, a contestant not knowing how many targets he was to shoot at until the bell rang for him to drop out. Of course, in justice to the scratch man, no shooter was permitted to score more than 100. The winners of first place were John W. Todd and John Rucker, who, with the aid of their handicap allowance, scored 100 each; H. C. Bridgers was second with 99; L. W. Bicaise, third, with 97; J. Heidt, fourth, with 95; Capt. Geo. Swan, fifth, with 93; B. H. Worthen, the only scratch man, W. E. Post and G. Peterman divided sixth with 92, and Irby Bennett and H. Woeltjen divided seventh with 91.

In the team contest, after a very pretty race, South Carolina team No. 1 finished first with a score of 133; North Carolina second with 125; South Carolina No. 3 third with 119, and South Carolina No. 2 fourth with 113. Two extra events brought the tournament to an end.

During the progress of the tournament it struck me that the town was more interested in the tourney this time than when the club held their tournament in 1894. The attendance showed this. There were scores of the best people of the city there as onlookers.

In the ranks of the local and near-town shooters were noticed several men evidently trap-shooters of not more than a few months' development. They seemed to enter into the sport with all the enthusiasm of a man who is making clean scores, has his shooting clothes on and a big roll of money in sight. Inquiry brought out the fact that the diversion had made advancement each season. Business men need a pleasure pursuit as a relaxation from the cares of hustling, and breaking targets is well suited for the purpose. The newcomers were not "pursue fatteners" by any means, as the scores will show. They went after the flying bluerocks in a confident nonchalant manner. Of course, when the tinkling of the bell indicated a miss then their countenances gave indication of their experience. Instead of a wondering, half-scowling gaze, as many veterans exhibit, a smile from ear to ear manifested itself. As a whole, the tournament must be classed among the best ever held by the Interstate Association, especially in the South.

A social feature in connection with the tournament, and one worthy of especial mention, was a visit to the magnolia gardens, some thirteen miles up the Ashley River, and to the various points of historical interest in Charleston Harbor and vicinity. This took place the day after the close of the tournament. The beautiful steam yacht Jackson was chartered by the Charleston boys for the occasion, and the visiting sportsmen were their guests. Promptly at 10 A. M. on Friday a party of 14, composed of the following: U. M. C. Thomas, D. M. Porterfield, Dr. S. J. Fort, Jas. Baker, L. D. Thomas, H. P. Collins, H. C. Bridgers, Elmer E. Shaner, Geo. Peterman, Capt. Geo. Swan and Joseph Peters, L. W. Bicaise, Geo. A. Steck and B. H. Worthen, stepped on board the yacht and were soon steaming up the river. It was as jolly a party of sportsmen as it was ever my lot to associate with. After a ride of an hour and a half, a landing was made at the magnolia gardens. What a beautiful place it is! A veritable bower of beauty! Imagine, if you can, some hundreds of acres of land covered with magnolias, cypress and pines, with broad walks lined with a mass of beautiful flowers meeting and overlapping 8 or 10 ft. above your head—japonicas, azaleas and kindred flowers of every variety, with all the colors and hues of the rainbow, to say nothing of sweet shrubs, jessamine, etc. It is a sight once seen never to be forgotten. One of the party remarked: "This is as near heaven as I ever expect to get." After viewing all the sights at the gardens the yacht was loaded and the return trip to the harbor was made. A trip to Fort Sumpter and Moultrie, and thence down to the jetties and on out to see the lightship, was made, passing on the way thousands of ducks taking flight but a short distance from the yacht. The return trip was made in safety, good-bys were spoken, and the visitors were soon speeding on their way homeward.

FIRST DAY, APRIL 14.

The scores on the first day were as follows:													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	15
B. C. Worthen.	14	13	16	14	14	15	20	16	17	15	14	13	13
U. M. C.	12	15	13	12	9	15	12	16	11	11	11	11	11
Fort.	14	12	18	12	13	12	13	11	13	10	10	12	12
Pryor.	12	8	16	9	11	11	11	10	7	10	7	10	10
Baker.	13	11	15	10	9	15	11	12	11	11	11	11	11
Porterfield.	12	11	17	11	17	11	19	10	10	12	11	12	12
G. Peterman.	13	14	15	14	15	13	19	9	14	12	14	12	12
Whelden.	10	13	9	8	11	11	11	11	9	9	9	9	9
Post.	14	13	12	12	14	15	11	16	14	11	11	11	11
Wohlman.	6	8	14	11	11	13	11	8	11	12	12	12	12
Slawson.	9	11	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Anthony.	9	12	16	11	12	13	14	15	16	12	13	12	12
Costello.	11	15	12	10	10	10	18	11	15	13	11	11	11
Swan.	12	12	17	9	11	13	18	14	18	12	14	12	12
L. D. Thomas.	12	9	15	8	7	14	15	15	9	7	7	7	7
Stack.	8	8	10	12	14	16	11	7	12	11	11	11	11
Bridgers.	8	6	9	8	14	16	9	16	13	11	11	11	11
Bicaise.	9	10	14	13	9	11	14	13	10	11	10	10	10
Heidt.	12	12	9	12	11	11	11	13	13	14	11	11	11
F. Denny.	17	11	7	10	15	11	11	13	11	11	10	10	10
J. Denny.	15	13	12	14	5	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
Du Bray.	16	11	15	12	12	14	12	7	11	11	11	11	11
Todd.	4	6	8	8	8	13	16	12	17	14	13	14	14
Rivers.	13	12	6	16	10	9	13	12	6	16	10	9	13
Jeffords.	9	15	13	12	10	12	15	8	10	9	9	9	9
Bennett.	12	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Desmond.	13	14	14	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Cowndes.	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
J. Peterman.	13	14	14	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Burke.	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

SECOND DAY, APRIL 15.

The scores made on the second day are given below:													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	15
Wohlman.	8	13	11	6	12	10	11	11	8	11	11	11	11
Worthen.	11	15	19	12	19	14	17	19	16	13	13	12	12
U. M. C.	12	11	15	12	14	11	15	18	16	12	11	11	11
Todd.	7	11	15	11	15	9	12	13	16	14	15	15	15
Anthony.	11	12	14	10	13	13	17	13	12	9	11	11	11
Porterfield.	8	13	18	19	11	14	15	17	11	11	10	10	10
Baker.	10	12	12	10	9	11	11	11	10	10	12	12	12
Fort.	11	9	7	9	10	8	13	15	16	9	11	8	9
Pryor.	9	9	15	13	12	10	12	15	8	10	9	9	9
L. D. Thomas.	11	12	14	13	16	10	13	14	17	13	12	10	13
Swan.	12	13	16	14	13	11	20	17	15	12	8	13	12
Post.	10	14	12	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stack.	8	5	10	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Heidt.	13	14	18	14	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Peterman.	9	13	17	11	16	12	15	16	17	13	14	12	14
Rucker.	9	8	8	8	11	15	11	11	10	10	10	10	10
Woeltjen.	4	6	8	8	8	13	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Bridgers.	9	12	13	15	14	18	13	12	11	11	11	11	11
Bennett.	11	12	16	9	17	12	18	17	18	11	12	12	9
Bicaise.	7	10	9	12	12	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	10
Slawson.	W	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J. Denny.	9	18	10	17	11	15	15	13	9	11	12	12	12
Desmond.	10	14	11	15	16	16	18	17	13	12	11	12	12
Costello.	14	19	12	16	14	16	17	14	13	7	9	9	9
Lowndes.	11	11	18	7	15	8	10	5	7	8	8	8	8
Du Bray.	11	11	18	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Godfrey.	17	11	14	17	17	12	12	13	15	15	15	15	15
Rivers.	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Kittrell.	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Horace.	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

THIRD DAY, APRIL 16.

The 100-target handicap race, entrance \$5, \$100 added to the purse, was shot to-day. The handicap was based on the work done by the shooters in the programme events of the two previous days. There were seven moneys, scores of 91 taking part of the purse. Under the conditions of the handicap no man was allowed to score more than 100 targets. The scores made in each series of 25 and in the handicap allowance follow:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Handi- cap.	Total
Todd (120).....	22	23	21	24	10*	100
Rocker (120).....	24	23	20	21	12	100
Bridgers (118).....	21	21	22	21	14	99
Bicaise (118).....	21	20	20	20	16	97
Heidt (110).....	22	21	21	23	8	95
Swan (108).....	22	21	22	22	6	93
Worthen (100).....	24	23	23	22	6	92
G Peterman (109).....	17	21	21	24	9	92
Post (109).....	21	21	21	23	6	92
Bennett (107).....	16	23	25	20	7	91
Woeltjen (125).....	16	22	19	19	15	91
U M C (113).....	15	20	21	24	10	90
L D Thomas (116).....	18	19	23	21	9	90
J Denny (125).....	13	18	20	19	20	90
Porterfield (109).....	23	19	22	16	8	88
Desmond (112).....	20	17	20	22	9	88
Costello (109).....	22	18	16	20	7	83
Wohlman (125).....	19	13	15	17	16	80
Anthony (115).....	17	20	19	13	9	83
Pryor (125).....	8	15	16	20	16	75
Port (120).....	15	12	11	18	15	71
Slawson (125).....	14	17	13	11	15	70
Lowndes (125).....	14	17	12	18	8	69
Steck (125).....	15	14	20	12	7	68

Lou Erhardt's Shoot.

ATKINSON, Kan., April 17.—Airy Lou Hardt's shoot is over, and if a large attendance is any criterion to go by in gauging the success of a tournament, then this was certainly one of the most remarkable events of its kind ever held in this section, and Erhardt has good cause for feeling elated. On the opening day of the shoot it looked as if all the shooters in the West had met in Atkinson; when the entries had closed for the first amateur event the record showed 103 entries. In addition to the amateur element there was also a goodly delegation of trade representatives, who were debarred from taking part in these contests; otherwise the entry list would have been much larger. For the benefit of the professionals there were four events each day open to all. In all these events the entry list was heavy, No. 2 on the opening day closing with 71 shooters.

The tournament was held at the race track, about two miles from the city; this made them rather hard of access, as there was no line of cars that could be used in getting to them. At the grounds themselves ample preparation had been made for the large crowd. Four sets of empire traps were in position; two were used exclusively for amateur events, the other pair being devoted to running off the open events. This enabled everybody to get all the shooting they wanted. As soon as the regular events had been disposed of, extras were gotten up to suit the whims of those present, every known style of shooting being indulged in during the tournament. Jack Parker managed the shoot, and did it in his best style.

Shooters began to arrive on Sunday, and it was my good fortune to fall in with the Joplin delegation at Kansas City. This delegation, twenty strong, traveled to Atkinson in a special car, elaborately decorated, making it the center of attraction at every depot along the line. There was a streamer on each side of the car, running the entire length, that bore the inscription: "\$1,275.00 added. Joplin Gun Club Tournament and Owl Shoot, April 23, 29 and 30. \$1,275.00 added." The Joplin boys are evidently determined to keep their shoot before the public; and are succeeding admirably in doing so. They are going to give "a dead square shoot" for glory only.

The number of new faces I met at this shoot fairly floored me, and it is more than possible that I have not been able to get acquainted with all of them. Below is a list of those who were there, and if I have omitted any names, I hope I shall be pardoned:

THESE MEN WERE THERE:

J. D. Van Eman, Ottumwa, Ia.; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J.; T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Taylor Cox, G. Stevenson, W. G. Sergeant, C. W. Greene, E. D. Porter, B. F. Wilson, Thos. R. Kimmouth, Amos Freeman, A. R. Huntley, John Donehoo, Frank Felix, J. G. Rusk and Tim Molloy, Joplin, Mo.; W. S. Ferguson, Atchison, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Hugh Leeman, Galena, Kan.; W. N. McMillan, Herbert Taylor and Wm. M. Shiras, St. Louis, Mo.; A. D. Mermod and E. E. Trape, Canon City, Col.; L. G. Morse, Pueblo, Col.; C. W. Raymond, E. D. Rike and R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; G. F. Miller, Alma, Neb.; F. E. Rogers and W. H. Clark, Hiawatha, Kan.; L. Martin, Highland, Kan.; F. S. Johnson, John Prosser and W. D. Alexander, Milford, Neb.; H. F. Talbot and A. H. Barlow, Waterville, Kan.; J. P. Smead and Frank S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; O. J. Pease, Rose Hill, Kan.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kan.; A. P. Bigelow and J. M. Browning, Ogden, Utah; R. H. Arkhurst and A. B. Weakley, St. Joe, Mo.; Tom Hyde, Lincoln, Neb.; F. O. Harwood and M. E. Sharpe, South Cedar, Kan.; G. Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.; Lem Clay, Frankfort, Kan.; W. F. Keller, John Friery and G. W. Giff, Leavenworth, Kan.; T. H. Snow, Brophy, O.; W. J. Dillon, J. W. McWhorter, Chris S. Gottlieb, T. F. Norton, Lill Scott, A. T. Rickrue, Dave Elliott, Wm. Cosby, Bob Ostertag and J. J. Cornett, Kansas City, Mo.; J. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; C. D. Lindeman, Adams, Neb.; F. Miller, Berwyn, Neb.; F. W. Sharpe, Lincoln, Neb.; J. W. Den, Arapahoe, Neb.; A. D. Renfro, Valley Falls, Kans.; Ted Ackerman, Stanton, Neb.; W. F. Duer, Hastings, Neb.; A. Goerke, J. E. Johnson, J. M. Leaty and J. C. Jones, Stanton, Neb.; H. M. Davis, Richmond, Mo.; N. D. Gardner, J. M. Sampson, T. B. Curtis, J. V. Waller and Henry Dittmore, De Kalb, Mo.; C. F. Reust, B. F. Rie and J. M. Rhodes, Frankfort, Kans.; E. G. Reynolds, Savannah, Mo.; L. G. Clark, Carrollton, Mo.; C. E. Latshaw, St. Louis, Mo.; Dave Hedrick, Belleville, Kans.; T. H. Cochran, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; C. E. McGee, Easton, Kans.; J. W. Budd, Pemberton, N. J.; J. L. Beidle, Valley Falls, Kan.; H. W. Koehler, Leavenworth, Kan.; H. Bailey, Valley Falls, Kan.; Milt Lindsley and Wanda, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; W. H. Hees, Concordia, Kan.; D. W. Edwards, Severance, Kan.; S. F. Anderson, St. Lawrence, S. D.; J. F. Hartwell, St. Joe, Mo.; Dr. Dinsmore, Troy, Kan.; Andy Fulton and J. J. Gray, Severance, Kan.; H. Kennedy and W. J. Gregg, Frankfort, Kan.; J. Logue, Council Grove, Kan.; J. Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; W. H. Snodgrass, A. Robinson and Dr. Jas. A. Lane, Frankfort, Kan.; W. A. Evans, Leavenworth, Kan.; J. C. Clarke and C. O. Morton, Topeka, Kan.; J. A. Durne, Rockford, Ill.; W. B. Spear, Morrison, Ill.; Harry Marlin, New Haven, Conn.; of the Marlin Firearms Co.

WIND AND DUST AGAINST THE SHOOTERS.

The weather during the shoot was fair, with the exception of a little rain on Monday, which did not stop the shoot. On three of the four days the wind was blowing a gale, making targets take all sorts of erratic turns; the dust, too, was something awful, being perfectly blinding at times. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that very high averages were scarce. On the first day Charlie Budd was in the van in the professional class with 96.2 per cent. out of 80 targets shot at. Dick Merrill led the amateurs with 91.8 for 160 shot at. On the second day Heikes and Fred Gilbert tied for first place in the professional detachment with 91.7 for the 80 targets shot at; Tom Marshall and Ed Rike were high among the amateurs with 89.3. The next day, however, Merrill led the whole army with a percentage of 95, making no less than four straights. On the last day Sergeant, of Joplin, did some remarkably good shooting, making 5 clean scores, 4 of them in the regular events and 1 in the extras; he was high average with 94.3.

HEIKES ON TOP, OF COURSE.

But when it comes to figuring up the general averages it will be found that there are only six men out of all those that shot in this tournament that have a percentage of 90 or better. Rolla Heikes, of course, leads them all with an average of 92.5. Next to him comes Fred. Gilbert with 90.9, Charlie Budd being third in that class with a fraction over 90 per cent. In the amateur class Tom Marshall leads with 90.8; Merrill is second with 90.6, and Rike third with 90 per cent. The tables of the scores tell the rest of the story. In each of these tables the first four events are the open ones, the last four those open to amateurs only.

SCORES OF THE FIRST DAY, APRIL 14.

With a total of 132 shooters taking part in to-day's events, the work of the squad hustlers and other officials was by no means light. The fact that with this enormous number of entries the entire programme was shot out proves that the management must have drilled its assistants in a most able manner, and also proves that the empire traps and targets were fully equal to the emergency.

There was some tall scoring during the day. Charlie Budd broke 77 out of 80—an average of 96.2; Rolla Heikes scored 77 out of 80—95 per cent; Heer registered 92.5 per cent. for 74 broken out of 80 shot at. Of those who shot out the full programme, Dick Merrill led with an average of 91.8, Ed. Rike, of Dayton, O., being next to him with 90 per cent. All the scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Ackerman	13	15	13	11	14	16	14	18	160	114	73.3
Linderman	14	16	17	17	15	14	18	17	160	126	78.7
J. W. Den	11	18	19	17	14	15	17	17	160	128	80
Duer	14	15	15	14	14	16	16	20	160	124	77.5
F. W. Sharpe	13	10	14	15	10	16	15	13	160	106	66.2
F. Miller	11	13	13	8	15	16	15	17	160	118	73.7
E. D. Rike	20	18	18	15	16	18	20	19	160	144	90
T. H. Keller	17	12	18	16					80	64	78.7
C. W. Budd	19	19	19	20					80	77	96.2
C. M. Grimm	15	16	16	17					80	64	80
T. S. Marshall	15	17	19	16	16	20	19	18	160	143	89.3
F. S. Parmelee	16	18	18	17					80	69	86.2
Sumner	14	17	15	13	11	15	15	18	160	118	73.7
Luman	11	13	13	15	9	14	14	10	160	99	61.7
Cox	18	14	16	18	17	14	16	18	160	131	81.7
Molloy	14	9	11	13	11	12	18	14	160	102	63.7
Menefee	16	15			15	17	15	18	120	93	80
W. G. Sergeant	17	15	17	18	16	16	18	17	160	134	82.7
Geo. Stevenson	19	17	19	16	16	13	17	13	160	130	81.2
Talbot	16	18	18	15	15	14	19	17	160	132	82.5
Barlow	16	13	17	18	15	16	17	12	160	120	75
B. F. Wilson	16	15	15	17	13	16	15	13	160	130	81.2
Gilbert	18	15	18	17					80	64	85
O. J. Pease	13	12	9		12	11	17	18	140	92	65.7
Ferguson	14	12	17	13	16	18	15	17	160	123	76.8
Van	17	18	17	16	18	13	20	17	160	136	85
Georgeson	16	12	17	15	17	17	12	17	160	122	76.2
Doughett	15	8	17	17	17	12	14	17	160	117	73.1
Koehler	13	12	17	16	14	15	16	14	160	117	73.1
Sexton	16	17	17	12	18	19	20	18	160	137	85.6
Shiras	17	18	14	12	13	15	18	14	160	121	75.6
Ray	15	17	19	17	17	19	17	17	160	138	86.2
F. Rogers	16	14	18	18	17	19	16	17	160	135	84.3
Mermod	18	15	19	13	11	17	16	17	160	126	78.7
Runnig	15	18	14	18	16	16	19	15	160	133	83.1
Smead	18	15	16	15	16	19	19	19	160	134	83.7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Reust	17	18	19	18	19	17	18	16	160	143	89.3
Rhodes	12	16	17	18	15	18	19	17	160	132	82.5
Bigelow	16	15	18	18	18	18	16	17	160	136	85
Gardner	7				14	14	16	12	100	63	63
Browning	16	16	17	17	15	19	18	20	160	138	86.2
Geo. Rogers	15	15	17	18	18	16	20	17	160	136	85
Clyde	15	11			11	15	19	12	120	83	69.1
Morse	19	16	15	16	18	18	13	14	160	129	80.6
Allen	16	12	17	17	16	14	15	17	160	124	77.5
Smith	11	17	13	15	17	20	16	16	160	125	78.1
Thomas	14	13	18	15	17	18	20	14	160	129	80.6
Snow	11	16	19	17	16	12	17	15	160	123	76.8
Heikes	20	20	17	19					80	76	95
Jim Elliott	18	16	20	16					80	70	87.5
Dave Elliott	13	16	19		15	18	17		120	94	61.6
Rickmers	17	12			19	15	17		100	80	80
Pat Rogers	17	19	15	17	18	15	17	18	160	136	85
Borton	17	15	14	14	19	16	17	17	160	129	80.6
Cosby	17	14	14	14	18	17	16	17	160	127	79.3
Norton	6	17	18	13	17	17	16	16	160	120	75
Gottlieb	16	14	17	14	19	18	17	20	160	135	84.3
Horn	9	14	14	13	13	18	10		140	70	62.8
L. G. Clark	17				16	18	19	5	100	70	70
Green	14	16			17	11			80	58	72.5
Merrill	18	20	17	17	19	19	20	20	160	147	91.8
Lathshaw	17	16			19	18	15	16	120	96	80
Goff	18	17	16		19	18	16	16	140	120	85.7
Courtney	14	11	10						60	35	58.3
W. F. Keller	16		17		17	17			80	67	83.7
Geo. Bruce	17		14		18	16			80	65	80.1
Scott	14	16			17	16	17		120	96	80
Dukes	17	17			15	17	20	17	140	120	85.7
Hungate	9				11	17	16	14	100	67	67
Curtis	17	16			19	17	13	15	120	97	83.3
Sampson	14		15						40	29	72.5
Dillon	4			5	11	13	9		100	42	42
McVorthen	8			10	11	14	13		100	56	56
Dittmore	12			16	14	18	17		100	77	77
Quimby		8	13	7	10				80	38	47.5
F. S. Johnson		16		15	14	15			80	60	75
Prosser		9			14	11			60	34	56.6
Teape		17		15	18	12	18		100	80	80
McMillan		15		9	15	14	12		100	65	65
Lindsley		11	14						40	25	62.5
Sampson				15	18	18	15		80	66	82.5
Kimmouth	14	20	17	17	18	20	17	18	160	141	84.1
A. E. Thomas						18	19		40	37	92.5
Cornett	15		18	14		18	18		100	83	83
Renfro		16	8	8		16	16		80	48	60
Loeske			13	16		13	10		80	51	62.5
Harwood			15	14		17			60	46	76.6
Hedrick			11	14		12			60	37	61.6
Fulton			17	14		17			60	48	80
Martin			14	19		17			40	33	82.5
Alexander			11		15		7		60	33	55
W. H. Clark			8		15	13			60	36	60
G. F. Miller			14		16				40	30	75
Ruggles			14		12	14	12		80	52	65
McGee			11		14	17			60	42	70
M. E. Sharpe			11						20	11	55
Firey			15		18	16			60	49	81.6
McElroy			15		14	16	11		80	56	70
J. E. Johnson			16		13				40	29	72.5
Taylor			11		9	11	13		80	44	55
Kerr			15		15	10	15		80	55	69.7
Waller			13		11	15	11		80	50	62.5
Reynolds			15		14	16	14		80	59	73.6
C. L. Greer			16		19	17	17		80	69	86.4
Gray			19		17	16	19		80	71	88.7
Rice			17		15	14	16		80	62	77.5
Porter			11	18					40	24	60
Montgomery			9	13	11	13			80	46	57.5

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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NORTH AMERICAN BEARS.

THE paper on the North American bears recently published by Dr. Merriam, of which we give an abstract in another column, cannot fail very greatly to surprise and interest those of our readers who have given any attention to this remarkable group of animals as found in this continent.

Up to the present time naturalists have been substantially agreed in dividing the bears found in the United States into two groups, each of which contained a single species. Individuals of either of these types might be of almost any color, but the bears with short claws on the forefeet were all black bears, and those with long claws were all grizzlies. This, however, was not the opinion of hunters, who made as many species of each type as there were colors—half a dozen of the long-clawed sort and a less number of the short-clawed, with a few hybrids and undescribed species thrown in for good measure. Such are the cinnamon grizzly, the pine nut bear, Nessmuk's swamp bear and others.

Besides these two United States forms, there was in British America the barren ground bear, believed to be a good species, and, of course, the polar bear, found in the Arctic regions. To these four species Dr. Merriam now adds six others, besides a number of subspecies with which he threatens us, but which as yet are announced only as possibilities.

This avalanche of new bear material is a shock, and we may naturally feel injured that our long-cherished beliefs about this group are so rudely overthrown. We must remember, however, that Dr. Merriam is one of the most competent men in the world to decide on points like this, and that his conclusions are based on an amount of material far greater than any other naturalist has ever had an opportunity of examining.

The very wide range of individual variation in the skull characters in the bears—even of the same age and sex—to which Dr. Merriam calls attention, might at the first thought seem to shake the reader's faith in his conclusions, but on the other hand he tells us that, while this variation exists, it has limits beyond which it does not pass, and that he finds good characters for the divisions that he has made.

Dr. Merriam tells us, too, that this is a mere preliminary paper, and that it will be followed by a more comprehensive treatise on our bears. Such a treatise will be anxiously awaited, and will no doubt furnish answers to the many questions which suggest themselves in reading over the synopsis which has just been published. One of these questions of very great interest, and which will be asked by all naturalists, is as to the relations which our bears hold to the brown bear of the Old World (*Ursus arctos*) and other Old World species. Dr. Merriam's paper is full of suggestion, and while it is a review only, and a strictly technical production, based entirely on descriptions of skulls, it is yet a most valuable contribution to the literature of sport as well as of science.

What could be more interesting than to know that there

is found on this continent the largest bear in the world, and that he has two near relatives here that are almost as large? The description of the glacier bear, quoted from Dall, although unsatisfactory, is enough to stir the imagination by its account of the creature's beautiful fur. Surely there is material enough in this paper to load a vessel with enthusiastic bear hunters bound for Alaska.

BATTLE ROYAL.

The term "battle royal" is very commonly used to convey the meaning that a struggle between two men or two stags or two alligators or other combatants is a severe and long-drawn conflict in which both contend with all their might and main and acquit themselves in a way to inspire terror in the soul of the beholder. For instance, we used the term in a recent issue in a note on a fight between two buffalo bulls in the National Zoölogical Park.

We are advised by a kindly but captious critic that such use of the expression is erroneous, for a battle royal signifies a conflict in which more than two are engaged. As the dictionary defines it it is "(a) a fight between several game cocks, where the one that stands longest is victor; (b) a contest with fists or cudgels in which more than two are engaged."

It will be seen then that according to the dictum of the lexicographers we were in error in describing as a battle royal the great fight of the two buffalo bulls, and our correspondents are none the less at fault who have used the term. We are inclined to believe, however, that this is one of those cases where usage should be accepted as authorizing the employment of the term as we ourselves and our correspondents have used it. In fact, if the dictionary makers of the day, who are running a neck and neck race to surpass one another in the number of words and the number of definitions given in their rival works, shall require sufficient authority for a new definition of the term battle royal, they may find it in the FOREST AND STREAM.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD HEATH HENS.

A SENTIMENTAL interest attaches to any species of game which, formerly abundant, has become extinct or threatens to be exterminated. The passing of the American buffalo has been deplored by thousands of people on purely sentimental grounds, for if the buffalo were still roaming the plains the great majority of these persons could derive no possible advantage from the existence of the great game; they could not hunt it, nor even see it, nor eat of its flesh, nor protect themselves with its robes. Their deploring its extermination is purely sentimental.

It is of more account to take note of the lessening supply of a species which has not yet passed beyond the possibility of perpetuation. One of the most interesting of such species is the heath hen found on the island of Martha's Vineyard in Massachusetts. It will be remembered that a few years ago there was some discussion in our columns respecting the identity of this bird, and it was shown that the heath hen was indigenous to Martha's Vineyard and had persisted through all the years of pursuit, while other birds of the same species in other parts of the Eastern States had long been exterminated; and at that time we pointed out how desirable it was that the bird should be given every protection that its race might be perpetuated. In his report to the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, Deputy Game Commissioner Thos. A. Dexter, of Edgartown, reports that the heath hen is having a hard struggle for existence. It is systematically hunted by non-residents of the Vineyard, who come to the island ostensibly for rabbit hunting, but with the real purpose of seeking the heath hen. Foxes have been introduced for the purpose of affording material for fox chasing, and this vermin preys upon the birds all the more successfully because the fox was not an indigenous species on the island, and the birds have not inherited from their ancestors the ability to protect themselves from it.

The result of this harassing is very evident in the rapidly lessening number of birds, and Mr. Dexter makes a very reasonable plea for the services of a special deputy to be detailed to look after the preservation of the heath hen particularly. It is reported that the English ring-neck pheasants which were put on Martha's Vineyard two years ago have multiplied and are becoming very abundant. It would be a pity if an exotic species could be given opportunity to thrive while the native heath hen should be driven out. We trust that the Massachusetts

Commission may provide the necessary protection for this bird, or if this shall be beyond their power, that the matter may be taken up by some of the public-spirited residents of the Vineyard. A bird which has kept its hold so far as this should not now be wiped off from the face of the earth by inconsiderate shooting.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE Audubon Society movement projected and carried on by this journal some years ago has ceased to be an active force in itself, but its influence is still shown in the several societies here and there springing up first in one quarter and then in another and assuming the name of the original institution. We recorded in our issue of April 18 the formation of an Audubon Society in Boston, having for its special purpose the discouragement of the wearing of bird plumes as elements of woman's dress. We are in receipt of several communications from different parts of the country requesting us to renew our activity in this direction. While this is impracticable at the present time, we extend our good wishes to those who are promoting the work, whether under the name of the Audubon Society or other titles, and bespeak for them the practical encouragement they so well deserve.

SNAP SHOTS.

This is the time of the year when the amateur scientist gets out his gun and bags the unwary song bird to make certain its identification, that he may know beyond peradventure that it occurs in the locality where he kills it. The fact that it occurs there may be well known, and may have been well known since many years before he was born; but this counts for nothing with the youthful scientist. Though a thousand text books record the fact, he must learn for himself by a new sacrifice of bird life. The fewer the individuals of a species, the more eager is he to shoot one of them; the rarer the specimen, the more certainly does it fall to his gun. The scientific pretensions of small boys and of grown men are quite often farcical in the extreme, but however slight rarely fail to afford self-justification for a bird slaughter which is altogether profitless and indefensible.

Some years ago the Agriculture Department at Washington, and later Pennsylvania, appropriated a large sum to investigate the food habits of hawks and owls with special reference to their relations to agriculture as destroyers of vermin and insect pests. The result of the inquiry was to show that the hawk and the owl were useful allies of the farmer, and because of this were deserving of protection. The report to this effect was published in an elaborate volume, and the information thus conveyed to the public. Now comes the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club with an offer of prizes to competitors who shall score the highest number of scalps of certain species of animals and birds, including hawks and owls. The club offers money for the destruction of birds whose usefulness the State expended funds to demonstrate and declare. Manifestly some one is blundering here, the State's ornithologists or the club's bird scalp competition promoters.

What shall be said of him who writes of the odious skunk cabbage? Odorous it may be, but odious never—not to the fisherman. For the homely plant is one of the signs of spring; it unfolds its green banners as signals on the banks of newly released trout streams, and is associated in the angler's memory with the first outings and the first fish of the year. Other vegetation of March and April may have sweeter fragrance, but all malodorous as it is, the skunk cabbage is not to be set down as odious by one who has the poetry of angling in his soul.

The New York Legislature adjourned on Thursday. At this (Tuesday) writing the result of the session's fish and game legislation cannot be given, for most of the measures under consideration have, as usual, been left to be disposed of in the rush of the last days. The session has been marked by a multiplicity of bills mainly inimical to protection. The spearer, the netter, the market dealer have been given ready hearing.

The Brackett bill in the New York Legislature, which proposed to hand over to a commission of lumbermen and wood pulp manufacturers a generous slice of the Adirondacks, has met its death by exposure. It was one of those creatures which can live only in the dark, and quickly die when exposed to the light.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO NIGHTS IN A SIERRA NEVADA SHEEP CAMP.

SINCE the time of its occurrence it has often crossed my mind to write this experience up, and at last I have got the *cacoethes scribendi* so badly that I will indulge my pen.

My friend B. and myself had arranged our usual summer outing in the mountains, and all was ready for the start, when suddenly there was a relocking of the business ball and chain around B.'s leg, which necessitated his remaining at home another week.

This was a sore disappointment to both, but as long as I was ready to start I determined to go and put in the time until his arrival at a little mountain resort near our summer cabin. I knew that I could get some good deer hunting there, and would be ready to settle down to the serious business of trout fishing by the time of B.'s arrival. And, surely enough, when I got there I found the son of the proprietress spoiling for a hunt.

I had taken along my faithful little bodyguard, Skip, a black and tan terrier, both wise and courageous. He would run and bay a deer, worry a bear, and whip twice his own weight in wildcats, or tame ones either. A more faithful companion man never had, nor a more interesting one. Alert and eager, he was ready for anything. He was always expecting an adventure, and stood ready to do his part.

Well, the young man above spoken of had a hound called Turk, and the two dogs made a good team. In fact, these two were hard to beat on a deer hunt, as has been described before in these columns.

For three days following my arrival Will and I went out and hunted faithfully, but without success. We could start nothing but does, and these we would not shoot. On the evening of the third day, on our return, we found a sheep herder at the house who had come down for a fresh supply of salt for his sheep and flour for himself. He had a saddle horse and two pack animals, and was just starting out when we arrived. On hearing of our ill luck, he invited us to come up to his camp next day, saying that deer and bears were both plentiful on the range. We agreed to go, but did not set the day, as Turk's feet had got sore with his three days' fruitless hunting and we would have to await their healing. He told Will where the camp then was, and Will said he knew where to find it, and that we would start in two or three days. This was on Wednesday, and B. was coming on the Sunday stage. I wanted to get my hunt over before his arrival, and kept Will washing and dressing Turk's feet all next day to get them in condition. On the following morning Turk showed up as good as new and we concluded to start. It was a very hot morning in the cañon, and we had an eight mile climb before us over very brushy mountains, and we knew we had our work cut out if we wanted to eat a noon dinner in the camp. I was pretty stiff with the unaccustomed exercise of the previous days, but the one day's rest had partially relieved me, and I thought I could make it all right. I had not reckoned with the trail though. It was the one followed by the pack animals, and was simply a short cut across two spurs, and then a steady climb up a mountain covered with brush that was almost impenetrable. To make matters worse, Will lost the trail—what there was of it—and we traveled about two miles out of our way. This led us into a thicket of thornbush that almost brought us to a standstill. It is leg-wearying work to make one's way through this growth. The winter snows beat it down flat, and when summer comes it rises about 18 in. high, with its tops all pointed down hill. The only way to get through it is to lift one foot straight up as high as possible, then stride out and do likewise with the other one—actually walking over instead of through the thorny tangle. One hour of this kind of work will pretty well fag out anyone who is not in daily practice of mountaineering. The unaccustomed labor became very distressing to me, and I wished myself back. My legs ached unbearably, my breathing became labored and painful, my heart throbbed, and my head seemed ready to burst, while the beating of the arteries in my ears shut out all external sounds. Nothing but pride kept me going. Had it not been for that, I would have called the expedition off. All things have an end, and this bit of bad country had also. After resting and picking the thorns out of our persons we resumed our upward way, and at last topped the mountain. Here we found a wide timbered plateau, marked by numerous shallow ravines, which lower down became cañons. This plateau was covered with bunch grass, and divers kinds of succulent grasses and plants, upon which the sheep fattened. We turned down ones of these ravines, expecting to find the camp, but it proved that Will was wrong in his notion of where it lay, and we had another weary tramp of a mile down and up for nothing. At last we came to traces of sheep, then to sheep themselves, and after exploring two more ravines, tired and hungry, we found the camp at 4 P. M.

The two herders were away after the sheep, and there was nothing to be found to appease our hunger excepting some cold boiled potatoes. We searched the camp exhaustively, but could find nothing else that was quickly available. There was plenty of flour and raw potatoes, but no bread or bacon. So we started a little fire and fried our potatoes, or at least warmed them, and stayed our stomachs for a time. We then started out to find a deer before the shades of evening should fall, as we concluded it was going to be a case of deer or no dinner. We took opposite sides of a ravine running north toward the American River, and tramped along for about two miles without the dogs giving notice of anything being in the mountains but themselves. We were upon the point of giving it up and returning empty handed when Turk gave tongue among the willows in the bottom of the ravine, which had now become a shallow cañon. Will ran down the side of the cañon to head the dog off, and I ran up higher to reach a spur which jutted out. Just as I reached it a fine buck broke cover and ran diagonally up the opposite side of the cañon, giving a distant but open shot. I estimated the distance and shot for the top of the head, stopping him at the crack of the rifle with a bullet through the lungs, which cut some of the large blood-vessels. He turned and went staggering down the hill right into the mouths of the two dogs, who pulled him down. I was truly sorry for the noble fellow when I saw

him come down, and for a moment wished I had missed him; but my empty stomach rejoiced within me. Will came at my call, and we galloped and hung the buck up, taking only his liver with us, as we were both too tired and hungry to do anything more. On our return to camp we found it surrounded by over 3,000 sheep. The herders had returned and had killed a fat wether; had baked a pan of camp biscuit, boiled some potatoes, had the coffee pot boiling, and were ready to fry some very fresh mutton chops. To these were added our liver, and we soon sat down to a royal feast. Being so very hungry, I ate heartily and drank a cup of strong black coffee—a beverage that always disagrees with me.

The herders stated that on the previous night a bear had killed one of the sheep. He had not eaten all the carcass, and would be sure to return to it that night. They therefore took a strong bear trap, and we all went to the place where the remains of the sheep lay and carefully set it. It was at a point about 200 yds. from camp. It was now pitch dark under the pines, and we sat around the camp-fire smoking and yarning for a while before retiring.

The two herders were in marked contrast with each other. One was a German, quick and impetuous in speech and action; the other was an Englishman from the hills of Yorkshire, slow and quiet. The one was like a fox terrier, the other like an old collie. They were both encouraging in their reports of game. Said the German, "Dis morning, as I was going down de rawine mit de sheep, two pig pucks shumps a clump of villows oued, and runs ofer de moundain." Said the Yorkshireman, "Day-afore-yesterday Oi seed twa big boocks. They got oop fra their beds as Oi coomed doon the hill an' didna rin awa, but joost toorned aboot an' lyuked at me, an' raxed* oot their hin'legs like stirks in a byre."

Well wearied with the fatigues of the day I soon retired to our blankets, which were spread in the open under the pines. No shelter is ever erected by herders, as they are constantly changing camp, as the sheep soon eat all the herbage in one locality and have to be moved further on upon the range at frequent intervals. In fact, shelter is seldom needed, as during the summer months, while the sheep are upon these mountain ranges, no rain falls excepting a very rare thunderstorm of short duration.

Our blankets were spread side by side, and Will and the herders said they would soon retire so as not to disturb me after I had gone to sleep. I had no sooner got composed, however, than I dropped into sound slumber. Their retiring awoke me and I found it impossible to sleep again. The strong coffee got in its usual work on my nerves, and I lay and stared the stars out of countenance. I counted the stars, repeated the multiplication table, counted the swaying branches of the pines, the number of my respirations and the snores of the Yorkshireman, all to no effect. "The everlasting silence of the hills" was all around and took hold upon me. Then I got to thinking of the bear trap, and waited with listening ear for the savage growl of pain that would accompany the shutting of its cruel jaws on bruin's foot. The occasional cough of a sheep, and the tinkle of a bell on the neck of one of the bell-wethers, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the brooding hills.

Suddenly my little dog, who lay on the blankets by my side, raised his head and growled, and then rushed yelping into the darkness. There was a sudden thunder of the feet of 3,000 sheep rushing in wild terror from an unseen foe. Then bedlam broke loose! The hound and the three collies of the camp joined Skip in his charge into the darkness. There was a great crashing of dead underbrush, a rapid flight, the coughing and excited stamp of the frightened sheep, and jangling of the hundred bells borne by the leaders of the flock, all accentuated by the yelps of the excited dogs, and dominated by the deep-chested baying of the hound. Will and I sat up in bed, and the herders muttered "bears" and went to sleep again.

Now this was getting a little exciting, and I thought it might be as well to get my rifle and lay it where it would be handy. Not that I was at all nervous about the proximity of the bears! Oh no, only just in case of accident, you know. Suppose a bear should come snuffing around looking for the carcass of mutton that had been killed by the herders the previous evening, and which now hung cooling upon the branch of a pine near our beds, why, how handy it would be to have the rifle near by to take a shot at him!

It was a curious coincidence that the same thought seemed to strike Will just at that instant too, for we both broke for our rifles, which stood against a neighboring tree.

The dogs soon returned, and the camp sank into quiet again. But if I was wakeful before, I was worse now. But I had a companion in wakefulness. The novelty of the situation had caught Will, and every few moments I could detect him quietly cocking his ear in a listening attitude.

From this time on to 3 A. M. this same proceeding was enacted about every half hour. Skip would give the warning, the sheep would shake the earth with the rush of 12,000 feet, the dogs would all join in an excited baying, sleepy oaths would emanate from under the herders' blankets, and finally quiet would reign once more.

At last the effects of the coffee passed away, and the novelty of the situation having worn off, I dropped asleep. About 3 A. M., however, everyone was brought out of their blankets. Even the case-hardened herders came suddenly upon their feet.

A stealthy stalk and determined rush had been made by the bears upon the sheep, while one of their number had boldly invaded the camp after the fresh mutton hanging upon the tree. It was too dark to see, but I could hear him snuffing and scrambling around the tree upon which it hung. The dogs had all rushed after those attacking the sheep excepting one of the collies, which had a litter of puppies at the back of a log upon which the camp supplies were piled. She made a vicious and determined assault upon bruin, and I feared to shoot lest I should kill her. I crouched upon the ground hoping to catch a glimpse of him against the sky line, and finally succeeded, as he climbed the log. A fierce growl followed my shot, and the other dogs rushed to the spot and joined in the chase. Down the cañon they all ran, until their voices were lost in its depths.

During the mêlée we had heard a tremendous crashing of dead branches, accompanied by angry growls, coming from the neighborhood of where the trap had been set.

* Stretched or reached.

Matters had become decidedly exciting, and we determined to dress and investigate, as dawn was now rapidly approaching. We therefore dressed and built a fire, and by that time the shepherd dogs had returned.

The crashing of branches in the locality of the trap had ceased for some moments, but was suddenly renewed. The bitch made a charge toward the sounds, followed by the other two collies, and the devil was to pay again. We could hear a rush and a crashing of branches, and the clank of the heavy trap chain, equal to the noise of a chained elephant crashing through its native jungle.

One of the dogs soon received a cuff that sent it yelling back to camp, closely followed by the others.

We had all grabbed our guns and were making for the bear when this happened, and afterward we heard no sound. It seemed as if the earth might have opened and swallowed up all but ourselves, so suddenly did quiet reign.

We went to where the trap had been set, but it was gone. It was still too dark to see the trail, so we returned to await daylight. Meanwhile Turk and Skip were still absent. We called and whistled for them in vain. We wanted them badly to take the trail of the trapped bear.

Finally, as daylight came on and they did not return, one of the herders started in upon the breakfast, the other took the sheep to their range, and Will and I started upon the trail of the bear.

It proved plain to follow and soon ended. He had evidently fought the trap for some time in a small patch of thorn brush. When the dogs had attacked him he made off and had caught the dog between two stout saplings, and after some frantic fighting had pulled clear, leaving two toes in the trap as the sole mementos of his capture.

We returned to camp much chagrined, as we had been sure that we were going to capture him. The herders were loud in their anathemas upon the dogs for frightening him, as they wanted revenge for the many head of sheep that had been destroyed. They said they had lost sixty-nine head thus far that season by bears. They thought that if the bear had been let alone he would not have pulled clear, and that he might have been quietly traced to his lair. I did not think so, as I considered that they made a mistake in attaching their clog to the chain. They made it too long and drove it through the ring on the trap chain clear up to its middle. It therefore caught too readily against growing saplings that stood a considerable distance apart, and could not fail to become entirely fast, and give the bear a chance to pull against an unyielding substance.

While awaiting breakfast we examined the vicinity of the camp and found the tracks of seven different bears that had visited us in the night. Had it not been for the dogs they would undoubtedly have rooted us out of our blankets. One of them left an immense footprint, 11 in. wide. Strange to say they got none of the sheep, spite of their determined efforts.

After breakfast one of the herders and myself took a pack horse and went after the deer I had killed the previous evening, and Will took the trail of the bear and the dogs down the cañon, for still the dogs were absent.

It was the little German that went with me, and his tongue ran with the even flow of an electric dynamo. I kept trying to check him, hoping to see a deer in the early morning, but it was useless. The most of herders become taciturn after they have followed the vocation for a time, but it seemed as though this one's years of bottled-up loquacity had just been uncorked and was boiling over. At last I quit him and climbed the ridge after giving him full directions as to where to go, saying that I would be there as soon as he.

No sooner had I reached the crest of the ridge than I saw a fine three-prong buck standing some 100 yds. further on, intently watching the progress of the herder and his horse. I dropped upon one knee, and taking steady aim fired at him. He took one convulsive leap in the direction he was looking and fell in a heap, in a clump of chemical.

The herder saw me and came to the spot, all excitement.

"Py shiminy! dat's goot luck," he panted. "Shust a leedle while after you leafs, dot yellow shumps up in vront of me und runs de hill up, und I was looking righd at him ven you shoots."

"Py cracios! I vas shust saying to mines'lf, 'vot a fool dot mon vas, to go away from de blace vere de teers vas,' ven, pangs! I hears de guns, und down comed de teer."

While he was running on with this, and much more in the same strain, he galloped the buck, which was a very fat one, and we threw it over the saddle and went down to the bottom of the ravine again. There we hung the carcass until we should return.

I was now well satisfied with the results of my hunt, and did not care whether I got another shot or not. It is just at such moments that luck crowds in upon one. When one has got a basket filled with trout, one is sure to reach a part of the stream where the big ones are rising the fastest, and it seems a sin to stop fishing, and surely is a sin to keep on.

Ah, well! if we are hogs upon some rare occasions there are many others upon which we can't be even if we wanted to, so I guess things break about even in the long run.

Sometimes we hold "fours," "fulls" and "straights" all the way through, and on others we can't get anything higher than a "busted flush."

This was one of the days when luck ran my way. We had not gone more than 500 yds. when a noble buck, with a splendid pair of antlers, sprang out of a patch of brush and ran about twenty steps up the side of the cañon. There he stopped, right out in the open, and turned to look at us. He was only about 60 yds. away, and I dropped him in his tracks with a bullet through the brain. He was one of the largest black-tailed deer I ever killed, and we now had too much of a load for the pack horse.

We hung him up to cool, for a second trip, and went on. As we neared the locality where the deer of the previous evening had been killed, I hastened ahead to locate the spot. As I neared it I caught sight of a moving body on the hillside, and turned and held up my hand in warning to the herder. He saw me and stopped, and a moment afterward a half-grown lynx came into full view. I rolled him over with a shot through the back, and as I did so a second one leaped out in the same spot and watched the dying struggles of her young, with hair on end, blazing eyes and bared fangs. I never saw a finer picture of mad fury in my life. She was

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XX.

An Inland Exploration.

OF the remaining inmates of the tent Uncle Lisha was the first to arise, for after three-score years of partial disproof he was still a believer in the maxim that inculcates the benefits of early rising. He lighted the fire and made a trip to the waterside, returning therefrom in the glow of recent ablution and the exertion of lugging a pail of water up the steep path before his companions came stumbling forth, yawning and blinking in the secondary stage of reviving consciousness.

"Bah gosh! Onc' Lasha, Ah guess you'll was try for ketch nudder waum dis mornin', a'n't it, hein?" Antoine asked, rubbing his eyes with one hand and searching his pockets for his pipe with the other.

"If you an' the worm ever meets, he'll haftu du the s'archin'. Come, Ann Twine, le's git us suthin' t' eat, time 'nough tu call it breakfus stid o' dinner. You an' Jozeff go an' wash ye whilst I git the taters on. What is't this mornin', duck or fish?"

"Feesh was de quikes", 'cause he all ready for jump on de pan."

"An' best, seem's 'ough, arter duck so contin'al?" said Joseph. "I'm kinder thinkin' ducks wouldn't be much 'caount if 't wa'n't for the feathers, that is for a stiddy thing. But I du luffer shoot 'em though."

"I should like tu know haow you know you du," said Uncle Lisha, counting out the potatoes from the sack. "Three for Ann Twine—come, hyper, an' when you git back I'll tell ye what we'll du tu-day—tew for Jozeff, an' one for me."

In due time the fish was fried, the potatoes boiled, the tea brewed, and the little company gathered around the stone table.

"What I was a cal'latin' was," Uncle Lisha began, and then deferred speech while he cooled the tea in his tin cup with a gusty blast accompanied by a vigorous shake, "at we'd take a rantomscot over west tu where we was stationed time o' the war. I kinder want tu see the place ag'in, an' it 'ould be interestin' tu you an' Ann Twine, an' we c'n take aour guns along an' mebbey shoot suthin' 'nother, an' a bag, an' pick up some wa'nuts, which they'd be a proper good treat tu the folks up hum. What d' ye say to it—mongst ye?"

"Ah'll a'n't want for go feeshin's, an' Ah'll a'n't want for go hunt on de crik, an' Ah'll willin' for go loafer 'long to you, Onc' Lasha."

"Most anything 'll suit me," said Joseph, "if it hain't goin' in a boat, which it don't seem as 'ough I would du under no circumstances exceptin' in the case of a reg'lar ol' Noer flood, an' then I b'lieve I'd climb the last tree 'fore I'd trust myself tu any tarnal boat, he or she, small-er'n the ark or a steamboat, which I do' know nothin' 'baout, or leastways a canawl boat, 'at I hev ventured ontu."

So, being of one mind, when breakfast was eaten and the act by courtesy called dishwashing had been performed, they set forth westward across the fields and by the woodside, where ferns and asters invaded the grass land and the timothy and clover crept into the shadow of the woods. As, advancing abreast, they climbed a knoll and their heads arose above its crest, Antoine's quick eye caught sight of a gray squirrel running from the woods to an outlying hickory.

"S-s-h!" Antoine whispered, "go sofftle till he gat on de tree, den we supprise him an' kill it."

These tactics were successfully carried out as far as the surprise, but the beleaguered squirrel hid so closely among the topmost leaves that the besiegers were unable to discover it. A random shot was fired into the thickest bunch of leaves and the frightened squirrel sprang to the ground. Recovering in an instant from the shock of the desperate leap, it scudded away to the cover of the woods at a rate that defied the pottering aim of two guns, and their futile charges raked the turf far in its rear. Of course the event reminded Antoine of one man in Canada whose adventure he proceeded to relate, while the others, crawling on their hands and knees, gathered the fallen nuts.

"You see, seh, boy, he'll was huntin' jus' sem lak we was, honly he was hunt for bear an' he was 'lone, jus' one poor leetly Frenchmans 'stid of two fat hol' Yankee an' one big hugly Frenchmans. Wal, seh, he yankee bear tracks where it go in hole, an' he'll was si' do'n for wait of it come off de hole so he can shot it. W'en he'll set t'ree, probly two haour, he beegin for gat dry, an' he stan' up hees gaun 'g'in' tree an' go on de brook for drink, an', seh, de bear happen for gat dry too, an' it come off de hole an' gat raght 'tween de mans an' de gaun, bah gosh! An' dat mans he'll had for run home an' lef' hees gaun. What you t'ink for dat, hein? But dat a'n't so funny lak 'nudder man Canada. He was gat bag jus' sem we was, honly gree' deal more bigger, an'—"

"Oh, shet your head, Ann Twine. You'd a dumb sight better be a-pickin' up wa'nuts 'an tu stan' there a-makin' up lies."

"Dat jus' what Ah'll was goin' for do, but you an' Zhozeff gat it all pick up. Dat was too bad! Hoorah, le's go scare some more squiry."

Going forward they soon came to the head of the bay, which was memorable as the scene of Uncle Lisha's and Joseph's first duck shooting. To-day its only visible occupant was a solitary heron so slowly wading the glassy shallows that he scarcely broke the perfect contour of his mirrored semblance. He was in long range of a clump of cedars, under cover of which Antoine made a stealthy approach, and was just on the point of firing when he was discovered by the wary heron, who launched himself upon the air in a long upward slant of labored flight. Antoine followed him with uncertain aim, and only pulled trigger when the bird was hopelessly out of range and a hundred feet above the lake. But to the wonder of the three beholders, as the shot whistled past the heron he turned a half somersault, and with beak back drawn for a stroke came tumbling and sprawling downward in apparent helplessness. Antoine raised a shout of triumph, Joseph began to congratulate himself on a handsome addition to his stock of feathers, and Uncle Lisha had already upon his lips a rebuke for the wanton destruction of a harmless and worthless bird, when to his delight, the others' disgust and the amazement of all, the heron was seen to recover himself after a tumble of 20ft. and resume his even flight. The sudden terror that seized him, when to his ears the whistle of the hurtling shot was the rush of an eagle's pinions, was relieved when he saw no foe above him to repel, and with regular wing beats he

climbed the long incline of retreat, till indrawn neck, broad vans and trailing legs were blurred in a wavering speck of gray that vanished behind a cedar-crowned headland.

"Bah gosh," Antoine ejaculated, recovering speech and suspended respiration, "what yo' s'pose mek dat feller git over be keel so quik, hein?"

"I'm dumb gland on't, Ann Twine. What d' ye w'ntu pester that poor ol' lunsome crane for? He aint wuth the powder he burnt, an' don't trouble nob'dy."

"Seem's 'ough he kerried off a mess o' feathers 'at I'd ortu had," Joseph sighed.

"Ah'll bet you head he's gone off for die."

"Of ol' age, I hope, said Uncle Lisha."

Going a little further they came to a small rock-walled cove, where a rude fireplace and an inverted washtub gave evidence of a family washing place. Here they sat down to enjoy a restful smoke. They were aroused from their reverie by shrill outcries of distress arising from a little distance, and hastening forward through the fringe of woods to learn the cause, they discovered a girl of 10 or 11 years with a younger child on a great pine stump in the middle of the field, where they were besieged by a gaunt old ram, who, uttering hoarse bleats, made frequent circuits of the tower of refuge, which now and then he butted with blows that sounded like the strokes of a beetle.

Uncle Lisha and his party advanced to the rescue with loud shouts, which at once attracted the attention of the ram, but did not daunt him in the least, for no sooner did he find himself threatened by an attack in the rear than he charged upon his assailants so fiercely that Joseph and Antoine fled with all speed to the shelter of the woods, whither the ram followed in hot pursuit. Antoine climbed nimbly up a low-branched tree, while Joseph sought refuge in a thicket of cedars, wherein he was assisted, as he scrambled on all fours, by a blow that drove him into the evergreen curtain quite out of sight of his pursuer.

Having routed the main body, the doughty champion turned and charged upon Uncle Lisha, who, as unable as he was indisposed to run from an enemy, still held forward to the rescue of the children. He had almost reached them when the elder child cried out in great alarm,

"O, look out. Look out, mister, he'll hit ye. O, dear."

As Uncle Lisha faced about his antagonist was close upon him, coming at full speed with lowered head and assured aim, but the old man stepped aside and dexterously caught the ram by one horn as he passed. The sheep made vicious sidewise thrusts and struggled desperately for liberty, and though his captor was made to take some unusually lively steps his hold could not be loosened.

"Say, sissy," Uncle Lisha called in broken words and sentences, "you git daown—consarn yer ol' picter—an' fetch me a club er a—O, you won't git away erless your horn comes off—stun an' I'll give him all the hommerin' he wants. You dasn't. Wal, then, you an' bubbey git daown an' clipper fer the fence. I won't let the ol' torment git away. Clipper, naow. Ann Twine! Jozaff! Come 'ere an' fetch me a club er a stun. O, you plaguey fraid-cats. I wish't I c'd sick him ontu ye. I'd let him drive ye int' the lake, I swan I would."

"Seems's 'ough you might kinder tie his laigs, Uncle Lisher," Joseph suggested, venturing to peep from his hiding place.

"Tie yer granny. I don't kerrey ropes around wi' me."

"Put it on de bag, Onc' Lisha, an' tie de bag," Antoine shouted.

"Fetch me the bag and I swan I will," Uncle Lisha responded.

"It bes' was you hol' him hees hin'leg of it an' Ah'll shot it, bah gosh!" Antoine now proposed.

"Honh! You want tu pay for him? Well, I hain't a buyin' mutton. O, you dumb slinks! You hain't spunk 'nough tu break up a settin' hen! Come along here, you tarnal ol' serpent," and despairing of receiving aid, Uncle Lisha led his captive about the field while he searched for a suitable weapon. This he found at last in the form of a good-sized stone, wherewith he belabored the ram's nose till the fight was quite taken out of him and his only desire was to escape. When this became evident to Uncle Lisha he released his prisoner, who made a speedy retreat for a short distance and then partly turned about as if with some intention of renewing hostilities. The old man hurled the stone with such true aim that it struck him full on the ribs, knocking the breath out of him with the last vestige of valor, and he retreated on the ends of his toes, with his back humped and his head violently shaken, and his stumpy tail wiggling till it imparted a tremor to his whole body.

"There, dumb yer ol' meriner picter, hev ye got 'nough on't?" Uncle Lisha shouted, while his victory was cheered with cries of delight by the children, who had watched the progress of the battle through the rails of the fence, and by Joseph and Antoine with more discreet celebration, less likely to attract the attention of the ram.

"I guess you might ventur' aout here naow," Uncle Lisha called as the two men edged along the border of the woods, and he picked up the gun which he had dropped at the beginning of the encounter. "Oh, I'm 'shamed on ye," he continued when with frequent backward glances they rejoined him and led the way toward the fence. "Tew gre't grewed up men' afeared of a poor, ins'nificant sheep."

"Wal, seh, Onc' Lasha, Ah'll goin' tol' you, Ah'll a'n't was be 'fraid of it, but Ah'll know 'f Ah'll was gat mad, Ah'll keel it, me, an' Ah'll a'n't wan't it for pay it. Ah'll glad Ah'll a'n't gat mad. But Ah'll 'mos' was w'en up dat tree."

"Wal, I never had no knack o' gittin' along wi' sheep, never seemed's 'ough I hed," said Joseph. "I couldn't never drive 'em ner call 'em. Don't you cal'late they be terrible con'try critters, Uncle Lisher?"

The victorious champion vouchsafed no answer but a contemptuous snort, and now that the fence was crossed took the lead in the direction of a rambling old gray farmhouse whither the children had gone.

"That 'ere's the haouse where aour officers got the' put-up-punce," he said, presently recovering his usual tranquility of temper. "We common folks slep' in the buildin's when we wa'n't aout on the p'int. We'll g'about there w'en I git me a drink, for it's turrible sightly. The' use' tu be a good well o' water here twenty-five year ago, an' if it's here yit I want some on 't, for I got consid'able he't up tusslin' wi' that ol' rip."

only about 30yds. away, and I could see every motion. She was "fighting mad," and didn't care who knew it. She had not yet seen me, but heard the noise of the approaching herder, who had resumed his way after my shot. She crouched for a charge and I immediately fired, but I undershot, cutting one of her hindfeet almost off. She at once made for me like a fiend unchained, and I pumped two shots at her without effect. The last one, however, checked her as she was almost upon me; the powder must have burnt her. This gave me a chance and I shattered her brain with a third.

I confess that I was somewhat rattled, for the attack was wholly unexpected. I had never heard of the like before; in fact "didn't know she was loaded!"

This was getting decidedly interesting! What was to come next?

Well, I wasn't long finding out! As I stepped to the sapling where the deer hung, I almost fell over myself at the sudden br-r-r-r that came from almost under my feet.

If there is anything on earth that "rattles" me it is a rattlesnake, and no pun intended, either. It always makes me fighting mad too.

I circled slowly around the big wild currant bush in which the snake was hidden, getting closer and closer all the time. At last I began pushing aside the branches with the muzzle of the rifle, when like a streak of light he struck at me, but fell short. By that time I was as angry as he was and began pumping lead into the bush as fast as I could, until the empty click of the hammer denoted an exhausted magazine. I stopped to crowd in more cartridges, but the creaking rattle had ceased. I had struck him just below the head with one of the bullets, and he lay writhing in a sordid looking heap under the mutilated currant bush. He had eleven rattles, all perfect, and beautifully tapered—as fine a specimen as one could look upon.

This ended my shooting for the day. We loaded the buck, returned to where the first one of the morning's work hung and loaded that also, the herder coming back later on for the large buck.

On our arrival at camp we found Turk and Skip, but Will had not got in. It was near noon, so I cleaned my rifle while the herder skinned the deer. We prepared dinner, and the Yorkshireman coming in at noon, we sat down to it with good appetites.

After our meal the herders departed, one to look after the straying flocks, the other after the big buck, and I departed—to "the land of nod."

About 4 o'clock Will and the herder returned with two deer upon the horse; Will having run across the man and taken him to where he had one hanging up, that he had shot in a side ravine on his way home to camp. This was great luck indeed! We both felt highly elated, even if we had got no bear.

But now for Will's story. Preliminary to telling it he took a piece of a fresh bone out of his pocket and asked me what I thought it was. It was very hard and dense in structure, and smooth as ivory externally. The fragment was a scale about 2in. long and nearly lin. wide. I said I thought it was a piece out of the thighbone of a large animal.

He said it was "out of the leg of a bear"—exact locality not determined.

Said he: "When I first started out I looked all around where the bear was when you shot at him, and just back of the log I found blood and this bit of bone. It was easy tracking him, for he cut a wide swath down the mountain when he first started out, leaving blood at every step. In two places I found where he had stopped, as I thought, to fight the dogs. Wherever he had stopped he had bitten and torn the surrounding brush, being evidently in a terrible rage. He had no use of one of his hindlegs, as I could find but three footprints anywhere. In some places I could see where the other foot dragged through the sand, and I always found the blood on that side of the track. Finally the blood got lesser and lesser in quantity until it ceased entirely, but I still followed the trail, hoping I would find him up a tree, or corralled in some cane by the dogs. I trailed him for about five miles, and finally lost him in a dense thicket of willows which covered several acres. Here he walked on the recumbent trunks of the willows, and left no trail. I had never heard or seen anything of the dogs all this time, so gave it up and started for camp. On my way back I started the buck I shot, and got him the first try. But it is too bad that we lost the bear, for he was a big one!" was the emphatic way in which Will ended his story.

"Ve'll get von to-night yet!" was the commentary of Dutchy. "Ve vill again dot drap set, undt bait it mit a shoulder of muddon, undt cotch von of dems, sure!"

According to his suggestion we reset the trap, and also set a spring gun in another place.

That night the herders placed the sheep a little distance from the camp, so that the thunder of their hoofs when disturbed, their coughing, sneezing and jangling of bells would not keep us awake, and after supper and a smoke we went to bed with anticipations and slept undisturbed till morning. Not a bear came within a mile of camp, as far as we could judge, the sheep having rested without a movement all night.

And so we got cheated out of our bear after all. Since that time I have been going back after those bears—in my mind—every returning season, but have never got there yet, and, *entre nous*, I fear I never will.

Our hunt was over, so leaving one of the bucks for the use of our kind entertainers, we took the others upon a couple of pack horses, and with Dutchy to drive them, started for home.

That afternoon my friend arrived upon the stage, and the next day the really serious work of our outing—trout fishing—commenced.

AREFAR.

In the Indian Strip.

Loco, I. T., April 21.—Game of all kinds is more plentiful than it has been for three years. The quail have wintered finely and are now nesting everywhere; they are numerous, notwithstanding the netters and market-shooters have both been with us all along and many birds have gone "over the road." I do wish the market-hunters and netters could be sent "over the road." There are many curlews, etc., and the *hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo*, of the prairie fowl can be heard every still morning. There is more small bird life here than I ever knew anywhere; one can scarcely hear of mornings for their noise.

L. D. W.

As they approached the house a comely young matron came to the open kitchen door, welcoming them with a pleasant smile and a cheery voice, while her keen eyes made a quick but comprehensive survey of the group.

"Good mornin', gentlemen. You're the ones 'at drove that cross ol' buck away from the children?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Antoine, coming to the front with his politest manners; "we was be de zhomeans."

But Joseph had not the effrontery to claim much of the glory for himself and Antoine, and said, jerking his thumb toward Uncle Lisha, "He done most on 't, ma'am. Ye see, he kind o' seemed tu hev the fust chance, an' so he took it."

"Yes, I know," the young woman said, growing red in the face with suppressed laughter; "Janey here told me all about it," and the little girl retired from view behind her mother, who continued addressing Uncle Lisha. "I'm drefilly obleeged tu you, sir. But set your guns in the shed an' come right in, all of you, an' have a fried cake an' some cider."

"Thank you, marm, I guess we won't go in," said Uncle Lisha; "but I wouldn't go ag'in a nut cake, for I hain't seen one for a week, and I be turrible dry, which fetched me here; but you needn't put yourself aout tu git cider, water 's good 'nough for us."

"T ain't no trouble," and the woman bustled in, closely followed by the children, and returned with a heaped pan of doughnuts, fresh and hot from the kettle. "Naow jest help yourselves whilst I go an' draw some cider."

"Don't ye," Uncle Lisha expostulated, "water 's plenty good enough for us."

But the hospitality of their hostess was not to be restrained, and she presently brought a brimming pitcher of cider to the great satisfaction of two of the party.

"I'm afeared these fried cakes hes soaked fat," she said, breaking one and examining it critically when her guests were served. "They be," she declared in a grieved tone, "but mebbey they'll go better'n none, if you hain't had none lately."

"Queen Victory couldn't make no better," Uncle Lisha declared, "nor yit the President's wife, an' I da' say nary one on 'em gits so good, for I s'pose likely they depends on hired gals tu make 'em." And his companions heartily seconded the praise.

"It looks consid'able nat'ral raound here," he said, as his eyes roved over the old house and its surroundings, "on'y jest a leetle older'n it was twenty-five, mebbey thirty year ago—time o' the war, anyway—when I was here 'long wi' the m'lishy."

"You don't say!" his hostess cried. "Why, I can jest remember a-seein' the soldiers here all raound, an' haow scairt I was! My!"

"It hain't possorble! You don't look as if you could ha' be'n borned then," Uncle Lisha gallantly declared.

"Wal, I was then," she answered with a pleased little laugh, "an' I remember seein' the soldiers here an' the British boats 'way acrost the lake an' hearin' the cannons firin' over tu the P'int." And so the two fell to telling of scenes that had been impressed distinctly on the memory of one in the prime of manhood, and no less so on the infantile mind of the other.

"Wal, we shall haftu be a-goin'," Uncle Lisha said, turning away reluctantly, "I want tu take these men aout ont' the P'int here, where they can see the broad lake."

"An' you want to go to the landin'. It's got tu be quite a place, with a hoss boat a-runnin' on the ferry to Grog Harbor."

"A hoss boat? You don't say! Wal, that's suthin' I never did see, ner these men nuther, I'll warrant. We're a thaousand times obleeged tu ye for the nutcakes an' cider, marm."

"An' so be I tu you," said she, heartily. "I tell aour folks they'd ortu kill that ol' torment. He's treed me onte, an' naow I take a club when I go where he is; but aour folks say he ain't cross, on'y notional jest."

"Darn sech notions," said Joseph, caressing his recent bruises; "I wish't he'd got 'em aouten his head 'fore I met him."

"Why, Jozeff, you didn't exactly meet him, he kind o' overtook ye," said the old man, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Wal, good day, marm," and they strolled away to the woods and the end of the point where the sheer wall bears its green crown of cedar high above the lake.

The broad bay lay before them, and beyond the bold promontories of Thompson's Point and Split Rock the broader lake stretched far north to reach the sky. The lake was ruffled by a northerly breeze, and the white sails of the sloops and schooners running before it, or beating against it, gleamed against blue waves and sky, but among them all not one such imposing tower of canvas as Uncle Lisha had seen when the British brigs were swooping down on their expected prey.

"Why, they looked julluk meetin' haousen, a-comin' over the water, an' the gunboats swarmin' 'raound 'em looked sassy, I tell ye. I s'pose aour folks was afeared they might land a mess o' sojes here an' go over cross lots tu where aour ships lay in t' other crik an' destr'y 'em, an' that's why we was posted here. But they never come a-nigh us an' kep' right on to where the 'twas a good lickin' a-waitin' for 'em, an' they got it tew."

When Joseph had crept to the verge of the cliff and ventured one brief glance downward where the waves chuckled wickedly in the low-roofed caves, he was ready to go and they wended their way to the ferry just in time to see the horse boat come splashing into port, the four horses plodding their unprogressive journey on the revolving wheel, whose foothold always slid away beneath and behind them, and continually returned in a perpetual round of monotony.

A drove of cattle in the first day of their long journey on the hoof to Boston markets crowded the deck with their drivers and a few other passengers, while the captain steered his craft in austere silence till he shouted "Whoa!" to his crew, who was the driver of the horses and passed the command to them, whereat they stood still and the boat surged up to the wharf with a bump that jostled all her animate freight and shook some profanity from the lips of her commander.

When the boat was made fast there was a stir of preparation in the group of prospective passengers on the wharf, while the cattle swarmed ashore, urged by their drivers and followed by their other fellow voyagers edging after them, step by step, in slow impatience, and all regarded with impartial interest by the little company of spectators.

These presently turned their attention to a tin-peddler, bound on a trading expedition among the foreigners of the other shore, who was driving his red cart aboard. A bunch of brooms stuck upright in the hinder end of it, like the banner of the Dutch admiral, yet emblematic only of a peaceable conquest of housewives' hoarded rags and dried apples, some spoils of which were already gathered in sacks and bales on the roof of the cart. The peddler was a much less important figure in the world than either the sharp-faced wool buyer or the oily old cheese speculator who now led their horse and buggy aboard, but he and his red cart with its visible proof of traffic were greater objects of interest to the spectators, as was the grizzled old hunter who had outlived the deer of Vermont, and with his gaunt hounds, so long-eared and sad-faced that Uncle Lisha regretted Sam's absence, was on his way to put his long rifle to its old use in the still happy hunting grounds beyond the lake.

After the ferryboat had waited awhile for a possible additional fare, which indeed came at top speed from the door of the stone tavern, the captain gave the order to the crew, the crew cracked his whip and shouted to the horses, who began their stumbling tramp, and the boat paddled off on her course.

As the loungers dribbled away, some to the socialities of the bar-room, others to their homes, and the lowing of the cattle and the shouts of the drovers were blended in the distance, Uncle Lisha and his comrades strolled in the direction of the farmhouse.

"I do' know but it's ridin' a free hoss tew fur, but I'm a-goin' tu ask 'em for a pocketfull o' them apples 'at's a-layin' on the ground," the old man said. "Looks 's if the 'was more 'n they knowed what tu du with."

"All raght, Onc' Lasha, Ah'll go on de lake an' wait for you an' Zhoeff, an' mebbey Ah'll shot some 'dawk." So saying, Antoine skirted the orchard on his way toward the shore, while the others went to the house. There they lingered a while to talk with their hostess, and then, their request being cheerfully granted, they filled their pockets with mellow apples and went on to join Antoine.

Their steps were hastened by the roar of his gun, and they found him rejoicing over three plump teal which were the result of the shot. After giving the particulars of the exploit Antoine shouldered the bag, which had grown plethoric since he left them, and picking up his gun and game, set forth toward camp.

"Why, Ann Twine," Uncle Lisha remarked as the Canadian trudged on before him, "you hev be'n spry tu git three ducks an' sech a snag o' wa'nuts sen you left us. You hain't shucked 'em, I know by the bulge on 'em, but it don't seem 's 'ough you'd ortu took quite so many 'thaout askin'."

"Was Ah'll ask it de squirly? He was all de one gat it," was the laconic answer.

Arriving at camp without further incident, Antoine flung down his burden with a sigh of relief, exclaiming as he straightened his shoulders:

"Bah gosh, dat happle pooty heavy for carry!"

"Apples!" Uncle Lisha repeated in surprise. "Is them apples? Where on airth did you git 'em?"

"Wal, seh, Onc' Lasha," said Antoine, with an air of supreme satisfaction, "Ah'll was peek it up while you was ask for it. Ah'll tink dat was save tam prob'ly, an' if dey'll and give it, dat was save de happle. Hein, Onc' Lisha?"

"So you went an' stole them folkses apples," cried the old man, indignantly. "You tarnal mean, mis'able cree-tur, I'm a good min' tu make ye kerry 'em right stret back. I be, I swan!"

"Ah'll can' do it, Onc' Lasha; Ah'll too tire, me. But if you'll want for carry it, Ah'll was help you load it on you back."

"Ann Twine," Uncle Lisha roared with kindling wrath, "you pick up them apples an' kerry 'em stret back where you got 'em, or I'll shake ye aouten yer boots!" and the flash of fire in the gray eyes implied certain execution of the threat.

Antoine at once swung the bag up on his shoulder and started off with it in sullen silence. It is probable that he went no further than fairly out of sight, and then emptying its ill-gotten contents spent the hour of his supposed journey in a comfortable nap; but Uncle Lisha's conscience was relieved.

The remainder of the day was spent in idling about camp, till at sundown the party repaired to the landing to watch for Sam's return.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BEARS.

In the proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington there is published a preliminary synopsis of the American bears, a paper read before the society by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, whose eminence among the naturalists of the world needs no remark. The paper, which takes an entirely new view of this group, will be of extreme interest to all the hunters of big game in this country and in the world.

As is pretty well known, it has hitherto been the custom to classify the bears of North America in three groups—the polar bear, which stands by itself, the black bear and the grizzly bear. Some years ago Dr. Merriam's attention was attracted to remarkable differences in the skulls of various bears which were labeled as belonging within the same one of these three groups, and on the suggestion given by these differences he began the collection of bear skulls from all parts of North America. This collection, amounting to more than 200 skulls, including about thirty-five skulls of the huge bears of the Alaska coast region, has convinced him that the classification hitherto adopted is inadequate, and has led him to add four strongly marked species to our fauna. These new species are, first, the huge fish-eating bear of Kadiak Island and the Alaska Peninsula (*Ursus middendorffi*, Merriam); the large brown bear of Yakutat Bay and the slopes of the St. Elias Alps facing the coast (*Ursus dalli*, Merriam); the large brown bear of Sitka and the neighboring islands, and possibly of the adjacent mainland as well (*Ursus sitkensis*, Merriam); and the Florida black bear (*Ursus floridanus*, Merriam).

Dr. Merriam's study of this material has brought to light a number of remarkable characters presented by these new forms, and has led him to rearrange the bears of North

America. This he does by classing them in five superspecific groups, or types, as follows:

1. The polar bear type, genus *Thalartos*, Gray.
2. The black bear type, subgenus *Euaretos*, Gray.
3. The grizzly bear type, *Ursus horribilis* and its allies, subgenus *Danis*, Gray.
4. The Sitka bear type, *Ursus sitkensis*, Merriam, and *Ursus dalli*, Merriam.
5. The Kadiak or Alaska Peninsula bear, *Ursus middendorffi*, Merriam.

These five groups do not all bear the same relations to each other. The polar bear (*Thalartos maritimus*, Linn.) stands by itself as the type of a genus and has not been subdivided. It inhabits the arctic shores and islands of both continents. The black bears also stand apart, and have characters which Dr. Merriam is inclined to regard as of sufficient importance to entitle them to be placed in a subgenus by themselves. He says that they must be separated into at least four species, which have more or less circumscribed geographic ranges. These species are (a) the common black bear, *Ursus americanus*, Pallas; (b) the Louisiana bear, *Ursus luteolus*, Griffith; (c) the Florida bear, *Ursus floridanus*, Merriam; and (d) the St. Elias bear, *Ursus emmonsii*, Dall. Dr. Merriam thinks that some of these may be found to intergrade, and that *Ursus americanus* may be still further subdivided. He has not seen *Ursus emmonsii*, described by Dr. Dall last July from skins, and is inclined to regard it as a distinct species. The bears of the grizzly, Sitka and Kadiak types seem to be more nearly related to each other than they do to the polar bear or the black bear type. The grizzly group includes four more or less well marked forms: (a) the true grizzly, *Ursus horribilis*, Ord, from the northern Rocky Mountains; (b) the Sonoran grizzly, which Prof. Baird called variety *horrius*, which is probably only a subspecies; (c) the Norton Sound grizzly, probably another subspecies; (d) the barren ground bear, *Ursus richardsoni*, Mayne Reid. It is possible that the great grizzly bear of Southern California may be separated from the Sonoran form.

The type represented by the Sitka bear and the Yakutat bear is very distinct. They are like the grizzlies in the flatness of their skulls, but are much larger, different in color, have more curved fore claws, and the cutting teeth are different in shape. The Yakutat bear is much larger than the Sitka bear and has different teeth.

The Kadiak bear (*Ursus middendorffi*, Merriam) is the largest of living bears, and differs markedly from all other American species. It is similar to the great brown bear of Kamchatka (*Ursus beringiana*, Middendorff), which it slightly exceeds in size.

The present paper recognizes ten full species of North American bears; these are the polar bear (1), the grizzly group (2), the big brown Alaska bears (3) and the black bear group (4).

Besides the fine series of skulls of big bears in the National collection at Washington, and those in Dr. Merriam's private collection, several well-known sportsmen and contributors to FOREST AND STREAM have loaned him others for study. Among those who have thus aided him are Mr. Archibald Rogers, Hyde Park, N. Y.; Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, of Washington, D. C.; and Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum, at Victoria, B. C. Mr. Chas. H. Townsend and Mr. J. Stanley Brown, who are in the employ of the Government, and Mr. Rudolph Neumann, of the Alaska Commercial Company, have also assisted Dr. Merriam in securing material.

Dr. Merriam explains that the present paper is to be regarded only as a preliminary announcement of the results of his study, and that it will be followed later by a more comprehensive treatise on our bears. This paper is based almost wholly on a study of skulls and teeth. Additional material is greatly desired, particularly from northern British Columbia and the coast region of Alaska south of the Alaska Peninsula. The entire lack of any series of skins of bears in any museum in the world makes it impossible at the present time to study the external character of this group, nor can this be done without the assistance of collectors in many parts of the country.

The bears present a surprisingly wide range of individual variation in the characters of skulls and teeth, and the sexual differences are also great, the males being much the larger and possessing heavier teeth. The material at Dr. Merriam's disposal has the great advantage of containing large series from single localities, and such series show, in addition to the variations due to sex and age, a large range of individual variation in the size, shape and proportion of the cranium and the teeth; but they show also, Dr. Merriam tells us, that this variation, great as it is, has definite limits, beyond which it does not pass, and that excellent and constant characters exist by which the several species and subspecies may be recognized.

Although most strongly marked in the grizzlies, sexual difference in size is conspicuous in the black bear also. In the latter the disproportion is greater in the teeth than in the skull, the molar teeth in the female being much smaller, narrower and less massive than in the male.

A list of bears described in this paper, with some few remarks on them, is given below:

Kadiak bear (*Ursus middendorffi*), new species. This is the largest of living bears, being slightly larger than the great brown bear of Kamchatka, which is the only one with which it needs comparison. It has a higher, more swollen forehead, and the zygomatic arches are more strongly bowed outward; the claws of the forefeet are long and much more strongly curved than those of the grizzly. Dr. Merriam has examined sixteen skulls of this bear. From Kadiak Island, Alaska.

Yakutat bear (*Ursus dalli*), new species. This bear is very large, being only a little less in size than the Kadiak bear. There are differences in skull and teeth which are considerable, and a notion of these differences may be had by looking at the figures of the skulls of the two species. Dr. Merriam has examined five skulls from Yakutat Bay.

Sitka bear (*Ursus sitkensis*), new species. In general appearance this species resembles the Yakutat bear, but it is smaller and there are marked differences in the teeth, which in some respects show a slight approach to those of the black bear. Dr. Merriam has examined seven skulls of this form.

Grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*, Ord). This is the common form of the Rocky Mountain grizzly. Dr. Merriam tells us that specimens from Norton Sound, Alaska, differ slightly from those taken in the Rocky Mountains, and

that this Norton Sound form is probably a subspecies, which he proposes to name *Ursus horribilis alascensis*.
Sonora grizzly (*Ursus horribilis horriceus*, Baird). This is the grizzly of the southern Rocky Mountains, and perhaps of the Southwest generally, including Arizona, Northern Mexico and Southern California; though Dr. Merriam thinks that the great grizzly of Southern California may be a different subspecies, to be called *californicus*.
Barren ground bear (*Ursus richardsoni*, Mayne Reid). This is the smallest of the big American bears. It is a perfectly good species, differing from the grizzly and from all the other large bears.
Dr. Merriam is disposed to place all the black bears in

the subgenus *Euarctos*, proposed by Gray in 1864 for the common black bear of America. To this group he assigns the four species given below:
Common black bear (*Ursus americanus*, Pallas), found throughout eastern North America, and of course well known.
Louisiana bear (*Ursus luteolus*, Griffith), which is found in the southern United States, especially in Louisiana and Texas. This form resembles the Florida bear in the great length and narrowness of its skull, but differs in other points. It will be remembered that a year or two since Dr. Merriam referred to this species a bear described in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, and by him considered to be the cinnamon bear of Audubon

curiosity, as that species of bird is seldom seen in that vicinity.
A. L. L.

Bird Notes.

INDIAN ROCK, Me., April 13.—We have only 4ft. of snow in the woods and but very little bare ground in open land. There are a few sparrows and chip birds. I saw one nut-hatch or tomtit about the buildings last evening and this morning. He was very tame. I saw one small blackbird the 10th; heard a robin yesterday, the 12th; heard several this morning. I think they will find slim feeding. Have not heard of any deer being killed since close time, and we have not much fear of wolves. Saw only one



SONORA GRIZZLY (NEW MEXICO).
U. h. horriceus.



CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY (MONTEREY).
U. horribilis.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY (WYOMING).
U. horribilis.



BARREN GROUND BEAR.
U. richardsoni.

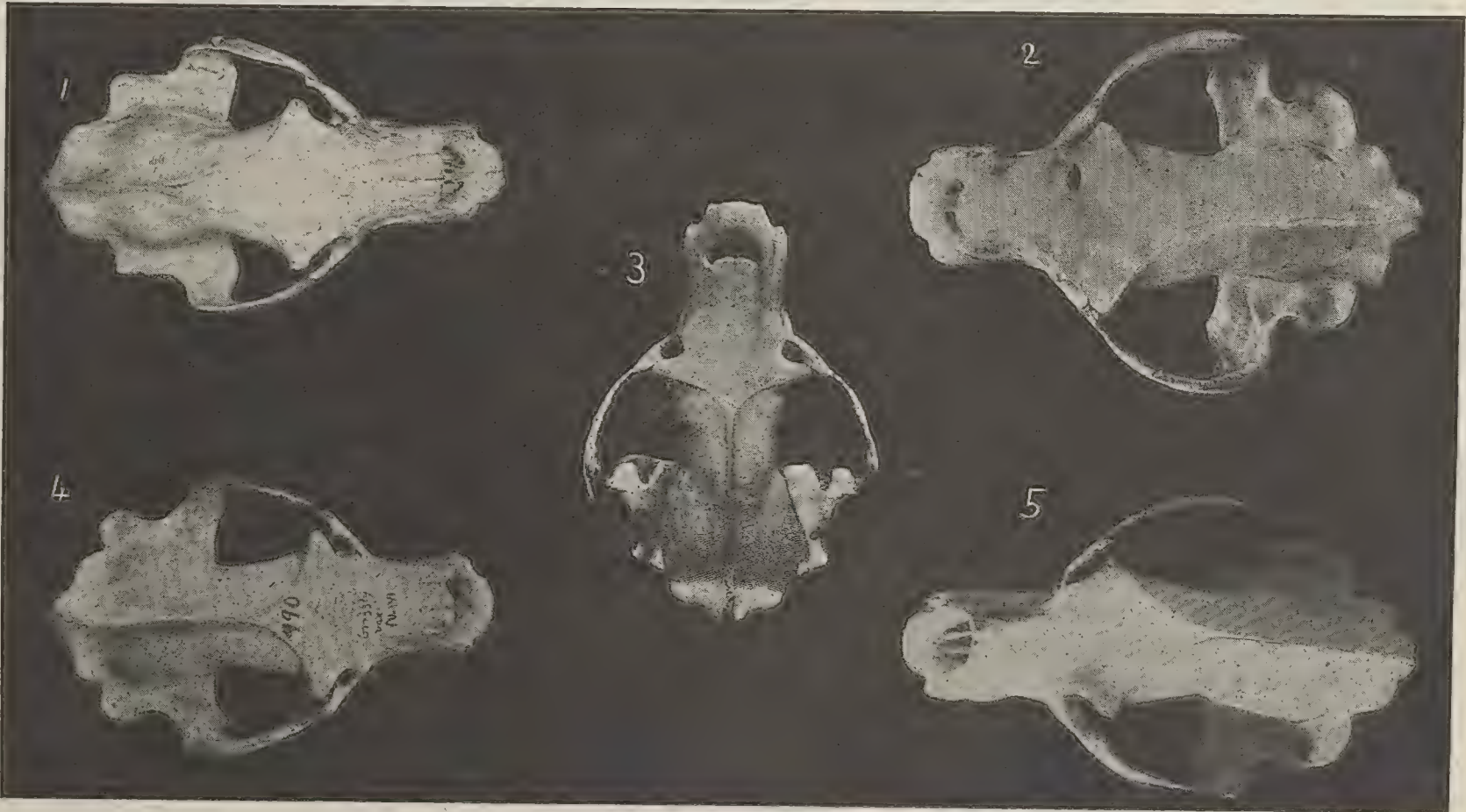


KADIAK BEAR.
U. middendorffi.



SKULLS OF BEARS SEEN IN PROFILE.

1. *Ursus dalli*, ♂ old. 2. *U. middendorffi*, ♂ yg. ad. 3. *U. silkenensis*, ♂ ad. 4. *U. horribilis*, ♂ ad. 5. *U. richardsoni*, ♂ ad. 6. *U. horriceus*, ♂ old.



SKULLS OF BEARS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

1. *Ursus horribilis*, ♂. 2. *U. middendorffi*, ♂. 3. *U. richardsoni*, ♂. 4. *U. horriceus*, ♂. 5. *U. dalli*, ♂.

and Bachman. The skull of Mr. Brown's specimen, examined by Dr. Merriam after his paper had been published, shows that the Philadelphia bear does not resemble either of the two groups of bears inhabiting the United States. Dr. Merriam believes the specimen, whose history was a little vague, to have come originally from the Ural Mountains of Russia, and to be *Ursus cadaverinus*.
The Everglade bear (*Ursus floridanus*), new species. Dr. Merriam has examined several skulls of bears from the Everglades and regards the species as a good one. It seems to be nearest to the Louisiana bear.
Glacier bear (*Ursus emmonsi*, Dall). This species, described by Dr. Dall in 1895, seems to be known only from pelts. The fur is described as being in color like that of the silver fox, and, while not very long, is said to be remarkably soft. The under surface of the belly is grayish white; the claws are small, curved and sharp.
The reader will be able to get some notion of the differences in the skulls of these bears by an examination of the accompanying illustrations.

Bald Eagle in New Jersey.

ALLENWOOD, N. J., April 23.—A few days since, while Will Frazee was hunting near Manasquan River, he shot a bald eagle measuring nearly 6ft. from tip to tip of its wings. The bird showed fight with a vengeance, as only its wing was broken at first shot. The eagle was quite a

bluebird last year and none this, but am in hope that they will be here.
C. J. RICHARDSON.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Swallows were seen to-day for the first time this spring. Will Lovel caught seven fine trout, the only ones taken in this vicinity. Fishing is not very good on account of high water.
BAIT POLE.

A Wild Goose Chase.

WILD geese are flying northward. That calls up the story of Russell Galloway, of Wilcott, N. Y. Last Tuesday Galloway, who had been watching the flight of geese, thought he saw one in his neighbor's pasture. He gave chase with his gun, and after considerable trouble killed it and brought it home. In the afternoon his neighbor Prindle's bright son came around hunting for his missing pet goose and identified the remains as his. Galloway paid for the goose. Then another Prindle came over with the old gander, claiming it was no good to raise goslings with alone. Galloway paid for the gander, and now the man on whose land the tragedy occurred is after him for violation of the game law in trying to shoot a wild goose.
—Plattsburgh Republican.

WHEN Sir F. Chantrey caught two salmon in one morning, "his sense of self-importance exceeded twentyfold that which he felt on the production of any of the masterpieces which have immortalized him."—Sir Walter Scott.

Game Bag and Gun.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES' ASSOCIATION.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., April 23.—The third annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association was held at the Opera House, Saranac Lake, N. Y., Wednesday evening, April 22. Two hundred guides, representing every section of the region, were present, and with the associate members and citizens in sympathy with the objects of the organization the number was swelled to over 300, making unquestionably the most representative Adirondack gathering that has ever taken place.

Oatman A. Covil, president of the Association, called the meeting to order and introduced Dr. J. C. Russell, president of Saranac Lake village, who spoke for twenty minutes on the rapid growth of the Association, the enormous popularity it has attained during the past year with all classes of men, and the increasing influence it has exerted in the propagation and preservation of the fish and game of the Adirondack lakes and woods. He congratulated the organization on its high character and good name, by which it is known throughout the State, so that many of its most important citizens, among whom are statesmen, lawyers, editors, millionaires and others, have considered it an honor to be identified with it as associate members. The Doctor read letters received by the acting secretary from many prominent men, among whom were Hon. Warner Miller, A. G. Mills, President of the Adirondack League Club; Col. Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent of State Forests; Hon. Frederick D. Kilburn, Superintendent of State Banks; J. Warren Pond, Chief Fish and Game Protector; Mr. S. R. Stoddard, publisher of *Adirondacks*, Glens Falls, and others, all of which expressed deep regret and profound sorrow at the recent untimely death of the late secretary, Mr. John Herbert Miller, and contained words of praise for what the Association had accomplished as well as many wise and practical suggestions for its future action. The following letter from Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Superintendent of the State Land Survey, honorary president of the Adirondack Guides' Association, was also read and received the close attention of all present:

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF STATE LAND SURVEY, ALBANY, April 20.—*E. E. Sumner, Esq., Secretary pro tem. Adirondack Guides' Association, Saranac Lake, N. Y.*—My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th inst. informing me of the death of John H. Miller, Secretary of the Adirondack Guides' Association, has been received.

By the death of Mr. Miller your Association has lost an energetic officer, who has labored faithfully to maintain in your organization those qualifications for membership which are so necessary to the safety of travelers and for your own reputation. I do not doubt that the Adirondack guides will continue to maintain their high reputation for integrity and trustiness. New conditions, however, are rapidly closing in upon the region which was so recently all wilderness. The inclosure of large private parks, the reservation of the forests, the narrowing limitation of laws relative to the wild forest game, all indicate a changed condition of affairs. The old guides are passing away. Of the scores of men who have worked for me so faithfully for twenty or more years, but few of the older ones now remain, and the woodsmen of the present hardly realize how severe were the toils of the guides who carried the boats, provisions and instruments and cleared the trails in the explorations at the commencement of the State Survey. Some of these men are dead. Others have sought wilder regions, amid the gorges of the Rocky Mountains or on the Pacific coast, while the wilderness where they once followed the tracks of wolf and panther now trembles under the iron wheels of the locomotive. The gorges of the mountains of the Coughsa-gra-ga, of whose unknown locations men once held long debates, are now the sights of corduroy roads and carriage ways, and Saranac village, once the frontier post, now has its streets brilliantly illuminated at night with electricity.

These great changes are, however, only an indication of still greater modifications in your surroundings and in the conditions which will speedily control your destiny and the future of the interior districts of northern New York.

Had the great Adirondack park been created in 1870, when I urged it upon the public, when these lands were almost valueless and the forest still so magnificent, the destructive conditions which are now tending to reduce to pulp wood even the small timber remaining would not now exist. These recommendations were not heeded and thus the new condition of affairs has come about.

Under these conditions the Adirondack guides and travelers are confronted by the concentration of land controlled in many localities by clubs, associations and wealthy private owners, while the ownership of the State in many of the fairest sections of its forest possessions is being attacked by parties claiming to have other title in obscure and technical ways.

The question now arises, "How are the forests to be preserved to the public, and what condition of affairs will be most beneficial to all who are interested in the woods and waters of the Adirondacks, and how are improved conditions to be secured?"

It is clear that the problem is no longer the simple one of a quarter of a century ago.

Much more complicated business and legal difficulties now exist, and the purchase of private lands is no longer a question of hundreds of thousands, but of millions of dollars.

Evidently the matter is one requiring more than casual consideration, nor can any useful conclusion as to the best public policy be arrived at without general consultation leading to mutual concessions between the State, the great land holders and those whose sentiments are more keenly enlisted in the question, the traveler and the guide.

The question is therefore too complex to be immediately solved, or solved at all without a knowledge of what the State authorities and private owners will agree upon.

To reach such an agreement, public agitation of these questions in a careful, thoughtful, considerate way will be necessary, and the Adirondack traveler, tourist or sportsman, each in conversation with his guide, can during the summer season acquire much of the information

which is so necessary. To have this information brought before the Legislature from a popular standpoint no better means exists than to increase your associate membership, each guide getting the gentleman he guides to become an associate member and patron of your society, and the associate members meeting in New York at some time after election in the fall, about Dec. 1, to consult and agree upon a line of policy to be pursued for the protection of the woods and waters.

Trusting that this may be done, and that employers and guides may continue to work together in these matters of mutual interest, I remain very truly yours,

VERPLANCK COLVIN.

Hon. James H. Pierce, of St. Armand, was the second speaker of the evening. He delivered an eloquent address on the possibilities of the Adirondacks, and said that the members of the Association should be proud of their calling and of the beauty and grandeur of the noble Adirondacks, the extent of which he believed they themselves scarcely realize. "You are the guardians and protectors of the Adirondacks and all which they contain," said Mr. Pierce. "By means of your profession, your long experience and intimate knowledge of the forests, you are by far the best men that can be named for game protectors. You would see that the fish and game laws were obeyed, because it is to your interest, not less than to the hundreds of tourists and sportsmen who annually visit here, and to the State, that the fish of these waters and the game of these forests be zealously guarded and preserved, and not wantonly destroyed." He expressed the hope that the Legislature would speedily pass a law providing for the appointment of game protectors to be chosen from the membership of the Adirondack Guides' Association. Mr. Pierce's address, which occupied about thirty minutes, was interesting throughout, and received frequent and hearty applause.

Rev. R. G. McCarthy was the next speaker introduced, and he delivered a touching eulogy on the late secretary of the Association. He spoke of his friendly acquaintance with him, of his earnest and successful efforts for the advancement of the organization, and said, "His memory will be kept green in our hearts in all passing time." He then discussed the subject of guides, and said they should have purpose and character; that their purpose should be excellence in accomplishments; and spoke of the relationship between the guide and sportsman. He talked of the vastness of the Adirondacks, and said, "They contain 3,500,000 square acres of land and 18,000 lakes." Mr. McCarthy's remarks were interesting and instructive, and were generously applauded.

The following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call from our midst our beloved friend, companion and counselor, John Herbert Miller, and

Whereas, John Herbert Miller was one of the founders and chief instigators in promoting the success of this organization, and

Whereas, Under his personal influence and leadership the Adirondack Guides' Association has become well and favorably known with all classes of men throughout the State, having been brought by his efforts to such a high standing that men of great wealth and of high official positions consider it an honor to have their names placed in its list of associate members, and

Whereas, By his own exertions the treasury of the Association has been brought to a sound condition, which fact demonstrates the rare qualities he possessed, and

Whereas, In all his intercourse with his brother members he was always pleasant, courteous and considerate of the feelings of those with whom he associated, generous in his praise of their efforts for the advancement of the Association, and anxious at all times to promote the interests of every member, and

Whereas, He possessed the rarely combined qualities of a familiarity with the rules of parliamentary procedure and a capacity for leadership among his fellows, which rendered it comparatively easy for him to succeed in carrying through any desirable resolution or motion; be it therefore

Resolved, That it is but justice that we who were his associates and who are called to take up the work which he so faithfully pursued should put on record our admiration for the qualities which he exhibited, for the conspicuous and increasing power which he gave the Association and our personal affection for him

Resolved, That the members of the Adirondack Guides' Association deeply and profoundly mourn the loss of their faithful friend and adviser. To some who have been closely associated with him his death is a grievous sorrow; to all it is a personal loss.

Resolved, That in the death of John Herbert Miller this organization has lost a staunch friend and honored member, whose memory will be cherished in our hearts not only as a personal friend and comrade, but as a true man and honored citizen.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Association and that they be published in the Adirondack *Enterprise* and in the *Franklin Gazette*, and that the president be requested to transmit a copy of them to the wife of our friend, to whom he will express our sympathy in that sorrow which no human affection can assuage.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that it would be for the best interest of the State, the people of the Adirondacks and the members of this Association, that the Legislature pass a bill providing for the appointment of special game protectors, to be selected from the membership of the Adirondack Guides' Association.

Resolved, That a petition to this effect, stating the special qualifications of the guides for such an office, signed by the members both active and associate, be forwarded to our senator and member of assembly, and that they be requested to use their utmost endeavors to push forward measures tending toward the enactment of such a law.

The following petition was signed by about 200 active and associate members:

"I, the undersigned, a member of the Adirondack Guides' Association, of, would respectfully recommend that the Legislature pass a bill at the present session providing for the appointment of special game protectors to be selected from the membership of the Adirondack Guides' Association.

"The Adirondack Guides' Association numbers among its members the best guides in the State, and it is believed that such members are better qualified, by reason of their long experience and intimate knowledge of the forests, to serve as game protectors than any others. Each member of this Association is bound by oath to obey the game laws of the State.

"While knowledge of every violation of the law almost invariably comes to some member of this Association, it is not practical for them to report such depredations unless in the pursuance of duty. The appointment of certain members as special game protectors would confer the necessary authority and would impose a duty."

Whereas, There have been numerous measures introduced in the Legislature to amend the present fish and game law of the State of New York, and intended for the protection, preservation and propagation of the birds, fish and wild animals in the State of New York and the different counties thereof, now therefore be it

Resolved, That the Adirondack Guides' Association heartily indorses and recommends the bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Malby which provides that "traps or any other device whatsoever to catch or entice deer, including salt licks, shall not be made, set or used, and deer

shall not be caught, hunted or killed by aid or use thereof. No jack light or any other artificial light shall be used in hunting or killing or attempting to kill any deer." It is further

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association and we do hereby petition the Legislature to enact a law making the open hounding season from Oct. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive. It is further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to our Senator and Representative in the Legislature, and that they be requested to use their strongest influence to advance measures in sympathy with these resolutions."

The report of the secretary showed a membership of 215 active members and 53 associate members. Many branch associations have been organized during the past year, until every section where guides reside is represented in the general association.

The election of officers and organization for the coming year were taken up and the following officers elected:

Honorary President, Verplanck Colvin, of Albany; President, Oatman Covil, Saranac Lake; Vice-Presidents: Peter Solomon, Saranac Lake; Thomas Redwood, Paul Smith's; Miles Kennedy, Lake Placid; Isaac Seabattis, Long Lake; Charles McCaffery, Saranac Inn; Ernest H. Johnson, Tupper Lake; C. W. Blanchard, Blue Mountain Lake; Halsey Sprague, Duane and Meacham Lake; Richard Crego, Fulton Chain; Jerome Wood, Raquette Lake; H. B. Marden, Childwold. Secretary, Edwin E. Sumner, Saranac Lake; Treasurer, Warren J. Slater, Saranac Lake; Executive Committee: George Mussen, R. T. Manning, Thomas Healey, Saranac Lake; Douglas Martin, Ross Hayes, Fred. Rorke, Paul Smith's; Albert Billings, Marshall La Moy, Lake Placid; Jed Farrington, Saranac Inn; Espen Jensen, "Denmark," Blue Mountain Lake; Charles C. Robinson, Long Lake; George Selkirk, Duane and Meacham Lake; Charles Gibson, Indian Lake; John E. Ball, Fulton Chain; John W. Hinkson, Childwold.

The regular membership was increased materially and the names of several prominent men were added to the list of associate members.

The convention adjourned at a late hour amid great enthusiasm, and all united in declaring this to be the most important and successful meeting the Association has ever held.

SEAVER A. MILLER.

THE ENGLISH RING-NECKED PHEASANT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Brackett's criticism of my letter to you, which appeared in your issue of April 4, is so evidently that of a man who has but just commenced the study of pheasants that it would not be worth replying to were it not for the position that he holds in his State, which gives to his opinions a weight far beyond their deserts.

He says that he does not know what I mean by the Chinese pheasant, as there are thirteen varieties in China, and persists in writing about the Mongolian pheasant. Now I have occupied many columns in your paper during the past few years, proving that the term Mongolian pheasant, as applied to *Phasianus torquatus*, which is the species so common in Oregon, is quite erroneous and misleading. By all English writers of real authority its proper name is the Chinese pheasant. *Phasianus Mongolicus* can be translated Mongolian pheasant, but it is only a variety of *Phasianus torquatus*, and I much doubt if there are any of them in this country. The name for a local variety cannot be used as that of an entire class. I do not claim ever to have had any Mongolian pheasants, therefore Mr. Brackett is quite correct in stating that the emissary he sent did not find any on my place. I expect that this error in nomenclature first arose by baldly translating the French name for the Chinese pheasant, which they call *Faisan de Mongolie*. But as we use the English tongue we must use English terms if we wish to be correctly understood.

As regards the Chinese pheasant (to give it its right name) I have never bred from Oregon stock. I have had several of them sent me from different places that had got the pure strain direct from that State, and I never saw a worse stamp of pheasant. Of course, Oregon will swear by them, for they are ignorant of the English ring-necked pheasant in those parts. If there were no other pheasants obtainable, I would gladly shoot the Chinese bird, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread; but an unprejudiced sportsman has but to compare the English ring-necked pheasant with the Chinese bird such as Oregon produces to see the truth of my remarks. Moreover I have placed specimens of these two varieties in juxtaposition as an object lesson, to use Mr. Brackett's expression, and everyone who had eyes in their head could observe the superiority in size and bearing of the English ring-necked pheasant. However, I felt certain that the Chinese pheasant from Oregon was not so fine a specimen of that breed as could be obtained with a little trouble. I therefore imported some Chinese pheasants which have every distinguishing mark of their species correct, but weigh at least a lb. more than their Oregon brothers and have a far prouder carriage. If Mr. Brackett will again favor me with a visit from the "man who is familiar with the birds," I will give him an ocular demonstration on the spot about these matters that will increase even his familiarity with them.

I wish that Mr. Brackett when he honors me by quoting my words would do so correctly. He will note that in my letter of April 4 I never used the words "English pheasant," but "English ring-necked pheasant." He says "that it is well known that the English is a mongrel bird and semi-domesticated," and that it is the English pheasant that I have for sale principally. Mr. Brackett will neither be the first nor the last to find out that a little learning is a dangerous thing. The English pheasant is most assuredly not a "mongrel." It is a pure and distinct breed, classically known as *Phasianus colchicus*, and is found throughout Europe and Asia Minor without a taint of foreign blood. I certainly have the pure, dark-necked English pheasant, but not in large quantities, nor do I recommend it for stocking New England preserves. The English ring-necked pheasant is what might be termed a "mongrel," being the cross between the pure English and Chinese birds. The combination of these two strains has created the best game bird for this country, where the winters are so severe, though in Europe, as a rule, all trace of Chinese blood is barred from preserves. Therefore I must beg Mr. Brackett not to drag a red herring across the scent by misquoting me, and thereby making me appear to be talking of a bird I was not alluding to at all.

Mr. Brackett's man may be the full equal of his master in the knowledge and care of pheasants, but I was ignorant of the fact that when he was inspecting my place I was entertaining an angel unawares. I think it would have been in better taste if this critical person or his master had told me on whose behalf he came. I note that he does not approve of my method of feeding young birds. I am never over anxious to teach what has cost me time and money to learn to every inquisitive chance comer, and it is more than likely that I was not sufficiently fascinated by him to teach him "free gratis all for nothing," and that I took care he should gain as little information as possible. I may mention that it was while on a visit to my pheasantry that Mr. E. A. Stiles, whom Mr. Brackett and others quote with approval, learned about feeding young pheasants with custard, etc., and he gave me the order of supplying English ring-necked pheasants to the Liberty Hill Club, of which he is manager. Moreover, it is the most absolute nonsense to talk of English ring-necked pheasants requiring different treatment from Chinese or pure English birds. In fact, if this is a sample of Mr. Brackett's vast knowledge of pheasant rearing, it shows the full value of the advice he is now so kindly dispensing abroad.

Mr. Brackett remarks that as I had "handled 100,000 English pheasants during the last twelve years" I have been occupied in this business, "they should have been enough, if worth anything, to stock the whole United States." First of all, I never wrote "English pheasants," but "pheasants of all varieties." Secondly, my letter was comparing the "English ring-necked pheasant," a different bird, as I have shown, with the Chinese variety. Thirdly, seven of the twelve years during which I have interested myself with pheasants were spent in France, where I used to sell 70,000 eggs a year, and supplied most of the big preserves, including those of the president of that republic.

But it is very hard to argue with Mr. Brackett, because he will not keep to the point, and whether from ignorance or perversity will insist on trying to prove me wrong by running down the English pheasant. Now, I have never recommended the English pheasant for the New England States, but the "English ring-necked pheasant;" and I will stand by all I have said, and reiterate it, that the pure Chinese pheasant, as produced in Oregon, cannot compare with the English ring-necked pheasant as an all-round game bird. Its wandering propensities alone are sufficient to show how unsuitable it is for an ordinary game preserve. I have no knowledge of Mr. Brackett's sources of information, but I have sent English ring-necked pheasants all over the States, and where judiciously treated they have thriven as well as even the Chinese pheasant did in Oregon. I sold one gentleman a few hundred birds four years ago, and in spite of making large bags among them every autumn, he has now between 2,000 and 3,000 of them, owing to self-increase alone. On Long Island they reproduce so fast in a wild state that a few birds at liberty raised tenfold their number when the shooting season came round again. I can prove all I have stated in favor of the English ring-necked pheasant up to the hilt with like instances were it necessary. In addition, whenever any one has gone in seriously for making a large game preserve and stocking it with pheasants, in nearly every case the birds are English ring-necked pheasants which I have supplied. Witness the successful experiment of the Ohio Game Commission with these birds, which I sold them. I have now one order for 500 to be supplied next September. Therefore absolute fact and proof positive completely annihilate Mr. Brackett's statements that the English ring-necked pheasant is a failure. But, as I say, it is so hard to know what Mr. Brackett means, because he will not keep himself to the point under discussion. I suppose he recognizes his arguments to be weak and his statements untenable, and so tries to evade the question by confusion of names, as some fish when cornered foul the water that they may escape in the opaqueness they have created.

Now, Mr. Brackett states that out of a correspondence amounting to 100 letters every one of them but three recommended the Chinese pheasant and not the English ring-necked bird. I can quite believe it, because it was not till my arrival in this country that many people knew of the latter kind. It was, in fact, for the most part an unknown bird to local sportsmen, who had read in their papers wonderful accounts of the Chinese pheasant in Oregon. This was the only variety they had ever heard of and their information about it even was not very extensive. I am glad to say that during the past few years I have been able to propagate quite different and truer ideas, and I sell now a thousand English ring-necked pheasants to a dozen Chinese.

Mr. Brackett lays well deserved stress on Judge Denny's knowledge of the *Phasianidae*, and says that the judge had nine out of thirteen varieties, and selected the Mongolian (to continue Mr. Brackett's incorrect appellation) as the best all-round game bird. Very likely so, but Judge Denny never had the advantage of comparing the English ring-necked pheasant among them, because it is a cross bred bird first originated in England. In fact, none of Mr. Brackett's arguments can hold water, and force the conclusion that he does not know much about his subject.

Mr. Brackett refers to the rapid increase of Chinese pheasants in Oregon as a proof of their superiority. All right. In fifteen years they have spread over that State. Now, the English ring-necked pheasant was scarcely introduced into the States or known of till I brought them forward, and that but a very few years ago, and they have already completely ousted the pure Chinese pheasant from the attention of all sportsmen who are stocking their preserves seriously. I have not the permission of my numerous clients to mention their names, nor is it necessary, as investigation will prove the truth of every word I have written. In presence of recorded facts Mr. Brackett's arguments and statements are worthless, and can only mislead those who put any faith in them.

I cannot now enter into all the subjects Mr. Brackett has referred to, such as prices, which vary each month and season; and I would like to have touched on the feeding of pheasant poult.

To sum up, it resolves itself into this: Has Mr. Brackett the experience sufficient to warrant him in insisting so forcibly as he does that he is a competent judge of the management and habits of pheasants? He remarks that I have much to learn and I quite agree with him, and I hope to continue to gain knowledge about these birds to my dying day. However, having gained a widely extended reputation on the other side of the ocean, I was

pressed to come over here to spread their culture in the States. I came over in '90, and in my first year penned 250 birds. Now I find among some letters I received from Mr. Brackett in '94 one asking me to let him have "a trio of Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants, as while I have but little time to devote to it, I would like to experiment with these birds and learn what I can about them." I was unable to supply his orders, and he wrote further that he had "a fine brood of ring-necked pheasants hatched from a setting of eggs presented to" him. Therefore, before '94 Mr. Brackett knew nothing whatever about these birds, and during that year his experience was gained with one sitting of eggs. As this season is only just commencing, it leaves but the year of '95 in which Mr. Brackett can have absorbed that fund of experience and knowledge that has raised him superior to any other authority, and justifies him in setting down those who have devoted all their time to the care of pheasants for many years. All my arguments are based on the opinions of world-wide authorities, with whom, however, I completely coincide. In fine, I pity those who look to such a blind leader of the blind for safe guidance; who accept as of any value the dicta of a gentleman with one year's experience, or two if we count the solitary brood in '94, and "having but little time to devote to them"; and who believe that Mr. Brackett, in spite of his position, knows more than the merest smattering about these birds, concerning which he lays down the law with such assurance after the briefest possible study of their nature and care.

VERNER DE GUISE.

MARWAH, N. J.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Bags of Snipe.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 25.—The weather hereabouts for the last few days has been of the sort that makes a man glad he is alive, and everybody who is anybody and who has had any time at all has been out of doors enjoying the first air it had been safe to breathe for the past six months. The jacksnipe have entered cheerfully into the conspiracy to deprive the city of its working population, and the tall office buildings of Chicago have been left silent and deserted, the smoke curling idly up, from force of habit, from the thousands of chimneys overlooking streets once busy, but now abandoned. Of course a great many gentlemen do not believe in spring shooting, and could not consistently go shooting in the spring; but most of them reserve the great North American privilege of being consistent only when they feel like it, and so go shooting on the Rip Van Winkle principle of exceptional instances. I am clear in my own mind about spring shooting of ducks, but as to so disreputable a *vaurien* as the jacksnipe I sometimes almost have my doubts practical as against convictions logical. This more especially when one is left alone in an abandoned city whose inhabitants have all gone out after meat, and when one is out of meat himself.

Some very heavy bags of snipe have been made within the last few days of the snipe flight. Charlie Antoine and a friend, shooting on the famous grounds at Koutts, Ind., which I believe are the very best snipe grounds of the West, bagged 134 snipe in a couple of days. His partner, Oswald von Lengerke, a few days later bagged 115 in two days with the aid of a friend part of the time. At Mak-sawba grounds Billy Mussey and John Watson shot leisurely for a couple of days and part of a third day, and got between them 125 snipe. All these bags were along the Kankakee in Indiana, and were made about a week ago. Since then the birds have moved on north, and have spread all over the country immediately adjacent to this city. Nearly everybody who has visited the natural snipe grounds lying for thirty miles parallel with the city and about fifteen miles west, has had abundant sport. Good shooting was had by a few near Evanston, though others who went out there complain the birds were not to be found. Far to the south of Evanston, along the Sag, some of the lucky ones got in a good day, though that region is hunted to death and is very capricious. At Fox Lake, at the north side of the State, very good shooting has been going on for four days—so says the deputy warden, who has been up there (and who, by the way, reports no violations of the fish or game laws to be detectable this spring). Between the State line and a point say forty miles south of that, there are a series of warm hills and interlying sloughs of soft black bottom which have time out of mind been favorite feeding grounds of the snipe. Crystal Lake, Diamond Lake and a number of smaller bodies of water, not often heard of by Chicago sportsmen, all have feeders or adjacent streams which spread out into high-lying sloughs among the farming lands, and in this strip of country, about forty miles square, and lying to the northwest of Chicago, is some of the best shooting ground of this part of the country, though I believe this fact is not generally known to our shooting public. It is not a great marsh like the Koutts marsh, and does not consist of any one slough or series of sloughs, but the shooting is to be picked out, little by little, here and there, over a very wide piece of country, so that a shooter gets a good walk or ride during his day's sport.

A great many shooters do not understand the habits of jacksnipe, and because they often find these birds near or on wet marsh think they should always hunt for them there and nowhere else. They should stop to reflect that a snipe is like any other tramp, and will stay where he can most easily get something to eat. He eats worms, and worms like a warm black mud and not a cold, wet mud. When the marsh mud is warm and soft enough, the worm is fat and happy and accessible, but when the wet is too abundant he is absent and so is the snipe. In such cases the latter is very often out in the high corn-fields, around little soft wet places, where the worms are not drowned out. Hummocky meadows are for these obvious reasons notoriously good places for snipe, but let a cold rain fall, or too heavy a warm rain, and these meadows which were good yesterday may be deserted to-day. The easy variety of country offering feed has made this region above mentioned a sort of promised land for the jacksnipe, and they still hang about it, right upon the outskirts of Chicago, even at a day when one would think it absurd to expect any game at all so near a great city. Roughly speaking, this region is the farming country lying between Chicago and the Fox River, from Aurora on the south to the Wisconsin line on the north. There are a great many wet grounds in lower Wisconsin which look as though they should be good snipe grounds,

but which do not carry these birds, because the water is supplied by cold springs. A worm does not love ice water.

All along the short Fox River marshes good shooting has been had this week at jacksnipe. From Libertyville south, and of course further to the south, along the Illinois River, the shooting was good earlier, though now it is too late at the Illinois River points. A gentleman lately back from Wilmington, about a hundred miles down in the State, reports only a half dozen birds to his gun during a hard day's walk. It may be held pretty sure that the flight of snipe is now working steadily on up, and that a few days at the outside will see the last of it for this section.

Eddie Bingham, widely known as a soothsaying shooter in Chicago, came in from a shoot at Arlington Heights the first of this week, and first asking what was the largest bag reported to any single gun this season, calmly stated that he had killed ninety-two snipe himself, alone and unaided, with his good right arm; and all that in one day, in the territory immediately contiguous to Arlington Heights. The latter suburb being only twenty-two miles from the heart of the city, the above bag meant a phenomenal flight of jacks. I carefully investigated the record and found that the party who killed the snipe consisted of Eddie and his friend J. E. Isgrigg, also of Montgomery Ward & Co., and their friend Charlie Klehm, of Arlington Heights, who acted as guide and head huntsman. The party killed nineteen jacksnipe, and the rest were of that small and less valued variety known as gray snipe, flock snipe, sand snipe, prairie plover, or grass plover. These accommodating little birds have a habit of sitting in bunches, so that a fellow can kill about a hundred at a shot sometimes, and I learn that Eddie developed a skill at pot shoots on these insects which did indeed lay some foundation for his statements in regard to ninety-two "snipe." Charlie Klehm says that on sitting birds Eddie is a very steady shot.

There are three of the Klehm brothers who live at Arlington Heights, George, Charlie and Henry, and they are all sportsmen and all good shots, and find time enough to get out over the fields occasionally. The Klehm family own one of the largest and finest greenhouses near Chicago, and grow the American Beauty roses which fellows wish they could buy for their best girls about Christmas time. The real occupation of the boys, however, seems to be to take Eddie Bingham out hunting, or else to entertain the men who come out to investigate Eddie Bingham's hunting stories. I had never met any of the family when, with a friend from the city, I called on them the other day, the said friend having borrowed my scatter gun to kill himself a mess of sand snipe. It was only the bond of sportsmanship which made the faintest obligation thereto, yet the Klehm boys took care of us as though we were lifetime friends. Charlie went out to show where the sand snipe abounded, and to point out the places where Eddie made his best shots. Then they kept us over night, and sent us home in the morning with a box full of American Beauties, and another box full of mushrooms, and another box full of snipe, mostly of the Eddie Bingham snipe, and made us feel as though we had met friends indeed. Once in a while one strikes an instance which makes him think it is a good thing to be a member of the human family, even if he can only be a sort of foster member of the Klehm family. Therefore I may call it well that Eddie Bingham went out there and became needful of investigation, and even forgive him for forgetting to specify the kind of snipe which constitutes his specialty. Our sand snipe, mushrooms and roses we divided equitably with my bank teller, who is behind the bars among stacks of money, chained to business and probably more or less hungry; so on the whole I feel sure Eddie's naughty deed shines somewhat in this good world after all.

The Plover Flight.

I have earlier mentioned the fact that the golden plover have appeared in this latitude, and the weather has been of a sort to bring them on in numbers, but they are not yet really due at their best. The plover flight appears here at about the time the jacksnipe leave, usually about May 5, and it lasts at its height only for three or four days, during which time very heavy shooting is often offered. Charlie Klehm told me he had known of 75 to 100 birds killed in a day by three guns on the fields to the north of Arlington Heights. These birds cross this region on the line of country lying between Gilman, Summit and Arlington Heights. We saw one flock on a field near the latter place, and the grass is now about of the height it has when they usually appear. The following week should see sport at the plover. The upland plover (Bartramian sandpiper) is all over the country now, and has been for more than a week. The farming country hereabout now looks very green and beautiful.

Bass Fishing.

Bass are biting this week at McHenry, on the Fox River, and very probably at the points below, such as Elgin, St. Charles, etc., though I have no word from there. At Fox Lake several good catches of bass and pickerel are reported, but this is on the spawning beds and one does not hear the news so gladly. If anglers would put back the gravid fish it would not work so much damage, nor do I think the river fishing would be so destructive as the spawning bed fishing in the shallow water of the lakes, where it is easier to locate the bass and keep on catching the female fish, which will snap at anything disturbing them on the beds.

A Record on Swans.

On Koshkonong Lake, in Wisconsin, recently, Ezra Bingham made what is no doubt the record killing on swans for that locality or any other in this part of the country. He saw four swans light out in the lake, and paddled out after them, with two guns. He succeeded in getting up close before the birds flew, and then killed the entire four with the four shots from his two guns.

Away after Tarpon.

The sport of tarpon fishing grows in favor among Chicago anglers, and each year sees an increase in the numbers who go to Florida in the spring after this sort of fun. Among those who have made such trips this spring the best reports come up from Mr. Owen F. Aldis, who went to Punta Gorda some three weeks ago, and who has been having some fine sport. The tarpon is the favorite fish with this gentleman, who each spring makes a pilgrimage to certain favorite grounds of his own on the Florida coast.

Pewaukee Improvements.

Mr. Louis Auer, well known to many Chicagoans as a Milwaukee sportsman of push and pleasantness, is engaged with Messrs. Fred Wolber and A. S. Hathaway in the enterprise of improving the surroundings at Pewaukee Lake, one of the most popular Milwaukee pleasuring spots. They have incorporated the Pewaukee Yacht Club and have entered upon a campaign for sport, comfort and pleasure at that pretty body of water.

Chicago Big Game Features.

Chicago keeps up her record as a big game center. This week three young tigers were born in a circus here. The mother, however, did not like their looks, and accordingly began to put them out of sight. She ate up two of them entire, and was going after the third when discovered at her unnatural meal. The third baby tiger was taken away before it could be eaten, but its back was broken and it died in a little while.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is a man who says in FOREST AND STREAM of April 4 that by deer jacking comparatively few deer are so killed, "meaning by comparatively few that no greater percentage of the living supply than that supply will allow without permanent decrease." In other words, he admits that jacking alone would keep the deer supply down, without the aid of other kinds of deer killers.

There are of course some things liable to happen to prevent a jacker getting a deer. He has got to exercise due care and caution. Well, rather. Still one can "hitch a team of 2-year-old oxen to a wagon wheel," with hay "to keep them quiet." He can drag a clumsy home-made scow to the lake with "noisy wiggings and howlings." He can build a smelly "smudge to keep the punkies off." He can use a home-made candle jack, "throwing a few sickly rays of light." He can haul up his gun with a jerk to be told in loud whispers, "that's a rat," or "that's but a log; don't shoot." With this scow of his he can paddle up to the deer. He can wobble the shotgun for awhile as he aims at the deer. There is no particular hurry about it. Then he can pull the trigger and have the G. D. cap snap like a .22 short. Even then "the deer looks astonished" long enough for the paddler to pick up his rifle. "He's dead, let's go ashore." This argument "breaks the spell" that I've had, thinking that jacking was dead easy. I begin to realize that it is hard—dead hard—to get a deer that way. You mustn't dance, sing, play on bass drums or other noisy instruments.

"I saw two men drive past with a boat on their wagon; next day they drove back with two deer;" they got nothing next time.

Then the two boys go jacking. Their gun misses fire; no matter. "With a snort the deer is off, * * * but there is no accounting for some things." The deer stopped, not wishing to make any bad feelings with its friends, the floaters, and, of course, got killed. What else could you expect?

The arguments of floaters and hounders of deer beat me. Will somebody please explain.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One day last week in the village of Rockwood, which is about five miles west of this place, a deer was seen by some of the residents of that place running across the fields, and being in an exhausted condition (presumably from having been chased by dogs) it fell to the ground and gave birth to a pair of fawns. Game Protector Leavitt, hearing of the occurrence, notified persons having the deer in charge to put them in a barn and feed them, which was done, and it is reported that they are doing well. A doe and fawn have been seen several times within the last week or ten days almost within the city limits, and on two different occasions have been chased by hounds; but as Game Protector Lobdell, of Northville, has become interested in the case and through our local papers has notified all owners of hounds to keep them secured against pursuit of the deer, under penalty of having the dogs shot, it is hoped that the deer will escape and go back on the mountains, whence they were undoubtedly driven by some stray hound. Last week (Thursday) we received from the State hatchery at Caledonia 20,000 brown trout fry and 15,000 brook trout fry, which came in excellent condition and were properly distributed in our neighboring trout streams.

CAYADUTTA.

Charles Fenton, of Number Four, Lewis county, writing to President Davis, of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, in favor of the pending bill to prohibit the hounding of deer, says: "During a residence of over sixty years in the woods and among the deer, I have never seen such a slaughter of deer by dogs as has taken place here for the past three weeks. I have had from two to four men constantly in the woods to hunt dogs. But it seems impossible to get at them. We have been able to wound only one. They are as wild as wolves. I think they are dogs which were lost during the last hounding season. It is safe to say that fully 200 deer have been slaughtered by these dogs in the past three weeks. We know that ten deer were destroyed in one day by one dog before we overtook the dog. But the dog escaped before a head could be drawn on him. I wish that I could take every legislator in the woods here now. I think I could take the party over the mangled carcasses of forty deer in a half day.

"Deer are poor and weak at this time of year, and does heavy with fawn. It is the worst thing that ever has happened here. The dogs are still at large and to-day (April 18) killed two deer to my knowledge. Snow is still deep, and the dogs can easily catch every deer they start after. If the legislators could witness this awful slaughter, I do not believe that a single one would vote to permit the hounding of deer."

The bill pending before the Senate was amended in the Assembly by reducing the hounding season to two weeks. The advocates of the abolition of hounding feel that this is the best measure that can be secured this season, because of the lateness of the session. Next year they propose to present such a strong case that the majority of the legislators cannot withstand their appeal.—*Albany Journal, April 23.*

RIFLE CALIBERS AND GAME.

MONTPELIER, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM of March 17 that some one prefers a .45-90-300 and says that it is adapted only to the 300gr. ball, and that with a 405gr. ball it will throw from 5 to 10in. high at 100yds. This is one of the most unusual things I have ever seen. I have used a .45cal. rifle for five years, both North and South, for hunting large game, and have made many tests with it, and have always found that when the ball was increased in weight it would shoot low and when lessened in weight would throw high. At 100yds. I have found that in reloading shells for target practice, if one will use a round ball or a bullet in place of the ordinary ball used in breechloading rifles, either single shot or magazine, it will shoot about 10 or 12in. high at 100yds. I, for one, prefer a large caliber, using a .45-85-285 Colt's, in my opinion, the best gun for large game yet used. I have used it at long range and never was it found wanting, throwing very flat and yet very long-ranged and strong. As for shooting moose at 200yds. with a .44-40, I would prefer to take my chances at closer range or have a larger gun. I, for one, would prefer a .38-40, as it would use a 180gr. ball, which is 20grs. smaller than the .44-40, which has a 200gr. ball, and, as a matter of range, would shoot further than a .44-40. I, for one, have had enough of the .44-40, as I have not the least idea that they are the gun for large game at a greater range than 75yds. I have shot turkeys at 125yds. with them, and at one time a goose at 149 good long steps; but on both occasions I was obliged to take care and hold well up on my game and use good judgment, which is by no means the pleasantest way to shoot, as one feels as if convicted on circumstantial evidence; and when he has bagged his game must say that "my judgment was pretty good on that shot after all."

Anything smaller than that now in use by me would be a .38-59 Colt's rifle, unless I was going to find turkeys, and then I would surely use a .32-40, as in my opinion they are a very fine all-round gun.

.45-85.

The Man Behind the Gun.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the discussion of what constitutes the right caliber for a hunting rifle the boys must not lose sight of the main issue, that there is more difference in the man than the rifle. I cannot account for Mr. Newberry's failing to kill the buck in the water with the .44-40, unless he shot too low and the bullet had too much water to pass through. I have used almost all kinds of rifles, from the double-barrel express, .50cal., 54drs. Curtis & Harvey diamond grain powder, to the .22cal., 6grs. black powder, and have made some remarkable shots, both alone and in company with others. In 1867 I got a Winchester .44-24, rim-fire cartridge, and with that rifle I killed thirty-two elk, seventy-two deer and eight mountain sheep, besides several bears, wolves, coyotes and grouse. Once in the presence of John Riggins, of Grangeville, Idaho, I shot five times and killed four elk; the nearest was 150yds., the furthest was 225. With my .22 I have killed three deer, one at 130yds. and the other two at 150, and in the presence of Mr. Beal, of our place, one goose, 300yds. I have now a .38-55, which I have shot at seven deer and twenty-three grouse, and have got them all. On my .22 I use a Lyman sight and on the .38 a telescope, and let me tell Dick of Connecticut that not a grouse was shot in the body.

LEW WILMOT.

Waupaca Rod and Gun Club.

WAUPACA, Wis., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Waupaca Rod and Gun Club is the name of a sporting club recently organized here, with a very comfortable club house situated upon the Wolf River, about twelve miles from this place, on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. Our club consists of fifteen members, and will file articles of incorporation soon. Shooting is very poor in this locality this spring, principally on account of the extreme low water. But fishing is very good, and will improve as soon as the weather gets warmer and the season advances. The game laws are very rigid, and are being looked after by the sportsmen and wardens throughout the State more closely than heretofore.

O. T. HAMBLETON, Sec'y.

Minnesota Game.

HUNTLEY, Minn., March 28.—The shooting prospects are very good around here now—better than they have been for years. There are lots of quail. Chickens are more plentiful than they have been for years before.

ELI C. MAIBERS.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

[Continued from page 336.]

I WAS awakened in the morning by the Indians gathering wood and building a fire and their continued chattering. Finally the old chief beat the tom-tom upon the bottom of the dishpan, and Joe Eskimo came over and rapped on the tent pole and said, "Get up; breakfast will soon be ready." This was our first night out of bed and in the woods, and the feathers of our bed were not all of one size nor all laid straight, so it took some time before we concluded we would get up, but when we did and went outside we found the weather very cold and our heavy clothing acceptable. The grass and bushes were all covered with heavy dew and everything was wet, but just over the mountain tops the glorious sun was peeping, and we sat down to a tempting feast of speckled brook trout caught the night before, with breakfast bacon on the side and a good large slapjack bread cake, together with both coffee and tea, butter and some other delicacies, while the Indians ate their breakfast off to one side by themselves. The taste of those trout, so fresh, so sweet, delicious and nicely browned, still lingers in my mouth.

Joe told us of the little stream which we had crossed the night before and said if we would go out the trail for half a mile and then take a side trail through the woods to the west we could reach the creek within a half mile and get some trout. This intelligence quickly dispelled the cold from our frames and we skipped around like a lot of frisky colts, every one getting his red, lines and flies ready for the coming feast. When everything was

in shape Young Chief led the way and we followed quickly behind him.

As we reached the bottom of land, we were making our way to the creek, when a familiar sound caught our ears, and stopping quickly, we looked about us and in a few moments discovered a pack of grouse, some on the trees or small brush, and others on the ground. I should judge there were about two dozen of them and as tame as barnyard fowls. A few took wing, but the rest remained, and we walked on. An opening of the creek was soon found, and into it we went. A few casts were made and some 8 and 10in. trout were taken. Those unhurt were returned to the water, while the injured ones were kept for lunch. As we were not after fingerlings, we divided, some going up stream and some down. I went up as far as a falls and crawled out on some wet, slippery rocks and sat down. The air was yet chilly and I did not relish a wet seat, so a piece of bark was used as a chair. A large tree was behind me and a wild pool of rushing water before me. The pool was about 20ft. in diameter, into which the water from the falls fell, and which gave it a circular motion, and in the center was a cap of froth as large as a bucket. Having for about two minutes restrained myself from making a cast, I deemed my time had come, so I made one near the froth, and slowly saw it go to the right around the pool and sink, and as it got to the far side I slowly drew it toward me across the pool, but it was without reward. This I repeated several times with the same results, and wanting to keep up my reputation, I concluded that I must discover what these beauties were taking, so I changed flies and then added a live grasshopper, but with it all I got no returns—never a strike; so I concluded that either there were no trout in the pool or else I had the wrong bait; so I put on a piece of the old-fashioned and much-despised angle worm and renewed my efforts. This time I cast just where the water fell into the pool furthest away from me. In an instant I got a strike, and a good, vigorous one at that. Not knowing anything about the character of the sides or bottom of the place, I was anxious to land the fellow, so I struck hard and fastened him, as I supposed, good and deep; but after I played him a good while and he turned upon his side, I was puzzled to know how to get him out of the water, as I was some 5 or 6ft. above it, and the landing net was with the other part of the camp and there was no way to get them up. I attempted to get down the side of the slippery rock, having set the rod in the rocks, and catching hold of the line I started down, when my feet slid from under me and I clutched wildly at the uneven surface of the boulder; but it was no good, down I went, until fortunately my feet struck a log which projected out into the pool. I did not take the bath that I expected, but was just as much surprised when I found my fish out of sight. He had recovered, shaken the hook out of his mouth, and fanned me good-by with his tail and disappeared. As my fish was gone I was now confronted with the problem: How will I get up that rock? For a while it did look as if I would have to swim for it, but finally I succeeded in getting a foothold that sent me high and dry. Reeling up my line and recovering my hook, I said, "Of course there is no use for me to fish in there again, but perhaps there may be two, and possibly the other may take hold; at any rate I shall try it." So I made another cast, and sure enough down the line goes with a jerk and a rush. I struck this time to kill, and my trout was hooked strong and deep; and after playing him to my satisfaction I landed him on top of the rock and cut his throat to make sure he would not get away. Several other casts brought little trout, and I retraced my steps down the stream.

Wanting to make sure of the character of these trout I made several experiments with them. I made long casts with the fly over all the water that I could reach, and if I did not get a strike I shortened my line; then put on either a grasshopper or angle worm, and then cast into the little pockets of water as I went along. In this way I found trout of 8, 10 and 12in. long where I would not have suspected them. Some I caught, but the most of them I played with as long as I could induce them to play. Some would follow the fly, some the worm, and others the grasshopper.

Having remained here all alone I retraced my steps down stream by wading the water and taking the other side of the stream, and by continuous casting I got a large number of strikes, all of which were small, and when taken were thrown back. In a short time I reached the others, and found them in clover—or paradise, just as you wish to term it. Fred—jovial Fred—was in the middle of the stream, and every once in a while he would utter a whoop, until I thought the Indians of that region had gotten him down and were about to scalp him. There he stood, and when I got where I could clearly see him I discovered some 50ft. down stream the cause of his trouble, as the water of the current splashed higher in places and the bright, sparkling sides of a brook trout reflected back in many colors the bright rays of the sun. Fred was in his glory. The Young Chief was on the bank stringing the trout. As Fred would swing them on his side of the creek toward him, he would land them with the net and then string them. I discovered the Judge upon the shore indulging himself by pouring a cloud of smoke around him from a marsh Toby, and around him lay a circle of dead mosquitoes, killed by its fumes. He too was having great fun; he landed several fine trout, one of which must have weighed 4lbs., and none of the rest that he had would weigh less than 2½lbs. I think he had about eight or ten all told, and was as happy as could be. If you ever saw a picture of contentment it was when you looked at him as he sat on the creek bank in the shade of the great forest trees, and almost covered up by the overhead underbrush at the end of the pool formed by the rush of water from the falls above. He remained all the time at this one spot, and said the fishing here was as good as he wanted, and he would not bother wading the stream.

I was the most unfortunate. My flies would not attract the trout. I cast long and lightly, but no matter if they fell as lightly as down, the trout would not take hold upon my line, while the rest were having bites all the time. Fred undertook to find out the cause of this, and when he had examined my flies said: "Just wait, and I will fix you a bait that will give you something to do," and he did. Taking the gullet out of one of the small trout he fixed that upon my hook and then a small fin, and in using that I did have lots of fun. A trout would grab it, and in the swiftly flowing water he would hang on while I would play him from side to side, and when h

got tired he would go and swim away; and when I would cast again another one would repeat this until I got tired and quit. Sometimes a large one would take hold, and if it was of the size to eat he would be taken in, to serve for the next two or three meals. As it approached near the noon hour we heard the signal from Joe that he was ready to move, or dinner was ready, so we gathered up the spoils of the morning's trip and found that we had about 80 lbs. of nice large brook trout, the genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis*. These we ate in the next meals because we did not make much of a catch, as will be related hereafter. The string made rather a heavy load for a man to carry to the main trail, and when we got to camp the Indians set up a yell of victory and immediately began to clean and cook them for dinner. As we had been working hard and exerting ourselves all morning we were indeed hungry, and we did not waste a single flake of the fish.

The portage from camp Alexander to the river at the head of Cameron Pool and the foot of Lake Jessie is two and one-half miles long, and the fall is 137 ft. in this distance. Lake Nipigon is 915 ft. above the level of the sea. You can form some conception of the rapids with this water coming from such a height and with the immense lake at its back.

After cleaning up the dishes we embarked in our canoes and started north through Lake Jessie to the Narrows, four miles away, and on the western shore landed, pitched our tents and prepared for the night. The Indians cut down brush for bedding, made fires and prepared the evening meal; in the meantime we got our rods, lines, etc., ready to draw in some leviathans of the deep. To our minds these waters could not contain any small fish, when the brooks yielded such large trout to our morning catch. Nor did it enter our minds that we, after our triumphs of the morning, would fail to gather in some monsters right away. But alas for human hopes, they are not always fulfilled and I am free to confess that ours were not. We fished up, we fished down, we fished across and back, with short lines, with long lines and with every kind of bait, and the best we could do was one fish apiece to the Judge and me and two to Fred, the boss fisherman, and they were small, even smaller than what we killed in the brook. The fog began to fall and the chilly atmosphere drove us to camp, to the side of the warm log fire, and after our evening devotions we slowly departed to the downy couches, prepared by the red men, where we again went through the sports of the day just passed.

J. W. HAGUE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW ENGLAND SPRING FISHING.

BOSTON, April 27.—Monday, April 20, was observed as a holiday, Patriot's Day coming on the 19th, which was Sunday. Many of the devotees of rod and reel were out. The day was a beautiful one; not a cloud in the sky, with the sun bright and warm enough to cause the trout to take the fly almost for the first time this year. The streams and preserves were well patronized along the South Shore, with several pretty good records. Mr. Henry Thompson went down the Cape on Saturday and was back in Boston on Monday, with a record of about twenty trout, the largest nearly 2 lbs. in weight. He says they took the scarlet-ibis fairly well, but angle worms were better received. The name of the brook is carefully not mentioned. He says that some of the cranberry bog streams in the neighborhood of Sandwich are in good shape for fishing, and a permit from the owner ought to give the sportsman a good showing. Along the North Shore there was a good deal of fishing, almost for the first time this season. The brooks in Ipswich were given a good whipping, with a result of many fine trout. Charlie Bailey and Claude H. Tarbox—they are usually together—were over from Byfield early in the morning with a team, and Bull Brook gave them some good sport. Fourteen trout were set up to Claude's credit and thirteen to Charlie's. On their way back they came across a local angler who, as usual, had the big trout of the day. It must have weighed nearly 2 lbs., and its owner was very proud of it. He would not give away the spot where he took it, and the other fishermen were inclined to believe that he might have spirited it from the town reservoir, which is stocked with trout, but closed to fishing at present. Tarbox and Bailey came along with their team on the way home. The fellow had the trout on display and was inclined to strut a little. Bailey asked to see the fish, and its owner, unsuspecting, passed it up to the men in the buggy. Tarbox says, "I could not resist the temptation of hitting the horse a cut with the whip, and away we went down the hill, trout and all. The fellow looked surprised, then ran after us, calling us about all the names in the dictionary in as many minutes. Did he swear? Don't you think he didn't. We drove nearly out of hearing, and he was still gesticulating. Then we turned about and drove back. This surprised him fully as much as our driving away with his fine trout. We handed him the fish with several nice cigars, when it suddenly dawned upon him that it was all a joke. He smiled all over and then joined in the laugh with us."

The ice is out of Sebago, the Maine celebrated landlocked salmon lake. It started Sunday and the lake was clear by Tuesday—about six days later than a year ago, those waters having been all clear on April 16, 1895. In 1894 the ice went out on April 6. This opens the landlocked salmon season, and a number of Boston anglers are off. Mr. John G. Wright started Thursday, and will be the guest of Mr. Robinson at South Windham, as usual. Mr. Rodney P. Woodbury, one of the most enthusiastic anglers in the country, reached South Naples, on the Sebago, Wednesday evening. He fished Thursday, with the result of three landlocked salmon—one of 3 lbs., one of 3½ lbs. and one of 5 lbs. Up to that time Mr. Woodbury was high line of the season at Sebago, and was a very happy man. He hopes for still larger fish and a number of them.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., well known to the FOREST AND STREAM as a salmon angler, and for his efforts in the direction of game bird distribution, has a letter dated at Gaspé, P. Q., April 11, where the salmon river of which he is one of the chief owners is located—the St. John's. The letter mentions a most remarkable snowstorm in that region. It began snowing on Good Friday and did not stop till Easter Sunday. There were 4 ft. of solid snow on the level. This snow, in addition to that already on the ground, promises to make one of the most remarkable freshets for years. To the salmon angler the

prospect for spring freshets that greatly stir up the rivers means excellent fishing. "Great freshets are invariably followed by good fishing," they say, and their reasoning generally proves true for both salmon and trout.

The ice is out of Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H. It went out Thursday, and Richard O. Harding and his party were off Friday afternoon. In the party were E. H. Wakefield, Edward Brooks and W. B. P. Weeks. Mr. A. J. Salfridge and Mr. C. P. Stevens were hindered till the next day, and Mr. Beggs was hindered by business. Mrs. E. H. Wakefield was scarcely able to undertake the trip, the weather being too cold.

At this writing the ice is about all out of Lake Auburn, Auburn, Me., and there are hundreds of anglers in the two cities, Lewiston and Auburn, anxious for the lake to be clear. A great deal has been done to stock that lake, one of the State hatcheries being located there, and excellent fishing has resulted for several years, improving each season. There is a special law for that lake, which provides that no fishing shall be done till the lake is "clear of ice." Already a dispute has arisen concerning the wording of the law. A citizen baited his hook with a smelt the other day and trolled in a part of the lake that was "clear of ice." Immediately he hooked and landed a 4 lbs. landlocked salmon, and was a good deal proud of his luck. But a fish warden came along and arrested him for illegal fishing. He was taken into court, his lawyer claiming that he had right to fish, as the lake was "clear of ice" in the part where he fished. He put in no other plea and made no denial of the facts; was a member of the local fish and game association, in fact. The court held that the meaning of the law is that the lake shall be entirely clear of ice, and fined him \$10 and costs. The fisherman appealed and gave bonds for his appearance at a higher court.

Up to to-day there is no news of the clearing of the celebrated trout lakes, Moosehead and the Rangeleys. The warm weather experienced in New York and Boston early last week evidently did not reach that more northerly region. Letters and newspaper reports mention thick ice and rather cool weather. Nothing but unseasonably warm weather, or a warm rain, can remove the ice from those lakes before May 10 at the very earliest. Boston sportsmen are anxious, but after all there is not the enthusiasm that once might be noted here. Many of the old parties have changed. Death and business changes have done their work, and old age creeps on to the angler, though perhaps not quite as rapidly as on to people that do not enjoy that recreation. A number of fishermen are waiting for telegrams that the ice is out of Moosehead and out of Rangeley, but the early parties will not be what they were a few years ago. Many, owing to the general popularity of those lakes, the coming in of railroads, the newspaper booming, etc., have sought and found more distant fishing waters, where the scream of the locomotive and the dress suit does not trouble them.

SPECIAL.

Monday, April 20, was a holiday in Massachusetts, and many of the anglers about Boston took advantage of the day to take an outing with the trout. T. A. Smith, of Everett; J. J. Gilligan, of Malden, and H. H. Palmer, of Somerville, joined forces in a visit to Lakeville and vicinity. They did not get many, but Mr. Gilligan says those they did get were all gold-plated, and therefore they seemed valuable.

Another party consisted of Winslow, Frank G. and Eben A. Thacher, W. A. Rich, R. G. Raymond and a Mr. Graves. They were down at Hyannis on the shore of Vineyard Sound. They fished both pond and stream near Hyannis and caught a few nice trout. Shooting sheldrake formed a part of the morning's pastime, and they had quite an adventure while crossing Lewis Bay in a small, leaky boat. When near the shore the boat filled and two of the Messrs. Thacher jumped overboard and pulled the frail craft to the shore just in time.

The best holiday catch that I have heard of fell to the lot of two gentlemen of Waltham, Mr. Fred. Gilbert and his friend, Mr. Barnes. They came home with forty-two trout, all taken in stream fishing. Just where it was—well, that is to be kept quiet, but they had the fish, and that is enough said.

C. S. Anthony, auditor of the Fitchburg Railroad, and F. H. Carter went down to Sandwich and fished a private stream. They could see a good many fish, but the most luscious bait they had would not induce them to rise, and consequently a rather small string was the fruits of the day's sport.

That old and reliable fishing club of Worcester, the Nessmucks, consisting of Chas. L. Allen, O. A. Benoit, C. Harry Morse and Edw. Dodge, went out on Monday, and this year proved no exception to the general good luck of the club. Forty odd trout were their catch, and they were all taken from streams not far from the city. It is a rule with the Nessmucks for the club members to do the cooking, and since they have been taking their own medicine for the last six or seven years and still live, it looks as though it was well done.

Other gentlemen who made Monday a day for fishing were William Brewster and a friend, of Boston, who went well up in the country to fish a very hard stream, and E. J. Brown and son, who fished Mr. Brown's own stream near Sandwich on the Cape with good success.

A Worcester man tells me that the big trout taken out of Lake Quinsigamond, which I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of last week, was speared by a game warden who said he could not tell him from a sucker. I wonder if this is one of the qualifications necessary for appointment to this office. The same gentleman informed me that brook trout of 3 to 5 lbs. are fairly plentiful in Quinsigamond, and some of this weight were taken by parties while fishing through the ice last winter.

Out at Winchester, Game Commissioner Brackett has some Mongolian pheasants under his care. Occasionally a bird who gets out of the inclosure fails to return, and Mr. Frazer, the taxidermist, of Boston, has had one sent in to mount which was killed at the lower pond in West Medford, about four miles from its home. This is the second one he has had, the first being sent in last fall. It seems too bad to shoot these stray birds, and surely they are too conspicuous in plumage to be taken for any native bird.

A Bangor gentleman who has been visiting in Boston for a few days past tells me that the ice went out of Green Lake about one week ago, and since then several landlocked salmon have been taken. This lake is situated on the Mt. Desert branch of the Maine Central R. R., only a

few miles from Bangor, and is a favorite resort for the anglers of that city. It is quite a large body of water, being nearly seven miles long, and salmon have been taken from it beyond the earliest recollection of those who live near it. The United States Government established a hatchery on the east shore about five years ago, and now the lake is used as a reserve to draw from for the purpose of stocking other waters. No fishing has been allowed through the ice since the Government built the hatchery, and as a consequence of this care the fishing has become very reliable. The salmon run to large size, 15 lbs. being not an uncommon weight. From this same gentleman I hear that the Moosehead Lake ice is rapidly softening, and he predicts clear water by the first week in May.

Excitement runs high among Massachusetts anglers just now, and everybody is waiting anxiously for that telegram which will tell them that clear water is once more visible in the lakes where they delight to lure the bulky togue and the clean-cut salmon. The ice left Ossipee Lake and Dan Hole Pond in New Hampshire on the 23d. For the former a large party from Haverhill leaves to-morrow, while for Dan Hole there are several parties already en route. H. H. Moses, of Exeter, N. H., fished there very steadily last season and expects to get away on Saturday or Monday to try his luck again. Sebago Lake, near Portland, has been open for some days, but it is of no account to Boston fishermen, as only natives of Maine, or rather residents of that State, can fish there before May 1. The new Portland club, whose formation I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago, are already there, but I have not yet heard how well they are doing. From reports which I have at hand the Newfound and Winnepesaukee ice will give up the ghost in a few days. An unusual number of people will visit Newfound this year owing to its solid reputation for success, which has been growing steadily for the last few seasons.

Harry M. Pierce writes me from King and Bartlett camps that he is building new cabins at Big Spencer Lake to accommodate his guests this season. This is a much-needed improvement, as Big Spencer is one of the most picturesque spots in Maine, and the single cabin which graced its shores last year was totally inadequate to provide for the many guests who wished to visit from the main camps of the preserve. Mr. Pierce has a reputation for that Yankee accomplishment, good guessing, and he asks me to record the fact that he prophesies King and Bartlett lakes will be clear of ice on May 10. I have made a mental score of his guess and we will see.

A friend asked me to read a letter the other day which he had received from a gentleman to whom he had written regarding the financial ability of a man who wished to purchase some goods of him. It was really only a note, but was a composition as showing the genuine good feeling brought about by companionship as fellow sportsmen, and rich in that good-natured chaffing which so often exists between men of this kind. It read: "Your favor of the 14th received. The only objection to Mr. — is the fact that he wears yellow whiskers. I have fished in the same boat with him for upward of sixteen years and never knew him to dodge a bill. Should he do so in this instance please charge his purchase to me." It is needless to say the goods were sent. HACKLE.

ANGLING NOTES.

Lake Trout Trolling.

THE season has arrived when anglers are preparing their tackle and arranging for surface trolling for lake trout when the law permits, on May 1. This year the ice will remain in the northern lakes nearly to the opening day for this kind of fishing, and consequently the fishing should be excellent.

A correspondent in Orwell, Vt., writes: "I wish to ask you a few questions about trolling for trout. [I assume that he must mean lake trout.] I know of a small lake where there are plenty of these fish, but they are seldom caught. I am a new hand at the business, but have caught a few trout, although I rarely get more than one or two in half a day. I have been thinking that perhaps I did not have my tackle just right. I use a gang of ten hooks and a No. 5 hard braid linen line, but use no leader. Would it be better to use a leader? I tie the sinker line on about 20 ft. from the gang. Would it be better to have it nearer to the gang? For bait I have used Lake George shiners, chubs and small perch, skinned. I have had as good luck with the perch as with any other of the baits. The water in the lake is from 80 to 100 ft. deep where we troll. I have caught several trout about July 1, using a sinker of 17 oz. Last May I tried these on top with a 4 oz. sinker and got no strikes, but put on 8 oz. and got one. Are the trout not supposed to be near the surface at that time of year? I have never caught one before 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

No one that I know has a dead open and shut patent on catching any kind of fish at a particular time, if the fish are not in a mood to bite what is offered them, and if an angler had a sure thing in the way of catching fish angling would lose something of its charm. It is the glorious uncertainty in fishing, as in litigation, that makes it so attractive for humanity. If I could always get one or two lake trout in half a day's fishing I would think I was in the biggest kind of luck, for I have trolled many a day all day long, until the boat seat seemed to have worn my vertebra up to my shoulder blades, without getting a single strike to encourage me to broil and blister in the sun. One year two friends trolled near me daily for about ten days and neither of them got a strike, while I caught a few fish every day. The gangs were all of my own making, the bait and tackle were the same, and we trolled in the same water, where we could talk from one boat to another. The next season they trolled about the same number of days without a strike, while I caught fish every day. There was no good reason why they should fail and I succeed unless it was fisherman's luck. The tackle mentioned by the correspondent is what is generally used for deep trolling in the summer months, except that I would use a leader for any and all kinds of angling. The sinker line is properly placed. As to baits, there was a time when it was thought that a Lake George gold shiner (which is the bream) was the only thing that was sure to attract lake trout. To-day the whitefish of the lake is considered the orthodox bait, while the silver chub or fall fish has come and gone between the day of the gold shiner and that of the whitefish. No matter what the bait may be, if it is not properly adjusted on the

gang, so it will whirl, and whirl as it should, it is not a good bait. A yellow perch with the skin removed from one side makes one of the very best of baits, as the trout can see it a long distance away, and that is the object of all whirling baits, to make them visible and give them the semblance of life.

Lake trout come to the surface of a lake in the spring as soon as the ice disappears, and they do so because their food is then at the surface. The natural food of the lake trout is the whitefish, of which there are many species, the round whitefish or Adirondack frost-fish perhaps being the most common in northern New York waters. When the trout are at the surface no sinker is required in trolling, and that is the only time that trout trolling can be classed as sport, in my opinion. Even when the trout are "on top" they may also be caught at the bottom or part way down to the bottom. I have known of lake trout coming on to shoals and on the shores in August for yellow perch when there was a dearth of food in deep water. Last year I saw the trout breaking all around my boat, and as far as the eye could reach on the surface of the lake, and while they were apparently feeding they would not touch my troll or the trolls of friends fishing with me. I mean that out of hundreds breaking I could get only once in a while a fish. Feeding fish would roll over my line and break near my bait, scattering schools of whitefish, and leave the bait itself severely alone. I used to think if a trout broke within reaching distance, so I could swing the bait over him before he went down so far he could not see it, he was my fish. Not so now, and the change has been brought about by an abundance of food planted in the lake, and the trout no longer have to hustle for a meal, as food is all about them, and a single whitefish impaled on a gang is lost in a myriad of other whitefish with no gang attachment.

I once read an article written to prove that lake trout would not feed before 8 A. M.—I think it was, although it may have been 8:15—and did not feed after a fixed hour in the afternoon. This conclusion was arrived at by examining the stomachs of a large number of trout, and by figuring on the time required for the gastric juices to get in their certain work in digesting the trout's food. I think the argument would have convinced most any one who had never seen or caught a lake trout that it was correct in theory, but those who have caught lake trout at all hours of the day, from daylight in the morning until after dark at night, would scarcely accept it as true in practice.

When trout are at the surface in the spring they can be heard breaking in the night when the water is still, and there is no doubt but they are feeding. A lake trout "breaks" the water by courtesy only, it is rather a roll at the surface, making a boil such as is made by the blade of an oar. In more than thirty years' experience I have seen but two lake trout jump above the surface, when dashing into a school of small fish to prey upon them.

"Opening Day."

The 16th of April is the opening day of the brook trout season in all parts of New York State except Long Island; and as it is quite the fashion to have laws passed to suit various parts of the State, or rather to regulate the fishing in different waters of the State, I have wondered and still wonder why all anglers in northern New York do not combine and ask the Legislature to open the brook trout season not earlier than May 1. Brook trout fishing in April in northern New York is a delusion and a snare. The brooks are high and the water thick, and as a rule the fish are obtained only by fishing as one would fish for suckers on the bottom. In fact, one angler who caught some suckers when fishing for trout this year told me the suckers were more game than the trout when hooked. To some people a trout is a trout, no matter how or when caught, but it is a mockery to catch ill-conditioned fish in April that give as much play as a pressed brick, and call it sport. By the time that the season should open every brook has a well-worn path beside it.

I was out in Washington county planting trout the day before the fishing season opened this year, and every brook was over its banks with muddy snow water, and they could not have afforded anyone pleasure to fish there next day. It may be said that this season was exceptionally late, but in 1894 the ice went out of Lake George on April 1, although the lake was partly open after March 19, and never before was the ice known to go out so early, as it does not usually go out until after April 15 and sometimes not until the last of April. In 1894 I fished an early brook on May 2. I caught nine trout and reeled up disgusted; not a single trout was in perfect condition and only one in fair condition. One trout 12 in. long looked as though it had been fasting on a wager and starvation was about to claim it. They were thin, slimy, poor, miserable things, with no snap in their wasted bodies.

Warm rain, insect food and a visit to the sun-kissed gravel of the rapids would have made them a joy to behold and a pleasure to catch. The season has been open four days and I have learned of but one trout being taken that came to the surface to take the bait offered. Anyone who likes that kind of fishing can have my share of it for nothing, and I will wait for any that may be left to rise to a fly. I opened the season by sending a lot of rods to the maker to be varnished and they will be back before I will have any use for them.

Albino Trout.

I think I have learned not to show surprise at anything I may hear about fishes, no matter what I may think. The reason for this is that I have heard of such a number of seemingly improbable things in connection with fish that have proved to be absolutely true, that I have found it to be good policy not to question any statement, except such as crossing the jellyfish with the shad to eliminate the bones. When I first heard that albino trout were being bred in Minnesota, I thought a good deal, but said nothing. Next it came pretty straight that Supt. Watkins, of the Minnesota Fish Commission, had thirty-nine albino brook trout fry and had reared thirteen to maturity, and from these had hatched 147 fish, forty-nine reaching maturity, and from these again had sprung 700 albino trout. I made a memorandum of this, for it pointed to the fact that albinos would breed truer than was generally supposed. A few days ago I met a gentleman fresh from St. Paul, and he told me that he had seen the albino trout. He described them as cream white rather than pure white, with the usual red spots of the brook trout on the sides, but no other spottings or markings of the brook trout. He could not recall whether there was any indica-

tion of the vermiculation of the brook trout on the back, but the fish had pink eyes and pinkish fins, and were altogether the handsomest fish he had ever seen. It is said that albinism tends to become hereditary and this case seems to prove it, but it would be of interest to know if all the spawn of the albinos produce albino fish, if not what proportion lack the coloring matter in their skins which causes albinism?

Apparently they are not as hardy as the trout with natural coloring, and it would also be of interest to know definitely about it, and to have an analysis of the water in which they are bred.

Natural Food for Fish.

The propagation of fish by artificial methods has made wonderful strides since Jacobi, the father of fishculture, first hatched trout in 1741 by artificial means in the province of Varenholz, Germany, and even since V. P. Vrasaké, a Russian, discovered the method of dry impregnation of fish eggs in 1856; but I think all who are unbiased will admit that fishculture should go hand in hand with fish-food culture to make the first a complete success in all its parts, and round out the science as a perfect whole. Say that nature impregnated but 2 per cent. of salmon eggs (as I once told in this journal from actual count of the eggs in a Canadian salmon stream) and man hatched over 95 per cent. of the same kind of eggs, taken artificially, what provision does man make for feeding the increase upon nature's methods? A farmer would not exercise good judgment should he turn 100 cows into a pasture that had food only for ten, and it is the same with a fish breeder when he turns more fish into a stream than the stream will provide food for. Furthermore, a fish breeder should know when he turns fish out whether the water has food to sustain the life of the fish just as certainly as a farmer knows when he turns his cows out whether they are turned out in grass or a ploughed field. Cows will not live on air, neither will a fish live on water.

But this is a subject too great to discuss in a single note in this column. Candor compels me to admit that Europe has devoted more time and thought, judging from results, to rearing natural food for fish than we have on this side of the Atlantic.

In fact, except Superintendent Atkins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, I know of no one who has pursued the subject systematically beyond experimental stages. For several years I was in correspondence with an Austrian fish breeder who claimed, after thirty years of experimenting in rearing natural fish food, to have accomplished such astonishing results that I have been mentally paralyzed at times when I have tried to comprehend them, and I have tried to paralyze Mr. Atkins at second hand.

François Lugrin, of Geneva, Switzerland, is a fish breeder, and for twenty-five years, while rearing and selling trout fry and yearlings for stocking ponds and streams, has investigated and studied the natural food of the fish he reared. Unlike my Austrian friend, Mr. Lugrin is not a miracle worker, as I look at it, and what he has done in the way of rearing fish food has been described in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission and the Proceedings of the American Fisheries Society; but how he does it is quite a different matter.

Mr. G. W. Parkhurst, one of the trustees of the Adirondack League Club, is now and has been for some time in Europe, and he has investigated, so far as he could, M. Lugrin's methods on the spot where they are practiced, and of his observations he writes to Mr. Boardman, the secretary of the club, and I am permitted to quote from the letters, which I will do only briefly. Mr. Parkhurst says at the outset, "M. Lugrin thinks, and so do I, that he has discovered the natural food of the fish, and that such food can be raised at the same time and place as the fish." I shall not describe the food rearing apparatus, as it has already been described in the publication mentioned: "He had his man with a net or scoop take from the water in a trench, similar to and by the side of those in which the fish were kept, samples of the food which he used. The scoop brought up a quantity of mud matted with a mossy substance which was fairly alive with squirming crevettes or tiny prawns, and screeves or crawfish. He also showed us other varieties of living food, living in similar conditions with those just named. These last he put into a large glass jar, which he then placed in a square box in the sides of which he had large magnifying glasses, through which we looked at the kicking, squirming mass. The small creatures were daphnia; the others were long and very slender worms, not unlike our angle worms. All these varieties of food he raised on the spot, and the manner of their raising and feeding is his secret, or what he calls the 'Procédes Lugrin.' That the 'procéde' is successful I have the evidence of my senses. He feeds his trout nothing but the above natural food. He has tried meat, but discarded it long ago, and said he had lost many fish by feeding meat. We saw some beautiful specimens of trout in all stages of development, from fry up to 3 lbs. He advises those who are charged with stocking ponds and streams to give preference to fingerlings from 6 months to a year old from the time of the absorption of the vesicle in order to get good results."

Mr. Parkhurst writes in a later letter: "M. Lugrin said there were numbers of other piscicultural establishments in France cultivating fish for stocking purposes, the proprietors of which had endeavored to convince the French Government that younger fish than yearlings were equally valuable for stocking ponds, and in maintenance of his belief in using yearlings only had refused to sell younger fish to the Government; and now the Government had come to his terms and was buying from him. Lugrin said nothing in relation to any attempt on the part of the French Government to purchase his secret and throw it open to the world, as intimated in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission. He says numbers of people have visited him, learned what we have learned and no more, and have gone away and experimented on their own lines."

M. Lugrin's plant has a capacity for rearing 100,000 yearling trout annually, and the food for the fish is carried from the food basins to the fish basins or troughs; but in a new plant he would transfer the fish instead, and breed a new stock of food in the basin from which the fish were taken. He rears twelve kinds of insects, and all but the daphnia are reared in running water, and even the daphnia are not reared in stagnant water. This system of rearing natural fish food is applicable not only to hatching stations where fish are reared to fingerlings or yearling

before they are turned out into wild waters, but the insect food can be reared and transplanted to the wild waters to insure an addition to the natural food supply of a pond or stream, and this, in my opinion, is quite as important as rearing a cheap and nutritious food for the fry in a hatchery.

By feeding natural, live food fish grow faster and they must be in better condition in consequence, and evidence shows that the mortality is less than when an unnatural food is forced upon the fish. A. N. CHENEY.

UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that you are inclined to question the wisdom of the appointment of Commander John J. Brice as U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries by President Cleveland. Of course, you are actuated by only the best motives, but would it not be better to withhold criticism in this matter until the new Commissioner has had a chance to demonstrate his fitness for the position?

In view of the past record of the U. S. Fish Commission, it would be well enough to wait for future developments, in order that a just comparison may be made between the old and the new order of things. Heretofore, as everyone knows who has given the subject any consideration at all, the U. S. Fish Commission has been in a manner subservient to the Smithsonian Institution and U. S. National Museum. This was to be expected from the fact that the first Commissioner, Prof. Baird, was also Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In consequence of this arrangement the U. S. Fish Commission has never been, *de facto*, an independent bureau.

Thousands of dollars of the Commission's appropriations have been diverted from their lawful and legitimate uses and applied to the technical study of the marine invertebrates and to bathymetrical observations; which work, while deserving of the highest commendation, and of great interest to the institutions named and to science generally, should not have been paid for by the U. S. Fish Commission, except by special act of Congress or specific appropriations.

If as much time and money had been spent in studying the habits of our food fishes—their food, reproduction, migrations, etc.—we would not be so lamentably ignorant in this respect as we are at present; and if more attention had been devoted to the cultivation of the commercial food fishes and less to that of the brook trout and Atlantic salmon, which should be the work of State commissions, the interests of the whole people and the intention of the law would have been better subserved.

Even Prof. Baird, for whose memory I have the greatest respect and veneration, and whose eminent scientific attainments gave an enviable and world-wide reputation and standing to the U. S. Fish Commission, failed to give sufficient interest to the fisheries and fishculture from an economic standpoint. During the first ten years of the Commission thousands of dollars were spent in transplanting California salmon, lake trout, pike-perch and other deep or salt water species to the interior and shallow streams of the Mississippi Valley and other equally unsuitable waters. But his most unfortunate mistake was the introduction of the German carp, a perfectly useless fish, which has now become a positive nuisance, and the worst spawn eater we have. Its introduction is on a par with that of the English sparrow and Shanghai chicken—evils from which we will never fully recover. Other, if not equally unfortunate, mistakes have been made by his successors.

I was, with Commander Brice and others, a candidate for the position he now holds; and I must believe that the President for some good reason preferred him to the rest of us. Let us wait, therefore, until the new Commissioner has had an opportunity of putting into practice his own views and methods, and not endeavor to thwart or forestall him by adverse criticism in advance.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

TAMPA, Fla., April 21.

THE BIG TROUT OF THE KOOTENAY.

A TOLEDO correspondent sends us this extract from a letter received from a friend in West Kootenay, British Columbia. It was written in August of 1895:

I tried the "katoodle bugs," and found them very deadly, so much so that I am getting some tied in Vancouver. I had three weeks' fishing on Vancouver Island on the Cowichan Lake and river, and had wonderful sport. My best day was five salmon of 15 lbs., 14 lbs., 11 lbs., 8 lbs. and 4 lbs., taken spinning from the boat, and thirty-five trout of 4 lbs. This was pretty good business, but it is absolutely nothing compared with the fishing here on the Kootenay River. I hardly like saying anything about it, as it sounds like exaggeration. I have been camping down the river lately, and have got tired of catching fish. Below the falls here the fish average between 1½ and 2½ lbs. We tried our hardest one day to get some small ones, as they are so much better eating, but we couldn't get any. Such creels as sixty trout of 90 lbs., forty-eight trout of 72 lbs., fifteen trout of 31 lbs. seem impossible, but anyone can do it here now. The fact of the matter is that they are too easy to catch at present, and the river is so broad and swift that only one side is fishable, so that it could never get overfished. I never had such sport in my life.

You ought most certainly to come here next season. From July 20 on is the best time, and the C. P. R. R. have built three neat little wooden shacks at the side of the river, and within 50 yds. or so of the railway, that would accommodate a party of three or four. You can get a good Chinaman as cook, and have a rattling nice holiday down there.

I got several big charr in the rapids from 7 lbs. upward, spinning with a small gold spoon. They fought well in the 20-knot current. I suppose you have a deal of fishing at your club. The fault of Kootenay is that you have only got to flop a string of flies into the water to catch a fish, and if it is evening fishing it is any odds you will get a 2-pounder on each fly, and then the fun begins. Many thanks for the photograph of your Castalia Club.

Maine Fish Commission.

LEROY T. CARLETON has been appointed Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game, succeeding Thomas H. Wentworth.

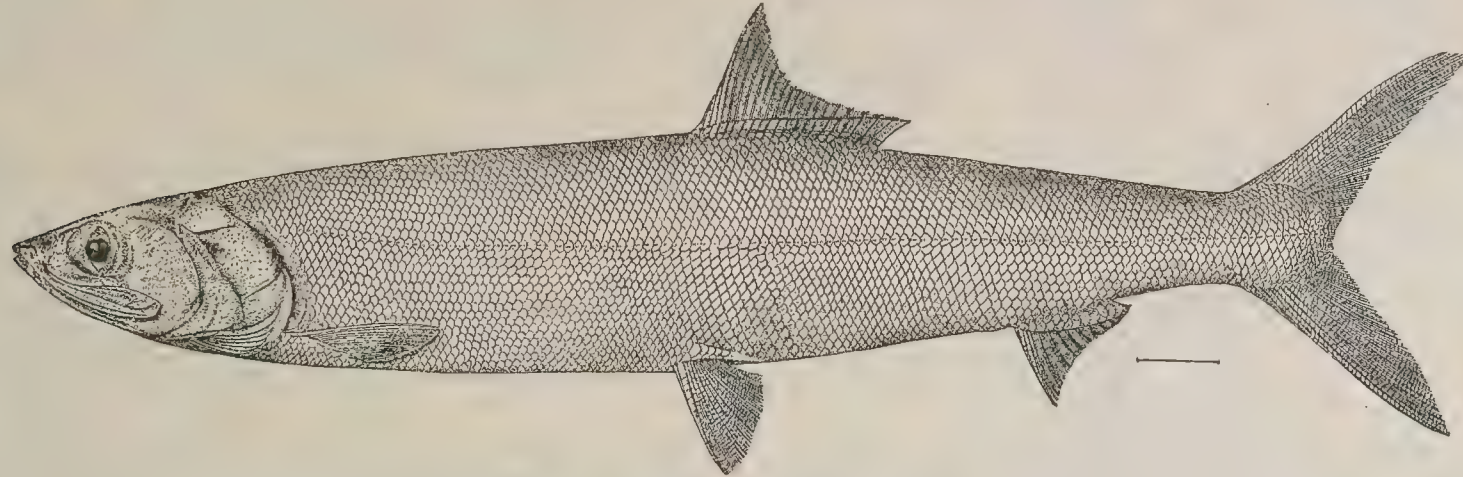
The 10-Pounder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The name of the west Florida fish to which F. S. J. C. refers in your issue of the 18th is probably big-eyed herring of the Fishery Industries, Sec. I., page 611, pl. 218, upper figure. It is there described also as the 10-pounder. At Fort Macon it has been called the horse mackerel.

The 10-pounder has a very wide distribution and must have received many common names. No one seems to have praised its qualities as a food fish, but it is shapely and graceful, with an ample mouth and a body designed for speed, hence its charm for the angler.

The hake mentioned by F. S. J. C. is the kingfish (*Menticirrhus*), and that well-known species rejoices in a medley of common names; for example, it is the hake of the



THE 10-POUNDER OR BIG-EYED HERBING.
(From "Fisheries Industries.")

New Jersey and Delaware coasts, the tomcod in some parts of Connecticut, black mullet in the Chesapeake, sea mink in North Carolina, and whiting in some localities of the South.

The study of local names of fish is very instructive, and it is calculated to teach unscientific persons forbearance with ichthyologists, who are often obliged to change scientific names in accordance with the state of their information upon the subject. TARLETON H. BEAN.

NEW YORK, April 20.

Quannapowitt Pond.

MR. J. C. HARTSHORNE, chairman of the fish committee of the town of Wakefield, Mass., writes to the local *Citizen and Banner* of the supply of fish at hand: "Old Quannapowitt and Smith's Pond are full of fine, edible fish. It is a fair estimate, I think, which places the total weight taken last year from these Wakefield lakes at two and one-half tons, from April 1 to Nov. 1—seven months—or 5 000 lbs., which, at 10 cents per pound, yielded \$500 worth of fresh, wholesome food. By this estimate the average daily total catch was only 25 lbs.—a very small average, it would seem, when the large flotilla of boats used, and the scores of domestic and foreign anglers, who gave the fish no rest, are considered. One single instance of last season will illustrate the matter. Two men, trolling, took fifty-two pickerel weighing from 1 lb. to 4 1/2 lbs. each, and the next day they took twenty more. Fishing is free to all, and hundreds of pounds of fish are taken away by strangers from far and near. Old Quannapowitt is a splendid fish pond, and although it is impossible for alewives to run up from the sea by reason of detective fishways, yet the lake is well supplied with food for the big fish by the prolific spawn of the German carp and of other fish which are natural to the waters. The carp is a vegetable eater and his appetite is insatiable. The *fin de siècle* carp, if he has good luck with the monstrous mass of weeds in this lake, and does not meet an untimely death, should weigh, according to all previous records, at least 25 lbs. May we all be there and catch one."

Trout in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 26.—The brook trout season opened with some streams in good condition and others high and turbulent. Many local anglers were early a-stream and some fairly good creels were reported. Dr. Lockerby scored a total of twenty-one trout. Messrs. Wilson and Post twenty. Several smaller scores were made. However, better results may be looked for shortly. Reports from Cortland way state that the streams in that locality are rapidly assuming their natural conditions and will be in finese shape in a fortnight. Cortland, McClean, Hurford Mills, Slaterville, Speedsville and Homer are all located in close proximity to good trout streams.

Prof. —, of Cornell University, has discovered sixty distinct varieties of fish in Cayuga Lake.

The shutting down of the Esty tannery and the consequent cessation from the constant pollution of local waters is expected to improve very much the fishing at this extremity of Cayuga Lake. One indication of this improvement was furnished on the 24th, when Milo Wally and a Mr. Bradley in two hours' fishing caught 120 perch. Black bass fishing was unusually good last season, and for the reason above stated is expected to be still better the coming one. The crop of bullheads, suckers and carp is said to be enormous. A 22 lb. carp poses as the record heavy fish taken in local waters.

Fyke net fishermen are said to be very much in evidence at various points along this end of Cayuga Lake.

M. CHILL.

Salmon Fishing Lease.

THE New Brunswick authorities are to lease the fishing privilege of the Crown Lands on the Nepisquit from Tide Head to the Eleven Mile Tree, which is several miles above Pabineau Falls. It will be offered at public auction at the Crown Land office, Fredericton, on Wednesday, May 6; upset price, \$100. There are in this leasehold about three and one-half miles of salmon water above Pabineau Falls—both banks of the river being included in the lease. Below the falls there are about two and one-half miles on the right bank from the Indian Reserve downward and about one and one-quarter miles on the left bank. Now that first-class salmon fishing privileges are so hard to obtain this ought to be eagerly sought after. The reason why it is in the market is on account of the bankruptcy of the former lessee, a St. Louis, Mo., gentleman.

American Fisheries Society.

BATTERY PARK AQUARIUM, New York, April 25.—The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held in the Aquarium, Battery Park, New York, May 20 and 21. Members of State Fish Commissions are invited to read reports of their work during the past year, showing the methods employed and the results accomplished, as a basis for general discussion. Titles of papers to be presented should be sent promptly.

TARLETON H. BEAN, Recording Secretary.

That Out of Sorts Feeling.

PROVIDENCE, April 22.—One day last week, feeling out of sorts with myself and everybody else, I took my canoe and paddled four or five miles up the Ten Mile River. It

was a beautiful, warm afternoon, and the songs of the birds and the smells of the growing things in the damp earth and the sight of a mink and several muskrats soon put me to rights. C.

Fish and Fry for New York Waters.

STATE OF NEW YORK FISHERIES, GAME AND FOREST COMMISSION, Albany, N. Y., April 20, 1896.—All persons who desire to obtain fish or fish fry from the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, for planting in public waters of the State, for under no circumstances are fish furnished by the State to be planted in private waters, should apply to the Secretary of the Commission at the office in Albany for blanks to be filled out for this purpose, at the same time stating the kind or kinds of fish desired. Three different blanks are furnished: Blanks for trout fry, blanks for fish fry (including all fish furnished by the Commission other than trout and black bass), and blanks for black bass. A separate blank must be filled for each kind of fish applied for. All applications for trout fry (including brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout), whitefish, ciscoes, Adirondack frost fish and smelts, must be filed in the office at Albany on or before Feb. 1, each year.

Applications for tom cods must be filed on or before Jan. 1. Pike-perch and mascalonge applications may be filed as late as April 1, and applications for black bass as late as May 1.

Most of the species of the salmon family reared by the State spawn in the fall and are hatched the following spring, and are ready for delivery from March to May, depending upon the season and the situation of the hatchery. The spring spawning fishes, like the mascalonge, pike-perch and black bass, may be delivered in May and June. Applicants for fish are notified in advance of the shipments of fish assigned to them. Applications for fish received after the dates fixed by the Commission for that purpose must be rejected for that year, as assignments once made are final. The clerical work of filing applications and assigning millions of fish is so great that it cannot be reviewed for re-assignment before distribution begins.

By law, no fish, fish fry or spawn, other than trout, salmon and frost fish, can be planted in the waters of the Adirondack region, and the penalty for violating the law is \$500. The law further provides that no trout of any kind or landlocked salmon shall be taken from any waters of the State for stocking a private pond or stream.

A. N. CHENEY, State Fishculturst.

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.
May 9.—Hamilton Kennel Club's one-day show, Hamilton, Ont. W. J. Tulk, Sec'y.
May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.
May 20 to 23.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association's show Oakland, Cal. H. W. Newton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard has settled at Newton, N. C., for a while and will give his dogs some training there. He is undecided in respect to a trip to the chicken country this season.

THE BOSTON SHOW.

As Patriots' Day this year was on Monday, April 20, the management selected that day for the commencement of the New England Kennel Club's bench show, and a delightful spring day it was—too fine, probably, for the best interests of the dog show, as the people seemed to favor the outdoor amusements, and patronized them most liberally. The baseball season also opened on that day, and the national outdoor game and bicycling and other amusements diverted many thousands of people, of whom many otherwise might have attended the dog show.

Wednesday and Thursday were unfavorable days, being more or less stormy; but whether the weather was pleasant or otherwise the attendance was light—far too light considering the quality of the show, the prestige of the club and the support which such a large city can give, and previous years have demonstrated that it contains. There were thus indications that there would be a deficit in the receipts—a regrettable possibility.

The management made special effort to make the event a pleasant one for the exhibitors over and above the business considerations of the competition or the honors of it. The club gave an enjoyable lunch to the exhibitors, judges and newspaper men on Monday, and were most solicitous in the interest of the exhibitors and courteous at all times. Messrs. Brooks, Hammond, Curtis and Loveland were busy in attending to the show affairs. Mr. David E. Loveland, the efficient secretary, was superintendent.

Mr. James Mortimer judged bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, bull dogs, pugs, whippets, schipperkes and miscellaneous. He also judged fox terriers in the absence of Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, who had consented to judge them. The latter was mistaken in the date of opening, he supposing it was on Tuesday, as heretofore.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason judged deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, spaniels, Bassets, dachshunde, poodles, collies, sheep dogs and terriers other than fox and Boston.

Mr. Alex. L. Goode, Boston, judged Boston terriers.

The veteran, Mr. John Davidson, judged foxhounds, pointers, setters and beagles.

The catalogue contained 717 entries, but of these upward of 100 were duplicates, and there were a number of absentees, so that there were but few more than 500 benched. Of these the larger was from the Boston terriers, which numbered 74, fox terriers 71, spaniels 69, pointers 43, beagles 48, Scottish terriers 39, Irish terriers 38, poodles 25, foxhounds 37, bull dogs 26 and dachshunde 17.

As to the judging, there were about the average number of grumbles, which goes to show that the personal interest in personal affairs still obtains. As this show is near the close of the season, nearly all the dogs have been already repeatedly noticed.

BLOODHOUNDS were six in number, most of them dogs now well known. Kaween had no competition in the challenge class, and there were just dogs enough to take the three prizes in the open dog class, of which the well-known Simon de Sudbury won first, Alchemist second. There were two bitches. She, winner of first at New York, was first.

MASTIFFS numbered nine. Emperor William and Lady Diana took the challenge honors without competition. In open dogs, Black Prince Brampton took first; second and third going to two ordinary specimens, Rob L. and Gen. Gomez. In bitches, Vere took first, and Nellie Bly, a light-bodied bitch, took second.

ST. BERNARDS were good in quality. Nearly all the winners are well known. In rough-coated dogs, challenge class, Altoneer was first, Eboracum second. Lady Livingstone had no competition in open bitches. Leed's Barry captured first, Jim Blaine, Jr., second and Sir Hugh third. The two well-known smooth-coated dogs, Alton, Jr., and Melrose King, competed in the challenge class, the former winning.

GREAT DANES numbered six, and were only a fair lot.

DEERHOUNDS were mostly shown by Mr. John E. Thayer, he owning six of the seven shown.

GREYHOUNDS.—In the challenge class the well-known Southern Rhymes had a walkover. Bestwood Daisy beat Southern Belle in the class for bitches. In open dogs, first went to Davy Garrick; second went to Electric, poor in head; third to Toronto, a coarse dog. In bitches, first was won by Lucy Grey, an ordinary bitch, and second was withheld, the remaining bitch being of the weedy kind.

FOXHOUNDS were a superior lot, and good in number. Songster, well known, was first in the open class for English dogs and bitches. Friendly and Winsome, also well known, were second and third. Bowsprit, without competition, took the honors in the challenge class, American hounds, dogs and bitches. In the open dog class, American hounds, first went to Duke, inferior in many respects to Dock, third, a dog of exceptional soundness and symmetry. Rock, second, is also a sound hound, plain in head, ears too short. Piper, the reserve, also is a very good dog, though somewhat short in neck and ear. Veracity, a tidily built bitch, won first in the open bitch class; second going to Primrose, a fairly good bitch, and third to Flirt, too light in bone, though snugly built, and well built in body. In a good puppy class, Veracity, already mentioned, won first; Scott, flat in ribs, short in ear and plain in head, took second.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS were two in number, Deacon and Daisy, each without competition.

POINTERS were of mixed quality, good and poor. Molton Banner was alone in challenge class, heavy-weight dogs. In the heavy-weight open class, Twinkle, quite a good pointer, not in first-rate coat, well shaped head, body and neck, took first, second going to Glendower, the latter carrying some lumber. Third went to Speedaway, a trifle coarse, though still a fairly good dog. The reserve, Duke, is coarse in head, otherwise fair. In heavy-weight bitches Ightfield Diana was easily first. She is a large bitch, soundly built, excellent in symmetry and pointer character. Alice Leslie, second, is light in barrel and lacking in symmetry. Urada, third, is flat in skull, does not stand squarely in front, yet is quite a good bitch. In challenge dogs under 55 lbs. Ridgeview Comet had no competitor. The corresponding bitch class contained three of superior merit. Devonshire Pearl took first, Miss Rumor the reserve, while Wild Lily took vhc., though what meaning vhc. has in a challenge class it is difficult to explain, since a dog in a challenge class is supposed to have long since been above the vhc.

stage. In open dogs under 55lbs., Shotaway, head short, too much cheek, well built otherwise, took first; the Philadelphia wifher, Prince's Boy, taking second, and third going to Ned, short, light muzzle, good body, legs and feet. In bitches under 50lbs. there were six competitors. Cyrene, short and light in muzzle, head not clean cut, took first. Princess Trilby, light and narrow in head and light in build, took second. Kent's Kate won third; she is weak in head, being short and light in muzzle. Furlough Jim, a bit leggy, won first in puppies, dogs; second going to Dick of Lynn, light in bone and shallow in chest. In bitch puppies, first went to a pretty, symmetrical bitch, very small for her age. In the field trial class Ightfield Diana won with something to spare over Duke of Kent II.

ENGLISH SETTERS were light in numbers. Sheldon was first in the challenge class, it containing four, Glendon being reserve, The Earl vhc. Cactus was the remaining dog. Maid Marion had no competition in the challenge bitch class. Albert's Ranger, first in the open dog class, might be better sprung in ribs. Count F. was second, and Black Rock, showing better than at Philadelphia, was third. In bitches, Flower of Sulphur, a pretty, tidily-built bitch, though a little light in body, took first. Albert's Moll, strongly built, plain in head, took second; third going to Pet Bondhu, light in bone and plain in head. In the puppy class, The Duke, light in head, took first; Trim A., too broad in back and ribs, second.

IRISH SETTERS showed a light entry. Kildare was alone in the challenge class for dogs, Queen Vic and Norna, first and reserve in the bitch class. In open dogs, Chief Red Cloud and Kildare Malt were first and second, as at Philadelphia; third going to Garnet, plain in head, yet a fairly good dog. In bitches the winners were Pride's Beauty, Lady Finglas and Duchess, winning in the order mentioned, the two former exchanging the positions awarded at Philadelphia. There were no entries in the puppy classes.

GORDON SETTERS numbered nineteen of fair quality. Highland Yola, well known, had a walkover in the challenge bitch class. In the open dog class, Wanoosnac Prince, straight in stifle, head not clean cut, neck too short, good black and tan color, won first; second going to King B., an upstanding dog, better in head than the winner, though not so good in coat, and he might be better in short ribs. Highland Boy won third. In bitches, first went to Highland Leola, light in thigh, short in head, deficient in short ribs, an ordinary bitch. Nellie B., second, is not well shaped in head, might be better in shoulders, tan somewhat smudgy, good legs and feet. Esta Morse, third, is light in bone. Angenette, reserve, was heavy in whelp, is light in muzzle, yet in many respects is better than first.

SPANIELS were excellent in number and quality, though most of the winners are already well known. There was some discontent over some of the awards, as might naturally be expected where the competition was so excellent, so keen and so close. The Mepal Kennels carried off the honors for the best kennel of four, while the Swiss Mountain Kennels were most successful, winning first in black cocker class for dogs with Brother S.; first with Gabrielle in the open bitch class of fourteen competitors; first with Goldie S. in the open dog class for red or liver, their Middy receiving reserve to Woodland Prince in the challenge class for black or liver dogs. Andrew Laidlaw made a good showing with his Ken, winning second in dogs; Miss Phyllis, second in bitches; Fauntleroy, first in dogs any other color than red, liver or black, and first with Woodland Trilby in the corresponding class for bitches.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS had one entry, Mike C., a fairly good dog.

BEAGLES were noticeably good in quality and the classes were well filled. Ringleader won in the challenge class for dogs, Lonely in that for bitches, neither having competition. Harker, first in open dogs, carries lumber, is a bit short in neck and heavy in shoulders. Pulboro Crafty, second, was too fat, a good beagle, showing age. Raffler, third, is a good all-round beagle. Phantom, reserve, is long and light in barrel. In bitches, Nellie R., short in leather and soft in coat, a fair beagle, took first; second going to Lufra, light in bone and thick in shoulders; third to Mag R., one of the best beagles in the class, better in coat, bone and form than the winner. In dogs, 13in. and under, Laick's Boy took first, Peterkin second, a fairly good beagle; and Sultan third, light in bone. In the bitch class, under 13in., Frances won first, Marjory second, Actress taking third, all fairly good beagles. In the puppy class, dogs, Robino II., a good sound puppy, excellent legs and feet, body well shaped, and excellent beagle character, won over Bradford, the latter also a trimly built, good puppy.

DACHSHUNDE were uncommonly good in number and quality. What's Wanted won the Venlo Challenge Trophy for the best dog or bitch. The entries numbered seventeen.

COLLIES were twenty-nine in number. Woodlawn Park Kennels captured all the firsts save one and won the kennel prize for the best four. Woodmansterne Trefoil was without competition in the challenge class. In quality the class was an average lot.

POODLES were in good number, there being twenty-five in the different classes. Emperor was first in open dogs, and Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., captured nearly all the other prizes.

BULL DOGS were quite good in quality, though in the puppy class, three entries, the prizes were withheld.

FOX TERRIERS were good in quality, most of the winners being well known. Thornfield Nora distinguished herself by taking first in her class.

LIST OF AWARDS.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, C. A. Lougest's Kaween. MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Black Prince Brampton; 2d and 3d, C. A. Lougest's Rob L. and Gen. Gomez. Bitches: 1st and 2d, C. A. Lougest's Vere and Nellie Bly.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Altoner. R. Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingstone. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Leed's Barry; 2d and R. I. W. Comey's Jim Blaine, Jr., and Dictator; 3d, Seaforth Kennels' Sir Hugh. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilia; 2d, I. W. Comey's Lady Elizabeth. R. Sara C. Dudley's Peg Woffington.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. A. L. Churchill's Nobleman; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, P. F. McGuinness's Flossie May.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. R. Seaforth Kennels' Melrose King. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. A. Perry's Couch; 2d, C. A. Lougest's Nicobe; 3d, E. H. Moore's Lord Belmont. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Patterson's Eulalie II.; 2d, C. A. Lougest's Notre Dame; 3d, G. B. Noyes's Lady Brighton. PUPPIES—Bitches: 1st, W. Miller's Prince Columbus. ROUGH AND SMOOTH-COATED—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, I. W. Comey's Gov. Russell; 2d, Seaforth Kennels' Sir Hugh. Bitches: 1st, E. A. Perry's Gipsy.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Ward's Marcus Antonio; 2d, H. L. Robinson's Beau Brummel; 3d, F. W. White's Tom Reed. Bitches: 1st, L. Blackstone's Elsa; 2d, H. Kammerer's Empress.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Warrior. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Romola. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside McGregor, Hillside Highlander and Stag. Bitches: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Ruth; 2d, P. Sterling's Psyche.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Southern Rhymes. Bitches: 1st, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Bestwood Daisy; R. Weeks & Turner's Southern Belle. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d and 3d, Weeks & Turner's Electric and Toronto. Bitches: 1st, Week's & Turner's Lucy Grey; 2d, withheld.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Weeks & Turner's Svodka. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. M. Keasbey's Optimist; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Prince Galetzin. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Weeks & Turner's Lady Deitz and Queen Catherine. Puppies: 1st, Week's & Turner's Col. Rigo.

FOXHOUSES.—ENGLISH—1st, W. A. Bragdon's Songster; 2d, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly; 3d, J. Gibney's Winsome. AMERICAN—CHALLENGE—1st, Muskunder Club's Bowsprit. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, N. Q. Pope's Duke; 2d, G. E. Carr's Rock; 3d and R. W. A. Bragdon's Dock and Piper. Bitches: 1st, J. Gibbs's Veracity; 2d, Dr. A. C. Heffinger's Primrose; 3d, N. Q. Pope's Flirt; R. Muskunder Club's Skylark.—PUPPIES: 1st, J. Gibbs's Veracity; 2d, W. A. Bragdon's Scott; R. Dr. A. C. Heffinger's Plunder. NOVICE—1st, W. A. Bragdon's Dock; 2d, G. E. Carr's York III; R. B. P. Williamson's Walker's Louis.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st, N. Q. Pope's Clay; 2d, G. E. Carr's Rock; R. W. A. Bragdon's Dock.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon. Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—55LBS. AND OVER—Dogs: 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Molton Banner. OPEN—55LBS. AND OVER—Dogs: 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Twinkle; 2d, G. E. Armstrong's Glendower; 3d, G. W. Lovell's Speedway. R. S. Frost's Duke. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ightfield Diana; 2d, R. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 3d, F. J. Lenoir's Urada. R. J. Abbott's Mollie Abbott.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st and R. G. J. Gould's Devonshire Pearl and Miss Rumor. OPEN—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Prince's Boy; 3d, Glen Rock Kennels' Ned. R. A. H. Houghton's Houghton's Bang. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. W. Lovell's Cyrene; 2d, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; 3d, F. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate. R. N. L. Chaffin's Daisy.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Jim; 2d, G. W. Lovell's Dick of Lynn. R. T. K. Lothrop, Jr.'s, Dusty Bob. Bitches: 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Madge; 2d, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby. R. T. K. Lothrop, Jr.'s, Little Hel.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.'s, Pastime. R. Glen Rock Kennels' Ned. Bitches: 1st, Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Fanny Davenport. R. A. Lavery's Lady Bang II.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st, G. J. Gould's Ightfield Diana; 2d, Glen Rock Kennels' Duke of Kent II.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon. R. E. F. Burke's Glendon. Bitches: 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marion. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Count F.; 3d, P. P. Lewis's Black Rock. R. J. Gavin's Roger's Don Juan. Bitches: 1st, H. A. Belcher's Pet Bondhu; 2d, E. E. Haines's Fad Bondhu; 3d, J. Abbott's Mollie Abbott. R. J. Brett's Flower of Sulphur.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Victoria Kennels' The Duke; 2d, G. W. Lovell's Trim A.—NOVICE—1st, H. A. Belcher's Pet Bondhu; 2d, P. P. Lewis's Black Rock. R. E. E. Haines's Fad Bondhu.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st, H. L. Keyes's Montell.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare. Bitches: 1st and R. Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic and Norna. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud; 2d, Mrs. W. Sutton's Kildare Malt; 3d, G. A. Tenney's Garnet. R. H. G. Braithwaite's Kistal. Bitches: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Bride's Beauty; 2d, A. Von Catzhausen's Lady Finglas; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess. R. Muckross Kennels' Rosamond.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Yola. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, N. P. Hamlen's Wanoosnac Prince; 2d, C. T. Brownell's King B.; 3d, C. C. Hendee's Highland Boy. R. Dr. H. Wheeler's Royal Shot. Bitches: 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Leola; 2d and R. C. T. Brownell's Nellie B. and Angenette; 3d, H. A. Morse's Esta Morse.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, G. F. Roberts's Ned Potts. Bitches: 1st, M. W. Murray's Fanny II.; 2d, C. T. Brownell's Nellie B.

SPANIELS.—ALL BREEDS OVER 25LBS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Miss A. Green's Dennis. R. R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus. Bitches: 1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite. R. R. P. Keasbey's The Shrew.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK, OVER 25LBS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Miss A. Green's Fashion and Wardleworth Sweep. R. R. P. Keasbey's Black Knight. Bitches: 1st, Miss A. Green's Meg.—ANY OTHER COLOR, OVER 25LBS.—Dogs: Prizes withheld. Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Hele.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER, NOT OVER 25LBS.—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Green's Woodland Prince. R. Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. Bitches: 1st and R. Mepal Kennels' Baby Ruth and Woodland Princess.—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, G. L. Tarr's Blinn. R. G. Greer's Bambo.—OPEN—BLACK—Dogs (not over 25lbs.): 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother S.; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Ken; 3d, Mepal Kennels' Commodore. R. J. P. Willey's Paro. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Miss Phyllis; 3d, J. P. Willey's Hunter Stanley. R. G. Greer's Woodland Belle.—RED OR LIVER—Dogs (not over 25lbs.): 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S.; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry-Boy III. R. A. Laidlaw's Red Robin II. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, J. P. Willey's Diana Miskel. R. Swiss Mountain Kennels' Zuleika.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Fauntleroy; 2d, W. H. Walton's Walton's Bang. Bitches: 1st, A. Laidlaw's Woodland Trilby; 2d, F. H. Topham's Beut. R. G. Greer's Cigarette.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, T. A. Carson's Mike C.

SPANIEL PUPPIES.—ANY VARIETY—Dogs: 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Darkest Africa; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Ken. R. J. P. Willey's Little Don. Bitches: 1st, G. Greer's Woodland Duchess; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Winsome. R. F. H. Topham's Fantasie.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely. OPEN—Dogs (over 13in.): 1st, G. F. Reed's Harker; 2d, Waidingfield Beagle Kennels' Pulboro Crafty; 3d, J. Lewis's Raffler. R. A. D. Fiske's Phantom. Bitches: 1st and 3d, G. F. Reed's Nell R. and Mag R.; 2d, Waidingfield Beagle Kennels' Lufra. R. S. Smith's Silverina. Dogs (13in. and under): 1st, Mrs. Nellie A. Smith's Laick's Boy; 2d, C. F. Haven's Peterkin; 3d, J. T. Flannely's Sultan. Bitches: 1st, Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Francis; 2d, Waidingfield Beagle Kennels' Marjory; 3d, M. S. Tyson's Actress. R. G. F. Reed's Sniffer.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Robino II.; 2d, A. D. Fiske's Bradford. Bitches: 1st, G. F. Reed's Kate R.; 2d, Pulley & Cooper's Gladness.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Robino II.; 2d, A. D. Fiske's Phantom. Bitches: 1st, Waidingfield Beagle Kennels' Marjory; 2d, G. F. Reed's Mag R.—FIELD TRIAL CLASS—1st, G. F. Reed's Nell R.; 2d, A. D. Fiske's Phantom. R. A. Washonk Beagle Kennels' Zeno.

DACHSHUNDE.—CHALLENGE—1st and R. Windrush Kennels' Janet and Jay. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jade; 2d, J. Lythgoe's Jantyr. R. A. Froembling's Blitz. Bitches: 1st, A. M. Lythgoe's Lucetia; 2d, Windrush Kennels' Princetts. R. G. Schirmer's Flossie.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Windrush Kennels' Jade; 2d, J. Lythgoe's Tekkel. R. Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Buck. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. Lythgoe's Victoria and Mollie. R. Venlo Farm Kennels' Venlo Squaw.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, M. S. Tyson's Turk and Drayman.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hadfield Don and Hempstead Chief; 2d, Windleblough Kennels' Kris Kringle. R. G. A. Fletcher's Otterburn Fox. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Scottish Gem and Stratford Queen; 3d, J. McDonald's Hereford Dinkie II.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. E. Cox's Alan; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Harvard. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Stratford Queen.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.—EON-TAILS—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Boxer III. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' May-oress of Newport; 2d, J. Caswell's Trilby.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. Hitchcock's Lion. R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Diamond.—OPEN—CORDED—Prizes withheld.—CURLY—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, H. G. Trevor's Emperor; 2d, F. Brooks's Sam. R. Mrs. W. C. Gulliver's Perot.—OTHER THAN BLACK—Dogs: 1st, 2d and R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Punch, Hill Hurst Ploppion and Jocko. Bitches: 1st, 2d and R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Fluff, Hill Hurst Gyp and Hill Hurst Yvette.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Wm. Gulliver's Perot; 2d and R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Ploppion and Hill Hurst Ponto. Bitches: 1st, 2d and R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Yvette, Hill Hurst Hilda and Hill Hurst Coquette.

BULL DOGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' King Orry. Bitches: 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hacknell Gipsy. OPEN—Dogs (45lbs. and over): 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Facey Rumford; 2d, T. Morse's Rustic Sultan; 3d, C. G. Hopton's L'Ambsador. R. Phelps & Davis's Irish. Bitches (40lbs. and over): 1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Miss Mischief; 2d, J. Coles's Rosette; 3d, T. Morse's Rustic Dowager. Dogs (under 45lbs.): 1st, C. A. J. Smith's

Heathen; 2d, H. E. Converse's Heathen II.; 3d, T. Morse's Rustic Crib. R. T. W. Lawson's Puts. Bitches (under 40lbs.): 1st, C. G. Hopton's Lady Monarch; 2d, J. H. Day's Daisy Belle; 3d, T. Morse's Rustic Anthia. Puppies: Prizes withheld.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona. R. H. F. Church's Little Flyer. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight. OPEN—Dogs (30lbs. and over): 1st, T. S. Bellin's Tommy Tickle; 2d, C. Wolfe's Trafalgar; 3d, F. C. Haskell's Mike. R. F. F. Dole's Masterpiece. Bitches (30lbs. and over): 1st, F. F. Dole's Greenhill Empress; 2d, H. F. Church's Young Miss Giddy. Dogs (under 30lbs.): F. K. Stevens's Ben Brush; 2d, Miss E. R. Catlin's Monte. Bitches (under 30lbs.): 1st and 2d, H. F. Church's Sabatia and Camden Duchess; 3d and R. T. Holden's Ruby and Bonnie Belle. Puppies: 1st, T. S. Bellin's Tommy Tickle; 2d, withheld.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, M. C. D. Borden's Topsy. R. Mrs. B. Pope's Spider. OPEN—Dogs (25lbs. and not over 35lbs.): 1st, T. C. Hollander's Peter; 2d, Glorcy Kennels' The Bauble; 3d, Bayonne Kennels' Bingo. R. T. Plant's Tom Sayers. Bitches: 1st, Duchess Kennels' Tot; 2d, F. H. Topham's Daisy; 3d, F. L. Cheney's Clytie. R. Bayonne Kennels' Bess. Dogs (under 25lbs. and not under 15lbs.): 1st, M. C. D. Borden's Commissioner II.; 2d, W. G. Kendall's Squanto; 3d, Bayonne Kennels' Dandy. R. J. E. Kenyon's Punch. Bitches: 1st, Muckross Kennels' Pansy; 2d, J. F. Holt's Puss; 3d, W. H. Carroll's Fanny. R. R. C. Dean's Fun.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, W. G. Kendall's His Nibs; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Consul; 3d, Duchess Kennels' Rascal. Bitches: 1st, R. J. Clark's Dot; 2d, G. A. Rawson's Vixen. R. S. H. Blodgett's Lorna.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, W. G. Kendall's Squanto; 2d and R. Bayonne Kennels' Baron and Pilot. Bitches: 1st, Duchess Kennels' Tot; 2d, J. F. Holt's Puss. R. R. J. Clark's Dot.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard. Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, B. S. Horne's Prisoner; 2d, W. Wheeler's Beverly Victor; 3d and R. J. E. Thayer's Hillside Domino and Hillside Dominican. Bitches: 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence and Warren Dusky; 3d, B. S. Horne's Dudley Saunter. R. C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Daze.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Crack; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Skedaddle. R. C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Patricia. Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sterling; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Daisy.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, W. Wheeler's Beverly Victor; 2d, A. Brierley's Holster. R. L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Crack. Bitches: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sterling; 2d, G. M. Carnochan's Primula. R. Weeks & Turner's Springhill Daisy.—WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and R. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nailer and Endcliffe Sensation; 3d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mr. Great Snap. R. G. M. Carnochan's Brittle Bright. Bitches: 1st, G. M. Carnochan's Thornfield Nora; 2d and 3d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Bushey Bramble and Hill Hurst Brunette.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Teaser; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mr. Pig. R. Weeks & Turner's Springhill Proof. Bitches: 1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mistress Lucy; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Trilzie.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Nailer; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trick. R. G. W. H. Ritchie's Mr. Pig. Bitches: 1st, G. M. Carnochan's Thornfield Nora; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mistress Lucy. R. Rochelle Kennels' Brittle Bee.

AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB'S HOME BRED STAKES FOR 1896.—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Crack.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Parsons's Rhoderick Dhu. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy.

REDLINGTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Tibbie. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Wonder; 2d, Mr. James's Hard Tack. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Hornet; 2d, C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Rose.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and R. Brooks & Ames's Tiree and Rhudunan. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Cublean and Wankie Diana. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Newcastle Kennels' Bellingham Bailiff and Ashley Crack; 2d and R. Brooks & Ames's Kilree II. and Wankie Caddie. Bitches: 1st, 2d and R. Brooks & Ames's Wankie Nettle, Miss Ted and Vorda; 3d, Newcastle Kennels' Bellingham Brandy.—AMERICAN-BRED—Dogs: 1st, 2d and R. Brooks & Ames's Kilree II., Wankie Tam and Wankie Caddie; 3d, G. S. Hatch's Kilrain. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Nettle, Wankie Ted and Wankie Diana. R. Newcastle Kennels' Bellingham Brandy. Puppies: 1st, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Nettle; 2d and R. Newcastle Kennels' Bellingham Brandy and Bellingham Bustle.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs's Best. R. Hopkinson & Dole's Merle Grady. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessella III. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, O. Ames's Tory; 2d and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Briggs's Worst and Red Hot. Bitches: 1st and 2d, O. Ames's Brat and Bridget; 3d and R. Toon & Thomas's Brickdust and Endcliffe Fussle.—AMERICAN-BRED—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Toon & Thomas's Briggs's Best and Briggs's Worst; 2d, O. W. Donner's Milton Pagan. R. S. D. Parker's Tubb. Bitches: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessella III.; 2d, T. T. Doggett's Mavourneen; 3d, S. A. Parker's Irish Lass.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Spilling Bros.' Brian Boromke; 2d, O. W. Donner's Milton Pagan. R. P. H. Lombard's Tim the Tinker. Bitches: 1st, O. Ames's Bridget; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Baby. R. C. Uggla's Icy.—NOVICE—Dogs: 1st, O. Ames's Tory; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Red Hot. R. Spilling Bros. Brian Boromke. Bitches: 1st, 2d and R. O. Ames's Brat, Bridget and Banshee.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood. Bitches: 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surry Gemen.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Tatrap; 2d, D. S. Gillies's Darkey. Bitches: E. Boney's Queen of Spades.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Hampstead Farm's Wheel of Fortune.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, L. Cullen's Prince; 2d, J. Carroll's Santa Claus. R. G. M. Smith's Dede. Bitches: 1st, Augusta Prestcott's Judy; 2d, Mrs. C. S. Tuck's Butsey.

TOY TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Miss E. Goode's Johnnie; 2d, E. E. Ford's Tuffie. Bitches: 1st, Parson & Sullivan's Nellie.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure. Bitches: 1st, J. Lewis's Pearl H.; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Sapphire.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, C. S. Tuck's Tuff; 2d, C. H. Palmer's King Jet. Bitches: 1st, Glynn Bros.' Belle; 2d and R. Mrs. W. Borrowdale's Dora and Rosy.

BLLENHEIM SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, O. P. Knoblauch's Bob Osborne.

PRINCE CHARLES AND RUBY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Miss B. Pierce's Rudolph; 2d, Miss M. H. Catlin's Snob; R. Miss S. E. Tuck's Hector.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, K. E. Silsbee's Ito; 2d, Mrs. J. R. Monroe's Oota. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. R. Monroe's Tomo; 2d, R. Russell's Daisy Bell.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Spring.

SCHIPPERKES.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Blazer; 2d and R. F. W. Connolly's Skipper and Cople Sophia.

WHIPPETS.—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Flyaway. Bitches: 1st, S. Hunt's Hunt's Mary; 2d, J. A. Boutelle's Wellington Black Bird.

MISCELLANEOUS.—25LBS. AND OVER—Prizes withheld.—UNDER 25LBS.—Equal 1st, G. A. Van Zandt's Blink Bonny and A. Laidlaw's Black Prince.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best four bloodhounds, C. A. Lougest's. Best bloodhound, Bruno. Best four mastiffs, O. A. Lougest's. Best four St. Bernards, I. M. Cowey's. Best four deerhounds, John E. Thayer's. Best four greyhounds, Weeks & Turner's. Best four Russian wolfhounds, Weeks & Turner's. Best four foxhounds, W. A. Bragdon's. Best four pointers, George J. Gould's. Best four Irish setters, Oak Grove Kennels'. Best four spaniels, Mepal Kennels'. Best American-bred sporting spaniel, Baby Ruth. Best brace black field spaniel puppies, Darkest Africa and Zulu. Best brace cockers under one year, Ken and Winscma. Best brace field spaniels, Fashion and Meg. Best brace cockers, Baby Ruth and Woodland Princess. Best four beagles, Joe Lewis's. Best field trial beagle bitch, Nell R. Best beagle dog, Ringleader. Best dachshund, What's Wanted. Best dachshund puppy owned by exhibitor, Venlo Buck. Best four collies, Woodlawn Park Kennels'. Best four poodles, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s. Best four bull dogs, Woodlawn Park Kennels'. Best American-bred dog, L'Ambsador; best American-bred bitch, Daisy Belle. Best four bull terriers, F. F. Dole's. Best four Boston terriers, Duchess Kennels'. Boston Terrier Club's trophy, won by Pansy. Boston Terrier Club's challenge trophy, 1st, Tot; 2d, Puss; 3d, The Bauble. Best four fox terriers, L. & W. Rutherford's. Grand challenge cup won by Warren Sentence. Best four Scottish terriers, Brook & Ames's. Best American-bred dog and bitch, Kilree II. and Wankie Nettle. Best four Irish terriers, O. Ames's.

Up to 6 o'clock on Wednesday night, April 23, in consequence of the muzzling regulations now in force in London, about 11,399 dogs had been received at the Dogs' Home at Battersea. Of these 9,450 were destroyed, the new crematory being run to its full capacity, day and a large part of the night. The number taken each day is gradually decreasing, and of those taken but a small part are really well bred.

Brunswick Fur Club.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, Mass., on April 20, President Heffenger in the chair.

The report of the committee on the revision of the constitution and by-laws was accepted. Messrs. W. C. Duff, Boston, Mass., and Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky., were elected to active membership.

It was announced that Dr. A. C. Heffenger would give a hunting medal, Mr. W. A. Bragdon a trailing medal, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney an endurance medal, and Mr. O. F. Joslin a speed medal, to be competed for at the coming field trials of the club. Adjourned.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The advisory committee of the A. K. C., at its recent secret meeting, suspended Mr. George Bell for one year. The protest against Furlough Mike on the ground of under weight, made by R. B. Morgan at St. Louis, was sustained. Dr. Bigelow and B. Alton Smith were suspended. Such are the rumors floating about concerning the recent doings of said committee, the profound wisdom displayed by the A. K. C. in enjoining secrecy being so self-evident that comment is not needed.

The conditions of the tenth annual Derby of the Manitoba Field Trials Club are announced in our columns this week. The club's trials are held in a fine chicken country and afford the best of competition. Full information can be obtained of the club's secretary, Mr. John Wootton, Manitou, Man.

Mr. John W. Munson, of St. Louis, was an interested visitor at the Boston show. He has been in Boston several months in the interest of the Munson Stencil Machine Co., and though deep in business interests his affection for the dogs lives on.

The muzzling order passed by the Massachusetts Cattle Commissioners expired on April 23, it having been in force three months. The order was the outcome of a rabies scare, and applied to Newton, Cambridge, Watertown, Belmont, Somerville, Arlington, Medford, Malden, Everett, Chelsea and Revere.

Mr. W. B. Stafford, secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., announces in our business columns the club's trials for 1896. The Derby entries of the fall meeting close on May 15. Pointers and setters will run separately. Mr. Stafford says: "Field trials are taking on a better outlook, and if the papers will do their part I think some of the old-time enthusiasm will return. You will notice that the U. S. Club is the only one that now runs separate stakes."

Nachting.

THAT yachting, even in the most costly craft, is not all fun, is shown by the experience of the cutter *Aïssa*, which was threatened by Riflian pirates while becalmed off the coast of Morocco, only escaping through a fortunate breeze. The motives of the Riflians, it is supposed, were purely patriotic, the protection of Algerian designers and-builders from foreign competition.

A rumor was set afloat last week that is probably untrue, but which we hope may prove to have a foundation in fact. It is said that W. K. Vanderbilt, the principal owner of Defender, and who is understood to have recently bought the interests of Messrs. Morgan and Iselin, met with Mr. McCalmont, owner of the steam yacht Girola and part owner of Valkyrie III., on his recent cruise in the Mediterranean, and these gentlemen arranged to test the two yachts by a series of races. It would be most valuable from a technical standpoint, and also most useful in allaying the mutual imitation caused by last year's contest, if a thorough trial of the two yachts could be made for suitable stakes. Valkyrie III., under Lord Dunraven's management, was certainly not seen at her best, and it is also most probable that Defender is capable of further improvement. Before any more money is thrown away in contests over the America's Cup, it is in every way desirable that the yachts already built should be tested to the full limit of their capabilities—a thing which has not been done with either the second or third Valkyrie.

THERE was buried last week at New York one of the last of a type of American shipbuilders which, it is said to say, has been for some years extinct. These men, who flourished nearly half a century ago, asked no protection against any foreign competitor for the good reason that they had made competition impossible by the excellence of their work. The American warship, the American clipper and the American yacht were alike recognized in 1850 as the finest of their respective classes, unequalled in the world.

The American shipbuilder of to-day is built on different lines; failing entirely in the effort to outbuild his foreign competitor in a particular class of vessel, he comes before Congress with a bill designed to "protect" him from the legitimate consequences of his own ignorance, cupidity and lack of foresight. There is, to us, in this whole matter something cowardly in the extreme, and, we believe, thoroughly un-American.

The American steam yacht, which the Payne bill is designed to protect by the exclusion of all foreign-built craft, is a discredit to the enterprise and mechanical skill of the nation and a laughing stock outside of a small circle immediately interested in construction. The largest and most pretentious, the Nourmahal, might readily be mistaken for a Reading collier if her yacht signals were not flying; the famous Atalanta was a complete failure, in spite of her heavy cost, as she came from her builder's yard, requiring immediate alteration and a lengthening of 15ft. to fit her for use. The homely Electra, slow at best, was still slower when first built, her original engines being soon replaced by new ones, and finding their proper place in a tugboat. Of the newer yachts, Wadena had to be rebuilt after trial, with 15ft. added amidships to correct the original faults of design; the Comanche, though comfortably fitted below, has the bows and topsides of a British tramp steamer. As to the less pretentious wooden yachts, such as Narod and the new Anita, they are beneath comparison.

Two of the worst examples are the new and costly yachts *Columbia* and *Thespia*, steel craft built in 1894 and 1895. The former is an absolute failure; in spite of the puffery of a certain clique of American papers, it is generally known that in appearance she is second to some of the New York tugs, that her internal space has been sacrificed to engines and boilers that fail to drive her at the guaranteed speed, and that she is practically useless to her owner.

There are some facts about this particular yacht which are most interesting. In the first place her owner asked for bids from British designers and builders, who declined to guarantee the desired speed.

The order was then placed with American builders, the newspapers were filled for months with the promised achievements of this new marine wonder, and after all she failed on her speed trial, not making the guaranteed 18 miles. Her owner, having no use for her, has chartered her for short intervals whenever it has been possible, and one of the charterers, Mr. Eugene Higgins, is also one of the four Americans against whom the Payne bill is especially aimed. If American steam yachts are indeed the finest and fastest afloat, why is it that Mr. Higgins, after actual trial of the Columbia, placed his order with a yacht designer on the Cyle instead of a building firm on the Delaware?

The Columbia was supposed to be of the latest design, a modern yacht in all respects. After her failure her builders, when again called upon, did not venture on any new departure, but sought safety in the duplication of the design of a yacht a dozen years old; the Stranger, one of the best of American steam yachts in her time. The result, as shown in the new Thespia, nominally completed last year, is a failure as complete and thorough as is in the Columbia.

FROM the standpoint of protection to American industry, the American steam yacht is a fraud of the worst kind, in that the design, if it can be called such, is usually made by some German or Scandinavian ship draftsman employed at low wages in an American shipyard. The builders of American steam yachts have not yet learned that the designing of such craft, each involving an expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars, is a specialty, not to be rashly undertaken by men entirely unfamiliar with it, but demanding long training and practice that is deserving of a fitting remuneration. While money is lavished on the decorator, the furnisher and the maker of ice and electric light plants, neither builder nor owner are willing to pay a fair fee to a competent designer.

THE present condition of affairs in steam yachting is precisely paralleled by that existing fifteen years since in sailing yachting. Had the efforts then made by a few fanatics to exclude all British yachts been successful, such American craft as *Gracie*, *Fanny* and *Arrow* would still be sailing about as representatives of American yachting, and the designing of yachts would still have been in the hands of the old builders instead of such men as A. Cary Smith, Herreshoff and the late Mr. Burgess. All the wonderful progress of recent years has come from just such fair and wholesome competition with foreign builders as the Payne bill is designed to stop. With British yachts excluded, such craft as *Columbia* and *Thespia* may sail about our home waters undisturbed in their claims of superiority to everything afloat, and those who continue to patronize steam yachting will have to put up with what the builders choose to give them.

Looking alike to the interests of American yachting, American designers and American shipyards, we hope that the attempt to apply to yachts that system of exclusion which has driven the American flag from the high seas, filled every American port with foreign tramp steamers, and produced just two ocean steamers of American build in forty years, may fail; and that the present condition of affairs may continue. We have no doubt whatever that as soon as both owners and builders learn to appreciate the true facts of the case, and the designer is recognized and recompensed as he should be, a type of American steam yacht will be produced that will be in every way fitted to stand beside the modern American sailing yacht.

New Yachts.

For two years past the firm of Samuel Ayers & Son, at one time located on Water street, New York, and later at Bay Ridge, where the cutters Liris and Kathleen and many steam craft were built, have been established on the Hudson River at Nyack, where a large three-story shop has been built, with a basin and railways, giving excellent facilities for building and repair work. This spring the firm is busy with several peculiar craft, two steamers and one electric launch, all designed by C. D. Mosher, of New York. The larger steamer, for E. B. Warren, of Lake George, is of 80ft. length and intended for high speed, the hull being of very light construction, but to carry powerful engines. The yacht is narrow, with a flat bottom and long straight sides; the bottom rising in a concave curve over the wheel. The stern is of peculiar form, of the hourglass type, a difficult piece of construction in wood. The planking is double, the frames being of 1x1½ in. steel angles, with channel bar keelsons and diagonal steel strapping, sheer strakes, etc. The planking is fastened with ¾ in. Tobin bronze screw bolts with iron nuts, thousands of these specially made bolts being required. The yacht, which is building in a special shed erected for her, is now planked up.

On the main floor of the large shop is the electric launch, 75ft. long, for John Jacob Astor, a handsomely modeled craft, with much more curve to the sides than the other yacht, but with a similar stern. In this yacht the frames are of oak, part steamed and part sawn, while the planking is also double. The frame throughout is an excellent piece of work. One of several peculiar features is the use of two centerboards, working in the usual way through the middle of the oak keel, the yacht being fitted with sails in case of a failure of the electric power. She will be the largest electric craft yet built in this country.

The third yacht is just under way, a 45ft. high speed launch for

George B. Magoun, of New York. The construction, model and engines will be of novel design.

On the second floor of the large shop there is now ready a fleet of five new 15-footers for the Tappan Zee Y. C., all from one design by C. E. Davis, of New York. They are of the skipjack type, wide, roomy boats, the beam carried well aft. They have good overhangs at each end, large cockpits, and promise to be very handy and shipshape craft. All are rigged alike with boom and gaff mainsail and jib, and steel plate centerboards. The price is about \$185 each.

On the same floor are two new 20-footers designed by W. P. Stephens, both bulb-fins. The first one, Bogle, for C. J. Stevens, which has been ready for launching for a couple of weeks, is 30ft. over all, 10ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 3in. beam and 11in. draft of hull, the Tobin bronze fin with its 550lbs. of lead making a total draft of 5ft. The yacht is lightly but very strongly framed, with part sawn hackmatack frames and part steamed oak, a very light bent frame of steamed oak being spaced in between each pair of regular frames to take the fastenings of the double skin. The inner skin is of white cedar, the outer of clear, comb-grained yellow pine in single lengths. The planksheer is of oak and the deck of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. white pine in narrow strips, the seams payed with Jeffrey's marine glue. There are the usual two watertight bulkheads of diagonal construction and a watertight cockpit about 4in. above the water, the fin housing in a trunk, the bed-plates running well fore and aft and forming a keelson. The keel itself is in one piece from stemhead to transom. The frame is strengthened at the chainplates and runners and below deck at the partners by Tobin bronze straps.

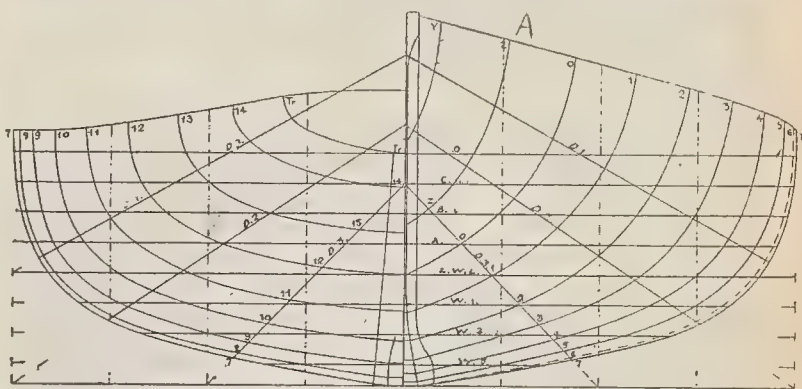
The rig is the same as in Scarecrow and Ethelwynn, a leg o' mutton mainsail and a jib, the latter set on a short bowsprit, about 3ft. outboard. The spars are hollow, made by the Outing Goods Co., and the rigging is of phosphor bronze wire rope.

The second boat, now in frame, is very similar in model and rig, but with 1ft. more overhang forward and 3in. more beam; she will carry the same rig, but without the bowsprit, the jib being tacked to the stemhead. The same arrangement of fin and bulb will be used. Both yachts show up well above water, with their long ends and well-lined sheer; and the fore and aft lines are all very easy.

Koko, Bulb-Fin Racing Yacht.

DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS.

The bulb-fin Kokoi was designed in 1894 for W. G. MacKendrick, Esq., of Toronto, by W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. MacKendrick, who is an old canoe sailor and member of the A. C. A., was desirous of exchanging the sliding seat of a canoe for something rather more stable and capable of carrying a passenger or two of an afternoon and at the same time fit for racing, so a bulb-fin boat for the existing 21ft. class of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was determined on. Through an unforeseen change in



his business after the boat was commenced, he has had very little leisure during the racing season for the past two years, and has never been able to give the necessary time to sailing and keeping the boat in the best of racing form. She has, however, proved fast and made an excellent record about Toronto and Hamilton. The yacht was named after the small boy who was such a general favorite at the A. C. A. meet of 1890, at Jessup's Neck.

The dimensions are:	
Length, stemhead to taffrail.....	28ft. 6in.
Overhang, bow.....	4ft.
stern.....	5ft.
Length, l.w.l.....	19ft. 6in.
Beam, extreme.....	6ft. 6in.
l.w.l.....	5ft. 11in.
Draft, hull.....	11in.
with fin.....	5ft.
Freeboard, bow.....	2ft. 2in.
lowest.....	1ft. 2in.
stern.....	1ft. 6in.
Displacement, cubic feet.....	40.24
fresh water.....	2,607lbs.
Coefficient of curve of areas.....	.55
Area of midship section.....	3.76sq. ft.
lateral plane, hull.....	12.50sq. ft.
scag.....	1.72sq. ft.
fin.....	25.63sq. ft.
	39.84sq. ft.
Fin, ⁵ / ₁₆ in. steel.....	240lbs.
Bulb, lead.....	830lbs.
C. B. from stem at l.w.l.....	10.55ft.
C. L. R. from stem at l.w.l.....	11.15ft.
C. E. from stem at l.w.l.....	10.00ft.

The bulb as originally designed was to weigh but 775lbs, being of the same form as that of the Scarecrow, but this weight was increased in building to about 880. The table of offsets is to the outside of hull, the thickness of deck and planking being deducted after the lines are run in on the floor. The waterlines are spaced 3in. apart, the stations ft. 7 1/2in., and the buttock lines 9 3/4in. A special scale is given to reduce the design to the 15ft. class.

KOKO—TABLE OF OFFSETS.

(The small figures indicate eighths of an inch.)

Station.	HEIGHTS.			HALF BREADTHS.										Keel at Rabbet.	Diagonals.		
	Bottom of Keel.	Deck at Side.	Deck at Center.	Deck	Waterlines.							D. 1.	D. 2		D. 3		
					D.	C.	B.	A.	L.W.L	W. 1.	W. 2.					W. 3.	
Stem	3 1	3 1	3 1	1 ²													
Y	2 0 ³	3 0 ²	3 0 ⁶	3 ⁴									1 ²	3 ¹	0 ⁷		
Z	1 3 ⁷	2 10 ⁴	2 11 ⁴	10 ²	6 ⁶	4 ⁶	1 ⁶						1 ²	10 ¹	7 ²	3 ³	
0	11	2 8 ⁶	2 10 ⁴	1 5	1 1 ⁷	1 0 ²	9 ²	5 ⁴					1 ²	1 4 ²	1 1	8 ¹	
1	7 ³	2 7 ²	2 9 ⁵	1 11	1 8 ⁴	1 6 ⁷	1 4 ⁴	1 1 ³	9	2 ⁶			1 ²	1 10 ⁶	1 6 ³	1 0 ⁵	
2	4 ⁴	2 5 ⁶	2 8 ⁶	2 4 ²	2 2 ⁴	2 1	1 11 ¹	1 8 ⁴	1 4 ⁷	11 ²	2 ⁴		1 ⁴	2 4 ²	1 11 ²	1 4 ²	
3	2 ⁴	2 4 ⁴	2 7 ⁷	2 8 ⁵	2 7 ⁴	2 6 ⁴	2 4 ⁷	2 2 ⁷	1 11 ⁵	1 6 ⁵	10		2	2 9	2 8 ⁴	1 7 ³	
4	1 ¹	2 3 ⁴	2 7 ²	2 11 ⁶	2 11 ¹	2 10 ⁵	2 9 ³	2 7 ⁶	2 5	2 0 ⁵	1 4 ⁴	4 ⁷	2 ⁶	3 1	2 7	1 9 ⁴	
5	0 ³	2 2 ⁵	2 6 ⁴	3 1 ⁶	3 14	3 1 ²	3 6 ³	2 11	2 8 ⁶	2 5	1 9 ⁵	9 ³	2 ⁷	3 3 ⁶	2 9 ⁴	1 11	
6	0	2 2	2 6	3 2 ⁶	3 2 ⁶	3 2 ⁵	3 1 ⁷	3 0 ⁵	2 10 ⁷	2 7 ⁵	2 1 ³	1 0 ⁶	3	3 5 ²	2 11	1 11 ⁷	
7	0	2 1 ⁴	2 5 ⁶	3 3	3 3	3 3	3 2 ¹	3 1	2 11 ⁶	2 8 ³	2 2 ³	1 1 ⁷	3	3 5 ⁶	2 11 ³	2 0 ¹	
8	0 ⁶	2 1 ²	2 5 ²	3 2 ⁵	3 2 ³	3 2 ²	3 1 ⁵	3 0 ⁵	2 11	2 7 ³	2 0 ⁶	10 ⁴	3	3 5 ²	2 10 ⁶	1 11 ⁴	
9	2 ¹	2 1 ¹	2 4 ⁷	3 1 ¹	3 1	3 0 ⁶	3 0 ²	2 11	2 8 ⁵	2 4 ³	1 7 ⁴		2 ⁶	3 3 ⁶	2 9	1 10	
10	4 ³	2 1 ²	2 4 ⁶	2 10 ⁷	2 10 ⁶	2 10 ³	2 9 ⁵	2 7 ⁶	2 4 ³	1 9 ⁵	7 ³		2 ³	3 1 ¹	2 6 ²	1 7 ⁵	
11	7 ³	2 1 ⁴	2 4 ⁴	2 7 ⁶	2 7 ⁵	2 6 ⁴	2 5 ⁵	2 2 ⁷	1 9 ¹	8 ⁴			2	2 9 ⁴	2 2 ⁴	1 4 ¹	
12	11	2 2 ¹	2 4 ⁴	2 9 ⁵	2 3 ⁴	2 2 ²	1 11 ⁶	1 6 ³					1 ⁶	2 5 ¹	1 9 ⁶	11 ⁵	
13	1 3 ¹	2 2 ⁷	2 4 ⁶	1 10 ⁶	1 10 ³	1 9 ⁷	1 7 ³	1 1 ³					1 ⁴	1 11 ³	1 4	6 ²	
14	1 7 ⁵	2 3 ⁶	2 4 ⁶	1 5 ¹	1 1 ⁷	4 ¹							1 ²	1 5 ⁷	9 ³	0 ⁴	
Transom ..	1 11	2 4 ⁶	2 5 ³	1									1	1 0 ⁶	4 ¹		

The sail plan and details of construction will be given next week.



SULTANA.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The opening of the 15ft. racing about New York will be under the auspices of the Huguenot Y. C., which will hold a special race on May 16 off New Rochelle. Entries may be sent to Vice-Com. C. M. Connolly, 757 Broadway, New York.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, passed Cape Espartel, near Tangier, on April 21, bound East.

Triton, schr., E. C. Clark, arrived at Norfolk on April 23, after a winter cruise in the West Indies.

The Ohio Y. C. will hold two open regattas off Turtle Island, one in June and one in September.

The Fox Lake, Ill., Y. C. will hold its races on June 9, June 24, July 4, July 21, Aug. 4 and Aug. 8. The sailing courses of the club have been much improved by dredging and the removal of weeds.

An unknown yacht was reported wrecked on April 23 between Galveston and Tampico, in the Gulf of Mexico. No details of the supposed disaster are given.

Viking, schr., has been sold by Col. J. M. Loomis, of Chicago, to Com. James D. Smith, of New York, owner of the famous sloop Pocahontas. Though an old boat of cruising model and build, Viking has been noted under Col. Loomis's ownership not only for her comfortable and luxurious fittings, but as one of the best kept up yachts in the fleet, both in the discipline of the crew and the condition of the vessel. Her fierce dragon figurehead is well known in all the Sound ports. Pocahontas is now offered for sale.

Comanche, steam yacht, has returned to New York from the West Indies.

Eidolon, cutter, has been sold by Mr. Crosby to Com. C. E. Diefenthaler, Riverside Y. C. The yacht has been re-rigged, her mast being moved forward.

Chas. Olmstead, designer of Trilby, 15-footer, has in hand a 15-footer for several members of the Riverside Y. C. and a 20-footer for Henry Crosby, Jr., of the same club.

Suit has been brought in the Supreme Court of New York against Col. S. V. R. Cruger, owner of Allegra, steam yacht, by the relatives of James Gill, the fireman of the yacht, one of the two men who were killed by the bursting of a tube on Sept. 13, 1893. The damages claimed are \$5,000, the statutory limit at that time.

The Stamford Y. C. will have three new 15-footers under its flag this season, one being a Herreshoff boat owned by F. M. Hoyt, owner of Norota, cutter. Another is for H. K. McHarg, and a third, designed and built by Seabury & Co., will be named Seghaya by her owner, Vice-Com. H. C. Smith.

The new 15-footers built by L. D. Huntington, designer of Question, are Hope, for Adrian Iselin, Jr.; Willada, for W. G. Newman, and one for Sherman Hoyt, owner of the sloop Ola. The latter boat will be of a different model from the others, with a round bilge.

The Pewaukee Lake Y. C., of Wisconsin, has just been incorporated by Messrs. A. L. Hathaway, Louis Aner, Fredk. Wolber and other Milwaukee yachtsmen.

Navorch, steamer, has been sold by Com. Merrill, South Boston Y. C., to Com. J. M. Richmond, Rhode Island Y. C.

Scionda, steam yacht, has been chartered by A. W. Booth to J. J. Phelps.

A number of New York pilot boats, displaced by the recent substitution of steam craft, are now advertised for sale, and one, the Ezra Nye, has been purchased by F. Manin Crawford, of the New York Y. C., who will use her as a yacht in the Mediterranean. She is now fitting out at Poillon's.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSEES.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, is looking forward to a lively season, though the interest will center in the new 15-footers and not in canoe racing. The sailing canoe no longer figures in the club's races and but one race is scheduled. The fixtures are as follows: Saturday, June 6, 15ft. class; Saturday, June 20, annual spring regatta; Saturday, July 11, 15ft. class; Saturday, Sept. 5, club trophy, canoe sailing race; Saturday, Sept. 12, 15ft. class and annual fall regatta.

Between July 4 and 18 the club will hold an invitation race for 15-footers and mosquito boats. The club has some five canoe yaws in commission and a class will be made for them in their races. Some six or seven new 15-footers will be ready for the first race. A spring freshet in the Delaware carried away the seawall and flagstaff, but the wall has been rebuilt and a new pole with topmast set up on the wharf. Though canoe racing is exciting little interest, members are preparing for canoe cruises to Hopatcong and other places.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Name.	Club.	City.
W. F. Gilman.....	Tatassit.....	Worcester.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Walnut Hill Scores.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., April 18.—The scores made to-day by members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association were as follows:
Bronze and Silver Military Medal.
Won on 10 scores of 40 or better by
F R Blake.....44 41 41 42 41 42 41 46 41 41
Bronze Military Medal.
Won on 10 scores of 36 or better by
H L Smith.....37 37 38 40 37 41 37 42 36 37
Bronze Membership Badge.
Won on 10 scores of 65 or better by
F Williams.....69 68 75 75 65 78 71 71 71 77
Military Medal Match.
S C Sydney.....4455455555—47 M T Day.....41
5454545554—46 B E Hunter.....40
A J Litchfield.....5444444544—42 W D Grier.....37
A Cummings.....4443555434—41 A W Hill.....36
All-Comers' Pistol Match, 50yds.
J Hadley.....10 10 9 9 10 7 6 7 9 10—87
O E Davis.....8 7 7 10 8 9 10 9 6 10—84
W A Stevens.....10 10 8 8 8 7 10 6 7 9—83
J Cooney, Jr.....10 7 8 8 7 8 10 8 5 10—81
A W Hill.....79
M T Day.....77

De Lisle Rifle Club.

DETROIT, Mich., April 20.—The following are the records of Class A, De Lisle Rifle Club, as a result of the ten weeks' series of shoots. Conditions—Winchester .22caliber rifles, open sights, standard target, 3 shots per week. Highest possible would be 300 points:
R A De Lisle.....238 F Grenon.....249
Miss L De Lisle.....236 W M Thleme.....238
Miss B Whittenberg.....266 Miss C Hellenber.....205
Miss B Stewart.....257 B. WHITTENBERG, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., April 19.—In the shoot to-day between members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Lieut. Payne's team scored 1,531 points against 1,477 points made by Capt. Gindele's team, the former winning by 54 points. A feature of to-day's shooting was a 50 shot military rifle match between Messrs. Copeland and Scherrer, in which the former scored 291 points to Scherrer's 277 points, Copeland winning by 14 points. Gindele and Wellinger distinguished themselves during the shooting by making scores of 90. All shooting was off-hand, 200yds. range, standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele.....	10 9 9 8 9 7 10 10 8 10—90
Payne.....	9 10 7 8 10 8 10 8 6 10—84
Weinheimer.....	6 9 7 8 9 10 8 7 8 9—81
Wellinger.....	7 10 10 10 7 6 9 9 6 7—81
Hasenzahl.....	10 8 7 10 8 8 9 9 10 6—85
Roberts.....	9 7 6 8 8 10 8 9 9 9—81
Trounstein.....	8 8 6 8 9 9 6 9 9 9—81
* Scherrer.....	9 9 7 7 10 7 7 8 9 6—80
* Copeland.....	7 7 9 8 9 10 6 10 5 6—77
Lux.....	10 5 9 7 9 9 3 5 10 7—74
Drube.....	8 8 5 10 6 7 6 5 6 8—69
Strickmeier.....	8 5 7 3 5 8 10 9 7 4—66
* Gibson.....	9 9 10 9 7 10 9 10 8—90
	7 8 8 7 7 8 8 8 10 8—79
	9 8 8 9 7 8 9 8 4 7—78
	9 7 5 7 8 5 7 9 4 10—76
	8 8 8 8 8 10 10 8 7—83
	8 7 6 10 5 8 6 10 10—80
	9 8 8 6 6 9 8 10 8 7—79
	8 8 7 6 6 10 6 0 8 8—76
	10 7 5 7 7 8 5 7 10 8—74
	5 6 8 7 9 7 10 7 5 8—72
	7 8 6 4 8 6 10 8 6 7—70
	6 9 7 8 7 8 6 5 7 6—69
	10 7 8 6 10 10 7 4 6 3—71
	6 6 6 3 7 8 6 5 9 5—61
	6 9 6 6 4 5 7 8 6 4—60
	6 4 6 8 10 5 8 6 3 4—60
	3 3 6 6 6 7 8 9 10 4—62
	7 5 7 8 2 6 5 7 7 5—60
	4 5 4 8 6 5 6 8 6 7—59
	3 5 4 6 3 7 7 5 7 7—54
	2 10 8 9 3 8 6 7 10 7—70
	5 10 7 9 5 6 6 6 10 5—69
	8 3 2 6 4 5 5 8 7 5—53
	5 7 3 7 5 5 5 3 2 9—51
	7 9 9 5 13 5 7 10 6 8—69
	5 6 6 7 1 8 10 9 5 4—61
	5 7 4 4 9 3 2 7 6 9—56
	9 8 5 3 5 4 3 6 6 8—55
	9 10 6 6 9 6 9 16 8 6—79
	6 6 8 6 6 8 10 8 10 7—78
	9 9 7 10 10 4 6 7 6 9—77
	10 9 10 5 10 6 7 5 7 6—75
	10 4 9 10 8 9 8 7 7 5—77
	6 7 8 7 5 10 6 8 5 7—69
	4 8 8 7 9 4 8 6 6 6—66
	5 7 7 8 6 8 4 7 6 7—65
	7 3 1 5 5 9 5 7 10 3—55
	4 10 3 3 5 5 5 7 3 6—51
	3 4 1 7 7 2 6 4 1 3—38

* Military rifle.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 12.—Last Sunday, in a pouring rain, was held the spring shoot of the California Schuetzen Club at San Rafael. The shoot was open to all and many non-members competed, probably 150 rifle men in all contesting. Notwithstanding the unfavorable shooting conditions, some good scores were made. The cash prizes were \$40, \$30, \$20, \$17, \$15 and so on down to \$1; tickets of four shots \$1 each.

Winners: A. Ehrenpfort, first with 94 rings; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, second with 93; M. F. Attinger 93, J. Utschig 92, D. W. McLaughlin 92, N. Ahrens 91, etc.

Honorary target, 3 shots: H. H. Burfeind 74, J. Dornbier 74, A. Strecker 71, F. Kuhnle 71, J. Utschig, D. W. McLaughlin, N. Ahrens and A. Gehret, 70 each, etc.

Over \$1,000 cash was taken in for tickets.

To-day the shooters congregated at Shell Mound Range for the various monthly medal shoots. The weather conditions were good. Following are the scores, 20 shots, 25-ring target:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, for monthly medal: champion class, William Glimmermann, 428 rings; first class, F. P. Schuster, 440; third class, H. Wicker, 415; fourth class, J. D. Heiser, 370.

First best shot, H. Huber, 25; last best, D. B. Faktor, 24.

Germania Schuetzen Club, for monthly medals: champion class, Dr. L. Rodgers, 429 rings; first class, G. Alpers, 429; third class, H. H. Burfeind, 409; fourth class, C. F. Rust, 369.

First best shot, A. Mocker, 24; last best shot, G. Alpers, 24.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: F. Schuster 142 points, G. Schulz 332, D. Hense 403, A. Mocker 422, L. Brune 547, H. Hellberg 575, J. Lankenau 590, H. Burfeind 614, A. Hagedorn 642, J. Thode 731, G. Alpers 846, W. Garms 898, H. Stelling 937.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, Columbia Target: Rifle, 200yds., Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 10, D. W. McLaughlin 13, F. O. Young 12, A. Strecker 13, E. Jacobsen 22.

Champion class, 10 shots: F. O. Young 61, D. W. McLaughlin 75, Dr. Rodgers 78, A. H. Pape 84.

First class: J. E. Klein 74, A. B. Dorrell 82, F. Baumgarten 101.

Second class: J. E. Gorman 82, O. H. Breimer 83, F. E. Mason 86, G. Burley 91, E. Jacobsen 101, L. Pinger 120, W. F. Unfred 147.

Pistol, 50yds., 10 shots, champion class: J. E. Gorman 46, C. M. Daiss 52, A. H. Pape 57.

First class: F. Baumgartner 54, L. O. Rodgers 57, A. B. Dorrell 59, D. W. McLaughlin 61.

Second class: A. Fetz 63, G. M. Barley 64, E. Jacobsen 76, W. Unfred 121, L. Zimmerman 132.

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers, 3 shots: A. H. Pape 8, J. E. Gorman 10, F. O. Young 10, C. M. Daiss 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 10, F. Baumgartner 17, A. Fetz 23.

Revolver, Carr medal: F. O. Young 36-42, M. J. White 39.

22-cal. rifle, 50yds.: W. Unfred 48.

ROEL.

Excelsior Rifle Club's Tournament.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 25.—The tournament of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of this city, closed to-night after a successful three days' shoot. The number of contestants was quite large, probably over 200 rifle men taking part in the shoot. The winners in the various events were:

German 25-ring target: Michael Dorrier, Greenville R. C., 72 73—145; Louis Flaach, Zettler R. C., 72 73—145; Dr. Henry J. Boyken, Harlem R. C., 72 73—143; Wm. Rosenbaum, Empire R. C., 72 72—144; Louis Busse, Empire R. C., 72 72—144; Harry Krause, Excelsior R. C., 71 72—143; Louis P. Hansen, Excelsior R. C., 71 71—142; Walter C. Collins, Greenville R. C., 71 71—142; Henry Mahlenbrock, Hudson R. C., 70 70—140; Geo. Purken, Greenfield R. C., 68 70—138; John Speicher, 71 64—135; Oscar C. Boyce, Excelsior R. C., 67 68—135; Geo. Oberst, Essex Amateur R. C., 69 65—134; and Wm. J. Hennessey, Excelsior R. C., 66 67—133.

Premiums for the most rings: Louis P. Hansen, Excelsior R. C., first prize; Harry Krause, Excelsior R. C., second prize.

Bullseye target: Thomas Hughes, Excelsior R. C., 5½ degrees; Charles L. Pinney, Cottage R. C., 7; Louis Flaach, Zettler R. C., 7½; Michael Dorrier, Greenville R. C., 8½; George Oberst, Essex Amateur R. C., 9; Harry Krause, Excelsior R. C., 9; Louis Busse, Empire R. C., 9½; Wm. Rosenbaum, Empire R. C., 10½; Wm. Worn, Williamsburgh Shooting Society, 12½; Dr. Henry J. Boyken, Harlem R. C., 13; Colin Boag, Greenville R. C., 23; Wm. J. Channing, Excelsior R. C., 16½; John Speicher, Excelsior R. C., 29; Walter C. Collins, Greenville R. C., 14½; Patrick O'Hare, Cottage R. C., 30½; James Hughes, Excelsior R. C., 33½; Wm. Watts, Essex Amateur R. C., 41½; John Bandler, Excelsior R. C., 36½; Wm. Hennessey, Excelsior R. C., 12, and Richard H. Duff, Excelsior R. C., 17½.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. E. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 7.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Tournament of the Home City Gun Club. Targets.

May 15-16.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Tournament of the Oritani Field Club. Targets.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 22-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURN, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The question of loss of form at the traps is something that has engaged our attention more of late than for some time past. One often hears that so-and-so is "clean off." It has never yet been satisfactorily explained to us what causes this going off in form; the subject feels physically fit as a fiddle, to use an accepted phrase, but cannot point his gun right. He tries shoot ahead, behind, over and under the targets, and then right at them; the result is the same, a distressing plethora of ciphers that makes his score look like that of a novice. Col. Heber Breintnall was off in his shooting for some time and very nearly got disgusted and quit; he persevered, however, and now smiles with the rest of the boys who claim straight scores. George S. McAlpin was another of the same kind, only his slip-up was shorter lived than Col. Breintnall's. What caused the trouble? Another shooter who cannot now make over 50 per cent. was last year, and for some years past, shooting a 90 clip. Here's his story of the case: "I feel all right, and think I'm pointing my gun right, but the shot goes every where but where the target is, punching holes in the air all round the target. I practice and try to get back into form, but it's no use. The other day I went out and thought I had it at last. I broke 18 straight and then missed a right-quarterer. I called to the boy to leave the trap that way and let me have another. He did, several more of them; I missed 13 straight and quit. Never felt better in my life, and am shooting live birds all right. What's the matter with me?" We can remember the time when it took phenomenal shooting to beat Billy Wolstencroft. Then, although always a good shot, Billy could not keep up his gait. At times he shot as well as ever, notably at the Pennsylvania State shoot of 1894 at Altoona, Pa., the very day after he had described himself in the annual meeting as a "has been." Now things are coming his way again, and he is shooting as well as ever he did. If he keeps up his gait and enters for the championship at the E. C. tournament some of those better known to the younger generation of trap-shooters will have to take a back seat. What caused his loss of form? And what brought it back?

H. B. Shoop, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, and also secretary of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association, writes that the State shoot will be held at Harrisburg on Sept. 8-11. Mr. Shoop says that the Harrisburg boys intend to give "one of our old-time shoots." Harrisburg is centrally located in Pennsylvania, and should have a good attendance, as the club there is a strong one. Members of the State organization will no doubt receive formal notice from Mr. Shoop of the importance of a good representation at the annual meeting, which will be held on the night of Sept. 8. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association made a strong effort in 1895 to remedy some of the evils in the existing game laws, and were very nearly successful in the attempt. The failure of 1895 should serve as a stimulant to still stronger work in 1897.

A correspondent of ours in Pittsburg, Pa., who is noted for his veracity, sends us the following: "From present indications the tournament to be given by the Pittsburg Gun Club, June 23-26, will be one of the most successful ever given by the club, and that is saying a great deal. We have already had many inquiries in regard to programmes, etc., and, as usual, most of the shooters in Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Eastern Ohio are practicing for the event. Paul North and his 'bicycle trap' will be the novelty at this tournament in the way of throwing bluerocks. Old Hoss and McPherson have been appointed a committee of two to welcome the visiting sportsmen; if they do not discharge their duties satisfactorily they will be fired from the grounds and the club." Seriously speaking, this shoot will be a most popular one in all respects.

George F. Day, secretary of the newly organized Usbridge (Mass.) Gun Club, writes us under date of April 23 as follows: "It may be of interest to the shooting fraternity to learn that there was born last Saturday at Usbridge, Mass., an infant gun club. The little fellow starts out on his career auspiciously. Plump and healthy, a membership of 9 with the assurance of as many more for the first shoot next Saturday, a balance to the good in the treasury of more than enough to provide paraphernalia, and wideawake nurses, viz.: President, W. E. Rawson; Vice-President, E. A. Mansfield; Treasurer, E. A. Ford; Secretary, G. F. Day." The above sounds like a proper addition to our present large family. The more of such a sort the merrier.

The Oritani Field Club will shoot a race with a team from Princeton on Saturday afternoon, May 2. This will be a kind of double event, a team of baseball players from the college being booked to play a match with the club's baseball team the same afternoon. The tournament of the Field Club, announced for May 15-16, should be a popular affair; the club says that it will do all in its power to make things pleasant for its guests.

The Sistersville Rod and Gun Club, of Sistersville, W. Va., was organized on April 16. The officers of the club are: President, D. M. Wallace; Vice-President, John F. Eckert; Secretary-Treasurer, Edw. O. Bower. The club has excellent prospects for a large membership and a prosperous future.

The spring tournament of the Bedford, Ind., Rod and Gun Club, which is announced for May 5 and 6, will be held under the management of W. T. Irwin. The programme calls for 165 targets each day, all known traps and angles.

The twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Lincoln, Neb., the fourth week of April, 1897. The officers elected for the ensuing twelve months are: President, Geo. W. Rogers, of Lincoln; Vice-President, W. H. S. Hughes; Secretary, R. M. Welch, of Lincoln; Treasurer, G. W. Loomis, of Omaha; the executive committee consists of the president, secretary and Frank S. Parmalee. A new constitution and by-laws, ordered at the meeting in 1895, and prepared by N. P. McFarlane and W. S. Hughes, the committee appointed for that purpose, were read and referred to the executive committee for revision, with instructions to have same ready for adoption at the next annual meeting.

Lieut. A. W. du Bray, the popular representative of the Parker gun, added another laurel to the chaplet already gained by that gun this year by winning the individual championship contest at the Texas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Houston, Tex., on April 23. Du Bray made a bad start, losing his first two birds dead out of bounds; he then ran 18 straight, tying with three others, whom he shot out by killing 10 more straight. Of course Du Bray was shooting a Parker pigeon gun, Whitworth fluid steel barrels; he used E. C. powder in U. M. C. trap shells.

Next week will witness one of the greatest gatherings of trap-shooters ever seen in this country. We refer of course to the tournament of the E. C. Powder Co. at Guttenburg race track. There has never been a tournament with any large amount of added money held in the East, and for that reason it is hard to forecast with any degree of certainty the probable average number of entries. From what we can hear—and we have received communications on this point from all parts of the United States—we look for something very nearly approaching a record breaker.

The Knapp cup, value \$350, donated to the Carteret Club by J. P. Knapp, is now the property of H. B. Wright. Mr. Wright has won the cup four times—the number necessary to call it his own. The record of the seven contests and the winners stands as follows: Dec. 26, George Work, 27 out of 29; Jan. 8, J. P. Knapp, 19 out of 22; Jan. 22, Wright, 20 straight; Feb. 19, Fred Hoey, 19 out of 20; Feb. 26, W. W. Watrous, 32 out of 35; March 11, Wright, 21 out of 23; April 8, Wright, 22 out of 23.

The many friends, Northern and Southern, of George S. McAlpin will wish him well when they learn that he is about to become a benedict. The noon hour on Wednesday next, April 23, will settle it, that being the hour fixed for the termination of his bachelorhood. The future Mrs. George S. McAlpin is at present a Miss Morrow, of Brooklyn, N. Y. At the New Jersey State League shoot last week McAlpin was quite busy—breaking straights and receiving congratulations.

Mr. Armin Tenner, writing from Schöneberg, Berlin, Germany, says: "The championship meeting of the Deutscher Jagd und Schiess Klub will be held in Berlin, Germany, on May 19-23. The first three days are set aside for clay pigeon-shooting; the fourth for shooting at a running hare target, and the fifth for shooting at a running wild boar target for sporting rifles. Americans visiting Berlin on the dates mentioned are cordially invited to participate in this tournament."

The editor of this department is necessarily out of the city a good deal. News has to be hunted, and FOREST AND STREAM wants the news. For this reason correspondents should address news matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to the editor of the trap department. This rule should always be strictly observed, particularly during the next two months or so; otherwise, matter that should see light will be liable to be sidetracked for good.

E. D. Miller, secretary of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., writes that his club claims July 4 as the date for its annual tournament at targets and live birds. The Union Gun Club has always since its organization held a tournament on the above date, and this year will be no exception to the rule. Miller promises the boys a good time and plenty of shooting.

The officers of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club are: President, N. P. Roach; First Vice-President, J. T. Mascroft; Second Vice-President, R. C. Walls; Secretary, V. D. Kenerson; Treasurer, F. M. Harris; Executive Committee: E. W. Ide, A. L. Gilman, George McClellan, Frederick Bucklin.

The variety of guesses hazarded as to who will be the champion of the world at inanimate targets on Friday evening, May 8, shows what a really open contest such an event is. The winner, whoever he may be, will scarcely be allowed to rest on his laurels for long without fighting to retain them. Challenges are to be expected, and all such contests will be fraught with much interest.

W. R. Hobart, secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, informs us that the prize-soliciting committee of the League reports that it has received additional prizes in the shape of twenty 1lb. cans of hard grain Schultz powder from Messrs. Von Lengerke & Demold.

On Thursday of last week, April 23, Frank Class and T. W. Morley shot a match at 25 live birds, Long Island rules, gun below the elbow, 21yds. rise. The match was for \$25 a side. The birds were said to have been a good lot. Class defeated Morley by 18 to 17.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., has issued the programme for its annual tournament on May 26-28. Owing to the late hour at which our copy reached this office, we are unable to do more in this issue than just acknowledge its receipt with thanks.

The Nebraska State shoot at Omaha last week was another specimen of the excellent series of tournaments booked in the Southwest for the month of April. It's Joplin this week.

On Thursday and Friday of this week, April 30 and May 1, there will be a two-days' shoot at Dexter Park. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

APRIL 28.

EDWARD BANKS.

Echoes from Atchison.

On Monday, April 13, Rike was the only shooter to average 90 per cent. He shot consistently during the whole shoot, failing only on one day to touch 90 per cent., while his general average for the week was just that mark.

It was not long after Paul North had arrived in town that everybody was aware of the fact. Blue rock buttons blossomed from every coat.

There was general disappointment at the fact that the original Arkansas traveler, John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, could not be present at the shoot. He writes he will catch on at Omaha.

That farmer boy, Heer, caused much dismay with his rainmaker. For awhile he kept the boys guessing as to whether he would ever drop a target. He ran 46 straight and was the only one out of 108 shooters in the first amateur event to score 20 straight. After each event he would go down to the creek and swab out his gun, much to the amusement of "the gang."

Frank Parmalee tells Fred Gilbert that his voice is too full choked, and advises him that he should have it bored a true cylinder.

Rolla Heikes is having the stock of his gun artistically carved. In addition to his own initials, there are the initials of many others on it, and by the time it has gotten around the circuit Rolla will have to have an extension made to it in order to gratify all those who may desire to record their initials on the stock of "Old Sarah."

Young Rhodes shot a great gait on Thursday. He was a member of the Frankfort team when it won the State championship.

When Fred Quimby came on the ground and began to cut some of his usual capers, a man in the crowd said in Fred's hearing, "That fellow acts as if he had wheels in his head." Fred heard it and turned round with "That's right, my friend, I sell the Hunter!"

Taylor Cox, a member of the Joplin delegation, is a one-armed shooter. He shot throughout the entire shoot, and managed to score several straights.

It's pretty hard to play second fiddle to one's little brother. Jim Elliott knows how it feels since Dave beat him on Wednesday.

Straights paid well all through the shoot. Many shooters were lucky enough to drop into first alone with a straight score.

All the shooters that stopped at the Byram House soon knew the bill of fare by heart; it was "the same thing over again" every day.

I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J., shot here under the name of Dukes. He scored a couple of straights on Wednesday morning.

Clay and Corham were the colored gentlemen that took in this shoot.

Jack Parker attributed the loss of a target to a cow getting in line with it just as he was firing. The cow was grazing on a hillside away on the outside of the ground. When Parmalee heard the excuse, he fell over a barbed wire fence and suffered laceration of the feelings.

Harry Marlin, of the Marlin Firearms Company, dropped in on us and showed the boys that he could break targets as well as sell rifles.

The King's Smokeless tent was a center of attraction during the shoot. Milt and Wanda made lots of friends for themselves and the company they represent.

Tom Keller gave an exhibition of bicycle riding, borrowing a wheel for the occasion. It was a complete exhibition too, for Tom showed the boys how to fall with elegance.

One of the local papers ran Harvey McMurchy's picture for Dick Merrill's photo, adding that Merrill's wife would hardly know him. Naturally there was much truth in this statement.

President G. M. Walden, of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, came here with the Kansas City delegation. Mr. Walden is very enthusiastic over the prospects for the coming State shoot in Kansas City, and expects great things for it. The championship cup will be a beauty with no strings to it.

W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, made the longest straight run of the

tournament. He ran 71 straight, and also scored 168 out of the first 175 he shot at on the last day.

Lou Erhardt kept open house and turned his store over to the boys to do what they liked with. The store is still there!

You will hear from me at Omaha.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Preparations for the E. C. Tournament.

DURING the past week Elmer E. Shaner and Noel E. Money have been very busy at the Guttenburg Race Track putting everything in order for the coming tournament of the E. C. Powder Company. Jack Parker, who will assist Elmer Shaner in managing the tournament, is now in the city, and has taken up the thread of preparation for the shoot which was broken by Elmer's departure for Birmingham, Ala., where the Interstate Association held a tournament this week. By noon on Monday, May 4, shooters will be able to get all the practice they want for the big four days' work of May 5-8.

HOW TO GET TO GUTTENBURG.

Guttenburg Race Track is easily reached from this city. There are many different ways of reaching it, all very simple to anyone that has a tongue in his head and knows where he wants to go. It depends a great deal where a shooter is stopping in New York which is the best and quickest way for him to go. Those who are downtown will find the Barclay Street Ferry to Hoboken very convenient; a horse car from Hoboken Ferry to Fourteenth Street Ferry in Hoboken connects with electric cars that run direct to the track, letting passengers off at the park gates. Ferries at the foot of Franklin street (downtown) and at the foot of West Forty-second street run to Weehawken and make close connections with electric cars that transfer passengers to the above-mentioned cars on ordinary occasions; on the days of the shoot cars will be run direct to the race track from Weehawken in connection with the early boats; this will make the trip from the foot of West Forty-second street about 30 minutes. To those shooters who make the Hotel Metropole (headquarters for shooters during the tournament), Forty second street and Broadway, their abiding place, this will make a most convenient route. The ferry at the foot of West Fourteenth street, New York, runs to the foot of Fourteenth street, Hoboken, and electric cars that run from there land their passengers at the park gates without a change of cars.

It will be seen that there are plenty of routes to get to the scene of the great shoot. Any one of the routes mentioned will land the shooter at the track within a little over an hour from the center of the city. Once at the park gates, there is a walk of about 300 or 400yds. to the grand stand, in front of which are lined up the four sets of traps for use in this tournament. There is ample accommodation for shooters and spectators, the betting hall being set apart for the use of shooters exclusively. It is an immense, well-lighted, cool hall that would accommodate ten times the number of shooters that one can reasonably expect to be present at the E. C. shoot. The cashier's office is just in front of the betting hall, being nothing more nor less than the space inclosed by a set of storm doors that protect an entrance into the betting hall. Spectators will find the seats of the grand stand a most convenient and comfortable vantage ground for witnessing the shooting.

FOUR SETS OF TRAPS.

There are, as stated above, four sets of traps: two sets of bluerock traps, under the direct supervision of Paul North, and two sets of empire traps that will be looked after by Charlie Hebbard. Elmer Shaner and Jack Parker will divide the cares of looking after the shooters at the four sets of traps, and will have an able squad huster in the person of Seth Clover. A line of rope will be stretched parallel with the score, but about 15ft. to the rear of it, nobody but the shooters in the act of firing their strings, and the next squad, being allowed within the lines. This will prevent spectators from crowding the shooters in the smallest degree. Each set of traps will, of course, have its own blackboard, which will be located just to the right of each score.

The traps face about northeast, we believe, hence the light, except perhaps during the early hours of the morning, will be of the best. The sets of traps are numbered from north to south, No. 1 set being to the extreme left of the score, No. 4 to the extreme right. The background is something that we can hardly speak authoritatively on, not having seen a target thrown from the traps as yet. We believe, however, that it will be found to be all right, a little preliminary practice being sufficient to acquaint shooters with whatever peculiarities there may be connected with it. Except in a few instances it will be a clear sky background or very nearly so.

HOW THE EVENTS WILL BE SHOT OFF.

Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3, all 20-target events, will be started each morning on Nos. 1, 2 and 3 sets of traps respectively, each event being shot off on its own set of traps. On No. 4 set events Nos. 5 and 6 will be decided, as these events will necessarily consume a considerable amount of time; expert rule and pairs. Event No. 4 will probably be started on No. 1 set as soon as event No. 1 has been completed. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 constitute the championship events each day, and as No. 4 set of traps is located immediately in front of the grand stand, the general public will have an excellent chance of witnessing some very fine work at the most difficult styles of shooting known.

So far as we can see, everything has been done to look after the comfort of the shooters and spectators. Unless the weather is extremely hot or wet we cannot imagine any other conditions of weather that would cause shooters any discomfort. It must be borne in mind that shooting commences each morning at 8:30. An early start is absolutely necessary if the entry list is as large as we hope and believe it will be, and if the programme is to be shot through.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The championship events will, of course, cause very great interest. Inanimate target shooters have never had a real championship event at all the styles of shooting generally recognized by trap-shooters. The three styles adopted—unknown angles, expert rules (one man up standing in the middle, the five traps down) and pairs—were chosen as representatives of the three most generally recognized styles of target shooting in this country. In certain portions of the States reversed order is very popular, but it is not very generally shot. For that reason it was felt to be unfair to include that style of shooting among the other championship conditions for the present. If that style continues to increase in popularity at the present rate it will not be long before, after due notice has been given, 100 targets, reversed order, will have to be included in the conditions governing the Inanimate Target Championship of the World. America, as the birthplace of inanimate target shooting, can fittingly claim the right to inaugurate a world's championship.

At the coming tournament of the E. C. Company the shooter who makes the highest aggregate score in events Nos. 4, 5 and 6, on all four days of the shoot, will indeed be worthy of the title of champion. He will have beaten his opponents at three different styles of shooting, 100 targets at each style. FOREST AND STREAM, as the daddy of the championship, feels extremely well pleased with the future prospects of its babe.

May the best man win.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 21.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. The attendance was small, only 5 shooters in all taking part in the six 20-target events decided during the afternoon. The scores were:

No. 1.		No. 3.	
Nelson.....	110111111111000110—15	1111011101111100111—17	
Terry.....	110101110101110111—15	110111110111111111—18	
Moorman.....	1111111111011100111—17	1101111110001011110—14	
Scott.....	01001001011000011011—9	1010011110010101111—12	
No. 2.		No. 4.	
Nelson.....	1010011101111110110—14	100101011101111111—15	
Terry.....	111110011001011111—15	010010110101011011—13	
Moorman.....	1100101111111111110—16	110101010101010001—11	
Scott.....	011111010100110111—13	001101111111110011—15	
No. 5.		No. 6.	
Nelson.....	01111110101010011000—11	011101011101111111—16	
Terry.....	10011111111111110101—16	10011011010101011011—12	
Scott.....	000011110101010110—12	001101010101100010—10	
Moorman.....	11110111111101011101—16	111111111101110111—18	
S H Thomas.....	11111110110001011101—14		

F. M. D.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 23.—The following scores were made in the club shoot of the Marietta Gun Club, held this afternoon:

M-inert.....	0111111001011110110111—19	
Seiz.....	11110110100111110011110—18	
Stephens.....	11110110110111010010011—17	
Hillard.....	11000110111000100111110—15	
Gramling.....	010010100110101010111—15	
Glover.....	111100011001000100110111—15	
Black.....	00110011010111100110101—15	
Mosher.....	0111101000010111001011—14	
Reynolds.....	00010111101000100011100—12	
Thornton.....	01101010110010100011000—12	
Austin.....	100110001011001010011000—11	
Williams.....	0001001011110100100000—10	
Mauzy.....	110000110001001010010111—12	
Worthubt.....	000101010100010000010000—5	

W. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

The Nebraska State Shoot at Omaha.

The twentieth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, that was brought to a close on April 24, was a success that its promoters, Messrs. Loomis, Read and Parmalee, may well be proud of. Compared with other tournaments of this Association, I feel safe in saying that it is the best it has ever held.

With such a trio for its managers, the shooters of the State naturally felt that they were under obligations to attend, and did so in large numbers, as a perusal of the list that is given below will show. And shooters did not come only from within the confines of the State of Nebraska. There was the Utah delegation that came all the way from Ogden, headed by J. M. Browning, one of the inventors and patentees of the Winchester repeating shotgun and rifle. From Joplin, Mo., came Sergeant, Kinmouth and Wilson. Leavenworth, Kan., sent J. W. Sexton, who is now shooting in something like his old form. Others from outside the State were: B. O. Running and Airy Lou Hardt, Atchison, Kan.; F. L. Cotterill, Milo, Ia.; E. A. Leach, Tripps, S. D.; Wm. Mitchell, Perry, Ia.; J. M. Higgins and E. D. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; George Peterson, Ocon Rapids, Ia.; A. Miller, New Boston, Ill.; W. B. Spears, Morrison, Ill.; I. W. Budd, Pemberton, N. J., shooting under the name of Dukes; I. M. Crabill, from Iowa; P. G. Hitch, Fort Madison, Ia.; J. Schuff, Davenport, Ia.; Charlie Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; R. E. Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; Tom Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill.; Charles Young, Springfield, O.; J. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; G. M. Walden, of Kansas City, president of the Missouri Game and Fish Protective Association, etc.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE.

The list of shooters hailing from Nebraska was naturally a large one. Among the number were: C. D. Linderman, of Adams; T. A. Weatherhead, Malvern; A. D. McCandless, Wynnewood; F. Miller, Berwyn; E. W. Hamilton, Pawlet; A. Loeke, Stanton; W. S. Duer, Hastings; J. B. Smith, South Omaha, a colored representative; G. A. Schroeder, Columbus; W. T. Den, Brownville, to whom all of us raise our hats, as he is the oldest man on the circuit, having commenced shooting in 1858, and it is he who first taught Rolla Heikes how to shoot; Wm. McCraith, South Omaha; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water; R. M. Welch, Lincoln; A. A. Glade, Grand Island; A. B. Robertson, Scribner; J. W. Den, Arapahoe; J. C. Hilbery, Beaver Crossing; Tom Clyde and Geo. W. Rogers, Lincoln; C. E. Latshaw, the banjo artist, and Ted Ackerman, Stanton.

AMONG THE PROFESSIONALS.

were: R. O. Heikes and J. A. R. Elliott, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; T. H. Keller, of Plainfield, N. J., the representative of the United States Cartridge Co.; Milt Lindsley and Wanda, now of Cincinnati, O., expounding the merits of King's Smokeless and Peters's reinforced shells; Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich., who represents the Cleveland Target Co. and the E. C. Powder Co.; Dan Tucker, of Meriden, Conn., of the Parker Bros. Gun Co., of that city (Tucker had the satisfaction of seeing one of the guns he represents carry off the honors in the State live-bird championship contest); Col. A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse, N. Y., telling us all the merits of the new Le-fever ejector; and last, but by no means least, Fred Gilbert and his chokebore voice, from Spirit Lake, Ia., giving an object lesson in killing live birds and snuffing out targets with Du Pont's Smokeless.

GROUND IN IOWA.

The club's grounds are very accessible indeed, being only eight minutes' ride by electric cars that pass the door of the Paxton Hotel, the cars crossing the river and landing shooters right at the gates of the grounds, which are located in Iowa. The inclosure is seven acres in extent, and the arrangement of the grounds was a surprise to all the visitors. In every respect they are as up-to-date as any in the States. In front of the club house are placed two sets of empire traps, wire pulls, with a board walk extending the entire length of the two sets and stretching back to the club house. At the upper end of the grounds are the live-bird traps, King's latest. Over the scores for the target traps awnings can be raised or taken down at will, as occasion demands. The background is very good, except that perhaps the ridge to the left of Nos. 1 and 2 in the lower set of traps may be deceiving. The flight of the targets themselves was very erratic; some high, some low, some fast and some slow. They kept fooling the boys all the time, and to this erratic behavior of the targets may be attributed several of the comparatively low averages. The catering of Mr. Randlett, of Council Bluffs, Ia., calls for special mention.

The programme is explained by the scores in the tables given below. The club added \$30 to every purse in the 20-target races. On the fourth day there were only four 20-target races on the programme; the balance was made up of special events referred to in connection with the scores. The Association added \$40 to the purse in the live-bird championship contest, and \$30 to each purse in the team race contests.

AVERAGE MONIES.

There were 12 cash prizes for average moneys: \$20, \$18, \$16, \$16, \$14, \$14, \$12, \$12, \$10, \$10, \$9, \$9. These were divided as in class shooting; thus Marshall and Trotter, who broke more targets than Elliott, split up \$10, while Elliott took a \$10 bill for his share. The destination of the other average moneys can be gleaned from a perusal of the table of general averages. The tables of scores tell the rest of the story:

SCORES OF THE FIRST DAY, APRIL 21.

There were just 71 shooters who took part in to-day's events, the entries varying from 54 to 34. In addition to the 63 whose names appear in the table given below, Edwards shot in No. 8 and broke 10. Brewer and Welch also shot in No. 9, the handicap event; the former scored 43 and had 4 added to his score, making his total 47. Welch scored 32 and had 7 added to his total. The number that appears in the column after Event No. 9 is the number added to the shooter's score. Trotter won first prize with 44 breaks and 4 added—total 48. Gilbert made the best score of the scratch men, scoring 47 out of 50. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	
Heikes	18	17	19	19	18	19	20	18	42	210	180	90.4	
Young	14	11	11	19	18	18	17	17	41	210	165	78.5	
Easton	15	18	17	16	18	16	16	19	44	210	179	85.2	
Dukes	13	18	15	12	13	13	14	14	41	210	152	72.3	
Duer	17	14	14	18	19	14	11	17	41	210	165	78.5	
Den	13	15	11	14	13	15	10	37	5	210	147	70	
Sergeant	11	16	16	15	14	17	15	16	35	210	155	73.8	
Bigelow	18	19	17	13	17	18	15	18	42	210	177	84.3	
Browning	17	15	16	15	19	17	15	14	37	210	165	78.5	
Becker	15	18	14	15	13	15	12	16	41	210	159	75.7	
Gilbert	15	19	18	19	18	19	18	16	47	210	189	90	
Kinmouth	9	18	15	12	18	17	18	16	41	210	164	78	
Grimm	16	19	18	18	13	19	12	20	46	210	181	86.6	
Budd	15	15	14	16	18	20	18	18	38	210	173	81.9	
Merrill	14	18	18	14	19	18	18	14	40	210	166	79	
Keller	15	17	13	14	17	14	16	35	4	210	153	72.8	
Marshall	17	19	19	17	16	17	17	16	45	210	183	87.6	
Parnalee	18	17	18	20	19	18	19	44	..	210	191	90	
Linderman	18	16	17	20	16	16	16	17	89	210	175	83.3	
Harkins	15	17	16	14	18	10	13	16	40	210	159	75.7	
Lashaw	15	14	12	15	15	14	16	140	101	72.1	
Plumber	8	12	12	9	7	13	8	10	25	210	104	49.4	
Sexton	17	18	16	19	18	19	17	20	44	210	188	89.5	
A Miller	6	17	17	16	15	17	11	33	4	210	146	69.5	
Loomis	18	19	17	14	17	19	16	42	2	210	179	85.2	
Smead	11	16	13	14	10	17	14	39	5	210	148	70.4	
Trotter	16	11	17	17	19	16	18	20	44	210	181	86.6	
Hamilton	16	17	17	15	10	12	..	34	5	170	121	59.4	
Elliott	16	17	16	15	17	17	13	40	..	210	168	80	
Parker	13	16	15	14	17	17	16	19	43	210	170	80.9	
Snow	12	17	15	14	14	17	120	89	74.1	
F Miller	10	16	..	15	16	80	57	71.2	
Running	15	18	16	18	14	13	15	9	25	4	210	153	72.8
Watson	10	12	16	11	11	..	28	6	..	150	88	58.6	
Hoffman	13	15	14	12	14	39	6	150	107	71	
Higgins	12	7	13	7	24	8	..	130	63	48.4	
Krig	15	17	17	17	15	14	..	36	4	170	131	77	
Peterman	18	18	20	20	18	16	14	33	1	210	173	82.3	
Hughes	17	12	16	..	14	40	59	73.7	
Crabill	16	17	18	17	15	43	4	150	126	66	
Evans	18	17	15	15	14	36	4	150	115	76.6	
Robertson	14	..	15	40	29	72.5	
Weatherhead	16	16	15	13	14	17	9	37	5	190	137	72.1	
Bogart	7	13	14	10	22	10	130	66	50.7	
Dickey	8	9	10	60	27	45	
Andrews	12	14	16	18	15	12	..	39	7	170	126	74.1	
Leach	11	14	13	..	39	5	..	110	67	60.9	
Westfield	16	18	12	14	80	60	75	
Glade	13	20	13	65	
Rogers	11	14	32	7	90	57	63.3	
Brucker	9	7	10	9	80	35	43.7	
Clyde	9	6	10	6	23	6	..	130	54	41.4	
Itner	15	20	15	75	
Raymond	10	17	38	6	90	69	76.6	
Courtney	16	12	27	6	90	55	61.6	
Salisbury	12	20	12	60	
Lindsley	15	18	15	14	..	40	6	130	102	78.4	
Kennedy	13	14	32	3	90	60	66.6	
Gardner	19	13	15	14	15	14	38	5	..	170	128	76.4	
Geo Rogers	15	16	11	..	34	2	110	76	69	
Wanda	12	11	20	11	55	
Cottrell	13	14	15	16	80	58	72.5	

Sanford	8	20	8	40					
Squirrel	12	70	51	72.8					
Ackerman	14	13	15	16	39	3	130	97	74.6
Loerke	16	14	40	4	40	30	75		
Blake	15	19	40	4	90	74	82.2		
Samaha	19	12	20	12	60				

SCORES OF THE SECOND DAY, APRIL 22.

To-day's events were participated in by 72 shooters. Entries ranged from 50 to 33. Besides the names of those given in the table below, Tucker, Shirley and Tremens took part in the 50-target handicap. Tucker got a place, scoring 38, which, with 8 added to his score, made his total 46. Leach, Linderman and Harkins tied for first prize—an \$80 Remington hammerless ejector—Leach winning on the shoot-off. Scores in to-day's events were as below, the figures in the column after the ninth event representing the number of misses as breaks allowed the shooters:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	
Sergeant	13	13	15	12	15	15	18	15	35	7	210	151	71.9
Becker	17	18	16	19	20	16	20	17	38	2	210	181	86.6
Browning	14	18	13	15	15	14	17	20	40	3	210	166	79
Bigelow	14	15	16	15	15	14	17	17	35	2	210	158	75.2
Gilbert	18	20	18	19	17	17	19	17	45	..	210	192	91.4
Kinmouth	10	16	17	17	17	14	13	17	40	6	210	161	76.6
Heikes	37	20	19	19	19	18	20	20	45	..	210	197	93.8
Young	18	15	16	14	18	13	14	16	38	..	210	162	77.6
Easton	15	19	20	19	17	15	18	13	42	..	210	178	84.7
Harkins	13	15	15	15	16	18	15	43	8	210	168	80	
Duer	16	17	17	17	18	16	17	14	..	160	132	82.5	
Elliott	16	17	16	18	14	17	16	41	..	210	174	82.8	
Grimm	20	18	18	15	19	18	17	18	45	..	210	188	89.4
Budd	18	19	18	19	15	19	14	39	3	210	187	89	
Merrill	16	14	15	17	16	17	15	17	48	..	210	165	78.5
Keller	17	16	13	16	18	16	19	17	40	6	210	172	81.9
Marshall	15	16	19	17	19	16	17	16	41	..	210	176	83.8
Parmalee	18	19	19	19	18	20	18	47	..	210	195	92.8	
Peterson	19	19	16	18	15	17	16	12	44	5	210	176	83.8
Cottrell	14	16	14	14	15	16	17	15	37	9	210	158	75.7
Linderman	19	19	19	16	15	18	19	15	45	5	210	189	90
Plumber	12	11	40	23	57.5	
Spears	13	13	12	17	13	15	6	10	41	5	210	140	66.6
Sexton	16	15	17	18	17	18	19	17	46	3	210	183	87.1
Loomis	18	18	16	16	16	18	16	42	3	210	176	83.8	
A Miller	14	12	11	16	16	16	17	17	43	6	210	162	77.6
Parker	17	15	17	19	18	14	13	16	40	..	210	169	80.4
Blake	17	13	15	15	11	15	14	140	100	71.4	
Hughes	18	..	15	16	16	..	16	100	81	81.2	
Schroder	13	15	17	16	14	41	5	150	116	77.3	
Erhardt	13	14	13	19	16	15	13	11	..	160	114	73.3	
Running	14	12	7	16	11	34	6	150	93	62	
Krig	16	15	16	15	16	100	78	78	
Westfield	17	15	17	13	80	62	77.5	
Hilbery	19	13	17	15	80	64	80	
Westhead	12	38	8	70	50	71.4	
Hamilton	13	16	8	9	15	17	14	13	26	7	210	131	62.3
Crabill	16	16	17	15	41	4	..	130	105	80.1	
Mack	14	13	10	60	37	61.1	
Higgins	14	80	12	70	44	62.5	
Robertson	11	20	11	55	
Gardner	16	11	15	15	15	18	15	14	36	9	210	154	73.9
Andrews	13	34	12	..	70	47	67.1	
Trotter	17	20	15	19	16	15	19	16	43	4	210	180	85.7
Organ	11	20	11	55	
Dickey	12	15	9	60	26	60	
Ackerman	15	15	17	16	16	18	16	19	40	4	210	172	81
F Miller	..	16	..	16	..	14	60	46	76.6	
Loerke	..	10	20	10	50	
Leach	..	17	17	16	16	..	43	8	130	109	83.6
Fox	..	12	13	40	25	60.3	
Courtney	..	17	18	17	17	17	16	120	102	85	
Ittner	..	15	..	12	10	8	7	..	30	10	150	83	54.6
Tinsley	16	20	16	80	
Geo Rogers	16	16	14	17	..	41	4	130	104	80	
Brucke	10	20	10	50	
Dukes	13	14	40	27	87.5	
Smith	15	11	37	7	90	63	70	
Lindsley	16	13	..	10	..	37	6	110	76	69
Latshaw	16	16	40	32	80	
Schmidt	13	16	15	17	38	8	120	99	76.1	
Brewer	11	39	5	70	50	50	
Low	11	..	17	16	60	44	73.9	
Wanda	10	..	10	40	20	50	
Den	14	19	17	16	80	66	82.5	
Squirrel	12	..	16	20	12	60	
Raymond	14	..	15	40	20	72.5	
Samaha	18	10	17	29	10	110	74	67.2	
Edwards	12	11	33	12	90	56	62.2	

On Staten Island.

COLUMBIA SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

April 20.—The Columbia Shooting Association held its monthly live-bird shoot this afternoon on the New Dorp Grove grounds, Staten Island. John H. Schleuter, of Brooklyn, captured the club shoot, being the only shooter to score out of his 7 birds. The scores in this event, and in the sweepstakes also shot during the afternoon, were as below:

Club shoot, 7 live birds per man, A. S. A. rules to govern: J. H. Schleuter (28) 6, P. F. Ehrich (26) 5, J. B. Gordon (26) 4, J. G. Henry (26) 3, C. G. McWilliams (27) 3, J. W. Whortley (26) 2, R. J. Perry (26) 2, T. L. Foster (26) 2, R. J. Behrens (26) 2, T. L. Weedon (26) 1, C. W. Hester (26) 2.

No. 1, 3 live birds, handicap rise: Schleuter 3, Ehrich 2, Gordon 3, Henry 1, Williams 1, Whortley 1, Foster 1, Behrens 2, Weedon 2, Hester 3.

No. 2, same: Schleuter 2, Ehrich 1, Gordon 1, Henry 3, McWilliams 2, Whortley 1, Perry 2, Foster 2, Behrens 3, Weedon 2, Hester 2.

No. 3, miss-and-out: Schleuter 2, Ehrich 0, Gordon 2, Henry 0, McWilliams 2, Whortley 2, Perry 1, Foster 0, Behrens 2, Weedon 1, Hester 0.

GERMANIA ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 21.—The monthly shoot of the Germania Rod and Gun Club at targets was held this afternoon at the New Dorp grounds. Richard V. Wagner made the top score in the club shoot at 15 targets. The members are handicapped by distance, their marks being shown by the figures in parentheses after their names. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	5	5	5	5	Targets:	15	5	5	5	5
R V Wagner (16)...	14	4	1	3	0	H J Woelfkin (16)...	9	3	3	1	3
W H Glander (18)...	12	2	3	1	1	W H Schneider (16)...	10	4	4	1	3
G H Becker (16)...	13	2	1	0	1	J O Brehm (16)...	9	1
H J Knoebel (18)...	11	2	4	3	3	J H Freussen (16)...	6	3	1	2	2
C L Meyers (18)...	11	1	2	4	3	T L Murphy (16)...	7	1	3	1	...
C A Gurlech (16)...	8	2	3	1	2	I H Dreuss (16)...	5	1	3	0	2
A O Schmitt (16)...	10	2	5	2	3						

CLINTON GUN CLUB.

April 22.—The members of the Clinton Gun Club, of New York, held their monthly live-bird shoot on the New Dorp Grove grounds, S. I., this afternoon. Dr. Emil Schraeder (28) and David G. Schneider (26) tied for first place with 6 out of 7 in the club shoot, Schneider beating Schraeder in the shoot-off. The scores made this afternoon were as below:

Club shoot, 7 live birds per man, club handicap rise: Dr. Emil Schraeder (28) 6, D. G. Schneider (26) 6, H. K. Williamson (26) 5, T. P. Longreif (27) 5, E. W. Schraeder (26) 4, G. J. Kingsland (26) 5, L. G. H. Wilson (27) 5, S. G. Porter (26) 3, R. J. Williamson (26) 4, J. O. Henderson (26) 4, A. W. Barton (26) 3, T. P. Lee (26) 4, R. D. Morgan (26) 2, W. H. Smith (26) 3.

No. 2, 3 live birds per man: Dr. Schraeder 3, Schneider 2, Williamson 1, Longreif 2, E. W. Schraeder 1, Morgan 3, Smith 2, Henderson 1, Porter 1, Kingsland 1, Wilson 2.

No. 3, miss-and-out: Dr. Schraeder 1, Schneider 0, Lee 2, Williamson 0, Longreif 0, E. W. Schraeder 1, Kingsland 2, Wilson 2, Porter 1, Henderson 1, Barton 2, Morgan 1, Smith 0.

No. 4, same: Dr. Schraeder 1, Schneider 2, Lee 0, Williamson 1, Longreif 3, E. W. Schraeder 3, Kingsland 2, Wilson 1, Porter 2, Henderson 3, Barton 1, Morgan 1, Smith 1.

No. 5, same: Dr. Schraeder 3, Schneider 1, Porter 1, Williamson 1, Henderson 2, Barton 2, E. W. Schraeder 2, Wilson 0.

P. and O. Border Gun League.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 16.—The first contest of the teams of the P. and O. Border Gun League was fought out on the grounds of the Youngstown, O., Gun Club this afternoon. Below are the scores, which give the trophy to the Youngstown Club to hold till the next League meeting at Warren, O., May 14, when it will be again contested for. This contest has started the shooting blood in the clubs of the League, and I expect the interest will increase as the season advances. We had a hot day for it to-day, but there was plenty of cold water and kindred Ohio beverages to cool the thirsty shooter, and solid refreshments *ad libitum*. Everything passed off in perfect harmony. The scores of Youngstown, Meadville and Warren show that it is nobody's game until it is played out. The other clubs, Greenville and New Castle, made scores that were considerably lower, but it is only fair to take into account that the Greenville Club is not a year old, and that the New Castle Club was organized last month. The clubs have some excellent material in them, and what is of more value have the shooting enthusiasm and what I might call the game blood in them, which will tell in the end. It is safe to say that the scores of the two young clubs will gain very rapidly on those of their older associates during the season.

Youngstown, O.

Nutt.....	01001111001010100010111—14
Chapman.....	11111101110011111111001—20
Whitesides.....	101111110110111111111—22
Wheatland.....	111111011111111111111—24
Frey.....	111101111101111111111—23—103

Meadville, Pa.

H A Johnson.....	1111111111111111110101—23
Smith.....	111111101010111101111—21
Reisinger.....	101011001111011111111—19
Prenatt.....	111110111111010111111—21
Hotchkiss.....	1101011110110010011011—17—101

Warren, O.

Rummel.....	10110101111010011101111—18
Sheldon.....	111111010111101111111—23
Jones.....	101101111111110100111—20
Ewalt.....	1110011111111101111101—21
Schoonover.....	111011101101101001111011—19—100

Greenville, Pa., Club.

Naylor.....	1111111010101001111100—19
J M Keck.....	0011010111000101110101—15
Belton.....	0111111011101011110011—19
W D Keck.....	001100010101011011110—16
Russell.....	1101011010101001010111—16—85

New Castle, Pa.

Matthews.....	0011110011111110100001—14
Reis.....	0010111011101111010111—18
Wilson.....	00001000111111010111—16
Alexander.....	01010011010001010100—13
Cosel.....	1101100101010011101011—17—78

J. W. H. REISINGER, Sec'y of League.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 16.—At the club shoot of the Marietta Gun Club held to-day 17 members entered for the club contest, which is at 25 targets, unknown angles. Meinert and Whitlock were high with 19 each. The scores were:

Meinert.....	1101110101001111111101—19
Whitlock.....	101010111111011101101—19
Thornton.....	011111101011011011001—18
Setze.....	1110111000111111010101—18
Black.....	111100101110101101010—17
Legg.....	011111100101001010011—16
Gramling.....	110100110100110101001—14
Mosher.....	001101011111001110000—14
Reynolds.....	1101010111110001001001—14
Mauy.....	0010110010101110000101—13
Williams.....	100001010001001010111—12
Love.....	111010010111001010000—11
Austin.....	1000100100010111001100—10
Glover.....	001000100001010101100100—9
Stephens.....	0110100001010010010100—9
Ball.....	01000000010001010010100—7
Hilliard.....	0000000100000001001001—5

W. J. B.

De Lancy vs. Princeton Freshmen.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 18.—The De Lancy School team went to Princeton to-day and tried conclusions with a team composed of the Princeton Freshmen. The contest was at 30 targets per man, known traps and angles. The visitors won easily by 22 breaks, scoring 121 to 99. The scores were as below:

De Lancy School.	
Vaux.....	001011111111111111111111—26
Huber.....	10111111011111111100111011—25
Harris.....	0100101000111111111111—24
Van Schaick.....	11001010100111110110111—22
Capt. Seymour.....	011100111101111111001111—24—12
Princeton Freshmen.	
Young.....	11011010100111110111001011—21
Chidister.....	010010100100000100111110101—15
Delafield.....	001110100001110101111001—19
Hudsonson.....	111100011111010111010101—21
Kendel.....	01001111101011111111011001—23—99

Trap Around Pittsburg.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 16.—The second monthly contest for the E. C. cup took place to-day on the grounds of the North Side Gun Club. The cup will become the property of the shooter making the highest aggregate in five out of the seven shoots. The North Side Gun Club is one of the most progressive clubs in western Pennsylvania; consequently its shoots are always well attended. Old boss and McPherson managed to-day's shoot, while Bill McCrickart acted as referee and scorekeeper. Of course the necessity of shooting their scores interfered somewhat with Old Boss's and McPherson's pleasure, but that could not be helped. The scores in the event were:

P Kelsey.....	23	22	22	23—89
Oliver.....	23	23	21	23—89
Old Hoss.....	22	20	22	21—85
A H Klag.....	20	21	22	22—85
J H Shaffer.....	22	22	20	21—85
H Born.....	18	23	25	18—84

C. A. MAY'S GOOD SCORE.

April 18.—There was some great shooting done to-day at Brunot's Island by some of the members of the Herron Hill Gun Club. C. A. May, probably the best of the live-bird shots in this city, made the great score of 97, losing two of the three he failed to score dead out of bounds. After losing his 1st, 7th and 29th birds he finished with an unbroken string of 71. Farmer also shot well, scoring 90, while Fargo with 89, McPherson with 86, and Anson with 85, were all strictly in it. Fargo's and Rickey's scores count as a 100-bird race between those two men, Rickey losing by a large majority. The scores were:

C A May.....	0211120121111212111211—23
Farmer.....	11011212121222112212121—24
Fargo.....	11120111111111111211121—25
McPherson.....	11001121111211202210111—21
Anson.....	12102001211222202212110—20
Rickey.....	103011122221221102221000—19

New Castle Gun Club.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., April 15.—The club shoot of the New Castle Gun Club was well attended to-day. The club contest at 25 targets per man had thirty entries. H. P. Shaner and G. L. Pearson were high with 22. The scores in this event were as follows:

E I Agnew.....	0100100111101010101011—17
B T Braby.....	1110101110100101011101—17
E D Reis.....	0100000000000001010010—5
R W Cunningham.....	11001111110111111110011—20
L D Pearce.....	0011100101010010101110—15
T E Malone.....	0111100101001010101010—14
M M Thomas.....	1001000010101010101010—12
J Fisher.....	1010101111011011011010—18
S L Riddle.....	11010111110001100110101—16
H P Shaner.....	1110110111011011111111—22
F Grace.....	0111100101010001101000—12
A M North.....	0010000100001010100011—10
T Elliott.....	01100010101011011001001—16
Rev Glatzert.....	00001001010001111101010—13
S Cosel.....	0000000001000000000001—2
W M Gillette.....	0101111000110101111011—17
D F Harlan.....	1010010001101111010100—13
C W Hart.....	0111111011011011101011—20
W J Harlan.....	01001001010100010000101—9
Dr R D Bell.....	10011110010100100101010—14
Robert Cosel.....	01101100010101010111000—14
R M Wilson.....	0111111101011111011010—20
Wm Alexander.....	10101001000001010101101—14
G H Mathews.....	111111010101001001011011—18
P A Buchanan.....	1101011010101000010101—14
J M B Reich.....	1010010101010110110111—19
R C Patterson.....	11101010010001000101000—12
Dr G W Greene.....	10010101000101000100010—9
G L Pearson.....	1111111101101111101101—22

D. F. HARLAN, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 18.—There was a good attendance to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club. The number of entries in the badge shoot—No. 2—was 23. Ranks did some great work this afternoon, scarcely being able to miss a target, breaking 98 out of 100. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	20	15	15	15	10	12	Targets:	10	25	20	15	15	15	10	12
Hanks.....	10	25	20	14	14	15	Forrester.....	8	23	16	15	15	13	9	10
E C Burkhardt.....	9	19	17	13	12	13	8	9	Talsma.....	8	21	...	13	10	...	7	...
Sweet.....	5	14	...	8	9	10	Brown.....	...	15	15	10	12	8	...	4
C S Burkhardt.....	8	20	15	12	13	11	5	10	Norris.....	...	22	19	13	13	14	6	...
F D Kelsey.....	9	24	19	14	15	14	...	7	Webelhoeer.....	...	20
G O Miller.....	8	14	17	12	13	12	6	...	Combs.....	...	15
Reid.....	6	18	14	12	10	10	4	...	Dubbs.....	...	18	15	13	11	...	7	...
Dr Sauer.....	2	13	10	7	4	8	2	...	Eaton.....	...	17
Robinson.....	7	15	14	Hammond.....	...	19	18	12	13	14	...	9
E W Smith.....	8	18	18	9	7	...	Meyer.....	...	15	13	9
McArthur.....	7	17	19	13	12	11	6	...	Story.....	...	12	9	...	8	...

No. 2 was the badge shoot; No. 8 was at 6 pairs.

April 22.—To-day saw the third contest for the Erie county live-bird championship badge. Dr. Woodbury won the shoot to-day with a score of 23 out of 25, 2 dead out of bounds. Dr. Woodbury is a new acquisition to the ranks of the Buffalo shooters, but he has commenced to make his mark. C. S. Burkhardt won the first heat and B. F. Smith the second. This makes three men tied for the honors. The fourth contest takes place on Wednesday, April 29. C. S. Burkhardt and J. Edwards each scored 22 in to-day's contest. Several live-bird events were also shot off during the day. Full scores follow:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
B F Smith.....	022222222222222220022—20	222222222222222222222—7
C S Burkhardt.....	2212122121201201212112—22	1122111—7
Dr Woodbury.....	1211212212122211121211—23	111211—6
Dubb.....	222222222222222220322—20	2222222—7
J Edwards.....	222011211121122222012121—22	2222222—7
No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Edwards.....	1122222—7	1121112—6
Woodbury.....	1012221—6	1012221—6
Dubb.....	222222—6	222222—6
Smith.....	0—0	222200—4
Braden.....	20102—3	222200—4

B. F. S.

Winning Powders at the London Gun Club.

The London Field, in its reports of pigeon shooting events at the London Gun Club and at Hurlingham, gives the guns and powders used by winners in the more important events on the programme. These points are always of interest to shooters, who, like other men with a hobby, run to statistics on such questions. The following figures, compiled from the above reports of events shot at the Gun Club during the winter season of 1895-96, will probably be of interest:

In the main events there have been 22 winners outright, and 103 dividers of stakes. Of the winners 11 used E. C.; 1 used E. C. and Schultze; 3 used Schultze, and one used Schultze and black; 2 used Amberite; 3 Walsrode and 1 Ballistite. Of the 103 dividers 55 used E. C.; 1 used E. C. and Schultze; 19 used Schultze; 3 Schultze and black; 8 Amberite; 13 Walsrode; 3 Cannonite and 1 Ballistite. The amounts won by those using the above powders were divided as follows: E. C., \$5,650; E. C. and Schultze, \$380; Schultze, \$1,685; Schultze and black, \$280; Amberite, \$1,070; Walsrode, \$1,615; Cannonite, \$150; Ballistite, \$515. The total amount won was \$11,195.

In considering the above figures, there are some facts that should be mentioned. In the number of wins and dividers credited to Amberite, there were 2 winners and 3 dividers in contests in which only Amberite was allowed to be used. Of the Walsrode winners and dividers, the same may be said of 1 winner and 2 dividers in events in which Walsrode alone was to be used. The solitary win of Ballistite was that of the Ballistite cup, for which only those using that powder might compete.

Trap Notes from Seattle.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 13.—The interest in trap-shooting in Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, the three principal cities of the State, is worthy of special attention. While it is true that the terms "great and extraordinary interest" have become to a certain extent hackneyed, I am forced to fall back on them to express my sentiments.

In Seattle there is a shoot once a week. I was going to say through the summer, but that would not be exactly correct, for the boys were out once in two weeks through the winter. Tacoma has just as enthusiastic shooters and as many of them.

Spokane is too far away to take part in our contests, except the annual tournaments. She has some of the best men in the State, and every one of them is a thorough sportsman. Perhaps Caspar Whitney, of Harper's Weekly, would not admit the possibility of a man shooting for money purses and still being a sportsman and gentleman. Spokane is preparing for the annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest. There will be three days' shooting and \$600 cash added to purses. The Hunter Arms Co. has donated a \$300 trophy for the individual championship at inanimates. The programme is now in course of preparation by Tom Ware and Fred K. McBroome. Tom Ware came over to the annual tournament of the Protective Association and carried off the Post-Intelligencer trophy, representing the State championship at 50 targets.

We had a shoot to-day, the scores being as below:

Team race, Tacoma vs. Seattle;	Seattle.	Tacoma.
Miner.....	111111111—10	Kimball.....111101111—9
Purdy.....	111111110—9	Ellis.....101011010—6
Chellis.....	011111011—8	Bird.....110100111—7
McKee.....	101011100—6	Smith.....110111001—8
Kelsey.....	101011111—8	Eberly.....111110011—8
Ruppe.....	111110111—9—50	Lanning.....111111111—10—48

Same again:	Tacoma.	Seattle.
Kimball.....	111111101—9	Min

In New Jersey.

BOILING SPRINGS VERSUS ENDEAVOR.

April 16.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., have been engaged in a series of team races at targets. The Boiling Springs won the first heat on their own grounds; the Endeavors won the second by a narrow margin on their grounds at Marion. The third and final match was shot this afternoon on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Paul Jeanneret having won the toss for choice of grounds from George Piercy, the captain of the Endeavor team. On this occasion the home team won by a good majority, scoring 207 to 184.

The score of the winners was the result of some very even work, the high scores being two 24s, and the low scores two 18s. George McAlpin regained his lost form and pounded out 24; W. J. Simpson, one of the most consistently good target shots the club claims among its members, also scored 24; Paul Jeanneret, F. Hall and Frank Krebs were each responsible for 22 breaks. For the losers Carl von Lengerke shot very well, adding 24 to the team total, Edwards being next with 23, L. H. Schortemeier and Eddie Collins being close behind with 21 apiece. The team totals were as follows:

Boiling Springs.											Endeavor.										
George S. McAlpin.....	24										Carl von Lengerke.....	24									
W. J. Simpson.....	24										F. S. Edwards.....	23									
P. A. Jeanneret.....	23										L. H. Schortemeier.....	21									
Frank Hall.....	23										Eddie Collins.....	21									
Frank Krebs.....	22										E. Ingram.....	19									
W. H. Huck.....	19										H. Folsom.....	17									
H. S. Welles.....	19										G. H. Piercy.....	15									
.....	19										W. G. Clark.....	15									
C. F. Lenone.....	18										J. S. Dustin.....	15									
B. Abbott.....	18-207										A. R. Strader.....	14-184									

The scores in the sweepstake events were as follows, all events being at unknown angles:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8											Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8										
Targets: 10 10 15 15 15 15 15 15											Targets: 10 10 15 15 15 15 15 15										
C. von Lengerke.....	9	7	..	10	13	14	..	10			Ingram.....	4	6	9	..	10					
Edwards.....	8	10	13	15	11	12	13	14			Abbott.....	6	13	15					
Folsom.....	4	8	11	10	8	10	12	11			McAlpin.....	7	7	..	13	15					
Strader.....	5	5	..	11	8	..	9				Dustin.....	8	8	..	13	11	10	10			
Clark.....	7	6			Wright.....	7	14	13	11				
Piercy.....	7	8	11	13	11	14	13	14			Hall.....	9	8	15	14	15	12	14			
Paul.....	7	10	10			Huck.....	7	13			
Schorty.....	10	7	..	14	13	14	12				Simpson.....	12	15	12	13	14	12				
Collins.....	10	8	..	14	14	15	14				Greiff.....	13	15			
James.....	7			Wright.....	11	15						
Lenone.....	7	9	11	11	12	11	12	15			Atwater.....	14	14	6	..						
Welles.....	8	7	..	13	15	14	13	9			Palmer.....	6	6	12	6						
											Benny.....	9	9						

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

April 18.—The scores below were made at the traps of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The weather was exceedingly fine and warm. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12											Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12										
Targets: 10 10 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15											Targets: 10 10 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15										
Clark.....	9	7	..	7	9	..	8	8	5												
Folsom.....	5	5	..	6	4	8	5												
Welles.....	9	5	8	..	10	..	7	9	9	6											
Orton.....	6	6	7	..	7	5												
Smith.....	7	6	4	5												
Sickley.....	9	9	6												
Whitehead.....	8	9												
Thomas.....	7	4	6	8	7	10												
Hedden.....	7	7	8												
Dawson.....	6	6	4	5	4	8	8												
J. H. Terrill.....	5												
Herrington.....	6	9	8	7	9	5												

Team race—Whitehead's team: Whitehead 19, Folsom 21, Thomas 22, Dawson 16, Herrington 19. Total 97.
Hedden's team: Hedden 23, Welles 21, Orton 13, J. H. Terrill 16, Clark 23. Total 96. W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

April 18.—The regular monthly shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, was held to-day at its grounds, Marion, N. J. Ten members put in an appearance and shot in the prize shoot. No. 1 in the table below. This was the last shoot of the series for the shooting year. Eddie Collins shot well, breaking 86 out of 95. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5											Events: 1 2 3 4 5										
Targets: 25 25 25 10 10											Targets: 25 25 25 10 10										
Eddie Collins.....	23	24	23	6	10						E. Ingram.....	20	20	19	..						
G. H. Piercy.....	21	19	18						H. Corson.....	19	15	18	..						
A. R. Strader.....	18	16	18	9	..						Seeley.....	21						
L. Piercy.....	15	15	..	8	9						Mulraney.....	14	..	4	4						
Dr. Fletcher.....	21	21	20	8	8						Eames.....	9	9						

ORITANI FIELD CLUB, OF HACKENSACK.

April 18.—A few members of the Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., had a little practice at targets this afternoon. The first event shot was a 10-target sweep. In this Warner scored 3, Bell 7, Banta 6, Johnson and Holberton 5. Nos. 2 and 3 were a 20-target event and a 25-target event respectively. The weather was exceedingly hot for the time of year. Scores in Nos. 2 and 3 were:

No. 2.											No. 3.										
Warner.....110111110101110111-16											0110100101111010010111-16										
Johnson.....100100101010101010-9											1000000010101010000000-6										
Banta.....010110101010101011-13											000011010000011101011-14										
Holberton.....00111111011101110111-19											00111111011101110111-19										
Bell.....110100010011011110010-15											110100010011011110010-15										

Prent and Bell also shot a match at 25 targets per man, Bell winning by 19 to 13.

BAYSIDE GUN CLUB, OF KEYPORT.

April 21.—Fourteen members of the Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, participated in the bi-monthly shoot to-day. Conditions: 25 bluebirds per man, unknown angles. Following are the scores: H. E. Ackerson, Jr., 21, Josiah Crammer 21, Wm. Watts 19, D. W. Walling 19, D. A. Heyer 18, G. G. Hoagland 18, Thos. Compton 18, Jas. T. Walling 17, Wm. Maurer 13, Wm. Brower, Jr., 13, Mark Brower 12, Arthur Carhart 12, Jacob Aumack 9, Winfield Maurer 8.

In shooting off the tie for the badge H. E. Ackerson, Jr., won by one target.

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

April 21.—The April shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., in glorious spring-like weather. Notwithstanding the fact that the grounds of the South Side Club are centrally located and easy of access from almost every point in New Jersey, the attendance was nothing like what it should have been. Of the ten clubs that form the league only five were represented by full teams of six men. The teams that competed were: Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield; Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford; South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; Union Gun Club, of Springfield. These five teams finished in order named. The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, had four men present, but lacked two to complete the team.

The team race was productive of some high scoring. The Climax and the Boiling Springs teams scoring respectively 131 and 130 out of the 150 targets shot at; the South Side Club was third with 123. A special feature of the shoot was the great number of high individual scores. Out of the forty-two that shot along in the main event six scored 25 straight, four made 24, one scored 23 and five made 22. On this occasion the management departed from the system of shooting this event that had been in use at the previous league races this year, that of splitting up the teams, and shot the teams as squads. As it happened this did not matter much, as the conditions were equal for everybody, wind, sun and light being about the same during the entire race; although it did make quite a difference when, as happened while the Endeavor team was at the score, an engine burning the softest of soft coal stopped at the coal shutes and sent its black trail across the traps like a pall over the face of the sun.

During the afternoon, for shooting did not commence until about 12 o'clock, some capital shooting was done. Eddie Collins, shooting King's Smokeless, broke 96 out of 100 shot at, making the best average of the day. It was a treat to all to note that Colonel R. Heber Breintall, president of the South Side Gun Club, had regained his lost form and was shooting away up. George S. McAlpin was another who showed that he was able to "find 'em" once again. Empire traps and targets were used, of course, the South Side Gun Club having a set of these traps always in use, while empire targets have been adopted by the League for all its contests. Billy Hobart, secretary of the home club, and also secretary of the League, ran the shoot, with W. Parker, of Elizabeth, as cashier. W. N. Drake, manager of the League team races, looked after the main event, and strangely enough never took his gun out of its case; Billy is a good shot and loves to shoot, but to-day he never tried his hand at a target. Among those looking on was Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, who is very busy just now arranging all the details for the E. C. tournament at Guttenburg the first week in May.

There was one very disagreeable feature about this shoot that we were very sorry to see. We refer to one or two palpable cases of dropping for place in the minor sweeps. The only redeeming feature about these cases was the refreshingly open way in which it was done, the delinquents making no bones about it at all. While there is, of

course, no law to prevent dropping for place, it is so very generally conceded that such actions are not in sympathy with the great mass of shooters that droppers as a rule do their best not to let their tactics become public property. One shooter who was present has recently become quite noted for loitering around until the event is almost ready to be closed, entering in the last squad with a well-defined intention of seeking the best hole. He is a first-rate shot and very often successful in his endeavors to "touch the spot." We would suggest to the managements of certain small shoots in this section that they take a leaf out of the books of the Memphis and Knoxville gun clubs, or follow Paul North's example in dealing with the party: Make him enter early or don't let him shoot. Their entry lists will not suffer.

The team scores were:

Climax: Dutchy 25, Apgar 24, L. H. Schortemeier 23, Aaron Woodruff 22, E. J. Clark 20, D. Darby 18-131.

Boiling Springs: P. A. Jeanneret 25, G. S. McAlpin 25, W. J. Simpson 24, W. H. Huck 21, Frank Krebs 19, B. James 16-130.

South Side: R. H. Breintall 25, E. A. Geoffroy 24, C. M. Hedden 22, Asa Whitehead 22, T. Dukes 19, L. Thomas 16-123.

Endeavor: F. S. Edwards 25, Eddie Collins 23, G. H. Piercy 20, P. Proctor 19, E. Ingram 18, Dr. Fletcher 13-118.

Union Gun Club: E. D. Miller 21, T. W. Morley 21, Capt. Money 20, M. Herrington 20, Dr. T. J. Jackson 19, N. E. Money 14-115.

The scores in the sweeps, also the scores of those who shot along in the team race as broken teams, are given below:

Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	15	10	15	20	15	15	20	10	10	10	15	25
Dutchy Smith.....	10	13	9	8	17	14	8	13	16	8	14	18	9	8	9	..	25
E Sickley.....	9	12	13	10	19	13	9	14	19	7	13	25
R H Breintnall.....	8	14	13	8	19	13	8	10	25
L Thomas.....	8	11	9	6	16
F S Sincock.....	6	15	14	8	19	13	9	14	16	7	7	..	24
Capt Money.....	5	12	10	8	16	15	7	13	17	7	15	15	7	7	10	3	11
Asa Whitehead.....	5	12	22
T W Morley.....	2	11	14	5	15	15	9	11	15	10	14	19	7	8	9	10	11
F S Edwards.....	16	14	8	15	19	9	14	14	10	7	6	6	9
Oscar Hesse.....	14	9	8	21
GWThrockmorton.....	13	17
P Daly, Jr.....	12	14	16	8	13	18
N Appar.....	14	8	13	19	8	14	18	10	10	8	24
Ed Miller.....	13	10	14	20	6	14	21
F Krebs.....	8	19
Proctor.....	8	8	19
G S McAlpin.....	7	13	19	10	10	11	20	8	9	9	9	14	25
P A Jeanneret.....	7	10	10	12	23
H C White.....	7	8	22
Dr Fletcher.....	7	5	13
M Herrington.....	10	15	5	..	17	5	8	9	13	20	..
G H Piercy.....	12	5	12	16	5	8	9	6	14	20
D Darby.....	8	18
W J Simpson.....	8	11	14	24
W H Huck.....	8	12	21
OM Hedden.....	7	13	22
E Ingram.....	7	18
B James.....	7	16
H Folsom.....	6	18
N E Money.....	5	7	..	3	14
E Collins.....	14	19	10	10	10	10	23
J H Schortemeier.....	20	9	9	9	8	13	22	..
Aaron Woodruff.....	19	8	10	8	13	22
E J Clark.....	6	6	20
Dr Jackson.....	19
E A Geoffroy.....	24
T Dukes.....	19
T Buttenbaum.....	8
P Sullivan.....	8
A Lang.....	12
A R Strader.....	18
J C Young.....	18

Western Traps.

THE COOK COUNTY LEAGUE.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 25.—Pleasant weather and a fine attendance marked the initial shoot of the summer series of the Cook County League, the central organization of the Chicago trap-shooting clubs. Should interest be sustained, as there seems no reason to doubt it will be, there will be high cause for congratulation upon the idea of this union of the target clubs into one friendly body for competitive and social purposes, and there should be much benefit derived from the combination by all concerned in the sport of trap-shooting in this city.

This first shoot was held at the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, which proved ample to accommodate comfortably all present. By the middle of the afternoon the grounds presented a goodly and well-filled appearance to those passing by upon the electric railway, and indeed sweepstake shooting began there at shortly after 10 A. M. and was kept up all day. At the sweepstakes the records show that some 55 men shot at 25 targets each during the afternoon, this quite aside from the League event.

In the regular League contest there were six clubs represented—Eureka, Garfield, Cicero, Calumet Heights, Douglas and Garden City. Under the conditions each club may enter three teams if it wishes to do so, there being three classes, A, B and C, as earlier described in these columns. Of the clubs represented to-day only one, Eureka Club, had a team on hand for each class. Garfield Club had two teams, A and B; Calumet Heights had two, B and C; Cicero Club had also two teams, B and C; Garden City had one team, B class, and Douglas Gun Club one, C class. This made eleven teams to shoot in all, and it might have been well had the shooting begun at an earlier hour than 2.30 P. M., as the day was well spent by the time the final scores were in. Eddie Bingham referred the shooting very satisfactorily, and the scoring was done by Mr. E. B. Knott, the League secretary.

The conclusion of the first contest shows Eureka Club ahead in the race for the principal trophy, the Mussey A class medal. The same club leads in B class for the Montgomery Ward Co. medal, but in C class loses to Douglas Club, which had but the one class represented; this in spite of the fact that Dr. Miller, one of the Eureka C men, made the A class showing of 23 out of his 25 birds. It is, however, too early to begin any predicting, and the best wish of all is for a close finish at the end of the season. The shoot for the month of May falls for Eureka grounds.

The League has secured a great many special and merchandise prizes, the disposition of which has not yet been fully agreed upon, but which will be distributed equitably and lavishly later on, most of these depending on season averages. A special prize of a drum of Du Pont powder was offered by Mr. E. S. Rice, agent, to-day for the lowest men in the respective clubs, such low men to shoot off at 5 birds. Dr. Meek, Weed, W. A. Jones and S. Palmer shot off thus, and Weed, of Cicero, won with 3 out of his 5. The following are the scores of the League events: For the Cook County League Club classified championships, six-men teams, at 25 targets per man:

Class A—Eureka.	
Patterson.....	11110111111111111111111100—21
Goodrich.....	11111111111111111111111101—20
H Carson.....	1110111111111111111111110101—20
Steck.....	11111111111111111111111111—22
Bingham.....	111011111111111111111111110—20
F P Stannard.....	11011111111111111111111111—23—126

Garfield	
Dr Shaw.....	11111111111111111111111111—24
W Palmer.....	11100111111111111111111101—21
Dr Hodson.....	11100111111111111111111101—17
M L Bowers.....	11100111111111111111111101—17
T P Hicks.....	11011111111111111111111111—22
O von Lengerke.....	11111111111111111111111111—22—123

Class B—Eureka.	
J W Lewis.....	11111111111111111111111100101—17
Buck.....	11101111111111111111111111—17
Dr Carson.....	01111111111111111111111111—18
D ering.....	11111111111111111111111101—18
Glover.....	11111111111111111111111111—23
Shepherd.....	01111111111111111111111101—18—110

Garfield	
Dr Meek.....	111000110001100100110000—12
A Fahrman.....	01111111111111111111111111—19
S Palmer.....	0011111111111111111111110110—12
Dr Liddy.....	1110111111111111111111110110—18
E Kuss.....	101100110110010111111111—17
C P Richards.....	101110111111111111111101—19—97

Cicero.	
E E Fox.....	01111111111111111111111100—15
M J Lowrey.....	01111111111111111111111101—10
E B Knott.....	00010110011111111111110001—12
F J Cooper.....	00001110001111111111110001—12
Cheesman.....	10101100111111111111111110—17
Kettlestrings.....	011100010111111111111111—16—90

Calumet Heights.	
G Marshall.....	11000111011111111111111111—16
W Metcalf.....	1010111111111111111111110101—14
R A Turtle.....	11111111111111111111111111—20
S M Booth.....	1011011111111111111111110100—17
G C Lamphere.....	11101001111111111111111100—19
F S Lewis.....	1101001001011111111111110110—11—97

Garden City.	
W S Cutler.....	1110111111111111111111110000—13
R W Rexford.....	001011011111111111111111010—21
O C Kemp.....	01111111111111111111111110—23
J H Amburge.....	11000111111111111111111111—21
Knowles.....	100110011000100111111111—15
Drake.....	10011001111111111111111101—18—103

Class C—Eureka.	
Thacker.....	11101010101011111111111101—15
Geo Arrey.....	01111111111111111111111111—19
Miller.....	11111111111111111111111111—23
Buck.....	11001110001111111111111111—16
W A Jones.....	1010010110001111111111110100—12
J L Jones.....	01011001011111111111111101—14—100

Calumet Heights.	
C D Wescott.....	11111111111111111111111101—19
Dans.....	000010011111111111111111000—10
A P Harper.....	00011000100111111111111100—8
H Greeley.....	010011001010101111111111—16
Whitman.....	100111000100000000000000—5—58

Cicero.	
Matthews.....	111010110001000111111101—14
Barnard.....	00110101001111111111111100—14
Weed.....	0100100111111111111111110111—11
Lawler.....	1001111111111111111111110111—20
Goether.....	011101011001011111111111—18
W Cheesman.....	1010111111111111111111110001—16—93

Douglas.	
D Carter.....	11111111111111111111111111—24
J Murphy.....	11110111111111111111111101—20
P L Petrie.....	1111111111111111111111110111—16
Molony.....	11111111111111111111111100—17
B Barto.....	1110011111111111111111110111—20
M J Eichs.....	11111111111111111111111111—21—118

DOUGLAS GUN CLUB TROPHY CONTESTS.

The Douglas Gun Club will shoot for trophies A and B at the club's grounds, Jackson and West Fifty-second streets, according to the following schedule: May 2, 13, 30; June 6, 17; July 11, 22; August 1, 12, 22; Sept. 12, 23; Oct. 3.

Shoots for trophies at 25 birds a man. Each member must participate in at least eight of the fourteen shoots. Trophy A is valued at \$25 and Trophy B at \$20. Ladies' day will be on Aug. 1.

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION MATTERS.

The executive committee of the Illinois State Association thinks they are certain to have a great shoot next June, and predict some record breaking entries. The special prize of a Cashmere gun valued at \$300 will be offered in a 20-bird \$20 contest, live birds, open only to members of the State Association, though open to the world so far as the sweep only is concerned. It is thought best to restrict the gun contest to the Association members in the hope of awakening greater Association interest among outside clubs, and the latter should be represented in force. In the same contest there will be a second prize of either an L. C. Smith \$100 gun or a bicycle of like value, besides other merchandise attractions of merit and value. No doubt we shall see a big attendance at the old Chicago annual.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 15.—The seventh monthly shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association was held to-day on the grounds of the Worcester Gun Club. The day was a perfect one and consequently scores ran high. Quite a number of the new members of the shooting fraternity were in attendance and shot in some of the events, making a good showing against such old war horses as Dickey, Leroy, Bennett, Davis, Mascroft, Kennerson and Climax. Among the new men who distinguished themselves were John Tougas, vice-president of the home club, who broke 19 out of 20 in the individual badge race, that being the best score in the event, and Earl Ide, who broke

49 straight. Altogether it was the best exhibition of trap-shooting that we have had in Worcester for some time.

The scores in the 3-men team races for team badges were as below, the No. 2 teams of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club and the Boston Shooting Association making scores of 27 out of 30:

Worcester Sportsmen's Club, team No. 2: A. W. Walls 10, R. C. Walls 8, V. D. Kenerson 9—27.
Boston Shooting Association, team No. 2: Bennett 10, Sanborn 9, Sawyer 8—27.
Boston Shooting Association, team No. 1: O. R. Dickey 9, B. Leroy 9, Puck 8—26.
Worcester Gun Club, team No. 1: Clason 10, Kinney 8, Hoyle 8—26.
Worcester Sportsmen's Club, team No. 1: W. L. Davis 9, C. E. Forehand 9, J. T. Mascroft 7—25.
Lynn Gun Club: Martin 9, Judkins 8, Alley 6—23.
Worcester Gun Club, team No. 2: T. Davis 7, Parker 7, Tougas 7—23.

The scores in the sweepstake events were as follows, No. 10 being the contest for the individual badge:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dickey.....	10	10	9	8	9	10	9	8	8	18
Leroy.....	9	8	10	9	10	8	8	10	10	18
Forehand.....	9	10	10	8	8	10	9	10	10	18
Rule.....	7	10	9	9	10	6	8	8	10	18
Climax.....	9	10	10	9	10	8	7	9	10	17
Bennett.....	6	8	7	7	10	9	10	7	10	18
R C Walls.....	10	9	9	6	6	7	8	6	7	11
Kenerson.....	9	9	10	9	9	9	9	10	16	16
Puck.....	10	10	10	9	7	9	7	8	18	18
C W Burbank.....	7	8	8	7	8	9	9	8	17	17
Davis.....	10	9	10	8	10	9	9	8	17	17
E B Burbank.....	10	9	8	7	9	9	8	8	18	18
Howe.....	9	8	8	9	10	10	9	8	16	16
Rule.....	7	10	9	9	10	6	8	8	10	18
Sanborn.....	8	3	8	7	6	9	8	8	17	17
Mason.....	8	9	9	7	7	10	8	6	7	17
Snow.....	9	9	7	7	10	7	8	9	14	14
Bucklin.....	8	8	9	10	7	9	7	9	16	16
Mascroft.....	10	9	8	8	10	9	7	6	13	13
Martin.....	9	8	7	7	9	8	9	8	13	13
Ide.....	8	7	10	8	10	10	10	9	18	18
Fox.....	9	8	8	7	9	9	6	8	14	14
Kinney.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	6	17	17
Tougas.....	7	9	9	9	9	9	7	7	19	19
Smith.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	19	19
Goodell.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	19	19
Hoyle.....	5	9	8	8	8	6	7	17	17	17
A W Walls.....	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	19	19
Clason.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Swell.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Parker.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Carey.....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Whitemore.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
T Davis.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Lincoln.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

ZEELAND, Mich., April 22.—The first meeting of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League for 1896 was held here yesterday and to-day on the grounds of the Zeeland Rod and Gun Club. The club had its grounds in good shape, while the traps, targets, electric pull and electric bells worked very well indeed. We had made preparations for a large attendance, but the two days of rain prior to the shoot undoubtedly kept many shooters away. The wind also blew a perfect gale, causing a great many low scores, particularly in the State medal contest. Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, won the expert medal; R. Widdicomb, of Grand Rapids, secured the semi-expert medal, while A. Smits, of the home club, took the amateur medal.

Four teams shot for the diamond trophies: Grand Rapids, Pontiac, Holland and Zeeland. The Grand Rapids team—Walton, Widdicomb and Holcomb—won the event.

The special cash prizes offered for the best averages on the two days' shoot were disposed of as follows: Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., won first; Ben. O. Bush won second; Walton, of Grand Rapids, taking third. Ralph Trimble carried off the major part of the purses in the sweepstake events. On the second day he was handicapped, allowing the other contestants an extra target.

The meeting with one exception, the comparatively small number of outside shooters, was a thorough success. Mr. Young, of Grand Rapids, acted as referee, giving the best of satisfaction. In fact, the shoot ran smoothly from start to finish. The scores in the different events are given below:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	10	10	25
Karsten.....	4	7	13	10	14	6	8	8	5	3	19
Walton.....	7	10	12	15	10	13	12	9	6	14	14
Widdicomb.....	8	12	13	11	19	7	13	12	5	13	13
Bush.....	8	11	15	13	9	15	11	7	6	17	17
Holcomb.....	9	9	16	12	17	12	13	12	5	15	15
Trimble.....	10	14	17	14	15	14	12	10	6	16	16
Thomas.....	9	9	13	12	17	12	10	6	13	13	13
Van Eyck.....	9	10	14	10	19	11	14	10	9	13	13
A Smith.....	8	11	15	15	11	13	8	6	13	13	13
Osmun.....	9	12	12	13	17	10	11	12	5	6	9
De Roo.....	5	7	10	16	9	9	6	8	8	8	8
Mokma.....	5	7	11	8	17	8	14	6	7	3	12
North.....	9	11	14	10	17	10	12	11	7	5	15

No. 5 was the State team race, three men to a team. The team totals were:

Grand Rapids.	
Walton.....	01110101111111111111111101—15
Holcomb.....	01011111111111111111111101—17
Widdicomb.....	11010111111111111111111101—19—51

Holland.	
Thomas.....	11111111111111111111111111—17
De Roo.....	11110111111111111111111101—16
Mokma.....	00111111111111111111111101—17—50

Pontiac.	
Osmun.....	01010101011111111111111111—17
Webb.....	00011000010001111111111101—10
North.....	11011111111111111111111101—17—44

Zeeland.	
Baert.....	00101101010111111111111101—14
Van Eyck.....	11110111111111111111111101—19
Karsten.....	10110111111111111111111101—14—47

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

On the second day the main event was No. 6 on the programme, the individual badge contests. The scores in this event are given as follows:

	Expert.	
Holcomb.....	1000110100010w	
Bush.....	111111001111111010111111—	21
North.....	1111001010110000111110101—	15
	Semi-expert.	
Karsten.....	11101111101011111101011011—	19
Walton.....	11101110110110110101010111—	19
Widdicomb.....	11101101001111111111111101—	20
Osmun.....	1000111111110111111101010—	19
	Amateurs.	
Van Eyck.....	111101001111001111111001—	21
Thomas.....	1101101001101001001001100—	20
Aleth.....	1000112010101010110111100C0—	20
De Roo.....	0101110011101011111111111—	21
Baert.....	000111011011000110111100101—	20
Holley.....	0011101111001101001010111—	20
A Smith.....	11111111101011101011111110—	21
Krans.....	1010111101011100111001011—	20
De Kruij.....	100110100111101011001100100—	20
Fisher.....	0010010110100000100001000—	20
Heasley.....	0010011111010000101100011—	21

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1896.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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THE DECLINE OF ANTELOPE HUNTING.

It is not so many years since the antelope was the most abundant game animal of the plains and the Western mountains. This was immediately after the extinction of the buffalo, and it is perhaps true to-day. The reduction in numbers of the species has come more from the contraction of its range than from actual destruction of individuals. The time was—and men whose hair is not yet gray can remember it—when the antelope ranged in vast numbers over both the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, and to the west to and beyond the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific coast, and their numbers were so great that it may even be questioned whether the buffalo greatly exceeded them for multitude. As the traveler rode along, the prairie as far as he could see was dotted with the white patches of the feeding animals, and only those immediately in his way moved off to some nearby rise of ground and stamped and whistled at him as he passed.

Over all the summer range the species was very abundant and very evenly distributed. If the buffalo covered the face of the plain, antelope were to be seen mingled with them, feeding among the great beasts; if there were no buffalo in the country, the antelope were still there in the same numbers. Hundreds and thousands of them might be seen in a day, not bunched up together, but sometimes singly or in loose herds of from three to fifty. If frightened and started to running, these herds would mingle for a while; but after the alarm was over they would separate again into smaller groups.

At the approach of winter the antelope changed their ground, migrating in loose, straggling columns from summer to winter range. They traveled by established routes, crossing rivers at certain well-known points and using the same passes between mountain ranges year after year. At such special points they were killed in great numbers by hunters. On the winter range, after the cold set in, the antelope congregated in herds of thousands, and these herds kept together until the approach of spring. Hunters used to kill many of them in winter by shooting into the close mass of fleeing beasts so long as they were within range. Of course they wounded as many as they killed. At that season the antelope often perished from cold. If a cold winter rain came on, gradually changing to sleet and then to snow with bitter cold, the animals sometimes became coated with ice and either perished from cold or were so chilled that they fell an easy prey to the hunter on two legs or four.

In the olden time the white-tail deer was the only animal that was harder to kill than the antelope. Perhaps now there are two, the mountain sheep—having received an education. The difficulty encountered in killing antelope arose in part from the animal's keenness of sense and its alertness and also largely from the character of the country which it inhabited. This, on the plains, was usually gently rolling and often absolutely flat, so that it was quite impossible to approach the game unseen, and, eyes, nose or ears having told them of the hunter's presence, they were off at once. In the rough foothills of the mountains and the much broken country of the central plateau the task of securing antelope meat becomes much simplified.

It is commonly stated in books that the antelope never

ventures into the timber and that it dreads the forest. This is far from true. They are frequently to be found in little mountain parks, and we have seen them feeding among the pines and underbrush of the lofty plateaus of the mountains and among the thick willows that clothed the stream bottoms of tributaries of the North Platte River in northern Colorado. You may find them in such places, but you will try in vain to drive them into the timber. If an enemy is seen they seek the open, where their eyes can be used, for on these they chiefly depend.

And yet they are simple, too, these fleet, wary beasts, and the tales told of their coming to a flag in the early days were true enough. We have seen their inquisitiveness bring them up almost to the tent door in the morning and to within thirty or forty steps of a fire, where a couple of men were cooking coffee at noon. If you were approaching an unsuspecting feeding group and they caught a glimpse of the top of your head, they were likely, if you ducked down quickly and kept still, to trot cheerfully up to the muzzle of your rifle. But those which did this were the young and the simple-minded. An old buck or doe, the leader of a small bunch, was seldom guilty of this conduct. Such a leader at the least warning of danger gave the alarm cry, and bolted seventy-five or one hundred yards to the top of the nearest rise. Here, perhaps, was made the brief pause for a look back which was the only interruption to the rapid flight to distance and safety; but if the first glimpse had really showed danger, there was no pause in the headlong rush. The family scuttled over the innocent hill like so many rabbits—literally *ventre a terre*. On the other hand, a young buck would stand about at seventy-five or a hundred yards, and let the tyro pierce the air all about him with harmless bullets, stamping and snorting unterrified, until some ball whistled too close to his ear, when he trotted off over the hill, a little uneasy. There is nothing so foolish as a yearling buck antelope; nothing so alert and wary as an old one.

The sport of antelope hunting seems to be passing out of existence; or if it is still practiced, we hear but little of it. Perhaps most men choose for the objects of their pursuit the larger animals, like elk, moose and caribou—animals which, though larger, are not so keen and wary as the little white and yellow beast whose twinkling feet and long, easy stride so swiftly carry him beyond the range of the modern rifle. Certainly the decay of antelope hunting is not due to the lack of game, for though exterminated over a vast territory which was once their range, they are still found in goodly numbers along the flanks of the mountains and in much of the country grazed over by cattle and horses. In this cattle country we are glad to believe public sentiment now protects these animals, and the females and young are killed only when meat is absolutely needed.

So there must still be antelope hunters, even though they no longer tell us of their exploits. The sport is one that calls for good judgment, hunting sense, patience and skill with the rifle. It should not die out.

BUFFALO FOR NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, it appears, is to have in one of its new parks in the immediate future a herd of buffalo. When we say a herd we do not mean two or three or half a dozen scrubby animals, confined in a tiny pen which barely affords them room to turn without touching each other, but the third largest collection of buffalo in this country, kept in a pasture 150 acres in extent—nearly a quarter section of land. There is here given a remarkable exhibition of public spirit by one of New York's most successful citizens, Mr. Austin Corbin, the president of the Long Island Railroad, who proposes to loan this herd to this city. The herd numbers, we believe, more than fifty.

On Monday last the Park Commissioners of New York city accepted Mr. Corbin's offer and approved a contract to that end. The park department will inclose 150 acres in one of the new parks for the accommodation of the buffalo, and will provide feed for them, reserving the right to introduce deer into the inclosure; the keepers will be provided by Mr. Corbin. Twenty-five per cent. of the increase is to become the property of the park.

The results of the work of the New York Legislature with respect to game and fish interests are given elsewhere. The chief points to be noted are the failure of the State Association bill and the neglect to repeal Section 249, which permits the sale of game the year around,

NEW YORK INDIANS AND THE GAME LAWS.

AN interesting game law case tried at Salamanca, in this State, the other day, turned upon the application of the fish and game laws to the Indian reservation. It appears that on one occasion last winter a Seneca Indian was spearing pickerel on the reservation, when he was threatened by a white man with shooting if he persisted in the spearing; another Indian thereupon drew his pistol and threatened to shoot the white if the white shot the spearer. The diplomatic incident was concluded without shooting, but bad blood was engendered, and a question was raised as to what the Indians had always considered their inalienable right of hunting and fishing on their own reservations without regard to the laws of the State.

To make a test of this question, James Pierce, an Indian of the tribe, offered his friendly services, and dynamited a stream flowing through the reservation. He was prosecuted for the act by Game Protector Salisbury, and the case was tried at Salamanca before County Judge O. S. Vreeland. Counsellor D. C. Reilly, in defense of Pierce, contended that while the State exercised jurisdiction over the Indian reservations in criminal matters, it had no authority with respect to misdemeanors, the class of offenses in which violations of the game laws belong. Judge Vreeland, however, in an elaborate opinion, overruled this contention, and asserted that the State game and fish laws must be held to apply to the reservations. Pierce was found guilty and was fined \$40, with thirty days' imprisonment.

The Senecas are dissatisfied with this finding. They contend that their treaties reserved to them the right of hunting and fishing on their own reservations so long as the sun should shine and the rivers run. It was pointed out by the court in the case at bar that to kill fish by dynamiting is not fishing. Chief John, of the Senecas, has gone to Washington to lay the case before the Indian Bureau.

SNAP SHOTS.

We had a pleasant bit of biography in one of our February numbers recording the angling life of Isaac McClellan, of Long Island, and his cousin, S. C. Clarke, of Georgia, both 90 years old and still fond of fishing. A fortnight ago we printed a portrait giving the intelligent and kindly countenance of Mr. C. L. Stratton, of Tennessee, our long-time contributor Antler, more than 84 years of age, and still a mountain climber. In this present number are printed notes from another correspondent of many years' standing, Mr. J. H. Dudley, of Poughkeepsie, who, if we do not err, is on the further side of 80. In another column is a story of his salmon fishing written for us by Mr. John Mowat, of New Brunswick, whose accounts of handling paddle and rod, canoe and salmon, alone and unassisted by canoemen, are all the more interesting when we remember that the work recounted is that of a veteran 75 years of age. These instances—and we might cull many others from the records of FOREST AND STREAM'S columns—illustrate the truth that a love for field and the stream and the pursuits of outdoor life is not a brief and transitory fad, but a deeply imbedded sentiment which does not diminish with the years.

British anglers are competing to-day, May 9, in their ninth international fly and bait casting competition, on Wimbledon Lake. There is an elaborate programme of twenty-five events for amateurs, tackle makers and professionals, the three classes being kept strictly separate. Amateur classes exclude any person "who has ever fished for his living, who has been a paid river keeper, guide, gillie, instructor of fishing, or any person connected with the fishing tackle trade." The event appears to have a secure place in the calendar of the United Kingdom; but on this side of the water interest in angling tournaments has practically died out with the passing away of most of the school of fishermen who promoted the Central Park meets of the '80s.

We referred recently to the demoralizing effects of vermin bounty laws upon the morals of the community, and a new instance has just come to light in an Illinois case, where, as is told in our game columns, certain sparrow killers were convicted of obtaining money from the county treasury on bogus warrants, and the county clerk under indictment for complicity fled to Mexico. The rule appears to be well established that an offer of reward for scalps or tails of vermin sets in operation ingenious schemes of amateur thieves for getting something for nothing, on a scale limited only by the gullibility or the guilty conspiracy of public officials.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ZEKIEL'S REMEDY.

Did you ever feel unsatisfied? A kind o' lurkin' fear
Like nothin' wa'n't a-goin' right upon this mundane sphere?
When everybody's craps and things seemed better than your own,
And every breath of air that blew seemed laden with a groan;
When your wife looked kinder humbly, and the children seemed to be
The ornierest set of young uns that ever you did see?
Then it's time to go a-fishin'; get out your rod and reel,
And rough it in the woods awhile, and then see how you'll feel.
You'll find that nothin' else will blow the cobwebs from your brain
Like kinder restin' up a spell, fergettin' loss and gain.
Or maybe you like huntin'; then gather up your gun,
Throw all thoughts of care away, and jest go out fer fun;
Fill up yure shells with No. 7, and don't furgit yure pipe;
Kiss the young uns all good-by, and make a sneak fur snipe.
It may be luck's ag'in' you, and you won't git nary one;
But blue devils won't pursue a man who has his rod and gun.
You'll see the trees a-wavin', and see the waters glint,
You'll tramp upon the daisies, and smell the peppermint.
And when the day is over, and you come to camp at night,
You'll wonder how you ever got such amazin' appetite.
The next day is the same again. You fish in lake or stream;
You hear the ducks a-quackin', or you hear the eagle scream,
You hear the squirrel barkin', as he jumps from tree to tree,
And you try to sneak up on him in a hunter's ecstasy.
Way over in another field you hear the cry "Bob White!"
The world seems full of glory; the sun shines out so bright
That you wonder why you had the blues, and what a fool you've been.
This change is wrought by inhalin' of nature's medicine.
And when you git back to your home your wife looks mighty fine,
You think, "I never seed any children that seems to ekel mine."
The craps has been a-growin', will turn out well, you guess,
And your soul goes out in gratitude and quiet thankfulness.

CINCINNATI, O., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask for the address of the author of "Zekiel's Remedy." If it is a crime, let me off as lightly as possible, on the plea that I am not an old offender. I had just returned from a hunting trip in the wilds of North Carolina, and when I got home everything looked so attractive that I was disposed to contrast my lot with those less fortunate than myself, rather than with the many who have so much more. In a moment of weakness, like Silas Wegg, I "dropped into poetry." Now, however faulty the rhyme or the meter, I claim the sentiment is all right. There is no medicine like the woods for mind or body. I am a busy man, but always contrive for a week or two each year for fishing or hunting, and never fail to come home refreshed in health and spirits. Next to actual experience comes the reading in *FOREST AND STREAM* what others have done or are doing. There is no other publication so welcome to my home. As long as I can spare the subscription price, keep sending it to my address.

CHARLES R. HUBBARD.

UP THE ST. MAURICE RIVER TO WAYAGAMACK LAKE.

SITTING in the library of a house in Montreal (the house occupied by the late Jefferson Davis during his residence in Canada) smoking an after-dinner cigar, my host asked me how large I had known the common brook trout to grow. The dinner had been good, the cigars were good, the surroundings were most charming and soothing, and I was prepared to hear of a big trout when I had told my story and my host came to having his say, for his manner indicated that he was loaded, and I did not much care how big it was, I was prepared to accept it. I said that the largest brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, of which I had knowledge was a fish of 12lbs. which was netted in Maine by the Fish Commission men when netting blue-back trout at the junction of Rangeley and Kennebec streams. I saw a look of relief in my friend's face as I named the weight, and I thought to paralyze him by adding—but I believe there was a trout of this species caught by the Indians in the Nipigon River and certified to by the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor as weighing 16lbs. and a fraction. Anyway, this is as I recall what Charles Hallock has said of the fish.

"What would you say to a trout of 20lbs.?"

"I would say it was a good thing; and should be cultivated."

"But a brook trout of 20lbs. weight has been taken."

"Great Scott! Where? And where are the documents in the case?"

"It was caught in Wayagamack Lake, and I have the documents, as you call them, in my possession."

"Where is Wayagamack Lake, and how do you get to it? Is it public or private water, and do you happen to know if there are any of those 20-pounders left to be caught by a fisherman of the present day if he is seemingly willing to risk his eternal salvation by telling of it afterward?"

"Do not shoot all the charges in your magazine at one time, but take a fresh cigar and let me talk a few minutes and I will fill you reasonably full of information on the subject you ask about. In the first place Lake Wayagamack is one of the lakes of the St. Maurice Club, of which I am the president. To reach it take the Canadian Pacific R. R. from Montreal to Three Rivers, change to a branch of the same road and go to Grande Piles, and there take a steamer and go up the St. Maurice River about seventy miles, nearly to La Tuque, and make a portage of eight miles to Lake Wayagamack, on which the club house is situated. As to the big brook trout it was caught by Mr. Colin Campbell, of the New York & New England R. R., now living in Boston, but formerly living in Quebec. Mr. Campbell caught the trout through the ice long before the lake and adjoining territory came into the possession of the St. Maurice Club. He packed the fish in snow and took it to Quebec, where it was exhibited, and afterward his brother-in-law, Sir Alfred Jephson, put it in the ice box of an Atlantic steamer and took it to England, where it was also exhibited."

"But are you sure it was a speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) and not a lake trout (*Namaycush*) or togue, as you call them up here?"

"I expected that would be your next question, and here is a letter from Mr. Campbell, dated Aug. 5, 1895, in which he says there can be no doubt about the species, as there are nothing but speckled or brook trout in the lake, and that he has caught many 10 and 12lb. fish of this species from the lake. The thing to do, however, is for you to go there and see the lake and fish it for your own satisfaction and edification, and I will make up a party and we will start in two weeks from this time."

The conversation I have narrated was the incentive for my trip to Lake Wayagamack, in the Province of Quebec, Canada. About Sept. 1, or to be precise Aug. 31, Mr. W. F. Rathbone, attorney for the D. & H. R. R., started from Albany on the Montreal sleeper, and I joined him at a point on the main line of the road, and the next morning we were in Montreal. Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, president of the St. Maurice Club, had arranged everything for the proposed trip, and we really had nothing to do in Montreal but visit and wait for the next day to come.

Dr. Drummond, Col. J. B. MacLean and Mr. F. W. G. Johnson composed the Montreal contingent, and on Monday morning, Sept. 2, we got a good start; but trouble began before we had gone fifty miles. I had some money in my pocket when I started, but a few miles out I discovered that I had neither money nor pocketbook when I wished to pay for a pool I had bought on the weight of the largest trout that would be caught. We had the smoking compartment of the parlor car to ourselves and I knew the money was in the compartment, and it did not much matter where. Dr. Drummond had retained a box of cigars out of the stores to smoke en route, and when he opened the box it was filled with Montreal newspapers; and later the cigars were found stuffed into the pockets of my overcoat hanging on a hook. The loss of cigars was a serious matter, more so than the loss of money, for money would not buy cigars where we were going, and a drum-head court martial was ordered at once. It was clearly proven that my overcoat belonged to Col. MacLean, that the cigars were of poor quality, made from habitan tobacco, and really belonged to Givadam Johnson, and that the Doctor had made a bluff with an empty box with an importer's stamp on it, and he was fined a bottle of Radnor water and recommended to the mercy of the court. Except that Rathbone was a lawyer I think the Doctor might have been hung for having had his cigars stolen. At Three Rivers we left the main line of the Canadian Pacific R. R. for a branch road which terminates at Grand Piles on the St. Maurice River. On the branch road at Radnor, the home of the Radnor Spring water, we were joined by Mr. John Drummond, who was to act as chaperon for the party until he had turned us loose in the woods. At Grand Piles I was chiefly impressed with the fact that my rubber overcoat weighed about 200lbs., as the pockets were loaded with coal, the sleeves with kindling wood, safely pinned in, and that the body of the coat surrounded an infant saw log. At this point I may say, in simple justice, that during our outing I never found Col. MacLean with a cavil that did not belong to him, and that I never found any other member of the party with anything whatever that did belong to him, except his features, until we got back to what is politely termed civilization. Upon crossing the river at Grand Piles the portage begins which leads to the Laurentian Club. Mr. Parker, president of the club, had sent guides and canoes to meet us, and they were awaiting our arrival to go up river with us. Two young gentlemen, Mr. Boyer, of Montreal, and Mr. Charles M. Taintor, Jr., of New York, with their guides, had also come over from the Laurentian Club to go with us to the St. Maurice Club house, to start on an exploring trip among the little known lakes and rivers of the latter club.

At Grand Piles we were to commence our journey of seventy miles up the St. Maurice River in a new steamer, the *Voyageur*. This steamer was built to take club members and their guests and baggage nearly to their destination. She was 68ft. long, with steel hull, sheathed with rock elm for protection against possible rocks, and fitted with state-rooms, cooking galley, etc., so that unless one was pressed for time it mattered little whether one reached the portage near La Tuque on one day or another. Secretly I wondered why the steamer was provided with such a powerful engine as I found in her hold, but I found out at the first rapids without asking any questions. This was to be her first trip up the river, and as we had a new guardian for the club property, a cook and belongings, furnishing for the club, and stores to load, it was nearly dark before we started. When we did start, however, the boat was arranged like a bridegroom for a wedding, and the town turned out to see us off. The British flag, the American flag, the French flag and the steamer's flag were flying from various parts of the boat, and the steam whistle answered salutes from the shore until I thought we were wasting precious motive power. The machinery being new, it was thought best to run slowly and tie up for the night when darkness had fallen. Our trip up the river was one continuous ovation from the settlers on the banks. When we came in sight of the first cabin, perched high up above the river on the mountain constituting the bank of the river, and a girl rushed madly out of the door with something in her hand—which afterward proved to be a French flag—and pulled it to the top of an exaggerated barber's pole near by, at the same time a man ran from the field at the side of the cabin and entered the door only to reappear with a gun, with which he fired a salute of welcome, which the steamer's whistle answered as the passengers swung their hats, I thought it was something the Doctor had arranged for his guests; but every blessed cabin along the river had a barber's pole in front of it, and every cabin contained a French or British flag, which was run up at our approach (the British flag was quite as apt to be upside down as right side up, and the French flag was sometimes the flag of the Netherlands and sometimes nothing but a flag), and a gun or two or three, which were fired again and again in welcome. I could not understand why each cabin should support a flagstaff, nor why each flagstaff should be striped like a barber's pole or "singed, streaked and speckled," until I was told that some years before, upon the death of a bishop of the dominant church on the south side of the St. Lawrence River, the people of the diocese were urged to show respect for the good man's memory by placing flags at half mast. Those who had no flags procured or made them, and the forests furnished the masts, and association with the Indians and their totem poles furnished the stripes of colors, and thus the idea spread until the habitans way up the River St. Maurice, north of the St. Lawrence, acquired the flag-pole habit, and a very agreeable habit it is. Tuesday morning, Sept. 3, the steamer started up stream again before the passengers were dressed. We had to ascend three rapids—Manigance, Cuisse and Croche—and each one had peculiarities of its own, although they seemed to be unanimous in their desire to keep the *Voyageur* from going up stream, and, in fact, the first one, Manigance, acted as though if it could have its own way it would send the boat to the bot-

tom rather than permit it to go on its journey up stream. Fifteen miles from Grand Piles the Mekinac River comes in on the right (*i. e.*, it is on the left bank); twelve miles further and the Mattawin River comes in on our left; twelve miles more and we reach Grand-Anse, a little settlement. From Grand-Anse to Rat River, on our left, it is twelve miles, and from Rat River to La Tuque it is twenty-one miles. The Wessonneau River is also on the right bank, and the Little Bostonais is on the left, being the outlet of Wayagamack Lake. The portage for the club house is two miles south of La Tuque, but I am getting up the river ahead of the steamer. All day Tuesday we charged the current and the rapids, when we were not fixing the machinery, and when night unrolled and spread itself over the Dominion we were still several miles shy of where we were to do the heel-and-toe act. No one seemed to mind the delay, as the steamer was well provisioned, the weather was fine, and the river and its banks constituted one grand panorama of magnificent scenery, with sufficient change to keep us wondering what the next bend in the stream would unfold. However, I believe I promised to say nothing about the scenery, as Givadam Johnson and Col. MacLean went up to the falls of La Tuque, which I did not, and they have charge of the scenery department, and will exhibit it in the columns of this journal after I have done my turn.

Wednesday forenoon the steamer dropped anchor opposite the mouth of the Little Bostonais River, about two miles south of the proper landing, and the guide put the canoes in the water to take us up to and around the falls on this stream, and then on up stream to the main portage. The falls are well worth seeing, but I advise any one who may go to the club to take my word for it and get a photograph of them, and disembark at the main portage. If one likes to climb up the side of a house about 150ft. high with no creepers or life insurance, by all means take in the falls, but take along a bag of crude oxygen and pump it into your lungs through a cake of ice, or your breath will set the forest afire before you get to the top. Johnson may not agree with me about this when he tackles the scenery, but the difference may be accounted for when I say he weighs 117lbs. and is agile enough to walk on a ceiling, while I weigh 220lbs. and can sit in a wagon behind a good strong horse all day without getting tired.

From the St. Maurice River to the club house on the lake it is seven or eight miles, depending upon who tells it and whether or not you have a pack to carry. Four miles and a half is by land over a good trail and the balance is by water in a canoe. A road has been cut so that all heavy luggage and stores are taken in by team, the guardian, Joe Mercier, living on the portage, so that he responds in person when invited by the steamer's whistle to do so. We reached the club house by the middle of the afternoon on Wednesday, but our rods and tackle had not arrived over the main portage, nor had the provisions. Rathbone found a sapling with hook and line belonging to the camp keeper, and going down to the landing, he pushed out in a canoe into the lake and hooked a trout in about four minutes' time.

The club house is a substantial and comfortable building of squared logs standing on a slight elevation overlooking Lake Wayagamack. The lake itself is about five miles wide and seven miles long, but so irregular in shape that it has a shore line of about fifty miles. The territory leased by the club contains over 100 lakes. From Little Wayagamack Lake, less than three miles from the big lake, it is only about ten miles to Lake Edward on the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. The rods and tackle came in before dark, and as soon as I could mount one I went down to the outlet, where the club has two other buildings, and cast in the stream. The fishing was too good, the trout would rise at any fly offered. I do not know how many I did catch, but I killed six, the smallest weighing 1lb., the largest nearly 2lbs., that being my quota to supply the camp with food that night. The fishing in the quick water afforded some sport after the fish were hooked, for there were snags and things to be avoided, but every cast seemed to raise a trout and it was too rich for one accustomed to work to get a fish to rise. The next day I fished in the lake and caught several trout weighing between 2 and 3lbs. each, but had to put most of them back uninjured in the water. It seemed impossible to locate the big ones we were after. My guide, Aimé Beauheu, had fished the lake through the ice in winter and had caught brook trout of 10lbs. weight, but he knew nothing of the fall fishing.

In the afternoon there was rather too much wind for a canoe in the lake and I went down to the outlet stream, as we required fish in camp. Fifteen was my limit and they were caught in rough water in almost the same number of casts. I did try several different flies, but one was as good as another. I saw one big trout in the white foam and fished industriously for him. I have a very good idea in my own mind how much this fellow would have weighed had I been able to put him on the scales, but I could not tempt him. While fishing for him I hooked eighteen trout, which were released as soon as netted. The fish that I killed and the fish I returned would run from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2½lbs. each, but they were not what I especially wanted. The next day was Friday, fish day, and Dr. Drummond had given Joe Mercier to me to paddle the canoe. Joe was an old *voyageur* of the Hudson Bay Company, and had lived most of his life among and with the Indians, for his wife was a squaw and had enjoyed foreign travel. During the war in Egypt the British Government had sent to Canada for 600 *voyageurs* to operate the boats in passing the cataracts of the Nile. Joe went over in charge of one of the detachments as captain of a company, and his experience was amusing to listen to; but he said the birches, a few of which were taken along, were of no earthly account except to give the officers in the army a ride through the cataracts. We fished around an island thought by some one to resemble a steamboat, and so called Steamboat Island. There were trout enough to be had, but not of the magnitude I was after. One of 4lbs. was the largest I caught, but my memoranda tells me, which is wholly unnecessary, that I hooked eight trout and lost them. They would stay on but little longer than it required to strike, and why I could not put a hook into those fish that would stay put I have not found out to this day. I hooked and landed trout that would weigh from 2½ to 3lbs., and then put them back in the water, for there was nothing else to do with them after I had killed all that could be eaten. Once I hooked a trout of perhaps 1½lbs. in weight, and played him toward the bow of

the canoe for Joe to put the net under him. He extended his hand to lift the fish by the leader, but I said, "No; use the net, Joe." With a look of disgust he said, "Too small." I explained that I did not propose to have leaders broken by monkey work when I was so far away from the base of supplies, and he must net all the fish. The trout was still fighting, and I was slowly reeling him toward Joe's end of the canoe, when Joe reached for the landing net, plunged it into the water, and lifted into the canoe a fish much larger than the one I had hooked, and in fact my fish was still on and I was using but a single fly. "Joe, where did you get that trout?" "He was following that little trout on your hook and I just lifted him into the canoe." It was a fact, the fish was not hooked and was uninjured, and weighed 3½ lbs. I talked with Joe about his life as a *voyageur*, as a moose and caribou hunter, and as a fisherman. I asked if he had caught ouananiche, and he said yes. "Where?" "In Lake St. John, in the Mistissini River, in the Saguenay." "How long have you known of the ouananiche?" "Oh, forty years; since I first went up the Mistissini River on my way to Mistissini Lake." "Do you mean to say you went to Mistissini Lake forty years ago?" "Yes, about forty years." He said it as he might have said that he went the week before to La Tuque to get some tobacco; there was to him nothing remarkable about it, he simply answering my question as he would have answered it had I asked about the Big Bostonais which flows a few miles from his cabin. Here was a man who forty years before had been to the "great inland sea, the greatest freshwater lake on the continent," and all that sort of thing, and did not know that it was only discovered within a decade. How Hallock would have smiled and Murray questioned had they both been in the canoe that day. It was a sad thing to do, for I had grown to like Joe, but I had to tell him that the lake was not discovered until thirty years after he had been there, and that quarts of ink had been shed to prove it to be an unknown lake. That at least two Government expeditions had been sent out to discover it long after he had visited it, and that only the year before I had met a man at Lake St. John who had just that season explored the lake to confirm its discovery. I asked Joe how he happened to wander to the lake so long ago and give historical annals a fatal twist by anticipating its discovery, and he said he went with a missionary priest and spent one summer on and around the lake, but the Indians were so ignorant they could not be saved and the missionaries gave them over to their own devices and returned to a more profitable field of labor. I think it was Hallock who said a few years ago, during the discussion as to whether the lake was known or unknown, that there was a well-known trail to it marked out by the missionaries, and indicated on a map, fifty years or such a matter before it was discovered in the newspapers, and in this Joe Mercier confirms his statement.

Saturday the wind was too strong for the canoes on the broad lake and I went down to the outlet and caught two trout and put them back in the water, as the camp was supplied with fish for dinner. The weather was perfect for an outing, and the only rain we had was a shower in the night. It was so warm that the black flies had a fall convention on the outlet stream and contiguous territory, and there was not a preventive in camp. At the club house there was not a single fly, nor was there any flies on the lake, but the outlet evened things, as my swelling ears testified. Saturday afternoon I again went down to the outlet stream, and standing at one place on the end of an old log I caught fourteen trout in water that I could command with my line from that one position. The fish ran in size from 1 to 2½ lbs. I made no memoranda of the fishing of other members of the party, but Rathbone's fishing was about as I have described my own, and the others did little fishing. In fact, on Saturday Johnson and MacLean started with a canoe and two guides and went over the portage to the river, and then up the river to La Tuque, where the Hudson Bay Co. has a post, from which point they proposed to seine the river to Grande Piles, in the canoe. Sunday noon we were on the portage—the Doctor, Rathbone and the writer—headed for the river and the steamer.

By 4 o'clock we were steaming down stream. Now, it is quite a different matter coming down the St. Maurice, shooting rapids, instead of climbing slowly up. Croche Rapids made our hair curl as we went through without a check, and when a few moments later the boat struck a rock it uncurled. We had three pilots on board, and the man who ran that part of the river went below for his supper after we had passed the rapids. When the boat struck she jumped like something animate and struck again, making everything jingle from stem to stern, and on we went like a race horse without a bell being sounded from the pilot house. One of the engineers, we had two, came back and examined the hold to see if we were making water, but the rock elm sheathing did its work so well that Rathbone said, "Hit her up again just to see how far she can jump." I do not think he did not mean what he said, for if I am even a fourth rate mind reader, he meant "hitch her to a post, tie her to a tree or several trees, throw out all the anchors you have got, rope her in her wild career, put hoppers on her so she can't buck-jump and let me get ashore, for I am a little cramped from sitting and I would like to walk from here to Montreal."

Since we returned I have known of his saying to about fifty men, in confidence, that when the *Voyageur* reared up on her hind legs I grabbed a canvas fender that looked like a life preserver and was ready to obey the command, "All ashore that's going."

It was dusk when we reached the second rapid and we headed up stream and anchored for the night. The next morning we had to wait for the fog to lift before we started, but we got the wood while we were at breakfast and by nine o'clock we were where the river broadens out into a great shallow and the Meckinac comes in. All the rapids and shallows and obstructions buoyed or marked with course signals, and while we were squarely in our course as indicated by the shore signals we went hard and fast into the sand. Of course while we were in this plight Johnson and MacLean came whooping past in their canoe and jeered us from A to izzard in several tongues.

At this point the Doctor rubbed his hands and smiled a satisfied smile as he assured us that everything was going as he arranged it for our entertainment. That no first trip of a steamer up an unknown river was complete without running aground, and except for the expense he

would arrange with the engineer to blow out a flue while we were waiting. Rathbone and I signed a round robin which informed him that much as we loved him, and much as we enjoyed the eating and drinking and sleeping on the palatial *Voyageur*, that we proposed to leave at 11 o'clock sharp, Eastern time, in our private conveyance for a point where we would chance being wrecked in a railroad disaster. Rathbone said his experience had taught him that anything that was dry or extra dry was preferable to water, and in this I agreed with him. We regretted to leave our host behind, and shipwrecked at that, but Grande Piles, Montreal and other places were beckoning to us, and our two guides put a canoe in the water over the side of the steamer at the appointed time, and when we were stowed in it with our belongings we bade the Doctor good luck and farewell and cast off. With two paddles and the current to aid, we went humming down stream and soon after 1 o'clock we reached the station, and that evening the four survivors dined together at the Windsor, in Montreal.

It is many a day since I have so thoroughly enjoyed a fishing trip in all its parts as this one I have only outlined. As I have intimated, the trout fishing was too good, there were too many of them ready to take anything offered in the shape of a lure. We did not catch any trout as large as were taken by a member who visited the club a week before we were there, but had no reason to feel disappointed on that account. An angler is always fishing for the big fish and if he does not get him it offers the best kind of an excuse for his return to seek again for him. The mother of the cook at the club was half Scotch and half Esquimaux, who first saw light at a Hudson Bay Co. post in the far north. It was as good as reading a story to talk with her of her experience in the frozen north, and when she told me how good smoked trout were I asked her if she would smoke some for me if I would catch them. She consented, and it gave me an excuse to catch more than I otherwise would have done. Turning the big fireplace in the club house into a temporary smoke house, she did turn out some fine smoked fish. Game seemed to be as abundant as fish. Returning to camp at dusk one evening, a caribou walked out of the water's edge and lumbered away into the brush. Joe told me both moose and caribou were abundant, and the former could be had any evening for the calling. I hope to try the fishing at Wayagamack again this year and perhaps I may get one of the big fellows. A. N. CHENEY.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XXI.

Unexpected Visitors.

"WAL, here you be, boy," said Uncle Lisha, "an' I'm glad tu see ye, for it's a-gittin' consid'able ca'julluky aout yender for your milkweed pod. Good airth an' seas! What a snag o' ducks you got! Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen! Yes, sir; nineteen! Jullook o' there, Ann Twine; he's skunked the hull caboodle on us! Le'me see, you got three, an' me an' Jozeff—wal, we hain't caounted aourn yit."

"Pooh, dat a'n't notings!" said Antoine, contemptuously poking the pile of ducks with his toe. "A'n't he'll gat honly nanteen dawkin dat crik all to hese'f? Dat a'n't much for do, an' what leetly feller dey was! One tam w'en Ah'll leeve in Canada Ah'll keel forty wid club; yes, seh, an' dey was gre't beeg feller. Yes, seh, dey was geeses."

"Sho, Ann Twine, I guess they was in the aig."

"No, seh, dey was in Canada, sem Ah'll tol' you, an' if you'll a'n't b'lieved me Ah'll goin' tol' you de trute. You see de way of it, he come on stubby graoun' for pick de hoat was jus' sow, an' he steek hees foot on de mud so he can' pull it, an' den he froze heem fas' 'cause it mos' winter; so den Ah'll a'n't not'ing for do honly knock hees head of it."

"What be you a-tellin'?" Uncle Lisha groaned. "Oats jes' sowed on stubble in the fall! Du, fer massy's sake, lie reason'ble if you must lie."

"O, Onc' Lasha!" Antoine said, in an injured tone. "If Ah prove mah storee you'll a'n't b'lieved it. Haow you s'pose mans was goin' for rembler everyt'ing was happen in hees laftam w'en he happen so meny, hein? It was two tam Ah'll keel forty wid stick, one tam in de spring an' one tam in de fall! Come, le's go on de camp. De patack was mos' all bile, prob'ly, an' de dawkin ready for cook. Sam, you wan' save dis leetly feller?" touching the ducks again with a scornful toe.

"Sam Hill," said Joseph, just finding words to express his admiration. "If that 'ere hain't a harnsome mess o' feathers. Samwil, if 'll let me pick them tu the halves, M'ri 'll be more'n willin' 'at I come, or leastways she'd ort tu be, seems 's 'ough."

"You c'n hev the hull on 'em tu feather your nest, for all me," Sam replied, cringing from a fresh contact with his wet trousers in a way that attracted Uncle Lisha's attention.

"Why, Samwil," he cried, as he laid a tentative hand on one of the legs. "You've be'n in the water. Hes that 'ere mis'able aigshell be'n a spillin' on ye? I allers said it 'ould. I wish 't the dumbest Injin contraption was smashed finer'n a barn fore it draounds ye."

"It never tipped over wi' me yit," Sam protested. "I went int' the water a purpose."

"A-wadin' arter ducks? You tarnal fool, this time o' year?"

"No, I didn't," Sam answered doggedly.

"Wal, then, what did ye for?"

"Wal, if you've got tu know, the' was a leetle shap tumbled int' the crik a fishin' all alone, an' I hed tu fish him aout tu keep him from draoundin', an' it nat'rally was sort of a wet job."

"I wan't callatin' tu scold ye for no sech a thing, Samwil," Uncle Lisha said in a low voice as he laid his hand on Sam's shoulder, "but you'd better go an' dry ye off by the fire." And so they all set forth toward the camp, these two leading the way.

As they drew near it they were astonished to hear the unmistakable sound of female voices, and singularly familiar ones. Sam coming first in sight of the place signaled silence and a halt to his companions, who gathered close at his back, and all stood and stared in wonder not unmingled with dismay upon the unexpected invasion of the camp.

Two women were mousing about, turning their sun-bonnets like telescopes this way and that in diligent inspection of every object, now focusing a common center of interest, now separately, in search of new diversions and discoveries. These movements were ac-

companied by remarks which were not very flattering. The faces were indistinct in the depths of the sun-bonnets, but there was no mistaking the forms, motions and voices of Aunt Jerusha and Huldah.

"I don't b'lieve they've swep' up sence they be'n here," said the first, making a slow inspection of the fireplace and its littered surroundings.

"Swep'?" the other returned, sarcastically. "Why, they hain't got so much as a hemlock broom, I warrant ye, which they might easy enough, for jullook at the cedar a-growin' all araound."

"I know it," Aunt Jerusha acquiesced, "jest as good if not full better, not scatterin' itself so bad."

"An' will you look at that 'ere fryin' pan?" cried Huldah, holding off the utensil with gingerly hands at a distance, yet bringing the muzzle of her bonnet to closer inspection. "I can caount the leavin's o' three cookin's in 't, plain."

"Sam Hill, hain't I glad M'ri hain't here tu see that 'ere," Joseph whispered, "an acre o' feathers wouldn't caount ag'in' leavin' on 't so; wal, mebbe that's settin' on 't high, say half an acre."

"An' see them petaters. I'll be baound they're all b'ilin' tu pieces," cried Aunt Jerusha, fluttering over to the pot and peering into it while she blew away the steam. "Yes they be, true's you live. Can't you take 'em off, Huldah?"

"Taint likely there's no sech a thing as a holder. I da' say they use a bunch o' leaves or a dirty stockin'," said Huldah, rushing to the rescue of the potatoes; "but thank goodness I've got my apron," and she whisked the kettle off, keeled it and set it by the fire in a trice.

"Or mebbly the' hats," Aunt Jerusha suggested, still dwelling on holders. "Jest think on't, Lisher might ha' fetched his luther apron." And Uncle Lisha gave Sam an appreciative dig in the side with his elbow.

Then the two women backed off a little to take a comprehensive view of the scene, making inquiries and responses of, "Did you ever?" and "No, I never," till they fell into a fit of laughter which they were obliged to sit down to finish, while the spectators made a silent exchange of imbecile grins. When the camp inspectors had exhausted their mirth, they discovered the tent and flew to it. Now their heads were thrust far inside in minute inspection, now withdrawn and the muzzles turned to each other with divers nods and shakes of assent and dissent, accompanied by spasmodic movements of their bodies, all of which gave evidence of invidious remarks and indulgence in unseemly mirth. All this was endured in silence by the spectators of the inquest till the older woman began poking at the contents of the tent with a long stick, when Uncle Lisha could restrain himself no longer, but rushed forward and shouted at the top of his voice,

"Hello, you women; what you duin' in there!"

Thereupon the intruders backed out of the tent, and facing about showed the rightful occupants a far bolder front than they could muster, caught as they were in all unseemly ways of housekeeping.

"Why, Lisher Paiggs, haow du ye du?" cried Aunt Jerusha, beaming upon her husband, and Huldah called out heartily:

"Haow be ye, Sam, an' all of ye?"

"Good airth an' seas, is that you?" Uncle Lisha shouted.

"Why, I thought you was couple o' schoolgals a-snoopin' 'raound. Wal, seein' you ast, I do' know 's I'm none the better for seein' you, considerin' haow you talk about aour haousekeepin'."

"Wal, naow, Lisher, you can't deny but it's a leetle mite thick under the nail," said his wife.

"By gosh, Aunt Jerrushy," cried Antoine, coming to the front, "you was come de wrong day. Dis a'n't aour day for wash de dish. We jes' daown to de lake for see if dere was waters 'nough for wash to-morry, an' we make off aour min' we got for wait till he rise."

"Haow come ye tu come, anyway?" Uncle Lisha demanded. "Sed daown an' make yourselves tu hum, an' tell us 'baout it," and he waved them hospitably to one of the fireside logs. "Aour gal 'll git tea ready tu rights. Come, Miss Ann Twine, you want tu be gittin' aout your sweetcake an' plum sass an' jell, for we got compny."

"Ah'll gat all of it in de pettetto keetly, an' de res' of it Ah'll gat pooty soon," Antoine answered promptly, and began bustling about the fire, heating the frying pan and scouring it with a stone—as he would never have thought of doing but for the presence of the guests. They eyed his movements, but politely refrained from audible comment. Then seeing the ducks, they fell into a poultry-wives' admiration of them.

"My, I never see sech harnsome ducks," cried Huldah, "an' you got all them sence you come here?"

"Why, I got these tu-day, jes' myself, an' I do' know what the rest on 'em has got," Sam answered, and then Huldah detected the condition of his nether garments, and she took him to task forthwith.

"Why, Sam Lovel, what in this livin' world you be'n a-duin' to your trowsses? You be'n wadin' int' the river with 'em? An' the water jest as cold as ice. An' you've be'n a-duin' on't every day sence you come here an' got the rheumatiz tucked ontu ye an' the phthisic an' nob'dy knows what all, jest tu shoot a duck. You'll ketch your death jest as sure as you live, for a few leetle mis'able ducks. You shan't never come here again, not if I c'n help it. Hain't it a caution. Naow you go intu that tent an' take right off them trowsses an' hand 'em aout tu me an' le' me dry 'em an' you cover up in the blankets till they be. I should think you'd know better an' should n't ha' s'posed Uncle Lisher 'd ha' let ye."

Before Sam could say a word in his own defense he was judged and sentenced, but when Huldah stopped to breathe Uncle Lisha put in a plea for him.

"Naow, Huldah, you quit a scoldin' on him, for he hain't be'n in the water afore sen' we be'n here, an' he went into 't tu save a leetle boy from draoundin'. I guess that 'ere leetle shaver's mother wouldn't wanten hev Samwil scolded."

Huldah's voice shook a little and the look she gave her husband was anything but reproachful as she said:

"Why, Sam, haow 'd I know? You set ri' daown here by the fire an' dry ye an' tell me all about it. Folks hain't half so apt tu ketch cold if they let the' clo's dry on 'em. Le'me fill your pipe for ye. Did you run a turrible resk? Did he come all right? Haow old was he?"

These and many more questions he was called upon to answer as he toasted his legs between whiles of keeping them out of Antoine's way, who as nearly as could he was on all sides of the fire at once,

At the same time Aunt Jerusha hovering about him, intent on motherly offices from which she could not be diverted until Uncle Lisha had shouted at her three times with increasing volume of voice.

"Haow come ye tu come? Good airth an' seas! that's what I want tu know," while Joseph could not find a chance to inquire after the welfare of his father or to ask what message M'r'i had sent.

"What was 't you was sayin', father?" Aunt Jerusha asked at last, yet still giving her attention to Sam. "Haow 'd we come? Why, we tackled right up the waggin an' come along. But we never tol' nob'dy 'at we was a-comin' here. The 'd ha' be'n objections, no eend on 'em, if we'd ha' tol'. Hedn't you better pull ye boots off, Samwil, an' stick ye feet up on that chunk? An' so you see, Huldah she hed some dried apple 'at she wanted tu trade off, an' we jest fixed it up betwixt us 'at we'd fetch it daown tu Vergennes an' stay over night tu Cousin Chase's an' then come here! An' so we did, an' here we be. Hain't you glad tu see us? You don't act as if you was, not turrible."

"Why, yes, we be tew," Uncle Lisha protested; "but you see, you took us kinder onawares."

"We didn't hev time tu put on aour tother clo's," said Sam.

"Wal, tu tell the truth an' not no jokin' ababout it," said Aunt Jerusha, "we fetched daown all on ye's t'other clo's as fur as Cousin Chase's, an' there they be."

"You didn't never, Jerushy Paiggs," said her husband, incredulously; but she nodded repeated affirmatives and smiled serenely.

"Wal, then, what did ye for? Be you goin' tu sell 'em or be you goin' tu take us to meetin' or a-visitin', or what is 't?"

"No, not nary one," said she, after a moment's enjoyment of her auditors' mystification; "but tu the caravan 'at's comin' nex' day arter day arter tu-morrer. We cal-lated you'd plan tu go to 't, an' we'd go tew, on Bub's 'caount. His gran'pa an' gran'ma's goin' tu fetch him, an' we wa'n't a-going tu hev you 'raound in your ol' ev'y-day clo's."

"Good airth an' seas, if I hadn't clean forgot it!" Uncle Lisha declared in genuine surprise at his forgetfulness of so important an event.

"Seems 's 'ough I did kinder think on 't when you was a-carummuxin wi' that ol' ram," said Joseph; "but I hain't thought on 't sence an' I do know when afore."

"Forgot it!" Aunt Jerusha exclaimed with mild scorn; "that's a likely story, an' it all pictered aout in red an' yaller ev'ywheres. Anyways, it is naow up tu Danvis even on tu folkses barns, an' ev'ybody's a-goin'."

"On Bub's 'caount, I s'pose," her husband remarked, bestowing a wink upon the company. "I do know what we'd all du if it wa'n't for that boy."

"I don't nuther," Aunt Jerusha assented heartily. "But it don't signify. 'We're all a-goin' an' a-goin' lookin' somehaow. O, you needn't think me an' Huldah didn't fetch aour t'other bunnits," as she detected a quizzical glance at the gingham sun-bonnets. "An' you needn't worry none; we made cal'lations on your not bein' prepared for comp'ny an' laid in wi' the folks where we left aour hoss and waggin tu keep us over night in case you didn't hev spare beds."

"We got feathers 'nough, seems 's 'ough," Joseph said, "but I don't know 'bout the tick, not sca'cely."

"An' we fetched along a loaf o' bread, an' some butter, an' some b'iled aigs an' some quick pickles," Aunt Jerusha continued, casting a doubtful eye upon Antoine's panful of fried duck, "'cause we didn't know but what you might be gittin' short; but I will say it smells better'n it looks. Be ye gittin' dried off, Samwil? They be rael socierable folks where we left the hoss. Larkins is the name—I b'le' so, an' they 'peared tu be consid'able 'quainted wi' some on ye." She cast a quizzical glance around, ending at Huldah, who shook her head. "Why, good land! what hurt 'll it du? Don't they all know what they done?"

"What in time be you a drivin' at?" Sam asked. Huldah still shook her head and gave at the same time a deprecatory "S-h-h," but Aunt Jerusha persisted in telling her tale.

"Why, nothin', only them folks was a tellin' haow 't an ol' man an' a fat man come there one day with a wil' goose 'at they'd shot, praouder'n tew rhusters, an' come tu it was a tame wil' goose 'at them folkses hed. O, my sakes!" She ended with a fit of laughter in which Sam and Antoine joined as they comprehended the gist of the story, while the heroes of it looked foolish, though Uncle Lisha tried to make light of it by saying,

"Sho, women folks 'll b'lieve anything you tell 'em. That 'ere Larkins 'll lie faster'n a hoss c'n trot. What was that 'ere yarn he tol' you, Samwil?" But he failed to divert inquiry and was obliged to admit the truth of the charge. Yet he was consoled for this humiliation by the admiration that his real wild geese drew forth when he exhibited them, and Joseph's store of feathers were given unqualified praise.

Then Antoine announced supper and the embarrassed hosts led their guests to the repast, which they attacked with no great zest, having seen the cook wipe on his trousers the fork with which he turned the contents of the pan, and use his hat for a holder. Yet they praised what was set before them, while making a meal mostly from the provisions they had brought with them. Then they helped to clear the table and made the dishes cleaner than they had been since their first use here.

After this all the company gathered around the fire, the men smoking, Aunt Jerusha regaling herself with snuff, Huldah unwontedly idle for lack of knitting, while all the latest Danvis news was told and with judicious omissions all the adventures of the camp, and so well did the visitors enjoy their first taste of this life that they decided to lodge in the tent, where a luxurious bed was prepared for them with a double allowance of cedar twigs.

At sundown the north wind died, but the pulse of waves still beat upon the beach in regular recurrence above the slumberous murmur of distant shores. A company of bitterns were performing a farewell rite on the eve of migration, uttering uncouth squawks as they wheeled high above the marshes in awkward gyrations, and frequent flights of ducks were whistling past and splashing into channel and marsh.

The busy air was filled with sounds that were strange to Huldah's ear; the shuddering cry of a screech owl and the sad monotony of the crickets were the only familiar ones among them all. These with the slow wash of

waves were the voices that her dreams shaped themselves to, when with a lingering sense of strange environment she fell asleep.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

SERPENTS AND SENTIMENT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The writer, having already categorized himself as a "back number," is well content to lay aside his much-worn "Faber No. 2," leaving the field of hunting adventure and fishing narrative to younger and fresher chroniclers, whose ready pens and facile art of story-telling are well attested in the bright and entertaining pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I am moved, however, to arise to a point of order and let fall a few remarks in mild rebuke upon finding my own peculiar domain as *FOREST AND STREAM*'S "snake editor"—in the enjoyment of which distinction I have some while reposed in honorable retirement—invaded by two of your correspondents in a recent number. These heedless and superficial speculators in snake philosophy, unmindful that the eye of the snake editor is ever alert to pounce upon and demolish any unorthodox theories that may be advanced by novices in this his chosen field, have presumed to reopen controversies that have long since been put to rest by authority.

To come down to particulars, Mr. L. G. Sanford has again conjured up that well-worn spook, the "stinging snake," which was long since exorcised and consigned to the realms of myth. The snake as described is evidently that well-known variety which everywhere bears the unsavory reputation of carrying a most diabolical concealed weapon in its nether pocket—a weapon so well concealed that no one has ever been able to see it.

Mr. Sanford's evidence that this was a real, simon pure stinging snake seems to have been chiefly the snake's general reputation and incidentally the peculiar movement of its tail, which latter, from its suggestiveness, is probably the sole basis for the former.

Mr. Sanford does not allege that he saw the sting, although it would seem that he had every opportunity to verify its existence by ocular demonstration. He inclosed the tip of the tail to *FOREST AND STREAM*, but the editor does not record that the sting went along with it.

It was most unfortunate that Mr. Sanford should have destroyed such a rare curiosity as a veritable stinging snake; any museum would have regarded it as a very valuable acquisition.

The writer made a careful examination of one of the same species a few years ago, failing to find anything like a sting, or any place for one, as the minute vertebrae extended quite to the tip of the tail.

The proneness of the human mind to accept any marvelous statement as to snake attributes is everywhere manifest, and probably has its origin in the old biblical serpent myth in the garden of Eden story, a myth which was common to many primitive peoples besides the ancient Hebrews. In the experience of our earliest ancestors the serpent was a prominent feature, and from the dread which he inspired was held to be the embodiment of guile. Hence the place assigned to him in all the earliest cosmical myths.

And now comes brother Ransacker in the rôle of an implacable judge, condemning all snakes without discrimination; charging them with a long catalogue of crimes too heinous for condonement; forgetting that the self-same offenses are common in all their enormity to nature's multifarious chain of predatory animals, birds, reptiles and fishes.

Does Ransacker's own pet cat, which purs so innocently and cozily by his fireside, pursue the pretty warbler with less stealth, or devour the helpless nestling with more remorse, or prolong the agonies of the harmless mouse with less needless cruelty than the graceful and beautiful garter snake exhibits when it appropriates to its own private and personal use the repast which kind (or unkind) nature has appointed for it?

Is the hawk more tender than the chicken snake when he bears away in his talons the bird or barnyard fowl, screaming with agony, to be torn piecemeal while still struggling, for the delectation of himself and his family circle?

Is the pike more mindful than the blacksnake of life's amenities when he gobbles up the tender troutlings into his capacious maw, with exultation in his healthy appetite?

Or the lordly turkey gobbler, when he approaches the unsuspecting grasshopper from the rearward, has he any regard for the latter's comfort or convenience when he yanks him off the sweet potato vine?

Lastly, when Ransacker himself curtails his wholesome rest, forsakes his comfortable bed at an unlawful hour (in violation of nature's code), shivers through the dawning hours bedrenched with chilling dews, and lies in treacherous ambush for the same amorous gobbler, which he enticeth to his destruction by imitating the inviting call of his love mate—can Ransacker, with a blameless conscience, arraign any one of nature's children for a simple obedience to the law of its existence?

There is an old story, with which most readers are acquainted, that comes down from a time when men and beasts were on a more equal footing and held familiar intercourse, which recites that a certain artist painted a picture of a lion with a spear thrust through its body, and the man who wielded the spear standing triumphant over the lion's prostrate form. This picture he exhibited to a lion, who remarked, "Ah, but let me draw the picture!"

The moral of this story is obvious. If the snake could only sit in judgment what a true bill he would find against Ransacker for cruelty, rapine and murder unprovoked, and all the crimes on the calendar, with numberless counts and particulars!

Ransacker, with his mind full of unreasoning prejudice, even accuses the snakes of having "slimy folds!" Now, who ever saw a snake with "slimy folds?" I challenge anybody to produce such a snake. The slimy folds of Ransacker's snake are just as mythical as the sting in Mr. Sanford's specimen. It is a fact most patent to common observation that nature's whole scheme of animal existence presents one boundless field of cruelty and suffering. The whole fabric of mundane life is based upon an endless chain of life's destruction, accompanied with what appears to be needless suffering.

In the whole domain of nature, so far at least as our earth is concerned, man alone is distinguished from all other animals by the characteristic which we call mercy, or altruism, which is manifested in the lower animals in one direction only, and that because life's survival demands it, to wit, parental solicitude for the young.

This distinguishing attribute of humanity is the result of evolution, and exactly marks the development which we have attained above the lower orders of animals. Shall we now place ourselves back on the brute plane, and kill things that can do us no harm, and for which we have no use?

In the whole snake tribe, in this country at least, there are probably 1,000 that are quite harmless to man for every one that is a just occasion for man's resentment on the score of personal insecurity.

It is a matter of regret to me that in this part of the country the snakes of every kind are nearly exterminated, and you may travel a week's journey without seeing one. Most white men, like friend Ransacker, kill all the snakes that come in their way, but the negroes especially pursue them with superstitious and relentless zeal. I have elevated brother Ransacker to a high place in my catalogue of most worthy and entertaining contributors to *FOREST AND STREAM*, but he should stick to burros and bears and such like cattle, and leave the uncongenial snakes to more sympathetic hands. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

OUR FEATHERED FOUNDLING.

AN ambitious fledgeling had flown from the nest before its wings were strong enough to be relied upon; it had fallen by the sidewalk and a sleek cat was there, swinging its soft tail and preparing to spring, while many agitated sparrows of mature age hopped to and fro twittering their friendly warnings. But the little adventurer, instead of finding itself in the cat's maw, was carried to a safe place, to be brought up "by hand."

The foundling is now nearly 2 years old, a veritable urchin with a natural objection to anything suggestive of order, liking his cage best when it is most untidy. At 3 o'clock every afternoon he has been allowed the freedom of our sitting room, and promptly at that hour he pecks at the fastening of the cage door.

When about 4 months old Dick observed some one playing a guitar. Forthwith he perched on the hand that was toying with the strings, staying there regardless of its instability. On the following morning we heard a faint noise suggestive of a canary with a sore throat, trying to exercise its profession. This was the first attempt of our sparrow, who afterward practiced every day, particularly if incited by the guitar, developing a sweet voice. At an early age Dick manifested energy and persistence, never abandoning what he had made up his mind to accomplish.

During summer Dick's cage stood by an open window and soon we learned eleven expressions of sparrow talk with the following meanings: Inviting other sparrows to approach; welcoming them; urging them to remain; a great desire; coaxing; surprise; alarm; scolding; anger; satisfaction; delight. The eleventh expression Dick always uttered when a fly was presented to him.

It was great fun to bring the bird perched on one of our fingers before the looking-glass. He at once became irritated at the mocking image, darted his head forward and pecked at it. Nor did he become convinced that he was deluded when his beak came in contact with the glass, its hardness serving only to exasperate him.

His actions were and are always expressive. One day he went through the movement of bathing in a lot of dry crumbs, and immediately called for food. His action evidently indicated that the crumbs were dry enough for a bath, but no longer fit to eat. His caution has always been excessive, everything being closely scrutinized by him before being tasted. He has always enjoyed refreshing himself in a sand bath, but if the sand was placed in an unfamiliar receptacle he hopped round it many times, making a careful examination. Before plunging in, Dick removed from the sand any piece of rubbish that might have fallen in, carrying it to some remote part of the room. His favorite resting place after bathing was a big yellow plush chair. He likes yellow and pink, but has a horror of goods that are variously colored, particularly if spotted. We put newspapers over the plush chair, but the bird worked its way under, seeking the yellow color. Inquisitiveness always overcame Dick's timidity, and any object falling to the floor was at once examined by him. The moment a closet door was opened the bird would stand on the sill, peering into the dark corners, reminding us of a sage trying to penetrate the mystery of the great unknown.

Dick had a fancy for waltzing, spinning round in an amazing style on any small round spot that he could find, and altogether indulging in as many antics as a kitten.

When our foundling was a year old something happened. The males and females of his tribe flocked about his cage within the window to partake of seed, bread, cake, lettuce, etc. Some entered the room, where they flew about in a state of wild terror and perplexity. We caught several females and put one at a time in the cage to see if the companionship would be agreeable. Dick fought some and others fought Dick, but at last we caught a beautiful birdling that did not screech nor bite, and as she had persistently tried to force her way into the cage, we persuaded her to remain with Dick. He was more than pleased, and has now courted her steadily for nearly a year. We thought there would be a prospect of his winning his suit this spring, and at this very moment we are interested in watching a one-sided love affair.

Loulou is the prettiest and sauciest little sparrow that ever broke through an egg shell, and is very clever too, besides being a sweet singer. At the beginning of winter both birds were determined to build a nest. Nothing in the room was safe from their busy beaks. Dick had a wooden box containing a warm nest which had served him in his infancy. To make him remember this we put him in the box; he came out after a few seconds, his beak full of straw, which he carried to the Loulou. This action he repeated several times, at last bringing two big pieces, that suggested to our mind the ludicrous spectacle of a fashionable beau going to visit his lady love carrying a couple of rafters between his teeth as proof of his power to provide a home.

His protracted and rather dubious suit has somewhat saddened Dick, and he is not always playful enough to please Loulou. Sometimes she says to him: "You are

too slow! Fly! I'm after you!" and away they go, round and round the room. The female bird is so swift in her movements that she seems to be in three places at once. Her excessive independence is painful to Dick's chivalrous character. He tries to condescendingly provide for her, and she, belonging to the order of advanced females, resents this.

Formerly the foundling objected to bathing in water, but this being Loulou's greatest luxury, she has trained her admirer into it.

Miss Loulou is quite a fire worshiper. During the cool weather she acquired the habit of warming herself before the grate, standing on the fender—particularly after bathing in cold water. With her feathers standing out and her wings spread, she first dries herself on one side, then turns to dry the other, bending her small body to and fro in the most graceful manner, so that the heat may reach every part of her skin. This very day—April 27—she is on the fender warming herself for the third time within one hour.

Every evening at dusk there is a contest for a particular spot on one perch. Unless Dick yields to Loulou she sulks and makes him miserable, so that in the end she always has her own way.

Although our bachelor bird is grown up he still insists, when free, upon his friend who rescued him from the cat giving him bread from between his own lips. This he persistently demands, alighting on the broad shoulder, hopping round on the long beard, and taking some moustache in his beak, repeating a cry that distinctly sounds like "pretty Dick!"

The sparrows are not aristocrats, but they are so bright and clever that any one who loves nature must take a delight in studying them.

Since fair spring commenced to smile upon us we have provided our feathered friends with a large family mansion, two stories high and containing a nesting chamber. But present appearances indicate that Loulou is in love with another fellow on the outer side of the netting which is fastened before the open window. She warbles her sweetest lay to him. We shall watch the progress of a tangled love affair.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

NOTES ON THE EVENING GROSBEEKS.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

AMONG the finest representatives of the big-billed finches we have in this country are the evening grosbeaks. My first experience with these birds was in north-western New Mexico some ten or eleven years ago. There I collected, with my sons, a good many fine specimens of them, together with skeletons, and made notes of habits, which were subsequently published in the *Auk*, as was also my account of a male and a female of this genus that were captured alive by me and for upward of two years kept in a cage. These were all specimens of the Western evening grosbeak (*Coccothraustes vespertinus montanus*), a now recognized subspecies, although I reported them as evening grosbeaks simply, which was then the only species described for this country (*C. vespertinus*). The Western evening grosbeak, however, had been recognized by Ridgway in 1874 (*Hist. N. Am. Birds, Land Birds, I., 449*), and it was finally revived by Mearns in 1890 (*Auk, VII., 246*). So all that I then said about the evening grosbeak must now be taken as referring to the above-mentioned Western subspecies.

My two cage birds died eventually, and the taxidermist at the U. S. National Museum mounted them, and they are now in the exhibition cases in the ornithological department of that institution. I have two other fine mounted Western evening grosbeaks in my own private collection that I shot and brought with me from New Mexico; they are especially dark ones selected from a large series. Of these I once made a life-size colored drawing, representing the birds on the partly dead limbs of the red cedar, of the berries of which tree they are very fond. Subsequently this colored drawing had quite a history, for after it was framed it fell into the hands of the Goths and Vandals—children who knew just enough of the value of ornithological plates to be dangerous, but who knew not an evening grosbeak when they saw it, or for the matter of that not five and twenty other American birds—and mutilation was the natural consequence. It escaped final destruction, however, and what unthinking hands can easily accomplish in the way of vandalism an artist can often restore, and this is what I had to do. My picture is now not only restored, but has an account of the aforesaid vandalism appended to it in addition and as a matter of historical interest. A few days ago I photographed this colored drawing of mine, considerably reducing it in size, and the half-tone that illustrates the present contribution was made from this photograph.

There are a number of birds in our avifauna of whose nesting habits we know little or nothing, and in this category stand the evening grosbeaks. I have written to a few of my friends about this matter to gain some idea of our present knowledge in the premises, for personally I have never seen either the nest or the eggs of this species. Mr. L. M. Loomis, who is now doing so much for us with the Pacific Coast seafoal, wrote me back that he had not even seen the species alive, and so knew personally nothing of its nidology. In the meantime comes a letter from Major Bendire, than whom there is no better authority in the country on this subject, and he writes me: "As far as I know there are no fully identified eggs of the evening grosbeak in collections, and in fact there appears to be little if anything known about the breeding range of this species. Somewhat more is known about the Western evening grosbeak's nesting habits, and both Mr. John Swinburn, formerly of Holbrook, Apache county, Ariz., as well as Mr. E. H. Fiske, of Yolo county, Cal., published by Walter Bryant, claim to have taken their nest and eggs. The last record you can find in *Bull. California Academy of Sciences*, II., 3, published in 1887; the former in one of the early numbers of the *Nuttall Bulletin* or the *Auk*. You can hunt this up yourself. As far as my observations go, I question both of these records and take little or no stock in them. I have shot young birds of *C. v. montanus*, but a few days out of the nest, near Fort Klamath in the late summer of 1883, which is as near as I ever came to finding the nest. The Eastern species probably breeds entirely north of the United States, in the mountainous regions, where little or no collecting has as yet been done."

A few days after receiving this valuable letter there came another to me from Mr. A. W. Anthony, an authority who has contributed much to your knowledge of

Western ornithology. In his very interesting letter Mr. Anthony says: "I am afraid that the information that I can't give regarding *C. vespertina* would prove far more interesting. However, you are welcome to what little I can furnish. As for eggs, I cannot tell of a single set that I would like to indorse—but they may have a few for all that. Several years ago Mr. Bryant, of Oakland, published an account of a set of the Western race, and afterward told me more of the details; the eggs were shaken from the nest and broken so that none of the fragments were saved. The boy who found them afterward described them to B. from memory, and they were from that data put on record. Bryant, I think, had no doubt as to their being true evening grosbeak, and as I do not at this time recall who it was that found the set, I would not like to discredit the discovery. In Oregon I found the species very abundant about the streets of Portland, making a very agreeable substitute for the English sparrow of most cities; they were remarkably tame, and especially about the streets where maples were used for shade trees were to be found all winter. They were less common outside of the city, but often seen throughout the country until March or April; they then left the city and were rare everywhere, though small flocks and pairs were seen until June or later. The last season spent at Beaverton, eight miles west of Portland, I saw a few until July; they were, as they always are, in the fir growth, very high up in the tops of the largest trees, and would have been overlooked had it not been for their clear, ringing call notes. I did not see a single bird near enough to the ground to shoot. If they bred there, and I think they did, they must have built fully 200 ft. or more from the ground in thick firs. This may account for the lack of eggs in collections. If the species was found



EVENING GROSBEEKS.

after July they must have been silent, for I do not recall any after that month.

"There may be even a number of authentic sets among the small collections on this coast, for the species breeds from central California north, and is so common that it would be strange if some one has not found them; but I have not seen much of the species, and know but little regarding it, and nothing regarding any sets that may possibly be in collections.

"Mr. A. M. Ingersoll is much better posted on what is to be found in the collections of this coast and I will question him regarding them. I am sorry that I am unable to furnish so little data personally.

"P. S.—Mr. Ingersoll says he does not know of a set of grosbeak's eggs on the coast. He is personally acquainted with the person who found the set mentioned by Bryant and thinks it is all right."

Now here is an opportunity for work on the part of some young enterprising nidologist, and there is no question but that good, reliable accounts of the nesting habits of our species of *Coccothraustes* stand among other needed desiderata to fill in the gaps existing in the life histories of our North American birds.

A Texas Deer Head.

LANSING, Mich., April 18.—A few weeks ago I wrote you about the antlers of a buck which had thirty-six points. This was called out by a note in *FOREST AND STREAM*, calling attention to a pair of antlers with twenty-six points. Mr. C. J. Davis, of Lansing, has just returned from a somewhat extended trip through Texas and the Southwest, and to-day he has left at my office a photograph taken by Barr, Main Plaza, San Antonio, of the head and antlers of a common Virginia buck, which is way ahead of anything that I have ever heard of. The head seems to be of about an average size, it is mounted on a long neck, on a shield, representing a huge star, I suppose an emblem of the Lone Star State. The antlers are quite large, and on the shield the number of points is stated to be seventy-eight. I can count seventy on the photograph. It is really a remarkable head. Such a head and such antlers deserve a place among the record breakers of America.

[We have already illustrated this head.]

Soaring Birds.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

If Mr. O. H. Hampton will procure a copy of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," No. 884—"The Internal Work of the Mind," by Prof. S. P. Langley—he will find therein a scientific discussion of the soaring of birds,

PARTRIDGE DIVING AND BUDDING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Why is it that none of the numerous writers in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, who are generally able and interesting, whether sportsmen or men who have made birds and their habits a study, has ever mentioned the habit of the partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) as to diving and budding?

Perhaps the birds are so nearly exterminated that these have become "lost arts;" but hardly.

The diving is done after a fall of light or dry snow, not less than 10 or 12 in. in depth. They fly in on a slant, leaving a mark about the size of a man's boot. Their object seems to be protection from the cold, also from the sight of the owl or hunter. But this protection sometimes becomes their tomb, as when the snowstorm is followed by rain and severe cold a crust is formed that all the captive's efforts to escape will be unavailing, unless, as sometimes happens, they burrow or tunnel to a more protected spot, where the crust is thinner, as under the branches of a conifer or mass of clustering vines. But should reynard happen near, the poor bird's fate is soon sealed.

They usually dive in a small clear space near a thicket, and should the hunter approach, the bird, hearing his footsteps, bursts out with a whir, scattering the snow in all directions, and is out of sight before the surprised hunter thinks of his gun, and if he does what will it avail? For we boys of sixty years ago had only Queen Anne's arm with flint locks, and never heard nor thought of wing shooting; in fact, generally shot from a rest alongside of a tree, if nothing better offered. But don't think we got less game than at present, with our double-barreled hammerless, pistol grip, top action, patent fore end and Damascus steel breechloaders; for the game was there and we shot to kill—not for sport.

Another thing that is seldom or never spoken of is partridge budding. This occurs in late winter or early springtime. But objection is made that it is in the close season. Very true; and if that is the reason budding time is not known to sportsmen of the present day, so much the better; for it should be strictly observed for all kinds of game and fish, and more than that, all spring shooting should be abolished by law and in practice.

Having recently returned from Atlantic City, where every morning (except Sundays) the bang! bang! of ducking guns were heard, it became very annoying; but when an examination of the birds killed showed that there were nothing but coots in the lot—a bird unfit to eat—indignation somewhat abated. But still spring shooting is wrong in principle.

When we were boys, some fifty or sixty years ago—more or less, rather more than less—in the days of company and general training, when every one subject to military duty had to meet at a named rendezvous twice each year armed and equipped according to law, which meant musket with iron or steel ramrod and two flints, and knapsack, or be fined, it was not difficult for the boys to obtain a gun from some one to hunt partridges with in the budding time.

The usual time for the birds to appear in the apple trees was about an hour before sunset, and if they were not disturbed they would fill their crops with the swelling apple blossom buds, and be back at their roosting places before dark.

When we had learned of their visiting an orchard, and usually some particular tree or trees in the orchard—for they seemed to like the buds on some of the trees better than others—and the old flintlock having been previously loaded with 4 in. of powder, wads and shot, or bits of lead, and secretly taken from the wooden hooks where it was usually kept, we would begin the silent tramp, hoping that no other boy had our knowledge of the situation and had stolen a march on us. If too early and no birds were there, and there was no other party in sight, a hiding place was sought and the coming of the birds was waited for with bated breath and watchful eyes. Sometimes the birds came singly, thus giving time to reload after the first fire. But generally two, three or more came at once, and only one was killed; but it has been said that when several come together, shoot the one on the lowest branch and the others would not fly.

Certainly this manner of killing game was very unsportsmanlike and quite contrary to our present game laws and close season, which have been so tinkered as to be almost unintelligible; but at the time referred to game laws and close seasons were not known nor thought of.

It is encouraging to think our best and truest sportsmen are quite generally opposed to spring shooting and have abandoned it. Would that the head man in our Government was of like opinion, or rather practice, for certainly every man's honest opinion must be, no spring shooting.

POUGHBKEEPSIE, May.

J. H. D.

A Few Animal Notes.

READING in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 18 Mr. N. D. Elting's account of a cat opening the door made me think of one that I saw in New Jersey in an old colonial house, where most of the doors had the old-fashioned thumb-latch. The cat was a tailless Angora and she used to open the doors whenever they pushed the right way.

To-day I saw a peculiar looking squirrel; it was gray except for a streak of red down the back. He had lost 2 in. of his tail and what was left was gray. In all respects but color he was an ordinary red squirrel or hemlock squirrel, as some call them.

I believe the red squirrels often lose a part or the whole of their tails in fighting. Probably in being chased by an antagonist, they often get away with their life, but not their tail. I have seen them absolutely tailless, and do not know how else to account for it.

I have repeatedly found chipmunks with a large grub-worm living in their navel, and conspicuous from the outside.

Speaking of intelligence and instinct, I would like to mention the remarkable instinct of our old horse, who always knows when Sunday comes, and on that day turns up the street to the church. All other days he trots along by to the post office. He either hears the church bell ring or else notices we have on our best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

Living as I do on Lake Champlain, there is no doubt in my mind that the smelt lives in those waters the year through, and in that I bear out my friend Mr. B. Bishop.

C. D. B.

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WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—II.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 19.—Nature, who is a fickle creature at any time, has certainly shown herself in queer moods this spring. The warm wave which swept over the country has wrought sudden changes in bird and plant life. In spite of the heat on April 18, I took gun in hand and went on a collecting expedition. The winter birds that were so abundant on my last trip have quite disappeared, and their places have been filled by the increasing of our summer residents and regular migrants. The cousins of the chippy, the field sparrows, were very numerous, flying in large flocks on the border of the woods and fields. Among these flocks were many song, chipping and vesper sparrows, and here and there a straggling junco, who, being separated from his fellows, was making his way to his northern home, leisurely.

Immense flocks of bronzed and purple grackles, red-winged and rusty blackbirds, cowbirds and meadowlarks occupied the fields and swamps. Numerous varieties of warblers swarmed in the bushes and trees, but they are so lively and shy that they are very difficult to collect or identify. One of them, however, which was more abundant than the others, and perhaps less shy, was a well-known one, the black and white creeping warbler, whose name describes him very well. He spends most of his time in trees looking for food, but nests upon the ground about the last of May or the first of June, and is a rather rare summer resident on the Sound—only one nest being found (containing young birds) by myself last year. Ascending a small brook I came upon a pair of Louisiana water-thrushes, a bird very interesting to me and very abundant in this neighborhood. This is the most northern part of his range and does not occur further north than Connecticut, as he belongs to the Carolinian fauna.

This thrush-like warbler is one of the strange combinations we sometimes find in nature, being in customs and habits the representative of three distinct families, the warbler, the thrush and the snipe. He is a lover of forest streams and is very seldom found anywhere else, except in their neighborhood. He runs over the miniature beaches and shoals like a true snipe, uttering a peep, peep, bobbing his tail and head with the peculiar teetering motion of the snipe. At times he will fly up into the trees and sing in rich, flute-like notes as a thrush does. His throat is white, breast saffron spotted with brown, back of head, back and wings olive-brown. He builds his nest under the banks of streams or in hollow logs lodged in them, about May 15-30. He arrives in the neighborhood of New Rochelle about the middle of April and returns South the end of September. The Louisiana water-thrush is very rare on Long Island (Chapman), but on August 29, 1895, I saw five birds among a flock of snipe on Bayshore Creek, Bayshore, L. I.; I secured two out of the five. Closely related to this warbler is the water-thrush, like him in every respect, except that his breast and throat are lemon color, and he is only a migrant here, nesting from Massachusetts northward. They pass through here about May 15-20, and return again in the fall.

EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

Hairy Woodpecker as Flycatcher.

DURING the past week while standing in front of my house I saw a bird fly from the trunk of a tree a few feet and return. At first I thought it was one of the flycatchers, but on walking up within 20ft. of the tree I saw that the bird was a hairy woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus*), and to my surprise it went through the same motion as at first attracted my attention, again returning to the same tree. I saw that it had caught an insect of some kind and after eating it again repeated the performance, only that it flew much further than a rod to secure its prey and alight on the next tree beside the walk. In trying to get near enough to see what it had caught, I frightened him (it was a male bird) and he took his captive to other fields to devour. I have often seen the English sparrow imitate the flycatchers by taking the small moths on the wing, I had never before seen one of the *Picidae* family in the flycatcher rôle.

In the case of the English sparrow I have often wondered if they caught the moths to eat or for persecution, as they do not seem to know what to do with them after they get them. I once watched a male sparrow for half an hour after he had caught one and the moth was very lively when I took my last look at them.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., April 20.

New York Bird Notes.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: It seems strange to read in *FOREST AND STREAM* accounts from Maine telling how the snow is 3ft. deep on the ground when in this vicinity spring has at last got her "grip." Dog-wood and apple blossoms, violets, marsh-marigolds, adder-tongues and many other flowers fill the fields, woods and swamps. Birds are very numerous, as can be seen from the following list, seen during the last two weeks: Purple grackle, robin, song, field, swamp, chipping and vesper sparrows, red-winged blackbird, rusty blackbird, bronzed grackle, flicker, Louisiana water-thrush, black and white warbler, cowbird, barn-swallow (just arrived), bobolink (just arrived); meadow-lark, kingfisher, hermit thrush, yellow-palm warbler, nighthawk warbler, towhee (just arrived).

On April 23, I found a bluebird's nest with five eggs and a crow's with six. On walking through Pelham Bay Park to-day (April 24) I was surprised to hear the bob-white of the quail, and upon investigation I found a nice little covey of from eight to ten quail; perhaps they will nest there.

EDWIN I. HAINES.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, May 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.

May 12—Edwin I. Haines, "The Starlings at Home and Abroad."

May 26—Frank M. Chapman, "Notes on Birds Observed in Yucatan." WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMER. MUSEUM OF NAT. HISTORY.

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Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE ROCKIES.

CLARK'S FORK CAÑON, Montana, Sept. 18, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy*: This is the first opportunity I have had to send you a few notes since leaving Philadelphia on the 11th inst. As you are familiar with the route taken I won't pause too long in describing the many beautiful places along the line. Still when I consider the many courtesies shown our party I can't refrain from telling you, because I know it will touch a tender spot in your heart, as it will in the hearts of others. First allow me to introduce to you my companions, H. W. H., alias Pop, and N. M. W., alias Judge, both of York, Pa., and genial and companionable Dr. D. P. M., alias Doc, of Chester, Pa. (Doc, you remember, was with me last year in the wilds of Minnesota); and lastly, yours truly, alias Capt. These aliases I will explain to you later on.

Our route lay over the picturesque Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Chicago, and what a charming ride it is. Almost every spot along it is familiar to me, especially in the bass and trout fishing districts. These things alone are enough to make me use this road, as I have taken many a large and gamy bass from nearby waters in days gone by. The same thing may also be said of the Wisconsin Central road. For the sportsman it is the most accommodating line out of Chicago to St. Paul. They, like the B. & O., will carry, and did carry for us, free of charge, all our camp outfit, dogs and baggage, etc. The trainmen are kind and considerate to dogs and take the best care of them, often dividing their lunch with them. You would be in your element in this State, Sammy, as the bass fishing all along the line of the Wisconsin Central is great.

When we reached Waukesha Doc got mixed up with a bridal party and received a handful of rice down his back and had his off ear nearly taken away with an old shoe; "they mistook him for the groom." I can't understand why this should have occurred, as the groom was a fairly good-looking man.

We left Chicago at 6:05 P. M. and arrived in St. Paul on time, had an excellent breakfast on the train. At 10 o'clock we marched in a body to call on Mr. Charles S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific Road, who was to send us over his road to Red Lodge, Montana. As that worthy gentleman was out of town, we were introduced to Mr. B. N. Austin, the Assistant General Passenger Agent, and a man whom every sportsman traveling in that country should know. He knows more duck and geese resorts than any man in Minnesota. And I desire to extend to him my deepest gratitude and thanks for the many kindnesses shown us. And also to thank him and the gentlemanly trainmen for kindnesses and courtesies extended to us all along the line. They did everything possible for us in the way of putting us on to good shooting grounds for ducks and chickens. Offered decoys, ammunition, etc., etc., and I really believe would have enjoyed killing them for us too. It does make a fellow feel good to have a man open his heart to you as Mr. Austin did to us, strangers and far from home.

We left St. Paul at 4:50 P. M. The ride through Minnesota and the Dakotas was an interesting one; we saw quite a number of chickens along the line, yet I scarcely think so many as last year. The crops through this section were phenomenally large this season and prices next to nothing. One farmer told me he had 1,000 bushels of potatoes and he couldn't get 5 cents a bushel for them, in fact he guessed he wouldn't dig them at all. We stopped over at Dawson for a day's shooting, and Doc and I had one of the most delightful days with chickens and ducks I ever remember having. Pop and Ben were handicapped by having two dogs that were worthless, one being blind and the other lame and deaf. However, they brought to bag about all they saw, fifteen chickens. Doc and I had a very good dog, though a little lame in one foot. However, we had the good luck to come across a slough with two small lakes and it was literally alive with ducks, which probably had never been shot at. No, they were not tame ducks. Well, we had sport fast and furious, having eight and ten ducks down at one time. They would fly from one lake to another, giving us all sorts of shooting. Result of day's work, forty-five ducks and thirteen chickens. Recollections of this day's shooting will ever linger in my memory, not even the landlord's bill can erase it. We left Dawson next morning bright and early, and were glad when we crossed the line into what is destined to become one of the greatest States in the Union—Montana, meaning "of or belonging to the mountains," or in Indian, To Yabe-Shock Up, which translated means about the same thing. "The country of the mountains" is well named. There are many interesting places along the line, among them the different military posts. At Billings we left the main line of the Northern Pacific. Billings is the county seat of Yellowstone county, with a population of 2,600 people, and is situated at the first crossing of the beautiful Yellowstone River. It is a growing town and is the largest wool shipping point in the State. Situated at the mouth of the famous Yellowstone Valley, with an irrigating ditch thirty-nine miles in length, besides Cañon Creek and other streams, and only a few hours' drive from the once famous Crow Indian Reservation, now thrown open to settlement, it offers many inducements to settlers. There are many ardent sportsmen living there too, and foremost among them stands Mr. John D. Losekamp, of whom I shall tell you later. Next morning we left Billings about 8 o'clock over the Rocky Fork and Cooke City branch. It was an uphill pull all the way and a tedious ride, so different from the ride through the Yellowstone Valley, which is one of the most beautiful I have ever had. The Northern Pacific enters this valley near Glendive and runs to Livingstone, a distance of 341 miles. You can't imagine a more fascinating ride, and there is game all along the line.

After leaving Laurel on the branch road Doc was taking in the country from the rear of the car, and in his vain endeavor to attract the attention of a young squaw on a pony he lost his hat. Ben, who was an eye-witness to the proceeding, says he threw it at her. Result, had to buy another at Red Lodge, which town we reached after many delays. Our first break was for the hotel, where we met for the first time our guide, Ed. E. Van Dyke. After dinner we proceeded to view the town. Red Lodge has a population of 1,200, and is built all over the country, without any regularly laid out streets, but

houses just dumped down promiscuously. It is principally a coal mining camp, employing about 300 miners, and is an outlet to a rich surrounding country. There has been much irrigating done here, in which Buffalo Bill is largely interested. We pulled out of Red Lodge Tuesday, Sept. 17, at noon, headed by Van Dyke, with the Kid as cook and Lee as helper, saddle and pack horses numbering eighteen. It was a jolly crowd, and an experience new to both Pop and Ben. In single file we took the trail southwest out of the town and began the ascent of the mountains; the sun was warm, the air clear and pure. Oh, what a treat after having traveled nearly 2,000 miles in stuffy cars. Being in the saddle reminded Pop of the time he spent in the saddle with Kilpatrick in the South fighting, though I assure you the animal he rides now is not a cross-eyed mule such as he rode then. Some day I will tell you about that mule as he told it to me, also to what purpose he rode him.

First camp was made on Cold Creek, in the Bear Tooth Mountains, a most charming spot. After unpacking the horses we had our first meal out from civilization, and were ready to turn in by 8 o'clock. Right here is where our lamb-skin sleeping bags came in. Crawling down into them, we lay on the ground and slept with no discomfort whatever.

And shall I ever forget the glorious sunrise next morning. We were at an elevation of about 7,000ft., and looking across the Bad Lands, we had an unobstructed view of mountain ranges 200 miles distant. The whole heavens toward the east seemed on fire.

After breakfast breaking camp and packing horses began, while I proceeded to photograph our first camp.

The trail over the plain toward the west was a fairly good one. On this ride we had extreme thirst and not very copious perspiration. Every stream we came to, and they were numerous, we had to drink. About 1 o'clock we sighted a small bunch of antelope. Doc and Pop tried them at long range and threw dirt all around them; Ben, who was bringing up the rear, also emptied his magazine at a long distance of probably 300yds., and after doing so they immediately turned and ran up an old creek bed to within 50ft. of him. Imagine his disgust. He had no more shells, thus escaping the first meat. Nothing of interest occurred until we reached the entrance to Clark's Fork Cañon, about 5 P. M. The trail here is the worst we have yet encountered, and I assure you we all, that is all the dudes, dismounted and preferred to take our chances on foot, not having had the opportunity to know fully to what extent our horses could go without a tumble.

I give this letter to a prospector who is going into Red Lodge for grub. I shall more than likely send or take the next one to Cooke City to post. Yours as ever,

WABASH.

HIGH CAMP, Rocky Mountain Divide, Sept. 25, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy*: When I last wrote you we were camped in Clark's Fork Cañon. And I believe I promised to describe it to you, if such a thing be possible. It is simply an elysium for the fisherman, and I don't know that I can better describe it than to repeat what Doc has said to me on several occasions. Positively he is Clark's Fork Cañon crazy. Get him started and he talks as follows: "Clark's Fork Cañon! How shall I attempt to describe it? Never did I so acutely realize the poverty of my vocabulary and of language itself as when I attempt to put in words some adequate conception of its majestic beauty. Nor am I entirely a novice in the mountains. I have three times crossed the Rockies. I have seen the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Weber, the Yellowstone, the Black and the Eagle cañons, as well as many other mountain gems of the Sierras and Rockies, but here is one comparatively unknown that surpasses them all; and as it suddenly burst upon our astonished and enraptured gaze, such was the vision of grandeur and beauty, we were awed into silent reverence. I imagine—no, I hardly dare impose the task upon those who have not seen it; but if there be a keener and more exalted faculty than imagination, try and exercise it to get some slight conception of this jewel of the mountains. I have seen longer cañons. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado has higher walls, but none combine, all in one, its beauties of form, color and contour."

"The entrance to this cañon from the northeast is through a steep rocky gorge, through which flows the rapid, noisy, crystal river, Clark's Fork." [I can't resist the temptation to interrupt the lecturer and tell you about the glorious fishing we had here, every time we made a cast in any of the pools in this stream we were rewarded with a mad rush, a swirl, a strike, and then the fun began; result, one of those beautiful salmon trout weighing from 1 to 6lbs. Ah, Sammy! you would have been in your element here. To hook one of those spotted darlings weighing 4 or 5lbs. was to live.]

"As we approached the gap in the mountains where the cañon proper began, our attention was attracted by the almost perpendicular wall to our left; soon this became straighter and smoother, until it stood as erect as a house wall, a palisade of solid rock, at the base of which flowed the river. Further on the palisades grew higher, ranging (according to our guide) from 1,000 to 3,000ft. above the base of the cañon. Here we noticed some of the same coloring effect that appears on the famous terraces of the Yellowstone Park, but instead of being localized it ran in broad bands across the face of this gigantic wall of rock; in some places a great variety of color and tints, pink, red, blue, orange, yellow, salmon, brown and white, each tint preserving its originality, but all so curiously and capriciously blended, and on such a beautiful and gigantic scale, as if the parting kiss of some glorious sunset had left the imprint of its rays. Capping this palisade were what on study proved to be conglomerate formations, but which appeared as castles, forts and palaces. If they had actually existed as such, they could not have looked more real and certainly not so beautiful. Terrace gardens, with statuary; bow windows and protecting wings; ramparts, turrets, towers, even moats and drawbridges, all seemed so perfectly outlined through the transparent air that it required a mental effort to convince one that they were not veritable creations of man instead of the decorative work of the Great Spirit."

"Above these weird formations which capped a large part of the palisade was a scattering growth of evergreen trees, forming a fitting frame to the sublime picture, and above these trees, in many places, shining against the azure sky, the eternal snow, a fitting crown for this picture let down from the gallery of heaven. At the foot of the

palisades, so close that they seemed to grow out of it, was the river, here looking green from the shadow, but the water as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. There were at every few hundred feet huge boulders and masses of detached rock formed pools which proved ideal loafing places for the trout, which we knew from experience were there.

"The right wall of the cañon was neither so high nor so perpendicular, but down its sides every few hundred yards came tumbling and falling tiny mountain brooks, some of them piercing the solid rock in their descent and then re-appearing. One I recall that had dug for itself a well, and then disappeared. The cañon ends as a box cañon, as if nature had marked this private park of hers 'No thoroughfare.'"

On the right there is a mountain called "Van Dyke's Causeway," nearer the perpendicular than anything I ever attempted to ascend—except an elevator. This mountain, we were told, we had to go up in order to get out of the cañon, and Van said: "Boys, when you get half-way up stop and look back, and it'll make your hair curl." I remained behind, in order to photograph the outfit when half-way up. They started in all right, but before they were one-third the way I could see them, one and all, getting a firm hold on the tails of their horses. Thought I, if those fellows are compelled to do that in order to ascend, with nothing to carry but themselves, what will it be for me, with camera, rifle, etc.? I watched them until they reached the top and disappeared. Then, packing up my kit, I started on the ascent. Before I had gotten half the distance I realized what was before me. How I wished a horse's tail to hang on to, or anything that would lift or pull. I would have to stop on an average of every 25ft. to get my wind. When two-thirds the way had been climbed I heard a stream of water pouring down the mountain side, and on making a sharp turn came in sight of it. How refreshing and cool and inviting it looked! I made an extra effort to reach it, and when I did it was to drink my fill. I don't think water ever tasted so good before. I rested here for fully fifteen minutes, and took my last look at Clark's Fork Cañon.

On reaching the top I found Ben waiting for me. Bookie, my broncho, was getting impatient, as the outfit had gone on to find a suitable place to camp before darkness set in. Then began a ride such as I never had before. Carrying camera and plates was no easy task astride of Bookie that afternoon. He was in a terrific hurry to "catch up." When he finally got quieted down a little I began to take observations, and all along this trail one could have picked up a carload of elk horns and some sheep horns. Here we sighted our first elk. Pop and Van tried to stalk him, but Pop had to fall out, as he couldn't keep Van's pace. Van soon came within shooting distance, but as the head was not a fine one he would not kill the game; the meat, of course, at that time was not good, and it was a written law among us to kill nothing we could not use.

As it was getting late and the pack train restless and tired, we made camp. The weather looked threatening, so we pitched our tent. Snow fell during the night and until about 10 o'clock Saturday morning. Hunted a little, but signs of game were few. Remained in camp until Sunday A. M., when we broke and started on. A most singular thing about the snows in this country—the mountains north, east and south are covered with snow, while those lying in a belt west by south are perfectly bare, no snow having fallen on them.

The wind was blowing a gale. At 1 o'clock we began the descent of another mountain, not quite so steep as the one we had gone up a few days before.

When we reached the creek at the foot of this mountain, we followed the worst piece of trail we have yet encountered. The heavy rains and wind some weeks before had made windfalls and washouts that seemed almost insurmountable. In crossing one bad place I looked back, and Doc was doing a horizontal bar act on an overhanging limb, having been caught under the chin, and to save himself "caught on."

A little further on a huge pine had fallen across the trail and we had to jump it. All cleared it nicely but Ben, and when his horse jumped Ben began to climb the pommel of his saddle. He declares that had it not have had three stories to it he would have had to move out. About 2:30 we came out into one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen. Fenced in by nature with mountains almost perpendicular, east and west, with a stream of pure mountain water clear as crystal flowing through it, the spot was most picturesque and lovely. Here could be made one of the finest natural game preserves in the world, and with but little labor and expense. The creek could be stopped easily. It is positively a dream of a place. Already some one has realized the same thing, as it has been settled upon, but the tenant had perhaps become tired of solitude and gone into civilization for the winter. The cabin stands empty and the potato crop remains undug. Wishing to see what the soil would produce, we dismounted and dug a few potatoes. They were as large and beautiful as I had ever seen in any market. It is so quiet here, with not a sound save the rushing waters of the creek, that I have called it Peaceful Valley. Looking back from here the mountains are white with snow, yet not a flake is to be seen here.

At this point we cross the creek, following the trail west by southwest, and pass many cattle grazing. Here and there we find a pond or, as they call them here, lakes. From the grass in one of them jumped two mallards, making noise enough for a bunch of twenty. How I did wish for my 12 guage! I feel quite sure we would have had roast duck for dinner, and I assure you we wanted fresh meat badly. The country passed through after leaving the creek was not much broken. Van tells me these lakes in the spring are full of water and that ducks and geese by the million congregate here for a short sojourn on their way north. Of course it goes without saying that here they are never disturbed. The pot-hunter has not yet arrived, but he will come all in good time.

Should the railroads enter this country, as they undoubtedly will, then good-by to all the quiet undisturbed haunts as they exist now. Speaking of railroads entering this country reminds me that, from observations taken thus far, it seems to me that the most feasible route the Northern Pacific road can take from Red Lodge into Cooke City is up the Clark's Fork Cañon. It is much the better and cheaper route, according to excellent authority. There is also another route much easier than attempting the Park Route; of this I shall write you later on,

About 4 o'clock we again crossed the creek and begin the ascent. On our right is what appears to be a walled inclosure to some great park. The rocks, so perfectly formed in stratified layers or blocks, appear like some master work of huge masonry.

Traveling on now due west, scene after scene of beauty, like some ever-changing panorama, greet the eye. No matter how tired and hungry we are, there is ever something new and beautiful to attract our attention, and for the time both hunger and fatigue are forgotten.

"I live not in myself, I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

At 5 o'clock we camp in the foothills in sight of old Bear Tooth Mountain, whose summit capped with snow glistens like polished silver. We are fast approaching the very heart of this delightful country—delightful alike to the sportsman, the invalid, the pleasure-seeker, the geologist, the botanist and the naturalist. There are many rare finds here for the geologist and mineralogist. Pop is not feeling well to-night, has a touch of the "rheumatiz," so Doc has brought forth several bottles of sugar pills and a canteen of witch hazel; and while he feeds the patient on pills I rub his knee with the liquid, and he likes it so well that we have trouble to break away. After bandaging the joint with red flannel we put him in his sleeping bag, buckle him in, and in ten minutes you would think a tugboat was laboring to get up stream.

Monday dawned bright and beautiful; broke camp about 9 o'clock; jumped half a dozen blacktail deer just after starting from camp. Moving on, we follow the creek for several miles; saw plenty of elk, deer, sheep and bear sign. I was much amused on this trail. There was a mountain I will call the Sphinx, which seemed to travel as rapidly as we did. I would exclaim to Doc, "Now we have passed by it," when a slight turn in the trail would so place us that the blamed thing was ahead of us again. Honestly, Sammy, I thought we would never get away from that pile of rock; however, a sharp turn in the trail took us away from it for a time.

Camped at 5:30 on the creek. Here Pop had more pills and another bath, with massage treatment. Got an early start Tuesday, as we have a long, hard climb. We are now fast approaching the Rocky Mountain Divide, and which we will cross about 2 o'clock, 13,000ft. high! Sammy, think of it, and wind up here on the divide is blowing a howling gale.

What a mighty scene this is! What a creation! and how infinitely small and insignificant is man. The day is perfect, and from here one can see Pilot Peak, Index Peak, Tower Mountain, Republic Divide, Sheep Mountains, Grand Mountains, Mount Jones, Fremont's Peak, highest in Wyoming, situated on the divide between Wind and Green rivers, whose waters empty into the Missouri and Colorado rivers; Bear Tooth, highest in Montana, in the Saw Tooth Range; Dead Injun, Haystack, and away down in Idaho looms up the Saw Tooth Range. We stood here and felt as though our bodies were entirely too small to allow the lungs to take in all the air we wanted. We simply breathed on in silent admiration. Words could not be formed that would express all we desired to say. As we were getting chilled through we moved on and camped in the cañon or basin over the divide.

We are now in the game country. Will tell you all about it in my next. WABASH.

BIG RIFLES FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is only one side to this question of cannon vs. pop-gun. Give me the cannon every time. I want a weapon that will get there with approximate adjacency. I want a weapon that will persuade the animal to pause and reflect. A man who would select a .44-40 rifle as a proper prescription for an adult moose or caribou ought not to be allowed to run at large in the woods. He is irresponsible and should be impounded.

It is perfectly feasible for a good marksman to bag his game at 800yds. and even 400, if the conditions of weather, time and place are right, and he has the right kind of gun. I am only a plain farmer of a shooting turn of mind, and I wear rock maple pants that have a tendency to cling to my neck, and I live in a land where the flint-lock blooms and blossoms in perennial youth; but I should, in my humble way, feel a large degree of ante-mortem grief for the unrepentant moose who showed up in front of my .45-85 Martini within that range. But in the case of Cecil Clay and his .44-40 I should not squander any sorrow on the moose. Any tears I had to shed would be shed for Capt. Clay.

Mr. Irland, of Washington, is a rattling good rifle shot, who can disseminate more sudden death in leaden form per minute than any one I know of. He is not driven to the use of artillery for any personal reasons. He is also a man of humane feelings, who has escaped the great American national malady of swelled head of which some of us are victims, and he knows precisely what he is talking about with regard to the effect of various doses of powder and lead upon the structure of moose and caribou. Mr. Irland had a race with a bull moose down here a spell ago for the unpaced flying-start mile record. Mr. Irland was geared to .45-85, but he concluded that the moose was geared up to .45-120, so he has changed his gear to that figure. He also had an argument with a buck caribou which, after receiving four applications of .45-85-325 at a range of 50yds., still stood up and disputed the right of way. Mr. Irland, as usual, had the best of the argument, but the caribou gave the audience a wonderful object lesson in animal vitality.

I wonder if any of our callow friends who shout for the .44-40 ever take into consideration the element of wind to which Mr. Irland refers. There is almost always, even when not apparent to the shooter, some motion to the air, and the bullet drifts to leeward during its flight just as fast as the wind does. The longer the bullet takes to reach the mark the more it will stray from the straight and narrow road that leads to the bullseye. In the mildest of summer zephyrs the .44-40 bullet, besides dropping several feet in going 200yds., will be "wafted" out of its course about 1ft., and in a stiff September breeze 3ft. would not be an excessive estimate. Perhaps Cecil Clay shot his running moose in a gale of wind and thus the bullet drifted to leeward at the same rate as the moose.

It is a mistake to suppose that these knitting needle

guns with smokeless powder will not shoot straight. It is true the weapon with the unpronounceable name adopted by the American military authorities has proved to be a failure when tested on the range, but that is not the case with the Lebel rifle, nor the Lee-Metford, used by the French and English armies. In England last year a battalion team of eight men shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.) averaged 96 points, which is ahead of any previous record made with an open-sighted military arm. No one would recommend a .30-cal. rifle, no matter what its accuracy and penetration, for killing big game. A dog was shot in this town the other day with two of these bullets, and the next night after that he was able to resume business at the same old stand and howl at the moon in the same old saddening way.

That a great many game animals are missed and maimed every year owing to bad marksmanship cannot be denied. The average city sport is a very indifferent shot, and his so-called guide would miss the Rocky Mountains if he didn't have a tree to lean his gun against. The man who has learned by careful and conscientious practice on the range how to handle a rifle will discount the Indian or the bushman every time. He will assume the easiest available position; he will judge the distance with reasonable certainty; he will allow for windage if the wind is blowing across the bullet's path; he will vary the elevation according to the light; he will hold his rifle plumb and cold; brain and eye and hand will work in unison; he will not flinch at the anticipated recoil; he will aim straight and keep aiming until the hammer falls. He may be a trifle slow, but he is going to place that bullet very close to the right spot. Some years of observation on the range and in the woods have convinced me that genuine skill with the rifle is a certificate of intelligence. No man with hayseed in his whiskers ever won the Queen's prize, or ever will. It is usually a certificate of manhood as well, for the mastery of the rifle calls for patience, pluck and purpose.

Isn't it queer how few of the world's great literary lights, of past and present times, know anything of marksmanship. Scott thinks it perfectly feasible that an archer should be able to "notch the shaft" of his rival at 100 paces in a shooting contest. Cooper sees no difficulty in a man with a flint-lock musket puncturing two potatoes thrown in the air with a single bullet, or shooting eagles on the wing. Even our own Conan Doyle describes the bowmen of the White Company as dropping storks and hawks on the wing at near 100 paces, and as shooting a string of arrows in quick succession in the air, which pierce a stump, one after the other, upon their return to earth. No margin is ever allowed by these worthy analysts for luck or chance or condition of weather. The mighty marksmen of the olden days never missed the mark; never needed a sighting shot as we poor moderns do with our new-fangled weapons; never required more than a single shot to display their utmost prowess; never had to contend against any "bull luck" on the part of their rivals; never had any bad ammunition. The shooting they did, whether with arquebuse or arbalest, long-bow or cross-bow, blunderbuss or brickbat, was infinitely superior to any that is ever done in these degenerate days of nitros and knitting needles. Now, if these bright and shining lights of the literary world (the live ones I mean) would only subscribe for FOREST AND STREAM, they might learn something about shooting. They would certainly learn something about literature. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 27.

New York Constables as Game Protectors.

PRESIDENT FRANK J. AMSDEN, of the New York State Association, has sent out the following letter to the peace officers of his county, and he advises us that copies will be mailed to all sheriffs and constables whose addresses may be given him by fish and game clubs and others:

My Dear Sir:

As president of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, I take the liberty of calling your attention to Section 31 of the Game Laws, which is as follows:

"Section 31. Powers of sheriffs, constables and deputy sheriffs. Peace officers shall have the same powers as are conferred upon game protectors and foresters for the enforcement of the provisions of this chapter."

You will observe that you have the same power in the enforcement of the game laws as game protectors, and your expense and time in destroying illegal devices is a county charge, and your fees as an officer in making an arrest and serving subpoenas, etc., are a town charge, whether a conviction is had or not. I should be glad to explain any matter which you may not understand, and furnish you with a copy of the Game Law and give you any information that you may desire, if you will kindly call at the office or write to me.

Trusting that you as a public officer, charged with the enforcement of the law, will interest yourself in the enforcement of the Game Law, I am very respectfully yours, FRANK J. AMSDEN, President.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 2 your correspondent under title of "Adirondack Deer" attempts to be funny. I say attempts, for he does not seem to succeed.

When you have no argument against t'other fellow try ridicule—but don't be ridiculous yourself. Mr. S. quotes from my article, "Meaning by comparatively few that no greater percentage of the living supply than that supply will allow without permanent decrease," and comments: "In other words, he admits that jacking alone would keep the supply down without the aid of other kinds of deer killers." He "admits" nothing of the kind, and the imagination must be badly distorted to see any such meaning. Then Mr. S. proceeds to quote from and comment upon events that occurred between thirty-five and forty years ago, when deer were plenty and hunters few. No, in those days you couldn't kill a deer with a brass band. If Mr. S. gets one on this trip he will feel satisfied that it can be done now. "Will somebody please explain?" Explain what?

Why the lawmakers should expect to save the deer by making more stringent laws instead of trying to enforce even to a small degree the ones they have had. Well, I can't. That's even harder than killing deer with a brass band. JACK HUNTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fraudulent Bounties for Sparrows.

CHICAGO, May 2.—The State of Illinois has a sparrow law, by which a bounty of 2 cents a head is offered on English sparrows during the months of December, January and February. Some comment before now has been made upon the large amounts this bounty extracts from the treasury without a very appreciable diminution of the sparrow pest, but not until recently has the most interesting development in the sparrow law appeared. Reports from Jersey county, in the lower part of the State, indicate that extensive frauds have been carried on under cover of this act. For the first three years Jersey county bounties ran about even with those of other counties, but during the past two years more than doubled. This year Madison county paid \$190 bounty, Macoupin \$300, Sangamon \$166, Greene \$114. Against these amounts Jersey county had \$1,050 to her credit, or discredit. It appears that the county clerk paid to one man, Thad. White, \$171.16; to Thos. Coates, \$158; to John W. Hayes, \$125.32; to John B. Carroll, \$113.68; to James Rhoades, \$104.34; to James Arte, \$79.42; to D. Oberlin, \$76.06. These seven men claimed thus to have killed 46,388 sparrows. A local paper at Jerseyville, the *Republican*, instituted an inquiry, and an ill state of affairs was found at the clerk's office. At the March term of court indictments were found against White, Coates, Carroll and Clerk Nevins. White and Carroll were convicted of obtaining money on bogus warrants, and given one ten and the other thirty days in jail. Coates was acquitted and Nevins had skipped for Mexico. J. W. Hayes turned State's evidence and gave away the whole scheme, showing that Nevins got 40 per cent. of the orders that they cashed. This delectable state of things is good commentary on what the law can do when it is worked aright. And still we have a few sparrows left.

Shooting Season Over.

The golden plover are up in this country now, but their stay will be brief, and only a languid interest attends the flight. In fact, the natural shooting season is over, and sportsmen who love the gun more than the rod now have their eyes turned on the artificial shooting of the trap. The jacksnipe have gone, and only a few sandsnipe remain. The next legitimate line of field shooting will be at woodcock along about July 1, in this region for the most part. Angling promises to be in great vogue this summer, and the fishing tackle houses here report good sales the past two weeks.

Horicon Club.

The regular annual meeting of the Horicon Shooting Club will be held at the Commercial Club rooms, Fond du Lac, Wis., May 12, at 8 P. M.

"Forest and Stream" as an Educator.

Ahmeek, the gentleman who some time ago criticised the moose head on the cover page of *FOREST AND STREAM* as not being a thing of beauty, writes again in plaint of another ill he has discovered, claiming the right of an American citizen and old-time contributor to explain how the paper ought to be run—though I notice he doesn't have nerve enough to write to the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* about it for fear he should become a marked man. He says he contributes to the paper when the editor is away on his vacation. Ahmeek does not like the uncut pages of *FOREST AND STREAM*, which he says display an artistic tendency which is to be viewed with alarm.

"If this vicious tendency is not checked," he says, "how long will it be before it prints an *edition de luxe* with gilt top? When may we look for a morocco back and illuminated title page? Are the illustrations to be printed hereafter on Japan paper? Are the horns of the alleged *Cervus alces* to be painted red? Well, I guess not. Not if the plain, common, low-down, or'nerly critters that not only buy the paper but believe in it have any rights left. Have you personally had any experience in cutting those cussed edges with a large, ugly knife just tainted with a fat, juicy ham? Have you ever grabbed the thing on its arrival in camp and smeared it all up with a gory dagger fresh from the blood of your s'teenth deer? Have you ever tried to get it in a readable condition so the pages will number consecutively by the aid of a long steel ramrod, model of 1804? Or have you ever tried the picturesque effect of impromptu trimming of the top with an old axe, well nicked along the edge? Well, I reckon not, not often, that is. I suppose no up-to-date periodical will be perfectly happy until it is printed on the inside of a closed bag, but when that era reaches us it will be necessary for the average citizen either to give up reading or to buy a trimming machine listed at about \$350. This last would be inconvenient to take into camp. I will not say more on this subject now, but let the fruitful suggestions I have made soak in."

I feel sure the management of *FOREST AND STREAM* will have Ahmeek's copy of the paper cut for him each week now, for it is the chief function of any leading journal to strive to please. He has already been promised a change in the head of the paper, and if there is anything else required it will, I am sure, be looked into. There are many ways in which *FOREST AND STREAM* can be opened without putting one's foot into it. It can be opened with a foot rule, or a penknife, or a young puppy, or a pair of scissors, or perhaps, under the rules of the game, with a pair of jacks. There is an infinite variety in all this, which has, I am sure, been well considered by the management in seeking for something new and interesting for each week's issue. Ahmeek admits that he sometimes uses a ham bone to cut the pages with. That is good too, and it shows a versatility of thought which promises much for later years. Does not Ahmeek begin now to see the real, if slightly disguised, purpose of *FOREST AND STREAM* in coming out with uncut pages? Can he not see the intent to educate the young, interest the middle-aged and amuse the old? Is not this better than advertising a \$10,000 prize mystery story exclusively published (by a syndicate), as is the fashion of our daily papers? Cannot Ahmeek now begin to discover a high moral purpose in this which he has sought to criticize? Let him think well ere the edict go forth that henceforward his paper shall go to him in the old plebeian fashion of snug trimmed edges and unsuggestive top. Doth not one rejoice to open a package of sweets, with care unscrewing the top thereof? In his early days, did not Ahmeek's mother lay his plate at table face downward, that he might know the joy of turning it over

Have a care, gentle sir, lest thou run foul of the great law of longing, which hath been subtly considered by those who print this the greatest paper on the earth.

Information Wanted.

At table sat certain ones with Omar Khayam, author of the "Rubaiyat of the Dog," and these sought to make sport with him.

"How," said one of these, "shall I break my favorite dog of sucking eggs?"

"In truth," said Omar, "in the language of the cult, that is dead easy."

"How then?" said yet another.

"Break the eggs," said Omar.

Thereupon those others rapped loudly upon the table and declared that he had spoken well.

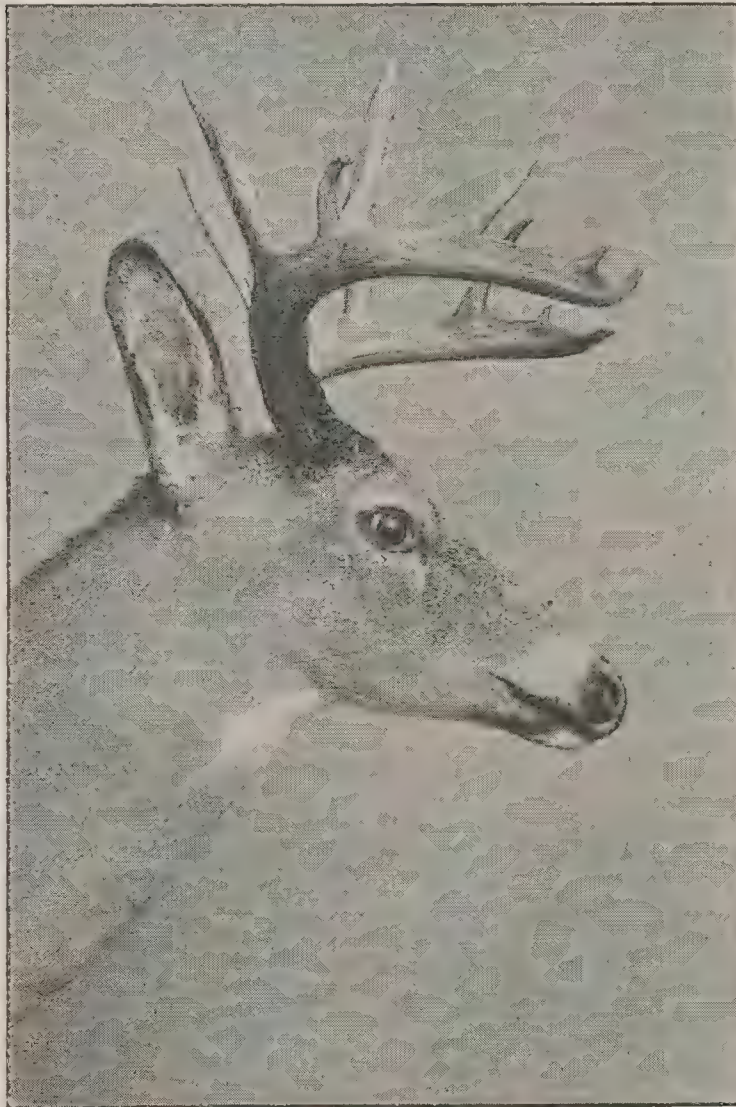
E. HOUGH.

1208 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MY SIXTEEN-POINT BUCK.

PORTLAND, Me.—In response to your "Relate your Experiences," I send the following incident of my 1895 trip:

Leaving Jack and Charles in charge of camp, located in the Moosehead region in Maine, I started out one Saturday morning to visit my family, then stopping at a farm house ten miles away. I was obliged to turn back on account of the rain, but as it cleared up one hour later I again started out, intending to remain over Sunday and return Monday. I had scarcely proceeded one mile on my journey when glancing up on the ridge I saw a fair-sized doe feeding. Taking hasty aim I fired. The deer made a jump, and followed by a larger one, which I had not seen, bounded up the wood road. I started after her and soon came across a trail of blood, following it until I reached a point in the road where a large tree had fallen across. I glanced over and saw the large doe on the side of the next ridge, and, thinking that the wounded one must be with her, I started across. Seeing nothing of the



MY SIXTEEN-POINT BUCK.

wounded deer, I sent a shot after the large doe, but missed. I then went back and picked up the trail at the fallen tree, and had not gone two rods before I found the doe stone dead. I dragged her down into the trail, dressed her off and hung her up, and then started on my interrupted journey.

After proceeding about three-quarters of a mile I took a sharp turn to the right in order that I might visit an old deserted lumber camp where I had seen many signs of deer. Coming cautiously into the yard, I stepped out in front of the hovel, and glancing down a wood road I saw, about 75 yds. away, the antlered head of a large buck. Raising my rifle, I took careful aim and fired. The buck took a step forward just at that moment, and the bullet passed through him a little too far back to drop him. He immediately wheeled away from me and dashed down the road, making a stand in the next turn with head and tail in the air, but was off again before I could get another shot. By examining the trail I saw that he was bleeding freely, so followed him across the ridge down into the swamp, but without getting sight of him. I found it easy work to keep the trail on the ridge, but when I reached the swamp I found it much more difficult and lost the trail again and again. After three hours' work it began to rain quite hard, and having eight miles to go and not much daylight for the undertaking, I had about decided that I would give it up, but noticing that the trail was headed toward the pond, I made a break in that direction, and upon arriving at the shore looked across. I saw the buck standing in the water on the opposite side. I was to the windward of him; he lifted his head as I appeared in sight, but as I was some half a mile away he kept his position. Feeling assured that if I did not disturb him he would not leave the water, and having but two hours of daylight left, I struck out for my destination, arriving there just after dark.

On returning to the pond Monday forenoon I was met by Jack, to whom I pointed out the position on the opposite shore where the buck was supposed to be, and upon approaching the spot we found him there. Having lain so long in the water, his carcass proved to be worthless, but the head was a beauty. While dressing him off we

happened to glance behind us on the bank and there stood a moose which seemed as much surprised as we were. We grasped our rifles, but alas, it was a cow, so we let her escape.

Having my limit on deer, I devoted the remainder of my stay in camp to the partridges until Jack and Charles had secured their limit also. The accompanying halftone is a fair likeness of the buck.

F. L. S.

New York Legislature.

[Special correspondence to *Forest and Stream*.]

ALBANY, May 4.—In the closing hours of the Legislature Senator White's bill amending the game laws generally was killed because it contained a provision that shad nets could not be drawn in the Hudson River between Friday night and Monday morning. This led to the opposition of all the senators and members living on the Hudson River, and so the bill did not pass.

The following Senate bills have become laws: 1298, Assemblyman Cole, allowing fishing through the ice in Silver Lake; 875, Guy, protecting oyster beds; 871, Brown, protecting Mongolian pheasants till the year 1900; 466, Tibbits, accepting as a part of the forest preserve the farm of old John Brown, in Essex county.

These Assembly bills have become laws: 2208, McNaughton, protecting the owners of private fishing ponds; 1728, Messiter, allowing an incorporated game club to act as game protector; 1679, Rogers, providing for stocking private lakes; 1674, Brownell, allowing special counsel to the Fish Commission for prosecutions; 1100, Hanna, extending to Ten Mile River the Hudson River shad law; 1010, Allds, exempting Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties from the anti-ferret rabbit provision; 930, Sears, making more strict provisions as to the prosecution of offenders against the game law; 760, Kelsey, appropriating \$5,000 for a better water supply for the Caledonia hatchery; 719, Burr, allowing the shooting of deer in Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties every Wednesday in November; 482, Horton, making the close season for fur-bearing animals in Wayne county from May 1 to Oct. 31, but one month shorter for foxes; 193, Ives, appropriating \$2,000 to improve Raquette River.

The Malby-Sanger bills, allowing fifteen days each for jacking and hounding, have gone to the Governor.

Maps of the Yellowstone Park Region.

THERE have recently been published by the U. S. Geological Survey maps showing portions of Montana adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, which are of great interest and beauty. The folio of the Livingston sheet shows the northern strip of the Yellowstone Park, north of the Wyoming line, and gives also the geology and topography of the country immediately north of the Park, with some interesting text. The four geological maps of the region are of peculiar interest. The geological work of this sheet was done by Mr. J. P. Iddings and Mr. Walter Harvey Weed, under the superintendence of Mr. Arnold Hague, geologist in charge. The excellent work of all these gentlemen in the National Park is well known to persons interested in the reservation, and Mr. Hague's writings on and deep interest in the Park have done much toward preserving it from spoliation by its many enemies.

Sheets of the U. S. Geological Survey map, showing a portion of the Yellowstone Forest Reservation, which lies to the east of the Park, show part of the Clark's Fork drainage and that of the Stinking Water River. They are called the Crandall Creek and Ishawooa sheets. The topography is carefully worked out and the altitudes shown by contour lines for every 100ft.

The Michigan Goose Flight.

MONROE, Mich., April 24.—Not in many years have there been seen in this vicinity so many wild geese as during the month of April. The wheat fields north and south of Monroe have been regularly visited by large numbers of "honkers" in the early hours of the morning, and the numbers of them which have been slain are reported to have been large—some seven or eight to each gun. B.

New York Game Protectors.

THE Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has reappointed State Fishery, Game and Forest Protectors S. M. Prouty, of Whitehall; A. B. Klock, of Herkimer; George B. Smith, of Horseheads, and Jos. H. Lamphere, of Weedsport. Carlos Hutchins, of Indian Lake, is a new appointment.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

[Continued from page 357.]

WE slept well under the ample supply of blankets provided by Mr. McKirdy, and when morning came we felt most excellent. The cold night did not disturb us in the least, and we only arose when we learned that Joe had breakfast ready. We had some more trout, because we were not yet satisfied—well, we had other good things also that belong to camp life, and we certainly enjoyed them.

The morning was foggy and we did not care to go beyond the heat of the good log fire, so we watched the fog rise up from the waters in front of us. When the sun got up over the mountains in the east we could soon see where to go, and so started out. We had the two canoes manned with the Indians, and they took us all along the shores, then across and back, until we, old fishermen as we were, gave it up, and ordered to proceed up the river. The narrows are perhaps about 600ft. wide, and the water rushes down in a mighty volume to the falls below and on to the lake. Naturally one would suppose that our fish caught would spoil, as they were not salted or preserved in any way. The Indians simply sank them in the ice-cold water of the Nipigon River, and when they were taken out they would be as cold as if taken from an ice box.

The shore to the west was level along the river front for some fifty rods, and the shore was lined with pebbles. Further back it rose into high or lofty hills, covered with immense rock and timber, and the eastern shore was still more hilly from the water's edge. At places along the

river the banks rose 200ft. high, in one solid rock, and at other places still higher.

As near as I could ascertain, there is no way by which a wagon road could be made from the station to the lake without a vast expenditure of money; nor could a steam or sailing vessel go up without a like expenditure. As our camp equipage had again been stored in the canoes, we went up through Lake Maria, and at times cast the fly into tempting places; but Fred, as usual, had good luck, and made himself the butt of our good-natured ridicule by catching a wall-eyed pike of about 4lbs. weight. We certainly guyed him until he gave it back to us for doing the same trick. At the head of the lake we again entered the river until we reached Split Rock, over which we had to walk, while the Indians looked after the canoes and dunnage. The next portage was made at Island Portage, and while the Indians were making it we investigated the waters, and although we saw trout not one of us got a strike, so that when the boats were ready for us we got in and paddled away.

It is not all of fishing to catch fish on one of these trips, and this portion of ours was mostly spent in beholding the wonders of God as exhibited here, and which opened up before us as we passed along. The Judge is skilled in botany and geology, and he instructed us in the different formations of the rocks and their kinds, showing sometimes iron, copper and gneiss, while the fauna was pointed out in its different characteristics, and the mast of the country in its peculiarities of pine, cedar, spruce, etc.

I have found fault with myself all winter and last fall because I did not take a kodac along and take photographs of these different points along the trip, and I promise myself that from this time on I shall provide myself with one even if I fail to take something else. It is a happy article to take with you, and in the event of any extraordinary occurrence you can get indisputable evidence of it and produce as many copies as you wish.

The day was all we could wish, and neither accident nor any unpleasantness occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip. We are now nearing a fall, as is indicated by the roar heard in the distance, but as our Indians do not understand our language, nor do we understand theirs, all we can get out of them is "Cow-win," meaning, as near as I can understand, "Don't know." As it is repeated so often in our hearing we soon commit it to memory and then apply to Joe to interpret.

As we near the rapids on the west side again we learn that we are at Pine Portage and that we have one and one-half miles to carry the stuff overland, and this will cause delay. As we land we find some other people coming down the river, and soon a half dozen white men come in sight with about a dozen Indians, and while we introduce ourselves to the whites the Indians fraternize. I do not recall the names of these gentlemen except one, a Mr. Patrick, a very eminent, prosperous and wealthy merchant of Duluth, and to him my party as well as myself are greatly indebted for the loan of a pair of scales, so from this time on there will be no guesswork in the weight of our catch.

After eating our noonday meal, prepared by the Indians on a part of the level ground on the high land overlooking the Nipigon, we toasted each other, hail fellows well met, and parted, they going down and we up. They had the skins of trout dried and fastened upon birch bark, with branches tied at the corners for frames—specimen catches of the members, taking them home to convince the skeptical. They had said that when we got to Virgin Falls we would get big trout and as big trout as we wanted, so we were in a big hurry to get to the promised land, and to make sure of getting there we turned in and assisted in making the portage.

This seemed to be the hardest portage of all. It took longer, with everyone working, than it did at the longest portage with the Indians alone. Joe seemed to get lazy, indifferent or sick, and it needed all our nerve to drive him ahead. It looked like a "soldier" on our hands, and it required an exhibition of authority to get things moving smoothly again; but afterward, to the end of our trip, no trouble or annoyance occurred. Perhaps it was not intentional on their part, but some of us have seen fishermen placed in such a predicament when out in the woods that the so-called guides would leave and go home, and the fishermen could get home the best way they could. Our Indians told us tales of men hiring them and when on the home trip slipping away down the river to catch a train and disappear and never pay them a cent, and so they have grounds sometimes to fear such a trick may be played upon them.

However, our men got into good shape and all things were taken across without loss or damage, and as our canoes had again been patched and pitched, we started again in dry boats.

At the landing on the north we indulged in fishing above the falls, but not a single trout did we catch; but around the rock upon which we stood while casting plenty of good-sized trout could be seen in all directions. I was well pleased to see at this place plenty of small white silver minnows, which kept close to the rocks and near the top of the water. They looked like small white-fish, and I have no doubt that if we had been able to have gotten hold of one they would have proven to have been the *C. clupeiformis*, of which we afterward found in abundance. Of this we will relate more hereafter in connection with the location and incidents.

Going north at the same time from this point was a reverend gentleman whose name I do not now recall, and who was the president of a college in Iowa. I think his name was Hubbard, and his home Cedar Rapids, Ia. He had one canoe and one Indian to do the heavy work, and he took the bow of the canoe and paddled when on the move, and fished at desirable points where he knew there were good trout. As we stood at his camp he pointed out to us across Hamilton's Pool spots where he said some very large trout had been taken, and that during his stay there that season there had been no one back of the little islands to take any of the monsters who lay there undisturbed by fishermen. I wanted to go over, but the rest said to wait until we should return and then we would all go and get them, but on our way home it was neglected. I hope it will be my pleasure to meet him there again.

At White Chute we got out on land again, and the Indians crossed to the east side of the river and poled the canoes up. We tried casting at this point, but got no fish. When we got above the chute we were in Lake Emma, and we took the east side of the river going north and cast our lines out on both sides of the boat, and then trolled for a distance to see if a trout could be induced to

strike; but getting none, we slowly reeled up the lines and began a geological quiz by Judge Fitzsimmons, to the evident edification of the Indians, who stared at him as he explained each peculiarity that we passed. The Indians named him Big Chief Big Medicine Man, and afterward stood in fear of him. I noticed that the head chief always saw that he got everything of the best and everything that was going, so that we too stood under his wings for favors.

About two-thirds up Lake Emma there is a portage of about one-half mile and a camp ground called Camp Victoria. As it was near night and we felt the need of food, we decided to remain here and go into camp, and afterward try the rapids in front of camp. We were getting out of fish, the supply taken at the creek below was now about exhausted, and it was necessary for us to show our skill or fall back on bacon; so to work we went, and after a long time a few fish were caught, but as usual the large one got away.

Fred and the Judge had both gotten bites from monsters, and flies and leaders were both lost in the shuffle; but they saved the rods and parts of their lines, so that repairs can be made. For myself, I was tired and I sought the downy underbrush mattress on the rocky floor and wrapped myself in slumber, sleeping the sleep of the righteous fisherman after a hard day's work, leaving my two companions busily engaged in fishing on the bank in front of the camp.

I had slept for some time, possibly for half an hour, and the woods were resounding with my snores, when I was rudely awakened by screams and blood-curdling yells from the bank. Rushing out undressed, I beheld the cause of the alarm. Our genial Fred came slowly moving up the bank, tugging at his line, and with much effort succeeded in landing a large body on the rocky banks. By this time the Indians had assembled, bearing in their hands large lighted pine sticks, which gave a lurid glare over the spot, and by its aid we found Fred's catch to be a monstrous wall-eyed pike. Going back after the scales, we hung the whale upon it and Fred scored his catch 8lbs. weight. Exhausted by his efforts in providing fish for the camp next day, he sought the fireside with the assembled camp, and then gently slipped away and was soon in the land of nod, and silence came over the camp again.

After breakfast we tried for some of the monsters said to inhabit this particular portion of the river, but for some reason the morning's work was not rewarded by any returns, and as we had to march overland to get above these rapids, we landed at another camp of fishermen and saw hanging upon a tree a monster trout caught the night before. Drawing my scales from my pocket, I took it down and had the satisfaction of seeing it draw down the scales to 6lbs. strong. The owner came out of his camp and greeted us with a hearty, cheerful "Good morning, gentlemen," and we were introduced to Mr. Denby Carr, a most accomplished gentleman of world-wide reputation as an accomplished and taking fisherman, of St. Louis, Mo., who has camped on this point for some years. Then the weight of the fish was the subject of discussion and we tried his two pair of scales, one an American and the other an English make, with the pair I had borrowed.

After carefully weighing the fish we found the weight to be 6½lbs. after having been out of the water about twelve hours. When first taken he must have weighed at least 7lbs. Whether this was the monster that had played havoc with the lines of Fred and the Judge I don't know, but I am satisfied and convinced that these waters contain some monstrous trout and that they don't all get away. Mr. Carr showed us his gut leader, which had been broken the night before by what he claimed the largest trout he ever struck, but it got away. I afterward heard that he got one that weighed about 9lbs.

The sight of this whale nerved us to desperation and that portage was quickly made. We left our camp and equipage in charge of the young chief, and taking sufficient food for dinner we started for Virgin Falls. It was a delightful ride up the river in the bracing atmosphere of the morning, and with the thoughts of catching all the big trout we wanted we were eager to reach there.

Every person we had the pleasure of meeting on the trip north gave us such hopes of big trout that nothing could have stopped us in our desire to get there.

We became aware of the close proximity of the falls by the dull sullen roar, as it fell upon our ears, but we could see nothing beyond the mighty rush of waters that frothed and dashed and sprayed until it looked like a snow bank, but when we reached it the falls showed up in great shape. You do not see them all at once, as it requires a walk up the trail through the woods to see the entire length of them. The portion above the falls proper slants northward for a quarter of a mile and carries the huge volume of water from Lake Nipigon above.

I have heard frequently of fish being so plenty that their fins would stick out of the water, but I never expected to see such a sight, as I deemed it impossible; but I did see and saw often during my stay at the Virgin Falls schools of fish all over the pool below, so thick that you could count the dorsal fins by the dozen. So well pleased were we with the prospects presented here that we quickly shipped both canoes back to bring up the entire camp, and by night we made our home here in paradise—alongside of the falls, with the pool in front as our fishing grounds.

I had secured a small minnow from the stomach of one of the fish taken the night before, and I made up my mind that I would experiment with it, and at the falls I baited with it and made a cast from a boulder that lies at the southern side of the falls, where there is an eddy, and where you can look down into its liquid depths some 10 or 15ft. As the current caught the bait I saw a half dozen trout dash after it, and by jerking it a few inches at a time I had the pleasure of actually seeing one of them swallow my bait. I struck him and the hook caught, and I had pleasure with the entire school until I got anxious to see the size and weight of my catch; so I landed him by the aid of the dip net, and carrying him back a safe distance from the water, hung him on my scales, and saw he weighed 3lbs.—the largest and heaviest trout I ever caught. If my hat got too big for my head I think I was excusable.

I having been so successful, live minnows were in demand, but neither love nor money could get them, so we fell back upon the fly, grasshopper, bugs, etc. In the meantime Fred had taken a stroll all to himself, and had gone up stream some 100ft. away. When he had been

there about ten minutes we heard his yell far above the roar of the falls, and thinking he had fallen in or a bear had grabbed him, the Judge and I dropped our rods and ran up to assist him out of his trouble, and when we heard the second yell, louder and fiercer than before, we redoubled our speed and reached him out of breath and puffing like porpoises, to behold him the picture of contentment, with a large trout at the end of his line leaping and dashing in the rapid waters of the falls. The sight was such a glorious one and Fred's face glowed so like the sun with pride and happiness that we forgot to get mad and throw him in. So we left him, retraced our steps and went back to fishing.

The fish we caught were placed in a pool formed by taking a lot of rocks out of the water and making a wall with them out into the river. It was about 6ft. in diameter and 2ft. deep, through which the water flowed constantly. During the day when the sun came out a board or two was placed over the center to make a shade and in this our trout lived. We could stand there and admire the beauties as much and as long as we wished because they could not get away.

As I do not smoke, the Judge would invariably inflict upon me a second-hand smoke by getting to windward of me, and enjoy himself by watching the fumes come my way and seeing me dodge and change position to avoid them; but there came a time when peace and contentment came over me like a dream, and the air became pure and undefiled, and he was gone. As I regained consciousness, I heard a noise down the eastern shore below the camp, and looking up perceived the Judge in one of the canoes coming ashore, and making great ado with his arms motioning me to come to him. I laid down my rod and went down to him, when he asked me for the scales, and in the bottom of the boat lay two monsters—two 5lb. trout as I weighed them upon the scales—and when he danced a war dance upon the rocky shore I forgave him for the second-handed smoke. Nor do I think the Indians felt less reverence for him when he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and threw his head in the air and walked off, the hero of the hour of that day, and finally of the trip, because none of us came anyway near equaling his catch on the entire trip, either in weight or size. I have the skins of these two fish, and to-day I measured them and found the trout was 26in. long, and half the skin measured at the dorsal fin 5½in. and the tail 5in. wide.

When night came on the clouds began to gather in the east and west and moved toward each other, silence overspread us, everything hushed, and when the clouds came together, apparently right over the falls, the crash of thunder came, and peal after peal until everything shook; then the rain descended in sheets and the wind drove it into every chink and in every direction. It struck our tent and we flew to the corners and held it down until the rain was over, and then went outside and anchored it down with the largest rock we could find loose. Inside the tent all was nice and dry, but the wet air caused it to feel damp, so a fire was built in front of the tent, and under its soothing influence we soon wrapped ourselves in warm woolen blankets and went to sleep.

J. W. HAGUE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NEW ENGLAND ICE AND FISHING.

BOSTON, May 2.—The ice went out of Lake Auburn, Me., earlier than anticipated, but the fishermen were not long in getting ready. There were several electric car-loads of fishermen going up to the lake by 6 o'clock in the morning on the first day of the ice being out. The lake was covered with boats and all sorts of rigs. Over thirty trout of good size were taken on the opening day and several landlocked salmon, some of pretty good size. Since that time the lake has been thoroughly fished, and more trout and salmon have been taken than would seem possible, considering that the lake is within a short electric car ride of two cities. It is a fact that the male inhabitants of State of Maine cities and towns are nearly all fishermen and hunters. But restocking and re-restocking is doing much to keep up the supply in Lake Auburn at least.

The ice is out of Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me., and some of the trout for which that lake is celebrated are being taken.

The ice went out of Grand Lake, in Maine, or the Schoodics, on Tuesday last. Mr. D. W. Field, of Boston, received a telegram on Wednesday, saying that the ice is out. With a couple of friends he is off for landlocked salmon, though earlier than he had anticipated. They expect to take their share of fish. It is understood that these fish rise to the fly earlier in the Schoodics than in any other Maine waters. The ice is out of Sunapee Lake, in New Hampshire, and Newfound Lake is clear. But the weather has been most too cold for the fishermen to start off. Still a landlocked salmon weighing 17½lbs. was taken at Sunapee, Monday, according to a letter received by Mr. George D. Appleton, of Appleton & Bassett. Mr. Appleton, with Mr. Arthur Soden, the noted baseballist, put off their trip to Sunapee till Tuesday of this week, wholly on account of the cold weather. Parties for Newfound Lake have done the same. The fishing party for Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, came back without a fish. The weather was too cold and the smelts were not running at all; conditions against the taking of landlocked salmon. Messrs. A. J. Selfredge and W. B. Hastings went to Dan Hole Friday, determined to further try the salmon there. Their success is not yet reported. There has been only fair fishing at Sebago thus far. Mr. John G. Wright came back without a salmon; it being against the law for a non-resident of the State to fish that lake till after May 1. A Portland lawyer took a salmon of good size the second day of fishing and other Portland parties have been successful. Indeed Sebago is fished by people of Maine a great deal.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard is planning for his summer salmon fishing trip. He says that he shall make that trip as long as he is able to go anywhere, and his present hale and hearty appearance would indicate a good many salmon taken from his branch of the Mirimachi. He is planning for a trip to Winnipisaukee with his daughter, undoubtedly the guests of Mr. E. R. Jones, with his family, who has a cottage there. A steamer is used, and the ladies troll for lakers, and the gentlemen—all salmon fishermen—only deign to bait the hooks.

At this writing the ice still hangs in Moosehead and the

Rangleys, in Maine, and I have met several fishermen within a day or two who have set the 10th as the time when the Rangleys will first be clear of ice. Moosehead is likely to clear a couple of days sooner; such is almost always the record at least. It is with sadness that it must be mentioned that many of the long-time parties to Moosehead, from Boston, are broken up. I have seen several gentlemen within a few days, once among the foremost to be off for Moosehead when the telegrams came that the ice had gone. They are not going this year. "Our old party is all broken up," they say. Of course there are one or two parties left, but the old days of interest and excitement are gone. I hear that the Produce Party, always heretofore early to be off, will wait a week or ten days after the ice is out. Possibly Mr. W. S. Robinson, president of the Chamber of Commerce, will be in that party this year. I learn that Mr. C. P. Stevens, always first and foremost to the Rangleys on former seasons, will not open his camp in the narrows of Richardson Lake this season. He has been sick to the extent that he desires to rest fully, and starts for Rangeley Lake this week, where he proposes to spend some time at the Rangeley Lake House.

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 2.—A letter received from H. O. Stanley, the Maine Commissioner, on April 29, stated that the ice is out of Lake Auburn, Swan Lake and the Belgrade ponds. Mr. Stanley has been fishing in Swan Lake and took eight or ten trout and salmon, weighing altogether about 30lbs. He thinks the fishing opened up better than it has for some years, and says they have been taking many large salmon from Sebago. With just a little more of the same kind of weather that we have been having he prophesies open water in the Rangleys very soon.

A splendid specimen of a brook trout 8½lbs. weight, caught by S. B. Gates, of Presque Isle, Me., and beautifully mounted by Crosby, of Bangor, is shown in the window of the Boston & Maine Railroad office on Washington street, this week. It is a product of the Aroostook region, and as such has created some surprise, it being the impression in many quarters that fish of that size were almost wholly confined to the western waters of Maine. The coming season will cause a great change of heart in this direction, as there promises to be a great pilgrimage to Aroostook waters this year.

One of the men who will visit the Aroostook fishing country this spring for the first time is Henry W. Clarke, of Boston. He has gone each spring to the Rangleys since 1873, but thinks the time is now ripe for a change. His old guide, David Haines, who has been with him for twenty years, will be with him in the new country this time, and together they will go to Atkin's camps at Milnocket Lake. It is Mr. Clarke's intention to explore the region over there pretty thoroughly, and from what he has heard he feels confident of getting some good fishing.

Moses R. Emerson, of Boston, and his friend, Mr. Heald, of New York, leave next week on a fishing trip to Errol, N. H. They have a nice camp on one of the ponds near Errol, and have always been fortunate in getting good trout fishing during each of their annual spring trips. For fifteen years they have fished together, thus affording an example of congeniality not often seen.

The new Portland fishing club, who have a fine club house about three miles from Crockett's, on Sebago Lake, have just returned from a three days' trip which in results was quite satisfactory to the participants. They brought back an 8lb. salmon and several others of less weight, and considering that there were thirty or forty other boats on the lake whose occupants did no better, they felt well satisfied. The party included six men, Chas. Robinson, David Drummond, Samuel Boothby, a Mr. Stevens and two guests from Boston.

Rangeley fishermen will be interested to hear that the new Rangeley Lakes division of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway will begin running regular trains to Bemis on Monday, May 18. The road is finished now, but it is not yet sufficiently ballasted. It is the intention, I hear, to run a parlor car out of Boston on the 9 A. M. train, which will reach Bemis about 5 P. M. of the same day.

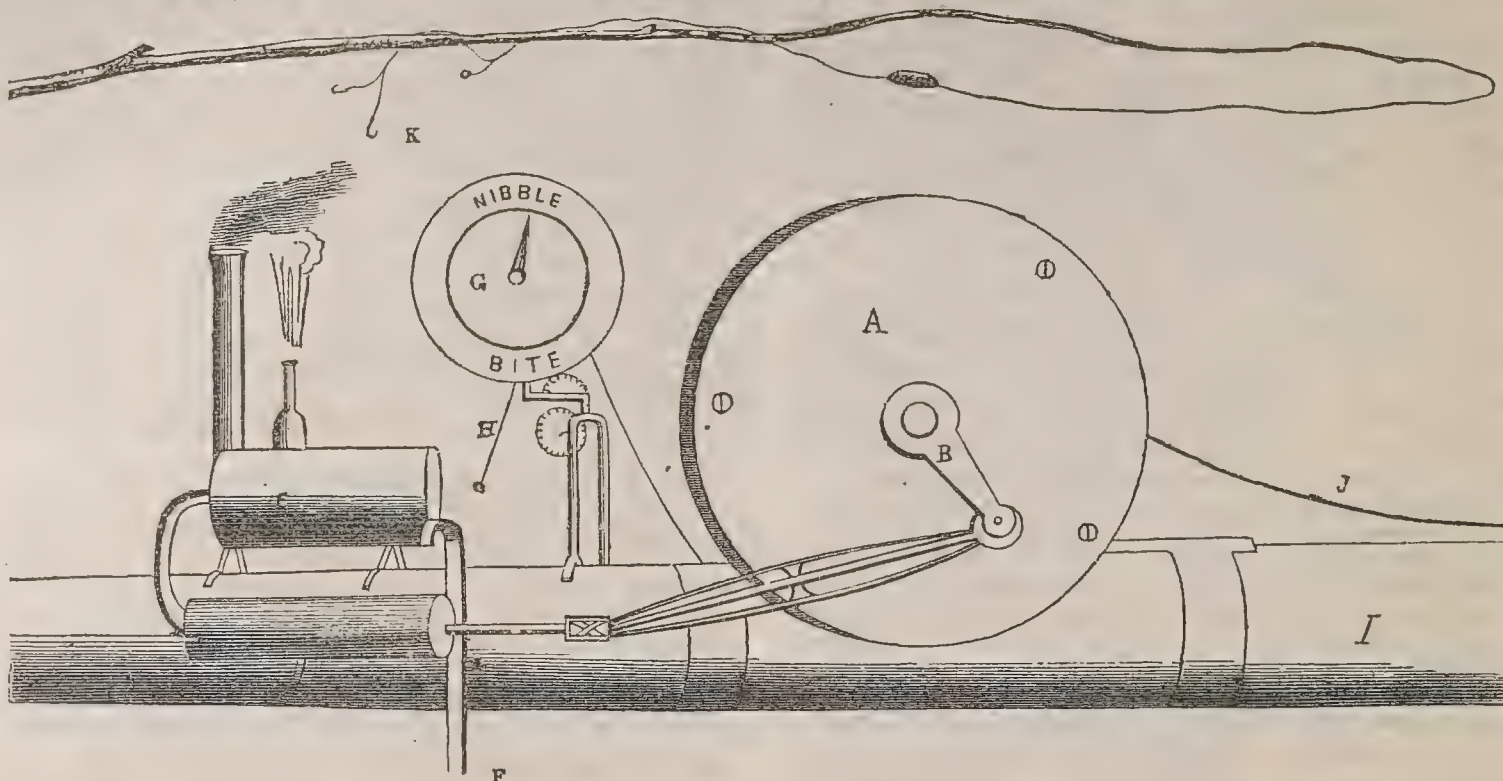
Good shooting grounds near Boston that are open to the public are hard to find in these modern days. Most of the best stretches along the coast line are controlled by clubs or individuals who jealously guard their property against encroachments from outsiders. It is rare that one of these preserves is offered for sale, and when such an event occurs it does not go begging, but is snapped up at once by eager purchasers. Such an opportunity recently came to the notice of T. H. Rollinson and George M. Woodman, of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, and it did not take them long to make up their minds to buy. The property consists of a shooting cottage and tract of marsh land in Marshfield Hills. The cottage is on Trowant's Island, and the shooting grounds border on Macomber Creek, the whole tract lying back of what is known as Fourth Cliff. It is said to be the best shooting grounds on the south shore, and both gentlemen feel fortunate in securing it. They are much attached to shore bird shooting, and will have quarters so comfortable at the new place that they can take their families down and spend some weeks there during the shooting season.

The Megantic Club have inaugurated a new method of keeping members in touch with the welfare of the organization. A supper and talk was held at the Copley Square Hotel a few evenings ago, the object being that the directors might inform members what steps had been taken for the benefit and comfort of all who will visit the preserve during the coming season. There were about thirty gentlemen present, all of whom were deeply interested in the subjects under discussion. It is proposed to hold these informal talks occasionally, and it is believed they will do much toward keeping interest alive in club affairs.

Good cod fishing is a pleasure which is anticipated, and better still, quite often found by many of Boston's residents. The fishing usually begins about the middle of May in the waters comparatively close to the city, that is, just outside the harbor; but this year it has started in early and down around Boston Light the boats have been having great sport for two weeks back. No one seems able to explain its premature beginning this spring, but they have all found out about it, and while willing to concede the sport not as scientific as fresh-water fishing, still contend that pulling in the useful cod has charms which cannot be slighted.

Mr. Jas. Bird has returned to Boston from the Cape, where he has been fishing a private stream, and also

YANKEE DOODLE'S PATENT STEAM FISHING ROD.



THE above is a plan of the recent application of steam for the assistance of amateur fishermen, to enable them to take without difficulty the large bass and others of the finny tribe with which the streams around us are so plentifully filled. The application is quite simple, but not the less worthy on that account. We forbear further comment, and proceed to the explanation of the diagram:

(A) The reel with the line (J) which is supposed to be carried to the end of the rod (I). (B) the crank. (C) the connecting rod. (D) cylinder. (E) the boiler. (F) supply pipe. (G) a dial to indicate when you have either a bite or a nibble. (H) pendulum. (I) the rod.

The rod may be held in the hand, or be placed in any

permanent position, and the instant some unfortunate tom cod takes a nibble the engine makes half a turn, and when the nibble has grown into a bite the engine puts itself immediately in motion, and the poor victim is landed in the most scientific manner. It may be proper to state that experiments have been made in the presence of Mr. Webster and other gentlemen skilled in piscatory science, and that entire satisfaction was given. K, above, shows an old-fashioned rod, such as were used when we were boys.

Worthington's patent feeding pump may be attached to this invaluable invention by those who fear an explosion. Price with the pump \$75, without the pump \$55.—From Yankee Doodle, 1850.

Forge Pond on the estate of Eben Jordan. From the latter he got thirteen nice trout. The bass fishing at Belgrade will occupy Mr. Bird's attention next. He will leave for the ponds near June 1, and expects to make quite a stay. It is a favorite place with him, as with many others.

HACKLE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass Fishing in Greater Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—During the past week the bass have been biting very well in the lakes and streams of this vicinity, and a number of large catches have been reported. Pawpaw Lake, in Michigan South Peninsula, has sent in some heavy catches, one pickerel of 16lbs. among others, besides many bass. At Fox Lake, in northern Illinois, the catch of bass has continued, and in fact in all the lakes of that series the best fishing of the spring has been going on. The first run on the spawning beds is always the time for the big strings, and then the fishing falls off till warmer weather, to revive for a time previous to the sultry days, when the bass haunt the deep water and only feed in shallow water during the evening and morning. This early bass fishing is frowned upon by other States, but is legal in Illinois, and anglers take advantage of the statute. At this date the spring run of bass is far up the streams and much of the spawning is over with, and fishing this week is not the crime against angling ethics it was ten days ago.

The spring run came very early this year and the stage of water has been such that we have every reason to expect good fishing this season. The Kankakee has been yielding large takes of bass at the old favorite spots, such as Momence and up river from that point. The bass have not been so abundant in that stream for a couple of years as they were the few seasons previous, but it seems that this summer there will be more of them. The Fox River has been marked also by an early and abundant run. At Aurora, St. Charles, Clintonville and McHenry the bass have been up for some time, and indeed the heaviest part of the run is up and gone. George Morrell, who lives at St. Charles, says that he has had some good fishing there. Ed. Rock, a local angler of experience at St. Charles, says that he has made some very heavy catches. He adds that one day last week he caught 263 rock bass at one spot, his boat being anchored near the west pier of the railroad bridge above the dam. I had not thought the rock bass schools had gotten up so high so soon, but everyone of experience with that easy-mannered little fish knows what it means to meet a school in the early spring run. It is simply a question of how many one is willing to take of them. At St. Charles last week also one fisherman caught thirteen big bass, several over 3lbs., in the river above town about three miles. The banks of the river in the town are lined with anglers of the country type, and have been for three weeks, and nearly all of these have caught more or less fish, bass, rock bass and pickerel, with a few, a very few, wall-eyed pike. One man caught three pickerel in the rough water below the dam in one afternoon, all over 5lbs., and one over 9lbs. All the bass mentioned in the above catches on the Fox are the small-mouthed bass.

An Open Letter to Mr. Cheney.

Hon. A. Nelson Cheney, who writes the able and entertaining "Angling Notes" in FOREST AND STREAM, is an authority commanding respect in his field of labor. Yet no man can surpass him in telling a good fish story, and he is noted for his long-suffering patience with people who ask questions. I make bold to hand him, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, a letter recently received at this office addressed to him, hoping he will meet the cheerful spirit of inquiry with his customary blandness.

Hon. A. N. Cheney, State Fishcultivist, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: When I was in New York recently, I became very much interested in clams, and since my return to Chicago I have imparted some of my enthusiasm on this subject to a few of my wealthy friends, and as a conse-

quence we have resolved to form a club for the purpose of starting a clam preserve. As I know you to be thoroughly well posted on the habits of all our native American game animals, I have resolved to write and ask your opinion on certain matters intimately connected with the success of our experiment, and beg to ask the following questions:

Do you think clams will be good preserved?

Do you think the clam (*Lusox luciosus*) can be acclimated at this altitude (25ft. above sea level)?

What are the nocturnal habits of clams? (We do not want them if their habits are bad.)

Would we need wire netting around our preserve, and if so, of what size mesh?

In your experience, have you known the clam to climb trees?

What would you advise feeding the clams for the first sixty days after birth? Would it be necessary to feed them clam chowder after that period?

What is the greatest size the clam attains on this parallel of latitude—i. e., what is the largest one that has ever come under your personal observation?

At what season of year does the clam afford the best sport?

Do you advise placing the eggs under a native hen? If so, what color of hen is best?

How many acres of land would you advise for our first experimental inclosure? We would like to stock the preserve with at least a dozen clams to start with.

In your experience, is it dangerous to the health of clams to go around with only a half shell on? This we ask as applying more especially to the young clams in the cold and rainy weather common in the neighborhood of Chicago in the early spring.

In your experience, how many men would be necessary to night-herd a dozen clams, if proper fencing were afforded about the preserve?

Is there any probability that the clams would increase beyond our ability to control them, and so necessitate governmental action?

Have you found it true that clams gnaw the bark of young apple trees in the spring? We are disposed to consider this assertion as inaccurate. Please answer, to decide a bet.

Do clams hibernate in winter time, or do they prefer the summer?

In case of a stampede of clams, what would you advise to stop the herd?

In regard to the annual migrations of clams, what, in your personal observation, is the greatest range of territory north and south covered, and during what time? (We don't want any guess work here.)

What is the largest clam you ever ate?

What is the State law of New York on clams? Would special acts of protection be a necessity in this region? In your opinion would Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, veto such a law if passed?

Are clams ever indigenous? If you believe they are, what is the reason for your belief, and do you think it can be cured?

Would you blame a clam for being indigenous if it could not help it?

Any further information or advice you can give us in the furtherance of our enterprise in acclimatizing and preserving these interesting creatures will be very much appreciated, and if we meet with success we should be pleased to have you come out and enjoy the sport with us. I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and an occasional contributor, and always turn to your column after reading my own stuff.

CONSTANT READER.

1306 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

The Texas Tarpon Season.

ROPEVILLE, Texas, April 24.—The tarpon season has opened here. Mr. W. D. Jenkins landed a fish to-day 4½ft. long, and had six strikes besides. Mr. H. T. Drake and son, of Milwaukee, had several strikes this morning, but have not yet landed a fish.

F. H.

ON THE METAPEDIA.

Second Day.

UP at 5 o'clock of a lovely warm morning. The pool here looks well. There is a long heavy rapid well broken by rocks at its head and another rapid divides it from a pool called Jim's Pool at the lower end. The water where the rapid enters is about 10ft., very gradually shoaling for 50 or 60yds. At low water fish lie at the upper end of nearly all pools. If the water is high to fair fish fancy the lower end. If the water is very high it is of no use to look in the pools so called for fish. They then take their rest when they do rest in some slack water spot behind a point or eddy. As breakfast was named for 8 A. M. I thought I would try the pool for an hour. I did so very faithfully, with no result except a rascal of a 2lb. trout. I had poled to the landing where I started from. At the far side a huge rock stood above the water, having a current betwixt it and shore. I turned to go ashore when I heard a break over at the rock. Having plenty of time I laid out for another trout, and slipping on a good-sized Nicholson fly (to save my others) anchored a few yards above the rock. I tried casting from both sides, drawing the fly into the eddy, always a good place for a trout, but could get no rise. Becoming careless I threw into the eddy to clear it; I switched the fly into the outside current. It had scarcely struck the water when a grilse sprang clear out after it, a nice one, plump 5½lbs., the heaviest I ever took or even saw in the Restigouche. I soon had him ashore and took him to the house in time to try his edible qualities for breakfast. I then started down stream for the Jimmy pool. This pool is some 200yds. long, a heavy rapid coming into it, with a quarter mile of rapid below it. At its upper end stands a heavy high ledge running half way across the stream. Around this ledge the river runs moderately easy and forms the fish lay at low water; at higher water the fish lie altogether at its lower end. To know just where the fish lie at different stages of water can only be gained by practical experience. If you know it, it saves the angler many hours' weary casting.

I dropped anchor well to one side, 60ft. above the rock. I had just got some 40ft. of line out when a smolt took the hook. I tried to shake the fish off, but did not succeed. I took the line in my hand, putting my rod in its socket, drawing the little fellow rapidly toward me. When within 5ft. a trout struck him viciously, coming at the little fellow on top of the water. At once I quit drawing line, let the big fellow gobble him and turn down with his prize. Not for long though; my turn came, and when I snubbed him I found he was fast. Now this trout was more trouble than enough. I did not want to play him in the salmon lay; I did not want to go to shore; I had no landing net, and did not want to lose him. As the water was only some 4ft. deep at my anchorage, and a bath would not injure me, I stepped out, drew him as close as possible to the shore, taking him off down stream out of the salmon lay, gave him a few minutes' butt, and drew him out. He was a fine fellow, plump 3½lbs., and had the little salmon smolt nearly out of sight. He was a male well advanced, large, black head, vermilion red fins, well developed milt, three-quarters grown. I again got into my canoe and tried hard for a rise, but did not succeed.

The next pool, a quarter mile below me, was called Three Islands. This famous pool, at the lower end of the small islands from which it derives its name, is formed by a very short turn of the river, a heavy rapid running into it at right angles, striking the opposite rocky bank and causing a strong series of eddies to run back on the other side, along which is a fine gravel beach. The pool is short, probably not over 100yds., 25ft. deep at its upper end, gradually shoaling to 8 and 10ft. at its lower end, falling into a fine smooth rapid and which continues more or less rapid and shoal for a mile. An angler not acquainted with the fish lay would suppose the upper end of this pool should help his score; but not much, unless it is trout he is after. Something is wrong. You must take the lower end at any stage of water, and just where the lower rapid begins to draw off the dead water of the pool, often well down in the quick water.

It was now getting late in the day, but the weather had changed and a nice cold northwest wind was blowing, with passing clouds. I took one side of the pool, easily casting to its center. After one drop down a fish came well, but did not touch. As the fly was gradually swimming around in the current I had hopes of him following, and just as the line straightened he again came at the small dose and made no mistake; after a few seconds' hesitation he started for down stream, and before I had my rod in place and anchor up he must have had 100yds. of line and was still going, and it gave me all I could do to paddle the canoe fast enough to keep up with him.

He kept this gait up for a full half mile. I was sure he was foul hooked, but he was solid in the tongue. At last he called a halt in the eddy of a rock, and here got some slack line on me in spite of all I could do with so much line out. The barrel of the reel took it in slowly. I shall have one with a much larger diameter another year. I was now below the fish, and as the current was very strong dare not give him the weight of the canoe, therefore had to drop anchor, with its cable in one hand and the other on the reel handle, giving him all the butt possible. He soon found the pressure was too much for him, took partly across the river and down again. I up anchor, letting the canoe go with the current, and soon found he was getting spasmodic, with a little turn up and a little run down, having the weight of the canoe to hold nearly all the time. Finally I found he would lead, and on a dry beach a few hundred yards below me I landed him high and dry, totally played out. He was a nice male of 23lbs., a little off color, in good condition.

I was now a mile below the pool and where I had left my tent and that indispensable kettle. However, I soon got there and had the tent up while the kettle was boiling, and I had cold lunch and hot tea, promising myself head and shoulders of something for dinner. I went down to the pool on the opposite side without much hopes, and anchoring I was overlooking line, leader and fly, when a fish rose within 30ft. of me, at a point of rock directly below. I said, "Ha, that looks well, we must try to get more closely acquainted." I was considering as to the utility of a fresh fly when another fish showed himself directly opposite, nearly in the center of the river. I postponed the new fly and went for the first fish that rose. After a cast or two I reached his lay, but could not get a move out of him. After a few casts I concluded to change

the fly. I just thought, well, I'll offer it for once to the outside chap, lengthening out a few yards so I was sure to reach. I almost think the fish had it before it fairly touched the water. It is not often the angler has this satisfaction. When he does, I think the fish must be near the surface. I was once casting a long line for a re-rise on a fish which had showed; on the back cast my fly touched the water; I could feel it do so just as I made the forward motion, when behold the tip broke, and the line came about my ears without leader or fly. Three or four seconds after a salmon came out of the water with a big plunge, and my man declared he saw the leader hanging from his mouth. No doubt my hook went home that time.

The fish which struck laid quiet for a little. This takes place often if the line is not held too hard; I do not think the fish realizes there is anything wrong until the pressure takes place, although it may be quite close to shore. Not knowing how the fish would act, I dare not leave the canoe. Finally I had to put on the screws, and off he went away up the pool. I was glad of this, for if I could once get him into the eddies he would soon give up. When halfway up, the length of line beginning to tell, he came out of water handsomely. I was now paddling after him, he taking the line as he wanted, until he got up to the strong water at the head. I now went ashore on the smooth beach, he hung in that strong water for a few minutes, took a turn down, and before he ran 50yds. struck one of the eddies, and running up that decided his fate. In five minutes more he was ashore. This was also a 14lb. male fish, a little dark, probably a month in the river.

I was now in a quandary whether I should again try for the fish that had risen or go to the pool above, where I had killed the trout. I was sure there were salmon there. Finally up I went. This is an easy pool to kill in, with nice, easy current. When fish lie at the top they are sure to run down, and up when they lie at the lower end. It is about 60yds. wide and 200 long, and fish lie in one spot 30 or 40ft. in length. I left my canoe below the fish lay, casting upward, so if I could hook a fish from shore I could lead him down without danger of ruffing the pool. Before I got halfway up the fish lay a fish quietly took the hook under water. I at once put on strong pressure; he followed me down quite a bit, and I almost thought it could not be a salmon; but he soon rebelled, going off across the river. Halfway over he came out to see what was wrong; took another few yards of line, and again came out, coming right back to where I stood, the deepest water being on my side, and again was out of water not 15ft. away. Those runs and leaps having started his wind, I saw he was not large, so dealt with him accordingly, giving him butt for all the leader was worth; and it was good for 15lbs., while a 3lb. pull would double up my 14ft. rod. In less than ten minutes of a mean give-and-take fight I drew the fish into a little bay on the shore having some 3in. of water. This was only a 12lb. female, but a bright, clean-run fish.

I now crossed to the opposite side, going up to the rock at its upper end, around which a good current ran, forming quite an eddy. Touching my canoe on the rock to be handy if needed, I stepped out and commenced casting, putting on a new dose. I threw well above me, short at first and lengthening out. I had got some 45ft. of line out without a sign when a fish rose just as the fly touched the edge of the eddy; but it did not touch the fly. I imagined the fish had followed the fly around until it straightened out. I tried for him several times, but it was no go. I then put on a small fairy. No better. I next tried a Jock-Scott with the same result. It was now sun-down and I wanted that fish; I lit my pipe and considered. I made two choices, the dose he had risen to or the doctor, so I reserved the dose for the last, putting on the physician. On reaching the same spot he rose before the fly came quite to the edge of the eddy, and went to bottom at once. Not knowing his intentions, I stood prepared to follow if possible, unless he ran through the heavy rapid just above; even then I would have done my best to follow. At once up he came, the line hissing through the rapid water running around the rock on which I stood, and going some 30yds. up to where the white water was tumbling over the rocks, when out he came his whole length and turned completely over. I breathed more freely when I found I still had the fish. He then tried for bottom, a pretty dangerous trick in the rocky bottom, where he now was. About a minute sufficed for him; he could not stand the pressure nor face the music. Down he came, passing me with a rush and with slack line. I sprang for my canoe and dropped my rod in its place with the reel, singing "Haste to the Wedding." I did haste with the paddle, easing the reel some. Nearly halfway down the pool up he came again with a plash, and then went to bottom. I recovered line as fast as the canoe came down on him and passed him, instantly giving him the butt. Instead of going upstream, which I fully expected, he passed me like a flash within 6ft. down and away. There was no remedy; I could not check him without risk, so I had again to paddle. He now made a long run to quite the lower end of the pool, sulking again behind a very large boulder, a favorite spot at a good stage of water, the location of which no doubt he knew. I was soon there, pursuing the same tactics and trying my best to force him upstream, but he wouldn't. He was bound for the sea or the lower pool, nearly a quarter of a mile, and all the way heavy rapid, but not very shoal. I now fully expected to lose that fish. I confess I would have given a V for a good canoe man for fifteen minutes. I knew the fish could not run the distance without stopping, and he did stop three times, keeping in the center of the river while I was closer to the bank. When he went, so did I, holding the canoe by the pole; when he turned up for a moment to get his wind I waited until he took another run. At last we reached the pool, and whether he was tired of the rapids or from what cause I don't know, but I tightened up on him in the eddy, out of which I would not let him go. We must have been fighting and running for at least fifteen minutes and it took ten more before I got the gaff in him. I dreaded his size to draw him out and would take no risk, particularly as it was now very dusky. This fish was a female with ova half ripe and weighed 29½lbs. I can assure you I did not feel like trying the white fly to-night. The edge had gone off the rod and settled in my stomach. I got the head and shoulders from my 12lb. fish and into the frying pan as soon as possible. Didn't I enjoy that meal? and when I lit my pipe I felt equal to forgiving my worst enemy.

Next morning I was up ahead of old Sol, just a little stiff, but it wore off after a drop out of the kettle. This was my last day on the river. The morning was fine, with wind still westerly. As I had some three more pools on my way down, I concluded to try for the fish I knew lay here, and did not much care to pole up the heavy water to the upper pool. About 8 in the morning I rolled up my blanket, dropping down to my former station. Having on the dose, I tried my best, but in vain; could not get a sign. Moving a couple of canoe lengths further down, my luck was no better; again moving down, the current being now very strong, it was no better. I decided to go on down. Looking over my goods, I found I had missed putting the gaff aboard where I had used it the night previous. Going back and obtaining it, on turning round I saw the back of a fish just where I had anchored my canoe when I began fishing. I at once saw I had been too low down for that fish. I now anchored opposite, about 50ft. from where I saw the break, and ran out the line, casting down stream when I had length to reach him. It went gently over his lair; it seemed hardly to touch the water when he had it solid, showing half his body with the rise. Away he went down stream through the rapid, getting into the shoaler bouldery rapid, following the deepest water he could find, heading up to get his wind, thus getting some slack at times, at other times more butt than was prudent, when all at once the strain went of and the hook came home with the point gone. I judged the hook may have struck the jawbone, or it may have been faulty.

Well, I did not cry over it; I never made a practice of doing that; but paddled down to McKeil's Pool, put on another, and went at it. This pool is very wide and of fair length. The water was too low for it. I did not raise a salmon, but got a nice 4lbs. grilse. Trout and smolt were both very troublesome in it. Fished an hour, then ran down three miles to the Prentice Pool. In quite a short time, with only one drop, I struck a nice fish. The river here is at least 70yds. wide, and of good depth and bottom. I got him so close I had to get up anchor for fear of fouling. I had this fish so close before I got to shore that I might have gaffed him, but if I lost him he would not count. I never did gaff one when alone in a canoe. To hold and gaff both and no one to steady the canoe is quite a feat.

It being now 11 A. M., with that kettle to boil and seventeen miles to reach home, I had to bid farewell to *Salmo* seler until about May 24, 1896. As the wind was from the west and my course was east, I stood up a sapling for a mast, my pole for a yard, and I was just four hours running that seventeen miles, having current for eleven and a falling tide for six miles. My total for the two and a half days was seven salmon, average 20½lbs.; two grilse, and two large trout along with some smaller ones. I enjoyed this trip above any fishing I ever did—far ahead of the Patapedia Pool, where, in 1876, Mr. Curtis, of Boston, and myself killed and landed fifteen fish in four hours and a quarter; gaffed every fish from the canoe, and never lost or missed one or broke a leader. If I never cast another fly, the memory of that august trip will forever remain with

I. MOWAT.

Sebago Landlocked Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly allow me to correct one of Special's items, in your issue of May 2, in regard to high line at Sebago Lake, etc. C. F. Jordan, of Portland, caught on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21 and 22, seven fish weighing 34lbs. Fortunately his last fish was the biggest, weighing 9½lbs., so that he did not violate the 25lb. limit law in making this fine catch. Billy Field also got four, one weighing 9lbs., another 7½lbs.; the writer took one weighing 9½lbs. twenty-four hours after he was caught, and E. W. Rounds, of East Baldwin, Me., caught several fish, one weighing 6½lbs. and another 5½lbs., which he hooked in the side while trolling and had a circus with. I think these records will show that Mr. Woodbury being "high line" must have been confined to his own boat. Mr. Eastman and Dr. Brock, both of Portland, beat the record quoted, fishing the 21st and 22d.

The largest fish I have known of being caught so far was one weighing 11½lbs., taken by George Fitch, of East Sebago; but probably the well-known Linc Daniels has caught the largest number up to date. He has a camp on the shore of the lake, where he spends the summer. It would take up too much valuable space to mention all the good catches, so I will close.

THE DRUMMER.

The Castalia Brown Trout Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day at the upper Castalia Club waters John Zollinger, of Sandusky, took, on a No. 4 Parmachene Belle, a brown trout which showed a recorded weight of 10lbs. and 4oz. This is the heaviest fish ever taken from these waters, and after being exhibited in this city the monster was turned over to Mr. John W. Oswald, who has preserved its proportions in a plaster cast. Dating from the introduction of the brown trout into Castalia waters this fish cannot be more than 7 years of age, and its size would indicate that it is fully capable of destroying twice its weight of brook trout every year. It is an open secret that the Castalia people are very anxious to rid the stream of these brutes and that they regard them as utterly unfit for brook trout waters. If the experience at Castalia is worth anything whatever as a guide, no man who has any regard for *Salmo fontinalis* will hazard his welfare by introducing this overgrown cannibal into brook trout streams. It is infinitely easier to get them in than to get them out again.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 2.

Maine Ice.

INDIAN ROCK, Rangeley, April 30.—I heard a yellowleg for the first time this season to-day. Ice quite strong on the lakes. Plenty of snow in the woods. Deer begin to show themselves in the fields. C. T. RICHARDSON.

Adirondacks.

CANTON, N. Y., April 27.—Some of the Stillwater Club were up to camp last Saturday, but found snow and no fishing.

R.

AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER.

INTENT upon fishing, one fine summer's day,
With rod and with line a young man took his way;
When going that way there was, too, a fair maid,
Whom the young man saw, loved, and attentions soon paid.

When the streamlet was reached, where the fishes are found,
The maid found her heart in love's meshes fast bound;
The line being thrown (minus bait, minus hook),
The fond pair talked love in a nice cozy nook.

The fishes that day had the rarest of fun,
As they came to the line and they tugg'd one by one;
Till tugging at last made the rod leave the ground,
And swimming along with the fishes be found.

The owner of rod and of line heeded not,
For these things he now cared not one single jot;
Being caught, fairly landed, in love's silken net,
The charms of fair maid made him all else forget.

E'er after that day their true love grew more warm,
And the man who went fishing (when fish took no harm),
And the maiden together might often be seen,
And looking as happy as king and as queen.

They married, and crowds came to see the knot tied,
And say pleasant things of both bridegroom and bride;
The church bells were rung in their merriest style,
And sounded their joyousness many a mile.

'Mid shower of old slippers and handfuls of rice,
And such exclamations as "lovely" and "nice,"
They left for the "lakes," there that sweet time to spend,
Called honeymoon, which too soon came to an end.

They next settled down in a "neat little cot,"
On the banks of a stream near a beautiful spot;
("A nice cozy nook") and as husband and wife
Lived happily ever the rest of their life.

—Fishing Gazette.

MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER BILL.

BOSTON, April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is what our Governor says and does about the proposed law to reduce the legal length of lobsters.

C. H. MORSE.

Gov. Wolcott sent in a veto of the Short Lobster bill this afternoon, says the *Journal* of April 27. There was no surprise when the messenger came in. It had been gossiped about the Legislative halls for days that he would veto the measure. It had been said by some of the experts of the State that the passage of the bill would destroy the lobster fisheries and exterminate the lobster in the end. On the other hand, experts on the other side had said that the bill would do no harm whatever. Under this condition of conflicting evidence, it was urged by opponents of the measure that the only safe course, with a due regard to the interests of the Commonwealth, was to veto the measure, and this the Governor did. The veto was placed in the orders of the day for Tuesday. It was as follows:

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives:

I herewith return to the branch of the Legislature in which it originated a bill entitled "An Act Relative to the Protection of Lobsters," together with my objections thereto in writing. This act lessens the protection which our statutory laws for 22 years have afforded, by reducing the size at which lobsters may be taken and sold from 10½ to 9 in. It does not require proof by statistics, but is a fact of common observation that during this period the average size of lobsters placed on the market for sale has diminished, while the price has advanced. This shows that under the conditions that have existed the supply of this important food has not kept pace with the increasing demand.

If it could be shown that the proposed legislation would prove of more than temporary benefit to those immediately occupied with this fishery, and that this benefit would not be offset by injury to the great body of our people, it would deserve and receive executive approval. But from the most careful examination which I have been able to give to this matter I am satisfied that this is not the case.

There is no unanimity in favor of this legislation even among those actually engaged in the industry. Not only from dealers in lobsters, but from numerous lobster fishermen as well, have come earnest protests against the change. Improvident and illegal methods employed by those beyond the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth have doubtless helped to make more difficult the livelihood of our citizens engaged in this fishery; in certain localities the condition of those who yield a ready obedience to the law, which in any Massachusetts community must always constitute the great majority, is without doubt one of diminishing profit and increasing hardship.

But the Executive must look to the effect of proposed legislation upon the people of the whole Commonwealth, and believing that the effect of this bill, if enacted, even if temporarily beneficial to a part of the State, must be finally a detriment to all, I am unable in the performance of the duty imposed upon me by the Constitution to approve it. (Signed) ROGER WOLCOTT.

BOSTON, May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you a couple of weeks since of the passage of the new lobster law, allowing the taking of 9 in. crustaceans instead of 10½ in., as for many years. The Fish and Game Association made a strong fight against the bill, and it was only by a margin of one vote that it passed the Senate. When it reached Gov. Wolcott there was a hearing at which both friends and opponents were present. President Clark continued his active work against the bill, and brought out a large array of testimony against the bill, both from lobster fishermen and dealers, so that the acting Governor, in sending in his veto two days after, was entirely justified in saying that there was no unanimity for the proposed legislation. His action was rather unexpected to the few advocates of the bill, and the fight was entirely knocked out of them. They tried hard to rally their forces, but on Friday last, when the vote was taken in the House, the veto was sustained by a vote of nearly three to one. It is another victory for those who are fighting for the proper protection of fish and game.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

EARLY FISHING IN CANADA.

A Remarkable Change in the Outlook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is the unexpected, they say, that happens. On the 14th of April, when I wrote you last, sleighs were running here and I had worn a fur cap down town the previous day. My growl was apparently heard, for a remarkable spell of fine weather set in the next day, and so rapid was the thaw that in little more than ten days there was scarcely any snow to be seen. I wrote on the 14th ult., "The warm weather may come with quite a rush when it comes at all, and unless it does there will be very little May fishing this year in northern Canada, and none at all in the middle of the month." We have had the warm weather, rush and all, and now we may have the May fishing just as well as in any ordinary season, and perhaps even earlier than in some recent years. The snow water is even reported to be almost entirely out of the woods. So much of it came down at once upon the ice of the lakes that it grew rotten, and in many cases has disappeared already. That on Lake Beauport broke up yesterday. Lake Kiskisink is clear, and Lake Bouchette nearly so. On Lake Edward it was breaking up yesterday. If it has not already gone there, it will be in a couple of days. Bait fishing for trout, unless the weather keeps cold, usually commences some fifteen days after the disappearance of the ice from the lakes. It ought to be good in any case this year from the 20th to the 24th inst. in all the lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. It may be good somewhat earlier, but it would be questionable wisdom to come much earlier from a distance and to run the risk. I certainly do not expect to hear of much fly fishing in northern Canada before the 24th, and it may not be at its best until a few days later. The conclusions that I have arrived at as to these dates are the result of careful inquiries, calculations and comparisons with the records of former years. The signs all point to a successful season, both in the lakes and also in Canadian salmon streams. In all of them exceptionally high water has been the rule this spring. This always means an abundance of fish. A new time table goes into force on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway on Monday, May 4, and without wishing to write a railway advertisement, I may say that FOREST AND STREAM will confer a favor upon anglers by stating that during the month of May three trains a week will leave Quebec for Lake St. John, namely, on Monday and Wednesday mornings at 7:30 and on Saturday night at 6:40. For want of this knowledge last year a party of anglers was locked up in Quebec nearly three days.

Ouananiche fishing with bait in Lake St. John ought to be good about May 20. The fly fishing in the Discharge will probably open about June 8 or 10; certainly not much, if any, earlier.

By the bye, I was pleased to notice in your issue of April 25 that your charming correspondent, G. de Montauban, urges the Provincial Government to establish a hatchery for trout and ouananiche. When in a few days now the new book entitled "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment" makes its appearance from a New York press, it will be seen that at page 107 and again at 149 I have already not only urged the same thing upon the authorities, but have announced the probability of some early action of the kind being taken here, of the development of which I will endeavor to keep you posted.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 1.

The Whitefish Supply.

DETROIT, Mich., April 24.—Detroit people are great lovers of the peerless whitefish, and it seems passing strange that, whereas the deep, cold, blue waters of the Detroit River formerly afforded the best whitefish, and the greatest abundance of them, sufficient to supply not only all local demands, but large numbers for shipment, now their supply largely comes from Winnipeg. Of 1,800 tons shipped from that point last winter 800 tons were taken for consumption by Detroit.

The supply of the lake whitefish is 5 per cent. of the demand from August to the close of the season. A Detroit firm has already sent to Winnipeg a boat and twenty-five men to commence fishing as soon as the ice is out of the lake. It is said that the fish there are exceedingly plentiful, and the catch as soon as made will be placed in loose ice, taken to West Selkirk, Manitoba, and hauled by the Canadian Pacific to Detroit in four days from the time they are taken out of the water. About thirty carloads a week will be brought to Detroit in this way.

Fishing for the festive perch is now at its height along the Detroit River, and every available spot along the entire river front as far as Delray is fully occupied by men and boys with fishing tackle of every conceivable description, while at the Sainte Claire Flats those who have taken advantage of the fine season thus far are enjoying great sport with perch, bullheads, pike and rock bass.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 2.—The first striped bass of the season was taken at Manasquan the present week, weight 3½ lbs. This beats last year's record by nearly two weeks, and is a matter of delight to anglers who are prepared to give battle to his elusive majesty. Next in interest to the bass, during the early season, is the kingfish. I saw this week some magnificent specimens, which were taken in the vicinity of Cape May. This is unusually early and portends good sport in the near future. If the weather is favorable Decoration Day should find them with us, and hard to please must be the angler who cannot be content with the sport these game fellows afford.

The pickerel season opened with us yesterday and several have tried their hand on our lakes, but with indifferent success, the prevailing easterly winds not being favorable to that pastime. Sages may argue as they will, still it is an unquestionable fact that east winds take away the pickerel's appetite.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Michigan Lake Season.

MONROE, Mich., April 24.—The season for Lake Erie fishing is now open, and the catch of pickerel, herring, saugers and perch is better than for some seasons. We do not look for nor expect whitefish any longer. That magnificent food fish, through the ignorance, idiocy, lawlessness and devilment—or all combined—is now almost

a thing of the past, "a memory and a reminiscence." More's the pity and more's the shame. The Ohio Legislature passed a law at its late session providing for a close season from Dec. 15 to March 15, and prohibits the setting of gill nets in water less than 50 ft. deep. This will have the effect, if enforced, of preventing the taking of undersized fish, and, it is to be hoped, of giving the whitefish and all other varieties "a chance for their lives" to be prolonged until they are a proper size for use. The season on Lake Huron, the home of the trout and whitefish, on the east side of the State, is opening, but of course at this early date it is too soon to venture a prediction as to the probable catch.

KEUKA.

Spawn-Eating Habits of Fish.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Anglers' Association of Syracuse are trying to investigate and to get all information they can pertaining to fish that eat the spawn of other fish. We would like to hear from Mr. Cheney and others their observations in this matter.

Thirty years ago four anglers caught a democrat wagon-box full of pike, bass and perch in one day's fishing at Oneida Lake. Were there not as many spawn eaters then as now? My claim is that the diminution is owing to the increased number of fishermen, and the better price of fish has increased the number, and of nets, and to the improvement of the nets now used. The decrease of bass is due to the fact that the bass season opens too soon; the fish are caught before they spawn. In Oneida Lake they do not spawn until the middle of June in localities where I have fished.

HENRY LEFLER.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

NEVERSINK (Fallsburgh), Sullivan county, N. Y., April 26.—A very large catch of trout was made in the Neversink, near Dean's Hotel, on April 22. The string showed eighty-eight fish, all of good size, the largest going 3½ lbs. The prospects for the season are good.

HENRY W. DEAN.

CANADENSIS, Pa., May 2.—Brodhead Brook is vigorously maintaining the high reputation it won in the days of Thad. Norris, and many creels of fine trout have been taken from its waters since the season opened. At Spruce Cabin House about twenty guests have been in constant attendance, and good luck has been very evenly divided. W. H. Schroder, of Elmira; E. C. Smith, of Hoboken; Geo. W. Shaw, of Philadelphia; Col. H. A. Babitt, of Pomfret, Conn., former U. S. Consul to Alexandria; W. P. Ketcham, of New York; Benj. Kent, of Paterson, and Kit Clarke, of New York, have each brought in fine creels of trout.

Kit Clarke caught a trout 18 in. long and weighing 2½ lbs. This is one of the largest taken here in years, but a number weighing fully 1 lb. have been taken this spring. P.

Rare Chance for Salmon Fisherman.

We have just learned of a fishing privilege for sale for one rod on the Grand Cascapedia. The most easily accessible and renowned salmon river in all Canada. Price moderate. Address CASCAPEDIA, this office.—*Adv.*

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Vandell, Sec'y.
May 20 to 23.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association's show Oakland, Cal. H. W. Newton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club.

An executive meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Monday, April 13. Considerable business was transacted in connection with the club's coming field trials and the following committees were appointed by the president, to take charge of trials for 1896: Field trial committee: J. W. Appleton, Chairman; H. F. Shellhass, George B. Post, Jr., J. B. Lozier, George M. Rogers, George Laick, A. Wright Post, John Bateman, N. A. Baldwin, the above constituting the executive committee; and B. S. Turpin, George F. Reed, A. D. Lewis, W. S. Clark, D. F. Summers, Guy D. Welton and F. B. Zunner. Field trial sub committee—on judges: J. W. Appleton and G. B. Post, Jr.; on finance: G. Laick and G. W. Rogers; on arrangements during trial: G. W. Rogers, G. F. Reed, W. S. Clark, H. F. Shellhass; selecting grounds and hotel: A. D. Lewis, A. Wright Post and H. F. Shellhass; premium list and classes: J. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers and G. Laick.

A quarterly meeting of the club will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Thursday, April 30, at 3:30 P. M.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

250 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, New York.

THE HANDLERS' CLUB.

THE handlers have quietly organized into a club on most commendable lines. The mission of the club, as set forth in Article II. of the club's constitution, embodies purposes worthy of all praise. It reads as follows: "The purposes of the club shall be to elevate, perpetuate and improve field trials; to enforce the conscientious performance and full completion of contracts between owners and members, if connected with dogs, and to promote good fellowship among the members of the club."

All these purposes contribute directly to the benefit of the handlers as individuals, as an organized body, and also to the interests of field trials, field sports and dog owners.

But the purposes of the handlers do not end in vague generalities, for in the by-laws is the following: "No member of the Handlers' Club shall become a member of any field trial club, and all members of this organization pledge themselves not to enter or handle any dog at any trial held by a field trial club of which a competing handler is a member."

That the handlers themselves should organize and so specifically legislate against an evil which was pointed out and condemned in no uncertain tones by FOREST AND STREAM years ago, bears testimony to-day to the soundness of FOREST AND STREAM's position from the first. In passing it may now be mentioned that the strenuous efforts to pervert FOREST AND STREAM's position from its true relation to the best interests of the sport—that is, the observance of the most scrupulous equity for all—were plainly unfair and insincere. The claim made by one handler that objecting to a handler being a member of a club was a social discrimination is too absurd to now seriously consider. Time has demonstrated that the issue has not even a remote relation to one's social standing; that it is entirely a question of equity, and that a professional handler who is also a club member and a competitor in the club trials has an advantage in the selection of judges, the selection of grounds, in determining the amount of stakes and entry fees, etc., which his non-member brother has not, and therefore the equity of the competition is marred. It is all plain now after so much experience and practical demonstration.

But, while as an abstract proposition, as a matter of theory, the purposes of the handlers in their new departure are most praiseworthy, there is other matter which is essential to the success of all reforms, and that is moral courage and energy, vulgarly called backbone. When the old handlers' organization found itself in a position where evasion of a reformatory issue was impossible, it dissolved like snow before a July sun. They were too timorous to take any genuine action. Groundless fears that this or that person might be offended and antagonized brought individual self-interest forward as the standard of value instead of the true standard, namely, the constitution and by-laws of the club and the right or wrong of the case.

Of course, times have greatly changed since the time the old handlers' club was tried and found wanting in 1886; the personnel of the new club is quite different and the conditions in general are greatly changed.

The new club contains nearly all the well-known handlers in its membership. The officers are: C. Tucker, president; Frank Richards, vice-president; W. W. Titus, secretary and treasurer. If the club has not the timorous nature of the old club, which was utterly devoid of moral courage as a club, and if it have force of character enough to carry out its true mission, it can do much for the good of all; if it have only a theory, and is courageous only in theory, or if each member approves action, but always desires that the other members shall do all the unpleasant work, it will only add one more wreck to the wrecks of history. In other words, a club must act as well as talk.

Open Letter to the Members of the Bull Terrier Club of America.

The attention of the members of the Bull Terrier Club of America is called to the following resolutions adopted by the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club at a meeting held April 11, 1896, in which it will be noticed that the Bull Terrier Club is requested to withdraw certain resolutions passed by their executive committee. The secretary requests members to express their views in the matter, that the executive committee may be guided by their voice.

W. D. BRERETON, Sec'y.

[COPY.]

NEW YORK, April 15, 1896.—Re resolutions referring to the action of Messrs. Foote and Schellhass on the cropping question.

Whereas, Every member of the American Kennel Club has the right to be represented by a delegate, to voice its opinions upon all matters presented for discussion at American Kennel Club meetings, and

Whereas, It is not within the province of any member to pass resolutions reflecting upon the opinions of delegates of any other club, therefore be it

Resolved, That the resolutions of the Bull Terrier Club of America, in which reference is made to two delegates to the American Kennel Club, are of such a nature as to savor of intimidation, and if members are permitted to adopt this course many delegates will undoubtedly decline to express their views in open meeting, fearing that some member may subject them to attack similar to that of the Bull Terrier Club of America. And be it further

Resolved, That we recognize the right of the Bull Terrier Club to express its views through its delegate at any American Kennel Club meeting, by virtue of its membership therein, but hold it exceeded its rights when it passed and published the resolution under notice. It is therefore

Ordered, That the Bull Terrier Club of America be requested to withdraw said resolution, giving equal publicity to its withdrawal as was done in the case of the original resolutions, and to express to the delegates named therein, the regret of the Bull Terrier Club that the error was made of carrying a discussion of American Kennel Club matters beyond the limits which should govern members of the Club.

The above resolutions and order were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club, held on Saturday, April 11, the case having been referred for action to said committee by the American Kennel Club at its late meeting of Feb. 20.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB, A. P. Vredenburg, Sec'y. To W. D. Brereton, Sec'y, Bull Terrier Club of America, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOREST AND STREAM.

The Cohoes Show.

THE Mohawk Kennel Club held its first annual bench show in the Opera House, Cohoes, N. Y., April 25, 27 and 28. Mr. Charles H. Mason judged all classes. Mr. E. M. Oldham superintended; Spratts Patent benched and fed the dogs.

Following is the list of awards:

MASTIFFS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Black Prince Brampton.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—(ROUGH OR SMOOTH): 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. Ravenscroft's Troy. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Watervliet Kennels' Survivor and Ben Bolt. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Scottish Beauty; 2d and 3d, Watervliet Kennels' Belline II. and Peggy.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 3d, J. W. Dickey's Rover. CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy.

BLOODHOUNDS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Jason. Bitches: 1st, J. L. Winchell's Sue.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Weeks & Turner's Svodka.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Weeks & Turner's Zem II. and Prince Gallatin; 2d, G. S. Keasbey's Optimist. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Weeks & Turner's Lady Deltz and Queen Catherine.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d and 3d, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Electric and Toronto. Bitches: 1st, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Laurel.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, A. Robertson's Ross. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 2d, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger. Bitches: 1st, W. F. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 2d and 3d, J. Fenleur's Mary F. Bondhu and Fanny C.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. Sutton's Kildare Malt; 2d, A. W. Fraser's Barney. Bitches: 1st, A. Van Gotzhausen's Lady Finglas.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Yola.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Boy; 3d, G. T. Owen's Laird. Bitches: 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Leola.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Belle, The Shrew and Black Knight.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. Bitches: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl.—BLACK—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother S; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' King Raven, Jr.; 3d, R. Baker's Don K.; R., J. Stanway's Nigger. Bitches: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Mrs. Disdain; 3d, W. T. Payne's June.—RED OR LIVER—Dogs: 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III.—Bitches: 1st, W. T. Payne's Trilby; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Zuleika; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Rachel.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs: 1st, W. T. Payne's Lorraine.—Bitches: 1st, W. T. Payne's Tansy.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Wilford Kennels' Woodmanstern Trefoil.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, S. L. Stewart's Doctor David; 2d, V. Grenelle's Ford; 3d and 4th, Wilford Kennels' Hempstead Chief and Woodlawn Laddie; R., M. B. Smith, Jr.'s, Wilford Duffy. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Wilford Kennels' Scottish Gem, Flora May and Duchess of Fife; R., A. W. Lansing's Vannie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Wilford Kennels' Wilford Trefoil and Woodlawn Laddie; 3d, Mrs. W. T. Ford's Woodlawn Princess; R., Albert Akin's Wilford Laddie.

BULL DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, B. Christy's Captain Kidd; 2d, T. Morse's Rustic Crib. Bitches: 1st, T. Morse's Rustic Dowager.

BULL TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. F. Dole's Masterpiece. Bitches: 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Havelock Daisy. Puppies: 1st, T. S. Bellin's Tommy Tickle.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, H. Tiemann's Roy K.; 2d, A. Froembling's Blitz.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's champion Ringleader.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Lewis's Rafter. Bitches: 1st, Ruth Robinson's Miss Wonder; 2d, J. Lewis's Mollie L. R. M. S. Tyson's Actress.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, M. S. Tyson's Turk and Drayman.

FOX TERRIERS.—ROUGH OR SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Burslesque.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. S. Horne's Prisoner; 2d and 3d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Cavalier and Beverwyck Royalist; 4th, Toon & Thomas's Blenton Firebrand. R., J. Bennett's Larry. Bitches: 1st and 4th, W. Le Monier's Dudley Saunter and Richmond Victory; 2d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Dare; 3d, Weeks & Turner's Mystery.—PUPPIES—WIRE OR SMOOTH-COATED—1st, 3d and 4th, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Proof, Springfield Trixy and Springhill Daisy; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lady.—WIRE-HAIRED—Dogs: 1st, H. T. Foote's White Topper; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap. Bitches: 1st, H. T. Foote's Bridle Bee.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, 2d, Tyler Morse's Rustic Jack.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Gessler III.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Toon & Thomas's Red Hot; 2d, Dr. Cushman's Boomellin. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brickdust and Endcliffe Fuso.

SKYE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st, A. W. Powers's Noble.

PUGS.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Duke; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure. Bitches: 1st, Rookery Kennels' Princess Madge.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood.—OPEN—1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, H. T. Foote's Rochelle Ratrap.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st, withheld; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Little Swell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OPEN—Equal 1sts, Toon & Thomas's Blazer (schipperke), Mr. James's Hard Tack (Bedlington terrier), and G. T. Van Zandt's Blink Bonny (White English terrier).

New England Beagle Club.

THE quarterly meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, April 20, and called to order at 2:45 P. M., President Joslin in the chair. The following members were present: H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fisk, Thomas Shallcross, Henry Hanson, A. Parry, B. S. Turpin, George F. Read, F. W. Cliefeld, Howard Almy, Harry Tallman, C. J. Prouty and W. S. Clark. The minutes of the last meeting read and approved. Secretary-Treasurer's report was read and approved. The following gentlemen were elected to membership: W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.; A. H. Willard, Chicago; W. W. Brown, Springfield, Vt.; G. A. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; P. Kennedy, Peabody, Mass.; Robert Hindle, Jr., Providence; C. O. Smith and Leon A. Bailey, Woonsocket, R. I.

It was moved that a vote of thanks be given to the gentleman owning the estate where the last field trials were held, at Oxford. Messrs. Turpin, Reed and Fisk were appointed a committee to draw up resolutions of regret on the death of Dr. N. Rowe. In regard to the fall field trials it was voted they be held at Oxford, Mass., beginning Monday, Nov. 2, and the field trial committee make all arrangements for the same. The field trial committee were elected as follows: H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fisk, Henry Hanson, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. It was voted that the entry blanks for the 1897 Futurity Stake be sent out as soon as possible and all arrangements left with field trial committee.

The secretary was given a vote of thanks for his work in behalf of the club. Adjourned at 3:55 P. M.

A meeting of the field trial committee of the N. E. B. C. was called at 4 P. M., President Joslin in the chair. The following members were present: Messrs. Joslin, Fisk, Hanson, Shallcross and Clark. It was voted that all puppies born on or after Jan. 1, 1896, be eligible in the 1897 Futurity Stake. Voted that a meeting be held early in

June, at the residence of Mr. A. D. Fisk, Worcester, Mass., to select judges and make arrangements for fall field trials.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Following are the winners of the National Field Trials, run at Shrewsbury, England: Pointer Puppy Stakes, six starters, £40 to first, £15 to second, £5 to third; 1st, F. C. Lowe's Dora of Kippen (Don of Bolcord—Dora of Bolcord); 2d, Elias Bishop's Tom Pedro (Señor Don Pedro—Jeanette); 3d, Col. C. J. Cotes's Pope (Prior of Bromfield—Polly Jones). Setter Puppy Stakes: 1st, J. Bishop's Duchess of Salop (Benbow—Maud S.); 2d, T. Lauder's Barton Charmer (Sybarite Sam—Charming Spot); 3d, S. Humphrey's Bonny Pat of Coldhill (Harlech—Bertha). Acton Regnald Stakes, for single-aged pointers and setters, each £20 to first; absolute winner £10 extra; second, best of either breed, £7 7s.: 1st, H. F. de Trafford's Irish setter Punctestown (Compton Ponto—Kerry Kate). Champion Stakes: 1st, B. J. Warwick's pointer Dolly of Budhill (Brag of Merelbeke—Devon Betty).

The Kennel Club trials resulted as follows: Field Trial Derby—1st, A. Morren's pointer Bendigo of Brussels; 2d, S. Humphrey's Irish setter Merry Jill of Coldhill; 3d, W. Arkwright's Star One; 4th, F. C. Lowe's Dora of Kippen; 5th, S. Humphrey's Irish setter Bonny Pat of Coldhill; 6th, Sir H. de Trafford's setter Barton Charmer. All-Age Stakes—1st, B. J. Warwick's pointer Dolly of Budhill; 2d, F. C. Lowe's setter Mabel of Kippen; 3d, R. Le P. Llewellyn's setter Daphne; 4th, A. Morren's pointer Bendigo of Brussels.

The Continental Field Trials Club announces its second annual chicken trial, to be run this year at Kennedy, Minn. The sterling expert, Mr. W. S. Bell, has been engaged to judge. The particulars of the stake are given in full in the club's advertisement.

We deeply regret the painful accident which happened to Mr. P. T. Madison on April 20. Our sympathy is extended to him and our earnest wishes go forth for his speedy recovery. He relates the circumstances of the accident as follows: "Last Monday I was sitting talking with some friends, and on rising I stepped off with my right foot, then raised the left, which naturally threw my weight on the right leg. At that instant the ligaments of the right knee were fractured, and I was made a cripple. My physician says I am doing nicely and he expects to have me on crutches next week, yet he will not say that I will entirely recover. However, I will be able to attend to the business of the Continental Field Trials Club."

An eminent field trial handler writes us concerning the Manitoba field trial clubs, that "I think it would be much better, if they want patronage from the United States, to hustle and make some arrangement with the customs authorities so the boys can get their dogs in and out without so much expense."

The April number of the *American Kennel Gazette* gives in full the action of the advisory committee at its meeting in April. In addition to the disqualification of George Bell till May 1, 1897, for making entries at the Detroit show while not in good standing, the committee recommended that the case of the A. K. C. against the City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, for accepting Mr. Bell's entries be referred to the quarterly meeting, May 21 next, and that the club be dealt with under Art. IX., sec. 1, of the Constitution, which provides that "the executive committee shall have power by a two-thirds vote to suspend for a stated period or to expel any club or delegate or individual whose membership it may deem prejudicial to the welfare of the association." The Omaha Kennel Club was given thirty days within which to pay the claims of Thomas Blake and T. A. Howard, in default of which the club shall stand suspended and the officers disqualified. Lewis H. Miller, Westchester, Pa., was disqualified. In respect to the suspension of Dr. W. S. Bigelow and B. Alton Smith, the former has written to the A. K. C. that he is willing to abide by the decision of the committee and would remit the price of the dog to Mr. H. Rieman. R. B. Morgan's protest against the pointers Furlough Mike and Prince's Lad for being under weight at the St. Louis show was sustained, and the decision of the club was reversed, and the dogs next in merit as placed by the judge moved up under the rules. It was ordered that the committee did not feel justified in entering into any agreement with the Canadian Kennel Club in the matter of reciprocity. The Mohawk Kennel Club was admitted to membership. The application of the R. S. S. F. Association was granted and the association reinstated. The secretary was directed to make a payment on legal account.

From the *Breeder and Sportsman* we learn that Dr. R. J. Withers, of Los Angeles, Cal., lost recently by poison a litter of choice Irish setters, the bull terrier Crisp and three fine greyhounds. The poison fiend seems to be universal. Dr. Withers is a famous veterinarian who moved to Los Angeles from Chicago a few years ago.

The programme of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby is given in our advertising columns. The forthcoming trial is in number the eighteenth, and bespeaks much praise for the club which has gone steadily on its mission while strong clubs have sprung up, had their existence and faded away. Entry blanks, rules, etc., may be obtained of the secretary, Mr. S. O. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., who writes: "The purposes of this club are the same to-day as when organized. Many of its charter members have passed away. New members have taken their places with the same purposes as those of the originators of the club eighteen years ago, namely: to improve the breed of sporting dogs, to test their field qualities and to increase the legitimate sport. To-day the name, Eastern Field Trials Club, is familiar to every sportsman in America and abroad. In sports like these are all our cares beguiled."

Concerning their new purchase, the Wanoosnac Gordon Kennels write us as follows: "We have purchased the Gordon setter Wanoosnac Prince, winner of first in the

open class at the Boston show, both in 1895 and 1896, and have added him to the string of good ones that we have at the Wanoosnac Kennels."

Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Withers recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedded life at Los Angeles, Cal. A silver sociable was given therewith; the gift contributed by each guest was donated to the church fund of the Plymouth Church. Flowers decorated their home profusely and there were pretty costumes in bewildering variety.

It is rumored that Messrs. J. H. Dew, A. M. Young and W. S. Bell have been invited to judge the U. S. F. T. C.'s trials at Newton this fall.

It is indisputable that in England, as in Belgium, some litters of schipperkes have had their tails carved out from their bodies. We know how this is done with surgeons' scissors. The operation is cruel and barbarous. Those who like their dogs so dare not practice it. From the first the *Chasse et Pêche* has frankly declared that the schipperkes were born with tails, and that one born without was the exception. But the judges have never troubled themselves to try and discover whether a schipperke on exhibition was born without a tail or had had it cropped. Such are details quite neglected. It is quite useless to seek to cut the tail of the schipperke either a little more or a little less short when, as has just been said, the judges take no notice.

This is how the operation is performed. Ordinarily when the dog is two or three days old, one of the operators takes it by the tail and holds the dog suspended, while the assistant is ready to catch the puppy the moment it falls. He first takes the scissors and cuts the tail as close as possible. Occasionally the little thing howls, and occasionally it makes no noise. The mother licks the place and that is all.—*British Fancier*.

Hog-herding Dogs.

It is claimed that the wild hog of Catahoula is second only in the matter of pugnacity and ferocity to the roaring tiger of the Bengal jungle. In order to get a drove of these hogs into a pen, the hog-dog of Catahoula, as Mr. Wiggins informs us, operates as follows:

Keeping always in mind the direction of the pen or corral, the dog goes into the woods and flushes a drove of hogs. Then keeping himself invariably in front of the hogs barks forth a challenge; the hogs accept the gage of battle and make a dash for the enemy, and the dog, tucking his tail, if fortunate enough to have one, which is seldom the case, skedaddles toward the pen, regulating his speed so as to save at all times a distance of about 30yds.

Should the hogs halt in their pursuit, the dog returns and renews his dare, and again he is charged, and again he slopes. In this way he lures the hogs on until in their mad chase they follow him through the open gate into the pen, when he immediately proceeds to jump the fence on the opposite side, while his master, who has been seated on the fence during the pursuit, hurriedly climbs down and closes the gate on the entrapped porcines. The faithful and intelligent dog, which is found nowhere else but in the languorous shades of the Catahoulans wilds, is rewarded with a pone of cornbread, and the next day there is a great hog-killing time, followed by feasting and revelry.—*New Orleans States*.

Information Wanted.

COLUMBIA, Pa.—Some five or six years ago I purchased through an advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM* a black English setter dog. I have lost his pedigree. The seller was a man named Robinson, whose kennels were located in some Massachusetts town, but where I have forgotten. Can you supply the deficiency? W. H. FENDRICH.

(Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the desired information.)

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, March 19, to champion Antonio.

Mr. S. Penfield's

Bayonne Nellie, Boston terrier bitch, April 17, to Monté.

Jennie, Boston terrier bitch, March 13, to Buster.

WHELPS.

Mr. E. W. Tynan's Ruby Glenmore II., Irish setter bitch, whelped, April 6, tea (four dogs), by champion Finglas.

Mr. R. L. Soper's Duchess, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Oct. 20, six (four dogs), by Grouse.

Mr. Fred. C. Marsh's Duchess, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Oct. 20, six (four dogs), by Grouse.

SALES.

Mr. Joseph McMurphy has sold Norah, Boston terrier bitch, to Mr. Smith Penfield.

Bayonne Kennels have sold Bayonne Nellie, Boston terrier bitch, to Mr. Smith Penfield.

ONE day recently Henderson Mathews, a well-to-do negro farmer near Minden, La., went over in Black Lake Swamp to look for a little bunch of cattle that had not been up to pen for some weeks. After considerable search he found some of the cattle stranded on a little island in the swamp, formed by the sudden uprising of the lake since the recent rains. Henderson, with the assistance of some friends, constructed a rough bridge of brush, puncheons, etc., filling up a passageway whereby the cattle might cross over to dry land. This they lost no time in doing, bringing with them, to Henderson's intense amazement, a young fawn. Deer are getting to be quite scarce in this region, and this little one coming in so strange a manner created no small sensation. No trace of dam or buck was to be found, the fawn having evidently strayed from its parents weeks ago. The little fellow seemed perfectly at home with the cattle, tugging away at the bag of one of the cows in the most cheerful and trustful manner when found. In return, the old cow seemed quite as fond of her adopted child, and still takes the best possible care of the little deer, which may be seen comfortably penned in Mathews's cow lot.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Times*.

THE CUCKOOS.

In the early autumn day,
When the hoar frost holds its sway.
And the emerald of the sod
Is gilded by the golden-rod,
Then I wander through the glade
'Neath the overhanging shade,
Listening, lingering, listening long,
For the cuckoo's plaintive song:
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Though I linger, 'tis in vain,
Once to hear that song again.
Why should I this loss repine,
Wandering through the groves of pine?
I remember, I have heard,
Years long dead, that forest bird:
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

PROBABLY there are few birds in the Northern States so common and yet so little known as the cuckoo. Of the six species comprising the family *Cuculidae* found in North America, two occur in western New York, the yellow-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus*) and the black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*), which seem to be about equally divided in Niagara county, while the yellow-billed is reported as rare in the central part of the State, where the black-billed is common. They generally arrive here from the South about May 1 and remain until October. I have seen them as late as Oct. 7.

There is but little difference in the size and color of the two species. The upper parts are of a metallic greenish olive, tinged with ashy toward the bill; underparts white, with the exception of a brownish tinge on the throat of the black-billed. Tail feathers of the yellow-billed (except the two middle, which are like the back) black, tipped with white for about 1in. on the outer feathers, the external one with the outside edge almost entirely white. The tail feathers of the black-billed on the upper part are all of the same color of the back, on the under surface, of an ashy gray, all tipped with white (except the two central) for about ½in. The black-billed has a naked red skin around the eye, which is lacking on the yellow-billed. The two species measure from 11.50 to 12in., black-billed longest; wings 5.50 to 6in., yellow-billed longest; tail 5.75 to 6.50in., black-billed longest.

Both species commence breeding between the middle of May and June 1. The nest is a very loose affair composed of twigs and rootlets nearly flat, indeed so flat that I have often wondered how the eggs remained on. It is generally placed in the forks of a horizontal limb well out from the trunk of the tree; I have found them in small bushes, and one I found in a burdock within 6in. of the ground. The eggs of the yellow-billed measure from 1.15 to 1.25in. in length, and from .90 to 1in. in breadth, their color a light bluish green; from two to four are found in a set. The eggs of the black-billed are more spherical and of a darker green than those of the other species. They measure 1.5 to 1.15in. in length by .80 to .90in. in breadth.

Although the black-billed sometimes deposits its eggs in the nest of other birds, I do not think it deserts them (as does the European species, to be incubated and the young reared by the foster parents). I have found nests containing the eggs of both species with the black-billed on the nest, and in one instance I am quite certain that I saw both species feeding four young in one nest. This I reported to *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time, and after the following observation I am more than ever convinced that it was so.

On June 17, 1882, I saw a black-billed cuckoo and a mourning dove sitting on a robin's nest together. I secured the nest and found that it contained two eggs of the mourning dove, two of the cuckoo, and one robin's egg. The robin had not finished the nest when the cuckoo took possession and filled it nearly full of rootlets, but the robin got in and laid one egg. Incubation was well advanced in the robin's and cuckoo's eggs, but the mourning dove's eggs were fresh, showing that it was the last to take possession, and also that it lays its eggs in other birds' nests. I have never found them in other than old nests of the robin except in this instance. I have this nest and the eggs of this trio of birds in my collection still in good order. Another peculiarity of the black-billed cuckoo is the long continuance of the laying season. Young of different ages will sometimes be found in the same nest with partly incubated and fresh eggs.

Audubon mentions an instance where he saw a nest containing two young cuckoos nearly able to fly that scrambled off their tenement among the branches of the tree and were caught. The nest still contained three young cuckoos, all of different sizes; the smallest apparently just hatched, the next in size probably several days old, while the largest, covered with pin feathers, would have been able to have left the nest in about a week. There was also in the nest two eggs, one containing a chick, the other fresh or lately laid. And another instance where eleven young cuckoos had been successively hatched and reared in the one nest by the same pair of birds in one season, and that young birds and eggs were to be seen in it at the same time for many weeks in succession.

I have observed the cuckoo more than any other species we have. During incubation the birds are loath to leave the nest; I have stood for minutes with my face within 3ft. of a nest of the black-billed when the bird was on it, and there was not a perceptible movement, but as soon as I raised my hand the bird was gone in an instant. On Sept. 10, 1883, I found the nest of a black-billed cuckoo containing two young birds not more than one day out of the shell; the two previous nights we had had severe frosts that destroyed vegetables. This is the latest date that I have ever found young birds of any kind, and Oct. 7 mentioned above is the latest date that I have observed the cuckoo. I was hunting grouse when I saw a bird fly into a small oak tree; I walked up within 10ft. of the tree, where I stood and watched it through my field glass for some moments. I then walked entirely around the tree and stopped directly under the bird and again looked at it through the glass, and although my eyes were within 7ft. of the cuckoo for some minutes I could not detect the least motion. I then backed away without removing the glass from my eyes, and not until I was at least 50ft. away was there the least motion, and then the bird was gone like a flash; it seemed as if it thought that its only safety was in remaining quiet.

I can say very little about the song of the cuckoo, not

having heard it for at least twenty-five years, when I did not know that there was more than one species here, and had never heard but one call or song; but I remember it well, and always when I see a cuckoo I seem to hear it as distinctly as ever. I suppose that both species have a song or call and have often wondered if they were the same.
J. L. DAVISON.

Yachting.

The *Marine Journal*, quoting some of our remarks on the Payne bill, comments as follows:

Rather a severe arraignment, this, of American yacht designers and builders, but they are not facts. There are many as capable steam yacht designers in the United States as there are in any part of the world, and the *Marine Journal* believes them more capable. Any one of these can be employed to design just such a yacht as an owner desires, and can furnish him with ideas for comfort and elegance wherein he may be lacking, and any one of our prominent yacht builders will gladly contract to build from these designs in as short a time as can be done abroad.

Our main contention in this matter is that there are, practically, no American designers of steam yachts, for the reason that, as was the case in sailing yachts prior to 1880, both owners and builders have failed to recognize the necessity for a trained and educated specialist—the yacht designer—but are content to delegate the work that he alone can do to some one who, whatever his special qualifications may be, is not familiar with this class of vessel. It is from this lack of encouragement that there are no American designers of steam yachts, and that American steam yachts float far below their designed lines, fail in appearance, accommodation and performance, and require expensive rebuilding immediately after launching. If we are so far astray in our contention, then the *Marine Journal* will find it an easy task to prove this to be the case by publishing a list of American designers and the steam yachts which they have designed, and also of American steam yachts and the names and nationalities of their designers. It must be remembered that the discussion relates to the class of yachts affected by the Payne bill, sea-going craft, and especially of the larger size. We do not deny that there are several firms that turn out a ver serviceable type of river steam yacht of moderate size. By designer we mean the individual who has actual control of the drawing of the lines and the making of the calculations, if any a made, and not the firm which takes the contract and builds the yacht.

The practical result of the Payne bill, if passed, will be to create a monopoly for builders who have not shown a creditable amount of enterprise in encouraging the designer and improving the steam yacht, but have contented themselves with turning out anything that the owner or his captain will accept. The field for the improvement of the steam yacht in the direction of the development of a national type specially fitted for American conditions is quite as wide as that formerly existing in sailing yachts, and which has been filled, not by the builder, but by the American designer, in the construction of Volunteer, Lasca, Gloriana, Emerald, Ariel, Niagara and Defender. That the average British steam yacht of to-day is far ahead of the American is due solely to the fact that British owners have had a better appreciation of what was both desirable and possible, and have gone to the yacht designer, rather than to the builder of steamers and warships, to get it. As is the case in sailing yachts, the British craft is by no means as well suited for this side of the ocean and for American yachtsmen as for the other side and the different uses of British yachtsmen. When American owners have learned just what a steam yacht should and may be in appearance, accommodation, speed and economy of running, and when they and the builder are willing to pay to the professional designer a reasonable fee for the skill which enables him to give them what they want, we shall see a fleet of American steam yachts that will surpass anything that the other side can produce. That this day will be hastened by the passage of the Payne bill we very much doubt.

Assuming the right and justice of protection to American industry, the Payne bill deals solely with the builder and leaves the designer entirely out of the count. The efforts of the *FOREST AND STREAM* for many years have been for the full and complete recognition of the designer in all classes of marine work, and though this has come about in the case of the sailing yacht, but little has been done in steam yachts or in commercial work. Apart from the good work done by the United States Government within a dozen years in the encouragement of thorough technical education and systematic designing, for its own special benefit, this great country is still woefully astern, and the very ones who should do the most, the builders, are doing nothing at all. No encouragement or opportunity is offered to the ambitious young workman or draftsman in the yards, or to the scientist who devotes his time to investigation and the advancement of naval architecture, and the work of designing is intrusted largely to men whose first attention is necessarily given to the mechanical details of shop and yard management.

So much is this the case that the construction of two large passenger steamers from the designs of a professional designer entirely unconnected with building stands alone in the history of American shipbuilding. The remarkable success of these two boats has already produced a good effect, which is bound to increase with their further competition with other craft produced in the yards.

If the Payne bill is to become a law, at least a certain amount of good might be derived from it by a provision that all moneys collected under its operation shall be devoted to the establishment and maintenance of a national college of naval architecture.

APROPOS of the protection of the American workman, naturalized or otherwise, there is something instructive in the present condition of the boat-building industry. We hear from many quarters an urgent demand for skillful, intelligent and sober boat-builders to work on the smaller classes of sailing boats, such as the 15-footers, good workmen of this sort being difficult to obtain. The demand for this class of craft, which is something unprecedented this year, is due to the fact that these boats are now the fashion, which, like canoeing twenty years ago, was introduced from England, where the type originated. A year ago the half-rater and the one-rater were almost unheard of in America, and now they are all the rage, possibly only for a time; but we believe that the general type, handsome in appearance, shipshape in model and construction, moderately rigged, easily handled and withal fast, will largely displace the old types of catboats and sloops with short ends, big rigs and large crews. That they are known and appreciated here now is due to the importation of one English boat. As the type has been developed to a high degree of perfection on the other side, and as many fast boats are this year for sale there at a low price through the extinction of the class by the recent change of rule, it might be expected that many would be imported in spite of the duty; but thus far we have been able to learn of but

one order for an American placed in England. So far as the interests of American builders and mechanics are concerned in these small classes, it would be an excellent thing if the duty were abolished and more English boats imported, to stimulate the competition.

In spite of a cold and backward spring, the building yards and basins are giving indications of a fairly early opening of the yachting season, and a very large number of yachts, both new and old, are being finished off to go into commission shortly. It spite of many rumors, it is hardly likely that either Defender or Valkyrie will be raced—either together in this country or each with her home fleet on opposite sides of the Atlantic; but it does not follow from this that the sport of yacht racing will suffer to any material degree. It is hard to conceive any other way in which such a vast sum of money could be expended to so little useful purpose in yachting as was accomplished by these two great craft last year. Defender sailed in all about a dozen races, all but two against her older sister, Vigilant; and while it was demonstrated that she is in all ways faster than the centerboard boat, the racing of the two was notable mainly for the ill feeling engendered and the very serious charges made. The races with Valkyrie III. were but two in number, and while they also demonstrated Defender's superiority, they fell far short of a thorough and conclusive test of the two costly machines. The final disputes attending these races also can only be considered as a misfortune to be regretted by yachtsmen of all nationalities. Much might yet be learned by the systematic racing together of all the big cutters—Defendant, Vigilant, Ailsa, Satanita, Britannia and the new Meteor; but this is manifestly impossible. In default of it, however, a great deal of uncertainty must always exist as to the exact relative merits of each yacht.

On this side of the ocean the prospects of racing in the larger classes are very poor indeed. There is little probability that the yachts now nominally in the largest single-stick class, Defender, Vigilant, Navaboe, Jubilee and Volunteer, will be raced at all. In the schooner division the principal interest centers in Emerald and the re-rigged Colonia, with possibly Ariel, though we understand she will not be raced. In the classes from 70 to 40ft. there are no new yachts, and it is still a question as to how many of the old ones may be tempted into racing.

From such an outlook as this, which is all that the circumstances justify, it might be anticipated that the season of 1896 would prove a remarkably dull one, but such is hardly likely to be the case. While there is nothing startling or sensational in view, there is a good prospect for the sport in all parts of the country, and of a sort that will do much to build up American yachting.

While the building of large craft has been almost entirely confined to the steam yacht division of the national fleet, there has been through the past winter a great activity in the building of small craft, most of them for local use only and many for cruising or all-round service, but none the less important on these accounts. With this building there has been a remarkable activity in several localities, such as New York, Boston and the ports of Lake Michigan, in the direction of union and inter-club organization, and in the former two localities in particular the results far exceed anything thus far known.

The new Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has taken hold most energetically of the local racing between New London and New York, and under its rules and management as to dates, etc., the Sound racing promises to bring out a much larger fleet than has yet been seen, with more races and larger fields of starters in each. The work of the Union has made it far easier for the racing owner to lay out the season's programme in advance and to adhere to it through all the races, and with the increased competition the interest and excitement of racing will be trebled. The systematization of the racing and the non-clashing of dates will of itself tend to increase entries, as it offers a fair guarantee to a man that if he takes his yacht to a race he will find several competitors—something that he was never sure of when each club was a law to itself in the selection of dates and adoption of rules.

The same process of organization has been carried out this past winter about Massachusetts Bay, and equally good results may be looked for from the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association. It is not to be expected that, where similar attempts have failed year after year, these two associations, neither much over a year old, will get along with no difficulties whatever; but each has started under more favorable circumstances and on a broader basis than in the past, and the results thus far are such as to encourage every hope of permanent success.

On the Lakes a similar work is under discussion, but has not advanced so far; there can be no doubt, however, that in spite of the notable apathy of some of the larger clubs, whose action might long ago have produced a union of all American clubs, a national association will be formed before many years. It would take comparatively little even now to bring together the Long Island Sound Union, the Massachusetts Association, and all the Lake clubs in the adoption of uniform rules and regulations, forming a body with which other clubs throughout the country would be glad to ally themselves.

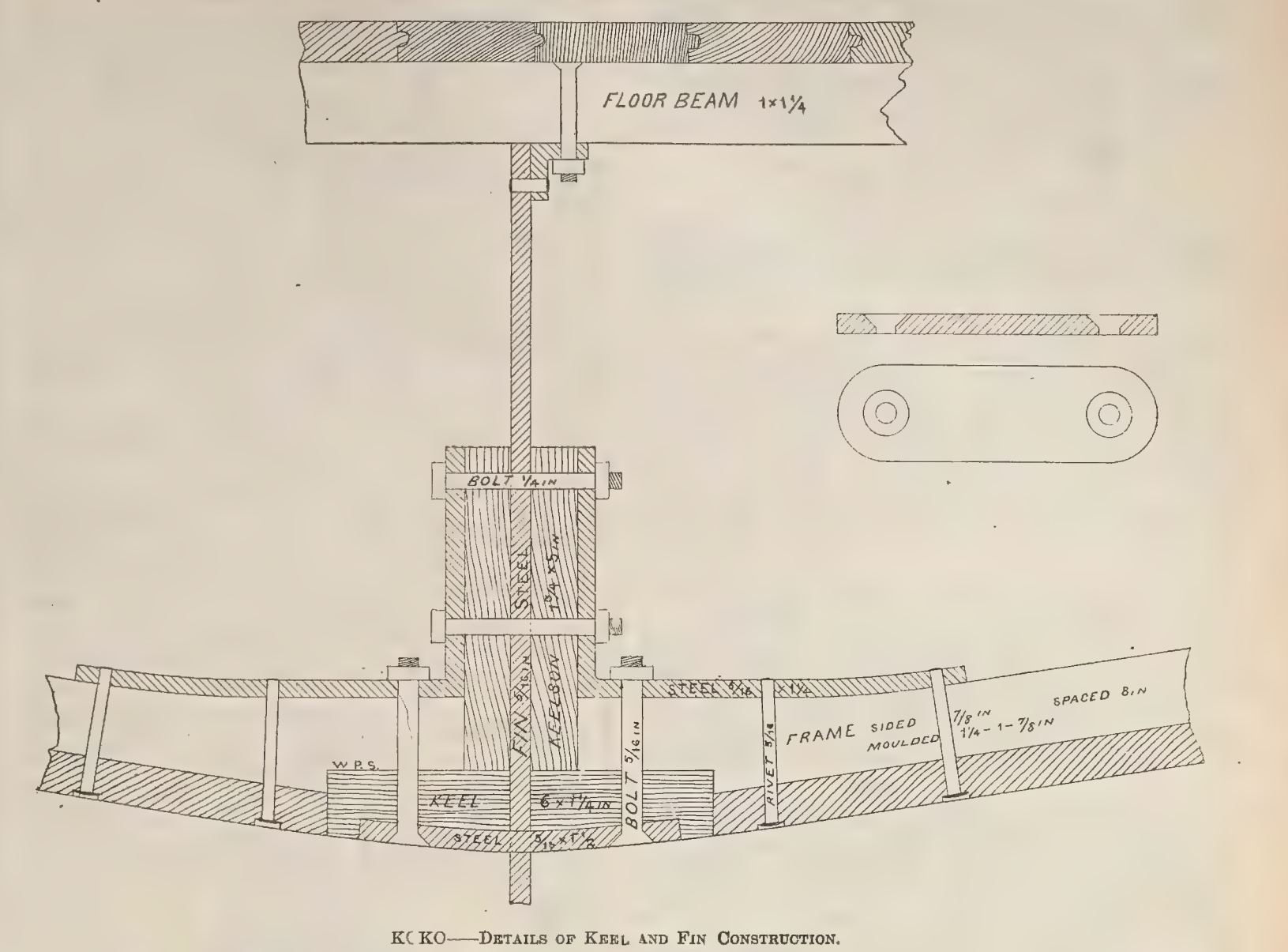
The immediate result of such work as has already been done must be to stimulate yacht racing as a popular sport in which all who have access to navigable waters may participate. The numerous classes, from the very smallest upward, recognized and encouraged by these bodies, offer opportunities for men of limited means and of all possible tastes, as the 15-footer or the small cabin cat is accorded quite as much attention as the largest schooner—a very different state of affairs from that existing in the larger clubs that have hitherto dominated yachting.

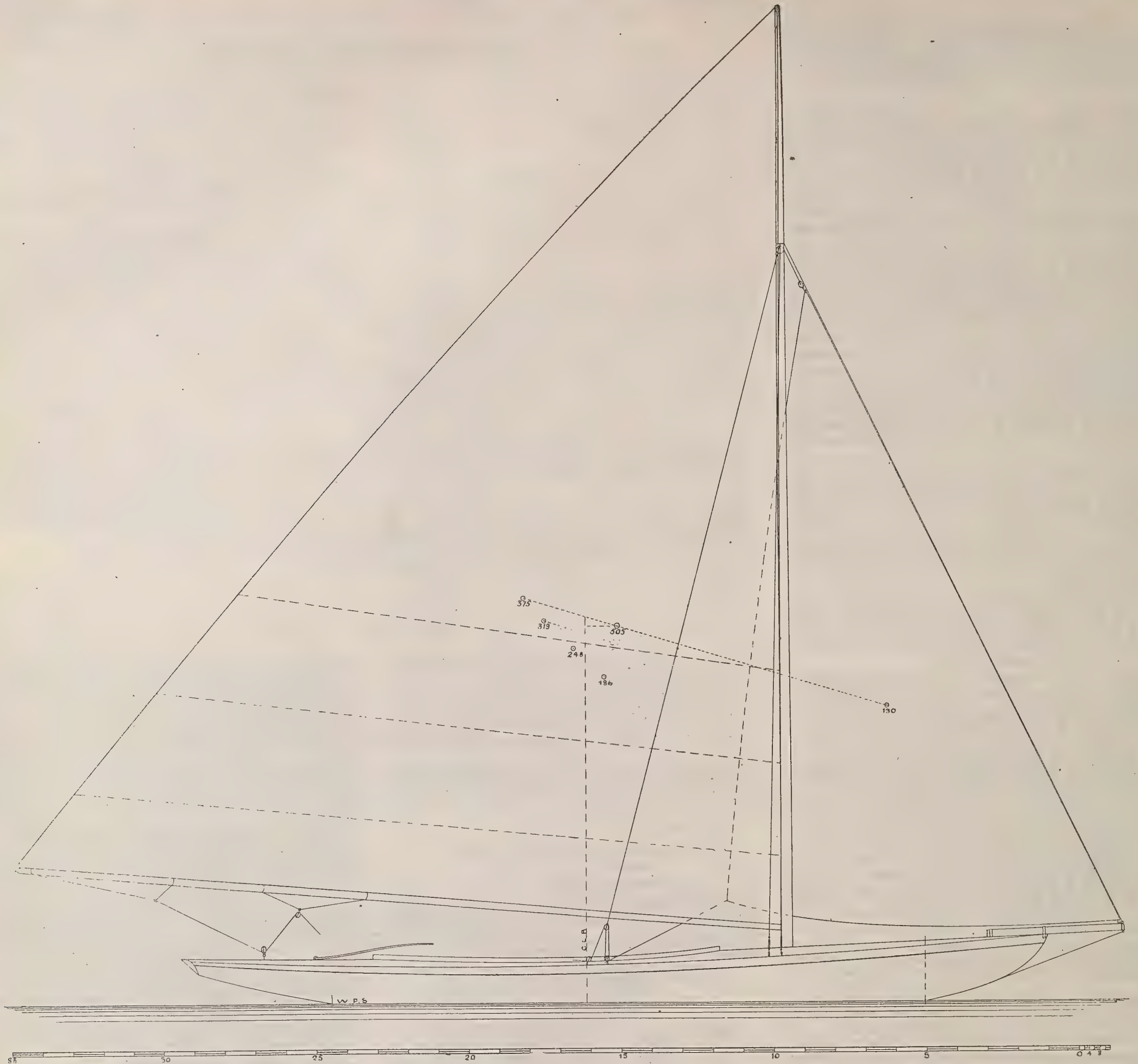
In any complete system of national yachting the first place must always be accorded to the strictly racing class, with new boats added each year, that makes the racing of the larger clubs and in the principal ports, such as the 90ft. schooner class, the 70ft. cutter class, the 40-footer and 30-footers in this country, and the old 40, 20 and 10 tonners and later the 40, 20, 10 and smaller rating classes in England. It is through such yachts that improvements originate and international matches are made; while the fame of their racing serves to stimulate yachting among men in distant places and who never see them.

At the same time, what is really more important is the successful maintenance of a large local fleet, through which the sport shall be represented on every river and lake and harbor in the land. Such a fleet as this is rapidly taking form and strength throughout the country, on all of the Great Lakes, on the smaller and isolated inland waters on the Pacific coast, as in Puget Sound. In this national fleet the number and quality of the yachts are increasing rapidly and the racing is of greater interest and more systematically conducted each year.

Of strictly international racing there will be none this year, as the yachting and canoeing interests of the United States and Canada are so closely associated as to obliterate all boundary lines; but at the same time there will be two series of matches which will attract special attention from the fact that the two competitors in each will sail under different national ensigns.

The greater contest, as size goes, will be between two new yachts, one built at Racine, Wis., and representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, the challenger, and the other built in Toronto and representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of that city, the race being sailed in neutral waters, presumably on Lake Erie. As both boats are really





SAIL PLAN OF KOKO—DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS.

Hiawatha.

THE first of the yachts to go overboard at the yard of C. L. Seabury & Co., at Nyack, was the one designed and built by the firm for Charles Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, named Hiawatha. The launch, after the custom of the yard, took place at night, just before 12 o'clock on April 29, the yard and vessels being decorated with electric lights and Chinese lanterns. A number of friends of the owner were present to represent him in his absence. The Hiawatha is 135ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 16ft. 2in. beam and 7ft. draft, with a Seabury triple compound and watertube boiler. The hull is single planked below the bilge and double planked above, with steel frames. The internal arrangement is very good and the saloon and staterooms are handsomely finished. The yacht is flush decked and schooner rigged. Capt. B. F. Smith will be in command. The steam yachts Kanawha and Mayita are nearly ready for launching at the same yard.

Ingomar.

EVER since the smart schooner Quickstep, of 65ft. l.w.l. was built in 1889 yachtsmen have praised the class as a most useful and convenient one, and every fall several new boats have been confidently predicted for it. After a great deal of idle talk it has taken seven years to build a second boat for the class, the steel schooner Ingomar, launched at Lawley's yard on April 25. The new yacht, which is for Mr. John D. Barrett, of New York, former owner of the sloops Madcap and Swananoa, was designed by H. C. Wintringham, and is intended for general yachting about the Sound and coast. She is 85ft. over all, 63ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 8ft. 2in. draft. As in Quickstep, the steel construction gives a strong and roomy craft, with trunk cabin and centerboard well out of the way. The yacht is not intended for racing, but will doubtless turn out quite fast. She is plated in lapstrake fashion.

Model Yachting.

THE model yacht Star, owned by G. W. Townley and G. F. Pigott, has been chosen to defend the American Model Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy against Ripple, owned by Wm. Wallen, Wave Crest M. Y. C., the race to take place on July 4 off the American Model Y. C. station, foot Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. G. D. Casey, owner of Henrietta, A. M. Y. C., has withdrawn his challenge for the *Outing* cup in favor of Messrs. Cogswell and Thompson, owners of the Wave, Wave Crest M. Y. C., l.w.l. 43in.; beam 14in., the race to be sailed on May 17 over the course of the W. C. M. Y. C., foot Fifty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. The present holder of the cup is John Smith's Dolphin.

The Payne Bill.

ON May 4 the Payne yacht bill was passed unanimously by the House of Representatives under a suspension of the rules. In deference to pressure from yachtsmen, and contrary to the wishes of its introducer, the bill was previously amended to read as follows:

"SECTION 4,216.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at

the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax, provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act.

"SECTION 2.—That section 11 of an act entitled 'An Act to Abolish Certain Fees for Official Services to American Vessels, and to Amend the Laws Relating to Shipping Commissioners, Seamen and Owners of Vessels and Other Purposes,' approved June 19, 1886, so far as the same exempts any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, from the payment of tonnage taxes, is hereby repealed."

As amended, the new law will not apply to foreign built yachts now in this country or at present building for American citizens.

Free Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article on "American and Foreign Steam Yachts," in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 25, commends itself entirely to my approval. I have for many years advocated free ships for the merchant service, and have adduced the same argument you employ; among many others that do not apply to yachts, that the free importation of vessels of all kinds from abroad, whether for the purposes of business or of pleasure, would be an incentive to our domestic shipbuilders to equal them, not only in speed and other desirable qualities, but in cost of construction. Some progress has already been made in this direction by the introduction of foreign built yachts, and its effect would by this time have been so complete, had our restrictive navigation laws been absolutely repealed, that we would have no occasion to go abroad for vessels of any description, whether propelled by sail or by steam. We observe that "The introduction of one little English boat, through the payment of a good round sum to the treasury of the United States by way of penalty, has brought work to the value of thousands of dollars to American builders this year, and will be the means of setting afloat probably 200 boats of home design and construction." So true it is that competition is the life of business. The monopoly possessed by our shipbuilders is a sedative, whereas competition would be a tonic. They stand in their own light and are entirely responsible for the almost total annihilation of our foreign carrying trade as well as for the impediments of which you so justly complain. Their influence over Congress in preventing any discussion of measures of relief from their dictation has been for many years unbounded, and until the true inwardness of it has been ascertained yachtsmen as well as merchant ship owners will continue to be powerless against them.

JOHN CODMAN.

ST. DENIS HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 3.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin returned to New York from Europe on April 29.

The mess dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at the Arena on April 30 passed off very pleasantly, about forty members being present. The next dinner will be on May 21.

May, steam yacht, E. D. Morgan, arrived at Port Jefferson on May 4, after a voyage of 10½ days from Southampton.

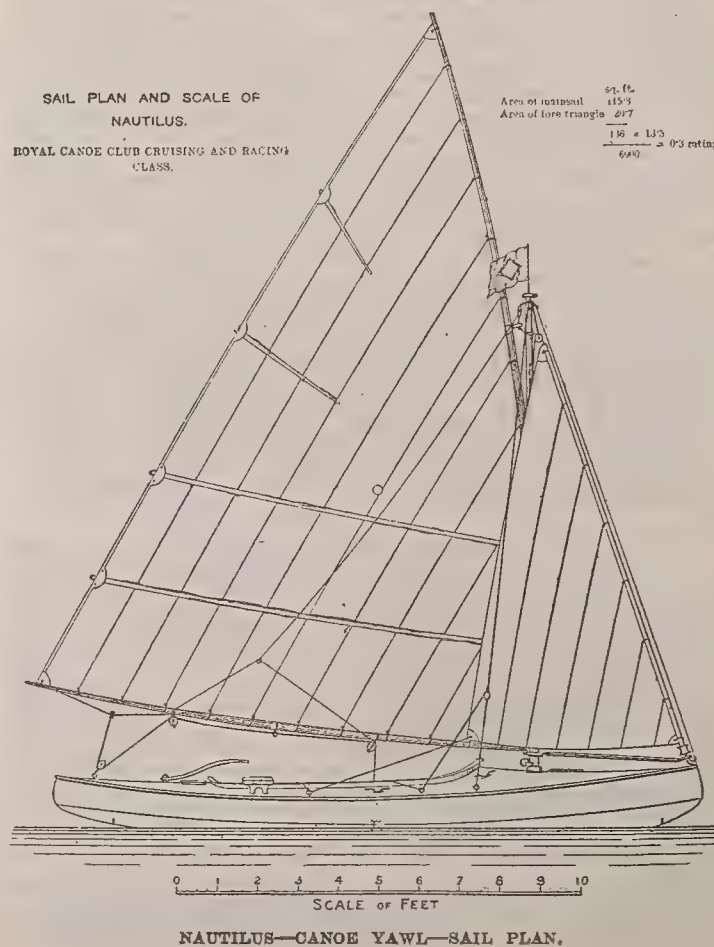
The Payne bill will probably come before Congress early this week in a somewhat different form from that originally proposed; yachts now owned by Americans, and new yachts actually under construction, being exempted from its provisions.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has issued a very neat programme for the racing season.

Com. Brown has appointed Chester C. Griswold, for some years a member of the regatta committee, as Fleet Captain of the New York Y. C.

H. Maitland Kersey has tendered his resignation as a member of the New York Y. C.

Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, formerly naval constructor in the U. S. Navy, will deliver a lecture before the Corinthian fleet on Saturday, May 9, at 8 P. M., at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York. The subject, one with which Mr. Nixon is perfectly conversant, will be the building of the new navy.



NAUTILUS—CANOE YAWL—SAIL PLAN.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSUERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Nautilus Rig.

The accompanying cut shows the sail plan of the canoe yawl Nautilus, from the Field. The rig is an unusual one for a canoe or canoe yawl.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division was held on April 25, at which it was decided to hold a meet of the Atlantic Division on Lake Hopatcong during the week including July 4. The exact site will be selected shortly and full advice as to transportation, etc., will be sent to all members. The chairman of the camp site committee is W. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J., and of the regatta committee is H. H. Smythe, 121 Pearl street, New York.

W. H. Martin, purser of the Central Division, A. C. A., died very suddenly on April 4 at his home in Rochester. Mr. Martin was very popular among the Rochester canoeists, and made many friends by his genial manners at Croton Point and Bluff Point.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
Complete machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Texas Rifle Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., April 27.—The sixth annual meeting of the Texas Rifle Association took place six miles from the little city of New Braunfels in a beautiful park, romantically punctuated with moss-laden live oak trees, under the auspices of the Green Valley Rifle Club, to-day and yesterday. There were team and individual contests and prizes given for the greatest number of flags. For two days the neighboring woods resounded with the crack of rifles. Scores:

Off-hand team shoot, conditions 125yds. off-hand, 5 shots:

San Antonio Team No. 1.				
E Dreiss.....	6	6	7	8-35
G Altmann.....	7	8	10	6-39
E Seffel.....	7	9	7	8-38

192

San Antonio Team No. 2.				
A Uhl.....	6	7	10	2-40
A Guenther.....	7	9	6	6-35
E Dosch.....	9	5	7	7-34

177

Green Valley Team.				
G Reifinger.....	9	5	10	8-40
H Syring.....	5	7	6	8-32
W Kneuper.....	6	8	10	7-36

157

Rest Team Match—Conditions: 200yds., rest, 5 shots:

San Antonio Team No. 1.				
A Steves.....	9	8	7	11-46
A Uhl.....	9	9	10	8-45
A Guenther.....	9	12	7	10-46

228

San Antonio Team No. 2.				
E Dosch.....	8	9	9	7-42
G Heye.....	8	9	10	8-42
E Dreiss.....	10	9	6	12-47

223

Deutsche Gebirgs-Verein Team.				
A Toepperwein.....	7	0	8	9-20
F Voges.....	8	9	7	10-42
M Koch.....	9	7	9	7-40

196

Green Valley Team.				
Wm Kneuper.....	9	10	9	11-48
W H Frisch.....	10	7	9	7-39
J Fey.....	8	10	6	7-38

215

Vogel's Valley Team.				
H Vogel.....	8	7	6	7-39
C Necker.....	7	9	7	7-37
F Hoag.....	10	6	6	7-38

216

San Antonio Team No. 1 wins first money, San Antonio Team No. 2 the second, Deutsche Gebirgs-Verein Team the third, Green Valley Team the fourth, and Vogel's Valley Team the fifth.

Individual off-hand match, 10 shots per man, standard target, 125yds.:

O C Guessaz.....	10	10	7	8	8	10	9	9-89		
A Uhl.....	10	8	10	7	10	6	8	10	9-88	
A Toepperwein.....	8	8	9	9	7	8	9	9-85		
A Guenther.....	6	10	9	8	9	10	6	10	7-84	
H Sattler.....	9	8	9	9	10	6	9	6	8-83	
C Hummel.....	7	7	8	9	7	8	5	8	10-79	
W Conrad.....	8	6	8	8	9	8	6	10	9-78	
G Reifinger.....	9	8	7	8	7	6	9	10	5-78	
J Schnabel.....	10	9	8	6	6	9	7	5	9-78	
H Syring.....	6	4	8	7	10	7	8	10	7-78	
Wm H Trisch.....	6	10	6	6	8	9	7	9	6	10-77
G Heye.....	10	7	4	5	9	8	8	9	7	7-76
W Kneuper.....	9	9	9	10	10	7	8	6	8-76	
E Seffel.....	8	10	7	8	5	7	6	7	8-74	
E Dreiss.....	9	10	7	6	5	10	8	5	7	6-73
O Forcke.....	7	10	4	5	9	8	6	9	6-73	
E Dosch.....	6	5	6	6	8	6	8	7	9	8-69
J Fey.....	8	5	8	7	5	6	5	8	8-69	
W Herpel.....	6	9	8	5	5	6	9	7	5-68	

There were forty-four contestants in this match and we give the scores only of those who won prizes.

Rest match, 10 shots per man, standard target, 200yds.

A Uhl.....	12	9	12	10	9	11	10	7	10	12-102
A Steves.....	9	11	11	10	9	12	10	9	9	9-100
H Voigtlander.....	9	12	9	9	11	11	10	9	9	9-98
G Reifinger.....	7	11	9	9	9	11	10	12	10-97	
H Sattler.....	9	7	9	9	10	11	12	12	10-97	
O Forcke.....	8	9	12	12	11	10	9	9	7-96	
E Seffel.....	7	10	9	9	8	12	9	11	11-94	
A Guenther.....	9	9	9	10	10	8	9	10	11-93	
H Syring.....	8	10	9	9	9	9	9	12	9-93	
O Heilig.....	8	11	12	11	8	9	8	7	9-92	
H Adams.....	9	8	9	7	11	10	9	11	8-91	
G Heye.....	9	12	9	10	7	7	8	10	9-91	
A Toepperwein.....	11	10	11	10	9	6	11	9	6-91	
W Weidner.....	9	10	9	9	10	9	7	8	10-89	
Wm Kneuper.....	9	8	9	7	11	8	9	9	10-89	
G Koch.....	9	8	8	7	9	12	9	8	11-89	
A Hartman.....	12	8	7	8	8	9	9	8	11-89	
C Necker.....	7	8	7	8	12	8	9	9	8-89	
E Steves.....	8	9	7	8	12	9	10	7	8-89	
J Hillert.....	6	9	10	10	12	9	8	8	8-89	
G Altmann.....	8	8	8	10	7	9	8	12	10-88	
W H Trisch.....	12	9	12	7	9	8	7	9	7-88	
J Schnabel.....	8	8	7	9	11	8	11	8	8-87	
O C Guessaz.....	6	11	1	0	9	9	10	12	10-87	
E Dreiss.....	9	10	10	7	8	9	11	8	5-87	

There were forty-five contestants. Only the prize winners' scores are given.

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., April 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held here to-day. The strong easterly wind kept the scores down, but Coombs made a fine score of 88 off-hand and Blake did some excellent work to win the military medal. The scores were:

Military Bronze and Silver Medal.

Won on 10 scores of 40 or better.

F R Blake.....43 43 43 41 44 44 43 41 41 45

All-Comers' Rest Match.

T E Russell.....12 12 11 9 10 9 11 12 10 12-108

B E Hunter.....12 9 11 9 12 9 12 12 11 11-108

M T Day.....101

All-Comers' Off-hand Match.

C A Coombs.....10 9 8 9 9 10 7 8 10 8-88

A B Snow.....73

Military Medal Match.

J W Blake.....454544555-45 M T Day.....41

E de Barthe.....444554445-43 A W Hill.....39

A B Snow.....444454454-42

Military Prize Cup Match—Standard Count.

J H Keough.....9 7 9 5 9-39 E de Barthe.....6 10 7 8 5-36

Lieut J Howard.....666767-38 A W Hill.....34

A W Carter.....757766-38 B W James.....33

Denyer.....547777-37 T H Howe.....30

Capt W Evans.....746647-34 Latley.....335556-27

Lieut Richardson.....777256-34 Andrews.....357345-27

Tilbury.....667545-33

Thirty-shot pistol match, 50yds.:

J T Humphrey.....7 8 9 10 8 9 10 10 9 10-90

8 10 8 10 8 10 9 9 9 7-90

10 8 10 7 8 8 10 8 10 10-89-269

All-comers' pistol match, 10yds.:

H B Parks.....10 8 9 9 7 7 8 8 9 7-82

C F Fellows.....7 9 9 8 10 6 9 7 6 7-78

J Cooney, Jr.....10 9 8 10 6 6 9 8 4 8-78

W A Wescott.....77

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, April 18.—The following are the latest scores with the revolver in this city:

April 8.—North London Rifle Club. Revolver Series I, 20yds., stationary target:

Major H Palmer.....777777-41 W Luff.....755557-33

Lieut E F Varley.....667766-38 Lieut Clemence.....774654-33

Lieut J Howard.....666767-38 R Chicken.....757734-33

A W Carter.....757766-38 T F Parker.....536747-30

Denyer.....547777-37 T H Howe.....546447-30

Capt W Evans.....746647-34 Latley.....335556-27

Lieut Richardson.....777256-34 Andrews.....357345-27

Tilbury.....667545-33

April 15.—Revolver Series I, 20yds., stationary target. Walter Winans shot for the first time this season and made the first highest possible made at the club this year. Scores:

Walter Winans.....777777-43 Lieut J Howard.....675556-34

Lieut Clemence.....677776-40 Ashby.....467665-33

Major Palmer.....765777-39 Tilbury.....545737-31

W Luff.....667774-37 Capt W Evans.....474763-31

Knapp.....756676-37 Andrews.....367347-30

Lieut Varley.....775756-37 Major R T Jones.....443766-30

A W Carter.....757665-36 W H Thompson.....564536-29

Clementi-Smith.....477675-36 T F Parkinson.....444534-24

April 16.—This was the opening day of the South London Rifle Club. Twenty yards, revolver, stationary:

E Howe.....777767-41 Clementi-Smith.....557757-36

Capt T W Heath.....767577-39 A Wilson.....574553-29

C Knapp.....667775-38 W B Read.....475354-28

Fifty yards target:

C Knapp.....377647-34 Capt T W Heath.....745456-31

Clementi-Smith.....475456-32

A Tournament at Walnut Hill in June.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., April 25.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association will hold a two days' shoot on its range here on June 17-18. The association will add \$500 as cash prizes for rifle and pistol competitions.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; \$2,000 added money.

May 7.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Tournament of the Home City Gun Club. Targets.

May 15-16.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Tournament of the Oritani Field Club. Targets.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club \$2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 28-30.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station, Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 20-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 23-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

We have received a copy of "Pigeon-Shooting," the work being from the pen of Blue Rock, the *nom de plume* of Captain A. W. Money. After giving the above information in regard to the author of this work, it is hard to add anything in commendation of the thorough and able manner in which Captain Money has covered the subject. The book is the first of its kind that we have come across, and it undoubtedly fills a vacancy in the library of the trap-shooter that has long needed such a work to occupy it. It is questionable whether the subject could have been handled satisfactorily by anybody of less experience than Captain Money, while it is certain that the many thousands of shots fired by the author on all the best-known pigeon grounds in the world have enabled him to give to shooters conclusions based on solid fact that are bound to be of help even to those who are not mere novices.

In our report of the Atchison tournament we stated that the empire traps and targets worked satisfactorily, or words to that effect. Our correspondent, Paul Litzke, was in no wise to blame for the error, having written merely that the traps and targets worked well. As we remembered it, the programme called for empire traps and targets, and under that impression we inserted the little word "empire" and let 'er go. We now learn that the targets thrown, over 50,000 by the way, were half blue rock and half empire, while the traps were twenty blue rocks, not empires. This was the result of an agreement of which we were not aware; hence the mistake above alluded to. Jack Parker looked after the blue rocks at this shoot, while Airy Lou Hardt saw to it that the empires were thrown satisfactorily from two of the four sets of traps.

Mr. W. F. de Wolf writes us under date of May 1 as follows: "The second meeting of Cook County Trap-Shooters' League will be held May 16, on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes' avenue; reached by electric cars on Clark street line direct to grounds without charge, fare 5 cents. The grounds will be open for sweepstake shooting from 10 A. M.; all moneys divided on the jack-rabbit system, so as to encourage the young shooters, amateurs, etc., to go in. The Cleveland Target Co. has said, that if it was a possible thing to have a magautrap in Chicago on that date, it would do so and operate it as one set of traps; if so, this will give us three sets in use on that date. A large meeting and lively time may be looked for."

The annual meeting of the Baldwinville Gun Club was held in the Narragansett parlors on the evening of May 1. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. S. Stoddard; Vice-President, H. A. Perkins; Treasurer, W. P. Lund; Secretary, F. L. Hager; Captain, H. A. Perkins; Directors: Albert E. Hager, W. P. Lund, A. W. Ladeau. The treasurer's report was very gratifying, showing a handsome little nest egg as a starter for the season's sport. A number of new members were initiated and the outlook for the coming season is very promising. Practice shoots every Wednesday afternoon on club grounds. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

The dinner tendered O. R. Dickey by his fellow members of the Boston, Mass., Shooting Association, on the evening of April 24, was a great success, and the winner of the Grand American Handicap of 1896 was toasted in great shape. In addition to being made the recipient of several nice verbal remarks, Dickey was made a present of a roll top desk and chair as a proof of how much his friends in the East think of him. We understand that the first use Dickey made of his desk was to figure out how much it would take to win the championship at the E. C. shoot this week.

In a personal letter just received from Tom Divine (no need to enter into further particulars as to who and what he is) the following occurs: "We are just going to simply turn ourselves loose from May 11-16, and have a week of fun. There will be at least twelve or fifteen of our club shooting through this tournament. Every effort will be made to entertain everybody that comes here, especially those people who come from a long distance." We will be there, and we are of the kind that "come from a long distance," and that are always willing to be enter tained.

There will be an open all-day shoot at the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Pimlico Road, Thursday, May 14, 1896, starting promptly at 9 o'clock. Nobody barred. Everything pertaining to a tournament will be at hand. Will adjourn at 1 o'clock sharp for dinner, at which time the annual meeting of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League will be held. All clubs of the State and District are invited to attend, as re-election of officers will take place and outlining of business of the League for 1896.

STANLEY BAKER, Secretary.

Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., is just now busily engaged at Gutenberg smashing targets with a load of W-A powder. This may sound strange to some who only know Tom as "Troisdorf Callender." It will be news to them to learn that Laffin & Rand will handle the output of the plant of the American Smokeless Powder Co., and that W-A will now be placed on the market by the manufacturers of the famous Orange Extra, and will be known as Laffin & Rand's W-A powder.

The tournament squad pads issued by FOREST AND STREAM seem to have made their mark. That they are just the thing is proved by the number that have done their duty at tournaments this season. All managers of tournaments, and the secretaries of clubs that are contemplating holding shoots, should write to FOREST AND STREAM for sample and prices.

The first tournament of the Annapolis (Md.) Gun Club will be held on their grounds May 20 and 21. The first day the principal event will be a handicap race open to all, target allowance, price of targets. The second day the principal event will be a team race of six men, \$75 guaranteed.

J. M. HAWKIN, Manager.

Correspondents must not forget that all matter intended for the trap department should be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company. If addressed personally to the editor of this department it is liable to serious delay, owing to his enforced absence from the city during the tournament season.

Paul Litzke has been doing good work for FOREST AND STREAM at the April circuit tournaments. Paul is a hustler and gets the news that's going, and puts it in a shape that takes the fancy of the shooters. When it comes to getting the scores to New York, there are few that can beat our Little Rock correspondent.

The Springfield, Mass., Gun Club, a recently organized club for promoting trap-shooting, has elected the following officers: President, Dr. J. T. Herrick; Vice-President, Colonel A. H. Goetting; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry L. Hawes.

Although we don't hear very much from Cincinnati, we understand that R. S. Waddell is not wasting his time, but is making preparations that are bound to make a success of the Hazard tournament the third week in May.

Irby Bennett wires under date of May 5: Charlie Hebbard will have charge of traps and Elmer Shaner the shooters at coming tournament Memphis Gun Club. The attendance promises to be enormous.

The Warren, O., Gun Club will hold its fourth tournament on May 14. One of the events on the programme is the team race between clubs composing the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., are going to handicap experts pretty severely, and give the under dog a show. See their programme, noted elsewhere.

The Newburgh, N. Y., shooters gave their guests a good time at the shoot last week, but we missed the genial face and hypnotic influence of secretary W. C. Gibb.

We shall hear more about the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament this week. Hobbie, Kendall and Brown can scarcely keep away from the E. C. tournament.

The twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, will take place May 23-30.

MAY 4.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Opening of the E. C. Tournament.

No. 7, 15 targets, \$5 added, entry \$2; No. 8, 20 targets, entry \$2; No. 9, 25 targets, \$10 added, entry \$8; No. 10, 25 targets, \$10 added, entry \$8.

JOHN R. BANTA, Sec'y

THIRD DAY, APRIL 30.

Uxbridge, Mass., April 25.—The first target shoot of the Uxbridge Gun Club took place to-day on the fair grounds. Those present shot from the 14yds. mark. Almost everybody was strange to the business of smashing targets, hence the low percentages made. The numbers in brackets after each man's name show the number of targets he shot at. The percentages were as follows:

Jerry Provo (20)	85 per cent;	E. A. Ford (30)	75;	Dr. A. E. Jones		
(30)	51.6;	Wm Fleming (20)	42.5;	W. S. Hobbs (30)	41.6;	G. T. Hobbs
(30)	38.3;	Geo. F. Day (20)	22.5;	J. W. Day (10)	20;	Bernie Loughlin (30)
6.5;	W. E. Rawson (20)	10,				Geo. F. Day, Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., April 24.—The spring tournament of the Boston Shooting Association was attended with every success generally incident to such meetings of this organization. Of course the shooting was under the direction of Orrin R. Dickey, the club's manager, who kept things running every day with the smoothness of clockwork. The creature comforts of the shooters were looked after by Caterer Dill, who provided the usual Boston Shooting Association dinner—that means a great deal.

During the three days of this shoot there was some excellent work done by the shooters. Miskay, of the Boston Gun Club, who is probably as good a shot at targets as any lady in the world, and who can beat pretty nearly every male member of her club, was present on the second day and did some very good work, although it was not perhaps up to her usual standard. The scores of each day are given in order below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Le Roy.....	5	10	10	8	9	10	12	8	10	11	8	9	10	8	8	10	8
Mills.....	5	10	10	9	9	8	12	8	10	7	8	10	8	8	9	8	9
Peabody.....	5	6	3	6	8	6	5	4	6	5	4	6	5	4	6	5	4
Barrett.....	10	8	9	6	8	10	10	9	12	10	7	8	9	8	6	8	6
Dickey.....	10	9	10	10	7	14	8	7	13	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	9
Bartlett.....	9	10	9	9	9	14	10	8	11	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	9
Herbert.....	9	9	9	9	8	11	10	10	12	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	9
Rule.....	5	9	10	9	9	14	9	7	12	8	8	6	8	9	9	9	9
Sanborn.....	9	13	6	5	12	10	9	8	10	9	8	9	9	8	9	9	9
Snow.....	8	4	5	5	5	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	10
Puck.....	5	11	6	9	14	5	8	5	9	7	10	7	10	7	10	7	10
Bates.....	10	9	8	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	8	9	8	10	9	8	9
Thompson.....	12	9	8	6	5	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8

SECOND DAY, APRIL 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Le Roy....	10	9	9	10	8	10	13	10	8	14	9	19	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10
Puck.....	10	8	6	7	7	9	10	10	8	13	10	15	8	6	9	7	6	9	7	8	6
Bartlett..	9	7	10	9	8	10	15	8	8	14	9	20	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	9	7
Herbert..	9	8	10	8	8	9	10	7	10	13	7	17	9	9	6	8	8	8	9	7	4
Barrett..	8	9	6	8	3	5	9	6	8	9	13	7	10	7	9	5	6	7	7	4	7
King.....	8	6	10	8	8	6	9	8	10	11	8	7	4	6	9	8	5	9	9	8	7
Mills.....	7	6	6	9	7	12	5	6	14	8	14	9	7	7	9	7	7	9	8	7	6
Strong...	7	5	9	7	5	8	11	13	8	17	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	7	6
Davis....	6	7	7	9	3	8	14	8	9	13	8	16	7	6	7	9	3	6	7	8	7
Kenerson.	6	8	8	6	9	10	13	8	9	11	10	18	9	8	10	7	6	8	6	10	10
Thompasn	6	7	5	7	6	7	12	8	4	12	6	19	8	9	8	6	6	8	7	5	6
Pike.....	5	7	8	6	5	9	7	6	8	10	9	10	10	9	8	9	8	9	8	9	8
Bond.....	7	6	6	9	7	4	12	6	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dickey....	9	13	14	18	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sanborn..	11	8	9	12	9	19	7	9	10	10	7	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Blinn....	9	6	6	13	8	19	5	6	5	2	4	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Snow.....	9	7	12	7	12	6	5	7	7	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bates....	5	4	9	8	16	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Curtis...	6	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Winn.....	11	10	16	9	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Mason....	10	5	13	8	8	7	6	8	9	6	8	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Adams....	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Short....	6	6	8	8	8	7	7	6	6	8	10	6	6	7	8	9	8	9	8	7	6
Bennett..	20	8	6	10	6	6	7	8	9	8	10	6	6	7	8	9	8	9	8	7	6
S Wood...	17	9	7	6	9	7	7	6	8	9	7	6	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	7	6
Pray.....	11	6	6	7	4	7	6	7	6	8	9	7	6	8	9	8	9	8	9	7	6
Gore.....	7	6	7	8	8	7	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7
Jack.....	8	9	9	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Miskay...	5	7	8	7	9	7	8	7	8	7	9	7	8	7	9	7	8	7	9	7	6
Ellsworth	5	9	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6
Hastings.	5	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6	7	6

THIRD DAY, APRIL 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Davis.....	7	9	8	9	7	9	9	6	9	9	7	8	10	13	6	5	7	10	10	10	10	10
Mills.....	7	9	9	7	8	8	9	9	8	10	9	9	13	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Eager.....	7	8	8	10	9	8	7	6	9	10	8	11	9	9	8	11	8	6	5	7	12	12
Bartlett.....	7	10	8	9	8	9	10	10	17	7	9	14	9	8	13	8	8	5	7	12	12	12
Rowe.....	7	7	7	6	6	6	8	8	10	14	6	7	6	11	7	5	4	13	13	13	13	13
Barrett.....	7	8	8	8	8	8	6	7	8	8	11	8	7	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dickey.....	7	10	9	10	10	9	8	14	10	8	11	7	6	12	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Strong.....	6	10	7	7	4	8	6	7	13	7	7	5	7	11	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dalton.....	6	8	7	9	7	4	8	9	13	7	8	9	5	9	11	9	8	7	12	12	12	12
Kenerson.....	5	7	8	9	9	6	8	5	9	16	10	10	8	9	12	8	10	10	10	10	10	10
Martin.....	10	7	7	8	8	7	6	15	7	6	11	6	9	15	8	3	8	12	12	12	12	12
Thompson.....	9	9	7	9	7	9	7	9	17	8	12	7	4	8	11	8	7	3	4	12	12	12
Puck.....	9	7	4	8	5	6	6	16	8	14	8	5	7	12	7	6	3	7	12	12	12	12
Le Roy.....	8	7	8	17	10	7	14	8	9	10	14	6	9	8	8	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Climax.....	18	10	15	10	8	7	8	12	10	10	10	8	7	8	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Pray.....	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Winn.....	9	10	5	6	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Bond.....	7	6	12	4	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sanborn.....	6	8	12	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Ellsworth.....	8	5	8	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
S Wood.....	3	3	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Adams.....	3	3	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., April 29.—The Boston Gun Club opened its new prize series on Wednesday last under favorable auspices as regards weather and attendance. The new prize list, together with handicap alterations, are posted in club house, and everything looks well for a pleasant series of 10 shoots. Five scores, selected at attendance decides, count for prizes and the prize score of 25 single targets, 15 known and 10 unknown from known traps, should enable good totals to appear each week. Mr. Sawyer certainly this week set a good example, with a splendid 23. Tabulated shooting as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Avery (16).....	3	8	6	7	4	8	7	4	3	5	10	10	10	10
Sawyer (15).....	1	7	7	8	5	13	10	2	6	10	10	10	10	10
Sears (16).....	1	4	5	7	7	4	6	8	3	9	6	5	10	10
Sheffield (15).....	3	6	8	6	7	5	10	8	3	6	5	4	10	10
Pond (15).....	1	5	6	3	3	2	7	5	1	5	10	10	10	10
Horace (16).....	2	6	7	7	11	7	2	7	10	5	3	10	10	10
Kirkwood (18).....	3	2	5	7	4	5	12	6	2	8	7	4	5	10
Spencer (17).....	6	4	7	6	6	6	2	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
Miskay (18).....	7	8	6	14	7	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Trefery (15).....	1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Johns (15).....	10	8	9	0	3	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Nichols (16).....	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

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BUFFALO IN PARKS.

It appears to be settled that the greater part of Mr. Corbin's herd of buffalo is to come to New York, and to be turned over to the Park Commissioners here for exhibition to the public. While the exact spot at which the herd is to be located has not yet been publicly announced, it is understood that Van Courtlandt Park has been chosen for its home, and that the number to be brought here is thirty-five.

It seems fitting that this herd of buffalo should have its feeding ground in the largest of the New York parks, which is also one of the most beautiful. Van Courtlandt Park comprises within its boundaries an area of 1,069 acres. It lies partly on hills and partly in the valley, near the center of which is the beautiful Van Courtlandt Lake. A large portion of the level ground in the valley has been set apart by law as a parade ground and rifle range for the militiamen of New York State, but besides this there are hundreds of acres of beautifully sloping hillsides which are as yet practically undisturbed.

No doubt when these animals are shipped from New Hampshire they will be stalled separately in the cars, and not packed in together as range cattle and horses are shipped. The disastrous experience of shippers in the past has shown that if buffalo are packed in like cattle many of them will be killed or injured during the journey. At the present day risks of this sort should not be taken.

The history of Mr. Corbin's herd of buffalo is pretty well known from the accounts published about it in our annual reports on the private game preserves of this country. It began with a few head purchased from C. J. Jones, of Kansas, and has been added to from time to time by purchase from Charles Allard and others, and by the natural yearly increase. Last season, we believe, this increase was fifteen calves, and this year twenty or twenty-five are expected. The herd at present numbers fifty-five or sixty, old and young. Unless some unexpected misfortune should happen to it, the autumn of 1897 should see it numbering 100 head, including calves. There are but two herds of buffalo in America which exceed Mr. Corbin's in number. One of these, belonging to Charles Allard and Michel Pablo, of the Flat Head Reservation in Montana, numbered last autumn, as we were told by Mr. Allard, over 200 head. The other is the property of Mr. Goodnight, of Texas, and by this time should contain more than 100 buffalo, if it is still cared for as it used to be.

Mr. Corbin's buffalo have always been kept on his Blue Mountain Forest Preserve in New Hampshire, where they have done remarkably well. There is no reason to doubt that they may do quite as well in New York City, and should they increase here as rapidly as they seem to have done in their mountain home, the prospect for the herd is a grand one.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the liberal spirit which Mr. Corbin shows in consenting to permit this splendid possession to be brought to New York for the instruction and entertainment of his fellow citizens. The founding of the great game preserve in New Hampshire is something that might have been done by any wealthy man from selfish motives, but Mr. Corbin, while he no doubt established this preserve primarily for his own pleasure, rises superior to considerations of self

when the opportunity offers to make his collection useful in a broader field, and thinks of the good of the community of which he is a member. Such an exhibition of public spirit is very unusual.

Just as New York has secured for exhibition a splendid herd of buffalo, Chicago has parted with a number of those which she owned, and which have long been on exhibition in Lincoln Park. There were twelve of these, five of which, a bull and four cows, have passed into the hands of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., and reached that company's game park at Adrian, Mich., in good condition the last of April. The same company have since purchased two more buffalo from the herd of Mr. John Bass, of Fort Wayne, Ind. The other seven Chicago buffalo were sold to Mr. E. C. Waters, the manager of the steamboat line on the Yellowstone Lake. He announced his purpose of shipping the animals to the National Park, where they were to be put on an island in the lake, to be kept there as an attraction for tourists. This purchase was never completed. The buffalo were resold to some German animal dealers, who have taken five of them abroad. They go to the Leipsic Zoölogical Gardens and to the Royal Menagerie at Schoenbrunn.

There was something fairly pathetic in the purchasing of the menagerie buffalo to be sent out to the Yellowstone Park, where still linger the pitiful remnants of the only wild herd in the United States; but it would have been far better to have them go there than to see them shipped out of the country.

The Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens have sold two of their yearling buffalo—a bull and a heifer—to Dr. W. A. Conklin, and they reached New York last Monday and were shipped to Germany by the steamer Lahn on Tuesday. They are destined for the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens.

To one who twenty-five years ago traveled for weeks without ever being out of sight of buffalo, who saw the plains blackened by the innumerable multitudes which swept by in terror, and heard the dumb earth throb beneath the beating of their countless hoofs, it cannot but seem strange that we should now be keeping a record of the few survivors of this mighty race. The record should be kept, and sad to say, it grows easier to keep year by year, as the numbers of the buffalo grow less and less.

SALMON, DUCKS AND TERRAPIN.

AN old story widely current relates that once upon a time salmon were so plentiful that masters were restrained by articles of indenture from feeding apprentices on the fish more than so many days a week. The tale is told of the Connecticut River in this country, of the Merrimac, and of other streams where salmon are now a rarity. More anciently it had been related of rivers in Scotland. Whenever any one ventures to question the truth of the story he is referred to the old records, which somewhat vaguely are said still to exist.

Not long ago a correspondent, who wrote of duck shooting on the Chesapeake Bay as he had found it when the game was much more abundant than it is now, referred to an earlier time when the wildfowl were in such store that the slaves were fed upon them as a steady diet. When we flouted this story of the plenitude of wildfowl and ventured a suggestion that it was a variation of the salmon story, our correspondent promptly retorted that the condition of affairs as related by him was a historical fact and could be proved by documents in existence. He has sent us an excerpt from a diary of an aunt, which relates to the early years of the century between 1820 and 1825, in which it is recorded that on "Carroll Island and all along Chesapeake canvasback ducks were so plentiful that the negroes were fed on them, and contracts were made in hiring slaves not to feed them over twice a week on them." The diary further chronicles, "Gen'l Cadwallader and my grandfather, as well as many other large farmers and owners, had long-barreled guns on carriages and often killed eight to ten dozen at one firing."

Another article of food rare and costly and esteemed as a luxury by the gourmets of our generation, but which in former times was so common as to pall on the appetite, was the diamond-back terrapin found in this same fertile Chesapeake Bay; and the diamond-back has been given rank with the salmon and the canvasback duck as having been a subject of specification as to the dietary treatment of servants. Mr. A. T. La Vallette, of Crisfield, Md., who has for years controlled the supply of terrapin of the

Chesapeake, relates that "in times gone by terrapin were so plentiful that they were fed to the negro slaves, being about the cheapest kind of food at that period. Some of the masters would overfeed their slaves to such an extent that they were compelled to sign articles of agreement that terrapin should be fed but once or twice a week. If anybody doubts this," he adds, "there are old documents still on file at some of the county seats of the Eastern Shore of Maryland that will confirm the truth of what I say."

Here then we have three variations of the story, one of the waters fishy, one of the air flighty, and last of the mud amphibious, long-lived and likely to outlast the others.

MORE JUGGLING AT ALBANY.

THERE is good ground for believing that the game selling provision of the New York game law, Section 249, permitting the sale of game the year around, was juggled into the statute by a hocus-pocus in the confusion and rush of the last hours of the session of 1895. The measure was not incorporated into the law as a product of deliberation and consideration, but as an interjected piece of trickery, which astonished even some of the men who were watching the bill most carefully. It was added as an amendment at the last moment, and probably was not passed by both branches of the Legislature.

Something of like nature has been perpetrated again this year. Senator White's bill was the one in which were embodied the recommendations coming from the State Sportsmen's Association, as the fruit of its Syracuse convention in January. The measure had the approval of the Fish and Game Commission, and more than this, so far as possible all other amendments favored by the Commission had been incorporated in the White bill. The bill had passed the Senate and was brought up in the House on the last day of the session. There was every certainty that it would pass, when Mr. Husted offered an amendment to read that shad nets in the Hudson should be taken up for one day only instead of for two days, as the text read. The effect of adopting any amendment at this juncture would be to prevent the passage of the entire bill, for under the rules three days would be required for the bill to pass after amendment. The Assembly therefore voted down the amendment by an overwhelming majority. In the face of this, however, Speaker Fish declared the amendment carried, and so defeated the entire bill.

These facts speak for themselves, and show some of the obstacles annually encountered at Albany by those who seek to perfect the protective system.

One provision of the White bill repealed Section 249, relating to the sale of game. It was quite fitting that a measure which originally found its way into the statute by questionable methods should be retained there by legislative ways not less devious.

NEW YORK INDIANS AND THE GAME LAWS.

By the courtesy of Judge Vreeland we publish in full to-day the opinion rendered by him in the case of James Pierce, a Seneca Indian convicted of a misdemeanor in having dynamited fish in a stream on the reservation. It is a very clear and what may be accepted as conclusive exposition of the principles governing the case. The sole contention of the Indians was that their treaty provisions retained to them the right of hunting and fishing on their reservations unrestricted by the game and fish laws. Judge Vreeland reports that he has been unable to discover any such treaty provision, and in its absence the Senecas cannot maintain their claim. The most notable feature of the affair is that the question at issue should not have been determined years ago.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

ONE of the acts of New York for 1896 sets apart the waters of the St. Lawrence River from Tibbet's Point Lighthouse to the city of Ogdensburg as a water park subject to special provisions with respect to fishing. The open season for St. Lawrence River black bass, pickerel, pike and maskinonge is fixed from June 10 to Dec. 31, both inclusive; the lawful limit of black bass is 10 in.; no person may take more than twelve bass in one day, nor any boat party more than twenty-four; and it is required of fishermen that on request by any fish and game protector they shall permit inspection of their catch, with penalty for refusal to do so. The Fish Commission is directed to name a special protector for the district.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WOODCOCK, GROUSE AND PICTURES.

THE year 1895 was the one in which I was to take my long vacation, and during the entire summer we had planned where we would go, what we would do, etc., and about every week some article which would be needed for the "big hunt" was added to our already well-stocked outfits. These preparatory purchases, with a frequent run-together to talk things over, served to pass the summer quickly, but they nearly drove the rest of the office force insane. Before I could go I had to have a dog, and right here is where fate stepped in and made several abrupt changes in the programme I had decided upon.

It has come to be almost a proverb that most of a man's troubles have a female at the bottom of them, and the series of complications into which I was now forced was no exception to the general rule, though the female who caused an abandonment of all my late vacation plans was only a female English setter.

The boys were all ready to start on Oct. 8, and had arranged to put in a month at our old '94 camp at Gravel Dam, on Mopang Lake. I was to go along with them as far as, possibly, Wiscasset or some other shore town, where I would put in a couple of weeks with the "long bills" and "old Pats," then follow them into camp and try for big game. The supplies were all purchased and sent into camp, and Joe was located there and waiting for us, when I learned that I would not be able to go for a week or two unless I went without my new dog. That I could not do. I have been without a dog for nearly three years, during which time I have been continually on the lookout for one. As the hunting season approached I became desperate, but not a good dog could I find that it did not take hundreds to own. It might as well have been thousands. Finally I heard of a little bitch, half sister to my last dog (as good a recommendation as she could possibly have), and every one who knew her said that she was just a little bit the best bitch they had ever seen. I saw her owner. I tried her, and although I had to dig pretty deep, I bought her. I thought a bang-up bitch would come nearer pleasing me than a fair dog. That's where I hit it.

I gave her to a friend to hunt her till I started for Maine; then, when it came to start for Maine I went up and hunted with my friend, while the boys went down to camp without me.

I was completely disheartened at the outcome of all my long-cherished vacation plans, but I took my gun and camera and Oliver's old Ned (to try and work off a summer's accumulation of fat for him), and went up to make the best of it with Bob and Gypsy Belle II.—that's what we call her in company, but in the field I found that Zip seemed to fit her better. It's more of an explosive and travels quite a distance more quickly and without losing so much of its force as a longer name. Bill Perry always said that a good name for a dog was one that you could "yell." His dog is always Ben. I found that Zip was a good name to yell, but after we had become pretty well acquainted I frequently found it not inconvenient to call her Gypsy, and she was such a cheerful, tireless worker, and withal so clever, that I easily forgave her early attempts to impose on me and run the hunt herself. Hunting them alternate days we had quite a good supply of dog.

Well, Bob and I had a royal good time for two weeks, hunting as handsome a piece of country as the sun ever cast shadows over. From Wachusett Mountain on the

his "dad" brought home, though, and I think he is going to be one of us all right.

The next morning Oliver and myself, with another friend, started for the Granite State and woodcock, and after dinner that day we went out and killed eight. So Oliver had his woodcock shoot.

We finished out the week there and had a thoroughly good time, and took home something over thirty birds. The weather was delightful and the covers easy, but the birds were scarce. Still we always managed to find a few, and saw some beautiful work by the dogs. I think our friend Frank had a pointer, Mack, who showed more style on a point or draw than any dog I ever saw, and together they made quite a pair. The horse would hardly come to a full stop beside a cover before Frank was out, his overcoat off, Mack bounding into the air as high as his head, while "Come! come! get a wiggle on, boys!" urged Oliver and me to greater exertions to extricate ourselves and traps from the rear seat, while Rufus was hitching the horse. Rufus was one of the characters of the town, as a hanger-on about a livery stable so frequently is.

I think I must have followed that pointer a hundred miles with my camera on my back trying to get a snap



SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR IT.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

at one of his hair-raising points. But I could never catch him. Those dogs had no more idea how a well bred dog who "wanted his picture took" should behave than I have of preaching. They simply would not come to a stand except it was in the midst of or behind a clump of brush, and if we "whoa'd" them they always limbered up, let their tongues loll out, wagged their tails, or did something to spoil what we were after—an honest and at the same time, spirited "game" point.

I did succeed in getting a fair snap at Ned, but in an unfavorable position. We wasted hours, lost dozens of birds, and I probably crawled several miles on hands and knees in a vain attempt to "get into position." However, I succeeded in getting a few pictures, which are very pleasant remembrances of a very pleasant vacation, even if the little bitch did upset my plans for a trip to Maine.

C. HARRY MORSE.

BOSTON, MASS.

A CHEAP OUTERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About two years since I built a rough cabin for outing purposes—as I generally manage to get a vacation during early summer before the big rush and jam of the season commences—at my home in Asbury Park, and during each of the past two summers I have put in my vacations in and around that cabin, the Little Bresh, as it is called. It is situated among the big hills in northeastern Connecticut, on a high and dry knoll, with large oak and other trees in front (they cannot be seen in the photo which I send), and with not another house in sight, but woods all around. A small stream runs by a short distance in rear of cabin, and there is a never-failing well of the coldest, clearest and purest water some 40 yds. in front. I had the well dug and stoned up especially for the use of those who might be at the cabin. A trout stream and several lakes stocked with black bass are within easy reach.

For the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who, like myself, are not overburdened with riches and who nevertheless would like to have an inexpensive, permanent and, I might say, most delightful place to spend a vacation once in a while, either alone or with one's family or friends, I will give a few points of instruction in regard to the cost of some such a building.

The specifications of this one are thus: frame 16 x 20 ft., 9 ft. posts and roof one-third rise; veranda, 5 ft. in width. All the frame of young chestnut timber and plenty of it, and hewn just as little as possible. Siding of full inch unplanned pine boards, the outside battened with cedar poles averaging 4 in. in diameter, halved lengthwise with band saw. Roof closely covered with 1 in. boards and then covered again with cedar shingles, best quality. The siding required nearly 1,000 ft. of pine boards, and the floor with roof of both cabin and veranda took about 1,300 ft. of chestnut 1 in. boards. Floor of house, two thicknesses of unplanned boards; floor of veranda, one. Veranda roof of chestnut boards, and battened with chestnut slabs, and its posts unhewn chestnut sticks. Windows cut from siding, the boards battened on the inside and made to slide on girts inside and fastened with hooks. No glass to get broken. Door rough pine boards, battened and hung in the usual way.

Of cash paid out, the battens cost \$10; shingles, some \$20; and hardware, some \$8 or \$10 more. The rest of the material was furnished from the woods on the tract. Sawmill bill, say \$20 more, and labor not far from \$60. Had I bought all of the material, the whole cost, including labor, would have been not far from \$150. A fireplace and chimney of stone, or if preferred of brick, could be put up for, say, \$25 more, making the whole cost not to exceed \$175.

As I have been there only in warm weather, there has been no need of a chimney as yet; but earlier or later in the season one would be necessary and could easily be built, as suitable stones are plenty around there. I shall have a large fireplace and chimney built in the near

future. I have now a rough stone affair a few yards from the cabin, where I do the cooking, and every evening have a rousing camp-fire in front of and but a few steps from the door. Although the immediate neighborhood is thinly populated, there is almost always quite a crowd of persons of both sexes to enjoy those camp-fires. Evening callers seem to come from all directions.

Hammocks and a swing are hung to the branches of a gigantic oak standing but a few steps from the cabin. As to furniture, the bedstead, table, benches and stools are made of rough material; and even the broom that one may see hanging by the door in the photo, near where I am shown, was made out of a small hickory tree. The bedstead is made of four chestnut posts and some 1 in. pine boards put together like a box. It is filled with either straw or new-mown, well-dried hay, and covered with a large blanket, with other blankets for coverlets if needful; the bolster is filled with the same material as is in the bed. What delightful sleeps one can get on that rough bed!

Although the whole establishment may look rather uncouth so far as utility is concerned, for me it fills the bill exactly, and by what I can learn nearly all of those who have seen it seem to be favorably impressed with its design.

Now, often a tract of land near a lake, a stream, or in a healthy locality with pleasant scenery can be bought for a nominal sum, and then some such a cabin as the one here described could be built upon it, giving one who would enjoy such surroundings a most delightful and inexpensive place, as I said before, to spend a vacation in, either by himself, with his family or with his friends.

A. L. L.

A FOREST FIRE IN CAPE BRETON.

THE primeval forest of Cape Breton is peculiarly inflammable. There is a thick, low, resinous growth of fir and spruce, with a deposit of dry moss, needles and dead wood often several feet thick below, so that a fire once started the whole country flames like a furnace. I saw one of the fiercest of these fires ever known last summer on the southern coast, near the historic town of Louisbourg.

The great Whitney Coal Syndicate was extending its railroad from Cow Bay to Louisbourg, when one evening the fireman of one of its locomotives raked the ashes from his furnace and went to his lodging in one of the board shanties of the contractor. Toward morning a brisk wind from the west sprung up, whisked merrily around the ash heap, fanned the embers to life and sifted them through the neighboring forest, and in a few hours a tremendous body of flame was rushing through the woods, licking up every green thing in its path and leaving only ragged, blackened stumps behind.

My point of view was a high cliff above the little fishing village of Big Lorraine, and the flames, driven eastward by a fierce gale, swept along the crest of a ridge a mile north of me, a solid body of fire from six to eight miles wide, that sent a sheet of flame 70 ft. in advance of it and a skirmishing body of sparks and live embers to five times that distance, while the columns of dense black smoke that rose eddying and swaying covered sea and land like a pall.

The Clark street district lay in a valley in the track of the flames—a little community of thirty, hard-working farmers who lived in comfortable houses, each set in a clearing of thirty or forty acres in the deep wilderness. Beyond, on the coast, five miles distant, lay the fishing village of Little Lorraine, also in the path of the fire. From our cliff we looked down on the scene as on a panorama, and could see the farmers gathering from field and forest to the defense of their homes; they brought pails and even barrels of water, raised ladders to the roof and deluged the whole building; but in a moment the



APPEASANT DUTY WELL DONE.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

long line of flame would be upon them, leap halfway across the clearing, as it seemed, and wrap the building sometimes in flame—if not, in showers of sparks and live embers and billowy smoke that cleared usually only to show a mass of blackened ruins where the dwelling had stood.

The Clark street schoolhouse, a new structure standing in the forest, was the first to go. Fortunately there was a clearing of several hundred acres across the road, and by hurrying his pupils into the center of this the master was able to save them from serious injury, although they were burned and half-stified by the showers of sparks rained upon them. Bursts of flame here and there told where houses and barns were being consumed. The fire advanced with frightful speed, overtaking cattle and hogs in the forest and burning them to death. At times it swept up mountain spurs and leaped from the top, writhing and twisting like a huge serpent. In the valleys it rose almost as high because of the greater luxuriance of the vegetation and accumulated combustible matter. Not only the buildings of the farmers, but their fences and growing crops—the oats, grass and potatoes in the fields—were destroyed.

As the flames neared the coast the grizzled fisherman beside us pointed out a lofty promontory on the northeast and remarked that at its base lay Little Lorraine.

"And its bound to go," he added, "fer it's right in the track of the fire."

The village did not go, however, for the people rallied



A SNAP SHOT.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

south to Monadnock on the north, all extremely high land with birch side hills and alder runs enough to hold all the woodcock that passed over the State; yet we started not over a dozen all told. Partridges were fairly plenty, but we hunted them like farmers, and could not seem to work the bunches to any advantage. We killed all we cared to eat, however, gave a good many to Bob's friends, and at the end of a week I took a bunch home.

Toward the end of the second week we sent for Oliver to come up and show us how to do the trick. He came, but could only show us how to let them get away, at which we were already past masters. Even Oliver could find no woodcock, and he declared that the first of the week we must go up into New Hampshire after them.

He had hunted them for twenty-three years and had never failed to find them, and he must have a woodcock shoot if he went to Canada and came down with the flight. After he left us Bob and I got down to business and had some good shots, one day running the score up to ten partridges to one gun. That day's bag made quite a showing. It was good enough for anyone and made up for several of the poor days' shooting we did.

But the "woodies" we could not strike, and Monday morning I took Ned and Zip and a nice bunch of a dozen partridges and dropped down to Worcester, from where I sent home a basket of birds, for Mrs. M. thinks a broiled partridge about the daintiest morsel she knows of, and there is a little fellow of 8 down there who is good for half a bird any time. I believe he would relish anything

with pails and buckets of water and kept the fire at bay; but for some time it was surrounded on two sides by a solid sheet of flame.

The next day we walked over into the Clark street section. At the first house on the road the owner and his son stood grim and silent between two barrels of water, their eyes bent on the still smoking forests.

A short distance more and we were in the burned district itself.

A more striking picture of ruin and desolation I had never seen, not even amid the cinder heap and lava of the upper cone of Vesuvius. The trunks of the trees, black and bare, alone remained. Every vestige of foliage and twig had been burned away. A few blackened timbers marked the site of the Clark street schoolhouse. A few yards beyond we came upon a man sitting disconsolate amid the ashes of his barn.

"Yes," said he, in answer to our question, "I am where I began. Every rod of fence is gone. My farm is out to commons. I haven't an acre of anything green left on my whole 200 acres. My barn and house are burned with everything in 'em. Last spring I planted sixteen bushels of oats and the same amount of potatoes. The tops were



A CHEAP OUTERY.

burned clean to the ground. So with the grass. I cut enough last year to keep a horse, six cows and twelve sheep. This year a cow would starve on what's left."

His nearest neighbor, Sandy Johnson, was drawing rails to replace the burned fence around his oat field. He fully believed that his house was saved by the interposition of the saints. He himself was fishing at Scateria that day, but the neighbors rallied and covered his house with water. Scarcely had they done this when a solid sheet of flame came up on three sides and enveloped it, burning a large woodpile scarce a yard from the door. His wife fled with two babies in her arms and two more clinging to her skirts. The neighbors fled too, but when they returned after the fire expecting to find everything in ashes the house was unscorched even; but the furniture, which had been piled in the clearing out of reach of the flames, as was supposed, was wholly consumed. C. B. T.

A NIGHT ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

It was one hazy summer afternoon in Florida that a friend announced himself as desirous of doing but one thing in this world, and that was to go a-fishing. In myself he found a kindred spirit, so we hastily put into our wagon such necessities as we might need—such as pans, meal, cooked food, blankets, tackle, etc.—and bade our friends adieu for a day or two on the Ocklawaha, ten miles away. The road led past Indian Lake, where the country changes from light sand to that dark, sticky soil known as flatwoods.

On the way we noticed several white herons, whose ranks have been so thinned by the plumage hunter. Then came the thick woods, cabbage and saw palmettoes, and other luxurious swamp growths, and finally we arrived at a little creek which flows through the swamp at a distance of about half a mile from the river, into which it finally flows. Here stands an old packing house, and we found that since our last coming the little wharf had fallen down, and things looked generally dilapidated. There was an old hull of a dugout which had once seen service on this same creek.

Here we found, to our dismay, that the boat which usually lay at this place was unfit for use; and while I remained to unload and straighten things Fred went through the woods a quarter of a mile to the house of a man named Jones to inquire for a boat. Mr. Jones is a pioneer on this creek, having settled almost in the swamp, clearing a little piece of land, and by trapping, fishing and hard work has managed to make a good living for himself and a growing family.

As I finished making up the camp, Fred returned with the news that the nearest boat to be had was at a farm two miles down the creek.

We were not long in making a decision, and it being toward night we each ate a potato, to prevent our being hungry before we should return, it being our intention to bring the bateau by water to our camp to get an early start in the morning to the river.

The road being rough, we stabled the horse in the empty packing house and started afoot. I led the way with a lantern and Fred followed, bringing a few articles of tackle—as we intended to troll on our way back—and a .56cal. Spencer carbine. What we ever carried an arm like that for I have often wondered, but I suppose we felt safer. After dark had fully set in, and we had flushed a covey or two of partridges, which we were unable to shoot with our large-bore rifle, a light led us to the farmer's house.

He cheerfully agreed to let us have the boat, and took us to where it was, expressing his regrets that he could not go with us himself. Had we known as much of the creek as did he, perhaps we would have turned back to a night's repose, but ignorance was bliss, and we pushed off. Fred carried the lantern at the bow, and there being no locks, I paddled at the rear.

A half mile brought us to a broader creek, and as we slipped along under the tall palmettoes and great cypresses, hanging with moss, with occasionally an owl's hoot or the splash of an alligator, we were impressed with the somberness of the swamp and its wildness before man had penetrated it.

"There it is!" shouted Fred, as he remembered the opening the farmer had told us about, and we entered a narrow creek leading in the right direction for camp. A fallen palmetto lay across the stream, and we finally slid and lifted the boat over.

In this way, see-sawing and sliding, we crossed some five or six logs, and were at last brought to a standstill by several large logs which it was impossible to cross. After a conference we decided to go back to the main creek and try another opening. Oh! how hard it was to get back over those logs, and how we longed for the soft bed at home.

We had long since removed all the clothing we could spare as we bent to the work. Once in the main creek again, we entered three or four of these openings, with the same result. However, we were soon rewarded by coming to a tanglework of logs, which ended the creek itself. We had come far enough, and by this time we had no doubt that we were within shouting distance of camp; still we could see no earthly way to get through that network of logs. We determined to return to the farmer's, leave the boat, walk to camp as we came, and fish from stumps and logs early the next morning. But alas for human hope! We had already worked till our hands were almost blistered, and our bodies were sore and we were worn out. However, we had no intention of staying there all night, so we began the return. An hour or more, and we were brought up by the end of the creek that way also, and we had not found the way out. This brought us to the fact that we neither knew where was camp nor where the farmer. Fred stumbled about this time and dipped the lantern in the water, thus leaving us where Moses was when the light went out.

We didn't know north nor south, nor where we were, but we did know that we were very tired and hungry, and in the midst of a deep swamp. The dew had fallen, and we made up our minds to rest at any cost. First we stretched a set line across the narrow channel to catch any channel cat coming that way, and then crawled out on a little island about 20ft. square. We found a tree whose top had blown off, while the heart had rotted away, this furnishing us a fireplace, chimney and all, and this lighted up the woods for yards around. Once a noise in a palmetto caused Fred to fire at it, which was only the wind; but the noise of the big bore woke all the night birds which happened to be napping, and we heard the departing flaps of a wild turkey.

The warm fire caused us to be drowsy, and we sat on the soft leaves and leaned against palmettoes to rest. I was awakened some time after by the sun shining in my face, and my first sensation was of pains in my back. My companion awoke a few minutes after, and his first exclamation was, "My back's about broke."

The bright morning put new life into us, and after taking up the set line with a fine mess of channel cat on it, we paddled down the creek, and after several vain efforts found the farmer's, tied the boat, and wended our way to camp. Never did food taste better than it did to two tired fishermen that day.

The rest of the day we passed resting and fishing from the bank, returning home before night, none the worse for our trials; but for months we never breathed a word to anyone about our night on the Ocklawaha. W. W. S.

Michigan Bird Notes.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 8.—The small birds seem to be more numerous here than for two or three years past. The robins appeared March 28, and, although their arrival was succeeded by a very cold storm, they very soon became common among us.

The house wren was first heard April 8, and the crow blackbirds April 11. The peep of the frogs was noticed April 13. On April 18 about fifty wild geese passed over, going north.

The brown thrush and the Baltimore oriole were heard April 27. The oriole is an infrequent visitant—we had just a glimpse of one last year, though we heard it several times. KELPIE.



BEAVER STOPPING THE WATER WITH ITS TAIL AS IT DIVES.
Washington Zoo. Photo by E. Hofer.

Natural History.

BEAVER CATCHING FOR THE ZOO.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, February, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In October of 1892 I was called upon to furnish some animals for the National Zoölogical Park. Among others wanted were beaver. I had had some experience trapping them for their pelts, and when doing this I had always tried to set my traps so as to drown them. Now that I wanted them alive I had to set my traps and stake them so that the beaver would not drown or injure itself.

I used Nos. 2 and 3 Newhouse traps, winding the jaws with rags. I watched the traps and relieved the beaver as soon as possible after it had sprung the trap. I found it impossible to catch them without hurting them more or less. Usually a foot was lost. In 1893 an old trapper was engaged for the work, but he had no better success than I, and got only crippled animals.

In October, 1894, Prof. Langley wrote that he would like, if possible, to obtain six uninjured beaver. I wished to fill the order, but did not know exactly how to go to work. The conditions were new. A new way to obtain them would have to be devised. After thinking about it for a few days I came to the conclusion that if I could once get wire netting around their houses and draw the water from the dams I could capture the beaver before they could escape the nets, and that to handle them at first I would require some sort of dip net.

That I was successful many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM know, and as I have received several letters from live animal dealers requesting information, for which they were willing to pay, and requests from friends that I would tell them how the work was done, I have concluded to give my experience in capturing beaver to all through the FOREST AND STREAM.

I had a frame made of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. round iron, 3ft. long and 2ft. wide, with a handle 28in. long. To the iron frame I attached wire netting, so that I had a dip net about 4ft. deep. With this and 200ft. of netting, shovels, picks, axes, other tools, lumber, wire cages, hip boots of rubber, and other articles not necessary to mention, I went out to Mr. John Yancey's. There I secured the help of two good men—Hague and Jump, the latter an old hunter and trapper.

After holding a council of war we determined to attack a house, newly built, on a little creek close to Yancey's. The dam put in by the beaver had backed the water so that part of Uncle John's hay meadow was very wet and swampy. Two beaver had often been seen while at work on their houses and dam. The creek having very little fall for quite a way, they had put in but one short dam. The house was built in a clump of willows. Willows were very thick all along the creek for about 200yds. Above there were none, the creek coming down through the hay meadow.

As the water was from 4 to 6ft. deep near the house, we concluded not to attempt to get our nets out until we had lowered the water by cutting the dam, which was about 50yds. below the house, and raised the water, making a pond quite large and shallow, except within the bed of the creek.

Uncle John Yancey, who had cut the dam several times to save his hay meadow, thought that if we made a long bag of netting and placed it in the creek after making the dam, we could get the beaver when they came to repair it—he had noticed them several times in daylight swimming along the channel. We made the wire bag and cut the dam, clearing it out to the old channel. While placing the bag in position we heard a noise in a hole under the bank, and thinking some animals, if not a beaver, were in there, we probed it with willow sticks and then dug it out, but without finding anything except mice. How they got there I don't know. The hole had been under water.

We now turned our attention to the house. One man went above it with a piece of netting, sinking the ends in the bank and one edge in the bottom of the creek, and holding it upright with sticks. This we imagined would prevent any beaver from going up the stream. As we were going to the house along the creek, where the water was about 2ft. deep, we saw a beaver swimming about.

When he saw us he dived, slapping the water with his tail, and disappeared. We placed a net across the channel below the house and then set about clearing away the cache of willows that filled the creek channel close to the house was the beavers' winter supply of food. Getting the ground clear and cutting away a part of the willows and mud from about the entrance to the house, we placed our dip net so that anything coming out would have to go into it. There had been an overhanging mass of stuff making a sort of long entry at right angles with the hole that led to the living room. While cutting this away I heard a beaver, but did not see it, so we were quite sure that one was in the house.

When everything was ready, Hague stood by the net, while Jump and I commenced to wade into the house. This is very slow work; willow, mud, moss, grass, some stones and clay are mixed and bound together, compelling one to use axe, pick, shovel and hands to remove the stuff. When we broke into the room nothing was seen of the beaver, but Hague soon yelled, "I've got him," and sure enough the beaver was there in the net, while Hague was holding it up as high as he could, the bottom of the net resting in the water. I soon had hold of one side of the frame. There sat the beaver with its front paws folded, looking very much astonished. Soon it dived, attempting to go out that way, only to return to its sitting position. We carried it to the shore, opened the door of a cage, placed the mouth of the net in front and awaited the slow movements of the beaver. After looking around a bit, it slowly crawled into the cage. We shut the door, and then congratulated ourselves on having captured a beaver without so much as pulling one hair out or hurting it in the least. It had not shown any fight, so we concluded it was a female. I had been laughed at by some people when I told them how I expected to capture beaver with a dip net; now I could laugh, as I had proved beaver could be captured without traps.

The beaver was of good size, about 30lbs. in weight. We packed it to the house, Yancey's, putting it in a cage with a small tank provided by the Government. I say we put it in a cage; we opened the doors of the cages, placed them together and poured water in the tank. The beaver slowly walked in and to the tank. At no time did we touch it or try to force its movements.

Before we had left the beaver house we had looked for the mate, but it was not to be seen. After dinner we went to searching for the other beaver. We found several holes in the banks from 5 to 10 ft. long, also runways starting from the bank. They would keep below the surface for 10, 15 and sometimes 20 ft., then come out to the open air, usually into an open runway or canal. All these had been under water before we cut the dam. Often the banks of the creek were undermined, the sod and willows hanging over, leaving quite a roomy runway. We spent the day looking for the other beaver, but it had escaped. The holes that we found we poked with long willows, and where we could not reach the end would cut in from the surface. The ends of some had been used as nests or rooms before the water had flooded them by the raising of the dam. The short holes appeared to have furnished material for cementing the dams and mud for the house. It was all very wet, muddy and nasty work. The surface after the water was drawn off was covered with all kinds of water insects and many water plants, and often the mud was so deep we could not wade through it. We found bits of sticks from which the bark had been cleaned by the beaver scattered about, but no large ones. These had been used either at the house or dam.

Next day we moved our cages, tools and netting down the creek to a large pond, in which there were two houses. Above and below were many dams. The ponds were full of willows and in the early morning were frozen over, the ice being 2 in. thick in some places. The dams were large, strong and old. We had to cut four dams before we could reach the one belonging to the two house pond. While doing so we found a house just started used by one beaver, but we could not find the owner, the ground being one network of runways. It was so undermined that the water of the creek left the channel and ran through some of the runways for more than 20 ft. Even the dam had tunnels along its lower side. We did not attempt to cut the main dam that day, but cleaned the channel so as to have the water go off rapidly when we were ready for it.

When we went to work in the morning we found all the dams that we had cut replaced; the water was at its old level in all the ponds. The beaver had done all this work in one night, and strangely had used little if any of the material we had thrown to the sides the day before. It was not as difficult to remove the new dams as it was the old ones. After they were cut the main dam was reached. Then we stationed a man above, near the next dam above, with netting across the creek, with instructions to watch it and see that no beaver passed. As soon as the dam was cut and the water low enough we run the netting around both houses, stopped all runways, canals and channels as well as possible, and then started in on one of the houses, first getting a good location for the dip-net at what I thought was the most likely place for the beaver to come out. To this house there were four entrances that we could see, and later we found another under water leading through an underground channel to a point 6 ft. from the house, but fortunately inside our netting.

We blocked all the entrances but one with stakes, and then began to tear the house to pieces. It was very large and strong, had been over 5 ft. out of the water and was now about 10 ft. out. There was water around the house in deep holes dug by the beaver in obtaining material for the house. When the room or nest was reached it proved to be very large, with several alcoves or nests, each a few inches higher than the main floor. This was nearly level, 6 ft. long by about 4 in the widest place, an irregular oval—a half an egg shaped room, with one entrance at the small end and another at the larger one and a little inside, giving room for a beaver to have its nest between the entrance and the outer wall.

The walls and alcoves were made by cutting away the material of the house from the inside, the teeth marks of the beaver showing plainly on the ends of sticks. The room was quite dry and had been about 3 in. above the water's level at the lower end. Soon after we broke into the room a 2 year-old beaver went into our net and was soon caged. When the hole in the roof was large enough I got down into the room, finding space enough to crawl about, and could look into the entrances. Jump worked

here, and on the floor soon broke through into another room with four openings, and later found another and smaller room under this. The two lower rooms had been under water, but were now dry. We could hear water running through the lower passages, and now and then get a glimpse of a beaver, a large one.

Making the hole in the second room large enough to crawl in, and with two at work with willow sticks, we at last drove this large beaver into the net. As soon as he found himself a prisoner he showed some fight, tried to cut the wire once and made a dive at the feet of any one near the net. When in the cage it became quiet. We could find no more beaver in this house, but there were a great many passages, in fact, the whole house was honey-combed with them, and the ground under it as well. We did not think there could possibly be any more beaver in places we had poked and punched so much with willows, but I now think they were hiding in there. Not having sufficient experience, we missed them.

We now moved to the other house and broke into that, finding one room with one passageway to an inner circular runway that had three outlets: one led to the cache. The cache was small and contained no more material than the one in the dam above, where we got our first beaver. There was no cache at all by the first house we opened. We did not find any beaver in the house, neither could we get trace of any in the runways or tunnels. We were somewhat disappointed, because we supposed there would be six or eight beaver at least, judging from the amount of work done in one night putting in the four dams we had cut. However, the cache was so small that, after more experience with them, I believe there were not more than two more at the most.

We carried our beaver home and I sent word to the Springs that I would send the beaver in.

I made a large box for future use, lined it with tin so that it would be impossible for the beaver to cut through. We prospected the country below, but concluded it would be very difficult work to catch any beaver there. One evening I watched a beaver house and dam above the meadow with my glasses and could see large and small beaver swimming around. I saw the little ones on the dam making their toilet. They did a great deal of scratching and rubbing, going over all parts of their bodies until they must have been quite clean. Then after a plunge in the water they went to work cutting willows, small ones, and taking the branches to their cache. I saw the large beaver come out, go up the stream 200 yds., cut a bunch of long willows and swim to the house with them. Other beaver were out in the pond, where the willows were so thick I could not see them well. I was on a hill about 100 ft. above the water. Jump and I made up our minds that there were at least five in this family.

Next day we moved all our outfit to the dam. There was a grove of quaking asp on a side hill, 50 yds. from the water where the beavers were cutting winter food. There were two trails over which they dragged the sticks and brush, each trail leading to a canal dug for the purpose of transporting their wood. The canals were about 14 in. wide and from 1 to 2 ft. deep. Jump and I thought possibly we could catch a beaver away from the water with our dip-net, if we watched; so that evening we posted ourselves in a favorable place to intercept them on their way from the grove to the pond; it was our intention to let them go to the grove before making our presence known. When we first stationed ourselves—an hour before sundown—we saw a band of Yancey's horses coming down a hill to the lower end of the main pond, and at the other side from us. As soon as the leader waded out into the water to drink, we heard a beaver strike the water with its tail close to the horses. These all threw up their heads to look. Again the beaver struck the water quite close to the leader, who was in the water up to its knees. The horses left this part of the pond, walked along the side hill back from the water about 25 yds. until they came to a sort of bay, where they again attempted to drink. The beaver slapped the water with its tail, keeping it up until the horses trotted off over the hill. This was the first time I had ever seen anything of the kind. I had often heard the animal make the noise and supposed they did it to alarm other beaver, but this time it was used to drive other animals away from their dam and pond. The beaver had followed along the shore until the horses attempted to drink the second time, and did drive them away. Where he did his last splashing was in long grass, the water standing from 1 ft. to 2 ft. deep. Jump and I could see him plainly.

We watched the beaver for an hour or so longer; could hear and see them at work, but not once did we see them come to the canal, so we concluded we did not want to catch beaver that way. I am quite sure the beaver did come through the canal and were watching for enemies before showing themselves. They very probably scented us or had strong suspicions we were near by. I have seen them go so slowly and quietly through their canals, keeping under water, that if it had not been very clean I would not have known they were there at all. When they wished to come to the surface they did so very slowly and carefully, making no disturbance or wave on the surface; but when they knew they were discovered they were not a bit careful, but went through the canal like a shot, taking a wave with them that overflowed the banks of the canal on both sides. When swimming under the surface rapidly they can be traced by a wave, but if they wish they can go so quietly through the water that they make no sign at all. They will often come to the surface close to a person and watch him, nothing showing but the top of their heads; then possibly diving, slapping the water with their tails. I have been startled by them while fishing along the Yellowstone, where they live in banks. I have seen them in the clear water, swimming along close to the bottom, seen them stop, slowly float to the surface and look at me. Sometimes they will sink again without making any noise, and swim off a long way before giving an alarm.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Death Struggle.

TWO LARGE bucks of a herd of thirteen Virginia deer, kept in the park of Hon. J. F. Dancombe, of Fort Dodge, Ia., fought last December until both were dead. The battle was not seen by any one, but on the morning of Dec. 5 the two were found with locked horns. While they were covered with bruises and more or less gored, an examination of the animals indicated that death was due to exhaustion.

AMERICAN ANIMALS FOR EUROPE.

A CONSIGNMENT of American animals was shipped from Hoboken to Germany on the North German Lloyd steamer Meier, on Saturday, May 9, the animals being intended for different zoological gardens. There were in the lot five buffalo, two moose and a dozen raccoons, and they were in charge of Messrs. Eising & Hoffman, who are animal dealers. The buffalo were packed in separate crates, which afforded them but little room, while the moose, which are more or less tame, were in a stall together. There were five of the buffalo—four cows and a bull—and they came from the Lincoln Park Zoological Gardens, and are exchanged for various foreign animals. Two of the buffalo are destined for the Royal Menagerie at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, and the other three are to go to the Zoological Gardens of Leipzig, in Germany.

While the buffalo were extremely wild and hard to handle, and therefore were closely confined as stated, the moose had been more or less handled by Mr. Eising, and it is said could be driven. While on the cars during the trip to New York, a quick movement of the head of one of the buffalo cows, is said to have crushed a keeper's hand so badly that it had to be amputated. It is reported that Messrs. Eising & Hoffman will return to this country in June in search of more animals for Europe. There is said to be a steady and constantly increasing demand for our American wild animals among the Zoological Gardens of Europe.

The steamship Lahn, which sailed on Tuesday, the 12th, carried one of the first, if not the very first, Rocky Mountain sheep that has ever gone to Europe. This is a full-grown ram weighing 400 lbs. and supporting a pair of massive horns. He reached New York by rail last week en route for Germany, where he is designed for one of the zoological gardens. He was shipped from Leadville, Col., to Dr. William A. Conklin, the dealer in wild animals, and when he arrived showed the effects of a long and hard journey.

He had been confined in a Wilcox & White organ box measuring about 5 ft. in length and about 3 ft. wide by 4 ft. high. This box was padded with burlap and excelsior, and was closed up tight when the animal reached New York. He had had no water and very little air, and as a consequence was a pretty sick sheep at the end of his journey. He signalized his arrival, however, by butting out one end of his pen and incidentally snapping in the middle a piece of 2 by 4 in. batten that formed a part of its construction. Without doubt he would have secured this much needed ventilation earlier in his journey if he had been in less cramped quarters; but as it was, when he stood up his tail touched the rear end of the box and he had no chance to back off for a genuine butt.

It is said that this sheep is the largest ever taken alive. The following measurements, made by FOREST AND STREAM, show that he is a good one: Spread of horns, 22 in.; length of left horn, 33 in.; circumference at base, 16 in.

WANTED—RUFFED GROUSE EGGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anon comes the spring, and the bland and childlike inquiry of Hough for ruffed grouse eggs to wring my heart afresh. If the man whose letter Mr. Hough printed had spent half a day ransacking his brain for a typical non-commercial article, he could never have hit upon a better. A great many things have a market value and can be bought with money, but ruffed grouse eggs do not come in the category. Now and then they are reduced to possession by accident; but by design—never. When one wants grouse eggs and really expects to get them in the vernal season, he must make his arrangements in the fall. Not the fall before, but a year back of that. Then if his plans are properly made, he ought to have no serious trouble in securing a moderate supply of a home-grown article.

The writer only a few years since succeeded in obtaining ruffed grouse eggs from birds in confinement for four different seasons. In two of these years the eggs were fertile and in two they were sterile. In one of these cases a living chick was brought out by the mother grouse, while the remaining chicks perished in the shell after having fully matured. This is the only case of the kind on record in the United States so far as I have been able to discover.

It is an utter waste of time to attempt to hatch and rear ruffed grouse under the common domestic fowl of whatever species. The two are altogether antagonistic under this kind of combination. FOREST AND STREAM readers will remember that one of my grouse hens hatched and reared several (four) game bantam chicks, but that was a different matter. The young grouse can no more understand the language of the barnyard fowl than a Yankee child can understand Chinese, and they will not try to learn. My first introduction to the ruffed grouse, while still a lad, was when I captured two chicks but a few days old and placed them in a coop with a common hen. The little fellows stood up like Comanches, savage and utterly irreconcilable, and had they not managed to escape the same day would have starved to death with the greatest cheerfulness and determination. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 2.

Bluebirds in the Northwest.

OROVILLE, Wash., April 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: Last Sunday, while a companion and I were traveling down Kettle River, British Columbia, seven black-tail deer ran across the road just a little ahead of us, and within a few hundred yards a flock of at least 100 bluebirds flew up into some small trees.

They have been very numerous here for the last three years.

[Were these bluebirds *S. mexicana* or *S. arctica*? We should be disposed to think the latter. Can our correspondent tell us? *S. arctica* is wholly blue, of varying intensity; *S. mexicana* has a patch of chestnut brown on middle of back and breast, and sides are brown.]

Birds, Snakes and Cherries.

SOME writer whom I recently read says that in his boyhood there was great plenty of good cherries throughout New England, but that the trees and fruit are attacked by all manner of worms and insects, so that no good cherries are to be had. I wonder how much the destruction of birds and snakes has had to do with the matter.

COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME BIRD IMPORTATIONS.

MACOMB, III.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By your request I will give you my experience with imported birds. In 1878 I imported four dozen of the California valley quail from Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento River, to this city. I put them all out on a farm near here and they laid and hatched out large broods, and could be seen almost any day in the fields and roads all through the summer and fall up to the last of October, when every one disappeared, and never has one been seen in this county since. Evidently instinct taught them that they could not stand the cold weather in this climate, and they emigrated to a more congenial climate. The next year after this a naturalist at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington was sent to Kansas to procure birds for the institution, and he came across the California valley quail. He made his report that he never knew of any of the California quail being this side of the Rocky Mountains. I have always believed that these quail were mine, and they were hunting a warmer climate.

In 1890 I imported some Mongolian pheasants from Linn county, Oregon, and turned them loose on Camp Creek, some ten miles from here. They were seen several times after they were liberated, but at last they disappeared, and the next time I heard of them they were near Nauvoo, in Hancock county, some fifty miles from here. One of them fell a prey to the pot-hunter in that section. I think these were the first ones imported on this side of the Rocky Mountains. I gave a history of them in the *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time, and in less than four weeks I received about 150 letters, from Maine to California, and as far south as Georgia, asking: "Where can I get the Mongolian pheasant?" These letters were from bankers, lawyers, real estate men, railroad men and the clergy. So you see the shotgun has quite a respectable following.

Mr. Simpson, in Warren county, this State, sent to Oregon and got two pairs. He raised twenty-five from them the first year and turned seven pairs loose. Now large flocks can be seen most any day in the section where they were turned out. The game warden of Ohio raised 500 of these beautiful game birds, and it will only be a few years before the country from Maine to Colorado will be stocked with the Mongolian pheasant. They can stand any climate, and are doing well at Milton, Vt., and living on birch buds with the weather at 33° below zero. Such a game bird as this will carry joy to the hearts of all true sportsmen.

In 1892 I imported five pairs of the black partridge (*Francolinus vulgaris*) from Calcutta, India. The American consul, S. Merrill, got these birds for me. They were put into a small box about the size of a shoe box, with a small cup not as large as a teacup to hold water for them. Only three of them lived to reach here. The rest died before leaving London, probably for want of care and proper shipment. They were on the land and water fifty-seven days. I put the two males and female in a wire cage and the larger male soon killed the other. I kept the pair in a cage for two years and they stood the coldest weather all right and seemed to be perfectly contented till a large hawk flying near them frightened them so that the female broke her wing flying so hard against the cage. She died in a few days. The male only lived a few weeks after this. They are a fine game bird and will weigh 12oz. They fly very much like a quail and are said to be a very fine table bird. They would live and thrive anywhere where our common quail would. They are good breeders, although mine never laid while I had her. These birds were the first ones ever passed through Europe, so Mr. Albert E. Jamrack, the great bird dealer in London, wrote me. He has since imported some for Lord Russell. They inhabit all parts of India from Karachi to Calcutta.

In 1893 I imported five pairs of the *Caccabis chukor* (chukor partridge) from Karachi, India. I got them through James Currie, United States Consular Agent of that city. They were on the land and water forty-seven days. They arrived here in perfect condition and healthy. They were divided up here among our people a pair in a place. They were confined in small coops and fed on dry feed. Through the long, hot, dry summer all died but one pair. They seemed to waste away like a consumptive person. One pair fell into better hands, where they had a larger coop and were fed on fish, worms and vegetables. This hen laid eighty fine eggs during the summer, and they were put under bantams and most all hatched. The little chicks were shut up in coops and fed on common domestic chicken food. They would all die by the time they were ten days old. At last I became convinced that these chicks must have their liberty and roam about where they could get insect food. So I took a bantam with a half a dozen chicks two days old and took them to the field and turned them loose. In course of two months the bantam came to a farmhouse with her little family all right. They roosted in the stable all winter with the domestic chickens. The coldest weather in the winter, when the mercury stood 23° below zero, they could be seen on top of the stable. They remained on the farm till warm weather came in the spring, and then left. One was killed during the summer some eight miles from where they wintered. One was seen a few months ago, and probably they are somewhere now if they have not been killed. They are a beautiful game bird, and will weigh about 2½ lbs. There is no question but that these birds can be raised in any part of the United States. They are strong and hardy. Col. Rumsdale, of the English army, writes to me that they will stand any climate on the face of the globe. He says he has shot them on the highest snow peaks of India and in the valleys on the burning sand. He recommends them to the sportsmen of America.

My object in importing so small a number of these birds was to see if they could stand the cold climate of America. This question has been settled without doubt, and I hope the sportsmen of this country will take an interest in introducing these birds. The game warden of Maine is looking into this matter. These birds can be bought in Karachi for \$1 a pair. The net cost of them here, the five pairs, was \$52. The express charges from New York to this city were greater than the freight from Karachi to New York. I expect to import some more this coming winter so as to have them arrive here about the last of April, 1897.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

A GOOSE HUNT IN ASSINIBOIA.

LAST spring I had a letter from my friend Arthur Hitchcock, of Moosejaw, N. W. T. He wanted me to use my influence in securing a position in the civil service for a friend, and by way of an incentive he added: "If you succeed I will promise you the best stand, and to dig you the deepest and roundest of holes in the stubble when we go out in the fall for our annual goose hunt." Well, I succeeded, and I also promised to go on the hunt.

Moosejaw is a thriving town on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about thirty miles west of Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories. Some twenty miles north of Moosejaw lies Buffalo Lake, about twenty-five miles long and from one to two miles wide. When the annual autumn migration commences from the immense northern breeding grounds on the shores of Hudson's Bay, the Yukon and the Arctic Circle, the geese drop into Buffalo Lake in large numbers, many remaining till driven out by the freezing over of the lake in the beginning of November. They find a very attractive feeding ground in the extensive wheat stubbles which surround the lake and are very regular in their habits. At day-break they fly out from the lake and feed on the stubbles till 10 or 11 o'clock, when they return to the water, flying out again a couple of hours before sundown and returning to roost at dusk, so that those who are well acquainted with their habits can get three or four flights during the day. The most numerous kind when I was there seemed to be the huge Canada goose, but there were many other varieties. The Hutchins goose, which appears to be a smaller edition of the Canada, was very plentiful, while the bean goose, laughing and white-fronted and brant all helped to swell the bag.

But I am anticipating. Hitchcock had named the 7th of October as the date upon which we were to start. We were to have as companions Gen. Supt. Whyte, of the Western Division of the C. P. R., and Mr. James Ross, a multi-millionaire contractor from Montreal. The former is an old friend of mine. He is an ardent sportsman, an excellent shot and most genial of companions, and many a day have we spent in pursuit of the prairie grouse, making our excursions from his comfortable private car. All our preparations had been made when, as ill luck would have it, the president of the road chose that very week to come West on a tour of inspection, and our friend, the superintendent, had to wait upon him. Day after day passed, while Hitchcock kept wiring me to come on, as we were missing the best of the shooting. Finally it was Sunday, the 18th of October, before the great man passed West to the coast, and even then the superintendent had to accompany him to the end of his division, and he could not get back before Monday. However, I waited no longer, and on Tuesday morning I reached Moosejaw, and my friend having everything in readiness we started at once for the lake, he regaling me the while with tales of the excellent sport he had enjoyed on the days we had originally planned to be out.

But in sport of all kinds I find that it generally turns out much as Alice describes in "Through the Looking-glass." "It's always jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, never jam to-day," and I am therefore rarely disappointed when things do not eventuate entirely as we have anticipated.

When we had gone about half way we missed a piece of baggage which had dropped from the buckboard. Turning to drive back for it I noticed a flock of geese on the horizon winging its way back to the lake for the noonday siesta. My friend accordingly drove back alone while I cast about to see how I should conceal myself from the approaching flight. Alas, the prairie was as level as a floor, and the short, closely cropped grass afforded no cover. I had no resource but to lay me down flat upon my back and remain motionless. But I weigh seventeen stone, and sarcastic friends aver that I am as tall lying down as when standing, and my too solid flesh would not be concealed. The leading flocks sheered off when they saw the unwonted object, but at last one string swung in behind me after passing. Hastily rising I fired into the fast receding flock and one bird came slowly down till he struck the ground a couple of hundred yards off, stone dead. As I turned from watching him I saw another flock coming straight at me, and though they climbed into the air I had the satisfaction of seeing two huge Canada geese come whirling down in response to my salute. I fired several other long shots before the flight ceased, but without success. Still it was with considerable satisfaction that I swaggered back to the trail with three big geese over my shoulder. We reached our destination about 1 o'clock, and after dinner took possession of the holes in the stubble field which had been prepared for us. They were some 25yds. apart and 4ft. deep, large enough to move round in comfortably, and with the earth left at one end to form a seat. The soil which had been thrown out was carefully scattered, for your goose is a wily and sharp-sighted bird, and at once distinguishes any alteration in the ground upon which he has been accustomed to feed. Midway between us, and a few yards in front of the holes, a dozen tin decoys were set up, and we had a call which, although it emitted a sound unlike anything I ever heard made by a goose, still seemed to be very effective in turning birds in our direction when once they came in sight. Hitchcock was using a 12-bore Greener and No. 6 shot, while I used my 10-bore loaded with B. B. My experience, here recorded, is that with these large birds the small bores and charges are not in it. True, there are times when, as birds come unsuspectingly into the decoys, they can be used most effectively, and I dare say earlier in the season, before the birds had been much shot at, they would have answered just as well; but while I was out I saw but few chances of that kind, the majority of the shots being at a considerable distance, and there the 10-bore did some wonderful execution. But we were not to get a chance of testing our weapons that afternoon. While we sat and waited I noticed an ominous cloud of smoke to our left, which shortly bore down before the wind in the shape of a well-developed prairie fire. We were in no danger, as the fire would not run on the short stubble; but the result was as might be anticipated. As soon as the geese left the lake, and saw the green prairie over which they had been accustomed to fly turned into a blackened plain and the air filled with smoke, they rose high in the air and winged their way to some far distant fields. Evidently there was no "jam" for us that day, so as soon as the flight had passed over we pulled up stakes and drove off in the direction the birds had taken. After traveling about ten miles we came to some stubble upon which geese were feeding

in large numbers. As they were unapproachable we did not disturb them, and night impending, we turned into the farmhouse and made arrangements to stay there. The male members of the family were all away fighting the fire, i. e., plowing fire guards round their wheat stacks and hay ricks; but on their return, and after a substantial tea had been disposed of, we got two of the sons of the house to go out with a lantern and dig for us two holes in as near as they could define it the line of flight. Then we turned in, and like St. Paul in his shipwreck, we "wished for the day."

The first glimmer of dawn saw us comfortably ensconced in our hides. Soon a scout, a single goose, as usual flew high over the fields, calling loudly. Then in the far distance we could make out what seemed a dim blue cloud, which gradually became more defined till all could distinguish the even, serried lines of a large string of geese heading in our direction. Even while we gazed another hove in sight, and still another, till as far as the eye could reach the air was filled with them. Unfortunately we were not quite in the best line of flight and the first few flocks passed considerably to our left, but at length one batch seemed taken with our decoys and call, and came straight over the counterfeits in front of us. In response to our four shots two birds fell. I was disgusted. We should have got a brace each, but as I watched a third pitched heavily out of the flock and a fourth looking very ill lagged far behind his mates till they disappeared over the slope behind us. But there is no time to spend looking after flocks that have passed. Here come some more heading straight for our decoys and within a few yards of the ground. "Keep down and keep quiet," hisses my companion. I could hear my heart thump as they came closer and closer, till their legs dropped preparatory to lighting. "Now," said Hitchcock, and simultaneously we straightened up in our hides. Up towered the astonished birds, but it was too late, they were within deadly range even for the small bore, and four huge "honkers" came tumbling on to the stubble. I was for rushing out, but "Down, down; more behind." The cry was still their come. A flock of "laughing geese" came over pretty high, four shots rang out, but not a bird fell. "Confound it," I cried, "how could that have happened?" but as more were approaching I had to keep down. Happening, however, to turn my head after the departing flock, I just caught sight of two birds tumbling out of the sky. So being, like the pig, "more aisy in my mind," I knocked a brace out of a flock of brant 80yds. to my right. My companion was not idle; for, although he could not kill the extraordinary long shots that my 10-bore would make now and again, yet any flock that came within reasonable range had to leave toll behind. And here I learned a lesson, viz., that it is possible to miss a goose! It seemed incredible sometimes how birds would escape that, had they been snipe, I am satisfied could not have got away from me. My explanation is that these birds are so large and fly with such an apparently slow, lazy flap of the wing that one can scarcely believe they are moving at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour. You can hardly bring yourself at first to make the allowance in front that you would to, say, a teal bustling by at the same pace, and therefore many a bird, hard hit, maybe, but too far back, will stick to the flock till it gets out of sight. Again, the size of the bird makes them often appear much closer than they are in reality, and there is much deception in the early morning light.

This flight lasted about three-quarters of an hour and was fast and furious. Then we got out of our hides and proceeded to count and gather the slain. We picked up thirty-one that we could see on the stubble round our hides. Then getting the retriever we hunted a radius of half a mile and picked up four others. We now enlarged our circuit to about a mile and found yet another four; and in the afternoon on our way to a different field we picked up one more, making a total of forty birds; and any one who has not seen that number of different kinds of geese laid out in rows can hardly imagine what a show they made. One other point impressed itself on me, viz., that with one exception every bird we picked up was stone dead, showing that as long as a spark of life is left these birds will struggle away.

The farmer's boys now brought over the wagon from where they were stacking wheat and carted our birds back to the house, where we packed them in sacks and forwarded them into town on a passing wagon, to be distributed among our friends.

After breakfast we made preparations to catch the flight on its way back to the lake. But whether our shooting had scared them or from some other cause, no birds came back that way. We went out in the afternoon—having got fresh holes dug in what seemed more particularly the line of flight—and only got two birds out of a flock that came out very late, and the following morning we never got a shot at all. We accordingly packed up our traps and returned to town. Mr. Whyte's car came in attached to the East-bound express and we all went down to Regina, where we were switched off onto the Long Lake branch. At 8 o'clock that night our car was laid off at Lumsden, a small station near Long Lake. It was dark as Erebus, and a gale was blowing from the northwest. Here we met with a disappointment. Knowing the difficulty we should have in getting vehicles in these country places, Col. Herchimer, the commandant of the N. W. Mounted Police at Regina, had kindly promised to send up one of the police teams with a wagonette. But there was no sign of it. It turned out that, having a fractious team, the driver had got off the trail in the darkness and had to camp out on the prairie, and he did not put in an appearance till next morning. At length the station master hunted up for us a farmer with a rig which would hold four, and a young man who could carry one in his buckboard, and they knew of a stubble some five miles out where there were some holes that a party had been shooting out of last week. So at 4:30 we were called, and after a light meal we started. I went in the buckboard, my friend being a nice young fellow, son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the Orkneys. We lost the other vehicle shortly after we started, in the darkness, but we kept on till at last, just as day was breaking, we blundered on to the stubble we were seeking. Getting into a hole, I dispatched my companion to hunt up the wagon and guide them to the other end of the field, about half a mile away, where three holes had been dug. In a short time he found them, and in the dim dawn I could see them putting out the decoys and getting into their holes. But the geese came out with a strong gale behind them, and to our great dis-

appointment passed high overhead and away to stubbles miles beyond. After waiting for half an hour without getting a shot, we got careless and were stamping about to get our feet warm, when some flocks appeared in the distance working up against the wind, and instantly every one vanished from view. Presently a flock of five Canada geese flew past. Hitchcock called them and they turned and flew straight for their decoys. From my distant hide I could see the geese lazily flapping up against the wind not 6 ft. above the stubble. Nearer they came and nearer. Surely now they must be right over the decoys! Why didn't some one shoot? Suddenly, as it seemed to me, four of them sat down simultaneously, while the other flew away. It turned out that our friend, the contractor, who had never done very much shooting, and had certainly never fired at a goose before in his life, had killed all four with one shot and was so astonished that he never thought to let off his other barrel at the remaining bird. (I may say here, however, that his subsequent performance scarcely equaled this early promise, as these were the only birds I saw him kill during the trip.) But this flock was followed by others. The superintendent, who was using a 10-bore Greener, did some admirable shooting; and as I got a few down at my end of the field we had after all a bag of twenty geese when we returned to the car for breakfast.

Subsequently we drove down to the lake to catch the flight coming back to water, and the wind being very high we had excellent sport, as many of the flocks came fairly low.

The following morning I killed eighteen from my hide and the others had also good sport, so that on the whole our bag totaled over 100 geese. But Hitchcock still maintains that we would have killed twice as many had we come up the date we had first laid out and we have faithfully promised that neither presidents nor principalities shall be allowed to interfere with our trip next fall.

THE SENATOR.

A GREENHORN HUNTING PARTY.

FRED MATHER'S account of the greenhorns' outing in "An Adirondack Night" so reminds me of my first camping trip that I jot it down for the amusement of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Having from early boyhood waged slaughter on woodchucks, coons, squirrels, etc., on the west bank of Cayuga Lake in western New York, my boyhood's home, I longed for larger game.

While visiting a cousin in northern Pennsylvania I became acquainted with two timber owls (tie cutters and bark peelers) by the name of Tim C. and Alvin B., who claimed such prowess as hunters that they made my cousin and me believe they could have given pointers to Nimrod, Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. They were willing to furnish a team and conduct a hunting party to the big timber on the headwaters of Pine Creek if we would pay the expenses of the trip. A letter to my younger brother at Ithaca called him to Pennsylvania with his rifle and my 8-gauge muzzle-loading shotgun, and we started on our hunt in the early part of November. As Tim and Alvin stopped their team at every hotel and at our expense took two or three drinks apiece to the success of our trip on our two or three days' drive, their valor increased as we neared the woods, and they impressed the cousin, my brother and myself, who was the eldest of the three, just 17, with the idea that when we got to the woods Tim and Alvin would kill all the deer and bears in the woods, while we would be lucky if we even caught sight of any live game, and that their slaughter would be so great, day by day, that we would be kept busy with the team hauling their victims to camp. So we planned a rebellion, determined that we would hunt one day in the woods if some of the deer they killed had to hang out all night.

As we neared the big woods surrounding the headwaters of the creek we were met by a team hauling out two dead bears and four deer. Tim and Alvin had a jug in the wagon under their front seat, from which they had frequently imbibed for our success, and now the sight of the game going out so increased their prowess, as they told how they too would kill the deer and bears, that cousin C. asked how we would get home if they loaded the wagon down with bear and deer meat. To this the cheering reply was made, "You boys can walk home."

On our arrival at the last house on the creek we left our team in the stable, made up our packs, and early next morning tramped into the woods for ten miles, carrying cooking provisions and the camp paraphernalia of bedding, cooking utensils and our guns and ammunition, where we soon had a lean-to of hemlock boughs facing a large log, against which our fire was kindled, and our camp was completed. Then, tired out, we enjoyed the fragrant beds of hemlock boughs, to be awakened toward morning by water dripping in our faces, and to find that a storm had come on during the night. Our hemlock-bough roof would not shed water, but as there was one rubber blanket in the party, it was spread upon the slanting roof; the other bedding was rolled under it, the fire was piled with fresh wood, and there we huddled until morning.

How it did rain the next day; and as the men said there was no use in trying to hunt deer in the rain we huddled under our roof all day, while they told of prior hunts in which the deer had been so thick that they had almost been driven from their camps by the numbers charging them. Finally they were tired of lying—as I now know—and then they played euchre at 5 cents a game "on tick," and thus they passed the day, while we boys wished it would clear off or that we were at home, and for fear of bears and panthers hardly dared leave the camp.

About 4 o'clock a change of weather came and it rapidly grew freezing cold, and when we awoke next morning we found the ground covered with about 4 in. of snow. Jim and Alvin said it was just right for deer; but on moving out from camp we found that the thick covering of leaves had become saturated with water and then frozen before the snow fell, and the breaking of this ice under a person's feet could be heard for half a mile.

From what I have since learned about hunting, I am now of the opinion that neither Jim nor Alvin knew any more about deer hunting or had had any more experience than the boys of the party, and that they had simply imposed on our credulity to get us to pay the expenses of a trip for them, which expenses included drinks for them whenever they could get them upon the road.

After breakfast we were started out in a row about half a mile apart and marched out for the slaughter of deer.

This line was maintained over hill and valley until about 2 o'clock, when we came together, not one of us having seen a deer, and disconsolately marched back to camp to find the valley surrounding the camp covered with fresh deer tracks. Having been forbidden to shoot at anything but deer or bears, we had let many chances to shoot grouse or partridges, squirrels and rabbits, go by, and when we came to overhaul our supply of provisions it was found that we were out of meat. While the stream was well stocked with trout, no hooks and lines had been brought along, and so we could not add to our supply from the stream. We made our supper upon cold potatoes, cooked at the house where we had left our team, and dry bread and butter.

Our breakfast next morning consisted of half a slice of bread for each one, and Alvin ordered that the party should separate and hunt meat for the day, anything that we could eat, and no one must come into camp till he brought in some kind of game. After a long day's tramp I got into camp just at dark with one small red squirrel, where I found the rest of the party had preceded me, and that our total bag for the day was five red squirrels and a porcupine. Each one broiled a squirrel and ate it, and then Alvin skinned the porcupine and broiled a piece of it, but as he could not eat it none of the rest of us tried it.

The next morning we packed up and marched out of the woods, to find on our arrival at the house where our team was that its owner had brought in and hung up four deer while we had been in the woods. Two of these my brother and I bought, and then we started home, disgusted with hunting and worse with our two mighty hunters, who had to stop at every tavern to drink and brag about the way they had shot the deer which my brother and I had bought. As funds were running low we tried to shut off on the drinking, but at the hotel where we stopped the second night they secretly sold the largest deer and used the money for the expense of irrigation. When we reached a stage line leading down to Elmira my brother and I took the remaining deer and boarded the stage for Elmira, where we were forced to sell it to get funds enough to get home to Ithaca. Thus ended our greenhorn hunting party and my first deer hunt and camping-out trip.

WINCHESTER.

IN THE ROCKIES.

(Continued from page 375.)

CANOE CREEK CAMP, Wyo., Oct. 1, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy:* This is certainly "God's country." The longer I remain here the more I am in love with it; the more I feel that I have just begun to live. Who could grow old and decrepit in this glorious climate, breathing the purest of air and drinking water that tastes like nectar? Sammy, make a resolve in the near future to break the links that "chain you to business" and come to this country of everlasting hills and health.

"Better to hunt in hills for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

We have had the most charming weather I ever remember having seen. Every day alike, yet different. Pleasant enough to lie out under the evergreen trees and dream, and wish for friends to dream and live this life with us. Every day, every hour brings something new to admire and wonder at.

Wednesday Van and I tramped over the surrounding mountains and saw plenty of elk signs, but most of them two or three days old. I forgot to tell you that Pop brought in the first meat, having killed his first deer yesterday coming down the divide, and I assure you he was a very proud man. It was most welcome too, as bacon had begun to pall on me. After dinner Pop and Van took up the hunt and followed down the cañon; sighted several elk, but didn't get within shooting distance.

Thursday dawned bright and clear. It felt more like last of May than September. Doc and Van went after elk, but with the same result. This camp is a noted bear camp, and we are anxious to get one or two fine elk heads here, so that we can use the carcass for bear bait. The bears come and go here, and once you get bait out you are pretty sure of your bear coming to it. In the afternoon Van and I started on a twelve-mile ride to Cooke City for provisions and the mail. It was a charming ride, with enough excitement and a spice of danger to make it enjoyable. We had scarcely gotten 300 yds. from camp when Van, having spied three black-tail deer ahead, quickly dismounted and drawing his carbine prepared to kill; but, alas! "the best laid plans of mice and men." The "uncultivated son of a gun" Schuyler saw them at the same time, and made a crack for them, causing Van not only to lose a shot, but his temper as well. All his yelling to the dog wouldn't bring him back until he had run them into the next county. This was the only failing poor Schuyler had. But then the reception he got on his return was something painful to witness. His master broke off a small tree and wore it down to splinters on him. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, and I fear he found it so, as he ran on two, sometimes three feet, for some time after. After this little circus we proceeded on our way, all apparently happy but the poor dog. I often felt sorry for him, as he was a good-natured cuss. He attended faithfully to the sores on the horses' feet and legs, often licking them for many minutes, in fact, when we stopped to rest. He seemed to take a special delight in teasing one sorrel colt, for he would sneak quietly behind him and nip him on the ankle or leg, and as quickly spring aside or lie flat as the horse's heels flew like a streak of greased lightning over his head. Had they ever struck him Schuyler would in all probability be traveling yet. Many a good laugh have I had while watching them.

Our ride and climb up the Republic Divide was work, but the summit once gained the view amply repaid for all the energy spent in getting there. While I stood taking in the surrounding scenery, oblivious to all that was passing around me, Van quietly made his way on down the divide, knowing that when I mounted old Roany (I was riding the old pack horse) he would make a rush to catch up, and he did. If ever my hair had any inclination to rise, it certainly must have been then, as Roany started on a run down this mountain. He was the most determined as well as the roughest horse I ever sat on. I made up my mind that there was no use in trying to stop him, so I simply gave him his head and held on. How we ever got down without breaking our necks is a mystery to me. To the right of the trail we went down there is a glacier that has perhaps been there for cen-

turies. Van says, "I had a horse slip in crossing it one day, and he went down a mile, gathering speed as he went, finally landing in a snowdrift, and buried himself. When he started to slide he was packed with fresh meat, but the saddles of elk got such a gait on them they never stopped until they struck in front of Jack Allen's hotel, in Cooke, and when I got in town Jack had the meat served for supper."

It was a breakneck pace until we reached Cooke, a it was getting late and the trail a rough one after dark. We arrived about 6:30.

Like all mining camps in that region, in the fall and winter Cooke was almost deserted. It is the largest mining camp in the Clark's Fork district, about sixty-five miles southeast from Cinnabar, and about five miles from Yellowstone Park. It is destined to become a rich mining camp should they ever get railroad facilities there. One old miner told me he had been waiting now for twenty-five years for the railroad to come in, and he thought within the next two years it would be a realization. The Daisy Gold Mine sold the day I left for \$83,000. There is a cyanide mill there now in operation, and I believe it is paying well. The surrounding country is rich in minerals.

Friday, the 27th, still clear and warm. Recrossed the divide, this time over the glacier. Van says, "Keep your feet out of the stirrups, and if your horse falls, slide off and let him go." I think Van did these little things to see how much sand the "dudes" possessed. These horses climb like goats. We kept going up and up until I thought we would never reach the top. It was dark when we reached camp, and much to my surprise we found discontent there. Ben had become frightened and swore he had to go into Cooke the next morning, as he had to get home in time to attend court, was disgusted with the game outlook, and in a bad temper generally. Pop says, "I found him a-settin' on a log a-cryin' to be taken home to Pennsylvania, and me and Doc had the devil's own time with him." This upset all our plans for killing bear—in fact spoilt it—and I assure you none of us felt jolly over it. To have Van go into Cooke the next day meant the loss of two more days really without any reason, as Ben had said previously that he didn't care to get home before the 19th of October. Now, as captain of the outfit I didn't wish him to go home without a head, so asked Van to move us the next morning to the elk country, let him kill his game and then take him to Cooke the following day, all of which he promised to do.

Next morning we broke camp and moved south. In crossing the mountain out we saw fresh signs of elk that had just come into the valley we were leaving, but it was too late—we were on the move. Went into camp on Canoe Creek at 5 o'clock. Poor Doc gets blown every time he does much climbing, and I attribute much of it to his excessive use of tobacco.

The 29th was another beautiful day. After breakfast Van and Ben took to the hills in search of elk, which we were anxious he should get. They had scarcely gone a half hour when we heard firing, and this is the way Ben tells it to his friends: "We had not gone more than a mile and a half from camp when we suddenly came across our first game in the thick timber. Van, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and pointed ahead to where stood three deer, scarcely distinguishable to an untrained eye in the dark shadows of the evergreens. In an instant I had covered and pulled on the little buck standing about 80 yds. away on my side. He went down with a broken shoulder from a high shot, and after a moment's hesitation the other buck and doe bounded away, not, however, before I had covered the second buck, but on Van's suggestion that we had meat enough with one, I dropped my rifle and let it go. As the dead buck was small we changed our minds, and separating, followed into the timber, where the guide shot the second buck within a few minutes' walk. We left the carcass thrown across a log and went back to where the first buck lay."

"For several hours later we followed the almost innumerable elk tracks that made the soft earth in some of the open places look more like a well-trodden barnyard than anything else, but without overtaking anything. After the middle of the day, while pursuing our vain search, I suddenly heard the distant whistle of a bull elk, coming apparently from down the mountain side in the cañon. After locating it as well as we could, we began a long and trying climb to get to windward of him. At last we crept cautiously out to the edge of the cañon, only to find that the elk had in the meantime been passing upward on the opposite side, and were above us and already out of range. We could occasionally get a glimpse of their bodies between the trees, and felt they were fast getting away from us. Just then my bottled indignation at the dog boiled over, as he got between my legs again with the cord that I was leading him by. He had been breaking sticks, getting on the wrong side of trees, mangling the string and making life miserable for me for hours, and I said to Van, 'I would like to break his neck,' to which he promptly replied, 'Knock the head off the uncultivated son of a gun.'

"Without a thought of the consequences I whacked him over the head with my fist, when to my surprise and utter consternation a howl went up that waked the echoes of the mountain side, and which I felt must send every elk out of the country. Almost instantly there came back to us the whistle of the bull elk on the opposite side of the cañon. He had evidently mistaken the dog's yell for a challenge. We looked at each other and laughed, and a moment later, as we looked in the direction of the sound, the noble animal himself at the head of his band trotted out of the timber into an open space opposite and a little above us. With his head and spreading antlers lifted high in the air, he advanced directly toward us, looking for his adversary. Seeing nothing, he turned broadside and stood fast within 100 yds. of our hiding place. At the crack of my .45-90 Winchester he went down with a broken back at the first shot. Van then called my attention to a spike bull that had gotten perhaps 20 yds. above the big bull, and I put a shot into his ribs too far back to bring him down, a second shot to break his back was too high, and a shot from Van found the proper point, back of the shoulder, after which he rolled down the mountain side toward the place where the other lay."

"We crossed the cañon, taking with us the heretofore unappreciated dog, whom we now voted a hero as well as a much cultivated pup indeed, for who had ever before heard of a dog successfully calling an elk?"

"When we approached the big bull, though paralyzed from his broken back, he raised on his front feet, and

stretching his head and neck to their full length, gazed unflinchingly into our faces. It was a moment that I shall never forget. 'What would you give for his picture,' said Van. For the moment I felt a touch of remorse at my cruel work, and I answered: 'If I could mend his back I would gladly let him go.' A shot through the heart ended his troubles and we took up the line of march to camp."

Sept. 30.—The weather has been so delightfully clear and warm that it seems like Indian summer. We are located here right in one of the finest game countries in the world. Pop and Van have gone in search of elk. In the morning Doc and I took the back trail in search of blue grouse. Our guns consisted of a .22cal. Stevens rifle and a pocket full of rocks. Found five grouse scattered in trees and got three of them; one was the toughest thing to kill I ever saw. He was shot three times, each bullet hitting him fairly, before he even flinched, the third killing him. We did not know the other balls struck him at all until he was deprived of his feathers, when we found one had cut his craw open, one through his wing and shoulder, and the other back of his shoulders. Doc had guyed me unmercifully about my shooting at this particular bird, and said something about getting me a scatter gun. After the amount of shooting it required we concluded they would perhaps be better eating should we stew them, which the Kid did, and then they were tough.

Pop and Van came in about 5 o'clock, after a lively chase after elk. They had got into a bunch of perhaps seventy, but in order to reach them had to cross a frightful windfall. Van could go through this like a squirrel, running along from tree to tree, but Pop had to jump, climb and fall over them to such an extent that when he got within shooting distance he couldn't shoot. He says, "I couldn't do anything. Had no wind, no strength, no nothing. Just stood like a blamed old fool, shaking all over, and it took me ten minutes to get my tongue back in the right place, and all the time Van Dyke was yelling 'Shoot, Pop! What have you got that gun for?' 'Shoot yourself!' says I, 'all I want is breath.' Finally I did get the gun up, but it took me so long to get a bead on them that they were in the next county before I could pull the trigger." Van says next time he'll take a bellows along with him and supply him with wind.

Oct. 1.—A change has come, and I believe we are in for stormy weather. A few clouds are scudding across the sky, and now and then an occasional drop of rain falls. Pop and Van went off again for elk. The hunters returned about 4 o'clock, Pop as bright and fresh as a daisy. Reason, he had killed a fine bull about three miles from camp, and his experience is best told by himself: "Say, captain, I've had the greatest time ever you saw. Van and I just went around the Canaan and struck fresh trail. We followed them up, and soon Van saw them in a piece of woods (Van says timber), and then he showed them to me. We got around to windward, and sneaked on to them until we got within 75yds. There were about 100 in the herd. Soon one big old bull trotted out into a little open field (Van says park) and bellowed and scratched the ground so that he almost buried Van and me as we were lying flat on our bellies watching the whole show.

"Then he bellowed again (Van says whistled) and a young bull, a fresh-looking fellow, runs out to him with his hair all standing on end. He walks round and round, then they back off and come together. Wow! how they squealed and fought! The little fellow was no match for that old monarch, so he ran away. Then the old one he squealed again and pawed the ground some more, and another youngster trotted out to see what sort of an impression he could make. Say, Cap, I jest lay there and snickered and laughed, and the water ran from my nose; I couldn't blow it for fear of scaring them, so I had to just let her run. How I wished you were there with your camera to photograph that circus; I'd 'a' give \$50 for a picture of that fight. Well, it took him just ten minutes to polish off that fellow and send him to his corner. He kept this up until he had walloped the stuffing out of five bulls, only requiring about two hours to do it. Then he stood there and squealed for more, but they were all afraid of him by this time. It was so funny that the 'uncultivated cuss' began to get uneasy, and laughed too, so I had to sit on him. By this time the band began to get restless, and the cows and calves were almost walking over us. Then the old bull began to paw the dirt again, and I had either to shoot him or get buried, so I up and shot him three times, twice through the shoulders, and as he turned to run I shot him in the neck. Cap, that fight was worth coming 3,000 miles to see, and I'll never forget it. My, how I wish Georgie could have seen that."

In your letter, which I received in Cooke, you ask me why I haven't said much about the guide. Well, to tell you the truth, Sammy, you know how Doc and I were taken in by a fellow in Minnesota last year? I had concluded to wait until I should go out with him myself before saying much, though the boys all say "he is a marvel and no mistake."

Oct. 2.—Still cloudy. Went out with Judge, Pop and the Kid to help get in the head and hide from Pop's elk. Van and Doc left us and went up the draw to the right after game. Finished our work and got into camp about noon, and just in the nick of time too, as it began to snow about 1 o'clock. It seemed to me the flakes were as large as a silver dollar. Doc and Van came in about 4 o'clock, wet to the skin, and Doc exhausted. They had had a very hard tramp that day, but Doc had the satisfaction of killing his first elk, a nice five-point bull.

You will perceive, Sammy, that all have now secured heads but myself, though I am not pleased with the one Doc got, as I want him to get a larger one, and I feel sure he will. I have waited until the last. I haven't even looked for elk, but my turn comes now. WABASH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

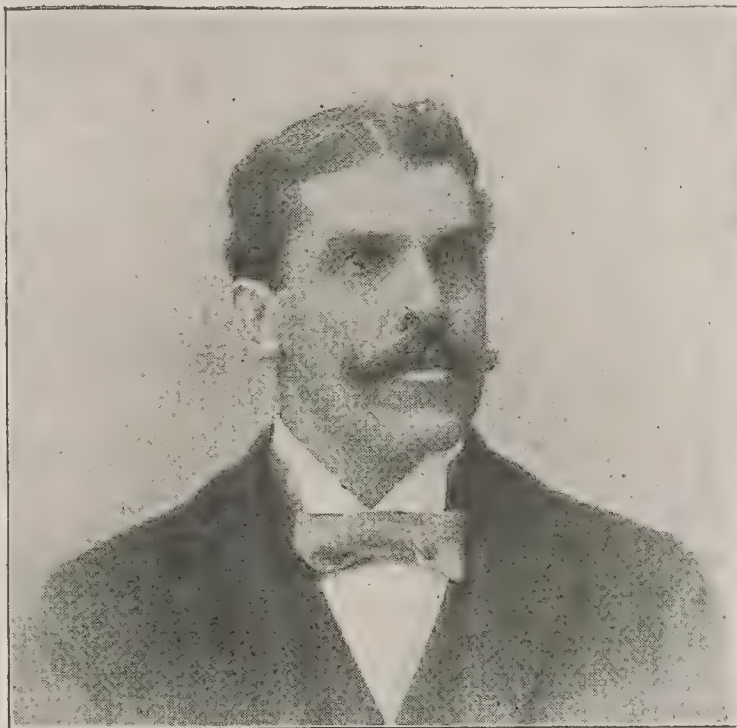
Live Western Wardens.

FOREST AND STREAM prints this week the portrait of Mr. Chase S. Osborn, the hustling game and fish warden of the State of Michigan, who is eminently qualified to rank high among the live Western wardens who are carrying on the fight against illegal shooting and fishing. Mr. Osborn is a newspaper man and owns two newspapers, chief of which is the evening daily, the Sault Ste. Marie News. He is thus a man of affairs, but one who brings to mind the business maxim that it is the busiest man who always has the most time to do something. His present ambition is the stamping out of illegal and over-destructive fishing and shooting in the great State of Michigan, and his success is something which, prior to this time, has not been generally known to the public, but which is worthy of careful study in other localities.

Mr. Osborn took the office of game and fish warden Feb. 1, 1895. During the eleven months of 1895 the department prosecuted 501 cases. These cases grew out of the investigation of reported violations to the number of 966. The total of fines and costs collected amounted to \$6,420 67 for the time mentioned. The office sent out about 10,000 personally dictated letters. Of the 501 cases mentioned, 397 convictions were obtained. Acquittals to the number of fifty-five resulted. In three cases there were disagreements and in thirty-four cases discontinuances were entered. This leaves twelve cases pending. All of the previous records of this office show a total of 604 cases prosecuted up to the time that Mr. Osborn took the office. This would indicate that during the eleven months of 1895 he was enabled to accomplish in the direction of actual apprehension and punishment apparently nearly as much as had been accomplished during the previous existence of the office of eight years and one month.

The laws were so emphatically prosecuted and enforced that the State does not have at present one quarter the violations reported at this time last year.

The sentiment for game and fish protection in Michigan is certainly growing, though, as in other States, the



WARDEN CHASE S. OSBORN.

warden is hampered for lack of funds. The salary of the State warden is but \$1,200 a year and he is allowed but \$2,000 additional for the payment of deputies.

The new deer law, making the season the same in both peninsulas, restricting the number of deer killed to five and requiring a license, was enforced to the letter and resulted in greatly reducing the number of deer killed. The law prohibiting the shipment of game and fish out of the State was rigorously enforced. Much attention was given to the enforcement of the new law prohibiting the sale of woodcock, partridge and quail, and hotels and restaurants were prevented from serving them at banquets whenever possible.

Mr. Osborn has taken the ground that all game and fish laws are constitutional and in force until declared otherwise by the supreme court.

The State game and fish warden of Michigan is not only expected to enforce the laws relative to the protection of game fish and game animals, but has under his jurisdiction the protection of the food fish supply. He is made the inspector of fish shutes, and his duties are multiplied by each session of the Legislature. The one thing glaringly needful in Michigan seems to be a law regulating the length and weight of fish caught in pound nets, gill nets, seines, fyke nets, etc. The warden has made special efforts to have the commercial fishing laws respected.

Non-resident deer hunting licenses to the number of twenty-three were issued during the season of 1895, and resident licenses to the number of 15,877. Mr. Osborn will advocate a change in the license law at the next session of the Legislature, requiring every person who has a gun in his possession during the open season to have a license.

Moose in Minnesota.

There is a popular impression that the moose law is off in Minnesota this fall, though I do not find it so recorded in the game laws. The close season law, or some other cause, has been followed by an increase in the moose supply not far short of phenomenal, though the killing has been very extensive in the Rainy Lake region, and indeed pretty much all through upper Minnesota the prospectors have penetrated beyond the reach of the wardens. The dispatches from Duluth, of May 6, state that a herd of moose on that morning appeared in the main street of that city, they having swum across the bay from the Wisconsin side. They were driven over into the woods on a point of land near by, and at last accounts had not left that locality, being very tired with their swim.

Along Deer River and in the Itasca region moose are very abundant, and have been for two years. Last year, according to a newspaper cutting which is handed me by

a Minnesota resident, a band of five moose ate up the cabbage patch of a Deer Lake settler, and so irritated him that he went after them with a shotgun and did all he could to exterminate the lot. They are there again this year, however, and he says he can't afford to raise cabbage for all the wild moose in Minnesota, for he intends to lay in that cabbage for next winter in the form of kraut for himself and family.

Poisoned Deer.

In northern Minnesota several deer are reported to have been poisoned last season by eating the tops of potato and other plants which had been treated with Paris green for the purpose of destroying bugs. The wild deer when not pursued become very bold, coming into the gardens of the farmers and helping themselves to what they like, and being of a very inquisitive turn of mind, though their investigations have not yet taught them that the good part of a potato is not the part which grows above the ground.

Deer in Chicago.

Mr. William Deering, of Evanston suburb, has a pet deer which has this week been having a lot of fun with the people of that village. It has broken away from confinement twice, once going out into Lake Michigan for a swim and nearly drowning itself, and then at a later day making its escape and running for some time loose in the cemetery, where it was with difficulty secured by the attendants and taken back home in a wagon under an escort of four policemen, who thus had their initial hunt for big game.

Wild Pigeons.

There is ground for the belief that the wild pigeon is by no means to be considered an extinct bird. This spring a report from Minnesota states that a few have been seen there, and now I have more definite word to prove that at least a few more of these beautiful birds remain in the land of the living. Mr. H. L. Stanton, who resides at Beverly Hills suburb, eleven miles to the south of the city, on the Rock Island road, tells me that one morning two weeks ago he saw a flock of birds flying toward his home which had a peculiar look and which he almost at once identified as wild pigeons; for though he had seen none for years he was raised in the pigeon country of Wisconsin and is familiar with the bird. These pigeons crossed the ridge of high land at Beverly Hills and disappeared in the direction of a wood back of that point, where Mr. Stanton thinks they may have alighted for a time. Mr. Stanton's neighbor, Mr. Fuss, when spoken to about this event, mentioned that he had on the same morning seen another flock of about the same number, thirty or forty, which crossed at nearly the same place. Mr. Fuss was brought up at or near this same spot, and he remarks that in the past, when there was a regular flight of pigeons, this used to be their regular crossing place, they seeming to come in from the direction of south Chicago, as though in their flight they had come around the head of Lake Michigan or crossed it near the head (or perhaps I should more nautically call this the "foot" of the lake, meaning at least the southern end of it). It would be pleasant indeed if we might once more see even occasionally a flock of these birds, once so extraordinarily abundant.

News from the Yellowstone Park.

A band of twenty-six mountain sheep was seen in the "strip" north of the Yellowstone River in the National Park two weeks ago. Deer are more abundant in the Park this spring than ever before. One bunch of forty-seven blacktails came down within a mile of the officers' quarters one day last week, and there are a number of whitetails hanging around the post pastures. Every range in the Park has dozens and hundreds of elk, and these animals surely more than hold their own. Two arrests have been made of poachers for killing elk in the Park, E. Sheffield and A. G. Vance, of Livingston. These men are charged with killing the elk in the Montana strip of the Park. They are to be tried before Commissioner Meldrum at Fort Yellowstone to-day, May 9.

After Big Game.

A French count with eleven dachshunde of the bluest sort of blood is in Chicago this week, bound for the National Park and other Western points. He is after big game. He takes his serpentine pack with him when he travels, because he loves them so. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Lonely Anti-Decoy Partners.

I BELIEVE that it was E. E., of Seattle, who a few weeks since moved to stash the decoy interest. I think that I was the only one who supported his motion, and I did this for the same reason that he made it, namely, that neither of us is in the habit of using decoys.

I felt that at any rate my flint-lock, muzzleloading amendment would be too much for him. Even Mr. Mitchell, who is the only one in the FOREST AND STREAM crowd having, according to the Seattle gentleman, a spark of humanity or unselfishness in his soul, seems to have "gone back on him." "Twas ever thus."

If decoys are really to be abolished by law I should like to have a loophole in the statute, so that when I chance to find myself among upland plover, I may feel a liberty to hold up my foot, or wave a handkerchief on a stick, or to use some similar device for bamboozling these exceeding wary birds. I can imitate their call (which believe few can do), and used to have many a pleasant and successful day among them. I have not seen one for many years. KELPIE.

Aroostook County, Maine.

LITTLETON, Me., May 4.—The robins and blackbirds put in an appearance together this season, April 11; the first frogs were heard April 22 and the first swallows seen on April 25. The season is somewhat backward, but indications are good for lots of sport with trout this summer. They are already betraying a considerable interest in the contents of my fly book and I shall shortly have a good score to report. I note that woodcocks and partridges are unusually plenty in the woods this spring, the former being quite tame. That the fall shooting will be exceptionally good there can be no doubt. A number of deer have been seen in the open fields, and your correspondent quite recently ran across a herd of five caribou within two miles of the railroad. The new Ashland branch of the Bangor & Aroostook road has made easy access to some of the finest fishing and hunting grounds to be found in the State. MISS ISQUIR.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The Man Behind the Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Lew Wilmot's article headed "The Man Behind the Gun" is the kind of argument that should settle the gun question. One writer says a hunter is lucky if he hits a running deer anywhere between the head and tail, and for that reason he should shoot a large, hard-hitting gun—or words to that effect.

He evidently loses sight of the man behind the gun.

A hunter should be able to hit a running deer within a circle whose diameter is the width of the deer's body, and at any distance that his gun will shoot accurately. He may be able to do this with a short, compactly built gun like the .38 40 or .44 40 Winchester, but fail with a long-barreled gun shooting a long cartridge, for the simple reason that he cannot handle the large gun. But if the gun feels right in his hands—is light, and comes up to his face properly, so he does not have to look a second time for either the sights or the mark—he should hit his deer nearly where he chooses. He can tumble rabbits on the jump and clip the heads off walking partridges in the second of time the head is still before making the forward or backward movement.

I once shot two deer as they ran past me about 75 yds. distant, the first some three jumps in advance of the other. My little .32 20 Winchester put a ball through the foremost one a little above the heart. I had only time enough to pump my magazine and catch the other deer on the same ground—a small open depression between ridges covered with undergrowth and scattering trees.

The holes in the two skins did not vary over 2 in. from the same spot. It does not matter whether a man is able to hit a deer or not, he is entitled to a trial; but he must not expect his gun to do more than its share of the work. A good gun will shoot where it is held. I prefer to be sure of my aim and hit a deer in a vital spot, or clip a partridge head, than to shoot an unwieldy rifle or a shotgun at random.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE INDIANS AND THE FISH LAWS.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY COURT.

THE PEOPLE VS. JAMES PIERCE.

G. W. Cole, Attorney for the People.

D. C. Reilly, Attorney for Defendant.

Opinion—O. S. Vreeland, County Judge.

The defendant was convicted by and before a Justice of the Peace of the town of Salamanca of the offense of having on the 13th day of October, 1895, killed fish in the Alleghany River, in Cattaraugus county, by the explosion of dynamite, contrary to the provisions of Sec. 102, Chap. 974, of the laws of 1895.

Upon such conviction the defendant was sentenced by the justice to pay a fine of \$40, and in addition to be imprisoned for thirty days in the county jail of the county.

It was substantially conceded upon the trial by defendant that he had exploded dynamite in the river for the purpose of killing fish; and by the people that defendant was a Seneca Indian, a member of the Seneca Nation of Indians, and that the particular spot in the river where the explosive had been used was upon the Alleghany Indian Reservation.

Upon this statement of facts the defendant asked to be exempted before the justice from liability to the provisions of the statute cited, and upon this appeal makes the broad claim that, since he is a Seneca Indian, and the alleged offense was committed upon the reservation which his tribe occupies, therefore the Legislature of the State of New York has no authority or jurisdiction over the reservation or its waters; that it cannot control or restrict the right of himself or his people to take fish from this river in any manner they choose to adopt, and for these reasons the act referred to is invalid and void so far as he is concerned. These Indians have possessed a right to occupy these lands from a time in the past, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and the story of such right and of their relations to the United States and the State of New York has been often told.

In 1628-9 the king ruling England granted to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in America, certain lands described, in the quaint language of the day, as follows: "All that parte of Newe Englande, in America, which lyes and extendes between a greate river there commonlie called Monomack, alias Muriemack, and a certen other river there called Charles River, being in the bottome of a certayne bay there commonlie called Massachusetts, alias Matichussetts, alias Massatusetts Bay, and also all and singular those landes and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the space of three English myles on the south part of the said Charles River, and also the landes lying and being within three English myles to the southward of the southmost part of the saide bay.

"And also all those lands and hereditaments whatsoever which lye and be within the space of three English myles to the northward of the said river called Monomack.

"And all the landes and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the lymytts aforesaide, north and south in latitude, and in length and longitude, of and within all the breadth aforesaide, throughout the mayne landes there, from the Atlantic and western sea and ocean on the east parte, to the south sea on the west parte."

On March 12, 1664, the king then ruling England granted to his brother, Duke of York, certain other lands "of Newe Englande." Out of the latter grant was carved the Colony and later the State of New York, and from the former grant were formed the Colony and State of Massachusetts.

During the long years embracing the French and Indian wars, and the period of the Revolution, no notice appears to have been taken of the fact that the grant to the Duke overlapped the earlier grant, but when the affairs of the Colonies began to take more definite shape, after the treaty of Paris, the Colony of Massachusetts took steps to locate the boundaries of their grant, mapped the same as extending between parallels 42° and 45°, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and laid claim to almost the whole of the State of New York not actually settled.

New York resisted the claim and a convention between

the two States was held at Hartford in the Colony of Connecticut in 1786, where, on Dec. 16 of that year, a stipulation was signed by Rufus King and three others for Massachusetts, and by Robert R. Livingston and five others for New York, establishing a line across the State north and south from the Pennsylvania boundary, commencing at the southeast corner of Steuben county, running along the westerly shore of Seneca Lake and terminating in Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario.

New York ceded to Massachusetts "the right of pre-emption of the soil from the native Indians, and all their estate, right, title and property (the right and title of government, sovereignty and jurisdiction excepted) which the State of New York hath" in the territory lying on the west of the line marked; and Massachusetts ceded to New York "all the claim, right and title which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hath to the government, sovereignty and jurisdiction" of the lands in question.

Under the authority reserved in this stipulation the State of New York has assumed to extend its laws over all this land once claimed by Massachusetts, and has enacted and now seeks to enforce the act in question, as against the tribe of Indians still occupying a portion of the original tract.

It seems reasonably clear that this may be done.

The words chosen—"government, sovereignty and jurisdiction"—are among the broadest in the language.

"Government" is "The exercise of authority in the administration of the affairs of a State, community or society; the authoritative direction and restraint exercised over the actions of men in communities, societies or States."—*Century Dictionary*.

"Sovereignty" is "The supreme, absolute, uncontrollable power by which any State is governed."—*Cooley, Con., Lim.*

"Jurisdiction" is "Controlling authority—the right of making or enforcing laws or regulations—the capacity of determining rules of action or use, and exacting penalties; the function or capacity of judging or governing in general; the inherent power of decision or control."—*Century Dictionary*.

These definitions certainly cover the case under consideration.

It is not the purpose of the statute to absolutely prohibit the taking of fish from the waters of the State, but to regulate and control such taking, and to prevent the wholesale destruction of this important food product.

This fish law is the result of years of study and experience in the nature and habits of the finny tribe with a view to prevent their destruction, and to promote, to the greatest extent, their growth and increase.

Its purpose is as much for the welfare of the Indians as for that of their white neighbors.

Experience has taught that unless the methods of taking fish can be controlled, and the season for taking them regulated so as not to interfere with their propagation, all the fish in the waters of the State are doomed to destruction.

Such a result would be more disastrous to the interests of the Indians, and be more quickly and keenly felt by them than by the whites.

To confine the question, however, to the exact point at issue, it does not appear that the slaughter of fish by the explosion of dynamite in their native waters is "fishing" within any fair interpretation of the term.

By this means large numbers of fish are destroyed and only a few are secured—young and old alike are killed. Their habits of breeding and taking food are disturbed and interfered with.

Under these conditions it is clear that the provisions of this law are wise and just, and ought to be upheld and enforced.

The claim of the defendant that the terms of this statute are hostile to existing statutes of the United States, or to the stipulations contained in the treaties heretofore made with this tribe of Indians, is not tenable.

So far as I can discover, the United States has never enacted by its Congress any statute, or given out any decision by its courts, in opposition to the right of the State of New York to exercise its "sovereignty" over these lands.

The relations of the United States with these Indians began soon after the close of the Revolution, when a treaty was held whereby the Government "gave peace" to these Indians, and "secured and confirmed" them in the possession of their lands.

Beyond this, excepting to supervise their dealings with the whites, the general government has done nothing.

The claim is made by the defendant that the United States expressly guaranteed to his nation the right to fish without interference in these waters by express treaty, but such does not appear to be the case.

The only reference to their right to fish and hunt appears to be in the deed executed by the nation to Robert Morris in 1797, made under the supervision of the general government, whereby all the vast tract comprising western New York was conveyed to him, and in which the right to hunt and fish in the lands conveyed was reserved.

Under this provision, the right of the Indians over the waters in question is in no way superior to their rights in all the other streams embraced in the lands so conveyed. It is not likely that any express treaty was necessary to entitle them to the reasonable use of the waters for fishing, but the fact cited does prove that they have no such exclusive authority over this river as to entitle them to defy the "sovereignty" of the State of New York when exercised with reason and judgment over the same.

The Indians themselves have also invoked the "sovereignty" of the State upon repeated occasions. As early as 1813, laws were enacted by the State to prevent trespasses upon their lands by white persons, and these laws have been frequently amended and extended in scope and their aid invoked by the tribe. The very corporate existence of the Seneca Nation itself depends upon a statute of the State.

The statutes forbidding trespasses upon their lands by whites and providing for the removal of intruders have been upheld as a police regulation (*The People ex rel. vs. Dibble*, 16 N. Y., 203), and it seems plain that the present law may be sustained upon the same ground.

The case has been considered at greater length than the precise question involved demands, but in view of the surroundings it has seemed advisable to ascertain the result to which an examination of the whole question might lead.

Such examination leads me to the conclusion that the State of New York has the authority to make and enforce

these laws, and that Indians are amenable to their provisions in the same manner and to the same extent as are the whites.

The sentence imposed by the justice was a fine of \$40 and imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days; and was apparently imposed under the general provisions of the statute regulating punishment for misdemeanors.

Sec. 102, under which the prosecution was conducted, provides the punishment, which may be imprisonment for not less than thirty days, but does not authorize a fine.

The judgment of conviction must therefore be modified by remitting the fine, and, as so modified, the judgment of conviction and the sentence affirmed.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—Hearing of the sport along the Fox, and being minded to have a day out of doors this week, I made a solemn agreement with three friends of mine, each of whom declared himself ready to depart on an hour's notice, to take a run out to St. Charles, on the Fox, and have a look over the country with an eye to a trip a little later on. One of these friends is an ardent bicyclist, and announced himself ready to ride out across country with me almost any evening to have a look at the river. Of course, when the time came to start, this solemn compact showed itself to be about like most fishing-trip agreements, and no one was ready to start. One man had bought him a yoke of oxen and another had married a wife, or was going to, and one or another such insufficient reasons broke up the deal all around; so I was left alone. Now, I have a superstition that it is unlucky for a man ever to change his mind, especially about going fishing, when he has once made it up. It seems to me that when a fellow has gone to all the trouble of making up that member he ought not to go and lightly rub that make-up off without great provocation. Believing this, there was only one thing to be done, and that was to start alone, which accordingly I did, leaving Chicago at 9 P. M. on bicycle-back for the ride of thirty-eight miles to St. Charles. The weather probabilities said there would be local thunder showers that night, and that was the first time I ever knew the weather man to guess it right. I was not three miles down the boulevard before it began to get black and blow great guns, while the lightning played hide and seek around a big cloud in the west, the direction in which I was traveling. I knew I was being another variety of idiot in going on, but I was too mad by that time to turn back, so went ahead. I had intended to ride out slowly till the moon rose, about 10 P. M., and then push on over the country roads as far as I could that night, hoping to get over most of the distance by 2 or 3 o'clock the next morning; but what I planned to do and what I really did were two very different things. The storm caught me at Oak Park, and I got wet in just about half a minute. Oak Park is a very respectable suburb, devoted to private residences of wealthy folk and not laid out with a view to transient travelers' comfort. I looked all up and down the street and saw no place where a wet bicyclist could hide. Everything was highly respectable and repellent. At last I saw a bright and cheery light shining in an inviting way at a store window, and I ventured up on the stoop and withdrew into the shelter of the archway, the way the wronged maidens do in cathedrals in the novels. I found that my house of refuge was an undertaker's shop; but it was the cheerfulest place in the town, so I didn't mind. The undertaker was a pleasant man, and he looked me over with interest, but possibly undertakers are always glad to see a man drop in now and then. He gave me his card, and I promised to see him again some day; but then the rain stopped a trifle and I determined to ride on. When a fellow is going fishing he always wants to have his main idea fixed in his mind, and must not allow himself to be diverted by the temptations which offer by the wayside.

I rode on for three or four *stadia* and a couple of *parasangs* more until I came to Maywood, and here I found that the moon, which was slated to appear at that time and place, was not working at all that night, and that my ride was going to be cut short. There was a temptation to turn around and ride back home and go to bed, but this I rejected with scorn, and instead sought lodging at a hotel I discovered near by. This was a large hotel with about a thousand rooms in it, once devoted to the use of the operatives of a factory or something of that sort, and as the factory was shut down I thought I could get a room there. The night clerk said I could, but when I told him I wanted to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning he mutinied, and said he didn't see how he could afford to sit up all night to call me at that hour; but he finally agreed to chance it, and I took harborage with him.

I have been thinking it over since then, and I sort of believe that that night clerk was a humorist or something of that kind. He must have been joking about calling me in the morning. What really happened was that he put me into a room next to one that had a light in it and was evidently occupied—these being the only two rooms of the thousand that had anybody in them that night. I waited and waited for that light to go out, but it never failed all night long. Neither did there cease the conversation audibly in progress between the inmates of the room, which were apparently of Semitic cast, as I inferred from sundry exclamations of, "Chrashus me; vat would you exbeci?" "No! no! id was all right!" "Bud I dell you, Rosenbaum," etc., etc. Those people argued for five hours by the watch, for I kept time on them, they only pausing momentarily when I wrapped on the wall and swore at them. Meantime there was a lamp placed in the hall in front of my door, so that the light streamed in cheerily over the transom, and the sound of heavy footsteps, as of a man engaged in deep thought, continued up and down the hall all the time. I supposed this was the night clerk, and that this was his way of waking me up at 4 o'clock, so I had no right to criticise his methods, and as I don't mind a little thing like that anyhow when I am going fishing, I didn't say anything to him about it at the time. I didn't really need to be called at 4 A. M., for at 3:30 I saw the streaks of dawn appear, and so arose and dressed and went out in the hall to see how my uneasy friend with the footsteps was getting along. I asked him what was troubling his mind, and what was the matter with the fellows in the other room, and he said they were witnesses in a lawsuit over a fire there had been in town, and he was the bailiff stationed over them to keep them from getting away.

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

But he couldn't say why I got the room next to theirs. Neither could the night clerk, whom I woke up and asked about it. "They's no kick comin' to you," he said. "That's one of the best rooms in the house." Then I asked him about breakfast.

"Why, man, you can't get no breakfast here for three hours yet. They ain't anyone to cook, and nothin' to cook nohow. Maybe I can get you a glass of milk."

I wanted a cup of coffee, and told the clerk I could make plenty good coffee if he could find the raw ingredients. But though we searched for over half an hour through the dungeons of the kitchen, we never did find where that cook kept her coffee can. I never went through a house before where I couldn't find the coffee, but I couldn't there, and had to set forth grumbling and uncomfortable, after loss of much valuable time.

A Glorious Morning.

But the morning in the country was glorious. The air was sweet and fresh and the birds sang ecstatically, and all the fields and hedge-rows were vivid green and fair to look upon. I felt repaid already, and went bowling along at a good gait in spite of my hunger, congratulating myself on a pleasant journey and a quick arrival. Alas! the evil luck attended me. I had traveled only six miles when I ran into the rain belt. Here the shower of the previous evening had been a furious downpour, and the black gumbo was bottomless. I pushed on as far as I could, but had to dismount and push the bicycle. Then the mud rolled up on it till the wheels clogged and refused to move. I tried to carry it, but it weighed 100 lbs. with the mud on. My feet were wet, and I was hungry. I realized finally that I was engaged in another one of the divers fool things I have occupied my life with doing. Still I was sure I was going fishing, and when going fishing one must never lose his temper, or he won't catch any fish. I picked out a likely looking farmhouse, fought the dog for a chance to knock at the door, and at last unearthed a German woman who said her husband had gone to town with a load of milk, and who concluded she could boil me some eggs and make a cup of coffee while I was waiting for the sun to come up. This was before 6 o'clock in the morning.

My new hostess told me that I was now arrived at the village of Elmhurst, and told me that if I would go a half mile to the south I would strike a road with more gravel in it, and could perhaps ride a little and certainly walk a great deal better than I could on the gumbo road I had been trying. I took her advice and found it good. Indeed, I rode for a mile, but unfortunately it was not in the right direction, and I got in the mud again. Then a farmer who came along with a load of milk took me back to Elmhurst again in his wagon and headed me right for what he said was the St. Charles road. This I followed as best I could till I came to Lombard, and thence I went on to Glen Ellyn, and thence north of Wheaton. The roads were awful. A few teams had passed that morning after the rain, and the only place to ride was right in the ruts of the wheels. I had a good chance to try the bicycle as a road machine in bad weather. I found that about half the distance I had to walk and push the wheel, appreciating very much the rare stretches where I could use the speed of the wheel. To make it all short, I held on, walking and riding, on my solitary fishing trip, until at exactly noon I arrived at St. Charles, having been eight hours in doing twenty-eight miles. This is one way you can go fishing to St. Charles on the Fox. There are others.

At the little village on the Fox I found everything charming indeed to a man from the city. The river is beautiful at that spot, falling in a wide cascade over a big dam, and it was at just such a stage of clearness and yet of fullness as one would ask if he were going to fish. Of course, my fishing trip was more of a bluff than anything else, but I went down to the river and watched other people fish. Pretty soon a young man, the foreman of the file works there, came out at his noon hour and tried a line for a time near the corner of the mill. With him I struck up acquaintance, with the result that he soon offered me his stock of minnows and his tackle to have and to hold, and to enjoy the profits and usufruct thereof while he was in the mill at work. "I like to see a fellow have a good time," said he, and so I knew I had struck one of that brotherhood of sportsmen which exists all over this big country. I fished and caught a lone-some rock bass or so, and a little rock bass that I threw back, and one a little larger which I looked at a while and didn't throw back, he looked so fat and sleek and good to eat. Then some boys came along who had some "gramuses," "water devils," or helgramites, whatever title suit them, with which they would not part for love or money, though I knew, as did they, that this was the best bait to use at that time. I was forced to sit at the Barmecide entertainment of watching them catch bass under my nose—no large ones, none above 4 lbs., and none with spawn so far as I could see. A half dozen of these bass I was further forced to purchase at the sum of 5 cents apiece of the stern young anglers, for I really couldn't resist the tempting look of their shiny sides. I found that for once appearances were not deceitful, and have never eaten any bass in this country so good as these little ones. Late in the season, when the weeds have come in the streams, the bass are sure to have more or less of a muddy taste, even the small-mouths, and the bass of the lakes, especially the big-mouths, are not fit to eat, so musky or muddy do they become. But these sweet little small-mouths, fresh from the cold water of the swift river—they were divine. They tempt to go out there again soon. It is a lovely and an easy locality to reach, and boats are to be had, possibly with guides, if one cares for such encumbrances in so easy a country. The best place to go to is up the river about three or four miles, toward Clintonville Rapids, near the mouths of the creeks, and I should think that at any time within the next two weeks one might be sure of a decent day's sport and of a fine table delicacy if he cooked his catch. These Fox River bass just now are fine performers in the water or on the table.

St. Charles is by rail (Chicago Great Northern Road) only about thirty-two miles from Chicago, and the trains run very nicely for a trip. A good way is to take a train out at 1 P. M. or later, have that evening's fishing, fish the next day and come in at 8:45 P. M., reaching the city at 10 P. M. I found the fare to be \$1.07. I also found that the bicycle man is going to charge me just \$1.50 to clean up my wheel for me. The friends who didn't go

with me when they said they would are saying now that they knew all along what was going to happen, and that I am the biggest fool on earth for going out on the road after such a rain, etc., etc. Still my conscience gives an approving throb once in a while, and I still remember how good these little bass were. And when these friends of mine go out there with me in a couple of weeks I shall find revenge in not telling them of a good hole I found when I was there. They will feel bad when they see me come in at evening with my fish.

Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 9.—The weather for the past few days has been fit for treason, stratagem and ice cream—so hot that there was no comfort even in going fishing. The sudden advent of the warm wave stopped the biting of the bass in Fox River at once, as I had occasion to learn. On the day I was out the wind was high and the waters troubled and coffee-colored, so that nine fish were all two men, Mr. H. L. Stanton and myself, could do by patient effort, and of these only three were black bass. The bass fishing is now betwixt and between, the time being too early and too late. I think the bass are spawning two or three weeks ahead of time, and believe that most of the spawning is over, even in the rivers. At least there are many beds reported seen in Fox and Kankakee rivers last week by those who were out on those streams. Lake fishing at Fox Lake continues good, and the bass are said to be well on with the season's spawning there.

The Kankakee River is doing well this spring. Points to be recommended on that stream are Mokena, Hanna and Koutts, the latter two better later in the summer. I find the Fox River at St. Charles a very beautiful and easily accessible stream, the trains running exceptionally well for Chicago anglers who have only a day to spare. The best way to do on this trip is to run out to St. Charles, thirty-two miles, in the evening, then take boat six miles up stream to Cedar Rock, above the second creek about three miles, staying there over night and fishing the next day. In June this is a fine fly-fishing trip, for the Fox River bass are very obliging about taking the fly, and there are also many rock bass to offer a moment's fun. The rock bass may not have quite the same *gaudium certaminis* (as we say in Chicago) about him that a black bass has, but he is more regular in his habits, which is something in his favor.

Trout.

No very large takes of trout are reported as yet from the woods country to our north, but a few gentlemen have been out and had sport enough to repay them. The Prairie River, near Dudley, Wis., is about as good a stream as I can direct one to at this writing. This stream was stocked heavily by the Wisconsin Fish Commission some years ago, and the fact was kept quiet. There have been 5 lb. trout taken out of it since. The big brook trout at the World's Fair came from this stream. The Paint, the Pine and the Fence, to say nothing of the Pike, will no doubt produce their quota of trout later; but these streams, like all others, do not have trout on tap, so that whosoever drops a line may pull them out. Trout fishing remains there the same mystifying and alluring pastime, with one good day to remember and twenty to forget; but the trout are there. They are in the Brule too, but you can't always get them out.

Grayling.

It is all a mistake to think the grayling is "extinct" in Michigan, though of late it has attracted little a tention in print. I am told on good authority that the Little Manistee this spring will be well worth a visit, and Bear Creek last year was described to me by an expert who fished it as being productive of some very fine grayling. The boat trips across the lake to the south peninsula points have never been much appreciated by Chicago anglers, most of that traffic being of the holiday and summer resort order, but there are several points, as Petoskey, Ludington, etc., which are good enter points for some very fine fishing country for bass, trout or grayling, and I wonder our anglers do not more frequently take advantage of them.

Wish-i-ninne Club.

There will be a meeting to-night of the Wish-i-ninne Club, of Chicago, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual camping trip of the club, which this year will be held on Manitowish waters in Wisconsin about June. This club is composed of Messrs. Geo. E. Cole, J. V. Clark, Lon Clark, C. S. Dennis, Frank Wells and brother, John Flanders, Geo. B. Walker and W. L. Wells. These gentlemen have had many pleasant camps together, mostly duck hunting in Minnesota, and their annual trip has become a fixture of interest. The club is named after Chief Wish-i-ninne, a Chippewa once of repute in Minnesota. This red gentleman was about 7 ft. tall, and bad all the way up and down. For an act of a criminal nature he was arrested by local officers, or rather several of them attempted to arrest him, and he laid most of them out in order of arrival. An Irishman by name of O'Regan exclaimed, "I'll hold ye now, me man," and drawing up his Winchester shot Wish-i-ninne square in the side of the head. It was said at the time that his whole skull was blown off, and O'Regan was tried for that. Anyhow, Wish-i-ninne was buried, and nearly twenty years afterward his body was dug up and his skull passed into the possession of Mr. W. L. Wells, who now has it in his studio, next door to the FOREST AND STREAM office here. The truth about Wish-i-ninne's skull is that it was not blown off at all. It shows not even a hole through it, merely a deep dent in the side above the ear, not making a fracture, but causing a shock sufficient to cause the death of Wish-i-ninne, and so to give the club which became lawful owner of his head a name of unique and gruesome interest.

In Doubt.

Mr. Albert Bruning and Mrs. Bruning (Lulu Klein), of the Salvini company, have passed more than a week in Chicago, the company playing handsomely to handsome business and concluding its engagement here last Saturday. Mr. Bruning is a FOREST AND STREAM man and very fond of the camp, the stream and the forest himself, so it was natural that he should pay the FOREST AND STREAM fold here a visit during his stay. He and Mrs. Bruning are in the habit each year of taking a camping trip of some months together at the end of the dramatic season, usually going to Canada or Maine. This year they are in doubt whether to go to the woods on their camping trip, or go to Europe for a journey. They came

to me for expert advice on such matters, and I told them to go camping, because they can go to Europe any time, and so can anybody, but they may not always be young and hearty enough to eat as many trout as they can now. Mr. Bruning is the leading gentleman of the company, after the star, and as such, for instance in the part of the Duke of Buckingham, has to do a lot of fencing, because the Duke of Buckingham's habits, as I understand it, were such that he was always getting into trouble. Mr. Bruning has contracted a fine case of rheumatism in the glorious climate of Chicago, and was for some days obliged to fence left handed; although it seems to me this would only add *vraisemblance*, as we say in Chicago, to the part of the gallant Duke, who must have been a good two-handed fighter. But what I wanted to say is that a camping trip is the best cure on earth for rheumatism. Yet no one pretends that a trip to Europe cures rheumatism.

Slightly Disfigured, but Recognizable.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, England, are good enough to send the writer a very pretty little book on a very pretty theme, named "The Amateur Angler," the same being a series of English angling sketches written by a gentleman who signs himself The Amateur Angler. Any book on angling must labor to escape being charming, and this book is charming in its quiet little way, though I fear it will not replace the Walton which it distantly imitates. One thing which attracted my attention in this book was the expression "hackneyed in business," which was quoted, being used in connection with the idea of being able to go fishing. It was really unnecessary to use the quotation mark; for the *Fishing Gazette*, of London, for which The Amateur Angler writes, stole the whole idea, picture and all, from the FOREST AND STREAM, and came out with the "chained to business" warning verbatim and without quotation marks or credit of any kind. The author of this pleasant and pretty little book on a guileless and clear-conscience sport need not have disfigured the expression, which is still recognizable and was much more effective as first written by the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

Classified Bears.

It was with a feeling of exultation that I read in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM of the new classification of the American bears, which is put forth by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who divides the grizzly bear into five equal parts, and even the black bear into four species, as against the old arrangement, under which scientists insisted there were only two species of bears in the United States, the black and the grizzly. All the old bear hunters have time out of mind set apart several sorts of long-toed bears, as the columns of the sporting press for years back have recorded, and they have uniformly been told that they didn't know anything about bears anyhow. And now comes Dr. Merriam and tears the whole thing down and begins over again. Science, it seems, can't very well get these bears to "justify" in the make-up sometimes, as this new classification shows. It is a good classification, and will be popular; but I notice Dr. Merriam has omitted one species, the pine nut bear, cold and hard. I suppose it was received too late to classify. But I still have hopes of seeing this kind of bear obtain the recognition for which it has long struggled in vain in the hands of myself and the other two men who believe in it. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

HARRISVILLE, N. Y., May 5.—Trout fishing is better at present in the vicinity of Forest Home than it has been for years. Last week about 200 were caught, weighing from 1 lb. to 2 lbs.

Streams are now getting in condition for good fishing. W. E. HUMES.

PINE POINT, N. H., May 4.—Here is some of the catch at Lake Webb to-day: Withum and Maisterman, 10 trout and 3 salmon; Swett and Houghton, 10 trout; Rollins and Courier, 13 trout; Payne Bros., 8 trout; Schotfield and Son, 82 trout; L. Newman and Holt, 36 trout; F. Phillips and wife, 7 trout and 2 salmon. These trout weighed from 1 to 4 lbs.; the salmon were small, weight of 2 lbs. each. Our fishing is opening fine, and the fishermen are beginning to arrive at Pine Point. W. K. C.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., May 4.—Pike fishing has been successful here since the opening of the season on the first. C. C. C.

Mr. J. Halpen sends us a copy of the *Kennebec Journal* of May 6, in which it is reported that trout fishing is proving capital in Lake Cobscookseecontee, near Augusta. The fish run large and are in good supply.

Michipicoteu River Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—In your paper dated April 25 I read one article by S. R. Clark, of Toronto, on the rivers of the north shore of Lake Superior. I agree with him that the trout caught in Michipicoteu River are much superior to those caught in the other rivers mentioned. I have fished this river many times. The trout will average about 2 or 3 lbs., each, and they have rich colored fins, deep red bellies, and rich deep pink-colored flesh of such a delicate flavor as is seldom found in the Nipigon trout. The river is good to fish with the fly; you can wade almost any part, and the stream is about 30 to 50 ft. wide, with a continuation of pools that are the favorite haunts of the trout. The best time for fishing are the months of July and August, the water being too high in the month of June. There will be a small steam launch on Lake Missanabie this season to convey tourists from Missanabie station on the C. P. Railway to the headwaters of Michipicoteu River, a distance of ten miles, where the sportsman can commence fishing the stream, and continue on to its mouth on Lake Superior, which will take from one week to one month, just as you please. The sportsman will require a canoe and guide to descend the stream. The scenery is beautiful, and a trip down the Michipicoteu River to Lake Superior will never be forgotten. J. E. N.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Men lay, and as much earlier as practicable.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

[Concluded from page 377.]

WHEN morning came we feasted upon trout, but they did not taste as good as before, so we decided at the breakfast table that a change of fish should be had. An inspection would be made of those dorsal fins sticking out of the water, and if they were not trout some should be caught, so each of us was left to his own device.

Knowing that whitefish were taken with gill nets, I never for a moment thought they would bite upon any sort of bait. Taking one of the boats, we started out, and while my fly was skipping over the top of the water not 50ft. from shore I got a strike that sent my reel whizzing, and when I landed my fish you may imagine my surprise to find it a *Coregonus clupeiformis* of about 2lbs. weight. We crossed the river and fished up the west shore, where I took two wall-eyed pike of 5 and 5½lbs. each, and that ended my catch. I afterward learned that any one who catches a whitefish won't have any luck that day—so that the rule in my case held good. My patience being exhausted, we returned to camp, where I saw the Judge sitting on a big rock and Fred in the rapids up to his knees. The Judge was holding his sides and laughing fit to kill, while Fred would cast into the stream, bring up the white sides of a fish, and at times would land one, and when I examined into the cause of this fun it was to discover that Fred was snooding whitefish, and he and the Judge had a bet of catching or not catching sufficient whitefish for supper, so the poor fellow worked with all his might and won the bet. Whitefish caught and planked on the fishing grounds are far different fish from those frozen or purchased at market, and one who has not taken them right from the water and cooked them at once cannot realize the delicious morsel that they are. Wall-eyed pike furnished another change in that they were boiled, and tasted very well.

Fred seemed to be charmed as well as chained to the rapids near the falls, for there he stayed and fished, and when he hooked one he would sound the tocsin by yelling until even the Indians were excited and would go rushing to where he was. He made up his mind that the Judge should not throw him down and sit upon him by catching two 5lbs. trout at once without his making an effort to redeem himself, so he came down with a big trout in his hand and called for the scales. But, alas, they would not lie; it only weighed 4½lbs. He was disappointed, but not discouraged. Back he went again to his favorite place, and again that whoop was heard, louder and deeper than ever, and this time his face was like the glowing sun, but the best the scales would do was 4½lbs., and there the score remained and still remains.

Taking one canoe and two Indians, we made a half day's trip up into the lake proper, and saw the Indian in his tepee, his squaw, papoose, and last and by far the greatest part, his dogs. The Indian that we saw had three or four papooses and twenty dogs.

While we were gone the other two Indians rested in camp and set a snare for a fox and caught a nice large one with a fine brush, but we threw it away, not caring to bring it home.

In the waters of the rapids below the falls the white sucker (*Catostomus teres*) could be seen in schools, and it was great sport to amuse ourselves with a dip-net trying to catch one, but they are like a flash, and before your net would touch the water they would be out of sight. By sitting still you could see each kind passing in review before you.

This would be a good place to camp were it not for the fact that every night that we camped here it would rain, thunder and storm at about the same hour every evening. No record was kept of the number of fish nor the weight of fish caught, as we only wanted what we could eat, but as the time came near to going home our pond was full of fish and our wants supplied, so we took some half dozen to eat in case we should not kill any more and put the rest back to grow until we came again. As our time was about up and we had forty miles to go down stream, we struck camp and started down the river under full sail of Indian paddles, without any accidents.

Coming down stream we camped on the east shore of the narrows on the high ground, where we again tried our luck, but with little success. Our last night out was at Camp Alexandria, where we fished Frazier's Creek and learned of Bass Lake.

The creek I called Frazier's is also known as Black Waters and Black Creek, and rises in Bass Lake somewhere up in the unknown woods, and empties into the Nipigon River above Alexandria Camp and below Cameron's Pool. It was the scene of our first trout catch in this country.

On our way down, between Split Rock and the narrows, the Indians pointed out to us what they said was the figure of a loon cut in the face of the solid rocky mountain about 150ft. above the level of the ground, between it and the river, and about 50ft. down from the rocky, uneven surface of the mountain top. To us it looked like the picture of a bear, a tiger, and other different shapes, as the imagination created them. They said it had been cut in the rock by their ancestors many hundred years ago, when the water was at that line in this cañon. We of course accepted their version and doffed our hats with due reverence, whereupon they were satisfied.

We left our camp at the narrows after the early morning fishing and made the portage at the foot of Lake Jessie, where we got an early dinner; and then we all three left in charge of the young chief, bound for the small creek. We struck the creek at our old point (described in another part of this letter), and began fishing, with Fred as usual in advance getting a big trout. Each one makes his own selection of pool and begins casting. I go up, Fred goes down, and the Judge seeks his cool, shady retreat overlooking the largest pool. As my catch is all small trout, I throw them back and wade down, casting far in advance, and with the rod draw the fly from side to side, but I get no good trout. I soon reach the Judge's pool and see him take out a 3½lb. trout, and as he slyly slips it on the stringer I catch a glimpse of a second large one. When I reach a good position I send a fly to the further end of the pool, just below where the Judge sits, and slowly reel up my slack line and draw it up the current. I get a strike that makes my blood boil with excitement, and as I try to strike my foot slips and down I go up to my middle. When I recover my fish is gone. The Judge happens to cast his eye in my direction, and seeing my misfortune greets me with loud yells and laughter, and when I get on my feet again he composes

himself and goes to smoking. I repeat the same cast over and over again, but get nothing but a hook caught in some underbrush in the pool. I had to disrobe and swim in and loosen it. This disgusted me with the Judge's pool, and I went down stream to Fred. There he stood, knee deep in that ice-cold water, actually playing with the trout. They would catch his bait and swim back and forward from one side of the creek to the other until one or the other got tired, then the trout would let go and swim away. I got into trouble by using a smaller bait, and got some trout that weighed 2, 2½ and 2½lbs.

Fred and I concluded that the water below where we stood was good and deep, and we started down together, each taking opposite sides of the creek. I do not say bank, for the reason that the banks are covered with heavy underbrush, which hangs over into the water, completely hiding the banks and the shore. The water sometimes was up to our armpits and the rocks on the bottom were slippery, and the current so strong that often a splash was heard and "Ooch!" would come like a grunt, and either Fred or I would be down and up again, soaking wet all over. Then at times a trout would catch our hook and the reel spin, which would distress us further. We had caught sufficient to supply our camp, and we got very particular as to the size and color of our fish, and rather than kill we experimented.

A change of bait was made, and a small-sized bass spoon hook was tried, and it gave us an abundance of fun. We reached one pool where the water was deep, dark and shaded by some monster forest trees, and into it a rapid current ran, creating a white streak. Into this we both made a cast, and although I could not see my line nor spoon, I could see Fred's and he could see mine, and there was following his spoon a trout that seemed to be 1yd. long, and he could say the same of mine; but there was not a strike nor a catch. Those trout would follow spoons all over the pool and come within 15 or 20ft. of us before they would disappear, and would repeat it as often and as long as we cared to play. We left them all in the pool, and when some other fishermen go up there they can repeat our experiment in the same place.

We came on down the creek repeating these delightful experiments until we heard a "Hullo!" in the woods to our left, and ascertained for the first time the hour of the day, and that the Judge and the young chief had gone to camp and sent the Indians out after us. To say that we were glad to be found but faintly expresses our feeling, as we began to feel weak and were hungry, and turning over our catch to the Indians we started for Camp Alexander, where we sat down to a good meal.

When we came to look around we found others encamped there, and learned that we had the pleasure of meeting those eminent and successful fishermen, Dr. L. M. Yale, of New York, and the Hon. T. M. Stetson, Congressman from New Bedford, Mass. As this was their first day out and they had no trout we shared with them.

The Judge had struck an acquaintance with them before we reached camp and had secured their confidence, but when I had put in an appearance they seemed to doubt whether it was safe to camp there. When I went up the river I had put on a pair of white canvas trousers and a brown felt hat, and as I had gotten wet heels over head, and had crawled up the muddy banks at several places and had sat down on rotten logs, the nice white color was all gone, and I do not blame these gentlemen for their thoughts. But before they could say anything Fred came limping down to where we were. One sole of his shoe had come loose and he gently wrapped a white handkerchief around it. It was white once, but after traveling down the creek and through the woods and on the trail, it had become any other color, and he was wet all over. One knee was all torn out and the back portions were all gone, and his face was unshaven and sunburned. I did not wonder at these eminent gentlemen wanting us to move on down stream beyond the reach of their camp. But after a display of badges, signs, etc., they became satisfied of our respectability and invited us to eat "kill dog" for supper.

Coming down the creek we were fortunate enough to catch two lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), but did not get any in the main river at any point. On our way down, at Pine Portage, we met Mr. L. M. Williams and his son, from Cleveland, O., who were just ascending the river to enjoy the good fishing that we had left. We also met several times a gentleman from Windsor, Ont., whose name has entirely slipped my memory, and I am sorry, for he was a jovial, good-hearted fisherman.

This being our last night out we got to bed early and enjoyed a sound rest, and in the morning, after a trout breakfast, went down the river and enjoyed the scenery and everything else until we got into Lake Helen, where we saw the heavy, dark clouds gather in the north and west, and the wind blew at a rapid rate. Our Indians soon had a sail rigged up, and as the wind caught us we went spinning through the water; but our speed was slow compared to the rainstorm that was chasing us. Down it came until we were soaking wet. In a short time the sun came out and the warm air made us feel cheerful, and it did not take us long to get into good shape again. When we reached the landing near the station we left the Indians in charge and sought the comforts of the Taylor Hotel, glad to be back and sorry that our trip was so short.

Out of the trout brought to the hotel I selected twenty-five from the largest down to one of 1lb. weight, and having used a preservative in which I placed them for thirty-six hours, I wrapped each one in new muslin and boxed them up and brought them home. I am sorry to relate, however, that for some unaccountable reason my fish did not reach here in a condition fit to eat, yet they were not decayed. I had the pleasure of showing them to a large number of gentlemen who are expert fishermen, and who have caught plenty of trout, and who acknowledged this to be the largest display of large brook trout they had ever seen, and I can also say that I am interviewed every week and sometimes every day by those who wish to make the trip.

When you go to the Nipigon see Mr. McKirdy and give him a \$5 bill for a license to fish on the Nipigon for each member of your party; this will save arrest, fine and imprisonment.

Get a canoe for each two men of your party and two Indians, and leave them to do the work and labor for you. You fish, eat and sleep and they will do the rest.

The head guide costs \$2 per day and the others \$1.50 per day. The tents and fly cost 75 cents per day, canoes 50 cents per day, camp outfit, consisting of cups, plates,

knives, forks, spoons, cooking utensils, etc., costs 50 cents per day. The bill of provisions that we got amounted to \$36.53 for three men and five Indians for seven days, and the camp equipage bill was \$16.75 for the same time.

Now as to the going up the river without the aid of the Indians, let me say this: If you are not afraid of work in rowing and paddling the canoe, and carrying the goods over the seven or eight portages, there is nothing for the ordinary fisherman to fear. A map of the country can be purchased from William McKirdy at Nipigon, or at most of the stations along the Canadian Pacific R. R., and they will show every place to go. The canoes are 18 to 20ft. long by 4ft. wide, and will stand all the hard wear that will be required of them, and if you want to take your own tents along it will save that much of cost. But if you want to do nothing but fish then take the Indians along.

One of the rules of the Nipigon is to burn the brush after you leave your camp, so that when others come they will have a clean camp ground.

The water of the Nipigon is ice cold, as I have said before, but I think it must come from "Greenland's icy mountains" or the North Pole, and the only time we could stand a bath in the river was shortly after the noon hour, when the sun was the hottest, and even then it would shrivel us up until we would be an inch or two shorter, then have to hurry out and rush to the log fire to warm up. There are places where not a handful of sand, mud or clay can be seen or found; the shores are rocks piled upon rocks, and in some places as regular as if piled by human hands. In Lake Nipigon in particular I recall one place that I looked over the bow of the canoe and could see the regular piles of rocks for 500 or 600ft. extending from the bank above the water down in its depths until lost to my vision. I can hardly venture to guess at the depth of the lake, but we were told it was tremendous.

The old chief that we had with us was a medicine man, and had his rabbit-skin blanket along, with which he performed wonderful cures. The young chief got a bad cold going north, and the old chief wrapped him up in it and performed his pow-wow over him; but when he got real bad, so that we feared a delay on account of it, Fred fixed up a concoction that he drank, and the next day was all right; but to the Indian the blanket did the work.

When we got to Port Arthur on our way home, it was our good fortune to meet, at the Northern Hotel, Gen. John McNulta, of Chicago, on his way to the Nipigon; and we had the pleasure of inspecting his instruments, by which he would ascertain the coldness of the water, measure the depths of the river and lake, and also of seeing a reel which he invented. The General is one of the most eminent, widely known and successful fishermen of the present age, and I have no doubt he had a grand time among the whales that we left in the Nipigon River.

I am of the opinion, and strongly so, that men may talk all they want to about different kinds of bait for taking trout, or in fact any other kind of fish, but when it comes to taking the big ones there is no bait like the live minnow, as this will always coax a fish to strike when no other kind of bait will do so. I have no doubt that many of the large trout taken both in the Nipigon and elsewhere have been caught with a live minnow; not that many have not been taken on the artificial fly, but it stands to reason that the small minnows can always be had, while flies, bugs, etc., cannot, and they seem to be the natural food for the larger fish of all kinds and everywhere, so I conclude they are the most successful.

I have asked my two companions to assist in the contribution of this article, but they have left it to me, and I have endeavored to give you a true outline of our trip on the Nipigon. I can assure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that when they make the trip they will find that half of the wonders and glories of the Nipigon Cañon are not half told, and would not be exhausted after many and repeated trips.

The Judge tells me repeatedly that the "life and strength he gained on that trip are not yet half exhausted and that he will repeat the trip again." Fred says the same, and I can but add that I got rid of la grippe, which worried and harassed me all last summer, and I have been free from it ever since. So ends the best and most glorious trip ever taken to the fisherman's paradise.

J. W. HAGUE.

A Net Teaser.

THIS device is of British origin; we copy it from *Land and Water*. It is for use only in waters where netting is forbidden and is to be discouraged. Specifications: Any



old barrel, any old iron done into hooks and crooks, and a load of stone *quantum suff.* to fill the barrel. Set in a cool place under water and it will do the rest.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 9.—The landlocked salmon fishermen are having good success in some of the many lakes and ponds that have of late years been stocked with that beautiful and gamy fish. But Lake Auburn, Maine, scarcely comes up to the standard, though well stocked. On Saturday last twenty boats were on the lake, and every possible method of fishing was tried, with "not a strike" to any boat with one exception. At nightfall two men appeared with a string of two pickerel and two trout. They would say but little as to their method of fishing or as to where they caught the prizes, though everybody was interested. Commissioner H. O. Stanley was on the same lake that day, with the success of one trout. He is one of the best of fishermen, and would have taken trout had there been any that would bite. The theory is that the trout and salmon are still gorged with smelt, and that there will be some good fish later.

The reports from Sebago Lake are better. Mr. Stevens, a Portland sportsman, took there last week a salmon weighing 11½ lbs. A Norway dry goods merchant took six salmon there last week, the united weight of which was 31 lbs. But high line at Sebago, so far this season, belongs to Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, of Boston. He is just back with a record of nine landlocked salmon and three red-spot trout. His salmon weighed from 3 to 6½ lbs., and several of them went to make his friends happy. Mr. Woodman is more pleased than ever with Sebago, and speaks in the highest terms of his guide, Arthur J. Shaw, of South Naples. He also has many kind words for his landlady, Mrs. Lewis Crockett, at the same place, who is usually crowded with fishermen, for the simple reason that she looks after their comfort and knows how to broil a salmon "fit for a king." South Naples is one of the beauty spots of the beautiful Sebago. It is easily reached by rail—Boston & Maine to Portland, thence to South Baldwin, South Baldwin by Wm. B. Chute's stage to South Naples. The best fishing location is two miles from Songo Bay, near Muddy River. Mr. Woodman says that the best time is now on, and that the fishing will be good till June 10 at least. Guide Shaw feels sure that a great many salmon are to be taken there this spring. The Sebago is now very high, fully 12 ft. above normal, by reason of the freshets and the repairs on the mills and dams. This is regarded as very favorable to the salmon fisherman.

Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, or the Schoodics, are popular with the landlocked salmon fishermen this spring. Mr. William Beggs, with his friend, Mr. Hoyet, started for that location on Wednesday. Henry Savage, with William P. Tenney, were to start for the Schoodics on Friday. They go with great expectations, and it is hoped that they may get their share of salmon. All the minor salmon ponds and lakes in Maine and New Hampshire are clear of ice, and on some great sport is reported. Mr. E. G. Gay, of the Willows, Farmington, writes Richard O. Harding that there is great fishing at Varnum and Clearwater ponds. On Monday six salmon, four trout and four lakere were taken. Every day last week from ten to twenty salmon and trout were caught. Henry Fuller, one of Rangeley's best guides, took Tuesday evening three trout on a fly, a most unusual thing so early in the season. Those ponds were once almost given over to pickerel, but restocking with salmon and trout seems to have redeemed them. At Lake Maranocook, near Winthrop, there has been some good fishing. Hon. L. T. Carlton, lately appointed Fish and Game Commissioner, took several fine trout there a few days after the ice had departed.

The Rangeley Lakes are clear of ice at last, indeed rather earlier than anticipated. A special from J. A. French on Wednesday stated that the ice left Lower Richardson Lake, one of the Rangeleys, on Tuesday. This was unexpected, since the ice was not even out of Moosehead. Saturday evening a special from John B. Marble, of the Rangeley Lake Hotel, stated that the ice left the lakes, Rangeley and Mooselucmagantic, that afternoon. E. B. Whorff telegraphed Saturday evening that the ice is out. Capt. Fred. C. Barker sent a special Saturday, saying that he succeeded in getting through with his steamer to Haines Landing on Friday, but that there was a good deal of ice in the lake. Hence the real clearing of the Rangeleys this year cannot be dated earlier than May 9, not far from the estimates I have been able to give the FOREST AND STREAM, putting the probable clearing at the 10th. On former seasons for the past fourteen years I have kept a record of the clearing of the ice from those celebrated trout lakes, and have published it in the FOREST AND STREAM. Almost every paper in Maine has stolen the record and credited it to its own files, though no paper has ever had a word about it till a few years ago. In one case a country sheet claims the record from its own files, when in fact the paper was not in existence till several years after the record begins. The record is as follows: In 1882 the ice went out of the Rangeley Lakes May 12; in 1883, May 14; in 1884, May 13; in 1885, May 15; in 1886, May 3; in 1887, May 16; in 1888, May 21; in 1889, April 30; in 1890, May 9; in 1891, May 10; in 1892, May 4; in 1893, May 20; in 1894, May 2; in 1895, May 6; in 1896, May 9.

Moosehead Lake is also clear of ice. On Friday evening a special from Greenville stated that the lake was clear and that the steamer had succeeded in getting down from Kineo. Later, O. A. Dennen telegraphed from Kineo that the ice was all clear and that the steamers were running. Boston parties are not generally rushing off for Moosehead as soon as the ice is out, but a few took the train Saturday. The Produce Party will not go till later. Neither will the Linder Party go till after the fly fishing has begun. The record shows that the clearing of Moosehead has been as follows for the past eleven years: In 1885, May 9; in 1886, May 1; in 1887, May 15; in 1888, May 23; in 1889, April 29; in 1890, May 10; in 1891, May 13; in 1892, May 1; in 1893, May 19; in 1894, April 30; in 1895, May 6; in 1896, May 9.

BOSTON, May 9.—It is said that the present spring has been a wonderfully good season for snipe. The birds have been very plentiful, and the reasons given are that the meadows have been in exceptionally fine condition, left so by the receding waters of the early spring freshets. Again, the birds have been kept back on their Northern flight by the strong and persistent east wind which has blown steadily for almost four weeks. All that have been killed have been in prime condition, and the Boston gunners have had rare sport.

Charles Schworer visited the celebrated Purgatory

Meadows, between Canton and Readville, a short time ago, and in one day killed eighteen out of nineteen birds started. A few days later he went again to the same place with W. B. Farmer, of Arlington, but on this occasion they only bagged six birds. Mr. Schworer concludes from this that the birds have at last got away for their Northern haunts. A Mr. Patten, of Salem, while out shooting near this city some days ago killed a white or albino snipe. It is pronounced an exceedingly rare specimen, and is highly prized by the lucky shooter.

Besides being strongly attached to the gun, Mr. W. B. Farmer is devoted to angling, and gets away each spring, shortly after the ice breaks up, to one of the New England lakes. Accompanied by his friend, Thos. Dickson, of Boston, he left on May 6 for Lake Winnepesaukee to spend a few days fishing for togue. On his return he will go to the Rangeleys, where he has been for several successive years. He had great luck there in trolling last season, taking one of the heaviest strings of fish that was captured during the early fishing.

May 7 witnessed the departure of the Sebago Club for a few days' fishing at Sebago Lake. The club have a fine house on the shore of the lake, where they put up in truly home-like fashion. An outline of the largest salmon caught by a member is posted up on the wall, with the weight in letters of fire, and it is the constant effort of every man to beat that record and become high line. The gentlemen who left on this trip are Judge S. A. Bolster, Chas. A. Dean, Chas. B. Gookin, Chas. Mitten, Edgar Harding, Wm. Paine and H. S. Fisher, all of Boston. All of these men are members of the club except Mr. Mitten, who goes down as the guest of Mr. Fisher.

The big 8 lb. brook trout speared a short time ago at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, has been handsomely mounted by C. K. Reed, of that city, and is now on exhibition in one of the windows of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, in Boston, where it is attracting a great deal of attention. It is of peculiar shape, being quite short, but extremely large in girth. The Hon. E. B. Stoddard, of Worcester, had it mounted, and will present it to the Worcester Natural History Society, where it will rest as evidence to show coming generations what the local waters can produce in the way of mammoth trout.

The Inglewood Fishing Club have sent out notices to members stating that the new club buildings erected since the fire are ready for occupancy. The fishing season on the preserve will open about the 15th. One party will leave Boston by steamer on the morning of May 27, and others are expected to follow a little later. The club members are mourning the loss of their vice-president, Mr. Henry C. Brigham, who died very suddenly about ten days ago. Mr. Brigham had been a director ever since the club started, was a true and earnest sportsman, and will be sadly missed by a host of friends.

A party of Lynn men, consisting of Johnson C. Walker, E. E. Strout, W. Henry Hutchinson and R. H. Wheeler, went down to Hyannis last week and, engaging Capt. Sturgis's yacht, made a trip to Muskeget Island, where they spent five days in shooting. The first day they killed eleven brant, the second day eight brant and five sheldrake. With the remaining days of their stay they made up a total of three dozen birds, with which number they felt well satisfied. Mr. Hutchinson, with his friends C. Thompson, Marshall Nelson and J. C. Cochey, also of Lynn, are all ready to leave for the Upper Dam in the Rangeleys as soon as word comes that the ice has gone.

Another party who will go to the Upper Dam about the 16th consists of W. P. Clark and Rufus Brown, of Peabody; Frank White, of Brockton, and W. D. Brackett, of Boston. This makes the twenty-sixth year's fishing of Messrs. Brackett and Clark together from the same boat—a record unparalleled among New England anglers.

The Grand Lake fishermen are getting under way. One of the first parties to leave, consisting of P. B. Mansfield and J. M. Hoyt, of Lynn, and William Beggs, of Woburn, Mass., started on the 9th. They will spend ten days among the salmon, and as this is only one of many other visits to the same waters they should do well and come back with salmon to burn.

The Gallier party, of Boston, leave on May 13 for their annual trip to the Katahdin Iron Works. They will spend ten days in this rich fishing region, and their only hope is to have as good a time this year as they have had in their many experiences of the past. There is nothing demure about this crowd of congenial gentlemen. The fun begins as soon as they leave Boston and never stops until the return trip is completed. The party is made up as follows: Edward Nash, William Garrison Reed, Harry Hooper, Cyrus Elwell, Col. H. M. Benson and J. F. Gallier, all of Boston.

Fishing for big lake trout in Lake Winnepesaukee will be the sole occupation for the next few days of a party consisting of J. Waldo Page and William L. Clark, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Fred. Mitchell, of Lowell, Mass. They will go to Laconia on the lake shore, and take boats at that point for their trolling. HACKLE.

An Angling Millennium.

ONE of the features of the Hungarian Millennium Exhibition, now in progress in Budapest, is a display of fishing resources and appliances. Of this the London *Fishing Gazette* writes: "One section will be exclusively devoted to a living exhibition of all those native animals which have furnished sport in the country any time these thousand years. The Hungarian is preëminently a born piscator. He was a fisherman, and a skillful one, more than ten centuries ago; that is to say, while he still remained a half-civilized Magyar in the Ural Altai Mountains, and ere yet he had crossed the Carpathians, and, by dint of his fierce and stubborn steel, conquered the territory which his children inhabit to-day. In his primeval, ante-Hungarian mountain home, he had only two things to offer him that amusement requisite to preserve anyone from absolute ennui—fishing and fighting. He may not inaccurately be said to have fished with a line in one hand and a dagger in the other—for he had to keep his weather eye open for the possible descent of one of his enemies while he was engaged in the gentle and peaceful art of landing those huge specimens of fish which abounded in the valley streams. The Hungarian's instinct for the Waltonian sport is thus a traditional, an historical, and almost a pre-historical thing. Not, however, that when the ancient Magyar came to reside in Hungary he found that his new home was less prolific in splendid fish than the one which he had quitted. There are scores of noble rivers in Hungary where the fish are simply waiting, and almost longing, to be caught. As to the Tisza,

there is a Hungarian proverb to the effect that three parts of this river are fish and one water. "Is not the Danube, moreover—to take one other instance—superabundant in the loveliest and hugest fish which ever flapped a fin, or ferociously gorged a bait? In England, where we are huddled up so close together, and where the angling waters are inadequate to supply fine sport to the annually increasing army of rodsman, the cry is necessarily "Preservation" and "Re-stocking"—but for these precautions we should, in a very few years, find nothing but a few small "scrapers" extant. But there is no such danger in the broad domain of Hungary. It goes without saying that the fish in the comparatively unfished streams of Magyarland run to very much greater dimensions than our own—taking, that is to say, those fish (and they are innumerable) which are common to both Great Britain and Hungary. You may talk about the feathers which you tie together and fling to your salmon on the Tay or the Shannon, but on the Danube, if you are fishing for wels (which run up to 300 lbs. in weight), you do not bait with a few feathers plucked from a bird's wing, or tail, or breast, but with a whole live duck or goose.

The most verdant angler will find that even from the shores of Budapest itself he can—fishing entirely according to English methods—secure some remarkable bags. Every British angler, however, is a sportsman, interested in every branch of sport. Plenty of anglers who have gone to Hungary for the purpose of fishing have varied that amusement by the delight of pig-sticking; and the boars in Hungary are magnificent fellows, who do not yield the palm to their brethren in the Teutoburger Forest of Germany. The Hungarian boar is quite a character study in himself. He dies hard and game to the last gasp—even as he expires, his eyes flash and his nostrils snort defiance at you. He is mightily conservative too. If he feels a tickling in his thick hide, do not imagine that he will go and rub himself up against the nearest tree. Not a bit of it. There is some old oak or beech tree situated, perhaps, at a distance of a mile, where he has been accustomed to rub himself all his lifetime and where his ancestors rubbed themselves before him. Consequently, when the inconvenient tickling in question takes possession of any part of his hide, he trots off to the distant tree; you can see that he and his forefathers have rubbed quite a cavity into the bark.

A Webster Fishing Story.

IN the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* we find the following reminiscence of Daniel Webster as a fisherman. It is told by a Mrs. Dawes, a resident of Marshfield in Webster's time. Webster, she says, used to walk around his farm wearing the poorest clothes he could find, and always with a large colored handkerchief wound around his throat.

He owned two or three sloops and one small smack. When home from Washington his favorite pastime was fishing. Mrs. Dawes's uncle, William, was a cripple. He was exceedingly popular with the neighbors and also with the great statesman. Webster and Uncle Bill, as Mrs. Dawes's uncle was familiarly called, could almost always be found in each other's company, at least during the fishing season. Mrs. Dawes said that many times she has stood on the shore of the bay when Webster, coming down on the other side, dressed in torn clothes and the seldom absent handkerchief, would sing out in his deep voice, "Come on, Uncle Bill, let's go out on the bay fishing."

Fine breeds of cows, hogs and horses were bred by him; and his farm was known as one of the most fertile tracts in that portion of the State. He would, in the spring of the year, send one of his sloops out onto the bay after menhaden, which he used, as did the Indians, as a fertilizer. Webster would cause sloop-loads of this fish to be spread over his land, with ashes obtained from the north of Boston.

One day, when Mrs. Dawes was still a young woman, Webster and her uncle were busily engaged in fishing near the shore of the bay. She was walking along the bank when a stylishly dressed young man from Boston, who had been visiting at Marshfield, fell into the marsh. It was extremely difficult to walk across the bog at any time without sinking into the soft mud, much like quicksand. The youth shouted across the bay to Webster, asking how much the latter would take to pull him out of the mud and carry him across to the opposite side. "A quarter," replied Webster. After depositing the swell safely on the other shore he received the quarter and turned to go away. "And to whom am I indebted?" cried the unfortunate rusticator. "Only Daniel Webster," replied the famous lawyer. It was hard for the youth to believe that the poorly dressed fisherman standing before him was the same man whose name was perhaps the greatest in America at that time, but after having been convinced of its truth he apologized for his former patronizing air.

Shad in the Delaware.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Ford, I inclose you the letter from Fish Warden Miller, who has charge of the Delaware River in the vicinity of Lackawaxen. It is to be regretted that the New York Fish Commission thought unadvisable to repair the fishway on the New York side of the river, as the one on the Pennsylvania side is giving such good results. The introduction of the fishways at Lackawaxen has successfully demonstrated the idea that the shad would use them. The co operation of the New York Commission is evidently needed for the protection of the ascending fish, and I trust the Commission will before another year deem it advisable to repair the fishway on the eastern side of the river. R. M. HARTLEY.

LACKAWAXEN, May 1.—HON. HENRY C. FORD.—*Dear Sir:* I have been staying here all of the week and part of last week. The river is alive with shad, and they are rushing through the fishways and over the dam by tons. The aqueduct and banks are lined with men from Port Jervis to Hawley, with spears, ready to pounce on them if I turn my back. Some days I go without my dinner and have it brought to me, and last night I couldn't leave for my supper until 8 o'clock. Sometimes a man will rush in and spear a couple and get into the crowd, when it is an utter impossibility to make an arrest, so you can judge what kind of a time I am having. J. M. MILLER.

Salmon Fishing for Sale. FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

May 20 to 23.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association's show Oakland, Cal. H. W. Newton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. O. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE FOX HUNT.

LEBANON, N. H.—We have several fox hunters in our place, and three or four of us made our plans to go out fox hunting.

We have a young dog named Victor, or Vic, as he is generally called, who never hunted foxes until last fall, and so of course has not got all the tricks learned yet. He is a thin-haired, smooth-coated dog, and very sensitive to the cold. He is small in size, does not run very fast, and foxes do not appear to be very much afraid of him. We had not been out for several days. Wanting some exercise, I took Vic and my gun and started for a hill about two miles from the village, called Bass Hill, to see if the foxes were making any holes in the snow in that country or not—intending, if I found plenty of sign, to go there some day for a hunt. I had been on this hill several times in the fall, but had not been there since snow came.

As soon as I got out of the village, on higher ground, I found that the wind was not strong enough to fill the air with snow, but the latter was drifting along close to the ground all the time, and would fill a track very quickly. I did not find a scratch until I got to a small hill northwest from Bass Hill. There I found where two foxes had been playing and chasing each other all around and over the top of the hill.

The snow had blown pretty much all off on the hills, down to the hard crust underneath, so that Vic could not do much of a job at following; but by swinging around the hill into the hollow between Hough and Bass hills, we found where both foxes had gone toward Bass Hill.

There is a large piece of woods on the north side of Bass Hill, called Lowe's woods, where foxes used to lie a great deal, and I thought these might have gone there. Right above this piece of woods stands a large elm tree, near the fence that runs north and south over the top of the hill, and foxes going onto the hill from the woods most always go within gunshot of this elm.

I thought I would keep Vic with me until I found out if the foxes had gone into the woods. If they had, I would let the dog go, and get to the elm as quick as I could; and if they had not, I would give it up and go home, as I had found out what I wanted to know, viz., whether there were foxes there or not; and I knew it would be useless to try and drive a fox with the wind blowing as it did that day and nothing but crust on the hills.

I do not know how it is with my brother sportsmen, but with me there is always a kind of fascination in following tracks in the snow, and the harder they are to follow the more I want to follow them; so that, although I soon found the tracks, did not lead into Lowe's woods, but kept on over Bass Hill, instead of going home, I kept following on.

After we got up on the hill Vic could not get ahead much; but, knowing the route foxes usually took over the hill, and swinging this way and that, finding a track here where they had crossed a drift alongside the wall, or there where they had stopped under an apple tree to eat a frozen apple, and sometimes a scratch of their claws on the hard crust, I managed to follow them over Bass Hill to the south end. There I lost them. Swinging for them in the hollow beyond, we found a single track. Vic, as soon as he stuck his nose into it, said it was a better one than those we had been following. It was full of snow, but the scent was strong enough, so that he followed it at a fair jog with but little help.

The track led on south to Methodist Hill, and I judged from the course he was following that he was headed for a ravine on the west side of the hill, where I had jumped a number of foxes before. The field that the fox went through on his way to the ravine was quite a good run-way for foxes coming onto the hill from the west side; so, as the scent was so good here that the dog followed it without any help from me, I stayed back, thinking that if Vic jumped the fox in the ravine he might come back onto the hill. I had waited but a few minutes when I heard Vic break out, and knew the fox was afoot.

There was quite a long stretch of open country below me, and at the foot of it was a round, bare knoll, around the back side of which I could hear Vic driving; but he soon turned, and I could hear him coming toward the top of the hill. I looked around for something to get behind, out of sight. I was in the middle of an open field, and there was nothing there but a small heap of stones, with a few raspberry bushes sticking out of it. I got down behind that and made myself as small as possible; but do the best I could, I could not cover more than half my body.

By this time I could hear Vic coming over the top of the knoll, and began to look with all the eyes I had for the fox; but no fox could I see until I looked way back to what seemed but 3 or 4 ft. from Vic's nose, and there I saw the gentleman. He would run along for 8 or 10 rods

and then turn and wait for the dog, or run back toward him and jump at him, then turn and go on again. It looked sometimes as though the dog almost had him in his mouth before the fox would turn and run. Some of the time the fox would come straight toward me; then my heart would jump into my throat; then he would turn and go off to one side, and my chin would drop down to my knees. They had about a third of a mile to come in this way, and any brother fox hunter who has "been there" knows all the different alternations of hope and fear, joy and despair, a man can experience under such circumstances.

When the fox got within about 60 yds. of me, I got the gun to bear on him and kept it there, expecting every instant that he would see me and turn. I calculated if he saw me to let him have it as he turned; if he did not, to let him come as near as he would before I shot. He came on until he was about 50 yds. from me; then up went his head, flop went his tail, and away he started. I pulled. Click! The primer did not explode. I pulled the other barrel on him; but it was a long distance and a rear shot, and I don't think I touched him.

If there is anything in the sportsmen's vocabulary any stronger than the modern or ancient "eheu" to express a poor fellow's feelings on such an occasion, I think then would have been an eminently proper and fitting time to have used it.

Perhaps that fox did not make tracks out of there. A long ways apart those tracks were too. They pointed back toward Bass Hill. About this time the wind began to blow stronger and stronger, and by the time Vic got on the south end of Bass Hill it blew a smart gale. The air was full of snow, and when the particles struck one in the face they stung like nettles. They got into one's eyes, hair, pockets and everywhere they had the least chance to get. Vic got on to the south end of the hill, but could not get further with it. After some time he came back to me all curled up with the cold, his eyes and hair full of snow, a most disconsolate looking "pup."

I started for home, never expecting to see the fox again—that day at least. The nearest way home was back over Bass Hill. The wind was in the northwest. I had to face it all the way home. I got along very well until I got near the top. There the wind and snow were too much for me; I gave it up. It was more than Vic wanted too. He would shake his head, run into all the hollows and behind the rocks—anywhere to get out of the way of it.

I turned and started for the east side of the hill, intending to keep down low on that side until I got to Lowe's woods; then I could get along all right. I got down to some scattering trees about halfway down the hill, with Vic trying to protect himself from the wind and snow behind my heels, when all at once Ow-o-o-ow! ow! I looked around. Vic was flying around like a hen with her head cut off. I went back and found a fox track full of snow. I followed it backward for a piece, and found it came down from the top of the hill. I made up my mind it was made by the fox Vic drove on there, and that he started to go over the top of the hill, as they usually do, but did not like the wind and snow; so got over on the east side, same as I did, to get out of the way of it. While I was looking to see where the track came from, Vic was trying to pick it up the other way, and finally got it to a small sugar orchard; kept along by the edge of this over into the hollow beyond, out of my sight. I waited some time for him to come back, but he did not come. I could hear him bark every little while, but the sounds all seemed to come from about the same place. I was anxious to get down off the hill out of the wind, so I went back to the edge of the woods where I saw the dog last to try and get him.

When I got there I could hear him in the hollow beyond. I went along a few steps further, and I could see him swinging back and forth trying to get the track away. I was just about to call to him when I saw something that looked like a fox's ears just sticking up above the edge of a drift between the dog and myself. Thinking it impossible it could be a fox, I took another step toward it; and there, sure enough, lay Mr. Fox stretched out flat on his side watching the dog. He was quite a distance from me, and all I could see of him was part of his head and about an inch along his back. I think now I could have walked up within good gunshot of him. The wind made so much noise in the trees, and he was so deeply interested in the dog, that I do not think he would have heard me; but the wind was blowing nearly toward him from me, and I was afraid he would smell me, so I unhitched at him from where I was. He got up and out of there lively, and started for the top of the hill; just as he got to the edge of the woods I gave him the other barrel. I did not make allowance enough for the speed of reynard and the wind, across which I had to shoot, and so shot behind, hitting him in the hind quarters. He tumbled over, got up, and began whirling around and biting his hindlegs. I broke open my gun, put my hand in my pocket for another cartridge (I had but one left, hardly ever carrying more than four fox hunting) and found my pocket full of snow and a coating of ice froze all around the shell, which was a brass one. Another chance to say "eheu." I tried to scrape the ice off with my thumbnail, but it was too hard. Then I held it in my bare hand, closing my fingers over it tight, trying to warm it enough in that way to scrape the ice off.

In the meantime the fox had quit biting himself, and sat there broadside on watching the dog, who was still in the hollow below. And there I stood right in plain sight, not more than 35 yds. from the fox, trying to thaw out that shell, expecting every instant the fox would see me and run, or that Vic would come up and scare him.

Just imagine yourself there.

I got the shell thawed out finally, so that I scraped off most of the ice, the rest peeling off when I shoved it into the chamber. I tried to close the gun, but it would not shut far enough for the snap to catch. Some more "eheu." I tried the best I could to press it together, but it would not go. Then I pounded on the rear end of the barrels, to try and force them down. No go.

Now Mr. Reynard had endured all the rest of my fooling around patiently, but when I began to pound on the barrels with my hand that was a little too much; he gave me one look and started for the top of Bass Hill at his best speed.

I broke open my gun and found out very quickly where the trouble was. The ice that peeled off the shell when I shoved it into the chamber dropped down into the corner of the breech block and froze. Then I got out my knife,

cut out the ice, closed the gun, and went down to where the fox was when I shot at him last.

I found plenty of blood, and that the fox left blood at every jump. There was no tracking here at all—nothing but crust. I got Vic up there, but he could not make anything of it. I suppose the wind blew so hard it carried the scent away. I followed along the best I could by the blood. It was tough business facing the wind and snow, and grew worse as we neared the top of the hill. We got up to the old orchard, and looking over the fence just beyond, there was the fox, moping along 40 or 50 yds. from me. Hoping to disable him, I very foolishly fired my last cartridge at him. About the same time Vic got his eye on the fox, and away they went over the top of the hill out of sight. I hurried on to where I saw them last, and found on looking around that the fox had stopped bleeding, so I could not have that to help me any more.

I found Vic on top of the hill. He could not follow an instant after the fox got out of his sight. The wind blew a gale, the air was full of flying snow, it was almost impossible to face it. It would blow one's breath back down one's throat and chill him to the very marrow. Bowing my head to the blast, I started over the top, swinging to the right and left to see if I could find any trace of the fox. I found once in a while a track full of snow, but I was confident they must have been made by the fox. I found also one or two places where the fox's claws had scratched the crust when he was running. I followed on in this way until I got on the north side of the hill, and there I lost it altogether. Swing which way I would, I could not find it.

I was chilled through and tired out, for it was very hard traveling some of the way. I made up my mind I should have to give it up, although I hated to, as I do not like to go off and leave anything wounded in that way. I started down toward Lowe's woods but had gone only a short distance when I saw on a little ridge below me Mr. Fox trotting along. His ears were laid back flat and he looked mad enough to bite off railroad spikes.

The reason I had not seen him before was because the air close to the ground was full of snow. He was going toward Lowe's woods, and as that was just where I wanted him to go, I kept quiet until he got over the ridge out of sight, and then ran down there. From here I could see all over the country between the woods and myself. A short distance below me was the fox still going toward the woods. I knew that he must be wounded in the hindlegs, and my idea was to get him into the deep, soft snow in the woods, where, if he did not hole, the dog might catch him. I let him get near enough to the woods, so that I thought he could not dodge the dog and get back on the hill. Then I pointed him out to Vic and told him to go it. The fox heard me when I spoke to the dog, and started for the woods at his best gait. The dog was all doubled up with the cold, and could not run much faster at first than I could walk; but as he got warmed up he began to open and shut considerably and gain a little on the fox. About this time reynard began to find snow under the lee of the woods. He did not make more than three or four jumps in it before he found out his mistake, and whirling he started back for the hill. This was my cue to come on the stage of action; so I ran to head him off, swinging my empty gun and yelling like a steam gong. It was a close race, but I put on steam and just barely got there in time, and headed him back toward the woods.

Vic was gaining on the gentleman now at every jump. The fox tried hard to make the woods, but he lost too much time trying to get back to the hill. He was within a short distance of the woods, but saw the dog was bound to overtake him before he got there; so he turned and stood at bay. When Vic came up he made a grab for the fox and got nipped himself. After that he stood back a proper distance and waited for me to come up. He kept his eye on the fox until I was close to him; then he rolled his eye around toward me, as much as to say, "I shall have to have a little help here, old man!"

The instant Vic took his eye off him the fox whirled and started for the woods again.

There was a stone wall along the edge of the woods, with a couple of rails on top of the stone. The snow was up even with the top of the wall. The fox crawled through under the rails, and, jumping off on the other side, landed in a hole in the snow, and before he could gather himself I made a grab for his hindleg and he made a grab for my hand. We did not either of us get caught. I made another grab and got him by the leg this time. Vic got hold of him about the same time and made short work of him. It was a large dog fox. On stripping off his skin I found three shot had gone through both hindlegs, but without breaking the bones. The snow stuck in the blood on his legs, and that was what stopped the bleeding. Thus ended the queerest and most exciting hunt I ever had. How is it with you? SHAWNEE.

National Beagle Club of America.

A REGULAR quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, Thursday, April 30. The members present were: President Hermann F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, H. L. Kreuder, George W. Rogers and G. Miffin Wharton.

Minutes of last meeting were approved. Communications received from Messrs. Jamison and Summers read, and on motion was laid on the table. Moved and seconded that the treasurer be authorized to pay special prizes won at the New England Kennel Club show held at Boston. At the last quarterly meeting of the club it was voted to submit the following to the members for a vote: All special prizes offered by the National Beagle Club of America to be either of cash or plate. The vote stood as follows: for cash, 10; for plate, 8; option 2.

The above failed to carry in accordance with the by-laws. Adjourned. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

250 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, New York.

In our business columns, Wanoosac Gordon Kennels, Leominster, Mass., offer Gordon setters. J. H. Folley, Paterson, N. J., offers pointer bitch. E. Spalding, Shannock, R. I., offers fox and coon dog. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer Irish setter bitch in whelp. J. F. Curly, Fitchburg, Mass., offers pointer bitch. Kearsarge Kennels, Elkins, N. H., offer setters, pointers and hounds.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In respect to a dog having the privilege of a second bite before in law he can be charged with viciousness legally, the *Chicago Legal Adviser* has the following: "Every Iowa dog is entitled to one bite free of charge. This is official, for W. F. McMaster, Police Judge of Sioux City, has announced it from the bench. It was the action of W. A. Onstat's bulldog that gave rise to the decision. He bit John Fabier in the calf of the leg a few days ago as the latter was passing his (the dog's) master's house. Thereupon Mr. Fabier appeared before the bar of Judge McMaster's court, exhibited his wound, swore that his neighbor was harboring a vicious dog and demanded an order for the animal's extermination. Then the Judge explained that while he might, without laying himself open to prosecution, have slain the brute on the spot, yet in the eyes of the State law no dog is considered vicious until he has bitten one man two or more times or two or more men once each. Mr. Fabier was considerably dazed, but he acquiesced in the court's ruling. Now he is parading up and down in front of the Onstat residence waiting for the dog to take a fresh mouthful. If he does that, the sufferer will make another attempt to secure the issuance of his death warrant."

Col. John Thomas North, commonly known as the "nitrate king," died suddenly in London on May 5. He was best known in this country as a patron of coursing and racing, his greyhound kennel in particular making him famous in the canine world from its success in winning the Waterloo Cup several times. By favor a few dogs were imported to this country from his kennel. His death was attributed to syncope, illness and death following immediately after the attack. His wealth was so enormously great that it has been variously estimated from \$200,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000; but whatever the amount, he was credited with being most openhanded and generous, in particular giving large sums to charitable institutions.

Mr. George W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., writes us that he has sold the pointer bitch Wild Lily to Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, New York.

The supporters of field trials should bear in mind that the Derby entries of the United States Field Trials Club and the Continental Field Trials Club close on May 15. U. S. F. T. entry, \$10 first forfeit, \$10 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 15, \$10 to start. Prizes, \$250, \$150 and \$100. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Stanton, Tenn. C. F. T. C.'s entry, \$10 forfeit, \$5 second forfeit, payable July 15, and \$5 to start. Prizes, \$125, \$100, \$75 and \$50. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind. Eastern Field Trials Club entries close on May 20. Prizes, \$300, \$200 and \$100. Forfeit \$10, second forfeit \$10, payable Sept. 1, and \$10 additional to start. Judges, H. B. Duryea, S. C. Bradley and A. Merriman.

The London *Field* states that "Austria is about to inaugurate international dog shows on an unprecedented scale at Prague, Graz, Budapest and Innsbruck. Germany and Switzerland respectively have for several years past held from four to five dog shows annually. The 'war dog' section promises to provide additional sensation, seeing that in Austrian military circles, and more especially among artillery and cavalry men, the 'war dog,' well trained, has given signal proof of fidelity, sense and endurance little short of remarkable."

The brochure of the Eastern Field Trials Club, containing the club's rules, programme, list of officers, etc., is a gem. It is most artistically complete in every detail. Here and there in it are most apt classical quotations, such as: "By sports like these are all our cares beguiled"—Goldsmith. "There's a gude time coming"—Scott. "Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going"—Macbeth. "Come, give us a taste of your quality"—Hamlet. Mr. S. C. Bradley, the secretary, is deserving of much praise for his new departure in the artistic as well as the useful.

Under date of May 11, Mr. James W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes us of the death of his famous setter bitch. He writes: "I regret to report to you the death of my well-known English setter bitch champion, Donna Juanita, on May 5, from paralysis. She was by ch. Rockingham ex Donna, and bred by the Rosecroft Kennels."

When your dogs fall out and fight, separate them by hanging on to their tails. It breaks the continuity of their argument, and even a ferocious and strange dog will not bite you for assuming that his end justifies the means.—*Stock-Keeper* (England).

Mr. John Brett writes us that Cactus was not present at the Boston show, and that any mention of him as being in the challenge class of that show is erroneous.

Mr. W. S. Clark, secretary of the New England Beagle Club, writes us as follows: "Entry blanks for the New England Beagle Club's 1897 Futurity are now ready, and will be mailed to beagle breeders and owners. Should any be overlooked I will be pleased to mail them on application."

Mr. P. T. Madison writes us, under date of May 10, as follows: "My knee is doing as well as can be expected. I am now on crutches. My physician says I may be walking with a cane in two or three months. The entries to the chicken Derby are beginning to come in."

Dog Poisoners.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I write just to let you know the kind of people up here, for we have some who make it their business poisoning dogs, and nothing but a full-blooded dog do they touch. In one of three houses, four dogs—two English setters, one Irish setter and a St. Bernard—have been poisoned in as many months, and still we can't locate the offender with help, although we have not given up, and we would be thankful if you could suggest something or some way to help us. T. H. BALDWIN.

[Perhaps some of our readers can suggest something of value in the matter.]

Northwestern Beagle Club.

MILWAUKEE, May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A meeting of the field trial committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held at Milwaukee Tuesday, May 5. The trials will be held at Columbus, Wis., beginning on Tuesday, Nov. 10. The following classes were made.

Class A, for dogs, all-age, 15 to 18 in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at beagle trials held in America.

Class B, for bitches, all-age, 15 to 18 in., same conditions.

Class C, for dogs and bitches, all-age, 13 in. and under, same conditions.

Class D, Derby, for dogs and bitches, 15 to 18 in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Class E, Derby, for dogs and bitches, 13 in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Champion class F, for dogs and bitches, 15 to 18 in., having won a first prize at any beagle trial.

Champion class G, for dogs and bitches, 13 in. and under, having won a first prize at any beagle trial.

Entries for classes A, B, C, D, E close Oct. 27. Fee to start \$5, of which \$2 forfeit must accompany entry; balance before starting of class.

Prizes for classes A, B, C, D are \$20 to first, \$15 to second, \$10 to third. For class E, \$10 to first, \$5 to second.

Entries for classes F and G close immediately before starting of class. Fee to start \$5. First prize 60 per cent., second prize 30 per cent. of entry money. The judges will be chosen at next meeting.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

R. I. State Fair Bench Show.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9.—The Rhode Island State Fair has claimed as dates for its bench show of 1896, Sept. 7 to 11. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend, as last year, a guarantee that the show will be handled in a thoroughly efficient manner. The same liberality in prize money will be shown as in '95. Forty-three classes have been provided for and some few specials will undoubtedly be hung up. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and the fact that there is a slight if any probability of conflicting dates at the time of the Rhode Island show, there should be a large and choice entry list. The bench show committee for 1896 consists of President F. E. Perkins, Earl H. Potter and W. W. Dexter. A. K. C. rules will govern, and a show of increased attraction and amplified success is already an almost assured event. Superintendent Oldham feels confident that he will have more and better dogs than last year, and as the Narragansett show now ranks with the best in the country, this is not an unwarranted expectation.

WM. HANRAHAN, Ass't Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. T. Murphy's Beauty, cocker spaniel bitch, Feb. 13, to Corktown Cupid.
Corktown Kennels.
Dot Smirle, cocker spaniel bitch, Feb. 13, to Rideau Reveller.
Rideau Restless, cocker spaniel bitch, March 28, to Red Ooo.
Mr. Flanagan's Fantasia, April 26, to imported Brock.

WHELPS.

Mr. F. E. Conlin's Conlin's Baby, English setter bitch, whelped, March 27, eight (five dogs), by champion Sheldon.
Mr. E. Eldert's Duchess, English setter bitch, whelped, April 26, thirteen (nine dogs), by champion Sheldon.
Warwick Kennels' Nellie Llewellyn, English setter bitch, whelped, April 27, ten (seven dogs), by champion Sheldon.
Mrs. E. E. Beauche's Jessie, English setter bitch, whelped, April 20, thirteen (nine dogs), by champion Sheldon.
Mr. N. Knott's Nellie Bondhu, English setter bitch, whelped, March 19, —, by champion Albert's Ranger.

SALES.

Mr. Henry A. Estabrook has sold Kitty D., Gordon setter bitch, to Wanoosuc Gordon Setter Kennels, Leominster, Mass.

New York Game Law.

ALBANY, May.—Since the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* the Governor has signed these bills:

Senator Brown (S. 927), amending the game law so that the Fish Commissioners may permit persons owning or in charge of private grounds, reservoirs or the waters of the State, the privilege of taking therefrom carp, pickerel or other deleterious fish with nets and other devices, or by drawing off the waters from said ponds or reservoirs.

Assemblyman Sanger (A. 1337), prohibiting the catching or killing of any beaver, and providing a fine of \$50 therefor.

Senator Guy (S. 1052), adding to the game law special provisions as to the waters of the Thousand Islands.

The bills limiting deer jacking and bounding to two weeks are in the Governor's hands.

M.

Forest and Stream's Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught,
Fishing Incidents.

Yachting.

AFTER passing the House, as related last week, the Payne yacht bill was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Commerce, and is now under the protecting care of Senator Frye. As this "born sportsman" was the author of the "Frye Bill" in 1891, which proposed to hamper and restrict even American-built yachts by burdening them

with additional red tape, and forbidding to the smaller yachts the privilege of flying the national ensign, there can be no doubt as to his efforts in behalf of the Payne bill.

The main object of the new bill, as explained by Mr. Payne in advocating it, is to prevent foreign competition. It is a most unfortunate thing for this country that those in charge of its navigation laws and shipping interests for more than a generation have been so narrow in their views and so wedded to particular theories that they are absolutely blind to the plainest lessons of history.

Those who will take the trouble to look up the record of American progress in naval matters throughout this century will find one fact that is prominent above all others, that the very soul and life blood of American progress has been that "foreign competition" which the American builder and his ally in Congress have labored for years to prevent. The fame of American ships and American sailors on the high seas and on the Great Lakes began in 1812 with the construction of fast privateers and gunboats and the bold and skillful maneuvering of both, the infant navy, manned by seamen and fishermen unused to war, defeating the British fleet alike on salt and fresh water.

A little later and America began to compete with Britain for the carrying trade, in a few years catching up with her older competitor, and then taking the lead with the American clipper ships and holding it in face of strong competition for over a generation.

When the steamship first appeared in ocean commerce, though all the odds in the shape of established plants for iron working and engine building were on the side of the older nation, the American steamship proved a formidable competitor for a time in the ocean trade.

Both the science of naval design and the art of naval construction reached their highest development in the fifties, with the American flag flying over American clipper and packet ships in every port of the world, the Collins Line of steamers in the Atlantic trade, the shipyards of New York turning out the finest warships afloat for various European governments, and the American yacht triumphant in the English Channel.

The many minor causes which have brought about such a condition of affairs as has existed for thirty years, and exists to-day, may nearly all be classed under one head—the absence of foreign competition, whether through altered conditions of trade, of mechanical art, or of legislation.

An example directly to the point may be found in the history of American yachting; its first growth began in the successful competition of the schooner America with the British fleet, in 1851. For various reasons international racing received little attention in the thirty years up to 1881; and, left entirely to themselves, American builders produced a type of yacht that in design, construction and equipment was little better than a national disgrace. The awakening came in 1881 through the visit of a small British cutter and her victories over the home craft; then came the renewal of international racing on a larger scale through the visits of the big cutters Genesta, Galatea and Thistle, each meeting defeat from an American craft of a new type called forth by the exigencies of the occasion. If they did nothing else, the victories of Puritan—the work of a new man, and based on new ideas—demonstrated how little the American yacht builders of the day, from 1870 to 1885, knew of their business.

Another instance in a very different class of vessel, that of the new American navy, built within the past ten years. For twenty years after the Rebellion the progress of naval design in America as applied to war vessels was plainly and distinctly backward. That its direction has now been altered and its speed increased is due to what? To the keen competition with the British designs from which the first of the new American war ships were built a few years since. Who did the work? Not the old hands, under whose management the navy had rotted and rusted away to a mere memory, but a body of keen, bright, young Americans who received abroad, through the courtesy of the British Government, the technical education which their own country did not afford. It is these men, taught mainly in British institutions, and working originally on British plans, that have in so short a time surpassed their teachers, just as American yacht designers, when once they were allowed to adopt British ideas, so soon outstripped the original models.

What has been the case in the smallest class of craft; the canoe, originally imported from England, has reached a wonderful development in America, defeating the best of the British craft in two international races; and last year the same has been seen in another class of English origin, the victory being with the American craft.

The more closely we study the work of his predecessors in many types of vessels, the less of an opinion we have of the American ship-builder of the present day—the one who asks for protection from a competition which he should welcome. So busy is he in recounting his grandfather's victories over the British privateers, and his father's achievements in the American clippers, that he cannot see the great vessels that now carry the British flag where once the Stars and Stripes were seen. While he has been talking about the glories of the clippers and building a lot of steamers of small tonnage for the coasting trade, his British rival has been setting afloat the Umbria, Etruria, Majestic, Teutonic, Lucania and Campania, with a countless fleet of successful tramps and freighters for all classes of commerce.

Those who are of the opinion that the science of naval design has progressed in this country during the past thirty years will find a fruitful field of study in the joint fleets of steamboats of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. Let them take the old Mary Powell and compare her with the big Adirondack, launched last year and not yet completed, and say which represents the highest amount of skill. Let them take the performances of the latest Sunn steamers and compare them with those of the boats of thirty years since. The ship-builder of to-day has at his command metals of the highest quality and obtainable practically in any size and shape; he has steam hammers, lathes, bending rolls and special machinery never dreamed of by his predecessors, with the aid of electricity to drive his portable tools and light his work. Is the work of as high an order, considering these facilities, as was turned out in the old shipyards in the days of wood or the first days of the iron era?

The one thing which serves most to conceal the faults of design in the steamboat fleet, for example, is the progress in marine engineering, which has been far in advance of that in shipdesigning proper. Without their modern boilers and engines, without the fictitious aid of electric light, stained glass and over-ornamentation in their great saloons, the modern Sound and river boats would compare but poorly with those of thirty years' service. The absence of competition in this class of vessel is due purely to natural causes; but it is none the less a fact that through such absence the builders have done nothing to improve the model and have even retrograded.

Those who will look carefully and impartially over the history of American shipping for a period of almost a century will discover two important facts. The first of these is that when spurred on by foreign, which means British, competition, the American soon takes the lead and holds it as long as the contest continues. The second is that, lacking such competition, he becomes lax and drops into a rut whence it is hard to stir him; he retrogrades, as from the America to the Mohawk; from the Great Admiral, and other war ships built by Wm. H. Webb, to the war ship Trenton—a back number before she was launched; from the Mary Powell to the Adirondack.

To the true American there is something to be proud of in the skill and energy with which the little coasting schooners were converted

into successful privateers, and the fleet of Lake gunboats built in 1812; in the long contest of the American clippers against their foreign rivals, in the boldness and pluck displayed in the building and racing of Puritan. Compare all this with the position of the American ship-builder before Congress to-day; with an equal plant to that of his rival with even superior material, with the difference in wages largely offset by the altered conditions of labor in this country, with the waters of the world open to him if he can command them by his skill; but shirking the contest and asking protection for the toy shop affairs that he calls steam yachts.

THERE is something very funny in the name chosen by C. D. Rose, who last fall challenged in haste and repented at leisure, for his new 54-footer, I. R. She is to be called Penitent.

THE joint committee of the Lincoln Park and Royal Canadian clubs has decided on Toledo as the location for the race between Vincendor and the new Fife cutter. The dates selected are Aug. 24, 25, 26.

Paralos.

BULB-FIN 30-FOOTER, DESIGNED BY G. B. WILBUR.

THAT the bulb-fin yacht has certain important advantages both in construction and in a form peculiarly adapted for speed is quite as certain as the opposing fact that the excessive draft of many yachts of the type make them useless for cruising and general work. In the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1 was illustrated a very successful experiment in the direction of a bulb-fin craft of moderate draft, the cruising cutter Palmyra, designed by Mr. George B. Wilbur, of Taunton, Mass., and owned by Mr. Wm. F. Palmer. The yacht here illustrated is an earlier experiment in the same direction, having been built for the same owner in 1894. Paralos, as she is named, proved an excellent craft in all respects, and, as the lines show, possesses very satisfactory room for a cruiser, the form being such that every inch of space is available. The fin and rudder are remarkable, the former from its small depth—but 3 ft. below the keel amidships—and the latter from its position—hung directly on the after edge of the fin. The result of this radical experiment, the first of the kind in this country, was very satisfactory, the yacht steering admirably, though being very quick on her tiller. The draft to the designed waterline, 30 ft., is just 5 ft.; but the yacht was trimmed intentionally deeper in use, making the waterline 32 ft. and the draft 5 ft. 4½ in. The dimensions are:

Length, stemhead to taffrail.....	42 ft. 7 in.
L. w. l.....	30 ft.
Overhang, bow.....	6 ft. 3 in.
counter.....	12 ft.
Beam, extreme.....	11 ft. 5 in.
L. w. l.....	5 ft.
Draft, extreme.....	4 ft. 7 in.
Freeboard, bow.....	2 ft. 6 in.
lowest.....	2 ft. 9 in.
transom.....	8.10
Displacement, tons.....	.29
coefficient.....	4.05
Ballast, iron keel, tons.....	1,520 sq. ft.
Sail area.....	25.10 ft.
Sailing length.....	253.16 sq. ft.
Area, l. w. l. plane.....	40.00 sq. ft.
lateral plane.....	15.23 sq. ft.
midship section.....	16.50 ft.
Fore end of l. w. l. to—	
Midship section.....	15.25 ft.
C. B.....	15.25 ft.
C. L. R.....	5 ft.
Mast center.....	31 ft. 9 in.
Mast, deck to hounds.....	14 ft.
pole.....	16 ft. 6 in.
Bowsprit, outboard.....	29 ft. 10 in.
Boom.....	28 ft.
Gaff.....	27 ft. 6 in.
Spinnaker boom.....	

The keel is 3 in. thick, in one piece from stemhead to transom. The frames are 2 in. square, spaced 10 in., with angle iron frames in wake of chainplate. The deck is braced by diagonal steel straps.

The planking is of yellow pine, finishing 1½ in. thick. The cabin is elegantly finished in butternut and mahogany.

In spite of its fullness the form has been carefully modeled to secure a good balance of the ends when immersed by heeling, and also easy fore and aft lines at all inclinations.

Paralos was sold to make way for the new boat, Palmyra, and the latter is now in turn on the sale list, to be replaced by Paradox, a new craft of the joint design of Mr. Palmer, her owner, and Mr. Wilbur. She will be of the same general type, a powerful bulb-fin with pole-masted rig and shoal fin. Her approximate dimensions are: Over all, 49 ft.; l. w. l., 34 ft.; beam 13 ft.; draft of hull, 2 ft. 3 in.; extreme draft, 5 ft. 3 in.; displacement, 11 tons, over 50 per cent. being in the fin and bulb. The forestaysail will be long on the foot, and set with a club, so as to tend itself. She will have the same balanced rudder as Palmyra. The thorough construction of the two older boats will be followed, the fastenings being mainly brass screws. With a low trunk she will have a large cabin, with 6 ft. 6 in. headroom, finished in mahogany, and a stateroom. She will be built by the John Saunders Co., of Greenwich, Conn.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers have attained the dignity of third annual volume, uniform with the two previous quartos, of 300 pages and numerous lithographed plates. The twelve papers read before the society last November, which are printed in full with the discussion on each, are quite up to the standard of the preceding years, and the three volumes already make a very valuable collection for reading and reference. The contents of the third volume are, in addition to the list of officers, members and associates, and report of the business proceedings, as follows:

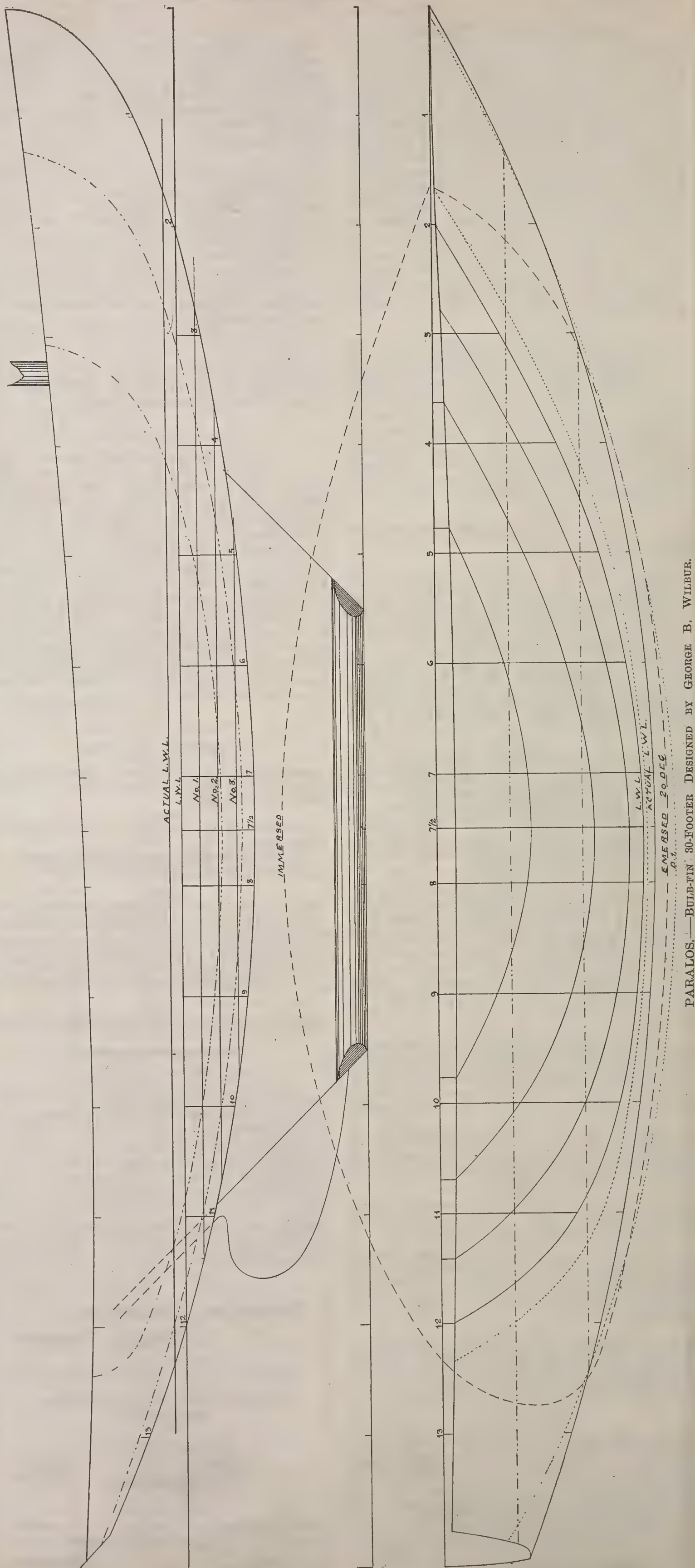
1. American Maritime Development. Capt. Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N.
2. The Centerboard: Its Influence on Design, its Value and its Proper Use. W. P. Stephens.
3. Rudder Experiments. U. S. S. Monterey. Elliott Snow, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
4. Aluminum: Its Alloys and their Use in Ship Construction. J. C. McGuire, C. E.
5. Methods and Forms for Certain Ship Calculations. D. W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
6. The Number of Longitudinal Intervals in Ship Computation as Affecting the Accuracy of Integration for Displacement, and Note on the Relation between Reduced and True Wetted Surface. Prof. W. F. Durand, Cornell University.
7. Tactical Considerations Involved in Warship Design. Albert P. Niblack, Lieutenant, U. S. N.
8. Recent Designs of Vessels for the U. S. Navy. Philip Hiebor Chief Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
9. Engineering Research in the Navy. Prof. Wm. S. Aldrich, University of West Virginia.
10. Performance of the Twin Screw Steamer City of Lowell. Prof. James E. Denton, Stevens Institute of Technology.
11. The Ventilation of Ships: F. B. Dowst, M. E.
12. An Experimental Test of the Armored Side of U. S. S. Iowa. Albert W. Stahl, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

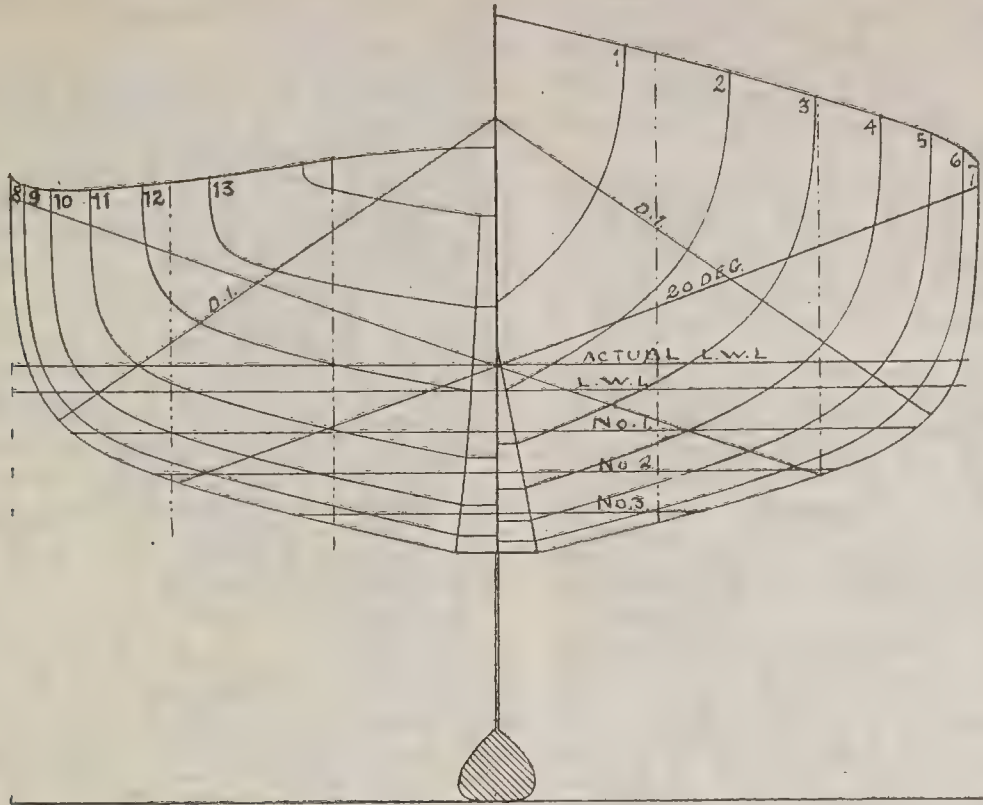
Two of the papers, those of Messrs. McGuire on Aluminum and Stephens on the Centerboard, have been published in part in the FOREST AND STREAM. The complete volume of the Transactions includes a dozen interesting plates accompanying the latter paper, with an appendix describing them, which could not be reproduced at the time. These plates include many types of centerboard craft—the North River sloop Victorine, the yachts Julia, Arrow, Iroquois, Volunteer, Quickstep, and others less known, but representing special types of centerboard craft.

The reports of the officers show a membership of 500, including 279 members and 175 associates, and a balance of \$6,000 in the treasury.

The successful growth and good work done by the society in but three years should commend it to the attention of all who are connected with or interested in the development of an American marine, for defense, commerce or pleasure. It is impossible to overestimate the importance to the nation at large of a general interest on the part of all its people in the national fleet of warships, merchant vessels and yachts; and this is best fostered by the general diffusion of knowledge, both popular and special, of ships. In its associate membership the society provides for those who, without being designers, ship builders or engineers, are still interested in the work of these professions and desirous of keeping in touch with it. This class of membership should attract yachtsmen especially throughout the country. The dues are but \$5 per year, and a copy of the Transactions is sent to each member.

The present volume is the third compiled by Naval Constructor Capps, the late secretary of the Society and one of the most active among its organizers. Since the transfer of Mr. Capps from Wash-





PARALOS.—BODY PLAN.

ington to San Francisco, his place has been taken by Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, now in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The official address of the society is 12 West Thirty-first street, New York.

Model Yachting.

The officers of the Wave Crest M. Y. C. and those of the American Model Y. C. met at the club rooms of the latter club to decide upon the committee to manage the race for the A. M. Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy, to be raced for on July 4, off the club station, foot of Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn. Mr. E. B. Hopkinson, Wave Crest M. Y. C., was chosen, and Frank Nichols, A. M. Y. C. It now devolves upon these two gentlemen to name a referee, and in all probability Mr. Frank Mitchell, of the Philadelphia Model Y. C., will be chosen.

A very friendly feeling was engendered by this meeting of the two clubs and no doubt will continue. The following are the names of the gentlemen who were present: Wave Crest: Com. E. E. Flynt, Treasurer A. Anderson, Fleet Capt. W. M. Thompson and Secretary E. B. Hopkinson. A. M. Y. C.: Com. J. H. Lane, Vice-Com. C. Van Ness, Treasurer G. W. Townly, Secretary G. F. Pigott and Measurer Frank Nichols.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., has announced the following programme for the season: Opening day, May 30, race for yachts enrolled in the club. No special entry necessary. The committee is also endeavoring to arrange a race for the new 30-footers on that day. If this can be arranged further notice will be sent to the members. Special race, Tuesday, June 30 (second race of Yacht Racing Union circuit). Classes: 30-footers, 34-footers, 21-footers, half-raters, all cabin catboats under 30ft., all open catboats, shiftable ballast; all open sloops, shiftable ballast. Eighth annual regatta, Saturday, Aug. 1. Open to all classes. Special race, Saturday, Sept. 12. Classes: 30-footers, 34-footers, 21-footers and half-raters. The committee, however, may hereafter decide to open this race to other classes. Several cups have been donated by members of the club to be raced for during the season. The classes to which these cups will be allotted will be announced by the committee in a circular, which will be issued previous to each race. All the races given by the club will hereafter be sailed under the rules recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. The tables of time allowance adopted by the Union in 1895 will also be used. All members desiring to race their yachts should at once notify the chairman of the regatta committee, sending him a full description of their yachts, in order that they may be allotted permanent racing numbers under the rules which have been adopted by the Union. The committee requests the cooperation of all members to make this season the most successful in the history of the club. George E. Gartland, chairman, 11 Wall street, New York; Charles E. McManus, D. Willis Merritt. As it will be impossible for the club to complete its proposed new house in time, the adjoining property, the Hasell place, has been leased and fitted up with restaurant, sleeping apartments, and all conveniences for members and guests. Among the prizes offered by officers and members are three cups for the 30ft. class by Com. Wills, cups for the cabin cats by Vice-Com. Higgins, a cup for the 21-footers by Rear-Com. Tyson, one for the 34 footers by J. Kennedy Tod, one for the 15-footers by E. C. Benedict, and one for open cats by Percy Stewart; these first prizes being supplemented by the club by second prizes if the number of starters demand it.

The Chicago Y. C. announces the following events for the season: Saturday, June 20—Michigan City race; start at 1 P. M. sharp; judges' and guests' boat will leave the club house at 12:40 P. M. Saturday, June 27—Regatta for fourth and fifth class open yachts; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges and guests will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M. Saturday, July 18—Dinghy race (sailing); start from club house at 3 P. M. Saturday, July 25—Club regatta for all classes; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges and guests will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 1—Dinghy race (rowing); start from club house at 3 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 15—Club race and cruise to Menominee, Mich., to be run on points between ports; start at 3 P. M. sharp. Saturday, Sept. 12—Open regatta; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges' and guests' boat will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M.

We have received a copy of the official book of rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain for 1896, the usual neat little volume in blue. It contains the sailing rules, measurement rule, list of members and minutes of meetings, with the decisions of the council in a number of protest cases submitted to it by local committees. The new rule has recently been given in full in our columns. The allowance table is new, having been made to suit the rule. The list of yachts with their official measurements is no longer published in the book, though such a list is very useful for reference. The book is published and supplied to the clubs and individuals by Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's Lane, London.

Com. Rouse, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., will this season test a novel combination of naphtha and electricity on the flagship Iroquois. The yacht's naphtha launch, one of the regular boats built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., will be fitted with a special dynamo that can readily be shipped aboard and connected to the engine. When the launch is not in use during the day, and lying at the boat boom, the dynamo will be put aboard and connected and the engine started up, the wheel revolving in the water. The electric current will be used to charge the storage batteries aboard the yacht which supply the electric lights with which she is fitted throughout. When not in use the dynamo will be stowed below on the yacht. How the arrangement will work in practice is yet to be proved.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will open its season on May 23 with a race open to yachts of the club only in the regular classes; a special prize of a silver cup being also offered for the 15ft. class, open to yachts enrolled in any organized yacht club. A second prize will be given if five yachts start. The races, which will be under Y. R. U. rules, will start at 2 P. M. Entries should be mailed to the Regatta Committee, New Rochelle Y. C., P. O. Box 785, New Rochelle, N. Y., in time to be received by the committee not later than noon of Thursday, May 21. Full instructions as to starting signals, course, etc., together with a chart of the course, will be mailed on receipt of entry, and may be had on application to the committee. Regatta Committee: Chas. P. Tower, Chairman; W. N. Bavler, Paul A. Meyrowitz, J. R. Thomas; A. P. Weston, Secretary.

The new 15-footer designed and built by the Herreshoffs for F. M. Hoyt is similar in model to Olita, with a long, low bow and no after overhang, and of very light construction. She will be rigged in English fashion, and a very good idea of her sail and sheer plan may be obtained from the cut of the canoe yawl Nautilus in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week. With the counter cut off square at the mark indicating the after end of the waterline and the piece added to the fore overhang, and the tack of jib carried forward, the Nautilus would resemble closely the new boat. The mainsail is identical, a lug sail with battens.

Yampa, schooner, R. S. Palmer, arrived at New York on May 6 with her owner in command, accompanied by Messrs. T. C. Zerega, George A. Cormack and Cambridge Livingston. The yacht has visited the principal ports of the West Indies since she sailed from Boston last February.

A yacht club has been organized in Kingston, Ont., under the name of the Kingston Y. C., starting with 110 members. The officers are: Com., W. F. Strange; Vice-Com., H. Richardson; Rear-Com., Dr. Clarke; Sec'y, J. H. Macnee; Treas., W. C. Kent; Meas., H. Cunningham; Committee—Dr. Black, R. G. Burns, E. Gildersleeve, F. H. Macnee and J. Fisher.

The club book of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club for 1896 contains a list of forty-three yachts and sixty members. The club, whose station is at Hyde Park, was founded in 1885. The officers are: Com., Archibald Rogers; Vice-Com., Norman Wright; Sec'y-Treas., John Hopkins; Treas., Thos. Newbold.

The first race of the season at Atlantic City was sailed on May 7 in a fresh S. W. breeze, the course being forty miles to leeward and return. The small craft were from the Corinthian Y. C. and the Musquito Fleet. The corrected times were: No Name, 1h. 30m. 50s.; Ivy, 1h. 34m. 27s.; I Don't Think, 1h. 35m. 6s.; Vixen, 1h. 39m. 7s.; Nit, 1h. 40m.; Siren, 1h. 42m. 32s.

Owing to some dispute between her new owners, Ethelwynn was advertised at sheriff's sale on May 6, at Manning's Basin, where she has been stored during the winter. The sale was postponed for a month. Thus far there is no indication that the yacht will race under present ownership.

Black Pearl, steam yacht, E. R. Sheldon, has returned to New York after a cruise of two months in the West Indies. She will refit at Fletcher's yard, Hoboken.

The Philadelphia Y. C. will sail its annual regatta on June 13, and the cruise will begin on June 26.

The racing about New York will begin on next Saturday, May 16, with the open race of the Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, for five classes: Cabin sloops, 21ft. class, cabin cats, open cats and 15ft. class. The latter class promises to be the most interesting, as several new boats will make their first race. The race will start at 1 P. M. over the club's four-sided courses.

Those young tars who are going aloft this season for the first time will find much that is useful to them in a little book entitled "The Amateur Sailor," by Alex. I. McLeod, a Detroit yachtsman. The book treats in a plain and practical manner of the rudiments of sailing and yachting usage; and while intended mainly for the less experienced yachtsmen, it has many little points that will repay the older hands for a perusal. It is published by E. H. Gilman, Detroit, Mich.

We have received from the secretary, Dr. Ed. Pilatte, the annual book of the Club Nautique de Nice, the first of the nautical societies of Provence and the vicinity of Nice, organized in 1893, since which time it has taken a prominent part in the advancement of yachting and yachting organizations in the Mediterranean.

The Pacific Y. C., of San Francisco, has elected the following officers: Pres., John H. Dickinson; Vice-Pres., Hugo D. Kell; Com., John D. Spreckels; Vice-Com., Martin B. Roberts; Meas., Alec. Svenson. Directors—John H. Dickinson, Charles H. Crocker, Hugo D. Kell, Will A. Powning, John T. Dare, F. Hohweiser and J. D. Maxwell.

The house of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, located originally at Bechtel's Basin, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where it was built by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. in 1883, and afterward moved to the basin beside the steamboat dock, has been sold and moved to Atlantic Highlands, where it will be used as boathouse. The Corinthian Y. C., organized in 1886, has ceased to exist.

Phantom, schr., H. L. Parmele, has been entirely rebuilt for the second time. She is one of the older yachts, having been built in 1865.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dyer, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. E. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Central Division.

Mr. GEORGE E. KEYES, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y., has been elected, by a mail vote of the Division executive committee, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Purser W. H. Martin.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Name.	Club.	City.
Seymour P. Hubbell.....	Buffalo, N. Y.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE ART OF PISTOL SHOOTING.

EVERYTHING is difficult before 'tis easy, says an old adage, and the effort to become proficient in the use of the revolver is no exception to it. The art is acquired only by earnest study and effort.

It is not an art of mystical methods, nor is there any royal road to it. Regular practice and intelligent observation of causes and effects are factors in attaining practical skill as they are in all other arts. Indeed, of all the arts it may safely be said that that of revolver shooting is the most exacting considering it in its highest perfection, for it requires faithful practice, a clear mind and good physical condition, which can only be established by abstinence from alcoholic stimulants, from tobacco, and by regular habits in general. So much for the perfection of the art. However, with a reasonable degree of application fairly good results may be obtained.

The intelligent effort to learn the art of shooting is opposed more or less to a popular fallacy that the skillful pistol shot is born, not made. The comparative ease with which the expert makes difficult shots, and the difficulty which the novice encounters in making any shot with any degree of precision, prepare the latter for ready acceptance of such fallacy. It then seems so self-evident that no investigation is considered necessary. Marvelous skill and its results are accepted as being a "gift," a capability born with its possessor. It is true that men excel in the art of shooting, but such is likewise true of men in all arts. In the art under consideration, the patient investigation, laborious and arduous practice in private which developed skill, not being directly in evidence, are not considered as having been at all. Yet, whatever one's natural capabilities may be, patient study and practice are necessary, though, as in the acquisition of all skill which requires profound effort, natural aptitude, resolute persistency and sharp intelligence will make more direct and fixed progress than can be made without them. But, as intimated before in this respect, the art of pistol shooting in its acquisition in no wise differs from that of all other arts. In every vocation and avocation in life there are men whose ability and industry distinguish them pre-eminently among their fellows. Again, as in all other arts, while all cannot devote the time, practice and study necessary to attain the skill of a specialist, nearly all can acquire a useful and reasonable knowledge of the theory of the art and a corresponding degree of proficiency in its practice.

There are a few men who are always awkward in anything which they attempt if it requires manual dexterity. They cannot jump off a car without tangling their legs or pitching about; they cannot drive a nail without hitting their fingers or breaking something; they cannot row, nor crack a whip, nor cast a fly, nor handle a cue, nor bowl, nor pitch quoits; in short, they seem to be left-handed all over. With this reservation, it is fair to encourage all in the possibilities of attaining skill in the art of revolver shooting.

Handling the Pistol.

The mere handling of a pistol with safety to one's self and to the bystanders requires a certain amount of training if it be done properly. There is one general rule which should never be ignored, that is, never for a moment point the pistol toward any one. The novice always grasps the pistol awkwardly, and the direction in which the barrel is pointing is a matter he rarely considers. Being ignorant of the workings of a revolver, he cannot have the necessary forethought in handling it.

A novice should never handle a pistol as a matter of idle curiosity. If he handle it at all, he should learn the simple matter of handling it right. Yet the handling of a pistol seems to have a strange fascination for the most ignorant.

The pistol is a deadly weapon, and from its short barrel and ready working is one of the most dangerous. Make it an invariable rule never to have the barrel pointing toward any person. When not actually firing it, keep it constantly pointing in the air when there are bystanders about, whether it be loaded or not. By persisting in this practice it will become a habit in time, and then will be observed constantly without any thought. Such carelessness will avoid any occasion for rebukes, will relieve friends of much alarm and anxiety, and will avoid the possibility of deplorable accidents. Were these simple rules observed, the fatal accidents which are an annual certainty would never occur. With the most vigilant and painstaking care, there will come a time when the pistol will be discharged accidentally, and then the habit of guarding against accident will come in good service. The unloaded weapon should be handled with the same formal care as if it were loaded. Above all, never permit yourself to indulge in the brutal sport of aiming a pistol at any one. The terror inspired is a poor means of obtaining amusement. The victim cannot know whether or not the weapon is loaded, and whether he can or not, it is a gross abuse of others and an unlawful act to point it at any one.

In handling deadly weapons there are thus important matters of training in respect to what should not be done as there are to what should be done.

Also, when handling a revolver or other pistol in the presence of others, it is always prudent to unload it, particularly if it is to be handled by men who are ignorant of its proper handling and who are idly curious. The man without a purpose is often the most dangerous to have about and is always the most annoying.

Timidity.

The fright or timidity or gunshyness which many beginners exhibit in their first attempts at firing a pistol is obstructive to progress.

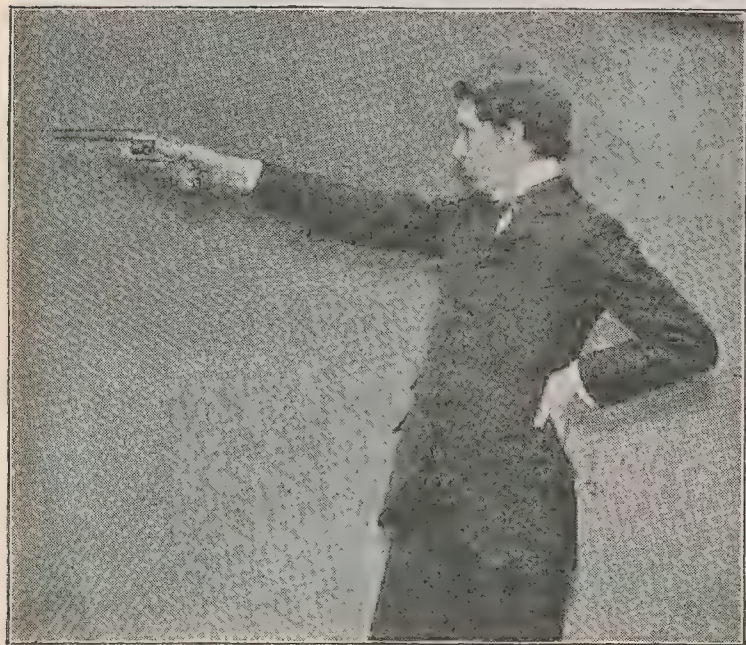
When the shooter flinches when he pulls the trigger, or at the same time shuts his eyes or turns his head, the matter of correct aiming for the time being is at an end. To overcome his timidity, he should handle the pistol as much as possible. He should aim and snap his unloaded pistol in his room or elsewhere as often as opportunity offers, till he becomes so familiar with it that he can handle it fearlessly and without unpleasant apprehension. In his first attempts he should shoot light loads till full confidence is established. Once the habit of flinching at the moment of firing is acquired, it is not easily cured.

If there were any real danger of a general bursting, shutting the eyes tightly, or making distorted faces, or turning the head, would be no protection.

In this connection it is proper to advise the using of a first-class pistol only. The saving of a few dollars in purchasing a cheap and poor pistol is poor economy indeed. There is too much risk for the trifle saved.

Begin Correctly.

There are many men who have shot a pistol more or less for many years who improve but little, for the reason that they started wrong and persevered in the wrong manner in which they started. They simply shoot without giving the matter any thought. Their methods at last were not any improvement on their methods at first. Others, seeing no improvement in their skill, become discouraged. The possibility of so holding that the recoil is reduced to a minimum, or investigating to determine by what fault of the hand or trigger finger the errors arise, never seems to occur to them. And yet it is necessary



1. POSITION.

carefully to learn the causes of errors if they are to be corrected. Some errors are peculiar to one man, some to another. One will shoot to the right, another to the left, another here and there, so that the personal equation is a constant factor. There is no hard and fast rule, by which all can be governed. No arbitrary formula can be laid down. Each one can note his own errors and investigate their cause with a view to correction.

The Position.

In shooting at the target, the shooter generally assumes the position shown in Fig. 1, or one approximating to it. It does very well for target practice. For the practical purposes of pistol shooting, however, the effort should be to shoot well from any natural position of the body. Freedom and ease and quickness are superior to stiffness and slowness.

The arm should be slightly bent at the elbow, so that the recoil will be taken with more elasticity than it could be with a straight, stiff arm.

As all eyes have not the same focus, nor all men the same physical conformation, each man will modify this shooting position to best suit his own powers. Nevertheless, the expert pistol shot can skillfully handle his weapon in the most free-handed and unstudied manner. It is not essential to good performance that he assume a stiff and formal pose in the practical use of the weapon. By practice, the expert learns to shoot his pistol as freely and easily as the wing shooter handles a shotgun.

The Grasp.

The important matter of learning how to handle the pistol in general, and in particular how to grasp it correctly when firing it, should be learned at the outset. A wrong manner of grasping the handle will be a serious check to progress, and also will be a constant difficulty in making a good performance. It will perpetuate a fault. There is a right way to hold a pistol and many which are wrong.

Figs. 3 and 4 show the correct manner of grasping it.

Fig. 2 shows a wrong way, one commonly employed by the novice.

From the beginning, the novice should endeavor to grasp the pistol correctly and precisely alike every time till a correct grasp becomes habitual. Any variation in the grasp is sure to result in undesirable variations at the target, if sufficient powder is used to make a recoil. A loose, careless grasp will invariably result in bad execution. The novice rarely grasps the pistol twice alike.

To make the matter clearer to the beginner, in respect to recoil, it will be necessary in this connection to touch briefly on the theory of it.

If the hand were so placed as to resist the recoil at a point directly in a line with the axis of the barrel, there would be no upward jump of the pistol, as the force of the recoil and the resistance to it would both be in the same right line. But the grasp of the hand on a pistol is below the line of fire, leaving what is practically the arm of a lever between. The recoil thus is in a line higher than that of the resistance to it, and the two forces so act that the pistol flies upward at the moment of discharge.

If the hand is held as in Figs. 3 and 4, the resistance is so near in the line of the axis of the barrel and the line of recoil that the disarrangement caused by the latter is reduced to a minimum, and is no insurmountable factor against the best results, except in such instances as pistols are overloaded.

It is apparent that it is much more difficult to concentrate a firm resistance to the recoil when the hand is as in Fig. 2 than it is as in Figs. 3 and 4. It in Fig. 2 not only has room for greater play in the hand at the moment of recoil, but it makes a greater strain and movement in the wrist at the same time, the hand turning upward with it.

To hold the pistol correctly, grasp the handle firmly, with the hand snug up, as in Figs. 3 and 4, so there is no room for motion between the pistol and the hand when the recoil comes. With all the precaution which the novice can

compass, there will be a certain upward motion from the recoil even when the pistol is grasped correctly, a motion upward in the hand and in the wrist. The novice will note that the hand plays very freely and easily upward on the wrist, and it requires quite a training to hold the wrist firm as well as to grasp the pistol correctly, but it all comes right with practice.

After one has learned to hold the pistol properly and learned precisely what factor the recoil is in one's shooting, allowance in aiming must be made accordingly. For this reason, for short ranges, the fore sight in revolvers is longer than the rear sight, thus depressing the muzzle to make allowance for the upward jump at the moment of firing.

Nearly all pistols, even those which are of the same kind and alike, act differently one from another with the same loads when used by different men; so that the manner of aiming one pistol with satisfactory results might have different results with another. Slight differences of trigger pull, etc., all have their importance.

The beginner should not confound a firm grasp with an overstrained one. There is a degree of tension at which the hand and arm can be held firmly with moderate exercise of the will; if the nerves and muscles are forced to a higher strain, they do not coördinate properly and there is then more or less tremor. In shooting large loads, however, the hand must be trained to a tight grasp.

Whatever may be the explanation of it, whether it be reflex action or what not, the hand by experience and proper training acquires a useful education of its own. In handling any object it requires a special schooling to do so skillfully. In everyday life one is so accustomed to seeing it perform its functions at will that it seems to require no training, but it in fact performs well from long training. Once it attempts new efforts its inefficiency is apparent. To comprehend this statement more fully, let a novice attempt to draw with a pencil a perfectly straight line or a circle, or to eat rice with chop sticks, or perform on a piano, etc., and then observe how quickly and easily the educated hand of the expert accomplishes any of those acts.

In the art of pistol shooting, by practice the hand and arm seem to acquire a sense of direction of their own. If the pistol is not properly in the grasp, the educated hand readily detects it. The sense of direction is evidenced in other acts. The carpenter with accurate blows drives nails with a hammer, hitting them accurately on the head at every stroke. The wood-chopper gives no thought to his axe as he swings it blow after blow, and yet he drives it into the tree with hair-breadth precision. The baseball pitcher is a wonder in accurate delivery.

When the hand of the pistol shooter is so trained that the mind is free from studiously noting and directing it in its holding and firing, it is then at a stage when quick shooting can be practiced with more or less efficiency, and quick and reasonably accurate shooting with the revolver is the only kind of pistol shooting of any practical value. The revolver is a weapon of defense as society is organized in time of peace, and its use is at a time when the interested parties are commonly in active motion. An assailed party, who would require his assailant to stand stiffly while he stifly and slowly took aim and fired, would be slow in making a success. It is therefore self-evident that the freedom of action and skill which come from good training are a necessity in the practical use of the revolver.

Many of the best shots hold the thumb along the side of the frame, as shown in Fig. 4; this grasp in a measure guards against a side movement when the forefinger is pulling the trigger, and also at the moment of recoil. Still it is not an easy grasp and requires some practice to apply skillfully. The most natural grasp is as is shown in Fig. 2, and is the one most commonly in use.

Sighting.

The manner of sighting is very simple. The shooter aims so that the fore sight is in a straight line from his eye, looking through the notch of the rear sight and at the object aimed at. The same straight line in theory runs from the eye through the notch of the rear sight,

thence through the tip of the fore sight, thence to the object. In theory it is simple, in practice it is not without its difficulties.

The shooter should learn to stand steadily on his feet. There should be no swaying of his body. He also should learn to hold his hand and arm steady.

The most difficult part is to pull the trigger without disarranging the aim. The education of the forefinger, the trigger finger, is a matter of importance. It is not easy to pull the forefinger steadily and truly when the rest of the hand is at rest. Let the novice aim an unloaded revolver at some object and carefully note the motion of the muzzle of it when he pulls the trigger. The muzzle is almost certain to jump sideways one way or the other, or upward, indicating that the finger did not make a straight pull backward, but that it made a side or upward pull of more or less force, which took its own direction when the trigger became disengaged.

A great deal of good training can be obtained by carefully aiming and snapping the unloaded revolver as if in actual firing at a mark. The aberrations in the pull-off can be noted and corrected in so far as they are the fault of the hand and forefinger.

Much practice is necessary to so train the forefinger that it will work truly and independently while all the other muscles are passive or acting in another manner. To appreciate the difficulty of it, let the novice attempt to hold his closed hand perfectly still, with no wrist or other movement, while he steadily opens and closes his forefinger. Any little movements of hand or wrist, however slight, make a vast difference in the results at the bullseye.

It is an easy matter to train so as to be able to hit close around the bullseye, but such is a mere trifle compared to the training necessary to shoot to the center, and yet for purposes of utility, offensive and defensive, one is nearly as efficient as the other, all else being equal.

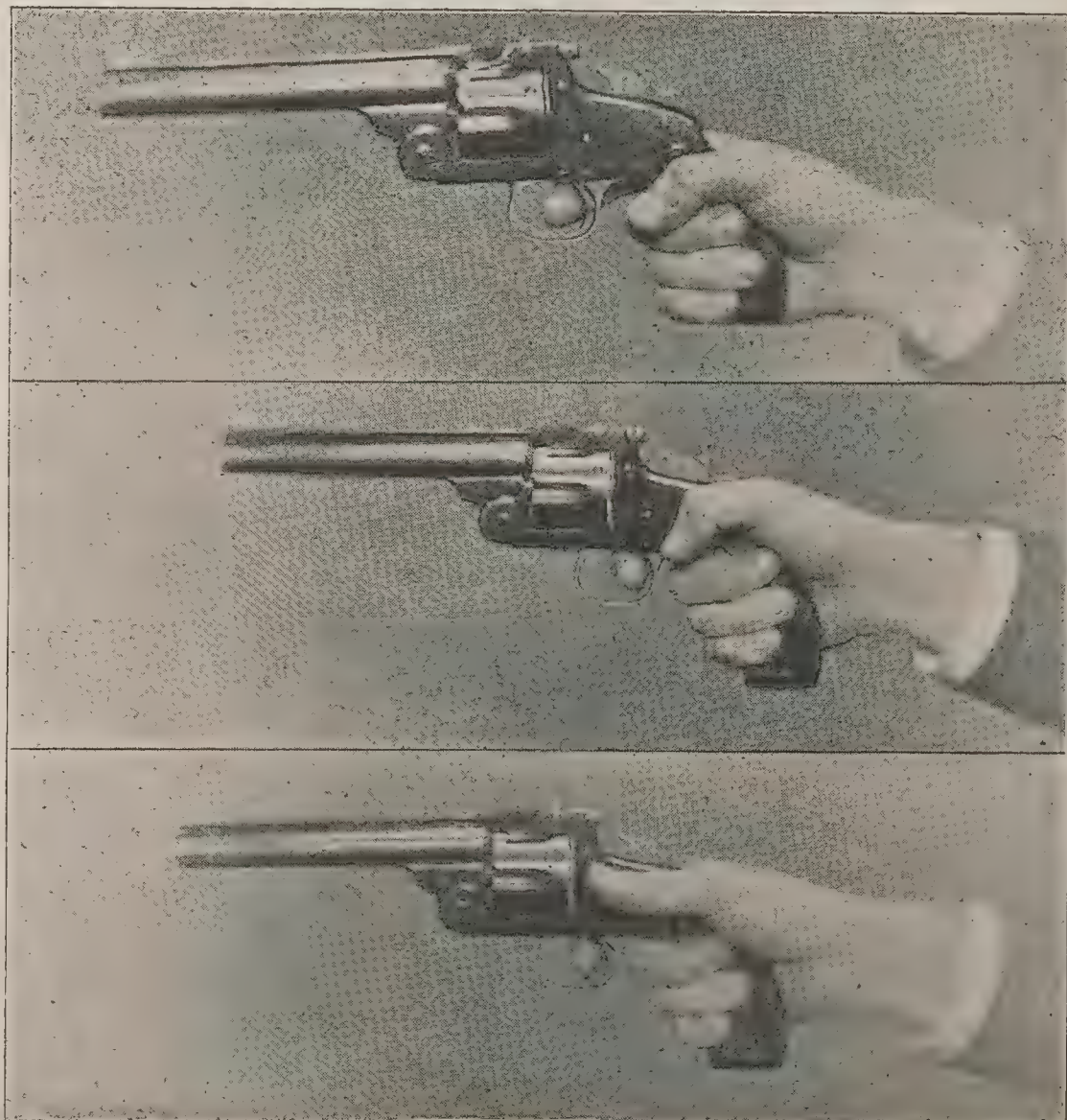
Nervous people, by training and self-discipline or will power, learn to hold with remarkable steadiness, though they can never hope to equal the precision of the shooters whose nerves are so steady that they can hold a rigid unvarying arm on the center. Some men seem to have a rhythmic swaying of the body with a corresponding movement of the pistol arm to and fro, and yet by practice they so time the pull of the trigger as the pistol sways to the bullseye that they make a good showing. They, however, are sure to get in a wild shot sooner or later.

All the spectacular features, such as the whirling of the revolver on the forefinger, cocking and shooting it as it comes into the hand, may profitably be omitted. It is a dangerous act, and moreover adds nothing to the betterment of the shooting. So of the style affected by some of the "bad men" of the West in removing the trigger, trusting entirely to cocking with the thumb and permitting the hammer to fall by slipping the thumb off it. This manner was supposed to have an advantage in its quickness, and quickness was considered indispensable in personal encounters, as a moment's time might serve to effect important changes. Many of these methods were mere personal eccentricities, and the shooter at best could not do any better with his fantastic methods than can be done in the regulation manner with a self-cocking revolver.

In aiming, nearly all shooters aim with one eye, the other being closed. It is rarely that a man can aim well with both eyes open. Few people have eyes which focus alike or are equally strong.

When the aim is established, the trigger should be pulled with a firm and steady pull, never a jerky one. When this manner is thoroughly acquired, the finger will act in the pull-off quite as quickly as if it were nervously jerked, with the further advantage that it is in the correct line, alike every time and with no disturbance to the aim. Any fault in the pull-off, as before mentioned, should be noted and corrected by aiming and snapping the unloaded pistol.

Regularity in practice is necessary to make the shooter dexterous in aiming and firing. On the other hand, practice can be overdone. If prolonged too much, there is a great strain on the nerve forces and too much fatigue



2

3

4

HOLDING THE PISTOL.

from it. It is better to practice a reasonable time every day than to practice long whiles with long intervals between.

When the shooter has learned to sight truly, to pull the trigger without disturbing his aim, and fire with quickness and ease, he has learned the art of revolver shooting.

Where the shooter practices or shoots so long as to make endurance a matter of importance, a general developing of the whole muscular system is necessary, and a supplementary course of athletics is needed. Exercise with dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc., in particular strengthen the arms, wrists and chest, and in fact the whole body, and with the more equal development and strengthening of all the muscles comes a greater steadiness in holding and a greater capability of prolonged effort.

While aiming, the shooter should take a full breath, hold it, then pull steadily on the trigger when the aim is fixed. It is very difficult to aim steadily while the chest is expanding and contracting from respiration.

Snap Shooting.

As for quick aiming and shooting, one must have learned first to shoot well with proper deliberation. If one cannot shoot well in that manner, it is absurd to assume that he can do so quickly.

Snap shooting is not necessarily hurried shooting, as the novice always makes it when he attempts it. In most instances it is done quickly after the same manner which is employed in slow shooting; that is to say, the shooter does quickly in one instance what he does slowly in the other. He observes the same forms of action in the main, but executes it instantly. Every part acts together, instead of in labored succession.

It is generally considered that the snap shot takes no aim, but in most cases he unconsciously does so. Let the snap shot put a circular piece of pasteboard around his wrist large enough to conceal the pistol from the shooter, but not the target, and in most instances there will be a perceptible difference in the results of the shooting with it so hidden.

Still, all snap shots do not take aim, though the number is small. Some men develop an extraordinary nervous sense of direction in pointing firearms, which cannot be described, nor can the men who have such power explain it themselves. Some men can shoot with wonderful precision from the hip—a position which precludes formal aiming with the eye—but this is the exception, and in no wise disproves that snap shooting can be done by true aiming.

Nervous men sometimes snap shoot well, their nerves and muscles in action being steadier than when at rest.

It is commonly accepted as a truth that, when one points the forefinger at an object, the finger is pointed as truly as if aimed by the aid of the eye. This idea, it is claimed, has been used successfully in snap pistol shooting. The forefinger lies alongside the frame in a line parallel with the axis of the barrel, the trigger being manipulated by the second finger. In theory it is very plausible, in practice it varies much from the theory.

The Trigger Pull.

The trigger pull of a revolver should never be less than 2½ or 3 lbs. Such is a pull is light enough for all practical shooting. Less than that makes a very light pull, and few fingers are so delicate in touch or steady in action as to manipulate the hair trigger properly. It requires a long training of the finger to skillfully work a hair trigger. A finger which is not entirely free from nervousness finds great difficulty in pulling on the trigger at the correct juncture, and any attempt to steady a nervous finger on a hair trigger results in premature discharge. But whether the trigger pull be easy or hard, remember to keep the muzzle of the pistol pointing upward when not actually aiming and firing the pistol.

As for nervousness, there are many who cannot shoot well before a crowd or in actual competition. In the first instance they have a kind of stage fright, in the latter they may have the same, with the added excitement which many men have when entered in any competition or the excitement which they feel when anything is at stake.

Revolver Shooting.

It is comparatively an easy matter to acquire skill with a heavy small bore single-shot pistol, or a heavy revolver used with light gallery loads. With such there is practically no recoil, or at least none sufficiently strong to affect the shooting. Such precision as is shown with the small bore pistol, or revolver with a light gallery load, is no index to one's skill with a practical load. Such practice furthermore is of very little benefit in shooting the heavier loads. The only way to learn to shoot accurately with the regulation loads is to use them. With the latter there is a recoil which the shooter can never learn to regulate in any other manner than by practice in which it is a factor. The exceedingly heavy charges, 40grs. for instance, have a violent recoil, and strain the hand and wrist unpleasantly besides requiring long practice to shoot them well.

No instructions can take the place of practice. They can only advise as to the best manner of practice and as to what errors to avoid. The degree of proficiency one attains is measured by his own ability and his own effort. In any event, every man who handles a revolver should learn to handle it with such skill that he will not kill or maim his friends in time of peace or war, whatever he may do otherwise.

The foregoing is evolved from my own experience, an experience covering the many years during which pistol shooting has numbered me among its enthusiastic admirers; and what I have written here is given for such benefit to others as may be found in it.

B. WATERS.

Manhattan Revolver Club.

NEW YORK, May 1.—For excellence in revolver shooting during the month of April, Dr. Reginald H. Sayre was awarded the prize—a handsome silver cup—by the shooting committee of the Manhattan Revolver Club.

The exhibition of English and American targets showing the scores of some 2,000 crack shots is attracting considerable attention in the gymnasium of the New Manhattan Athletic Club. They are owned by Captain James S. Conlin, the club's shooting instructor.

Orioles in Gotham.

ON Tuesday night, May 5, half a dozen members of the Baltimore contingent at the E. C. tournament, including Dr. Fort and Messrs. Waters and Claridge, paid a friendly visit to the range of the Gotham Revolver Club. Several of the visitors tried their hand at revolver shooting, but no records were broken.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—The fine day drew a large number of marksmen to Shell Mound range this A. M. The Schuetzen department of the Red Men held an old-fashioned eagle shoot. C. Stein won the kingship.

The other prize winners and the parts they clipped are the following:

First prize, John Tiedeman, crown on the eagle's head; second, W. Kreutzkamm, scepter in right claw; third, H. Bach, reichs-apple in left claw; fourth, John Feldermann, ring in beak; fifth, E. Gobel, head; sixth, C. Stein, neck; seventh and eighth, John Oldag, right wing and claw; ninth and tenth, John Trester, left wing and claw; eleventh, P. H. Ruffs, tail.

The distribution of these prizes and the crowning of the shooting king will take place next Sunday evening at the anniversary and ball that will be held at 620 Bush street.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular semi-monthly target shoot, and several remarkable records were made with nitro powder. In fact, A. H. Pape broke the club record with this powder. He is now acting upon the suggestions of F. O. Young—that is a patch bullet of pure lead that starts easily from the breech. He uses Du Pont's nitro measure for measure with the black powder. In the record the following remarkable scores were made, Dr. Rodgers only using black powder:

Dr. L. O. Rodgers.....	9 2 5 9 2 7 3 7 6 7—57
F. O. Young.....	1 6 7 6 5 4 4 9 4 9—55
A. H. Pape.....	6 7 3 4 4 3 3 9 3 8—50
	2 4 8 6 3 5 9 4 7 4—52

Pape's 20 shots on the Columbia target are equal to 448 points on the German target, and his average was bunched in a 5½ in. circle. The best rifle scores of the day stood:

Unfired diamond medal, three shots: Dr. Rodgers 10, H. H. Burfeind 11, F. O. Young 16.

Ten-shot rifle record: A. H. Pape 50 and 52, F. O. Young 55, Dr. Rodgers 57.

Most flags for in-centers: Dr. Rodgers 2, F. O. Young 1, H. Hellberg 2, H. H. Burfeind 1, G. Barley 1.

On the 50yd. pistol range some fine work was done. Charles Daiss, who so far has been in the lead on the Blanding record for the best 10 scores, rested on his laurels and went off on a bicycle jaunt. While he was away Pape got in and ran up enough high scores to beat Daiss by 3 points. Gorman, in half a dozen strings, made several excellent scores. The best scores stood:

Open to all comers, pistol, Blanding medal: J. E. Gorman 7, 9, 11; A. H. Pape 7, 8, 8; F. O. Young 8, Dr. L. Rodgers 9, E. Jacobson 17.

Revolver, Carr medal: M. J. White 31.

All comers, 22cal. rifle, 50yds.: Ed Hovey 10, W. J. Burrows 19.

The monthly bullseye shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein brought out a large number of marksmen. The following are the prize winners and points:

H. Hellberg 161, J. O. Waller 301, Judge Bahrs 319, George Alpers 320, Henry Huppert 333, William Ehrenfort 348, H. H. Burfeind 356, J. D. Heise 411, R. Finking 475, F. P. Schuster 522, H. Stilling 552, A. H. Pape 579, H. Huber 739, T. B. Faktor 773, Charles Thierbach 778, L. N. Ritzau 810, N. Ahrens 835, F. Koch 854, F. Bolekman 855, D. von der Mehden 913.

The Germania Schuetzen Verein also held a bullseye shoot, with the annexed results:

L. Bendel 185 points, F. Schuster 307, H. Hellberg 425, D. R. Faktor 466, A. Jungblut 479, R. Finking 540, A. Mocker 614, H. Thode 711, J. W. Wicks 778, D. von der Mehden 780, H. H. Burfeind 783, C. Thierbach 805.

The monthly shoot of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club resulted in the following winning medals:

Champion class, A. Mocker 429 rings; first class, H. Burfeind 421; second class, J. Gerkens 376; third class, D. Schink 1252; fourth class, G. Schulz 281; first best shot, H. Hellberg 24; last best shot, O. Schinkel, Jr., 24.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 3.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. A military match between Messrs. Copeland and Hasenzahl to-day resulted in favor of the former, 50 shots each, totals 320 and 307, Copeland winning by 13 points. Hasenzahl won his victory gold medal last shoot. The winners of the gold badge so far are as follows: Hasenzahl for December, Payne January, Gindele February, Trounstein March and April. This badge must be won five times by an individual to entitle to ownership. Two new members were added to our roster to day. Mr. Scherrer made his best score to-day, counting 89. It is needless to say that he was elated:

Gindele.	10 9 9 10 9 8 8 10 9 7—89	10 10 10 7 9 6 8 8 8 8—84
Payne.	10 8 8 7 10 9 8 8 9 8—85	10 6 8 6 8 9 9 10 7 9—82
Weinheimer.	10 8 7 10 6 8 10 10 8 9—86	6 10 10 6 7 8 5 10 8 8—78
Roberts.	10 6 8 8 10 6 7 8 8 8—79	9 6 6 8 6 8 6 10 8 9 7—77
Scherrer.	7 10 8 6 8 3 7 9 8 6—72	8 5 10 5 6 7 8 8 8 7—72
Hasenzahl.*	5 8 8 7 5 9 10 8 7 5—72	7 6 7 7 10 8 4 6 6 7—68
Al. Lux.	10 8 6 8 7 8 9 10 8 9—83	9 9 8 10 7 8 7 5 5 10 7—78
Burr.	4 8 6 8 5 9 10 10 9 10—79	6 6 10 10 8 7 6 8 8 8—77
Copeland.*	7 10 10 10 7 8 9 8 10 10—89	5 10 9 7 9 8 7 7 6 5—73
Hake.	7 9 8 9 6 9 6 9 7 9—79	8 7 9 6 6 6 10 5 10 6—73
Drube.	7 7 8 5 9 4 6 8 8 10—72	7 5 7 4 9 8 8 4 5 7—64
	6 7 5 8 8 8 6 5 8 6 9—63	6 4 5 6 5 8 8 3 10 7—62
	8 6 4 5 7 6 3 8 5 7—69	9 7 7 5 4 2 7 2 10 3—54
	4 5 8 7 3 5 8 5 6 7—68	6 6 5 5 8 4 3 7 1 7—52
	9 6 10 9 7 6 6 9 3 9—74	8 7 7 5 8 5 5 9 9 8—71
	8 8 9 6 7 4 5 6 10 8—71	9 10 10 7 7 4 4 3 6 7—67
	10 9 9 8 4 5 8 6 8 3—70	4 8 6 7 5 8 5 9 3 9—64
	6 4 7 6 7 10 10 5 9 6—70	5 5 7 6 7 7 8 3 6 7—59
	8 6 7 6 5 6 6 3 10 8—65	7 4 8 8 3 6 3 10 5 7—61
	5 4 9 9 5 7 7 5 5 7—63	9 6 6 4 5 4 8 5 6 2—55
	7 7 7 9 8 8 7 9 8 9—78	9 9 5 4 7 6 9 8 5 8—70
	6 7 8 6 5 8 8 10 6 10—74	6 6 7 7 10 8 6 5 7 7—69

* Military rifles.

The Gotham Revolver Club.

THE Gotham Revolver Club has adopted a new target for the 20yds. range, which is based on the 4caliber bullet. The bullseye measures 2½ in. in diameter, and includes the 8, 9 and 10 rings.

The 10 ring measures two diameters of a .44caliber ball, and the 8 and 9 rings respectively one diameter; the 6 and 7 rings measure two diameters. The targets are printed on cards 10x12 in. in size, and the design is the work of Messrs. Maynard and McPherson. Club members are requested to furnish Shooting Master Petty with score of six strings of five shots each, as a basis for handicapping. It is proposed to divide the members into three classes, and inaugurate class shooting at once.

Measures have been taken looking toward securing better ventilation of the range, and it is very possible that outdoor practice will form one of the features of the shooting this summer.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Reynoldston Enterprise Gun Club.

REYNOLDSTON, Pa., May 11.—Our club will hold an all-day shoot on May 30, beginning at 9 A. M. Articles to the amount of \$200 have been received from the dealers of McKeesport and Pittsburgh; others are being received, all to be shot for on that day. A full programme next week, open to all. Our club is not yet five months old and we have twenty good members, and we have without any doubt as fine shooting grounds as there are in the State. Everything new. All sports men are invited to attend.

Geo. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; \$2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 28-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 28-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 28-30.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station, Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. R. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONOXOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 316 Broadway, New York.

The Oritani Field Club has issued a programme of its tournament to be held at Hackensack, N. J., May 15 and 16. Ten events will be shot on each day. This shoot should attract the local shots, and particularly the amateurs, who will be able to hold their own at this tournament while the cracks are smashing targets at Memphis. The shooters will be protected from the sun by a shed erected over the score, while refreshments may be had at the club house. Guns and ammunition may be forwarded to the Oritani Field Club, where they will be properly taken care of.

Frank Butler writes that three weeks ago Miss Annie Oakley broke her left collar bone, but despite this she has not missed for a day shooting twice daily. There is grit for you.

Fred Gilbert, the holder of the Du Pont trophy and the championship of the United States for live pigeon-shooting, has received and accepted a challenge from George L. Dieter, of Milwaukee. The match will be for \$100 at Watson's Park, Burnside, June 1, the day before the opening of the State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

We inadvertently omitted from our mention of the book "Pigeon Shooting" last week that it was published by the Shooting and Fishing Publishing Co., of New York, and the price is \$1.

The Memphis Mystery.

Special to Forest and Stream.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 11.—The special car that left New York on Saturday afternoon with twenty men on board, bound for the annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, arrived here this morning. Tom Divine and Irby Bennett met us at the depot with two rally-hos and a bugler. Among those on the car were: Dickey, Wheeler, Leroy, Heikes, Elliott, Fulford, Glover, Easton, Gilbert, Van Dyke, Trimble, Callender, U. M. C. Thomas, Elmer Shaner, I. A. H. Dressel, Bartlett, Lindermann and Dave Porterfield, who joined us at Chattanooga.

The weather is exceedingly hot and everybody got well tanned by the sun at to-day's practice shoot. There were about 70 shooters on the grounds, 61 taking part in the "Memphis Mystery," the prizes in this event were guaranteed to be equal to each man's entrance money. The guarantee was all right, as every man that shot received a bottle of P. P. S., a liquid well known down here. Besides the "Mystery" event, three other merchandise events were shot and two extras, all at 20 targets, except the "Mystery," which was at 15. This made a programme of 135 targets. Gilbert and Budd were in great form, each losing only 2 targets out of the first 95 shot at; Elliott also shot well. Parmelee, Budd, Joe George, Wallace Miller, L. U. Erhardt, Charlie Young, Cham Powers, Rike, Raymond, Macdonald, Shorty Bacon, Paul Litke and a host of others were on hand.

The club has made us free of the city and all members of the local club are doing their best to make things pleasant for us. Tom Divine and Irby Bennett are well to the fore. The grounds are thirty minutes' ride by trolley car from the city, but this is no hardship, as the cool ride is most refreshing. The outlook for a big shoot to-morrow is excellent.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 12.—Memphis third annual tournament opened this morning in glorious weather at 11:30. There were ninety-five entries in first event, with prospects of touching the E. C. record before closing. Elmer Shaner is running the shoot for the club. Best shooting of the week so far has been done by Charlie Budd, who has lost only 5 targets out of 165 shot at.

EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 28.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., was a guest of the club. All events were at unknown angles. The weather was beautiful, but the boys were out of form and went to pieces, many of them falling down, getting good, hard bumps at that. Scores of the seven 20-target events shot to-day:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	Events:	1 2 3 5 6 7
Nelson.....	15 15 15 16 14 18 16	Scott.....	16 15 19 14 12 13 11
Terry.....	17 13 13 13 17 19 13	Moorman.....	14 14 16 16 14 16 16
Dorn.....	16 15 17 13 11 17 14	H. P. Collins.....	10 14 17 12
			F. M. D.

The E. C. Tournament.

Four days, May 5-8, 1896, will scarcely be allowed to fade from the memory of the trap-shooter for years to come. The E. C. Powder Company's tournament that took place on those four days at Guttenburg race track, at Guttenburg, N. J., deserves to be remembered for two good and sufficient reasons: First, it was up to date the largest affair of the kind ever held; and second, on the afternoon of May 8, for the first time in the history of our sport, trap-shooters cheered the inanimate target champion of the United States.

As regards the size of the tournament, a reference to the list of entries will quickly satisfy all doubts on that point. It should be remembered that this was no State shoot, with merchandise prizes and nominal entries; neither was it an amateur's tournament at popular prices. It was a crackerjack's tournament; nothing less than 20 targets, and no entrance fee smaller than \$3. Notwithstanding these conditions, the entry list on the first three days averaged a fraction over 76 in every event, while the four days' programme events averaged 61 entries. During the tournament, including about 5,000 targets thrown on Monday in the practice events, 53,000 targets were thrown.

The arrangement of the traps and the accommodation for the guns and shells of shooters was all that could be desired. The betting hall at the race track would make a good bicycle rink, being considerably larger than many buildings used for that purpose, and it was in that building that shooters found what was needed in the way of space for guns, shells, coats, hats, etc. There was plenty of elbow room for all. The betting hall, too, was just in rear of the four sets of traps (two bluerock and two empire), so shooters had not much ground to cover in going from one set to their shell cases and *vice versa*. Paul North was on hand to look after the working of the bluerock traps, while Al. Hebbard watched the empires at Nos. 3 and 4 sets of traps. Bluerock targets were thrown from the bluerock traps at Nos. 1 and 2, empires, of course, being thrown from the empire traps at Nos. 3 and 4.

EVERYTHING RAN SMOOTHLY.

There is always some little trouble in getting a tournament that is of any size started; a certain amount of confusion is to be expected at the start wherever the entry list amounts to anything out of the ordinary run of things. With 119 shooters ready and willing to shoot, the management had its hands full from the start, but it took remarkably little time to straighten out matters, and within an hour of the crack of the first gun the tournament was in full swing, with everything running as smoothly as possible. Capt. Money and Noel Money were indefatigable, and filled the posts of host, manager, trapper boy, squad hustler, etc., in a manner that went a long way toward lightening the duties of managers Elmer E. Shaner and Jack Parker. Seth Clover, as squad hustler, was never "out of sight."

It cannot be said that an early start was made on either of the four mornings of the shoot. Guttenburg race track is not far from New York, but it required exceedingly early rising on the part of any shooter who was stopping in the city to enable him to eat his breakfast in comfort and get to Guttenburg by 9 A. M. For the above reason it was always 9 or a little after before a gun was fired over the traps, yet the programme did not suffer save on the first day, when rain stopped the shooting on two separate occasions, delaying the game for over an hour altogether. The location of the traps, too, may have had something to do with a little apparent slackness in the morning; they faced to the south of east and the light was consequently very trying in the early hours, and it may be that some of the shooters preferred to wait a little until the sun got around more to the south.

In the cashier's box were Billy Hobart, H. M. Stevens and John B. Rogers; Hobart may be styled the paying teller, Mr. Stevens assistant paying teller, Rogers receiving teller, it being his duty to take entries and turn the cash over to his confreres at the other end of the cashier's office. The duties of these three gentlemen were decidedly heavy, but we think the shooters readily understood the cause of any slight delay in paying off that might occur.

FIRST DAY, MAY 5.

Our issue of May 9 has told what were the weather conditions of this day. It was as hot as July, and the sun beat down with almost tropical fervor on the heads of the shooters at the score; but it was most particularly annoying to the trappers, who felt its rays very severely, cut off as they were from any breath of wind by the screens at their backs. At noon it began to cloud up a little in the West, and thunderheads showed here and there around the horizon. Rain in large drops fell for about twenty minutes, but the worst of this storm passed to the south of us, and shooting was again resumed. In the afternoon another storm came up, and this time the rain fell for about forty minutes, while heavy crashes of thunder spoke of a severe electrical storm somewhere in our vicinity. The main body of this second storm passed to the north of the race track, but what we did get was sufficient to knock the finishing of the programme on the head, it was necessary, in order to be fair to all concerned in the championship events, that the pairs should be carried over until the second day; otherwise some of the men would have had to finish their scores in a bad light.

The background was a deceiving one, and the targets were thrown hard and far. The height at which they were thrown, too, made the shooting uncertain. It was first a low one and then a high one. This was due in many cases to the target being thrown down wind one time and up wind the next. Notwithstanding these features, it will be noticed that the averages show up well. Just 119 shooters took part in the first event, 123 shooters in all being on the ground during the day.

As stated above, only 7 events were decided, owing to the delay caused by the rain. The event left out will be decided to-morrow (May 6). The contest for the championship cup excited great interest, shooters, when not busy at the score, congregating in the rear of No. 4 set of traps, where the targets under expert rule (event No. 5) were being shot at. Below is table giving the

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20	20			
Byer.....	17	18	20	24	21	18	19			150	137	91.3
Barrett.....	19	16	20	24	19	18	17			150	133	88.6
L D Thomas.....	15	16	13	14	15	14	14			150	101	67.8
Capt Money.....	17	14	16	19	17	14	14			150	111	74
Mascroft.....	17	14	17	22	21	17	19			150	127	84.6
Kenerson.....	16	15	16	20	11	12	10			150	100	66.6
Dickey.....	16	19	18	23	19	18	18			150	131	87.3
Bartlett.....	17	16	16	23	16	17	20			150	125	83.3
Merrill.....	18	19	17	21	23	15	17			150	130	86.6
Apgar.....	16	18	18	20	19	14	17			150	123	81.3
Wheeler.....	17	18	16	24	18	19	19			150	131	87.3
Leroy.....	18	19	17	23	19	17	17			150	130	86.6
Parmalee.....	19	15	18	25	22	18	19			150	136	90.6
Loomis.....	15	14	15	23	11	16	17			150	110	73.3
Elliott.....	18	19	19	23	20	19	20			150	138	92.3
Budd.....	18	18	19	25	24	19	17			150	140	93.3
Grimm.....	19	15	16	23	19	18	18			150	129	85.3
Gilbert.....	18	20	20	21	24	18	18			150	139	92.6
Heikes.....	19	20	18	21	23	19	19			150	139	92.6
Easton.....	17	19	16	23	22	17	19			150	123	85.6
Trimble.....	17	17	18	23	23	20	18			150	136	90.6
Upson.....	17	20	19	24	21	19	18			150	138	92
Tippy.....	16	18	18	21	14	16	17			150	122	81.3
Redwing.....	15	18	19	23	22	17	20			150	134	89.3
Puck.....	13	18	13	17	17	14	13			150	105	70
Burbridge.....	19	19	17	16	16	14	11			150	112	74.6
Morley.....	16	18	18	18	17	17	18			150	122	81.3
O Wagner.....	14	20	18	22	22	16	18			150	130	86.6
Landis.....	18	15	18	23	18	18	18			150	128	85.3
Shanab.....	12	15	15	17	22	15	15			150	111	74
Fulford.....	19	19	16	23	21	19	19			150	136	90.6
Connor.....	18	17	16	24	20	18	18			150	132	88
Levingston.....	18	18	19	23	20	17	17			150	134	89.3
Glover.....	20	19	19	23	20	18	18			150	131	87.3
Whitney.....	17	14	19	25	23	18	18			150	134	89.3
Kelsey.....	17	16	14	18	23	16	17			150	121	80.6
Anthony.....	16	19	19	23	21	17	18			150	132	88
Worthen.....	19	16	18	20	19	16	16			150	124	82.6
Hood.....	15	18	16	20	18	15	19			150	121	80.6
Claridge.....	17	17	16	22	20	18	17			150	127	84.6
H P Collins.....	7	14	14	12						125	77	58.4
Jayne.....	14	16	15	17	21	16	18			150	113	75
Wood.....	13	16	14							100	72	72
Sherman.....	14	20	20							60	50	90
U M C.....	10	13	15							80	52	65
Brentnall.....	12	14	15							80	73	73
Edwards.....	14	17	16							100	82	82
Lupus.....	16	15	16							60	47	78.3
Lane.....	19	19	18	21	20	18	18			150	133	88.6
Davis.....	13	17	15	23	19	17	16			150	120	80
Drake.....	18	16	17	19	20	17	14			150	131	80.6
Mitchell.....	13	18	20	23	15	19	13			150	121	80.6
W Wagner.....	18	19	19	22	22	15	16			150	131	81.3
Hammond.....	17	19	20	16	18	18	18			150	124	82.6
Bristol.....	15	12	15							60	42	70
Cook.....	14	13								40	27	67.5
Pitkins.....	17	16	20							100	89	89
Sincock.....	13									20	13	65
Herrington.....	11	13	14							100	66	66
Callender.....	11	18	10							100	71	71

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7				
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	20	20		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Thurman.....	15	17	14	21	22	16	15		150	120	80
Miller.....	16	16	16	19	20	19	17		150	123	82
Johnson.....	17	18	19	20	18	15	18		150	125	83.3
Derby.....	17	17	19	17	..	17	18		125	105	84
Hunter.....	15	20	17	21	19	18	18		150	128	85.3
Mattingley.....	15	16	20	21	21	17	17		150	127	84.6
Stanbrough.....	16	19	19	18	16	16	18		150	122	81.3
Linderman.....	19	18	18	22	23	18	17		150	135	90
Karl.....	18	19	16	20	17	19	16		150	125	83.3
Sickley.....	15	17	19	20	17	15	15		150	118	78.6
Climax.....	18	19	19	21	22	18	17		150	134	89.3
Rule.....	16	17	14	20	20	16	16		150	119	79.3
Schorty.....	18	17	17	23	19	14	16		150	124	82.6
Piercy.....	12	16	13	21	17	16	13		150	108	72
Hobbie.....	16	17	19	24	21	18	19		150	134	89.3
Taylor.....	14	17	16	22	19	13	14		150	115	76.6
Hall.....	17	15	16	21	22	19	19		150	129	86
Baker.....	13	15	17	19	18	13	17		150	112	74.6
Gordon.....	17	16	18	20	18	15	..		130	104	80
McKelden.....	16	14	14	20	20	17	..		130	101	77.6
Kendall.....	14	13	14	20	w	13	..		105	74	70.4
Hoffman.....	11	13	19	22	17	13	17		150	112	74.6
Dutchy.....	17	16	18	20	19	16	16		150	122	81.3
Fayette.....	12		20	12	60
Paddleford.....	18	16	14	19	16	14	15		150	112	74.6
Haring.....	12	15	13		60	40	66.6
Peters.....	16	15	15		60	46	76.6
Duke.....	15	12	16		60	43	71.6
Robbins.....	13	15	19	18		85	65	76.4
Stroh.....	15	14	14	11	..		80	54	67.5
North.....	18	15	12		60	45	75
E Collins.....	15	15	19		65	49	75.3
Simpson.....	19	10	16	15	14		110	74	67.2
Greiff.....	19	16	16	19	..	15	..		105	85	80.9
Beveridge.....	14	13	19	22	..	15	..		105	83	79
C von Lengerke.....	16	14	15	21		85	66	77.6
Thompson.....	13	12	14	..		60	39	65
A Schmidt.....	15	13	15	12	11		100	68	68
J L Smith.....	17	18	..	21	..	15	..		85	71	83.5
Henry.....	12	11	12	15	..		80	50	62.5
Hildreth.....	6		20	6	30
Leaming.....	16	18	17		60	51	85
Pope.....	14	14	13	13	17		110	71	64.5
Blenner.....	8		20	8	40
Donnelly.....	17		20	17	80.5
Borland.....	13	13		40	26	65
N E Money.....	19	17	18		60	54	90
J Parker.....	16	18	18	20	21	18	17		150	128	85.3
C Hebbard.....	19		20	19	95
S Clover.....	17	16		40	33	82.5
Rogers.....	12		20	12	60
Gulick.....	19		20	19	95
Shaner.....	12		20	12	60
Fessenden.....	10		20	10	50
Hudson.....	13		20	13	65
Spear.....	12	15		40	27	67.5
Lenone.....	12	14	..	16		65	42	64.6
Platt.....	10		20	10	50
Nicholls.....	17		20	17	85
Knowlton.....	8	..	8		20	8	40
Hexamer.....	15		20	15	75
Folsom.....	6	5	..		40	11	27.5
Count.....	13		25	13	52

stanch believers ourselves in the target-smashing capabilities of a rabbit's foot, but in this instance we fancy Gilbert's skill as an all-round shot stood him in more stead.

The championship events were shot as follows: The 100 targets, unknown angles, were divided into 4 events of 25 each, one 25-target event being decided each day on No. 1 set of traps. The 100 targets, expert rule, and the 50 pairs were shot on No. 4 set of traps. The 100 expert rule were divided like the 100 unknown angles, but the 50 pairs were split up into two events of 15 pairs and two of 10 pairs. The table below gives the results of each event that were included under the head of "championship events." The table also shows the grand aggregate and the position of each man at the finish. It will be noted that 26 men shot in all the championship events.

The table referred to above is as below:

	Unknown angles.	Expert rule.	Pairs.	Grand total.
Fred Gilbert.....	21 23 23 24-91	24 23 23 22-91	25 27 15 17-84	266
J A R Elliott.....	23 24 25 24-96	20 21 21 18-80	25 24 18 18-85	261
E D Fulford.....	23 23 21 24-91	21 22 25 20-88	28 25 16 13-82	261
R O Heikens.....	21 23 25 23-92	23 21 24 21-89	23 23 17 13-77	258
R R Merrill.....	21 21 23 23-87	23 23 24 20-90	23 23 17 16-79	255
C O Barrett.....	24 23 24 21-92	19 20 22 24-85	24 21 16 17-78	255
E D Miller.....	19 20 20 25-84	20 20 23 20-83	26 26 19 17-88	255
B Leroy.....	23 24 24 22-93	19 21 22 21-81	24 25 13 18-80	254
L V Byer.....	24 23 23 21-90	21 20 21 21-83	25 23 14 15-80	253
H G Wheeler.....	24 23 25 13-89	18 22 22 23-85	24 22 18 14-78	252
C W Budd.....	25 21 23 20-89	24 23 24 24-94	19 23 16 17-67	250
O R Dickey.....	25 23 21 21-87	19 20 23 25-85	25 23 16 14-77	249
F S Parmalee.....	25 23 23 23-92	22 19 23 20-84	19 20 15 19-73	249
Ralph Trimble.....	23 24 24 24-94	23 23 23 24-90	23 22 14 6-65	249
B A Bartlett.....	23 24 20 21-87	16 22 20 21-79	23 26 15 18-82	248
Sim Glover.....	22 23 24 24-93	20 23 20 19-82	22 26 9 15-72	247
Redwing.....	23 21 24 21-89	22 22 20 23-87	21 20 13 17 71	247
C Wagner.....	22 20 25 25-92	22 23 22 21-88	22 21 11 13-67	247
Hood Waters.....	20 22 23 23-87	18 25 23 21-87	23 20 15 14-72	246
D A Upson.....	24 23 23 23-92	21 19 20 20-80	26 18 12 15-71	243
J Parker.....	20 20 23 20-83	21 18 21 20-80	24 21 18 16-79	242
C M Grimm.....	23 21 22 20-86	19 19 21 21-80	19 23 15 17-74	240
N Apper.....	20 23 23 19-84	19 21 18 23-80	22 22 10 14-69	233
C Lane.....	21 23 22 21-87	20 22 16 17-75	22 17 14 14-67	229
Col J T Anthony.....	19 19 21 21-81	21 13 21 15-70	20 22 12 15-69	220
Capt A W Money.....	19 21 21 23-84	17 20 17 15-69	17 23 16 12-67	220
Geo W Loomis.....	22 24 20 18-84	11 20 20 13-64	25 22 11 10-68	216

The conditions of the championship events called for \$3.50 entrance in each of the twelve events, \$65 added to each purse. From the purses in these events 10 per cent. was to be deducted to form a championship fund, and this fund was to be divided thus: Cup, value \$300, donated by the E. C. Powder Company, and 25 per cent. of the fund to the winner; 50 per cent. of balance to go equally among the next four high guns; the remaining 50 per cent. among the next six high guns. Under these conditions Gilbert drew out \$48 and the cup; Elliott, Fulford, Heikens and Merrill \$18 each; and Barrett, Miller, Leroy, Byer, Wheeler and Budd \$12 each.

IT WAS FOREST AND STREAM'S IDEA.

Now that the championship contest at Guttenburg is over, and now that the trap-shooters of this country have a *bona fide*, all-round champion at targets, it is our privilege to blow a little, as the idea of this championship contest originated in FOREST AND STREAM's editorial rooms last fall. Capt. A. W. Money, who read our ideas on the subject in an issue of FOREST AND STREAM, at once recognized the merits of the scheme, and asked us, while at the Du Pont tournament last fall, to claim for the E. C. tournament of 1896 the privilege of running off the suggested championship events. To him and to his company, the American E. C. Powder Company, FOREST AND STREAM renders thanks for vindicating its principles of "open to all," and for so successfully bringing to an end the vexed question of who is the champion target shot of America. We may all have our ideas on that subject, but whoever holds this cup is *ipso facto* the inanimate target champion of the United States.

PARMALEE IN FORM.

The averages in to-day's events do not show up very well, only two men topping 90 per cent. for 180 shot at. Those two men were Parmalee and Gilbert, the former cracking out 18 out of his 10 pairs. Below are the

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20			
Linderman.....	19	15	18	23	w	18	11		125	104	83
Anthony.....	14	16	16	21	15	15	17	16	170	120	76.4
Hood.....	18	17	18	22	21	14	16	18	170	144	84.7
H P Collins.....	12	11	15	13	15	16	13		150	95	63.3
Jayne.....	14	16	16	21	16	16	19		150	118	78.6
Hoffman.....	16	13	15	20	15	10	16	15	170	120	70.5
Parmalee.....	20	17	19	23	20	19	19	20	170	157	92.3
Loomis.....	11	17	15	18	13	10	14	16	170	114	67
Elliott.....	18	17	14	24	18	18	18	19	170	146	85.8
Budd.....	16	20	19	20	24	12	19	20	170	150	88.2
Grimm.....	17	15	18	20	21	17	15	19	170	142	83.5
Gilbert.....	19	19	19	24	22	17	19	19	170	158	92.9
Byer.....	17	13	14	21	21	15	15	19	170	135	78.8
Lane.....	15	15	15	21	17	14	16	18	170	131	77
Barrett.....	18	16	17	21	24	17	14	15	170	142	83.5
O Wagner.....	15	16	20	25	21	13	16	16	170	142	83.5
Miller.....	15	16	19	25	20	17	16	18	170	146	85.8
Whitney.....	11	15	17	17	21	11	11		110	81	73.6
Heikens.....	18	20	19	23	21	13	18	19	170	151	88.8
Trimble.....	17	16	19	23	24	6	19	19	170	143	84.1
Tippy.....	17	11	17	19	13	18	17		170	130	76.4
Redwing.....	14	18	19	21	23	17	19	17	170	148	87
Easton.....	16	18	18	20	11	18	18		125	108	86.4
Upson.....	19	20	16	22	20	15	18	19	170	149	87.6
Dickey.....	16	19	19	21	23	14	17		170	143	84.1
Bartlett.....	18	18	17	21	21	18	19	19	170	151	88.8
Merrill.....	18	20	18	23	20	16	18	17	170	150	88.2
Apper.....	15	17	19	19	22	14	15	19	170	140	82.3
Wheeler.....	18	15	15	18	23	14	18	19	170	140	82.3
Leroy.....	17	18	17	22	21	18	17	17	170	147	86.4
Fulford.....	18	17	18	24	20	18	20		170	148	87
Glover.....	17	16	17	24	19	15	18	17	170	143	84.1
Capt Money.....	13	15	20	23	15	12	10	17	170	125	78.5
J Taylor.....	12	17	16	23	9	16	19		145	112	77.2
Claridge.....	17	19	16	22	11	18	19		125	111	88.8
Puck.....	19	13	17	20	11	11	11		85	69	81.1
Geoffroy.....	17	17	15	19	19	15	17	16	170	135	78.8
Allison.....	13	13	16	18	11	11	11		85	60	70.5
Jackson.....	14	11	11	11	11	11	11		20	14	70
U M C.....	12	11	11	11	11	11	11		20	12	60
Morley.....	11	18	11	11	11	11	11		85	52	77.6
Davis.....	16	13	11	11	11	11	11		60	40	66.6
Greiff.....	16	13	17	21	11	17	11		105	84	80
Pope.....	14	14	11	11	11	11	11		65	46	61.2
Schorty.....	19	18	16	21	21	15	18		150	128	85.3
Parker.....	17	18	19	20	20	16	19	18	170	147	86.4
Sherman.....	14	15	11	11	11	11	11		40	29	71.5
N E Money.....	10	13	14	11	11	11	11		60	46	76.6
Duthey.....	16	16	16	22	15	15	18	18	170	136	80
Thurman.....	16	13	17	25	20	15	17	19	170	142	83.5
Hobbie.....	17	19	14	22	11	11	11		85	72	84.7
C von Lengerke.....	15	12	17	24	11	18	17		125	103	82.4
Clover.....	15	15	19	11	11	11	11		60	49	81.6
Levenston.....	16	16	18	22	11	16	18		130	111	85.3
P Daly, Jr.....	16	w	17	17	10	w	12		110	72	65.4
Karl.....	11	11	11	11	10	11	17		110	78	70.9
Halsted.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11		45	23	51.1
J von Lengerke.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11		60	50	83.3
Edwards.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11		40	33	82.5

Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles; No. 5 at expert rules; No. 6 at pairs.

MORE TO SAY NEXT WEEK.

Owing to our having to leave for Memphis on Saturday afternoon, May 9, it is impossible properly to do justice to such an immense and so successful a shoot. In our next issue we will attempt to touch upon many points of interest that should be mentioned. It is, however, not out of place to mention here that Gilbert, the winner, shot an L. C. Smith gun, 38 grs. of Du Pont's Smokeless in a U. M. C. Smokeless shell, loaded by Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago. Elliott and Hicks both shot Winchester, E. C. powder, and used Leader shells. Fulford shot a Greener gun, Schultze powder, loaded by the U. M. C. company, in a Trap shell.

GUNS.

A summary of the guns, powders and shells used by the shooters present on the first day shows: Smith 40, Parker 32, Winchester 15, Greener 7, Francotte 6, Lefever 5, Daly and Scott 3 each, Colt and Creedmore 2 each, and 1 each of Forehand, Spencer, Bingers and Baker.

POWDERS.

E. C. 62, Schultze 18, King's Smokeless 12, Du Pont 9, Du Pont and E. C. 3, W-A 3, Walsrode 2, Hazard 2, Hazard and Du Pont 2, Walsrode and Du Pont 1.

SHELLS.

U. M. C. Company (comprising Trap, Smokeless, Nitro and V. L. & D. special) 61; U. S. C. Company, Rapid 25; Winchester, Leader and Blue Rival 23; Peters 5, Winchester and U. M. C. 2, U. M. C. and U. S. C. 1. EDWARD BANES.

Texas State Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., May 1.—There were only about twenty of the devotees of the gun at the recent Houston shoot, the occasion being the twentieth annual tournament and meeting of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, but what was lacking in numbers was more than made up in *bonhomie*, as Du Bray would say it.

The Houston papers all said it was a jolly crowd, and if it had not been for Wallace Miller's frequent conversations with the referee, this meeting might have glided into history as a commonplace affair. But then, upon reflection, it would be impossible for a Texas State shoot to be even ordinary, as Critzer's jabbering about his new guns alone would be sufficient to place these annual meetings under the head of sensational, to say nothing of Miles Miller's Chinese songs, Jim Stewart's reminiscences, Wheeler's anecdotes of how near he came to winning the medal, and Brown's rectangular essays on how he could kill pigeons with one consecutive barrel.

There was lots of fun on board—and it was sure enough Texas fun. The targets were fairly thrown and the management was all that could be desired, just, partial and extremely obliging, but there seemed to be something about the entire business that prevented high scores. Some attributed their failure to smash the diving empires to the bad background, others claimed that the sun made the targets tough, but the writer, owing to a vast and varied experience in things liquid, knows better. In fact he knows exactly where the fault lays, and if it were not out of respect for some of FOREST AND STREAM's good friends he would press the button immediately. But let that pass.

Messrs. Donny, Haney and Dupree, of the local club, were indefatigable in their efforts to please their guests, and the Houston meeting of the State Association will always be a green spot in the memory of those attending.

The diamond medal donated for grand aggregate in the programme events was won by A. B. Critzer, of San Antonio. The scores for the five days follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Scored.
Targets:	20	20	20	50	20	20	10*		
Dupree.....	11	15	12	40	19	19	8	160	124
McGinty.....	14	16	17	43	14	14	9	160	127
W Miller.....	16	15	14	35	17	18	10	160	125
Lockett.....	12	15	16	27	7	11	10	130	77
24-Gauge.....	17	16	16	37	13	16	10	160	125
Jack.....	16	11	11	33	15	16	10	160	112
Haney.....	15	16	17	40	15	16	11	150	119
R J Swearingen.....	10	7	11	10	7	11	8	80	34
Hope.....	16	16	13	35	17	13	8	160	118
M Miller.....	16	18	15	32	12	17	7	160	117
Pietz.....	17	16	18	11	16	17	11	150	84
Chabot.....	10	13	13	11	14	14	11	100	64
Whitworth.....	13	13	16	11	15	15	11	100	72
Texas Field.....	14	14	17	34	17	14	9	160	119
Stewart.....	11	11	16	11	14	18	10	90	61
Worrall.....	8	9	12	12	16	7	11	110	64
Downey.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	50	26
Du Bray.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	31
Mayrone.....	12	15	15	15	15	15	15	40	27
Price.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	10	8

* Live birds.

SECOND DAY, APRIL 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8*	Shot at.	Scored.
Pietz.....	15	20	16	17	20	44	11	11	150	132</

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

THE BEAVER.

FACT and fable cluster thick about the beaver and combine to render him one of the most interesting of our wild creatures. From childhood we hear about him as tree feller, mason, house builder and engineer. His industry and perseverance have passed into the proverbs of the land. If civilized man, who derives his knowledge of the beaver's admirable qualities merely from what he has read and heard about him, respects the beaver, not less does the savage, whose life is spent near the animal's home and who is more familiar with his ways than most white men ever can be. By him the beaver is highly regarded and is credited with intelligence of a high order—sometimes even with supernatural powers. The trapper, too, who pits his art and experience against those of the beaver, holds him in great esteem. He knows that in the beaver he has an antagonist that will call forth the highest skill that he possesses.

Mr. Hofer's account of his experience in catching beaver for the National Zoological Park is a suggestive paper. Many of the notes on the beaver's habits, which the writer has here set down, are, we think, wholly new, and some of them are very curious. The action of the animal, which drove away from the water the band of horses that wished to drink at the pond he lived in, is enough to justify the legends of the beaver's wisdom which we used to read as boys.

Along with this interest, great as it is, comes the melancholy reflection of how rapidly the range of all our wild animals is being circumscribed, and how, little by little, the species one after another are taking their places behind iron bars or behind wire screens and are being domesticated or caged. The range of the beaver was once as wide as that of almost any animal on the continent. It extended from ocean to ocean, and from near the limit of timber on the north, south to Mexico; but over how great an area has it been exterminated! It is still found in eastern Canada in small numbers and in occasional places in the Maine forests. There are reported to be a few in the Adirondacks, and a law has just been passed to protect them there; but from New York west to the great plains, almost to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, there are none. Vague rumors of beaver in West Virginia reach us from time to time, but we believe that there is no tangible evidence of their existence there. A few are still found in Texas, but they are very scarce.

In the mountains of the West there are still many beaver, though there are but few in any one place and their numbers are kept down by trapping, so that only the cunningest and the most wary survive. It is not now as it used to be, when sometimes the traveler might sit on a high hill and overlook many square miles of territory, all of it occupied by beaver, which, undisturbed, lived there and when their time came died and knew no fear. Such a territory, once looked over, is long remembered. One such, seen long ago in Colorado, was thus described by a staff correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM:

"I was well repaid for my scramble up the hill, however, for in the valley at my feet, stretching away to the west for seven or eight miles, and to the north and south for fifteen, lay the largest beaver meadow that I have ever seen. I presume that there were 500 dams in sight, most of them kept in good repair. The water set back by these dams flowed through a thousand little canals and ditches, and the whole from the height looked like a silver net spread over an enormous carpet of emerald velvet. Through my glass I could count hundreds of beaver houses, and could even distinguish the green willow leaves on the branches recently used in repairing the works. Beyond this meadow was a narrow strip of brown prairie, and then the green pine timber began, and with it the foothills of the Snowy Range."

For the knowledge of such a spot—the exclusive knowledge—the old-time trapper would have bartered his all. Here indeed one could have set his traps all through a season, and could have reaped a rich harvest of fur.

Out on the wide plains, where beaver were, it is true, not so good—yet were good enough—the last fur brought in at the close of the season was sometimes taken in a less worthy way than by the trap; for the trapper took unfair advantage of the circumstances of the poor beasts, and when the spring floods rushed down the valley and the high water drowned the beaver out of houses and holes, and they sat miserable and blinking on the bank, the old man, floating down the stream in a canoe, drifted close to the poor beasts, and with a lightly loaded rifle carrying a tiny ball shot them through the head, gathering in one after another until the canoe would hold no more.

The large beaver dam near Obsidian Cliffs in the Yellowstone National Park, which is shown this week, is perhaps as fine an example of the modern beaver dam as can be seen to-day, and its appearance is of course familiar to many of our readers.

Like many of the fur-bearing animals whose pelts bring a good price, the beaver is continually pursued by the trapper, and in many localities this pursuit has brought about a change in the animal's habits. Not often in these later days do we see the great haystack-like houses that the beaver used to build; for now—except where they are protected in the National Park—most beaver have become bank beaver and have their homes in excavations in the banks of the streams in which they live. Often now they do not build dams, recognizing that these structures at once and unmistakably betray their presence in the water.

In several States of the Union laws forbidding the killing of beaver stand on the statute books, but they are seldom regarded or enforced. Yet certainly they ought to be protected, and especially in those regions where once they were abundant and are now extremely few in number.

We hope that the time is not very distant when, in all the large game preserves of this country, there will be colonies of beaver, whose curious habits, unflagging industry and remarkable works will be among the most interesting of the examples of wild animal life that are gathered there.

THE BEARDSLEE TROUT.

It is a new trout, named by Dr. Jordan in honor of Admiral Beardslee, who discovered it, and another new fish with it, in Lakes Sutherland and Crescent, up in the mountains, sixteen miles back of Port Angeles in Washington. The other fish was named, on Admiral Beardslee's request, the Crescent Lake trout. Dr. Jordan has determined both as new forms. The Crescent Lake trout, or *Salmo crescentis*, is a blueback; the *Salmo beardsleei* a speckled trout. The discovery of these two new forms Piseco is disposed to regard as the climax of his angling career; and as for these twenty years and more he has shared his fishing experiences with the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, he now has written out for them the story of the new fishes, and we shall give the first chapter in our next issue.

From the relation it will be seen that in size, beauty and game qualities the *Salmo beardsleei* is worthy to bear its newly bestowed name, and his brother anglers will heartily congratulate Piseco on his having so happily found a place for himself in the books wherein are enrolled the names of fishes and the discoverers of fishes.

SNAP SHOTS.

The members of the Forestry Commission recently appointed by the National Academy of Science at the request of the Secretary of the Interior are likely to begin their work in the West before very long. It seems probable now that the members of the Commission will leave here about July 1, and will spend the summer and early autumn in the forest regions of the West. They will devote especial attention to the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade and the Coast ranges, and are likely to return East early in November. It is earnestly to be hoped that all the members of the Commission will make this trip. Each one is a specialist in some direction or other, and the absence of any member will take away something from the excellence and completeness of the Commission's work. It is believed that a plan will be formulated by this Commission so plain, practical and wise that it will appeal strongly not only to the authorities in Washington, but also to the common sense of the people at large, whether residents or not of the forested areas under consideration. It is high time that this country made some

forward steps toward intelligent, economic forestry, and the prospects for such advances have never been so bright as they seem now to be.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will commence on May 20, in the Aquarium, Battery Park, New York. On the following day, May 21, the second session will be held in the Biological Laboratory, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by invitation of the New York Commission of Fish, Game and Forests. The steamer John H. Starin is engaged for the members, and will take them to Cold Spring Harbor, where, besides attending to the purposes of the meeting, they will view the State fish hatchery. The meeting promises to be most interesting. Many of the members have signified their intention to contribute papers on live subjects, and others who have not yet been heard from will undoubtedly contribute also. Mr. J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, has promised a paper on the late Judge Emory D. Potter. Mr. H. P. Frothingham, secretary of the New Jersey Fish Commission, will report on the protection of fish and game in New Jersey. Dr. Bushrod W. James, Philadelphia, has prepared a paper on the interstate protection of food fish. Mr. H. Whittaker, of Michigan, has promised a paper, the title of which was not given. Mr. Fred. Mather will contribute a paper on natural food for trout fry. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, superintendent of the New York Aquarium, will read a paper on pond culture of California salmon in France.

It has been decided that the Corbin buffalo shall be located at Van Cortlandt Park and the fence is now being erected about the space which has been allotted to the herd. This inclosure is roughly triangular in shape and lies between the main line and the Yonkers branch of the New York & Putnam Railroad, which bound it on the east and west, and Mosholu avenue on the north. The southern end of the inclosure is only a short distance north of Van Cortlandt Station, and so the northern end of Van Cortlandt Lake is included within the park, and Tibbett's Brook, which feeds that lake, runs through the inclosure. Thus in most respects the location is an ideal one, for food, water and diversified scenery are all present. It is uncertain when the herd will be removed from New Hampshire, but probably not for some little time yet.

It is to be noted of frogging that when one writes of the pursuit it is with a certain apologetic or deprecatory flavor, if not with absolute shamefacedness. The capture of the lowly prey, whether with lure of red flannel or with bullet, is written of as a form of sport not to be classed with a salmon bout or a trophy-winning moose hunt. And yet one might say much in defense of frogging. The bullfrog, though intensely musical, does not come within the protection accorded song birds; and its flesh is a delicacy fit to rank with other game, as the prices which follow the entry of frogs' legs on restaurant bills of fare amply attest. Also the frog hunter has the sanction of recognized authorities, as witness this paragraph from "Woodcraft," in which manual, by the way, Nessmuk more than once recurs to the taking of frogs for fun and food:

I hope no æsthetic devotee of the fly-rod will lay down the book in disgust when I confess to a weakness for frogging. I admit that it is not high-toned sport, and yet I have a good deal of amusement out of it. The persistence with which a large batrachian will snap at a bit of red flannel after being several times hooked on the same lure, and the comical way in which he will scuttle off with a quick succession of short jumps after each release; the cheerful manner in which after each bout he will tune up his deep bass pipe, ready for another greedy snap at an ibis fly or red rag—is rather funny. And his hindlegs, rolled in meal and nicely browned, are preferable to trout or venison.

Mr. Charles H. Ames spoke before the Appalachian Mountain Club, of Boston, last week on the "Preservation of Game," relating the great destruction which has overtaken the wild animals of this continent, and making a strong plea for an awakened public sentiment to protect what is left. As his frequent contributions to our columns have shown, Mr. Ames belongs to that growing class of men who are taking increased interest in restocking and restoring, instead of depleting, the fields and the woods with native and exotic game. This is the class to whom we must look for the saving of our really wild creatures in this country. There will always be game in preserves; but that which is to survive outside of fenced parks and posted tracts will be owed to the public spirit of conservative men, who recognize the situation and have the energy and the tact to undertake the work of conservation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XXII.

Women's Day.

THE full light of morning had chased the shadows from the camp and even possessed the recesses of the tent when the drowsy inmates awoke and crept forth yawning and shivering in the unsunned air until the rekindled fire warmed them.

Then the women folks got the tidest breakfast the camp had ever known, and when all save Antoine, who sulked on his faded laurels, had eaten it with great relish, Huldah went out and feasted her eyes full of the wonder and beauty of the lake, where it doubled painted shores in the glassy mirror of near waters, its far expanse melting into ethereal hills and further sky, where distant islands hung in the blended azure.

Then while Joseph and Antoine, forlorn bachelors by brevet, kept camp, the reunited couples embarked in the scow for a cruise along the shore of the bay.

The experience gained while voyaging on the canal and the Western lakes put Aunt Jerusha quite at ease on these quiet waters, and with such an example before her Huldah was too proud to show any trepidation and too sensible to affect it.

"Wal, Huldah," said Uncle Lisha, watching her as he steered while Sam wielded the oars, "you be a nat'ral born sailor, an' you never in a boat before, I'll warrant. Why don't you jump 'raound and squak ev' time the boat jiggles?"

"Why, I hain't no time tu, the's so much tu look at," said she, her eyes roving far and near over the unfamiliar landscape. "Hain't them pine trees? We don't hev no sech tu home. An' if there hain't the Hump, for there can't be no other like it—an' hain't that 'Tater Hill? My, what a ways off they be, so blue they don't look much nigher'n the sky. I should hate tu live so far from 'em all the time. Oh, look at that boat, an' hain't that a black man in it? It sartainly is," and she pointed across and up stream to where Jim was paddling out of his marshy harbor.

"Why, yes," said Uncle Lisha, "that's one o' your husband's friends, Huldah. You'd admire tu see what comp'ny he keeps when he's daown here—Injins an' niggers an' I do know what all."

"Quakers an' lawyers an' shoemakers," Sam supplemented.

"An' you hain't no idee what cadidoes he cuts up," the old man continued, regarding his audience with a solemn countenance, "a-fishin' leetle boys aouten the crik, an' wuss 'n all, what you don't never want tu tell nobody, a-helpin' Quakers steal runaway niggers away f'm the owners. Yes, sir, he done it an' he da's n't deny it," and Uncle Lisha frowned benignly on the culprit.

"Why, Samwil," Huldah said, in a low voice and beaming affection and admiration upon her husband, while Aunt Jerusha laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Wal, no wonder both on ye's mad an' he 'shamed, but we won't tell on 't if he don't du it ag'in," said Uncle Lisha.

"Sho, Uncle Lisher, what nonsense hev you be'n a s'misin' up?" Sam demanded, with a bold assumption of innocence.

"Good airth an' seas, boy! don't ye s'pose I know brand when the bag's ontied? Wha'd ye go over tu that Canuck's boat for? Sellin' apples properly. Wha'd ye kerry them ducks up tu Bartlett's for? Thought they was starvin' properly. What made ye so tickled when ye seen the Canuck boat p'intin' for Canerdy? Turrible glad tu git red on him, wa'n't ye? Oh, you be almighty cunnin', hain't ye?"

Sam's downcast eyes discovered something on the boat's bottom which promised a change of the subject of conversation.

"Why, if there hain't a trollin' line an' hook wi' a piece o' pork rin' an' red rag on 't all rigged for fishin'. It must be Antwine had it, but I don't know when. You put it aout, Huldah, an' mebbly you c'n ketch a pickerel."

"Me? My goodness, I couldn't never, I've ketched traouts, but I can't never ketch a pickerel, I know. Wouldn't I feel big tu, though?"

The line was let out, the boat was slowed down to the proper rate of speed as it skirted the channel, and Huldah held the hand line with a grip that showed a determination to be hauled overboard rather than relinquish it. When the boat reached the mouth of the creek her resolution seemed about to be tested, for the line tightened suddenly with a jerk that drew her arms out to their utmost stretch.

"Whoa! whoa! Back up your waggin, Sam," she cried. "I've got ketched on a lawg or the hull bottom of the river."

"You hain't nuther!" shouted Uncle Lisha, at once recognizing the cause of the intermittent strain. "It's a fish, an' an' ol' solaker. Pull stiddy, Huldah, stiddy. O, good airth an' seas! If you c'n on'y git him! Keep a tight line on him!"

"I sh'd think he was a-doin' that," said Huldah, her voice shaking by the beating of her heart, though she presented an outside appearance of coolness. Foot by foot the big pickerel was drawn toward the boat, till the cold gleam of his wicked eyes could be seen, and then by Uncle Lisha's direction he was given line, then hauled in again till the old man could get a grip on his gills and toss him into the boat. Huldah gave a great gasp of relief and was ready to cry for pride, when Sam swung his hat and gave a lusty cheer that was echoed by Jim, who had been watching the struggle and now came paddling over, jerking his head and laughing and offering congratulations while yet 20 rods away.

"I tell ye what, Mr. Lovel, he is a good one!" Jim cried, as he ran his canoe alongside the scow and looked at the fish with a sort of proprietary pride and with almost as much satisfaction as if he had caught it. "Yes, sir, he is a good one, Mr. Lovel. Is it Mis' Lovel 'at ketched him? Well, ma'am, you handled him just as well as ever I see anybody. Yes, sir, you did. Couldn't no man done better—couldn't myself. Naow, if you want tu try it, you might troll aout raound the island. Mighty good place that is for ol' big fellers," and Jim emphasized every item of praise and advice by a jerk of the head, continuing both till the crew of the scow passed out of hearing, and Huldah remarked, still gloating over her captive:

"Wal, Uncle Lisher, Samwil might find wus comp'ny,

for he 'pears tu be a real sensible, candid sort of a man."

When they entered the lake Aunt Jerusha was induced by much persuasion to take the line and a chance of distinguishing herself. She held it anxiously and under continual protest of inability to do so at all.

"I can't hold it so 't any fish'll ever bite, I know I can't. If anything gits a holt of it I shall lose it, I know I shall. You'd better take it, Huldah; you've got used to 't! There! There! There's suthin' a nibblin'! No, the hain't nuther. I knowed the' wouldn't nothin', never! My land! The' is tew! Lisher, Samwil, Huldah! I've got him. He'll git away! He'll pull me in!"

With frequent abortive snatches at it, she frantically hauled in the line, that yielded to her spasmodic efforts with a heavy, sluggish resistance. Uncle Lisha unconsciously lifted the paddle from the water, Sam quit rowing and Huldah withdrew her admiring gaze from the fish at her feet, and the three spectators watched the struggle with intense interest.

"Lisher Paiggs," cried Aunt Jerusha with unusual sharpness, "why don't you take a holt an' help me stid o' settin' there like a scairt fool?"

In ready obedience to this demand, Uncle Lisha under-run the line with the paddle and brought it to hand, and then slowly and carefully hauled it in till, reaching down to the surface, he lifted the burdened hook and swung inboard a big clam.

"Wal, ol' woman," said he, collapsing from high expectation to deep disgust, "you hev done it, hain't ye?" With his knife he loosened the vice-like grip of the mussel and was about to toss it overboard.

"Here, don't ye never, Lisher Paiggs," cried Aunt Jerusha, suddenly recovering speech; "you gi' me that. It's jest what I wanted."

"Good airth an' seas, Jerushy, wha'd ye want on't? You can't eat one on 'em no more you could a chunk o' soaked so' luther."

"No more, I don't want tu. You jest clean the meat aout on't an' heave it away an' gi' me the shells. There," she continued when possessed of them, and holding them up she regarded them with unaffected admiration, "them's jest what I be'n a wantin' ever sen I be'n a haousekeepin', for they be the completest thing tu scrape aout a kittle an' tu skim milk an' tu scoop sugar 'at ever was. Mother hed some 'at she fetched f'm Rhode Island, an' I've allus be'n a wantin' tu git a holt o' some. Naow I've got 'em, an' I'd a great sight druther hev 'em 'an a fish 'at 'll be eat right up. Naow, Lisher, you heave that 'ere fishin' thingumbob int' the water ag'in an' I'll ketch Huldah some clam shells."

Aunt Jerusha did not succeed in fulfilling this benevolent intention, for they were now in deep water, but as they coasted along the gray southern wall of Garden Island she was thrown into a second fever of excitement by a livelier tug at the line. This time it was a pickerel, which, by dint of stout tackle and good fortune, was brought to boat, and in spite of her protested indifference to such a capture, she rejoiced over it exceedingly.

They landed on the island, and with Sam acting as guide explored its interior. The garden-like bloom of its shrubbery no longer verified the island's name, but there were evidences of it in the abundant black clusters of viburnum berries and scarlet haws of wild roses, and there were yet enough blue and white blossoms of asters to make the place pleasant to flower-loving women.

The money diggers' pit in the center of the island was a place of interest to the men, for whom a hole in the ground always has a fascination. Then all went over to the east end, where Aunt Jerusha found some stranded clam shells for Huldah, cleaner and brighter than her own, and all found arrow points of flint on the narrow strip of gravelly beach.

"It does beat all natur' haow the critters made 'em!" said Uncle Lisher, a-pondering over a handsome hornstone arrow-head. "We couldn't, wi' all the tools we got, an' I hearn an ol' feller tell aout West 'at the Injins done it wi' a sort o' bone thingumajig, jest by pushin' on't with the hand, an' he claimed he'd seen 'em at it, but I d' know 'baout it. That 'ere 'd make a toll'able good gun flint, an' I guess I'll keep it. An' naow," he continued, after trying the flint with his knife and pocketing both, "if you've looked at posies an' curiosities long enough le's go over int' the bay under an' g' up tu the haouse where I was yist'day an' git some apples for the women folks. They're dre'd'f'l clever folks up there."

This plan being approved, the party voyaged across the tranquil bay, and then making a detour to avoid the realm of the warlike old Spaniard, went across the fields to the house.

As they drew near they sniffed a familiarly pleasant and pungent odor of smoke and lye which led them to an outdoor fire where Uncle Lisha's yesterday's acquaintance was boiling soap. Uncle Lisha introduced his companions, who were cordially welcomed by the mistress, without an apology for the man's hat and coat she wore, except to say:

"If you ever made soap you know folks don't want tu dress up much for it, an' you c'n see I hain't."

"I guess you don't want tu," said Aunt Jerusha, sympathetically. "It is turrible messin' clarifyin' the grease, an' the lye 'll take the color aout'n eve'ything it teches."

"An' so onsartain," Huldah added. "You never know whether it's a-goin' tu be soap."

"I know it," cried the housewife. "It is the provokinest! Your lye 'll bear an aig like a cork, an' your grease 'll be all right, an' yit they won't be soap. I wonder what's come of my man. If you men folks could find him mebbly it 'ould be more interestin' 'an aour gabbin'. He went tu git some chunks. Soap-b'ilin' 's a good time tu burn up chunks. Gid—Gid-eon! where be ye? I guess he'll come," she said, after listening a moment; and then returning to the subject of soap making, "Some says it's 'cause the wind 's north, but I do know. Anyways, it does act onaccountable."

"I believe the witches or the Ol' Cat hisself gits into 't," Aunt Jerusha declared.

"Same as intu cream sometimes," said Huldah. "Solon Briggs says 'at a piece o' silver money 'll drive the witches aout o' that, an' mebbly it 'ould aout of soap."

"Wal, I'm goin' tu see whether it's soap or not," the soapmaker said, tucking her dress between her knees, pulling her hat over her eyes, and blowing the steam away while she dipped a few spoonfuls of the contents of the kettle into an old saucer. This she stirred and cooled with her breath, watching it anxiously, while her feminine guests looked on with almost as much interest as the liquid dribbled in a thin stream from the spoon.

"Mebby they was beech ashes," Uncle Lisha suggested, regarding it and the disappointed and vexed face of the matron.

"No, they was most all ellum," she answered. "Plague on 't, it don't look like nothin'."

"Wal, the' hain't no better ashes than ellum, so it ain't that," said the old man.

"Try a leetle dash o' water in 't," Aunt Jerusha suggested, and when this was done the liquid at once thickened in the saucer and the face of the fair soapmaker relaxed to an expression of supreme satisfaction, which was sympathetically repeated in the countenances of her visitors.

Gideon now appeared with an armful of refractory outcasts from the woodpile and the little girls at his heels. He was introduced in the same breath that the good tidings were communicated to him, and he rejoiced also, while the little girls silently welcomed their doughty old champion with bashful smiles and nibbling finger tips and apron corners, shyly made the acquaintance of his companions.

When the guests were comforted with apples and stayed with flagons, they went over to the ferry harbor and beheld with intense admiration that maritime wonder, the horse boat, arrive and depart. Uncle Lisha recounted once more to Aunt Jerusha's willing ears the events of his life as a soldier, and she was proud to be on the very ground where he began his military career and declared with great satisfaction: "This was 'nough tu pay her for comin'," while Sam and Huldah were so much interested the old man felt himself quite a hero.

Then they strolled back to their own humble craft and coasted along shore toward camp. Long before they saw his figure idly pacing the beach they heard Antoine's sonorous voice doing its best with some words of the "Exile of Erin" which he had picked up somewhere:

"Dar come on de beach a poor eggshell of heron,
De dew on hees chin rub it heavy an' chill."

He was at the landing to receive them and was profuse in his compliments to the anglers when their trophies were shown him.

"Bah gosh, Aunt Jerushy! Bah t'under, Ma'am Huldah! You bese of it beat One' Lashy an' Zhozeff an' Sam for feesh, an' 'mos' me, w'en Ah a'n't try. Probly if Ah'll was go wid you, you ketch lot of it. But you do pooty good, Ah tol' you."

"Yes, they did sartain," said Uncle Lisha. "An' you'd ort tu seen her haul in a clam. He fit like a good feller, but 't wa'n't no use, the ol' woman was tew much many for him an' she mucked him. An' both women's a heap better sailors 'an Jozeff is."

"Zhozeff," said Antoine, with supreme contempt, "Ah'll was jes' soon try for mek feesh walk on de graoun' as for mek Zhozeff be sailor mans. An' all de tam we keep haouse to-day he worry, worry for 'fraid you be draown' on de lake."

The next morning the preparative bustle of departure began, and though no one openly confessed it, each felt a shade of sadness as the place grew bare and desolate where such pleasant hours had been spent.

"It beats all natur' haow a feller gits wonted tu a place where he's hed a good time, an' hates tu leave it," Sam said, as he turned away, "but it's hopesin' we'll come ag'in."

"What's sass for gander 's sass for goose, an' when you come ag'in I'm a-comin' tew," said Huldah decidedly.

"If de whomans was comin', Ah'll a'n't, me," Antoine declared, "it was spile up all de funs for try for live too pooty."

"Wal," Uncle Lisha sighed, "it hain't noways likely 'at I'll ever come ag'in."

"But if ye du, Lisher, I'm a-comin' tew," Aunt Jerusha said, as they departed.

The last ember snapped out in dull explosion and the last thin wisp of smoke dissolved in the colorless air, and amid the silence of desertion the falling leaves began the slow obliteration of a living place of man's transitory sojourn.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.—I.

My Pastor.

IT was Jan. 23, 189-. The weather was dreadful, the cold intense and the gale howled through the woods in which I was camped, breaking off in its gusts the tops of the spruce trees already bending under the weight of the snow. One would hardly have thought of putting a wild animal out of doors.

Lying down in my tent, luxuriously stretched out on a couch made of the flexible branches of the balsam fir, with my feet close to the stove, whence spread a delightful heat through my cotton house, made wind proof by the snow piled up around it, I listened to the gale as it roared past me and I dreamed—of nothing in particular.

Suddenly the door of the tent was quickly pulled open and a mass of ice threw itself toward the stove, whose heat it seemed anxious to monopolize. Soon it began to thaw and as the mask of ice disappeared I managed to make out a light-brown beard, eyes of the same hue and hair of a deeper shade. I watched the metamorphosis in silence, merely sitting up to fill the stove with fuel to increase the heat and hasten the thawing out of the frozen personage before me.

At last, as the snow and ice melted away, I recognized the features of a fellow hunter, of a friend who was and is very dear to me.

"Hello! is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," replied my pastor, for he it was.

"Well, *Monsieur le curé*, have you come to trap along my line? There are still some martens left."

"No, I am attending to my mission."

"Your mission"—I thought he was mad. "Do you think there are any chapels along my line of traps, or have you come to convert me? If so, you have chosen a nice time for it."

He seemed slightly embarrassed and then he smiled and asked me whether I had anything to eat. I told him I had a hare, a partridge and some trout which I would cook for him if he would take some of my whisky first. He took a mouthful and lay down on my bed, where in an instant he was fast asleep.

During my culinary operations and while the partridge was roasting and the water for the tea boiling, I watched my sleeping friend. Abbé N. is a young man, barely 33 years old. Short but sturdy, with brown hair and beard, an open countenance, a frank and decided look.

While he slept I vainly asked myself what motive could have impelled him to come through forty or fifty miles of bush to join me in such weather. The storm had lasted for three days. He must have slept out without shelter or protection against the cold, which was sufficient to freeze a polar bear, but a watch-fire—and I know what watch-fires are like: you freeze on one side and roast on the other. He must have walked for nearly three days, beating a road through the heavily falling snow, a heavy and fatiguing work, which when two or more hunters are together they take turns in doing with their snowshoes, to relieve each other.

He had risked his life—a valuable life—and for what? A sprain, a broken limb, the loss of his match-box, any of these meant death. He was not the first priest I had seen facing death. I had seen them on the field of battle. I had seen them return from China and Africa all broken up and bearing the glorious scars of martyrdom. But this one seemed above the others. No one saw him; no one would have understood his death; perhaps they would have blamed him or laughed at him and called him mad. I myself had thought so and, as I watched him, I felt ashamed of myself, for I knew him. But why had he come out to me?

Meanwhile the partridge was roasted and I put the trout in the frying pan with some slices of pork, which sizzled cheerfully, while the tea gave out a pleasant aroma. I hesitated some time before awaking my companion, but at last I decided to do so, for he required food more than sleep.

In spite of his fatigue he awoke at once and ate a hearty meal. He then lit his pipe, while I rolled a cigar-

Natural History.

BEAVER CATCHING FOR THE ZOO.

[Concluded from page 392.]

NEXT day we cleaned out several dams below the main dam, took some of the support away from the base of that, and had everything in shape for an early start the next day. In the morning we had most of the work to do over again, but it did not take so long. As soon as the main dam was cut, we left one man there, while the other two put out the netting. Where it crossed the old channel we had to put in extra pieces, and had to stake some runways and also put in pieces of netting. We wanted to be sure that none would escape. I cut a channel from the dam as deep as possible, but could not get the water next to the house less than 3ft. deep. Here too was where the cache was located. The main part of it was a little below the house and connected with it. Before we drew the water off it showed above the surface over 3ft. We had to move it out of our way. There was a great mass of it, willows and quaking asp. Some of the aspen sticks were very heavy, weighing at least 100lbs. All through the upper part of the cache were little bunches of willow and aspen twigs similar to those I had seen the small beaver gather; they were wedged in here and there to hold them from floating. That romance about beaver sucking the air out of sticks they wish to sink will do to tell to the marines. We found the parts of the cache under water held together so that no stick

Soon after getting the hole large enough, I crawled through into the room, and with a long willow drove a small beaver out to our net. This made two so far, and that was all we could find without cutting the house to pieces. I could not discover any more rooms, neither could we attempt to finish the house that day, it was so strongly made; so we searched some of the runways and holes above, up to the open meadow. It was late and our work had been hard; we were at it from early in the morning, were hungry, wet, tired, and a bit discouraged with our poor success. We thought that possibly the other beaver had escaped.

Next morning we went back, and found some animal had gone up the creek over our nets, as they were bent down. We commenced to search all the holes carefully even getting down to look through after cutting holes through from the top.

Jump and Hague were on the opposite side from me. I noticed a bit of discolored water running from one hole and called Hague's attention. He got down, looked up as far as he could, and then ran a willow up, and reported nothing there and the passages short. Jump called out from above that he had found a new dam. We left everything and went above. Sure enough, the beaver had put in a new dam in the night, raising the water so that the creek was bank full above. The dam filled the creek, which here was 5ft. wide.

Our tools, cages and dip net were brought up, and a short piece of netting put in above. We soon had the dam out, and commenced searching out all hiding places, but could find nothing. We were very much disappointed with our want of success, and filled with a growing



OBSIDIAN CLIFFS AND BEAVER LAKE. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
From Report United States Fish Commission.

ette and asked him the object of his visit. He would not answer, but turned the conversation to hunting and trapping, of which, like me, he was very fond.

He expressed his regret at being unable to remain with me, but pleaded the necessity of returning at once, as one of his flock was dangerously ill and his services were required at her bedside.

He set out on the following day after breakfast. The wind had fallen, but the snow was soft and at each step our snowshoes sank 6 or 8in. in it. I left him at the end of my line and came back to my tent, overhauling all my traps, which were buried in the snow.

A month later a trapper, whose line was some miles above mine, passed by my tent and brought me a letter from my wife, whom I had left in the settlements. I then found out why my pastor had paid me a visit.

I am one of those who are born to ill luck, and that is doubtless the reason why every year, at pretty nearly the same date, I am always reported to be dead or in danger of death. As a rule, I am killed in summer during the season of navigation. This year, after having reported me drowned near English Point, a little below Natashquan, Dame Rumor, dissatisfied no doubt with her want of success in the warm weather, reported that I had hurt my foot, was without provisions and dying in the woods. My pastor heard of it and alone—for no one would accompany him in the storm—he had set out in the midst of the frightful blizzard and had risked his life to save mine. He had found me all right and had returned, without even hinting at the devotedness and spirit of self-sacrifice which had brought him to my side.

I often think of him when the snow falls and the wind shakes the trees, and ever with a feeling of grateful affection.

H. DE PUYJALOUY.

[Written for the FOREST AND STREAM by Count de Puyjalouy, and translated from the French by Crawford Lind-say.]

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could float unless it raised one lower down, until, where possible, the beaver had shoved the ends of the sticks under the banks and edge of the house. Some of the long and large sticks of aspen were placed against the pile, one end projecting above the surface of the water, and some very large but short ones were on top, high and dry. The cache was a very large one and would measure at least two cords. It had to be handled a stick at a time.

When all had been removed to the water level we started in getting the house ready for our hand net. All holes were closed except one next to the water, and part of the house cut away, with stake driven so that there was a runway to the net. A very large beaver had come out in sight when we first went to the house, and tried to drive us off, as it had the horses the day before, but it soon gave it up, going out of sight under water.

Soon after starting to remove the top of the house we had a large beaver. This one showed considerable fight, chewing away at the wires of the netting, and diving at us when it thought it could reach us through the wires. Even after it was in the cage it would growl at us, and dash against the cage until it had hurt its nose so that it was quite bloody. This was the only beaver hurt, but not by our handling; we could not help its bumping itself if it wanted to.

Soon Hague gave a yell and said, "Here's another little one!" When I got a look at it, it proved to be a muskrat. There were two of them. One went through one of the meshes, the other we let go. Several times we got these rats in our nets. I found them in all the large houses; they had independent runways and passages in the walls of the houses. I do not think they assisted at all in the work of construction, but let the beaver do it for them. I think they are careful to keep out of the beaver's way, and as they are small they can easily do so. In the shallow parts of this same pond we saw some muskrat houses, but did not examine them.

It was a long time before we got into the living room of this house. All the material was new and very long, well bound together, and plastered with mud and moss,

admiration for the cunning animal we were after. Jump felt sure the beaver must be still in the house; Hague thought they had gone out of the country; I had hopes of finding them, as they had spent part of the night putting in the dam. So we divided our work. One took tools to the house; I with the shovel and a willow hunted out holes on one side, and Hague on the other.

We looked into every possible hiding place until I came to the hole where I had seen the discolored water. The entrance was wide and low. I cut part of it away with the shovel, got down in the mud, so that I could feel around with a short stick and use a long one too. I found the end of one hole—the one Hague said there was nothing in—and could whip around with the stick and hear it strike the ground. Feeling in with a short stick, I found another passage leading off to the right, and running my long willow up that I found it was crooked, bending more to the right; but I could feel something soft at the end, either mud or an animal. I twisted the stick a bit, and then looking at the end found two fine hairs. I called to Hague to bring the net and Jump to bring an axe. Hague could not believe there was anything in the hole until he had felt in with a willow. Then he concluded there was a beaver or muskrat.

By measuring the length of the hole, and getting the end located, I found its end under a bunch of willows. I cut the roots so that I could use the shovel, and commenced to dig, surface water filling the hole as fast as I took out the peat-like soil. Getting down to where I thought the hole ought to be, I commenced to shave off the sides with the shovel, when suddenly all the water disappeared, showing me a bit of fur for an instant. We now had to enlarge the front end, so that we could properly place our net. When all was ready I carefully pushed my shovel in and very slowly a small beaver walked into the net. We waited until it got to the end, then raised it. Hague said, "Halloo, Pete! what do you think of this?" The little fellow sat up just as the first one had done, its little hands closed and held as though it was going to raise them to beg of us not to hurt it—to spare its life. It was not sure which one of the three of

us it ought to beseech. Its eyes looked as though it had been crying.

We told it to keep still; we'd give it a nice cage and a trip to Washington. Jump brought the cage—which he had taken to the house—opened the door, then tipped the net over, and in walked the beaver as slowly as it had come out of its hole. We replaced the net, I pushed again in the hole with the shovel, when out walked another small beaver. Jack joined its mate in the cage.



DAM AND HOUSE BEGUN.

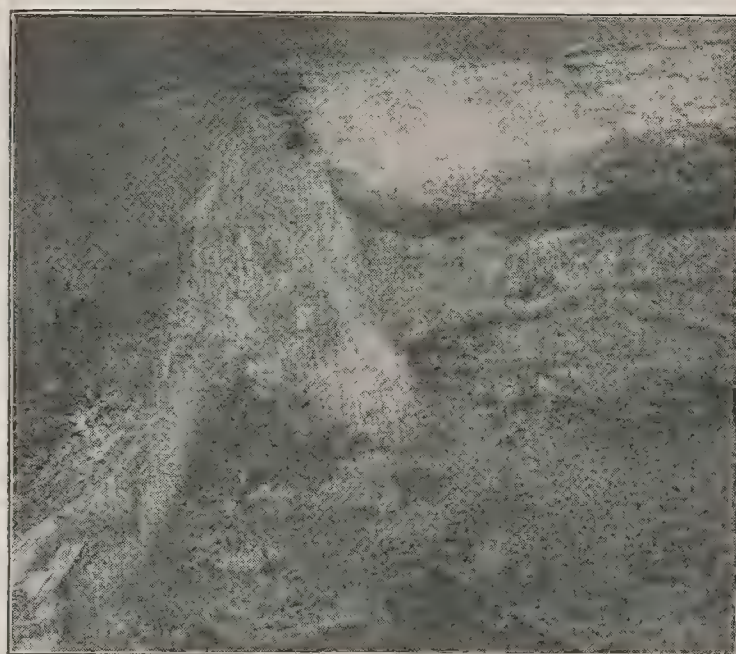
Again the net was placed at the entrance, again I pushed in the shovel, and after a little persuading a very large beaver walked out and into our net. When the net was raised, it sat up like the little ones and walked into the cage, filling it pretty full. We were satisfied with that hole, but looked in to see if there was any more of the family at home. We had them all.

Swinging the cage on a pole by wires, two shouldered it, and the other carrying some of the tools, we started for Yancey's, a mile away. It was quite a load to pack, but we all felt so pleased over our catch that we did not mind it. We put the beaver in the tin-lined box with the first two taken from the house. The beaver seemed glad to see one another again. After smelling of everything they all crawled into a corner until there was only a pile. I thought some of the little ones would be smothered. I gave them hay for a bed, a part of a barrel for a bath tub, and some quaking asp for food. I had noticed that the first beaver captured would not eat anything for three or four days, and even after that only a very little for a few days more. After about ten days they would eat the bark off a large quantity of wood. Of the family the little ones were the first to eat and showed less fear. When their tub was filled with fresh water, one of them would come at once. As I wished them to get as tame as possible, I did not object to anyone's seeing them. Everyone who passed along the road was very much interested, even old trappers.

I now had eight beaver, and as I thought I could pick up a few more not far away, we moved all our implements back to Yancey's and down the creek to the two-house dam. Working up the creek, we broke dam after dam. The weather was getting colder. Ice formed every night and in the morning the dams were a mass of ice. Every stick was covered except where the water ran. Our hands were in very bad condition; we could not get them healed. Cracks, cuts and bruises made them swell during the night, so that when we went to work in the morning it was not very pleasant to take hold of the icy willows, sticks, stumps and stones to remove the dams. There were no houses in the ponds we were draining while we were looking for bank beaver. After cutting ten or fifteen dams and searching out every hole, this time very carefully, after our experience above, we found a hole the end of which we could not reach with a long willow. Cutting in and feeling again, we could not find the end. A second cut was made, when we felt something at the end. Digging down, we soon routed out a beaver. The dip net was in the channel below, at a bend; Hague ran to it. The beaver dove into the water, and partly floating, partly walking, went down with the current and into the net. As soon as it found itself cornered it commenced cutting the wires of the net with its teeth. Getting hold of a wire, it would bite and cut at it until it parted; then seizing another, it would soon cut

of each. Some of them were over 20ft. long. Beaver had been there lately. While cutting away a bit of overhanging bank from between two holes, we found another passage, longer than the others, and cutting three holes in this to find the end, Jump started another beaver that came out with a rush, and attempted to get into the old holes, which were blocked with sod. It would lie on the bottom, close under the bank, and within a few feet of Hague, while he was at work getting a good place for the net. I was above, to keep it from getting away. It looked more like a chunk of rotten wood than a beaver. When Hague was ready I poked it with a stick; it turned and went back into the tunnel it had come out of. Jump started it out again. When it came out of one of the holes we had dug to get the direction of the tunnel, it made a jump over a bunch of willows at least 5ft. high, landing in the creek, whence it dove under the bank again. We were so astonished at its jump that at first we thought we had started some other animal out of the hole. We were quite a while getting it into the net, and when we did so the iron frame broke where it had been bent. It was soon in the cage, not showing a bit of fight at any time, although it was the largest beaver we had captured. Jump said it was the largest he had ever seen. We all thought it would weigh 75lbs.; but when put on the scales it only showed a little over 47lbs. I believe the largest beaver on record weighed 62lbs. I am not sure but that was weighed like we did our big one at first sight—by guess. When we packed it to the house, we were sure it weighed 75lbs., if not a little more. If we'd carried it a mile, I'm afraid it would have been 80lbs. Scales spoil and shrink many big things; 10lb. trout become 3 or 4lb., and 75lb. beavers become 47-pounders, and 1,000lbs. of iron shrink proportionally.

The big beaver made our tenth and last. We had worked out all the houses and holes that we could very



PINE TREE CUT DOWN BY BEAVER, WASHINGTON ZOO.

well get at. We were in a very dilapidated condition—boats leaked so that we were wet through; we had enough for one year. So taking a good dose of Uncle John's "Kentucky High Step," we drank success to the beaver.

I went out again another year with another crew and captured more beaver; found they all had different dispositions, and learned more about their ways and habits; but I think you have enough this time. E. HOFER.

WILD PIGEONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the American wild pigeon becomes every year more and more a *rara avis*, and as its ultimate extinction seems certainly assured, it becomes each season a matter of greater interest to the readers of your esteemed paper to hear something of the whereabouts and habits of this most interesting bird. When I came to this country from

The birds breed in the tallest timber in the foothills of both mountain chains, and come down to the Sound to eat salt mud and feed upon the grain fields of the farmers.

They fly in small flocks, say thirteen to thirty-five, often in pairs or in bands of seven or eight, are very wary and suspicious of human approach.

They may sometimes be surprised in the early morning while feeding upon the elderberries or while busy around a sheltered water hole, but the usual method pursued by the few who systematically hunt them is to lie in concealment around a favorite haunt and pot them while sitting.

They begin to come down into the valleys and about salt water in late May or early June, and their first appearance is the signal for the onslaught by the pitiless pot-hunter.

At this season the birds are nesting, as shown by the fact that a large percentage of those killed have their ovaries filled with immature eggs, and so the process of extermination, which is bad enough at any season, is rendered tenfold more effective by this early shooting.

I am unable to state whether the pigeons here are a survival of the innumerable hordes which swept over my early boyhood home in the valleys of the Appalachians, or whether or not they ever were here in greater numbers. Judging, however, from the absence of reference to them by the old inhabitants whom I have interviewed, and from the fact that the kind and quantity of food which sustained such countless millions of their species in New York and Pennsylvania is not here for their use, I am led to the conclusion that they were never much more numerous upon this portion of the Pacific coast than they are at present.

That they cannot long survive the destructive methods of the market hunter is only too apparent in their rapidly diminishing numbers.

May 9.—The slaughter of the pigeons has commenced. Out of nine which were brought into town to-day and examined by me, five were hens and were laying. The killing will go on from this time until the next rainy season. The pigeon is afforded no protection by law, and it would not make much difference here anyway, as there is no attempt made to enforce the laws we have.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

TACOMA, Wash., May 8.

[Are these birds really the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) or are they the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*)? The latter is a common West coast species, while the passenger pigeon is a bird of eastern North America, occurring only as a straggler in Nevada and Washington. The two birds are not very like, one belonging to the genus *Columba*, having the tail much shorter than the wing, and composed of broad, obtuse feathers—as in the domestic pigeon—the passenger having a long tail equal to wings of narrow and pointed feathers. The difference between the shape of the two tails is that between the common ground dove and the domestic pigeon. The band-tailed pigeon is purplish red in color, with white half collar, white belly and a black bar across the tail. The passenger is slaty blue, with some small black spots above, changing to reddish on neck and below. If the passenger pigeon really occurs in Washington and in such numbers as stated by our correspondent, the fact is very interesting and ought to be established beyond question.]

NATIONAL ZOÖLOGICAL PARK NOTES.

It will be remembered that last February we mentioned the case of a female Virginia deer in the National Zoölogical Park at Washington, whose leg had been broken in two places by a vicious male of the same species. The leg was set as well as possible by Head Keeper Blackburne, and when we saw her last February the doe was doing well. She is still further improved, and except for a little lameness, which she shows when running, her condition seems very nearly perfect. It is hoped that she will produce twins this month, as usual. The especial factor in the recovery of this female was her amiable disposition. She is as tame and gentle as could be, and it is this gentleness which has pulled her through.

When we visited the park last winter there were two large buffalo bulls, kept in an inclosure on top of the hill. Each of these bulls had at different times in the past been the master of the herd, and each had been defeated and had given way to a stronger and younger one. So they lived together in this small inclosure apart from the other buffalo, and got along very well together. The younger one seemed quite willing to keep out of the way of the old one until March 28 last. A nod from the old bull was the usual signal for the younger one to step aside; but this day he refused to do so, and returning the nod stood fast. The older bull tried to drive him, and their heads went together with a tremendous thump. Keeper Blackburne, who was not far away, saw in a moment that the younger bull was the most active and the stronger of the two, and that the old bull was no match for him, and the old bull realized the fact almost at once, and turned and ran. The younger one, however, kept after him, and, whenever he chose, drove him against the fence with terrific force, knocking the old one down eight different times, and ripping him at will when he was down.

Every effort was made to stop the fight, but for some time it was impossible to drive the young bull away. Finally, however, he left the old one for dead, and made proud by his victory went to fighting with the other buffalo through the fence. Keeper Blackburne then managed to get the old bull on his feet and pushed him into the house, where he died half an hour later. Three of his ribs were broken, one lung was punctured, and his body was a mass of rips and bruises from his shoulders to his hips on both sides. The other bull showed no marks of the fight whatever.

The large black-maned lion which was in the Park died not long ago from a rupture of a blood vessel.

Black Foxes.

THE Chignecto, N. B., *Post* records that last autumn Edward Sonier, of College Bridge, bought of an Indian two young foxes, a male and female. He had them cared for during the winter and the pair became perfectly domesticated. Two weeks ago the vixen presented her owner with four young cubs, all perfectly black.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.



BEAVER WORKING AT DAM BUILDING.

Photo by E. Hofer.

that. We were afraid we were going to lose it. Even when we shook the net it would not let go. Getting the cage as soon as possible, we turned down the net by the open door; but it would not go in until we turned it toward the water, with the cage at the edge of the creek. Then, thinking it was going to escape, it went in with a rush, and was at last safely confined. We examined the net, and found it cut so badly that we had to get another piece of netting to put inside. This one fought more than any of the others, but did not dive at us as much as the one spoken of above.

Next day, after cutting many dams, and at last the last one, we found several long passages, with nests at the end

an office only a few doors from your own beautiful headquarters seven years ago, I plunged into "the forest primeval" and gulped down huge drafts of the balsamic air of freedom with an enthusiasm that took me into nearly every section of this most picturesque and delightful country.

Almost immediately I discovered that the wild pigeon, which lived in my memory as a cherished remembrance only, lived here in reality and could be obtained in such numbers as to make their pursuit satisfactory sport. I have shot a fair number of strings every season, and during the summers of '93 and '94 two half-breed market hunters brought many hundreds of dozens into this city.

PHILADELPHIA ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE twenty-fourth annual report of the board of directors of the Zoölogical Society, Philadelphia, was read at the annual meeting of the members and loan holders of the Society, April 23. The report of the board of directors shows a slight increase in the number of visitors for the year 1895-96 over the previous year, but the increase is only 3,000 for the year. The increase in the receipts from admissions is over \$1,200. As usual, Sunday is the day when most visitors come to the Gardens, and Saturday is the next, while Tuesday and Monday are the lightest days.

The report of the superintendent shows that during the year there were accessions to the collections to the amount of 92 mammals, 181 birds and 710 reptiles and amphibians. Among the important specimens received are a male and female ostrich, an ant-eater, a pair of polar bears, two examples of the East Indian snake-eating cobra, a species which grows to the length of 12ft. or more and is the largest terrestrial venomous serpent. A number of interesting East Indian birds were purchased in August last, among them a pair of argus pheasants which are probably the first that have ever reached this country alive. Unhappily these two died soon after their purchase.

Probably the most interesting specimens obtained during the year by the Philadelphia Gardens are the three mountain sheep, two of them brought East from Dakota by Mr. Howard Eaton, and the third deposited, along with two prong-horned antelope, by Mr. Alfred Harrison, of Philadelphia. The male mountain sheep (*Ovis cervinus*) is 4 years old, and the two ewes are yearlings. The male was captured near Red Rock Lake, Idaho, while one of the females comes from the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri River. With the sheep brought on by Mr. Eaton were received six trumpeter swans, a species which is very rare in collections.

It will be interesting to watch the antelope which are now in the Gardens. It has been for many years a common saying that it is impossible to keep the prong-horned antelope alive east of the Missouri River, and we are inclined to think that past experience has justified this statement. We heartily wish Mr. Brown better success with his antelope than others have had, and trust also that he may now have a foundation for a herd of mountain sheep. As Mr. Brown is a mighty hunter, he will unquestionably guard these last-named animals as the apple of his eye.

CONFIDING QUAIL.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After an interval of nearly a year I again claim a portion of your valuable space to chronicle an incident which, I think, seldom occurs. But do not attribute my long silence to any waning of interest in "our paper," or in the sports of the field. Far from it; but the fact of the matter is, nothing has happened worthy of mention, and a mere recital of the many pleasant hunts which I enjoy would prove monotonous, especially when the subject is so delightfully handled in almost every issue by pens far readier than mine. But this is digression; the incident above referred to is that a pair of valley quail have built their nest (or rather apology for a nest) in a luxuriant heliotrope bush which climbs in rich profusion over the porch surrounding our house.

This morning, as the gardener was watering the flowers, he was startled by hearing a quail flush noisily out of the heliotrope, and upon examination he found a nest full of eggs. In a short time the hen returned and immediately took possession of her home; and she may rest assured that she will not be again disturbed.

Our house is situated on a hill, surrounded by orchards of orange, olive and lemon trees, and although quail have been unusually numerous this spring and have been seen running all around the house, I did not imagine that they were so charmed with the beautiful view which can be had from the hill that any of them would locate here permanently. Or, maybe this particular pair are wise in their day and generation, and do not care to expose themselves and their tender brood to the ravages of the hosts of their enemies on the mountain side—the coyotes, wild-cats, foxes, weasles, skunks, snakes and other "varmints" which prey upon them, their eggs and their young.

Fortunately for the quail, but, alas, unfortunately for me, I have no dog at present whose ambition might impel him to demand a closer acquaintance with the interesting family than would result in their good. My last dog joined the great majority of his kind last summer, and he was the fourteenth that I've lost; but that is another story and a very melancholy one. However, I see danger ahead in the form of several lynx-eyed and semi-wild felines that have taken up their abode beneath the house, and occasionally make the night hideous with their serenades. But dire vengeance will be wreaked upon them if they interfere, and as this enterprising quail has thus far escaped, I have great hopes of her ultimate success.

The fact of her nesting where she has is rendered all the more surprising from the fact that the nest is not more than 10ft. from where the horses are tied when the carriage is brought to the house, and that the gardener is daily passing back and forth and working in the very flower bed where she has her nest.

I shall watch with great interest the progress she makes and shall report the result—favorable or otherwise—and that it may be the former is the prayer of

CULPEPPER.

Starlings in the City.

NEW YORK, May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sunday, May 17, as I was returning from riding, I started from the lawn of one of the places in Audubon Park, between 156th and 157th streets, west of Eleventh avenue, New York city, a bird quite different from anything we are accustomed to see here. The bird was black, with a white bill and a short tail, and was less in size than a robin. In short, it was an European starling, unless I am very much mistaken. On the following morning, not far from the same spot, two birds like the one seen the day before flew up from the lawn and disappeared, flying north. I have no doubt that a family or a little colony of starlings have made their home somewhere in the neighborhood, and I shall endeavor to investigate the matter further. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE ROCKIES.

(Concluded from page 395.)

Oct. 3.—Everything covered with snow. The day beautiful and clear and warm. After decorating my face under and around the eyes with pot black in order to prevent snow blindness, Van, Doc and I struck out in search of game, but with little result. I wore old rubber boots and slipped all over the mountains. We descended one place which had a sheer drop of perhaps 35ft., Van first, and struck bottom in a snowdrift. I followed and Doc brought up the rear. When in midair he turned over and came in head on. We had to dig him out. Then we climbed a mountain side almost perpendicular and nearly played us both out, as the boots wouldn't take hold. After reaching the summit we rested for a few minutes and then worked up a draw, where we found fresh sign. We tracked it for probably half a mile, when Van suddenly stopped and says, "Captain, we don't want them." Of course I wanted to know why, as I was anxious to kill the fellow who could make such a tremendous impression in the snow as the one we had been following. Van says, "No, it's a cow." Then calling to me he says, "See where those tracks go between the trees? Well, a bull couldn't get through there; he would have gone to the right or left." It was now getting on toward 4 o'clock and he says, "Boys, can you walk five miles further? If so, I can promise you all the elk you care to see." "How far are we from camp?" "About ten miles." "And the extra five will make fifteen to camp. No, thanks, not for me. I'll take another day." So we started for camp and struck a windfall that was a "lulu." Doc had fallen behind, and in trying to do the squirrel act as Van did it slipped and sprained an ankle. We called a halt and waited for him to come up. This little rest for fifteen minutes quite refreshed me, so that I felt ready to renew the tramp. Doc was badly used up and suffered much before reaching camp, though too plucky to give in. Reached there about 8 P. M. and stowed away a quantity of hot food. It is surprising how quickly fatigue leaves one in this country.

Friday, Oct. 4.—Van and I rode west by south over the mountains in search of sheep or bear sign. Saw both, but were two or three days old. Climbed a very high peak, which I have christened Painter's Peak. This peak is one of several used by the Indians as signal stations. On top they have built, by piling stones one on top of the other, a circular place large enough to admit one man, and about 4ft. high. They are built in such a way that they look exactly as one would suppose the mountain peak would appear. These stations command the entire range.

The country here seems to be eruptive rock formation, and both sides of the mountain seamed with dykes, looking for all the world like huge troughs for carrying off the water. At this point in the cañon there is a stream that flows in two directions, one flowing northeast and the other southwest. There is much mineral float here, and I hope in the near future to return, prepared to thoroughly test it.

On our return to camp we saw a bunch of twelve black-tail deer within a mile of camp, but did not molest them.

Saturday, Oct. 5, was the banner day for me. I shall never forget it. Van, Doc and I started on our horses, determined to bring in at least one fine head. We had scarcely gone more than three miles from camp when

Van got in one shot, however, before he reached the timber, but only succeeded in wounding him slightly. We followed him for perhaps a mile and a half through windfalls, and eventually gave him up. Mounting our horses, we rode on through windfalls until you couldn't rest. About noon we came out into an open park, dismounted and listened, as we had shortly before heard a bull whistle; soon found fresh sign, followed it for half an hour, and had the satisfaction of hearing him break and run 100yds. ahead. We retraced our steps to Doc and the horses, mounted, and rode on through more timber and windfalls for half an hour, when once more we came out into open fields, as Pop calls them. Here we found more fresh sign and soon Van says, "Look ahead, see the elk." Van started to the right and I followed one which turned to the left as fast as I could run. My first shot had already wounded him, so that he wasn't making much better time than I was. He made for a narrow strip of timber ahead, passed through it, crossing another open space about 50yds. wide to heavy timber. Before reaching it he slowed up, giving me time to get through the first piece of timber, gather some breath and get my tongue, which was hanging out, back into its proper place. Before entering the wood he paused a moment and looked back. This pause was a fatal one for him. Quickly raising my rifle, I fired and broke his neck. The head was very symmetrical, but with only eleven points.

Doc and Van came up, and we followed on into the timber and got into a band of perhaps 200. They winded us and scattered. Here we made a running trail of five miles, horses going at full speed and Van hanging out of saddle, his face within 2ft. of the ground, picking out the trail of one immense bull. This was the most beautiful bit of trailing I have ever seen done in all my life. The trail led along the edge of a cañon for fully five miles. Van would yell, "Keep right to the crack in my coat, boys; we've got to head them off and turn 'em back, must have that bull, sure." We finally turned them into the timber, then began a zigzagging that almost gave me the blind staggers. Finally Van sighted one big bull and says, "Captain, slide off and look ahead; see that bull standing there? Now I want you to shoot him in the ham, and when he turns give it to him in the shoulder (he was standing with head directly from us). It's your only chance, as the timber is thick, and two jumps will take him out of sight." No sooner said than done, and down he went. "He's all right," says Van. "Now let's turn our attention to another big fellow on the right." Scarcely had we turned around when I heard No. 1 going through the timber like a locomotive. Van wouldn't believe it, but on going up to the spot where he had fallen, sure enough he wasn't there. "Now we've got to do some tall rustling or we won't get another shot, as that old bull will get them all on the go." He had scarcely finished speaking when we heard a whistle on our right, soon another, which we had no difficulty in locating. Sammy, these whistles remind me of the factory whistles blowing for 12 o'clock.

Carefully picking our way through the timber, we came out into a park; crossing it and into another strip of timber, we paused to hear the whistle again so that we could locate him exactly, as it was now a case of skill against instinct. Soon the old fellow gave that unearthly yell sounding more like the bray of a jackass than anything I can recall. Van says, "Do you see him? Look straight ahead, but don't move, wait until he whistles, then run, following my steps exactly." Almost instantly his head went up and the whistle begun. "Run, and stop when I do, and as I do; he's facing us and is liable to git a move on any minute."



THE CAMP ON COLD CREEK.

Photo by J. R. Painter.

Van sighted a bull elk feeding on top of the mountain on our right. We immediately made for the timber and rode toward him, bearing off to the right in order to get to the windward. When within 200yds. of where we supposed he should be, dismounted and climbed toward the top; on reaching it we looked ahead and within 50yds. of us stood a bunch of cows and calves; fortunately only one calf saw us. Quietly backing down until out of sight, we ran to the left and up the slope. By this time they had become startled and were making off toward the timber. There seemed to be only one bull worth shooting, and he was surrounded by the cows and calves in such a way that to shoot him was almost impossible.

Step by step we crept on him, often having to pause with one foot in the air, and keep the position until he challenged again, when we would run perhaps 10yds., but it was all as noiseless as possible to go. When we got to within 100yds. of him he suddenly wheeled around and walked off around the timber. This was what we wanted; as he walked from us we ran toward the opening, on reaching it halted, while he described a circle, unconscious that we were waiting for him to turn so that it would give us a broadside shot. As he did so Van says, "Now, Captain, take your time and do it right." We both fired simultaneously. I never felt so mean in my life as I did after the shot was fired. It was painful to

watch him stagger around and try to get toward us, his strength failing all the time. Then he would make a sweep with those immense antlers and the dead limbs and small trees would be broken like reeds. He finally went down. We soon had his throat cut and began to skin out the head, while Van went for Doc and the horses. He found Doc up a tree, where he had gone either from fright or to get his bearings; he claims the latter, so we let it go at that. By the time they returned I had the scalp off, and it didn't take long to saw the skull apart. Van tied the scalp on his horse while I mounted Booky, and the horns were, after some trouble, taken aboard with me. They rested on the pommel of the saddle and were ugly things to handle. I had a circus, I can assure you. My broncho seriously objected to carrying those horns, and every time he glanced back he had a bucking fit immediately at both ends. Oh, I tell you it was fun. Sammy, you would have enjoyed it.

We had scarcely gone 100yds. when Van suddenly slipped off his horse and fired, knocking down a fine bull, telling Doc to go get him; but he rushed in on him too quickly, and the bull, in his last efforts, gained his feet and the edge of the timber and ran and rolled down a precipice and was lost. Van went in to look for Doc, and while they were in the timber a fine, large, six-point bull walked out to within 25yds. of where I sat, on Booky. He advanced with head and mane erect. The horse had his head down grazing and did not see him. This bull stood there for perhaps a minute and only turned to leave when the horse raised his head. He would stop every few yards and look back, wondering possibly what that monstrosity was. What would I not have given for my camera to-day.

When the march to camp was resumed the sun had set and we had fifteen miles to go in order to make camp, part of the way over windfalls that would make your hair curl in daylight. We didn't even have a moon until about 9 o'clock. I had enough before we had gone a half mile and on several occasions felt like throwing the horns away. Sometimes we would pass between trees too narrow to admit the horns, they would catch and pull me back on Booky's rump; that was a signal for his heels to shoot upward and he would land me on his neck, then to get me off that part of his anatomy he would walk on his hind feet for several yards; it would have the desired effect. Oh, it was a pleasant ride. My position at times was ludicrous in the extreme, yet in spite of it all I had to laugh. Once when he objected, and I was in the air, I thought of these lines from Hudibras, and I fairly yelled with laughter:

After many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigor, strength and heat,
That he almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover
By laying hold of tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

Doc and Van thought I had gone crazy. We now halted, and Doc took one horn and I the other. This was a great improvement.

I repeat I shall never forget this ride. Talk about hurdle and steeple races, they are not in it with the ride over these windfalls, loaded as we were. With any other man than Van Dyke, and with other horses than his, I could not have been tempted to have made the return to camp that night. We reach it about 10 o'clock, not very tired, but all-fired hungry. It seems to me that is our chronic state always.

I am now ready to say to you that Ed. E. Van Dyke is without exception the best guide, hunter and rifle shot on game I have ever seen. I have hunted with some clever men, but none are his equal. He can tell you almost every time where his bullet has struck the game fired at. Aside from his hunting qualities, he is a most excellent guide; careful both with men and pack, never taking any risks with either, trustworthy and honest, knows every acre of ground from Montana to Colorado. I don't believe his equal lives in Montana.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Still delightful weather. The Judge is getting restless again and wants Van to take him to Cooke to-morrow, so we shall in all probability break camp and move back into our first Bear Camp. I shall hope to have a letter from you when he returns. With kind regards to all the boys, I am with best wishes,

WABASH.

CANOE LAKE CAMP, Wyo., October 7.—We broke camp bright and early this morning and took the trail back over the divide toward High Camp or Bear Valley. Poor old Roany looks like some horned monstrosity, with his load of horns, and has to be led in order to keep him clear of trees, etc. There is one thing about hunting with Van Dyke; he gives you an opportunity to see all there is to be seen, as he never takes you the same route twice, hence our ride to-day is entirely new and as usual very beautiful and rugged. We traveled for miles along the ragged edge of the divide, which in places was scarcely wide enough for a horse to walk, down mountain sides so steep that one could scarcely realize his ability to make it in safety. But then we are on Van's horses, and I believe they can go anywhere a goat can. When it becomes too slippery to walk they simply put all four feet together and slide. So far we have had but one accident, and that was going up an almost perpendicular wall to-day. Coally's pack was a very wide one, and in making a sharp turn the pack struck a projecting rock and upset her. She rolled 150yds. down the mountain and landed against a clump of pine trees. When we got down to her she wasn't much the worse for the roll, and with a little help was on her feet, with only a few skinned places on head and limbs to show for it. This accident delayed us some little time, as the pack had to be gotten together and carried up the divide and repacked. The sun was now setting in a sea of gold and we had to move on rapidly, as darkness would soon settle down. The descent on the other side of the divide was in snow, knee deep, while on the side we went up there wasn't a particle. Camped in the valley at 7 P. M. Supper was soon cooked and dispatched. We were not long in hunting our beds. This has been a hard day's work.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Van says this is Indian summer. The days all seem alike, yet how different. The beauties of the surrounding country are so varied and beautiful that it is like an ever-changing panorama. Van and Doc got into a large band of elk, and shot three, principally for

meat, as we needed it. The Judge and I went out for something, wasn't particular what old thing we ran against; mine was a porcupine, which I declined to disturb, and the Judge's was a brown bear, and they were both disturbed—that is, the Judge and the bear. He says that for quite a while it was an open question with him whether or not he could keep the sand on top. He eventually quieted down, and the noise of the creek did him a good turn, as the bear couldn't hear him approaching. He had been looking for bears all day (when he wasn't looking for camp) and ran on to him, feeding along the creek, shot him three times and missed him once for luck. We heard the shots and thought he was lost, as it was getting late. Induced Lee to mount his broncho and go in search of him. He had scarcely gone fifteen minutes when we heard a shouting and out came the Judge a-straddle the broncho, which at any other time he wouldn't have touched with a 40ft. pole, and yelling, "I've got him, I've got him, and he's as big as this horse." I went back with him, and found a nice small bear which would weigh about 250lbs., but with a beautiful pelt. Now, you can imagine the condition of his mind when he shot him. Toasts to "The Judge."

Wednesday, Oct. 9.—Snowed for about an hour this morning and then cleared. The sun smiling and as beautiful as ever came peeping out from behind the gray rifts, and all nature seems glad again.

Lee, our packer, left this morning, and I assure you we were jolly glad of it. I believe he could do more swearing to the square inch than any man I ever heard. He kept me covered with goose flesh half the time.

All the elk which we didn't use for meat was snaked down to different parts of the valley and draws, and used as bear bait. Had lots of fun with Daddy; he steered the train with guy ropes; he says, "Cap, that's the darndest pullin' I ever got; why, I didn't make mor'n six jumps down the side of that mountain, and the only way I stopped her was by taking a half-bitch around a pine tree that I ran ag'in'."

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Clear and warm. Visited the bear pen and baits, but no sign. Rest of the day we loafed around camp, played cards and smoked, and swapped lies. Ben amused himself with making "b'ar grease."

Friday, Oct. 11.—Same style day as we have been having. Van and Ben start for Cooke City. Ben is going home happy. And we are happy because he's happy, though we do not grudge him the trip.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Just the same kind of a day, only it is my birthday. Visited the bear baits, but Pop drew the lucky straw and a bear as well. Came into camp on a trot. "Say, Cap, I wish you and Doc had gone with me, you'd have seen sport." It proved to be a very fair-sized grizzly. Van returned from Cooke with supplies.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—Thermometer seems hot and feverish this morning, so we all went to the creek and took a cold plunge. Broke camp en route for Red Lodge. Trail lay along the beautiful and picturesque Crandall Creek. Camped at night on the creek in a little piece of timber. It is the stillest night I ever remember; not a sound of any kind. It is Camp Silence.

"All is gentle; naught
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit."

Monday, Oct. 14.—Clear and warm. Had trouble in packing the horns, and didn't get away until noon. Still on Crandall. Just before reaching the cañon we pass by a mountain of white marble. Some specimens lying along the trail show it to be of good quality. Here is another exquisitely beautiful and charming cañon. The walls for quite a distance are perpendicular. On one side the mountains rise several thousand feet high. I could not resist the temptation to photograph the scene, a copy of which I inclose.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Feels like a May day. Broke camp about 11 A. M. and went down Van Dyke's Stairway, a series of steps of rock, some of them 5ft. high. A frightful place for horses to attempt, but Van says, "That's only play for them animals." After witnessing their descent of this place I am willing to swear that they can go anywhere. On reaching the valley we follow the hillside above the creek, and soon pass the spot where Crandall and his chum we killed by the Indians. Crandall was, I believe, a friend of Bill Hamilton and Liver-Eating Johnson. Two more interesting pioneers are not be found in Montana. The ride through the valley was indeed a charming one. Here and there remains of the buffalo. I got off the horse and picked up a few teeth as mementos.

Going out of the valley northeast we cross Clark's Fork and move on toward Table Mountain. Electric Peak and Old Bear Tooth loom up in great style. Cross one corner of Table Mountain and camp in Devil's Gut. This is an interesting place, being a narrow valley inclosed by high and precipitous mountains. Along this end of the valley are remains of some kind of pens built of fallen trees and high enough to hide in comfortably. Van says, "They were built by the Sheep Eaters years and years ago to kill game from." The Indians would conceal themselves while the game was driven from the other end of the valley; at this end it wasn't over 100yds. wide, so that the slaughter must have been great. Four men could hide conveniently in each pen and there were perhaps 100 of these "shooting boxes" scattered around.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—Crawled out this morning about 6 o'clock and heard a noise down the cañon, which I believed to be a deer or elk. Without waiting to dress I slipped into my moccasins, grabbed my rifle and went to investigate, and ran on to a small grizzly.

He was standing rear end on, so fired and struck him. He immediately turned and made for me; second shot caught him back of shoulder as he turned, down he went, but was up instantly and coming like a locomotive; third shot missed him completely, and in throwing out shell it stuck. By the time I got in a new one he was within 25yds. of me. Sammy, I was so cold when I fired the third shot my teeth were chattering, but when that cursed shell stuck the perspiration broke out all over me and I was as hot as a furnace. I must have been having one of the Kid's "fever and ager fits." The nearest tree was 100yds. away and up hill. In an instant I thought of everything, home, friends and country, and wished for more home and less country. Then by some hook or crook the old shell dropped out and a new one went in. Dropping on one knee I blazed away and caught him full in the breast; he went down, never to get up. Talk about your Turkish baths! The whole thing happened in less

time than it takes to tell it, but in that time I lived about ten years.

Broke camp at noon and started northeast toward the Sheridan trail.

The section of country has enough fine granite to supply the world. It is equal if not superior to the finest Westerly granite. Many beautiful little lakes are nestled here among the mountains and are fed by the eternal snows and glaciers. Camped on the Little Rocky in front of Heffener's Glacier.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Weather perfect. This is our last camp. It has been several days since we pitched our tent. That is one of the advantages of a sleeping bag.

The ride over the divide was interesting. On the very top we found a bog which in places had scarcely any bottom. The trail led along Line Cañon. In one place there is a very narrow trail along a bluff. There is scarcely room for a horse to pass along; below there is a sheer 500ft. fall. Some years ago a noted hunter by the name of Legg came over this trail, with his saddle and one pack horse. The pack was in the lead; suddenly he stopped and began to snort. Legg looked up and there, not 50ft. in front of him, stood a big bull elk, disputing the right of way. The elk advanced, the pack horse tried to turn, lost his footing and went down over the mountain. Legg quickly slipped off back of his horse and drew his rifle, took careful aim and fired; the elk followed the pack horse, with a bullet in his brain. We reached the A. O. trail about 3 o'clock, and it was dark when we got down it. We reached Red Lodge, cold, tired and hungry, at 9 o'clock. Van and I rode in ahead to hunt grub, but alas, there was a wedding in town and the restaurants were all closed. At Delmonico's the Chinaman said "No sabe," which translated meant no supper. We then rode through the town on a dead run looking for food, and every fellow at home grabbed his gun, thinking the town was being "held up." We finally got into a store and bought all the cheese, cakes and crackers the merchant had, and struck out for the hotel. I don't think five men ever enjoyed a lunch as we five enjoyed that one.

Friday, Oct. 18.—Cold and windy, looks like snow. Packed up and left for home at 8 P. M. Stayed over night in Billings. Was entertained very pleasantly at the Billings Club, thanks to Mr. J. D. Losecamp. It was through his kindness we had the pleasure of seeing photographs of Bill Hamilton and Liver-Eating Johnson, perhaps the only photos in existence of these two men. You remember, some time ago, of reading an article on Bill Hamilton in FOREST AND STREAM, contributed by that able correspondent, E. Hough. There is great character in Bill's face.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Left Billings at 9 A. M. Glad again to get into the Northern Pacific dining car. Mr. Austin, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agt. of the Northern Pacific road, had arranged two or three days' duck shooting for us at Perham. On arriving there, much to our disgust, the lakes were frozen over and the flight had come and gone, and but few remained. Still I thank him very much, as he did all it was possible for a brother sportsman to do to give us a good time. Expect to arrive in town on the 24th, at 4 o'clock, provided we don't run up against Ben's friend in Chicago.

WABASH.

SPRING NOTES FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

ABOUT the middle of April, the snow was 4½ ft. deep on a level over much of the Park. In some parts of the timber it was less, and again more. Now it has all disappeared about the Mammoth Hot Springs, but there is still plenty of it after passing through the Golden Gate.

The first robin was heard here on the 10th of April, and bluebirds are to be seen at any time in the hot country where they winter. Swans, geese and ducks were all here early in April, and many of them have now passed on to their more Northern summer home.

Things in the Park seem to be getting on well, and the season is opening early. It is believed that the roads will be completely open by June 1—something that had never happened before, previous to last year.

Game is very plentiful, and has wintered well. Elk, deer and sheep are especially numerous. Late in April, Scout Morrison saw sixteen sheep on the north side of the Yellowstone River, not far from the mouth of Hell Roaring Creek. A week later eight were seen on the same side of the river, but a long distance from Hell Roaring Creek, and the same day the same person saw five more on the south side of the river. Elk have been seen in great numbers all over the Park, and they are abundant close to the post.

Many white-tail deer are now to be seen near here, while a few years ago this species was very seldom met with in the Park. Deer are now abundant and tame.

Little is heard about the buffalo. People here who ought to be well posted claim that there are not ten head in the Park to-day.

New York Game Law.

GOVERNOR MORTON has signed the Sanger bills, which are now laws, forbidding the use of jack lights for deer hunting at all times except from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15 inclusive, and forbidding deer hounding except from Oct. 1 to 15 inclusive. Hounding is forbidden at all times in counties of St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan (except in towns of Highland, Cumberland, Tusten, Cocheton and Bethel). On Long Island deer may be hunted on each Wednesday in November, by hounding or otherwise.

The open season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits throughout the State (except Long Island) has been made from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15 inclusive. Ferrets forbidden except in Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties.

That Old Maryland Terrapin Statute.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read your editorial on "Salmon, Ducks and Terrapin," which reminds me of a conversation I had with a gentleman who, in company with others, had been eating terrapin with President Cleveland. If my recollection is not very much at fault, he told me that one of the gentlemen produced a certified copy of an old Maryland statute which prohibited owners of slaves feeding them more than a certain number of times a week on terrapin. I should like to see the act in print. EUGENE SNYDER.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Jack Hunter's line of reasoning may be all right, but if I had set out to defend the practice I don't imagine that telling how easy it is to kill deer that way would be one of the theories advanced, even if the tale of easy shooting was of a thirty-five years old event. It is no harder to kill a deer now by jack hunting than it was thirty-five years ago, considering the number of deer there are left. The glare of a jack light is just as stupefying, and one can approach just as close to a deer as he could in the old days, and with just as crude materials as in the past one can kill a deer.

If Jack Hunter considers shooting deer at a time when the sights of his rifle cannot be seen, at a range so close as to make a miss almost impossible, yet an instant kill almost improbable, a sport for a real man, it looks as if somebody's mind "must be badly distorted," if I may use his own phrase.

One of the most potent arguments that work against still-hunting is that it takes a hunter to get a deer that way. Few deer are killed in the Adirondacks by hunters these days. They are killed by men to whom the head is a great deal and the flow of blood more. They do not enjoy waiting on the runways. It is not for the pleasure of watching nature that they are there. The sigh of branches and the splash of muskrats at night means nothing to the average jack hunter. He is strictly a meat and skin hunter, and the trip that fails to give him a deer head is a failure absolutely. These men are not sportsmen and they have not the skill of hunters.

I would rejoice to see deer hunting absolutely forbidden in the Adirondacks for a term of years, but stop the jack hunter and his partner, the hounder, and the deer will increase. There is a wholesome fear of the law among the woodsmen, and although I agree with Jack Hunter that the game laws could be better enforced, a non-hounding, non-jacking law, as well observed as the close season is now, would give sport a-plenty for sportsmen, till the Adirondack forests are gone.

Jack Hunter need not trouble himself to hide me behind an alias. I have no use for any such subterfuge, although I fully appreciate his kindness and thank him for it.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

THE country in this vicinity is a region of high hills and deep ravines. It is thickly wooded and well watered. Nearly every farm has its bush of sugar maples with one or more small streams meandering through it. Thickly associated with the maple is the beech, while here and there a birch, a basswood or an elm may be seen, the whole frequently interspersed with clumps of evergreens consisting of spruce or hemlock, presenting in the autumnal months veritable islands of green amid a sea of color.

The ravines are almost invariably margined with a thick growth of evergreens, while the lowlands, cradled in among the hills, are blanketed with cedar and tamarack and with a fair sprinkling of ash. It is pre-eminently the home of the ruffed grouse. The beech uplands, the scrubby hillsides, the evergreen thickets and water-worn ravines, with their trickling streams, combine to form a suitable haunt for this wary bird.

If perchance you should meet with her in the more open wood, or even outside its margin, at the least sign of alarm she is off with a rush and a whir, winging her way to the densest cover. Should you seek her here, you will find her ever ready and alert. It is only the quickest shot and he who has educated the eye and finger to work together at an instant's warning that can hope to bag her now.

On the morning of Oct. 5 my friend C. and myself drove some three miles into the country to what is known as the Lewis place, where we had heard there were one or more broods of grouse still undisturbed. Our conveyance was a not over roomy top buggy, and with Dan curled up on a blanket in the back end, which inconvenience he cheerfully submitted to, no doubt in anticipation of the good time coming, and with Trim between our knees in front, whose philosophy, from youthful inexperience, did not quite equal Dan's—constantly endeavoring to get along faster by climbing upon the dash—and with the rest of the impedimenta tucked in here and there, it was well loaded, and so the single horse that hauled us up the long hills seemed to think, for we were over an hour in reaching our destination. We took possession of an unused barn, and having cared for the horse, we donned our hunting outfits and set forth toward the wood, some 200yds. distant.

A small creek wound about one corner of the wood, and both sides of it were thickly grown with alders, covering perhaps an acre of ground. We ran the dogs through this first, as it is suitable ground for woodcock; in fact I had killed woodcock here in previous years, but they found no birds, nor did I see any borings. We then entered the wood proper, which here is on low ground and consists almost entirely of evergreens.

C. kept just within the margin, while I held a parallel course, but deeper in the wood. We had not gone over 100yds. when C. fired at a bird which flushed from a tree in a dense spruce thicket. She passed back of me, going high above the trees. I fired both barrels, taking some pains, but without apparent effect. We decided not to turn back for her, as she seemed bent on taking a long flight. We continued our course around the margin and heard, close after one another, three or four birds take flight, but did not catch the glint of a feather. Our experience now made us certain that these birds had been well hatched, and if we got any of them it would have to be by careful work and hard shooting.

Our course now took us to higher ground. Here C. made a couple of shots at birds that rose wild and instantly lost themselves to sight among the light brown leaves of the scrubby beeches. I heard a bird flush at some distance to my left, instantly followed by the cry of "mark bird," and facing at ready the only opening out of the dense evergreen thicket where I was, caught a snap shot as she passed, but to no purpose. Her course led across the wood to the alder patch where we first began our hunt. Here Dan made a point and at the word "up bird" sprang forward, only to retrieve a dead bird. C. flushed a bird in the timber further to the right, making a snap shot, but missing, which he is inclined to think was the last one I fired at. If this is true, then the dead

bird must be the one flushed at the beginning of the hunt. We knew the bird was hit, for C. feathered her well when she started.

We now hunted C.'s bird, which led us a long chase, quite to the opposite side of the wood. Here she rose without offering a shot, and making a somewhat erratic flight found cover in some underbrush growing in the highway, which here ran alongside of the wood. We had given up finding her, and were fairly caught napping; for we were in the road when she raised from its side, and spreading her tail almost in our faces, pitched over the fence back of the brush, and went skimming the ground over a hill to another wood, some 200yds. away. We now felt that our reputation was at stake, and doggedly continued the pursuit.

I had gone but a short distance into this wood when C. from the outside called to me to hear to the right till I reached a maple which he pointed out. This would give me a commanding position of some thick cover in his front, since there was an open space both to the right and left of this point. I had barely reached the place pointed out when two birds rose together not 20ft. distant, taking the opening to the right. Of course I fired the first barrel at the head bird, and at the shot a confused mass of feathers showed over the end of the gun, whirling downward, and was replaced the next instant by the other bird, which fell a little further on to the second barrel, the gun scarcely varying at all in its line of direction for both shots.

While closing the breech after reloading, another bird shot almost vertically upward from the center of the clump. I fired a snap shot into the moving boughs that marked her course, missed, and as she broke cover close to my right and almost over me I turned my back upon her and faced the same opening the other birds had taken, down which this one now fairly hummed. I aimed carefully, but waited a little too long, she being well away when I fired. Two or three little puffs of feathers started out at the shot, but I could see no decrease in her speed.

The cover contained no more birds, and the two dead being retrieved, we hunted the course of the last one quite across the wood without meeting with a sign of her. C. then bore to the left, but I, not satisfied, quartered the ground back again, outside the wood among some small, scattered evergreen bunches I had noticed. Here Dan pointed, and at the word "up bird" drove her out. She rose with difficulty and was easily cut down with the first barrel. I now hunted a course parallel with C.'s and soon heard the report of his gun at my left. On coming up with him he said he had flushed a single bird and making a long shot had brought her to bag. We accounted this the bird that had given us such a long chase.

In an adjoining wood we succeeded in routing two more birds; one of them I hit hard as she rose, but did not bag her. We chased them for some time, C. making a couple of ineffectual shots, and then we lost them altogether. We now returned by another route to the wood we first hunted. Two or three birds yet remained here. After traveling for some time, C. in making his way through a thick slash drove out two birds, one of which, going back of us, gave him a snap shot, and the other, taking an opposite course, passed in front of me. I feathered but did not stop her. A little later she was pointed by Trim, and making a vain effort to take wing, an exciting race occurred between them, the pup running full tilt against a stump, but finally retrieving her without injuring her in the least. In this line Trim is an adept, and handles a bird as daintily as a lady does her fan.

It was now a little past noon, and leaving the wood we crossed the field to the barn where we had put out the horse. Here we left our dead birds, and having fed the horse we set out to our next hunting ground. From lack of suitable drinking water we had not yet lunched. A little run in the first wood we entered supplied us with this want, and here we ate our lunch and rested a bit. This wood was without underbrush, but in passing through it we flushed an old bird which rose far in advance of us, and making a flight to its outermost limit sought cover under a small clump of evergreens which overhung the bank of a little ravine. Here Trim nosed her out, affording C. a fairly good shot. He cut her well with both barrels, but she held on, crossing an open lot and finally settling in a scrubby growth of young beeches. Here Dan routed her; I fired and missed as she dodged around a thicket, but the next instant C. sent her to ground with a thud.

We expected to find a half dozen birds in this wood, as it was excellent cover, and in fact the birds had been seen there, but we met with only two. These we flushed twice without getting shots, there being such a thick canopy of leaves to the underbrush. Finally I made a snap shot, missing, but the bird left the close cover and made a long flight through the more open timber, circling into a remote corner of the wood where there were a few bunches of alders and an occasional evergreen. The highway bordered this corner of the wood, and here C., making a little detour, located. I advanced from the wooded side, Dan quartering in front of me. He soon lined her course, pointing where she struck the ground and moving his nose a trifle one way and another, and not finding her down, slowly led on. A little further and he seemed all at fault, running the cover over again and again, and showing no little anxiety at the turn the affair had taken. C. and I were facing each other a few yards apart and discussing the possible whereabouts of the bird, when suddenly from above and a little back of me came the peculiar drum-like whir which a grouse makes when she plunges outward and downward from a tree top. Turning instantly at the sound and dropping the muzzle a little below the line of flight, I cracked away and down she went, turning over and over in the air, striking the ground with great force and rebounding like a ball.

We now turned our steps to the last wood we were to hunt, stopping en route at a neighboring house to indulge in a glass of cold well water. A few minutes walk, and we were again working good cover for birds. A little further ranging of the dogs, and whir! whir! four times, and not a feather exposed to sight, and even the course they took in doubt.

However, we laid out a probable course and proceeded to hunt it out. One bird showed in front of C., offering an easy chance, but she got clean away. As he replaced the empty shells I heard the breech close with a vicious snap, while he muttered, "I can't hit a barn to-day." I offered no sympathy, for I have been there myself, and realized fully that it would not be appreciated. This bird

we failed to put up a second time, so turning to the right we worked a parallel course back again, but flushed no birds; bearing again to the right, we hunted another parallel strip.

This time a bird rose to me, but a long shot in advance. I missed with the first barrel, but quickly followed with the second as she buried herself among the leaves well up in the branches of a beech. "Did you down her?" came from C. at my left. "I guess not," was the doleful reply. But Dan soon showed himself with a large bird stone dead. C. had seen her fall and thought I was unaware of the result, hence his question.

For the third time we turned back, and while crossing low ground a bird rose to C. who knocked her down before she had gone 15ft., leaving a cloud of feathers in the air. Trim was just reaching for her when she straightened up and again took flight. We now quartered her course with both dogs for 100yds. or more, when Trim, bearing to the left, pointed, and at the word retrieved a dead bird. Twice had this occurred during the day. It shows that the shot kills many a bird that does not find its way into the game bag.

Crossing to a part of the wood as yet untouched by us, we found it margined with evergreens, affording excellent cover. Dan at once showed sign and shortly pointed, but the bird flushed from a small evergreen on the opposite side of a thicket from me. C. made an ineffectual shot at her as she passed him. I now followed the margin, keeping in the open outside, while C. remained in the timber, the dogs beating up the cover between us. Again the bird rose, and attempting to run the gauntlet of C.'s fire a second time, got in the way of the shot and was brought to bag. Further on and a shot came to me, the bird bursting out of the cover, and turning offered a straightaway shot and was quickly sent to grass. This concluded the day's hunt. Three birds yet remained, but they had found safe hiding places, and the afternoon being well spent we were satisfied to leave them. The bag on examination showed twelve grouse, six killed during each half day.

AMBULATOR.

A MORNING'S FROGGING.

WAL and I had just finished a score up in the gallery when the former remarked:

"Art. I want to get out in the open air and try this new Winchester on something alive. What is there, and where is it?"

"How would frogs go?" I answered.

"Frogs? Shoot them with a rifle? Why, what a snap," replied he. "I know where there are plenty; up at the Nursery. Any quantity of them in the pond hole and along the river. I have seen them many a time while fishing; but say, are you fooling? It's kind of baby sport to shoot at such stupid things with a rifle when we have been priding ourselves on being cracks here in the gallery."

"Well," I remarked, "we'll go out some morning and try, and if you don't have some sport and rid yourself of the idea that they are easy game, I'll pay for the shells. You can hit them easy enough, but the rub is to see them before they get tired of waiting for you."

Consequently the other morning I mounted the bike as the sun was slowly climbing above the horizon, stopped for Wal, and together we wheeled out into the country.

"Have you everything?" asked W., who is a very careful and thoughtful companion for a rattle-brain like myself.

"Yes, everything."

"How many cartridges will we need, do you suppose?"

Cartridges! I had come away without mine! I had everything else, even to rags for cleaning the rifle, but cartridges, nary a one had I.

"Well, I brought along two boxes," was W.'s assuring remark; to which I added, "And I will use one of them."

Storing the wheels and rifle cases in the woodshed of W.'s accommodating brother, we walked through the wet grass toward the pond hole and, arriving at the edge, began a careful search for our game. Presently W. remarked:

"I think I see one, or is it a stick. I'll be hanged if I can tell."

"It's a frog all right, let him have a taste."

W. brought the little Winchester to shoulder, there was a spiteful crack, a commotion in the water and Mr. Frog turned belly up. Reaching out with the rod, to which was lashed a large fish hook, we soon had him ashore.

"Hit him in the head, W.," I remarked. "Hold a little low at such short range, or you may overshoot with the open sights."

Keeping along the bank, W. soon spied another brown head and big, bulging eyes, the owner of which was soon deposited alongside the first victim.

"There are two, W.," I whispered. "Take the one on the right and we'll both let drive together. Two sharp reports rang out and two more plump pairs of muscular limbs were added to the bag.

"Well, this is rather a novelty, isn't it?" said W. "It takes more than one would think to get a glimpse of those chaps; but say, don't the .22s bore them though? But say, there's a big one," and before he finished speaking the ball hit the water and the green fellow lay stiff. As he laid him on the bank W. remarked in surprise, "Where in the dickens did I hit that fellow? There is no mark on him."

"Didn't hit him at all. You shot over, but near enough to stun him, so we will just carve his backbone, or he will jump the claim and clear."

"I think that is a more scientific way of killing them anyway," was W.'s rejoinder; it leaves no mark; reminds one of barking squirrels."

"It is well enough, but take my word and hit them," I replied, "or you won't always put them to sleep as you did this one."

Going around the bank a couple of times more resulted in a few small frogs, and W. suggested that we go down to the river. Down we went and soon came back with a half dozen good ones, and then set to work to deprive them of their trousers.

"How do you like it?" I asked W.

"Great stuff. Didn't believe there was so much fun. This is only a starter. We will come out here some day when we can spend plenty of time and get a good mess." To which I readily acquiesced.

So back home we went, washed up, had breakfast and then went down to the office and told frog stories to the boys.

Now, by a good many of our noble moose hunters and grouse hunters this short morning's experience will be scornfully looked at and then passed with a mental thought or two, probably not to the credit of the writer; still, if those same brother sportsmen could have a taste of the crisp, brown hind quarters—which, after being carefully cleaned, were placed in salted ice water for four or five hours, then rolled in meal and fricasseed—I am inclined to think they would smile a goodly smile, and borrow, hire or buy a light .22 rifle, and when the close season is on their especial game go to some pond, bordered with water lilies and green scum, look carefully along shore and find no little pleasure in using their skill in sending the tiny ball true to its mark. Frogging is good sport in any way, but the rifle beats the stiff rod and flaming flannel, and a good mess obtained in this manner requires a good eye and some hunting instinct; for a frog is not as stupid as he may look, and often one will be heard to jump from concealment where he has been solemnly watching the approaching hunter.

We lay aside the deer and moose rifles with some regret at the end of the open season, and then argue as to the proper caliber, work ourselves in a frenzy and call one another sarcastic names through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. But there is only one gun for the frog, a light .22 rifle. There is no room for argument about that, and a lover of the arm can certainly get a bit of sport in its use after this "game." ART.

The Decrease of the Wildfowl.

To secure the protection of game, nothing is more imperatively needed than a uniform measure which will afford reasonable immunity to wildfowl that make their home in the United States during the autumn, winter and spring. The assertion that any alarming decrease in the number of wildfowl that frequent our waters is in process of accomplishment has been often denied. This negation is based on the fact that localities where they were formerly abundant have, after years of apparent desertion, witnessed their return in large numbers. This is a false assumption, as wildfowl, other conditions being equal, always congregate where food is the more available. Their absence is due to the lack of it. If they return, it is at the expense of some other locality, where the aquatic plants and crustacea upon which they feed are, for the time being, scarce. An illustration of this is found on some of the bays of the south side of Long Island, where broad-bill ducks were more plentiful during the autumn of 1893 than had been known for thirty years previous. This was owing to such an ample supply of food that no amount of shooting could drive the ducks away. In the autumn of 1894 the same fowl were exceptionally absent from those waters. They came, but did not stay. The nutriment which was in great plenty during the previous autumn was no longer there to tempt them. Some years ago, when the wild celery beds of the Susquehanna River were covered with sand, brought down by unusual freshets in that stream, canvasback ducks almost totally deserted the locality. Those that formerly tarried there during the season resorted to other waters, where they found suitable food, and where they had not been seen for many years previous. With the recuperation of the wild celery beds in the Susquehanna the canvasback ducks returned to the flats in the usual numbers. This shifting habit of wildfowl creates a false impression as to their numerical increase. That they are rapidly on the decrease is apparent to those who understand the dangers which environ them.—*Gaston Fay in Atlantic Monthly.*

An Oregon White Deer.

THE citizens of Crook county are much put out on account of the slaying of a white deer which has been roaming over that section for a number of years, and which was looked upon as a sort of mascot, and which no one would harm, until a short time since one Poindexter wantonly shot it. This white deer was no myth, for its snowy hide is now in pickle in a taxidermist's shop in this city, and Game Protector McGuire is preparing, at the request of the people of Crook county, to make big trouble for Poindexter, who killed the animal about Feb. 1, during the season when it is not lawful to shoot deer of any color. There have been many stories about this celebrated white deer, one of which was that Barnum had offered \$10,000 for the animal alone, and it is now said that Poindexter shot the deer to get \$200 for its skin. The people of Crook county generally are much enraged at the wanton slaughter of the deer, and collectively aver that they would not have had it killed for thousands of dollars. Many hunters have had opportunities to shoot the deer, but none of them would harm it. There is no question about the skin of the white deer being in this city, for Mr. McGuire has seen it, and has all the information necessary to convict Poindexter.—*Morning Oregonian.*

The Kootenai Lake Country.

THE following is from a private letter written by that well-known sportsman Mr. Thos. Johnson:

"WINNIPEG, May 5.—I have just returned from a trip to the Kootenai Lakes, situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and in the center of the great gold fields just discovered. This country was interesting to me from a sportsman's standpoint. The Kootenai River just teems with trout, and the surrounding mountains abound with goat, sheep, deer and the different species of bears. It was quite interesting when getting off the boat at a point named Trail Creek, seven miles from my destination (a camp named Rossland), to have pointed out to me the peak of a snow-capped mountain 2,500ft. high, and told that Rossland was 'over that hill.' Unfortunately the stage upset going up the mountain heights and one of our party had his arm broken. If any of your friends contemplate an outing this summer and the country alluded to has any attraction, if you will put them in communication with me I will be pleased to give them any information they desire."

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Where Mathematics Failed.

THE story told by a New Haven correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* of the locating of a meteor by Prof. H. A. Newton, of Yale, from data obtained from a chance photograph of the meteor's flight, recalls to the Hartford *Courant* "another story recently related hereabouts by a Yale graduate. This young man, when a student, occupied a room in Divinity Hall. One night he undertook with a toy rifle to hit one of the lights on the campus. His aim was poor and the ball passed through the window of an eminent and venerable professor of science (not Prof. Newton) and embedded itself in the wall. This was the opportunity for the professor and for science. He, too, set to work and 'computed the curve,' and with the exact skill of infallible figures he traced the ball right back to the room of an innocent colleague, who didn't even know the rifle had been fired. The unfledged minister flatly denied all knowledge of the affair. But men, even ministers, have been known to make denials in self-defense and the professor had the proof with him. There was the bullet, there were the marks of its course and there was the computation worked out. It looked as if a pulpit career was to be nipped in the bud. But the guilty student heard what was going on. He called on the professor, confessed the offense, pointed out that the man of science was 200ft. out in his computation, and advised that the matter be dropped right where it was. And that was done."

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

"I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice."

WHEN the bright sun gladdens the cold earth with its warm rays and the robin sings among the reeds and rushes, where meander tinkling brooks in silvery glitter, the ardent angler is fully aroused, and in memory the dash and gleam of a tinted trout form a picture of radiance he would then love to dearly realize.

In this retrospective mood he seeks his cherished and valued fly-book as a soothing solace, and as he turns its feathery laden leaves, which glitter with the colors of a rainbow, he clearly reads the exciting battles with his rod and reel as he sought his trophies among the spangled beauties of the translucent waters of the great Northwest or elsewhere. Here he sees fly after fly that had done noble service, and that had brought him many a victim in red and gold, and is therefore in deep and pleasurable emotion over the inspiring reminiscence. Anon he revels over a golden pheasant, in lovely architecture, that had allured many a weighty princeling of the stream, then a Parmachenee-belle is revealed that looks like a veteran in the strife and that in its dainty beauty, so like a primrose yellow, had proved more attractive in its seductive mission than the artful smiles of an enchanting circe. Once more the reminiscent angler is in the realms of bliss as he toys with a somber Montreal, ever an unfailing lure, and that had to its credit the capture of several ponderous patriarchs of the fl-ckered family, while the same rapturous affirmation could be made of the tempting guile of his favorite hackles which have a royal record in the raiding of many hapless victims who have had emblazoned on their gleaming armor the colors of a sunset sky.

As he thus lovingly renews familiarity with the enticing book, so generous in skilfully wrought artifices, the praises of which should be sung in mellifluous verse, the visions of purling streams and storm-tossed seas of the great Northern lakes come to him as old friends, with the same impressive beauty, the same absorbing fascination, the same golden spoils. He is now in full fellowship with the gentle craft and counts every passing hour till the joyful time comes when he can but too gladly sever the toulsome chains of business and hie himself to the sylvan and ragged shores that are musical with rippling waters and caroling birds, and where, under skies of golden tints and snowy fleeces, he can once more enjoy an angler's rhapsody in enticing the ever gameful trout of the radiant dyes to the artistic fly, and again hear

"The chirp of the cricket in the grass,
The snap of the grasshoppers as they pass,
The anthems of song birds in the hedge,
The whistle of snipe across the sedge,
And all the entrancing symphonies
Of breeze and wave, of birds and bees,
All paintings of nature's matchless art,
All music of nature that thrills the heart."

The days at last come when the summer's glow is upon forest and field and stream, when the roses have budded and bloomed and reddened, when azure skies and gentle winds softly sing and sigh. Then the dreaming hours of the patient angler promise happy realization, for in mountain stream and shadowy pool the shapely trout of ravishing tints is eagerly seeking the unsuspecting prey and as eagerly snapping at the treacherous line. Ah! but those are welcome days, days of incomparable felicity, days for strolls along grassy margins of rippling waters, where the "lilies are green with gold," and where the violet seeks its darkest blue and its purest white,

"And when night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleams."

Idyllic reveries are now losing their charms, as we are about to enter upon the pleasant pastime that will give us many eventful and exciting incidents which we hope to faithfully recite. We are to embark for the picturesque North Shore of Lake Superior, under the shadows of whose towering mountains and lonely crags we will find delicious repose and drink deep of the refreshing and exhilarating atmosphere, while the lake and its numberless streams are sure to yield us many a scarlet-finned *fontinalis*.

The meridian of an early June day, which was then indulging in a tropic breeze, found us idling along the banks of the "Soo" Canal, awaiting our Mackinac, with its contents for camp comfort, which was then being locked through the great entrance gates. At last after

much patient anxiety it was seen approaching, and when it reached us we cheerfully stepped aboard, happy as any ardent rodder could well be when he feels the coveted quarry so near at hand. Our boatmen in charge were the same we have had for the past three years, being the intrepid Kenosh and his wideawake son Jo. Let us here remark as a simple act of justice to these faithful half-breeds that they are the best men that ever sailed a boat or made camp life serenely enjoyable and comfortable. Nothing seemed too arduous for them, no distance too great for a toilsome row, no weather too unpropitious for an advance. They are evidently rare exceptions, and the sportsmen who secure them for an outing have indeed drawn a valuable prize.

We were in good luck at the start, for just a rod or two ahead was a slow-going steamer with a large tow, and our men, ever on the *qui vive* for just such an opportunity, quickly had the oars in position, and with a few minutes' rapid and vigorous rowing were astern of her last boat, and then a line was kindly tossed us for a tie by one of the crew, who had been watching our earnest efforts to overtake them. It meant fifteen good miles up the lake, and luxuriant ease in the meantime. The half-breeds were in good humor at this unlooked-for stroke of fortune, for a light head wind confronted us, and if sailing would have greatly delayed us.

Gros Cap was our first stopping place, for it was too late in the day to reach Grindstone Point, which we had mapped out for our initial camp. We would only have a two or three-mile sail over to the little island when we parted from the steamer, but that was a mere nothing to the gain which would evidently accrue to us.

Steamer after steamer, vomiting forth huge clouds of black smoke, passed us *en route*; a few sailing craft were slowly beating up the lake, while some small rowboats were lazily moving along the shore as if the heat were too intense for a hard pull by the overtaxed oarsmen.

"What charming weather," says Ned, as he took in the situation. "Not a scud in the west nor a thunderhead in the east, and a sky as unflecked as a flawless gem."

"My bones are aching severely," suddenly spoke up Kenosh, "and they tell me that we will soon have a storm, and that with plenty of rain and maybe thunder and lightning."

"Nonsense," replied Ned. "Nothing in the elements foretells it."

"You wait a while and see. My bones are a good—what you call 'em'?"

"Barometer," I said.

"Yes; that's it."

Ned laughed at the prediction, and told him that all signs failed during dry weather; and a very long spell we had truly had of it.

I had much faith in the half-breed's prognostications about the weather, for during the time we were partaking of lunch, which was a couple of hours after our start, the golden glow of the water, the purple o'er the distant hills and the blue of the sky were undergoing an apparent and unpleasant change. Presently the breeze increased and leaden clouds began to peep o'er the rim of the horizon, and soon the sea ran in ridges and the forests began to moan in an unmistakable manner. This condition continued for a brief time, and then the elements, as if ashamed of their timidity, became emboldened, and the sea in consequence rose up in majesty, with the "white horses" crowning every curving wave. The sky responded, and dropping her wardrobe of blue took up her mourning garb, while the wandering winds made sonorous music among the leaves and grasses.

"What you think of my bones now," said Kenosh, with a significant smile wreathing his face, when a huge white-cap sprayed us with its snowy beads.

"Your bones are giving us the introductory oratorio of a grand storm, and I think if we reach that little island without a rainstorm we will have much cause for congratulation," replies Ned.

We were now all impressed with the gathering storm. Clouds fringed ominously with the deepest jet drifted heavily yet swiftly over the undulating hills, while the wind whistled and shrieked to the sullen roar and battle of the billows. On plowed the steamer with much stress and strain, though her headway was perceptibly checked by the furious onslaught of the heavy waves that struck her with terrific violence. It was evident that we would have a rough ride to our harbor and doubtless receive a wet jacket from either the rising ridges or the much threatened downpour.

Two miles more of a tow and we could part company with the big barge and sail for our destination. It seemed a long distance just then, for every moment the wind was rising in her chromatic scale and we indeed thought the pitch for our untuned ears sufficiently high. At last we cast off and then up go our sails and away we speed o'er the rolling seas with a beam wind that makes the cords rattle and the canvas hum. It was a good three-mile sail, and if we could hit the little island without resorting to a tack all would be well. It, however, proved a decided failure, for long before we were under cover of the shore it was apparent that we would be a half mile below it, and then it would be either a hard row or a distressing tack, which doubtless would insure us the long threatened rain ere we reached our harbor. The shore once reached, in went the oars and vigorously worked the half-breeds. The fierce wind now moaned sobbingly through the swaying trees and the racing waves washed the shore with stubborn and steady spitefulness, while ever and anon beamy threads of lightning played along the dark horizon, veining it with long arrowy flashes of orange and silver.

"When loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encounter one another crush."

Soon a long and loud roar of appalling thunder came from the fierce rack of clouds o'erhead which looked like "huge witches astride eagle-shaped monsters," and then the raindrops pattered on the lake and strove exceedingly hard to beat down the foam-crowned peaks the seas were lifting up in royal grandeur.

At this uncomfortable state of affairs the men dropped their oars, and while the boat drifted out among the billows they nicely covered the provisions with some available oilcloths, while we slipped into our big rubber coats.

The packages being well secured from the heavy rain, the boatmen again sprang to their blades and soon had the big Mackinac tumbling over the snowy ridges and then shortly into the little island, where all hands wen.

willingly to work in unloading the boat and securing the entire outfit and erecting the two tents and flies. It was rapid work, and in less than fifteen minutes everything was under cover. The boat now had to be secured from the battering waves, and soon we had it high up the rocky shore snug and tight, but dripping with the steadily falling rain. My assistance in this matter caused me a very severe wound on my right shin, by slipping on some smooth and sharp-edged rocks, which took two good months to completely heal, and which has left a scarred imprint larger than a silver dollar, which I am positive will remain with me while life lasts as a visible reminder of that particular trout-trip.

We quickly sought our tent after the boat had been made safe from the violence of the vicious waters, and there remained until the rain was over, which ceased in a short time. The wind also began to fall, but the waves thundered on, and the spray rose up in slender columns around the exposed sides of the diminutive island.

A stream of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm now poured forth from the resinous forest, refreshing everything o'er which it passed and soothing the rugged rock-brows of the shore with a gentle touch and gesture wholly divine. Kenosh and his son came to us at this favored condition of the elements and requested the loan of a rod and landing net, stating they were positive they could catch from the craggy bluffs of the north wall of the island a nice mess of trout for our supper. As the rocks were too wet and slippery for a "pale face's" feet and the bushes too heavily beaded with moisture, we thought it prudent just then to do our angling by proxy, and so putting a rod in good condition we turned it and the net over to the half-breeds, who immediately started off and began breasting their way through the moist bushes that surrounded us and over a treacherous and flinty surface that none but a moccasined savage or half-breed could then safely traverse.

After the absence of a full hour they returned, dripping wet, with two handsome trophies, one being a 2-pounder and the other a fraction or two less. Kenosh said that the largest one, which he had coaxed to the surface with a brown hackle, rose three times before he impaled it. The waves which were beating so fiercely against the shore confused the trout in his grabbing greed, but on its last and fatal rise the fly was very slowly drawn and happily secured the victim on the snowy crest of a surging swell.

They were surpassing lovely in their gold and vermillion dyed robes, and as the checkered rays of a stray sunbeam fell upon them, we fully realized why the poet declared them the

"Most beautiful in shape and hue
Of all that swims the waters blue,
Fairer than the plumes of the bird,
Or fur of the wild forest herd."

It now being time for the preparation of the evening meal, the axe was immediately brought into service, and then the chips began to fly, the smoke to upward curl, and the blaze to snap and sparkle, and the slaughtered beauties to send forth a savory fragrance indicative that they were to be the crowning dish of the approaching feast.

Our first meal in camp was a royal success and tempting enough for the most fastidious appetite, but as ours were inclined to be ravenous, no rich sauces were required to sharpen them, for as that hackneyed quotation asserts, "Good digestion wait on appetite, health on both."

That evening the sun set in a rich bank of rosy clouds tinged and streaked with lines of burning crimson. The night with dying twilight softly came, the stars brilliantly spangled the skies, and then cooling winds came from the sea that made the fire a cheerful companion. But what of the approaching morn? Will it bring us the delightful south wind with its fragrance of flowers, or will the north wind come with its arctic breath and tossing seas? We, however, will wait for realities and with hopeful hearts seek our restful beds and let the gentle waves as they beat against our rocky ramparts sing us to sleep and sweet forgetfulness.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

PASADENA, Cal.—"Look out!" Zee! zip! zee! "Stop him!" Zip! "Clap on your thumb-brake!" Z-z-e-e-e-e! "Look out!" Zip! z-e-e! "Gone, by thunder!" and a very hot and red-faced man, his hands and arms trembling with exertion and excitement, swung a much-strained rod into the air with its swinging 4ft. of line—all that was left of 600ft. of tarpon line, at 1 cent a foot.

"Now, what was that, a cyclone?" asked the fisherman of the Santa Catalina boatman, who, with a suspicion of a smile, had been giving instructions to the novice.

"That's a tuna, sir," he replied, handing over a fresh line for the reel.

"Well," said the New Yorker, a well-known patron of sport, "I have fished in every water under the sun, I was going to say, but I have never had so much bottled lightning on a line before. That reel gave one scream and threw up its hands. Never mind, I'll have one of these fish if it takes all summer."

The line was soon reeled on, this time a 20oz. bass rod, used something like the tarpon rod, and putting out about 100ft. the oarsman renewed his oars and pulled up the abrupt shores of the beautiful island, a huge jumble of mountains rising out of the water; twenty miles off Los Angeles county, on the edge of the warm Japanese current, a region where big fish congregate in summer, coming up in great bands from Magdalena Bay and other localities in Lower California, where they winter in warmer waters.

The fisherman was taking his first trial, and with two rods out was watching the strange panorama of mountains and cliffs as they moved along.

"So Cabrillo discovered this island 350 years ago, did he?"

Zee-e-e-e—ze-e-e! came an answer from the reel, as 50ft. of the delicate fifteen-strand line was torn off in successive jerks.

The fisherman had the rod in a second and clapped on the extra leather brake, thus stopping the tremendous rush of the fish, that threatened to repeat the maneuver of ten minutes previous. This stopped to a degree, and 10, 20ft. came in on the reel, and the fisherman was congratulating himself that it was not so dangerous a fish

after all, when the oarsman shouted, "Look out! he's coming in for a rush."

And so he was. No sooner were the words uttered than the fish turned, and zee-e-e-e—ze-e-e, screamed the reel. The fisherman, unused to such tactics, was not quick enough, and the handle, revolving so fast that it was invisible, struck him on the hand, tearing off the flesh.

"Stop him, sir; stop him!" cried the oarsman, as yard after yard of line flew out, threatening to overrun.

Again the big leather brake was brought into play, and this time the fish rounded to so that the reel could be used. Then came the fine play of the desperate game. It tried all the tricks known to fishdom; dived deeply into the blue water and pounded on the line, hammering with its head in regular blows, then dashed away to the wild accompaniment of the click, click. Checked, it darted to the surface, glistening in the sun a moment and displaying all the splendors of the rainbow; then dived deeper and deeper, to sulk 150ft. in the heart of the blue channel, bearing against the line with all the power of a big salmon; lifting, rushing, pulling, bearing down, turning quickly—all the tricks known to fish and played before it was finally reeled within reach of the boat; and then, mad with fright and rage, it dashed away with a splendid effort, the zee—zee-ee of the steel click rising like the wail of a lost soul.

But it is the last rush and it is well that it is so, as the fisherman, in the twenty minutes' struggle, is shaking like a leaf. Up the fish comes, looking now like a great blaze of silver against the deep blue. One more turn and the magnificent fish sweeps alongside, the sun playing over it in a thousand tints; then the gaff lifts it struggling, quivering, into the air and the fisherman drops the rod, and breathing hard, gazes with admiration at his first Santa Catalina sea bass.

"Magnificent!" he exclaims. "How much will he weigh?"

"Thirty pounds," replied the boatman, and 31lbs. was its weight later on.

Another smelt is hooked on and the little boat goes gliding over the waves. Soon some large fish are seen following them. They have a golden hue and seem to slide down the waves. "Yellow-tails!" said the oarsman, looking over the shoulder of the fisherman at the fish not 10ft. away; then the water seemed to take on a golden glow and great fish divided, as the boat passed, and fairly filled the water.

"A school of yellow-tails," again said the oarsman; "lood out for the rods."

There were hundreds, apparently thousands, of fish from 15 to 50lbs. that actually colored the surface.

"Look out for the rods," repeated the oarsman, and at the moment the reel sounded the alarm. Bravo! what a rush!

The New Yorker had gotten the hang of it and the light rod was bending, the lighter line singing musically through the water. Every rush was met, and the gamy fish turned this way and that. It plunged deep into the ocean, then rose like a flash of light, dashed along the surface to plunge again like an arrow and sulk, and sulk, and sulk.

"Great sport!" exclaimed the sportsman after the tenth rush, "the greatest I've ever had;" adding, "it's a pity to kill so game a fighter."

In it came, making great rushes to and fro as the fisherman turned it, finally succumbing to the gaff; 28lbs. of as game a fish as ever swam.

These two fish were types of the principal game fishes of Santa Catalina Island, Southern California. The sea bass (*Cynoscion*) is an ally of the weakfish of the East, and runs from 20 to 60lbs.; it is a rich golden bronze in color. The yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*) runs from 3 to 4½ft. and from 15 to 60lbs.; the average being 20lbs. In general appearance it looks something like the bluefish, the upper portion being a rich, iridescent blue, while the fins and tail are yellow, giving the fish a beautiful appearance in the water. The fish is caught with light rods and tackle, the oarsmen or fishermen being noted for their skill and endurance, and it may be truly said that a new sport is born.

A St. Augustine Drum.

A ST. AUGUSTINE correspondent sends us this report of drum fishing, from the *Herald* of that city:

Messrs. Taylor, of the Casino, and Frank Dodd, Gardner and Bowers, went drum fishing yesterday, assisted by three wards of the nation whose duty it was to prepare bait and bring the fish home, but the gentlemen named did the fishing, and deserve all the credit for the big catch, which consisted of six drum, of which Mr. Taylor caught three. These three, after being dusted off, and having their scales combed down, their wounds hidden from view, and otherwise made to look as pretty as possible for the inspection of the ladies, were placed on exhibition at the Alcazar, with their weights marked on card board stuck in their mouths, and looked so much like they were telling the truth that nobody had the heart to doubt the figures, which were 52½, 52½ and 36. Mr. Taylor thinks that the drum must have shrunk fully 18 per cent., which statement is entitled to consideration anyhow, and no one can disprove it. But it isn't the fish that were caught, that are entitled to extended notice, so much as the one that wasn't caught, which was one of the most accommodating and versatile drums on record. All of the gentlemen agree that it was the largest one they ever saw, and although it was brought to the surface several times it could not be landed, because its body was impenetrable to the gaff hook, and even a set of grappling irons which were brought into use were of no avail. This was on account, it is said, of a thick growth of oysters which had attached themselves to the body of the fish. From the size of the oysters, it was judged that they had been growing on the fish for at least eighty or ninety years. Another peculiarity of his drum was that it would, when brought to the surface of the water, stand erect on its tail, flap its fins and drum for a minute at a time, much to the delight of the audience and apparently to itself. There is not another case on record where a drum fish ever gave utterance to its unusual sounds while out of the water, and the gentlemen say that there was a peculiar musical harmony about it, not unlike the effects of the kettledrum in the grand climaxes of the works of some of the famous composers. Another peculiar thing about this fish was that after giving a performance of nearly three quarters of an hour, it got tired and slid off with hook, line, gaff hook, grappling irons and all. It is really a pity that it was not caught.

ANGLING NOTES.

"My Guide had a Strike."

I HAVE just read an angler's letter to a contemporary journal, in which he says: "We had been out but ten minutes when my guide had a strike. Then we were all excitement until we landed our first salmon."

I do not know as it is the acme of sport, but it comes pretty near it, to pay a guide \$3 (or such a matter) a day and board, with extras for bait, boat, dogs, etc., and have him catch the fish or kill the deer, as the case may be; but there are a few men in this wide world who do not enjoy second-hand bliss any more than they enjoy a second-hand shirt, and the man that I am most intimately acquainted with of all the inhabitants of the globe is one of them. Perhaps it is a mere matter of taste—and matters of taste should not be introduced in this column—but anyone who objects can, with this advance notice, skip what I will write. After all, the frankness of the writer whom I have quoted excites my warmest admiration, for instead of saying "me and Betsy," he says, "we landed our first salmon," after admitting that it was the guide who had the strike. There are men who would have used the first person singular in that sentence and let it go out to a receptive public without any notice of copartnership, as required by law.

A few years ago a friend of mine, a well-known New York angler, was fishing at a resort on Lake Champlain, and one evening he told me that he was tired of waiting on his boatman, and the next day he would insist that the boatman should leave his rod on shore. He did so, and for one day this boatman waited on the man who paid him for his services and that night he threw up his job, for he would not row unless he could fish. I once had the same experience in West Virginia. On the other hand, when I was fishing at Parmachenee Lake in Maine I one day handed my rod to my guide to cast for a while, as my right shoulder was lame from a fall following a dislocation, and I had to urge him to cast while I rested; but John Danforth had the best trained guides to be found in all my experience, as they had to serve an apprenticeship under his personal supervision before they obtained a diploma to guide the visitors to Camp Caribou.

I must except one man in this general round-up, John Cogswell, peace to his ashes! who served me as guide and friend in Wyoming and Utah nearly thirty years ago, but he, perhaps, was more friend than guide, which made him so unlike the average guide of this day. There are guides, however, who do not expect to get a per diem job of rowing and then do most of the fishing for the men who employ them, but they are the exception if I may judge from my own experience of fishing resorts.

Naturally a guide will understand his home waters far better than the visiting angler, and if he is one of the kind who wishes to have the best fishing for himself he will be quite apt to get it.

Such a guide once anchored his boat very carefully and prepared to fish, when the angler quietly told him he would change places in the boat with him, and he did. The boat was anchored over a wall of rocks running at right angles to the length of the boat, and the bow offered good fishing and the stern did not, but the angler would not have known of the situation had he not been warned by a previous victim of the guide's enterprise and love of fishing where the most and biggest fish were to be found. It is always safe to change places with the guide if he develops a fondness for getting his hook first into the water and the last out, and has no time to pass the bait bucket. Fortunately all guides are not of this pattern, and the others are devoted to the interest of those who employ them, and if they fish their fishing is an incident and not the principal feature of the day's outing. It is funny, but one rarely sees the guide's score in print, or if it is printed I must have overlooked it, and that is what made the words I have quoted at the head of this note seem so queer to me when I read them.

Special Fish and Game Protectors.

One amendment to the game law of New York is chapter 284 of the laws of 1896, approved April 17. I am specific about this, for I happen to have business in Albany, where they know something about game laws, new and old, and it was stated in one of the departments that this amendment had not become a law, but I found in the office of the Secretary of State that it had become a law under the title I have given. This amendment provides that the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission may, in its discretion and at pleasure, appoint or remove a person recommended by a majority of the supervisors of any county, or by any incorporated game club for the protection of fish and game as special protector and forester, who shall possess the same powers that are enforced upon the State protectors and foresters. Such special protectors and foresters shall receive no compensation from the State. They shall make similar reports to those required from the State protectors and foresters.

Before the passage of this amendment, special protectors and foresters could be appointed only on the recommendation of a board of supervisors at their annual session.

Acting under the new law, the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at their last meeting appointed John Commerford, of Bisby Lake, and James H. Miller, of Honnedaga Lake, special protectors and foresters, upon the recommendation of the Adirondack League Club. John Callahan, of Hamilton county; George A. Monk, of Rossie; Fred Apple, of Cedars; Chauncy Shaven, of Turnwood, were appointed special protectors and foresters upon the recommendation of the Black Lake and Alder Lake clubs.

Squat Net.

A correspondent asks what a "squat" net is, and says he cannot find it in the Century Dictionary. I do not know as a squat net can be found in any dictionary, for I never have looked for one in a dictionary; but they can be found a-plenty along the Hudson River and elsewhere, and many of the State game protectors could produce a number of them if they have not been destroyed. The net is a square, nearly flat net, supported by sticks arched from opposite corners and crossing over the center of the net. A rope is fastened at one end to the sticks or the place where they cross and the other end is fastened to a lifting pole. It is operated by lowering the net into water and lifting it again. The man or boy sits on the shore end of the pole as the fulcrum, his hands grasping the pole in front of him is the power, and the net is the weight, all

of which would make it appear that it would be fully as appropriate to call it a lever net, if the operator did not "squat" on the shore end of the lifting pole.

Steelhead Trout.

Commissioner Brice, of the United States Fisheries Commission, has assigned 75,000 eggs of the steelhead trout to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York. The eggs came from the Fort Gaston station in California, and 50,000 were sent to the Caledonia station and 25,000 to the Cold Spring Harbor station on Long Island, and all have been hatched successfully considering that one lot of eggs *en route* encountered the hot spell. The fry from the Caledonia station will be planted in Lake George, and the fry from Cold Spring Harbor will be planted in streams on Long Island flowing into the sea. They are the first of this species to be planted in New York. At one time the rainbow trout was declared to be the young of the steelhead salmon, as it was first called, but later on investigations proved the two fish to be separate species, and the steelhead was declared to be a trout and not a salmon.

The steelhead trout is a large game fish growing to 30lbs. in weight, and is a better breeder in confinement than the red-throat trout, also called the black-spotted trout of the Rocky Mountains. This too is the only trout on this continent, according to Jordan, that is entitled to be called salmon trout, and even the name salmon trout has given way to steelhead.

The lake trout, a fish which inhabits deep, cold lakes, and is never by any chance anadromous, is still called salmon trout in New York State, in spite of resolutions of the Fish Commission and repeated protests.

Hewitt Pond.

A few days ago the telegraph informed a large number of the daily papers that Hewitt Pond in the Adirondacks had been sold, with the land surrounding it, to private parties, who would erect a lodge on its shore, and the implication was that the pond would be closed to the public. At once a number of anglers who have fished Hewitt Pond for years were in a flutter. My first knowledge of the alleged sale was in a telegram, asking me if it was true, but I knew nothing about it except what the newspapers said.

I have looked into the matter to this extent: Hewitt Pond is partly on lots 108 and 109, in township 26, Essex county, and partly on lot 1, in township 30, of the same county. Lot 1 and lot 109 belong to the State, and they are within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, and the State could not sell the tract if it wished to. I understand that the shore of the pond on lot 108 belongs to ex-Senator Collins and ex-Clerk of the Assembly De Freest, of Troy, and they would not sell it, and if they did it would not close the pond to the public. The pond is not far from Aidee Lain, and since I was a boy it has been open to those who wished to fish it.

"An Angler's Basket."

It seems but a few weeks ago that the English angling papers announced the death of T. E. Pritt, angling editor of an English newspaper and perhaps best known on this side of the ocean through his books upon the grayling and artificial trout flies. I can remember well the impression it made upon me when I opened Mr. Pritt's book, "Yorkshire Trout Flies," in a book store in Boston, and saw the colored reproductions of what he believed to be the correct flies for trout fishing. I thought they might do for England, for Mr. Pritt was an authority on the subject, but they would not do for America. To-day I have in my fly-books many of the flies portrayed in the volume I would not buy because I thought it useless to me.

At Mr. Pritt's death he left the MS. of a book called "An Angler's Basket," and Rev. C. P. Roberts, M. A., president of the Northern Anglers' Association, has kindly undertaken to see the work through the press in the interest of Mrs. Pritt. The names of subscribers will be printed in the subscription copies of the volume. The price of the book will be six English shillings, and orders sent to Abel Heywood & Son, 56 and 58 Oldham street, Manchester, England, will be credited to Mrs. Pritt.

Maine Trout and Salmon in New York.

At the New York Sportsmen's Exposition I fear that I unconsciously hurt Miss Fly Rod's feelings by referring to the condition of the large trout and landlocked salmon in the tanks of the Maine exhibit, but it was true that some of the fish had developed fungus, and some had been bruised by jumping from the tanks onto the floor of the garden, and it would have been difficult in my opinion to obtain an absolute clean bill of health for them from one familiar with fish in perfect condition. Miss Fly Rod was entitled to great credit, however, for bringing the fish to New York in as good condition as she did, for it is not an easy matter to transport such large trout and salmon, and the season was not favorable, for the fish had not recovered their form since the breeding season.

A few days ago I saw the same lot of fish at the New York Aquarium, and Miss Fly Rod would have been pleased to see them as I did. The bruises of the acrobatic salmon were nearly healed, and the fungus was nearly gone from the big trout that was the worst of the lot in this respect, and all were in good health and taking on flesh rapidly. Fortunately the fungus had not eaten through the skin of the fish when they came into the hands of Dr. Bean, the director of the Aquarium, and he placed them in salt-water tanks with the result that I have stated. The water was nearly the full strength of sea water in its saline qualities.

An English fishculturist has stated that he kept a trout (*fario*) in salt water for twenty-one days without injury to the fish. I think there is a trout in the New York Aquarium that has been in salt water for a year, but I may have confused the time with that of a trout I saw at the Central Station of the U. S. Fish Commission in Washington, which was kept in salt water for more than a year. Why the English gentleman should consider it remarkable that a fresh-water trout would live for twenty-one days in salt water, and note it in his book, I cannot say; but our common brook trout run down into salt water when they have the opportunity and remain until they are coated with silver. The sea trout of Canada are only the *fontinalis* that have made a journey to the sea, and put off their sea livery of silver and resume their spots when they have returned to fresh water. The trout at the Central Station and the one at the aquarium,

however, have not put on the silver of the usual sea-run fish. This is because the surroundings of the fish in the tanks are so like a brook that there is no change in coloring the fish, which quickly adapts its external coloring to its surroundings. This is an indication that a brook trout at sea does not remain at the bottom, or if it does, that the bottom is of white sand.

Years ago in this journal I told of trout in fresh water that never tasted salt water putting on the silvery mantle over the spots. The trout ran down from a mountain stream into a lake where the bottom was of white and glistening sand, and there they turned as silvery as a sea-run fish, and remained so until they returned to the brook and discarded the silver for their normal coloring.

The trout in that stream do the same thing to-day, and the natives living there still swear that they are two kinds of trout totally different.

Dr. Bean will have an opportunity at the aquarium to show how many different colors trout may assume at will by changing the colors of their environment.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEWS OF BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, May 16.—A friend writing me from Bangor under date of May 11 says that the fishing at the Bangor Pool during the past week has been very fair. About a dozen large salmon have been taken during that time and the indications point to a continuation of the sport. Several anglers from other cities have been fishing there recently, one of the most prominent being Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn. This gentleman may truthfully be called an expert on the Bangor salmon fishing, having fished there each spring for many years. He passed through Boston on his way home a day or two ago and called on me during his short stay at the Hub. With J. M. Johnson and W. A. Briscoe, of Norwich, he has been fishing the pool during the last ten days, and the party captured eleven fish. Mr. Mitchell landed five, weighing respectively 7, 10, 21, 22, 22½ lbs.; Mr. Johnson three, weighing 11, 19, 21½ lbs., and Mr. Briscoe three, weighing 18, 21, 24½ lbs. There were eighteen fish in all taken during their stay at the pool, and the eleven taken by the Norwich party speaks well for their skill and perseverance. Although fairly successful in this year's fishing, Mr. Mitchell thinks the fishing at Bangor is gradually growing poorer, and without a determined effort is soon made to limit the seining down the river the pool will soon cease to be an attraction for anglers. Time and again during the last few years I have heard of intentions to protect the Penobscot salmon, but these intentions have borne but little fruit as yet, and I fear will not until it is too late. I hear that F. C. Ayer, of Bangor, has done no fishing at the pool whatever this season, although in past years he has devoted many days to the sport and has always been very successful. Mr. Ayer will go to the upper waters of the Restigouche later on, accompanied by his son. Mr. Mitchell will leave about June 1 for the Restigouche, to fish the Grog Island pools. He will stay there during June and probably a part of July, and will be joined by Mr. Ayer at some time during his stay.

A feature of the fishing at Rangeley since the ice went out, according to a letter received by a Boston man from a friend who is at the lakes, is the fact that the salmon have been rising freely, while the trout have been very backward. Mr. C. H. Edson has received a message from his friend Henry Hobart, who, with his daughter, is at the lakes, saying that they have taken four salmon, two of 7½ lbs. each, one of 8½ lbs., and one of 3½ lbs. The news caused Mr. Edson to decide that he wanted a part of that kind of sport himself, so he will leave to join Mr. Hobart on Saturday. The Tuttle party, consisting of R. A. Tuttle, W. N. Boylston and C. F. Hutchins, of Boston, and E. H. Sampson, of New York, with two or three other friends, leave for the Rangeleys in a special car on Saturday morning. They go to their old headquarters, the Lake Point Cottage, at the outlet of Rangeley Lake. Last year Mr. Boylston made a phenomenal score in one day's fishing—a regular record breaker—and he has every hope of duplicating it on this trip.

On Friday evening, W. L. Emery and G. R. Whitcher, of Brockton, Mass., started on their sixth annual spring trip to Moosehead Lake. They go first to Greenville, at the foot of the lake, and taking one of the small steamers, which they have chartered, will cruise around the lake ten days, fishing all the best places. They have two guides engaged and will live on the boat, and, according to Mr. Emery's statement, it is the best fun on earth.

Dr. J. C. French, of Boston, has just returned (a perfect picture of health) from a winter's shooting trip to Texas and Arkansas. He has had great sport with the wild turkeys, and killed one immense gobbler of 32½ lbs. weight. He thinks these birds about the smartest specimens of wild game he has ever hunted, and has so much admiration for their ability that he suggests placing them on the American dollar instead of the eagle, which he thinks stupid as compared with his favorite. The Doctor is now planning his summer campaign of sport, and leaves Boston in a few days for Moosehead. From there he will go to the Katahdin Iron Works, then to Lake Edward, and the Grand Discharge at Lake St. John in Canada.

The Boston Athletic Association have purchased a half dozen canoes and will place them on the Charles River at Riverside for the benefit of members who wish to use the paddle. In addition to the club purchase several individual members have ordered separately, and it now looks as though the B. A. A. colors will be a common sight on the Charles this summer.

There is a regular thinning out of Boston anglers going on now, and every man who can possibly get away from the iron grip of business has either left for the lakes or is planning to go very soon. J. B. Carpenter is one of the fortunate ones who has a fair future before him. He leaves on Sunday for the Schoodic Lakes, intending to return after ten days only to prepare for going away again, with the idea of devoting the entire summer to fishing and its attendant pleasures. Waldron Bates is another Boston man who will try hard to enjoy himself with rod and reel during the next few weeks. Bar Harbor will claim him first, and while there he will have the pleasure of trying the Mount Desert streams and ponds, which, by the way, have a good reputation for trout. He expects to run up to the Bangor salmon pool quite frequently, and between the two places ought to find fishing enough.

Business or other causes may for a time compel a man who enjoys fishing to abandon his annual trips, but as

soon as these causes are removed his mind reverts to the old scenes and he seizes the first opportunity to brush up his tackle and get away to the old waters. An example of this kind has just come under my observation in the person of T. D. Blake, of the Blake Pump Co., of Boston, who left a few days ago for Grand Lake in Maine. He used to go there a great deal years ago, but has not been for seven years. It is needless to say that he entered into this trip with the keenest enjoyment, and I trust his success will be so great that he will feel well repaid for the seven long years of inaction which he has undergone.

The Bangor and Aroostook country is reaping a fair harvest of sportsmen now, and there are many inquiries as to the best fishing waters of that region and the best way of reaching them. One of the largest parties I have heard of that is bound for northeastern Maine will leave on Sunday night and consists of B. and F. T. Fuller and Frank Crane, of Boston; Dr. A. K. P. Harvey, of Somersworth, N. H.; Samuel Shaw, of Brockton, Mass., and two or three other gentlemen. They will enter the woods at Stacyville on the B. & A. R. R., then to east branch of the Penobscot, and up that stream twenty miles to their camps. Every man will have his own canoe and guide, making each individual independent of his companions. They will be away about two weeks and are well enough equipped to achieve great results.

A letter from Harry M. Pierce, under date of May 12, states that the ice went out of Big King Lake on the 9th inst. This is the chief lake on the King & Bartlett preserve, and Mr. Pierce prophesied clear water on May 10, as mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM two or three weeks ago. He adds to his letter that the fly-fishing on the day after the ice went out was the best he ever saw. Three 1½ lb. trout at a cast were quite common, and he honestly thinks he could have filled his boat had he so desired. Harry is no trout hog, however, and all except enough for the needs of the table were placed back with care. I know a number of Boston men (myself included) who would have given much to have been with him on that occasion.

E. S. Thayer, of Salem, Mass., returned a few days ago from Newfound Lake, N. H., where he has been fishing for landlocked salmon. He landed three, and lost some others through not being strongly hooked. Mr. Thayer thinks he was a little too early, and will go up again next week to try again. Samuel and N. S. Wax, of Boston, who were at Newfound at the time of Mr. Thayer's visit, landed a 6 lb. trout and a 5 lb. salmon. Mr. Samuel Wax had one crushing disappointment which he cannot speak of without strong expressions of disgust. He hooked a very large salmon (estimated weight all the way from 12 to 60 lbs.) and had him right at the side of the boat ready for the guide to lift in, when the ungrateful monster lazily flopped over on his side, the hook let go, and away he sailed, well tired out, I opine, but still in the swim.

HACKLE.

Boston, May 13.—The first party of the season to the camps of the Duck Lake Club, at the Schoodics, is off, and a happy party it is. In the party are some of the most prominent members of the boot and shoe manufacturing trade, as well as merchants, and one member of the gun and fishing tackle trade. The party is composed of Herbert L. Harding, Geo. W. Wheeler, E. C. Johnson, C. W. Shaw, H. R. Brown, Edward Read, W. B. Lambert and H. O. Underwood. A party of eight would at first seem unwieldy, but it must be remembered that the club has three fine camps at the Schoodics: one at Duck Lake, one at Pleasant Lake, and one at Grand Lake. Mr. Lyman Underwood is already at the camps, having been there for some days superintending the getting ready. The camps are all within a radius of about 12 miles, and each is provided with all arrangements for sport and comfort, and the party can easily be divided. All the members of the club speak in the highest terms of what they enjoy there. The fishing is as good as reasonable men can ask for, while the camps are fitted for comfort with big open fireplaces. The club has a membership of 24, a full quota, with several on the waiting list. One gentleman, who went there for the first time a year ago, is now an enthusiast, and has been counting much on his trip this year. Landlocked salmon are small there compared with Sebago, but they are gamy and fine eating. The lakers are mentioned as remarkably clean-built and good fighters, compared with the same fish in other lakes.

The first party of fishermen to the home of the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick, will leave Boston on the 27th of May via steamer to St. John, and thence by teams to Inglewood.

Mr. Eugene G. Partridge hopes to get a few days of Rangeley fishing about the first of June. Later he will go to his camps on Anabesecook Lake, Winthrop, Me. His friend, Mr. B. G. Ackerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., early fled to the Rangeleys this year, with a party of friends and his son, C. C. Ackerman. In the party are also C. E. Saffron and J. B. Watkins. A year ago Mr. Ackerman had concluded to give the Rangeleys the "cold shoulder" forever. But the resolution has lasted him a year. So it is with many. The Brackett and Clark party is off for the Rangeleys, going on the 16th. Mr. F. C. White, of Brockton, is in the party this year. Undoubtedly the Upper Dam will be the headquarters of the party, where Messrs. Brackett and Clark have fished for so many years. The Ackerman party is also quartered there.

E. H. Wakefield, Jr., is off for Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H., again. Mr. John E. Devlin is with him this time. They started Friday. This time Mr. Wakefield feels sure of a salmon, and a big one. All the spring the fish in that lake have refused to bite; indeed they have not been seen. But a report on Thursday said that they were "breaking in good shape all over the pond." Mr. C. S. Stearns, of Boston, fished Pleasant Pond, Scytheville, N. H., two days, April 30 and May 1, faithfully, with not a salmon to his creel. This pond was opened to fishing last year for the first time since restocking, and some very fine salmon were taken. But this year there has been little success reported thus far. On the pond the day Mr. Stearns fished there were about eighty boats, with only one trout ½ lb. weight taken. The pond is very easy of access from Concord and other cities, and the danger is that it will be excessively fished.

Mr. Chas. L. Bly and Mrs. Bly left Saturday for their first fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake this season. They are to be absent a week or more. The Mohawk Club will start for Round Mountain Lake on the 21st, in-

stead of the 28th, as first intended. The ice left that lake sooner than expected, and the members of the club fear that the fishing may be ahead of them if they are not on the wing. The party is a representative one, including some of the first business and professional men of Bradford and Haverhill. In the party are C. W. Arnold, D. F. Dudley, G. E. Emerson, H. I. Pinkham, D. T. Kennedy, C. H. Davis, A. P. Jaques, R. E. Traiser, Jacob Moses and P. B. Heintz. Most of the gentlemen visit Round Mountain Lake for the first time, and it is expected that they will bring away good impressions and all the fish reasonable sportsmen desire.

The Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lake's Railroad was opened to the public on the 15th from Rumford Falls to Bemis. Fishermen can now leave Boston at 9 A. M. and arrive at Bemis at about 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day. Another train is to be run, leaving Portland at 8:30, which will arrive at Bemis at about P. M. Parlor cars are to be attached to both trains. Sportsmen with whom I have talked, though sorry that the Rangeleys are thus opened to broad gauge railroad and parlor cars, say that they are willing to make the best of it and go through from Boston in one day with all comfort. New York can be left at night and Mooselucmaguntic Lake reached the next evening, with sleeping and parlor cars all the way. So the world moves. Stages and buckboards for many miles, with two and three days time to the Rangeleys, are within the early collections of all of us.

Salmon are being taken at Rangeley Lake in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. C. P. Stevens writes me that up to dark Monday seven landlocked salmon had been taken. Their united weight was 42lbs., and ranged as follows: One of 8½lbs., by Ed. Lowell; one of 5½lbs., one of 2½lbs., and one of 7½lbs., by C. P. Stevens; one of 8½lbs., one of 6½lbs. and one of 3lbs., by E. Wyman. This is a most remarkable opening of landlocked salmon at Rangeley Lake; for those most gamy fish have heretofore been far between, though the lake has been stocked for a number of years.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney is off for his home camps, at Mosquito Brook, Molechunkamunk Lake. He makes his beautiful camps his summer home, with his family. Mr. Whitney has visited his camps almost every season for very many years. He was one of the pioneer fishermen to the Richardson Lake. He has also spent whole winters there with his family, including servants and tutors for his children. A great lover of fish and game, he has never taken either out of season.

Mr. Augustus Phinney has gone to the Upper Dam for a couple of weeks' fishing.

SPECIAL.

OPENING OF THE CANADIAN ANGLING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Canadian angling season has been well and duly opened. As anticipated in my last it is even earlier than usual, notwithstanding the late lingering of winter in the lap of spring. The ice, which left most of the smaller lakes hereabouts ten days and more ago, left Lake Edward on the 11th inst. and Lake St. John on the 12th. On the latter mentioned lake it had been broken, especially around the shore, for nearly a week previous to its departure, and there was clear water in and near the mouths of all the rivers. In the bay at the mouth of the Metabetchouan the French-Canadian fishermen of the place have been catching ouananiche with bait for some days past, and by this time there is undoubtedly good sport to be had off the Roberval shore. Mr. Frank Ross, who controls the fishing in the mouth of the Oniatichouan, is about to open the fly-fishing season there with a party of friends from England. There ought to be good sport there by the 20th inst. I am still of the opinion that June 8 or 10 will be early enough to find good fly-fishing in the Grande Décharge for ouananiche; but by the 18th or 20th inst. the trout in the inland lakes, if not in the streams, should be rising to surface lures. Further south, in the immediate vicinity of the city, one or two fair strings of fish have already been taken out of lakes St. Charles and Beauport by fly-fishers, and bait proved killing as early as Saturday last in the Stadacona Lakes, where the catch of J. E. Livernois on that date included a 5lb. *fontinalis*.

The water, which has been unusually high this spring all over the north country, is now falling rapidly, as there has been virtually no rain at all since the disappearance of the snow. It is sincerely to be hoped that we may be spared a repetition of the uncomfortable spell of wet weather that greeted American anglers in Canada last year throughout the best of the spring fishing season in the last part of May and beginning of June.

In about a week or ten days a party of well-known anglers is expected here on its way to the Nomantum Club House, on Lac des Commissaires. The party includes G. E. Hart, superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Co., and I. L. Atwood, of Waterbury, Conn., and W. Durand, the manufacturing jeweler, of Newark, N. J. Mr. C. E. Turner, of Waterbury, who accompanied the party last year, will be missed both in Quebec and at the club house this season, for he is "chained to business," and writes me that he is doing the most of his fishing just now in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Yesterday I just missed seeing Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, who passed through on his way to the Metabetchouan Club's preserve, on Lake Kiskisink. Messrs. F. N. Bonham, of the Bridgeport National Bank, and J. P. Warner are already at the club house, as also are Mr. P. Page, of Summit, N. J., and Maj. Bailey and Messrs. Buckingham and Parsons, of Washington. To-morrow the party will be reinforced by a baker's dozen of Meriden (Conn.), anglers, headed by Mr. Francis Stevenson, who are to leave Quebec by a special train on the Lake St. John R'y.

Among others who have passed through Quebec on their way to their fishing grounds within the past few days are Dr. Beardsley, of Brooklyn, Mr. C. W. Alling, of Newark, N. J., and Messrs. J. W. Cromwell and E. W. Caggishall, of New York.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., is here on his way to his salmon river, the Romaine.

E. D. T. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 15.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

NEW FISH FOR THE PACIFIC.

A Review of the History and Results of the Attempts to Acclimatize Fish and Other Water Animals in the Pacific States.

BY HUGH M. SMITH, M. D.

From the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission.

FEW subjects connected with the utilization of our natural resources present greater interest than the possibilities for the successful transfer of useful animals from one section of the country to another and their acclimatization in new regions. The benefits that may accrue to a community or section through the introduction of new resources are various, and there are few parts of the country in which valuable non-indigenous animals are not now found.

In the case of water animals the benefits of successful acclimatization are doubtless proportionally greater than with any other class, owing to the little attention they require after introduction, their extraordinary fertility as compared with land animals, and the slight labor and expense incident to their utilization. At the same time, it is apparent that the difficulties in the way of introduction of fish, mollusks, etc., are greater than with other animals; the drawbacks in the mere transportation are often very serious, especially when long journeys are to be made; while the uncertainties attending the deposition of the animals, the determination of the general results, and the gauging of the economic effects are much greater.

Among other influences militating against the successful introduction of fishes and other aquatic animals into new areas, in addition to those incident to their transportation, are the following: (1) Unsuitable water temperature; (2) unsuitable food; (3) unfavorable topographical condition of the bottom; (4) absence of suitable rivers for anadromous fish; (5) enemies and fatalities acting on a relatively small number of individuals.

The results attending the experimental introduction of aquatic food animals into the waters of the Pacific States must be regarded among the foremost achievements in fishculture. The striking illustrations here presented of the influence of man over the supply of free swimming anadromous fishes, to say nothing of his ability to affect the abundance of non-migratory species, are of great economic and scientific interest.

Aside from the direct economic results which have followed the introduction of East coast fishes into the waters of the Pacific States, a very important basis has been furnished for judging of the general effects of artificial methods in regions where the object of fishcultural operations has been to maintain and increase the abundance of native species. Attention was first drawn to this phase of the subject in an article contributed by the writer to the issue of *Science* for Aug. 18, 1893, in which the following paragraph appears:

Of scarcely less consequence than the actual results of shad introduction on the west coast is the important bearing which the success of the experiment must have in determining the outcome of artificial propagation in regions in which it is not possible to distinguish with satisfactory accuracy the natural from the artificial conditions. If these far-reaching, and no doubt permanent, results attend the planting, on few occasions, of small numbers of fry in waters to which the fish are not indigenous, is it not permissible to assume that much more striking consequences must follow the planting of enormous quantities of fry, year after year, in native waters? There is no reasonable doubt that the perpetuation of the extensive shad fisheries in most of the rivers of the Atlantic coast has been accomplished entirely by artificial propagation. On no other supposition can the maintenance and increase of the supply be accounted for.

The zealous efforts of the fish commissioners of California to increase the quantity and variety of food and game fishes of the State deserve special recognition. For more than twenty-five years the energies of the commission have been almost constantly directed to the acclimatization of desirable fishes inhabiting the waters of the Eastern States. Their remarkable success when acting on their own behalf and in conjunction with the New York Fish Commission and the United States Fish Commission entitles them to the great credit and praise which they have received both from the inhabitants of California and from the people of other States and foreign countries. The other States of this section have also exhibited great interest in the improvement of their fish supply through the acclimatization of Eastern species.

Mention should be made of the efficient services rendered to fishculture by Mr. Livingston Stone in successfully taking fishes across the continent at a time when fish transportation was an undeveloped art and when the difficulties encountered would have discouraged one less enthusiastically interested and less competently informed on the general subject. To Mr. Stone more than to any other person is the direct credit due for the introduction of most of those fishes which have since attained economic prominence.

In this report I have considered all those species not already indigenous which have been introduced, or the introduction of which has been attempted, in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Nevada. Idaho has been included in the discussions because all its water courses are practically tributaries of the Columbia River, and fish planted in that stream might find their way into the State, while plants in the open waters of Idaho might produce results in Oregon and Washington. The proximity to California of the Nevada lakes and rivers in which new fishes have been planted, and the similarity of the fishery interests of the contiguous parts of the two States, have appeared to warrant the inclusion of Nevada in the list. In the case of a few species having special interest, reference to their acclimatization in Utah has been made.

An interesting chapter might be prepared treating of the experimental introduction of native Western fishes into new waters of the region; as, for instance, the acclimatization of the chinook salmon and rainbow trout in landlocked Nevada waters and the successful transplanting of the Sacramento perch (*Archoplites interruptus*) in Nevada; but this subject is foreign to the scope of the present paper.

It is intended in this paper to recount the history of the introduction of each aquatic species; to record the general results of the experiments; to state what is known of the habits of the animals in their new environment, and to give an account of the economic importance attained and of the fisheries prosecuted.

The following fish and other aquatic animals receive special mention and will be considered in the order given:

- (1) The bullhead or horned pout.
- (2) The white catfish.
- (3) The spotted catfish.
- (4) The carp.
- (5) The tench.
- (6) The goldfish.
- (7) The Hawaiian awa.
- (8) The shad.
- (9) The common whitefish.
- (10) The Atlantic salmon.
- (11) The landlocked salmon.
- (12) The Von Behr or European brown trout.
- (13) The Loch Leven trout.
- (14) The lake trout or Mackinaw trout.
- (15) The brook trout.
- (16) The muskellonge.
- (17) The pike or pickerel.
- (18) The eel.
- (19) The crappie or bachelor.
- (20) The strawberry bass or catco bass.
- (21) The rock bass.
- (22) The Warmouth bass.
- (23) The blue-zill or blue bream.
- (24) The green sunfish.
- (25) The large-mouth black bass.
- (26) The small-mouth black bass.
- (27) The yellow perch or ringed perch.
- (28) The wall-eyed pike or pike perch.
- (29) The striped bass or rockfish.
- (30) The white bass.
- (31) The tautog.
- (32) The American lobster.
- (33) The Eastern oyster.
- (34) The soft clam.

The Catfish.

At least three species of catfish—the white catfish (*Ameiurus catus*), the yellow catfish or bullhead (*Ameiurus nebulosus*), and the spotted catfish (*Ictalurus punctatus*)—inhabiting parts of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, have been transferred to the Pacific States. Catfish were taken to California in 1874 by Mr. Livingston Stone,* of the United States Fish Commission, and subsequently one or two species were introduced into Oregon and Washington. Mr. Stone's assortment of Eastern catfish consisted of fifty-six large Schuylkill catfish (*Ameiurus catus*) from the Raritan River, New Jersey, and seventy hornpouts or bullheads (*A. nebulosus*) from Lake Champlain, Vermont. The large white catfish were deposited in the San Joaquin River, near Stockton, Cal., and the bullheads were placed in ponds and sloughs near Sutterville, Sacramento county, Cal.; both plants were made on June 12, 1874.

The spotted catfish is probably the best of the tribe, and is the principal one distributed by the United States Fish Commission. In food value it is regarded by Jordan and Evermann as not inferior to the black bass. Several plants have in recent years been made in the Pacific States. In 1892 the following adult and yearling catfish were deposited in Washington waters in response to requests: Seventy-five in Clear Lake, Skagit county; 125 in a private pond near Vancouver; 50 in Deer Lake, in Stevens county. In 1893, 100 were placed in the Boise River, Idaho, a tributary of the Snake River. Ten were put in the Balsa Chico River, California, in 1895. Plants of yearlings were made in Lake Cuyamaca and Feather River, California, in 1891, each water receiving 250 fish.

The results attending the introduction of catfish in California were immediate and marked. As early as 1875 the State Commissioners reported on the matter as follows:

The Schuylkill catfish and the Mississippi catfish, placed in the San Joaquin River, have grown rapidly and spawned, but several of the large fish and many of the young ones have been caught by the fishermen near the San Joaquin Bridge, and have been returned to the river. The fishermen at that point are much interested in their successful cultivation, and seem desirous that they should be preserved. By another year they will be so numerous that they may be caught with safety and shipped to market, as it would be impossible to exhaust the river by ordinary fishing. The hornpouts, a species of small catfish from Lake Champlain, which were placed in the lakes near Sacramento, have increased so abundantly that nearly 1,000 have been caught and transported to the various lakes and sloughs in the Sacramento Valley.

In their report for 1876-77, the Fish Commissioners stated:

The seventy-four Schuylkill catfish imported in 1874, and placed in lakes near Sacramento, have increased to a vast extent. They already furnish an important addition to the fish food supply of the city of Sacramento and vicinity. From the increase we have distributed 8,400 to appropriate waters in the counties of Napa, Monterey, Los Angeles, Fresno, Tulare, Santa Cruz, Shasta, Solano, Alameda, San Diego, Yolo, Santa Barbara, and Siskiyou.

In 1878-79 the California Commissioners distributed 39,000 Schuylkill catfish to public waters in twenty-two counties, and reported as follows about the fish:

These have increased to millions and furnish an immense supply of food. They have become so numerous that they are as regularly on sale in the city markets as the most abundant native fish, and are sold at about the same prices. They thrive in our rivers and lakes, and in the still-water sloughs of our plains, as well as in the brackish sloughs in our tule lands. They appear to be equally at home in lakes on the mountains and in artificial reservoirs in the valleys. Many farmers who have natural ponds on their farms, or who have surplus waters from windmills and have made artificial ponds, have stocked them with this excellent fish. The produce of the few fish of this species, imported in 1874, now annually furnishes a large and valuable supply of fish food to people in the interior of the State. The value of all the fish of this species now caught annually and consumed as food would more than equal the annual appropriation made by the State and placed at the disposal of the Fish Commissioners. This variety of catfish has valuable characteristics which admirably fit it for wide distribution and for self-preservation in the struggle for existence.

The report of the California Fish Commission for 1880 shows that over 24,000 catfish were distributed in the State waters, and that the fish had become so numerous and widely scattered that further attention from the Commission was hardly demanded.

In considering the question of the economic value of the catfish and of the effects of its introduction on the native fishes, the Fish Commissioners make the following comment in their reports for 1883-84 and 1885-86:

It has been stated by fishermen that they would destroy all the native fish. It is our opinion that it was a timely act on the part of the former State Commissioners to plant them just when they did, as our native fish were giving out. * * * They are coming more into favor with our citizens every year. The prejudice that existed at the time of their introduction is fast dying out, and the majority of our people claim that they are a better food fish than the carp. Whether such be the fact is a matter of taste. The idea that they would destroy our native fish is a fallacy, as in the last two years statistics tend to show that such is not the fact.

Catfish are coming more into favor with citizens as food, and by a large class of consumers are preferred to carp. The planting of these fish was regretted by many and approved by more.

Catfish have been successfully introduced into the Columbia River and its tributary, the Willamette, but the full history of the planting is not recorded.

The history of the introduction of catfish into the waters of Nevada is very interesting. It appears that in 1877 Mr. H. G. Parker, the State Fish Commissioner, obtained from the Sacramento River, California, a large number of "Schuylkill" catfish (*Ameiurus catus*), which were deposited in Washoe Lake, the Truckee, Carson and Humboldt rivers, and several sloughs, 25,000 yearlings being placed in the Humboldt alone. In all these waters the catfish rapidly became acclimatized. In the report of the Nevada Commissioner for 1881 and 1882 it is stated that 2,000 catfish were distributed in various waters in those years, and that the results had been marked in all the waters stocked, thousands of pounds of catfish being

* See Report California Fish Commission, 1875-76, pp. 5, 6, 22, 30,

taken from Washoe Lake with hook and line in 1892. From the reports for 1883-84 and 1889-90 the following extracts are taken, which refer to the value of the catfish in waters where better fish cannot flourish, and to the economic importance which the fish have attained in Nevada.

From nearly every plant of catfish I have reports several times a year, and in every instance I have been complimented on the introduction of this very prolific and superior food-fish. Its hardy nature so well fits it for our saline and muddy waters that in localities where the trout can not flourish this fish is sure to thrive and multiply far beyond any of our transplants. In Washoe Lake, Carson and Humboldt rivers they are now found in such great numbers that anglers never abandon the pleasure until well-filled baskets and sacks mark the day's sport. For two years the Carson and Virginia markets have been to a great degree supplied with these fish from Washoe Lake. They find a ready sale at the highest prices. Thousands of pounds have been taken annually for the last eight or ten years, every family living near these waters supplying their table for about seven months of the year, while the markets of Carson and Virginia cities, although receiving large consignments, find such large sale that their stock is exhausted long before the most desirable salt-water fish find a purchaser. Add to this the fact of the number engaged in fishing for the market, and it will be seen that an industry has been developed not only giving employment to quite a number of men and boys, but furnishing a food fish of a most desirable and salable quality, and this through the workings of the Nevada Fish Commission. (Report for 1889-90.)

It is not possible to assign to each species of catfish its present distribution in the Pacific States. There is nothing in the habits of the two kinds known to have become acclimatized that would prevent both inhabiting the same waters, although the yellow catfish or bullhead (*A. nebulosus*) is probably more likely to be found in warm, muddy ponds, sloughs and ditches than is the other species, which on the East coast is commonly known as the channel catfish, in allusion to its habit of frequenting the deeper, colder and clearer parts of the rivers.

In California the catfish have a more general distribution than any other fish. The State Commissioners in 1880 asserted that there is no county in which these fish were not found; the wide distribution which the fish had given themselves had been supplemented by the efforts of the Commissioners, who from 1877 to 1879 planted them in thirty counties.

In California catfish are most numerous in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where the conditions are very favorable for their multiplication. They are found in most of the tributaries of those streams and in the sloughs connected therewith. They have ascended the Sacramento River as far as Kenneth, a station seventeen miles above Redding, and the San Joaquin to Tulare Lake. In 1886 Mr. William Utter, writing from Campo Seco, Calaveras county, reported that there were millions of catfish in the Mokelumne River, which joins the Sacramento River a short distance below Sacramento. Catfish are also found in several of the coast rivers of California.

In a "List of the Fishes Inhabiting Clear Lake, California," by Jordan and Gilbert, printed in the Fish Commission Bulletin for 1894, the bullhead (*A. nebulosus*) is recorded as very abundant, and the white catfish (*A. catus*) is reported as occasionally taken with the other species. In Lake Cuyamaca, near San Diego, catfish are reported as abundant, and some weighing 1½ lbs. have been taken with lines.

Catfish are generally distributed in the Lower Columbia River and in the Willamette and other tributaries. The limits of their range in the Columbia basin have not been determined. They are very abundant in the sloughs connected with the Willamette River below Portland. Mr. F. C. Reed, of Astoria, states that the catfish of the Columbia basin is the bullhead, and that the catfish proper (that is, the fork-tailed form) does not occur.

Food of Catfish.

The catfish have the reputation among the California fishermen of being large consumers of fry and eggs of salmon, sturgeon, shad and other fishes. This accords with their known habits in other waters. Mr. Alexander's examination, however, of the contents of several hundred stomachs of catfish in California and Oregon yielded only negative results as to the presence of young fish and ova.

Writing of the bullhead in Clear Lake, California, Jordan and Gilbert say that it is extremely abundant and is destructive to the spawn of other species. The scarcity of the valuable Sacramento perch in that lake, which they attribute to the carp, here as in the Sacramento River, may be partly due to the more numerous catfish, which feed almost exclusively on animal matter.

By some persons the catfish are held responsible for the scarcity of Sacramento perch in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Mr. Babcock writes that he is informed by reliable men living above Colusa that up to 1880 perch were very common there and catfish were seldom taken, but since that time the catfish have increased beyond all belief and the perch have almost disappeared. The supposed influence of the catfish on the abundance of the perch arises from the spawn-eating propensities of the catfish.

Mr. A. Paladini, an extensive and long-established dealer of San Francisco, believes that catfish are especially injurious to salmon in the Sacramento River, where he thinks they destroy large quantities of ova and fry. This matter is sufficiently important to warrant careful attention. It would seem that the centers of abundance of catfish are probably remote from the spawning grounds of salmon.

In California and Oregon catfish inhabit to a great extent waters in which few other fish could or do exist. In the lagoons and sloughs connected with the San Joaquin, Sacramento and Willamette rivers but few fish besides catfish are taken with the fyke nets and set lines. When fishing is done in the main streams, a number of varieties are caught with catfish, among which are split-tails (*Pogonichthys macrolepidotus*), hardheads (*Ptychocheilus oregonensis*) and carp (*Cyprinus carpio*), and, in the Columbia basin, young sturgeon (*Acipenser transmontanus*).

Few enemies and no diseases disturb the catfish in Pacific waters, according to Mr. Alexander. No fish are known to prey on them except the striped bass, and even that species must do so very rarely. In some instances the ingestion of catfish by striped bass results in the death of the latter, the formidable spines piercing the stomach and entering the abdominal walls of the bass.

As much of the largest part of the catfish yield of California is consigned to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, figures showing the receipts in those cities will give a fair idea of the quantity caught. Mr. Alexander's inquiries at Sacramento and Stockton and the writer's

examination of the books of the San Francisco dealers showed that in 1893 the shipments to those places were as follows:

	Pounds.
San Francisco.....	43,975
Sacramento.....	59,025
Stockton.....	36,000

Total.....139,000
The quantity of catfish sent from the principal shipping centers on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, as determined by Mr. Alexander, were as follows, the difference between these and the foregoing figures amounting to about 33,000 lbs., representing the aggregate of a number of minor shipments of which no record could be obtained:

	Pounds.
Red Bluffs, Fremont and Knight's Landing.....	40,000
Courtland.....	13,550
Isleton.....	12,000
Rio Vista.....	2,220
Bouldin Island.....	23,000
Jersey Landing.....	15,000

Total.....105,840
The catch by persons who make something of a business of fishing for catfish was not under 150,000 lbs. in 1893, and fully 50,000 lbs. additional would not more than cover the catch by farmers, boys and fishermen in other branches, most of which is consumed locally.

The gross value to the fishermen of the catfish caught for market was \$6,358, and the total value of the fish to the State in the year named may be estimated at \$8,500, making a very moderate allowance for the catfish used for home consumption.

The quantity of catfish taken for sale in the Columbia basin in 1893 was about 90,000 lbs., with a value to the fishermen of \$2,800. Comparatively large numbers were also consumed by lumbermen, farmers and others who fished for their own use. The receipts of catfish in Portland in 1893 amounted to 75,000 lbs.

The contention of the California Fish Commissioners in several of their reports already cited, that the value of all the catfish caught annually and consumed as food would more than equal the annual appropriation made by the State in the interests of the fisheries and fishculture, has probably been verified in a number of years. In 1893, when the fishery is known to have been less extensive than formerly, the appropriations exceeded the value of the catch by only \$1,500.

RHODE ISLAND FISHING.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game there was a large attendance and the prospects are very bright and encouraging for the coming year. The following officers were elected: President, Thomas W. Penny; Vice-Presidents, A. L. Andrews, Providence; John T. Fiske, Pascoag; W. S. Ballou, Woonsocket; C. Fred Crawford, Central Falls; A. S. Saugy, Providence, and A. D. Roberts, Woonsocket; Secretary, M. J. Flaherty, Providence; Treasurer, J. F. Russell, Providence; Advocate, C. A. Tower, Providence; Managing Board, William Moshler, A. L. Andrews, J. F. Russell, of Providence, and S. H. Roberts, Pawtucket, and President *ex-officio*.

There has been good sport along the trout brooks in this vicinity this season and several excellent catches have been reported. Among these I mention, Dr. J. W. Bond and Arnold Pickering, of this city, visited Greene, and that a streak of rare luck attended them is in evidence through the fact that they bagged thirty beautiful trout, the largest of which weighed 1 lb. and 3 oz., besides 40 lbs. of bull pout. F. Edgar Crumb, of Riverside, spent one day near Moosup, Conn., and upon his return showed about twenty trout, five of which weighed 8 lbs. They were beauties.

Albert Bates, of Hope, found a fox burrow on Nelson Colvin's farm near that village on the 2d, and in it a fox family consisting of eight members. He managed to dig out the entire lot without losing any, and the eight brushes will net him \$24 in bounties from the State. While he was corralling his foxes a party of hunters on a similar quest were 200 yds. distant and were considerably chagrined when they learned that he had probably captured all the foxes in that section of the valley.

William and Alpheus Chase, while cleaning out an old well near the village of Douglas recently, unearthed and killed thirty black snakes and seven adders, the largest, a black snake, measuring 6 ft. in length.

There was found on the Eugene F. Stillman farm, Westerly, the other day, a very old box turtle. On the top of the shell were the initials of Paul Maxson, with the date 1797. On the lower side of the shell were also these initials and dates: "A. S., 1808," and "J. F. S., 1855." These last initials stand for the names of Adam Stillman and J. F. Stillman, grandfather and father, respectively, of Eugene F. Stillman.

A resolution has been introduced into the General Assembly prohibiting fishing from traps in the waters of Narragansett Bay north of a line drawn from Seal Rock to Brenton's Reef and Beaver Tail.

George A. Lewis, of Wickford, on the 5th caught a basket of nine brook trout which measured from 9 to 13 in. in length. W. H. M.

The Ruination of the James River.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 14.—The take of black bass in the upper James has been very much smaller this season than in several years past. The winter was very open, there being but little snow; the run of bass should have been early and large. I can only attribute the small run of this fish to the fact of the river being filled with all kinds and sizes of nets, traps and other devices—which have a tendency to drive the bass from the waters in which nets and traps are placed. The State of Virginia is doing absolutely nothing to protect the fishing interest in the smaller streams. F. M. D.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

LITTLETON, Me., May 11.—Fish are commencing to bite quite freely and a number of very good strings are brought in daily. Reports from Masardis and Ashland are very encouraging and the season is sure to be a good one in that vicinity. Quite a number of deer have been seen in the clearings and are asserted to be quite tame, all of which goes to show that pot-hunters have been kept well in hand since the commencement of the close season.

MISS ISQUOI.

Trout and Pike in the Mississippi.

WABASHA, Minn., May 11.—The Father of Waters is not generally noted as being a trout stream, but occasionally trout are taken when fishing for other fish, as was done here a few days ago by a party while fishing for pike with a minnow. I have known of several being caught in the same way in years past. They are the genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and always of good size. They have also been taken in Lake Pepin. Some very large catches are made every year of pike and bass in this part of the Mississippi and at the mouth of Lake Pepin, where wall-eyed pike are caught weighing from 10 to 15 lbs. I hope friend Hough will happen up this way this season and catch and help eat one of the big pike, as he talked with me of doing last year. WABASHA.

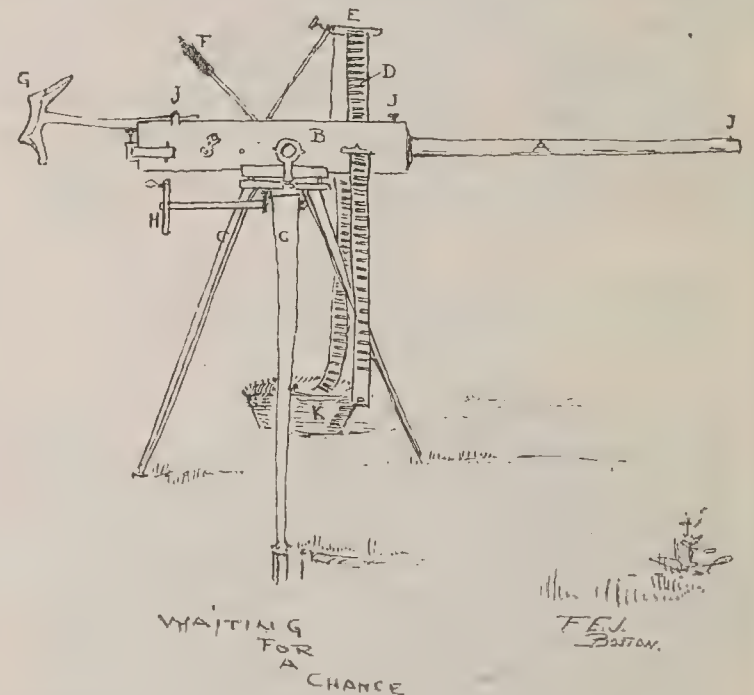
Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Problem Solved.

THERE seems to be a great diversity of opinion as to the proper caliber for large game. I have read from week to week in your glorious paper the ideas of some of our readers as to what is the proper caliber, and I have come to the conclusion that in case any one was really going to buy a rifle for large game and took the advice of every one of these different sportsmen, or even tried to average them, he would be in a pretty quandary. Here is one man says a .44-40 is just the thing, another recommends a .32 40, another a .40-82 and still another .50-110-500, and so we go on.

Now I inclose a little drawing of a patent, automatic, rapid-firing rifle. It can be had in any caliber you want, will use black or smokeless. Can be made to shoot single shot or 700 a minute when you feel extra bloodthirsty. Those who prefer still-hunting it is just what they want. All



you have to do is to get a couple of guides (?) to help you set the machine up in some unfrequented spot; take along enough provisions to last you for a month or so, and if any moose comes within half a mile he's yours.

To those who are still undecided as to the gun that they want, the best thing they can do is to send for this one. It only costs \$1,500, but it is a sure killer. The workings can be easily understood from the cut.

You first of all get it set up on the tripod, C, in some lonely spot where moose abound. Take along with you about 20 yds. of ammunition on a canvas strip, D. The barrel, A, is telescopic and slips into the breech, B. When you care you hear a moose—it may be a man, but don't you think—put the butt, G, to your shoulder; take aim in the direction from which you think the sound comes from through the sights, J J J; then pull the lever, F, for a second and let go of it. If in any case the moose don't jump out of the place you aimed at your ears must have deceived you. In this case, and you are pretty sure you did hear a moose, turn the wheel, H, and pull the lever, F, at the same time. This way the gun makes a complete circle firing at the rate of 100 per minute. If that moose, or whatever it happened to be, was within half a mile of you, all you have to do is to get up and look for its "carcass."

This gun can also be used successfully for cutting down trees.

THE SLAUGHTERER.

BOSTON, May 13.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. O. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

TRAINING HOUSE DOGS.

BALTIMORE, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "To the making of books there is no end," and the converse of this would seem to be that the mass of ignorance is so great that it has no beginning, for if there was not ignorance there would be no need of books. The making of books is a healthy sign, for it indicates on the one hand the enlarging of the world's store of knowledge, while on the other it indicates a most commendable readiness on the part of the masses to profit by the researches and discoveries of others. This fact was strongly impressed on me in looking over the list of books, rare gems of sporting literature, and comparing their variety and comprehensiveness with the dearth of sporting literature which prevailed within the memory of man. Not long ago we trusted to foreign publishers and foreign writers for our information on sporting subjects of field and stream. A writer then of mediocre ability, but with a well-rounded pretension, was accepted as a marvel of brilliancy, a genius, and so strong is the force of fame so acquired and the willingness of the people to accept their opinions at second hand that trashy and superficial writers on sporting subjects in the early days, ones who living in the present day would be ignored, still live on, and are quoted and heslaved with praise by a few hero worshipers, partly because it is fashionable, partly because the writers, if they cannot write anything original themselves, can at least attract notice by writing of those who have fame, and will thereby be more in view sitting at the feet of greatness than if they stood on their own feet with the multitude.

But I started to write of books on the dog. Of the training of hunting dogs there is a most complete literature, and all the different branches of training are frequently and fully discussed, but a matter of general interest, the training of house dogs and pet dogs, is rarely touched upon. This was brought emphatically to my attention a few days ago on accidentally coming into possession of a copy of "House and Pet Dogs, their Selection, Care and Training," published by FOREST AND STREAM; and it suddenly occurred to me that, considering the millions of dogs in the country, it was indisputably strange that so little attention was paid to their education about the house and yard. No doubt were its instructions followed dogs would be better behaved, would be more useful, would have their intelligence better developed and be in every way more companionable and serviceable at an earlier age. The author palpably had a most profound insight into dog nature, and interspersed in his teachings are many interesting and kindly expressed dissertations on dog nature, habits, ways of action and thought, besides the mere methods of teaching certain acts. It is all founded on the dog's intelligence. For instance, he says: "I commenced by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which I laid the card on which was the word 'food,' placing also by the side an empty saucer covered by a plain card. Van soon learned to distinguish between the two, and the next stage was to teach him to bring the card; this he now does and hands it to me quite prettily, and then I give him a bone or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and then he takes it back and changes it. This, however, does not often happen. Yesterday morning, for instance, Van brought me the card with 'food' on it nine times in succession, selecting it from other plain cards, though I changed the relative position each time. No one that sees him can doubt that he understands the act of bringing the card with 'food' on it as a request for something to eat, and that he distinguishes between it and a plain card. I also believe that he distinguishes, for instance, between the card with the word 'food' on it and the card with 'out' on it."

This proves conclusively that the dog has powers of discrimination, and can vary his action in an intelligent manner, and conceding this mind is established in our beliefs of what are the dog's attributes.

For myself, I try to teach my dog manners. He knows how to behave in and about the house. I do not permit him to be riotous. He has certain nooks and corners in the house which he has learnt to consider his own, for in them he is a part of the household, yet is not in anyone's way. He gives a dignified alarm at the approach of strangers, without any of the fierce menace of actual hostility so common to most dogs. He will shut a door to order, will loyally guard anything intrusted to his charge, and will, when ordered, seek any member of the family and by his actions and importunities indicate that such member is wanted. He was taught most of these things by teaching him as a sensible animal.

Knowing how easy it is to teach dogs, if the teacher is kind, considerate and patient, it came to my mind that here was a field worthy of more consideration, more exchange of thought and information, with a gain in results in having well-behaved, good-mannered dogs, and as between the well-behaved and the ill-behaved dog, there is quite as much difference as there is between the gentleman and the vulgarian.

EDUCATOR.

Field Trial Evolution.

WINNIPEG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was pleased to read the constitution of the Handlers' Club and your comments on same. Their action not to run dogs in any trials wherein a handler is a member of the club is most commendable and will do much to restore field trials in popular favor.

I have never swerved from the contention that the man who is receiving pay for his skill and ability in preparing a dog for a field trial should have no voice in the management of a field trial club.

In consequence of the stand I took I was charged with assuming a social superiority that was an insult to professional handlers. To one who is as democratic as was the son of Erin who contended "that one man was as good as another," and emphasized his remark by declaring "and a sight better," such charges are ridiculous. Let me say, however, that I have never advanced a theory in field trial matters that I have not tried to put in practice, and that I have no apology to offer to those who have misunderstood me.

I, however, desire permission to say that I number among my most esteemed friends men who train and manage dogs as a profession, and I think all handlers will admit, who have visited Manitoba, that my latch-key is always on the outside, and that, at my home and at all times and places, I have never created a suspicion of any

social superiority, for by so doing I should be guilty of an impertinent presumption.

Another objection to the successful running of field trials is the expensive machinery some clubs think requisite. I charge that if field trial clubs cannot find honorary secretaries it is a proof that there is no element of sport in their composition, and if this element is not the strong component of field trials, the sooner they die the better.

But living as I do in a city that has more sport and sportsmen to the square inch than any place in the world, I know the latter contention can be overcome—at least here—and that clubs can live and give substantial prizes without exacting entry and starter's fees that would disturb the equanimity of a Barney Barnato.

I have also been charged with inconsistency because I took an active part in the management of a field trial club and was a participant in the competitions. I admit—in theory—there is some truth in the above charges. I shall probably never again lay myself open to its repetition. Yet a reminiscence of my actions prompts me to think that nothing I have said or done in connection with field trials has left one thought of regret at having done anything I would not do again. It is, however, pleasing to me to see that after the hard knocks I have submitted to, that my antagonists now recognize by their actions that my only object has been to increase the prestige and elevate field trials as a sport for sportsmen.

THOS. JOHNSON.

IS DEATH THE END?

SOME of your readers may recall an account of the sayings and doings of a dog named Bug, published a year and a half ago, an account which brought many personal letters, and perhaps encouraged the writing of charming tales of other dogs which have appeared since.

Bug is dead. Her short life is over and no visible reminder of it remains now but the little mound of fresh earth in the corner of the garden which has not yet had time to settle. I suppose most people would say that is the end of her. But is it?

It is not easy to make clear the feeling with which she was regarded by her friends. She was not much like dogs—did not associate with them; showed few characteristic traits of heredity; demeaned herself much like people. If a human soul had been prisoned at birth in a dog's body, it is hard to conceive him as acting much different from the way she did. She was a friend and companion for twelve years. We felt as certain and true a sense of bereavement when she died as if some human friend were gone. It will be a long time before we shall cease to miss her from her accustomed places. The special tones and phrases with which we were wont to address her are laid aside now, not to be used with the other dogs. They are left, to be sure, but they are not like her. It hardly seems worth while, having known her rare intelligence, to try to teach them. From prankish puppyhood to sedate old age her eyes beamed with an intelligence, a reasoning mind, not widely different from ours. She knew she was a dog and we were people—why the difference or in what it consisted she probably did not know much better than we do. She understood our relations, was reflective and contemplative by turns; had fits of humor and hours of depression; was glad and sorry; knew many things she ought to do and many to abstain from, and behaved accordingly. Other dogs may give us their incorruptible welcome of wagging tail and joyous looks, but we shall miss the look of conscious good-fellowship in her kind old eyes. She had a dignity and character, a well-marked identity of her own. She had most human virtues and few human vices. For twelve years she acted well her part; did it willingly and lovingly; gave much to the entertainment of her friends; did all that was asked of her, all she was meant to do. Now the question is, Is this all?

Was she a skillfully contrived automaton, designed to feel and do all these things, wound up to run twelve years and then stop forever? Or did she have a spark of what we humans hope and believe in our own case is eternal fire? I say "hope and believe in our own case." Do we really have anything but hope and belief in our own case? Do we really know anything at all about it? Is not all our argument and conviction of another life for ourselves only a recognition of the unreasonableness and therefore unlikelihood of this imperfect, futile and sorrowful existence being the end? Are we not thrust into this life as one might be thrust into a dark room and the door then closed behind him? And do we not go feeling our way around the walls and across the middle, bumping up against the facts this dark room of life contains, sorely bruised in our blind gropings, learning nothing about the essence of things, only a little about their relations to each other and to ourselves, until, at last, another door opens and we are thrust out—into the dark of death or the light of another life, as we hope. And if so, who are we that we should deny a like prospect to our lesser brethren who wear their own fur and feathers, whose harmless and beneficent lives are often full of hunger, thirst, cold, blows, and unrequited toil and suffering, for much of which we are ourselves guilty? Who shall make recompense to them for these things if death is for them the end of all? If another life is necessary to even up the injustice, to repay the suffering, to requite the toil, to retrieve the mistakes of this, why is it not so for them as well as for us? Else, where shall the starved, worn-out and beaten horses have justice? Where shall the hunted thing, gasping its wounded life away in the hidden brake, be recompensed? Where shall the agony of the myriad innocent lives yielded up in inch by inch torture on the bloody altars of "science" under the vivisector's devilish rites be made good to them? And if there is a place and time where these things shall be righted, how many of us would like to meet there the ghosts of the dumb, innocent creatures that fell into our hands here?

Since none of us really knows what is ahead, it would seem that we have a right each to his conjectures, his hopes and beliefs. If there is no other life for such a creature as my dog was, I see no sufficient reason to expect one for myself. And if for her, why then for all living, sensitive creatures. If there is no justice for the starved and beaten horse, for the piece of mangled meat that gasped its life out in the vivisector's torture trough, then there is not likely to be any for me, whose deserts are probably no greater and whose wrongs are certainly far less.

For myself, I cherish the belief, to which my hopes as well as my sense of what is right and just inevitably lead me, that there is another and fairer life for all the victims of this, and that we shall see again in some shape the creatures faithful to us and beloved by us here. If we shall see each other, shall we not also see again these pets whose gentle ways twine them into our affections? If the prospect of reuniting the threads of love and friendship broken by death is one of the chief reasons for and allurements toward a belief in a life to come, why should it not include four-footed friends as well? It is in no sacrilegious spirit nor one of mock sentiment when I say that not the least pleasant sight to my eyes upon the "further shore" would be my dog friend who has just gone, and if she is there, I feel quite sure she will be standing with her fore-paws in the water's edge when it is my turn to cross.

E. K. WHITEHEAD.

THE IMPORTATION OF THE DOG.

MONTREAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did you ever import a dog? In the vast and varied writings in FOREST AND STREAM on dogs, which have kept the people up with the times in dog news and dog matters in the years since there were such news and matters, I have failed to note any instructive writing as to the best way to import a dog and present him to the public.

As one who has had some experience himself and who has noted the ways of others in similar undertakings, I beg to give you the successful manner of conducting such affairs. It is more than it seems. It is an art of some depth. A man who imports a dog must know human nature. Buying a dog and carrying him safely over the ocean is but a part. It is the least part—that is, it is the least part if we consider a broad financial policy. The importer of a dog is purposeful. He is making the most of opportunity. He has in view always the profits of his purchase, which he makes as an investment. To reap the greatest profit, no lost time must intervene after the dog is landed.

As a policy, there are two courses open to the buyer. He can import the dog openly. He or the seller causes a great tooting of horns in the English papers. The dog's past is praised and his future exalted. He is sure to change the whole American kennel world to a beatific degree. The moment of his departure for our shores is heralded to the world. The most fashionable steamship, and that is mostly the fastest, is engaged for his journey. His landing is a signal for renewed activity. Again the story is told with added unction. The kennel world is kept on the *qui vive*. And this is all right. The buyer has spent large sums of money. His doings have been open to the view of the world. He wins for his enterprise all the fame and good will which it deserves.

The second method is one of dexterity, one of *finesse*. The dog may be a good one. He may be of great reputation, or he may be the progeny of ones of great reputation. He may be a dog of genuine worth or he may not. In either case, it is the scheme of the purposeful buyer to make the public believe that the dog is a wonder. Then the kennel editor is a part. How can he be made to do the puppet dance?

I say it with all respect to that honorable and hard-worked body of martyrs, the kennel writers, that my ideas of them to-day are different from what they were some years ago. My ideal then was a man with a shiny bald head, under whose poll rested a pocketful, a wealth, of assorted brains. Since then I am led to believe that their heads are plentifully provided with hair. But there is one overwhelming weakness which the kennel editor has; he is not conscious that it is a weakness. Once skillfully contrive to let the kennel editor know that there is something afoot in a doggy way that he doesn't know and the spell is woven. Pretend it is a deep, dark secret. Keep him in suspense awhile—not too long. You want the world to know that you have imported a dog. You therefore do it as a secret matter. You inform the kennel editor mysteriously that you are constrained to tell only him that you have a sensational nameless dog of a nameless breed, which is to arrive on a nameless steamer on a nameless date, and that he must not use this news—lay great stress on the news, and in his eagerness he will not perceive that he is being worked for advertising. He will ask a hundred questions, but you tell him no more; nevertheless, as a last great favor, consent that he may make an announcement of what he knows, and that you will tell him the particulars later, out of the great personal affection you bear him. In his next issue he will write this: "In a few days, through the enterprise of that popular and wise member of the fancy, who has done so much for the advancement of the dog in general and the market dog in particular, the fancy will be treated to a sensation. He is importing the finest and best dog of the season, a phenomenon in its way, and we will treat our readers to full and exclusive particulars in our next issue." Here the buyer, by making the editor work hard for his news, makes advertising easy. The buyer plays on the editor's weakness and advertising comes easy. It is dead easy. If he had come to the editor and said, "Here, my boy, old friend, I am going to import the dog Scrap End, and I want you to give him a good send off, so as to advertise him," the spell would have been broken and Scrap End might never have been heard of outside of the advertising columns.

But Scrap End arrives, and as a special favor the kennel editor is permitted to receive the dog on landing. The next week he writes, "We publish exclusively this week an exceedingly life-like picture of Scrap End, of whom we made mention last week. He shows some effects of his sea voyage, as we needs must expect, but our preconceived opinion of him did not do justice to him. The English papers said of him: 'Rarely has it been our privilege to see a dog so faultless. His coat could not be improved on by art. Form perfect. We are quite sure that his present owner would not sell him for any money to a resident of England, although he might be tempted to let him go to America under satisfactory conditions.' And," continues the editor, "this news is exclusively in our columns."

AMATEUR.

The pulse of the dog runs from 72 to 90 in his normal condition, while his temperature is from 101.5 to 102.6.

The chicken trials of the Continental Field Trials Club will be held on Sept. 7, not on the 9th, as erroneously published.

Dogs for the National Zoo.

To the Kennels of the United States:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—For some time the National Zoological Park has possessed in its collection a few of the various breeds of dogs, which have been kindly presented or loaned.

It is the intention of the officials, in order to provide object lessons in the Capital for the people of the United States, to bring this department of the animal collection up to as complete a condition as possible. Accordingly, an extensive and modern system of kennels is to be erected this forthcoming summer, so that every breed may be represented.

The appropriation voted by the House of Representatives for this institution cannot be devoted to the purchase of any animals; at the same time a clause prohibits selling of the same. Consequently the Park has to depend on gifts or loans of animals.

The officials of the Park have instructed me to extend to the leading kennel breeders of the United States an invitation to co-operate in this movement, which is distinctly national in character, without attachment of any personal interest whatever.

They desire that I request from you either the gift or loan of a representative of the breed in which you are interested. Acknowledgment of the same will in every case be made permanent by a printed placard over each kennel, stating in bold letters the name and address of the donor or lender. The advantages that will accrue to the said donor or lender cannot be over-estimated when regarded as an advertising medium, because the collection will take the form of a permanent exhibition to the many thousands of visitors from all parts of the country.

The officials will, of course, be gratified to receive a clear gift from you, but should you not see your way clear to this, will be very glad to receive a specimen as a permanent loan. In the case of a bitch, which would be preferred from an educational point of view, inasmuch as any young that might be bred would be interesting and instructive, the progeny would be considered the property of the lender and would be returned or disposed of according to his directions.

In case of sickness the best medical attendance will be promptly given. The kennels will be in charge of competent attendants, and full information of the characteristics and points of the breed will be printed and attached to each kennel. All charges incidental to the removal and transportation of the animals will be borne by the institution.

CECIL FRENCH, D. V. S.

714 TWELFTH STREET, N. W.

Advisory Committee Meeting.

At the meeting of the Advisory Committee of the A. K. C., held in the American Kennel Club's rooms at 55 Liberty street, on May 14, there were present: Messrs. James Watson, H. F. Schellhass, F. S. Webster, A. C. Wilmerding and E. M. Oldham. It was ordered that the Bull Terrier Club of America be granted fifteen days within which to comply with the resolution of the committee at its meeting held April 11, 1896 in default of which said club and its officers holding office on Jan. 13, 1896, shall be thereby suspended. In the matter of the A. K. C. vs. E. H. Morris, *re* misconduct, it was ordered that Mr. Morris be suspended until Jan. 1, 1897. In the matter of the St. Louis Kennel Club vs. Fred P. Kirby, *re* misconduct in connection with dog shows, it was ordered that the matter be left in abeyance pending further investigation. It was also ordered that the award of first prize in the challenge class for Skye terriers, at the St. Louis show, to the bitch Bessie (35,411), be cancelled. The challenge class made for the black and tan terrier Glenwood was cancelled. The action of the secretary in removing the suspensions of W. S. Biglow and B. Alton Smith was confirmed. A penalty of \$10 was imposed on the New England Kennel Club for accepting the entry of a puppy under 6 months of age. It was ordered that a committee of three be appointed to report resolutions on the death of Dr. N. Rowe and Mr. H. B. Cromwell, and submit same at the next meeting of the A. K. C. The following prefixes were granted: Beaver Brook to Mr. Tyler Morse, Hiawatha to Mr. R. McDonald, Mount Shasta to Mr. A. E. Culver, Oakside to Mr. H. H. Carlton, Sangamo to Messrs. F. M. Wade and F. Pillo. The secretary was granted five weeks' vacation.

Kindness to Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to say that the position your paper takes on the question of justice to the lower animals must commend it to all right-thinking people. Your paper is the best there is in the current literature of sportsmanship. It is your privilege to educate merely by the position you take. You have it in your power and apparently in your disposition to express for us, who regard the ethics of our relations to the lower animals, our sentiments in an authoritative way.

E. K. W.

American Spaniel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, the mail votes for a new list of judges were opened and the following gentlemen were declared duly elected official judges of the Spaniel Club: E. M. Oldham, James Mortimer, C. H. Mason, James Watson, A. C. Wilmerding, George Douglass, Andrew Laidlaw, J. F. Kirk, J. Otis Fellows, Dr. S. J. Bradbury. ROWLAND P. KEASBEY, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We are informed by the R. I. S. F. A. that the gratifying success of their 1895 bench show has determined it to retain in 1896 the efficient plans then employed. They are fortunate in again securing the services of Mr. E. M. Oldham as superintendent, a guarantee that the show will be managed in a thoroughly practical manner. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, undoubtedly the best service of its kind in the country, and the show will be disinfected and deodorized by the same company as last year. To insure the widest public interest and inspection, no admission fee will be charged visitors to the bench show, and the very large amount offered in premiums (\$2,200) should easily attract the best dog fanciers in the country. The show will, as heretofore, be held under American Kennel Club rules. The especial atten-

tion of exhibitors is invited to regulations governing the receiving of exhibits in the department. The judges for 1896 will be F. E. Perkins, Earl H. Potter and Walter W. Dexter.

Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, the secretary of the A. K. C., will take special action toward the enforcement of A. K. C. rules hereafter, and to that end has prepared a circular giving a digest of the important regulations directly governing bench shows and other pertinent information, the matter covered being under the head of dates, penalties, registrations and listings, challenge classes and prizes, rules to be published, additional rules, premium lists and catalogues to be filed, amount of prizes, winnings in catalogues, closing of entries, disqualified and suspended, ownership, no change in classes, transferring entries not allowed, weighing, veterinarians, puppies, vhc., reserve. In respect to no change in classes there is the following, which clubs would do well to read and heed:

"No change can be made in the classification not specially provided for in the rules, or of which public notice has not been given prior to the closing of the entries. It is permissible to make a rule that if there are more than a certain number of entries in a class not divided by sex, such a division shall be made. If any division or addition is made other than as above the additional class and the record will be cancelled by the American Kennel Club.

"No transfer of an entry is permissible either in classes where there is subdivision by weight or sex, or in case of an error in making the entry. The entry, as made, must govern in all cases, and any dog transferred will be disqualified by the American Kennel Club."

Capt. Keene, an officer of the English Kennel Club, and a popular exhibitor and judge in England, died on May 3.

The St. Hubert Schipperke Club (England), met on May 7 to discuss the important matter of docking. The propagation of the myth in respect to the schipperke being naturally tailless was condemned. The chairman explained that they had the choice of three courses: 1. Continue to remove the whole tail, which gives the animal the appearance of being born tailless, and so may mislead judges and public. 2. Leave on the whole tail, docking nothing. 3. Dock in such a manner as to inflict no more pain than fox terriers experience by the operation. After discussion, during which the question was viewed from every quarter, the following resolution was unanimously carried: "That the St. Hubert Schipperke Club inform the Kennel Club that they are in favor of docking schipperkes in a humane manner, that is to say, leaving a visible stump." This resolution will be communicated to the secretary of the Kennel Club in due course.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Model Life Insurance Policy.

WITH the general proposition that life insurance is a wise precaution, and for many men an absolute duty, most of our readers would probably agree. When they came to saying what is the best kind of a policy to take, or the best company to insure in, there might be some discussion. We are not going to decide these latter questions, but propose to call attention to a policy form lately announced by the New York Life Insurance Company which seems to contain all the features of a model contract. There is only one condition imposed on the insured, and that is the payment of premiums. If he does this he is insured, and large liberty is allowed even in this respect. Days of grace, privilege of reinstatement, loans and cash surrender values, automatic non-forfeiture conditions, and the privilege of adjusting the value of the policy to one's circumstances, whatever they may be after a term of years, these are surely the marks of a model policy. The company sums up the virtues of this, its latest and most liberal contract, as follows:

1. No restrictions whatever as to residence, occupation, travel, habits of life or manner of death.
2. Claims paid immediately upon the receipt and approval of proofs of death.
3. The return of one-half or all premiums paid, if desired, in case of death during the accumulation period, in addition to the face of the policy.
4. The right of the insured to change the beneficiary while the policy is in force.
5. Policy incontestable after one year, if the premiums are duly paid.
6. Eight options in settlement at end of accumulation period.
7. Cash surrender values, or loans at 5 per cent. interest, after three years' premiums have been paid.
8. A month's grace in the payment of premiums, the policy remaining in force.
9. The privilege of reinstatement during the five months following the month of grace, if the insured is in good health.
10. Automatically non-forfeiting after being in force three years, the insurance being extended during a period shown in the policy if no request is made, or ordinary paid-up insurance granted on request within six months, and no abatement from the death claim in case of death during the term of extended insurance.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of May 2 appeared a criticism of American steam yachts and their builders which the *Marine Journal* pronounced untrue, at the same time boasting of the number and skill of American designers of this class of vessel. In answer to our direct challenge to name these American designers and the steam yachts designed by them, the *Marine Journal*, in its issue of May 16, speaks as follows:

One of the arguments of the FOREST AND STREAM against the Payne bill for the protection of American yacht builders is that we have no yacht builders who make a specialty of that business and especially of steam yachts. All the more reason, then, why we should encourage yacht building. If it is a good business for foreigners, it ought to be so for Americans, and therefore an industry that should be developed. But it never will be extensively developed so long as our builders have to work against the competition of the British yards with the handicap of their established facilities and no encouragement from our Government. It is one of the essential features of the policy of protection to home industries that this kind of business should receive governmental acknowledgment and discrimination in its favor against foreigners. Indeed we are led to believe that the reason Americans, who own or charter foreign built yachts, have not opposed the Payne bill, is that they are so directly interested in American manufactures, from which they have made their wealth, that they cannot consistently take a stand in opposition to the protection of the yacht-building industry.

The above is in no sense an answer to our statements; if they were false, a much better and fairer course for our opponent would have been to reply to our challenge by printing such a list as we named, and its failure to do this, with the above evasion of the question, proves that we were right from the first. We must correct our opponent once more; our argument is not as it has stated above, but that the American builder, after ample encouragement from wealthy but ignorant owners, has shown a total lack of both skill and enterprise, and is entirely undeserving of the monopoly which the Payne bill, if passed, would create for him. We have never stated that there are no American builders who make a specialty of steam yachts, but there are, so far as we have been able to ascertain, none who are competent to turn out a yacht that will compare in appearance, utility and general excellence with those built abroad. We discussed last week the question of British competition as a necessary incentive to American progress in naval design, and need not repeat what we then said; we must take issue, however, with the *Marine Journal* on its statement that British competition is a bar to what should be a profitable business, the designing and building of a type of steam yacht specially fitted for American waters.

The development of steam yacht construction can never come through protection alone, coupled with ancient ideas and old-time methods, but must come from the earnest effort to excel the British steam yacht, just as American designers in another field have excelled the British sailing yacht. What has protection to do with the marvelous advance in sailing yachts from the old-time sloop of the builder to the modern Cup defender?

The true object of the Payne bill, as indeed of all similar measures now in force against merchant vessels, is not to stimulate improvement through open and healthful competition, but to maintain, through the possession of a monopoly, a fictitious advantage, which could otherwise be held only by the exercise of increased skill.

On one point we are in accord with the *Marine Journal*. Like it, we believe in Government encouragement to yachting and yacht builders; but the sort of encouragement we would advocate is, in the first place, that yachting be left severely alone by the national legislators, and that no measures such as the former Frye bill and the present Payne bill be passed; and, in the second place, that the existing duties on materials for yacht and shipbuilding be alike removed. What American merchant or mechanic is benefited by the heavy duty on African teak or American elm; two of the most essential materials of yacht building?

The American yards can boast to-day as complete a plant as any on the Clyde, as good a quality of steel at almost as low a price; the difference in labor, however great it nominally seems, is in reality largely offset by the vast difference in the conditions under which such work is done in this country. That the British yards are at a material advantage in the matter of the large amount of teak, mahogany and other costly woods, is very true; but who is to blame for it? What the American yard lacks, at least so far as steam yachts are concerned, is brains—not merely technical knowledge of the higher sort, but such common horse sense as would teach the builder that the sheer plan of a harbor tug cannot be used for a 600-ton steam yacht by the mere addition of a nondescript figurehead forward, a stern like a dishpan, and an unlimited amount of brass railing about the bulwarks and houses. In this same connection we may diverge a little and say that this same tugboat sheer plan is also incapable of enlargement to the dimensions of a 5,000-ton ocean greyhound, a fact not yet appreciated by some American builders.

We have laid considerable stress on appearance, as we know that most men who build steam yachts expect, and all are entitled to, a craft that is in every way pleasing to the nautical eye, something shipshape and graceful. In this respect the many steam yachts nominally or actually of American design are almost without exception notably lacking, the very best are old-fashioned and commonplace in appearance. What is worse, the adage "handsome is that handsome does" cannot bring saving grace to them, as in performance and too often in accommodation they are even worse than they look. There was a time when American shipyards were noted for the grace and beauty, the "eye sweetness," of the craft they turned out; when even the trading sloops, to say nothing of the grand old clippers, had their share of nautical symmetry and beauty. We look in vain to-day, whether in yachts or in merchant steamers, for any trace of either.

In our opposition to the Payne bill, as to previous similar measures, we are not arguing over protection as a national policy, whether political or economical; but we recognize in yachting as a national institution something so important in every way to our great maritime nation as to be entitled to, if necessary, exceptional privileges in the way of favorable legislation, or at least of no legislation at all, but merely to be allowed to work out unimpeded its own future. Whether selfishly or not, the yacht owner spends a very large amount of money, frequently for a very small return, in a way that is of material benefit to the nation in the encouragement of naval design, the maintenance of building yards, and the training and maintenance of a large fleet of skilled seamen. The more yachtsmen and the more and better yachts, the better for the nation at large. The idea that the building of some of these yachts in foreign yards is a detriment to the home industry is based solely on the narrowest and most illiberal theory of protection, and is absolutely contradicted by facts.

There was a time, about twelve years ago, when the tide of popular favor among American yachtsmen swung very strongly toward the British cutter. Under the existing law these yachts—which could be built for much less in England or Scotland than in America—could be imported free of duty, provided they sailed into an American port on their own bottoms. What has been the result of this experiment in free ships? There have been imported in a period of twelve years five modern racing yachts—Queen Mab, Jessica, Minerva, Clara and Uvira—all of small size; three very old schooners—Miranda, Hilde-

garde, Lady Evelyn—and two old yavls, Cythera and Nonparielle; we believe that this completes the list, though we may possibly have omitted one or two. Of these, Jessica, Hildegarde, Lady Evelyn, Cythera and Nonparielle have cut no special figure; they certainly have hurt no one, if they have done no good to their owners. Miranda, instead of making fresh orders for English yards, merely served to give a much-needed impetus to the then embryotic 80ft. schooner class, from which has since sprung the fine fleet of American yachts, Ariel, Lasca, Emerald, Sea Fox and a dozen more. Clara did still better service in putting some life into the moribund 53ft. sloop class for three or four seasons by beating all the home boats and furnishing a needed incentive to that improvement which has since been realized in the construction of Wasp and Gloriana. Queen Mab, the latest importation, has done a good service to American yachting in showing a remarkable combination of fine appearance, excellent accommodation and speed under a small sail plan, while making known here a system of construction previously unknown, the modern composite, and Uvira has helped materially in the same way.

The most striking example of the terrible wrongs and hardships inflicted on American mechanics by unlimited British competition is to be found in Minerva, the Fife 40-footer brought out to this country in 1888. This yacht was built at Fairlie, on the Clyde, the work of a Scotch designer and Scotch shipwrights. Compared with the American yachts of her class, she cost \$5,000 as compared with varying sums from \$8,500 to \$10,000; she was by far the handsomest of the fleet, her construction was materially better in all respects, and in speed there was no ground for comparison; she swept all before her for her first season, and in her second found but one yacht, a new one specially built, that could make a fitting race with her.

What was the result? A rush of orders to the Clyde, while American shipwrights went to tramping on the highways? On the other hand, not a single order went to Mr. Fife, but the yards of Boston and New York were filled with work in the grand struggle to "beat the Minerva" with an American yacht. Though not owing its origin to her, the whole 40ft. class, the finest and most successful racing class ever known in America, a boon alike to American designers, builders and yachtsmen, centers about this one imported yacht. Her importation, which would not be possible under such a law as the proposed Payne bill, has been from first to last an unmixed good to American yachting. For causes which we leave the *Marine Journal* or some other advocate of prohibitive laws for ships to explain, the success of Minerva, in spite of the natural odds against American yards, such as wages, etc., brought little work to the foreign yard where she was built. Mr. Fife in the seven years that have elapsed has built just one yacht for the United States, the 20-rater Jessica, originally built for an American residing in England, and for British rules and races, but afterward sent out here.

The importation of British sailing yachts free of all duty began just at the time when American yachtsmen had discovered many of the defects of the home built craft and the utter incapacity of the professional yacht builder to improve on the ancient models. After the success of the first important cutters and their advocacy by the *FOREST AND STREAM* and many of the more enterprising yachtsmen, there was an immediate demand for British yachts and British designs. What was the result? Within three years of the awakening, the best of the New York and Boston yards were busier than they had ever been before, building now, not from their own models, but from the designs of Mr. Burgess and Mr. A. Cary Smith; the keels of such yachts as Puritan, Mayflower, Sachem, Priscilla, Iroquois and Yampa were laid; and there began an era of prosperity previously unknown to the American builder. If such results arise from the free importation of yachts, or if they can even exist by the side of such importation, what possible grounds can there be for the passage of the Payne bill on a basis of abstract theory, not only unsupported, but positively contradicted by the practical experience of fifteen years?

In one respect the case of the steam yacht is different, it is true, from that of the small sailing yachts we have instanced, the cost is materially greater, and just at the present time American legislators as well as shipbuilders can see nothing more than the sum of say \$1,500,000 that is to go to the Clyde to pay for the steam yachts now building there for American owners. This is a great deal of money, but on the other hand the American builder who considers that he is robbed for the benefit of his foreign rival must take into account that while legislation may go a great way in saying what a man shall *not* do with his own, there is a limit, and it cannot say what he *shall* do. It is easy perhaps to prevent the building of yachts abroad, but it may be another matter to compel men to build at home a class of craft that they do not want, and that is what thus far the home builder is prepared to offer them. It is not impossible that, had the Payne bill been passed a year ago, Mr. Higgins, after a practical trial of the Columbia under charter, might have preferred to do his yachting by rail rather than to risk a duplicate of her; and that Messrs. Stuyvesant and Goelet might have determined to stick to sail rather than to venture into steam under such opportunities as would be open to them.

Apart from this, however, the question of the amount thus expended abroad, and in fact to a large extent of the difference in cost between the yards of the Delaware and the Clyde, are mere side issues. The main facts are that, as was the case about 1880 in sailing yachts, the average yachtsman does not know what he should and can have, or how to get it; he does not take the trouble to inform himself, but merely sends his captain to a shipbuilder to order a steam yacht. The builder, on his part, known little and careless of the most recent advances in steam yacht designing and construction; he does not know how antiquated and out of date his pet models are; nor does he realize that the ordinary routine of building leaves him no time to improve them; and that he must call in the aid of a professional designer even if it does cost a little money. What is needed now in steam yachting is just such a shaking up of dry bones and dusty block models as the early cutters created in the sailing fleet between 1880 and 1884; and the way in which this must come is not through a cowardly protection, but through open competition; the placing of the newest of American steam yachts beside the newest of their British rivals. If they can stand the test, so much the better; if they fail then the effort must be to improve them and not to protect them.

Those who believe in the superiority of the American steam yacht may find it worth while to make a special journey to the classic shades of Gowanus, or what has been left of it by the garbage carts of Brooklyn, and inspect the very latest product of an American yard—the steam yacht Anita, launched late last season and in commission for but a short time. We have no doubt that she is really of American design; there is a freshness and originality about her that betrays the absence of the usual German or Scandinavian aid. She is a brand new yacht, the flagship of a prominent club, presumably costing a large sum of money. We shall not attempt any detailed description, as words fail us; but it is sad to think how many humble but useful articles might have been built out of the same amount of wood, iron and paint. One of the many novel features that strike the eye is the employment of posts modeled after the old four-poster bedsteads, and painted the same familiar dull red color, as supports for the boat chocks, running up from the rail, the effect being to give a welcome air of retirement and repose. Those who see this latest addition to

the fleet of would-be "protected cruisers," even for the first time, are sure to know her, as there is nothing else like her afloat.

We publish with pleasure the following from the *Marine Journal* which is entirely correct so far as the opening clause goes:

We regret to announce that the bill to oblige American owners and charterers of foreign yachts to pay port charges on them has, after successfully passing the House, been hung up in the Senate through the same cause that killed the bill that would have raised the revenues of the country sufficient to meet its expenditures—a coterie of obstructionists with Senator Vest in the lead, who oppose anything bearing on the protection of American industries, who get their power through the misfortune of bad rules which prevail in the Senate and which enable a majority of one to kill any bill he may desire if he is long winded enough, even if the only cause is that of a personal grudge against a member favoring it. Senator Frye got the House bill favorably reported from the Committee on Commerce, of which he is the chairman, but gave notice that he would not call it up this session in consequence of the opposition as stated above, it being useless to take up the time of the Senate in discussion of the measure when it would be impossible to pass it. The bill is not dead, however, and renewed vigor at the next session of Congress will doubtless place it on the statute books, where it should have been years ago.

We sincerely hope that the Payne bill has gone to meet its unfortunate predecessor, the Frye bill; and that the legislators of the fifty-fifth Congress will find some other and less hurtful field for experimental legislation, and leave yachting to the care of those who know something about it, and to the healthful stimulus of fair and free competition.

Though the discussion of the bill has been entirely from the side of the large steam yacht, it must not be forgotten that its restrictions apply quite as severely to sailing yachts, and would prevent any more such experiments as the importation of Minerva and Clara, and would even go further in hindering, if not absolutely preventing, international racing. Nothing worse could happen to the American sailing fleet to-day than the cessation of all foreign competition, or even that due to the occasional visit of such a yacht as Queen Mab. So far as the prosperity of yacht racing and yacht building go, we can speak with a certain authority in the smaller classes, both as being interested ourselves, and for some at least of American builders who have profited by the present demand for the small raters. We should welcome gladly a provision that would admit free of duty the smaller British yachts and canoes; the introduction of such craft means a continuation of the interest in their races; under the conditions now existing, and little likely to be changed, it cannot mean a competition in either cost or quality that would put the American builder at any disadvantage.

The commonly accepted opinion of the Emperor of Germany is that he is at least original, if not deserving of a still higher encomium; but that this is a mistake is reasonably evident after the naming of his new Watson cutter, which was launched from the Henderson yard, at Patrick, Glasgow, on May 13. The name which he gave to Thistle when he purchased her a few years ago, commonplace and hackneyed as it is, has been transferred to the new yacht, and she will henceforth be known as Meteor II. The old boat, thus most inappropriately christened, has recently been named Comet, which is equally bad. His Majesty may be able to astonish Europe, but he evidently is not a success in naming yachts. The new yacht, which is at least deserving of a new and fitting name, will be raced in British waters by Lord Lonsdale, representing the Emperor, who is not likely to visit England this year. The stories about her as a possible challenger for the America's Cup are too absurd and indefinite as yet to be worthy of serious attention; she cannot challenge this year, and a thousand things may happen before next season.

YACHT DESIGNING.—VIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

OF the multitude of forces acting on a vessel, the buoyancy on the immersed portion of the hull, the force of gravity, the impact of the waves also on parts of the hull, and that of the wind on both sails and hull, the former is by far the most important. This importance, especially as relates to the stability of vessels, has been recognized for over a century and a half; and the two allied subjects, buoyancy and stability, have received the attention of many eminent scientists, both French and British. The general subject of stability, intricate and complicated as some of its parts are, is a most fascinating one for the student and investigator, and until a comparatively recent date the study of it has been confined almost entirely to this class, the practical builder or even naval constructor devoting little attention to it. Since the loss of the British war ship Captain in the Bay of Biscay some twenty years ago, followed by a number of similar disasters to war and merchant ships, such as the capsizing of the Eurydice, the steamship Austral and the steamship Daphne, the latter on launching, much has been done by British builders to put into practical application the experimental and theoretical work of such men as Bouguer, Dupin, Reech, Daymard and Dargnies. Through the work of these brilliant men, beginning before the middle of the last century, France justly claims the first place; but within the present generation the British builders and constructors, Messrs. Denny, Inglis, Barnes, White, Prof. Elgar and Sir Edward J. Reed, have made the study of stability a part of the everyday operations of the shipyard, achieving results of the greatest practical value. Important as it is, the subject has received no attention from American shipbuilders.

In no other science than naval architecture is there so great a difference between the conditions existing in actual practice and those necessarily assumed in theory as the basis for all investigation, as well as for the practical work of designing. This difference, due largely to the unstable nature of the great media, water and wind, which control all floating bodies, must be considered at all times by the designer; in fact his professional success will depend very largely upon the accuracy with which he estimates it. The actual elements of a vessel are so concealed and so difficult if not impossible to obtain, the designer must perforce accept some very inadequate substitute. So far as the mathematical part of the work is concerned, results may be obtained that are, in a general sense, absolutely accurate; but there still remains a wide gap between them and the conditions existing in the vessel in every-day service. No very great amount of skill is required to make a set of drawings of a vessel and to calculate with practical accuracy the displacement, position of C. B., C. E., C. L. R., metacenter and many other important elements; but it must always be borne in mind that these are the elements of the *model* or the *paper design* only, and not of the *vessel* built from them, however carefully and correctly the work may be done. The C. E. of the sail plan and the C. L. R. of the hull may be located on the drawing with very little labor and absolute accuracy, so far as all this goes; but the corresponding centers of the vessel herself are changing every moment

under the influence of sea and wind, their positions, even for a certain force of wind and angle of heel, cannot be ascertained with even approximate accuracy, and if known would be of little value, being instantly replaced by others as short-lived. This particular case, of the adjustment of a sail plan, is typical of the indirect way in which the designer of necessity works; a certain balance of the C. B., C. L. R. and C. E. in the design of a known vessel gives some particular result, such as too much lee or weather helm, or possibly a perfect balance, in the vessel herself. The difference between the theory and practice in this case serves as a basis for deductions in the case of another vessel of similar type, or differing in a certain known degree. The method of the designer is indirect, and based on a very limited foundation of accurate methods, which stops with the mathematical calculations; but with experience and careful observation he is at last enabled to bridge very successfully the wide gap between theory and practice.

The working drawings of a vessel may be made with any desired degree of mechanical accuracy, dependent on the scale of the drawing and the time and labor employed; but there will still remain quite a margin of difference between them and the hull, spars and sails made by an enlargement from them. It is commonly assumed that with a sufficient number of accurate measurements, from a well-made drawing, the displacement can be calculated to within a very minute margin; but in the case of large vessels the possible errors in this one detail of the work may be both numerous and serious, due to errors in measuring the offsets, clerical errors in the lengthy calculations, the approximate character of many of the processes of computation, the actual errors that occur in getting out and setting up the many parts, the varying density of the water in which the vessel floats, and the difficulty of ascertaining the exact draft. However much they may be minimized by more perfect methods in the drafting room, the mould loft, on the bending floor and in the work on the stocks, as well as by the care and skill of the designer, these differences

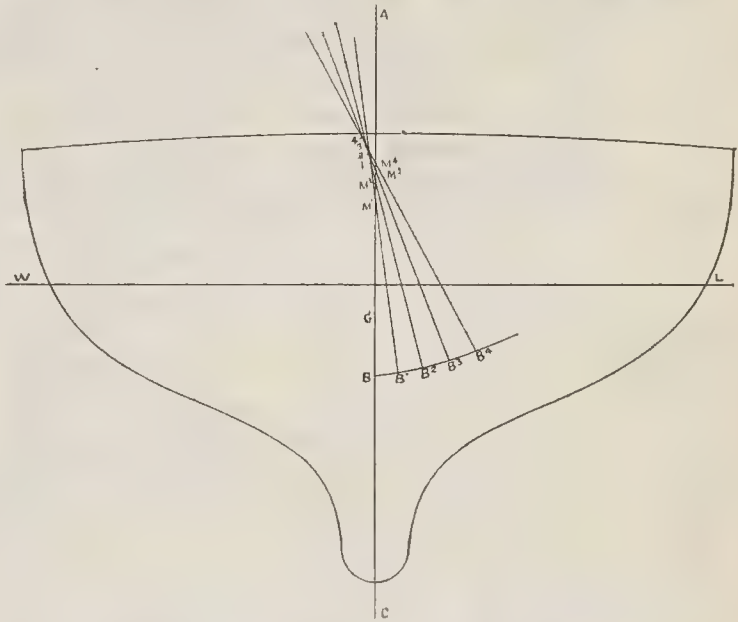


FIG. 7.

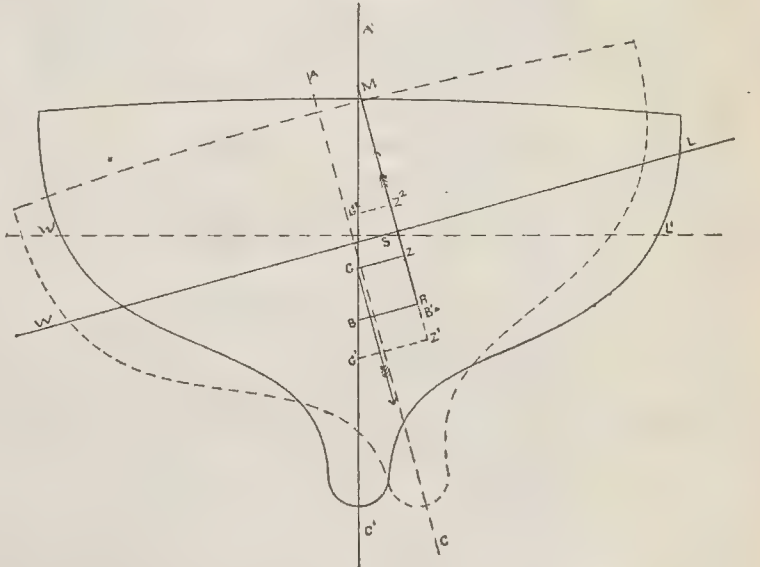


FIG. 8.

A C—Vertical axis. W L—Normal load waterline, 15 degrees. B—Center of buoyancy, normal position. B1 B2—Center of buoyancy, inclined position. G—center of gravity. M—Metacenter. M1, M2, etc.—Shifting metacenter. 1, 2, 3, 4—Pro-metacenters and metacenters. G2—Righting lever. S—Intersection of normal and inclined waterlines. W S W1—Emersed wedge.

between the design and the vessel must always exist to such an extent as to demand the serious attention of the designer at all stages of his work; he must constantly bear in mind that the drawing, including the calculations, is one thing, and the vessel when afloat quite another.

This difference between assumed and existing conditions constitutes one of the serious difficulties encountered in the study of stability, resistance, rolling and similar objects. In that abstract study which is the source of all our knowledge of the laws of stability in a floating body, the basis is an impossible vessel, floating in perfectly still water, either motionless or heeled in one of two directions, longitudinal or transverse, the heeling force being constant and regular. When we contrast this dummy with the vessel herself, now heeling at a steady angle, the next moment with planksheer deep under water, pitching heavily into the hollow of a sea and then supported on its crest, her sails perhaps becalmed one moment and then filled out before a squall, we are led to wonder what useful relation can be discovered between two such dissimilar objects. Inadequate as it is, the study of the dummy vessel under impossible conditions is the only course open to the student, and he must make the best of it. We shall not attempt to go far into the study of stability; it is one deserving of lengthy and special treatment at the hands of an expert, as has been done by Sir Edward J. Reed in his valuable work, "The Stability of Ships," but it seems desirable here, in view of the frequent occurrence of certain technical terms in the public prints and the general ignorance as to their meaning, to define as clearly as possible these terms and to explain the general method of investigation.

The figures 7 and 8 represent the transverse section of a

yacht, the center of buoyancy, C. B., is denoted by B, and the center of gravity, C. G., by G. In Fig. 7 the yacht is up right and at rest, in a position of stable equilibrium; but in Fig. 8 she is represented as heeled, or inclined from the upright position by some force. Taking first the transverse heeling, as soon as the line A. C. departs from the vertical, the form of the displacement changes and is no longer symmetrical, a portion of the topsides being immersed on the right of the figure, while part of the under-water body is lifted out on the other side. In consequence of this change of form and the increase of bulk on the right side, the C. B.—that is, the center of gravity of the hollow formed in the water by the yacht—shifts also to the right, to a new position, B¹. In the upright position, the C. G. was directly over the C. B., one balancing the other, with no tendency to heel the yacht. In the inclined position, however, it will be apparent that a couple has been set up, the force of buoyancy acting vertically up through B¹ and the force of gravity acting downward through G; both tending to return the yacht to her original position. The arm on which these two forces act is obviously the short line G Z, at right angles to both; and the righting moment is proportional to the length of this arm. If the C. G. be lowered, as by the substitution of lead for iron ballast to a position G¹, it is evident that for the same angle or heel the arm G Z¹ will be lengthened and the righting power increased; and if, on the other hand, as by the substitution of stone or iron ballast, the C. G. be raised along the vertical line A C to a position G², the effect will be reversed and the arm shortened to G² Z², with a proportionate decrease of righting power.

If this process of raising the C. G. be continued, a point will finally be reached, as at M, where the C. G. will be directly over the C. B.; then, continuing the process a little further, the C. G. moves to the right and outside of the C. B. From this time on the action of the two forces is reversed, tending to capsize instead of to right the yacht; the buoyancy, still acting upward, tending to lift the keel, and the weight, still acting downward, now tending to depress the lee side. The point M on the vertical axis of the yacht marks the point at which the arm of the righting lever shifts from the inner to the outer side of the C. B.; the point beyond which, if the C. G. be raised, the righting forces become heeling forces. To this point the name *metacenter* was given by Bouguer, the noted French investigator, in his book, "Traité du Navire," published in 1746; and to him is due the credit for the thorough elucidation of many important facts that were previously unknown. The derivation of the name is ascribed to the word *meta*, meaning measure, or limit; the limiting point of the center of gravity.

The term *metacenter* properly applies to but one point, that already described as limiting the range of the C. G., but as the vessel inclines from the normal position at each successive angle of heel the C. B. shifts out, and a vertical through it will cut the vertical axis. This is shown in Fig. 7, B, B¹, B², B³, being successive positions of the C. B. and the corresponding verticals cutting the vertical axis A. C. in M¹, M², M³, M⁴. These points are sometimes called the *shifting metacenters*, but they are not to be confused with the one true metacenter.

The intersection with each other of any two such verticals for slightly different angles of heel has been named by Sir E. J. Reed the *pro-metacenter*, and the curve passing through a succession of such intersections (1, 2, 3, 4, Fig. 7) has been named by Bouguer the *metacentric (metacentrique)*. Important as they are in any complete study of the subject of stability, we need go no further with these two than to present them as instructive definitions.

American Steam Yachts.

ONE prominent advocate of prohibitory laws for yachts has declined our challenge and virtually admitted the truth of our statements, but a bolder advocate has stepped into the breach in the following letter. We welcome his defense, as it shows just what are the weak points of the other:

BATH, ME., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not quite agree with you in the editorial published in your issue of May 2 concerning the Payne bill for the protection of yacht owners and shipbuilders of the United States. The article certainly advocates free ships and as such it should be opposed by all patriotic Americans.

A steam yacht, in order to be granted American registry, should comply with the same rules as any other vessel. Why do Americans persist in going abroad for steam yachts? It may be to get something quite English, for many of our moneyed citizens seem to be Anglo-maniacs, and probably the slight reduction in cost is also quite an item with them. It certainly is not because of inability of American designers and builders to construct a steam yacht equal to the product of foreign shipbuilders.

It seems to me that it is an insult to this country for a citizen of it to have a yacht designed and built abroad instead of patronizing home industries and spending his money in the land in which he earned it. The four large steam yachts now being constructed abroad for American yachtmen will result in about one and a half millions of dollars going to British shipbuilders. This money should be kept in our own country and go to our own builders, or the revenues of the Government should at least be increased by the tariff and tonnage duties on these vessels if built abroad, for the class of men who have such yachts built are just those who could amply afford to pay it.

You say that the American steam yacht is a fraud of the worst kind and that with British yachts excluded such craft as Columbia and Thespia may sail about our home waters undisturbed on their claim of superiority to anything afloat, and those who continue to patronize steam yachts will have to be content with what the builders choose to give them. The representative American steam yacht is not a fraud, but it is to be regretted that so many large yachts that have been built in this country have proved such miserable failures. What is the reason of these failures? Simply because various firms have taken contracts to build steam yachts without having had any experience in this class of work, and without having any competent man employed to design them. Steam yacht designing is certainly a specialty and it requires considerable study and experience in order to make a man competent to successfully design this class of vessels.

There are a large number of excellent designers and builders of small steam pleasure craft in this country—indeed, the American steam yacht, up to about 100ft. waterline length, is unequalled in the world for looks and efficiency. Now as regards larger craft, no steam yacht ever constructed has a grander record than that of the American designed and built yacht *Eleanor*. In a sixteen month cruise around the world she steamed about 48,000 miles without an accident, excepting the breaking of two of her propeller blades. She proved remarkably economical in propulsion, and the foreign press unanimously proclaimed her a triumph of American yacht architecture and the finest vessel of her class afloat. For gracefulness, seaworthiness, strength, ability, efficiency, she floats to-day unequalled in the world as a large ocean-going yacht. The designer of the *Eleanor* is Mr. Charles R. Hanscom, superintendent of the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., a man who has made a great study of this class of vessel, and who has more recently designed the *Peregrine* and *Illawarra* for Boston gentlemen.

The *Peregrine* is now commissioned, having lately had her speed trials, and in these she proved remarkably speedy with the power developed. Her trials at sea have proved her seaworthiness, and as regards workmanship and excellence of design she is undoubtedly superior to anything of her size ever seen in our waters. The *Illawarra* is now being fitted out, and will be commissioned in about a month.

These vessels are a credit to the country, and tend to prove that the American steam yacht is not a fraud. Far from it; the American yacht designed and built by competent men is as far ahead of foreign steam yachts as *Vigilant* and *Defender* were ahead of the *Valkyries*. I do not mean to say that Mr. C. R. Hanscom is the only capable steam yacht designer in this country, but I speak principally of the three

yachts he has designed because I know myself just what they are. We have other competent designers in such men as A. Cary Smith, Herreshoff, Gardner, Seabury, etc. These men have all original ideas, and with steam yachts designed by any of them I feel sure this country could soon prove that the American steam yacht is not a fraud, but a grand success.

I do not think that it is necessary for a naval architect, in order to design steam yachts, to sever his connection with a shipbuilding concern, but I agree with you that it requires certain peculiar abilities which can only be attained by study and experience to make a successful designer of this type of vessel. The more acquainted a designer is with the details of construction, etc., the better designer he must necessarily prove, and I think it is a great fault to find so many designers ignoring this most important subject.

The failure of the *Columbia*, *Thespia*, etc., has undoubtedly influenced yachtmen to look abroad for their yachts, but before looking abroad they should have looked around in our own country.

Foreign builders and designers themselves often make mistakes, and without disparaging the ability of Mr. G. L. Watson to design yachts, it is queer that it has never occurred to certain gentlemen that he has never designed a yacht capable of capturing the America's Cup.

What we need is a law to make moneyed men look at home and seek to patronize home industry. We do not want them to look at a few steam yacht failures and then pass verdict on all American built and designed steam yachts accordingly, but let them look at our yachts designed by competent naval architects, and I feel sure that they will see in them a standard higher than that obtained by any foreign builders.

Our correspondent's letter covers quite a number of points, all of them interesting; we shall take them up, as nearly as possible, in the order of their importance. The first question is, what yachts may justly be called representative American craft? We have taken as such those built on the Delaware, and in particular those of the firm which can show the largest tonnage and greatest number built. The Delaware fleet includes *Columbia*, *Peerless*, *Thespia*, *Atlanta*, *Nourmahal*, *Yosemite* and a great many smaller craft. We are willing, however, to go further and include the Boston Wild Duck with her hideous sponsons patched on to her side. We recognize that the Bath-built yachts *Eleanor*, *Peregrine*, *Illawarra* and some others are superior to many of the Delaware-built craft. At the same time there is not one of these yachts which can compare in appearance with the Clyde-built craft such as *Rona*, *May*, *Maria* and *Sapphire*. In arrangement, workmanship and performance, *Eleanor* and her smaller sisters represent a decided and most encouraging advance over all the Delaware-built craft; but in appearance they are still ten, yes, twenty years behind. This is a matter which any man can decide for himself by a visit to Tebo's dock or the Erie Basin; let him compare *Eleanor* with the Watson yacht *Sapphire*, formerly *Cleopatra*, as they lie side by side; or *Sagamore* with *Conqueror*, *Utowna* or *Intrepid*. The spectacle at the America's Cup races last year was enough to open the eyes of the blindest advocates of American steam yachts; the British fleet represented by *Valhalla*, *Sapphire*, *Conqueror*, *Hermione*, *Erl King*, *Zara*, *Ituna*, *Sultana*, *Corsair* and *Intrepid*; the American by *Columbia*, *Peerless*, *Nourmahal*, *Atlanta*, *Sagamore*, *Alicia*, *Electra*, *Wadena*, *Wild Duck* and scores of smaller craft. In size, in cost and in numbers, the American fleet out-numbered the British; in fact many of the former belong to a far larger and pretentious class; but in appearance the odds were without exception on the other side. Excepting in appearance, and this we consider a prime requisite in a pleasure craft costing upward of \$1,000,000, we readily admit our correspondent's claims for *Eleanor*'s performance; but we would ask him, for information, being ignorant on this point, in what part of the United States her designer was born?

As we understand our correspondent, he freely admits that a great many American steam yachts are all that we claimed them to be; the only question between us is, which may justly claim to be representative; the many steam yachts, small and large, built throughout the country within the past fifteen years, or the few mentioned by him as built in one yard within three years.

Coming down to specific instances, we would be glad to have our correspondent name one large steam yacht designed by an American which cannot be surpassed by a British yacht of the same tonnage and class, as *Vigilant* and *Defender* surpassed the two *Valkyries*.

In our original criticism we gave due credit to the class of 100ft. or so for good performance and general excellence, appearance excepted; there are many very serviceable yachts of this class afloat and more, and better, are being built every year, but the majority are still crude and lumberly to the yachtman's eye. Notably is this the case with the Bristol yachts; whatever good points they possess, they are painfully lacking in symmetry, proportion and a yacht-like finish.

The list of designers supplied by our correspondent is particularly to the point of our original contention; whether Mr. Hanscom is an American or an Englishman we are not aware; that he has turned out some excellent yachts we readily admit, but that his craft are in any sense up to the modern standard in appearance we certainly must deny. It may be contended that this is merely a matter of taste, but we believe that there are certain established standards of what is fitting and appropriate in a yacht, and that these are not reached in *Sagamore* or even *Eleanor*. The second designer mentioned, Mr. A. Cary Smith, after some twenty-five years of successful practice in sailing yachts, was called on last year for the first time to design a steam yacht, so that he cannot be included. Mr. Gardner, in the same way, last year turned out two steam yachts of moderate size, and so can hardly be either praised or blamed for his share in the representative American craft. The Herreshoff yachts we have already mentioned; they not only belong to a smaller class and a different type from those under discussion, but, like the Herreshoff sailing yachts, with a few such exceptions as *Defender* and *Wasp*, their claims for excellence rest solely on performance and not on appearance.

The Seabury yachts also belong to the smaller class, and it may be said that they are improving each year in appearance, as well as in more substantial qualities.

Our correspondent makes the point that a plea for free yachts carries with it, out of consistency, a plea for free ships. Accepting this statement for the sake of argument, we would say that there is nothing in the least consistent in the protection offered by the Payne bill; it is not protection to all Americans concerned in the production of steam yachts, but only to American builders. The American designer is in no way protected; owners may still, if they so desire, go abroad for the designs of their yachts, and builders may continue to seek the aid of foreign designers and draftsmen. Under the lax administration of the contract labor and other immigration laws, the builder may still avail himself of the foreign workman, as he has done from the very inception of metal shipbuilding in America. If protection for American industry is a good thing, then let us have fair and equal protection for all Americans, and not for one favored class, the employer.

In our opinion, the questions of free yachts and free ships are entirely distinct; the two classes of vessels are on totally different footings before the country. The ship is a means of profit from which the owner presumably derives a substantial return; and it may be fair and just that the owner should be taxed through her. The yacht brings in no revenue to her owner, but, on the contrary, is maintained at great expense, primarily for the pleasure of the owner, but in the case of a maritime nation ultimately for the benefit of the State in ways which we have frequently pointed out. The yachtman asks nothing of the Government in the way of special bounties and subsidies, he pays his own way; and the very least recognition which a nation can make of the benefits accruing from its pleasure fleet is to exempt it from all unnecessary restrictive measures.

Sovereign.

THE steel steam yacht *Sovereign*, designed by J. Beaver Webb, and built by the John N. Robins Co., of the Erie Basin Dry Docks, for M. D. C. Borden, Esq., was successfully launched at noon on May 18. *Sovereign* is the fifth large steam yacht designed by Mr. Webb since he removed from London to New York, the others being *Utowna*, *Sultana*, *Intrepid* and *Corsair*. She is the largest of all, and, unlike the others, carries twin screws. Like all of the Webb craft she is a handsome and shapely vessel, and a yacht in appearance as well as name. The side view shows a bold, handsome sheer, the only defect being an excessive round of taffrail and archboard, making the latter the most conspicuous feature of the yacht. This defect will probably be remedied before the yacht is completed. The yacht is well arranged below and will be elegantly fitted. The workmanship of the hull, which was built under the superintendence of Capt. W. D. Dickey, manager of the yard, is excellent throughout. Mr. Webb has also designed for the yacht a very handsome outfit of boats, which have been built at the yard. All arrangements for the launch were so complete that the vessel went off promptly when the planks were cut just after noon. She will be finished as rapidly as possible.

Question in the Trial Races.

OUR attention has been called to the statement, in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 4, that *Question* was third in each of the trial races of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. last August, which is incorrect, as she was third in but two of the three races, being second in the second race. The official times of the first three boats in the trial races were:

	1st race.	2d race.	3d race.
Ethelwynn.....	3 16 15	4 03 03	5 58 12
Olita.....	3 18 09	4 12 48	6 03 43
Question.....	3 26 07	4 11 25	6 04 33

It will be seen from the figures that in the second race *Question* beat

Olita by 1m. 38s., and was only 3m. 22s. astern of *Ethelwynn*. The error arose from the fact that in the official records of the races Olita was in each case named in second place, though by the figures she won only third place in the second race.

Huguenot Y. C. Open Race.

Saturday, May 16.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE racing about New York opened on May 16 with the open race of the Huguenot Y. C. for the 15-footers, 21-footers, cabin cats and open cats. The small class brought out six new boats: the Herreshoff *Gnome*, owned by F. M. Hoyt; *Imp*, designed and built by Thomas Clapham for J. M. Hamilton, of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia; *Two Step*, a duplicate of *Ethelwynn*, the new boat recently exhibited at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, owned by Herbert Jennings; *Guilla*, one of the new Rigby boats, built at Canarsie, owned by H. G. Wey; two improved "Question" models designed and built by Huntington; *Hope*, owned by Adrian Iselin, Jr., and *Willada*, W. G. Newman. The only old boat was *Olita*, Com. Rouse, S. C. Y. C., sailed by L. B. Huntington.

The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp.....	1 32 00	2 50 11	1 18 11
Olita.....	1 32 00	2 50 49	1 18 49
Hope.....	1 32 00	2 51 00	1 19 00
Two Step.....	1 32 00	2 51 12	1 19 12
Gnome.....	1 32 00	2 54 39	1 22 39
Willada.....	1 32 00	2 56 40	1 24 40
Guilla.....	1 32 00	Did not finish.	

Mr. Clapham, who sailed *Imp*, and Mr. Huntington, who sailed *Hope*, were disqualified, as not being amateurs.

The other classes were timed:

In the 20ft. class *Celia*, Clement Gould, was timed at 1.11.00, elapsed, and *Houri*, E. Burton Hart, at 1.12.40. *Weasel*, T. E. Ferris, won in the cabin cat class, her time being 1.21.22. *Nanloch* won in the open cat class.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The May meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on May 12, with Vice-Com. Cruger in the chair. The trustees reported the election of Miss Susan De Forest Day as an associate member and Leonis B. Huntington, I. Dows, Henry Walters and Clifton H. Crane as active members. Announcement was made of the presentation to the club by Mrs. E. Mary Ludlow, mother of the late Robert Center, of the Cape May cup, originally won by *Vindex*, as a perpetual prize. For the present season Com. Rouse has given prizes to the amount of \$500, and Vice-Com. Cruger and Rear-Com. Todd each to the amount of \$250. A resolution of condolence on the death of Fleet Surgeon J. West Roosevelt was unanimously adopted. The special committee on town house reported a proposed plan for the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of an eight-story building, of which two floors would be devoted to the club, the remainder being arranged as bachelor apartments. The estimated cost of the scheme is placed at \$165,000. The committee will go further in the consideration of the plan, which, if found practicable, will give the club a home in New York that will be fully adequate to its requirements and a fitting supplement to the fine house and summer station on Center Island. The house committee announced the formal opening of the club house on May 30 in connection with the races set for the 15ft. class. The race committee announced the following events for the season: May 30—First race of 15ft. class. June 22—Commencement of the trial races to select a boat to defend the international challenge cup for 15-footers, against the boat to be sent by Mr. Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, who has challenged for the trophy. June 27—Annual race of the club. July 15—Commencement of the international races. Aug. 29—Special race for schooners and the new class of 30-footers.

Serkara, schr., J. M. Fuller, sailed from Gloucester on May 3, at 5 P. M., bound for Rockland, Me., after fitting out at the former port. A few hours later she went ashore on the Londoners, off Thatcher's Island, becoming a total loss. Her owner and crew saved themselves in the two boats.

The Brooklyn Y. C. has elected the following officers, to succeed those who resigned in a body a few weeks since: Com., Peter B. Steele, sloop *Dorothy*; Vice-Com., J. H. Constant, sloop *Allis*; Rear-Com., George R. Whitehead, cat *Pilot*; Trustees, A. S. Richoffer, George P. Foote and W. B. Wardell. The annual open regatta will be sailed on Monday, June 15, over the club's course on the Lower Bay.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.

COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made of Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. E. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-23, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, O. F. Fennell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A Canoe Light.

NEW YORK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doing a good deal of canoeing on such a busy waterway as the Hudson, and almost half of it after dark, a lantern has been a pretty necessary part of my outfit.

I hated to mar the mahogany decks by screwing a lantern attachment to them, and so, after much thought, tied a headlight driving lamp to the bow painter ring. The lamp gave a splendid light, but tie it never so snugly, it would wobble in a manner calculated to beat the band—and a German band at that. And when it came to untying it in a hurry—well, I simply hug myself to think that that performance is a thing of the past.

For I have hit upon a combination which, I believe, is good enough to tell of to the rest of the fraternity. It is simply a B. G. I. star lantern bracket made for the largest size bicycle head, and a bicycle lamp with red and green side lights.

When the canoe is used as a paddler, a miniature mast projecting (in, above the deck carries the bracket. A strip of leather on this mast prevents its turning in the tube, and keeps the light dead ahead.

When sailing under lateen rig I fasten the bracket to the top of the main mast; while using a fore and aft rig, such as the Baily, with nothing forward of mast, bracket can be placed just over jaws of boom.

The boat house is a mile from home and I always ride over on a wheel, and the same lantern does for both wheel and canoe.

Some of your readers may have thought of this scheme already, but if it prevents but one man from using the language which I did last summer, I will feel that I have in part atoned for my offenses in that direction.

I find that by placing the light up high on mast my boat receives more respectful attention and more of its proper amount of way, especially from row boats, than it otherwise would. E. T. KEYSER.

Wanted, Cruising Company.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself have each a canoe. We are quite fond of canoeing, and last summer took several small cruises on the southern part of Long Island. It is our desire to take a cruise of 1,700 miles next summer over the following route: We start from New York, up the Hudson to West Troy, by canal to Lake Champlain, down the lake to the Sorel River and into the St. Lawrence, up the St. Lawrence to Kingston; from there by boat to Oswego, by Oswego River and canals into Cayuga Lake; from here by canal to Seneca, down it to Watkins Glen, by canal into the Chemung at Elmira, down the Chemung into the Susquehanna to the Chesapeake, by canal, etc., to Delaware Bay, up the Delaware River and by the M. & E. Canal home.

This is an easy trip through a good country and no hindrances but this: there are only two who will participate in it. We would very much like to have two or three more young men between 17 and 21—our ages are 18 and 20—to join us; of course they must have a canoe each and some canoeing experience.

A. C. K.

Amateurs and Experts.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will kindly give space to a new kicker I should like to advance a few ideas, some perhaps new, others not so much so, touching the condition and the probable, as well as the possible, future of trap-shooting. There is not another sport in so demoralized a condition, and to find the reason, and then the remedy if one exists, should be the aim of every true lover of the sport. Trap-shooting will never be recognized as one of the legitimate sports until a properly authorized body takes matter in charge and formulates rules and regulations which shall control absolutely every public shoot given, accurately define the amateur and expert, and so brand the professional that there will be no mistaking him. It may be claimed that there is no difficulty now in determining who is the professional, which is not true; but even if it were, are there not many men now shooting who under the present construction of professionalism are not such, yet are equally as good shots as the best of the so-called professionals, and whose work at the traps is equally as deadly to the dollar of the genuine amateur. These professionals and experts are winning 90 cents out of every dollar shot for at the traps to-day, and whose money are they winning? Not a cent from men of their own class, for they are all winners and not losers. It is the money of the 60 to 80 per cent. man, the feeder, who from love of the sport and the delight of exercising the eye and nerve at the flying target contributes of his wealth to the greedy gun of the insatiable expert. Don't let us hear anything more of the stale and untruthful assertion that it is the gentlemanly paid expert who really makes a successful shoot. How many are there of them at the average 'big tournaments'? About a dozen or fifteen, as a rule; in fact, at the three big shoots recently given at Atchison, Omaha and Joplin the list would not reach twenty, while the number of entries in some of the events at Atchison passed the 100 mark. Now these few men won about all of the purses and added money, and contributed by their entry fees about one-fifth of the purses and not a cent to the added money. Can it be sensibly claimed that with the large amount of added money, merchandise prizes, etc., the entry list would not have been so large if these sportsmen for profit had been excluded? Look at the Joplin shoot, with \$1,000 or over added money; will any defender of the present system, or rather lack of system, presume to say that the entry list would not have been twice as long if there had been any possible show for the man who gets a livelihood from a legitimate business and is willing to forego profits in his pleasures? And right here I want to head off the fellow with the old and impudent advice to the low percentage man to "go out behind the barn and practice," for it is well known that in the great majority of cases practice, such as is within the possibilities of the average man, will not make him a 90 per cent. shooter any more than any amount of work will enable a 2:20 horse to go in 2:05. It is a fact that but few men with any amount of practice can ever reach 90 per cent. or upward; a considerably larger number can go 80 or a little over, and below these comes the great crowd of 65 to 80 per cent. men, every one of whom, under present conditions, must either make up his mind to be robbed if he shoots at all, or else stay out entirely and keep his money, but lose his sport. It is a bad system which enables a handful of men to deny to another body, a hundred times greater in numbers, the right of representation at the traps.

Relief has been sought in handicaps, and many ingenious and brain racking systems have been devised to delude the sucker into the belief that he was getting a run for his money, but none have sufficed for the very simple reason that no system of handicapping will ever equalize the low and the high percentage men and keep them both shooting. Your expert will not go against a game which comes anywhere near putting him on a level with other shooters, and any handicap which does the genuine amateur any good bars the expert entirely; for he, like any other good business man, will quickly desert a trade which doesn't pay, and the fact that he makes a business of a sport cuts no figure in the matter, for must he not live?

If there be any solution to this problem other than an entire separation of the expert and amateur it is yet to be discovered. The only way to keep the sheep from the goats is by a dividing fence, and no theoretical barrier will do it. But says some one, "You are going to penalize a man merely because he excels, and are putting a premium on mediocrity." I am not; let the strong contest with the strong, and keep them away from the weaklings lest the flock be destroyed. The fact that a few men possess superior skill gives them no right to monopolize the entire shooting field and force the low percentage man to either pay them a royalty for the right to shoot or not shoot at all. Big purses of added money have temporarily kept up the entry lists, but men are beginning to find out that in contesting under conditions where they are bound to lose the size of the purse makes no difference, and even big added money will not much longer prove effective bait. The days of large gatherings of trap-shooters are rapidly reaching a close, if the present style of conducting such meetings is continued, and the cause is not far to seek. The proposition is simple and the conclusion inevitable. There must be sharp classification based on known records of individual shooters, and men of widely differing percentages must be kept apart, or we shall see a sport, unexcelled as a means of recreation and pastime by gentlemen, destroyed by mercenaries, and brought into disrepute, from which recovery will be impossible.

A. J. HAWKER.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., May 5.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot at their new grounds at the Duck Farm Hotel, Griesemerville. The attendance was large and the scores were a decided improvement over those of recent events. The work of Schindler Weiler, the 14-year-old son of Judge Weiler, and the youngest member of the club, was remarkable, as the scores indicate. The gold medal was won by Porter and Hoke secured the silver trophy. The live-bird events were very interesting. The scores follow:

No. 1, club shoot, gold medal, 25 targets:	
Porter	111111110111110111111111-23
Rehrig	111111111111111111001111-23
Hoke	111111010111011111110111-21
S. Weiler	101111011111110111011111-21
A. Acker	011111011111110111110110-18
Kramlich	01101011110111111111001-18
Miller	100110110111111111011010-15
Hell	001001101101101111110110-14
Shantz	111110110000101001001100-12
Grim	0100011000110100111001001-11
Mohr	011001000010100110000101-10
Erdman	100001001101000001000110-8
No. 2, silver medal, 25 targets:	
Hoke	1111111111001111001111100-19
Kramlich	10001110010101111110101-16
Miller	011110110101001100110010-14
Greasermer	101000011011011111000110-13
A. Weiler	100001003000100100010010-6
H. Acker	000001000010100010001000-5
No. 3.	
Rehrig	11111112122-11
A. Acker	11220202111-10
Hell	1212012111-10
Kramlich	1121011211-10
Porter	11101221212-10
S. Weiler	11220012111-9
A. Weiler	21112101020-8
J. Weiler	22111010110-8
Greasermer	00221010111-7
Mohr	02022002020-5
Gillette	10222222-2

E. A. MERTZ, Sec'y.

Bradley vs. Hibbard.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., May 13.—An interesting 100-bird match was shot here to-day between Bradley, who stood at 30yds., and Hibbard, who shot from the 27yds. mark. Despite this handicap Bradley won, but he did not have an easy time by any means; for had he missed his last bird the score would have been a tie at 76. The race was close and exciting throughout. The scores follow:

Bradley (30)	2220021122100120111102111-19
	121201011210111110110122-20
	1211121201100112102012100-18
	111111012020201202222201-20
Hibbard (27)	121202001221011101110211-19
	0201010122200251110121101-17
	1222202112210122002212221-21
	2201201112121020111121010-19

Referee—Harry Enos.

Burnside Gun Club.

BURNSIDE, La.—On Saturday, May 9, the Burnside Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot, eight 10-target events being the programme for the afternoon. The following scores were made:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Dr Miles... 10 10 8 9 9 9 10	Dalferes... 6 6 7 8... 5 10
Breaux... 9... 8 5... 7 7	Boote... 7 8 9 8 8 9
Dr Bringer... 8 6 6 6 5... 7	Mire... 4 7 9 8 8 9
Tucker... 6 6 9 8 6 7 9	Stuart... 3 8 1... 9 10
Gentry... 7 8 5 8 8 7 9	Brown... 8 4... 4 4

W. P. M., Jr.

On Long Island.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 12.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. Nine members turned out to take part in the shooting. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, Class A.—Helgans 6, Botty 5, Short 5, Thompson 5. Class B.—Selover 7, Bramwell 7, Wye 7, Woolley 6. Class C.—Matthews 5.
Event No. 1, sweep, 8 live birds: Woolley 3, Short 3, Thompson 3, Matthews 3, Bramwell 2, Helgans 2.
No. 2, same: Bramwell 2, Botty 2, Helgans 2, Matthews 2, Thompson 2, Woolley 0.
No. 3, same: Thompson 3, Botty 3, Woolley 3; Helgans 2, Bramwell 2, Wye 2, Selover 2, Matthews 2.
No. 4, same: F. Thompson 3, Woolley 3, Botty 2, Selover 2, J. Thompson 2, Van Sicken 1, Bramwell 1.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 12.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club's final shoot of the season, held at North Beach to-day, was well attended. The club shoot was won by Geo. E. Samuels, who had to shoot off for this honor with V. Bolton, H. L. MacTammany and L. I. Richard, all of whom tied at 6 birds. After the club shoot some sweeps were shot. The scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds: Samuels (28) 6, MacTammany (25) 6, Bolton (26) 6, Longman (27) 5, Harper (27) 5, Dillon (25) 4, Nelson (26) 4, Henderson (27) 4, Schwartz (26) 3, Er o ley (28) 2.
No. 2, shoot off, miss-and-out: Samuels 4, MacTammany 3, Bolton 3.
No. 3, miss-and-out: Samuels 4, Schwartz 4, MacTammany 3, Hennessey 3, Dillon 2, Longman 2, Henderson 1, Briodey 0, Nelson 0.
No. 4, same: Schwartz 5, Dillon 4, Bolton 4, Briodey 3, Longman 3, Harper 2, Henderson 1, MacTammany 1, Hennessey 0, Nelson 0.
No. 5, same: Schwartz 5, Bolton 5, Hennessey 4, Harper 4, MacTammany 3, Dillon 3, Henderson 2, Longman 3, Briodey 1, Nelson 0.
No. 6, same: Samuels 6, Nelson 4, Schwartz 4, Briodey 3, Nelson 4, MacTammany 3, Henderson 2, Bolton 2, Hennessey 2, Longman 2, Harper 1, Henderson 0.

EXCELSIOR ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 14.—The final shoot of the season was held here to-day. The shooting was close and interesting throughout, three men—Richards, Heimberger and Horton—tying for first place in the club shoot, which was finally won by Richards. The sweeps were also closely contested, the money being well distributed. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, A. S. A. rules: Richards (28) 6, Heimberger (27) 6, Horton (27) 6, Chauncey (25) 5, Henderson (26) 4, B. G. Williams (27) 4, Deegan (27) 5, D. J. Kingsland (28) 5, S. R. Williams (27) 4, Archer (26) 3, D. G. Kingsland (26) 4, Seegull (28) 4, Wilson (27) 4, O'Dell (26) 3, Jackson (26) 1.
Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Richards 5, Horton 4, Heimberger 1.
No. 1, sweep, miss-and-out: Jackson 4, Williams 4, Archer 4, Richards 3, Kingsland 3, Heimberger 2, Seegull 2, O'Dell 1, Williams 1, Wilson 1, Horton 1, Deegan 0.
No. 2, same: O'Dell 5, Jackson 4, Archer 4, Richards 3, Chauncey 3, Williams 3, Kingsland 2, Deegan 2, Heimberger 1, Horton 1, Henderson 1, Wilson 1, Seegull 0.
No. 3, 5 birds, \$3 entry, three moneys: Richards 5, Seegull 4, Heimberger 4, Chauncey 3, O'Dell 3, Horton 2, Deegan 2, Henderson 1, Williams 1, Wilson 1, Jackson 1.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

May 14.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park to-day. H. Koebel, Sr., with 6 kills, won the club shoot and first money. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, handicap rise, badge and three moneys: Koebel (28) 6, Skidmore (25) 5, Sands (28) 5, Vagts (25) 5, Vroome (28) 5, Brown (28) 5, Flynn (28) 4, Potter (25) 4, Timke (25) 4, Voorhees (28) 3, Smith (25) 3, O'Hara (25) 3, Rankin (23) 2.
No. 1, sweep, handicap rise, three moneys: Skidmore 3, McClosky 3, Rankin 2, Vroome 2, O'Hara 2, Voorhees 2, Sands 1, McGuinness 1.
No. 2, same: Smith 3, Voorhees 3, McClosky 3, Sands 2, McGuinness 2, Skidmore 2.

DOWN TOWN GUN CLUB.

May 15.—The Down Town Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Ridge-wood Park this afternoon. None of the ten men who took part in the shooting succeeded in making straight scores in the club competition. In the sweepstake which followed the four lowest guns paid for the birds. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 10 live birds: Goetz (28) 9, Joost (25) 9, Zahn (30) 9, Bohlmann (25) 8, Muhs (28) 8, Lang (25) 8, Fagen (26) 8, Steencken (28) 6, Multer (25) 6, Schweitzer (23) 4.
Sweepstake, 3 live birds: Steencken 3, Goetz 3, Zahn 2, Bohlmann 2, Joost 2, Muhs 2, Lang 1.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 16.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot was held on Dyke's Meadow this afternoon. The shooting was varied and interesting. Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 at known traps, unknown angles; No. 8, battery shooting, dat on back until bird is seen. No. 2 was the club shoot, and No. 3 for the Hegeman prize. In the shoot-off between O'Brien and Jones in No. 3 Jones broke 9 and O'Brien 10, giving O'Brien the badge. The scores were as follows:

Class A.	
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 25 15 10 10 10 10 5	Targets: 10 25 15 10 10 10 10 5
J. Gaughen... 9 22 9 7 9 8 5 3	A. Hegeman... 18 9 8 9 5 4 4
D. Deacon... 20 12 8 8 7 7 2	D. Bennett... 7 17 12 9 5 7... ..
Class B.	
G. E. Pool... 7 17 11 8 4... ..	D. Shepard 7 14 6... ..
Class C.	
J. E. Jones... 19 13 7 9 7 1	C. Fleet... 5 15 10 4 4 4 7 2
Dr O'Brien 8 15 13 7 4... 10 2	

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 16.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place to-day at the Liberty avenue and Enfield street grounds. Thirteen events were shot in which ten men took part, Remsen doing the best work. All the events were at 10 targets. The scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13	
F. Thompson... 6 5 9... 6 8 9 7 8 8 5 6 7	
Remsen... 10 9 8... 9... 8... 9 9 9	
Skidmore... 8 6 6... 7 6 6 6 8 5... ..	
McAdam... 6 6 5 8... 8 7... 6 8 8 6	
Wright... 7 7 5... 6 5 6 6... 4 5 4 6	
Coe... 5 4 9... 5... ..	
Bishop... 8... 6 4 6... 5 8 6 7 7 7	
Osterhout... 7... 6 4 6 6 6... ..	
Dr Littlefield... 9 5 9... 6 5 7 9 7	
Van Lise... 6... ..	

New York State Shoot.

The advance programme of the New York State shoot, to be held at Buffalo, June 8 to 13, 1896, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club, shows a purse of \$1,000 added cash and \$3,000 merchandise prizes.

New York State events, open only to residents of New York State: \$450 cash and over \$3,000 worth of other prizes added, as follows: Tuesday, June 9.—No. 1, 25 singles, entrance \$3, \$75 added; No. 2, same conditions.

Wednesday, June 10.—No. 3, 25 singles, entrance \$5, grand merchandise; No. 4, 25 singles, entrance \$3, \$75 added.

Thursday, June 11.—No. 5, 25 singles, entrance \$3, \$75 added; No. 6, same conditions.

For ten best averages in above six events, \$50 cash and merchandise prizes.

Friday, June 12.—Team shoot, four men to team, 25 birds each, entrance \$12. First prize, Parker gun; second, cut glass punch bowl; \$25 cash added; also other prizes. Lefevre medal shoot, miss-and-out, merchandise, entrance \$1; birds included in all above entrance moneys.

Shooters cannot fail to get back more than the entrance in all above events, as the added money and merchandise amounts to several times cost of birds.

Saturday, June 13.—The Dean Richmond trophy event at live birds. Sweepstake events, open to the world, \$650 cash and an equal value in prizes added to open events.

Daily programme of sweepstake events, entrance \$2.50 each, birds included in all entrance money: No. 1, 20 singles, \$15 added; No. 2, 20 singles, \$15 added; No. 3, 20 singles; No. 4, 20 singles, \$15 added; No. 5, 20 singles; No. 6, 50 singles (see below); No. 7, 20 singles, \$15 added.

Tuesday, June 9.—Event 6 will be the Gold Dust powder event. Cash and 1,000 loaded Gold Dust shells added (divided). Entrance for above \$2, including birds and shells. Optional sweep, \$3 extra.

Wednesday, June 10.—Event 6 will be the E. C. Powder event. Hand-some cup and \$50 cash added. Entrance \$3.

Thursday, June 11.—Event 6 will be the Times event, \$125 added, entrance \$3.

Friday, June 12.—Event 6 will be the Buffalo Audubon Club event. Handicap, open to all. First prize, a new \$35 upright piano; second prize, fine Concord road wagon. There will also be added to this even t

several other prizes. Entrance, \$5 straight. Optional sweep, \$5 extra.

There will be added \$160 cash for general average prizes for those competing in all sweepstakes during the four days, divided as follows: \$35, \$20, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$5.

Mr. Wm. Crutenden will have charge of State events. Mr. John Parker will have charge of open events. Some arrangements will be made to place the amateur where he will have an equal chance with the expert.

Boston Gun Club's Prize Shoot.

BOSTON, Mass., May 13.—The Boston Gun Club's weekly afternoon prize shoot took place to-day at Wellington, and the usual coterie of enthusiasts alighted from the 2 o'clock train, followed an hour later by the duplicate squad. The wind might have been a little less persistent; otherwise the weather was splendid, and chairs were conveniently planted on the platform directly in the path of the sun's warm rays.

Somebody has asked how we extract so much pure fun and enjoyment from these meetings, where no money whatever is placed on the sweeps, and the thoughtful and regular Wednesday attendant answers from the fact that the fair and just handicap system of distance, used without question or dissension at every live-bird shoot, is in the first place responsible for much of the pleasant and true blue rivalry, and from the fact that all hurry and bustle to use up a large amount of powder, a ton of shot, so many shells, so many thousand targets, etc., is interdicted and against the rules. The events progress leisurely and allow moments for the timely joke or "jolly," the prime hunting story or the well-developed fishing yarn. The only scheduled shooting is the prize match run in two or three events, as the case may be, the balance of programme arranged to suit those present, and a glance at our varied card each week is the best evidence that practice and not straight scores is the object in view. The 10 cents or 25 cents per capita on each event is never requested, much less desired. Birds are settled for at the end of shooting, and the handling of the mighty dollar is almost forgotten. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	7	10	6	6	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon.....	9	9	7	0	4	2	3	7	10	4	7	8	7	8	7
Brown.....	8	8	6	1	4	2	2	4	6	2	6	5	8	6	6
Sheffield.....	6	7	4	7	3	4	6	7	11	8	3	7	9	7	7
Miskay.....	7	10	8	6	8	2	2	6	11	6	6	5	7	8	..
Pond.....	7	6	6	6	4	4	2	8	12	5	8	6	9
Horace.....	7	3	5
Sears.....	8	13	4	8	7
Kinnicutt.....	10	5	7	8	..
Bancroft.....	12	5	3
Nickols.....	12	7	5	7	6
Williams.....	10	9
Sewall.....	7	8	8	7	6
Greene.....
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 9, 12, 14 and 15, known angles; No. 13, same, use of both barrels; Nos. 3 and 10, unknown angles; No. 5, five unknown traps and angles; No. 4, miss-and-out; Nos. 6 and 7, pairs; No. 11, reverse angles.															

Third contest in merchandise series, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Sheffield (15yds).....	1100101111101111-11	1111101011-8-19
Nickols (16).....	1111111011101110-12	010101111-7-19
Williams (15).....	01111111110000-10	111101111-7-19
Miskay (18).....	11011001101111-11	110010110-6-17
Pond (15).....	11010111101111-12	001100011-5-17
Sears (16).....	11010111111111-13	100000011-4-17
Horace (16).....	001101011011011-10	001101111-7-17
Bancroft (16).....	01111111101111-12	100011001-5-17
Sewall (15).....	11100001000101-7	111111010-8-15
Kinnicutt (16).....	00110101101011-10	010010101-5-15
Gordon (18).....	01010101110111-10	1010010100-4-14
Brown (15).....	00110000101010-6	100010000-2-8

D. KIRKWOOD, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 12.—Regular shoot to-day, 20 targets, unknown angles.

No. 1.	
Nelson.....	01101111101011010111-14
Terry.....	110111111101101111-17
Dornin.....	110111111111110111-17
Scott.....	01101011110110111

The Memphis Third Annual.

A GREAT CLUB'S GREAT SHOOT.

In writing a description of any large sport, the main difficulty one has to combat is the general sameness that attends all such gatherings. This difficulty in the present instance is luckily considerably lessened, since the Memphis Gun Club and its members know so well how to make things pleasant for its guests, and to impart a certain touch of novelty to the otherwise monotonous bang bang of the rapid-fire system and the routine of an added money tournament.

We have attended many tournaments, large and small, but at none have we experienced a greater sense of being "at home" than we did while attending the third annual tournament of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club on May 11-16. Tom Divine and Irby Bennett are as well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM (and not trap-shooting readers only) that it is practically superfluous to say anything in addition to the mere statement that they were here, there and everywhere during the entire six days of the shoot. Wherever there was any noise, any large crowd or any hearty laughter, it was longer odds than dollars to doughnuts that either General Bennett or Major Divine was right on deck.

NOT THE ONLY ONES.

But Memphis does not possess merely these two. There are others. Messrs. W. F. Allen, Abe Frank, F. P. Poston, J. Duncan, J. C. Neely, Jr., and a host of others, all good fellows, all gentlemen and all members of the home club, who go to make a homogeneous whole that is hard to equal and that can scarcely be beaten. This was our first visit to Memphis, but we can now readily understand how and why the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM's editorial staff finds a sojourn within her limits so exceedingly pleasant.

As mentioned in our dispatch from Memphis, dated May 11, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 16, the special car that left New York on Saturday afternoon, May 9, at 5 o'clock, arrived at Memphis at 7 A. M. on Monday morning, and the delegation on board that car received a warm welcome at the hands of the two Memphians first above mentioned. Two four-in-hands were in waiting and the 21 occupants of that car were driven in style to the various hotels of the city. This made a fitting close to as pleasant a thirty-nine hours' journey from New York city as one could possibly wish for.

THE BELGIUM'S STRINGED ORCHESTRA.

Leaving New York at 5 P. M., Eastern time, on Saturday, May 9, the special Pullman car "Belgium," save in the darkest hours of the two nights spent between New York and Memphis, was little else than a concert hall, with an appreciative audience. Leroy and the violin, Heikes and Trimble with their banjos, Gilbert's soprano, Dick Merrill's contralto, and any quantity of tenors and basses formed an operatic troupe whose only weakness lay in its limited repertoire. U. M. C. Thomas is authority for the statement that no less than 365 verses of "There's Only One Girl" and 133 stanzas of "She May Have Seen Better Days" were sung during the trip. (We give U. M. C. as our authority with some trepidation, well knowing his usual custom of sleeping between every meal while on board a train.)

Once south of Mason and Dixon's line, the audiences at every station grew larger and more enthusiastic in their applause. "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," "Yankee Doodle," "Coochee-Coochee," etc., took well and made one realize readily the magic power of the muse. Soberly speaking, the stringed orchestra was immense, each one of the three artists being of an extremely high class.

Our route lay via the Shenandoah Valley, Norfolk & Western, from Roanoke to Bristol; thence by the Southern Railway to Chattanooga, and thence over the Memphis & Charleston R. R. to Memphis. Mr. J. E. Prindle, New York passenger agent of the Norfolk & Western R. R., Shenandoah Valley route, accompanied the car to Memphis, and aided by our chaperone, Tom Callender, made life on board the "Belgium" a thing of beauty. While speaking of this trip, special mention must be made (by request of several on board the car) of the really excellent dinner provided for the travelers at the Hotel Hamilton, the leading hotel in the city of Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

THE VISITORS' LIST.

The visitors came from all over. Twenty-one States had representatives present during the shoot. Below is a list by States:

Alabama: W. J. Vass, Mobile.

Arkansas: J. A. Woods (Jim), Earl, Paul R. Litzke, J. M. Pemberton, J. W. Dickinson and J. W. Irwin, all of Little Rock; J. T. Lloyd and W. A. Leach, Pine Bluff; G. W. Hughes and John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs.

Connecticut: U. M. C. Thomas, of Bridgeport, the U. M. C. Co.'s popular expert and representative.

Georgia: L. J. Alston, Atlanta.

Illinois: C. W. Powers, Decatur; J. H. Robbins, Chicago; E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM's Western representative.

Indiana: H. B. Hill, Aurora; C. W. Thomas, Logansport; J. A. Martin, Indianapolis.

Iowa: C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; E. D. Trotter, Kingsley.

Kansas: Lou Erhardt, Atchison; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth; C. W. Calhoun, Weir City.

Kentucky: Ralph Trimble, Covington; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove; P. Ward, Hickman; A. W. du Bray, Dayton.

Massachusetts: O. R. Dickey, Boston; B. Leroy Woodward, Campbell; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro.

Mississippi: C. W. Tway, Michigan City; Dave Porterfield, Vicksburg; H. L. Baker, Natchez; Alex. Smith, Greenville; L. D. Herrick, Soranton.

Missouri: Jas. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; T. J. Liles, Aurora.

Nebraska: F. S. Parmalee and G. W. Loomis, Omaha; C. D. Linder-mann, Adams.

New Jersey: Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton.

New York: E. D. Fulford, Utica; Slim Glover, Rochester; B. A. Bartlett, Lakewood; J. A. H. Dressel, New York city; C. C. Hebbard, New York city.

Ohio: J. A. Flick, Ravenna; J. P. Easton, Monroeville; Rolla Heikes, E. D. Rike, C. W. Raymond and W. Scott McDonald, Dayton; Shorty Bacon, Miamisburg; C. A. Young, Springfield; M. F. Lindsley, Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania: Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg; Will K. Park, Philadelphia.

South Carolina: Captain George Swan and G. Peterman, Charleston.

Tennessee: Andy Meaders and Tom Callender, Nashville; H. B. Lindsay and John Connor, Knoxville; J. B. Duncan, Lucy; L. W. Willis, Tiptonville.

Texas: Joe George, A. B. Critzer and J. M. McCormick, San Antonio; Wallace Miller and J. A. Jackson, Austin.

Wisconsin: R. R. Merrill, Milwaukee.

THE HOME CLUB

was well represented, among the members present and taking part being: T. A. Divine, W. F. Allen, Irby Bennett, F. P. Poston, A. B. Duncan, J. C. Neely, Jr., W. Lewis, Dave Cockerell, S. Poston, Phillips, Abe Frank, H. Ballinger, Frank Schumann, W. G. and H. Thompson, Fred Schmidt, W. S. Yahnke, L. S. Robertson, H. L. Fassett, Tom O'Sullivan, J. C. White, H. B. Denning, D. S. Weaver, F. W. Taylor, P. B. Plummer, Jake Clausen, A. G. Brow, J. E. Heard, Fred Orgil, W. R. Sims and S. P. Walker.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

Among the lists above given, of course, many present represented firms of manufacturers or dealers in sporting goods. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company were particularly strong with Rolla Heikes, Jim Elliott, Ferd Van Dyke, Captain Bartlett and Irby Bennett; the U. M. C. Company was represented by J. A. H. Dressel and U. M. C. Thomas; Du Pont representatives were Ralph Trimble, Dave Porterfield and Fred Gilbert, the two former also representing the Hazard Powder Company. King's Smokeless was present in the shape of its inventor—the only Milt F. Lindsley; A. W. du Bray and P. R. Dickey represented Barker Bros.' guns; Charlie Hebbard was present in the interest of, and to look after the running of, the empire traps and targets of the Empire Target Company; E. D. Fulford came here to show what a capital combination Greener guns and U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition make; Tom Callender, of course, represented Laffin & Rand, but, to the regret of many of his friends, a cold contracted on the trip from New York caught his lungs and laid him up during the shoot.

THE MEMPHIS MYSTERY.

Monday, May 11, was the practice day of the tournament—at least nominally. As a matter of fact it turned out to be an all-day affair, with some 61 shooters on the grounds. Quite a nice little shoot, wasn't it?

There were four merchandise events on the programme, the entrance fees in these events being regulated by the number of entries. As told in our special of the above date, which appeared in our issue of May 16, Charlie Budd and Fred Gilbert did some very fine shooting, Gilbert breaking 132 out of 135, and Budd 112 out of 115 shot at. The "Memphis Mystery," event No. 5, was a special feature, and several guesses were hazarded as to what this event would be. Some of the guesses proved to be extremely accurate.

The conditions were 15 targets, unknown angles, \$1.25 entrance, with the club's guarantee that each man who shot would receive a prize the value of his entrance fee. After the event closed Col. Frank S. Parmalee, of Omaha, Neb., by special request of the committee of management, distributed the prizes—a bottle of O. P. S. to each man, a brand of medicine well and favorably known in this section.

In addition to the above 5 events, two extras, 20 targets, \$2 entrance,

targets at 2 cents, were decided. Over 6,000 targets were thrown during the day.

THE NEW GROUNDS.

Since the tournament of last year the club has removed its belongings to new grounds, and is now located on the street car line to Raleigh, and about thirty minutes' ride from the city. Cars only run every half hour, so that it behooved every man to be on time or else enjoy a good wait, with only the muddy waters of the Mississippi to gaze on. The trip by electric car to and from the grounds is by no means an unpleasant feature while the weather is as warm as that which greeted us in Memphis.

The quarters of the club are not spacious, being merely temporary, still there was room enough for all, except during the heavy rainstorm on Wednesday afternoon. Three sets of empire traps were used, Charlie Hebbard coming all the way from New York city to take charge of them. A wire pull was used at the No. 1 set, electric pulls being used for Nos. 2 and 3. Of course empire targets were thrown during the shoot.

In the cashier's office were Cashier C. Bartlett Hills, who has acted in this capacity at every shoot the club has ever held, and his able assistant, J. L. Sellers. These important officials were located in a cage of galvanized wire netting on the western end of the porch that surrounds three sides of the club house. The shoot was managed by Elmer E. Shaner, so that nothing need be said about that portion of the work of the tournament.

After the above brief introduction, it will be in order to review each day's work in detail.

FIRST DAY, MAY 12.

After the preliminary practice of yesterday, with over sixty shooters on the grounds, everybody looked for an entry list of 100 at least in event No. 1. When that event finally closed the cashier's books showed that there were just 101 entries, a big list indeed.

The early morning hours were deliciously cool, owing to the heavy, but brief, downpour of the previous afternoon. But when the sun got away up in the heavens the heat was very severe, especially on those who came from the northern and northeastern portions of the United States. Even the breezes that swept loose pieces of paper into the air had nothing cool in them. We just sat still, perspired and generally enjoyed ourselves. There was no difficulty about the latter feat, thanks to the Memphis Gun Club and its members, all of whom saw to it that its guests did not lack in any particular. Of course, Tom Divine and Irby Bennett were the busiest men on the ground (not including Elmer Shaner), and how either of them managed to break over 80 per cent. is a mystery to us just at present. Irby broke 86 per cent. after shooting himself out of a place in No. 6.

The shooting was not hard, the targets only going between 40 and 45 yds. so far as we could judge, but still there was something that spoiled straight just when they looked certainties. Not that there were not lots of straight scores, on the contrary there were any number of them; six out of the sixty shooters in event No. 5 scoring 25 straight.

CHAN POWERS'S GOOD WORK.

Chan Powers carried off the honors of the day, losing only 1 target out of his first 105, and only 5 out of 165 shot at. Charlie Budd kept up the good work by losing 8 out of the same number. Captain Bartlett and Frank Parmalee were tied for third place with 11 lost birds. Critzer, of San Antonio, and his 16-gauge gun, did wonders to-day, making a run of over 65 straight, Rolla Heikes being credited with the same run. Gilbert, who tied with Budd in yesterday's practice events, did not keep quite up to the same notch, but still he landed with a percentage of 92.1 for 165 shot at.

ENTRIES AVERAGED 71.

The total number of entries in to-day's event was 558, making an average for the 8 programme events of just 71 entries; 101 in No. 1 and 60 in No. 5 were high and low water mark respectively. Including an extra with 21 entries in it, just 12,080 targets were thrown during the day. In the extra, Wheeler and Gilbert made straight scores. Below is a table giving, in order of merit, the totals and percentages of the

SCORES OF MAY 12.												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8				
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	
Powers.....	20	20	19	20	25	19	19	18	165	160	96.9	
Budd.....	19	19	20	18	25	18	19	20	165	157	95.5	
Bartlett.....	18	20	20	19	22	18	17	20	165	154	93.8	
Parmalee.....	19	18	17	20	23	19	19	19	165	154	93.8	
Dickey.....	19	20	18	18	21	19	20	18	165	153	92.7	
Gilbert.....	17	19	18	19	24	16	20	19	165	152	92.1	
Grimm.....	19	20	19	19	22	15	20	18	165	152	92.1	
Elliott.....	17	19	18	16	25	18	20	18	165	151	91.5	
Heikes.....	17	17	18	17	25	20	20	17	165	151	91.5	
Wheeler.....	19	20	15	20	23	17	19	18	165	151	91.5	
Lindermann.....	18	19	18	18	23	18	18	18	165	150	90.9	
McDonald.....	16	18	18	16	24	19	19	20	165	150	90.9	
Critzer.....	17	17	17	20	25	20	14	19	165	149	90.3	
Easton.....	17	19	17	18	25	17	17	19	165	149	90.3	
Hill.....	18	17	17	18	25	17	19	18	165	149	90.3	
Raymond.....	17	18	18	19	24	20	15	18	165	149	90.3	
Rike.....	16	20	18	18	22	16	20	19	165	149	90.3	
Connor.....	18	18	17	17	24	19	17	18	165	148	89.7	
Merrill.....	17	18	20	17	20	20	19	17	165	148	89.7	
Trimble.....	19	18	16	18	22	18	17	20	165	148	89.7	
Cockerill.....	18	18	17	17	23	19	18	16	165	147	89.1	
Trotter.....	16	18	16	19	22	17	19	19	165	146	88.4	
Fulford.....	18	17	18	17	23	18	19	15	165	145	87.8	
Gay.....	17	19	19	17	24	16	16	16	165	144	87.2	
Miller.....	19	20	17	16	21	15	17	19	165	144	87.2	
Allen.....	15	18	17	18	24	17	17	17	165	143	86.6	
Meaders.....	18	17	15	16	23	17	19	18	165	143	86.6	
Sexton.....	14	20	18	16	22	19	16	18	166	143	86.6	
Austin.....	17	17	18	18	22	18	18	18	165	142	86	
Bennett.....	17	19	16	17	24	14	17	18	165	142	86	
Glover.....	18	15	18	17	20	17	17	20	165	142	86	
Leroy.....	16	18	14	19	23	18	18	16	165	142	86	
Van Dyke.....	19	16	17	17	20	19	16	16	165	142	86	
Jerry.....	14	15	17	18	24	18	19	16	165	141	85.4	
Young.....	17	19	16	19	19	19	15	17	165	141	85.4	
Peters.....	16	19	16	16	16	16	16	16	165	140	84.8	
A Duncan.....	18	18	15	20	19	14	19	17	165	140	84.8	
George.....	17	16	19	19	21	16	14	17	165	139	84.2	
Yass.....	15	16	19	15	21	18	16	16	165	138	83.6	
J Duncan.....	19	15	16	14	23	14	19	18	165	138	83.6	
Martin.....	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	165	137	83	
Shorty Bacon.....	19	16	17	13	22	19	16	15	165	137	83	
Erhardt.....	15	17	16	15	21	17	17	19	165	137	83	
Porterfield.....	20	18	17	16	20	13	17	16	165	137	83	
Leach.....	16	16	17	16	16	16	16	16	165	136	82.4	
Edwards.....	17	16	17	17	22	18	14	15	165	136	82.4	
Loomis.....	17	17	15	18	21	14	16	18	165	136	82.4	
Tway.....	19	12	17	16	18	20	17	17	165	136	82.4	
Calhoun.....	12	16	16	13	23	19	19	17	165	135	81.8	
Liles.....	16	19	16	15	21	16	16	16	165	135	81.8	
A Smith.....	20	17	13	12	20	16	18	19	165	135	81.8	
Swan.....	17	16	14	17	23	15	14	19	165	135	81.8	
C W Thomas.....	18	19	17	16	19	16	14	16	165	135	81.8	
Clausen.....	16	15	18	16	16	16	16	16	165	135	81.8	
Taylor.....	17	16	17	15	15	15	15	15	165	134	81.2	
Divine.....	17	16	17	19	17	15	16	17	165	134	81.2	
Peterman.....	17	14	15	15	23	16	16	16	165	133	80.6	
Frank.....	12	16	16	16	23	18	17	14	165	132	80	
F Poston.....	15	17	16	18	19	15	16	16	165	132	80	
Dickinson.....	15	18	16	15	15	15	16	16	165	132	80	
Lindsley.....	13	15	16	18	18	18	18	18	165	132	80	
Ward.....	15	14	16	15	15	15	15	15	165	132	80	
White.....	18	13	16	16	18	18	15	16	165	130	78.7	
Jackson.....	15	14	16	16	17	18	18	15	165	129	78.1	
Neely.....	13	15	17	16	18	19	14	16	165	128	77.5	
Plummer.....	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	165	127	77.5	
Lindsay.....	17	16	16	13	22	15	15	13	165	126	76.3	
U M C.....	14	16	12	13	22	15	16	15	165	124	75.1	
Pemberton.....	16	15	16	13	13	13	13	13	165	124	75.1	
Schmidt.....	15	16	15	14	14	14	14	14	165	124	75.1	
H Thompson.....	16	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	165	124	75.1	
Lloyd.....	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	165	124	75.1	
Robertson.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	165	124	75.1	
W Thompson.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	165	124	75.1	
Herrick.....	17	16	11	15	21	9	14	15	165	118	71.5	
Willis.....	14	11	12	11	21	9	14	15	165	102	70.3	
Jim.....	14	11	12	11	21	9	14	15	165	102	70.3	
Irwin.....	11	12	16	16	16	16	16	16	165	100	70	
Baker.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	165	100	70	
Demming.....	13	13	14	10	10	10	10	10	165	100	70	
Harris.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	165	100	70	
Earl.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	165	100	70	
Sullivan.....	9	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	165	100	70	

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at. Broke. Av.
White.....	18	16	19	18	18	12	18	19	165 128 83.6
Peterman.....	18	16	18	16	16	16	16	16	165 71 83.5
Calhoun.....	18	15	18	17	24	17	16	17	165 137 83
McDonald.....	18	16	17	19	16	14	18	19	165 137 83
U M C.....	14	19	14	16	20	17	19	18	165 137 83
Edwards.....	18	16	16	16	16	17	16	16	165 82 82.5
Frank.....	14	19	16	16	20	14	17	17	165 136 82.4
Flick.....	14	19	14	19	17	17	17	17	165 82 82
Swan.....	18	16	16	16	15	19	16	16	165 135 81.8
McCormick.....	17	16	16	14	22	19	17	14	165 135 81.8
Meaders.....	18	17	13	18	18	17	18	16	165 130 78.7
Easton.....	16	11	15	18	18	19	14	14	165 47 78.3
Herrick.....	13	19	17	11	20	14	16	17	165 127 76.9
A Smith.....	18	16	11	15	21	14	14	16	165 123 75.7
Sumpter.....	17	16	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 49 75.3
Bennett.....	18	16	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 64 75.3
Vass.....	14	16	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 30 75.1
Deming.....	14	15	14	14	22	18	11	15	165 123 74.5
Hughes.....	17	15	10	17	21	13	13	13	165 93 74.4
Erhardt.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 29 71.5
Divine.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 29 71.5
Lindsay.....	13	17	15	12	15	15	15	15	165 57 71.2
Lloyd.....	13	17	15	12	15	15	15	15	165 40 60
Washington.....	13	17	15	12	15	15	15	15	165 40 60

In addition to the 60 shooters in the above list four others shot in one event only, as follows: Du Bray, in No. 3, with 9 out of 20; Leach, in No. 4, with 15 out of 20; Alston, in No. 6, with 15 out of 20, and Robertson in No. 8, with 16 out of 20.

FOURTH DAY, MAY 15.

Another glorious day for trap-shooting, an exact counterpart of yesterday. If this is the sort of weather they have all the year round in Memphis the Bluff City must be specially favored. Anyway, the weather we've experienced this week has been all that we could ask, with the possible exception of the storm of Wednesday afternoon.

DROPPED FOR PLACE.

The single unpleasant feature of this shoot occurred to-day. Easton shot in about the last squad in event No. 1 and delicately dropped his last target to get into the 18 hole, as there were a large number of 19s ahead of him. The case was reported to Manager Shaner, who, willing as usual to give a person the benefit of the doubt, asked Easton if it was so, and if it was, why he did it. That Easton saw no harm in his action is evidenced by the fact that he replied that he had done it, as there were "so many 19s." Carrying out the instructions of the Memphis Gun Club, plainly and positively stated in its programme, Easton was told to put up his gun, draw his entrance money at the cashier's office and take no further part in the tournament of the club.

A GOOD ENTRY LIST.

To-day's scores show that there were fifty-six shooters on the grounds, fifty-four shooting in more than one event, while Easton shot in No. 1 and W. Harris shot in No. 3, the latter scoring 14 out of 20. Out of the above-mentioned fifty-four shooters forty-four shot the programme through, the entries for this day averaging 43.3, an excellent showing for the fourth (really the fifth) day of the tournament. This made the average entry for the thirty-two programme events reach the high mark of 57.3, a figure that the Memphis Gun Club may well feel satisfied with.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The last day of a target tournament always brings together the cream of those who have shot on the previous days. Those who have shot in bad luck or who were outclassed have dropped their money and disappeared, while business often calls many a shooter away before a tournament closes. It is, however, a fact that the company on all "last days" is always warm. To-day's entry list was no exception. Of the forty-four who shot through the eight programme events, twenty-two (or exactly 50 per cent.) broke 90 per cent. or better. Jim Elliott went into a trance and broke 162 out of 163 in capital style, making the high run for the tournament—76; Frank Parmalee was right after him with one less, running 104 out of his last 105. Bartlett and Leroy were also well in it with 160 breaks each. A glance at the other figures shows that there were several below the above who made averages that would have seemed much better were it not for the four top-notchers we have just mentioned.

Such figures as the above show plainly that the shooting could not have been very hard; and it really appeared to us from what we saw of the last two events that the targets were not going as far or as fast as they did on the three days prior to this one. Still, no matter how easy or how slow the targets were thrown, the scores are really remarkable, and speak volumes for the breaking capabilities of the empire target. Then, again, the company must be considered; it was, barring one or two notable absentees, composed of the very best of the trap-shooting talent of the United States. Below is a table of the

SCORES OF MAY 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at. Broke. Av.
Elliott.....	19	20	20	20	24	19	20	20	165 162 98.1
Parmalee.....	19	19	19	20	24	20	20	20	165 161 97.5
Bartlett.....	19	19	19	20	25	19	19	20	165 160 96.9
Leroy.....	20	19	20	20	24	19	18	20	165 160 96.9
Gilbert.....	19	19	20	17	24	20	19	19	165 157 95.1
Budd.....	20	18	19	17	25	19	19	19	165 156 94.5
George.....	20	19	19	18	25	17	20	18	165 156 94.5
Heikes.....	19	20	19	18	24	19	18	19	165 156 94.5
Dickey.....	20	20	17	19	24	18	18	19	165 155 93.9
Calhoun.....	18	20	19	19	22	19	18	19	165 154 93.3
Wheeler.....	19	20	18	19	25	19	18	18	165 154 93.3
Glover.....	16	18	20	18	25	19	17	17	165 153 92.7
Jackson.....	16	18	20	18	24	19	19	19	165 153 92.7
Meaders.....	18	17	17	19	24	18	20	19	165 152 92.1
Powers.....	18	19	17	19	22	18	19	20	165 152 92.1
Connor.....	20	20	16	20	23	18	17	18	165 152 92.1
Rike.....	17	20	17	22	19	18	18	18	165 151 91.5
Van Dyke.....	18	18	19	19	22	17	19	19	165 151 91.5
Grimm.....	18	18	20	19	22	19	16	18	165 150 90.9
Linderman.....	17	19	17	18	22	19	19	18	165 149 90.3
Sexton.....	18	17	19	19	23	17	18	18	165 149 90.3
Trimble.....	19	18	18	17	24	19	17	17	165 149 90.3
Shorty Bacon.....	19	20	18	18	21	17	15	19	165 148 89.7
Hill.....	18	17	18	20	22	18	16	18	165 147 89.1
McDonald.....	17	15	18	18	23	19	18	19	165 147 89.1
Porterfield.....	14	17	18	19	24	19	17	19	165 147 89.1
Raymond.....	17	18	19	20	23	15	19	16	165 147 89.1
Young.....	20	18	16	17	23	20	18	15	165 147 89.1
Fulford.....	19	16	18	16	23	17	19	18	165 146 88.4
Sumpter.....	17	16	19	18	20	18	18	18	165 144 87.2
Allen.....	18	17	15	15	23	15	19	18	165 143 86.6
Miller.....	19	18	17	18	21	18	15	17	165 143 86.6
Critzer.....	17	17	14	16	24	17	17	20	165 142 86
J Duncan.....	16	17	18	18	22	18	15	15	165 142 86
Loomis.....	19	14	20	19	24	18	13	14	165 141 85.4
Bennett.....	19	18	16	16	21	18	17	17	165 137 83
Poston.....	16	17	17	17	21	16	14	18	165 136 82.4
Vass.....	16	18	13	16	23	15	15	15	165 86 81.9
Du Bray.....	16	16	16	16	17	17	17	17	165 80 81.2
A Duncan.....	15	13	17	17	20	16	17	17	165 132 80
Page.....	17	16	18	14	20	17	12	18	165 132 80
Tway.....	17	14	18	18	17	16	17	15	165 132 80
Merrill.....	11	17	14	19	23	14	16	17	165 131 79.4
White.....	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	165 81 77.7
Frank.....	17	19	13	17	17	15	16	14	165 128 77.5
McCormick.....	17	13	17	16	21	15	13	17	165 128 77.5
Cox.....	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 46 76.6
Lindsay.....	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 46 76.6
U M C.....	10	15	13	16	20	15	15	18	165 122 73.9
Schmidt.....	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 43 71.6
Martin.....	15	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 40 70
Robertson.....	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	165 40 70
Critzer.....	10	12	11	7	15	15	15	15	165 40 50
Saunders.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	165 40 18

GRAND TOTALS AND GENERAL AVERAGES.

Thirty-three men shot through the entire list of programme events, thirty-two in all, calling for 660 targets, unknown angles. Of the above-mentioned thirty-three shooters, Charlie Budd led the van with the fine average of 91 per cent. for the 660 shot at. Next to him, but five targets in the rear, came Frank Parmalee with 616 breaks and an average of 93.3. B. A. Bartlett and Jim Elliott tied with 615 breaks and a percentage of 93.1. The following list gives the standing of the men in order of merit:

	Broke. Per ct.		Broke. Per ct.		
C W Budd.....	621	94	Ralph Trimble.....	585	85.6
F S Parmalee.....	616	93.3	E D Fulford.....	583	88.3
B A Bartlett.....	615	93.1	C Linderman.....	581	88
J A R Elliott.....	615	93.1	F Van Dyke.....	581	88
R O Heikes.....	610	92.4	J W Sexton.....	577	87.4
C Powers.....	610	92.4	A B Critzer.....	576	87.2
O R Dickey.....	609	92.2	W Miller.....	573	86.8
B Leroy.....	607	91.9	O A Young.....	573	86.8
Fred Gilbert.....	604	91.5	A Meaders.....	572	86.6
H G Wheeler.....	604	91.5	Shorty Bacon.....	571	86.5

Broke. Per ct.		Broke. Per ct.			
E D Rike.....	600	90.9	C H Calhoun.....570	86.3	
C M Grimm.....	597	90.4	S McDonald.....	569	86.2
S Glover.....	596	90.3	G W Loomis.....	564	85.4
J Connor.....	594	90	D Porterfield.....	561	85
J M George.....	589	89.2	J A Jackson.....	555	84
C W Raymond.....	588	89	Abe Frank.....	527	79.8
H B Hill.....	585	88.6			

In the case of Rike, we understand that there is a discrepancy of one target between our figures and his actual score. The error, if such there be, occurs in the scores for the third day; our figures show that Rike lost 19 targets, whereas we believe that he lost only 18 according to his figures, which are corroborated by the cashier's book—excellent additional testimony. This would give him a percentage of 89.1 for that day as against 88.4, and a general average for the programme events of just 91 per cent. for 660 shot at.

GUNS AND LOADS OF THE CRACKS.

FOREST AND STREAM'S space is limited; there are only so many pages each week, and if the trap department does not keep within decent limits, the yachting and the kennel editors are both privileged to raise a kick. Under these conditions, therefore, we have thought it best to give only the guns and loads of the cracks who shot the programme through from start to finish, condensing as far as possible all mention of such matters. The table that follows explains itself:

Gun.	Shell.	Powder.
C W Budd.....Parker.....	Rapid.....	E. C.
F S Parmalee.....Parker.....	Rapid and Smokeless.....	E. C.
B A Bartlett.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	Du Pont.
J A R Elliott.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	E. C.
R O Heikes.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	E. C.
C Powers.....Smith.....	Smokeless.....	E. C.
P R Dickey.....Parker.....	Rapid.....	E. C.
B Leroy.....Smith.....	Rapid.....	E. C.
Fred Gilbert.....Smith.....	Smokeless.....	Du Pont.
H G Wheeler.....Parker.....	Peters.....	King's Smokeless.
E D Rike.....Smith.....	Leader.....	E. C.
C M Grimm.....Smith.....	Smokeless.....	Schultze.
S Glover.....Parker.....	Smokeless.....	Schultze.
J Connor.....Daly.....	Smokeless.....	E. C.
J M George.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	E. C.
C W Raymond.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	Du Pont.
H B Hill.....Parker.....	Leader.....	Hazard.
R Trimble.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	Hazard.
E D Fulford.....Greener and Franchotte.....	Trap.....	Schultze.
C Linderman.....Winchester.....	Nitro.....	E. C.
F Van Dyke.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	Du Pont.
J W Sexton.....Lefever.....	Smokeless.....	E. C.
A B Critzer.....Kessler.....	Eley.....	Schultze.
W Miller.....Baker.....	Smokeless.....	E. C.
C A Young.....Smith and Winchester.....	Leader.....	E. C.
A Meaders.....Westley.....	Smokeless.....	King's Smokeless.
Shorty Bacon.....Richards.....	Smokeless.....	Du Pont.
C H Calhoun.....Greener.....	Smokeless.....	E. C.
S McDonald.....Lefever.....	Leader.....	E. C.
G W Loomis.....Parker.....	Rapid.....	E. C.
D Porterfield.....Parker.....	Smokeless.....	Hazard.
J A Jackson.....Colt.....	Leader.....	E. C.
A B Frank.....Winchester.....	Leader.....	E. C.

A summary of the guns, shells and powders used by 107 shooters during the week, including of course those contained in the above table, gives the following:

GUNS.

Parker 30, Winchester 25, L. C. Smith 25, Lefever 5, Greener 5, Scott 3, Harrington & R. 2, Daly 2, and one each of the following makes: Franchotte, Remington, Westley Richards, Colt, Baker and a 16-gauge Kessler.

POWDERS.

E. C. 33, Du Pont 29, Hard Grain Schultze 12, King's Smokeless 8, Hazard Blue Ribbon 7, Walsrode 1, American Wood 1, E. C. and Hazard 1.

SHELLS.

U. M. C. Company: Smokeless 48, Nitro 4, Trap 1, Walsrode Special 1; W. R. A. Company: Leader 33, Blue Rival 3, Metal-lined 1; U. S. C. Company: Rapid 5, Peters's reinforced 3, Eley 1, Rapid and Smokeless 1, Rapid and Peters 1.

FIFTH DAY, MAY 16.

This was live-bird day, an innovation so far as previous tournaments are concerned, live-bird shooting having only been legalized by the Tennessee Legislature within the past twelve months. Everything was favorable for the shoot, the strong wind that would have bothered target shooters being just what the club and its guests wanted. A first-class lot of summer birds had been secured by the club, and in the earlier part of the day they flew well and fast. Toward evening, with a heavy thunderstorm brewing, the wind dying away and the air growing sultry, the birds were naturally not fast.

The conditions of the one event on the programme were: 20 live birds per man, \$20 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, handicap rise, the club guaranteeing \$500 in the purse. The entries footing up to 32, the club was out nothing, there being \$600 in the pot, 4 moneys. The handicap committee was composed of Elmer E. Shaner and Paul R. Litzke, and we must confess that, judging from the apparent total absence of kicks and the fact that 23 out of the 32 shooters got in for the money, this committee of two performed its difficult duties admirably.

Charlie Budd shot as well as he ever did in his life and that's saying a great deal. Heikes pumped his birds down with great regularity, but was somewhat lucky in drawing easy ones, at least while we were looking on. Wallace Miller, E. D. Rike and F. P. Poston, the latter a popular member of the Memphis Gun Club, all shot well, Poston and Rike exceptionally strong with their first barrels. Poston is unquestionably a dangerous man at the mark he was given to-day. Fred Gilbert, from the 32yds. mark, drew hard birds, but killed them well, losing only one, and that one dead out of bounds. Chan Powers was unfortunate enough to draw a hard bird for his last one, a driver from No. 2 trap that carried both loads of shot over the boundary. W. F. Allen, also a member of the club, shot a 16-gauge Parker with 2yds. of powder and succeeded in killing 23 out of his first 24; he then had to change to a 12-gauge gun for his last bird, as his 16-gauge shells were all gone; the change in all probability caused the loss of his 25th bird. Jim Elliott, Frank Parmalee and Charlie Grimm all three shot a capital race. Leroy shot probably the best up-hill race of anybody, losing his first 2 birds and then accounting for his next 23 without a loss. Abe Frank's 23 out of 25 fully deserved all the applause it elicited, this being the first time he ever saw a live bird leave the traps. We believe also that this was Mr. Allen's first essay at live-bird shooting. Ferd Van Dyke's dropping out on the 19th round is distinctly traceable to his being attacked and conquered by the Memphis water during the previous twenty-four hours. A. W. du Bray severely handicapped himself at the start by losing 3 out of his first 4 birds; he then ran 12 straight before retiring finally. Paul R. Litzke officiated as referee. The retrieving was divided between dogs and men, the dogs being really good ones at the business considering the heat and the dryness of the sandy soil on which they worked. Below are the scores:

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

THE LOST MAN.

LAST summer a party of fishermen were encamped in the wilds of the New Brunswick forest, sixty miles from Boiestown, the nearest point to civilization, when in the darkness of the night, coming no one of them knew whence and going no one knew whither, emerged a wanderer who proved to be demented. One of the party, our frequent contributor, Mr. Frederic Irland, secured a photograph of the wanderer and sent it to us with the story of the strange incident for publication. Mr. Irland's story of the lost man was printed in our issue of Dec. 14. It brought out shortly afterward a communication from another correspondent who wrote from Massachusetts that he also had come upon the lost man on the upper Millnoke Lake in the extreme northern part of Piscataquis county, in Maine. He too had secured a photograph, and this we printed in our issue of Jan. 4.

Now comes a letter, published in another column, from Miss Ada Carns, of New Cumberland, Ohio, in which she tells us that, having seen the photograph reproduced in our issue of Jan. 4, she has recognized the portrait as that of a brother who some time ago left his home in New Cumberland, and has since been heard from infrequently, as going from place to place, and in a condition of mind which makes it clear that he is insane. She adds a particular request that if any other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM shall come upon the unfortunate man they shall communicate with his family. We suggested in our note accompanying the second photograph of the lost man, that because of the wide reading of FOREST AND STREAM, it would not be surprising if the publication should lead to his identification. It is perhaps not too much to hope that if the wanderer has not already passed beyond human help, this appeal by his family may restore him to them once again.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

THE laws enacted by the last Legislature of New York State, shortening the time during which deer can lawfully be hunted with dogs or by the use of jack lights, will no doubt accomplish something toward lessening the slaughter of these animals in the Adirondack region. Every additional protection for deer will contribute something to the increase in their numbers, and the sum of these protective influences is already being felt in certain sections, where the deer are apparently increasing.

It may be well to remember that the passage of these bills by the Legislature is mainly due to the energy and persistence with which they were advocated by the Hon. Wm. Cary Sanger. Early in the session the importance of this subject was called to Mr. Sanger's attention by a committee of the Boone and Crockett Club appointed more than a year ago, and he was quick to see the bearing of the matter on the welfare of a large section of the State. Members of this committee urged the views of the Boone and Crockett Club on Game Law Committees of the Legislature at hearings held in Albany, while Mr. Sanger was insistent in the Assembly and was aided by Mr. Malby in the Senate, so that at last the bills passed both Houses, though not in the shape in which they were introduced. Gov. Morton, in his message to the Legislature, had strongly recommended greater protection of our deer, and when the bills came to him he promptly signed them.

The enactment of these laws cannot fail to gratify a very large number of persons who, in the face of many discouragements and defeats, have labored long and faithfully for the better protection of Adirondack deer. All persons who are interested in that region are to be congratulated on the passage of the bills. They are good so far as they go, but it must be confessed that they do not go very far. They will accomplish something in several

localities, and their influence will be good; but after all they are mere drops in the bucket.

The passage of these laws chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Sanger, and in the face of great opposition, is a personal triumph for him and for the club which he represented rather than the triumph of a principle. Until the repeal of that provision of the New York game law which practically opens the market to the State for the sale of game throughout the entire year, there is not much hope of effective game protection within this State. An organized effort must be made to restrict the sale of game to the open time. Not until this shall have been done, and the law enforced, can the game of New York State be protected.

It is unfortunate that the mischievous game bills brought before each Legislature could not all be opposed by the same forces which secured the enactment of these three game bills.

INDIAN HUNTING RIGHTS.

THE United States Supreme Court on Monday of this week rendered its decision in the case of the Bannock Indians, in which was involved the rights of the Indians to hunt at will on the unoccupied public lands without regard to the game laws of the State of Wyoming.

It will be remembered that in July of last year certain Indians from the Bannock reservation in Wyoming invaded the country in the vicinity of Jackson's Hole on an expedition for elk. The hunting of elk was at that season prohibited by the laws of the State. The people of the neighborhood turned out to drive the Indians back to their reservation, and made the most of the opportunity to shoot down some of the unresisting and defenseless savages. After having thus taken the law into their own hands and inflicted the penalty of capital punishment for misdemeanors which the law punishes only by fine and imprisonment, the Wyoming authorities took the case into court, to determine the actual rights of the Bannocks as secured to them by the conditions of their treaty with the Government. The Indians had always hunted out of season and in defiance of the laws governing the white residents of the State; and appeals to the Indian Bureau had been met by the statement that the conditions of the treaty were such that the Indians could not be restrained from hunting at will on unoccupied public lands. The determination of the existence or non-existence of such a right was made the point of issue, and the case was carried up to the Supreme Court.

In the decision handed down on Monday the Court holds that "the intent of the treaty must refer to the time when it was executed, and could not be construed to interfere with the laws of a State, erected into being by act of Congress subsequent to the exemption of the treaty, which contained no reference to the terms of that instrument."

The decision was read by Justice White. In a dissenting opinion Justice Brown holds that the decision of the Court violated the terms of the treaty between the Indians and the Government; and it is more important, he argues, to maintain our treaty faith with the tribe than to protect the game.

The finding of the Supreme Court will in all probability put an end to the conflicts between Indians and whites respecting game. Agents in charge of the Bannocks and other tribes will hereafter have no excuse for granting the Indians permits to leave their reservations for hunting in the summer time. The Indian hunter will be subject to all the limitations and restrictions imposed by the statute. In Wyoming big game may be killed only in such amount as may immediately be used for food, and only males may be taken. This will forbid the killing of elk heavy with young, a practice which has been common with the Bannocks as with other tribes.

THE PHANTOM FUCHS.

THE achievements of one Johann Fuchs, an armless sportsman, whose doings with rod and gun have been recounted with much parade of particulars in the daily press, excited our interest to an unusual degree; for after having read of the manner in which the maternal duck's efforts in Alaska are balked and come to naught, and other kindred recitals wonderful in their beginning and in their ending vacuous, it was a pleasure to read of the truly marvelous as an offset to the truly sensational.

Briefly told, the illustrious Fuchs was born in Baden 63 years ago, thus inconsiderately depriving this land of the honor of his paternity. His youth and early manhood were spent in fishing on the Rhine. Coming to America he took up his abode at Milltown, N. J., where he secured employment in a rubber factory. In an evil hour the arms of Fuchs were crushed in a large grinding machine, necessitating the amputation of the left arm at the shoulder and of the right below the elbow. To the stump of the left arm a hook was fastened, and with this and his remaining elbow and his head he became quite dexterous in manual accomplishments.

As his stipend of \$1 per diem was continued thereafter, whether he worked or not, he exercised forbearance in instituting a suit for damages, but a few years ago, as his emolument was cut down, he paid less attention to work and more to fishing, in which art he is said to be confirmed, and will sit out alone all day long in the sun waiting for a bite. In all particulars he is independent of others. In rowing his boat he grasps the oar with the stump of his right arm, presses it against his cheek, which he bends over to meet it, and by wriggling his body is able to move the boat. He holds the fishing rod under his armpit, allowing enough to project behind to balance it. He baits the hook with his mouth. His greatest trouble is encountered when the hook accidentally becomes fastened in his clothes.

In shooting, Fuchs places the gun at his shoulder by means of the hook attached to the stump of his right arm; within reach of his mouth when the gun is in position are two strings fastened to the triggers; taking one in his teeth and jerking his head back at the proper juncture, the gun is discharged. He is a good shot and often kills rabbits at sixty yards, and many of them in a season. He loads the gun, drives the powder home with a ramrod (which he forces with his elbow and withdraws with the hook), loading with great precision and dispatch.

Such is an abstract—feeble at best, as an abstract must needs be—of the life and doings of the armless Fuchs. What could be presented with a more touching combination of the pathetic, the industrious? What buoyancy under adversity, mind transcending matter. With hands on he avoided work and fished. Hands being gone, he fishes the more. He baited the hook with his mouth, presumably using a spoon. He held the rod as best he could. He pulled the trigger of the gun with his teeth and was a deadly rabbit shot. At last here was a sportsman with an impulse which neither misfortune, nor adversity nor work could deter.

But we wished to pay homage more directly to so worthy a celebrity. His identity was worthy of being verified specially. In an age when the fabulous and the sensational so often predominate, it was discreet to give Fuchs the benefit of all doubts as to his doings and his identity. So we wrote to the postmaster of Milltown for information concerning Mr. Fuchs's sportsmanship. Alas! there is no Fuchs. There is in all New Jersey no man without arms who puts helgramites on his hook with his teeth, who shoots a gun, who fishes, who saws wood. It is a fable.

Fuchs, the wonderful, is but an airy phantom, a creature of the fake makers, a product of the fancy.

THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The title "Bureau of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Agricultural Department" is one which for clumsiness and obscurity it would be hard to equal. Notwithstanding the load which the Bureau has thus long staggered under, it has succeeded in setting on foot under the able management of Dr. C. Hart Merriam some of the most important biological work that has ever been done in this country. Congress in its wisdom has seen fit to change the title of the Bureau, and it is now to be called the United States Biological Survey, a dignified name and one which has a meaning and which expresses just what the Survey is doing. The field work of this Survey for the year 1896 has already begun.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE TROUT OF LAKE CRESCENT.—I.

PORT ANGELES, State of Washington, November, 1895. —In full confidence that after a long and varied career as an angler in various parts of the world and by as various methods, from fly-casting in our own New York and Maine wildernesses and in Europe to cormorant fishing in China, from drum fishing in Africa to smelting in Massachusetts and way down to cunner and floundering, Pisco's angling career has at last reached a climax, he, with the impressions of the few happy days that furnished that climax—days not yet a week gone by—fresh in his mind, will talk with his FOREST AND STREAM friends about them.

Climax, for within those days he has caught more large trout than he ever before has seen; he has with another caught the biggest trout he has ever seen, and he is full of faith that he has caught and will in this letter introduce to the world one at least new and as yet undescribed variety of the *Salmo* family. Of these and when and how he got them and of matters appertaining thereto this letter will deal, but it may be many months before this introduction can take place, for this is the situation:

First and lastly, the trout he writes of are eaten, and he carelessly failed to cause to be forwarded to Prof. Jordan specimen for identification. They were big trout, one weighed 11½ lbs., five averaged within a very small

pian range to the very edge of the high bluff which overlooks the harbor and the straits, and some fifteen miles away the island of Vancouver and the city of Victoria, whose lights now are, every evening when the fog permits, one of its views.

Along the base of this bluff there extends east and west a fine sand beach from 50 to 100 yds. in width, which at its western end sends out a broad, moderately elevated, stone gravel and sand spit, which after a gradual curve to the northward sweeps to the eastward at an angle slightly diverging from parallelism with the shore line for about three or four miles, forming a perfect breakwater to the C-shaped harbor with its embrace, a harbor well sheltered from all winds, with anchorage excellent in every respect, and good holding ground over an area of about nine square miles; into this harbor several mountain streams pour through valleys, and into these at their seasons salmon in great abundance seek spawning ground and at all times trout are abundant.

The horizon of Port Angeles is an almost unbroken circle of hills, hills so high that but for mounts Baker and Rainer or Tacoma, which with their 11,000 ft. apiece of altitude, and mounts Sante Shuskan, Olympus and Constance, with their average of about 8,000 ft. each, which project here and there, all would be entitled to the name of mountains, and indeed Constance and Olympus, not over twenty miles away, so gain by their proximity that they seem the equals of Baker, about 70, and Tacoma, about 150. But there is one point in which these two great mountains demonstrate their superior height; the great masses of snow which crown and flank their summits the year around, which at sunrise and set make of them most

the house a flower garden, in which white dahlias, roses, chrysanthemums, marigolds and poppies were in bloom. At the rear a vegetable garden well stocked with many varieties, near by a strawberry patch with full quantity of luscious plants, on which were blossoms and fruit both green and ripe, of which we had for our supper all we could eat. In the meadow the grass was green and succulent, and in the barn and racks was a goodly store of hay, potatoes and corn. This in latitude 48° north.

At Port Angeles there was a county fair going on, and the exhibits of vegetables, fruit, flowers and berries most creditable. I noted potatoes, beets, turnips, onions, cauliflower, cabbages, wheat, corn, oats, barley, hops, apples, prunes; berries, from cranberries to strawberries, were shown, that I was bewildered, all of large size and good quality.

Until about thirty years ago the splendid harbor was about all there was of Port Angeles.

About 1860-61 pioneers, a few at a time, attracted by the possibilities, began to reach this place, to squat, take possession of building sites and start homes. The thick forest in the rear on the bluff proved a barrier to advance inland, so the higher parts of the beach were selected and rude shacks and cabins constructed. Fortunately the winter climate was mild, and the forest supplied to the few who came welcome additions to their sea fruit diet of fish, crabs, clams and crawfish, abundance of venison, grouse, bear meat, squirrels to be shot at their back doors, from which the careless straying of children was prohibited, for there were also mountain lions and wolves. These, however, were seldom met, except by those who ventured to the elk benches not far away, and when met the hides paid for the tramp. The forest furnished abundant firewood; it was not then, as now, that for miles the beaches were buried in driftwood, the refuse of sawmills.

In 1862 the records show a white population of ten people, and of these the family of the keeper of the lighthouse on the end of the spit Ediz Hook formed a part; but about that time efforts which had been made to cause the transfer by the Government from Port Townsend to Port Angeles of the general Custom House for the Sound, and make of Angeles the port of entry, began to materialize and in 1862 the order was given. This produced a boom. Several hundred pioneers flocked to the place, and in 1864 there were about 200 bona fide inhabitants, who had bought from the Government about forty homestead lots; but the boom was not lasting, the Port of Entry and the Custom House were pulled back to Port Townsend in 1866, and this removal caused the almost complete abandonment of Angeles. All that could get away did, for they had found that their lots purchased from the Government were of far less value than they had thought. In 1864, when the land was thrown open to sale, there were reserved by the Government several thousand acres of the very best of the lots, and the purchasers found themselves on flank and rear crowded by wild land through which they had not even the right of way, or to cut a tree. The small area along the beach was of but little use without back country or commerce, and there was neither.

Most of the pioneers were in very moderate circumstances, quite a lot of them were wounded and for other causes pensioned soldiers, just out of our civil war, who with their pensions were esteemed to be capitalists, for they had money enough to pay fares to some other promising spot. By 1867 there were again left but ten white inhabitants; except that the boys and girls of 1862 had five years more growth, Port Angeles had not gained.

Thus matters stood for years; occasionally a newcomer would drift in and buy a lot, but from 1865 to 1883 the total sales were seven, and the population had in 1883 increased to but seventeen.

About this time there came a pioneer with new ideas. Mr. Frank Chambers, who, making up his mind to have a back yard, utilized the latent heat in a box of matches and underbrush, by which he soon became the quasi-owner of an annex to his 10-acre lot of quite a fair-sized lot that belonged to the Government. His example was followed, and many became land owners on the same terms. People began to come and buy, and the sales and population increased until in 1888 the climax was reached. That year there were about 450 lots sold, and the population was about 450—one to a lot.

In 1890 there came a boom. Over 2,000 emigrants flocked in, mostly impecunious. This sudden increase nearly swamped the town. There was no commerce, few farms and little money, and it was hard scratching for food and shelter. Nature did what it could. The sea and forest furnished fish and meat, and the climate's mildness reduced the need of shelter, but there were lots of hungry and suffering people in Port Angeles. Hard times took the place of the boom, and among the poorest were those



PORT ANGELES.

Photograph from a painting exhibited at the World's Fair.

fraction of 11 lbs. They are to him new trout, and beyond question should have been properly identified, classed and named, but he must wait until next spring, when, it is to be hoped, more of the same will furnish themselves to be sacrificed on the altar of science.

It was on Oct. 28 that he caught the fish, far too late in the season for any one familiar with the fishing to prophesy much success when he started, and now he must wait until the winter rolls by. He will while waiting make clear as possible the locality where the fish were caught, viz., lakes Sutherland and Crescent, in Clallam county, State of Washington, and about sixteen to eighteen miles back from Port Angeles.

A hundred years and more ago a Spanish navigator, Don Francisco Elise, cruising in his little caravel along the then almost uninhabited and excessively inhospitable shores of our new territory on the north Pacific, and struggling as do large ships and steamers nowadays with and against the rough seas, strong gales and treacherous tides which in winter characterize the north Pacific, slid by the dangerous rocks and reefs off Cape Flattery, and got but partial shelter in the straits discovered by his countryman, Juan du Luca; but calm enough at times, they too are in certain minds very turbulent, and it was with joy that, perceiving on his starboard an apparently safe harbor, he slid around the point of the long spit which protects an extensive basin, on which point, Point Ediz, there is now a lighthouse, and anchored in safety in this most excellent harbor, which out of gratitude and piety he christened Port Angeles—Port of the Angels.

It could not have been that the people he met, who came off to his vessel in their canoes, at all impressed him as angels, unless indeed he and his crew were short on provisions or water, for undoubtedly the Siwash, who then lived on its beach, brought him clams and crawfish and fish, salmon probably, and his boats had no trouble in finding abundance of most excellent mountain brook water, and if they were hunters as well as sailors they had but to enter for a short distance the then unbroken forest, which reached from the Olympic range to the beach, to secure fresh meat and birds, for deer were plentiful and bears and several kinds of grouse.

Port Angeles is still a harbor of refuge, not only for the "storm-tossed mariner," but for the mariner who, ready otherwise to leave the Straits and tackle the Pacific, discovers by his falling glass and other signs that a sou'wester is on hand to receive him. My own experience satisfies me as to this. The Philadelphia, on which I write, and live and have my being, has thus utilized the resources.

The Port Angeles of to-day, though, is a great improvement on that visited by Mr. Elise. It is a town of some seven thousand inhabitants, very good, pleasant and hospitable inhabitants, with stores and factories, mills, churches, town hall and an opera house, with enterprising people and large business interests—that is, large for so new a town. It has had since its inception alternating periods of growth and set-backs, booms and calamitous bursting of booms, but it has come to stay.

When discovered, except for a few Siwashes who gathered clam shells on its beach, and in the season salmon, salmon roe and smelt from its streams, the neighborhood was uninhabited, and so it remained for many years an unbroken dense forest, alternating according to altitude, of fir balsams, Oregon pines and other deciduous trees in belts stretching from the Olym-

beautiful features of the scenery, especially when, as often occurs, they reflect a rose-colored pink light, tell plainly of their superiority.

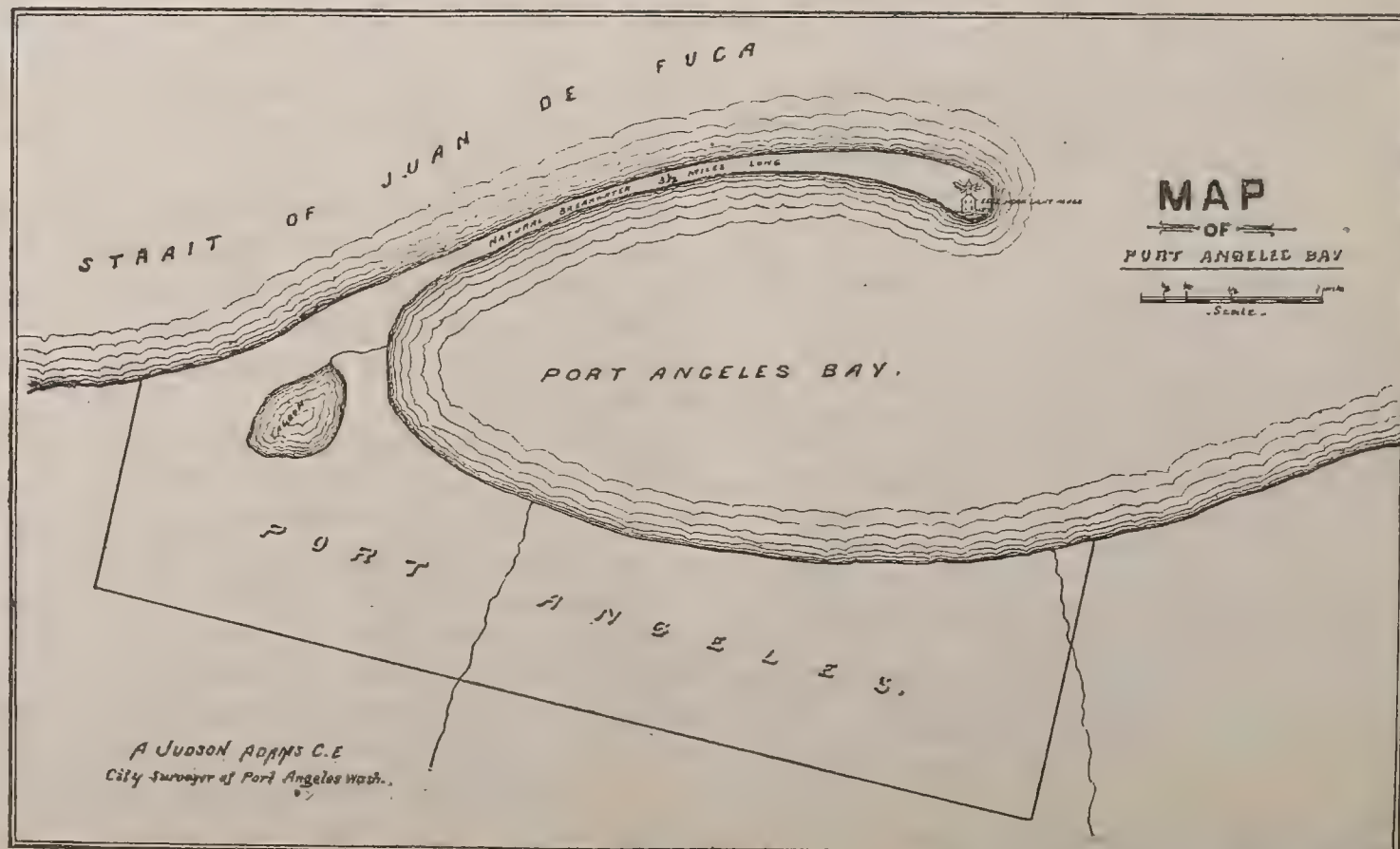
All of these mountains, especially on the Olympian range, are to the highest timber line densely wooded, as are their hills and foothills, and well tenanted with elk, deer and bears, with a fair proportion of mountain lions, wolves and panthers, grouse of many varieties and above the snow line ptarmigan.

Scattered throughout there are many lakes of wonderfully clear water, profusely stocked with trout of many varieties and unheard of size; at times abounding with ducks and geese and swans, and in the season the many mountain rivers and streams are filled with salmon, and it is claimed that prospectors have discovered among the Olympians coal, iron and precious metals, awaiting the progress of development and the advent of capital.

The inhabitants claim that a most uniform and mild climate adds to the advantages, and official meteorological records sustain the claim. Frost rarely comes before late in October and very seldom after the middle of April, and the soil, after the trees are cut, is very fertile.

Fruits, flowers, berries and vegetables yield abundant returns, and hardy vegetables are grown in the open air the year round.

On Oct. 25 I was driven to a ranch about six miles from Port Angeles, on the road to the Elwa River, known as Hatch's farm. Two years before the spot was covered with forest, now with every evidence of a thrifty farm. There were the house and barns, racks and pens, fronting



who, during the boom, built and improved on borrowed money—borrowed at from 1 to 2% per month, to pay mechanics and builders \$5 or \$6 a day; but the mortgagees did not get off unscathed. The bank in which they deposited failed, and then came even harder times.

Among the crowd were, as is usual in such adventures, many bad characters, genuine beach combers, thieves and rogues; but fortunately there was also a much larger proportion of respectable people, among them and prominently so the body of soldiers retired on pensions.

The town survived, but it had a lively season that year. The Government reserve encircled the town with a choking grasp and penetrated its very best locations. The people could not "spread themselves," they were far from homes, no money to get back or buy necessities, no ground to till. They came for homes, and they wanted them, they couldn't get them, and they grew desperate.

Meetings were held, and differing in all else, in one thing they were nearly unanimous: the reserve must be jumped, and jumped it was in a quiet, orderly manner. Rules and regulations had been established, and among them was this: "Each *bona fide* settler shall be entitled to preëempt two lots, each of 140×100ft. and no more, a house must be erected and improvements begun at once." At the early dawn of jump day the wilderness was invaded by men, women and children armed with axes, saws, hatchets and knives, the great trees were attacked and fell. The underbrush was cut and burned, the forest for a very large space disappeared, hundreds of little log cabins, "proving-up" cabins, sprung into existence; gardens, stump-trimmed and burnt-log ornamented, were

hands, lately recruited, the opportunities and advantages presented by Port Angeles and its environments were too valuable to lose, and I resolved to stay at least a month to utilize them to the utmost.

Shortly after arrival those among its hospitable inhabitants who became acquainted with my idiosyncracies included among the many hospitalities of receptions, balls, dinners, etc., invitations for a trip to the foothills of the Olympian, not far away, where hidden among the mountains were lakes and streams where I was assured there existed, anxious to be caught, more and larger trout than any other place in the world could furnish, or if I preferred hunting, deer, bears and grouse were within easy distance; if I chose to go further, a day's journey, I could take my pick from an elk band.

The first-named invitations chimed in with my wishes, and although I had my doubts as to facts sustaining the stories, I decided to take advantage of the first opportunity and go a-fishing, which I did, and for once in my life the results of a fishing trip exceeded my anticipations, so much so that, as I said on the start, the climax of my career as a trout fisherman was reached, that is to say I caught more big trout than I had done in my combined catches of many years, and I caught several of the biggest trout I ever saw, and I feel quite confident that I caught new and hitherto undescribed varieties, one in particular, the blue-back. But there is one drawback to my perfect success, not one of these trout was caught with a fly, and there are enthusiastic anglers to whom catching a trout by trolling would be in their letters about it beneath their dignity. To a certain extent I am with them. Could I

there were many times when a dash down the hill would have ended our trip, by a smash of the entire outfit.

To lessen the risk, three of the four of us got out at the head of each heavy down grade, lashed the front and hind wheels on one side together and footed it, trusting that Mallette, with his skill in driving, would be found whole at the bottom.

It was early morning and a beautiful day that we started. Our objective point was either Lake Sutherland, about sixteen miles to the southwest, or if we got along fast enough to give chance for the evening's fishing, Lake Crescent, about three miles further along on the same road.

The idea of stream fishing with flies had been discussed and abandoned, the Elwa and other streams we would meet and cross were full of spawning salmon, and there was no chance for any trout except by use of salmon-roe, and of using that my Alaska experience had surfeited me.

Our course after leaving the beach was to the southward for a mile or more up a winding steep road, so narrow that it was necessary to station a man at the top to warn approaching vehicles to wait till we got by, then for a couple of miles further on a bench or tableland, through the big clearing, profusely dotted with the "proving-up" log cabins of the original settlers, many abandoned and unoccupied. Each had its front and back yard, many a vegetable or flower garden, all had stumps, and between each and its nearest neighbor was a barren stretch. Then we bore off more to the westward. The forest through which our road led is composed largely of deciduous trees, although there are a few oak and other hard woods. The various growths of valuable timber are in belts, and I should judge that the white cedar and red fir belts are of the most valuable, or I should say the belt, for they grow at the same altitudes and side by side. These trees differ in many important particulars. The cedar has a soft, easily-worked, straight-grained quality which eminently adapts it for the principal use to which it is put—shingles, which are in every respect superior to those of any other than perhaps the cypress, and they are in endurance fully the equal of the cypress. The wood of the red fir, which is, I believe, the Douglas fir and commonly called Oregon pine, is tough and harder, and adapted for spars and timbers; the cedar being good for the joiner work and finish of the structure built of the fir. Unfortunately there is a great deal of waste in cutting the cedar for shingles. The butt, for some reason, is unsuitable, and the stumps, containing material for many bunches, are cut high up, always with the saw.

There were clearings which to a tree lover gave sadness. Acres of great cedar stumps, sawed to a height of 6 or 7ft., marked the ravages of the shingle makers, who have, however, had bad fortune in their enterprises; for shingle mills and sawmills have burned and impoverished their owners. One in particular, which had been a large one, judging by the magnitude of its ruins, was close by the road, and surrounding it a deserted village of neat cottages, many with bits of flower gardens, and broken toys in the yards, indicating the presence there in days gone by of women and children; families of the employees the fire had impoverished also.

There were other clearings in all stages, from wildernesses of burned logs, charred stumps and ashes (slashed and burned) to others with well started farms, where the fertile soil was already producing good returns for the labor.

We had with us a shotgun, and quite a number of times on our route the Doctor would bring down for our supper a blue or willow grouse.

The county road was for much of the distance in fair condition, and we were able to go on a trot, but there were a few very steep hills to go up one side and down the other which tried our wind and our wagon, and my companions dreaded those hills more than I, for as the oldest member of the party I was invited always and always accepted the drive going up, while the others tramped and panted, for it was a warm day; going down I walked and Mallette drove.

None of these tramps were very long ones until we came by gradual rise to the brow, which overlooked the valley stream and bridge of the River Elwa, 1,000ft. below, and from this brow the view was simply magnificent. The valley is about a mile across at the level of the bridge. In rainy seasons it is well occupied by the river, which is there wide, deep and rapid; now it was but a sprinkling of gravel or sandbars and islets, through and around which wound a number of narrow, shallow creeks, and across the expanse curved the bridge of the Elwa, a graceful and picturesque structure.

We rested an hour on this brow, lunching and enjoying the scenery and our pipes and feeding the horses. Then with lashed wheels the wagon began its zigzag descent,



LAKE CRESCENT—PYRAMID MOUNTAIN IN FOREGROUND, STORM KING IN BACKGROUND.

fenced in, and a town had been born to which the good and the bad had contributed; but when the excitement was over, when the people had settled down in their long-hoped and hard-worked-for homes, then came a trouble which as brooded on grew. They did not own their homes, they were simply trespassers and squatters, at the mercy of the Government they had defied.

Led by prominent and public-spirited citizens, among whom was Mr. M. J. Carrington, a gentleman who will appear later in this paper in another rôle; the Hon. John L. Wilson, at the time member of Congress for the district, and others, they appealed to Congress for relief, begging of it that the land should be sold to them. Mr. Wilson, himself a soldier who had fought in the same cause, took great interest in the matter, upon which the fate of many old, wounded, sick and worn-out soldiers depended, and through the efforts of these co-workers Congress at last authorized a sale, and in January, 1894, over 3,000 acres were sold, the Government reserving still a portion, including the spit and lighthouse point.

At this sale preference was given to those who had already taken possession of lots and improved them, and this preference agreed with the sentiments of the community. No speculator bid against the widow or cripple, and the whole affair was most amicably adjusted—that is, up to a certain point. There was one difficulty not easily tided over.

The terms of the sale were cash. Cash was scarce; the national bank had or rather had had nearly all of the hard-earned savings of the settlers on deposit; it suspended payment. In some way, many ways, however, a large portion of the money was raised; some benevolent capitalists furnished money at moderate rates; others not so benevolent did the same at high rates, 1 to 2 per cent. a month with bonus. These latter now own a goodly proportion of the claims and the abandoned cabins, which having got cheap, they can help further development, if they will, by low rents and prices.

The plucky Angels were rewarded for their work, the town has for several years grown healthily and steadily, and such industries as shingle making, sawmills, salmon canning, etc., etc., are being pushed, and others are in contemplation.

For many of the facts and figures foregoing I am indebted to Capt. Thomas H. Bradley, U. S. Army, retired, who has made his home in Port Angeles, his business and pleasure to advance intelligently its interests.

Most of the dwellings of Port Angeles, those of the better class, are situated on the bluff and along its face; back of these, covering many acres, are the proving-up cabins, a view of which is here given.

Most of the business houses are along the beach, which at narrow places and across low-tide flats is supplemented by platforms on piles, and there are many square miles of this plank foundation.

Communication between the beach and bluff is made by one long easy grade plank wagon road, running along the face of the bluff at the east, and a steep narrow wagon road at the west, and a number of almost perpendicular trails and stairways for pedestrians up the face of the bluff; these I found tolerably short cuts coming down, mighty long ones when going up.

My first visit to Port Angeles was made on Oct. 2, 1895. Owing to her long service in places in the tropics, notably Honolulu, where opportunities for drill exercise and training of a ship's company are very limited, and to the presence among the men of a large number of green

have caught these trout on flies I should have done so, but I couldn't and I didn't. It was too late in the season for such flies as we had with us, possibly for any. Efforts were made, but the fish with very few exceptions, and they small ones, failed to respond, so our catch was by trolling.

It was three weeks before I could spare myself the time for an outing, but at last, on the morning of Oct. 21, Mr. Charles Mallette, the Mayor, drove to the wharf, and meeting my boat took me into his wagon with my two companions, Lieut. Gorgas and Dr. Smith, both good companions and adepts with a gun, neither an expert on angling.

Mr. Mallette's team was his own and a good one, accustomed to mountain roads, but it was hitched to a two-seated vehicle procured from a Port Angeles livery stable company, and the wagon, proved to be a terror, a "holy terror" before we got through with it, and to it we owe nearly all of the profanity indulged in on our trip. For an excursion, uninsured, over mountain roads—where steepest of steep grades wind downward along the edges of cañons on one side, the face of the mountain on the other, through spaces narrowed by projecting cedar and fir roots, stumps and stones, at the lower end unsubstantial bridges over creeks and sloughs, reached at times by a sharp turn—a wagon needs be near to perfection and the driver as skillful. Mallette fortunately is a skillful driver, but that wagon! The pole was so short that the single truss rubbed on the wheels, a side bar had been broken and badly repaired, and worst of all there was no brake.

The want of this was the worst of the defects and was a source of actual danger, for had either of the horses, while holding back with the neck, concluded to do so no longer,



PORT ANGELES—SHOWING PROVING-UP CABINS IN FOREGROUND.

while we tramped stretched our legs, and by cross-cutting trails reached the river and the bridge well ahead of it.

The Elwa River will prove a very important factor in the future development of this region, for the time must come when the market will demand the lumber which the back country, drained by this river, furnishes in abundance, and which the Elwa will carry cheaply to the sea, where it can deliver it at points that will save lumber vessels long journeys.

A sawmill at Port Crescent could save a raft of logs from the long tow to Seattle or Tacoma, and the sailing vessel a journey of perhaps three or four days' time or expense in towing; and at Neah Bay, just inside of Cape Flattery, there is very good shelter, available for loading timber and lumber brought down by the Elwa. And another stream, the Solduck, emptying into the Pacific south of Cape Flattery, has a little harbor, quite as good as many on the Pacific coast, where commerce thrives, and the western parts of the timber belts adjacent on the east to the Elwa could be easily handled by it.

We found a camp of Siwash Indians, probably from Neah Bay, on the banks of the stream; they were collecting salmon—a mere matter of wading, gaffing and clubbing. They were evidently prosperous, and well outfitted with tents, wagons, horses, dogs, canoes and whisky, judging by some who came close to us.

The ascent on the western side of the river is longer and steeper than that on the eastern, and going up a short cut is a very different thing from going down, but when we did arrive at the summit we had the consolation that we were nearly as high up as we would have to go.

A few miles from the Elwa there appeared on our left a white sign board; on it we read "Lake Road," and we knew our journey to be nearly ended, for it was "but three miles" by this road to the lake. We turned into it, and for I am sure five miles we had a bit of as rough teaming as the Adirondacks or Maine woods can furnish. I have tramped them both and I know, and I have never encountered more rocks, stumps, roots, pitch holes, rotten corduroy, which with burned and burning logs, their ends projecting well into the road, made it lively driving for Mr. Mallette, who was equal to the emergency and came out smiling.

Just before sunset we reached a summit from which some hundreds, eleven or twelve I believe, feet below we should have been able to enjoy this view, and a very charming bit of scenery it is reported to be. What we did see was simply a chaos, a great bowl full of smoke through which here and there, a few miles away, a mountain top dimly peeped, and at various altitudes from 100 to perhaps 2,000ft. smoke dimmed, semi-luminous spots, in which we could at times discern a shadow like tracing of the trees, which were as unhappily so many throughout the Olympians yielding to the forest fires.

We were told that down in that hidden basin there were lakes, and houses and supper, so on faith we tramped again cut across by a trail, while Mallette guided the horses down the series of zigzags of the road, at the foot of which there emerged from the smoke the clearing and buildings of where we were strongly tempted to tarry, for Wilson has repute for well-cooked trout, venison and bear, potatoes, onions and coffee; but there was already a party of guests in possession of the most of the accommodations; so, although our stomachs urged, we resisted and drove on another mile to the "Hotel de Fisher," as I found it described in a blank book used as register; less pretentious than Wilson's in magnitude, but as we found it clean, cosy and comfortable.

Except that this hotel is somewhat smaller and has a less number of rooms than Wilson's, the style of architecture of the two hostleries is very similar. Both are fair specimens of the "proving-up cabins" of which I have written. I will, in consideration of the ingenuity of Mr. Fisher in utilizing space, give a pen sketch of his hotel.

The order of architecture is one-story log cabin; in character and style, sleeping and buffet car combined. The interior contains one room 16x12ft., and if a lean-to can be considered also as interior, another about 8ft. square. On the left the side of the principal room was devoted to bunks, of which there were six in two sections, one above another, the bottom ones being double. In front of each section a calico curtain insured privacy. There were no springs or slats to these beds, but the bottom was of canvas and very like a sailor's hammock; there were plenty of warm coverlids and blankets, all very clean. On the right a 10ft. oilcloth-covered table furnished space for meals, cards and tackle repairing. On the right of the door a little wood-burning stove, which would, in five minutes from the time the match was applied to the balsam sticks, send out such glowing heat that we were thankful for certain elusive cracks in the roof, through which came ventilation and peeps at the stars. In the spare square feet there were lockers, benches, chairs and a passageway; the logs of the sides were well fitted with pegs and antlers to hang things on, while overhead a skeleton of a plow made storage room for odds and ends. Eight of us slept and lived in that single room with great comfort—that is comparatively. The lean-to had also bunks, three of them, and a cooking-stove with outfit of utensils, over which the landlord presided—the landlord, dog and cat. Verily, it was *multum in parvo*, which means snug and comfortable by a liberal translation.

At the front of the cabin there was a porch, covered, and it held a bench, a tin basin, a bar of soap, a hair brush, a tin bucket of fresh water and a towel. What could a man ask more? especially if he had with him his own toilet outfit.

Fronting the house there was a garden; this consisted of a square shack fence inclosing about 300sq. ft., in which quite a flourishing crop of weeds was growing. Thus the requirements for "proving up" were met, and these requirements are not simple, one must in trying to meet them steer a fine course "between the devil and the deep sea." A certain amount of improvement must be done by a pioneer to make good his claim to a piece of land taken up under the "homestead" allowance from the Government, but every dollar's worth he does his county, or it may be his State, taxes; if he puts \$100 worth of improvement on his land, he has to pay every year \$2.75 for the privilege. Not much encouragement for a man with whom dollars are not plentiful, lots though of encouragement for the sharks who prey on their fellow men, growing rich on the labor and sacrifices of others who grow poor in proportion, who when men who have slashed and

burned and labored for years, living alone in the wilderness "proving up" their claims, need a few dollars, lend it to them for a bonus and at extravagant usurious interest, feeling sure that when the note is due their "pound of flesh" will be forthcoming, blood or no blood, there is no difference to them.

I have in my mind as I write an instance of just this: A pioneer owning, for he had made good his claim, a few hundred dollars with which to make improvements, borrowed that money from a friend in business, giving his note for a year for just double the amount he received, binding himself to pay 2 per cent. a month for the money, and securing the note by a bond and mortgage on a very valuable timber lot worth ten times the face of the note. In one year the lender owned the property. Call for example the amount borrowed \$500, the note was for \$1,000, and he paid in interest \$240, in taxes \$14— $\frac{2}{3}$, and he had nothing left.

But the shark owns the land now, which has cost him but \$250, and which he can afford to sell or lease at low figures, but which it is more likely he will hold, as he can afford to sell for high prices. A community in which such crushing of energy can be safely effected cannot thrive until it cures itself.

I sat up late that evening chatting with my host, Mr. Fisher, who is an intelligent man and knows a great deal about the lakes. He says that Lake Sutherland abounds in trout of many varieties, which in spring take the fly readily; and he pointed out to me in his "register" quite a number of records of extraordinary catches, several of which I copied and promptly lost the paper. From what he told me, and what I learned subsequently and previously from others, I have gotten up quite an hypothesis in regard to lakes Sutherland and Crescent, their origin and history, which I shall give after I shall have posted my readers on my facts by a description of the lakes. Sutherland and Crescent lie in the same line, nearly east and west. The eastern lake, Sutherland, is about three miles long, one-half broad; Crescent about eight or nine long, one to three miles wide. They are separated by a ridge of moderate height, 400 or 500ft., and two or three miles wide; land densely covered with large trees. This ridge is a famous resort for deer and bears. The surface of Lake Crescent, the westernmost lake, is about 70ft. higher than that of Lake Sutherland.

There are quite a number of mountain streams that empty into Lake Crescent, a few into Lake Sutherland, from valleys in the high and precipitous mountains to the southward—the Olympian foothills. These streams all contain many trout of several varieties, notably rainbow, Dolly Varden, mountain, cutthroat, silver and speckled.

All of these are found in both lakes, and in addition some nondescripts that the lake people call "half-breeds," and in Lake Crescent others called "blue-backs," which are not found in the streams.

There is no known stream or communication of water from one lake to the other. Sutherland has at its eastern end one outlet which flows into the Elwa, and through which, when the water is high enough, salmon run into the lake; Crescent has no known outlet, excepting by a fall of over 70ft. at its western end. At one portion of this outlet there is a contraction forming what they call a flume, through which the current is a very heavy one, nearly perpendicular, up which no salmon could go.

So far I give facts. Now the idea based upon these facts is that at some remote period the two lakes were one, and before that they were a part of a stream which flowed through a deep cañon; that there occurred landslides which dammed the stream in two places, some twelve miles apart, leaving it a single long deep lake, or rather a long dammed trough which in time by the accession from the streams became a lake into which the salmon entered; that then subsequently occurred another slide which divided the one lake and made two of it. Into the smaller eastern lake salmon could still come, and do; into the westernmost they could not; but when this slide took place, if, as is probable, there were salmon imprisoned in the upper lake, there was but one of two things for them to do, stay there or die. If they stayed it is probable that then ensued modifications of form and color due to their environments, and it is possible that the new fish hybridized more or less with some of the many varieties of trout in the lake, and that the results are the blue-back trout and others of the nondescripts. There is, I admit, considerable speculation in all of this, but it is a plausible theory I believe to account for there being in Lake Crescent strange trout, which fact, however, I did not find out on this trip, for Sutherland gave me such excellent sport the next day that I was well satisfied to stay there.

After a good night's rest and a warm up of coffee and bread, we at an unnecessarily early hour the next morning started in for a day's trolling, premising with a little unsuccessful fly-casting. I am not sure but if we had been better equipped we might have caught a few trout, but not one rose.

My outfit, and it was the only one for use of all, consisted of small gnats, caddis, ants, etc., procured for use in the Truckee, American and other streams in the Sierras, and were utterly useless here, although in all directions and constantly trout were taking insects, all of one kind, viz., a medium sized white moth or butterfly, with black spots on wings. These were hovering over the lake in great numbers, and every now and then a tired one would, probably deceived by the film of ashes which covered much of the surface, alight. We counted quite a number of times, and these averaged about four wing flutters before something came up from below, and quietly the butterfly disappeared. Occasionally we could when near get sight of the head of the something, and it was a trout, generally of good size. There was no leap or anything that could be justly called a strike; there was a feebly fluttering butterfly, a slight ripple and it disappeared. It was as though it were a salmon, not a trout, that took them, and I called to mind the Brackett's famous painting, "The Rise." Since leaving Port Angeles a young gentleman of Victoria, an adept at fly-tieing, the son of Mr. Dennis Harris, the grandson of Sir James Douglas, formerly Governor-General of Canada, has sent to me a card of flies of his own make which he thinks will seduce these trout. They are good imitations of the butterfly, and he says that if cast well out and very gently moved the wings will flutter. I'm sure I hope so and long to give them a trial.

We trolled with four lines, two on rods with no sinkers; two hand lines, one of which was of twisted copper,

and drew its spoon, a 4in. Tahoe, at from 20 to 30ft. under. We had also on our rod lines large spoons.

The weather was not favorable; it was raw and chilly, the air full of fog and smoke, so much so that we could hardly see the shore when 100yds. away, but we had rowed hardly 50yds. when a lively trout—it proved to be a 2lb. mountain trout—took the Tahoe spoon and I took him. Hardly was my line out again when on the same spoon I got so heavy a strike that but for assurances of it being impossible I could have pronounced it a snag which broke a double gut leader and cost me the spoon, which indicated that there were some big trout in Lake Sutherland. Having no other Tahoe, I substituted a large fluted black bass Skinner spinner, and during two days that we trolled this line and spoon took more large fish than the other three together, among them our largest, a 2½lb. silver trout.

Lieut. Stoney, of the Navy, a few days after took a 4lb. mountain trout, and Mr. Wilson one of 4½lbs. Our surface spoons did little good until after several changes, each of which decreased the size of spoon and increased the size of catch. We found out just what the trout liked and we gave it to them, viz.: small Akron & Emerich spoons No. 2, about ¾in. long, silver and copper; then we had to reduce our lines to two, for we could not attend to four, and we preferred the rods. This of course made the boating of a fish comparatively slow work, for our rods were light ones. With my favorite bass fly rod of split bamboo it cost me nearly half an hour to get one trout into the boat. Yet our catch was a good one, consisting altogether of 149 trout, weighing over 75lbs. Our catch was principally mountain, speckled and silver trout, but we got two Dolly Vardens, one cutthroat I know of—perhaps more, for the mark don't show very plainly without close examination—and quite a number called locally "half-breeds." Our fish ranged from ½lb. to 2½lbs., and there were twenty above 2lbs., and many between 1 and 2lbs.

There seems to be little difference, except a bit in the coloration, between the mountain, speckled and silver trout. All were strong fighters, leaping as they struck and quite a number of times during the struggle. I won't say how high, for I bear in mind the attacks upon the judgment or veracity which in your columns were made upon a gentleman who gave his figures as to the leap of a bass. I think they jumped higher than I am willing to say.

To wind up, I can only say that we had a most successful and enjoyable trip, and after our return to Port Angeles—and several of the Sound papers devoted much space to the chronicling of our success, remarkable principally on account of the lateness of the season, and the prevalent belief of a large majority that our trip would prove a failure through this cause—I shall devote the rest of this article to a second trip, on which I did Lake Crescent and discovered the big blue-backs.

PISECO.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XXIII.

The Caravan.

TOWARD the middle of the afternoon Uncle Lisha and his friends entered the outskirts of the little city, where the unusual appearance of a camping outfit attracted considerable attention and was generally believed to be one of the side shows belonging to the coming caravan.

It presently gathered a following of boys, and when Sam drew rein in front of Cousin Chace's tidy house these were joined by several grown up and no less curious idlers, and all surrounded the wagon in an interested group.

"It's a nigger show, I bet ye," one boy confidently asserted.

"Yah. What you talkin' 'bout?" cried another, contemptuously. "It's the Injin show! Don't you see the canoe? An' that black feller up there's one of 'em; the ol' chief he is."

"My, don't he look ugly, though?" loudly whispered another, staring in fascinated horror at Antoine, who, overhearing these remarks, at once fell into humoring them.

"Yes, sah, Ah'll was big Injin, me! A'n't you see haow Ah'll was sca'p dis hol' mans?" He lifted Uncle Lisha's hat, displaying the shining bald pate, and then after a moment's impressive silence continued, "Wal, seh, boy, Ah was tore off you hairs jes' lak dat 'f you'll a'n't ta' careful. You want for hear me spik Injin more better as Anglesh?"

"Cangra musquash nawah alamose woisoose chunkamug peskegan. Ooop!"

His audience listened with deep admiration to the first specimen of aboriginal eloquence which they had ever heard.

"You want to go on and turn to the left to get to the show ground," said a florid gentleman of leisure, dressed in a drab fur hat, blue coat and tightly strapped trousers, and he pointed up street with his cane, which he then tucked under his arm, while he took a pinch of snuff and meditatively surveyed the occupants of the wagon. "I hope you folks don't have any tight rope dancing and the like," he continued with a deprecatory air. "That's contrary to the laws of the State, you know."

"Wal, naow, that's tew bad," said Uncle Lisha in a grieved voice, and indicating Joseph with a jerk of the thumb, "for this 'ere young man is turrible hefty on the wires."

The florid gentleman thought he recognized the blush of modest merit in Joseph's abashed face, and with a sly wink at Uncle Lisha said in a husky undertone:

"We might fix up a leetle private entertainment—in a barn—you know, to-night. Select and quiet, you know."

"No, sir! We're law-abidin' folks," said Uncle Lisha, with virtuous decision. "Say, can any on ye tell me wheter no Ah'm Chace lives in this 'ere haouse. Good airt'n' seas! If he don't come an' tell us where tu go pooty soon we sh'll hefter hev a show tu git red o' the folks."

"Say, mister," an eager boy whispered, clutching Sam's knee, "if I'd fetch water for your hosses, won't ye let me go in for nothin', me an' my little brother; he ain't bigger 'n nothin'! We hain't got no money. Will ye, mister?"

"Why, bub," said Sam, "we hain't no show. We jest come tu see the show, that's all."

The boy stared incredulously into the honest face till assured there was no guile in it, and then retired in disappointment, leading his little brother.

Now the front door of the house opened and Abram Chace came hurrying out in a state of excitement quite incongruous with his smooth-shaven face and plain, neat attire, when he found his Cousin Jerusha's husband and his friends standing unwe-comed at his threshold and surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers.

"God zounds! Lisher, what be you settin' there for? Why didn't ye come right in? Back up a leetle an' haw right in here an' drive tu the barn. Clear aout, boys. What be you a-hengin' 'raound here for?"

As he opened the great gate and the wagon was driven into the barn the crowd realized its mistake and dispersed, the blue-coated gentleman sauntering up the street in dignified indifference, while the boys made a joke of their disappointment and tried to out-jeer one another.

"Ya-ay, Kelly, how much 's the tickets to your Injin show? Ya-ay!" and Kelly retorted.

"Ya-ay, Smithy, 'baout as much as it 'll be to git int' your nigger show. Ya-ay!" and both factions shouted "Ya-ay!" with a clamor like that of a congregation of crows, and Uncle Lisha was impressed by the depravity of town boys in calling each other by their last names.

"Well, Lisher, haow be you, anyway?" Abram Chace inquired, when, after a bustle of general hospitality, he found time to give attention to individuals. "An' haow be you, Sam-wil? An' hain't this Joseph Hill?"

"Wal, I don't sca'cely seem tu know whether no it's me 'r a Injin 'r a balance master 'r some other sort o' show feller," said Joseph, feeling his head and looking at his short, stumpy legs to assure himself of his identity. "I was beginnin' tu 'xpect Uncle Lisher 'd hev me a-stannin' on my head 'r a-turnin' summersets 'fore I knowed it."

"Bah gosh, Ah'll give more for see dat as all de show dey had to-morry," cried Antoine. With that he departed to his numerous compatriots in the "French village" at the other end of the town, and the others went into the house, where Cousin Chace's good wife was entertaining Jerusha and Huldah.

Henceforth till bedtime these town mice and country mice compared experiences, now to the envy of one, now the other.

When morning came no one thought of anything but the great event of the day already heralded in the gray dawn by the rumble of the heavy baggage vans. Habitual early risers were out betimes full clad, to admire the teams of large, handsome horses and gaily painted wagons, and sluggards came forth half dressed with garments in hand and unshod feet, rubbing sleepy eyes and fumbling at buttons with alternate hands as they blinked at the lumbering procession with a fellow feeling for the drowsy drivers and the weary showmen asleep on the jolting piles of canvas.

The vans rumbled past, transferring the present interest to the show grounds, and the brief excitement of the street subsided temporarily while the citizens breakfasted.

Then the first influx of sightseers came hurrying in, fearful of being late, though they reported the caravan two miles behind, delayed at the last stream by the elephants refusing to cross the bridge. Gradually the incoming tide of sightseers increased, some on foot, whole families in heavy farm wagons, and young fellows with their sweethearts in the cumbersome single pleasure wagons of those days, some of which had boxes shaped like bread trays, others square ones substantially framed and paneled, with high-backed seats cushioned with russet-colored leather and perched at such a lofty height that ascent and descent were not to be lightly undertaken.

At last the grand triumphal chariot appeared, blazing and glittering with scarlet and gold and drawn by four white horses driven by a liveried driver, behind whom the band was enthroned, blowing lustily on brazen bugles, French horns, trombones and ophcleides, all in time to the thunderous beating of a bigger drum than had ever been heard at a general muster. Then came two elephants, one of whom bore a howdah in which the lion tamer sat dressed like a Roman gladiator and quietly smoking an incongruous pipe. These were followed by four camels ridden by Arabs, whose genuineness became doubtful when one was heard to address his beast with "Git on wid yez, ye spalpeen." Then came the train of closed mysterious cages, some silent, others giving forth growls and screams of strange beasts and birds.

Close upon these came a crowd, hurrying for fear of being late, though it was two hours before the advertised opening of the show. Uncle Lisha and his party, reinforced by Mr. and Mrs. Purington, Sis and her nephew Bub, were early upon the ground eagerly enjoying all the novel sights and sounds of the busy scene.

Here was an excited group of Canadians, interspersed with a sprinkling of cool-headed Yankee jockeys, gathered around three or four sorry nags that looked as if the impending changes of ownership could make little difference to them or any one else.

"Wal, Joe," drawled a solemn-visaged man, after an examination of one of these animals from all points of view, "it kinder looks tu me 's if your hoss hed got the heaves tucked ontu him consid'able bad."

"Yas, Harrum, 'e got some o' dem," the owner, a jolly little pock-marked Frenchman, frankly admitted in a husky voice, "mais, dey a'n't hurt him mite. You 'oss 'e hol', hol', every tam 'e hol', Harrum, and 'e gat splayin lak goose egg."

"Sho! That hain't nothin'," said the other, "I c'n blister that off in a week, smooth as the palm o' my hand. If you want my hoss bad 'nough tu gi' me a dollar we'll call it a trade."

"Oh, Harrum! Swappy de 'oss pour de 'oss," the little man plead.

"No, I got tu hev a dollar tu boot."

"Ow Ah goin' give you more as Ah gat?" Joe asked piteously. "Ah geeve you half dollar, dat all Ah gat, me."

He held up the coin before the other, who took it with a sigh of resignation, saying, "Wal, seein' it's you, Joe, but I'm jest the same as givin' away my hoss," and each began unharnessing his horse amid the congratulations of friends.

The little group of Danvis people passed on to where a peddler mounted on a cart was auctioneering his wares.

"O, just look what I've found tucked away in a corner an' I thought the last blessed pair was sold yesterday," he cried, stretching to arms' length a pair of pucky rubber suspenders that smelled infernally of sulphur. "Just look. Stretch like a deacon's conscience. Long enough for any man. Short enough for any boy. Oak-tanned luther ends an' gold buckles, I guess, but mebbey they're brass. Don't let your women folks wear their fingers aout knittin' galluses for you, but walk right up an' buy

a pair of these beautiful e-lastic sus-penders, worth \$1 tu any man, but I sell 'em for half that money, an' tu-day, seein' you all want tu save a quarter to go int' the show, I'll let you have 'em for quart' of a dollar a pair, an' I'll say no more an' take no less."

Such a generous offer was not to be withstood and the new-fangled suspenders were passed out to the crowding purchasers till it seemed as if the red cart could have been laden with nothing else, yet the enterprising proprietor was continually discovering some new article, and each more tempting than the last. Now it was a ring or brooch, now some cheap and tuneless instrument, now pocket combs, side combs and back combs, jack-knives, distorting hand glasses, song books, lives and confessions of criminals and so on, changing as often as interest flagged.

There were numerous booths where refreshments of mead, spruce, beer and great cards of good old-fashioned yellow gingerbread were temptingly displayed, and the familiar obese and blue-frocked figure of Old Beedle was present, dispensing foaming glasses of innocuous beer from a cask in the tail of his wagon, and with them such kindly words and genial smiles that it seemed to his juvenile customers as if they were receiving a great deal for a cent.

There were peripatetic venders of apples in baskets and home-made molasses candy on boards, both wares cried by the youthful Canadian dealers at the usual price of "Two of it, 1 cen' 'piece."

Noisiest of all were the tooters, vociferously proclaiming the wonders of the side shows, the fat woman and the strong man, the albino negroes and the man without arms, and the waxworks of Monsieur Jonsin from Paris, all of which were now on exhibition and each to be seen for the small sum of 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

The twanging of the banjo, the thumping of the tambourine, the voices of the performers and the laughter of the audience sounded smothered and echoless as they beat against the canvas walls, yet were most attractive to the outsiders who crowded about the narrow entrances.

As Joseph Hill stood in wrapt admiration of the colossal portrait of the fat woman, counting the coins in his pocket with his fingers, he was startled by hearing his name called in a familiarly imperative tone, and looking in the direction from whence it came saw the gaunt form of his father standing upright in a lumber wagon, brandishing his cane toward him with one hand and with the other restraining young Josiah from leaping to the ground. Maria, who with her daughter Ruby occupied a portion of the seat from which the patriarch had risen, was frantically shaking a handkerchief toward her husband, and Pelatiah, who as driver sat in front with two of the smaller children, had his breath indrawn and his mouth made up, to add his voice to the family call.

"Wal, if this don't pooty nigh beat Sam Hill," Joseph exclaimed, as he hastened over to them. "Seem's 'ough I thought o' most ev'b'dy a-comin', but I swaow, I never thought o' you a-comin', father."

"You didn't, hey? An' you couldn't hear me when I did come, a-gawpin' at that 'ere pictur'," Gran'ther Hill scolded in a cracked catarrhal voice. "What is't a pictur' on, anyway? A elephant dressed up in women's clo's? I'll bate they hain't got no sech a critter."

"It's the fat lady, father," Joseph explained, "an' the white niggers. Haow come ye tu come, father?"

"Fat lady and white niggers," the old man repeated, scornfully. "By the Lord Harry, what is this cussed world a-comin' tu when *shes* 'at goes 'raound showin' their carkisses like hawgs tu a cattle show calls thei'selves ladies, an' niggers calls thei'selves white! I come 'cause I was a mine tu! Didn't you? Did you s'pose the' wa'n't nob'dy but you a-comin'? Don't ye s'pose Josier wanted tu come, an' Ruby an' t'other young uns, an' du you s'pose I was goin' tu let 'em come daown here along wi' M'rier an' Peltier and git lost an' eat up? That would be smart!"

"Why, I'm glad you came if you can stan' it," Joseph declared. "Be you middlin' well? An' you, M'ri' an' Ruby, an' 'mongst ye an' you tew, Peltier? Oh, M'ri', if I hain't got the almightedest snarl o' feathers! Wal, not sech a terrible sight on 'em, but sech neat ones you never did see a'most."

"Yonder comes Lisher an' Jerushy an' Lovel an' his wife an' young un, all comin' tu ask what I come for, I'll lay a guinea," said Gran'ther, testily, "an' if there hain't that 'ere cussed Pur'n't'n woman an' her man. I hain't nothin' ag'in' the beasts, but I swear I wish't they'd eat her. Young Gove, drive your hosses up tu the fence an' hitch 'em! Sed daown, Josier, 'fore I knock ye daown. G'long!"

The horses were driven to the nearest hitching place and given a bundle of hay from the hinder end of the wagon, whose occupants were by this time overtaken by their townsfolk in spite of Gran'ther Hill's attempts to elude Mrs. Purington.

"Wal, I should think you'd 'a' hed more regard for your health, Capting Hill," the tired dame panted, fanning her hot face with a folded handkerchief, "an' I don't see what you let him come for, Marier. It's jest flyin' in the face o' Providence."

"Damn my health, marm, it's ol' 'nough tu ta' keer of itself," the veteran declared, standing very erect and looking fierce. "Haow d' ye s'pose M'rier was goin' tu help herself? The' hain't nob'dy flew yit; but I wish't the Lord Harry they would, higher'n Gilderoy's kite, an' never light this side o' glory halleuyer."

"I'm dreatful glad you come, Cap'n Hill," said Sam, shifting Bub to his left arm that he might shake hands with the old man. "They say the 's a bustin' old painter an' some wolves."

"Yis," said Uncle Lisha, "an' some Injins; but they won't let ye kill 'em, 'cause they hain't got but a few."

"Hev they got all them?" the veteran asked, eagerly. "Come, le's git aour keards an' g'w'int' the carryvan afore the young uns dies o' waitin'. Take a holt o' my hand, Bub. For'a'd, march."

As they approached the thronged precincts of the ticket wagon and Sam detached himself from his party to enter into the struggle for tickets, he was accosted by his impetuous youthful acquaintance of yesterday, who was now standing forlornly apart from the crowd with his little brother, looking with longing eyes at the blue and yellow cards as they were passed to the outstretched hands by the imperturbable ticket seller.

"You wa'n't one of 'em, was ye?" said the boy, with a melancholy smile of recognition.

"Hello!" Sam responded, cheerily, "Hain't you shavers goin' in?"

The boy shook his head in sorrowful resignation.

"The big fellers got all the jobs, an' I hain't got no money."

"You wait here till I come back," said Sam, after a moment's hesitation, and then shouldered his way into the crowd, through which his tall, strong figure enabled him soon to reach the w gon. Presently emerging from the press somewhat flushed and rumpled, but smiling, he returned to the boys and handed the elder a couple of half tickets, "There, bub, you an' the little chap go in an' see the hull caboodle on't," and Sam rejoined his friends before the boy could give audible expression to his thanks and astonishment.

Joining the drifting tide of mixed humanity, our Danvis friends were carried with it inside the great tent into a world of strange new sights, sounds and atmosphere. If this was not the perfumed breath of Araby, these were the beasts and birds and reptiles of the tropics and far countries of the earth, this medley of discordant sounds that frightened children and startled their elders, the natural every-day voices that had shaken the torpid air of Indian and African jungles.

The keepers, who walked unconcernedly in front of the cages and were the familiars of the uncouth elephants and camels, bore such impress of strange experience and wide travel as made them quite different from ordinary mortals and speech with them an overwhelming honor.

"Yes, that 'ere is a boar constrictor or animal conlor," Solon Briggs explained to his neighbors, whom, with his wife, he had joined near the front of a cage in which a great serpent was coiled. "I s'pect that was the specie that onderminded the humern race of mankind by temptin' of Eve, 'cause you see he's call'ated by the dimensions of his len'th for reachin' arter apples. An' that 'ere is the rile tiger, so called on account of his allus bein' riled, an' that critter that's got stripes jus' like him is called zebra on account o' his reseemblin' a jackass. An' anybody 'ould know them was liurns, only the female specie hain't got no mane. An' hain't them elephants the curisest freak o' humern natur? It does appear 'at if they was pervided with another pair of visible organs in the behind of 'em they might perceed back'ards jest as well as for'ards, hevin' a tail on each end of 'em. That 'ere is called the backteryan camel on account o' his hump."

"Poor creetur's," said Aunt Jerusha, "I should think they'd git dre'f'l tired o' goin' humped up so all the time."

"Them is what they kerry water in when they cross the de-sart of Sary—she 't was Abram's wife," said Solon.

"Briggs must ha' made mos o' these 'ere animals hisself, I consait, he 'pears tu know so much about 'em," Gran'ther Hill growled sarcastically. "Come, Josier, le's go an' look o' the painter an' them wolves; I want tu see suthin' 'at I know suthin' about myself. There!" he continued, as, leading his grandson and followed by Sam and Pelatiah, he halted in front of the cages of these animals. "That's the sort o' pussycat an' dogs 'at used for tu be a-yaowlin' an' a-yollopin' 'raound yer gran'ser's camp-fire when he was on airth the fust time. Ah, ye ol' yaller cat! You sneakin' whelps! Yer gre't gran'marms knowed me."

He shook his cane at them and the panther spat at him and the wolves slunk into a corner as if each recognized in him an ancient enemy of its kind.

Presently the attention of all was drawn to the performance of the elephants, when one huge beast made its majestic progress around the ring with a howdah full of delightedly frightened children, and the other walked with slow and ponderously careful steps over the prostrate form of the keeper.

Then a pony ridden by a monkey ran in the ring, at which time Antoine made his appearance. Having been entertained by many friends, he had arrived at a condition to fully enjoy the show. Now he was in a bellicose humor, thirsting for a hand-to-hand encounter with the bear, now he was affectionate, d siring to embrace everyone, including the equestrian monkey.

"Say, Sam, Ah wan' kees dat leetly nigger. Ah luv heem more as Ah luv mah fam'ly, bah gosh! Ah'll was nabolition mans, me, an' Ah'll wan' stole dat leetly nigger, Sam, a'n't you wan' help me stole dat leetly nigger?" and so maundered on till, to Sam's great relief, his attention was directed to the band and he began to dance in front of it, dividing the attention of the audience with the clown, who, with the ring master, made the nearest approach to a circus that was then permitted in our virtuous commonwealth.

The humor displayed by the clown in his ancient jokes and repartees was irresistible, and when after turning a succession of somersaults he ran his painted nose against a center post of the tent Aunt Jerusha declared:

"He's the quickest witted man I ever see; but the clumsiest creetur' for one 'at's so spry by spells. Eunice Pur'n't'n, if you've got your camphire bottle, you le' me hev it an' I'll go an' rub some on his nose, for its painin' on him turribly; I know it is."

Mrs. Purington never ventured far from home without her bottle of camphor and smelling salts, and possessing herself of the first Aunt Jerusha hast'ened forth to offer a balm for the supposedly injured member, while audience and actors looked on in silent wonder.

"Here, you poor distressed wretch, le' me put some o' this sperits o' camphire ont' your n'se. It'll take the soreness aout if it does make it smart some," she said, approaching the clown, who left off his lamentations to stare at her in dumb surprise. "Le' ne rub some on 't right on," she urged, "or put it on yourself if you'd druther."

"Thank you," he said politely, "if you'd be so good, just a drop," and he soberly submitted to the operation while the paint came off his nose on t' the tips of her fingers. "Thank you, dear old lady," he said in a low voice, "and bless your kind heart. It's done me ever so much good."

He returned her to her place as politely as if she had been the finest and fairest lady in the land, and then tripping back to the center of the ring he repounded an' other conundrum.

"Why is the old lady's heart like my nose?"

"Wal, sir, why is it?" the ring master demanded.

"Because it's tender, of course," was the answer, and there was tremendous applause.

"Oh, dear, it's tew bad, it's tew bad!" Aunt Jerusha sobbed, almost in dismay at having attracted such general attention, "but if it done him a wite o' good, I hain't gorry."

Now the performers retired from the ring the lively

measure of the gallop changed to a solemn andante and the audience breathlessly awaited the grand event of the day.

There was a clang of bars and an opening door, and the lion tamer entered the den, driving the snarling beasts to one end of it, from whence they came one by one at his command and sullenly performed their parts.

"Oh, dear suz!" Mrs. Purington wailed in a tearfully restrained voice, "they're a-goin' to eat him, I know they be, an' the show folks expex it. That's what makes 'em play so solemn on the music, jus' for all the world like a fun'al hyme tune. Say, mister," she piteously appealed to a showman who stood near, "won't you go an' tell him to go right aout o' there? It don't seem as if I could stan' it to stan' here an' see him eat up right afore my face an' eyes."

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," said the showman, "there's no danger. The last man they heat was so tough and disagreed with 'em so bad, they ain't 'anker'd harter human flesh sence. More 'n hall that, 'Err Driesbach is a Dutchman, han' the beastises can't habide the smell o' saurkraut."

She only half believed this and kept her smelling bottle in hand till, greatly to her relief, and that of most of the audience, the brave lion-tamer backed out from the royal presence, and the band burst forth in a jubilant strain so loud that it set the elephants to trumpeting and all the carnivora to roaring and howling.

Everyone was glad that this part of the show was over, but alas, it was all over, and even now the shutters of the cages were going up and the canvas walls were going down, and the crowd dispersed except the few who lingered for a last look at the camels and elephants, and such as were fooled into parting with their money to see the hurried, final exhibitions of the side shows.

Before the afternoon was much further spent the Danvis people were on their homeward way, and a little after nightfall their own mountains closed around them and again shut them in from the busy world of which they had had such a brief but memorable glimpse.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

SOME TEXAS MAMMALS.—I.

THE fifth article of Volume VIII. of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History contains an interesting paper on Texas mammals by Dr. J. A. Allen. The collection on which the article is based consists of about 400 specimens, collected by Mr. H. P. Attwater, of San Antonio, Texas, for the most part in the vicinity of San Antonio, in Bexar county, but including also a number from Kerr county. These 400 specimens represent thirty-seven species, concerning which Mr. Attwater contributes valuable field notes, and he has also given important and interesting information concerning ten other species now, or formerly, found in the vicinity of San Antonio. These are, for the most part, the larger game animals and beasts of prey, all of which are rapidly being destroyed throughout Texas. Such material as that furnished by Mr. Attwater is of great interest and well deserves a place on the record. The paper is introduced by a sketch of the topography of the region, and by some notes on the effect upon animal and plant life of the severe and protracted droughts which so frequently afflict this portion of Texas.

Bexar county is cut by the line where two areas of different topographic character meet, and is thus an interesting region for the collector because it forms about the eastern limit of several western species and the western limit of several eastern species. The country is watered by the San Antonio, Medina and Leon rivers, and its surface is more or less rough and broken.

Old settlers tell Mr. Attwater that formerly the country around San Antonio away from the streams was open prairie, but now, wherever it is not in cultivation, it is covered with a thick growth of mesquite and with thickets of thorny bushes and cactus. Besides this, on the upland grow oaks and hackberry trees, while in the stream bottom are found pecan, cottonwood, sycamore and other water-loving trees.

The specimens of mammals secured from Kerr county were chiefly taken on the ranch of Mr. Howard Lacy, on Turtle Creek, and that gentleman has given Mr. Attwater much interesting and reliable information.

Mr. Attwater believes that the periodical droughts to which southwestern Texas is subject, and which render agricultural pursuits so uncertain, have a great influence on the lives of animals there, especially on the mice and rats which live above ground and have their nests and hiding places close to the surface. Several wet and rainy seasons are usually followed by several dry ones, and in dry seasons the cattle eat off the weeds and grasses, leaving the country bare. Thus both food and shelter are taken away from such species as mice, rabbits and rats. With the advent of heavy rains, the country soon becomes covered with a dense growth of vegetation, which affords to the small animals hiding places, protection from their enemies and an extra supply of food. These conditions do not affect the pocket gopher, moles and pocket mice so much as they do mice, rats and rabbits.

Although no specimens of the nine banded armadillo (*Tatusia novem cincta*) were sent with this collection, Mr. Attwater says, "I have records of the capture of the armadillo from many points north, south and west of San Antonio. Mr. Lacey reports it from Burnet county, 150 miles north of San Antonio, and one was killed this summer (1895) on his ranch in Kerr county. They are occasionally sent to the Zoological Garden alive, but do not live long in confinement." As the armadillo is likely soon to be exterminated in the more settled parts of Texas, these notes are interesting.

The common deer (*Dorcelaphus virginianus*) is still abundant in Bexar county, and not likely to be exterminated here at once. They live within the immense pastures inclosed by barbed wire fences, which prevent hunting parties from leaving the traveled road. A change in the habits of the deer is reported by old settlers, who say that before the country was thickly settled and market hunters had come in such numbers, the deer used to feed by day. At present they begin to feed about half an hour before sunset and lie down soon after sunrise.

Mr. Attwater gives the extreme limit of the range of the mule deer (*Dorcelaphus hemionus*) as west of Edwards

county. He has heard of their being killed in Val Verde county, but they are rare east of the Pecos River.

The antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) formerly ranged eastward in Texas to within 100 miles of San Antonio and southward along the Rio Grande, but they are not now found so far south within the State. Dr. J. B. Taylor has about 100 on his ranch in the northwest corner of Sutton county, which he thinks is now about the southeastern limit of their range. A few scattered bunches may still be found eastward to Menard county. Dr. Taylor believes that a straight line running west from Sutton county will form the limit of their present southern range. Another line, drawn from Sutton county slightly west of north to Amarillo, in Potter county, will, he believes, mark the present eastern limit in Texas.

In his note on the American bison (*Bison bison*) in Texas, Mr. Attwater seems to pretty effectually dispose of the so-called Val Verde buffalo herd, of which we heard so much a year or two ago. This herd, which at first was said to contain from forty to fifty head and was afterward increased to sixty, was said to be in Val Verde county, 150 miles west of San Antonio, between Devil's River and the Rio Grande. A number of hunters have looked for this band, but no one has found it. Mr. Attwater says, "Reliable persons tell me that 1886 was the last year for wild buffalo in western Texas, and I think it is safe to say that there are none in Texas to-day in a wild state." Mr. Attwater sends to Dr. Allen a dorsal vertebra and rib from a mounted buffalo now in his collection, and the history of this specimen is interesting. "It was caught when a little calf in a wild state in 1883 in Borden county, at the head of the Colorado River. It was raised by a common cow and castrated when 2 years old. It grew to a large size and was exhibited at the State fair two years ago. It weighed 3,506 lbs., stood 6 ft. 4 in. high and was 10 ft. long. It died in 1893 and then came into my possession."

The peccary (*Dicotyles angulatus*) is not often met with at present near San Antonio, but is still common in the chaparral region south of that city. They were formerly abundant in Kerr county, but now are seldom seen there. Ten years ago there was a great trade in hides and skins of wild animals in San Antonio, and the hides of the peccary, here called by its Spanish name *Javalina*, were in demand. It is said that in a single season one firm



NEST OF HOODED WARBLER.
Photo by Mr. James Savage.

handled over 30,000 of these hides, which sometimes brought 80 cents each. They were shipped east and thence to Europe, where the skins were used for gloves and the hair for brushes. In Zavalla county these hides were currency about ten years ago and were traded at the store for merchandise, sometimes being returned by way of change. The peccary thrives in captivity, and a pair in the Zoological Garden in San Antonio have bred there for the last six years, bringing forth their young at any season of the year, and from one to three at a birth. The settlement of the country seems to have had on the peccary the effect of toning down its old-time ferocity. It is said that formerly these animals were absolutely fearless, but those met with by Mr. Attwater were always ready to seek safety in flight.

The Mexican wood rat (*Neotoma mexicana*), a genus which in one form or another is found over almost the whole United States, except the northeastern portion, is found near San Antonio, though this is about the eastern limit of its range. In Kerr county they were quite abundant and a number of their nests were discovered on high land, one on an oak ridge and four in a cedar brake. The character of these nests is interesting in view of what has recently been said on this subject in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

"All the nests were in heaps of rubbish piled up by the rats. Those in the cedar brake were heaped around cedar trees, and the nests were made in the hollows among the roots of the trees. These nests were composed of fine strips of cedar bark; the nest in the creek bottom was made of grasses, leaves and cedar bark. Only one rat was discovered in each nest, but several nests were found in some of the heaps. The 'rat heaps,' or mounds of material which the rats pile up over their nests and retreats, average 2 ft. high, and are composed of any kind of rubbish that comes handy, chiefly sticks, stones, and dry horse and cow manure. Like *N. micropus*, they also go into houses and barns on the ranches and build their homes. A favorite place is the corner of some old shed or tumble-down shanty. One we found on Mr. Lacey's ranch was constructed chiefly of stones and old pieces of board, with sticks and other rubbish, including shingles that had fallen from the roof. Some of the stones and pieces of lumber on the pile were quite heavy, and it seemed almost incredible that a rat could have carried them on to the pile. One of the heaviest things, on the top of this particular pile, was a piece of board 14 in. x 10 in. and weighing 2 1/2 lbs. These rats, if permitted, will make their abodes under houses occupied by people, and, in the absence of cats and dogs, enter the house and become quite friendly, helping themselves to small articles

to add to their pile. In one instance a tobacco pipe was one of the articles taken.

"We found in some of the heaps large quantities of small green cedar boughs. These boughs are cut off the trees by fox squirrels, for the purpose of obtaining the cedar berries, which are more easily taken from the branches after they have fallen to the ground. In one of the underground passages at the nest on the oak ridge were found, stored away, about three dozen bunches of wild grapes; also many acorns and black haws. In another nest in the cedar brake were about two dozen small mushrooms, partly dry and shrivelled. All the heaps in the cedar brakes contained large stores of cedar berries, most of them with the outside pulp eaten off and the seeds eaten out. When the very small size of the seed is taken into consideration, it is surprising what an immense amount of work is necessary before enough can be obtained for a meal, as probably a thousand would be required. One nest contained shells of nuts of the Mexican buckeye (*Ungnadia speciosa*), although these nuts are reputed to be poisonous."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WHILE not very much has appeared in the press about the New York Zoological Society, incorporated by the Legislature in 1895, the project has not been allowed to languish, and a great deal of intelligent work has been done by the board of managers, whose names are given below:

Class of 1897—John L. Cadwalader, Madison Grant, Andrew D. Parker, John S. Barnes, C. Grant La Farge, Winthrop Chanler, Philip Schuyler, Edward H. Litchfield, Eugene Schieffelin, Robert L. Niles, Fred. W. Devoe, William A. Stiles.

Class of 1898—Thomas H. Barber, J. Seaver Page, Chas. A. Peabody, Jr., Percy R. Pyne, J. Hampden Robb, Geo. G. Haven, Austin Corbin, John H. Starin, Charles A. Dana, Charles E. Whitehead, Charles R. Flint, George Bird Grinnell.

Class of 1899—Andrew H. Green, Wager Swayne, Royal Phelps Carroll, Charles T. Barney, Charles R. Miller, Oswald Ottendorfer, Henry F. Osborn, William H. Webb, Henry H. Cook, L. V. F. Randolph, William C. Church, Frank M. Chapman.

Matters have moved along so far that steps are being taken to obtain the site where the collections of the Society may before long be shown.

Among the provisions of the charter granted to this body is the following:

"Said corporation shall have power to establish and maintain in said city a zoological garden for the purpose of encouraging and advancing the study of zoology, original researches in the same and kindred subjects, and of furnishing instruction and recreation to the people, and may purchase and hold animals, plants and specimens appropriate to the objects for which said corporation is created."

When this charter was granted and the board of managers organized, the first work before it was to consider methods for carrying out the work defined in the paragraph just quoted. Obviously a city like New York, possessing great wealth and extensive public parks, ought to have a finely arranged exhibition of animals from all parts of the world, which should occupy a garden of considerable extent. The largest zoological gardens abroad are those in Berlin, which cover sixty-three acres, and the largest in this country is the National Zoological Park in Washington, which includes 166 acres. Here in New York a site might be chosen in one of the larger parks which should be several times larger than the Berlin gardens, and perhaps twice as large as the park in Washington. There is thus an opportunity to set before the people of this city such a series of wild creatures of the world, in surroundings closely modeled after their natural ones, as has never before been seen. Of course, such a collection must consist of two parts: an open air collection, which shall include the animals of temperate climes, living out of doors, and an indoor collection of animals of the tropics, which, except in the warmest months, must be protected from cold and rough weather.

The first question which came up before the managers of the Zoological Society was as to the location of its grounds, and the choice evidently lay between one of the four larger parks lying north of the Harlem River, namely: Crotona, Van Cortlandt, Pelham and Bronx. In November of last year the sub-committee on plan, consisting of Prof. Henry F. Osborn, Hon. Andrew H. Green and Mr. C. Grant La Farge, presented a report in which they summarized their recommendations as follows:

"1. That we shall have a large area of land, not less than 300 acres, accessible by rail and water transportation.

"2. That we make the feature of our exhibit to reproduce natural conditions.

"a. The larger Northern animals to be shown in free range.

"b. The tropical animals in suitable buildings and inclosures.

"c. The marine animals on the shore line by means of tidal ponds.

"3. That our relations to the Park Board be defined by a special committee, immediately appointed for the purpose.

"4. That the Legislature authorize the immediate beginning of the development of the park site chosen for the Society.

"5. That the Legislature authorize the appropriation of \$250,000 for the use of the Society as soon as the Society raises \$125,000 by subscription.

"6. That the executive committee present to the Board of Managers at the January meeting a printed report for publication, including the recommendation of site and general prospectus of the work of the Society."

Continuing its work, the committee invited the cooperation of three expert naturalists, Dr. D. G. Elliott, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago; Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, well known as the Director of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, and Dr. Frank Baker, Superintendent of the National Zoological Park at Washington. These gentlemen visited New York and inspected Crotona, Pelham and Van Cortlandt parks. Crotona was almost at once thrown out of consideration on account of its small size. Subsequently Pelham was discarded on account of its bleak exposure, its lack of fresh water, and the probable abundance of mosquitoes there. There remained Van Cortlandt Park, which two out of the three exper

recommended as being a highly desirable site. For some reason none of these experts appear to have visited Bronx Park.

Not long after the reception of the report of these experts the executive committee of the Zoölogical Society invited Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday, of Buffalo, to come to New York and take the position of director of its proposed zoölogical park. Mr. Hornaday accepted, and on reaching New York began, with his usual energy an exhaustive examination of the different tracts available for the park. After much study and a careful balancing of the advantages and disadvantages of each locality the executive committee of the Society chose the southern portion of Bronx Park, as is shown in the following application made May 21 to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of New York city:

NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY, 69 WALL STREET. }
NEW YORK, May 21, 1896. }

To the Honorable Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, City of New York:

GENTLEMEN—The executive committee of the New York Zoölogical Society has the honor to inform you that a corporate body has been formed under the above designation (Laws of New York, chapter 435) for the purposes: (1) of establishing and maintaining in this city a zoölogical park, (2) for the preservation of the North American native animals' and (3) the encouragement and advancement of zoölogy.

In the furtherance of the Society's principal object—viz., the establishment of the zoölogical garden or park—it is necessary to acquire the use of a suitable area in one of the unoccupied and unimproved parks of this city, north of the Harlem River. If the allotment of a satisfactory site can be obtained, the Zoölogical Society will immediately thereafter prepare a general plan and seek to obtain the funds necessary to initiate the scheme of improvements that may be agreed upon.

By the terms of the act of incorporation of this Society, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund are empowered in the following language to make to the New York Zoölogical Society an allotment of land:

SECTION 7. "The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the said city are authorized in their discretion to allot, set apart and appropriate for the use of said corporation any of the land belonging to said city north of 155th street, but not in the Central Park, and such appropriation may be revoked if after the expiration of five years from the passage of the act a zoölogical garden is not established thereon; said grounds thus set apart and appropriated shall be used for no purpose whatsoever except those aforesaid. As soon as any lands are set apart, the mayor of said city of New York and the president of the department of parks of said city shall become and be ex-officio members of the board of managers of said corporation."

Free Admission.—The law requires the free admission of the public on four days in each week, one of which shall be Sunday. It is the present intention of the executive committee to recommend that the Zoölogical Park shall be open to free admission for six days in each week, and that one day only shall be set apart for the benefit of members of the Society, students and artists, and for repairs. The field exhibits, the river and the woods will be open to the public at all times.

During the past five months the officers of the Zoölogical Society have made a thorough and exhaustive study of all the unoccupied and unimproved parks north of the Harlem River, in order to determine what location would be best adapted to the requirements of a zoölogical park founded on an ample scale, and would also meet the requirements of the public in regard to accessibility. In these investigations the Society has availed itself of the advice of the best zoölogical garden experts in the country. As the result of all studies and investigations, this committee has now reached the unanimous conclusion that in all the various parks north of the Harlem River there is one location which may be regarded as a truly ideal site for a zoölogical park, such as this city should have, and such as this city desires to establish.

We therefore apply to you to allot, set apart and appropriate to the New York Zoölogical Society, according to law, all that portion of Bronx Park which lies south of Pelham avenue, of about 261 acres in extent, to be used by this organization only under the terms of its charter, as a public zoölogical park, and to be laid out for improvement and use upon a general plan which shall be approved by the Board of Park Commissioners before any actual work is begun.

One important reason for our choice of South Bronx Park is that it contains several open areas in which all the large buildings could be erected without the cutting of any trees or shrubs whatever. The Society desires to place itself on record as being opposed to the cutting of living trees or shrubbery in a public park, and to all plans involving any defacement or diminution of natural beauties. South Bronx Park is now asked for because it is eminently the place wherein a semblance of the natural haunts of wild animals can be secured by the adaptation of nature's handiwork rather than by the slow, costly and not always satisfactory processes of artificial creation. It is also asked for because it is possible to develop upon it a zoölogical park of the most spacious and attractive character.

At present the area in question is merely a tract of rough, unimproved land, part meadow and partly timbered, through which flows the Bronx River. Other parks in the annexed district possess greater landscape possibilities, but the site chosen is particularly well adapted for the purposes of a zoölogical garden founded on a large scale. It is, or soon will be, easily accessible to the people of New York and Brooklyn by payment of a single five-cent fare; its water supply is the best to be found in any of the northern parks; its contour is not so precipitous or so rough as to destroy its full availability to visitors on foot; its natural drainage is perfect; its shade is abundant and of the peculiar open kind so extremely desirable in a zoölogical park. It possesses four natural basins, in which ponds of great value to the collections, as well as to landscape effects, can easily be constructed. Its situation, contour and forestry all combine to give this spot an evenness of temperature not possessed by any other site of those available. South Bronx Park can be made a great popular resort for the people, wherein the benefits of zoölogical study can be more happily combined with the enjoyment of natural forest, field and stream than could possibly be provided elsewhere.

Zoölogical Gardens of Other Cities.

In America.—Philadelphia, 33 acres; Washington, 166 acres; Cincinnati, 36 acres. The Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Buffalo and San Francisco are in public parks.

In Europe.—London, 36 acres; Dublin, 15 acres; Paris, 10 acres; Paris, Amsterdam, 25 acres; Hague, 20 acres; Antwerp, 20 acres; Berlin, 63 acres; Cologne, Dresden; Hanover, 10 acres; Frankfurt, 25 acres; Breslau, 30 acres; St. Petersburg.

In the East Indies.—Bombay, Madras, Singapore, Hong Kong.

Most of the large cities of Europe maintain zoölogical gardens, many of which are magnificent in appointment and rich in collections, but all, without exception, are confined to small areas, and some are grievously cramped for room. It is not sought to establish a mere menagerie, even on a large scale. A zoölogical park in which the larger and more important native animals have free range in large inclosures, where a satisfactory attempt can be made to copy or suggest natural haunts, and where visitors can find enjoyment in the con-

templation of fine, healthy animals, amid beautiful natural surroundings, is quite different from even the best fifty-acre menagerie. In obtaining a grant of land the Zoölogical Society deems it both expedient and necessary to secure an area large enough, that a portion of it can be held in reserve as breeding grounds for large species to meet the demands of the future.

In conclusion, we beg to recur with emphasis to the very important fact that in no sense whatever is the land now applied for to be sequestered from the public.

Very respectfully submitted,
NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL SOCIETY,
(Signed) ANDREW H. GREEN, President.
MADISON GRANT, Rec. Secretary.

(Signed) Henry F. Osborn, Chairman; John L. Cadwalader, Philip Schuyler, Charles E. Whitehead, Andrew D. Parker, Thomas H. Barber, C. Grant La Farge, Executive Committee.

This application was referred to a special committee of three, consisting of Gen. A. G. McCook, Alderman W. M. K. Olcott and Comptroller Fitch, who were instructed to report on it at an early day.

It is understood that as soon as the question of site shall have been settled, the Zoölogical Society will take steps to raise funds looking toward the immediate equipment of its park and the getting together a collection of animals. The raising of funds and the preparation of plans for the park will probably occupy the remainder of the year 1896, and actual work on the grounds will be begun, it is hoped, next spring.

The managers of the Society contemplate the appointment of a number of New York naturalists, who, under the title of the Scientific Council, shall assist the director in deciding on questions which have to do with the general management of the collections.

The Buffalo Paddock at Van Cortlandt.

We are indebted to M. A. Kellogg, engineer of construction of the Department of Public Parks, for the diagram showing the location of the buffalo inclosure which will shortly be completed at Van Cortlandt Park.

This inclosure is situated between the main line of the New York & Putnam R. R. and the Yonkers Branch Railroad, about a quarter of a mile north of Van Cortlandt station. At the northwest corner is Mosholu, a flag station on the Yonkers Branch Railroad.

The tract embraces an area of seventy-six acres, of which six are water or swamp. The low land lies on the eastern edge, along Tibbitts Brook and the head of Van Cortlandt Lake. West of this is a belt of pasture land, which comprises possibly a third of the tract. This land is light and sandy, and will furnish but little food for the buffalo.

The western third of the tract is wooded, includes a hill 140ft. in height, which breaks away sharply toward the Yonkers Branch Railroad. The soil near the summit of this hill is very shallow, and the underlying rock crops out in frequent ledges. Owing to the absence of good natural pasturage the buffalo will undoubtedly have to be fed much of the time on imported provender.

The fence is already well under way and the buffalo will probably be brought on from Blue Mountain Park early in June. The first shipment will include thirty animals, but it is said to be within the realms of possibility that the remainder of Mr. Corbin's herd may eventually be brought over to Van Cortlandt, in which case 140 acres more, lying immediately north of the present tract, will be fenced in and the two inclosures connected by a passway under Mosholu avenue.

The present inclosure requires about one and three-quarter miles of fencing.

Cat and Partridge.

HUDSON, N. Y., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A great many articles have been published in your paper on destruction of birds by cats. I have read many of them and on several occasions have noticed cats catching small birds, but did not give it much attention. On Saturday last I went in the country, and tramped over some of my favorite shooting covers, where I spend my October vacation, and the prospect is good for an abundant supply of partridge (ruffed grouse).

This morning, just as I was ready to get into the wagon to go to the train, the young man with whom I was staying came to the house with a full-grown hen partridge that he had just taken away from the cat. He told me that he had noticed the partridge near the house several times within the last six weeks, and had also noticed the cat stealing cautiously through a rye field near by, but hadn't the remotest idea that she was hunting partridge, but here was the bird stone dead. I think this bird was hatching in this field very near the house.

I did not have time to hunt up the nest or the chicks if they were hatched, and don't know that I could have helped matters if I had found either. One thing I did do,

and that was to swear everlasting vengeance on all cats found prowling away from home and their own fireside. I had never given this much consideration, but when they struck the game birds then I am ready to fight and my mad is way up.

I have found a partridge nest and expect to go this afternoon and try and get a photograph of her. I shall try this afternoon and from past experiences of the last two years think I shall have to try several other afternoons and then not succeed in getting a picture. If I succeed, will let you know.

H.

Largest Trout Caught in English Waters.

THE late Greville Fennell, in the *Field* of May 23, 1868, page 400, says: "I have looked through my note books and printed collections for the weights of trout, and I find that Stephen Oliver, the younger, mentions one taken near Great Driffeld, in September, 1832, which measured 33in. in length, 21in. in girth, and weighed 17lbs. A notice was sent to the Linnean Society of a trout that was caught on Jan. 11, 1822, in a little stream 10ft. wide, branching from the Avon, at the back of Castle street, Salisbury. On being taken out of the water its weight was found to be 25lbs. Mrs. Powell, at the bottom of whose garden the fish was first discovered, placed it in a pond, where it was fed, and lived four months, but had decreased in weight at the time of its death to 21½lbs. In the neighborhood of Downton, on Wiltshire Avon, a trout was caught with the fly by a Mr. Bailey which weighed 14lbs.; and in a small tributary of the Trent, at Drayton Manor, a fish was taken exceeding in weight 21lbs. (*vide Zoölogist*, 1848)."

In the *Angler's Journal* of Dec. 20, 1884, the editor remarks: "The largest English trout on record is believed to be that from Drayton Park, which weighed 22½lbs., the skeleton of which was presented to the College of Surgeons"—this fish probably being the same as that last referred to.—*Correspondence Fishing Gazette*.

The Audubon Society.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to your editorial of May 2, under the above heading, I would say that I was somewhat surprised to learn that our society, "having for its special purpose the discouragement of the wearing of bird plumes as elements of woman's dress," should ask the aid of FOREST AND STREAM after all it had done in that direction, and having failed to receive the support that it was entitled to in supplying so good a medium for that purpose as the *Audubon Magazine*, which you published for two years at a price that should have placed it in nearly every family. Of the "800 local secretaries of the Audubon Society" barely a score gave it the support they should. Had each secretary sent in ten subscriptions the circulation would have been ample to warrant its publication, and from the lack of interest of those that should have given it support it was discontinued.

J. L. DAVISON,

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 8.

The Strength of the Swan's Wing.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The National Druggist* states that the first surgical case that he had in the State of Arkansas was setting an arm that had been fractured by a blow from a swan's wing. The accident occurred on Swan Lake, near Shawnee Village plantation, in Mississippi county, in the winter of 1870. The patient, a hunter for the Memphis market, was "fire-hunting" at night, and a band of swans flew at the light. The man was in a little pirogue, and instinctively threw his arms up to protect his head. The left arm was struck by the wing of one of the birds, and sustained a compound fracture of the forearm, both bones being broken.

Michigan Birds.

WHITE LAKE, Montague, Mich.—Have only seen two bluebirds this spring. Wrens are also very scarce. Robins, scarlet tanagers, catbirds, phoebe birds and brown thrush are here in their usual numbers. Baltimore orioles are more numerous than they have been before in years. Ruffed grouse seem to be doing well; I know where there are three nests.

The spring here has been warm and unusually favorable for the nesting of the birds. Squirrel shooting promises to be good this fall; saw a number of black and gray squirrels to-day.

E. S. D.

Nest of Hooded Warbler.

THE beautiful photograph of a nest of the hooded warbler, reproduced here, was sent to us by Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport. The photograph was taken by Mr. James Savage, of Buffalo, at West Falls, Erie county, July 11, 1895.



BUFFALO INCLOSURE IN VAN COURTLANDT PARK, NEW YORK.

Game Bag and Gun.

TROUT AND DUCKS AT ROUND LAKE.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—On Aug. 31, the day before the opening of the shooting season, our party of six, after much planning, started for Round Lake. A drive of twenty-eight miles through a charmingly picturesque country brought us to our destination, which is rarely visited by sportsmen, principally on account of the long drive and lack of accommodations, but with us it is a favorite resort, its seclusion making it doubly attractive. The lake itself is not very large, having about five miles of shore line, fringed with heavy rushes, but very deep and clear as crystal.

On our arrival we were saluted by the baying of hounds and yelping of pups, five of the latter keeping us busy driving them away from our eatables while we were unpacking. After half an hour's work we had attended to our horses and stowed everything away safely from the dogs, and while a few of us prepared our evening meal Ed and Charley rowed out on the lake for bass. Cooking supper is a very pleasant occupation for a hungry man, that is when it cooks, which by the way ours did not do.

Al's charcoal stove, on which he has not yet got out a patent, is an invention of his own for which he claims innumerable advantages over any other make of stove, but in this case it proved itself sadly deficient, although Al blamed the charcoal, which was as dry as a chip and would burn like tinder if given a chance; but "all things come to those who wait," and our supper was done at last; Charley and Ed were called and we sat down to a meal fit for a king.

After our supper was over, and dishes washed and put away, C., the farmer taking care of the boats, invited us to go coon hunting, assuring us coon were plentiful in the neighborhood. We accepted his invitation and he disappeared for a few moments in the house; when he returned he had with him two hounds (?) and an old, rusty, breech-loading gun, which was entirely in keeping with the balance of his belongings. It was bright moonlight, though somewhat cool; a heavy dew had fallen, and after walking through meadows, cornfields and woods for something like two hours we gave up and returned home wet and bedraggled. C. kindly offered us his front room to sleep in, which three of us decided to take advantage of; so Harvey, Charley and myself wrapped ourselves in our blankets and kept awake; it was too cold to sleep. Charley counted stars through the chinks in the walls and I shivered in my blanket until about 3 o'clock A. M., when I could stand it no longer, but got up and built a roaring fire with Al's assistance and started the coffee boiling, the odor of which soon reached the nostrils of the others and we were soon all collected around the fire, excepting Harvey, who gathered up all the blankets and went to sleep for spite. Daylight was not far off and our breakfast was quickly gotten ready and eaten, and we loaded our guns, filled our pockets with shells and paddled away across the lake. At the first streak of dawn the ducks were up and we could see their dark bodies for a moment across the eastern sky as they passed us back and forth, suspecting no danger. Very soon the light grew brighter, and bang! bang! awoke the echoes as some unwise ducks came too close to our blind. After those first shots we had plenty of work to keep us warm; Harry, who was in the same boat with me, making a beautiful double as two ducks rose scarcely 20 ft. away, one taking to his right and the other to his left. About 9 o'clock the sport was exhausted and we determined to look for some ducks that had lit in the weeds off on our right. It was impossible to get the boat through the dense tangle of wild rice fully 6 ft. in height and we rowed over to shore. Leaving Harry with the boat, I made a wide detour through the woods, expecting to get near enough for a shot when they rose, but the woods ended abruptly and I was forced to make my way through very dry brush, which cracked under my feet at every step. I had not proceeded far in this manner when the ducks became alarmed and rose. I made an awful run and fired both barrels right into the middle of the flock, but not a duck, not even a feather, dropped. The distance was too great, and I returned to the boat vowing I would have something larger than No. 6 shot next time I went duck hunting.

Al, Ed and Charley, who had been fishing along one side of the lake, had also managed to pick up a few stray ducks as they passed. In addition to this they had a nice string of bass to show for their morning's work. In the afternoon we rested our weary bodies beneath some spreading oaks on the hillside, preparing ourselves for another attack upon the enemy in the evening. It had grown very warm during the day and when evening came the ducks were not flying.

That night we slept in the barn on the hay and voted it a good deal better than the floor of the house.

Next day was unbearably hot, and we decided not to stay longer. A few ducks were shot in the early morning by Al, Charley acting as retriever, and at 9 o'clock we started for home, traveling by easy stages, arriving in town about 4 o'clock that afternoon very tired and sleepy, but all voting that the best and only place for fishing or hunting and general recreation was Round Lake. O.

A RAID ON COOTERS.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* George B. Little, Charles S. Corey and Abram Gifford, of New Bedford; Asa S. Jones, Philip E. Macomber, Isaac Petty, Thomas B. Gifford, John T. Brownell, Geo. McGaw, Frank and Edward S. Whalen, and David Lake, of Westport; Frank H. Chase, of Swansea, and Albert Wardell, of North Dartmouth, were arraigned before Judge Borden in the District Court to-day (May 18) at the instigation of the State police for shooting coot or "May white wings" out of season.

The raid was made as a result of the numerous complaints which have recently been made to the State police headquarters at Boston that the law in relation to the shooting of these birds is being violated.

The shooting occurred on Horseneck Beach, and is the favorite ground along this part of the coast for gunners. The police planned an early visit to this stamping ground. Saturday night the police boat Ocean Gem was placed in commission for the season and early Sunday morning the craft was got under way. On board were officers W. H. Proctor, Thomas A. Dexter and Frederick A. Rhoades.

Officer A. B. Hodges, S. F. Lettenz and Deputy Fish Commissioners Rich and Delano formed the remainder of the party, and these officials were driven over by land at an early hour Sunday morning, arriving at about the same time as the Ocean Gem.

As was expected, the shore was lined with gunners, and the work of gathering them in soon commenced.

A number along the beach saw the officers coming, or were very poor shots, for only a few were found with any birds in their possession, so the officers awaited the coming of the gunners off shore in boats. As each boat load landed on the hard white beach they were questioned severely, and in most of the boats coots were found, and the gunners unsuspectingly admitted they shot them. They were placed under arrest, and when all the offenders were secured they were taken aboard the steamer and the voyage to New Bedford was commenced. On the arrival of the Ocean Gem at the dock all the offenders were secured, and under the escort of the police were marched to the central police station. All respondents acknowledged they were guilty of the offense charged. State agent Proctor stated that although many of the defendants shot four or five birds it would satisfy the Commonwealth if each was fined for one bird. For the benefit of those concerned Judge Borden read the law covering the case and a fine of \$20 was then imposed in each case.

The cases against John A. Sherman and Allen F. Wardell for shooting coot were tried separately, due to the fact that Wardell pleaded not guilty. He was defended by Lawyer Milliken.

Sherman stated he went out to Wardell's residence Thursday to spend a few days, and Sunday went out gunning with Wardell and shot one bird. When they landed they were arrested.

The State officer said that there were two guns in the boat, but only one bird. The State agent thought that one was to blame as the other. Lawyer Milliken remarked that if such was the case the one bird was worth \$40.

"That is the common-sense view of it," remarked the Judge, and he imposed the \$20 fine, as in the other cases.

Gunners in this part of the country do not observe the law in regard to the close seasons. This affair will have a tendency to awaken them.

D. W.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 417.]

WHEN I awoke at dawn and gazed out upon a dull gray sky, with a cool breeze bending the shrubbery and the grasses in tiny drops of frosty dew, I was satisfied that a northwester had stolen upon us during the early hours of the morning and thus brought deep disappointment. So eager was I that morning to cast my first fly of the season that, despite the adverse state of the elements, I arose with a determination to try for a trout even if I had to return dripping wet from the spraying waves or with another wound or a broken limb. A few minutes was sufficient for my morning toilet, and then hurriedly putting my rod together and affixing reel and lures, I started off over the slippery rocks, which were still very moist from the late rain, with a request to the boys to call me when the breakfast was ready. Ned not being just then piscatorially inclined, remained in his blanket to further court the somnolent Morpheus.

As I reached the rocky shore line of the island I commenced the angle almost in the teeth of the wind and on a sea that was tossing its snowy plumes quite generously.

As I continued my earnest casting not a trout seemed desirous of toying with my artful deceits, and I began to think that after all I would have to return without a single fin to my credit. I had covered nearly every inch of ground, and as I was tramping toward my last position and making my last efforts Jo put in an appearance and informed me that breakfast was about ready.

"Wait a bit till I try yon rock, for I may want your services with the landing net," I spoke up.

"That's where father caught his trout."

Thus encouraged I eagerly clambered to the top of the desired cliff, which was ragged with a sharp and splintered surface, and which had a very steep inclination to the roughened waters below. Arriving at a small shelving ledge on its bold front I sent the flies whizzing through the air, and was delighted with the lightness with which they kissed the crest of an approaching wave, and still more delighted when I saw the gleam and splash of a trout as he greedily sought to snatch up my Lord-Baltimore. I quickly struck, as I thought in time, and was much disappointed when I found I had no battling trout.

"Draw a wee bit slower," advised the young half-breed when he saw my lamentable failure.

Again goes my Lord-B. and his companion, a Parmachenee-belle, and this time I heed the advice given, and as the pursuing trout attempts another effort to steal the stretcher fly, the L.-B., he feels the prick of the sharpened steel and races away to rid himself of the adhering feathers. It is a decided failure with him, for after a severe struggle in the turbulent waters he is drawn to the rough-edged rocks of the cliff, which Jo had adroitly managed to descend, and there duly netted. He was only a two-pounder, but I was only too glad to secure even one of that weight on such an adverse morning and in such a tumbling sea.

With the lovely captive the sport ceased, and a hurried tramp was made for the morning meal, which I found on reaching camp was just ready for serving.

Ned was surprised at my success, for he did not think that any trout would be tempted to the surface in such a tempestuous sea. It was simply the ravenous greed of the gamy fish that brought him so close to the surf-beaten shore and to his untimely fate.

It was evident that wind and wave were both on the increase, and that casting with any hopes of success was not to be thought of, and moreover to cross Goulais Bay, which intervened between us and Grindstone Point, presented itself as another and a decided adverse object. The day was therefore before us to wear away, while the wind made the sea dance to its music.

Ned was never an idler in camp, for he always found

something to do when cards and literature grew tiresome. He was either devising some new creation in feather fancy, making a leader, or repairing some weak point in rod or reel, and after breakfast he at once had the entire tent turned into a workshop. I never took to this creative part unless a matter of necessity, for I had started on the trip with an amplitude of tackle and that in first-class condition. If, perchance, I needed any jobbing in that line, Ned was only too glad to secure the work, for he was a master hand at it and always averred that I would botch it with undue haste.

I was delighted for a while in watching the development of his crafty work, and occasionally made a prompting suggestion, which, however, was seldom considered for he always looked upon me as lacking in those qualities that make the skillful figure in construction.

He advised me after one of my recommendations to take Jo and try and coax another trout to the top of an advancing wave where I had deceived the last. There was evidently some significance in his enkindling suggestion. It was an absence of leave he undoubtedly desired on my part that he might work unadvised and undisturbed, and probably achieve the creation of some *chef d'œuvre* in the feathery art during my non-presence. I kindly took the hint, and calling the young half-breed we started off around the rough and wave-washed shore in search of a golden fin. Jo said it was too stormy for fishing and so it was, but we ventured forth all the same and soon had the flies dancing amid the snowy foam. I industriously tried to lure some scarlet-hued beauty, but nothing came to the dropping flies. Finally becoming tired, I relinquished the rod to the intrepid semi-savage, who went bounding over the rocks with the activity of a cat. He slid down to the very water's edge and took the wash of the waves very good-naturedly and as a matter of course. I would shout to him when a big comber came rolling in so that he could retreat higher up the rock, but he heeded it not and let the waters wash him at will. After making the entire circuit of the island we returned without the record of a single rise. Thrice more during the day we repeated the tour with the same result.

After supper the wind fell and with it the sea, and then it was to boat and to the adjacent shore, where we made the dainty flies fall with earnest industry. Soon the clouds began to break asunder and disclose little shining rifts of pale blue and bright gold, the sea to shimmer with opaline tints and the roar of the waves to drop to a delicious rhythm.

"The trout will begin to snap now," says Ned, and hardly had he finished the remark before he had a magnificent rise, but the angler was off his guard and the hungry beauty sculled back to his watery lair. Again went Ned's flies and no response, and once more he made them fall and dance in the water, and this time a savage dash came that made the bubbles fly and the music of the reeling the recital of the angler's joy. Some hacked and lichen rocks that told the fierce storms and desolation of centuries became the object of the stricken trout, for there, doubtless, down in some crevice deep were his palace walls and his throne, and maybe his brocaded queen of loveliness. Ah! but he will never again roam through those adamant halls, for he is held with too tight a rein by his fortunate captor. It now assumes a battle royal, for the impaled will never submissively yield while an atom of vigor remains. It is a beautiful sight to the interested looker-on as the willowy rod bends to the frantic rushes of the bewildered captive, and then loses its arching grace as it recovers itself on the ebbing strength of the fighting *fontinalis*. Victory is now in the air, and with a superhuman leap, a desperate dash or two, the dotted darling comes to the surface and casts an appealing look to the skies above, as if expecting relief from that mysterious world. The sportsman's blood is fully up with his game in hand, and the transports of a heaven are his alone. No sentiment of pity enters into his exciting pastime, and as we look upon the dying beauty in its rich garment of silver and scarlet the smile of triumph broadens o'er his face and his heart is full of thrilling joy.

Ambitious to emulate the fortunate piscator, I let no place that looked like the home of a trout go unwhipped of my flies, a brown hackle and a red ibis. Slowly and silently we glide along a rocky shoreland in such strange derangement of cliff and crag that you might read the history of an entire century on its dismembered face and realize the most incongruous forms on every hand. The infinite variety of such views is not to be imagined unless it has been witnessed; and besides in the magic wrought by mere change of position there is also a constant transformation of tone and color from hour to hour, as the lights and shadows vary, and from day to day with the unsettled weather. Yet who could convey to one this sense of beauty, which is the crown of admiration to every lover of nature, which every disciple of rod and reel is supposed to be. We must not, however, forget our mission in rhapsody of these ragged faced shores. Here we reach a little rivulet that winds and wanders its way through rough and riven ridges and over terraces that are beautified with dark pines and spruces and charmingly enriched with many a lovely wild flower. I at once recognized the place where in seasons past I had lured many an unsuspecting trout to an untimely fate, and eagerly cast my artistic flies. A gleam as of a silvery arrow happily greets my vision, and then a sudden tumult in the water takes place, and a revolving reel tells the tale of deceit and another battle in progress that to the foe of the upper element is one of pure and unadulterated felicity. The fight was on a fair field, prolonged and stubborn, but the spotted Apollo of the waters surrendered after a gallant struggle, and then only with the departure of his fast expiring breath.

With this triumph Ned insisted upon returning to camp, as the afternoon was fast fading into night. Evidence of this was rapidly accumulating and imprinting itself on all around. A primrose tint from a dying sunset was tingling the rocky cliffs, while shadows were creeping out from the dark forests and growing on the lapping waters that gently beat against the serrated shores. The eastern horizon was already spreading her mantle of night, and the crimson glow from the declining orb was about ready to kiss the shimmering waters a fervent good night.

It was more than a mile to our quarters and I was satisfied the stars would be twinkling long ere we reached it, for Ned, as usual, was sure to try the inviting waters we would have to pass. The boys who were anxious to reach camp pulled a hard and steady stroke, and when they had reached a spot where the sea had beaten an ground the rocks into a little beach, Ned called a sudden halt and

there tried to coax a ruby-gemmed trout to a white miller or a knight errant. I watched his untiring efforts for quite a while, and being satisfied that he was whipping the waters in vain, gave word to push ahead without further delay and without consulting the industrious angler relative thereto. He, however, was amiable and heeded not my commands, but if a trout had disturbed the ruffled surface he would then surely have disputed my despotism. He was never obstinately ugly, but always had a politic and urbane way with him in such cases that completely won me over.

"We will get no rises here," he remarked after the oars were taken up, but when the speeding boat had reached another tempting lair, that he would thrash I well knew and with unremitting zeal. Sure enough, when we had come to a bold bluff that had several crumbling spurs running into the lake, disclosing a disrupted and disorganized bottom that was spacious enough to people a colony of the claret and silver-coated beauties, he again had the boat checked and again he thrashed the rippling waters, but no hungry trout could be lure. He at last declared it was too dark for fly-fishing, and then gave the word for a lively stroke home, and without further prompting the bronze-hued boatmen made the white water tumble to the rhythm of their dipping blades.

On reaching camp we felt that a fire would be a comfortable adjunct, as the night air was exceedingly chilly. A roaring fire was therefore built, and around it we all gathered, and there Ned and I recited many a thrilling narrative that made the half-breeds open their eyes with wonder.

Above us the magnificent arch of heaven was ablaze with myriads of stars—jewel-like worlds throbbing in their strange, silent glow through all the wide realms of space. The fire, as if in accord with the celestial, sparkled and sent its ruby gleams upon the pulsing waters; an occasional clapping of wings was heard, while the dark forest rustled to the cool night air which came from it, with fragrance and with health on its wings.

"The watchdog's voice that bade the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made."

We retired late that night, but we slept all the sounder for it, and rose in the morning greatly refreshed and with a longing to carry war into the realms of troutland. We, however, made but a slight reduction among the finny population that day, for we only caught three, one in the morning and two during the afternoon. We were fully satisfied that it was no place for generous catches, and so determined to leave the next morning at an early hour for Grindstone Point, some twenty-five miles distant. That evening, immediately after supper, a young and agreeable-looking farmer from Bachewawaung Bay sailed into our harbor with his Mackinac for the purpose of making a cup of tea; but he was not put to that trouble, for, having enough of that exhilarating beverage left from our supper, we supplied him with all he desired. While partaking of the fragrant cup he informed us in a somewhat nervous manner that a young white girl, a neighbor of his, had that morning run away with an Indian, and a bad one too, for whom she had formed a fancy, with the intention of marrying him. The relator was so much excited in giving us the information that we were positive that he was the discarded lover and was in hot haste after the eloping couple.

As he pushed out from the shore, and he was in a great hurry about it too, he remarked with a tiger-like rage, "I'd be willing to forfeit my life to come up with that cursed Indian."

He had a double-barreled shotgun in the boat, and we were positive it was loaded for Indian. It was almost dark when he left us, and he said as he was spreading his red sails that he would make the "Soo" that night despite any angry storm that might arise. The entire affair smacked of a North Shore romance with a blood-curdling tragedy as its closing act.

Ned said he knew the parents of the girl and thought the dusky son of the pathless forest had hypnotized her, for he was unable to realize how the fair-faced girl would marry such a repulsive brute in preference to the really good-looking pale-face. We heard no more of the runaway couple, but were fully satisfied the Indian population of that neighborhood would be minus one if the pursuer in his then revengeful mood should overtake the flying lovers.

The dawn of another day at last came pouring with a generous hand its golden glory on earth and air. A soft breeze blew in from the lake, the sky was pearl-like and pure as an opal, yet bright with delicate, shifting clouds of crimson and pale mauve—small, fleecy flecks of radiance that looked like a shower of blossoms fallen from some far invisible flower land. The waters were slightly ruffled by the wind and curled into the tender little dark-green waves tipped with light fringes of foam. Tennyson must have had just such a morn disclosed to him when he wrote,

"Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

It was hurrying to and fro that delicious morning to break camp and be off on the shimmering and singing waters. Breakfast was quickly served and about as quickly dispatched, and then came the dismantling of camp, the loading of boat and the embarking. Never did we sail under more favorable auspices, never under more gorgeous skies, never over such seas of silver that seemed to tremble and sparkle with loving ecstasy.

Ned could hardly contain himself in such golden and glowing radiance, and was therefore decidedly eloquent on the beaming beauties all around and about him. The half-breeds were in the same inspiring humor, and after the parental Kenosh had spread the white sails to catch the tranquil breezes he gave expression to his inward fervor by exclaiming with much warmth:

"Fine sky, fine sea, everything fine, and the wind he a little lazy."

From the island to Goulais Bay was about four miles, but four miles of very fascinating and impressive ranges of rocky shore land.

As we glide along in the bright sunshine the rocky ramparts that confront us are picturesquely diversified with butting cliffs, craggy bluffs, projecting ledges and crumbling walls that make you wonder what mighty forces were gathered here in the age of the world's infancy! What terrific convulsions and frenzied spasms that rent in twain the earth's envelope and left mountains

where once were lake and plain. If one likes a feast of impressive grandeur as some do, nature here furnishes it in the fullest measure. It is constantly in view; it cannot be concealed; even the fog which arises conceals it only for a moment, and then its savage and stern majesty reappear in all the stronger contrast with the softness of the passing clouds. It is the story of "Paradise Lost" re-enacted in the pantomime of nature, and on a scale of magnificence which Milton's imagination did not surpass. The grand and serrated mass which composes this bold shore line of the great lake representing defeat, "not as man feels it when he crouches under it and abandons the contest, but as nature feels it when the contest is a drawn victory and only the confusion and unrest indicate the point of stop." Think of the mad upheavals of boiling rock, to cool and harden in the air; think of the centuries of channeling by torrents and frost to give the nervous edge to the distant ridges and crests and cliffs; think what patient opulence of creative power wrapped their sides and tops with spruces and pines and balsam, and spotted these walls with weather stains in which the tempests of thousands of years took part. No one who voyages along the North Shore can abstain from fervent admiration of this wild and rugged pageantry which no artist can produce on canvas, no poet describe in musical verse.

It is an angler's world for admiration and fit home for the loveliest game fish that cleaves the water.

The wind increases as the day develops, but a purple haze hangs over lovely Bachewawaung Bay that is indicative of an approaching fog. On reaching Goulais Bay, Kenosh takes in the foreboding situation with a critical eye, and despite the adverse character of it, determines to cross over, though he is fully satisfied the misty clouds which are silently approaching will enshroud us about the time we reach the middle of the bay.

The wind was just stiff enough to straighten the sails, while hardly a bubble broke from the bow, so slowly were we moving. Ahead we could see the great breadth of the foggy bank advancing quietly from the distant shores and fast shutting out the soft canopy of the drifting clouds. The bold headlands of the rocky coast disappeared in the misty vapor as if they had been completely swallowed up, while the few small islands that were blazing in silvery frost work lost their sparkle, and soon after they went into the moving maw of mistiness until finally every glittering line of the indented shore was completely wiped out and nothing left but cloudy vapor, the herald that told the story of the misty veil, awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost, that would leave us nothing but our compass for a guide. About four miles had we made when the damp folds fell upon and around us and uncomfortably chilled us, shutting out the glorious flood of rosy light, while the earth and sky were breathless, the water only emitting a wearied moan.

Kenosh, who always dreaded a fog, declared in a solemn tone:

"Me no like 'em."

We were all in accord with him, but we felt if we deviated a trifle from the compass we would be wandering over the melancholy waste of waters until the fog lifted and developed the samphired and pinnacled crags of the ragged shore.

"Keep her straight to the line of the compass, nor nor'west, and all will be well," said Ned, instructively.

"I hold her all right."

"You thought that way once before, and took us a mile out of the way."

"Yes, I know, but we come out all right this time sure."

"If we don't run to the bottom of the bay or wander out into the lake,"

"I keep her all right, you see."

To the credit of the half-breed be it said, that this time he had his nautical head in good trim, and after an hour's sailing the fog lifted and showed the prow of the boat correctly on her course and about two miles from the shore.

The oppression we had all labored under—for a surrounding fog will produce it at all times—instantly disappeared with the sight of land. The sun, as if delighted with her regions regained, shone out with a radiance on all sides that gave us a landscape of surpassing beauty. Soon we were over the bay, and then with an increasing breeze we went racing along another lovely bit of shore land which nature had invaded as her right of conquest, making it rich and fanciful with foliage, crowning the forehead of the rugged rocks with flowers and ferns and mosses, planting the grasses that spring in green and red tufts from all the fissures and that wave in the wind like light plumes, scattering their little seeds like showers of pearl.

"Just as summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away."

A four-mile sail brings us to Maple Bay, and after a run of about five more we are snug in harbor at Grindstone Point, and soon the white folds of our tents, which are in strange contrast with the green woods, undulating to the gentle breeze.

No time was lost in the preparation of a meal, for we were all in a hungry mood and still hungrier for the trout, which we well knew were now lurking in their watery lairs, so very abundant here.

In the meantime we opened our cases of rods and prepared for the delightful pastime, the contemplative man's recreation, as Sir Izaak pronounces it. I selected a tinsel-wrapped silver-doctor for my dropper and a Claret-Montreal for my stretcher. Ned chose a very bushy brown hackle (his own make and a killer too) and a Seth-Green which I advised him to try.

About the time we were ready for the onslaught the boys announced a dinner, for which we showed a very high appreciation by making sad inroads upon the contents of the steaming platters and the delicious tea, the aroma of which was a pure delight. We hastily made the meal, and then after the half-breeds held the table till their rapacious maws were fully satisfied we hurriedly took to the boat, and before we had gone 100 yds. our flies were reaching out for the *S. fontinalis* of either sex.

Just after we had passed a large boulder that was glittering like a huge nugget of silver in the bright sunlight, Ned had a most savage strike and nothing at all a moment after to show for it.

"Served me right," says Ned, "for I had my eyes where my lures were not."

"You evidently can't catch trout by having your flies one place and your eyes another," I critically remarked.

"I've just had that practically demonstrated, but now

for both in the same locality," and then his tempting deceptions went silently sailing through the air and dropping within a fraction of the place where the rose-colored idol of the lake had so magnificently and suddenly disturbed the water. Another rapacious snap and another splash and then an amazed trout and delighted angler were united, and immediately after one was for liberation and the other for fettering, one for sorrow, the other for joy. The battle now raged fiercely and with many sudden surprises. Once the angler thought his prize had escaped, but it was only a "doubling" by the frenzied and maddened trout. "Ah, he is there again," cries the overjoyed angler when he once more felt the braided thread making music as it rolled from the silvery reel. Anon he halts and then the line slackens once more, and up into the glaring sunlight vaults the red-spotted and radiant Adonis of the shadowy pool, showering the pearly drops from his flame-tinted raiment and then dropping back, fully satisfied that his mortal foe is formidable enough to wage a war of extermination. The ripples he left racing sang his lament and the angler was then assured that he would soon have the requiem to chant.

Time is wasted in detailing the grand and thrilling battle; suffice it to say that the angler won not only the prize, but a rapture of joy which alone comes to the victorious knight of the rod. He himself wonders at the world of happiness he harvests in the capture of such a peerless beauty.

"He did not dream, he could not know
That life contained such bliss,
That from a tinted trout could grow
Such happiness as this."

I was constantly whipping the waters during the struggle, but not a red coat could I coax to my flies. The boat is at last ordered slowly ahead, and after advancing about 100 yds. I had a glorious rise, which I squarely missed.

"Keep your eye on your flies," said Ned through retorting pleasantry when he saw my dismal failure.

"They were there, but I think the trout missed the fly."

"Or you missed the trout."

"One or the other assuredly."

"He was a big broad-tailed *fontinalis*, and came at the lure with the spring of a leopard."

"There was grand music in him, but he may yet have to sing for me."

My flies during the suggestive chat were steadily rising and falling, and when I had dropped them over the trout lair for about the third time there came a rainbow gleam with a splash and a snap, and the music I had so dearly longed for. Whiz, whiz, whiz, sang the reel, while the line hummed in delicious falsetto notes that were sweeter than the warble of a honey-throated thrush.

"He's a whopper," excitedly exclaimed Kenosh.

"And I hope into the boat he will soon be a flopper," chimed in Ned.

He made a most gallant fight, battling like a Greek hero, and thrice during the struggle did the tip of my wizzard wand, a Chubb, come on a line with the sturdy butt.

I was giving the rod a thorough test, for it was a new one I had secured for this trip, and I was therefore anxious to know its reliable qualities. Ned was sure it would break, and cautioned against such dangerous usage, but it nobly stood the strain, and being satisfied of its wonderful strength I made the vitality depart from that battling trout in a very rapid manner. He was, to use sporting parlance, knocked out early in the fight, and came to the nest so completely exhausted that he had no breath for a protest.

With the capture of this proud beauty, a 3-pounder, we went quietly and slowly along, dropping our lures in all the inviting places as we progressed.

It was not long before we realized that a storm cloud was fast approaching from the west that bade fair to soon give us a downpour, if not a very fierce wind.

Despite the unfavorable indication we kept on the advance, but when a lurid flash photographed itself on a black cloud and a moan of thunder came rolling along we retreated in great haste and reached our quarters just as the rain began to fall. That ended the fishing for the noon, but we had secured two noble trophies that would suffice for both supper and breakfast.

ALEX. STARBUCK.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bangor and Aroostook Resorts.

LITTLETON, Me., May 22.—Fishing in Schoodic Lake, fifty-six miles north of Bangor, has been exceptionally good during the past week. I learn of a number of large trout being taken there with live bait. Fly-fishing is, or rather will be, the proper caper in about a week.

General Manager F. W. Cram, of the B. & A. R. R., has been indulging a weakness for big trout on the new Ashland branch of his road, and I understand has met with considerable success.

A party of gentlemen recently took from Square Lake, near Caribou, a string of ten trout with an aggregate weight of 61 lbs. A small Skinner spoon was the bait used.

Salmon trout are plentiful in Ross and Tracey lakes, near Littleton, and the several small streams adjacent are yielding good catches to the crude methods pursued by the small boy.

Rumor has it that a gang of Italian laborers near Griswold have threatened a strike on account of the seemingly limitless supply of trout furnished them for food.

A colony of beavers have commenced operations on Wiley Brook, near here, and should pot-hunters keep hands off the family will undoubtedly thrive well in this locality.

L. F. Hall, Esq., is to stock his private pond with German carp.

Dr. Carey, of Houlton, has a private pond here that is well stocked with landlocked salmon and square-tailed trout. The doctor, however, will allow neither friend nor foe to fish there, and I am told by a person qualified to know that the fish are so abundant as to almost crowd each other out of the water whenever a morsel of food is thrown to them.

MISS ISQUIR.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A PERE MARQUETTE RAINBOW TROUT.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The East Saginaw Club last night was thronged with anglers. The reason was that Dr. O. P. Barber and Ed McCarty had just come down from a two days' fishing expedition on the Pere Marquette River from Baldwin and brought with them a rainbow trout taken last Saturday afternoon by Jerome Van Valkenburg, a custodian of the Greenwood Club at Baldwin. It weighed 8lbs. 4oz. and was 26in. in length and girthed 15in. The weight and measurements were made six or eight hours after the fish was captured. It was indeed a beauty. The head and mouth are small, more like a salmon than a trout.

A great many rainbow trout are taken from the Pere Marquette River. The planting there done by the State seems to have been extremely successful. The mode of fishing and the way this one was caught is, I understand, to get far above the large holes in which these rainbows lie, gradually let out a line to which is attached a live minnow and let it gradually float down into the pool. I understand that Van Valkenburg, who is conceded to be the king bee on catching these big rainbows, frequently lets out from 150 to 175ft. of line in one of those angling maneuvers; at any rate he can well rest on his laurels, for this is undoubtedly the largest rainbow trout taken in the southern peninsula of Michigan yet. He was twenty minutes killing him, and even then would not have been successful had he not been rendered assistance by Mr. Waddell, of Grand Rapids, who heroically took a stand near some flood wood and prevented the trout from running underneath it.

The fame of the monster had spread to such an extent that at every station on the F. & P. M. R. R. crowds were awaiting yesterday's train to see the big fish. While this is indeed a fish story, there is positively no doubt about the measurement and weight.

The Lower Michigan trout streams have never been in better condition than for the May fishing this year. Remarkable catches seem to have been made by everyone, and every stream has been in prime condition. The continual stocking for years and the better observance of the game and fish laws have a good deal to do with it; then again May has been an extremely hot month, and the flies that ordinarily are not here until June have been on the water for some days. The catches at the Pere Marquette Club waters have been most satisfactory. I was up a week ago and in one day put seventy-nine brook trout in my basket, besides two grayling. These were all over 7in. long, and of course taken with a fly. I stopped then simply because I was ashamed of myself, not because the trout were not still rising. The stream is literally alive with fish, many of them old whoppers. Baldwin Creek, the Little Manistee River and the Pere Marquette River, all streams easy of access from Baldwin, Mich., are full of trout this year, and what is better, they will take the fly. Baldwin is distinctly an angling town; strangers are welcomed there and every attention will be accorded visiting anglers. New York anglers can reach Baldwin by taking New York Central train 6 P. M., leave Detroit via F. & P. M. R. R. 1:20 P. M., arrive Saginaw 4:35 and at Baldwin about 8 P. M. So you see it's only twenty-six hours from New York.

Watts S. Humphrey and G. B. Morley, of this city, returned yesterday from a few days' outing at the waters of the Fontinalis Club. This club owns six or eight miles of as fine trout water as there is in Michigan. It is reached by a good woods road running six miles from Vanderbilt, Mich., a point on the Mackinaw division of the M. C. R. R. The club is composed mainly of Detroit gentlemen, and I am told that the club house is a dream. Messrs. Humphrey and Morley brought down over 100 trout, forty of them being over 12in. long—at least that is the Judge's version of it, and who ever heard of one of the Saginaw crowd being untruthful?

W. B. MERSHON.

A Lake Trout Situation.

CARMEL, N. Y., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will FOREST AND STREAM or some of its numerous correspondents please explain the following and also give some pointers and instructions about lake trout fishing:

There is a lake within fifty miles of New York city, about one mile long, three-quarters of a mile wide and very deep, in some places from 75 to 125ft., and with not much shallow water except in one or two coves, covering perhaps five or ten acres, where the water is from 2 to 15ft. deep, with some parts rocky bottom and others covered with eel grass. There are no streams running into the lake, which is entirely fed by springs in the bottom and a small rain water-shed, and it has only a very small outlet. The temperature of water in midsummer in deep water about 47°.

The lake is pretty well supplied with black bass, white and yellow perch, pickerel, sunfish, etc.

About thirty years ago it was stocked with 70,000 lake trout fry, ten years ago 80,000 more were put in. Since then (within thirty years) there have been but four of these fish ever known to be taken from this lake; two years ago two about 20in. long were captured while the fisherman was trolling for pickerel, and last year two more about 18in. in length. They have been trolled for and places have been baited for a week or two at a time, but all to no purpose.

Is it not reasonable to assume that there must be plenty in there, for otherwise where would these four young fish have come from, and if so then why are not more of them caught occasionally, and what is the best way to tackle them?

WILLIAM GRAY.

[The lake trout in nature is an inhabitant of large, deep, cold lakes, and is to be found in the deepest waters, except in its spawning season, October to November, when it comes upon rocky shoals and reefs, in depths varying from 7 to 90ft. In Maine and New Brunswick, according to Hamlin, it steals forth in quiet at the approach of twilight or at early morn to the shoals and the shores in quest of its prey. It is well known that fish which live habitually in deep water in temperate latitudes come into comparatively shoal water in Arctic or sub-Arctic regions. If the lake trout exist in the New York lake referred to, they are now probably in the deepest water and should be fished for on or near the bottom. There should be no difficulty about the choice of bait, for the fish is a voracious feeder, and has been known to take almost any kind of fish, raw potato, liver and green corn cobs. The trolling season is short and begins soon after the ice is out. Bottom fishing lasts much longer, and is

more certain. The lake trout is a sluggish fish and lacks the dash and vigor of the brook trout. Sometimes the ground intended to be fished for lake trout is baited beforehand and the fish are then caught with a bottom line. Again a bright-colored fly, a minnow bait or a spoon will prove killing. In some localities the fish give about as little play as a cod. The lake trout of Maine and New Brunswick, called togue or lunge, when young rise freely to trout flies in rapid water, and the adults can be readily taken in May and June near the surface. It should not be surprising if 150,000 fry have made little impression in a lake known to be well stocked with black bass, white and yellow perch, pickerel and sunfish. Trout fry are nuts and raisins to all of these voracious fishes. Again, the lake is not large enough to promise success with a species which loves elbow room, abundant food and great depth of water.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Merry Month of May.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—The anglers of Chicago and vicinity are now enjoying the pleasures of the fishing season almost without let or hindrance, the only State offering restriction being Wisconsin, whose season does not open for a week yet. The month of May is the best one for trout and grayling fishing, though perhaps not so many anglers are out then as later in the summer. After warm weather sets in the trout begin their mysteries, the latter of a sort no man can fathom. They disappear from the waters where they were abundant a little earlier, and can be found nowhere within mortal ken. Someday they pass far up the heads of the streams and go into the lakes or deep upper springs to live, but a far more rational explanation seems to be that they leave the water entirely and go out into the woods and take to the trees. Anyhow, the closest search will not reveal them in the waters of the rivers, or their tributaries or their sources. The merry month of May comes early enough to see the trout in their first activity after the long, dull winter times. They are enjoying a spring appetite and have a candor and frankness about them which they are soon to lose as the days of heat and flies approach.

Chicago has many trout anglers who are even now in the woods, but as I have stated earlier in these columns, we have here no great rounding-up place of the anglers, such as the Rangeleys and other famous localities in the East. We read so much of the cut-and-dried fishing of the Rangeleys out here that it seems to us we know every corner of the Maine woods and waters as well as though we had all been there ourselves and gone through the system of check, ticket and tab which seems to be kept on the anglers there. We have no such eminent waters to focus our fishermen here—though we wish we did have—and the anglers of Chicago scatter very much when they go out after trout. I presume that the Nipigon and the Superior fishings represent as nearly as anything the Rangeleys of this region. Below that are many ignoble and unknown streams in the Michigan peninsulas, in Wisconsin and in Minnesota. I believe that Minnesota is going to be the next great playground of the Chicago anglers. For years the lake region of upper Wisconsin has offered as prodigious fishing as any country that ever lay out of doors, not so much for trout as for muscullonge and bass. Thousands of anglers have there fairly glutted their thirst to kill, and the world of sport has never seen such slaughter as been carried on there since the 'lunge lakes opened. To-day there are not many new or unknown waters in that region, and many of the old reliable waters show the effects of constant and immoderate fishing. Complaints of poor luck have one natural sequence—a search for a place where the luck will be better. It is only a night further by rail to many waters in Minnesota where the rod has not been so common for the past ten years, and I am disposed to believe that that will be the next great angling region for the men who believe that all of fishing is to catch fish, and catch them first, last and all the time. Then Minnesota will fail in turn, and in the meantime Wisconsin will have profited by the rest, and her waters will have picked up again. By that time, let us hope, the fishing public will have learned the fact, which it seems so reluctant to believe, that no waters on this verdant earth of ours can stand perpetual and unregulated fishing by all those persons who are willing to take not only their share of the goods of the gods, but also the other fellows' share along with it.

Indiana Waters.

Something of the force of the above remarks comes to one in reviewing the angling situation in Indiana. At one time the series of high lakes in upper Indiana offered as fine bass fishing as any waters of the country. Then they were fished out. Then they were forgotten. Then they stocked themselves up again. Now there is good fishing in many and many a one of these little lakes, and it will stay good until gradually the angling public will take advantage of the spreading news and have some sport again of the old-time sort. Yet the new history, let us hope, will not be the same as that of the past. The lakes and rivers of Indiana were not depleted so much by the sportsmen as the natives of the State, who carried on the most destructive and illegal war against the fish that could well be imagined, and which has perhaps had infrequent parallel in any other State of the Union. Netting and spearing and all sorts of foul methods were common for years and still exist in spite of all, while probably nowhere has more dynamiting been done. The river bottoms of Indiana had a class of population who came down from free-born outdoor men, the sort who made their living from the woods and streams and marshes, and it has always seemed hard for them to learn the painful lesson of restraint. It would be very glorious if neither they nor any of the rest of us need ever learn it, but the finger of fact is relentless in its pointing. The later times must bring later customs, and we have all reason to believe that the second crop of game fish in Indiana, as in Wisconsin, if we may so speak of it, will be far longer in the harvesting, thanks to the efforts of the State wardens, and of the good anglers, and of those whose vision is capable of penetration between the rungs of a wide-gated ladder. At least, be all this as it may, there is good bass fishing now in northern Indiana, for several of my friends have been out and have told me so. The lakes of the south peninsula of Michigan, beyond St. Jo, have also been prolific. It is nearly time we began to hear reports from the Kalamazoo and

Grand rivers of Michigan also, where sometimes the small-mouths afford magnificent sport.

Decoration Day.

Decoration Day, May 30, is a sort of opening day for Chicago bass fishermen, and they do not recognize as authoritative the chance days of sport offered before that date. The weather is nearly always warm and pleasant then, and on that day of vacation I presume five times as many anglers start out on camping and fishing trips as have done so on any one day of the season up to that time. A week from to-day there will be many merry parties leaving this city, some for the trout and grayling streams of Michigan, some for the bass waters of this State and of Indiana, and many for the lovely country of Wisconsin, where on the day following Decoration Day it will be lawful to cast a line. I know of several parties who will go to Waukesha county, in Wisconsin, next Saturday. Indeed, for a radius of sixty miles about this city the country will be filled with Chicago anglers, and a very jolly as well as a very proficient lot they are.

In Divers Spots.

The bass are biting along the Kankakee, and several of the members of the Maksawba Club are at this writing down there after them. W. S. Phillips (El Comanche) is back from a little lake he has discovered in Indiana, where the bass take the fly. He insists we must go there soon and see about it some more. J. M. Clark, of the Wilkinson Co., goes to the Little Manistee in Michigan after grayling on May 30. H. L. Stanton and family, and F. E. Willard and family, go to Eagle Lake, Wis., on the same day. The price of the striped meadow frog is to-day very firm at 30 cents, with a bullish tendency of the market.

Bound North.

A party of anglers will start North from this city tomorrow, bound North for Big Sand Lake, Wis., to make arrangements for a muscullonge trip as soon as the season opens. The party will consist of Messrs. C. D. Gammon, Will Cribben and L. M. Hamline, of Chicago; R. R. Street, of New York; George Holland, of St. Louis, and Elmer Werk, of Cincinnati. There is to be a cottage built on the lake, and Col. Alberger, one of the San Lake Club, will next week put in a little steamer on the lake. Other gentlemen will go up to this famous sporting ground later in the month of June. About thirty muscullonge were taken in Big Sand Lake last season, and almost without exception the fish were very large, a great many going over 30lbs. Commissioner Gunderson, of this city, took one that weighed over 40lbs., and on the same trip killed a black bass that weighed 6½lbs.

Messrs. Higgins, Leonard and Gasfield, members of a certain angling coterie of this city, start in about ten days for the muscullonge waters of Wisconsin.

A New Club for the St. Francis.

The Forrest City Gun and Rod Club, of Forrest City, Ark., was last week formed, being an association of anglers for the purpose of preserving and enjoying the fishing of that famous stream, the St. Francis River, once as fine a bass water as any of the land, but of late years much fished for the market. It is believed that this club will take the most energetic steps to break up illegal fishing and to restore the stream in its depleted portions as rapidly as possible. The gentlemen making up the membership are of the proper sort, and the organization of the body is a fact upon which the anglers of that region may congratulate themselves. It seems that there has been a sad state of affairs in that section of the river, and a correspondent to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* states it as follows:

"In the river from Marked Tree all up through the sunk lands, where the bass run to spawn, are placed hundreds of nets, covering almost every runway of the game fish. These are shipped from Marked Tree, Oak Donic and Hatchie Coon stations to the Memphis and St. Louis markets. Last year there was a small steamer run in the river from Marked Tree up, in the interest of St. Louis fish dealers, so I was informed, which gathered fish from the different netters along the river and lake. For a long time after the non-netting laws were passed they were pretty well observed, but within the last two years the fishing has been about ruined by the netters who have swarmed into the sunk lands. The great damage is done in Poinsett county, from Marked Tree up to the Craighead line."

Rods and Bicycles.

Since last December the Western railroads have been under agreement to charge a fee for carrying any bicycle or baby carriage under check, an arrangement which caused a great deal of financial discomfort to many earnest young sportsmen who had become enthusiastic over one or both of those vehicles. The pool held together, however, until the present week, when the Wisconsin Central line signified its intention of withdrawing from it and hereafter devoting itself to the free carriage of bicycles and baby carriages accompanied by the owner of same. This step will meet with great popular approbation among the thousands of summer folk who each season go up into the beautiful lake region of Wisconsin along that road. These go fishing, but many wish also to take along their wheels or baby carriages, and the numbers of those so wishing are so great that this road decided to accommodate them. If it breaks the deadly combine the others must follow its lead, and it is likely that after June 1 there will be no more class legislation of this sort, and one may feel safe in taking his bicycle or his baby carriage with him on his fishing trips. This is a boon. Railroads do not always confer boons.

Personal.

Mr. Rollo O. Heikes, the celebrated trap-shooter, is a very ardent angler, though perhaps not everyone knows of this so well as of his skill in shooting. Mr. Heikes will spend a month or two this summer doing some good hard resting with his wife and family at one of the lower Wisconsin lakes, probably at Eagle Lake, in Waukesha county. He states that he will then devote himself to the fishing rod exclusively, and flee from anyone who mentions to him the name of gun.

Mr. Thomas H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., was in Chicago this week, on his return East from a successful business trip in the Pacific Coast country. Mr. Keller is enjoying his usual robust health and good spirits.

Mr. Chase S. Osborn, State Game and Fish Warden of

Michigan, continues the good work of protection with accustomed vigor. During the month of April his department brought 105 cases and secured the unusual number of ninety-three convictions, probably the largest number of cases and the greatest percentage of convictions ever had by a game warden in one month in any State in the Union. During that month illegal nets to the value of \$40,000 were seized, and twenty commercial fishermen were convicted. It would appear that Mr. Osborn was having a busy day, yet he finds time meanwhile to run a daily newspaper and conduct an active canvass as a candidate for Congress. It is the busiest men who always have time to do something.

Mr. W. D. Boyce, a prominent yachtsman and sportsman of Chicago, is lying at home this week in a darkened room, threatened with loss of his eyesight, in consequence of an attack of some obscure but dangerous disease of the eye, which once or twice before has come upon him. His friends hope for his safe and speedy recovery.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE twenty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society was held in the Aquarium at Battery Park, New York city, on Wednesday last and continued on a steamboat to Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, on Thursday. The following members were present: J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, O.; F. J. Amsden and C. H. Babcock, Rochester, N. Y.; B. L. Dournedoure and Dr. B. W. James, Philadelphia; T. E. Crossman, H. B. Mansfield, U.S.N., and Fred Mather, Brooklyn; G. E. Jennings, E. P. Doyle and T. H. Bean, New York city; J. A. Dole and Louis Struber, York, Pa.; E. Thompson, Northport, N. Y.; F. B. Dickerson and Herschel Whitaker, Detroit, Mich.; A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls, N. Y.; B. H. Davis, Palmyra, N. Y.; J. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; L. D. Huntington, New Rochelle, N. Y.; James Annin, Caledonia, N. Y.; D. G. Hackney, Fort Plain, N. Y.; H. P. Frothingham, Mt. Arlington, N. J.

The meeting was called to order at 11 A. M., and after a brief address by the president the following new members were elected: Hendrick S. Holden, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. H. Walters, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; H. F. Emrick and Wm. Murdock, San Francisco; F. B. Dickerson, Detroit, Mich., and Bryant Walker, New York city. The treasurer reported that after all expenses of last meeting there was a balance of \$141.32 in the treasury. The committees for auditing accounts and nomination of officers were appointed and the reading of papers and their discussion was begun.

Mr. J. E. Gunckel read a paper on the life and services of the late Emory D. Potter, recounting his experiences in the then far West when he settled at Toledo, O., in 1834, and five years later was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for a district covering a large portion of the State, and often had to make long journeys on horseback and swim streams in order to attend sessions in backwoods places. He was a member of Congress in 1843 and induced that body to reduce the postage on letters from 10 to 3 cents and to coin the 3-cent piece. About that time he became interested in the culture of trout through the experiments of Dr. Garlick and Prof. Ackley, and Mr. Gunckel said that he worked with them, a statement not borne out by Judge Potter himself. In later years he was an active member of the Ohio Fish Commission, and went afield with rod and gun when past 90 years of age. At the conclusion of the paper a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of respect for Judge Potter, and it was voted to insert a picture of him in the next report.

Mr. Fred Mather read a paper on "Natural Food for Trout Fry," in which he detailed his experiments in trying to breed entomostraca for this purpose after the scheme of a fishculturist in Europe who has a secret plan which he has wished to sell and which attracted attention in this country some years ago. Mr. Mather thinks the scheme impracticable and a long discussion followed. Mr. Whitaker pronounced the experiments to be of great importance and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Mather. The plan was one, Mr. Whitaker thought, that the Government should experiment with, and that it should also try to show if trout may be reared for market with profit. The old question of liver-fed trout for the table was argued at length, some contending that they are unfit for the table, and others that this is mere prejudice. The question of feeding meal to trout was brought up and the weight of evidence was that it was good for them, although the trials by Mr. Page failed with all species except the rainbow. Mr. Whitaker said that a man in Indiana had reared whitefish on mush.

In the afternoon session the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Herschel Whitaker; Vice-President, B. W. James; Recording Secretary, A. N. Cheney; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Mansfield; Treasurer, L. D. Huntington; Executive Committee: H. C. Ford, W. L. May, J. W. Titcomb, T. H. Bean, F. B. Dickerson and J. E. Gunckel. It was voted that the next meeting be held at Detroit on June 17 and 18, 1897.

Dr. T. H. Bean then read a paper which he had translated from the French, entitled, "Pond Culture of California Salmon in France," written by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, Peche et Pisciculture, Brussels. This gave an account of how salmon had not only been reared in fresh-water ponds, but had spawned at three years old, and was a curiously interesting paper.

Mr. Whitaker spoke of carp and of the eulogy on them in the paper just read, and said that he thought them the most desirable of all foreign fish introduced here; the farmer made what he called a pond which the first freshet washed away and swept the carp into the Great Lakes, and now that the fishermen have robbed the lakes the carp are supplying their place, and hundreds of tons of them are sold and they are food for poor people; thus the carp are solving the problem of cheap food.

Mr. A. N. Cheney read a paper giving statistics of the work of the New York Fish, Game and Forest Commission. Dr. James followed with a paper on "Interstate Protection of Food Fish," and this was discussed at length. Mr. Whitaker declared that fish in the Great Lakes were being exterminated and that he knew of thousands of whitefish being sold which did not weigh a ½ lb. each, the size of the mesh being the only law. Mr. Amsden doubted if the United States had the power to interfere with the control of State waters.

Mr. L. D. Huntington read a paper on the "Destruction

of Food Fish in Salt Water," and scored the pound nets and menhaden factories which turn good edible fish into oil and guano. Mr. Fred Mather announced that he had been experimenting with the breeding of scallops, but the lateness of the hour prevented going into the subject, which he had fully written up for the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, but as time was short he merely gave this reference to it.

Resolutions were adopted providing for a committee to be appointed by the president, to consist of one member from each of the Seaboard States, and another committee, made up of members from the States bordering on the Great Lakes, to whom should be referred with power the subject of Mr. Huntington's address. A third resolution was worded as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Society that each Stateshould provide in its constitution for a fish and game commission, and should also provide that no law should be passed prohibiting, permitting or regulating the catching or possession of fish or game without the approval of such game and fish commission.

A proposed visit to the Cold Spring Harbor hatching station on Thursday was prevented by the stormy weather.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, May 22.—Mr. N. Manson Jones is off for Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake. He is accompanied by his friend R. H. Gilmore, of Cambridge. This is the first trip of the young men to the Rangeleys, though Mr. Jones has lived many trips in imagination from listening to his uncle, N. Manson, owner of Camp Leatherstocking. They will try fishing and camping for a couple of weeks, the sport being new to both.

Mr. E. H. Wakefield, Jr., and Mr. John E. Devlin are back from Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H. They got no salmon, nor has any one else taken any number this season up to this writing. Fishermen are at a loss to account for their non-appearance this year. Mr. Devlin got a handsome silver trout, weighing 4 lbs., however. Mr. John Campbell has a cottage at Newfound Lake, N. H. He is just back from a fishing trip there with a friend. They brought back a large trout weighing 14½ lbs., which was shown in a window on State street for a day or two. Mr. D. H. Blanchard starts on a fishing trip to Lake Winnipiseogee on the 26th with his daughter. He is the guest of Mr. E. Rolin Jones and his family, at Camp Millstone. Mr. Jones has a private steamer also.

There are numerous reports of good fishing at Moosehead, with a number of big lakers taken by Boston parties. Mr. L. H. Johnson sends in a report of a 14 lb. laker taken there on Wednesday. He also remarked that a good many brook trout or square tails are being taken, but the fly-fishing at that lake cannot be said to have begun at this writing. Several parties will be off about the 28th and June 1 for this sport. These parties are glad when the trollers, as they are pleased to call them, are through. The claim set up by the fly fishermen is that trolling destroys a good deal of real sport that might better be had with the fly rod.

It takes courage to tell the whole truth about a fishing trip, especially if one is badly defeated; but sometimes the truth will out, though the successes are told of with embellishment, while the defeats are never mentioned. Mr. Irving Powers and Eugene McDonald, of the Chamber of Commerce, have lately returned from a fishing trip to Lake Winnipiseogee. At about 3 o'clock in the morning they were up and off for the lake, and were trolling by daylight. They fished all day long with not a bite. Another and a larger party has just returned from a rather unsuccessful fishing trip to New Hampshire. This party went into camp at Great East Pond, but had no particular success in fishing. Mr. Harry Powers, with his wife, was in the party, and about a dozen other gentlemen and ladies. Tired of pond fishing, Mr. Powers with some of the others made a trip up over the Mountain Division of the Maine Central Railway, but found the brook fishing exceedingly poor. Mr. Powers had visited a distant pond in that part of the country several years ago called Bean Pond. The fishing was excellent and the trout particularly fine. Anxiously he made a trip to the same pond the other day. Very few trout were taken. It seems that some one has been fishing in the winter there, and not only have the trout been badly fished out, but piles of live bait have been thrown into the pond till it is full of shiners.

Mr. John G. Wright, with a couple of friends, has started for Weld Pond, in Maine, for another try at the landlocked salmon. Mr. C. Z. Basset, of Appleton & Basset, and his fishing friend, Mr. G. N. Smalley, left Boston for Richardson Lake Thursday. They will go first to the Middle Dam, and will also try the early fly-fishing at B. Pond. These gentlemen have fished the Rangeleys together for a good many seasons, and their success has generally been remarkably good. The largest fishing party of the season left Boston for Moosehead Friday evening. It is termed the Produce Party, for the reason that it includes so many men prominent in the produce and provision trades. The list includes L. E. Pierce, who is the principal factor of the company; Geo. A. Fales, James H. Davis, M. J. Conant, S. R. Ellis, F. H. Bowles, S. R. Beardsley, New York; W. F. Perkins, Boston; Thos. M. Deal, St. Albans, Vt., and C. W. Cheeney, of Boston. The party might seem too large, but it has a steamer engaged that is capable of carrying twice as many, and since all the fishing is done from canoes and boats taken out by the steamer, with guides and lunches, there is no crowding. Many of the gentlemen have annually fished Moosehead for several years. A party of prominent Boston merchants and professional men that has always heretofore visited Moosehead on a spring fishing trip will this year try the Rangeleys, starting about the 30th. The Camp Stewart Party, for Richardson Lake, is off, starting Thursday evening. This year the company includes Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stearns, Mr. Geo. T. Freeman, Mr. H. S. Kempton and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody. All of the above-named have fished that part of the Rangeleys for many seasons. It is about the twentieth annual trip of Mr. Moody, with two-thirds as many trips for Mrs. Moody, fully twenty trips for Mr. Freeman and at least a dozen to the credit of Mr. Kempton. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns have also fished the same grounds a number of seasons. "Fish enough for the table" is the rule. But others fish there for count and to take back to city admiring friends. The mouth of Mill Brook was fished by a couple of men old enough to know better last year for several days and everything wen into the creel. Such conduct is discouraging to those

who for years have practiced returning every trout to the water of less than half a pound.

The Boston & Maine Railroad is checking sportsmen's trout as baggage, the same as ever. The impression that this road was not doing so comes from the fact that the Union Station at Portland is partly controlled by the Maine Central as to baggage arrangements. On the contrary, the Boston & Maine has issued special instructions to baggage masters to check sportsmen's effects up to 150 lbs., though plainly not wearing apparel or baggage in the real sense of the term. I am authorized to state, direct from the management, that it has no intention of issuing orders for discrimination against fish and game as baggage.

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 24.—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Caswell, of Boston, have just returned from a week's fishing trip at Moosehead Lake. It was Mrs. Caswell's initial experience with rod and reel, and yet in this short period of seven days she has accomplished more than many veteran anglers succeed in doing. To land in eleven minutes a 7 lb. 6 oz. lake trout on a 4½ oz. neverbreak rod shows distinct ability as an angler, and it is an accomplishment that this lady may well be proud of. Mr. Caswell is an adept at fishing, and of course did well on this trip. A 4½ lb. brook trout on the fly was one of his catches, and altogether they landed 140 lbs. of trout (nearly all lakers) during their short outing. They were also treated to an unusual sight in seeing a bull and cow moose swimming close to the shore. Mr. Caswell says he approached them near enough to cast a fly on their backs had he wished to.

L. D. Chapman and Horace S. Dame, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's, and W. A. McLeod, of Boston, left on Wednesday evening for a ten days' trip over the Megantic preserve. They will go in at the club house, thence down over the preserve to the different camps, coming out at Rangeley. While fishing is the main object of the trip, a general inspection of the camps, etc., preparatory to the opening of the season will be made by Mr. Chapman in his official capacity as secretary and treasurer of the club.

P. B. Mansfield and J. M. Hoyt, of Lynn, and William Beggs, of Woburn, have just returned from a very successful trip to Grand Lake and stream. They have visited these waters each spring for five years, and with the exception of the first year's trip pronounce the one just completed the best they have made as to results. The fishing was exceptionally good. Mr. Mansfield, who delights in lake trout fishing, landed one of 11½ lbs. and another of 10½ lbs. A number of salmon and brook trout were also taken by the party. They report that fly fishing was just beginning as they left.

Not many New England anglers who live west or south of Boston fail to stop in that city on their way to Maine, to add something to their equipment for the trip. A New Haven party, consisting of Geo. N. Bulley, Jas. C. Kerrigan and C. H. Conway, followed the usual plan the other day and stopped over long enough to tell me that they were bound for a three weeks' trip into the Rangeley region. They expect to go up Kennebec stream and over into the Dead River country, and have promised to tell me of their luck when on their homeward journey.

F. J. Baker, J. Guild and Maj. Greenough, of Boston, leave next Wednesday for their camp near Moosehead. They have been going to one place up there for years but I have never learned its exact location. It is sufficient to know that they always express themselves as well satisfied on their return, and depart each succeeding year with renewed enthusiasm. It is not a bad idea to play solitaire with a good location in these modern days, when the ever increasing crowd of anglers are peering into every brook and pond, ready to drop a line at the least indication of fish life.

That misfortunes never come singly is once more proven by the experiences of the Inglewood Fishing Club during the last two or three months. Within that time the club house has been destroyed by fire, the vice-president has died, and now to crown it all word has just been received that the club superintendent and game warden, George Teare, and one of their best guides were drowned a few days ago. The particulars of the sad event are given in a letter just received by a club member. It seems that the two men had gone down to the foot of the lake, intending to return in the evening by canoe. It is a long paddle of five miles to the club house, and when darkness settled down they made preparations for the return trip. A strong gale was blowing at the time and they were advised not to venture out, but would not listen, and started away, little thinking of the terrible fate so soon to overtake them. Worried about their non-arrival at the club house, the guests started out in the morning, and in a short time found the overturned canoe, which established beyond doubt the story of their fate. The guide's body was first recovered, but it took a long time to find that of Mr. Teare. Both men were good swimmers, but encumbered as they were with heavy clothing could do nothing in the rough water to save their lives. It is only two more names to add to the long list of those who have met the same fate on our inland lakes through an overconfidence in their ability to ride out any storm in the little cockle shells so much used on all these bodies of water. A large party of Inglewood members will leave for the preserve next week and this unfortunate event will cast a gloom over their pleasure. The party will leave on Wednesday morning, the 27th inst., on the St. John steamer, and those who will go are Samuel Shaw, Henry B. Pierce, A. W. Strauss, John F. Blinn, Charles Brigham, S. Fred. Hicks, Herbert Sparrow, Albion Brown, Harry B. Moore, John Evans and E. Noyes Whitcomb, all of Boston, and George Moore, of Chelmsford, Mass. They will be away two weeks, and in that time hope to fish all the best waters on the preserve.

A strong party of Brockton people, in which are an unusual number of ladies, leave Boston on May 27 for a fishing trip into Maine. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Field, Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Porter and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson, and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Crawford and daughter. They will go first to the Kineo House at Moosehead, then to the north carry and to the Katahdin region, and will be away three or four weeks. Last year this same party visited Moosehead, and on the first day's fishing landed 102 lbs. of square-tail trout. It speaks well for the endurance and pluck of the Brockton ladies that so many will undertake such a hard trip. It would be well if there were more of the gentler sex given to recreation in the woods.

On May 30 Mr. H. M. Pierce, of the King and Bartlett preserve in Maine, will come out to Eustis and meet a party who will deliver to him 100,000 young trout to place in Big King Lake. This is only one of several lots of trout which have been put in this lake, and it is creditable to Mr. Pierce that he has the wisdom to provide for the future and insure a continuation of the present good fishing on his property.

A few weeks ago I gave an account of the reorganization of the Magaguadavic Fish and Game Club, who have a fine preserve in New Brunswick. Now that the club has entered upon a new era of prosperity, the members both old and new have been anxious to visit their property and test its waters, about which they have heard so many good reports of the fishing. It was therefore with great impatience that they looked forward to the evening of May 20, when the first party were to leave. G. D. Loud, of Boston, might be called the pioneer of the party, as he has been over the preserve time and again, and most of the others pinned their faith on his knowledge and experience. Those who left with Mr. Loud are M. D. W. Green, F. H. Babcock, R. R. Gilman (the inventor of the Gilman Fly), H. F. Hanson, J. A. Ordway, Jr., and L. H. Myrick, all of Boston; O. B. Graves, Cambridge, Mass.; M. A. Gilman, Westfield, Mass., and W. H. Fox, of New York city. Three weeks of solid fun is their anticipation. May it be realized to the full.

Geo. P. Thomas, one of the most popular of Rangeley guides, came to Boston a few days ago with a party of returning sportsmen. It was the Ackerman party of Brooklyn, N. Y., and they have had a record-breaking trip. B. G. and C. C. Ackerman and E. E. Suffern were the gentlemen, and the weight of their five best fish (all square-tails) were respectively 7½, 6½, 5½, 5½, 4½ lbs. B. G. Ackerman made one day's catch of 39½ lbs. All this good luck was had in the vicinity of the Upper Dam, where they stayed for ten days. Who says the Rangeley fishing is getting poor?

John G. Wright, W. V. Kellen and C. H. Souther, of Boston, have gone to Weld Pond, Me., for ten days' fishing. Mr. Souther has been there before, and Mr. Wright is one of Boston's oldest and most expert anglers; therefore the Weld Pond trout and salmon are bound to suffer the loss of some of their members while these gentlemen are there.

Camp Bemis and the Birches at the Rangeleys have a great attraction for a party which will leave on May 25. C. S. Grover, W. S. Hixon and Willis W. George and wife, of Lynn; Frank T. Arnold and wife, of Peabody, Mass., and a Mr. Frost, of Boston, compose the party, and they will stay two weeks. Mr. Hixon made his first trip last year, and was only induced to go after great persuasion. It took no urging to get him started this year, and he now regrets that he did not take up the recreation of fishing long ago, in this respect reminding me of a friend with whom I made a trip a few years ago, who, while we were tramping through the woods, used to bemoan his bad taste of the past in spending his summers at seaside resorts instead of giving the time to the woods and streams with rod and gun.

Judge Stone, J. C. Brown, F. W. Lee and Dr. G. B. Elliott, all of Lawrence, Mass., left on Saturday to spend three weeks with the big trout at Wilson's, Moosehead Station, near Greenville, Me. HACKLE.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the trout or bass, and where to take them.

CHICAGO, May 16.—The following extract from a letter dated State Line, Wis., May 11, concerning catches of lake trout in Black Oak Lake, may be of interest to your readers: "Last week George F. Bidwell and party in one day caught forty trout, and Messrs. Owen and Geltmaker in five days caught forty-five trout, the largest weighing 9 lbs." W. B. K.

Mr. W. R. Bishop, of the Cranberry Lake Hotel, Cranberry Lake, N. Y., sends us the outline of a brook trout caught by Donald Stewart at the Cranberry Lake outlet on May 15. It measured 20 in. in length and the weight was 4 lbs. These waters are maintaining their old reputation.

MINERVA, Adirondacks, May 16.—Fishing very fair, weather delightful. Had a fine rain yesterday, which was very much needed, as the country was exceedingly dry, and quite a number of small forest fires had developed during the past week. F. W. K.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., fishermen have a good story to tell of Alderman James H. Coughnet, who went fishing on Peck's Pond last week. Mrs. Coughnet went along, and this is what happened: During the forenoon the fish that frequent the upper portion of the pond were extremely wary and rather avoided any encounter with the glittering spoon or tempting morsels that were occasionally thrown out. Just after the little rain shower the party started to row to the eastern shore, and as they rowed along, the alderman—jokingly, of course—offered his wife \$10 if she would catch a 2-pounder. She released her spoon, which sank nicely about 1 ft. deep, and in the twinkling of an eye was gobbled up by a monster of the mighty deep. With a tremendous effort, and without any assistance from her liege lord, she played out and hauled in, and at length landed safely at her feet an 8 lb. muskalonge, said to be one of the largest and handsomest fish caught in those waters for many years. Of course the alderman forked over the \$10.

Rare Chance for Salmon Fisherman.

We have just learned of a fishing privilege for sale for one rod on the Grand Cascapedia, the most easily accessible and renowned salmon river in all Canada. Price moderate. Address CASCAPEDIA, this office.—Adv.

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREERHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Mirimichi River (Burat Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—Adv.

Game Laws in Brief.

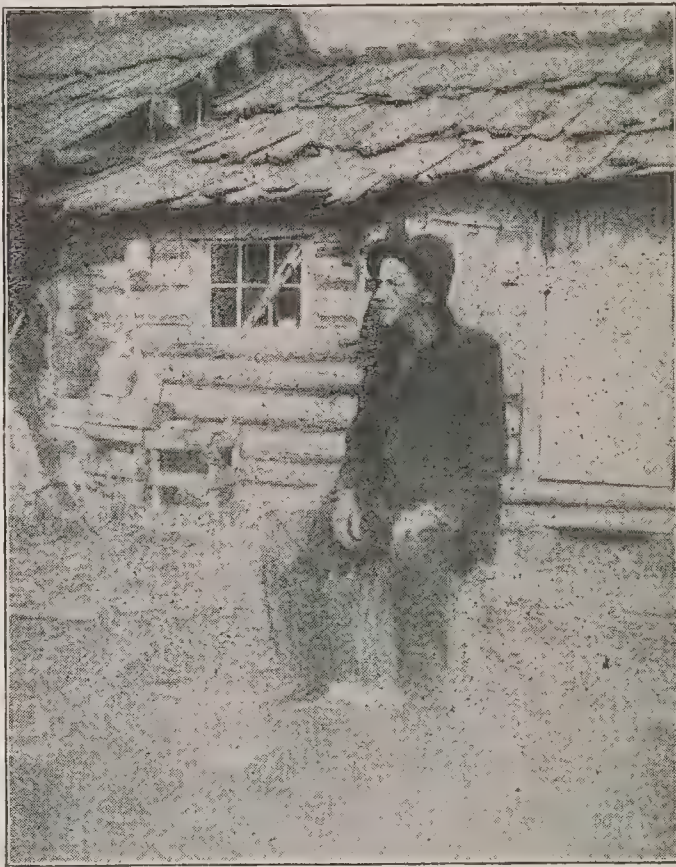
THE Game Laws in Brief, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

The Lost Man Identified.

NEW CUMBERLAND, O., May 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Yesterday we received a copy of your paper dated Jan. 4, 1896. It contains a picture of a pitiable man and an article entitled "The Lost Man Found Again."

That is the picture of my brother. He has been away nearly three years. He was a doctor, refined, intelligent and a gentleman; is 50 years old and a bachelor; very bald, with fine dark hair sprinkled with gray; light blue eyes, medium height, rather slender build, and was somewhat fleshy before he went away, weighing about 170.

He got an idea that some one might injure him. His mind is somewhat unbalanced. We hunted for him, but never were able to reach him. We have found where he has been and he has written home a number of times. He does not stay long in any one place. A few times we



THE LOST MAN.

Printed in our issue of Jan. 4. Now identified as Gilmer Carns, New Cumberland, O.

have known of him going to a place where he had been before. We last heard from him in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

If any of those gentlemen out hunting come across him again we wish they would keep him securely, be kind to him, feed him well and telegraph us at once. He is a Christian and is harmless. There are none of his people in the old home now but his widowed mother and one sister (myself). We would like to get him home.

I have given you the particulars and would be glad if you would write an article and put it in your newspaper that the sporting gentlemen may see it. The picture and the two articles that have already been in the paper will help to identify him. His name is Gilmer Carns.

ADA CARNS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

DOG AND PICTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has always been a mooted question in comparative psychology whether a lower animal has the power to perceive a portrait. Mark the word which I use—portrait. That a lower animal can perceive a reflection there is no doubt. Upon this recognized fact the advertiser played in the picture which, a good many years ago, appeared on the box-lid of a certain shoe-blackening, which picture represented an interesting terrier barking at his reflection in a highly polished, great pair of top boots, which polish could not have been attained by the most accomplished boots had not the blackening within been discovered and compounded.

To a dog lover there is nothing much more amusing than a frouzy cur's violently barking at his own reflection in a mirror. He evidently thinks the reflection a dog. He tries to get at it. He fails. He tries again with somewhat of uncertainty. A question has arisen in his mind. He draws back. He fears. There is something uncanny in the situation. What has every appearance of being a dog is not a dog. With his tail between his legs and maybe a yelp, he slinks away, glancing furtively back over his shoulder. Now take the frouzy cur, wash him, pet him, allow him to see his reflection time and again,

and he will come to know it to be a reflection as well as you do.

I have a very amusing series of pictures (true to the life) of a young and inexperienced fox terrier first seeing a bone on the bank of a stream across the water from him, then the reflection, which he takes for another bone, then in the midst of a great splash nothing visible but his hindlegs. That dog perceived a reflection and recognized in it the outlines and colors of a toothsome bone. Presuming the series to be the record of an actual series of events, that dog was probably never again enticed to a ducking by a reflection of a bone.

A reflection is essentially a likeness. It is a reproduction of the form and colors of an object. What more does the sensitive plate do than reproduce the form of what it is exposed to—tree, man or star? What more than this does the simply mechanical artist who uses pencil and crayon? The artist who is only a mechanic, who uses brush and pigments, does nothing more than add color to form. The one who produces a portrait with pencil, crayon or brush does more. He reproduces not simply form and color, the person, the external man, or woman, or animal; he reveals somewhat of the internal of the individuality which vitalizes the personality—manifests itself through the personality. In a full-sized likeness of Cæsar, for instance, we would see the lithe limbs, the broad chest, the splendid head, the overhanging brow, the Roman nose, the eagle eyes. In a portrait of Cæsar these limbs would appear as if they were about to act; the broad chest as if about to expand, taking in breath for the carrying out of a great purpose; the head would seem on the point of nodding imperial assent, or rising in imperial command; the brows on the eve of quivering; the nose would express disdain or repose; the eyes would smoulder, or gleam, or flash. The veiled bust representing Julius Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus has always appeared to me a likeness, while the statue of the capitol has seemed a portrait.

That the lower animal has the essential power by which a likeness as well as a reflection is cognized is made plain by what I have witnessed the dog (not a show dog), Dodgerfield by name, of my friend the actor, Mr. W. E. Dalton, do. Pedestaled pieces of tin are placed in disorder on the floor, on which are painted the Arabic figures 1, 2, 3, 4. Name any one of these figures and Dodgerfield will bring to you the piece of tin on which it is painted. This proves beyond question, if it needs any proof—and I find that everything in animal psychology has to be proven—that Dodgerfield has one of the faculties essential to the perception of a likeness, the faculty of form. Without it, it would be utterly impossible for him to distinguish one figure from another by sight, and I have taken pains to prove that he does not distinguish the tins upon which they are painted by scent. The other faculty necessary to distinguish a colored likeness is of course that of color. That Dodgerfield has that is proven in this way: four handkerchiefs—one white, one red, one orange and one green—are laid in disorder on the floor; you ask for the one you want, naming the color, and Dodgerfield will bring it to you. Here again I can assure the reader the distinction is not through scent. Now you have a beefsteak painted by a competent, realistic artist. Show it to your dog. See how quickly his attention is attracted. He may not sink his teeth into the picture, but this will not be because he does not perceive its form and colors, but because the mistake made by his eyes is corrected by his nose. If you could make the picture smell precisely as a beefsteak you would thoroughly fool the dog, as thoroughly as I have seen men fooled by a painted green-back.

But admitting—and I think that most of my readers will be with me up to this point—that the lower animal has the power of perceiving reflections and likenesses, are they capable of recognizing the likeness of a particular thing, of a particular beefsteak or of a specific man? When I was a boy, I remember a great joke that we had at the expense of an aunt whose name was Jane. My mother's name was Sarah. Walking through a great dry goods store the aunt came to a large mirror. Her hands and eyebrows went up in surprise and she exclaimed, "Why, Sarah, when did you come to town?" Her companion and the clerks who were about laughed—to the disadvantage of the firm, I might as well add, for the aunt at once walked from the store with a flushed face without making a purchase. Now the question is, could a lower animal have made such a mistake, and having made it, would its mind have corrected it?

The portrait has to do with the individual as well as with the person, with the subjective as well as with the objective, and is not of the genus nor of the species, but of the unit; is not of bone, beefsteak, man or dog, but a particular bone, beefsteak, man or dog. With this definition before us, can a lower animal perceive or know a portrait?

Reasoning *a priori*, I have always thought it possible that the lower animal might know a portrait. As I have shown, it has the faculties of form and color with which to recognize, or, to speak more properly, to perceive or know the likeness—which is, so to speak, the personality of the portrait; as the body and members are the personality of the man. Then it may, and often, as in the case of the dog, does know the temper and moods of the individuality within the personality. The dog knows, by the change of his tone and expression the state of the master's mind as well as that master's wife and children do. Again, there is no essential difference in man's power of knowing and that of the lower animal. Of this I am profoundly convinced.

The circumference of man's knowledge is greater than that of the lower animals, but it is described from the same center. Edison knows more than the average man; but the average man has the same faculties that Edison has. The average man knows more than the most highly developed lower animal; but the lower animal has the same faculties that the average man has. This is true up to the point of knowing relations between things through other relations. Singularly enough, a letter has come to me since I sat down to write this paper which proves this to be true—a letter from Mr. Dalton with relation to the dog Dodgerfield, whom I mentioned a few sentences back.

Under date of March 27 Mr. Dalton says:

"Dodgerfield has developed a fondness for sleeping on our bed in preference to his own. His bed is a small cotton pad in a basket. He has settled himself upon our bed every night after the performance of late, and it has required quite a commanding tone to induce him to go to

his own when the time comes for us to go to ours.

"Last Thursday the climax came, and we surmise that he filled some of his dozing moments through the day in devising some way of attaining the desired bed; for almost immediately upon our returning from the theater he, of his own free will and direction, dragged his pad from his basket, which was in a closet, then across a lift, room to our bed, and jumped upon it, tugging the pad after him. Then spreading it out the best he could, he lay down upon it and went to sleep."

That Dodgerfield reasoned in this action, there can be no doubt. I have already shown that he has two other faculties necessary to the perception of a portrait—that of form and that of color. That he has the fourth—that of the power of the perception of the individual within the person—is so apparent that Mr. Dalton thinks him capable of receiving impressions, even thoughts, through telepathy.

Now, were Mr. Dalton or anyone else to tell me that Dodgerfield had known a portrait I would not think the statement wild. But such a thing neither Mr. Dalton nor anybody else has told me with relation to Dodgerfield. It has been told me, however, with relation to another dog—Tiger by name—owned by the Rev. Peter Claude Creveling, of Cornwall, N. Y. Mr. Creveling writes me under date of Jan. 20:

"My wife does crayon work. Last week she had on her board two portraits, each a striking likeness of its subject—the one of myself, the other of a friend unknown to Tiger. When Mrs. Creveling had about finished her work, and after my portrait had been placed in a frame and stood on an easel—the other being very near it—Tiger was admitted to the room. (You will please remember that some precaution must be taken before admitting him to a studio, as his tail is not conducive to the good order of such a place.) Immediately upon seeing his master in crayon, he walked over to the easel and endeavored to kiss the face. It was covered by glass. A second attempt was made to show his recognition of and love for his master. He could only touch the glass. This trial was enough to convince him that any further attempts to kiss the object of his love would be vain; so he lay down in front of the easel, his eyes riveted on the covered face thereon, and over his face passed an expression of combined disappointment and love that was truly pathetic. He would fain have kissed my cheek to tell me of his love. After a few moments of mental anxiety, he rose, came over to where I was sitting, got on my lap (he weighs 105lbs.), kissed the living face, expressed his love, and fully showed his great delight that his master still existed in tangible form. The subject of the pencil, it is quite useless to tell you, was as much pleased as Tiger."

I am sorry that this paper has grown so long that I cannot give some account of Tiger. When a man does a great thing, consciously or unconsciously—most great things are done unconsciously—much is written about him, the poet sings him, the orator eulogizes him. Tiger has done a great thing. He has shown that a dog can cognize a portrait. He has settled a mooted question in comparative psychology. I am proud to be his reporter. He has known a portrait. He has had a glimpse of the Unseen. May it not be that he may leap upon the master whom he loves, and subjectively lick his face in Eternity? Tiger and his master and all of us are in the hands of the Unknowable, yet the Real.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

29 LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York.

NORWEGIAN AND SWEDISH BEAR-HOUNDS.

I HAVE lately read Mr. Alston's interesting article on Norwegian elk-hounds, and having myself followed the chase of bears and elk with considerable success during twenty years in Scandinavia, I am able to indorse the bulk of his remarks.

At the close of his article Mr. Alston says, "This dog can be instructed to hunt for bears, reindeer," etc. Now, this is precisely where, as an old bear hunter, I differ with him, for, as regards bear dogs, the experience of a very few years sufficed to impress on my mind the undeniable and certain fact that, for all practical purposes of the sport of bear hunting, as pursued in Norway and Sweden with loose and leash hounds, you cannot make a bearhound out of that special variety of dog; nor would you, by any insinuating instructions or lessons whatsoever, be able to coax, force or teach any individual of this class of dog to follow a bear or take his spoor unless he pleases. Whenever a young dog develops bear hunting propensities you may then proceed to train him in harness as soon as you choose, and as soon as you can find a bear for him to hunt. But it is an almost absolute impossibility, with any degree of certainty, to pick out, say, three, two, or even one out of a lot of pups, and decide beforehand that you will make a bearhound out of them or him. The *Ursus canis* of Scandinavia, *nascitur non fit*, that is my experience, at any rate, and I have killed many bears in that country and hunted a vast amount more which I was not lucky enough to get shots at.

This uncertainty about the breeding and subsequent training of a reliable bearhound is precisely where the difficulty comes in, and is the reason of the survival, relatively speaking, of such a number of bears in the Scandinavian forests and fields, and, I take it, explains the fact that so very few Englishmen pursue the sport of bear hunting in those countries. I, of course, refer to still-hunting only, with one or perhaps two followers, and one dog in harness, or at times two. I myself rarely took more than one follower and one of my dogs, except in the snow season, when the bear happened to be in a hie, when I have taken another companion, I always slipped my dogs at a wounded animal. I have traveled many hundreds of miles both in Norway and Sweden on the search for good bearhounds.

Out of between forty and fifty elk and bearhounds I have possessed or tried at various times, and many more I have seen and hunted with during twenty years, I have myself only possessed four which I could in any way call really first-rate and reliable bearhounds—that is to say, which you might use both loose and in leash—and I may say I have known about half a dozen others which did not belong to me, and I may also state that I have hunted the country far and wide many times, and have corresponded with many people about them, and did not stick at any price in reason for a perfectly reliable and well-guaranteed animal. I was once asked by a Swedish hunter for a pair of Jemtland elk-hounds 650kr.; this was

at the end of the season too. One was a good and reliable Björnhound as well, for which he asked 400kr.; for the other one, almost the image of him, but a year and a half older, he asked 250kr., as he would not take Björn spoor, but only elk. I have paid various prices, ranging from 120kr. to 350kr., which latter was the price I paid for my largest and best bearhound. I went some 270 miles out of my way to get him, and it took two days' bargaining before I could call him mine. This dog came from northern Dalecarlia or Vestra Dal. He was a half Finhound with half erect ears. I used him for six years for bears, elk and reindeer, and you could not have found a better. His great failing was his uncertain temper, as he bit me badly on two occasions. It is absolutely a *sine qua non* that you possess a bearhound if you wish for any length of time to follow the sport of bear hunting successfully in Norway, so that is the reason I was at such trouble to procure good bearhounds.

On another occasion I traveled from a district to the N.E. of Sölbo Vand in South Trondhjems Amt., where I was then bear hunting all through Jemtland, nearly as far as Stor Sjöen, a distance of some 390 miles there and back (this was before the present railway was made), for the express purpose of inspecting some bearhounds I had heard about. I inquired all along the road, and saw some very fine, handsome-looking animals, but I could get no reliable or satisfactory character with any one of those I saw. I can speak both Swedish and Norsk, from a long residence in both countries, so I had that advantage to aid me, and I intended to go as high as 500kr. for a first-rate dog, but I did not meet with one there, for sale at any rate; and I may state that I had recently paid 200kr. for a reputed good bear dog, which would not follow bear tracks by any persuasion whatever, and he lost me a splendid, fine bear, which I saw and had the chance of following, if he would have taken the spoor. My other dog, which was a really good bear dog, had run a pine splinter into one of his forefeet, so he was laid up for that time. I have also driven into Sweden from Råraas down to Ljusnedal, and along that road which skirts the Ljusna Elv, for many miles, to places I do not remember the names of, and I bought one in that district for 250kr.; and another, a first-rater, of a man who lived on the east side of Lake Femmund, in Norway; he was just starting for America or would not have sold his dog for any money. I gave 150kr. for him, he was 4 years old; his master had killed some fifteen or twenty elk to him and five bears. I used him constantly for seven years and I killed something like thirty-six or thirty-seven elk to him, and six bears. He was a perfectly pure-bred Finhound, a beauty to look at, with fine erect ears, a powerful chest, strong loins, and with a bushy tail curling on the left side, which is the proper place for a bear dog's tail to curl; he was of a dark brownish-gray color, and stood high on his legs and looked just like a wolf. He was of the sweetest disposition I ever saw in any dog of my acquaintance, and he knew no fear; he always looked you in the face with his intelligent, honest-looking eyes. You could take him away from the carcass of an elk or bear just killed, and he would never attempt to bite you. I have often taken bits of the entrails away from his mouth when we were grallocking or cutting up the animal, so that he should not gorge himself, and he never offered to growl, show his teeth, or even look the least savage, but would wag his splendid curly tail when I put on his harness to lead him away to tie him up, and be quite contented. On one occasion this dog found me two bears, a full-grown and a half-grown one. We had been on the scent for exactly three hours and one-quarter, over hill and dale, across swamps and bogs, and up and down steep and rocky gorges, without seeing fresh tracks of any kind or description, either of elk or bear; but without a single mistake he brought me as straight as a line to a place where these two bears were feeding on berries on a hill slope; this was at the end of October, and there was only a little snow in places; he took me up within 80yds. before I saw them, as there was plenty of cover, so they could not discover me. I looked gently and cautiously over a large heap of moss-covered rocks, and saw them both before me, the nearest about 80yds., the other 90 or thereabouts. I immediately gave the dog's strap to my man to hold (as I always hunted my dogs myself, and never at any time allowed any stranger to hunt them). The dog grasped the situation instantly, and, though he was quivering with excitement, and evidently realized that the *denouement* was rapidly and surely approaching, made no sign and uttered not the ghost of a whine, though he knew as well as if he saw them that the bears were only just the other side of the rocks; and, as my companions told me afterward, he had his eyes fixed steadily on my movements and on the rifle, and his nose pointed in the direction of the puffs of wind which were coming over the rocks straight from the bears. I then raised my rifle (both bears had their left sides turned toward me) and fired behind the left shoulder of the biggest. She sprang up for an instant, rolled over backward with a ghastly groan and lay kicking, whereupon the smaller one—a 3-year-old bear—stood up for a second on its hindlegs. In one instant I gave it the contents of my second barrel, just as it started to bolt off. My man then handed me the two cartridges to load, and I gave the big bear a finishing shot. In the meantime the dog was frantic with excitement, and sprang up on the rocks with the man, and we saw the smaller bear kicking about and rolling away down the hilly slope. I slipped the dog, who soon caught up with the bear, rushed into him and seized him by the throat and literally froze to him. I thought the bear would certainly have killed him, but he never once let go, and they both rolled over and over together down that steep slope, some 200ft., to the bottom. When at last I got to them I found him bathed in the blood of the bear, they were rolling and struggling and fighting, and altogether made such a fiendish noise that I think I never heard the like of it before. I could not get a sure shot at the bear, as I was afraid of hitting the dog. So my man cut a thick club, while I rammed my rifle barrels right into the bear's mouth and down his throat, so that he could not get at the dog to bite him, for he never let go once, and there was a hole on the left side of the bear's throat big enough to put a dumpling inside, at least a small dumpling, which was the effect of a .500 bullet from my Express. It just missed the vertebrae of the neck, in which case he would have been a dead bear. Well, the man soon got the club ready, and banged on to the back of the bear's head and stunned him, whereupon I gave him another shot and killed him. I never saw

such a sight as the dog was; he was covered with blood from head to tail, but he was not bitten or hurt in the least, and had not so much as a scratch on his skin, though the bear had hugged him pretty tight all the way down the hill slope. Probably, if I had not been there in time, he would have squeezed the breath out of the dog before he himself gave up the ghost, though he must soon have caved in from loss of blood, owing to the fearful wound in his neck.

When I stood and watched the two rolling over and over together and bounding down that hill slope on their mad career, I thought the bear would have torn my dog into strips, but he was a very powerful dog of the kind, and the bear was only a young one after all. Now that is the kind of dog I call a good bearhound, and one that is worth any money for bear hunting; but I assert that you could no more pick out a young pup and train or instruct him to turn out like that than you could teach a pig to speak Arabic. He was in every way one of the pluckiest, best tempered, most intelligent, keenest, best-nosed dogs of the kind I ever came across in all my experience, and was as good a loose and leash hound for elk as he was for bears.

There is no particular breed from which to train a bearhound, for it all rests with the dog himself whether he possesses the courage, energy and peculiar instinct required to develop him into a bearhound. Now and then it happens that a common mongrel cattle dog, or gaardhund, as they are called, will develop into an excellent bearhound and put to shame some of those fine, showy-looking so-called elk-hounds you meet with in Jemtland. I possessed such a one some years ago, he was half Finhound and half mongrel cattle dog. I bought him of a hunter who lived on the upper waters of Namsen, somewhere near Nams Vand. He was a good-sized dog, black and tan, with a thick furry coat and large bushy tail, curling on the left side. He was a first-rate dog for bears, elk, reindeer and red-deer, for I used him for all these, and killed four bears and several elk, reindeer and red-deer to him. I paid 130kr. for him, but he was 7 years old when I bought him, and I only got four years', or I may say nearly five seasons' work out of him, for he got too old at the end of his last season. This dog was decidedly keener on bear than any other spoor, and he never showed the least fear of bears at any time. On one occasion he found me a bear in a hie some time at the end of November. There was some difficulty in getting about, owing to a foot or more of snow in the woods. He scratched away the snow from the mouth of the hie and woke up the sleeping beauty inside, which, however, never attempted to hurt him, but kept up a continuous growling and snarling, whereupon the dog quickly backed out and stood on the snow at the outside, barking furiously and lashing his tail from side to side. He showed no more fear of him than if he had been a pig in a sty. I could not get the dog to come away, anyhow, so crept cautiously up, holding my rifle at full cock in my left hand, while with my right I reached round and grabbed hold of the dog's tail and swung him down a steep slope into the snow below. Then the bear sprang out, and his funeral was held shortly afterward. This was a rare all-round dog, as good as they are born, for you cannot make them. It is a curious fact connected with good bearhounds that they almost invariably curl their tails on the left side. I have repeatedly noticed this fact, which is probably only a coincidence, but I can truly assert that every good bearhound I possessed or used during a twenty years' hunting experience in Norway and Sweden curled his tail on that side, and, moreover, I never happened to hunt with any dog of the kind which curled his tail on the right side that was any good for bears, though at the same time they were excellent elk and reindeer dogs. I find it impossible in any way to account for such a singular fact, but it is well known to all bear hunters, and my attention was drawn to it when I bought my first bearhound.

I always hunted my own dogs myself, after studying the ways of hunting and the peculiarities of that class of dog, which I learned after a three years' apprenticeship with professional hunters who well understood these dogs and their business. After which I felt competent to hunt my dogs myself, and find my way about any forest without guidance from any other. I could give many examples of the extraordinary long distances some of my dogs have winded elk or bears. One cold and snowy day in mid October my dog took me for more than three and a half hours, straight up wind as near as possible, over and down a high hill, and up and across a considerable extent of high field. There were about 6 or 8 in. of snow on the ground, and I knew the sport was not there, though at times he burrowed his nose in the snow to see if the scent which puzzled him lay there underneath the snow. But he still kept on and never hesitated or halted except to spring on a rock to obtain a better wind, after which he would dash forward, pulling me along with him, then proceed as hard as I could let him go, with his head and nose high up in the air.

My man and I were both first-rate walkers, and never once stopped to rest, so I may say without exaggeration we covered at least two and a half miles of actual distance in each hour; this would give seven and a half miles for the entire distance in a straight line from the place where the dog first got the scent to the spot where we came on the elk. There were five of them, and they were browsing on mountain ash bark, in a deep valley below us, when we first caught sight of them at 800yds. off. How the dog could get the wind from them over that distance, and with so many obstacles between, I know not and cannot explain, though I calculate I have been running and walking on the spoor of some 700 or 800 elk with my dogs at various times. We never came across the ghost of a track of bear or elk until we came direct on those five elk. Most of the snow had fallen the day before, so there was certainly no fresh spoor under the snow, which sometimes a good dog will take as well as if there was no snow at all. Some people may disbelieve all this and say it is impossible or think I am romancing, but nevertheless it happened as narrated, and I could mention many more instances even more marvelous of the scent-following qualities of a first-class hound of this species. The animal just referred to would scent bears at equally long distances on certain occasions and under certain conditions of atmosphere.

It is absolutely necessary to understand your dog and have full confidence in him before you allow him to lead you such a long distance, or you might find yourself on a fruitless chase. I think it is desirable to mention all this

for the purpose of warning amateur English bear hunters in Norway and Sweden against purchasing, often at an absurdly high price, young and untried animals of this species, with a view of training them into bearhounds, no matter how good a pedigree they may have or however handsome and well-bred an appearance. As I have previously stated, that idea is a delusion and a snare, and not with any degree of certainty to be attained.—*An Old Bear Hunter in Field, (London).*

THE A. K. C. MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held in its offices, 55 Liberty street, on May 21. The president and vice-president being absent, Dr. H. T. Foote was elected chairman. There were present: Associate members: Dr. H. T. Foote, A. C. Wilmerding and W. Whitney; American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.); American Pet Dog Club (T. F. Wickham); American Spaniel Club (E. M. Oldham); Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt); Bull Dog Club of America (E. Willard Robey); St. Bernard Club of California (George Bargate); Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom); Great Dane Club (C. Wood); National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass); N. J. K. L. (F. Linck); National Beagle Club (F. S. Webster); Pacific F. T. C. (Capt. C. B. Knecker); Pointer Club of America (George Jarvis); Collie Club of America (James Watson); Southern California K. C. (C. D. Bernheimer); St. Bernard Club of America (R. H. Burrows); W. K. C. (Elliott Smith); C. of S. K. C. (A. H. Heppner). The credentials of L. A. Klein, American Dachshund Club, and F. L. Perkins, R. I. S. F. Association, were read and the delegates were elected, as were Messrs. Bargate and Heppner. The secretary's report was accepted.

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$2,622.38. In the matter of the disqualification of Mr. George Bell the action of the advisory committee, after a lengthy debate, was affirmed by a vote of ten to five. The main point in the argument hinged on whether a man who was disqualified when the entry was made to a show had a right to exhibit at such show after the entries closed, his disqualification then having expired. It seemed to be the sense of the meeting that the entry was inseparably linked with the exhibition, and was but a part of the homogeneous whole. The advisory committee's report was then accepted by a vote of nine to six. The City of the Straits Kennel Club, for accepting Mr. Bell's entries, was suspended for sixty days. The stud book committee reported two cases under investigation. In that of W. J. Burkart, he was suspended for six months for matters relating to a pedigree. The secretary was instructed to prefer charges against H. M. Griffin for casting reflections on the integrity of the stud book committee. Resolutions were passed on the death of Dr. Rowe and H. B. Cromwell. The M. A. A. C. Rod and Gun Club, of Portland, Ore., was elected to membership. Mr. A. P. Vredenburg was unanimously elected as secretary-treasurer. The application on behalf of the National Greyhound Club to transfer the membership of a former club of that name and to use the name "The National Greyhound Club" was granted. Mr. H. Nelson was elected as a delegate from the National Greyhound Club.

A communication from the New England Beagle Club, in respect to wins of all dogs, won before the club was a member of the A. K. C., being recognized by the A. K. C., our motion was referred to the committee on field trials and coursing meetings.

A lengthy communication from the Pacific advisory committee, submitting certain rules and regulations to the A. K. C., was referred to the committee on rules and constitution. All associate members in arrears, whose dues are not paid within thirty days, will be dropped from the roll. The following rule was rescinded:

"Resolved, That no member of a club shall officiate at a show as a judge of which he is a member."

A vote of thanks was tendered the Metropolitan Kennel Club for the use of its rooms during the W. K. C. show. On motion of Mr. Hunnewell the committee on rules was directed to submit amendments of Rules 9 and 24 so as to cover the rights to make entries by persons not in good standing. The secretary was instructed to keep a list of champions for reference, not to go back further than January, 1889. The case of the City of the Straits Kennel Club was reopened, as its delegate, Mr. Heppner, was not present when the case was first considered. On his representation that the club apologized for its error, which was an error only, as the club had not acted in bad faith, the disqualification was removed and a fine of \$25 imposed, as the club expressed its willingness to pay a fine. The matter of Mr. E. H. Morris's appeal was next considered, on motion of Mr. Oldham. Mr. Morris submitted two communications, which he declared to be in the nature of new and additional evidence to that submitted to the advisory committee, and made explanations concerning his transactions in showing a bitch at Newburgh. Mr. Burritt advised that the matter should be referred back to the advisory committee, and made a motion to that effect. Mr. Morris gave notice that he would decline to again appear before that committee. Mr. Linck moved that the suspension of Mr. Morris be removed on the statement and explanation made by him. Motion lost. Mr. Blossom moved that Mr. Morris's suspension be removed and that he be censured for his action in the premises carried. Adjourned.

Dogs for the Zoo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received gratifying responses to our circular letter re dogs for the Zoo, and are sure of the success of the scheme. Among those who have promised assistance are:

Mrs. Williams, Bon Air Kennels, Charlottesville, Va., Skyes and Scotch deerhounds.

Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., fox terrier (smooth-coated).

Dr. H. T. Foote, Rochelle Kennels, New York, fox terrier (wire-haired) and black and tan terrier.

Dr. H. T. Thurber, Providence, R. I., American foxhound.

J. H. H. Maenner, West Arlington, Md., Great Dane.

Mr. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., has written to his English partner, Mr. Brough, of Scarborough, to see what they can do for us in bloodhounds.

We shall not be prepared to receive stock until the kennels are completed, about Aug. 1.

CECIL FRENCH, D.V.S.

The Continental Field Trials Club.

THE Continental Field Trials Club, with most commendable enterprise, has opened a stake which will appeal directly to the masses of shooters who are enthusiastic in matters of the dog and gun, yet who have not the time to make a specialty of preparing and training their dogs for public competition. In the chicken country there are hundreds of owners who should be interested in a stake which gives them full opportunity to compete, yet guards them from the competition of the expert handler. It will be noted, too, that the fee for qualifying as a competitor is within the means of all. This stake is called the Northwestern stake and will be run in connection with the forthcoming chicken trials at Kennedy, Minn., commencing on Sept. 7.

The conditions are as follows: Open to owners who are not professional trainers or handlers, dogs to be owned at least sixty days before starting the stake. Dogs to be handled by owners. This stake will be run after the regular stakes are concluded. Entries close Aug. 1. Entrance fee, \$5 to nominate, \$5 additional to start. The club will donate a handsome piece of silver, of not less than \$50 in value, to which will be added 25 per cent. of entrance fees, after 20 per cent. for expenses has been deducted; 50 per cent. of remainder will go to second dog, and the rest to third. It is well known that there are many excellent chicken dogs owned in every section of the Northwest, and this stake is opened with a special view to offer them a favorable opportunity to compete. The stake is deserving of their earnest support and appreciation. The honor of owning a dog which has vanquished his fellows in such a competition and under such auspices is worth striving for, as is also the cup which will commemorate the event. It further should bring about a broader acquaintance among the local sportsmen and promote a greater good-fellowship from such greater acquaintance. The sportsmen of the great States of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, etc., should make this stake a credit to their region and their sport. The president of the club has some novel and interesting features as an adjunct to the trials. He has in hand a number of valuable gifts which will be applied to a prize list which will be devoted to competitive amusements in the evening, such as progressive euchre and similar diverting competitions.

For rules, blanks and further particulars, apply to the secretary, Mr. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Any enterprise which legitimately promotes dog interests is worthy of countenance and support by the public in general and fanciers in particular. The kennel enterprise at the National Zoological Park, mention of which was made in our columns last week, is most commendable in itself and worthy of the consideration of others in charge of similar interests. In years past objection was raised in some quarters against such enterprises, on the ground that the breeds in parks became mongrelized in time; but this objection was only pertinent against the manner of management and not against the enterprise itself. Of course to keep the breeds pure and at their best it is necessary that some one be in charge who has the necessary technical knowledge and enthusiasm. We learn that already the enterprise is assured of much material support, and that it will be managed with every care.

The early muffs were small and made of satin or velvet, lined with fur; the leopard skin came in with good Queen Anne. There is a print of an Elizabethan lady with a small muff hanging from her girdle; before this date it was probably looked upon as an eccentric novelty, at least in England. A full century before, a Venetian *grande dame* had carried her lapdog in her muff—a fashion that continued for a long season, and found its way into France. In Paris muffs for this express purpose, *chiens manchons*, as they were styled, could be bought in 1692 at the establishment of the Demoiselles Guerin, Rue de Bac. French sumptuary laws condescended to notice such minor details as the color of a muff. The bourgeois was obliged to restrict himself to somber black; the noble might please himself. Under Louis XIV., therefore, the *manchon* of the courtier was brilliant with gold lace and embroidered ribbons.—*Good Words.*

The entries of the Derby of the International Field Trials Club close on July 1. W. B. Wells, Secretary, Chatham, Ont.

We are informed by the secretary of the National Beagle Club, Mr. George W. Rogers, that the Field Trials Committee will hold a meeting in the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, on June 5.

The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* remarks on the dog show held in Seattle, beginning on May 13: "Naturally the biggest attraction proved to be the rat killing contest, which took place amid great excitement at 8:30. Rat killing contests will take place to-day at 4:30 and 8 P. M." And now which was it, a dog show or a rat killing?

The California brethren, judging from the complaints and squabbles following the recent shows, are in the infantile stages of the fancy, much as it was in the East fifteen years ago.

Mr. W. W. Titus is in New York this week visiting old friends. He will spend some days here and in Brooklyn, thence he goes to Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell's trip abroad seems to have agreed with him thoroughly. At the recent A. K. C. meeting he seemed to be in the perfection of health, good spirits and alertness. Mr. Hunnewell says that our best shows are not excelled in management by the English shows.

Owing to ill health, Mr. James Taylor has resigned his position as reporter-in-chief of the *Stock-Keeper* (England). Mr. Taylor has been in ill health many weeks. Our readers will remember that Mr. Taylor officiated as judge at the New York show last year. We sincerely hope that good health will speedily return to him.

The Irish terrier champion Pagan II. died recently in

England. He was born on July 3, 1881, thus he was about 15 years old at the time of his death.

We are informed that Mr. John White has added a boarding kennel to his training kennel at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., under the title of the Chester Hill Kennels.

The Poodle Club of America.

NEW YORK, May 19.—A meeting of the Poodle Club of America was held at the Hotel Majestic, New York city, May 14. The following members were elected as an executive committee to serve until May 1, 1898: Messrs. H. G. Trevor, C. D. Bernheimer, H. H. Hunnewell, F. S. Witherbee and Z. T. Baker. A constitution was adopted. At a meeting of the executive committee held the same day the following officers were elected to serve until May 1, 1898: President, H. G. Trevor; Vice-President, C. D. Bernheimer; Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Z. T. Baker. Among the members are Mrs. William C. Gulliver, Mrs. William Bloodgood, Messrs. John M. Bowers, F. S. Witherbee, E. W. Barker and A. O. von Kilch. Applications for membership must be made to the executive committee.

Z. T. BAKER, Sec'y.

A Good Litter.

FITCHBURG, May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a record of a rather remarkable litter of puppies whelped by Esta Morse (36,673), Feb. 3, 1896.

It was remarkable in the large number of male puppies (six) and the fine and healthy character of the lot. They are doing finely and bid fair to be heard from favorably later. Wanoosnac Prince (36,585), who was troubled with a sore left eye at the Boston show, has entirely recovered and now has as bright and good a pair of eyes as you ever saw on any dog.

WANOOSNAC GORDON KENNELS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, \$1; initiation fee, \$1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.		
Name.	Residence.	Club.
Arthur V. Coulson.....	Worcester.....	Lakeside.
Harvey H. Gleason.....	Worcester.....	Wabasso.
Geo. W. Howe.....	Worcester.....	Wabasso.
Fred. H. Eaton.....	Lawrence.....	Lawrence.
Fred. A. Wallace.....	Lawrence.....	Lawrence.
Carl F. Victor.....	Lawrence.....	Lawrence.
W. H. Sturtevant.....	Lawrence.....	Lawrence.
H. P. Pietersz.....	Springfield.....	Springfield.
J. O. Goldthwait.....	Springfield.....	Springfield.
H. Stewart Bosson.....	Newtonville.....	

Yachting.

In addition to the vast amount of work already done by the Y. R. U. in the systematization of racing management there is still a small detail that suggests itself. At present there is no uniformity whatever about the size or arrangement of the regatta programmes of the different clubs; they may be too large or too small, on thin paper or thick card board, and no regular scheme is followed in arranging the information as to courses, classes, etc. It would be a decided improvement if one size and general style of circular were adopted by all the clubs, with the same arrangement of matter; each of course retaining its distinctive color of paper or ink where such is now used. The printer too might be judiciously restrained from using an abundance of display type. The main thing is to set forth certain important facts so plainly that they may be located on the instant and read without danger of a misunderstanding.

The following wail of woe is from the *American Shipbuilder*. Undeterred by the failure of its contemporary, the *Marine Journal*, to offer any proof that American steam yachts are not as inferior to the British in speed, quality and durability as in cost, it rushes heedlessly into the breach in defense of them. There is nothing more utterly worthless than a large steam yacht that through defects in design or construction cannot fulfill the one purpose for which she was built, as there is no other future open to her; if her owner cannot use her through these defects, he certainly cannot sell her, and she is likely to spend the greater part of her life made fast to a dock. There are already too many yachts of this class, and most expensive ones at that, in the fleet:

Another bee in England's bonnet. It is the Payne bill now that pains John Bull's subjects. It checks the un-American yachtsman from patronizing foreign shipyards, and it is right that it should. If such millionaires as Rutherford Stuyvesant, Ogden Golet and the Vanderbilts prefer cheapness to quality, durability and speed, they are welcome to buy foreign-built yachts, but let them be compelled to pay for playing them in American waters. England can have a breathing spell, for Senator Frye, chairman of the Senate committee on commerce, does not intend to call the bill up until the next session of Congress.

The following, from the *Marine Journal* of May 23, shows a very decided change from the bold assertions of American superiority made a couple of weeks back; instead of the whole ship, it is now claimed that at least Americans can build better capstans:

We are very well satisfied that the statisticians of the *Boston Herald* and similar papers are not conspicuously accurate as to details when editorializing in regard to the respective growth and comparative merits of British and American shipping. When these papers talk, for instance, of the "undisputed primacy of Great Britain in the ship-building industry," they ignore such facts as that American capstan makers are regularly exporting their products to England to fill orders for the equipment of British vessels. This is due, in the matter of capstans, to the facts that they are superior articles to those of British manufacture and that they can be produced here in quantities by means of improved machinery quite cheaply enough to compete with cheaper British labor.

But even where labor is the principal factor in the production of such machinery, it has been demonstrated that American products outrank British where excellence is desired, for one of the eminent windlass manufacturing concerns of this country is now sending to England windlasses also for the equipment of some of the higher classed and better equipped vessels in course of construction there. These windlasses are notably the product of skilled hand labor, each one having to be made separately, so that both British and American manufacturers stand upon an equal ground, and the American is acknowledged the palm for superiority. The same would be true of ships under similar circumstances.

We have no fault to find with the above statements, which, we believe, are correct, the American capstans and windlasses being widely used abroad through their superiority. Accepting them as true, they prove two things: First, that improvement is the result not necessarily of a protective tariff, but of demand and competition; and secondly, that in America the progress in mechanical work has been far greater than in the designing of hulls.

The evolution of the American yacht capstan and windlass is in itself interesting. There was a time when any collection of old junk was considered good enough to span the heel of the clumsy balk of square timber that served as the bowsprit of a yacht. With the introduction of the cutters and the lessons taught by them in neat and shipshape fittings and iron work came a demand for a strong, compact and shipshape capstan, which was met by the importation of some excellent makes of English and Scotch capstans. The secondary result of this demand for a superior article was the production of the American yacht capstan, still better than the pattern from which the idea was taken. The protective duty really does not figure in the case; it has remained at the same figure for years; of itself it failed to produce any improvement; even now it increases the cost of the imported but little or nothing over that of the home article, but the latter holds the field simply through its merits.

That it is but a small step from the sublime to the ridiculous is well shown by the following extract from the *Marine Journal* of May 23, following so closely on its panegyrics over protection to American interests and American labor:

Those of us who have an interest in the passage of the Payne yacht bill, which will exclude foreign-built yachts owned by Americans from coming here free of port charges, can point with pride to the Sovereign when complete as an American production, equal if not superior to anything afloat that bears a foreign stamp. Our contemporary, the *FOREST AND STREAM*, will of course add, "very true, but the Sovereign was designed by a foreigner." True, he was foreign born; but this gentleman has taken out his naturalization papers, sworn his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, married an American girl, acquired an American home, and we do not know of a better American in principle and all else but birth than J. Beaver Webb, the designer of the Sovereign. Foreigners of this stripe always have been and always will be welcome in the United States.

In complete harmony with the views we have always held, we consider that this country is fortunate in having one man who knows how to design a steam yacht, no matter what his nationality may be. It was so in 1860, when the famous Monitor, in which Americans take such pride, was designed after his own original ideas, condemned as they were by the naval experts of the day, by John Ericsson, a Swede; it was so as long ago as 1812, when the Scotch shipbuilder, Henry Eckford, went from New York to the lakes and hurried together a fleet of gunboats for defense against Great Britain. We welcome all talent and believe that the country is the richer for it; but we cannot see how such ideas are otherwise than at variance with the protective theories so fully set forth by the *Marine Journal*. We were present at the launch of the Sovereign, and among the large crowd of shipwrights, general mechanics and men intimately connected with shipbuilding and shipping, one could not have swung a cat by the tail without hitting half a dozen subjects or ex-subjects of Her Majesty, the Queen of England and Empress of India. Whether they had been in the country ten days or ten years, whether they had, if naturalized, taken out their papers regularly and lawfully or merely been rushed through the political naturalization machine, does not concern us from a technical standpoint. The great fact is that they were doing good work, as evidenced in the fine vessel then set afloat. How they managed, however, to turn out a thoroughly American production is something that we cannot understand. Mr. Webb received his training as a designer abroad, where he practiced his profession for years; a very large number of the others concerned with the production of the yacht learned to handle a pencil, a drawing pen, a "shifting spanner," a spud wrench or a caulking chisel, as the case may be, in Scotch and Irish shipyards. What progress has been made thus far in shipbuilding in America is largely through this skill, acquired abroad and imported here. Without it, in the present state of the shipbuilding industry, the point now reached would be still a dozen years distant. No one is more thoroughly cognizant of this fact than the employer who advocates such measures as the Payne bill to restrict competition, but at the same time welcomes the skilled European mechanic and aids him to get safely into the American shipyard in spite of the contract labor law.

The whole business is a mass of inconsistencies, absurdities and grave wrongs; some of the staunchest advocates of the Payne bill are subjects of Queen Victoria who have been in this country one, five or even a dozen years, but are in no sense Americans. The Payne bill itself is absurd, unfair and one-sided to a degree. If the theories of protection to American interests, and especially to the American workman, are right and fair, then the whole system of laws relating to foreign vessels and materials and to foreign skilled labor, professional or otherwise, is in need of reconstruction.

"SEE do move," now it is the pilots of New York, men who have been devoted to one ancient type of vessel, faulty in the extreme and showing a total lack of those qualities that once made the American pilot boat famous in foreign waters. Having at last decided to replace the old sailing craft by a steam vessel, they have shown a spirit of enterprise that might well be emulated by the prospective owners of very much larger craft. Instead of going to some out-of-the-way place for a wooden box designed by local talent, they have placed an order with Mr. A. Cary Smith for a steel vessel of 140ft. l.w.l., 23ft. beam and 14ft. draft. That the result will be a success can hardly be doubted from Mr. Smith's work of late in other similar lines outside his original work of yacht designing.

The bill introduced by Senator Hill, to regulate the attendant fleet at yacht and boat races and similar gatherings by conferring special powers on the U. S. Revenue cutters, has received the signature of the President and become a law. That it is a necessary and useful

measure is beyond question, but we doubt very much whether it will serve to prevent such interference as has been seen at the important races of the last few years.

The *Yachtsman* welcomes the Payne bill as designed to prevent the collection of duties on foreign yachts in such cases as that of Spruce last year. There is nothing whatever of this nature about the bill, its object is to keep out all foreign yachts, if possible.

YACHT DESIGNING.—IX.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 424.)

In actual practice the term metacenter is employed somewhat loosely, and the leading authorities are by no means as exact and definite in regard to it as is desirable. The "metacenter" obtained by the ordinary calculation, from the breadths of the waterline, is the *shifting metacenter* for a very small angle of heel; and in the average vessel the various verticals through the C. B. for all inclinations from the upright position to an angle of 10 or even 15° fall practically in one point. Speaking with strict accuracy, according to Bouguer's original definition, this point is really a number of shifting metacenters, and not necessarily the limiting point of the C. G.; but it is the more convenient and useful in the calculation of stability. The term *metacentric height* or *height of metacenter* is also used both to express the height of the metacenter above the C. G., the distance M. G. in Fig. 8, and the height above the C. B., or the distance M. B. This distance, which is one of the elements obtained by calculation from the lines of the yacht through the displacement sheet or other means, is related solely to the *form* of the vessel, without regard to position of the C. G. as

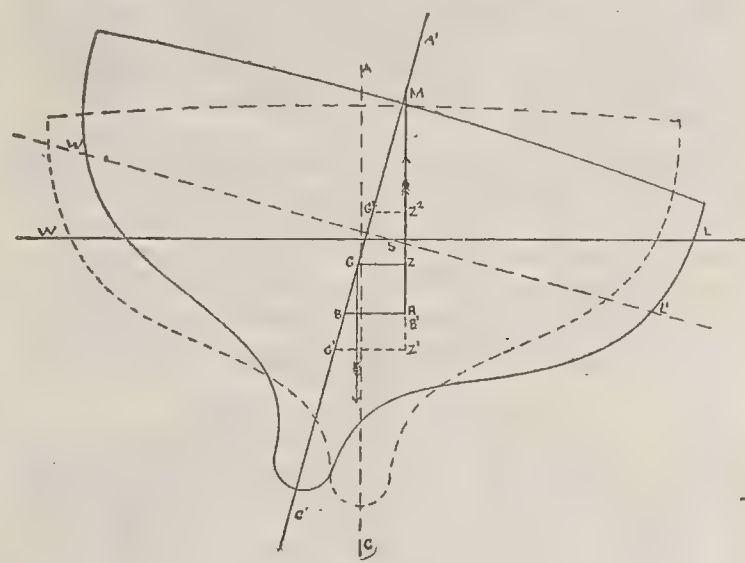


FIG. 8.

A C—Vertical axis, normal position. A' C'—Vertical axis, inclined position, 15°. W L—Waterline, normal position. W' L'—Waterline, inclined position. B—Center of buoyancy, normal position. B'—Center of buoyancy, inclined position. G—Center of gravity. M—Metacenter. G Z—Righting lever.

determined by the nature, quantity and location of the ballast, and is of comparatively little value. The height of the metacenter with relation to the center of gravity of the vessel under certain given conditions is a different thing, and of vastly greater importance. In the case of a yacht it is only necessary to know that she will not capsize under a certain limited range of conditions, but in the case of a merchant steamer or war ship the range of possible conditions is increased infinitely. The merchant steamer may be in launching trim, without her engines and boilers; she may be in sailing trim, with masts, rigging and sails, but with a clean hold and empty bunkers; she may be in ballast and with bunkers on one side partly filled, with more or less water in her ballast tanks, or she may be carrying a heavy cargo, with bunkers either full or nearly empty. The war ship, in the same manner, is subject to great variations in amount of coal and stores carried; there is a great weight of ammunition, which may vary from time to time, and changes of armament are also made. All of these alterations of weight act to lower or raise the C. G., possibly to a dangerous degree, and a full knowledge of the stability of the vessel under all possible conditions and

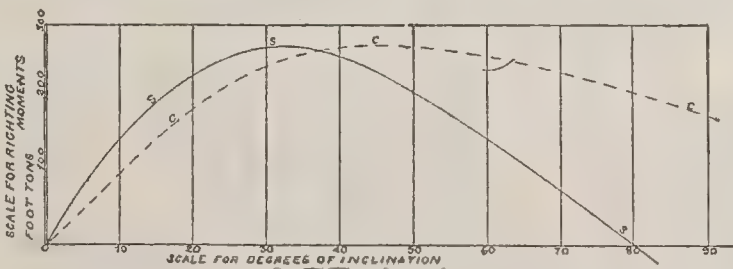


FIG. 9. CURVES OF STABILITY.

S—Sloop. C—Cutter.

contingencies is essential to her safety. This knowledge is obtained from the various calculations in which the metacenter figures. The value of these calculations begins not with the ship ready for launching or in actual service, but with the inception of the design, as it is of the utmost importance that there shall be no possible doubt as to the safety of the proposed vessel under all conditions likely to occur in the service for which she is designed. The amateur or novice in yacht designing has much to learn before he need concern himself with metacentric height or curves of stability; but as he is certain to meet with mention of them in the course of his reading, it is just as well that he should have at least a general idea of them.

It has been shown in Fig. 8 how the righting power of a vessel is dependent on the length of the lever G Z, the horizontal distance between the two verticals through the C. G. and C. B. As the yacht first heels, this distance increases; after a time it reaches its maximum, and then begins to decrease. What is called a *curve of stability* is constructed from these different levers for successive intervals of heel. The lengths of the arm G Z for angles of 10, 20, etc., up to 90°, or even further, are calculated, and a horizontal line is drawn and divided to any convenient scale to represent the degrees of inclination as in Fig. 9. On the left end of this line a vertical is drawn and divided to some scale, other verticals being drawn

through each point of the horizontal line. The length of the arm corresponding to an inclination of 10° is now laid off on the first vertical from the end, that for 20° on the second, etc. A curve is then drawn through the spots as plotted. The scale on the vertical line is usually made to represent *foot tons*, or the *righting moment*, the length of the lever in feet multiplied by the force, the buoyancy, in tons. Fig. 9 shows approximately the curves of stability for two very different types of yachts, the wide and shoal sloop and the narrow and deep cutter. In the former the C. B. shifts rapidly with a small angle of heel, making a long righting lever at a very small angle, but the maximum is soon reached at 30° inclination or even less. Any further heeling tends to bring the C. G. more nearly over the C. B., and when it is directly over, the *righting lever* becomes a *heeling lever* and the yacht capsizes. This point at which the righting lever becomes 0 and capsizing begins marks the *range of stability*, mentioned in a previous chapter.

The curve of stability of the cutter, C, has a very different character; at the outset the arm is very short, and it increases slowly as the yacht heels. Instead of a hard hump at about 30° and a quick inclination to the vanishing point, as the yacht reaches an angle of about 40° the C. B. moves out faster and faster, and the curve becomes quite flat; the maximum length of lever is reached somewhere about 50°, and after that, as the yacht approaches her beam ends and the full effect of the heavy lead keel is felt, the lever shortens very slowly, there may be no vanishing point at all, the heavy keel still tending to right the yacht when the mast is pointing downward, the angle now being 180°, and the range of stability is infinite.

The methods of constructing a curve of stability vary according to the type of vessel and the special purpose in view; in a sailing yacht the ballast and C. G. are assumed to be fixed at all times, but in steam craft, especially cargo and war ships, the curves are constructed to accord with varying positions of the C. G., depending on the loading.

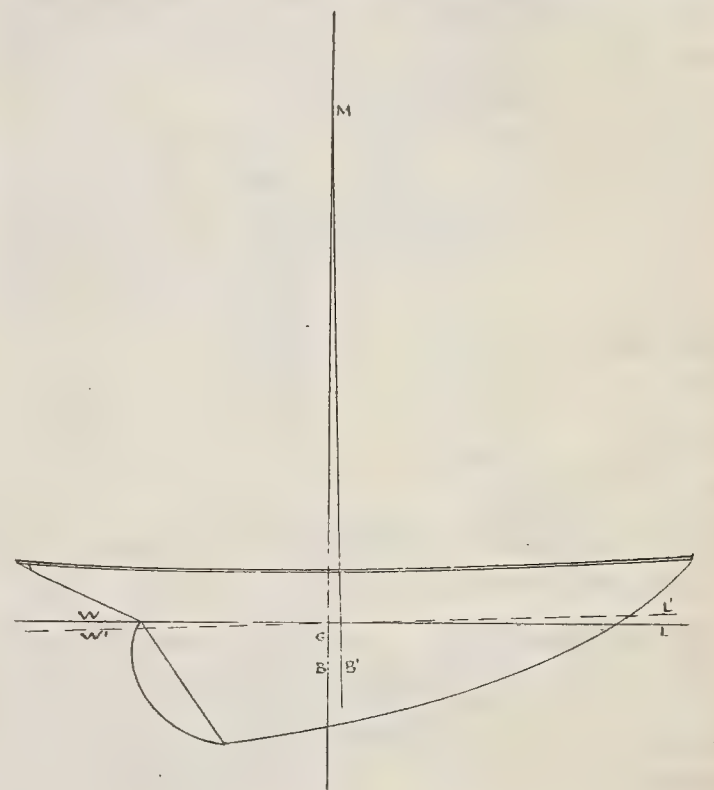


FIG. 10.

M—Longitudinal metacenter.

Not only are they of value to the naval architect in securing certain qualities in the vessel, but they now serve a direct and equally useful end in the hands of the captain as showing the stability of the vessel under the varying conditions of actual service.

Thus far we have dealt only with the *transverse metacenter*, the more important, owing to its intimate relation to the stability; but there is also the *longitudinal metacenter*, the initial point of longitudinal motion, Fig. 10. The various points and their relations, the C. G., C. B. and the metacenter, correspond to those of the transverse inclination, but in this case the vessel is inclined through a much smaller range, the bow being depressed and the stern elevated, or the reverse. The height of the longitudinal metacenter is very much greater than that of the transverse. The position of the longitudinal metacenter exercises a strong influence on the motion of the yacht in disturbed water. It is also of material use in calculations of changes of fore and aft trim. When the word metacenter is used alone, it invariably refers to the transverse metacenter; the longitudinal metacenter is always spoken of as such in full.

The position of the C. G., one of the essential elements of stability calculations, may be ascertained in two ways: first, by calculation, the moment of every part of the vessel (that is, its weight multiplied by the distance of its center of gravity from some assumed point) being calculated, and the sum of these moments being divided by the displacement. Considering the almost innumerable details that make up a vessel, such a task would seem very difficult; but in the hands of skilled men, two working to check each other or to compare their independent labors, quite accurate results are possible. Such calculations are the only ones possible in the case of a new design. After a vessel is completed, the position of her C. G. may be found by experiment, a known weight being placed on one gunwale and the inclination measured, the weight then being shifted to the other gunwale. By suitable calculations from the measurements thus obtained, the position of the C. G. may be readily obtained.

Dorchester Y. C. Open Sweepstakes.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, May 16.

The first race of the Dorchester Y. C. an open sweepstakes, was sailed on May 16 over a 7-mile course, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin, J. E. Robinson.....	14.06	1 19 14	0 46 21
Elsa, H. M. Crane.....	14.11	1 24 35	0 51 20
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins.....	14.11	1 25 06	0 51 51
Princess, Gay & Ware.....	14.06	1 26 55	0 53 02
Velma, Dr. T. Hallett.....	14.05	1 35 25	1 01 21
Katydid.....	Disabled		
Transit.....	Withdrew.		

The club celebrated the opening of the season at its house during the day and evening.

The Chicago-Toronto Races.

The final arrangements for the series of races between the fin-keel yacht Vencedor, owned by Berriman Bros., of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and the new Fife yacht now building in Canada for members of the Royal Canadian Y. C., were completed at a meeting in Detroit on May 9, at which were present four of the special committee appointed by the two clubs: Messrs. E. P. Warner and Dwight Lawrence, of Chicago, and Emilius Jarvis and Vice-Com. C. A. Brown, of the Royal Canadian Y. C. The question of the location of the races was fully discussed, various competing cities submitting sealed offers; that of Toledo, which was finally accepted, being a purse of \$1,500 in addition to the expenses of tugs, stakeboats, etc. In addition a perpetual challenge cup costing \$500 will be paid for by the loser. A special challenge cup of value is offered in addition by a Toledo yachtsman. The following conditions were drawn up to govern the races:

1. L. P. Y. C.'s Representative—The Vencedor, representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., is to be the boat spoken of in the negotiations for the race, and referred to in the recital of conditions as to the size in the letter from the R. C. Y. C. to the L. P. Y. C., dated Feb. 23, 1896.

2. R. C. Y. C.'s Representative—The boat which shall be chosen to represent the Royal Canadian Y. C. shall be either the yacht Zelma, of Hamilton, or a boat of a similar size now under construction, but not yet named, the name of the yacht selected to be communicated to the L. P. Y. C. at least one week before the race.

3. Size of Vencedor—The Vencedor's length on l.w.l. shall not be less than 43ft., and her connected length—to be ascertained as herein-after mentioned—shall not exceed 45ft., but should it be ascertained on measurement that this length is exceeded, double time allowance shall be given on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed ½ft.

4. Size of R. C. Y. C. Representative—The boat which shall be selected by the R. C. Y. C. and its representative shall if possible not exceed 42ft. c. 1, but in no event shall it exceed 42½ft. c. 1.

5. Sailing Rules—The sailing rules and table of time allowance shall be those of the New York Y. C., 1895, except where herein otherwise specified.

6. Place and Date—The races shall be sailed on Lake Erie, off Toledo, O., the first race to be sailed on Monday, Aug. 24, 1896.

7. Number of Races—The match shall be decided by the winning of two out of three, or three out of five, races, as may be agreed upon, the number of races to be determined before June 1 next.

8. The races shall take place on succeeding days—Sundays excepted.

9. Courses—First and third races, equilateral triangle. Second, to windward or leeward and return. Third, to be either triangular or windward, or leeward and return, as shall be determined by the toss of a coin, and in the event of only three races being sailed the course for the third race shall be determined in the same way, the length of the course to be logged in the presence of the scrutineers.

10. Length of Course—The triangular races shall be twice round a 12-knot course, making 24 knots, and the windward or leeward races shall be 5 knots to windward or leeward and return, twice round, making 20 knots. The boats shall be sent round the triangular course in such a way as to give one leg to windward. All buoys to be left to starboard in the windward and leeward races.

11. Mode of Starting—All races shall be started at 11 A. M., and the start shall be a flying one. At 10:30 A. M. a time gun shall be fired and an American ensign hoisted on the committee boat, which shall display no other flags than signals to the yachts. At 10:50 A. M. a preparatory gun shall be fired and the American ensign lowered. At this gun a blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted in the triangular races if all buoys—including the starting buoy—are to be kept on the starboard hand, and a red Canadian ensign hoisted if all buoys are to be kept to port. In the windward or leeward races the blue Canadian ensign shall be hoisted if the first course is to windward, and the red Canadian ensign if the first course is to leeward. At the expiration of ten minutes exactly the Canadian ensign shall be hauled down and a third gun fired as a signal to start, from which gun the time of both yachts shall be taken. No time to be allowed for crossing the line. Should the gun miss fire the lowering of the flag and one lone blow of the whistle shall be the signal to start.

12. Recall—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the hoisting of her national flag.

13. Time Limits—Any race not sailed in five and one-half hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

14. Racing Committee—A racing committee of three—none of whom shall be interested in either yacht—shall be appointed on or before July 10 next, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes.

15. Protests—Protests shall be made to the racing committee in writing within six hours after the finish of the race.

16. Postponements—The racing committee shall have power to postpone any race and may do so whenever in their judgment the demands of fair play shall make it seem right and proper.

17. In case of an accident to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal she shall immediately signal to the racing committee, who shall have the power to postpone the race if the accident is in their opinion sufficiently serious to warrant such a course, or if an accident occurs during a race she shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

18. Scrutineers—A scrutineer shall sail on board each yacht representing the other competing yacht, and said scrutineers must be members in good standing of some recognized great lake yacht club and must not exceed in weight 175lbs.

Each scrutineer shall make a declaration of the sailing of the yacht upon which he is placed within twenty-four hours of the termination of a race, which report shall be rendered to the racing committee. Scrutineers shall be chosen by the three members of the joint committee acting for each of the clubs represented.

19. Crews—This clause to be completed not later than July 10, 1896.

20. Measurement—The measurement of the rules for racing length to be made in the manner set forth in the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association for 1895-1896, these measurements to be made not more than two days before the race by the scrutineers representing the competing yachts, who shall jointly certify to the measurement of each yacht. A report of the measurement of each yacht shall be made to the racing committee at least twelve hours prior to the sailing of the first race.

21. Measurement Protest—If through protest the measurement of any yacht be called in question the racing committee shall remeasure such yacht and the result as ascertained by it shall be final.

22. Charts of Course—Charts of the course and instructions shall be given to the competitors not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

23. Sails—The rule of the New York Y. C. as to sails shall not be taken to exclude cluptionsails.

24. Boats—No boat need be carried on decks.

25. Alteration to Measurements—If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight increase her load waterline length or in any way increase her spar measurements as they were taken she must obtain a remeasurement before starting in the next race.

26. Mutual Agreement—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

Clause 19 is not yet settled, the proposal being to limit the crews to ten each, of whom eight shall be Corinthians.

The Chicago yacht Vencedor was designed by Theodore Poeckel, superintendent of the Racine Hardware Co., and will be an extreme bulb-fin of the same type and construction as the Gould 20-rater Niagara. The Toronto yacht, as yet unnamed, will be owned by a syndicate of Toronto yachtsmen, members of the Royal Canadian Y. C.; Emilius Jarvis, stock broker, of Toronto; George Gooderham, president of the Bank of Toronto, and head of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; George H. Gooderham, son of George Gooderham, a member of the firm of Gooderham & Worts; J. H. Plummer, general manager of the Bank of Commerce; James Ross, of Montreal; F. J. Phillips, of the Canadian Manufacturing Co. and the Consolidated Plate Glass Co.; S. F. McKinnon, wholesale merchant, and an ex-president of the Toronto Board of Trade.

She was designed by Will Fife, Jr., and the frame was got out and set up in the Fife yard at Fairlie and then shipped to Canada by way of New York, where it arrived on May 13. The construction will be in the hands of Andrews, of Oakville, a small place on Lake Ontario, about 20 miles from Toronto. The lead keel was cast some time since, as soon as the plans were received from Mr. Fife; the planking, decking, spars, etc., have been prepared in advance, and the yacht will be completed in a short time. Her sails are by Laphorne & Ratsey. She will sail in the regular races on the Lake by way of trial.

Harlem Y. C.

The thirteenth annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. will be sailed on May 30 over the club courses, starting and finishing off Belden's Dock, near the new station on City Island. The regatta will be under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and open to all clubs in the Union, the following clubs being also invited: New York, Larchmont, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Pavia, Yonkers, Corinthian and Jersey City. The steamer Cygnus will follow the race. Full details of courses, signals, etc., are given in the race circular, which may be had of the secretary of the regatta committee. The committee includes Messrs. F. A. Wendel, W. A. Townner, T. C. Allen, R. H. Wylie and F. W. Creegan, Secretary, 519 East 121st street, New York.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

The last mess dinner in town of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. took place at the Arena on May 20, about forty members being present. In the absence of the flag officers, Fleet Captain Satterlee presided; during the evening a telegram was received from Com. Rouse, from Fort Smith, Arkansas. After dinner Mr. Walter C. Kerr, of the race committee, was called on for some remarks on "Tides," and he responded with a very interesting talk on the theory of tidal evolution, or tides astronomically considered; afterward devoting a little time to the special subject of New York Bay and its tides. Mr. Zerega was called on for an account of the winter cruise of the Yampa, which also proved very interesting. After remarks by other members and a few good stories, the meeting broke up about 11 o'clock. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Zerega, who will have charge of the transportation between Seawanhaka Harbor and Oyster Bay, reported that the new canal and basin is now complete and ready for service, thus removing one serious difficulty that has existed since the establishment of the station on Center Island. The canal ends beside the railway track at Oyster Bay, directly opposite the railway station, and the club steamer Dunderberg as well as other launches and boats will be able to land there at all stages of the tide. The house and grounds have been put in order and all will be in readiness for the opening on Saturday next. Trains leave foot of Thirty-fourth street, New York, at 8:50 and 10:50 A. M., leaving Oyster Bay to return at 3:50, 6:10 and 10:03 P. M. Lunch will be served at 1 P. M. The principal event of the day will be the race of the 15ft. class. The race committee has issued the following complete programme for the season:

May 30—Race for special classes. June 22, 23 and 24—Trials races to select the defender of the international challenge cup for small yachts. June 27—Annual race. July 15 and succeeding days until decided—International challenge cup races. July 18—Race for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup. Aug. 29—Race for special classes. Beginning May 30—Saturday races.

Decoration Day Special Race, Saturday, May 30—In addition to the usual opening (Decoration) day race for the club catboats, the race committee announces a special race on that day in the most popular racing of the season, viz.: the 15ft. class of sloops (half-raters). The race for 15-footers is open to entries from the Atlantic, Beverly, Brooklyn, Corinthian of Marblehead, Corinthian of New York, Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, Eastern, Harlem, Knickerbocker, Larchmont, Massachusetts, Marine and Field, New Haven, New York, New York Athletic, Pavia and Shelter Island yacht clubs, the yacht clubs of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound and the New York and Brooklyn canoe clubs. A prize in silver will be awarded to the winning yacht in the 15ft. class, and a prize will be awarded to the helmsman of the winning club catboat.

A special prize of the value of \$50 is offered by a member of the club to the helmsman (who must be a member of the club) who shall sail in at least three of the regular Saturday races for the club catboats beginning May 30, and who shall obtain the highest percentage of wins during the season of 1896. The course for both classes will be inside the bay and in view from the club house.

For Class I.—Starting from west to east across a line between the club float and a stake boat anchored southeast of the float, thence to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, anchored northeast of Plumb Point and distant therefrom about one mile, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, anchored southeast of Moses Point buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence to and across the starting line, twice around, thence, after finishing the second round, to and around Black Channel buoy off Plumb Point, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence to and around the mark off Moses Point buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence to a finish across the starting line. In the first two rounds yachts will pass on the channel side of the Black Channel buoy.

For Class II.—Three times around the short triangle.

The start will be a one-gun start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12:30 P. M. First Signal—Preparatory: A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted at the yard-arm of the club flagstaff. (There will be an interval of five minutes between each signal and the succeeding signal.) Second Signal—Start for Class I: A gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered, and a red ball hoisted. Third Signal—Start for Class II: A gun will be fired, the red ball lowered, and a white ball hoisted. Fourth Signal—Will denote conclusion of the race, which may be terminated in the direction of the race committee at the conclusion of any round. A gun will be fired and the club burgee lowered from the head of the flagstaff.

The race will be governed by the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and will be under the direction of the race committee of the S. C. Y. C. Copies of the racing rules and entry blanks will be furnished upon application to the secretary of the race committee.

In the 15ft. class the helmsman must be an amateur, but the forward hand may be a paid hand.

Entries must be made in writing and filed with the secretary of the race committee by 12 o'clock noon on May 28, accompanied by the Y. R. U. measurement of the yacht certified to by her owner or by the measurer of the club from which she is entered.

Race Committee: Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; Charles W. Wetmore, Walter C. Kerr, D. Le Roy Dresser; Charles A. Sherman, secretary, 64 Leonard street, New York.

Model Yachting.

The first challenge race for the *Outing* trophy was sailed on May 17 over the course of the Wave Crest M. Y. C., off Fifty-sixth street, Bay Ridge. The trophy was given into the care of the American M. Y. C. last fall, to be sailed for in a race open to all model yachts, the winner to be the first holder and defender. Dolphin, of the A. M. Y. C., was the winner out of 10 starters; since then her owner has left the club. She was the defender of the trophy, the challenger being Wave, of the Wave Crest M. Y. C. Dolphin is 40.3 l.w.l. and 15in. beam, while Wave is 43in. l.w.l. and 14in. beam. The beam of Dolphin should have been under the conditions of the trophy, but as she was allowed to sail in the first race last year no objection was made by Wave in the present case. The course was one-quarter of a mile to windward and return, the winner of two heats to take the trophy. The wind was very light from the south. In the first heat Wave crossed outside of the flag marking the finish line, and in the second Dolphin did the same. In the third a boat collided with the skiff of Wave's owner, and the boat was beaten by Dolphin, a protest being made and the heat resailed. This time Wave fouled Dolphin, and the latter was interfered with by an outside rowboat, so the heat was called off, to be sailed on May 24. The times were:

FIRST HEAT.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wave.....	3 16 30	Finished outside flag.		
Dolphin.....	3 16 32	3 26 20	0 09 48	0 10 01
SECOND HEAT.				
Wave.....	3 34 50	0 03 45	0 10 10	0 10 10
Dolphin.....	3 33 10	Finished outside.		
THIRD HEAT.				
Wave.....	3 50 11	Not timed.		
Dolphin.....	3 51 00	0 04 25	0 34 00	0 34 23
FOURTH HEAT.				
Wave.....	5 24 00	0 05 37	0 13 00	0 13 00
Dolphin.....	5 23 10	5 37 02	0 13 52	0 14 45
Dolphin protested last heat.				

The Summer Carnival at Halifax.

HALIFONIANS are leaving no stone unturned to make the grand summer carnival at Halifax, July 23-31, a gigantic success. There has been some talk of the British flying squadron visiting Halifax this year, and in case that should become a fact the committee is making every effort to have them in Halifax by the Carnival meet. It is also expected that some American war ships will be present, and as the British North American squadron is certain to be there, the cutter races between the crews will become of an international character. A feature of the Carnival is to be the harbor illumination, when the war ships will be electrically illuminated, and there will also be a grand search-light display from the ships and forts along the water front. There are to be yacht races for 22 and 30-footers, and the Wenonah's cup, worth \$1,000, open to all yachts, will be sailed for. The four-oreed professional race between representative crews of the United States, England, Canada and the maritime provinces promise to be the greatest event of the kind which has taken place since the regatta at Philadelphia in 1876. R. T. MacLennan, Secretary, P. O. box 303 Halifax, U. S., will cheerfully supply any information.

A Race for 15-Footers.

The Ogdensburg Y. C., Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., has arranged to hold a regatta on the St. Lawrence River for 15-footers on July 28. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. rules will govern. It is expected that many of the best boats from New York, Montreal, Toronto and Boston will be present. A valuable silver presentation cup of special design will be given as first prize. The Ogdensburg Y. C. will spare no pains nor expense to make this one of the principal events of the season. Arrangements will be made with the railroad and express companies whereby owners of 15-footers can obtain specially low transportation rates for themselves and boats from New York and return. Full particulars can be obtained from Sec'y A. R. Porte, Ogdensburg Y. C., Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The New Linear Rating Rule.

The *Field* of May 9 comments on the new linear rating rule as follows:

The fees for measuring under the new rating rule are pretty stiff, and many owners who do not already belong to the Y. R. A. are coming up for election, as members get let off with much lighter fees. Thus a non-member has to pay £5 ss. for measuring a yacht exceeding 53ft. rating, while a member's fee only amounts to £3. 13s. 6d., and there may be traveling expenses to pay as well. The subscription to the Y. R. A. is £2. 2s., which could be paid out of one measurement. The lowest fee is £2. 8s. 6d. for non-members for yachts of 24ft. rating and under, while for members it is £1. 16s. only. These fees appear to be very high, but we suppose they are consequent upon the measurer's requiring larger fees for measuring girth and beam, and because they will almost invariably have to pay two visits to a yacht to complete the measurements—one when she is ashore and another when afloat. The yacht designers in their report recommended that this certificate of girth should be taken the same as sailmakers' diagrams are. But the latter are always checked by spar measurements, and sometimes by measuring the sails. Ultimately, to avoid any mistakes, it was resolved that the girth, trouble some as it is, should be measured the same as the length, beam and spars. After all, the measuring fee forms a very infinitesimal portion of the expenses of yacht racing.

The older boats appear to work into the new rating rule very well indeed; in fact, some of them, such as Thalia, Creole, Dragon, etc., came out considerably under their class rating. Isolde, on the other hand, exceeds it, but will, under the rule, be allowed to compete in her class by allowing time. The difficulty of obtaining the girth is not so great as was at first expected, and after a while no doubt the working of the new rating rule will be regarded as quite a simple matter. A good way of trying the girth is with a thin elm batten about the width of the steel tape and about ¾ in. thick. Of course this batten cannot be got round a "bulb," for which purpose a length of copper wire is used. In some cases the batten referred to is laid on over the tape, but it is better for the tape to mark the batten and measure it afterward.

The measurements of some of the new yachts by the rule are also given, as follows: Kismet is the very successful new 18-footer designed and built by Linton Hope. She and the other new boats of the 18ft. l.r. class, Virus and Brunette, are about 15ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 8in. beam and the square root of the sail area is from 15 to 16½, so that they would be rather large for the Seawanhaka 15ft. class. It is unfortunate that in adopting the new rule and arranging the new classes, the limits of the two smallest, 24 and 18ft. linear rating, were not made still smaller so as to conform more closely to the old 1 and 0.5-rating classes. Under the old rule a ½-rater, such as Spruce, on coming out to this country, was able to increase her sail plan and yet be within the American class, 15ft. racing length—exactly what the difference of weather required. Now the 18-footer will be compelled to reduce her sail in order to get into the 15ft. racing length class.

Y. R. A. CERTIFICATES OF RATING, 1896.

Yacht.	Rig.	ft.	0.75		0.5	Rating.	Date.
			ft.	ft.	ft.	ft.	
Athara.....	Lug	16.20	5.50	6.75	7.61	18.03	April 20
Brunette.....	Lug, C. B.	15.69	5.60	7.52	7.21	18.01	April 25
Carina.....	Cutter	60.38	13.94	22.98	31.41	65.35	May 1
Eve.....	Lug	22.43	6.70	8.51	10.35	23.99	Jan. 10
Game Hen.....	Lug	16.60	5.37	5.90	8.09	17.98	March 23
Kismet, C. B.	Lug	15.27	5.66	7.38	7.69	18.00	March 12
Lora.....	Lug	26.93	7.39	12.18	13.50	30.01	April 20
Vulpa.....	Lug	24.05	6.07	8.06	9.59	23.68	April 25
Turquoise.....	Lug	16.55	5.36	5.73	8.10	17.67	March 23
Virus.....	Lug, C. B.	15.55	5.70	6.21	8.52	17.99	April 25
Westra.....	Lug	31.43	9.84	14.07	16.66	36.00	April 21
Whisper.....	Lug	22.68	6.15	9.03	10.14	24.00	April 10
Eileen.....	Lug	30.50	9.22	13.80	17.25	35.38	April 17
Isolde.....	Cutter	59.56	17.05	23.20	31.64	65.72	May 2

Huguenot Y. C. Open Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 16.

OWING to the lack of a steamer and the difficulty of obtaining any information, but little was known of the race of May 16 up to the time we went to press. The course was not visible from the shore and there was no means of going afloat. The course was a triangular, sailed twice, making 6½ miles. The wind was fresh and puffy, but falling very light at times. It was a "soldier's wind" over the whole course, the first leg free, the second a close reach and the third a broad reach. In the 15ft. class there were eight entries, the old Herreshoff boat Olita, with a new one, Gnome, very similar in model, all the overhang forward and cut off short aft, but rigged with a canoe sail, a hoisting yard with two battens, mast well forward and a small jib. Besides the old Question, Mr. Huntington had two new boats, to all appearances of the same model—Hope, owned by Adrian Iselin, Jr., and Willada, owned by W. G. Newman. Hope was painted a dingy black and Willada a drab. Both had the same small openings as Question, about big enough to put one's feet in. They were rigged with boom and gaff mainsail and jib. Mr. Thomas Clapham had a new aspirant for the class, a big boat of the Bouncer type, long over all and quite wide, with a great deal of fore overhang, the bow running out long and low over the water, the after end having a rather short but good-looking counter. The sail plan was not only high but big, to the eye decidedly larger than the other boats, in fact the whole boat looked very large. Imp, as she is named, is owned by J. M. Hamilton, of the Red Dragon C. C. One of the new Rigby boats, the New York C. C. special class, Guilla, was present, a very nice looking skipjack, with both ends well carried out and showing up very well for a low-priced boat of simple construction. Two Step, the duplicate of Ethelwynn shown at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, was also entered, her finish and model showing well among the fleet, but with a particularly bad mainsail, too small for the spars and fitting badly in addition. The start was made at 1:30:00, the official times being as given last week:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp.....	1 33 00	2 50 11	1 18 11
Olita.....	1 33 00	2 50 49	1 18 49
Hope.....	1 32 00	2 51 00	1 19 00
Two Step.....	1 32 00	2 51 12	1 19 12
Gnome.....	1 32 00	2 54 39	1 22 39
Willada.....	1 32 00	2 56 40	1 24 40
Guilla.....	1 32 00	Did not finish.	

After the finish both Imp and Hope were disqualified, their helmsmen, Thomas Clapham and L. B. Huntington, being barred under the new rule of the Y. R. U. as professionals, both being actively engaged in boat building. In addition to this, Imp was protested on measurement, and a measurement was made on the spot, the result being at once announced as 14.94ft. In correcting the figures later and plotting the sail plan the measurer discovered an error in these figures, the true measurement being 15.39ft., or 0.88 over the class. The waterline is 14.3 and sail area 270sq. ft., or some 20ft. more than allowed for the waterline. The official order is Olita first, Two Step second, Gnome third, and Willada fourth. Guilla was disabled and withdrew. The race amounted to nothing as a test of the boats. Imp sailed very fast, but with so much more sail it would be unfair to compare her with the others.

The 30ft. Class Opening Race.

ONE of the interesting events of next Saturday will be the first race of the new 30ft. class, a special race arranged by the Indian Harbor Y. C. under the following conditions:

To be sailed on Saturday, May 30. Open to yachts enrolled in any recognized club, the committee reserving the right to reject any entry. Classes—Special 30ft. class for cabin sloops built to the rules restricting this class. Starting signals—First, preparatory. A blue peter hoisted on the forward flagstaff of the regatta committee's steamer. Second, start. One-gun start five minutes later. A red ball substituted for the blue peter. This time will be taken as the starting time of all contestants. The start will be at 11 A. M. or as soon after as practicable. Attention will be called to the signals by whistle or gun from the committee's boat.

Course—Club course No. 4 will be sailed, viz.: Starting across a line between a station markboat and black spar buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain's Island to the black spar buoy (S. 17) off Matinecock Point, L. I., 5½ nautical miles S.S.W. ¼ W., turning same on port hand; thence to the black spar buoy (S. 15) off Centre Island Point, L. I., 4½ nautical miles E. ¼ N., turning same on port hand; thence across starting line 4½ nautical miles N.N.W. ¼ W. Length of course, 15 nautical miles.

Rules.—The race will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound as adopted March 9, 1896. Tide—High tide at Greenwich day of race, 1:38 P. M. Prizes—Com. Charles T. Willa has offered a cup to the winner, and, provided three yachts complete the course, the club will give a prize to second boat. Entries will close with chairman on Thursday, May 23, at 12 o'clock midnight. George E. Gartland, chairman, 11 Wall street, New York; D. W. Merritt, Charles E. McManus, regatta committee.

New Rochelle Y. C. Opening Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, May 23.

The New Rochelle Y. C. did all in its power to open the season with a successful race; and but for the calm weather the day would have been a most enjoyable one for the many members and guests at the new station. The club house (removed last year from Echo Island) has been enlarged and improved, and quite a fleet of yachts were anchored off it or fast to the floats. Among the former was the new Herreshoff 30-footer owned by Ralph N. Ellis, the first of the class seen about New York. The model is, from a passing view, better than the general appearance; the lines in the body of the boat are good, the after end shows up well, with better quarters than the older Herreshoff boats and more shape to the transom, but the bow has an ugly elbow that might just as well have been avoided by allowing a little more length on deck and getting rid of the short bowsprit, in knockabout fashion. The cabin house is particularly ugly and unshipshape, with its very high camber to the roof and its short sides. The rig is quite lofty as compared with the 21-footers.

The fleet of 15-footers included Question, Gnome, Hope, Willada, Two Step, Olita and Paprika, a new Huntington boat just completed for C. Sherman Hoyt, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. With the same full deckline forward and nearly parallel sides, she differs from Question and Hope in having a round bilge and a slight tumble home to the topsides. The transom is not rectangular, as in the others, but a sector of a circle, more like Olita. In appearance she is inferior to Question and Hope. She has a large rig, boom and gaff mainsail, and an oval cockpit of moderate size. She was sailed by her owner, with Mr. Huntington as crew. Imp was present, Mr. Clapham sailing her single-handed, but she made no preparation to start, the conditions calling for Corinthian helmsmen. Question met with an accident to her centerboard pendant, which her crew, after working industriously, one under water, was unable to repair; she did not cross the line, but sailed over the course. Two Step had the same poor mainsail, while Gnome had a handsome new sail of Union silk made by Wilson & Griffin, of the same shape as her Herreshoff sail.

Prizes were offered for larger classes, but the only entries were the cats Addie, Niamuck, Gracie and Twilight, the latter really a sloop. Owing to the very light wind at 2 P. M. from S.W., all were ordered over the course set by the 15-footers, from off Echo Bay, around the red buoy on Hen and Chickens, around the Middle Ground Buoy on Execution, and home, two rounds making 8½ miles. Before the race was started the club went into commission for the season, the signals being fired and colors set on the flagship Sasqua, Com. Henry Andrus. The Daimler launch Irma was on hand to carry the committee and others over the course.

The start was made according to the rules of the Y. R. U., the larger boats first:

Twilight.....	3 02 19	Niamuck.....	3 03 02
Addie.....	3 05 50		

The 15-footers went away from a single gun at 3:05:05, Two Step having a good place in the middle of the line, a little to leeward, but clear of all the others, and being first over, setting her balloon jib. Olita was second, then Paprika, Willada, Gnome and Hope. There was a mere breath of air in under Premium Point, though a breeze could be seen under Long Island shore and up Hempstead Bay. The fleet drifted very slowly, first one and then another forging ahead for the moment. At the end of the first hour the boats had not covered a mile; they rolled about in the light lop, their sails slatting, and in the quiet afternoon there was a continual and monotonous "slosh" from under the bows of most of them, echoed by a similar sound from Imp, following some distance in their wake.

Gnome finally turned the Hen and Chickens buoy at 4:14:02, and with balloon jib set started on a reach for the second mark. Hope was second, Olita third, Paprika fourth and Willada last, Two Step hauling down her jib and taking a line from her launch just before the buoy was reached. The wind headed and made a beat to Execution, but at a very slow rate, over an hour being wasted in sailing the ½ miles. Paprika took the lead in the windward work, and when near the buoy caught a light breeze from the south shore which sent her around and off for home at a good pace on a free reach. She was timed at 5:24:35, with Hope second, Olita, Gnome and Willada. All finished under spinakers after a good run home, the wind freshening. The roll was called at the end of the first round, 4¼ miles. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Paprika.....	3 05 05	5 49 10	2 44 05
Hope.....	3 05 05	5 51 40	2 46 35
Olita.....	3 05 05	5 52 15	2 47 10
Gnome.....	3 05 05	5 52 54	2 47 49
Willada.....	3 05 05	5 54 20	2 49 15
Two Step.....	3 05 05	Withdraw.	
Question.....	Did not start.		
Addie.....	3 05 50	5 50 29	2 44 39
Twilight.....	3 02 19	5 50 08	2 47 49
Niamuck.....	3 03 02	5 54 33	2 51 31

Paprika wins a silver loving cup and Hope a pair of marine glasses. Addie wins in the larger class. The race was excellently managed by the regatta committee, Messrs. C. P. Tower, W. N. Bavier, P. A. Mey-rowlitz, J. R. Thomas and A. P. Weston.

Ingomar.

It is always a pleasure to mention good work on the part of a builder, and such has been put into the new steel schooner Ingomar by the Lawley Co., of South Boston. The contract called for the completion of the yacht on May 15, and on the morning of the next day the owner, Mr. John D. Barrett, of New York, with his wife and two daughters, and the designer, Mr. H. C. Wintringham, boarded the yacht at Lawley's yard for the trial trip. This proved a complete success, the yacht working most satisfactorily in every respect; and after the sail party decided to spend the night on board instead of returning to their hotel. With the exception of some small changes in the joiner work the yacht was completed and ready for commission, except that her flags were not on board. The work throughout is of the best, and the yacht is an example of what may be accomplished by careful and systematic planning on the part of both designer and builder. When she was launched the mainmast was hanging at the sheerlegs, ready for stepping. It is also interesting to note that the leads of all sheets were laid down on the plans by Mr. Wintringham on the basis of similar work on Emerald and Shamrock, and on trial no alteration was required.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The handsome new house of the Milwaukee Y. C. was formally opened on May 16.

Mayita, steam yacht, designed and built by C. L. Seabury & Co. at Nyack, was launched on May 18 at 3 P. M. The yacht, which was built to the order of Louis Bossert, is 85ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 12ft. beam and 5ft. draft. She has a composite hull, double planked above the water and twin screws.

Avalon, schooner, built by Ambrose Martin for Herbert Foster Otis, of Nahant, was launched at East Boston on May 15. The yacht is a duplicate of the pilot boat Minerva, previously built by Martin; but the interior is arranged more in accordance with that of a yacht. She is 79ft. over all, 66ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, 9ft. hold and 10ft. 6in. draft.

The May meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 21, Com. Brown presiding. The following amendment to the classification in uniformity with that of the other large clubs was adopted: Amended rule 1, section 3, as follows: Class IV.—Not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length. Class V.—Not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class VI.—Not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class VII.—Not over 36ft. racing length. Another important amendment was laid over, that giving the right of representation to yachts of 10 tons and over, the present limit being 15 tons. The resignation of H. Maitland Kersey was read and accepted. The following members were elected: George Chesterman, Maximilian Agassiz, F. A. Watson, H. R. C. Watson, Henry Walters, Lieut. A. G. Winterhalter, U. S. N., F. A. Plummer, C. M. Pratt, Pembroke Jones, Nicholas Fish, W. L. Elkins, A. A. Low, Surgeon Philip Leach, U. S. N.; H. W. Cannon, Gerard Beekman, C. H. Dodge, F. T. Holder, C. W. Bailey, J. A. Stillman, R. F. Ballantine, John O. H. Pitney, John G. Heckscher, Miss S. D. F. Day (flag member), Alex. Herman, C. S. Braisted, W. N. Murray, J. W. Fellows and E. M. Lockwood. Rear-Admiral Erben has presented to the club a model of the old Frigate Potomac. The annual cruise will begin with a rendezvous on Aug. 3 at Glen Cove.

The first race of the season in British waters was that of the New Thames Y. C. on May 21, from the Lower Hope around the Mouse and return to Gravesend, 50 miles. Ailsa carried a single reef, while Satanita and Britannia carried full mainsails; all carrying jibheaders. The course was a reach in a fresh north wind, and Satanita, with the advantage of 10ft. more waterline, beat Ailsa and Britannia badly. In the 54ft. class Saint won, with Niagara second and Penitent third.

Alda, schr., F. Marion Crawford, sailed from New York on May 23 for the Mediterranean. This vessel is one of the wooden pilot boats, Ezra Nye, and was recently purchased by Mr. Crawford. No changes whatever have been made in her save the changing of the name to Alda. She has been painted and refitted and will be used as a yacht.

Actæa, schr., formerly a yacht, but for several years in the pilot service about New York, has been purchased through Capt. Howard Patterson by J. J. Phelps, who will use her for a yacht. She will be remodeled in the ends and completely refitted.

Valiant, centerboard cutter, formerly owned by Berriman Bros., of Chicago, has been sold to M. H. Rundell and S. B. Ford, of that city. Her mast will be moved aft and her mainsail slightly reduced.

Messrs. Tams & Lemoine have chartered the steam yacht Eleanor for W. E. Slater to R. F. Ballantine, and the sloop Perl to Theodore C. Zerega.

Puritan, centerboard cutter, is now being altered to a schooner at Lawley's yard, South Boston. She is still the property of J. Malcolm Forbes, who also owns Volunteer. It seems never to have occurred to anyone that Puritan could be converted into a most excellent cruiser by making her into a yawl by a comparatively small modification of her present cutter rig. She is still on the sale list.

A correspondent asks for the address of builders of the Delaware River ducker or ducking skiff; possibly some of our readers from about Philadelphia may be able to furnish the information.

We call attention to the advertisement on another page of the Thames Yacht Building Co., of which Mr. Linton Hope is managing director and designer. Mr. Hope has already sent out to this country several designs from which fast boats have been built. The presence of these boats with their fashions of American design adds materially to the excitement and interest of the races. The company is prepared to furnish the yachts complete, hull and rig, or the designs alone.

One of the most valuable additions to the materials for yachts is the wire rope manufactured by the Phosphor Bronze Smelting Co., of Philadelphia, whose advertisement appears elsewhere. This rope is as soft and flexible as manilla. It is used in the sizes from ¾in. to 1½in., on the 15 and 20-footers, for both standing and running rigging. It is suitable for all sizes of yachts and is particularly valuable for centerboard pendants, bobstays, etc., in places where the best galvanized steel wire soon perishes from corrosion or galvanic action.

The new steam yacht Maria, built to the order of Mr. N. B. Stewart, of Torquay and Wemyss Bay, from designs of Mr. G. L. Watson, was launched a few days ago by Messrs. Napier, Shanks & Bell, Glasgow. She has been built to replace the former Maria (now Rhouma), sold by Mr. Stewart to Mr. Bullough, of Accrington. The following are the dimensions of the new vessel: Length, 228ft.; breadth, 27ft. 8in.; depth, 19ft. 3in., and about 860 tons O. M. The internal arrangements of saloons and cabins are similar to those in the Rhouma and in her predecessor, May. She is schooner-rigged, with fore and aft sails, and square sails on the fore mast. The owner's suite of rooms is at the fore end of the dining saloon, each of the rooms being framed in light oak and paneled in bird's-eye maple, while the furniture is walnut. Aft are the drawing-room and staterooms, and they are fitted and furnished in similar style. The machinery is being supplied by Messrs. D. Rowan & Sons, and is of power to maintain a high rate of speed. The yacht was named by Mr. N. B. Stewart, Jr., in the presence of a large company.—*The Field*, May 9.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
Complete machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

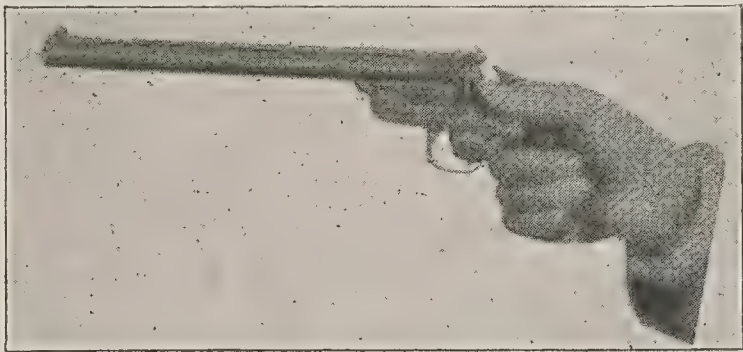
Rifle Range and Gallery.

SOME ELEMENTS OF REVOLVER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having noticed in FOREST AND STREAM several queries relative to sights and ammunition for target revolvers, I take the liberty of giving some information on the points in question.

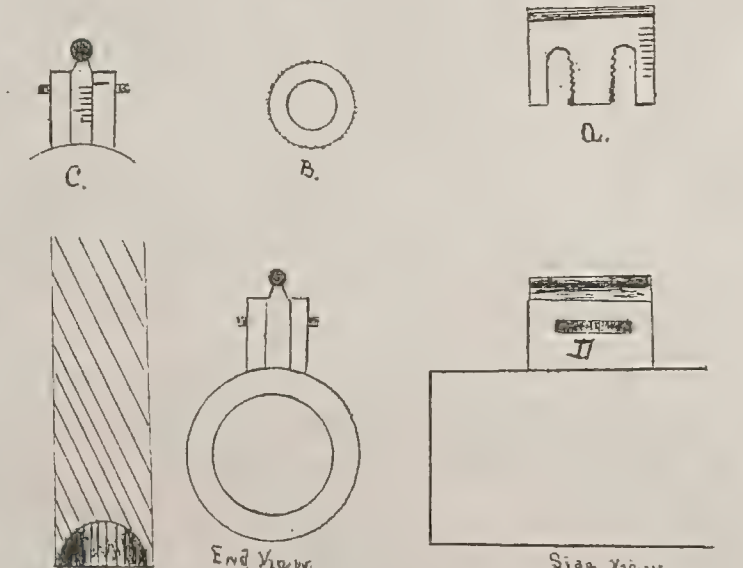
While all revolvers and cartridges are used more or less for target shooting, we generally understand the term target revolver to apply in particular to the S. & W. and



HOLDING.

Colt's, single action .44 frames, adapted to the .44 Russian model, .38-44 and .32-44 shells, using the various loads from gallery to full charges.

The Russian model cartridge, full charge, contains 23grs. of powder and a 256gr. bullet. It is capable of shooting series of ten consecutive shots into circles of 1¼ to 3¼in. in diameter at 50yds., 5 to 8in. in diameter at 100yds., 12 to 18in. in diameter at 200yds., when shot care-



SIGHTS AND SECTION OF LUBRICATING STICK.

fully from rest from S. & W. and Colt's revolvers having 6¼in. barrels.

The loads may be varied at pleasure for short ranges and light shooting.

The factory gallery loads are 7grs. of powder and 120gr. round and 110gr. conical bullets.

When fresh this ammunition will generally make the following ten-shot groups: From 1¼ to 1½in. circle at 20yds., from 1 to 2in. circle at 30yds.

The shooting of the 110gr. conical bullet is a little more regular of the two and gives fewer unaccountables.

Other excellent shoot range loads can be made up by using the Ideal shoot range bullets of 160 and 175grs. and from 10 to 15grs. of powder. With the lighter load of powder I prefer the 160gr. bullet, as it has a hollow base and "upsets" more easily than the flat base of 175grs. Using 10grs. of rifle cartridge powder No. 2 and the

160gr. bullet groups of twelve shots are usually gotten in circles from 1¼ to 1½in. in diameter at 30yds., from 2¼ to 3¼in. in diameter at 50yds.

In stating the sizes of these groups I use as data the best and poorest groups obtained in a very long series of experiments.

The .38-44 full charge contains 20 to 23grs. of powder and a bullet of 146grs.

It is not so regular a shooter by any means as the .44 or .32-44, principally, I think, because the charge fouls the barrel a good deal after the first six shots, and one or two of the remaining four are usually the cause of considerably enlarging the groups. I have always found the ten-shot groups much improved by cleaning the barrel after six shots, if the rules permit of so doing. It usually shoots into circles of six-shot groups from 1¼ to 2¼in. at 50yds., ten-shot groups from 2¼ to 4in. at 50yds., 6¼ to 12in. at 100yds., 16¼ to 25in. at 200yds.

A very good short-range charge is made up by using the 146gr. bullet and 15grs. of powder. This is cleaner than the preceding, and generally shoots into circles of 1¼ to 3in. at 50yds.

The .38-44 factory gallery cartridge contains 6grs. of powder and a round bullet of 70grs. It shoots groups of ten shots into circles of 1¼ to 1½in. at 20yds., groups of six shots into 1¼ to 1½in. at 20yds., groups of ten shots into 1¼ to 2in. at 30yds.

A very nice short-range charge can be made up by using from 9 to 12grs. of powder and the Ideal bullets of 100 to 110grs.

The .32 44 target cartridge contains 11grs. of powder and a bullet of 83grs. It is perhaps as popular as any target revolver, the recoil is light, accuracy good, and it does not foul the barrel badly.

It will usually shoot strings of ten shots into circles of 1¼ to 2in. at 30yds., 1¼ to 4in. at 50yds., 5 to 8in. at 100yds.

The gallery charge contains 4grs. of powder and a round bullet of 40grs. It shoots series of ten shots into circles of 1¼ to 1½in. at 20yds., 1 to 2in. at 30yds., 2¼ to 3in. at 50yds.

Sights.

The target sights on the .44 Russian model S. & W., as issued from the factory, are known as the Paine sights, and consist of a bead front sight and a rear, elevating, wind gauge sight, with semi-circular notch. The height of these sights as ordinarily issued is the correct elevation for gallery ammunition up to 30yds. or so.

The heavier the charge, the more the barrel is rotated upward, and consequently the full charge will be found to shoot much too high. When used with gallery sights one must have either a higher front sight or a lower rear sight.

The plain rear sight that comes on the barrel catch, and is lower than the target sight, will give the proper elevation to the full charge when used in conjunction with the regular gallery front sight. A better plan, however, is to have the revolver correctly sighted for the full charge at the factory—that is, have a high front sight put on, and then elevate the rear sight the necessary amount for the lighter charges, marking the elevations on the rear sight once for all.

The same revolver will not be sighted correctly for everyone, for the upward motion of the muzzle is due to the point of resistance, the hand, being below the application of the force of recoil; and since the resistance varies as one grips the revolver loosely or tightly, each shooter must arrange his sights to suit his style of holding or gripping the revolver.

The same remarks concerning the elevation of sights apply to the Colt revolvers. No elevating rear sight is furnished on the Colt, so you must have various heights of front sights which are easily interchanged. Mr. Lyman has recently brought out a very good elevating front sight for the Colt. Some years ago I designed an elevating front sight, and found it all that one could desire for a target revolver. It is shown in the cut. The screw hole in the sight slot is cut into a horizontal slit, D; into this is fitted the milled wheel B, which has threads cut on the inside; the sight A is then fitted to the slot, and screwed up and down at pleasure. I arranged mine so that the lowest elevation was suited to the lightest charge, the sight being elevated as the charges were increased—a scale being cut on front of sight, as shown in C.

The .38-44 S. & W. is usually issued sighted correctly for the full charge, and one must elevate the rear sight for the lighter charges.

The .32-44 revolver being heavy and the charges light, the regular target sights answer pretty well for both target and gallery charges.

Some Hints on Holding, etc.

The usual method of grasping the revolver is shown in the cut. Nearly all revolver shooters place the thumb in the position indicated when using light loads, but some prefer to drop the thumb a little lower, so it just touches the second finger when firing full charges, believing that they have a firmer grip and more control over the recoil.

The revolver should be held firmly, but not gripped so hard as to cause the muscles of wrist or forearm to tremble.

It is better to lower the pistol arm slowly than to raise it, as it produces less strain on the muscles. While aiming, the lungs should be filled with a moderately deep breath.

The hardest thing to learn in pistol shooting is to pull the trigger smoothly and evenly and have the hammer fall without any jerk. This can be acquired only by persistent practice.

If possible, get some old revolver and practice pulling and snapping it at a mark in your room for twenty minutes or so every day. You will find it a wonderful help in learning to pull quickly and evenly.

The pressure of the trigger should be perfectly steady and should be applied directly backward, being very careful that when the hammer falls the suddenly released pressure of the trigger finger is not transferred to the revolver, causing a movement at the instant of firing. This can be best averted by pulling the trigger with the forefinger alone, and not by a squeeze from the whole hand.

The trigger should pull off at a pressure of 2¼ or 3lbs., and the pull off must be perfectly smooth—nothing is so detrimental to good shooting as a "catchy" pull off. Stand firmly on both feet, with the feet slightly apart. One's position should be upright, but unconstrained and

comfortable; do not stand stiffly, so as to strain any particular muscles. No rule can be laid down as to position; some prefer to bend the arm slightly at the elbow, some to fully extend it; some face the target squarely, others stand with the right side toward the target, the majority adopting an intermediate position.

The left arm is let hang loosely by the side, or is placed behind the back or on the hip, as you prefer. Try all the positions and adopt the one you find easiest and least fatiguing. I am of the opinion that many beginners commence practice at too small a bullseye, which invariably tends to make one a slow shot. I should begin at nothing smaller than a 2in. bullseye at 12yds.

Some sight at 6 o'clock, or just under the bull, and others place the sight on the bull. I prefer the former, but it is a matter of individual taste. Do not practice too much with gallery loads. They are very pleasant to shoot and teach one to hold and pull off well, but too much indulgence in them certainly unfits one for the use of full charges and their heavier recoils. You will find a slightly checked wood stock better to hold than any smooth substance, such as rubber, ivory or pearl.

Reloading Gallery Ammunition.

As soon as possible after using a shell decap it, wash in very hot water and suds, rinse and dry by gentle heat, and recap.

Either the Smith & Wesson or Ideal tools with adjustable chambers may be used for reloading. For all gallery ammunition using round bullets I prefer Du Pont's special pistol powder FFF.B in charges before mentioned.

For the Ideal bullets (short range) I prefer Am. Powder Mills No. 2.

The bullets are usually cast of pure lead. The round bullet is set firmly on the powder and well lubricated. To lubricate use pure tallow, either cold or hot. To use cold, place a piece the size of a large kernel of corn in the mouth of the shell and with a stick, concave at end (as in cut), or the S. & W. bullet seater, spread it evenly around the bullet.

To use hot, melt the tallow in an oiling can, then taking the can (with a heavy leather or buckskin glove on the hand) drop the lubricant into the mouth of the shell until just the end of the bullet shows above the tallow. You will be able to shoot long strings of shots without cleaning with ammunition loaded and lubricated in this manner, as it will leave the barrel greasy instead of caking, like old factory ammunition.

Do not carry gallery ammunition loose in the pocket, where dirt and grit can get into the shell and afterward scratch your barrel inside when fired.

CHELAN.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 17.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. Our "veteran" Mr. Hasenzahl distinguished himself to-day by making a clean score of 94. In the team shoot to-day Capt. Gindele's team scored 2,072, Lieut. Payne's 2,141, the latter leading by 69 points.

*Gibson.									
3	2	5	3	5	6	3	5	7	5-44
5	4	4	3	4	2	9	3	2	5-41
Gindele.									
9	8	9	6	7	9	10	9	10	8-85
7	8	7	9	7	5	7	10	10	8-77
Weinheimer.									
8	9	10	10	7	9	6	8	4	8-81
19	5	7	4	8	9	6	5	9	10-73
Wellinger.									
8	9	9	7	6	6	10	7	9	7-78
6	7	4	9	8	5	10	7	9	9-75
Trounstein.									
10	10	4	9	5	7	6	5	10	6-72
6	4	4	6	5	8	3	9	8	9-62
Roberts.									
5	5	8	9	10	10	10	8	6	9-80
9	10	5	7	7	8	8	9	7	10-80
Hasenzahl.									
9	10	9	10	10	8	10	8	9	10-81
7	6	10	10	9	7	9	6	9	9-80
Frye.									
6	8	9	9	7	10	9	10	9	8-86
8	5	9	8	6	7	10	6	8	9-76
Topf.									
5	5	4	5	7	5	9	7	8	8-63
4	6	9	5	5	6	7	5	5	6-58
Lux.									
9	6	8	5	5	6	8	5	3	3-58
5	8	9	3	1	2	4	5	6	10-48
Dube.									
7	9	5	8	10	8	7	5	9	9-77
10	7	4	6	8	10	10	8	10	10-88
Hake.									
10	8	6	4	8	7	9	7	5	8-72
7	7	6	8	5	8	6	8	5	4-61
S. Rickmeier.									
7	7	6	7	5	6	6	7	9	6-66
9	7	5	7	8	7	5	6	5	3-62

* Military.

Hartford Rifle Club.

THE Hartford Rifle Club will hold a prize shoot on Decoration Day, May 30. The shoot will take place rain or shine. Shooting will be at the Columbia target, 200yds. range, open to all, any rifle.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 28-30.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station; Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

May 30.—OGDEN, Utah.—First annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club; \$300 in cash and prizes added. Open to the world. No handicap.

May 30.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Maplewood Gun Club.

May 30.—WHEELING, W. Va.—Tournament of the Wheeling Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Penn, Sec'y.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club; \$3,000 in merchandise prizes in State and open events; \$1,100 of cash added to purses. Experts eligible to first and second moneys only. C. S. Burkhardt, President.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—URBANA, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, for amateurs only. Targets. Frank L. Bills, Manager.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WORMSNOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

During the tournament of the Hazard Powder Company, at Cincinnati, O., last week, the local papers had a good deal to say about Heikes challenging Gilbert for the target championship. As a matter of fact, Heikes has not challenged Gilbert and will not do so until the summer is well over. It is perfectly possible, however, that Gilbert may receive a challenge from another shooter very shortly, in which case there should be a good match at Watson's Park, as Gilbert's probable opponent is a rattling good shot, and particularly good in individual matches.

Six of the members of the Green Ridge Gun Club challenge any six members of the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Gun Club to shoot three matches at 50 yard pigeons per man, from known traps and unknown angles, in this city, at dates to be agreed upon, for a championship gold trophy worth \$100. The trophy will be presented to the winning club by Scranton business men. Either club must win two matches out of three to become the owner of the trophy.

New York's State shoot, at Buffalo, June 8-13, will be a big affair. In the open sweeps the club sets the expert a big task to perform: in order to get in for any part of the purse, he will have to shoot into first or second place, or be out of it altogether. The merchandise events, open to residents of the State only, will certainly have a large entry list, as the prizes are many and of considerable value.

The New Jersey League contest for the month of May will be held at Maplewood on Saturday, May 30 (Decoration Day). The Maplewood Gun Club announces that hacks will meet trains on that day as follows: Leave New York at 8:30, 10:10 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:30 P. M.; leave Newark at 9:05, 10:43 and 11:43 A. M., and 2:03 P. M. A programme of events for all day has been arranged.

The programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Natchez, Miss., on June 3-4, has come to hand a trifle late for an extended notice. Briefly summarized, we can say that the programme for each day consists of eight 15-target events, \$2 entrance, and two 20-target events, \$2 50 entrance. The club adds \$5 to each purse in the 15-target events, \$7.50 to the purses in the 20-target events. The tournament is open to all and the Gaillard Sporting Club extends a cordial invitation to shooters to visit Natchez and enjoy a pleasant shoot.

In Paul Litke's account of the Joplin, Mo., shoot, he mentioned the fact that Milt Lindsley and Wanda had their guns stolen from the private car at Kansas City. The following is a description of the guns: Lefever ejector, fluid steel barrels, No. 23,389; L. C. Smith ejector, A1, No. 649. Wanda is much grieved over the loss of her pet gun.

Grand prize shoot! There will be a tournament held on the grounds of the Stonington, Conn., Gun Club, Saturday, May 30. Among the events will be one for a fine double-barrel breechloading shotgun, 10 targets, help mate, entrance 50 cents. Under the management of James T. Ames, New London, Conn.

Secretary Bills, of the Urbana, Ill., Gun Club, writes: We have changed dates on account of the number of our local shooters who want to attend the Republican National Convention. The new dates are June 9, 10 and 11.

Eddie Earl announces that he will hold a live-bird shoot at his grounds, Rahway avenue, Elizabeth, N. J., on Decoration Day.

The Hobart, Ind., Gun Club is making preparations for holding its tenth annual tournament.

EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 20.—The weekly prize shoot occurred as usual at the Boston Gun Club grounds at Wellington this afternoon. Like the poor, the wind seems to be always with us, and this was no exception to the rule, the burnt grains of nitro flying back into the shooter's eyes with exasperating regularity. However, three fair scores were entered for the prizes, and the different events were watched with as much interest and concern as if weather conditions had allowed of better percentages. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	4	10	10	15	10	10	5	10	10	15	10	10
Gordon	6	6	6	7	1	6	5	10	8	5	7	4	6	8
Miskay	8	5	9	7	3	9	9	8	8	3	6	4	7	5	12	6
Brown	7	6	7	7	1	8	8	5	3	5	8	3	5	4	9	6
Sheffield	7	5	9	7	4	6	..	9	4	3	9	3	5	4	7	..
Butler	6	5	7	2	0	8
Horace	..	3	8	5	..	7	2	1	4	5	..	1
Sears	3	10	9	2	9	2	4	6	7	..
Spencer	4	7	3	6	3	6	4
Williams	8	8	6	..	2	4	4
Parker	14	6
Nickols	5	6
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Boote	6	8	9	6	9	7	J	Tucker	..	8	5	10	6	..
Dr Miles	7	9	9	8	8	10	9	10	Gentry	..	7	6	9	7	..	8
Stuart	8	8	8	7	7	4	N	Colomb	..	6	4	5	6	..
Breaux	5	6	2	6	4	..	J	K Tucker	..	4	3	6	3	..
Mire	7	9	6	7	..	P	arrish	2
Morgan	7	7	7	6	F	Saxon	6
Dr Bringier	7	6	6	4	..	5	W	P. M., Jr.

Burnside Gun Club.

BURNSIDE, La., May 18. Following are the scores made by the members of the Burnside Gun Club at their regular weekly shoot. The wind which haunts our grounds so regularly was, as usual, ready for the boys, and the way the targets dipped and curved rather bothered the shooters:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Boote	6	8	9	6	9	7	J	Tucker	..	8	5	10	6	..	6
Dr Miles	7	9	9	8	8	10	9	10	Gentry	..	7	6	9	7	..	8	8
Stuart	8	8	8	7	7	4	N	Colomb	..	6	4	5	6	..	4
Breaux	5	6	2	6	4	..	J	K Tucker	..	4	3	6	3	..	4
Mire	7	9	6	7	..	P	arrish	2	..
Morgan	7	7	7	6	F	Saxon	6	..
Dr Bringier	7	6	6	4	..	5	W	P. M., Jr.

Lake Side Scores.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 21.—Practice shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, held at their grounds May 20. We had two members from the Cambridge (Vt.) Gun Club, and were very much pleased with our grounds. We think we have in our grounds one of the fastest in the country. The scores made were not large and were quite a disappointment to the shooters, but hope to do better when they get acquainted with the grounds.

No. 1, 20 singles, rapid fire: D Dupont, 0010000111011000110—9 Blue Rival, 10110111111111111110—17
E Lefever, 01101011100110011111—13 W Stone, 001100101110111000—10
Blue Rival, 10001010110010101010—10 *Beckom, 1000001100000111010—8
W S Phelps, 0100001110100100011—9

No. 2, 20 singles, unknown traps: Blue Ribbon, W. D. Dupont 6, W. S. Phelps 9, E. C. Lefever 8, Mr. Ellsworth, W. L. Stone 9, Blue Rival 6.
No. 3, 25 singles, rapid fire: E. C. Lefever 16, Blue Ribbon 13, D. Dupont 9, Blue Rival 9, W. S. Phelps 12, W. L. Stone 9.

No. 4, 10 pairs doubles: D. Dupont 10, Blue Ribbon 11, E. C. Lefever 14, Blue Rival 12, W. S. Phelps 9.

No. 5, 20 singles, rapid fire: Blue Ribbon 17, E. C. Lefever 7.

No. 6, 30 singles, rapid fire: L. Harding 16, Blue Ribbon 18, E. C. Lefever 17.

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club's Regular.

DEXTER PARK, May 19.—The day was a good one for shooting except for a heavy thunderstorm, which delayed the club shoot for a short time. The birds were fairly good

The Hazard Tournament.

WHAT WILL THE CROAKERS SAY NOW?

In the early summer of 1894 we were told that trap-shooting had reached its zenith so far as large tournaments were concerned. When 1895 came, and with it the highly successful circuit of Knoxville, Memphis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, etc., we were also told that the end of all things trap-shooting was right at hand, and that never again would we witness such gatherings in front of traps, whether bluerock or empire. We must confess that we too had our misgivings. We feared that the matter of tournament giving was being overdone, and it is not quite clear yet whether we were right or wrong. However that may be, we can now state positively that never before in the history of trap-shooting has there been such a three weeks as that which commenced on Monday, May 4, at Guttenberg, N. J., and ended at Cincinnati, O., on Friday evening, May 22.

The E. C. Powder Co.'s tournament at Guttenberg race track, inaugurating as it did the championship of the United States at inanimate targets, was an immense gathering of the pick of the target shooters of this country with but one or two exceptions; among the latter of course being Harvey McMurchy, who is just about "as good as they're made." The entry list, under the exceptional conditions of the programme laid down for that tournament, was extremely large and was most certainly a record in its way.

The Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club's tournament, which opened on May 11 and closed at 6 P. M. on May 16, was a worthy successor to the E. C. tournament. For a solid week of shooting it's hard to say when or where it has ever previously been beaten. It was a rattling big shoot.

Then came the Hazard Powder Co.'s tournament at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, Tuesday to Friday of last week, an event which has cast into the shade all gatherings of a like character where the conditions were in the slightest degree similar or on an equal footing. In comparing this tournament with others it must most surely be borne in mind that amateurs or novices were specially catered to; it was not merely a crackerjack's tournament. The management had carefully thought out the situation; it sprung a surprise on us all, and it proved to us most satisfactorily that it was entirely right in its premises.

THE MANAGEMENT.

In referring to the management as a body we may probably be misleading. As a matter of fact, the head, front, middle, in fact the management as a whole, was R. S. Waddell, the Hazard Powder Co.'s agent in Cincinnati, a man who in his own particular line is just as deserving of the title of Napoleon as was *le petit caporal* in his line. As promoter and manager of the Du Pont Powder Co.'s tournament last year, Bob Waddell earned a wreath of laurels that would perhaps have rested more comfortably on a head built like Tom Reed's or Cleveland's. With the new laurel boughs added to that wreath by reason of the recent Hazard tournament at Cincinnati, Mr. Waddell will learn that greatness even as a tournament organizer has its drawbacks.

The most beautiful thing about this tournament was the manner in which every point and every detail had been covered. Mr. Waddell had carefully thought out everything; his experience of one year ago stood him in good stead and he actually left nothing undone to perfect his arrangements. This is extremely high praise, and we are well aware that in making this statement we run the risk of being accused of "laying it on thick," to use an expressive phrase. But we are willing to take that risk, resting our case on the evidence of those shooters who attended last week's shoot at Cincinnati.

THE CASHIER'S OFFICE AND ITS STAFF.

In preparing for a shoot the most important positions to be filled are those that go to make up the staff of the cashier's department. If the cashier and his assistants get "balled up" (we beg pardon again, but a slang phrase just hits the mark) the whole shoot first languishes and then dies an early and unsavory death. All such danger was guarded against by Mr. Waddell, who appointed as cashier, or paymaster, E. C. McMurchy, and as assistant cashiers, or receiving tellers, L. J. Squier and A. O. Dick. In addition to the three gentlemen above named, G. Y. Foreman, cashier for Fred Waddell, the company's Southern agent at Chattanooga, Tenn., was appointed average clerk, press agent, etc., a post that we can vouch for he filled ably. With such a four-in-hand, and with plenty of elbow room for his team to work in, Manager Waddell had no reason to anticipate trouble in the cashier's office. The fact that the office was ready to pay on each event within a few minutes after the last squad in that event had finished its score is proof that the force was not only well organized, but capable.

Fred Waddell and Fisher (everybody called him Fisher, everybody knew him, and we did not like to expose our ignorance by asking his given name) were squad hustlers who would scarcely take time to eat. And squad hustling in the sultry atmosphere that occasionally made life at the shooting grounds scarcely worth having was no sinecure. By the way, one of the few pleasures that fall to a squad hustler's lot is to walk up and down the line of (say) three sets of traps, calling out some shooter's name; pass within a yard or two of him, and then, after the squad has been kept waiting for him, to have the culprit rise up and say, "Do you want me?"

ARRANGEMENT OF THE GROUNDS.

Three sets of bluerock traps were used. Paul North and Jack Parker being on hand to see that the traps kept the bluerocks flying. Both North and Parker had a snap, the traps and trappers conspiring to make the shoot a success as far as they were concerned.

The men at the score shot from under cover, while ample tents provided grateful shade for the waiting squads. The sheds that sheltered the shooters at the score were roofed with corrugated iron and were substantially built. The pulling apparatus at each set of traps was North's electric pulling apparatus, and it must be added that even this portion of the work of a tournament was as good as we ever saw it. Was it luck or was it simply the result of forethought? The referee's task was lightened by doing away with the necessity of his having to use his voice. At his right hand was a box with seven electric buttons; two of these buttons connected with a buzzer and a bell at the scorer's table; a buzz represented a break; a ring signified a loss. While the buzz was not always audible to the shooter, the ring seldom failed to catch his ear. The other five buttons connected the referee with the five trappers respectively. When No. 1 failed to go, or when a target broke on leaving the trap, the referee pushed No. 1's button and aroused him to a sense of his wrongdoing. When No. 1 was ready again, he (No. 1) pressed a button beside his trap and signified by a ring at the referee's box that all was ready again. Thus trappers and referees could communicate without a lot of unnecessary shouting. How great a comfort this system was to all concerned can only be understood and appreciated by actual experience.

THE CHECKROOM SYSTEM.

One of the greatest comforts to shooters was the checkroom for coats, hats, etc. The proprietor of the Hotel Emery sent his own man and his own checks down to the grounds and one portion of the club house was set aside as a checkroom. Guns could be left there over night, checked and safe, with watchmen in charge to see that thieves did not get in their fine work. It was a great scheme and one that should be made a note of. The creature comforts department was also all that could be desired.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

It can scarcely be said that the weather was perfect. It was hot enough, but the humidity in the air made it very oppressive, while thunderstorms at times rendered it decidedly pleasant to be under cover. The dull sky that very generally prevailed during the shoot made it hard to see the targets at times and the scores in consequence took a tumble. At other times the deep blue of the sky and surrounding hills, with a bright sun at the shooter's back, made the yellow rings on the targets show up in the very best of shapes.

PREPARATION DAY, MAY 19.

The programme announced that on May 19, Preparation Day, as it was called, two sets of traps would be ready for use at 9 A. M. On the A set sweeps at 15 targets, unknown angles, \$1 entrance, targets included at 2 cents, were to be shot. At the B traps anybody could shoot on paying the price of the targets; at this set it was known traps and angles. That the shooters showed up in force is evidenced by the following table, which gives the total scores and averages of all taking part in the A trap events:

Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Glover.....	90	80	Marshall.....	150	115
Budd.....	45	41	U M C.....	30	23
Parmelee.....	30	27	Young.....	75	58
Easton.....	105	94	Burton.....	60	48
Gilbert.....	135	121	Parker.....	150	114
Wheeler.....	135	120	Cowan.....	150	112
Leroy.....	75	66	Desmond.....	120	90
Spross.....	75	65	Frank.....	75	66
Grimm.....	45	39	Marks.....	125	101
Loomis.....	45	39	Norton.....	45	34
Redwing.....	75	65	Penn.....	90	78
Alkire.....	30	26	Scott.....	105	78
Fulford.....	90	78	Ford.....	90	66
Powers.....	30	26	Pooler.....	30	22
Upson.....	135	117	George.....	75	58
Merrill.....	90	76	Goodman.....	135	98
Rattle.....	150	126	Tait.....	105	76
Raymond.....	75	63	Campbell.....	60	63
Edwards.....	120	100	Hallowell.....	150	104
Frimble.....	120	100	Stipp.....	75	52

Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey.....	60	49	North.....	45	31
Wirt.....	90	74	Bob.....	75	51
Mead.....	75	60	McCormick.....	90	61
Sharp.....	45	36	Ware.....	60	41
Rip.....	120	95	Reif.....	30	20
Waddell.....	75	59	Mackie.....	60	39
Porterfield.....	150	117	Collins.....	150	96
West.....	135	106	King.....	30	13

In addition to the above 56 shooters, 11 others shot in a single event, making scores as follows: Critzer 14, Taylor 10, Hartsfield 6, Foy 10, Wanda 4, Slow 10, Stone 10, Willie 7, Robbins 14, Beck 8 and Peters 13. This makes a total of 67 shooters on the grounds for practice work; there may also have been a few other shooters present who did not take part in the sweeps, but who may have shot practice birds at the B traps, where no record was kept of the scores made. Altogether it was a most auspicious preliminary day's work. Sim Glover's work is well worth noting, and it may be added that he made two straight scores of 15 each and four scores of 14.

FIRST DAY, MAY 20.

The programme for to-day, as on each of the two succeeding days, was composed as follows: Nos. 1, 4, 6 and 8, 15 targets, \$2, \$30 added; Nos. 2, 7 and 9, 20 targets, \$2.50, \$40 added; Nos. 3 and 5, 25 targets, \$3, \$55 added. Nos. 3 and 5 were the Hazard prize events referred to later on.

A perusal of the accompanying table of scores tells the tale of to-day's work. Class A men shooting at known traps, but unknown angles; Class B at known traps and angles. The number of entries will be touched upon later; it is sufficient to state that No. 1 had 134 entries, No. 2 193, and No. 4 128. Owing to the number of entries No. 9 was not shot off to-day. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	25	15	25	15	20	15	20			
Redwing.....	13	19	24	14	23	15	18	14	19	170	158	92.9
Heikes.....	13	17	25	14	23	14	20	13	18	170	157	92.3
Parmelee.....	13	17	22	14	23	14	20	15	19	170	157	92.3
Budd.....	14	18	24	13	23	13	18	13	20	170	156	91.7
Glover.....	14	16	22	15	23	14	17	14	19	170	153	90
Grimm.....	13	17	23	12	25	15	19	13	16	170	153	90
McDonald.....	14	18	22	13	23	14	18	13	18	170	153	90
Easton.....	13	18	23	15	23	13	17	14	17	170	152	89.4
Dickey.....	11	17	21	13	24	15	18	14	18	170	151	88.8
Fulford.....	12	19	22	12	22	14	17	15	18	170	151	88.8
Shorty.....	18	20	14	25	11	18	13	18		155	137	88.3
Gilbert.....	10	19	23	15	20	13	18	14	18	170	150	88.2
Wheeler.....	14	19	23	15	20	14	17	11	18	170	150	88.2
Raymond.....	14	19	24	13	21	12	16	14		150	132	85
Gay.....	13	18	14	25	15	14	14	18		170	149	87.6
Partington.....	12	19	21	15	21	10	11	18		135	116	86.6
Leroy.....	12	12	25	14	23	15	15	17		170	147	86.4
Young.....	14	16	23	14	22	11	17	11	19	170	147	86.4
Loomis.....	13	18	23	13	19	13	16	17		170	144	84.7
Gambell.....	13	18	24	10	24	14	18	12	14	170	143	84.1
Hill.....	10	14	23	12	23	13	16	15	18	170	143	84.1
Merrill.....	10	15	22	12	23	13	16	15	18	170	143	84.1
Powers.....	13	16	22	13	21	13	15	12	18	170	143	84.1
Ballard.....	12	15	20	15	21	12	17	17		155	129	83.2
Alkire.....	13	19	22	12	22	10	12	14	17	170	141	82.9
George.....	13	18	21	10	21	14	17	11	16	170	141	82.9
Upson.....	13	16	23	13	18	10	19	14	16	170	141	82.9
Legler.....	13	15	22	12	22	14	15	10	17	170	140	82.3
Trimble.....	12	17	20	11	23	15	16	12	14	170	140	82.3
Keller.....	10	10	20	15	10	10	10	10		55	45	81.8
Parker.....	11	11	21	12	24	13	16	14	15	170	137	80.5
Rattle.....	9	17	22	12	15	11	13	13	19	170	136	80
Dando.....	12	18	21	11	21	10	14	11		135	107	79.2
Marshall.....	12	14	22	10	20	12	15	11	17	170	133	78.2
Meaders.....	12	13	19	13	20	15	14	12	14	170	132	77.6
Critzer.....	9	15	20	14	23	11	13	9	16	170	130	76.4
Rike.....	10	17	21	12	21	12	10	13	14	170	129	75.8
Spross.....	12	10	23	13	16	11	17	11	16	170	129	75.8
Woodworth.....	9	14	21	12	18	13	16	13	13	170	129	75.8
Porterfield.....	11	13	16	12	18	12	15	13	18	170	128	75.2
Scott.....	12	18	14	10	20	11	16	13	14	170	128	75.2
North.....	11	14	20	10	10	10	10	10		60	45	75
O W Thomas.....	11	15	13	13	9	9	9	9		125	90	72
Desmond.....	12	14	20	11	17	12	12	9		150	107	71.3
Livinguth.....	10	13	19	11	18	10	10	10		100	71	71
Waddell.....	10	17	18	12	16	10	12	11	14	170	120	70.5
Lyons.....	10	13	18	12	18	10	14	10		135	95	70.3
Taylor.....	13	17	10	10	10	10	10	10		45	30	66.6
McCormick.....	15	17	11	13	10	10	10	10		85	56	65.8
Hallowell.....	6	11	18	10	18	10	10	12	15	170	110	64.7

Class B.

Meade.....	12	17	23	12	22	10	17	13	16	155	132	85
West.....	13	15	20	13	21	12	18	13	17	170	142	83.5
Vail.....	12	19	22	14	24	5	10	10		115	96	83.4
Weaver.....	12	15	20	13	24	12	17	12		150	125	83.3
Flick.....	10	17	19	11	22	14	20	12	16	170	141	82.9
Wright.....	15	16	20	13	18	13	17	10	18	170	140	82.3
Ward.....	13	16	20	10	22	13	15	13		150	122	81.3
Decatur.....	12	14	21	10	15	16	11	11		110	69	80.9
Church.....	15	21	13	21	10	17	10	17		120	97	80.8
Cooper.....	12	17	21	12	20	9	19	11		150	121	80.6
Burton.....	11	17	20	12	23	9	18	13	14	170	137	80.5
Bush.....	13	13	23	11	21	12	20	10	13	170	136	80
Darke.....	14	18	18	12	19	10	17	10		135	108	80
Shattuck.....	12	16	10	14	23	14	12	14		145	110	80
Beck.....	10	12	23	12	19	11	17	13	18	170	135	79.4
Houston.....	13	15	20	13	17	13	15	17		155	123	79.3
Ripp.....	14	17	10	10	20	10	13	16		130	103	79.2
Edwards.....	13	19	16	12	21	11	16	10	16	170	134	78.8
Buckley.....	13	15	18	14	10	12	16	10		125	98	78.4
Steinman.....	14	12	10	21	10	10	10	10		60	47	78.3
Hutch.....	11	17	22	10	11	15	10	10		110	66	78.1
Reif.....	8	17	23	12	19	12	13	13	15	170	132	77.6
Knox.....	12	13	10	12	20	10	10	10		90	69	76.6
Goodman.....	12	16	18	10	22	12	14	9	17	170	130	76.4
Fisher.....	13	16	21	11	12	12	10	11		110	84	76.3
Walker.....	10	14	19	12	12	10	17	10		110	84	76.3
Thompson.....	11	16	16	12	21	10	10	10		100	76	76
Jack.....	9	14	21	11	20	10	16	10		120	91	75.8
Stripp.....	14	17	16	11	16	12	18	12	13	170	129	75.8
Link.....	13	13	13	10	10	15	10	10		85	64	75.3
Robbins.....	12	14	16	11	22	13	16	12		150	112	75.3
Pooler.....	14	15	17	12	17	12	16	9	16	170	128	75.2
Peters.....	9	15	19	12	12	10	10	10		90	67	74.4
Franks.....	13	16	22	10	20	9	15	9	12	170	126	74.1
Cowen.....	12	16	21	13	17	9	14	11	13	170	126	74.1
Tom.....	9	17	11	10	10	10	10	10		50	37	74
Ford.....	12	12	18	11	10	10	10	17		95	70	73.6
Robinson.....	11	16	20	8	18	13	13	11		150	110	73.3
Tait.....	11	12	22	10	10	10	10	10		75	55	73.2
Bob.....	10	14	11	23	8	16	12	10		115	84	73
Long.....	15	16	16	9	17	11	10	10		115	84	73
Penn.....	11	15	16	10	19	9	12	14	18	170	124	72.9
Coyle.....	15	15	9	10	10	10	16	10		55	40	72.7
Larck.....	12	18	16	11	10	10	12	10		95	69	72.6
Baldheim.....	13	13	13	13	20	10	10	10		100	72	72
Peterman.....	10	16	16	12	10	10	10	10		75	54	72
Slow.....	13	15	15	10	18	11	15	10		135	97	71.8
Vare.....	11	15	17	10	10	10	10	10		60	43	71.6
Judge.....	11	14	10	10	10	10	10	10		85	25	71.4
W Clay.....	8	15	16	13	17	13	15	10		150	107	71.3
Straxton.....	11	14	10	11	17	10	10	10		75	53	70.6
Jacoby.....	11	14	19	9	10	10	10	10		75	53	70.6
Griffith.....	11	18	10	10	18	10	12	5	19	145	103	70.1
Filler.....	13	15	19	10	13	10	10	10		100	70	70
R H Smith.....	15	12	17	13	20	9	13	10		120	84	70
Willey.....	11	11	20	10	10	10	10	10		60	42	70
Norton.....	14	15	18	9	17	7	10	14		135	94	69.6
Genour.....	11	17	20	10	16	13	9	8	10	150	104	69.3
H.....	14	17	10	10	10	10	10	10		45	31	68.8
M C.....	12	11	15	11	13	13	17	11	10	150	113	68.6
Vanda.....	10	10	10	10	10	14	10	10		35	24	68.5
Wirt.....	10	21	12	24	14	18	13	10		115	103	68
Cherry.....	11	13	17	12	8	10	10	10		90	61	67.7
Sogardus.....	8	12	20	8	19	10	10	10		115	77	67.9
Lindsley.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		30	20	66.6
Prodbeck.....	14	17	9	10	12	10	10	10		60	40	66.6
Knorr.....	9	13	14	10	10	10	10	10		80	53	66.2
Carnest.....	8	16	16	10	10	10	10	10		75	49	65.2
Burnell.....	10	12	17	9	10	10	10	10		75	48	64
H Clay.....	6	12	18	10	13	13	14	9	10	150	95	63.3
Hilchrist.....	11	14	16	8	11	9	10	10		110	69	62.7
arks.....	9	13	17	6	10	10	10	10		75	47	62.6
K.....	7	12	6	10	12	13	10	10		80	50	62.5
oy.....	12	8	11	10	12	10	10	10		70	43	61.4
Jackie.....	9	12	18	10	14	9	12	8	10	170	104	61.1
harp.....	10	12	14	10	10	15	7	10		95	58	61
hops.....	9	8	15	9	18	11	12	9	10	150	91	60.6
eyer.....	10	16	11	10	8	10	10	10		75	45	60

single target in each of the other seven events. Following is a table of the

SCORES OF MAY 22.																
Class A.																
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9							
Targets:	15	20	25	15	25	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.				
Gilbert.....	14	19	24	14	24	15	20	14	19	170	163	95.8				
Budd.....	13	16	25	13	25	14	18	13	19	170	156	91.7				
Dickey.....	15	18	20	13	23	14	19	15	19	170	156	91.7				
Heikes.....	12	18	24	14	25	14	19	15	15	170	156	91.7				
Flick.....	13	17	25	14	..	13	15	15	19	145	181	90.3				
Glover.....	15	16	19	15	23	15	19	14	17	170	153	90				
Redwing.....	12	17	25	12	24	14	18	14	17	170	153	90				
Shorty.....	13	17	23	13	23	14	17	15	18	170	153	90				
Trimble.....	10	18	24	14	22	15	19	14	17	170	153	90				
Gay.....	15	17	22	13	23	14	19	11	18	170	152	89.4				
Parmelee.....	12	18	19	14	21	15	19	15	19	170	152	89.4				
Rattle.....	15	17	24	14	21	14	18	12	17	170	152	89.4				
Mead.....	..	17	22	..	23	70	62	88.5				
Merrill.....	14	19	20	14	23	13	18	13	16	170	150	88.2				
Wheeler.....	13	18	23	13	22	13	18	13	17	170	150	88.2				
Fulford.....	12	20	24	13	21	14	15	15	15	149	87.6					
Grimm.....	12	19	22	14	22	13	17	14	16	170	149	87.6				
Young.....	14	18	24	12	21	12	17	14	17	170	149	87.6				
McDonald.....	12	19	23	13	20	11	19	13	18	170	148	87				
Meaders.....	12	18	22	11	22	11	20	13	19	170	148	87				
Woodworth.....	11	17	23	13	24	12	18	13	17	170	148	87				
Wright.....	11	20	19	13	..	15	17	11	18	145	124	86.8				
Easton.....	14	19	20	10	20	14	18	15	17	170	147	86.4				
Alkire.....	13	18	23	13	23	9	18	15	14	170	146	85.8				
Vail.....	14	17	20	12	21	12	18	13	19	170	146	85.8				
Loomis.....	11	17	21	15	24	11	17	12	17	170	145	85.2				
Rike.....	12	15	22	14	22	15	17	14	14	170	145	85.2				
Upson.....	14	15	12	15	24	14	18	14	19	170	145	85.2				
Parker.....	12	18	22	14	19	14	16	13	16	170	144	84.7				
Powers.....	12	16	17	13	23	14	18	12	17	170	142	83.5				
Legler.....	14	16	23	14	19	14	17	12	12	170	141	82.9				
Leroy.....	11	18	23	12	22	12	18	10	15	170	141	82.9				
Norton.....	11	16	21	11	23	14	19	11	15	170	141	82.9				
Marshall.....	14	15	20	13	23	13	16	9	18	170	140	82.3				
Raymond.....	12	17	24	13	18	14	14	12	17	170	140	82.3				
Wirt.....	12	16	21	15	20	14	12	13	17	170	140	82.3				
Lindsley.....	70	57	81.4				
Porterfield.....	12	13	20	15	20	12	16	12	17	170	137	80.5				
U. M. C.....	13	17	20	12	20	10	15	12	..	150	119	79.2				
Cowen.....	70	55	78.5				
Gambell.....	13	16	18	13	20	12	15	11	14	170	132	77.6				
West.....	10	16	20	9	19	10	18	11	19	170	132	77.6				
Waddell.....	12	16	19	13	21	9	14	11	15	170	130	76.4				
Desmond.....	13	16	13	13	21	12	12	9	17	170	127	74.7				
Hallowell.....	13	16	18	13	20	12	15	11	14	170	127	74.7				
Scott.....	8	11	18	12	19	10	14	9	14	170	126	74.1				
Bob.....	90	66	74				
Hill.....	10	13	18	6	18	11	18	14	13	170	121	71.1				
Collins.....	8	11	18	12	19	10	14	9	14	170	115	67.6				
Mackie.....	11	12	16	9	22	..	10	120	80	66.6				
Cherry.....	10	14	8	65	43	66.1				

Class B.																
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9							
Targets:	15	20	25	15	25	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.				
Edwards.....	..	18	24	13	23	12	14	12	19	155	135	87				
Bogardus.....	12	15	..	12	45	39	86.6				
Bush.....	12	17	20	13	21	10	17	14	19	170	143	84.1				
Weaver.....	13	16	22	15	20	13	16	12	16	170	143	84.1				
Ballard.....	13	18	22	10	17	14	17	13	15	170	139	81.7				
Burton.....	12	13	21	14	20	12	18	11	18	170	139	81.7				
Phelps.....	12	15	23	9	20	11	17	13	18	170	138	81.7				
Miller.....	14	35	28	80				
Lyons.....	11	12	22	11	21	14	16	14	14	170	135	79.4				
Pooler.....	12	16	22	12	19	15	13	9	16	170	134	78.8				
Steinman.....	12	15	35	27	77.1				
Ward.....	13	17	17	10	19	11	16	13	15	170	131	77				
Shattuck.....	12	15	18	9	..	13	15	11	17	145	110	75.8				
Settles.....	10	16	17	12	19	12	16	11	15	170	128	75.2				
T. H. Clay.....	11	13	15	9	17	12	17	13	15	170	122	71.7				
Frank.....	12	13	35	25	71.4				
Goodman.....	11	13	15	9	17	13	15	12	16	170	121	71.1				
Rip.....	13	12	9	65	46	70.7				
Peterman.....	9	12	18	14	..	8	90	61	67.8				
Stuart.....	11	7	8	15	..	70	41	58.5				
King.....	6	13	35	19	54.2				
Wood.....	8	8	30	14	46.6				

The above tables show that 73 shooters took part in two or more events on the last day of the tournament. Of that number 51 shot throughout in class A; of the remaining 22 some shot an event or so at the A traps, but made the majority of their scores at the B traps. Seven other shooters took part in a single event, but in only one instance did any of them "shoot in" for money: North and Dean shot in No. 1; Stipp in No. 3; Volland and Du Bray in No. 6; A. M. Field (who took part of third money) in No. 8, and J. B. in No. 9.

A REMARKABLE LIST OF ENTRIES.

It has become so common a thing for records in sporting events in this country to be smashed that the phrase "record-breaking" has become almost wearisome. Hackneyed as the phrase may be, we will have to use it when noting the list of entries in each day's events at the Hazard tournament. It might be better, perhaps, to say that the list of entries establishes a new record for tournaments conducted on the plan fathered, we believe, by R. S. Waddell, the company's able representative on the banks of the Ohio. Amateurs, as told elsewhere, did not meet the experts on equal terms, but were in receipt of a handicap that gave them at least a run for their money. That they appreciated this fact is proved by the way the entries kept up during the shoot. Event No. 8 in the first day's programme was held over until the morning of the second day on account of darkness, while there were several withdrawals from No. 8 on the same day for like cause. An almost exactly similar state of affairs existed at sundown on the second day, the dropping off in the entry lists in both Nos. 8 and 9 being distinctly traceable to these causes, and not to any failure on the part of shooters to enter in either event. As it was the following figures speak very forcibly:

First day: No. 1, 134 entries; No. 2, 183; No. 3, 117; No. 4, 128; No. 5, 102; No. 6, 108; No. 7, 93; No. 8, 81; No. 9, 73. Total, 969—average for the 9 events of 107.6.
Second day: No. 1, 105; No. 2, 100; No. 3, 80; No. 4, 106; No. 5, 89; No. 6, 86; No. 7, 86; No. 8, 67; No. 9, 62. Total, 783—average of 86.8 for the 9 events.
Third day: No. 1, 68; No. 2, 66; No. 3, 62; No. 4, 64; No. 5, 59; No. 6, 69; No. 7, 64; No. 8, 64; No. 9, 61. Total, 577—average of 64.1 for the 9 events.

The above figures give a general average for the entire three days of 86.2 in each of the 27 programme events.

PAUL NORTH WAS SATISFIED.

For once Paul North was satisfied; he had no kick coming, he said, and didn't want the boots offered by the management "for the most accomplished kicker." (N. B.—The management had no chance to donate the aforesaid boots—there were no kickers, so far as could be ascertained.)

To return

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

POLICE REVOLVER PRACTICE.

In view of an approaching parade of the police department of New York city, the Board of Police Commissioners about two months ago ordered the discontinuance of pistol practice by the force. This practice, which had been taken up some months before in response to a suggestion by the FOREST AND STREAM, had been carried on far enough to permit each man on the force to shoot the fifteen shots of a first series at the target, and a second series had been begun and carried on through one-third of the force. The results of this pistol practice were published in FOREST AND STREAM and were very interesting. They showed very clearly that when the practice began the New York police force knew little or nothing about shooting the revolver. But during the progress of the practice it was made very evident that the men of the force could readily learn how to use the arm, for the platoons which shot last in the public practice all did vastly better work than those which had shot first, and some of them showed a degree of improvement approximating 100 per cent., a result due, no doubt, to private practice as well as to the efficient coaching they had received.

Now that the parade is over it is greatly to be desired that the pistol practice should be resumed without loss of time. We understand that there is more or less opposition to this among the uniformed force, and especially by some of the sergeants, who take the ground that the men will soon be away on their vacations, and thus in part be absent when the practice is being carried on, while at the same time the force will be weakened by such absences. These reasons are not valid ones for the postponing of the revolver practice. The men who will be absent will never be more than two or three to a platoon, and they can be assigned to shoot with some other platoon before or after their vacations.

If pistol practice be postponed until the autumn, another cause will come up to put it off still further. The elections which will come in November will be preceded by several weeks during which the police force will be busily employed in overseeing the proper registration of voters in this city, and at that time pistol practice will be impossible. If, therefore, the months of June, July, August and September are not utilized for a continuance of this instruction, it must go over to the winter, and that means that nearly a year will have intervened between the effort to find out what the men can do and the commencement of their practical instruction in the use of their firearms. In the months that will have elapsed all the good done by the preliminary practice will have been lost, and much of the interest now felt by the men in revolver shooting will have died away. The work will have to be begun anew from the foundation.

The New York police force has for many years been called the "finest," and this term has sometimes been used in jest, but as a matter of fact it is the finest force of police in the world. Its members are intelligent and quick to take instruction, and there is no reason why, if this matter of pistol practice be properly followed up, they should not become a body of picked marksmen, who will far excel any like force of men anywhere. It is greatly to be hoped that the Police Commissioners will follow this matter up. Few things that they can do will have a greater tendency to foster that *esprit de corps* which is so important a factor in the improvement of the uniformed force.

INDIAN HUNTING RIGHTS.

SOUTH of the Yellowstone Park, near the border line between Wyoming and Idaho, lies the valley which is known as Jackson's Hole. It is a valley walled in on the east by hills rising to high mountains, which separate the waters flowing into Snake River from those flowing into Wind River and so into the Missouri. At the head of the Hole is Jackson's Lake, a broad and beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by wide hay meadows, and shadowed on the west by the towering summits of the Teton Range. From here southward the Snake River flows down the valley between the sage brush covered flood plains, above which rise the rolling pine-clad foothills toward the towering peaks above. A few miles below the lake the Gros Ventre fork flows into Snake River, which soon after turns west, and flowing through the mountains that have shut it in leaves the Hole.

Twenty years ago Jackson's Hole was a mysterious hunting ground, where game and fur were reputed to be more abundant than anywhere else on this continent. On three sides walled in by stupendous mountains and on the fourth protected by a country that had then been visited by very few people, there was about this valley that flavor of fable and romance which always attaches to regions distant, difficult of access, little known. And indeed the Hole deserved its reputation. There, when first we saw it, roamed deer, elk, antelope and moose, if not in countless herds, at least in such numbers that a very ordinary hunter might kill all he wished to; in the hills were found buffalo, and not far off sheep, while dams of the beaver blocked every stream.

All this was long ago, but there are still elk and deer in these hills, and they are the attraction which each year call to Jackson's Hole and the mountains about it people from far and from near, men with red skins and white.

In Idaho, southwest of Jackson's Hole, lies the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, where the Bannocks, a tribe of Indians belonging to the Shoshone family, have their reservation. When in 1868 these Indians made a treaty with the United States Government ceding the territory which they had always claimed and retaining only the small reservations at Fort Hall and at Lemhi, it was solemnly covenanted and agreed between the Bannocks and the Government that the Indians should have the right to hunt upon the ceded territory so long as these remained unoccupied lands of the United States, and there was peace between the tribe and the Government. This right the Indians have enjoyed for nearly thirty years. Gradually, however, settlers began to come into the country, and as it was still a good game country they hunted there, killing the elk and deer for their hides, running down elk in the winter snows, and capturing them alive to sell to owners of preserves, and above all, getting parties of Eastern tourists to come out and hunt them. All this was more or less profitable, and to these settlers it seemed a very bitter thing that the Indians should visit this country in accordance with their claimed treaty rights and butcher—as they did—this game. So the settlers were oppressed with a great fear lest our noble big game should be destroyed, and the Indian became an abomination in their eyes; and the State of Wyoming having enacted game laws, which the Indians did not know, and regarded no more than the white settlers, these settlers last summer set upon a hunting party of Bannocks and first captured it, and then killed a woman and two or three babies and wounded an old blind man.

Subsequently the authorities of the State prepared a case for testing in the courts the question of Indian hunting rights. This was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the whole subject has been reviewed and a decision has just been returned, written by Justice White, denying the claims of the Bannocks under their treaty to the possession of hunting privileges in contravention of State statutes.

This finding is of such importance that through our special representative in Washington we have secured an advance copy of the full text, which here follows:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

John H. Ward, Sheriff of the }
County of Uinta, in the State }
of Wyoming, Appellant, }
vs. }
Race Horse. }

Appeal from the Circuit Court of
the United States for the Dis-
trict of Wyoming.

[May 25, 1896.]

This appeal was taken from an order of the court below, rendered in a *habeas corpus* proceeding, discharging the appellee from custody. (70 Fed. Rep. 598.) The petition for the writ based the right to the relief, which it prayed and which the court below granted, on the ground that the detention complained of was in violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and in disregard of a right arising from and guaranteed by a treaty made by the United States with the Bannock Indians. Because of these grounds the jurisdiction below existed, and the right to review here obtains. (Revised Statutes, § 753; Act of March 3, 1891, 36 Stat. 826.) The record shows the following material facts: The appellee, the plaintiff below, was a member of the Bannock tribe of Indians, retaining his tribal relations and residing with it in the Fort Hall Indian reservation. This reservation was created by the United States in compliance with a treaty entered into between the United States and the Eastern band of Shoshonees and the Bannock tribe of Indians,

which took effect Feb. 24, 1869. (15 Stat. 673.) Article 2 of this treaty, besides setting apart a reservation for the use of the Shoshonees, provided:

"It is agreed that whenever the Bannocks desire a reservation to be set apart for their use, or whenever the President of the United States shall deem it advisable for them to be put upon a reservation, he shall cause a suitable one to be selected for them in their present country, which shall embrace reasonable portions of the 'Port Neuf' and 'Kansas Prairie' countries."

In pursuance of the foregoing stipulation, the Fort Hall Indian reservation was set apart for the use of the Bannock tribe. Article 4 of the treaty provides as follows:

"The Indians herein named agree, when the agency house and other buildings shall be constructed on their reservations named, they will make said reservations their permanent home, and they will make no permanent settlement elsewhere; but they shall have the right to hunt upon the unoccupied lands of the United States so long as game may be found thereon, and so long as peace subsists among the whites and Indians on the borders of the hunting districts."

In July, 1868, an act had been passed erecting a temporary government for the Territory of Wyoming (15 Stat. 178), and in this act it was provided as follows:

"That nothing in this act shall be construed to impair the rights of persons or property now pertaining to the Indians in said Territory, so long as such rights shall remain unextinguished by treaty between the United States and such Indians."

Wyoming was admitted into the Union on July 10, 1890. (26 Stat. 222.) Section 1 of that act provides as follows:

"That the State of Wyoming is hereby declared to be a State of the United States of America, and is hereby declared admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever; and that the constitution which the people of Wyoming have formed for themselves be, and the same is hereby, accepted, ratified and confirmed."

The act contains no exception or reservation in favor of or for the benefit of Indians.

The Legislature of Wyoming on July 20, 1895 (Laws of Wyoming, 1895, c. 98, p. 225), passed an act regulating the killing of game within the State. In October, 1895, the district attorney of Uinta county, State of Wyoming, filed an information against the appellee (Race Horse) for having killed in that county seven elk in violation of the law of the State. He was taken into custody by the sheriff, and it was to obtain a release from imprisonment authorized by a commitment issued under these proceedings that the writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out. The following facts are unquestioned: 1st. That the elk were killed in Uinta county, Wyoming, at a point about 100 miles from the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, which is situated in the State of Idaho; 2d, that the killing was in violation of the laws of the State of Wyoming; 3d, that the place where the killing took place was unoccupied public land of the United States, in the sense that the United States was the owner in fee of the land; 4th, that the place where the elk were killed was in a mountainous region some distance removed from settlements, but was used by the settlers as a range for cattle, and was within election and school districts of the State of Wyoming.

Mr. Justice White, after stating the case, delivered the opinion of the Court.

It is wholly immaterial, for the purpose of the legal issue here presented, to consider whether the place where the elk was killed is in the vicinage of white settlements. It is also equally irrelevant to ascertain how far the land was used for a cattle range, since the sole question which the case presents is whether the treaty made by the United States with the Bannock Indians gave them the right to exercise the hunting privilege therein referred to, within the limits of the State of Wyoming, in violation of its laws. If it gave such right, the mere fact that the State had created school districts, or election districts, and had provided for pasturage on the lands, could no more efficaciously operate to destroy the right of the Indian to hunt on the lands than could the passage of the game law. If, on the other hand, the terms of the treaty did not refer to lands within a State which were subject to the legislative power of the State, then it is equally clear that, although the lands were not in school or election districts and were not near settlements, the right conferred on the Indians by the treaty would be of no avail to justify a violation of the State law.

The power of a State to control and regulate the taking of game cannot be questioned. (Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S. 519.) The text of article 4 of the treaty, relied on as giving the right to kill game within the State of Wyoming, in violation of its laws, is as follows:

"But they shall have the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States so long as game may be found thereon, and so long

as peace subsists among the whites and Indians on the borders of the hunting districts."

It may at once be conceded that the words "unoccupied lands of the United States," if they stood alone, and were detached from the other provisions of the treaty on the same subject, would convey the meaning of lands owned by the United States, and the title to or occupancy of which had not been disposed of. But in interpreting these words in the treaty they cannot be considered alone, but must be construed with reference to the context in which they are found. Adopting this elementary method, it becomes at once clear that the unoccupied lands contemplated were not all such lands of the United States wherever situated, but were only lands of that character embraced within what the treaty denominates as hunting districts. This view follows as a necessary result from the provision which says that the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands shall only be availed of as long as peace

and came within the authority and jurisdiction of a State. The right to hunt given by the treaty clearly contemplated the disappearance of the conditions therein specified. Indeed, it made the right depend on whether the land in the hunting districts was unoccupied public land of the United States. This, as we have said, left the whole question subject entirely to the will of the United States, since it provided, in effect, that the right to hunt should cease the moment the United States parted with the title to its land in the hunting districts. No restraint was imposed by the treaty on the power of the United States to sell, although such sale, under the settled policy of the Government, was a result naturally to come from the advance of the white settlements in the hunting districts to which the treaty referred. And this view of the temporary and precarious nature of the right reserved in the hunting districts is manifest by the act of Congress creating the Yellowstone Park Reservation, for it was sub-

rule undoubtedly is that repeals by implication are not favored, and will not be held to exist if there be any other reasonable construction. (*Cope v. Cope*, 137 U. S. 682, and authorities there cited.) But in ascertaining whether both statutes can be maintained it is not to be considered that any possible theory, by which both can be enforced, must be adopted, but only that repeal by implication must be held not to have taken place if there be a reasonable construction by which both laws can coexist consistently with the intention of Congress. (*United States v. Sixty-seven Packages Dry Goods*, 17 How. 87; *District of Columbia v. Hutten*, 143 U. S. 18; *Frost v. Wenie*, 157 U. S. 46.) The act which admitted Wyoming into the Union, as we have said, expressly declared that that State should have all the powers of the other States of the Union, and made no reservation whatever in favor of the Indians. These provisions alone considered would be in conflict with the treaty if it was so construed as to allow the Indians to seek out every unoccupied piece of Government land and thereon disregard and violate the State law, passed in the undoubted exercise of its municipal authority. But the language of the act admitting Wyoming into the Union, which recognized her coequal rights, was merely declaratory of the general rule.

In *Pollard v. Hagan*, 3 How. 212 (1845), the controversy was as to the validity of a patent from the United States to lands situate in Alabama, which at the date of the formation of that State were part of the shore of the Mobile River between high and low water mark. It was held that the shores of navigable waters and the soil under them were not granted by the Constitution to the United States, and hence the jurisdiction exercised thereover by the Federal Government, before the formation of the new State, was held temporarily and in trust for the new State to be thereafter created, and that such State when created, by virtue of its being, possessed the same rights and jurisdiction as had the original States. And, replying to an argument based upon the assumption that the United States had acquired the whole of Alabama from Spain, the court observed that the United States would then have held it subject to the Constitution and laws of its own Government. The court declared, p. 229, that to refuse to concede to Alabama sovereignty and jurisdiction over all the territory within her limits would be to "deny that Alabama has been admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States." The same principles were applied in *Louisiana v. First Municipality* (3 How. 589).

In *Withers v. Buckley*, 20 How. 84 (1857), it was held that a statute of Mississippi creating commissioners for a river within the State, and prescribing their powers and duties, was within the legitimate and essential powers of the State. In answer to the contention that the statute conflicted with the act of Congress which authorized the

subsists on the borders of the hunting districts. Unless the districts thus referred to be taken as controlling the words unoccupied lands, then the reference to the hunting districts would become wholly meaningless, and the cardinal rule of interpretation would be violated, which ordains that such construction be adopted as gives effect to all the language of the statute. Nor can this consequence be avoided by saying that the words "hunting districts" simply signified places where game was to be found, for this would read out of the treaty the provision as "to peace on the borders" of such districts, which clearly pointed to the fact that the territory referred to was one beyond the borders of the white settlements. The unoccupied lands referred to, being therefore contained within the hunting districts, by the ascertainment of the latter the former will be necessarily determined, as the less is contained in the greater. The elucidation of this issue will be made plain by an appreciation of the situation existing at the time of the adoption of the treaty, of the necessities which brought it into being and of the purposes intended to be by it accomplished.

When in 1868 the treaty was framed the progress of the white settlements westward had hardly, except in a very scattered way, reached the confines of the place selected for the Indian reservation. While this was true, the march of advancing civilization foreshadowed the fact that the wilderness, which lay on all sides of the point selected for the reservation, was destined to be occupied and settled by the white man, hence interfering with the hitherto untrammelled right of occupancy of the Indian. For this reason, to protect his rights and to preserve for him a home where his tribal relations might be enjoyed under the shelter of the authority of the United States, the reservation was created. While confining him to the reservation, and in order to give him the privilege of hunting in the designated districts, so long as the necessities of civilization did not require otherwise, the provision in question was doubtless adopted, care being, however, taken to make the whole enjoyment in this regard dependent absolutely upon the will of Congress. To prevent this privilege from becoming dangerous to the peace of the new settlements as they advanced, the provision allowing the Indian to avail himself of it only while peace reigned on the borders was inserted. To suppose that the words of the treaty intended to give to the Indian the right to enter into already established States and seek out every portion of unoccupied Government land and there exercise the right of hunting, in violation of the municipal law, would be to presume that the treaty was so drawn as to frustrate the very object it had in view. It would also render necessary the assumption that Congress, while preparing the way, by the treaty, for new settlements and new States, yet created a provision not only detrimental to their future well-being, but also irreconcilably in conflict with the powers of the States already existing. It is undoubted that the place in the State of Wyoming where the game in question was killed was at the time of the treaty, in 1868, embraced within the hunting districts therein referred to. But this fact does not justify the implication that the treaty authorized the continued enjoyment of the right of killing game therein, when the territory ceased to be a part of the hunting districts

sequently carved out of what constituted the hunting districts at the time of the adoption of the treaty, and is a clear indication of the sense of Congress on the subject. (17 Stat. 32; 28 Stat. 73.) The construction which would affix to the language of the treaty any other meaning than that which we have above indicated would necessarily imply that Congress had violated the faith of the Government and defrauded the Indians by proceeding immediately to forbid hunting in a large portion of the Territory where it is now asserted there was a contract right, to kill game, created by the treaty in favor of the Indians.

The argument, now advanced, in favor of the continued existence of the right to hunt over the land mentioned in the treaty, after it had become subject to State authority,



ELK ON THEIR WINTER RANGE IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

From photo, Jan. 9, 1896, by S. N. Leek.

admits that the privilege would cease by the mere fact that the United States disposed of its title to any of the land, although such disposition, when made to an individual, would give him no authority over game, and yet that the privilege continued when the United States had called into being a sovereign State, a necessary incident of whose authority was the complete power to regulate the killing of game within its borders. This argument indicates at once the conflict between the right to hunt in the unoccupied lands within the hunting districts and the assertion of the power to continue the exercise of the privilege in question in the State of Wyoming in defiance of its laws. That "a treaty may supersede a prior act of Congress, and an act of Congress supersede a prior treaty," is elementary. (*Tong Yue Ting v. United States*, 149 U. S. 698; *The Cherokee Tobacco*, 11 Wall. 621.) In the last case it was held that a law of Congress imposing a tax on tobacco, if in conflict with a prior treaty with the Cherokees, was paramount to the treaty. Of course the settled

people of Mississippi Territory to form a constitution, in that it was inconsistent with the provision in the act that "the navigable rivers and waters leading into the same shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of the State of Mississippi as to other citizens of the United States," the court said (p. 92):

"In considering this act of Congress of March 1, 1817, it is unnecessary to institute any examination or criticism as to its legitimate meaning, or operation, or binding authority, further than to affirm that it could have no effect to restrict the new State in any of its necessary attributes as an independent sovereign government, nor to inhibit or diminish its perfect equality with the other members of the confederacy with which it was to have been associated. These conclusions follow from the very nature and objects of the confederacy, from the language of the constitution adopted by the States, and from the rule of interpretation pronounced by this court in the case of *Pollard's Lessee v. Hagan* (3 How. 223)."

A like ruling was made in *Escanaba Co. v. Chicago*, 107 U. S. 678 (1882), where provisions of the ordinance of 1787 were claimed to operate to deprive the State of Illinois of the power to authorize the construction of bridges

over navigable rivers within the State. The court, through Mr. Justice Field, said (p. 683):

"But the States have full power to regulate within their limits matters of internal police, including in that general designation whatever will promote the peace, comfort, convenience and prosperity of their people."

And it was further added (p. 688):

"Whatever the limitation upon her powers as a government while in a territorial condition, whether from the ordinance of 1787 or the legislation of Congress, it ceased to have any operative force, except as voluntarily adopted by her, after she became a State of the Union. On her admission she at once became entitled to and possessed of all the rights of dominion and sovereignty which belonged to the original States. She was admitted and could be admitted only on the same footing with them. * * * Equality of the constitutional right and power is the condition of all the States of the Union, old and new."

In *Cardwell v. American Bridge Co.*, 113 U. S. 205 (1884), *Escanaba Co. v. Chicago*, *supra*, was followed, and it was held that a clause in the act admitting California into the Union, which provided that the navigable waters

fact that Congress in creating the Territory expressly reserved such rights. Nor would this case be affected by conceding that Congress, during the existence of the Territory, had full authority in the exercise of its treaty-making power to charge the Territory, or the land therein, with such contractual burdens as were deemed best, and that when they were imposed on a Territory it would be also within the power of Congress to continue them in the State, on its admission into the Union. Here the enabling act not only contains no expression of the intention of Congress to continue the burdens in question in the State, but, on the contrary, its intention not to do so is conveyed by the express terms of the act of admission. Indeed, it may be further, for the sake of argument, conceded that where there are rights created by Congress, during the existence of a Territory which are of such a nature as to imply their perpetuity, and the consequent purpose of Congress to continue them



ELK ON THEIR WINTER RANGE IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

From photo, Jan. 9, 1896, by S. N. Leek.

within the State shall be free to citizens of the United States, in no way impaired the power which the State could exercise over the subject if the clause in question had no existence. Mr. Justice Field concluded the opinion of the court as follows (p. 212):

"The act admitting California declares that she is 'admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever.' She was not, therefore, shorn by the clause as to navigable water within her limits of any of the powers which the original States possessed over such waters within their limits."

A like conclusion was applied in the case of *Willamette Iron Bridge Co. v. Hatch* (125 U. S. 1), where the act admitting the State of Oregon into the Union was construed.

Determining, by the light of these principles, the question whether the provision of the treaty giving the right to hunt on unoccupied lands of the United States in the hunting districts is repealed, in so far as the lands in such districts are now embraced within the limits of the State of Wyoming, it becomes plain that the repeal results from the conflict between the treaty and the act admitting that State into the Union. The two facts, the privilege conferred and the act of admission, are irreconcilable in the sense that the two under no reasonable hypothesis can be construed as coexisting.

The power of all the States to regulate the killing of game within their border will not be gainsaid, yet, if the treaty applies to the unoccupied land of the United States in the State of Wyoming, that State would be bereft of such power, since every isolated piece of land belonging to the United States as a private owner, so long as it continued to be unoccupied land, would be exempt in this regard from the authority of the State. Wyoming, then, will have been admitted into the Union, not as an equal member, but as one shorn of a legislative power vested in all the other States of the Union, a power resulting from the fact of statehood and incident to its plenary existence. Nor need we stop to consider the argument advanced at bar, that as the United States, under the authority delegated to it by the Constitution in relation to Indian tribes, has a right to deal with that subject, therefore it has the power to exempt from the operation of State game laws each particular piece of land owned by it in private ownership within a State, for nothing in this case shows that this power has been exerted by Congress. The enabling act declares that the State of Wyoming is admitted on equal terms with the other States, and this declaration, which is simply an expression of the general rule, which presupposes that States, when admitted into the Union, are endowed with powers and attributes equal in scope to those enjoyed by the States already admitted, repels any presumption that in this particular case Congress intended to admit the State of Wyoming with diminished governmental authority. The silence of the act admitting Wyoming into the Union as to the reservation of rights in favor of the Indians is given increased significance by the

in the State, after its admission, such continuation will, as a matter of construction, be upheld, although the enabling act does not expressly so direct. Here the nature of the right created gives rise to no such implication of continuance, since, by its terms, it shows that the burden imposed on the Territory was essentially perishable and intended to be of a limited duration. Indeed, the whole argument of the defendant in error rests on the assumption that there was a perpetual right conveyed by the treaty, when in fact the privilege given was temporary and precarious. But the argument goes further than this, since it insists that, although by the treaty the hunting privilege was to cease whenever the United States parted merely with the title to any of its lands, yet that privilege was to continue, although the United States parted with its entire authority over the capture and killing of game. Nor is there force in the suggestion that the cases of the Kansas Indians (5 Wall. 737) and the New York Indians (5 Wall. 761) are in conflict with these views. The first case (that of the Kansas Indians) involved the right of the State to tax the land of Indians owned under patents issued to them in consequence of treaties made with their respective tribes. The court held that the power of the State to tax was expressly excluded by the enabling act. The second case (that of the New York Indians) involved the right of the State to tax land embraced in an Indian reservation which existed prior to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Thus these two cases involved the authority of the State to exert its taxing power on lands embraced within an Indian reservation, that is to say, the authority of the State to extend its powers to lands not within the scope of its jurisdiction, while this case involves a question of whether where no reservation exists a State can be stripped by implication and deduction of an essential attribute of its governmental existence. Doubtless the rule that treaties should be so construed as to uphold the sanctity of the public faith ought not to be departed from. But that salutary rule should not be made an instrument for violating the public faith by distorting the words of a treaty in order to imply that it conveyed rights wholly inconsistent with its language and in conflict with an act of Congress, and also destructive of the rights of one of the States. To refer to the limitation contained in the territorial act and disregard the terms of the enabling act would be to destroy and obliterate the express will of Congress.

For these reasons the judgment below was erroneous and must therefore be reversed, and the case must be remanded to the court below, with directions to discharge the writ and remand the prisoner to the custody of the sheriff.

And it is so ordered.

Mr. Justice Brewer, not having heard the argument, takes no part in this decision.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PASSING OF PETER.

PETER was a bull pup. This would exhaust the biography of Peter were it not for one very queer event that occurred in his career.

Like all bull pups since the world began, Peter wore an aspect far from frivolous. He was very much alive all the time, and even to the wayfaring man it was plain that he possessed the courage of his convictions.

Our party numbered three, on piscatorial pleasures bent, and it was in the sunny month of June that we launched our log canoe at the Meadows, near the head of Cain's River, with intent to make the journey of eighty odd miles to the mouth of the stream. We took Peter with us for the sake of his society. We relied on him to give us timely notice of the presence of large and ravenous animals that prowled around our tent by night.

There is no river in New Brunswick quite equal to Cain's River for the wildness and weirdness of its scenic features. For a distance of fifty miles or so after you leave the Meadows there is not a trace of human presence, save as you may chance upon the charred and cheerless relics of some ancient camping place, or the barely discernable break in the foliage that marks the trail of the trapper or timber cruiser.

Along the upper courses of the stream, where the current flowing slowly through the black marsh mould hardly exceeds the volume of a fair-sized brook, the alder thickets on either side in a tangle of riotous vegetation form a thick leafy arch above the stream, through which upon a windy noon the sunshine shifts in fluttering, flickering opalescent flakes of green and gold. After that the river flattens out into sandy shallows, where the bubbles seek the shore, and where somber masses of spruce and fir, flanked by ridges of tawny beech and gleaming birch, cast their shadows on the tide. There is weary work upon the towline and the setting pole until these shoals are passed. Then comes a long succession of rapids, where the tortured water flecked with foam pours over ledges of rocks brown and bare, and on either hand high cliffs arise, scourged by forest fires and seamed and scarred with the warfare of the ages. At last the river, reinforced by other streams, assumes the shape of a series of ponds or dead waters, deep and motionless, where the eternal stillness is broken only by the rattle of the kingfisher, the whistle of the snipe, the leap of the salmon or the splashing flight of ducks.

The sportsman who seeks this solitude is as far removed from the outer world, its joys, its woes, its multiform activities, as though he were translated to the planet Mars. It seemed that way to us and perhaps it seemed so to Peter.

From the very inception of our wanderings Peter exhibited a laudable but excessive sense of duty. He appeared to think the safety of the expedition rested solely on his vigilance. Day after day as we plied our setting poles he stood upright in the bow of the canoe, a monument of conscientious solicitude. He whined uneasily as we wound our sinuous way through the alder tunnels, he growled and barked as we tossed about in the rapids, and at times he became suddenly aware of the presence of unseen enemies and dashed overboard and into the woods that lined the shore. It was at night though that Peter's vagaries became chronic. He always took up his position at the door of the tent, with his cold muzzle resting on his paws, and seldom failed before morning to startle us from our slumbers by his loud barking and savage sorties into the surrounding gloom.

We never could discover that Peter had any just grounds, such as would commend themselves to a jury of reasonable dogs, for these apprehensions. We never observed that he shed any blood of bird or beast, or put anything to flight except our peace and patience. He simply shattered the silence and left us to pick up the pieces. We came to the unanimous conclusion that Peter was a nuisance of the first magnitude and should have been left at home.

Still the rackets he kicked up in the dead cold hours of the night amid these wild, primeval solitudes were so appalling that we had not the nerve to treat them with contempt. The mystery of the wilderness hangs heavily on the minds of men, and especially at night, when it is reinforced by the kindred mysteries of silence and darkness. When these alarms occurred we usually sprang to our feet, seized our weapons, fell over ourselves more or less in our haste to reach the flap of the tent, and then after vainly peering into the shadows where Peter was fiercely barking we stirred up the sunken fire with divers innocuous epithets and sadly sought our couches, perhaps to sleep no more that night. Peter was becoming exceedingly unpopular.

On the fifth day of the trip we poled about twenty-five miles and landed hungry, wet and weary at the foot of a high bluff, the summit of which offered as fine a camping site as any one could wish. A party of caribou hunters had evidently tarried there a year or two before. The ridge pole of their tent still rested in the forks, the fire hole inclosed on three sides with stones gathered from the beach was just as the builders had left it, and even the *chiploquoggan* or pole from which the inevitable kettle of tea is hung was in its proper place. We recognized ourselves as the rightful heirs of this abandoned property, took possession of the premises, threw our tent over the old ridge pole, and kindled our fire within the inclosure of stones. The only unfavorable feature of the site was its height above the level of the landing, which caused us to be hungry for breath by the time we had "portashed" all our camping furniture up the steep incline. When supper was disposed of and all made snug alow and aloft, with pipes lighted and feet to the fire, we lay upon our soft and fragrant beds of balsam, and watched in drowsy silence the hosts of darkness as they chased the retreating light over the western hills. Our situation was one of ideal comfort and repose of mind and body. The weather was clear and cold, the flies had vanished like a dream, and every star in the sky seemed to shine its brightest.

I never heard such a chorus of whippoorwills as we listened to that evening. The woods were full of them, and the echoes of their mystic music in the gorge below us and from the opposite bank of the stream, mingled with the river's brawling monotone, resulted in a medley of sounds the memory of which is with me yet. There

was not a moment's pause in the battle of the echoes. An owl, too, was hooting over on the distant ridge, and from a pond up the stream, borne on the pulseless pinions of the evening air, came the wailing, tremulous note of the loon, the most mournful of all the voices of the wilderness.

Uncle John had enhanced his reputation as a cook by fabricating a stew of a fearful and wonderful kind. There was strong circumstantial evidence to the effect that it comprised a sample of every edible our larder contained, including such harmonious ingredients as ham, potatoes, codfish, carrots, boned duck, beans, pilot bread, onions, tomatoes, raisins, maple sugar, etc. It looked suspicious, but it went all right. What is there that doesn't go all right with hungry men in the woods?

In front of the camp and a rod or so beyond the fire hole stood a small ash tree. To one of its lower branches was suspended the remains of our goodly ham. The last man's pipe went out about 9 o'clock, and as it was fair to assume that he was more awake than the others, the moral onus was imposed on him of fixing the fire for the night. We watched for a little while the sparks playing around like fireflies among the trees, bestowed a pensive moment on the absent ones over the horizon's rim, then crawled beneath our blankets and were soon fast asleep; all at least except the faithful Peter, who lay prone in the door of the tent facing the fire, with his muzzle resting on his paws and his yellow eyes agleam.

The very next thing I was aware of, though several hours must have passed, was that Peter had dashed out of the tent, cleared the smouldering embers at a bound and was barking for all, or even more than, he was worth, somewhere in the shadows near the brow of the bluff. It was plain that he meant business this time. His bark was so loud, so belligerent and aggressive that I rose to my feet at once and rushed to the opening of the tent. It was clear that this was not another canine comedy, but that something really serious was going on beneath or behind the little ash tree aforesaid. In the dim uncertain glow of the fading fire, which only served to make the darkness visible, a huge black animal rose upon its haunches, and then, as though they were the creatures of a dream, another shadowy form was revealed standing beyond the tree on the outer extremity of the bluff. Peter was barking incessantly, but could not be seen. I at once selected the nearest of the two black masses for a target and emptied the whole six chambers of my ancient cavalry revolver as fast as I could pull the trigger. Uncle John reached the scene almost as soon as myself and opened up with his Bullard repeater, and in less time than it takes to say so Harry was pumping lead from his Winchester.

Never to be forgotten was the din our firearms made in the narrow river valley and among the wooded hills and hollows that night. The echoes multiplied the fusillade a hundredfold, until one could have sworn that an army of men were hotly engaged in battle. After the first few shots were fired the smoke, the river fog and the natural darkness of the night entirely hid the bears from our sight (for we knew at once that they were bears), and we simply raked the top of the bluff at random. We could not form the slightest idea of what was going on in the enemy's camp.

We were soon enlightened. One of the bears, finding that his retreat on the left was barred by a fallen ram-pike, afraid to descend the bluff, and harassed by Peter on the right, opened his throttle valve and came charging straight for the tent, scattering like chaff the stones and smoking brands of the fire hole. There was a shout of warning, a shower of ashes and embers, a fleeting vision of Peter glued to the rear tire of the bear, and then the avalanche of hair and horror passed us by. When we regained the use of our faculties the tent was down and somewhere within its complicated folds a terrific row was raging. The canvas was convulsed in the likeness of a storm at sea upon the scenic stage—a confused chorus of grunts, growls and roars arose from within—then in a jiffy the canvas was rent in twain at the furtherside, and the avalanche passed through the hole and disappeared in the outer gloom. We had a transient view of Peter clinging to the bear, we heard them stumbling and falling, crashing and snarling away through the brush and then all was still as though a million feather beds had fallen from the sky.

By the light of a birch bark torch we surveyed the scene of battle. Within a rod of the ash tree lay one of the ham thieves, as dead as a last year's almanac. There were, as near as we could ascertain, five bullet holes in various parts of his anatomy. He measured from tip to tip 6 ft. 10 in., and we estimated his weight to be at least 400 lbs.

We did not go through the formality of trying to sleep any more on that particular night. We built a rousing fire, cut a new ridge pole, raised the tent, and sewed up the rent in the canvas that marked the track of the passing storm.

With the first gray streaks of morning light we took the trail through the scrub and searched for the missing ones long and earnestly, but all in vain.

Ten years have passed since then and unto this day no word of weal or woe has ever come to us from the faithful Peter.

Whether he is still careering over the face of nature glued to the avalanche, or whether in a happier hunting ground than this, with his muzzle resting on his paws and his yellow eyes agleam, he watches and waits for us, where the pine trees whisper, and the stars shine bright, and the river goes singing to the sea, who can tell?

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 25.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

BOSTON, Mass.—It is beyond the recollection of the oldest sportsman along our Massachusetts coast when so many yellow-legs and plover have visited the marshes along the shore as this year. Reports from the Cape state that there are simply thousands, and the same is true regarding the marshes along the north shore. I have yet to hear of a good reason for their great numbers this year. Can anybody give one? HACKLE.

THE TROUT OF LAKE CRESCENT.—II.

AT the end of another week, on Oct. 27 I found or made opportunity again to visit the Lakes, and that I might have chance to verify the stories told me by Ben Lewis and others that in the big lake there were some big trout, seldom caught; that they were neither rainbows nor, as some claimed, salmon, but of such style and appearance that their local name "blue-backs" was appropriate. Lake Crescent, the "big lake," was my objective point. I was determined that if such trout were there I would find them.

Early in the forenoon, this time in the company of and the guest of Mr. M. J. Carrigan, I started for the lake in a comfortable buggy drawn by his own horse. We were in all respects well outfitted.

For the first sixteen miles the route was identical with that to Lake Sutherland, that is, generally, but on this occasion it differed in a most annoying manner, so much so that it became an all-day journey.

Ordinarily the country road is to a great extent a fair trotting road, but very little trotting came to us. First, the horse was out of condition. While galloping the day before with a man on his back he had tripped on a root, had a heavy fall, and all the trot was out of him. Hardly had we entered the forest when we were brought up by a tree 2 ft. in diameter, which, smoking and smouldering from the dying out fire which had downed it, stretched across the road about 1 ft. from the ground. There was no chance to turn out; burning brush and unconsumed logs prevented, and there was no axe in the wagon nor within some miles. We had but one resource, "We seen our duty and we done it."

Carrigan, with whom the horse was on familiar terms, jumped him over (after unhitching) and hitched him on the other side. Then we two had a lively tug for half an hour at the buggy. We could almost do it, but not quite, and never was a tramp more welcome than a big one who came sauntering along. We soon made him our tramp, for we had with us the necessary inducements, and his weight turned the scale; over came the buggy unharmed. Then for the benefit of others we spent an hour building and burning bonfires under the log, and when, sweat soaked and smoke blackened, we restarted, that log was doomed. In about half an hour our horse developed a colic, so that our continued journey to Clarke's ranch, two or three miles further on, became a very uncertain one, stops and a slow walk alternating.

We found Clarke to be a very obliging man, and he offered to us his only resource, for his carriage was out—one of a team of logging mules, and after an hour or so more devoted to first catching the mule, which was out in the pasture, we restarted, leaving the horse in the pasture.

Carrigan, who most thoroughly understands horses, did not seem very enthusiastic about driving the mule, so he accepted Mr. Clarke's offer to drive for a mile or so to "get him used to it." Confidence in the mule's docility was small on the start and diminished rapidly, as the beast made several efforts to get into the buggy stern first, at least we so interpreted the action of his hindlegs. Clarke said he was "playful," but we didn't want to play; so when, Carrigan and I walking, Clarke driving, we reached another ranch, Frank's, a Portuguese-American citizen, and a most hospitable man, at about 1 P. M., we gladly accepted his invitation and that of his wife, the most intelligent, womanly and best educated descendant from Indians I ever met, to stop and lunch. We did so and enjoyed a couple of hours of rest.

Frank loaned us his horse, a very good one, accustomed to woods travel, but with one uncomfortable habit. It

had been the off horse in a stage team and persisted in keeping on its own side of the road or turning for it at most unexpected times, very inconvenient times, sometimes, when that side of the road was very close to the edges of sundry cañons which the road skirted, or to the perpendicular edge of the cut in the side of the hill. We had to steer that horse with a very small helm.

About sunset we reached the brow of the hill leading down to Lake Sutherland, and soon after brought up at Wilson's Tavern and concluded to postpone Crescent until the morrow. Wilson took good care of us, gave us a good supper and a pair of comfortable rooms, in one of which a good wood fire was burning, and we had a most enjoyable evening talking with Wilson and Ben Lewis, who had come to meet us, and who became our guide and boatman for the trip. Both are very intelligent men, well up in woodcraft, experienced hunters and, until we took the lead, the most successful fishermen on the lake. Note, I say fishermen; there is a lady, Mrs. Michell, whose record is equal to if not superior to them.

After a good night's sleep and a good breakfast we started early across the divide, and at about two miles came to the wharf at the eastern end of the lake, where a comfortable steam launch met us, and in an hour took us around the point of Pyramid Mountain and up a long narrow bay. Mr. Carrigan, near the point, has a cosy summer cabin home by the side of a very pretty mountain brook, "Idlewild" he calls it, where he is hoping to establish an anglers' and hunters' club, for which it is wonderfully adapted on both sides of Pyramid Mountain, and on the south side of the bay the land is mostly precipitous, with here and there a mountain stream, whose valley makes gentle slopes, where sites for "proving-up cabins" and clearings are utilized by the pioneers, who have mines of future wealth in the magnificent timber with which the hills are covered.

Of these cabins, the best that I saw were those of Mr. Sanborn, a pensioned soldier, Mr. Cross, Ben Lewis, and of Mr. George Michell, at the head of the bay, where is the site of the present very small but hoped to grow village of Fairholm, where there are a good wharf, several buildings, including a store, and a post office, to and from which three times a week a rowboat transports the mail. Mr. Michell is postmaster, justice and principal landowner. He with his wife are living at their cabin undergoing the proving-up process. Mrs. Michell, a most charming, educated and refined lady, has bravely given up life in the outer world to keep her husband company in the task, and enjoys the life, being herself an expert with gun and rod, and beloved by all of the pioneers. Mr. and Mrs. Michell were away at Port Angeles, but they had left in charge their nearest neighbor, Mr. Cross, and following their instructions he placed at our disposition the house and all therein contained, the boats and fishing gear, if we needed, which we did not.

The clearing embraces the head of the bay, and from it leads the trail to the westward as far as the coast, over which, *en route* to sundry hunting and fishing grounds, many pass annually, especially in the springtime, when the great size and abundance of trout in the Solduck River attract many fishermen from Victoria and other cities of the Sound.

It is common talk that in this Solduck it must be a very expert fisherman, or one as ignorant, who dares risk more than one big fly on his leader; the former may succeed in handling the one, two, three or more pounder two or three at a time, who is apt at once to begin a fight for his tackle—one to each fly, backed by strong rifle and swift current. The ignorant man simply gets out his knife and cuts a pole to replace his smashed rod.

Mrs. Michell is an expert angler, and it is about her



Piseco.

TWO HOURS ON LAKE CRESCENT, WASHINGTON.

M. J. Carrigan.

Blue-backs and mountain trout. Weights in pounds, 3, 6, 11½, 11, 11½, 8, 3.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

only resource for amusement. She has caught several of the blue-back trout, which this paper will describe, and some very large rainbows.

Mr. Cross took good care of us, beginning his mission by a well-cooked dinner; then we lit our pipes and started out to explore the lake.

Following up the points gained on Lake Sutherland, we used three small and one large spoon, the first near the surface, the latter deep. As before, the surface spoon paid good dividends, but it was not until late in the afternoon that we heard from the big one down below, the line of which Carrigan had made fast to his leg. What occurred is described in the *Democratic Leader*, of Port Angeles, thus:

"Fishing was prosecuted in the waters of Lake Crescent, off Eagle Point, all of Monday. Late in the afternoon of that day Mr. Carrigan, in anticipation of a bite from a monster trout, had securely fastened the line around his leg. All at once, when peace and calm reigned supreme in the boat, the Admiral and Ben Lewis saw, almost with the rapidity of lightning, the leg to which Carrigan had fastened his fish line shoot outward, as if in response to some tremendous movement thitherward. This was quickly followed by excited exclamations from Mr. Carrigan, who by this time was an almost indistinguishable mass in the bottom of the boat, entreating Ben Lewis to come at once to his rescue, as he had certainly caught a whale. Lewis quickly responded to the summons, and being an expert fisherman, soon, with the combined efforts of the Admiral and Carrigan, succeeded in landing what proved to be, and what the Admiral pronounced to be, a distinct species of blue-back trout, weighing 10½lbs., measuring 32½in. long and 7½in. through."

This was the only very large trout and the only blue-back caught that day, but we had no end of sport with moderate-sized ones, by which I mean from 1lb. to 3lbs., mountain and speckled. We carried home over fifty, of which not over half were under a pound.

That night early, in consideration of the facts that it was bed time and that the Michell cabin furnished but one such luxury—which had been assigned to me—Messrs. Cross and Carrigan adjourned to a nearby cabin and left me alone. Mr. Cross, in his capacity of assistant to the Postmaster, did his duty faithfully and locked up the post office—my room—and I was solitary in the wilderness. As I lay meditating I could not but wonder at the pluck of Mrs. Michell under the same circumstances, which, when her husband was away, must often have occurred. The place is on the high road for tramps. I concluded that she must employ her wakeful hours planning campaigns against the deer and trout, and I followed her lead, and planned to stay another day and to resort to devices to secure one or more of those big trout.

In the morning the weather was unpropitious; a heavy frost had whitened the ground, the air was full of fog, and there was a nasty east wind—all dampers to an early start; so I waited for a comfortable breakfast. It was not until after 9 o'clock that we started.

As the day was to be devoted to the capture of blue-backs or other large trout, we discarded the rods, the small spoons, and fitting our copper lines with large spoons we gave Ben instructions to row slowly.

[If our judgment as to Lake Crescent were based upon that forenoon's work, this letter would not have been written.

At last, tired of doing nothing but to cover distance and mechanically twitch occasionally on our hand lines, we put out our rods with surface gear and with them caught now and then a mountain or speckled trout. About noon we had enough for our dinner, a dozen perhaps, and Ben rowed us over to his cabin to dine and rest, while he cooked for us a most appetizing meal. Ben's furniture was a little scarce, but he had boxes for himself and Carrigan, giving me the only chair.

Ben is a bachelor and never kept boarders, but he is a good cook and his cabin was as clean and neat as one could wish.

I have put it into Ben's head to keep boarders, that is, to be prepared to care comfortably for the people who I hope will be induced by the tale I have yet to unfold to seek Lake Crescent this coming spring. He promises to be all ready, and I hope I may be one of his first boarders—that is, he will increase the size of his cabin, fit up more bedrooms, buy some furniture and boats—in all of which adventures Mr. Carrigan has promised to help him with capital, and I to do my share; shall leave to him as his professional secrets, his tools of trade, so to speak, the details of the methods by which I conquered the blue-backs. Ben, if you employ him, or Mr. Cross if Ben is engaged, will show you just the localities where the big trout hide, and post you as to my mode of baiting, the proper depth, the proper speed, etc. Of course, if there were no Ben in the case I should take all of my *FOREST AND STREAM* readers into my confidence and post them up.

The weather continued dubious, and we sat by the fire listening to Ben's yarns and looking at his collection of hunting trophies, antlers and skins. The stock was not large; such things are Ben's stock in trade and furnish him with groceries and clothing. He had several sets of deer antlers, but those of the elk killed last winter had been disposed of. Among Ben's hunting stories was one of the adventures of a friend of mine whom he took a winter or two ago to the elk ranges. The latter part of the tramp was hard, up a steep rise and through deep snow, and by the time the bench was reached Ben's companion was about used up; but the sight, only a few yards off, of a band of some thirty elk put new life in him, and he immediately began pumping into them with his Winchester, landing every ball not less than 500yds. beyond them. This and the fatigue made him wild, and Ben had to lash him to a tree for quite a while till he cooled off, otherwise he would have chased the elk, which had made off, and probably would have got lost. After a while Ben let him out, and a half hour after coming again on to the band the hunter proved a good shot and killed three in three shots, which was all Ben would allow, as he can't afford to kill more than he can use and tote. He kills only those with fine antlers. Ben says this was the worst case of buck fever he ever saw.

About 2 P. M. we got under way. The weather had improved, the fog had lifted and what was left was well mixed with smoke, a calm had succeeded the east wind and for an hour or two we had fair fishing, taking several 2 and 3-pounders, not blue backs.

About 4 P. M. a light breeze sprang up from the westward and almost coincident with it something happened, and that something was a strike from a very heavy fish.

At first I thought it a snag, but the rapidity with which my spun line began to travel downward showed me that I had at last what I long had sought, a big trout.

For a while it was give and take. The fish was at first a gamy one, but as I got him nearer to the surface he began suddenly to weaken until as I drew him alongside he was exhausted and made no final rush, lying as quietly as a dazed pickerel, so that I had no difficulty in holding



A SIWASH FAMILY.

the line in one hand while with an extemporized gaff—a halibut hook lashed to a stick—I lifted him on board.

The cause of this lethargy was made manifest as Ben kneeled him down to take out the hook: he was bloated with air, but as this came away he fought hard.

Mr. Carrigan's account of this capture as published in the *Leader* is appended; it is graphic.

"The Admiral then determined to remain another day, if agreeable to Mr. Carrigan, and himself catch and land, if possible, unaided, one of those enormous trout.

"His expectations were by no means doomed to disappointment, as Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock an uncommonly vigorous jerk at the line suggested that a trout of unusual size had taken the hook. Then followed a desperate struggle; the trout would be drawn in and plunge down into the depths of the water hundreds of feet in the frantic struggle for life and liberty. Finally a landing was made, and the supreme strength of Lewis was required to overcome the monster. And what a magnificent specimen it was, weighing 11½lbs., the meas-

aggregate 60½lbs., a large quantity of smaller-sized trout were caught.

"The jubilant fishermen returned from the lake Wednesday noon. A photographic view of the larger trout, hanging from a pole, suspended from the shoulders of the Admiral and Mr. Carrigan, was taken."

While admiring this beautiful fish, Carrigan, who was sitting forward, joining in, I was astonished and somewhat alarmed by a fierce and frightened expression which came suddenly upon his usually calm and gentle face, his "child-like and bland smile" became a grim and determined frown, he began to pull for all he was worth, and in less than ten minutes from my first strike I gaffed in for him a worthy mate to mine, and hardly was this accomplished before my line again called on me, and so it went on for about an hour and a half; then came sunset and we concluded that we had enough.

Four of these big fish lay in our box, one hardly up to the mark, for he was only a 6-pounder, but three of them were fair 11-pounders. Besides these there was another of about the same size, which I lost by a bungle with the gaff. So counting in the three, the one taken the day before by Mr. Carrigan and the misgaffed one, our five fish were fully 55lbs.

The photograph shows four of these fish, besides some smaller mountain trout that were in the box we opened. The dimensions and weights, beginning at the left of the big ones, were:

	Length.	Weight.
No. 1.....	22½in.	8lbs.
No. 2.....	30in.	11lbs.
No. 3.....	32½in.	10½lbs.
No. 4.....	30½in.	11lbs.

No. 3 was a male, long and lean, spent, and evidently a fighter, for he was adorned with battle scars. The others were females. Carrigan's 10½-pounder is not in this photo—we ate him.

In regard to this photo I wish to explain a bit. First, in it *FOREST AND STREAM* gets the long-promised picture of Piseco, very appropriately surrounded, in the fat figure on the left. Second, all that is not fat, nor is it to him alone that the responsibility which rests on the trousers buttons is due. It so happened that, going to the lake with a full gripsack, he returned with comparatively an empty one, leaving very early in the morning for an eighteen-mile drive in a very low temperature and surrounded with frost. The gripsack was nearly empty and the fishing suit held its contents in the way of extra underclothing.

The figure on the right is Mr. Carrigan, a good fellow to go fishing with.

Third—When we reached the photographer's on our way in it was a little foggy and the day was waning. We, cold and hungry, did not waste time in trying to arrange the fish to the best advantage.

To return to our subject. When after dark we got that catch back to Michell's, Mr. Cross was simply astonished, and was "free to admit" that such a catch had never before been made. We spent that evening weighing, measuring, note-taking and packing, and the next morning, Oct. 29, returned to Port Angeles, where our fish made a sensation, as they did subsequently throughout the cities of the Sound, as thus shown:

THOSE MONSTER TROUT.

Rear-Admiral Beardslee After Forty Years'

EXPERIENCE TROUT FISHING IS

Treated to an Agreeable Surprise while Fishing on Lake Crescent—He Catches Monster Blue-back Trout that Prove a Revelation.

Now I propose to enter into a bit of description of these fish, first giving all I have learned of their history.

Mrs. Michell told me that she had caught several during her four years at the lake.



POST OFFICE AND HOME OF GEORGE MICHELL, FAIRHAVEN, LAKE CRESCENT.

urements of which were 28½in. long and 8in. through. As the exultant fisherman beheld with conflicting emotions, first of doubt, then of self-satisfaction and pride, words can ne'er express, his achievement, the crowning accomplishment of forty years' pursuit of this, to him, delightful sport must indeed have afforded inexpressible pleasure.

"This exceeding stroke of good fortune was followed with the Admiral catching three other monster blue-backs, the respective weight and size of which were as follows: 11lbs., length 28in., depth 8½in.; 11lbs., length 28½in., depth 8in.; 6lbs., length 22½in., depth 7in.; another monster blue-back was caught by Mr. Carrigan, which weighed 10½lbs. and was 31½in. long and 7in. through.

"Besides these six monster trout, weighing in the

Mr. Sanborn, a pensioned soldier who has taken up a homestead on the lake, has also caught several, one of which weighed, I was told, 13½lbs.

Ben Lewis, who hunts more than he fishes, has caught some, but never any of such size or numbers as came to us, which beyond question broke the record. *PISECO*.

[As recorded in our issue of May 23, the two fish sent to President Jordan were found to be new forms. So one of them, the speckled trout, has been given the name *Salmo beardsleei*, in honor of Admiral Beardslee as the discoverer; and to the blue-back the name *Salmo crescentes*, after the lake. A detailed description of the specimens taken by Piseco will form the concluding paper of the series our next issue.]

Natural History.

SOME TEXAS MAMMALS.—II.

CURIOUS notes are given by Mr. Attwater about the variation of the Texas cotton rat (*Sigmodon hispidus texianus*), which sometimes entirely disappears from the region and again becomes very numerous. In 1889, for example, these rats were extremely abundant, and then gradually disappeared, and were not heard of in Bexar county until the beginning of 1895. Since then they have again become common. They make their nests with the wood rats in bunches of cactus. They seem to get along very well with that species, but the brown rats kill and eat them. As an indication of their abundance at one time, Mr. Attwater says, "Mr. Watson's boys killed over 100 in one afternoon in a brush fence, and for several months their cat would bring in from six to twelve every night." He says "that on one occasion, when the rats were the thickest, they counted thirty-eight, which the cat had piled up in the wood-box during the night for the amusement of her kittens."

The destruction of crops, and especially corn, by these rats was very great, some farmers losing half their corn crop. During the winter following their great abundance, marsh hawks and short-eared owls were very numerous, probably attracted by the rats.

The black variety of the rock spermophile (*Spermophilus grammurus buckleyi*) is very abundant northwest of San Antonio. Of it Mr. Attwater says:

"These black rock squirrels are found in the cañons and ravines around the heads of the Medina and Guadalupe rivers. The nearest point to San Antonio where I have heard of their being seen is on San Geronimo Creek, at Gallagher's ranch, twenty-five miles northwest of San Antonio, where a single one was seen several years ago by Mr. Frank Edwards, an enthusiastic hunter and close observer. This must have been a straggler, as I should not expect to find their regular range nearer than sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, near the northern border of Bandera county, nor to find them common till well in Kerr county. There is a colony at the head of Johnson Creek, a fork of the Guadalupe River, about twenty miles north of Kerrville. On May 9, 1895, I visited this locality with Mr. Lacey to procure specimens. We watched the cliff, where the squirrels live, for more than an hour from the opposite side of the cañon, during which time a dozen or more, of various ages, came out of the holes and crevices in the rocks. We peppered them with small bullets and coarse shot. Two or three were killed outright, and others were wounded, but we were obliged to leave them on the inaccessible ledges, and reluctantly returned without securing a single specimen. Some of the largest appeared very black, but some of the smaller ones were of a grayish color all over. The four specimens sent you are from the head of Turtle Creek in Kerr county, and were kindly obtained and prepared for me by Mr. Lacey.

"These rock squirrels are not generally distributed over the country, like the tree squirrels, but live in colonies, a dozen or more miles apart, and generally in some favorite cliff or cañon near the heads of the creeks that form the sources of the rivers. When occurring near ranches these squirrels do considerable damage to the gardens and corn-fields. They are expert climbers, making their way up the perpendicular faces of cliffs with ease. Unless disturbed or alarmed their progress is slow and their movements are more like those of a creeping reptile than the lively skip of a squirrel. If they bounded swiftly from rock to rock there would be nothing to excite surprise, but when seen slowly crawling along the under side of an overhanging ledge of apparently smooth limestone one's curiosity is excited, and you watch their movements with surprise. On being alarmed, however, they move with great quickness.

"This is the only spermophile I have met with near San Antonio, Bexar county being apparently outside of the range of either *Spermophilus mexicanus* or *S. tridecemlineatus*. The former may occur not far from the southwestern border of this county, or on the other side of the Medina River, twenty-five miles south of San Antonio."

The beaver (*Castor canadensis*) was formerly found northwest of San Antonio, and Mr. Lacey reports it as still found sparingly on the Little Llamo and Perdinales rivers.

A single skull of the black bear accompanied the collection. Of this species Mr. Attwater says:

"Black bears are still found in localities at the head of the Nueces River and in the Devil's River region, where the immense and almost impenetrable cedar brakes afford them protection. Ten years ago they were common in parts of Bandera and Kerr counties. Mr. Lacey informs me that at that time 'bear bacon' was nearly always to be found at any of the ranches on Turtle Creek, and that it was almost impossible to raise hogs on account of bears eating the young pigs.

"A pair of black bears have bred three times in the Zoölogical Gardens at San Antonio, each time bringing forth the young early in spring. There were three or four in each litter, about the size of rats, and they were eaten by the old ones each time."

No specimen of the civet cat (*Bassariscus astuta*) was sent, and they are reported to be more abundant in the rough country north and west of San Antonio than immediately about that city. In captivity they become quite tame and live comfortably; but I have not heard of their breeding in confinement. In a wild state they live principally on birds and mice, and are said to be expert mice catchers.

While the wolf, lobo or loafer is not now found immediately about San Antonio, it used to be, as this note shows:

"Formerly common in Bexar county, but I have not heard of their occurrence here for several years. They are still found in the broken, hilly country northwest of San Antonio, particularly in Edwards county. They are more cautious than the coyotes, and disappear as the country becomes more settled and traversed by railroads. They are much more dreaded by the sheep and goat-men than the coyotes. Mr. Lacey says a coyote kills sheep because he wants something to eat, but that a 'lobo' kills them just for fun, and generally 'lays out' a dozen or two before he quits. The ranchmen always pay a larger reward for a lobo than for a coyote.

"Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, of Newburgh, N. Y., who spends much time hunting in Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio, and a good authority on Texas game, has made some interesting experiments crossing coyotes and lobos with some of his dogs. A setter bitch crossed with a male coyote raised three pups, and a 'Great Dane' or Ulmer bitch crossed with a male lobo had thirteen pups."

Its ravages on stock have led the Texas Live Stock Association to urge the payment of a bounty on wolves.

The red fox is believed by many persons not to have been native of Texas, and Mr. Attwater supplies us with interesting evidence bearing on this point, which is seen in the following letter from the secretary of the Texas Fox hunters' Association, Waco, Texas, which he sent to Dr. Allen:

OFFICE OF T. H. BROWN.
COUNTY CLERK, McLENNAN COUNTY,
WACO, TEXAS, Dec. 9, 1895.

H. P. Attwater, Esq., San Antonio:

MY DEAR SIR—I have just been handed a letter by Mr. Seley from you desiring information in regard to 'red foxes,' and will take pleasure in giving you such information as I have. Yes, sir, there is a Texas Fox Hunters' Association, with Dr. John D. Rogers, of Galveston, as president, and myself as secretary. I was the first to introduce 'red foxes' into this part of the State. We had exchanged our old-time native hounds, or as usually called 'pot lickers,' for the Walker dogs from Kentucky, and the gray foxes proved themselves no match for these dogs, only being able to run from twenty to forty-five minutes ahead of them. Having the dogs, it became necessary to get game that would give them a respectable race. Accordingly in 1891 I imported from Kentucky and Tennessee ten red foxes and placed them among the Bosque Brakes about four miles above where it empties into the Brazos River. They gradually scattered over a large area of country. The next spring (1892) I again brought in twenty-three more reds from the older States, planting thirteen of them again among the Bosque Brakes and ten of them on White Rock Creek, on the east side of the Brazos River. These foxes afforded us some fine sport, but they too gradually scattered, only a few remaining in the neighborhood of their adopted home, some wandering off through Bosque and Erath counties. The next spring I only succeeded in getting two reds from the East and planted these on the Bosque, and they remained and are still affording fine races. In the spring of 1895 I again planted five reds on the river near Lovers' Leap, where the waters of all the Bosques mingle with the waters of the Brazos. Some of the bluffs here are 300ft. high, and have a great many caves in them, and these last foxes seem well satisfied with their new home. Occasionally I hear of a red fox in various parts of this (McLennan) county, and I am satisfied that within a few years they will be as numerous here as in the old States.

I understand that Messrs. Eli and James Rosborough and Capt. T. H. Craig, all of Marshall, Harrison county, some ten or fifteen years since planted quite a number of reds in that, the eastern, part of the State, and occasionally they find them where they have located, off some twenty or thirty miles from where originally turned loose.

Dr. John D. Rogers has, I think, during the spring of 1895 planted some six or eight on his Brazos Bottom farms in Brazos and Washington counties. I would suppose that in all there have been at least 100 red foxes imported and planted in the State.

Hoping this information will assist you in your work, I remain most respectfully,
T. H. BROWN.

The gray fox (*Urocyon cinereo argenteus*) is not very uncommon, though it cannot be called abundant. Mr. Attwater reports the Texas lynx (*Lynx texensis*) as common, though less so than formerly. He says, "Its home is among the ravines and dry gullies which run into the creeks and rivers, where the land is broken and cut into holes and fissures by heavy rains, and the whole covered with a tangled growth of thorny brush, cacti, yuccas and small trees, forming a labyrinth which presents to the intruder a thousand thorns at every step, penetrated only by cattle paths leading to the water, and where a man found traveling on foot would be considered either an escaped lunatic or a fugitive from justice. Here the wildcats used to share the premises with peccaries, but the latter have been killed out in this country, and their only neighbor now is the rattlesnake.

"Wildcats are often seen in the daytime, lying on ledges along the river bluff, and on horizontal limbs of trees sunning themselves. Mr. Watson once saw a wildcat lying in the water on the Medina River, cooling itself after having been run by dogs. Their food consists chiefly of wood rats, rabbits and quail. They steal many turkeys and chickens from the ranches, and kill goats and young pigs. On skinning a wildcat the legs, head, neck, etc., are often found to be covered with cactus thorns, where they have accumulated under the skin in large quantities, the cats no doubt obtaining most of the rats, etc., by pouncing on them in their retreats among the bunches of *Opuntia*.

"I have had the pleasure of hunting wildcats with Mr. Otto Braubach, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, who has a pack of hounds trained to hunt cats, and have obtained some interesting information from him in regard to their habits. Mr. Braubach hunted wildcats for the bounty several years ago, and in less than twelve months, commencing about September, 1892, killed eighty-five of these cats. They were nearly all killed in a cattle 'pasture' formed by the fork of the Medina and Leon rivers, about twelve miles southwest from San Antonio. A number of other wildcats were killed during the same time by other hunters in the same neighborhood. It generally took the hounds about three hours to tire a cat out and 'tree' it or corner it in a cave, and one was once run into the river by the dogs and killed there. The cats would not take to holes or trees on dark nights, but kept dodging around in chaparral thicket till they were run down.

"Mr. Lacey reports them common in Kerr county, and from a high place on the side of a cañon he once saw an old one dodging the dogs by following around after the hounds that were trailing it among the thickets below him. These cats are often taken while young and raised as pets, and become very much attached to their owners. They occasionally breed in confinement.

The panther (*Felis concolor*) is fast being killed out, though it is still found now and then. A pair in the

Zoölogical Gardens at San Antonio bred in 1891 and 1892, producing four young each time. The period of gestation was observed to be ninety-six days.

The jaguar (*F. onca*) is rare east of the Nueces River, but is still occasionally taken in the chaparral thickets along the Rio Grande.

The leopard cat (*F. pardalis*) is still common between San Antonio and the Rio Grande.

A Buck Without Horns.

PENNSYLVANIA.—I have been reading about large horns and small horns and all kinds of horns, but did any of the FOREST AND STREAM deer hunters ever kill a buck without horns? Not one that had shed them, but one that never had had horns. I was still-hunting deer in Wexford county, Michigan, and had started a deer which I thought was a buck, and after trailing him about a mile he went into some brush and I got within 15ft. of him before I saw him. Just as I saw him I suppose he scented me. He made one jump and I took a snap shot at him and shot him through the head. He had no horns; never had had horns. He dressed 150lbs., and was two years old, so the old hunters said. His head looked just like a moolley cow's. If any one ever killed one like it, would like to have them write about it. Some may say it was a fawn, but it was too big for a fawn.

J. B. MCW.

[We imagine that hornless male deer of any species are very rare in America. We do not think that we have ever before heard of one. We believe that the European red deer (*Cervus elaphus*) sometimes lacks horns. These hornless males are in Germany called *hummle*. They are said to be perfectly well able to take care of themselves in disputes with the horned deer.]

Wild Pigeons in the Northwest.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—In your last issue you have an article from Dr. Beebe about the wild pigeons he has killed in western Washington near Tacoma. Having myself been a resident of that part of the country for six years, living on an island in American Lake, I have often killed wild pigeons and have seen great numbers of them in the trees around the lake, and they are identically the same kind of pigeon I had often killed in Missouri and Illinois during the period from 1869 to 1875. They are of a dark slate color and have long tail feathers.

I discovered while living on the island in American Lake great numbers of trout of several varieties. When speaking to the old inhabitants of that section of there being trout in American Lake, they told me they had never seen a trout in the lake, nor had ever caught one, although they had fished in the lake for twenty to thirty years. But I have seen hundreds of them at a time; they would not take a fly or any other kind of bait, although I have tried repeatedly to catch them. I lived on the island with my family for eighteen months and the other members of my family have seen these trout.

WM. E. CLAYTON.

Belated Geese.

ROCK, Mass., May 26.—We were much surprised this morning, during a heavy southeast rain, to see a flock of twenty-five or thirty Canada geese flying eastward toward Cape Cod Bay. They were flying rather low and had evidently passed the night in the great Middleboro Ponds, on the edge of one of which my place is situated.

JOHN MURDOCH.

Game Bag and Gun.

A PARADISE FOR GAME.

I IMAGINE I see an incredulous smile creeping over the faces of the gentle readers—as the novelists put it—of FOREST AND STREAM when the heading of this article meets their eyes. But nevertheless, gentlemen and lady Nimrods also—if any there be who read FOREST AND STREAM—it is a solid, substantial fact. The place exists and I have seen the country and have seen more game in ten days' time than I ever saw in my life altogether, and I am no spring chicken either. Was born at the foot of the Seven Mountains in the old Keystone State, and well do I remember when a boy, 8 years of age, standing in the door of my father's cross-road store and seeing, less than a mile away, five or more deer gracefully clearing the fence at a time. How I longed to be a man and have a gun! But when I arrived at that period of life, Winchester and other repeating rifles, and not less the lumber interests, had made large and small game of all kinds few and those that were left mighty shy, and the weighty question which has troubled the Esaus of the present day and generation arose: "Where can I go and get a reasonable amount of game and fish?" There was Florida, but while fish were in abundance, the country was low and full of bad, very bad snakes and sitch; also, if I may be allowed to use an Irish bull, "big game is small;" the Adirondack charges high and game not too plenty, etc.

But I had read and heard of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado; so last October, when asked to join a party going to the latter State, I joined and had the dream of my life realized. I saw and shot big game until I had to stop or see it go to wilful waste.

I only picked out big bucks too, weighing from 150 to 200lbs., and what meat! So fat that it was stripped off in layers 2in. thick at places, and so tender that one could pull it to pieces with one's fingers. This was on the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of 10,000ft. or snow line, and the home of the elk, black-tail deer, mountain lion, silver tips, bears, eagles, blue grouse, gray squirrel, and last, but not least, is the queer little snowshoe rabbit, called so, as it has webbed feet to enable it to travel over the deep snow in winter, which falls to the depth of 80ft. at times. Here also are the brawling mountain streams fed by the melting snow, and full, yes, swarming with the gamy trout. At the foot of the mountains or on the plains live the graceful antelopes, which are at this time of the year at their best—fat and tender from the early spring grasses—and can be seen from a pair to as high as 75 and 100 in a bunch. Jack rabbits, common rabbits

prairie wolves, bob cats, ducks and geese without number on the streams in season, cranes, sage hens, willow grouse and what that portion of the State always has, prairie dogs.

There is no question but that the game is there, and it is estimated by reliable men who know of what they speak, that the Indians (Utes) of Utah came up into the county (Route) last fall and killed from 7,000 to 10,000 deer. The question will naturally be asked "Where is the finest game preserve?" It is at the headwaters of the White River and Williams Fork country, and can be reached from Rawlins, Wyoming, or Rifle, Colorado, on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. by stage. The objective point is Craig, Colorado, and equi-distant between the two points named, 100 miles from each place. There is but one other place which has a reputation as high, but of which I know nothing, and that is Jackson's Hole in Wyoming.

Now if any of my brother hunters doubt this tale of mine, I refer him to Mr. W. H. Tucker or Mr. A. S. Robinson, one a capitalist, the other a builder, of Craig, Route county, Colorado.

The big horn or Rocky Mountain sheep also has its home here, but the game law says, "It shall not be killed," nevertheless one sees a head now and then. PENN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Newest Big Game Country.

Perhaps the newest big game country available on this continent to-day is to be found in the far Northwest, where the gold miners have dug out some news as well as some gold. There is said to be a new railroad, to run 250 miles north of Victoria, and sixty miles of this is already done. The Mackenzie River country also is open to the hunter. Then, again, one who wishes bears and moose and deer can go to Wrangel, take steamer up the Stickeen River 160 miles to a small place called Glenora, and from there portage seventy-five miles across the divide to Dease Lake. There, I imagine, one can to-day have about as much sport at big game as he could wish. It all sounds very far off and inaccessible to-day, but in a very short time we will all be talking familiarly about this region, and laying out trips to it, and telling about what sort of shooting we had there.

It Hailed a Little.

Friends of Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, will be pained to hear of a goose story which appears to have emanated from him or in his neighborhood. It seems from his story that there was recently a very hard hailstorm near Souris, Man., the hailstones being of a remarkable size and abundance, many reaching a size as large as a man's fist. A hired man working on a farm near Souris was forced to take refuge in the barn, and while therein and looking out through the open door was surprised to see a great many wild geese tumbling down in the barnyard, crippled by the hailstones. On the following morning the hired man and his employer went out with a single-barreled shotgun and a club, and picked up more than 200 fat wild geese, which they had found either dead or crippled in the fields round about the farm. These geese were sold at 40 cents apiece in Winnipeg. Other farmers are thought to have secured at least 500 more geese which were thus killed or crippled by the hail. And yet Mr. Johnson and his friend cry out against us for our spring shooting of wildfowl! We shall be forced to shoot in the spring in self-defense if they continue to wage war on the fowl up there with such destructive means as the above hailstorm. That must indeed be a weird country, and one wherein the settler must with trembling set out hyacinths, young cabbage or goslings, to say nothing of sending the children off to school.

A Trade Trip up the Lake Shore.

The popular impression is that the city of Chicago is built upon a marsh and surrounded by a low or marshy country. This is not correct in all points. A part of the city does indeed lie above an ancient and valuable ducking ground, but this marshy section lay off to the south, chiefly in the Calumet region, where the marshes remain in evidence to-day. Hedging this region from Lake Michigan are the sand hills where the Indians laid for the soldiers in the Fort Dearborn massacre. Upon the contrary, if one travels in the opposite direction, to the north along the lake shore, he will find as lovely a bit of country as he ever saw, lying along high bluffs, which line the lake and which are covered even to-day with a heavy growth of native timber. There are hills and ravines here, and a good many places of the kind that novelists call nooks. A fine bicycle road crosses all this country, skirting the lake for seventy-five miles, and passing through the many little manufacturing towns which have established themselves, one at the mouth of each short river that flows into the lake from the high prairies to the west. Of all these towns, Racine is the largest and prettiest, and it has additional interest from the fact that it is a sort of center for the manufacture of sporting goods, more especially bicycles and boats. Many yachts famous on the great lakes have been built here, to say nothing of the output of smaller craft of all sorts. In a recent visit there I saw on the stocks of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company the great steel steam yacht now building for Mr. Morgan, of the Morgan & Wright Co., makers of pneumatic tires, Chicago. This magnificent craft is now well under way, and the builders say they expect to launch her by the month of August. She will be a beauty and a credit to both Chicago and Racine. The makers estimate the cost at about \$75,000.

The Racine Yacht and Boat Works is another firm that builds all sorts of boats, big and little. Some genius at Racine has invented a bicycle boat, upon which one can place his bicycle midships of the craft, attach a gearing to the hind wheel, and so paddle off by grace of his own legs across the water. I saw some of the hulls of these boats at the Racine Yacht and Boat Works, as well as many sporting boats of the smaller types—one-raters, knockabouts, etc. The designer here is Mr. Fred W. Martin, and besides his specialty of many designs of small craft and boats for amateurs, there was one of more ambitious and peculiar type—a vapor launch, 38ft. in length and 8ft. beam, which he has designed for Mr. Herman Falk, of Milwaukee. This launch will be in every respect of lines and fitting a miniature steamship, something of a curiosity, and a very tidy craft.

Another one of the Racine firms of interest to sportsmen is the Gold Medal Camp Furniture and Novelty

Mfg. Co. This concern has a long name, but it is portable and can be folded up if you want it that way, just as all its goods can be. The Gold Medal camp cot I know of experience to be a wonder of strength and convenience, and the firm makes also all sorts of chairs, tables, stools and the like, each of which can be pulled out or pushed in like an accordion, so that you can furnish a household out of your vest pocket if you like. I was surprised to learn the extent and scope of the demand for these goods. Mr. Gittings, the manager, told me that one of his best markets was in South Africa. He had sent several lots of goods to Cape Town, Cape Elizabeth, etc. Australia is another field demanding great numbers of these goods. A great many have been sent to Singapore, India, and lately a lot was ordered for Havana, Cuba. A New York exporter had just sent in a letter asking prices on from 5,000 to 20,000 of the camp cots to go to South America, probably for military use. The sportsman who avails himself of these comfortable camp furnishings may at least feel that he is not alone in their use.

The Prodigal Dog.

I recall that last winter I had considerable to say about the valuable Irish setter of Mr. Noel Money, of Oakland, N. J., which was lost, strayed or stolen at Memphis by Mr. T. A. Divine, of that city. This prodigal dog never has returned to Mr. Money, as stated. On the contrary, I saw him a week ago at Memphis, looking very fat and contented, in the door yard of Mr. W. H. Allen, who states that he is eating all the spring chickens of that neighborhood. He adds that if Mr. Money wants his dog he can have him by paying for the expense of this notice and also settling for his board bill, which at this date is \$175. The dog is doing very well.

This further reminds me that Mr. Divine is threatening to come up to Chicago some time in June, an event which we hope can be averted. Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, has asked him to be his guest for a part of the time, and Mr. Organ has a dog of which he is very fond indeed. He is perfectly clear in his mind that if Mr. Divine comes to the house the dog will disappear when he returns to Memphis. It is really no wonder that Memphis has a national reputation as a center for fine sporting dogs.

Gone into Powder.

Mr. Eddie Bingham, for a long time connected with the gun department of Montgomery Ward & Co., not long ago severed his connection with that house and went into the employ of the Du Pont Powder Co., under the direction of Mr. E. S. Rice, general Western agent. Mr. Bingham has been traveling through Indiana for the past two weeks on business of the Du Pont Co., and will be seen at the large tournaments of the later season, including, of course, the big Du Pont shoot here in August. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

In British Columbia.

HARRISON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.—Were you ever confronted by a huge timber wolf, whose wicked eyes expressed the "come-right-in" invitation which his lolling tongue could not utter? A few days ago I stood facing one of these generally hungry animals. For a moment I mistook him for a very rough collie, but his length of legs and gleam of fangs, cruel in their exposed power, soon undeceived me and proved faithful business cards, stamped with their owner's name and character.

Did I have a shot at it? Did I kill it? Oh, no, kind reader, I am a woman, and not sufficiently renovated to pose as an adept with gun or rifle. I can shoot, but it's on the circular saw movement style. I can hit a tree if the forest is dense enough, but for sweet charity's sake don't ask me beforehand which tree it is to be. And besides, so far as the wolf was concerned I was unarmed. For this reason I felt an overpowering sense of gratitude that his wolfish lordship had been well stuffed before he had the pleasure of meeting me.

But if you care to try your hand at such exciting sport as wolf hunting come to British Columbia, stop at Aggasiz and take a charming five-mile drive over a good road, past farms, through huge timber, to stop by the loveliest lake you can imagine.

If Killarney is "Beauty's home," then we know that she has paid a lengthy and loving visit to our fair province, for the imprint of her kiss is on our mountains, and her reflection sparkles on the surface of our lakes.

Around and above the sheet of blue rippling water rise mountains green, purple and snow-capped. And there is the home of the timber wolf, the mountain goat, the coyote, the bear and the panther.

The lynx and br'er coon also find there a dwelling place. The "poom, poom, po-oom" of the big blue grouse pounds on your ear drums from all directions all day long, while the drum of the willow grouse is here, there and everywhere.

The trouting at Harrison is unexcelled. The hotel is more than comfortable and guides are always on hand. Steam launches and sail boats dot the lake and pleasure is at home in this spot.

Have you rheumatism? Here are hot sulphur baths warranted to cure you. In short, Harrison combines sport with restoration to health in every particular.

Bring your gun and rod and try; fresh fields and pastures new. Bring some pluck and muscle too. Sport in B. C. means sport; no sitting in an easy chair while beaters bring the game around, as I read of in English papers.

How far from Vancouver, British Columbia's meridian? Just four hours by rail. ELLEN R. CARTER.

Bears Galore.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada, May 24.—Mr. Alex. Anderson, of Pearl River, had an experience with a female bear which he does not care about having repeated every day. Mr. Anderson, in company with Mr. Atwell, a young Englishman, were out looking for bear signs. After leaving Ouimet Mr. Anderson took one course and Atwell another. The former's path lay through a ravine with steep hills dotted throughout with trees and shrubs. He carried an axe in his hand, and a pack containing two bear traps, bait, etc., weighing in all between 75 and 100lbs., was slung to his back. He had proceeded down the gully some distance when he saw signs of bears having visited the neighborhood a short time before. He shouted to Atwell and then proceeded to examine the marks left by the bears. While doing so he was startled to hear the angry whough! whough! of a bear close at

hand. Looking up, he saw a big female bear close upon him. Before he could move the animal was standing up in front of him ready to give him a good, tight hug. Alex., unable to use his axe, had recourse to the hypnotic power he possesses over the brute creation. He fastened his eyes upon those of the monster, wishing at the same time that Mrs. Bear was some other place than standing in front of him with mouth wide open and arms extended. The power of man is great. The bear couldn't stand the hypnotic stare Alex. gave her and so she turned and fled. Anderson does not know whether he can hypnotize more than one bear at the same time, but at any rate he had just begun to congratulate himself upon the happy termination of his adventure when he was frightened out of a year's growth by having a 2-year-old bear drop out of the tree under which he was standing and take to its heels after the old one. Then another came tumbling down beside him and away up the hill it went. Mr. Anderson's nerves were somewhat unstrung by this time and he sat down to wipe the perspiration from his brow and wonder if there were any more of the bear family in the neighborhood. Just then Atwell arrived with the gun, but they didn't get the bears. They set their traps and returned home without further adventure that trip. Mr. Anderson is going to carry a camera on his trapping and hunting trips hereafter, and take snap shots at the bears as they come tearing up to him. Then when he tells a bear story he can produce the proof of its truthfulness in the shape of a photo. J. E. NEWSOME.

Minnesota Boomings.

WABASHA, Minn., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been hunting lately, hunting too entirely in season, but without a gun, hunting the different varieties of beautiful wild flowers that grow in abundance in the coulees and in the sides of our glorious Minnesota bluffs, and listening to the booming of his majesty, the ruffed grouse, on every side, and the whistle of Bob White as an interlude, with a refrain from the multitude of song birds now holding their annual May festival all over our grand old Mississippi Valley. Vegetation was never more luxuriant than this season; there has been no frost to speak of since March, something very unusual for this country, and with plenty of rain and warm sunshine everything is booming, particularly the Mississippi, which has been bank full for several weeks. Quail have been scarce for several years, but they are getting quite plenty again now and we are hoping that with protection and mild winters, as we have been having lately, we will again have some of our old-time shooting in the future. WABASHA.

The Old Windfall.

It was seventy years ago (more or less, but rather more than less) that I lived near an old windfall where the old timber mostly had been laid down and a young growth had sprung up, such as yellow birch, black cherry and other varieties, with a smaller growth of saplings, making some dense thickets. This was the natural home of partridges, raccoons, rabbits, skunks and other small vermin—just the ideal of a boy's game preserve. During the winters the abundance of rabbits and partridges drew in many wildcats and foxes, and it was here that I killed my first wildcat, a little before I was 10 years old; and it proved to be one of the biggest. I had the chief run of that old windfall during three or four years; then more settlers came in and a big fire ran through it, and a little later on it was cleared up with much labor and cost, and when cultivated proved to be very productive; of course this was progressive improvement. All the same I had a sort of boyish feeling that a large portion of my hunting capital had been confiscated. ANTLEK.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.

Elk in Jackson's Hole.

JACKSON, Wyo., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Find inclosed some photos, taken by myself last winter, of elk on their winter range in Jackson's Hole.

The courts have decided that the Indians under their treaty have a right to kill all the game in Wyoming, and as in the face of that decision it is impossible for us to enforce the law against the whites, it seems as if our big game is doomed. Can not the sportsmen of the East with their influence help us, the people of Jackson's Hole, to save these noble animals from all being slaughtered? S. N. LEEK.

[The photographs sent by Mr. Leek furnish very timely illustrations of the particular country affected by the Supreme Court decision reported to-day. Now that the rulings of the lower courts have been reversed, the authorities should not have further trouble with Indian depredations upon the game, but will have opportunity to concentrate protective efforts against the white marauders.]

New York Legislation.

ALBANY, May 29.—The Governor has just finished with all the bills before him. He has signed only two more laws: Chapter 972 (Assembly No. 2431), for the protection of Saranac River in the village of Saranac Lake; and chapter 975 (Assembly No. 2536), for the protection of shell fish in Queens county. He refused to sign these bills: Assembly 1767, for the protection of fur-bearing animals; Assembly 1481, relating to the hounding of deer in the towns of Dresden and Putnam, Washington county; Assembly 746, relative to eel weirs in the Chemung River; Assembly 1497, for the assessment of dogs on the Tonawanda Indian Reservation; Senate 1730, making the close season for web-footed wildfowl from March 1 to Sept. 1; Senate 1196, giving special privileges to owners of private ponds; Senate 1051, relative to fishing through the ice in certain lakes; Senate 1303, allowing fishing other than by angling in the waters of Lake Erie in Chautauqua county. M.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 437.]

THE next morning was anything but reassuring, no sparkling sky nor radiant sea greeting us. The west developed huge banks of dark and dingy clouds that were marching along with steady and solemn mien, driving all the blue and beauty out of the celestial archway.

Despite this we crossed the bay, for such it was, and started in to make a record in the angle. I had made a change in my flies, and was using a professor and a jungle-cock, the former for stretcher and the latter for dropper. Ned clung to his bushy brown-hackle as stretcher and for his dropper changed to a gilt-coachman. Thus armed we sent the feathery ambassadors to capture a prince or two of the watery realm. The place we had chosen for our morning diversion was quite an isolated retreat and seldom a disciple of the rod ever ventured there. It was a lovely spot, fit place for a nymph's bath, where the little people of the water might find what Titania and Diana longed for—a place of absolute seclusion, "Where the bright eyes of angels only might behold a paradise so pure and lovely."

With such engaging surroundings, such breadth of rippling waters and of such crystal clearness, evidently abides the jeweled beauty whose every curve and graceful line are symmetry in perfection, while the ravishing hues rival the colors of the blushing pinks and the roses red. Here the livelong day

"The air is fragrant with perfumes,
All flushed with sunny rays."

Our flies sailed out and dropped upon the ripples as if thistle down had there fallen, or a butterfly had merely alighted to sail along like a Nautilus seeking a palace of pearl.

We went onward over many a chasmed lurking place for the brocaded beauty, and not till we reached a stupendous rock that rose from the water in Titanic grandeur did we receive a response. It, however, was a goodly one, and resulted in giving Ned a 2lb. trout, which tried very hard to swallow his gilt-coachman, boots and all.

We pursued the pleasant pastime for fully an hour, and along the waters of a sylvan shore, whose spreading trees and bright flowers greeted us with their beauty and fragrance as if to make amends for the absence of the delicious and graceful trout. At last an undersized trout, but one that had the bravery of his royal race, tampered with my jungle-cock and realized a delusion that made him a tidbit for the table.

This was our last victim that morning, for a sudden blow came sweeping through forest and over lake that sent us sailing back over billowy seas that lashed the ragged shores with wailing moan and flying foam.

On our return we found that a Mr. Clapp and his son, a bright-eyed youth of some 16 years, and their two half-breed boatmen had camped in our immediate vicinity. Of course an acquaintance at once ripened between us and we therefore had an interchange relative to our exploits. He stated that they had been fishing in the Chipewewa River and had caught a large number of small trout.

"What kind of flies did you use?" I inquisitively and immediately inquired.

"We used no flies, but they rather badly used us," the father smilingly replied and then referred us to the exposed parts of his anatomy, which were severely swollen and inflamed.

"Oh," spoke up the youth in answer to our interrogation, "we are simply bait fishermen and used nothing but the despised angle worm."

"Don't you take to fly-fishing?"

"I have never used the fly," he said, "but father declares that if I wish to be a gilt-edged angler I must take my trout only with the fly."

"Have you any?"

"I have neither flies nor leaders, I regret to state."

"I have an abundance of both, and if you desire to make an attempt at casting I will only too gladly supply you."

He accepted the offer with many thanks, but as he had no suitable casting rod I was positive his present attempts at luring would settle his flies on the water with a horrid splash. The lad was so intelligent and so earnest and ambitious that it was evident that at a later date, and when properly equipped, he would soon master the delicate art and finally toss a fly like an expert.

The blow which had driven us so hastily to our quarters turned out to be only a sudden squall and in a short time disappeared, and then the snowy fringes of foam soon vanished and the lake again ran in singing ripples, while crimson and gold burned among the bending branches and set the shadows dancing wherever sunlight peeped. The blue bells and wild violets nodded serenely along the shore and made a purple cloud among the tangled underbrush. Overhead was also grand transformation, for there prevailed fleecy seas so exquisite that we can only liken them to the colors of the purest gems. There were magnificent stretches of aqua-marine and chrysolite, and drifting banks of amethyst and jacinth, and flushings of ruby and gold. It was a gorgeous picture of fascinating frescoes and ravishing tints, "painted by the thought of the Great Artist."

Shortly after dinner we tried along the shore just east of the camp and where Ned had his first rise the day before. Again he was fortunate enough to receive another response, and a savage one that made the water boil around his stretcher fly, but he failed to connect with the fleeing *fontinalis*.

"Say," said Kenosh to Ned, "you pull a little too quick."

"Was I not a bit too slow, and is there such a thing as pulling too quick at these leaping and snapping trout," he answered.

"An authority on fly-fishing says the line must always be kept taught and the strike should come a fraction of a second after the response," I remarked.

"That is right," Kenosh ventured to remark.

"How do you strike?" says Ned to me.

"Just as quick as I can, and I am positive my three score and ten years about fills up the fraction of time desired for the halt."

"I presume, then, if you had ten years more added you would always be behind time in your strikes."

"Even so; but as a taut line, the same authority says, will hang about seven out of every ten responsive trout, I would not be without a goodly share of the quarry."

"That is very consoling to the patriarchs of the rod, but as I am near your age, why did I not lag a little in my strike?"

"It may be that you lagged a little too long and that haste had nothing to do with your failure to connect with the grabbing trout. And then again, there is a strong probability that you might have had a relaxed line."

"You and Kenosh take divergent views on my *fiasco*, and either horn of the dilemma convicts me, but I'll murder this wolfish trout," says Ned, as one rose to him while he was dancing his flies over the water. And murder him he did, for he held him so tight that I was fearful the stricken fish would either escape or the ashen rod break. After he was duly netted, Ned turned to me and inquired:

"Was I too fast or too slow?"

"I think the trout hung himself on a taut line. The strike had nothing to do with it."

"Bah, what kind of a conundrum are you giving me?"

"Taut line, was it not, Kenosh?" and I winked at the cunning half-breed.

"I thought so. He no pull when fish strike," he serenely said.

"Open-eyed conspiracy," solemnly ejaculated Ned, and that ended the all-important subject of the strike.

Anglers must have a little pleasantry during an outing, and I felt just then that I might probably be the next victim before the sun sank in his rosy bed of crimson.

We push along to an irregular shaped rock, the edges of which looked as if they had borne for ages the grinding force of chiseling ice and the heavy batter of terrific storms, so torn and notched and scarified did the flinty mass appear on its exposed side. A solitary tree, a stunted spruce, with a sparse display of green leaves that told of its hard life for sustenance, stood feebly erect in the center of this lone pile, which appeared to sentinel a landscape of wild pageantry exceedingly rich in blazing colors. Here we had in former years stolen many a blushing beauty of the radiant hues from their cosy lurking places, and it was evident that some of the royal race still remained and roamed through the winding passages of the chasmed roadways, and under the broad and overhanging ledges that were in every conceivable form.

Ned was the first to drop his flies among the tempting retreats, but the wary trout had so often noticed the fall of fluttering feathers over their abiding places that they were in no hurry to come out and rise to the dancing lures. It was fully ten minutes before some shapely gladiator in spangled tunic rose to the surface for what he thought a choice morsel, but he found to his sorrow that the dropping and trailing feathers were a mere delusion, and that which appeared animated was a mere device for his capture.

As he struck out for liberty with the adhering Kingfisher, which I had here attached to my leader as stretcher, he hurriedly sought his marble halls from whence he came, there hoping to arouse aid, but he was suddenly enjoined by the foe above him with the wizard wand and singing reel, which brought him to such a sudden halt as to fairly bewilder him. Slightly recovering, he rose to the surface as if for a solution of the perilous situation, and thinking the higher he went the more he would learn; he gathered vigor for the leap into the upper element, and then bravely vaulted into the dazzling rays of the burning sun like a flash of golden fire and there acquired, we thought, some little knowledge of his mysterious entanglement. Dissatisfied and discouraged, he drops back to the surface and then plunged and darted down to the rocky bottom in hopes, doubtless, of finding some cavernous retreat where at will he could sever the fatal thread that was stealing his strength away. In this he is sadly baffled, for the steady strain he realizes will not permit of rest, and so perforce to gain his freedom he must either tear out the cruel hook or break the braided line. With this object in view he darts boldly and angrily away, fleeing o'er his old haunts and his dear home, yet still held from an entrance by his crafty foe, who has had too much experience with other members of his flame-painted family to permit of such foolish familiarity.

He is now becoming frantic, as he feels the current of vitality departing from him and sighs as he thinks of the gushing waterfalls and the rippling rapids where he was wont to sport with his raiment o'erspangled with gold and gems and where he could poise as the monarch of the purling stream. All, all is now lost to him, no fragrance of flowers, no frolicsome waters, no shadowy pools again, and as his subtle foe draws him to his fate he renews his bravery and nobly battles, but he struggles in vain and only surrenders when resistance is useless.

This is my victim who attempted to solve the riddle of the dancing feathers, but it proved a sacrifice to him more fatal than that of Iphigenia. He was a 3-pounder and a painted beauty of exceeding rarity.

At this happy culmination to the victorious angler Mr. Clapp and his son came abreast of us with his mackinac and two half-breeds and stated that they were on their way to some very tempting waters two miles ahead, where he proposed taking trout with the wriggling angle worm. The lad eagerly watched our casting as long as he could see us, doubtless thinking that he could learn something of the fly-caster's art.

"That boy is heart and hand in the angle," said Ned, "and some day, should he pass our way, may show us a thing or two in the gentle art that we know not of."

Ned when he gazed upon my glittering captive renewed his efforts to tempt just such another to his lures, but they failed to attract, and so we pushed along the wood-crowned shore with our flies falling into every shaded line of the most promising waters. At last we reach a place where some gay flowers enamel the shore and the spruce and hemlock spread their o'erhanging branches to the very water's edge. Here must certainly range the bejeweled and bespotted beauties.

"Look down there," said Ned, pointing to a disorganized mass of rock that was as complete a lurking place for trout as I ever saw. Chasms, ledges and fissures ran in all directions. In the center of this deranged pile was a depth of over 20ft., that was as irregularly walled and shelved as if nature had specially contributed it as an appropriate home for the ever radiant beauty of the tinkling brook.

I took a hurried glance at the fortified abode and then

sent my flies as *avant couriers*. Some spangled warrior at this manifestation darted from his rocky lair and made a very sudden and savage attack upon one of our little plumed emissaries, and about as suddenly endeavored to retreat to his massive quarters. It was too late, however; but when he found his escape cut off he turned and made about as bold a fight as did the Spartan at the pass Thermopylae and then went to the same bourne. He was smaller than the first, but equally as magnificent in all that makes this gamy fish the treasured idol of the gentle angler.

We caught one more after much industrious whipping of the waters and then returned to camp. The bait fisherman soon joined us and showed us three good-sized trout that came to the feast of the angle worm. The lad was exceedingly happy over the outing, for he had, I learned, caught two of the radiant victims.

We had been fishing so hard that afternoon that we retired shortly after supper to woo that gentle goddess who soothes the hearts of men wearied with the pleasures and toils of the day.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

Concerning the Work of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of the State of New York.

BY A. N. CHENEY, STATE FISHCULTURIST.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.]

So far as the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, of New York, is concerned, the request of Dr. Bean, recording secretary of this society, for a report showing results of work accomplished during the past year, may be summarized as follows:

Applications were received from the people of the State for planting in public waters, for brook trout, 10,864,200; brown trout, 1,380,600; rainbow trout, 155,500; lake trout, 6,110,000; pike perch, 13,143,000; black bass, 1,136,075; whitefish, 30,000,000; ciscoes, 34,000,000; frost fish, 2,000,000; total, 98,789,375.

To fill their applications, the State hatched and had for the spring distribution fry as follows: Brook trout, 4,315,000; brown trout, 900,000; rainbow trout, 100,000; lake trout, 3,255,000; frost fish, 10,000,000; ciscoes, 32,000,000; whitefish, 11,750,000; total, 62,320,000.

In addition, 265,000 brook trout, 81,000 brown trout, 57,000 lake trout, 10,000 rainbow trout, 15,000 landlocked salmon, 3,000 sea trout from Europe, or a total of 431,000 fry, were retained at the hatchery stations to be reared to 8 and 12 months of age before planting in wild waters.

The work of hatching and planting the spring spawning fishes is not yet completed, but it will be observed that of the various species of trout 18,510,000 fry were asked for, and only 8,560,000 were on hand to fill the applications. There was a shortage of 18,250,000 whitefish, 2,000,000 of ciscoes, and a surplus of 8,000,000 of frost fish, which is the round whitefish found in Adirondack waters. Among the fish not enumerated, 76,000,000 of tom cods and 35,000,000 smelts were hatched and planted in Long Island waters; 50,000 eggs of the Atlantic salmon were received from the United States Fish Commission, and the fry hatched and planted in the headwaters of the Hudson River, and 302,000 lobsters in Long Island waters.

One hundred thousand eggs of the steelhead trout were also received from the United States Fish Commission and hatched at the Caledonia and Cold Spring Harbor stations.

It is the policy of the Commission to give its attention chiefly to what are termed commercial fishes, and in furtherance of this policy 90,000,000 pike perch were hatched and planted as against 41,205,000 in 1895.

This work of hatching commercial fishes has its limits, however, like all other fishcultural work, and the boundary point is the number of eggs that can be obtained.

It is the policy of the Commission also to rear as many of the salmon family to 8 and 12 months of age before planting as the facilities of the stations will permit. Heretofore these facilities have been very limited indeed, and in 1895 but 12,750 fingerlings of 8 months and yearlings of 12 months (I say yearlings of 12 months, for fingerlings of 8 months are frequently called "yearlings" by courtesy), including brook, brown, rainbow trout and landlocked salmon, were distributed from the State hatcheries. As I have already shown, 431,000 are now being reared, and arrangements have been made for building rearing ponds and boxes so that the output will be 1,000,000 in the nearby future.

The experiment was made during the spring of changing trout fry and eggs from the water and food of one hatchery to that of another, much as members of the human family are moved from mountain to sea air, or vice versa, as a tonic, and the result, whether owing to the change alone or from other causes, has been the strongest, most vigorous fry turned out in years by the State, if the testimony of the hatchery men and the people who have received the fry is competent. Not a single complaint has been received that the fry were sick or weak or in poor condition.

Yearling trout have been reared the past year that were 9in. long. I moved one lot of yearling trout, receiving them from a hatchery messenger after a journey of 200 miles and taking them seventy-five miles further without the loss of a fish, and there was scarcely one that was under the legal length of 6in. By legal length I mean the length exceeding which trout may be killed by statute when caught. The planting of trout over 6in. in length will tend to render the efforts of the Commission void in stocking streams to make them self-sustaining, as every one of such fish planted in the spring may be legally caught and killed before they have an opportunity to spawn. It is for that and other reasons allied to it that the Commissioners sought to obtain the power possessed by the New Hampshire Commission, and perhaps other State Fish Commissions, to enable them to close planted streams until the fish become established, or until they have had the opportunity to spawn at least once before they can be legally killed. As the law now stands it presents the curious anomaly of practically nullifying the efforts of the Commission to make the planted waters in a measure, at least, self-sustaining, and so far the Legislature has not seen fit to grant to the Commission the power it seeks to close such waters for a time,

The greater number of applications for fish of various kinds are carefully examined by the Commission, and those for private waters are thrown out. If applicants describe waters that are unsuitable for the fish asked for, their applications are also thrown out or filled with fish suitable for the water in question. The Commission has issued a circular, a copy of which is sent to each person applying for fish, describing the proper way to handle and care for fry until they are deposited.

At the time the table from which I have quoted, showing the number of fish applied for, was made up, 1,136,075 black bass were asked for. This is a fish, as every one here knows, that is not yet hatched artificially, and the State can supply them only by netting waters in one part of the State to supply waters in another, or by purchase from waters without the State. Last year with an expenditure of \$500 the Commission purchased and caught for distribution 1,810 adult black bass and 18,300 fingerlings about 2 in. long, a greater number than ever before distributed by the State in one year. The law of the State opens the black bass fishing on May 30; and as black bass spawn all through the month of June and the brood of young bass require the care of the parent fish for some time after they are hatched, it seems like wasting at the bung and filling at the spigot to expect the Commission to keep up the supply of black bass with the few that they can buy. In fact I have suggested to the Commissioners, informally, that until the close time is changed to cover the breeding season it might be wise to distribute no black bass whatever, for no commission can perform the impossible, and 18,000 2 in. bass—less than one 5 lbs. bass would rear if all eggs and fry survived—will go but a very little way toward supplying the waste of a whole month of fishing during the breeding season.

Another law that the Commission has to contend with to keep up the supply of one of the most important of food fishes is the shad law. Before the construction of the Erie Canal in 1825, which necessitated building a dam across the Hudson River at Troy, shad ran up the Hudson to Baker's Falls at Sandy Hill, fifty miles above Troy, and furnished food to a community to which shad is now a comparative rarity. In that day many a farmer came to the river below Baker's Falls and camped until he had secured and salted down a supply of shad for the winter. The Troy dam checked the upward migration of the shad from the time it was built until this day, but good catches of shad were made just below the dam up to within, say, ten or fifteen years ago. Within a few days just passed I have questioned the net fishermen who have applied to the Commission for license to net the river at or near Albany for herring, and they tell me it would not pay them to set a net for shad. The present shad law relating to the Hudson provides an open season between March 14 and June 15 for netting shad, "but said nets shall not be drawn nor fish taken therefrom between sunset on Saturday night and sunrise on Monday morning, unless by reason of the inclemency of the weather said nets cannot be drawn prior to sunset on Saturday night, in which case it shall be lawful to take fish therefrom as soon as the weather will permit." With this law in force the Commission has been unable to secure a sufficient number of ripe shad at Catskill to keep up the supply of this species of fish in the river without assistance from the U. S. Fish Commission. It was thought advisable by the Commission to amend this section of the law at the session of the Legislature during the past winter, and a bill was introduced which required that shad nets be taken up at sunset Friday night and not fished until sunrise Monday, and it also provided that nets should not be operated by boats propelled by steam. This amendment was for the purpose of opening the river a sufficient time each week to enable a sufficient number of breeding shad to reach their spawning grounds and keep up the stock in case aid from outside sources should fail. The steamboat clause was for the purpose of putting all the fishermen on the same footing. This bill passed the Senate, but was defeated in the Assembly.

In 1895 unusual efforts were made by this Commission to obtain shad eggs in the Hudson, and 3,087,000 fry were hatched and planted, and 4,900,000 contributed to the Hudson by the U. S. Fish Commission. From 1883 to 1895, both years inclusive, the State planted in the Hudson 33,522,500 shad fry, and during the same period the U. S. Fish Commission contributed to the Hudson 54,511,000 shad fry from other rivers, or 20,988,500 more than the State was able to supply from the river itself. With these figures, taken from the reports of this Commission and furnished to me by Commissioner Brice from the books of the U. S. Fish Commission, as a basis, one can imagine what the condition of the shad fishing in the Hudson would have become had it not been for contributions of fry from the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. This year the shad work of this Commission is not completed, but the U. S. Fish Commission has already contributed to the Hudson 3,000,000 shad fry from the Susquehanna and 2,000,000 from the Delaware.

Contributions of shad fry from other rivers doubtless do more than aid to keep up the supply of fish in the Hudson, as the fresh blood must invigorate and improve the stock.

Since 1883 the greatest number of shad fry the State has been able to plant in the river from eggs obtained from the shad of the river was in 1889, when 6,000,000 were planted. The next best seasons were 1887, 1888 and 1895, when something over 3,000,000 were planted each year. In 1891 the United States contributed 9,348,000 fry and six other years from 4,200,000 up to 7,414,000 annually.

As to the importance of the shad fisheries of the Hudson and the value of the product, the Commission caused an investigation to be made last year covering all the fishing stations from Sandy Hook to Castleton, nine miles below Albany. It was found that 3,471 nets were operated, and 1,155,610 shad were taken during the season of 1895. New Jersey is credited with 1,666 nets, operated at eleven stations, and taking 417,829 shad. New York is credited with 1,805 nets, operated at sixty-seven stations, and taking 737,781 fish. The greatest number of nets at a single station is 703, at Alpine, N. J., taking 94,100 shad. Fort Lee, N. J., operates 337 nets, taking 114,300 shad. The greatest number of nets operated from New York stations was 306 at Sing Sing, taking 16,400 shad, and 313 at Nyack, taking 3,853. The nets gradually peter out up stream, until Castleton, with one net, is credited with 500 shad. At Catskill, where the work of this Commission is carried on, six nets were operated, taking 5,000 shad.

To get at the weight and value of the shad catch in the

Hudson, I asked ex-Commissioner Blackford to give me the average figures of fish received at Fulton Market. He wrote me:

"Regarding the Hudson River shad, I would say that 100 buck shad will weigh 308 lbs., and 100 roe shad will weigh 412 lbs. This, you see, will make their average a little over 3½ lbs. The proportion of bucks to roeshad this season has been 60 per cent. roe shad to 40 per cent. buck shad. The average price for the entire season has been 20 cents for roe shad and 10 cents for buck shad. The lowest price they have sold for on any one day was 10 cents for roe shad and 5 cents for bucks. For quality and size, the Hudson River shad has been good—rather better than for the last two or three years."

With these figures as a basis, I find that the catch of shad in the Hudson River in 1895 weighed 4,044,635 lbs., and that 693,366 roe shad brought \$138,673.20, and 462,244 buck shad brought \$46,224.40, or a total for the entire catch of \$184,897.60.

The mascalonge work at Chautauqua Lake is in progress at this time, and probably 3,000,000 fry of this species will be planted by the State. The mascalonge of Chautauqua Lake, while structurally like the St. Lawrence River fish, is differently marked, and wholly lacks the round brown spots of the latter. The Chautauqua fish is blotched or banded on the sides with rich brown on a light ground. I believe that no other commission has attempted to cultivate the mascalonge artificially. A number of experiments were made in this work before the hatching of mascalonge was successful. The eggs were tried in the hatching jar and in shad boxes in running water, but finally the eggs were placed in boxes with double screens top and bottom to prevent the eggs being eaten by minnows and other fish, and the boxes were sunk in the lake in still water.

It is difficult to obtain all the eggs from a fish at one handling, but 265,000 eggs have been taken at one time from a female of 32 lbs. Only one mascalonge was killed last year of all that were handled. After milting the eggs separate in three-quarters of an hour, and about 97 per cent. of impregnated eggs are hatched. With water at 55° Fahr. the fry hatch in about fifteen days, and it requires about the same length of time to absorb the umbilical sac. The fry of the mascalonge when first hatched are very helpless, and apparently a prey to every living thing.

This Commission is giving considerable thought to the question of providing food for fishes in wild waters, as it believes that many failures to stock lakes and streams are directly chargeable to a lack of proper food for the planted fish. This subject is treated at some length in the annual report of the Commission now in the hands of the printer. The steelhead trout mentioned in this paper are the first to be brought to New York, and they will be planted in one of the large lakes in northern New York and in Long Island streams flowing into the sea. The Scotch sea trout are the first to be brought to this country and will not be distributed at present.

The total output of fish of all kinds will be considerably larger this year when all the work is finished than last year, when under the old Fishery Commission and the new Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission combined a grand total of 196,247,840 were planted.

OUANANICHE AND TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some splendid specimens of the famous northern game fish that occupies so much space in the June number of *Harper's Magazine* have been brought here by anglers within the last few days and displayed in the windows of the fishing tackle shops. Very beautiful indeed is the sheen of these first bright silvery spring salmon from the fresh water of Lake St. John. Large catches have been made at the mouth of the Metabetchouan for a fortnight past, but mostly with bait. Now, however, the ouananiche is taking the fly freely, both there and in the mouth of the Ouitchouan, and within the last day or two in the body of the lake itself, principally along the Roberval shore. Here the sport is exceedingly good, and likely to remain so for several days, and perhaps a fortnight to come, for not until the waters fall to a certain level—and they are now exceedingly high—will the fish move out into the rapids of La Grande Décharge. Meanwhile during their sojourn in the great lake it is somewhat melancholy to contemplate the numbers of these magnificent specimens of *Salmo ouananiche* that find a sepulcher behind the wolfish jaws of the monster pike of this great inland sea, or within the disgustingly distended paunches of the villainous *Lota americana* or *Lota maculosa*, fresh-water burbot or ling, as he is described in the new work on "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment."

Some of the earliest American anglers to visit their Canadian preserves are already commencing to return. Messrs. J. P. Warner and F. N. Benham, of Bridgeport, arrived here last night on their way home from the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club's preserve, where they enjoyed their usual good sport. They would probably have had better fly-fishing could they have remained a few days later; but as it was necessary for them to leave they will revisit their preserve about the end of August. During the present week there has been a large accession to the number of members and guests at the club house and on the waters of the Metabetchouan Club at Kiskisink. Among others now there are Messrs. Samuel Dodd, Walter Hubbard, Geo. A. Fay, W. B. Hall, W. B. Ives, C. P. Bradley, Frank Stevenson, Jr., Frank S. Fay, Wm. P. Morgan and Geo. H. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn.; S. A. Burns, A. J. Cable, N. M. Beach and Wm. C. Bryant, of Bridgeport, Conn.; J. E. Palmer, of Middleton, Conn.; C. R. Forrest, of Hartford, and Frank L. Palmer, of New London, Conn. Dr. Heber Bishop, accompanied by Mr. J. Warner and other New England anglers, leave for Kiskisink by this evening's train. Mr. Arthur Beebe, of Syracuse, leaves at the same time for the Triton Tract. Over fifty Syracusians are Tritons, and among those of them who have lately gone up to their preserves, all since the date of my last letter, are Messrs. D. R. McCarthy, C. W. Andrews, W. S. Andrews, D. E. Petit, A. E. Fowler, H. E. Wannamaker, C. H. Mowry, G. F. Gregory, Wm. B. Kirk, M. C. Pierce, W. H. Brown, L. C. Smith, Geo. P. Larrabee, Fred Barnes and Stewart Murray. The other anglers at present upon this tract are C. H. Brandon, of Nashville, Tenn.; E. E. Darling, of Troy, N. Y.; J. R. Judson, of Arlington, Vt., and Henry Schneider and W. M. Peckham, of Troy, N. Y. These Tritons have recently erected a magnificent club house on Lac

la Croix, a lake expansion of the Batiseau River, and close by it a railway station has been established for their exclusive use. Their club house is to cost, when completed, some \$8,000. It has a frontage of 104 ft., an average depth of 35 ft., and no less than thirty bedrooms. The interior is of natural spruce, with oil and varnish finish. There is an angle nook in the building, and several rooms with large, open, ornamental fireplaces for log fires. Some of the members are also erecting private camps on various sites throughout the tract.

Messrs. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, and Wallace Durand, of Newark, have timed themselves to be here (on their way to the Nomantum Club waters) on the 27th, and the Messrs. McCormick, of Florida, passed through Quebec to-day. All these parties have arranged to fish for ouananiche after their spring trout fishing.

Dr. Morris, of New York, will be at Lake St. John in the second week of June, and so will Dr. Webb and party.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and party will spend a few weeks upon the Metapedia after the 1st of June. Their headquarters will be at the Restigouche Salmon Club.

Very large catches of trout—some of them exceeding 5 lbs. in weight—have been made this week in Lake Edward, on the waters of the Tourilli Club, and also in the Laurentide and Stadacona groups of lakes.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 23.

FROM far above the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River and from the waters of its Ashuanipi branch, in the interior of Labrador, came the skin of a fish that unfolds a novel and interesting story to anglers and ichthyologists alike. In its adipose fin the fish whose skin this was wore the badge of royalty among fishes—the evidence of kinship to the kingly family of the salmon. In its shapely beauty and brilliancy of coloring, from the deep bluish green of its back, through the various shades of its silvery sides, to the pure white of its under surface, and in the number and disposition of its fin rays, it scarcely differed from a grilse of equal size. But its habitat was above a cataract having a sheer fall of 300 ft., so that this fish could not possibly have been a salmon from the sea. The large number and the distinctness of the xx marks upon its sides, the large size of the eye and of the dark spots upon the gill covers, and the strength and thickness of that portion of the body adjoining the caudal fin, all stamp it a ouananiche, or fresh-water salmon of non-anadromous habits. Prior to the discovery of this fish in several of the large streams of the extreme northern and eastern river basins of Labrador, by Mr. A. P. Low, of the Geological Survey of Canada, who brought this skin back with him to civilization upon his return from his overland trip of 1894-5 to Ungava Bay, the ouananiche was popularly supposed to be peculiar to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Now its Canadian environment is known to include the whole Labrador peninsula, excepting perhaps that part of its westerly slope drained into Hudson Bay; and the angler who would find it, and fight it under the varying conditions in which it may be found, must traverse a vast region of mountain and lake and forest and stream as practically unknown as the interior of Africa, save to the Montagnais and Mescalpee Indians, whose hunting-ground it is.

The earliest spring fishing for ouananiche is to be had in Lake St. John. The railway ride of 190 miles thither from the city of Quebec carries the tourist through one of the most fascinating regions of Northern sport, and across the entire belt of the Laurentian Mountains, which thousands of years before Noah's ark grounded upon the summit of Mount Ararat, or the fiat had gone forth which first shed created light upon a world of chaos, lifted aloft their hoary heads, white with the snows of a thousand years. Most of the stoppages made along the greater part of this railway line are mainly for the accommodation of fishermen belonging to the different clubs of sportsmen, whose club-houses are sometimes the railway stations and the headquarters of private preserves, of 200 to 400 square miles each in extent. Ouananiche have been planted in some of these preserved waters, and brook trout abound everywhere. Marvelous stories are told of the monster *fontinalis* that inhabit the deep, cold waters of the lakes and streams of the Triton the Lake Edward, the Nomantum, the Metabetchouan and the Batiscan systems. Five and six pound specimens are not rare in either of these, and occasionally eight-pounders are taken. The brilliancy of their coloring has drawn from Kit Clarke the declaration that "God never made a more beautiful object." An English magazine writer has said of the same fish, "Never have we seen such gorgeous and brilliant coloring in any finny creature, except perhaps in some of the quaint, tropical varieties from the Caribbean Sea, which are shown to the traveler by negro fishermen in Jamaica."

In gameness this beautiful trout is excelled in its Canadian home by the ouananiche alone. From its lair beneath some lily pad or under the shadow of an overhanging tree or rock, often within the margin of heavy rapids, where the floods clap their hands in frolicsome glee, the leopard of the brook has had his attention directed by some peculiar motion of a somewhat remarkable fly at or near the surface of the water. At the moment the insect makes a dart, as if to escape alike his observation and his reach, it is seized by him with a rush which in velocity excels the motion of the cast as it is about to be drawn from the water. If essential to success, this mad rush is not unfrequently terminated by a leap into mid-air and on to the apparently vanishing hook. He is a valiant foe, a stand-up fighter, as it were, who takes no surface lure by stealth, not even from below, but flings himself boldly into the contest, generally exposes himself to full view quite early in the fight, and never loses an inch of ground, or water, or line, until compelled by sheer exhaustion, nor is finally conquered until he has employed the thousand and one devices of his plucky persistence, bold, brave, battling and finny *finesse*. Even when apparently quite exhausted, and drawn unresistingly on his side upon the top of the water to the very margin of the angler's canoe, the sight of the landing net inspires him with new life, and he must needs be a deft and experienced guide who is not often overmatched in the wild dash for life and liberty of a large trout's final struggle at the apparition of the net. This is the *fontinalis* of cold Northern waters as I know him and esteem him, and as thousands of Canadian and American anglers know and esteem him too.

Many a time these trout are taken in this Lake St. John country two or three at a cast. I have known of two being taken at a time where only one was hooked.

was in the middle of September, and I had struck what subsequently proved to be a very handsome female fish, in condition the very pink of perfection. As my rod was light, less than 5 oz. in weight, and the fish both heavy and strong, I had rather thoroughly exhausted my trout before attempting to bring it to net. To provide against the success of a possible final plunge, I had gradually conducted my quarry into a narrow opening running some distance between two low ledges of rock, upon one of which stood my guide, net in hand, ready for the closing scene of the struggle. Then for the first time it was seen that there were two trout instead of one in the little creek or bay into which I had towed my fish. But only one was fast to my line. With a dexterous sweep of the net, the guide secured, not in the first instance the fish that had taken the fly, but a handsome red-bellied male, whose persistent accompaniment of the securely hooked female into shallow water had rendered him apparently oblivious of the danger into which he was running. And as I reflected how much like men these fishes are, there came into my mind these capital lines of the late John Boyle O'Reilly:

"'What bait do you use,' said a saint to the devil,
'When you fish where the souls of men abound?'
'Well, for special tastes,' said the king of evil,
'Gold and fame are the best I've found.'
'But for general use?' asked the saint. 'Ah! then,'
Said the demon, 'I angle for man, not men,
And a thing I hate
Is to change my bait,
So I fish with a woman the whole year round.'"

—From "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," by E. T. D. Chambers, in Harper's Magazine for June.

BOSTON FISHING PARTIES.

BOSTON, May 29.—The open season on bass in Massachusetts begins June 1. One of the most reliable places near the city which will be visited by Boston fishermen over the holiday is the Sudbury River. It is only fifteen miles out and even a poor angler can generally find there a few bass or pickerel to bring home. The river has been sadly abused as regards fishing during the last two or three years. The overflowed meadows along the shore make an ideal place for spearing, and I am told that much of this has been done at night in the shallow waters, and that large numbers of fish have been killed in this way. It is an abuse that ought to be stopped, but I believe one of the hardest to correct, since vigilance sufficient to stop it by those appointed for that purpose is indeed a rare virtue. A. N. Walker has fished the Sudbury for years and knows its best points thoroughly. He has taken in one day five bass that weighed 20 lbs., and I have myself seen a bass taken from Fairhaven Bay (a large sheet of water shooting off from one side of the stream) that weighed 6 lbs. Very few of the Maine lakes can show bass of this kind, and here they are at our very doors.

A friend who fished a brook near Canton, but a few miles from the city, captured ten good-sized trout in a few hours, while another party took twelve more from the same little stream, which in many places can be jumped across, but is very hard to fish. It would seem that the home waters are often overlooked while everybody is busily engaged in depleting the streams and lakes of other States.

Caryl D. Haskins and S. B. Paine, of Boston, will spend their holiday in fishing Southend Pond, near Millis, Mass. Mr. Haskins knows the pond and its best fishing points well, and his friend will be under his tuition, which probably means that he will come home with the largest string, something that often happens.

J. K. Souther and S. A. Carlton, of Boston, have gone to Jackson, N. H. Both have lately returned from Florida, and speak enthusiastically of the great fishing they have had during the winter. The next few weeks will be devoted to fishing in the White Mountains near Jackson. By the passage of a new law in New Hampshire the close season in the Wildcat and Ellis rivers will extend to June 1. All the Boston men who have fished these streams for years (and there are many of them) are elated about the new law and expect it to work wonders in replenishing the rivers, particularly as a long close time of two or three years has been placed over the brooks which feed them.

William H. Jackson, the Boston artist, accompanied by his wife, has gone to the Provinces. He will spend the summer and fall in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, changing from place to place wherever the best shooting, fishing and sketching can be had. Last summer was passed by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson abroad, and during the trip some very fair fishing was enjoyed in Scotland, although the great restrictions placed on the sport there seemed a hardship to one used to the freedom of American waters.

The Passaconaway Fishing Club has been organized in Merrimac, and has leased a small lake (on which they have a camp) known as Veal's Pond, situated about four and one-half miles from Haverhill. The pond has been famous for its pike fishing, contains about thirty acres, and is fed by four nice streams, in two of which there have lately been placed a few trout. The club have leased the fishing privilege for a term of ten years, with the right of renewal for five years longer. They have a large camp, with ample accommodations. During the summer pike fishing will be the feature, and in the autumn it is the intention to draw off the water and exterminate those voracious fellows. In the spring of 1897 the water will be stocked with trout. The officers are: President, Harry Tuttle; Vice-President, E. Byron Sargent; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. H. Judkins; Board of Managers, A. B. Carter, F. B. Judkins, B. Frank Sargent and the elected officers of the club. The membership is limited to twenty. The name of the club, "Passaconaway," is taken from Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Bridal of Pennacook," and the trout brook of which Whittier wrote is the outlet of this same pond, the poet's birthplace being only one and a half miles from Passaconaway Reservation.

Eugene Atwood, of Stonington, and Gen. E. S. Bass, of Willimantic, left Boston on Saturday for their camp at Kennebago, in the Rangeley region. They will spend some weeks fishing these beautiful waters, of which it is said that trout will take a fly at any time of year except when the lake is solidly covered with ice. Q. A. Atwood, of Boston, will join them in the sport a little later.

Judge Charles Allen, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and his brother, William H. Allen, of Greenfield, left on Friday for Moosehead Lake, where they have fished together for many years. They will make their headquarters at the Kineo House.

Walter B. Farmer, of Arlington, and Fred H. Pearson, of Lowell, have just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Rangeleys. They stopped at the Mooselucmaguntic House, and most of their fishing was done near that resort. The largest fish was a salmon weighing 8 lbs., and in one morning's sport they landed fourteen fish—all trout—the largest 4½ lbs. and the smallest 2½ lbs. Like many others who have been at the Rangeleys this season, Mr. Farmer spoke of the excellent salmon fishing. One big fellow of 10½ lbs. was captured during his stay.

E. T. Burley, of Lawrence, has gone to the Rangeleys, and will stop for some time at a private camp and try the fishing.

Dr. C. E. Prior and Mrs. Prior, of Malden, left on Wednesday for the Rangeleys. The Doctor is a devoted fisherman, and although intending to stay but a few days hopes to bring back one or more of the Rangeley trout or salmon.

R. R. Gilman, of Boston, has reached home from the Maguadavie preserve in New Brunswick. He says the party had good fishing, mostly in trolling. Thirteen of Mr. Gilman's trout weighed 23 lbs., and he lost an old patriarch who simply took out all his line and galloped off without ever stopping to say good-bye. He reports quite extensive forest fires in New Brunswick, and says that many camps have been burned.

The Fuller party, who went into the Aroostook region from Stacyville about two weeks ago, returned last Monday evening. They had good fishing, sixteen of their best trout averaging 3½ lbs. each. While canoeing up the east branch of the Penobscot one of the canoes, containing two sportsmen and a guide, was caught in the swift current and overturned in deep water. The three men reached the shore safely, however, and the canoe was captured after quite a chase down the stream. Our two sportsmen had all the boating they wanted for that day, and were satisfied to tramp the rest of the distance to camp. They were very fortunate in losing only one article of their equipment, a .32 cal. rifle.

A considerable number of Inglewood Club members who did not leave with the main party last week will go down in a few days to join them. They are L. L. Hopkins, Morton E. Cobb, Chas. Hull, Peter Tancred, Chas. Brown, Leroy S. Brown, H. D. Yerxa and W. A. Taft.

HACKLE.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 28.—The first striped bass of the season to be taken along this coast was captured this morning by J. D. Woodward from the Asbury Park fishing pier; weight 6½ lbs. This, while not remarkably early, is nine days in the lead of last year, and anglers will be correspondingly happy. The prevailing east winds are very favorable to striped bass and kingfish, as the choppy condition of the surf on the bar washes out the worms and small crustacea upon which these fish feed.

Reports are coming in from Barnegat which are highly gratifying. Already good catches of weakfish have been made. This is something phenomenal for that body of water. While the season was very early last year, still the first weakfish was taken there on June 11, making this two weeks in advance. While reports were current last season of fish being taken in May, a personal investigation failed to verify the same.

I would advise anglers at present to direct their attention to Forked River, Waretown or Cedar Creek Point, rather than at the pier or any of the more northern points.

While shedder crab is usually a very killing bait, still there are times when shrimp alone will suffice, and this is particularly true early in the season.

Weakfishing, if had under proper conditions, is glorious sport. And by all means, never give up a season without having an all-night trip to some favorite locality. The angler who has never tried it may be somewhat skeptical, but to such I would say secure a safe, comfortable boat, and with one companion row quietly to some locality where the weakfish are known to abound, drop anchor 50 to 75 ft. away from main channel (as the weakfish always leaves the channel in the night during the flood tide, seeking food on the flats and shoals). Then, with line without either sinker or float, pay out to the tide until the strike is secured. With line stripped of all impediments, as above described, full play is allowed the quarry, and the fun partakes largely of the nature of fly-fishing, inasmuch as every quiver and turn of the fish is telegraphed instantly to the rod hand. I have taken as high as 125 fine tide-runners at a single tide fishing in the above described manner between midnight and sunrise. "Fish-hog!" I hear somebody say. Well, perhaps so, but what is a fellow to do when bait is plentiful, fish are on the feed and sleep not to be considered? This much, however, in extenuation of the thousands that have fallen to my rod: I remember but two fish wasted. There are always plenty of families to whom they are welcome, and it is ever my pleasure to see that all surplus fish are placed in the homes where they will be appreciated.

May 29.—I am in receipt this A. M. of a letter from Mr. L. P. Streeter, an enthusiastic rod and reel fisherman, who has been spending a few days at Anglesea in quest of the festive drumfish. That he has been thoroughly successful the following record will attest: May 22, four drum of 26, 18, 15½ and 13 lbs. respectively; 23d, two of 34 and 28 lbs.; 25th, five of 21½, 21½, 21½, 18 and 17 lbs.; 26th, three of 28, 20 and 16 lbs.; 27th, four of 51, 20, 16 and 15 lbs. A total of eighteen fish, weight 400 lbs.

A scale taken from the 51 lb. fish measures 14×1¼ in., which of course goes into my cabinet of collections. Where, oh, where is Big Reel? And why is he not there?

LEONARD HULL.

The Rangeleys.

LOON LAKE, Rangeley, Me., May 29.—Fishing is fine. Mr. F. B. Richardson, of Brooklyn, in four days fishing the Loon Lake caught sixty-four trout; the largest weighed 3½ lbs. A. Putman, of Lowell, caught twelve trout and four salmon in two hours.

The game is very plenty here this season; a party while fishing at Loon Lake saw six deer in the water.

R. S. YORK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Clams.

Constant Reader, 1206 Boyce Building, Chicago:

DEAR SIR—I have read your letter addressed to me in FOREST AND STREAM with unfeigned satisfaction; first, because it is always a pleasure to hear from you and Old Subscriber, Pro Bono Publico, Justice, Taxpayer, One of Many, and the rest of the rare band of choice spirits of the vintage of our early days, who were wont on stated occasions to read the riot act to an erring world. Now, full of years and honors, that you emerge from your seclusion and pensioned ease will be hailed with delight by a younger generation. Second, I am relieved to know that you have turned your attention from Western bull-heads to Eastern clams, for there was a time when I feared you would ruin your well-earned reputation if you tarried longer with the horned pout in its plentiousness at Koshkonong. With the clam you are on safe ground, and I can see with my eyes shut that you have made a scientific study of its environment, its ancestry, its pleasures, and its aspirations. As Darwin might have said if he had thought of it, the clam has never had a fair show to prove what it might become under the softening influences of education, and it remains for your Chicago association to give it that showing.

However, at the very outset I am in the dark as to the particular clam you would know about. There is the wild clam and the domesticated clam; salt water, fresh water, hot water and cold water clams; hen clams, cod clams, hard clams and soft clams; long clams, flat clams and painted clams—all belonging to the class of plate-gilled or lamellibranchiate mollusks. I have an idea that it is the soft clam you are after (*Mya arenaria*), sometimes known as the smooth-bore clam because of its flat trajectory. I know perfectly well that you have no use for the reticent clam in Chicago, because its ancestors have been inbred for generations, without a single out-cross, until it has little, if anything, to say for itself, and it is from this particular clam that has arisen the expression to politicians, "Don't be a clam"; and I have omitted from the list the razor clam, as under no circumstances should it be cultivated where it may spread into the black belt.

If you begin with the wild smooth-bore they will have to be halter-broken and gentled as soon as they are weaned, and clams of different temperaments require different handling; and it would be better to begin operation with a flock of domesticated clams; but I must warn you that just now the clam, with other articles of "bigotry and virtue," is much worn on the bonnets of the ladies in the effete East, and you will require a quavelian for each clam in the outfit if the fashion spreads to Chicago.

While I will try and give you some general information about the clam, I see that a few of your questions require specific answers. You should never set a hen on other than the eggs of hen clams, any more than to set cod clams under a bullhead, unless you have a hen of phlegmatic temperament. Hens are quite apt to get gay as clam stepmothers, and seem to think they have filled a bob-tail flush.

Clams will not girdle fruit trees, but maiden clams with a retoused expression will climb a spruce tree to its very top for gum, and in this way it may be the clam has been maligned as a tree girdler.

I fear you are inclined to frivol when you ask if clams are indigent. I never saw a clam that had a cent (except that ancient and fish-like scent which Shakespeare discovered), and why should they have, for they are like the lily in that they toil not, neither do they spin. The clam is cast in a patrician mold and can afford to be indigent. Tennyson understood this when he said:

"From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the clams of long descent."

In a clam hennery the perches should be some distance above the ground to admit of circulation of air and prevent an incursion of malaria and the pip. In a state of untrammelled nature the clam has no habits, but it acquires them when domesticated. It has a natural affinity for green corn, lobsters, chickens, sea weed and a hot fire, and this inclination should be encouraged in the clam, and the juxtaposition cultivated by man, as it does the man good and does not hurt the morals of the clam.

I have given a few facts in a general way, purely from a scientific standpoint, in regard to the finer instincts of the clam, but before the stuff goes to the printer I will submit it to my friend Ed. Mott, of the New York Sun, who has a clam juice farm in Pike county, Pa., for revision.

I know that Major Mott is generally regarded as a bear expert and hunter, for he usually kills a few in each Sunday issue of his paper, but since he chased a bear through two States and three counties, and had to make a map of the route (he tells me, not for publication, that making the map fatigued him more than the hunt, as it only took him a few hours to chase the bear for seven days, but it required a whole day to make the map), he has retired to his clam farm for recuperation. Really, he is at his best as a clammer, and if not troubled with writer's cramp he can give this Mahatma of the Theosophists cards and spades when it comes to a knowledge of clams, their hereafter and their heretofore, and if I mistake not, his creation, the "Old Settler" of Sugar Swamp, was a nanninose or soft-shelled clam in a previous state of existence, so that he is, *ex officio*, the stepfather of Theosophist clams.

The "Old Settler."

Three days are supposed to have elapsed, and in fact they have elapsed, and another day with them, since the above reply was written to Constant Reader. I sent the MS. to Major Mott, and he has returned it with the appended letter, and if, when my Western friend reads the two replies, he is not filled full of information of a reliable character about the clam, I fear he will have to apply at another shop to slake his thirst for knowledge.

Col. A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls, N. Y.:

MY DEAR COLONEL—I have received and read your replies to Constant Reader's inquiries in FOREST AND STREAM about certain qualities and aspirations of the clam, and am charmed with their simplicity, their technical accuracy, and the wide clutch with which they seem to take hold of knowledge on the subject. I am sorry, though, that you ask me to give my impressions of the clam, because I have made discoveries about him that are not

to his credit, and have disposed of my clam juice farm in consequence. I have discovered that the clam is vindictive and vengeful. Lying plump and sinewy on the half shell, surrounded, so to speak, by the wreck of his dismantled hearth, he is to all appearance as free from malice as a ball of putty. While no one has ever yet detected a look of tenderness about a clam, neither can it be said that, within human ken, were his features ever distorted by look of hate. A few generous investigators have gone so far as to declare that they have discovered a halo of sweet peace hovering about the dome-like brow of even those septuagenarian clams that the hospitable, upright Coney Island caterer most affects in his commerce with a hungry and confiding public; but in their diagnosis these investigators have mistaken the true nature of that India rubber surcingle which encompasses the girth of those hoary martyrs. But, halo or surcingle, no true clam ever, either by look or gesture, betrays a single emotion of his soul, be it of pleasure or be it of pain.

Notwithstanding this sphinxlike deportment of the clam, I have discovered that there is a heap of trouble on his mind. Peace may lie dimpled in his cheek, but vengeance lurks in his soul. His is indeed a mission of vengeance. And still, after all, and thinking it over, I don't see as I can blame him much. He remembers that he was ruthlessly torn away from the scenes he loved most dear, and he doesn't like it. Fond memory recalls to him moist bowers among the shining seaweed and cool spots beneath the surf-kissed sands. He remembers these things, and then remembers that his first resolve, when thrown upon a cold and hungry world, was to be an active agent in the distribution of the greatest bad to the greatest number. Therefore he lives for vengeance, and, so to speak, for vengeance dies. It is to further this vendetta, I have discovered, that he cheerfully becomes a dozen raw on the half shell, for he knows there are but few better or surer ways to set indigestion up in business. It is for vengeance that he submits without a murmur to corporal disintegration superinduced by a chopping knife, and, conspiring with second-hand onion peels, fish tails and dishwater, consents to surrender his self-respect and lend his name to that fond delusion which is hugged to the popular stomach as "free lunch clam chowder." It is for this also that he lurks beneath a gutta-percha covering called crust by courtesy, and thus disguised as clam pie, assails the unsuspecting gastric juices. It is also for this, hot from the coals, he lies in bloated but savory ambush between gaping shells and lures the credulous mortal to satiety and the doctor. I tell you, vengeance is his! He may be slow, but he will get there!

And yet people like this same vindictive clam. In fact, they yearn for him. As you well remark, juxtaposition of clam, green corn, etc., should be encouraged. If it were not for the clam there would be no clam bakes, and when a few score or so of people gather together of a day or of an evening to chew the clam bake, good digestion may not wait on appetite and health on both, but there is bound to be a good time. Note the magnetism of this crafty bivalve. Imagine one's self in a rural district. Nothing can depopulate that district quicker than a clam bake in an adjoining district. Green corn, lobsters, chickens, etc., are prominent at all well-regulated clam bakes, but suppose that any one should advertise a green corn bake, or a lobster bake, or a chicken bake. Who would go? Nobody. But let it be wafted abroad that somebody will bake the clam, and lo! the placid dwellers in the valley advance upon it as an army with banners, and the sturdy denizens of the hills pour down against it with teeth on edge and stomachs like an ostrich! I must admit that, although I have discovered that the clam is crafty, vindictive and alive for vengeance, yet do we all love his sinewy substance, have loved it from all time, and shall love it until time shall be no more. Truly yours,

ED. MOTT.

PIKE COUNTY, Pa., May 16.

RED SALMON.

THE well-known correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, O. O. S., writes me from Washington State as follows: "In FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 4 I have an article on red salmon which I hoped would receive some attention from experts, for I should very much like more information on the subject. As the article has not been noticed, may I ask if you will kindly notice it in FOREST AND STREAM, giving your opinion as to the origin and classification of the fish, and any information you may have concerning it."

Now, I am forced to make a humiliating confession and admit what has been locked with a combination lock under my own waistcoat as a secret. I did not read the article of O. O. S. in the January FOREST AND STREAM, chiefly because I have not read a copy of FOREST AND STREAM for more than a year. I have not read my own stuff unless someone has kicked about what I have written, and then I have read it to see if it was actionable. Since the first number of this journal was printed I have read every weekly issue with the same regularity that I wind my watch, but I sometimes forget and let my watch run down. For more than a year I have been able only to glance through the pages of FOREST AND STREAM as it came from the mail and put it one side to be read at a more convenient season. My rule has been to read the fishery department, then the editorial and then the other departments, and lastly, the advertisements; and I hope I may soon be able to return to this routine of reading FOREST AND STREAM.

The chief thing that I know positively about the red salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*), if I can believe the evidence of my own senses, is that the authorities are wrong when they say that it does not grow to exceed 20 to 25 lbs. in weight, for my brother sent me one from Vancouver, B. C., taken in Frazer River, that weighed 85 lbs.

Dr. Bean has written more at length from personal observations of the red salmon than any writer I know, and his observations were made in Alaska.

The red salmon is one of the five species of Pacific salmon:

1. Red salmon, *Oncorhynchus nerka*.
2. King salmon, *O. chowicha*.
3. Silver salmon, *O. kisutch*.
4. Hump-back salmon, *O. gorbuscha*.
5. Dog salmon, *O. keta*.

The king salmon is the largest and is the fish also called chinook and quinnat, or Columbia River salmon.

The red salmon is next to the smallest of the group

and is called the blue-back in the lower Columbia, the sawqui or sukkegh in the Frazer River, and it is the redfish of the Russians. Its range is from the Columbia River on the south to the Yukon River on the north. The head of a sea-run red salmon is more nearly like the head of the Atlantic salmon than is the head of any of the other Pacific salmon. In Alaska the fish averages 7 or 8 lbs., and is the most important species for canning and salting. The red salmon is chiefly a lake spawner, while the king salmon prefers the head waters of the rivers, but both go long distances up the rivers to find spawning grounds. It is said that the red salmon will not enter a river to spawn which does not arise from a lake. Bean observed personally that the red salmon spawned in Alaska in August. He says, "extensive changes take place in the color of the red salmon as the spawning season approaches. When it comes in from the sea the skin becomes dark and the beautiful red color of the flesh gives place to a paler tint. * * In the height of the spawning season the sides are suffused with a brilliant vermilion, and the head is a rich olive green, contrasting sharply with the color of the body. The male develops a hump nearly as large as that of the hump-back, and its jaws are greatly enlarged." The red salmon is much given to jumping entirely out of the water, and many may be seen in the air at the same time. They begin to run in from the sea in April, but the principal run is in June. O. O. S. has struck the red salmon right enough, and I have given what I can find about it in Bean's writings.

A. N. CHENEY.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM who wish to review what the journal has published recently upon the Western salmon will naturally consult the Salmon and Trout Supplement of April 4, 1889. The redfish or red salmon, blueback, *Sawqui*, sockeye, Frazer River salmon and *Krasnaya ryba* are names applied to one and the same fish.

The issues of April 3 and 10, 1890; Oct. 2, 1890; Oct. 16, 1890; Dec. 4, 1890; July 9, 1891; Oct. 27, 1892, and Feb. 16, 1893, should also be consulted for papers on Salmon of Alaska, Idaho Redfish, Little Red Salmon and Kennerly's Salmon. Many details of description and accounts of habits, distribution, etc., as well as illustrations, will thus be seen.

The red salmon, blueback salmon or redfish was described by Walbaum more than a century ago. Those who care to look up the scientific literature of the subject up to 1883 should examine Jordan & Gilbert's Synopsis of the Fishes of North America, pp. 308-309. Later accounts have appeared in the publications, especially the Bulletin, of U. S. Fish Commission and in this journal, as above mentioned.

It is still an open question whether or not the little fish known as Kennerly's salmon in lakes of Idaho, Washington and British Columbia is identical with the red salmon of the Columbia Basin, Frazer River, Alaska and Kamchatka. The article in FOREST AND STREAM July 9, 1891, was written to call attention to important differences which may warrant the use of a distinct name for the small salmon, which appears to be landlocked and which is sexually mature when only 8 or 10 in. long.

The most recent contribution to the subject is to be found in Dr. B. W. Evermann's Preliminary Report upon Salmon Investigations in Idaho in 1894, in Bulletin, U. S. F. C., 1895, pp. 277-282. As few persons have the opportunity to see the salmon upon their spawning beds, it will be interesting to read the following account by Dr. Evermann:

"On Sept. 12 we visited Alturas Lake and examined the inlet for about three miles in the lower part of its course. * * * In this distance I counted 114 small redfish and fourteen large ones. Twelve of the large ones were on a shallow gravel bar near the mouth of the stream, and the other two were about a mile further up and on the same riffle with twenty-nine small ones. Other bunches of small ones of twenty-three, thirteen, nine, six and fewer were seen. These were all on the riffles and engaged in spawning. They were invariably in the current, with head up stream."

"We noticed that they scooped up the gravel into piles or ridges, using the nose, pectoral fins, tail, and sometimes the back. These piles of gravel were not large, however, and could not be noticed at a very great distance. Frequently we noticed the fish in pairs, a male and female, the female being usually a little in advance of the male. We supposed that they were spawning when in such position."

"Sometimes there was considerable fighting among the males. They would catch each other by the pectoral fin or by the nose, and hang on quite tenaciously, meantime floating slowly down stream. Then they would release their hold and return to the shallow water, perhaps to renew the fight in a few moments."

"I have spoken of 'small redfish' and 'large redfish.' The small redfish is what has been known as Kennerly's salmon (*Oncorhynchus kennerlyi*), while others have regarded it as a landlocked variety of the large redfish. The structural differences upon which the separation has been made do not appear upon an examination of a large number of specimens of each size. At present I am inclined to regard them as being specifically identical, though a fuller knowledge of the migrations of each may justify their specific separation."

"In the water both males and females of the large fish were quite red, the males but little more intense than the females. The small males are of a dirty red on the back and much brighter red on middle of sides; on the back are about thirty small, round black spots, not greatly unlike those on the cutthroat (red-throat) trout. The under parts were of a dirty white, dorsal and anal fins pale or dirty red, other fins smoky. The females were darker and less red, the spots were plainer, and the general resemblance to the cutthroat or black-speckled trout was more marked."

My own studies of the red salmon were made chiefly in Alaska, and the specimens of Kennerly's salmon which I have examined came from correspondents in Washington and Canada.

The red salmon is the second in size of the five known species of Pacific salmon. It seldom exceeds 15 lbs. in weight, and the average weight is only about 8 or 10 lbs. In the Salmon River basin, Idaho, the weight is still less.

Spawning occurs in August and September, and the usual habit of nest building is well illustrated by this fish. Recently, as has been announced in FOREST AND STREAM, it has been observed at Karluk, Alaska, that the young

red salmon return with the adults in large numbers in the spring. They do this quite frequently, and the theory that they go to sea when quite small and remain there until sexually mature must, therefore, be abandoned.

The male in the breeding season has a well-developed hump on the nape, and this gives him a very different outline from that of the female; but he is really a brilliant combination of colors, and will attract instant attention. Mr. W. C. Jennings, quoted by Dr. Evermann, says these salmon will not bite at a hook during the spawning season, but at any other time they take the hook readily, and any kind of meat will answer for bait. He writes of the redfish of the Payette lakes.

The passing of the redfish in Idaho is a notorious and lamented fact. Probably a few years later we shall have to enter the same pitiful record for the red salmon of Alaska.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

NEW YORK, May 23.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 29.—The terrible storms which during the past week have made such frightful devastation in the West have caused so great a loss to life and property that it hardly seems fit to consider consequences of any other sort. Since so much unhappiness has been made for many it seems almost unseemly to consider what effect has been had upon the pleasures of a few by these manifestations of the wrath of nature. There is a strange and unsettled feeling over all this portion of the West, and much of the desire for the pleasures of the field natural to this season has been checked in its natural manifestation by the news from St. Louis and many smaller Western cities. I have spoken before of the fact that Decoration Day in Chicago is a great anglers' holiday, but to-day the enthusiasm does not seem of the infectious sort. The weather remains cold and forbidding, not of a sort to invite one out of doors. Unprecedentedly heavy rainfall has swelled the streams and lakes in many parts of this region, with the result that for the time the angling will be impaired. It is notorious that high water means good angling later on, and undoubtedly the abundance of water now will mean better shooting in the fall, but these are consequences not in review to-day, and, as I have said, there exists to-day, for one reason or another, a sort of chill over the sportsmanship of this section. So far as is known at the time of this report, however, none of the better known figures of the sportsman's world have suffered in the disasters of the last few days.

Netting Carp.

Game Warden Blow has secured two convictions for illegal seining in the Calumet River. Abraham Kamerman was fined \$50 and Max Karpec \$5. The men have been seining the German carp out of the Calumet River and peddling them around the country. They had 500 lbs. of carp when captured, though they seem to have been peddlers and not netters themselves. The men with the seine swam the river and got away. It is a bad thing to have the laws broken in any respect, and Warden Blow is to be commended for his activity. But what a blessing it would be if Warden Blow or some other genius could devise some scheme by which every German carp on earth could be jerked into swift and permanent immortality into some other sphere.

Camp Outfits.

This is the season of the year when the man who goes camping is inventing things. Of course it is the aim and idea of all campers to dispense with all unnecessary bulk and weight in their camp outfits, and to reduce everything to a collapsible and condensable form. This laudable desire to save space has probably made more money for the dealers and been the cause of more bulky outfits for the worthy amateur than almost all other causes combined. One tries first one kind of portable outfit and then another, with the result that he has a dozen or so before long, all of which he is bound to take with him when he goes out camping. I myself have a vault and three cabinets full of labor-saving and space-saving contrivances, all of which grew out of a praiseworthy effort to get a light outfit for a simple little fishing trip which occurred some years ago, when I was a youth. When I go fishing now I feel obliged to take all these different outfits along, of course, so that I can tell which is the best one of them; but all this space-saving baggage takes a lot of room. Just now I am experimenting in frying-pans. I bought three the other day, all of aluminum, and I have chartered Mr. Moran, one of the gunsmiths of Montgomery Ward & Co., for the labor of boiling down these frying-pans, so to speak. He has sawed off all their handles, and made a sort of least common denominator handle for the three of them. The handle does not weigh over 3 or 4 lbs., I should think, anyhow, and looks as though it would stand a lot of hard frying. I am also busy constructing a stove, with Mr. Moran's help, out of a gun barrel, but we haven't got it done yet, and I decline to say much about it till after I have taken it out, with some of my other space-saving devices, and found out what it will actually do under fire. It is a Damascus stove, and probably the only one of its sort in existence. We may hear of it in camp FOREST AND STREAM this summer, I hope.

Speaking of outfits, it is odd what sorts of equipment one sometimes sees among those evidently bound for an outing of some sort or other. I recall that a friend of mine once joined me for a fishing trip carrying a large and voluptuous umbrella, which he thought would be a good thing. This filled me with horror, for there is no hoodoo on earth surer than an umbrella on a fishing trip. I made him check the umbrella at the depot, but the gloom of it continued throughout the trip, and we caught no fish at all. Another friend of mine once came with his sole baggage, an extra pair of shoes, wrapped up in a newspaper, and I had to argue a long time with him before I persuaded him that that was not a sportsmanlike way to go fishing. Another friend, one of the "always-travel-light" cranks, came along with no tackle but a hook stuck in his vest and a pair of socks in his pocket. When you travel with anglers of this kind it is advisable to have a large and comprehensive assortment of portable devices.

Looking Eastward.

I am disposed to believe, as stated earlier in these columns, that Chicago anglers this spring might very well turn to the southward and eastward of this city for some of their fishing. The angling is improving in south-

ern Michigan and northern Indiana, and there are many lakes and streams in that section of which we have heard nothing recently, but which are very well worth a visit. Mr. W. H. Comstock, a very able and enthusiastic angler of this city, came to this office the other day to inquire where he could find some good fly-fishing water for bass for a little trip to-morrow. It was too early for Wisconsin, and we were afraid it might be a little early for the Grand River of Michigan, which we feared would be high from the recent rains, so we concluded that probably the Tippicanoe River of Indiana, between Winamac and Monticello, would be about as good a location as offered at this date. Since seeing Mr. Comstock I have been inquiring about some of the lake fishing in Indiana, and I hear that Fish Lake, near the station known as Swift's, on the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, is offering remarkably good fishing for bait or fly this spring. Yet a little further along on this same road, at Cassopolis, Mich., 125 miles from Chicago, is Diamond Lake, a body of water which I never have seen, but to which I think a trip might be desirable. This is a deep and clear lake, without much marsh about it, and has both small and large-mouth bass, besides the usual smaller lake fishes. The surroundings are beautiful, and I should not wonder if some of our Chicago bass fishermen, looking for a place to go, would find this a very desirable locality for a little trip. This lake is very highly recommended by Mr. W. E. Davis, who is very much of an angler, and who calls this his favorite lake. I mentioned earlier a little lake near Westville, Ind., not big enough to have a name, but said to be full of bass, which Mr. W. S. Phillips and myself have an idea of trying to-morrow if we have luck. The route there is by rail to Haskell's, thence four miles due north on foot to the village of Westville, then 4° in a northwesterly direction to a farmhouse, which is a mile and a half from the lake. We expect to catch about 450 bass, or somewhere in that neighborhood.

E. HOUGH,
1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Mr. Hawkins Couldn't Stand It.

HENRY B. HAWKINS, deputy United States Revenue Collector, is a true sportsman. Whether with a rod and reel or gun, he is in his element. Even a cross-country run on a wheel after the Long Island "moonshiners" satisfies his sporting appetite at times.

But he was disgusted a few days ago when he saw a fellow who thought he knew something about fishing sitting on the bank of a stream dangling a hook in the water. Here's the way Mr. Hawkins told me the story yesterday:

"I took a run down on Long Island a few days ago and made up my mind to catch a mess of fish. I was sitting in a small boat when a young fellow appeared on the shore. He was dressed in a sporting suit that I knew was never intended to be worn within 90 yds. of a bait basket. The bewitching thing was accompanied by a colored man, who selected a nice, comfortable place for his master, and then carefully brushed the spot before the gentleman fisherman would seat himself. That was but the commencement.

"The colored attendant got out his master's rod and put it together. He fixed the line and then the hook and finally the bait. In the meanwhile my young gentleman gazed at his plaid stockings and at the water. Once he condescended to look at me. The servant when he had everything completed except catching the fish handed the rod and line to the 'sport.'

"You would have thought the attendant was a young society fellow handing a bouquet to his lady love, and then to see that fisherman take the rod between his finger tips—well, however, he really threw the hook into the water without the aid of the attendant.

"Of course there was no reason why he should not have caught a fish, as the stream was a preserve and the fish had been fed carefully all winter, and so the fellow got quite a mess. Every time a fish was hooked the gentleman would pull it out of the water and swing the line inshore, so that the colored man could remove the fish from the hook and replenish the bait.

"The whole proceeding nearly spoiled my sport. I was so disgusted that I pulled my boat out toward the Sound."

—New York Herald.

Seven Tarpon in One Day.

PROBABLY one of the most successful tarpon fishermen in the United States, or in the world, we might say, is Mr. G. R. W. Armes, a well-known New Yorker, who visits Myers annually during the fishing season. Mr. Armes has held the record for tarpon fishing for several years, his record of fifty-three fish for the season of 1894 having never been beaten. Tuesday, however, was the day of all days for record-breaking, Mr. Armes bringing in seven beauties, the largest weighing 165 lbs. These fish were caught from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., the largest one requiring forty-five minutes to bring him to gaff, and then only succumbing to superior skill and endurance. A less practiced man would have lost him, so desperately did he fight for his freedom. To play a 165 lb. mass of plunging, surging bone and muscle on a line no larger than a No. 20 cotton thread requires a steady nerve, good judgment and long practice, but during all his years of fishing Mr. Armes bears the record of having never lost a single fish when once hooked. At one time the 165-pounder was within a few yards of having all the line run off the reel, but quick work turned him and saved the day. Seven tarpon have never been caught in one day before by any one man, and Mr. Armes is wearing his honor modestly.

He fishes in a 15 ft. boat, and it was a sight to see the boat loaded to the water's edge with its gleaming, burnished mass of silver. Mr. Armes has caught forty-one tarpon here so far this season and will endeavor to break his record of fifty-three tarpon for the season of 1894. The total weight of his catch up to date is 3,931 lbs., which, allowing 1 lb. a meal to a person, would feed a man three years and 220 days, or 3,931 men one meal. Frank Smith has been his guide this season and we all know Frank is a mascot.—Fort Myers (Fla.) Press.

Long Island—On the Trestle.

BROOKLYN, May 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: There are four of us, working people, who would like to hear from fishing clubs having their boat house on the trestle, with a view to join.

C. B. LUTZ.

291 MARION STREET.

Bass in Grand River, Mich.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., May 25.—State Game and Fish Warden Osborn is waging a vigorous war on the fishermen on the great lakes, who have for years entirely ignored the law governing the size of the meshes to be used. On the 23d inst. Deputy Brewster, acting under instructions from Mr. Osborn, seized nets valued at over \$10,000 from fishermen at Grand Haven, and arrested Adrian O'Beke, Cornelius Van Zanter, Abram Fisher, Johannes Fisher, Peter Van Bendigan and Wm. Van Diun, charging the use of nets of unlawful sized meshes. They were taken before Justice Pagelson and upon their plea of guilty were fined \$10 each and costs, which they paid. The nets were ordered confiscated. This is the second time these fishermen have been arrested and fined within a month.

The bass fishing in the Grand River gives promise of being the best it has been for years. Notwithstanding the cold weather of the past week, several large catches have been made, although mostly with minnows. The local game warden, Mr. Hammond, has kept a close watch on known violators of the fish laws who live near the river, and there has been a less number of violations reported than for years. Some very nice strings of white bass have been taken from the mouth of the river.

ANGLER.

Portage Lake, Wisconsin.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 25.—I inclose a list of some of the catches of trout made at Portage Lake this last week: William Loane, (Ashland), one trout, 4½ lbs. Orcutt & Murphy (Ashland), four trout, 4, 3½, 3 and 2½ lbs.; thirteen trout, ½ lb. up to 2 lbs. W. McKay, five trout, 12½ lbs. total. C. Gregory, five trout, three of 3 lbs. and two smaller. F. A. McNally (Ashland), six large trout, 2½ to 4 lbs. E. Howard, sixteen large trout, 1 lb. to 3½ lbs. One party from Presque Isle, two men, caught in two days 50 lbs., mostly large ones. H. H. Robinson (Presque Isle), seventeen trout, one of 4 lbs., three of 3 lbs., and the rest from 1 to 2½ lbs. Besides what has been done by residents of Portage Lake. The fishing has been the best this spring ever known at that place. There are a few fishermen coming from out the State.

C. G. REED.

McCloud River Fishing.

BAIRD, Shasta County, Cal., May.—The McCloud River is one of the finest trout streams on this coast. The fly-fishing season begins about April and continues until July. Route: By rail to Redding, thence twenty-one miles by carriage to Baird. By corresponding with Mr. J. L. Bass, Baird, arrangements can be made with him to bring a few passengers from Redding. Good accommodations and a fine table will be found at the Fishery mess-house. Those who prefer camping will find good camping grounds on both sides of the river. Fishing tackle and canned goods for camping can be procured at the Fishery store. Mails arrive at Baird daily, except Sunday, at 12 M.—The Salmon Fly.

Budd's Lake, New Jersey.

STANHOPE, N. J., May 17.—Fishing this season has been better than ever. M. J. Churchward and Mr. Percy T. Griffith last Saturday and Sunday caught 115 pickerel.

Lake Hattacawanna (the Indian name for Budd's Lake) has been well stocked with fish of various kinds, principal among which are the black bass and pickerel, and for these no better fishing can be found in any section of the country (fishing restricted to several months).

Budd's Lake is two and one-half miles from Stanhope on the Morris and Essex Division of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R.; three and one-half miles from Flanders, on the High Bridge branch of the Philadelphia & Reading and Jersey Central railroads. E. DURYEA.

The Record Bass of the Greenbrier.

MR. WM. GARSTANG's party from Indianapolis are now at the Alderson House. They seem to be taking full advantage of everything that is to be enjoyed about Alderson at this season. Fishing in the Greenbrier is the absorbing occupation. Dr. Reginald Garstang, on Tuesday, drew from the rapids at the head of the Gwinn Pool the largest small-mouthed black bass ever caught here. It weighed 5 lbs. 4 oz., measured 21½ in. in length, 6 in. in breadth, 2½ in. in thickness, gape of mouth 3 in. It took twenty-five minutes of royal excitement to land him, and the rest of the day to contemplate his proportions.

ALDERSON, W. Va.

Grand Cascapedia Salmon.

QUEBEC, May 28.—I am here on my way to my pool on the Grand Cascapedia River, and if I have any luck may write you from there. As salmon are now being taken off Maria, P. Q., out in the Bay of Chaleur (in nets), about eight miles from the mouth of the Grand Cascapedia River, we expect them soon to be running in our river, and it is earlier than I have ever known in my ten years' experience there. As there is more snow and ice in the mountains at the headwaters of that river than for many years past, we look for a fine stage of water, and that always gives us a fine run of salmon.

R. C. L.

Texas Perch and Bass.

VICTORIA, Texas, May 18.—We are having fine fishing now in our country in a lake about fourteen miles below our little city. Large perch in abundance and large-mouth bass are the fish caught. One evening last week I caught eight in half an hour between 6 and 7 o'clock P. M., with a phantom minnow. They strike well at spoons also. Cut bait catches them too. We are having sport such as we have not had for three years. I learn that bass of large size are abundant in the lakes around Velasco.

A. B. P.

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—Adv.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummiage Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

FOXES AND GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sunday night after dark a light snow fell—the first for many weeks—so early Monday morning four guns and one hound start out to stir up the foxes.

Four rods from a house just out of the village the hound is let go on a fresh track, and in fifteen minutes has started the fox.

Away they go, out of the pines into the pasture and through the swamp, across the clearing where stands the old hay barn, through Bog Swamp to the edge of the Hunter place, then south up Bog Brook a ways, then east into the open pasture, where sly reynard doubles and slips back into the swamp, and after circling there once or twice comes out and up over the farther side of the high Priest Hill.

Meanwhile the guns have been following slowly on, and two of them are somewhere about the hill, but not in position to see the fox. One finally takes a stand in a fence corner near the top of the hill and waits there about half an hour, while reynard circles a mile or two in the valley below, but thinking he would pass below into the swamp again, that gun left his position, going toward the swamp.

But vain is the calculation of guns and gunners!

Within ten minutes that perverse fox came swinging up the hill with the wind, and stopped with his feet on the fence at that very corner, smiled blandly at the tracks in the snow, turned off to the southwest and went down the hill feeling so good that he concluded to have a little fun with the hound. Slacking his pace, he allowed the dog to run close, and for fifteen minutes they circled about two or three gunshots distant from the fourth gun, in an open field, the dog having no time to give tongue, for he was running only 1 or 2 ft. distant from the tail of that fox and continually making frantic efforts to seize it.

Tiring at last of this amusement, reynard suddenly dropped to the earth, and the dog, not expecting such tactics, went rolling over him, and he bounded away in another direction.

He now took a course due northwest over the mountain out of hearing, and gun No. 4 went home.

About this time the other guns gathered on top of Priest Hill for consultation. It was snowing lightly and no one had yet seen the fox (except No. 4, who had gone home).

Some counseled to wait and this prevailed. Time was passed stamping feet and recounting incidents of the chase, and listening for the dog.

After nearly an hour he was very faintly heard coming over Cross Hill, away to the west some six or eight miles, and after another half-hour's wait he was again heard, nearer and more to the south, but yet far away. Soon he could be heard now and then much clearer and was evidently aiming again for Priest Hill. The three guns at once scattered to fence corners and awaited his coming.

They had not been in position more than ten minutes before gun No. 3 espied the little rascal crossing a field one-fourth of a mile away, going toward gun No. 1. He possessed his soul in patience, however, knowing reynard is an erratic roadmaker, and was soon rewarded by seeing him cross his vision on the other angle about 150 yds. away. Springing into the road, he tacked back again about four rods, then over the wall and up along the fence behind which gun No. 3 was waiting. Now was No. 3's chance. Now, as the fox was just opposite, about 25 yds. away, the old gun spoke and reynard takes a tumble. The second barrel was ready, but was not needed, as with one squeak and two kicks he is dead, and gun No. 3 holds a war dance over his first fox.

The others come up and the dog, Hunter. The fox is skinned, and as it is nearly 11 A. M., all wend their way homeward, planning for another hunt on the morrow, if the conditions are right.

I have spun this out to such length that I will not attempt to describe that hunt, but will simply state results.

Same guns and same hound, Hunter, started in same direction next morning, and after running a fox three-fourths of an hour gun No. 3 shot both barrels and broke reynard's front right leg, when the hound came up with and killed him in about 400 yds. This at 7:30 A. M. The dog was again started, but the guns failed to connect, and after holeing the fox, came home about noon.

Next morning the same guns, with the exception of No. 3, started again and run a fox to earth about 9 A. M. and gun No. 2 came home.

The dog started another, and about 2 P. M. gun No. 1 shot him dead at three or four rods distance.

This dog and some of these guns have been out about eight or nine times before Jan. 1, and have secured four foxes besides these—seven in all.

I have enjoyed so much in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM that I thought it was time I did something with my pen for the pleasure of others.

POWDER FLASK.

Dog and Car.

Of all the enemies which harass the dog, there is none more merciless and destructive than the street car, whether its motive power be cable, electricity or horses. Forming a most intricate network of transportation through all the thoroughfares and byways where men travel in large numbers in cities and towns, the street car lines are a constant menace to the life and limb of the dog, much more than to man.

That many hundreds of dogs are killed by being run over there is every reason to believe, though from the lack of statistics on the subject the number must remain in the realm of speculation.

Unlike his master, the dog cannot profit by the experience of his fellows. There are no hearsay experiences for him. His knowledge comes from his own direct personal observations. Considering the manner in which the dog learns what is harmful and dangerous and what is not, it is remarkable that so few succumb to the perils which beset them at every turn.

For man the street car has a semblance of consideration; for the dog, none at all. In New York and other large cities, the successful street car traveler must be something of an acrobat. The successful dog must keep entirely out of the way. For the man who is so unfortunate as to be ground under the wheels, the car will stop in a perfunctory way; the policeman will in an equally perfunctory manner arrest the motorman and conductor, the ambulance will follow in due order, and soon all vanish from public gaze into the surrounding swirl; then traffic is resumed as before.

For the dog the car has no heed. If he gets in the way, be he cur or blue blood, his fate is the same. Even if he is so unfortunate as to be caught under the wheels, his misfortune then does not attain the dignity of an incident. The car hurries on its way, a few of the morbidly curious observing how a dog looks when cut up into pieces of different sizes.

The counterpart of "beware of vidders," "put not your trust in princes," etc., so solacing to man afterward, would be to the dog, beware of the cars. They are harmful and deceptive. Of the latter point a gentleman, who loves dogs and constantly observes their wise ways whenever opportunity offers, relates an amusing story of an incident which he observed in Washington recently. The principal actors in the story were a street car and a dog. The car had stopped for a few moments. A wandering dog, lolling and flanks heaving from distress, saw its refreshing shade and quickly composed himself therein with much parade of satisfaction. In a moment the car moved on, taking its shade with it, the sudden transition from shadow to sunshine leaving the dog in momentary bewilderment. Neither the shadow nor the car, from the dog's standpoint, were worthy of his trust. He started off briskly on his way searching for more shadows, a fit subject for the timorous man who cries "mad dog" whenever he sees a dog in distress of any kind novel to his sight.

The Central Beagle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 23.—The Central Beagle Club met on the 15th instant and all the officers were present. The by-laws were received from the committee and accepted, and ordered to be printed at once.

A committee was appointed to select the most suitable ground to hold the trials on. Several good grounds were offered the club on which to hold their trials. They will settle on the ground at the next meeting, which will be held on July 17, at 8 P. M., at O. D. Levis's office, Pittsburg.

The judges will be selected at the next meeting and also all other matters in regard to the trials. They will be run on Nov. 10, 11, 12.

There were twenty-two applications for membership and the secretary has received several more since the meeting. This is very encouraging to the club. There are more beagle fanciers in and around Pittsburg than any person ever dreamed of. The trials are bound to be a success, as they have the support of the right kind of people. The club will have a class for the dachshund and Basset hound, and it is hoped that the lovers of these hounds will show the people that they can run the cotton tails as well as the beagle.

The secretary was instructed to make application to the A. K. C. for membership. After several short talks from the members, the meeting adjourned at 10:30 P. M.

L. O. SEIDEL, Sec'y.

Coons.

CONNECTICUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My dog Rover has upset many theories advanced to me about coon hunting, and although I am a coon hunter myself but a short time, I have come to stay, and I am taking every opportunity to gain knowledge.

Each coon-hunting section has its dog that it swears by, but in all my talks with hunters I have yet to hear of so good a dog as Rover. Now, good coon dogs are not plenty, like this one, who has located coons in a hollow tree by taking a track I know was at least fourteen hours old (how I know will be explained if you care for such a letter for publication). He has treed coons for me ten minutes after killing a skunk, and also made them go up within 20ft. of a hole in a ledge. He trails so fast they did not have time to get to the ledge.

So great an authority as J. B. Clarke, of Manchester, says that coons do not give any scent in summer; that it is a very good dog that can tree coons in September and a remarkably good one that can do so in August; yet Rover treed an old coon for me July 4 in the afternoon, and since then has treed six more, three being young ones little larger than squirrels. It was 3 P. M. They were asleep in a squirrel's nest and of course had not been on the ground since the night before, thus proving that he has a nose strong enough even to scent young coons in July. I took them alive, and so can tell you that young coons about July 7 weigh less than 2lbs. each.

In answer to letters written by me to Mr. Clarke, I have matter that no doubt would be of interest to you; some of it is printed. One article in particular about scent is very interesting, although he is, I am sure, "off" on some of his assertions.

I had the pleasure of meeting Norman at the Boston dog show, and have an appointment with him to try our dogs in the autumn.

Such articles as he and Tenderfoot write on coon hunting are most enjoyable reading, and Mr. Thompson's diagram is very funny and can be appreciated by all lovers of coon hunting. I doubt if there is any sport where so much fun comes in.

JAMES G. LATHROP.

BLOODHOUNDS AS AIDS TO THE POLICE.

FROM time to time a great deal has been written with regard to the utilization of the modern bloodhound in tracing poachers and criminals. Some few years ago, sundry hounds were brought to the Metropolis with a view of using them as aids to the police in attempting to trace the perpetrators of a diabolical crime who are yet at large, but, as we pointed out at the time would be the case, hounds were quite useless in making out the scent of a man whose footsteps had been repeatedly trodden over, and all odor therefrom either obliterated or so mixed with other scent as to be untrackable. Shortly, bloodhounds, or hounds of any other kind, would be simply of no avail as detectives in thoroughfares and other places where passers-by are frequent; but in country districts it is a different matter altogether. No doubt, too, a bloodhound trained for the purpose might be of considerable use to the rural constabulary in the detection of poachers and criminals, who otherwise might escape justice. Still, the employment of dogs for such a purpose will probably meet with strong opposition until it is satisfactorily understood that when the hound has brought his human quarry "to bay," he will not worry and eat him. As a fact, the bloodhound is not such a cruel and savage beast as his name implies; and when he has found the man whose footsteps he has carefully scented out, he is content to bay or bark at him until assistance comes. The modern hound never attempts to make a meal of his game. So the alleged cruelty of the process of hunting criminals with hounds is quite fallacious. We have been hunted by bloodhounds ourselves, have seen youths act as their quarry, and in no case was there the slightest danger of being bitten or attacked. We imagine those hounds which were used in the Southern States of America in connection with the slave plantations to have been different creatures altogether from our modern animals—unless the stories of the ferocity of the so-called Spanish dogs of Virginia, the Carolinas, and other States, were greatly exaggerated. Even if a hound has a tendency to be savage, he could be trained to run in a leash, as is the case with the elk hounds of Norway.

We have been led to return to the subject by the copy of some correspondence which has recently been forwarded to us, where a constable in a country district was enabled, with the aid of a young bloodhound bitch, to apprehend certain poachers who otherwise would have escaped. For obvious reasons there is a desire to omit the name of the locality where this took place; but the truth of the narrative is vouched for by the superintendent of the police of the district, by his constable who used the hound, and by the breeder of the hound.

The story is as follows: Some time this year a constable was out in the early morning, when about 6:30 A. M. he came across a couple of notorious poachers who were walking along a footpath through some fields. They, seeing the constable, called out in alarm as a signal to their companions, who were no doubt coming behind. Owing to the darkness, the latter escaped; but the constable took some rabbits and nets from the men he had met, for being in the possession of which under such circumstances they were later on duly punished. At daybreak the constable, accompanied by a young bloodhound bitch, returned to the place, and was able to distinguish the footsteps of a number of men who had come out of the turnip field. They had separated, some going in one direction, others in another. The hound was put upon the tracks, and with her nose to the ground she hunted them across two fields, going straight to the sundry bags of game which had been hidden in a hedgerow. So far so good; but the constable was not yet satisfied, and he took his hound back to where she had originally been laid on the line. This time she went off in another direction, and soon left the policeman far behind. He following up, however, ultimately found her standing at another hedgerow, where more bags of game were found concealed. These were secretly watched all day, but the poachers must have "smelled a rat," for none of themselves or their families came near. This is rather to be wondered at, for the bags were numerous and their contents valuable. At night the constable and the lessee of the shooting concealed themselves near the place where the first lot of game was discovered. Now they had not long to wait, for in about half an hour there came a sound of approaching footsteps, and two men appeared, who immediately appropriated the bags and their contents, which included nets and the usual poachers' paraphernalia. They were at once recognized, and, the spoil taken from them, were allowed to go. Summonses followed in due course, and when the case was heard a plea was set up that they had not taken the game themselves, but had been sent for it by their mates. Fines of 40s. and costs were imposed, or, failing the payment, a month's imprisonment.

Now, in the above case a comparatively untrained puppy was found to be of great use; and had it not been for her the two men would never have been caught. There is no doubt they were members of the original gang, and had taken part in the capture of the game for which they were convicted.

The hound in question is one of our ordinary bloodhounds, such as win prizes on the show bench.

A rather funny episode comes to us from the recent New York dog show, and it bears on the same subject. A Yorkshire terrier was stolen, a man was suspected, traced to the railway, where it was found he had taken a ticket for Baltimore. A telegram beat the train, and the fellow was arrested with the dog in his possession. However, in the meantime, a happy idea struck the lady superintendent of the show (this is an innovation which has not reached us yet), who put a bloodhound, called Queen of the West, on what were supposed to be the tracks of the thief. The hound made the line out right gallantly, and ultimately "ran her man to bay." Fortunately he was able to prove his innocence, but we are not quite sure whether the matter is yet satisfactorily ended; for it is a serious thing to put a bloodhound on the track of a wrong man.—*The Field (England).*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We understand that the entire kennel of greyhounds—with the exception of Fullerton—belonging to the late Colonel North will be sold by auction in July, without reserve. There are about sixty-eight sapplings, puppies, all-age dogs and breeding stock, including the stud dogs Young Fullerton, Simonian and Neston, in addition to which fifty whelps and three Barzois will be offered for disposal.—*The Stock-Keeper (England).*

Mr. John Wootton, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, informs us that the famous breeder and field trial expert, Mr. P. H. Bryson, will judge the club's trials, beginning on Tuesday, September 1.

The value of the cup to be given by the Continental Club for competition in the Northwestern stake will be \$60 or more instead of \$50, as erroneously mentioned.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound. M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JUNE.

6. Roy, St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- S 6. Knickerbocker, An., College Point, L. I. Sound.
- S 6. Yale Cor., An., New Haven, L. I. Sound.
6. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
9. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
10. Hempstead, opening, Hempstead.
10. Roy, St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
11. New York, An., New York Bay.
13. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
- S 13. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, L. I. Sound.
13. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
13. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
13. Roy, St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
16. Atlantic, An., Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
17. Beverly, open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
- M 17. Massachusetts, An., Boston, Nahant.
- M 17. Old Colony, An., Boston, Boston Harbor.
17. Roy, St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
17. Squantum, 1st cham., Squantum, Mass.
- Annual Cruise, Brown University—
18. Rendezvous at Newport.
19. 1st run, Newport to New Bedford.
20. 2d run, race at New Bedford, run to Quamquisset Harbor.
21. 3d run, to Vineyard Haven.
22. 4th run, to Cuttyhunk.
23. 5th run, to Stonington.
24. 6th run, to Shelter Island.
26. 7th run, to New London.
27. Disband at New London.
19. Winthrop, evening race.
20. Larchmont, spring, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
20. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito boats, Atlantic City.
20. Waterside, open.
20. Roy, St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- M 20. Dorchester, open, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23-24. Seawanhaka, trial races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
24. Roy, St. Lawrence, 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Chicago, special, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27. Roy, St. Lawrence, four classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
27. Winthrop, open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
27. Beverly, 1st cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- M 27. Duxbury, An., Plymouth, Plymouth Harbor.
- S 27. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- S 29. Stamford, special, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
29. Pavia, An., Communipaw, New York Bay.
- S 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

- S 1. Corinthian fleet, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy, St. Lawrence, Smith cup, 4 classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- S 2. Horse Shoe Harbor, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- S 3. New Rochelle, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
3. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
3. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- Atlantic Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Larchmont.
5. Sail to Black Rock.
6. 1st run, to Morris Cove.
7. 2d run, to New London.
8. 3d run, race to Shelter Island.
9. Shelter Island, rowing races, etc.
10. 4th run, to Morris Cove.
11. 5th run, to Oyster Bay.
12. Disband at 10 A. M.
4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
4. Cor. San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Roy, St. Lawrence, 25 and 20ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
4. Plymouth, outside race, Plymouth Harbor.
4. Pavia, special, Atlantic Highlands, New York Bay.
- M 4. Boston City, open, Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Beverly, 2d open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
4. Milwaukee, club, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
- M 4. Plymouth, Duxbury and Kingston, union race, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
6. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, Atlantic City.
- S 6. American, An., Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
11. Beverly, 2d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- S 11. Riverside, An., Riverside, L. I. Sound.
11. Hempstead, ladies' day.
11. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
12. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 13-17. Seawanhaka-Cor. international races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 18, 20, 22-25. Larchmont race week, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- M 18. Quincy, open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. Cor. San Francisco, 1st cham., San Francisco Bay.
18. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
18. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
21. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
21. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
23. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, West Falmouth.
- S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
- M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
28. Ogdensburg, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence River.
- M 29-31. Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy, St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham., Squantum, Mass.
- M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
- 3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
- S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Roy, St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in-Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
- M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.

12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
S 15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
17-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.
M 21-22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
22. Beverly, 4th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 6. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

As a result of two years of careful experimental work in the direction of permanent union under the name of the Congress of Regatta Committees, the yacht clubs of Massachusetts Bay are once more united in an association for the management of races. That the attempt has failed more than once in the past is no reason for the belief that the present organization will not prove permanent and prosperous, advancing the interests of yachting and yacht racing and itself attaining a higher standard. The conditions existing to-day are very different from those under which the last unsuccessful attempt was made; the many clubs are more closely in union, there is comparatively little difference in racing rules and methods, and the whole tendency of the times in yachting is toward harmonious and concerted action, uniform regulations and open races. The new association starts off with a membership of twenty-seven clubs, by no means all within its territory (though we know of no reason why such an association should not appeal to all), but still a representative number, and covering thoroughly the entire waters of Massachusetts Bay, in fact extending from Newburyport on the north down to Cape Cod on the south. The clubs are the American, of Newburyport; Atlantic, of Boston; Boston, Cape Cod, Chelsea, Cohasset, Commonwealth, Columbia, Dorchester, Duxbury, Hull, Jeffries, Kingston, Lynn, Manchester, Massachusetts, Mosquito Fleet, Old Colony, Plymouth, Quincy, Revere, Savin Hill, South Boston, Squantum, West Lynn, Wellfleet and Winthrop.

The Association was organized on March 19, 1896, with the following officers: Pres., Louis M. Clark, Mass. Y. C.; Vice-Pres., A. H. Higginson, Manchester Y. C.; Sec'y, A. T. Bliss, Winthrop Y. C.; 111 Milk street, Boston; Asst. Sec'y, J. E. Robinson, Savin Hill Y. C.; Treas., Walter Burgess, Boston Y. C., 15 State street; Executive Committee, H. M. Faxon, Quincy Y. C.; N. B. Stone, South Boston Y. C.; T. E. Jacobs, Hull Y. C.; Meas., James Bertram, 330 Broadway, Boston. The book of the Association, just issued, contains its rules, under which all the associated clubs will race, the allowance tables, specially revised last year by F. N. Bemis, tide tables and miscellaneous information.

While materially better than the older rules of its kind under which previous attempts have failed, the rule adopted is very far from satisfactory in that length also is included, it being the same rule originated and used by the Atlantic N. Y., of Brooklyn, some ten years since, the length taken at some fixed distance above the actual waterline; in this case 3in. for all yachts within the limits which the Association aspires to cover, of 80 ft. l.w.l. length. Whatever may be urged in favor of a "mean length" rule, by which yachts are taxed (especially where sail goes free), as a concession to old craft of the back number type, we believe that no valid reason can be given to-day for the taxation of overhauls, and that some restriction of sail is a necessity. In view of the widespread and successful usage of the Seawanhaka rule, the Association would certainly have done nothing radical or dangerous in adopting it, and it is now a question how soon all the clubs will have to go still further in the same direction of judicious restriction in the introduction of a third factor in the formula tending to produce a greater displacement. If, as is generally recognized, the Seawanhaka rule is inadequate in stopping the prevailing tendency to reduce displacement and to sacrifice necessary strength, then the mean length rule is still more inadequate. We hope that a comparatively brief experience will show the possibility as well as the desirability of replacing the present rule by the one used by nearly all American clubs, that of length on the waterline and sail area.

The classes under the rule are: First class, 25ft. and under 30; second class, 21 and under 25ft.; third class, 18 and under 21ft.; fourth class, 15 and under 18ft.; fifth class, under 15ft. There is also a knockabout class, under the restrictions already published in the FOREST AND STREAM. The limit of crews is: First class, 7 men; second, 6 men; third, 5 men; fourth, 4 men; fifth and knockabout, 3 men. Shifting ballast is of course prohibited. The list of scheduled races is a long one, forming part of our list of fixtures, and included some clubs not members of the Association, but which give certain races under its rules. The very neat book of rules is, we presume, largely the work of the secretary, who has done a great deal toward the successful organization of the Association. A system of fixed numbers has been adopted, the numbers below 100 being allotted to the fifth class, those from 100 to 199 to the first class; 200 to 299 to the second; 300 to 399 to the third, and 400 to 499 to the fourth, the knockabouts being numbered from 500 up. It is also provided that when a special class is added the numbers from 60 to 99 shall be used for it.

The Thames Races.

The match races of the New Thames Y. C., from South End to Harwich, were sailed on May 30. The sky was cloudy, and there was a contrary tide, with the wind from the northeast. The start was made at 9:55 A. M. In the race for the large raters Satanita crossed the line 10 seconds ahead of Britannia, who was followed by Ailsa, Caress, Isolde, Corsair and Hester.

In the race for twenty-raters Penitent crossed the line first and Niagara last. Afterward Britannia and Niagara overhauled the leaders in their respective classes.

Following are the times of the yachts at the finish: Satanita, 4:34:32; Britannia, 4:37:37; Ailsa, 4:41:56; Hester, 5:18:21; Isolde, 5:27:04; Corsair, 5:44:15.

In the race for the twenty-raters Niagara finished at 5:04:14, and Penitent at 5:57:47. Britannia won the larger rater race on time allowance by 17 seconds. Britannia's new rating is 97; Satanita's, 100.1, and Ailsa's, 100.1.

DECORATION DAY, 1896.

SATURDAY, MAY 30.

WITH clear and pleasant weather and good breezes, the yachting season of 1896 was opened most auspiciously. Many races were sailed and the yacht clubs generally celebrated the day by receptions at the club stations. The day passed off pleasantly, with no serious mishaps among the pleasure fleet.

Harlem Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Harlem Y. C. was scheduled for the first open race of the Yacht Racing Union, and with a big fleet and a good S.W. breeze the day was most successful. The courses were from a starting line off Belden's Dock, City Island, out on the Sound, the classes of 25ft. and upward sailing first around Throgg's Neck buoy, then around Matinnicock buoy and home, 20 miles. The smaller classes sailed a 16-mile course and the 20ft. cats one of 12 miles. The wind gave a run down the Sound and a beat home. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Pontiac.....12 11 19	4 28 42	4 17 23	4 17 23	
Sasqua.....12 10 56	4 23 08	4 12 12	4 10 56	
Whitecap.....12 11 25	4 42 23	4 30 58	4 28 06	
Katie Louise.....12 11 54	4 51 20	4 39 26	4 36 06	
Mary B.....12 11 35	4 41 13	4 29 33	4 23 19	

CABIN SLOOPS—38FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Flora.....12 12 12	Did not finish.			
Reliance.....12 12 46	5 33 05	5 20 22	5 18 56	
Iola.....12 12 09	Did not finish.			
Fidelio (yawl).....12 15 00	4 59 01	4 44 01	Disqualified.	

CABIN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Alma.....12 11 09	Did not finish.			
Theresa.....12 12 51	5 29 26	5 16 35	5 14 58	
Una.....12 13 36	5 39 32	5 26 36	5 24 07	
Ruth.....12 18 25	Did not finish.			

CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Adele.....12 12 50	Did not finish.			
Yantic.....12 12 38	Did not finish.			
Nomad.....12 11 57	5 35 44	5 23 47	5 20 59	
Nahma.....12 12 08	Did not finish.			

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—30FT.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Cygnat.....12 21 54	Did not finish.			
Maud.....12 21 08	4 39 46	4 18 38	4 15 53	
Dolphine.....12 21 30	4 32 12	4 10 42	4 03 08	
E J Sloat.....12 20 40	4 26 12	4 05 32	3 56 10	
John J.....12 22 15	4 43 37	4 21 22	4 11 11	

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—25FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Americus.....12 22 25	4 47 49	4 25 24	4 25 24	
Zetes.....12 23 21	5 07 33	4 44 12	4 42 57	
Eddie S.....12 25 52	5 35 32	5 09 40	5 08 21	
Lotta.....12 22 50	5 46 04	5 23 14	5 19 20	
Mosquito.....12 24 16	5 06 10	4 41 54	4 35 55	

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Mollie Bawn.....12 17 25	5 14 54	4 57 29	4 55 49	
Exonian.....12 17 46	Did not finish.			

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Falka.....12 15 12	Did not finish.			
Winona.....12 15 12	Did not finish.			
Mohican.....12 20 44	Did not finish.			
Mary II.....12 15 00	Did not finish.			
Weasel.....12 18 15	5 23 16	5 05 01	5 05 01	
Tuesday.....12 20 00	5 20 20	5 00 20	4 53 11	
St. Elmo II.....12 16 00	5 46 14	5 30 14	5 26 00	

OPEN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Jessie.....12 24 10	5 00 32	4 36 22	4 36 22	
Let-her-Go.....12 22 25	5 23 55	5 01 31	4 58 53	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Emily.....12 20 44	5 25 56	5 05 12	5 05 12	
Emma S.....12 22 38	5 28 30	5 05 52	5 04 51	
Norman.....12 16 22	Did not finish.			
Elsie.....12 21 15	5 54 20	5 33 05	5 31 18	
Gypsy.....12 21 10	Did not finish.			
Bubble.....12 21 15	5 03 24	4 42 09	4 35 40	
Madeline.....12 23 18	5 48 17	5 24 59	5 17 37	
Violet.....12 25 00	5 18 08	4 53 08	4 47 11	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Regina.....12 16 22	2 39 00	2 23 38	2 22 21	
Starling.....12 17 03	2 39 15	2 23 12	2 22 12	
Whiz.....12 20 25	3 04 00	2 43 35	2 34 56	
Little Willie.....12 18 05	2 59 00	2 40 55	2 35 25	
Max.....12 15 14	2 45 00	2 29 46	2 23 50	

The winners were Sasqua, Reliance, Theresa, Nomad, E. J. Sloat, Americus, Mollie Bawn, Tuesday, Emma S. and Starling. Starling won the Directors' cup for making the best time over the course.

The judges were J. C. Summers, Atlantic Y. C.; J. W. Rough, New Rochelle Y. C.; and G. W. Fuller, Harlem Y. C.

The regatta committee included F. A. Wendel, chairman; F. W. Creagan, sec'y; T. C. Allen, W. Towner and R. H. Wylie.

The steamer Cygnus carried a large number of members and guests.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY.

THE formal opening of the Oyster Bay station of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. took place on Saturday, a large number of members and guests being present. In the harbor was the flagship Iroquois, Com. Rouse, with a number of steam and sailing yachts and quite a fleet of 15-footers. The visitors who came by train found their way readily from the railway station in Oyster Bay over a wide board walk to a landing stage close by at the head of the new canal, where the club steamer was waiting—a very great improvement over previous means of transit. Promptly at noon the colors were hoisted on the bluff and on the yachts at anchor. The races began at 12:30 with the 15-footers, nine starting:

Trilby, G. G. Tyson; Hope, Arthur Iselin; Willada, W. G. Newman; Terrapin, W. S. Peters; Olita, H. C. Rouse; Two Step, W. H. Jennings; Gnome, F. M. Hoyt; Paprika, C. S. Hoyt.

Most of the boats were sailed by their owners, but Trilby was sailed by her designer, Chas. Olmstead, and Olita by L. B. Huntington. Hope was sailed by her owner, but L. D. Huntington, her builder, sailed as crew. The course was from off the club float out past Plumb Point and around a mark near Lloyd's Neck, back up the harbor and around the buoy off Moses Point, then to the line, this course being sailed twice, after which the yachts were to sail the short triangle between the float, the black buoy abreast it, and Moses Point. The wind was S.W., a puffy whole sail breeze, making a run out to the first mark and a beat back to Moses Point each time. A good start was made, in spite of a couple of outside yachts in the way on the line, Olita crossing first, followed by Hope, Terrapin and Two Step. Two Step took the lead from the start and was soon well out ahead of the fleet. She held first place for a mile or more, until well outside of the harbor, but no mark was in sight for her to turn. As it subsequently appeared, the mark, a triangular float with red ball, had capsized and then gave up and returned.

The committee hailed each boat and ordered a new start, the course being changed—one round of the long course and two of the short. Two Step was carrying a new and larger mainsail, just bent, and no ballast, finding the breeze pretty strong in the puffs. She turned in a reef just before the start, the others keeping whole sail. The start was given at 1:48. Two Step worked cleverly about, just on the line, and was first away with gunfire, again taking the lead and holding it, with Hope and Olita chasing her. She led at the outer mark, a steam launch sent out for the purpose. Gnome started, but soon gave up. The second leg was to windward and against a strong ebb tide. Hope soon took second place, and as the leaders neared Plumb Point she was to windward, with Willada on her lee beam and Two Step just to leeward of Willada. Hope, with Mr. Huntington as pilot, worked close in under the point, while the other two kept further off. In a very little while Hope was far ahead, while Trilby, after being near the end of the procession, had run up into second place on the windward work. In the beat from Plumb Point to Moses Point buoy Hope improved her position, and the order at this mark was: Hope, Trilby, Willada, Olita, Paprika, Terrapin and Two Step. Off the wind Two Step shook out her reef, but was still in the rear when the first round finished. The yachts were obliged to sail through the fleet at anchor, and the next mark, the black buoy, though but a short distance out, could not be seen. Hope twisted her way in and out and picked it up, but Trilby started in the wrong direction, though recalled and set straight. When Two Step came along she made the same mistake as Trilby, but did not discover it, luffing out and crossing the bows of the steam yacht Oneida instead of going well under the stern. She continued to the finish, but was out of the race. Terrapin also missed a mark and withdrew. The order of the leaders was unchanged in the last two rounds, the final times being, start 1:53:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hope.....	3 55 10	2 02 10
Trilby.....	3 58 30	2 05 30
Willada.....	3 58 53	2 05 53
Paprika.....	4 02 53	2 09 53
Olita.....	4 05 11	2 12 11
Two Step.....	Did not finish.	
Gnome.....	Did not finish.	
Terrapin.....	Did not finish.	

Hope wins first prize and Trilby second. Question was not entered, but sailed the course with the others, carrying her racing number.

After the 15-footers were well away for the second time the four club catboats started over the shorter course, the skippers being D. Le Roy Dresser, J. F. Tams, J. B. Murray and E. A. Rutherford. Mr. Dresser's boat won, finishing at 3:24:25, Mr. Murray's at 3:24:40, Mr. Tams' at 3:26:23, and Mr. Rutherford's at 3:28:47.

Atlantic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

THE fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. turned out in force to celebrate the day, the opening ceremonies being supplemented by a race down the Bay. Com. Gould was aboard Vice-Com. Adams's schooner Sacem, the two flagships, Atalanta and Vigilant, not being yet in commission. The weather in the Bay was less favorable than that in the Sound, the fickle S.W. wind dropping entirely at times and then coming in hard, once bringing a rain squall. The start was marred by a calm, in which the yachts could make no headway against the tide. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Sachem.....20.61	11 10 00	Did not finish.		
Emerald.....21.51	11 10 00	3 01 00	3 51 00	

SLOOPS—CLASS 3.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Ventura.....20.12	11 10 00	Disabled.		
Eclipse.....25.00	11 10 00	3 34 56	4 26 56	

CLASS 5.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Choctaw.....46.30	11 10 00	3 32 49	4 22 29	
Chipsa.....11 10 00	11 10 00	3 44 44	4 34 44	
Gulnare.....11 10 00	11 10 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 7.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Cygnat.....35.00	11 20 00	4 18 40	4 58 40	
Sultan (yawl).....11 20 00	11 20 00	3 46 11	4 26 11	
Feydeh.....11 20 00	11 20 00	Disabled.		

CLASS 8.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Lynx.....29.00	11 20 00	3 46 52	4 20 52	

CATS—CLASS 1.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Step Lively.....11 20 00	11 20 00	3 36 02	4 16 02	
Squaw.....11 20 00	11 20 00	2 52 30	3 32 30	
Sayonara.....11 20 00	11 20 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 2.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Presto.....11 20 00	11 20 00	4 06 25	4 46 25	
Tabitha.....23.30	11 20 00	4 36 20	5 16 20	
Streak.....24.50	11 20 00	4 09 12	4 49 12	
Ethel.....20.66	11 20 00	4 07 23	4 47 43	
Iris.....19.30	11 20 00	Did not finish.		

Ventura parted a shroud and Feydeh lost her topmast. The winners were Emerald, Eclipse, Choctaw, Sultan, Lynx, Squaw and Presto. The prizes were \$30 each.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

The winners were: Class A, J. B. Denham; Class B, Leontine; Class C, Pastime; Class D, Harvest; Class E, Madeline; Class F, Spray; Class G, Paragon; Class H, Ida May. Leontine also wins the special prize for elapsed time.

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

The South Boston open regatta on Saturday brought out a fine fleet of racing craft in the smaller classes. There was plenty of wind at all times, and some to spare for a while during a lively rain squall.

The courses were: First, second and third classes from starting point to buoy 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on the starboard, to S. B. Y. C. barrel, off Long Island wharf, leaving it on starboard, Sculpin Ledge buoy on starboard, to S. B. Y. C. barrel off Moon Head, leaving it on starboard, buoy off eastern end of Thompson's Island on port to buoy off Fort Independence, leaving it on port to Cow Pasture buoy, leaving it on starboard, to finishing point, 10 miles.

Fourth, knockabout and special classes—From starting point to buoy 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on starboard, leaving buoy 1, off eastern end of Thompson's Island on starboard to S. B. Y. C. barrel off Moon Head, leaving it on starboard, leaving buoy 1 off eastern end of Thompson's Island on port to buoy 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on port, to Cow Pasture buoy 6, leaving it on starboard, to finishing line.

Fifth class, distance five miles—From starting point to buoy 2, leaving it on port, to buoy 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on port, to buoy 3, leaving it on starboard, to mark showing red ball off L street, leaving it on starboard, to finishing line.

The times were:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Harbinger, W. F. & C. F. Bache.....	28.04	1 41 10	1 12 27
Ida J., F. E. Beckman.....	28.11	1 44 02	2 15 52
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith.....	29.00	1 59 51	1 31 45
Beatrice, John Cavanagh.....	25.06	Withdrew.	
Emma C., P. A. Coupal.....	29.09	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Tacoma, S. N. Small.....	32.00	2 07 12	1 31 33
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning.....	31.06	2 08 30	1 32 11
Clara, W. Burgess.....	34.10	2 05 09	1 32 54
Myrtle, A. W. Chesterton.....	31.06	2 11 39	1 35 20
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf.....	33.07	2 09 29	1 35 48
Say Bird, C. L. Joy.....	32.08	2 11 05	1 36 17
Rex, J. B. Farrell.....	34.00	2 10 21	1 37 09
Satanic, W. J. Daly, Jr.....	32.09	2 31 30	1 58 48
Lillian, A. E. Whitney.....	31.10	Withdrew.	
Madcap, C. E. Main.....	31.00	Withdrew.	
Romance, Loring Sears.....	34.04	Withdrew.	
Judith, W. B. Pigeon.....	34.02	Withdrew.	
Lottie R., E. H. Rich.....	33.11	Withdrew.	
Swirl, H. M. Faxon.....	31.07	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Harriet, L. V. Harrington.....	30.00	2 11 18	1 32 50
Cochecho, Yerxa & Borden.....	31.11	2 25 19	1 45 15
Zoe, J. McCarthy.....	30.06	2 26 02	1 46 52
Evadne, N. V. Pitts.....	31.11	Withdrew.	
Arab, W. F. Scott.....	31.01	Withdrew.	
Mist, E. A. Merrill.....	30.10	Withdrew.	
Kayashk, F. B. Rice.....	30.11	Withdrew.	
Emerell, W. H. Low.....	31.01	Withdrew.	
Enigma, G. F. Maybury.....	30.11	Withdrew.	
Mamie, A. E. Justice.....	31.08	Withdrew.	
Monsoon, A. S. Nute.....	30.06	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen.....	37.06	1 42 43	1 13 00
Fantasy, W. Allerton.....	35.09	1 53 40	1 21 28
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon.....	36.05	1 52 43	1 21 37
Circe, F. L. Pigeon.....	36.05	1 53 22	1 22 16
Sphinx, Arthur Keith.....	37.06	1 52 12	1 22 29
Insp, A. J. Horton.....	36.01	Withdrew.	
Jonah, N. B. Stone.....	36.05	Withdrew.	
Mirage, M. L. Crane.....	37.09	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Princess, Gay & Ware.....	34.06	57 13	33 01
Katydid, C. B. Pear.....	34.00	58 30	33 43
Elsa, H. M. Crane.....	34.08	59 43	35 42
Penguin, J. E. Robinson.....	34.06	1 00 30	36 28
Velma, Dr. Hallett.....	34.09	1 02 45	38 49
Albatross, G. Carson.....	34.11	1 06 46	43 01
Transit, Nute & Lunberg.....	33.03	Withdrew.	
Ivanhoe, M. M. Torrance.....	34.11	Withdrew.	
Icurez, J. Perry.....	34.05	Withdrew.	
SPECIAL CLASS.			
X Ray, A. H. McIntire.....	Withdrew.		
Not named, J. J. Moebis.....	Withdrew.		
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Tautog, W. C. Gray.....	2 37 48		
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs.....	2 40 07		
Water Lily, H. M. Sears.....	2 45 45		
Spinster, L. M. Clark.....	Withdrew		
La Chica, C. V. Souther.....	Withdrew		

Jonah protests Alpine on measurement. The judges were Arthur Fuller, Hiram Cherrington, James T. Ball, W. H. Godfrey, Thomas Christian, John F. Berrigan and Frank Williams.

Fall River Y. C. Open Regatta.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

The open regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a fresh breeze that brought to grief several yachts, including the new Herreshoff 30-footer Esperanza, who lost her topmast. Two of these yachts started: Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle, sailed by Capt. Aubrey Crocker, and Asahi, Bayard Thayer, the latter sailed by Capt. Nat Watson. There were many minor mishaps. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS OVER 30FT. SAILING LENGTH; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Asahi, Bayard Thayer.....	34.09	2 23 08	2 22 18
Ramallah, H. S. Skinner.....	34.10	2 25 20	2 24 45
Acushla, H. W. Hanson.....	34.05	2 28 37	2 27 23
Chapaquoit, J. B. Harley.....	35.06	2 28 06	2 28 06
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle.....	34.09	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS—NOT OVER 30FT.; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Narda, J. Borden.....	25.01	3 02 42	2 56 42
Hattie, G. B. Pierce.....	28.09	Did not finish.	
THIRD CLASS—OVER 24FT.; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Nellie, J. Waldron.....	27.01	2 47 11	2 47 11
Kickemuit, T. O. Golding.....	25.05	2 51 23	2 48 40
Vickie, E. V. Bowen.....	25.04	2 58 03	2 55 06
FOURTH CLASS—21 TO 24FT.; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Patience, C. Milward.....	21.02	1 42 32	1 39 50
Glide, P. Conlon.....	23.02	1 40 30	1 40 30
FIFTH CLASS—18 TO 21FT.; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Nydia, Kismet Club.....	20.04	1 55 06	1 55 06
Ida Alice, J. H. Foster.....	18.00	1 58 56	1 55 11
Anemone, J. Mulla.....	19.05	2 05 52	2 04 28
Lena, L. Lebannity.....	17.01	2 21 28	2 16 14
Eyris, J. Smith.....	18.08	Did not finish.	
SIXTH CLASS—16 TO 18FT.; COURSE, 10 1/4 MILES.			
Dora, John Conboy.....	16.01	2 04 36	2 02 58
Alice, E. K. Morse.....	16.10	2 08 08	2 07 59
Laloo, J. Whitehead.....	16.02	2 11 25	2 09 57
Zara, T. Gladding.....	16.04	2 16 08	2 15 00
Fedora, Hinckley & Copping.....	16.11	2 16 05	2 16 05
Ladle, B. Darling.....	16.10	Disqualified.	
SEVENTH CLASS—UNDER 16FT.; COURSE, 6 MILES.			
Dido, M. Considine.....	14.05	2 02 33	2 00 44
Kink, B. Davis.....	15.06	2 05 56	2 05 31
Clytie, J. Mulvaney.....	15.10	2 12 05	2 12 15
Satan, H. Slocum.....	13.02	Did not finish.	
Barnacle, W. E. Braley.....	15.04	Did not finish.	

Squantum Y. C.

SQUANTUM—BOSTON HARBOR.

The first championship regatta of the the Squantum Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a reefing S.W. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Payomet, H. Flood.....	21.04	2 05 32	1 39 53
Unknown, John Smith.....	21.06	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Locia, W. J. Coombs.....	18.02	2 12 12	1 43 17
Magnolia, Gram & Hardy.....	20.08	2 13 25	1 47 12
Thuron, A. E. Cam, bell.....	18.04	2 26 13	1 57 30
FOURTH CLASS.			
West Wind, C. F. Marr.....	16.04	1 26 30	1 04 12
Beatrice, G. Given.....	16.04	1 50 04	1 27 46
'96, John Todd.....	16.09	2 03 59	1 48 05

The judges were C. W. Page, H. E. Nelson, A. E. Linnell and S. S. Pillsbury.

New Bedford Y. C.

NEW BEDFORD—BUZZARD'S BAY.

The New Bedford Y. C. opened the season with a review and race, the latter over a 10-mile course in a fresh S.W. breeze. The times were:

Corrected.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vera, cat.....	1 35 23	1 35 23	
Grekle, cat.....	1 36 41	1 36 41	
Pointer, sloop.....	1 40 30	1 40 30	
Alado, sloop.....	1 48 03	1 48 03	
Myette F., sloop.....	1 48 45	1 48 45	
Media, sloop.....	1 48 55	1 48 55	
Winsome, cat.....	1 55 56	1 55 56	
Glimpse, sloop.....	1 57 57	1 57 57	
Thyra.....	Disabled.		
Plover.....	Disabled.		

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The Plymouth Y. C. sailed its opening regatta on Saturday in a variable wind, mainly from S.W. The times were:

SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Cleopatra, M. McDowell.....	22.07	1 41 45	1 10 24
Future, W. T. Whitman.....	21.11	1 46 50	1 14 39
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Nancy Hanks, W. P. Maglathlin.....	20.06	1 46 26	1 12 31
White Swallow, W. Watson.....	20.06	1 56 31	1 12 31
FIFTH CLASS SPRITSAILS.			
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett.....	15.03	2 06 03	1 23 57
Ideal, C. F. Bradford.....	16.10	2 03 18	1 23 57
Major D., C. H. Drew.....	16.01	2 05 10	1 24 35
Puritan, D. H. Craig.....	17.08	2 02 47	1 24 62
Natalie, H. M. Jones.....	17.02	2 43 04	1 05 50
E. B. Weston, I. Symmes.....	17.02	2 05 01	1 26 17
Frolic, Fred Bailey.....	15.02	2 11 06	1 28 51
Essie J., H. L. Howland.....	16.03	2 04 15	1 33 53
Yankee, A. E. Walker.....	16.10	Withdrew.	
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele.....	16.09	Withdrew.	
Perhaps, E. B. Atwood.....	17.00	Withdrew.	
SIXTH CLASS GAFF FORESAIL.			
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	16.06	2 00 08	1 20 18
Solitaire, E. Baker.....	18.02	1 58 00	1 20 50
Trouble, T. S. Diman.....	17.08	Withdrew.	

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

The first race of the Newport Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a variable wind from the south, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sea Maid, Arnold James.....	21 35	2 21 35	
Trunella, Ralph Wood.....	21 35	2 47 51	
Ita, C. U. Coffin.....	Time not taken.		
THIRD CLASS.			
Niobrara, J. H. Scannevin.....	2 33 34	2 33 33	
Emma Dame, E. A. Hassett.....	2 55 33	2 55 33	
Guide, W. Tripp.....	2 51 00	2 51 00	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Vesper, Charles S. Plummer.....	2 42 00	2 42 00	
Secretary, G. S. Slocum.....	3 15 50	3 14 02	
Shadow, Frank Dawes.....	Time not taken.		

Larchmont Y. C.

The formal opening of the season took place at Larchmont on May 30 with appropriate ceremonies. In the absence of Com. Gillig, Vice-Com. Postley presided. The following programme for the Larchmont week has just been issued:

SATURDAY, JULY 18.	
Open regatta for all classes.	
Second race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Second race of series for 30ft. special class.	
Special race for schooners in cruising trim.	
MONDAY, JULY 20.	
Special race for schooners in racing trim, in one class.	
Special race for schooners in cruising trim, in one class.	
Third race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Third race of series for 30ft. special class.	
Special race for 21ft. class.	
Race for half-raters.	
TUESDAY, JULY 21.	
Four-oared gig race for "Hen and Chickens Colors," presented by Commodore Gillig.	
Two-oared gig race for "Dauntless Colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley.	
Dinghy race for "Execution Colors," presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley.	
Race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l.	
Race for naphtha launches 21ft. l.w.l. and under.	
Race for the "Eastward and Westward Challenge Cup."	
Tub races and water sports.	
WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.	
Open regatta for all classes.	
Fourth race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Fourth race of series for 30ft. special class.	
THURSDAY, JULY 23.	
Race for Class 5 yachts, with cabin trunks.	
Fifth race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Fifth race of series for 30ft. special class.	
Race for cabin cats, all in one class.	
Race for special 21ft. class.	
Race for half-raters.	
FRIDAY, JULY 24.	
Schooner race, all in one class.	
Race for Class 5 yachts, with flush decks.	
Race for Class 6.	
Sixth race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Sixth race of series for 30ft. special class.	
Race for special 21ft. class.	
Race for half-raters.	
SATURDAY, JULY 25.	
Open regatta for all classes.	
Seventh race of series for 34ft. rating class.	
Seventh race of series for 30ft. special class.	

Southern Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ORLEANS—LAKE PONCHARTRAIN.

Saturday, May 23. The 47th annual regatta of the Southern Y. C. was sailed on May 23 in a light northerly breeze, the times being:

SCHOONERS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Nepenthe.....	5 00 40	5 00 40	
International.....	Did not finish.		
FIRST CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Nepenthe.....	4 23 15	4 23 15	
SECOND CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Agnes.....	4 54 58	4 54 58	
THIRD CLASS—CABIN SLOOPS.			
Silence.....	4 38 00	4 33 33	
Tawanta.....	4 36 05	4 36 05	
Elaine.....	5 14 55	5 12 47	
FIRST CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Mephisto.....	4 28 53	4 28 53	
Lady Emma.....	4 59 05	4 58 41	
SECOND CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Nyanza.....	4 48 35	4 48 35	
THIRD CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Jeanne.....	4 49 27	4 49 27	
Alice.....	4 53 35	4 56 49	
FOURTH CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.			
Trilby.....	5 43 30	5 33 08	
Isabelle.....	5 41 45	5 51 45	
CATBOATS.			
Louise W.....	4 47 30	4 29 04	
H. A. Hamilton.....	4 57 30	4 50 12	
Lady Jane.....	5 02 57	5 02 57	
St. John.....	5 14 35	5 10 16	

Preceding the sailing race was a race of steam launches. Frolic had no competitor, and Idylle beat Hattie in a very unsatisfactory race.



VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.

—that is, from over the head—it for a time entirely conceals the object to be shot at as it comes between the eye and the object. No one will object to the statement that the object of revolver practice is to make one properly proficient with the weapon for practical purposes of offense or defense; in times of peace, for the latter purpose as a matter of course. Granting that such is the purpose, the manner of practice should conform to the best manner of actual use. In such use, the time lost in whirling the revolver over the head, and the embarrassment to the aim from the hand coming in front of the eye and concealing the object, might be fatal in an actual combat with a criminal who used a simpler and more direct method—one less stagey and spectacular, but more precise. The simpler method is this: The arm extended is brought up from below the line of vision, directly the opposite of the common method recommended by your correspondent. Thus the object to be shot at is always in view of the shooter's eye, a matter of the very first importance, and the arm can be aligned as it is raised into position. Also in adopting this method the motion is natural and there is not the loss of time as in swinging the pistol over the head. In quick snap shooting it is safe to say that a shooter could shoot by this method three or four times faster than could the shooter who employed the more theatrical method first mentioned, and with incomparably more precision. It moreover is an easier matter to bring the arm into position by an intelligent action, and steady the muscles in the same manner, than it is to trust to the more indolent method of trusting to the force of gravity to settle the arm in position.

.45 CALIBRE.

Walnut Hill Scores.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., May 23.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The German ring target was used in one event for the first time on this range. Scores:	
Silver Military Medal.	
Won on 10 scores of 42 or better by	
A J Litchfield.....	45 42 43 42 43 43 42 42 44
Silver Eagle Pistol Badge.	
Won on 10 scores of 88 or better by	
T Anderton.....	92 92 88 92 94 92 93 89 91 88
All-Comers' Rest Match.	
J Francis.....	11 12 12 10 12 11 11 12 12 12—115
T E Russell.....	11 12 12 12 11 10 12 10 12 12—114
W P Thompson.....	11 10 11 9 12 12 11 12 12 10—110
A E Hunter.....	108 F C Turner.....101
Medal Rest Match.	
T E Russell.....	12 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 12 11—110
W P Thompson.....	10 10 12 12 12 11 11 10 11 11—110
M T Day.....	105 P A Lyford.....96
All-Comers' Off-hand Match.	
J H Keough.....	8 10 9 8 7 9 8 10 9 10—88
J T Humphrey.....	10 7 10 9 8 8 10 7 8 9—86
J Busfield.....	10 8 10 9 7 7 8 8 6 9—83
M T Day.....	75 A W Hill.....71
J Cooney, Jr.....	74 S D Martin.....70
Medal Off-hand Match.	
J H Keough.....	8 10 10 7 9 6 9 8 8 10—85
M T Day.....	8 9 9 8 8 8 10 6 9 10—85
A W Hill.....	78 S B Dudley.....71
All-Comers' Off-hand Match, German ring target.	
C A Coombs.....	21 25 17 25 2 21 25 24 21 20—221
J Busfield.....	219 S D Martin.....201
J T Humphrey.....	218 M T Day.....198
S C Sydney.....	212 S A Morrison.....185
A W Hill.....	210 F C Towne.....193
Military Medal Match.	
A J Litchfield.....	544444554—44 M T Day.....40
A R Sedgely.....	41 O W Gilmau.....38
All-Comers' Military Match.	
G Durward.....	445445454—44 L J Arnold.....41
M T Day.....	554444544—44 S R Browne.....41
Military Cup Match—Standard Count.	
A F Woodside.....	6 6 6 9 8—35 CS Bemis.....31
P A Lyford.....	5 4 10 6 9—34 F C Towne.....30
Pistol Medal Match—50 Yards.	
T Anderton.....	9 9 9 10 10 10 10 9 9 9—94
J H Keough.....	10 10 9 8 10 10 7 10 9 9—93
A W Hill.....	8 9 9 9 10 9 9 8 10 10—91
S B Mason, Jr.....	10 7 8 10 8 10 10 9 9 8—90
M T Day.....	86 M T Day.....81
S B Mason, Jr.....	85

New Manhattan Revolver Club.

THE members of the revolver club organized in connection with the New Manhattan Athletic Club commenced their shooting for the summer season at the club's grounds, Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, on May 23. These grounds are located on the line of the Harlem Railroad, trains leaving the Grand Central Station every half hour. Mr. James S. Conlin writes us that all who are interested in revolver shooting are cordially invited to visit the club's grounds and try their skill with the pistol.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

WE would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club; \$3,000 in merchandise prizes in State and open events; \$1,100 of cash added to purses. Experts eligible to first and second moneys only. C. S. Burkhardt, President.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—URBANA, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, for amateurs only. Targets. Frank L. Bills, Manager.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 18-20.—SPOKANE, Wash.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club. H. Bolster, Sec'y of Association.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Jack Parker writes that he will give his sixth annual international tournament at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 11-14 inclusive. Jack's tournaments have always been popular ones and we can vouch for it, having talked to Jack as recently as the Hazard tournament, that he is now at work figuring on novelties for the one in August.

The June tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Springfield, N. J., June 16, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club of that place.

The sixth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Hot Springs, Ark., July 4-5. The local club, under whose auspices the shoot will be given, will donate \$200 in cash to the purses.

The third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company will be held at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 15-17; \$750 added money.

The local club at Pleasant Hill, Mo., announces that it will have an all-day shoot on July 4.

Enoch D. Miller, the well-known secretary of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., wishes us to call attention to the fact that his club will do its best to give its guests a good time on July 4. Targets will be used in the morning, live birds in the afternoon.

The twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest will be held at Spokane, Wash., June 18-20. We have made a note of the programme elsewhere.

If all signs do not fail, the New York State shoot at Buffalo will be a very large one. The Audubon boys have worked hard for that success which now seems assured.

While at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament last week, Mr. C. A. Tuttle, of Auburn, informed us that Auburn is out for the State shoot in 1897. We published in these columns some time ago a notice from W. P. Rayland, of Rome, stating that his club was anxious to have the honor of running the State shoot next year. Thus there are two Richmonds in the field, and it remains for the delegates to the annual convention to decide between the two. This convention will be held on Monday evening, 8 P. M., in the Colonial parlors of the Genesee hotel.

The Chamberlin Company's shoot at Cleveland, O., which follows immediately on the heels of the New York State shoot at Buffalo, has been mentioned so frequently and so favorably in these columns that we will give the following from Paul North's pen without additional comment: "From all indications we are going to have a larger attendance this year than ever before on account of throwing targets free of charge, the desire to see the Maugstraps work and the Lindsay handicap, which will undoubtedly give the ordinary shot more fun for his money than the old style of shooting. The only objection I can see to the handicap is the inducement to drop for place, and we will watch that very closely this year and fire bodily any one detected in dropping. After programme is shot out each day we will continue to throw targets for extra events free of charge just the same. We want everybody to come and shoot all the blue rocks that we can throw in the three days, and we will keep throwing them as long as it is light enough to shoot. We hope to equal the Hazard shoot in point of attendance."

While at the Hazard tournament we heard several shooters discussing the enormous number of entries at that tournament, and comparing that number with the entries at the Cleveland tournaments of 1892 and 1893. At the time we pointed out that the tournaments were so dissimilar in form that no accurate comparisons could be made. With the idea of getting some certain data to go upon we asked Paul North to look up his books on his return to Cleveland and give us the figures for those shoots. This is what he sends, for which he will please accept our thanks: "As per your request I have looked up the records of the old Chamberlin tournaments and find that we had 41 entries for the first, 89 for the second, 171 for the third and 185 for the fourth and last. These tournaments were all 100-bird races and the attendance is very large considering the comparatively small number of shooters there were at that time and the length of the race." The above figures for 1892 and 1893 are, as Mr. North says, truly remarkable considering the condition of trap-shooting.

Lloyd O. Ellison, secretary of the newly organized gun club at Alma, Mich., sends us the following note regarding his club: "At the recent organization of the Alma, Mich., Rod and Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. E. A. Bagley; Vice-President, G. S. Young; Secretary, Lloyd O. Ellison; Treasurer, Chas. Caple. The club is now in good running order, and we have a club shoot every Friday."

In our notice of the programme of the New York State shoot we have given the list of those shooters who have been classed as experts by the shooting committee of the tournament.

Drivers and Twisters, like many other items of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns, have had to suffer owing to the deluge of other matter that reached this office at an extremely late date if insertion in the current issue of June 6 was desired.

Paul Litzke writes us that a canvass of the guns, powders and shells used at the Limited Gun Club's tournament last week shows as follows: Guns—Parker 14, Smith 13, Winchester 10, Lefever 9, Francotte and Spencer 2 each, Baker and Whitmore 1 each. Powders—DuPont 25, E. C. 18, Hazard and Schultze 4 each, King's Smokeless and W-A. 1 each. Shells—Smokeless 34, Leader 16, Rapid 4, Peters 1.

FOREST AND STREAM's tournament squad pads have evidently hit the mark. The first issue has vanished from our shelves, but its place has been taken by another and still larger issue. Send for prices and samples; they are just what you need when running a tournament, and we can save you good money.

JUNE 2.

EDWARD BANKS.

Souvenirs of the Hazard Tournament.

THE accompanying illustrations are from photographs taken at the Hazard tournament.

One of the pictures shows very well the arrangement of the grounds, the location of the three sets of traps, etc. Another, while giving excellent portraits of Rolla Heikes, Ralph Worthinton (Redwing) and Charlie Budd, the three winners of the special Hazard prizes, also shows the high board fence that made the background, the photo being taken from the score of No. 2 set of traps looking out over the screen for that set. On the screen itself was the motto, "We welcome you to the Blue Ribbon tournament."

The third shows the manager of the tournament, Mr. R. S. Waddell literally covered with glory—Old Glory.



R. S. WADDELL COVERED WITH GLORY.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; \$750 added money.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

Gilbert Defeats Deiter.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—Special to Forest and Stream.—After a most exciting and interesting match, Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., succeeded in defeating George Deiter, of Milwaukee, by the score of 84 to 83. The match was the outcome of Deiter's challenge for the Du Pont trophy, and was at 100 live birds.

PAUL R. LITZKE.



THE HAZARD PRIZE WINNERS.

Coming Events and their Shadows.

The list of important fixtures for the month of June has caused us many a moment of anxiety. Ordinarily we think it worse than bad policy to borrow trouble, believing that bald heads and snowy locks may sometimes be traced to that failing.

The first week of June caused us little trouble. The twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Chicago will be well taken care of. The Interstate tournament at Natchez, Miss., under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club, will also be reported by a correspondent who is perfectly satisfactory. In our own immediate vicinity everything is quiet; there's no trouble here.

The second week is where the mischief comes in. Here's the list:

June 8-13.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club; \$3,000 in merchandise prizes in State and open events; \$1,100 of cash added to purses. Experts eligible to first and second moneys only. O. S. Burkhardt, President.

June 9-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Dayton, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Urbana, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, for amateurs only. Targets. Frank L. Bills, Manager.

June 10-11.—Fargo, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; \$500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

The following week contains two important fixtures:

June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 18-20.—Spokane, Wash.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club; H. Bolster, Sec'y.

The tournament of the Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club, \$500 added money, takes place the fourth week of June.

Among the many programmes received recently is that issued by the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, for the

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT,

which event will be held, as stated above, June 8-13. The programme for this important fixture is one that has taken considerable care in compilation, and reflects the greatest credit on the management. When the convention of 1895 voted to intrust the thirty-eighth annual tournament to the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, the gentlemen representing that organization at Saratoga stated positively that the club would do its best to make the State shoot of 1896 a record breaker in its line. The announcement, therefore, that the club would add \$3,000 in merchandise prizes and \$1,100 in cash, while in itself remarkable, was not totally unexpected when one took into consideration the number and quality of the men who go to make up the membership roll of the Audubon Gun Club.

At this late date, and with so much other equally important matter engrossing the attention of trap-shooters, it is impossible to do more than notice superficially the contents of a work that consists of 64 pages besides the cover.

The most important portion of the programme is that which refers to the

KNOWN EXPERTS, OR PROFESSIONALS.

The programme states that "every known expert or professional shooter must get into first or second place, or he will not be entitled to any part of the money. This form of handicap absolutely prevents dropping for place. This rule guarantees to amateurs that they will get over one-half of all purses, as experts cannot drop into their class, and every time an amateur shoots up he gets a part of the experts' end of the purse."

In connection with the above statement we have received the following communication from the Audubon Gun Club, through its president, C. S. Burkhardt: "The handicap committee of the New York State shoot, to be held at Buffalo June 8-13, 1896, have classed the following gentlemen as experts: R. O. Heikes, Fred Gilbert, J. A. R. Elliott, E. D. Fulford, Sim Glover, O. R. Dickey, J. L. Brewer, B. A. Bartlett, F. Van Dyke, Ralph Trimble, C. M. Grimm, E. D. Miller, Neaf Apple, B. LeRoy, Ralph Worthington, D. A. Upson, W. Wagner, C. W. Budd, H. McMurchy, H. B. Whitney, A. G. Courtney, John Parker, Ed. Rike, C. A. Young, J. W. Connor, Thomas Marshall, W. G. Sergeant, F. S. Parmelee. The committee wishes to add a few words of explanation to experts: The large amount of added money and the daily and general averages will fully compensate you for the reasonable handicap imposed on you."

The list of State events is a large one and should prove very attractive. But in addition to the State events a full programme of 7 open events will also be decided each day. All these events, except No. 5, will be at 20 targets, \$2.50 entrance; \$15 is added to the purses in Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 7; No. 5 each day is a special event. On Tuesday, June 9, it is known as the Gold Dust event, all contestants using Gold Dust powder loaded and provided by W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller); entrance in this event is only \$2, including price of shells and targets, while the prizes offered by Mr. Colville aggregate about \$100.

On Wednesday, June 10, event No. 5 is the E. C. Powder Co.'s cup contest; entrance, including targets, \$3; \$50 cash and the cup added. On Thursday, June 11, this event is entitled the *Daily and Sunday Times* event, the *Times* adding \$125 cash to the purse; entrance, targets included, \$3. On Friday, June 12, event No. 5 will be the Buffalo Audubon Club event. This contest will be a handicap event with 8 very valuable merchandise prizes; the handicaps in this contest will be based on the work of the shooters during the week. The entrance fee is \$5, with an additional optional sweep of \$5.8 moneys.

Saturday, June 13, will be devoted to the decision of the Dean Richmond championship cup team contest at live birds.

OHIO TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The tenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Dayton, O., the home of the Buckeye Gun Club, on June 9-11. The Buckeyes add \$200 to the purses.

On the first day the State events consist of six 15-target events, \$1.50, \$10 added to each purse; one 20-target event, \$2.50 added; and the special contest, event No. 8, for the *Ohio State Journal* trophy. On the second day the programme is the same, with the exception that event No. 8 is the contest for the L. C. Smith cup. On the third and last day the programme of State events is as follows: The first five events will be 15-target events precisely similar in every respect to those on the two previous days; No. 6 will be the contest for *Sportsmen's Review* cup, two-men teams; No. 7 will be the 50-target handicap for the E. C. Powder Co.'s cup.

The programme of open events for each day is ten 15-target events, unknown angles, \$1.50 entrance.

CRYSTAL LAKE GUN CLUB.

Frank L. Bills, manager of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., has gotten up a very varied programme for the third annual tournament of his club, which will be held June 9-11. This tournament is open to amateurs only, and Mr. Bills has naturally catered to this class of shooters, there being several 10 and 15 target events on the card for each day. The merchandise prizes announced to be given away are really valuable and well worth trying for. The Crystal Lake Gun Club issues a cordial invitation to all amateurs.

SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.

The programme for the twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, which takes place June 18-20, at Spokane, Wash., announces that \$700 cash, \$483 in merchandise prizes and \$925 in trophies will be distributed at that shoot. The above is a large list of valuable prizes and speaks well for the interest shown in the far Northwest for the sport of trap-shooting.

The Spokane Rod and Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament will be held, offers a welcome on behalf of the Sportsman's Association to Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. The club adds, "We promise you a dead square shoot and may the best man win."

The Limited Gun Club's Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 28.—It was the writer's good fortune to be present at the 1896 tournament of the Limited Gun Club, of this city. The dates were May 26, 27 and 28. No tournament of a like magnitude has attracted such general attention, and the result of few has been more eagerly looked for. The club announced in its programme that there would be no added money at this shoot, and stated furthermore that it thought that added money was an injury to the sport. It said that at this tournament it would endeavor to demonstrate that it was possible to have a successful tournament without added money. The only inducements the club offered, and which it has great cause to pride itself on, were its grounds and equipments, which are without doubt the finest in the West.

Twenty minutes' ride from the heart of the city by an electric car lands the shooter right at the gate of the park. There he finds one of the neatest, cosiest little club houses that has ever been designed. It is a story and a half structure, painted white, with a broad veranda extending around the entire building, and another smaller one above, from which an excellent view can be had of the shooting. The grounds in front of the club house are perfectly level and no sign of a screen is to be seen. The way the traps are arranged here is entirely different from that found anywhere. The targets seem to start right out of the ground. This idea is entirely original with the Limited Gun Club and is well worth imitating. The trench in which the trappers stand is deep enough so that a tall man can stand up in it and yet be invisible to the shooter at the score. The traps are fas-

tened to heavy timber right on the edge of the trench, the ground in front having been slightly cut away, and the traps are at such a height that the trapper finds his work much easier than behind the screen. All the above has been so deftly done that no sign of the work is noticed by the shooter at the score; the only thing he sees is the numbers on the sward, showing him where his target is to start from. It is no little advantage to be able to see one's target the instant it starts; under these conditions it is easier to make a good score than when hampered by screens and other devices.

The attendance was not large, though entirely satisfactory to the management. Royal Robinson said that he would much rather have forty shooters than a hundred, as they are much easier to handle. The shoot was one that was as smoothly and nicely conducted as it has been my good fortune to attend. Altogether it reflects much credit on Mr. Royal Robinson and his fellow club members.

The programme called for three days of shooting, and for two days the entries were entirely satisfactory to the management; but on the third day very little shooting was done, none but the club members taking part, and then all kinds of sweeps were shot.

The shooters were divided into two classes, A and B, and each shot from a separate set of traps. A class shot from traps pulled in the reverse order, Nos. 1 and 5 throwing known angles, and Nos. 2, 3 and 4 throwing unknown angles. The B class shot at everything known. Both sets of traps threw a very regular, even target, though the A class were perhaps a trifle harder. Despite the handicap three experts made the best average for the two days. Heikes, first, with 90 per cent.; McMurchy, second, with 88.8 per cent.; Raymond, third, with 88 per cent.

FIRST DAY, MAY 26.

The first day of the Limited Gun Club shoot opened bright and clear. The attendance was good, and must have been very gratifying to the management. Despite the severe handicap a number of crackjacks were here, and as usual carried off the honors. Rolla Heikes had his good eye with him, and notwithstanding that he had the misfortune to break his best gun, he finished with the excellent percentage of 92. Next came Ripp, who shot in the amateur class, with 91.6. McMurchy, another one of the crackjacks, was third, with 91.3. The standing of the rest of the contestants can be found in the table below, placed in the order of merit. Aside from the names that appear in the table, the following shot only in one event: Snipley 11, Ball 11, Swift 8, Morris 8, Smith 8, Townsend 6, and Moore 12.

In all 61 shooters participated in the programme events of the day, the entries ranging from 27 to 43.

SCORES OF MAY 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
*Heikes.....	13	15	14	13	13	15	14	13	13	13	150	138	92
Ripp.....	14	14	14	13	60	55	91.6
*McMurchy.....	15	15	14	12	15	11	14	14	13	14	150	137	91.3
Livinguth.....	..	13	10	15	14	15	13	14	14	15	135	123	91.1
Leach.....	15	12	14	..	45	41	91.1
McVey.....	15	13	14	15	10	13	15	13	14	13	150	135	90
Peters.....	15	14	14	14	12	12	90	81	90
*Rattle.....	15	13	15	15	14	11	13	13	13	12	150	134	89.3
Voris.....	15	14	13	13	12	13	15	15	12	12	150	134	89.3
Snipe.....	13	13	..	14	45	40	88.8
Rosa.....	13	13	14	45	40	88.8
Thompson.....	..	15	14	14	10	10	..	14	15	..	120	105	83.3
*Partington.....	14	11	12	13	14	14	13	12	15	14	150	132	88
Krause.....	..	14	13	15	11	13	13	..	90	79	87.7
*Raymond.....	15	15	12	14	13	12	11	13	12	12	150	130	86.6
*Young.....	12	14	12	12	12	15	15	15	14	12	150	130	86.6
Slow.....	..	14	15	13	10	13	10	15	14	..	120	104	86.6
Grube.....	..	11	12	14	12	14	14	13	13	..	120	103	85.8
Garland.....	14	15	13	14	10	11	11	14	12	13	150	127	84.6
Hampton.....	15	11	12	..	13	13	15	9	14	12	135	114	84.4
Fugate.....	12	12	14	45	38	84.4
Cooper.....	13	14	12	13	15	..	13	12	9	..	120	101	84.1
Parry.....	11	14	13	12	13	13	..	90	75	83.3
Lockwood.....	14	11	13	14	13	9	25	30	83.3
Bush.....	14	13	11	..	13	14	13	9	120	100	83.3
Polster.....	11	14	14	15	15	11	13	10	11	10	110	124	82.6
Long.....	..	13	10	11	15	14	11	90	74	82.2
Linell.....	14	12	14	14	14	12	11	7	13	12	150	123	82
Snyder.....	..	14	14	14	12	10	12	13	9	..	120	98	81.6
Griffith.....	12	14	11	12	12	13	11	13	10	14	150	122	81.3
*Trimble.....	12	9	13	14	12	11	13	13	13	11	150	121	80.6
Gamble.....	12	12	13	14	9	12	11	12	14	11	150	120	80
Comstock.....	..	12	13	13	10	60	48	80
Head.....	..	10	13	11	11	11	12	14	13	..	120	95	79.1
Bussell.....	..	12	12	11	45	35	77.7
Richmond.....	11	12	9	15	11	11	9	..	14	13	135	105	77.7
Tripp.....	8	11	11	14	13	13	90	70	77.7
Rich.....	12	12	15	12	11	13	7	11	11	12	150	116	77.3
*Waddell.....	12	10	14	10	60	46	76.6
Tutewiler.....	13	10	12	11	60	46	76.6
Taylor.....	11	11	9	..	10	14	11	..	10	..	105	79	75.2
Stone.....	12	12	11	11	10	75	56	74.6
King.....	11	12	9	..	10	14	11	..	10	..	105	77	73.3
Daywalk.....	9	12	30	21	70
Robinson.....	..	12	9	30	21	70
Hearsey.....	7	9	12	11	11	75	50	66.6
Duoray.....	11	9	..	11	10	9	12	11	75	50	63.6
Reed.....	..	8	9	12	10	10	10	9	11	..	120	79	65.8
Clark.....	9	10	30	19	63.3
Mack.....	5	13	11	8	60	37	61.6
Morgan.....	9	9	30	18	60
Bruner.....	11	9	..	8	..	5	11	75	34	58.6
Buck.....	10	7	30	17	56.6
Deshler.....	7	8	9	45	24	53.3

* Shot as experts.

SECOND DAY, MAY 27.

The second day of the tournament opened up even more favorably than its predecessor. True, some of the shooters had returned home, as a number of them had only come to stay one day. This was, however, offset by the appearance of the Greenburg delegation and C. N. Fox, of Detroit, and the entries ran nearly as high as on the day previous. When the averages of the day had been computed it was found that R. L. Trimble was on top of the heap with a percentage of 90.6, closely followed by C. W. Raymond, whom he led by 1 target, and who averaged 90 per cent. Bush and Fugate also averaged 90 per cent., but only shot in a few events. Aside from the above there was also a little match between Partington and Livinguth, 50 targets per man, with the following result: Partington 46, Livinguth 45.

SCORES OF MAY 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
*Trimble.....	13	13	15	14	13	13	12	15	15	13	150	136	90.6
*Raymond.....	14	13	13	14	14	14	13	12	14	14	150	135	90
Bush.....	13	..	14	30	27	90
Fugate.....	15	12	13	14	12	15	..	90	81	90
*Livinguth.....	13	14	14	12	13	14	14	12	14	14	150	134	89.3
*Heikes.....	12	14	13	13	14	14	12	14	15	12	150	134	89.3
Marott.....	14	14	13	12	13	75	66	88
Krause.....	12	14	14	14	12	13	13	105	92	87.6
Lockwood.....	13	13	12	13	14	13	11	13	14	15	150	131	87.2
*McMurchy.....	13	10	9	14	15	14	14	14	14	12	150	129	86
*Rattle.....	11	13	12	15	14	13	14	11	12	14	150	129	86
Parry.....	12	11	14	14	13	13	13	12	13	14	150	129	86
*Voris.....	10	14	11	14	15	14	11	13	14	12	150	128	85.3
Linell.....	12	13	12	15	14	14	13	14	8	13	150	128	85.3
Fox.....	12	12	14	12	13	10	13	13	15	14	150	128	85.3
*Partington.....	14	14	12	13	11	11	12	13	14	12	150	126	84
Garland.....	12	13	14	13	13	14	13	13	12	9	150	126	84
Wildback.....	13	12	12	13	60	50	83.3
*Gamble.....	9	10	14	13	12	12	13	14	14	13	150	124	82.6
Hitt.....	11	14	12	45	3	82.2
Robinson.....	9	9	14	13	13	14	12	13	13	13	150	123	82
Decature.....	10	12	12	12	15	15	15	9	8	14	150	122	81.3
*McVey.....	13	13	12	11	12	15	10	12	10	12	150	120	80
*Polster.....	12	11	11	14	14	12	13	11	11	11	150	120	80
Peters.....	12	12	30	24	80
Tripp.....	13	11	9	14	13	..	75	60	80
Young.....	10	13	11	13	13	12	14	11	11	11	150	119	79.3
Cooper.....	13	11	11	15	7	12	11	13	120	95	79.1
Hampton.....	10	13	13	11	61	47	78.3
Leach.....	11	13	12	45	35	77.7
Ripp.....	13	14	10	8	..	12	11	14	9	13	120	93	77.5
Rich.....	11	12	10	14	15	11	11	10	11	..	150	116	77.2
Bender.....	11	14	11	11	11	11	75	58	77.3
Snipe.....	11	13	30	23	76.6
Price.....	10	12	11	45	31	73.3
Reed.....	11	..	10	13	13	8	..	75	55	73.3
King.....	10	13	..	12	8	60	43	71.6
Albert.....	8	11	..	14	11	12	12	10	8	..	120	66	71.6
Swift.....	11	8	13	45	32	71.1
O Jay.....	12	10	10	13	8	75	53	70.6
Liak.....	12	9	11	14	14	..	13	30	63	70
Frost.....	10	11	11	30	21	70
Griffith.....	8	13	11	7	..	12	13	12	11	8	125	93	68.7
Comstock.....	..	11	8	8	..	7	11	11	13	..	105	72	68.5
Hearsey.....	11	9	10	45	30	66.6
*Church.....	8	11	30	19	63.3
* Shot as experts.												PAUL R. LITZKE.	

The Binghamton Tournament.

The tournament of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club, held May 28-29, has gone down into history as one of the pleasantest little tournaments ever given by this energetic organization. The club itself is composed of business men who find that all work and no play is just about as bad as it is represented to be, and who have taken up trap-shooting as a sport and as a means for the recreation which every business man really needs. The tournaments of this club are not of the same nature as those where large amounts of added money are announced. The men who go to a shoot at Binghamton do not go for the money there is in it, but for the sake of seeing just how much pleasure they can secure by indulging in honest rivalry at the traps, and in meeting and associating with the men who go to make up the personnel of the home club. The exceptions to the above rule, if there are any, are extremely few and far between; still everybody prefers to be a little ahead to being behind the game.

A visit to Binghamton, too, would do anybody good. It's a lovely city, a city of homes, located in some of the prettiest scenery on the face of the earth. The trip to Binghamton from New York city, by way of the Erie Railroad, is far from tedious; the views from the car windows as the train follows the path of the Delaware River, and later the crooked bed of the Susquehanna, being calculated to drive away all those feelings of ennui usually incident to a railroad trip.

LOCATION OF THE SHOOTING GROUNDS.

The location of the shooting grounds is both easy of access and very picturesque. Ten minutes' ride by a Leroy street electric car (the car passing the door of the Arlington Hotel every few minutes) lands the shooter right at the grounds. No walking half a block or three or four blocks; 50 yds. is the limit, and that means a great blessing when the shells are heavy and the day is warm. The club house is not a pretentious building, but it is large enough for all the purposes it is put to. As the club is liable to have to vacate its present location at any time, owing to the extensive building operations now going on in and around Binghamton, it would be almost worse than folly to launch out with a full-fledged club house of one or two stories.

The background is by no means good; that's a fact; but then one can't expect to have everything, and after all it's the same for everybody. Rolling hills to the right, left and in front of the score do not aid the shooter in getting on to his target quickly, but to our mind this very difficulty adds a spice of sport to target shooting that is very refreshing. The ground too slopes away from the traps very rapidly, making it hard to gauge the speed of the targets. Under all these conditions, added also to the wind that blew during the shoot, Fulford's general average of over 92 per cent. for 385 targets shot at (not including the extras on the first day) must be ranked very highly.

FULFORD WITHOUT A GUN.

It may not be out of place to state while referring to Fulford's shooting that he actually did not own a gun while at Binghamton. At the Hazard tournament at Cincinnati, Fulford sold every gun he possessed and landed in Utica gunless. To enable him to take part in the Binghamton tournament he borrowed H. L. Gates's gun, the old Greener hammer gun sold by him to Gates. It was with this old gun that he has in times now past done some of his best work, and it was with this gun that he made his records on both live birds and targets at the Binghamton tournament of 1896—the shoot we are now describing. Before leaving for home Fulford expressed to us his determination to try and buy back his old favorite.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The tournament was under the management of H. W. Brown, manager of the club. Mr. Brown kept things moving and also shot along in every event, holding up his end well at targets and also winning outright the silver cup donated by the E. C. Powder Company. He was ably assisted by his cashier, H. S. Vance, secretary of the club, who found no difficulty in taking entries, making up squads and paying out promptly the money coming to each individual in the different events shot each day. The latter fact is worthy of especial note, since the purses were all divided under the Rose or "straight out" system so often and so urgently advocated in the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM, a system that has been said to be complicated.

THE ROSE SYSTEM.

We have claimed for this system of division of purses everything that its parent, A. R. Rose, of Salida, Col., claims for it, and after personally inspecting the workings of the system at this tournament we are still more emphatic in our declaration that the Rose system is all that it is represented to be. A system that pays a man according to his work with the gun; a system that spreads the money around more evenly than the present percentage system does; and a system that absolutely prevents all dropping for place, pooling of issues and combines, making men be good because it pays them better to be so; that is the system on which to divide purses at tournaments. And the Rose system possesses all those excellent qualities.

One of those who spoke to us in terms of high praise when referring to the system of dividing purses at this tournament was E. D. Fulford. He was, putting it mildly, enthusiastic over it, and if there was anybody at this tournament who would have been benefited by the usual system of division of purses, Fulford was that man. Look at his scores. If he was thoroughly satisfied with it, the system must have merits that will bring it to the front. When it gets there, the "dropper" will drop no more. He will be good because he has to be.

MANY VISITORS PRESENT.

Although the unsettled condition of the weather prior to and during this tournament undoubtedly kept many shooters away, the attendance was very gratifying to the club. Among those who were present were: W. L. Colville (better known to shooters as Dick Swiveller), of Batavia, N. Y., the Eastern representative of the United States Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co., of San Francisco; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y., representing the Lefever Arms Co., of that city; A. M. Schermerhorn (A. M. S.), also of that city; C. W. Tuttle, George Corning, Jr., and J. J. Carr, Auburn, N. Y.; J. F. Paddelford, L. D. Brainard and F. Conley, Sherburn, N. Y.; Tom Ely, Dorranecetown, Pa.; H. D. Swartz, Scranton, Pa.; G. F. Nesbitt and W. T. Payne, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Fisher Wells, Wyalusing, Pa.; F. T. Montanye, Towanda, Pa.; W. S. Birdsall, Whitney Point, N. Y., etc. The

BIRD CLUB

turned out well, the following taking part in some or all of the events on the programme: G. W. Kendall, C. W. Hobbie, N. W. Waldron, H. W. Brown, M. E. Boss, E. L. Rose, C. F. McHenry, Snell, Johnson, Parsons, Doolittle, etc., etc. A good showing for any club. Of the above-mentioned club members none is more popular than G. W. Kendall. Usually a capital shot, Mr. Kendall has always held his own at such gatherings; but just now he is suffering from an evil influence that persists in making his gun point elsewhere than at the target. This going off in form on the part of shooters has often been noticed before, and Mr. Kendall's case is by no means exceptional. It is, however, none the less a cause for regret on the part of his friends and fellow club members, not one of whom would ever grudge him the honor of coming out on top.

During the two days of trap-shooting one set of 5 bluerock traps was kept constantly in use, North's electric pull being used to pull the traps. Empire targets were thrown from the above traps and the combination did not disagree in the slightest. That the boys were there to shoot is shown by the statement that nearly 8,000 targets were thrown at the tournament.

FIRST DAY, MAY 28.

To-day's programme consisted of eight 15-target events, \$2 entrance, and two 20-target events, \$3 entrance; targets extra in all programme events at 2 cents each. From what we can learn of the weather conditions they were decidedly unfavorable for target shooting, Fulford's record of 91.2 being looked upon by those taking part in the events as a remarkably excellent showing under the circumstances. The popular representative of the Lefever gun, Col. A. G. Courtney, kept up his end very well indeed, breaking 86.2 per cent. out of 160 shot at in the programme events. H. W. Brown, of the home club; J. J. Carr, of Auburn, and F. Conley, of Sherburn, all did good work. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15			
Fulford	14	13	13	13	18	14	14	14	14	20	160	146	91.2
Courtney	13	13	10	13	18	14	12	14	12	17	160	138	86.2
Brown	14	10	12	12	18	13	13	13	12	16	160	133	83.1
Carr	12	13	12	10	17	14	14	9	13	18	160	132	82.5
Conley	11	15	11	14	17	11	13	13	10	..	140	115	82.1
Ely	14	11	45	36	80
Hobbie	12	12	30	24	80
Paddelford	11	..	13	8	12	15	75	59	78.6
Boss	10	12	..	8	60	44	78.3
A. M. S.	12	13	12	12	..	11	10	13	11	..	120	94	78.3
Waldron	8	14	12	12	..	11	14	13	10	..	120	94	78.3
Johnson	10	11	30	21	70
Brainard	10	10	9	12	..	8	..	12	90	61	67.7
Swiveller	9	..	10	14	12	9	80	54	67.5
Corning	10	10	10	8	13	11	11	10	10	14	160	107	66.8
Snell	15	10	66.6
Travis	8	..	11	10	13	12	..	9	95	63	66.3
Kendall	9	8	10	11	13	7	9	14	11	12	160	104	65
Gage	10	12	35	22	62.8
Birdsall	9	..	10	..	7	45	26	57.7
Rose	8	11	35	19	54.2
Parsons	7	..	9	5	9	60	50	50
Doolittle	6	6	7	..	4	65	23	35.3
McHenry	4	15	4	26.6

EXTRA EVENTS.

During the day eight extra events at 15 targets each were shot off with the following results:

- No. 1, 15 targets: Brown 14, Fulford 12, Kendall 12, Brainard 11, Conley 10, Waldron 8.
 No. 2, 15 targets: Waldron 14, Brown 14, Fulford 13, Conley 13, Brainard 12, Johnson 9.
 No. 3, 15 targets: Waldron 15, Brown 15, Fulford 14, Kendall 10, Colville 9, Boss 7.
 No. 4, 15 targets: Waldron 13, Fulford 13, Kendall 12, Brown 12, Johnson 7.
 No. 5, 15 targets: Brown 13, Fulford 13, Boss 13, Waldron 10, Johnson 8.
 No. 6, 15 targets: Waldron 15, Fulford 15, Brown 13, Johnson 10, Kendall 10, Colville 6.
 No. 8, 15 targets: Fulford 15, Brown 15, Schermerhorn 12, Courtney 11, Johnson 11, Colville 9.
 No. 9, 15 targets: Fulford 15, Brown 14, Kendall 13, Carr 13, Boss 11, Corning 7.

SECOND DAY, MAY 27.

This can hardly be said to have been a day favorable to high scores, the wind blowing strongly in the shooters' faces nearly all the time, while bursts of brilliant sunshine were interspersed with periods of gloom when rain threatened to fall every minute. Add the above drawbacks to a remarkably dark background, and we have conditions liable to make the best fall down. E. D. Fulford, however, would not be denied, but shot his old hammer gun for keeps, making the excellent average of 93.7 for 225 targets shot at. In the table of scores for this day events Nos. 9 and 10 were shot prior to commencing the programme events; it will thus be seen that Fulford broke 156 out of his last 160! His 15 straight in No. 13 was perhaps the best piece of work he ever did, the wind blowing a gale and demolishing the awning over the shooters' heads while the event was in progress. Hobbie, A. M. S. and Brown shot well all through the day.

THE E. C. CUP CONTEST.

The main feature on to-day's programme was the 100-target handicap event for the E. C. Powder Co.'s cup, a trophy presented to the Binghamton Gun Club by the American E. C. Powder Co. The conditions of this event were: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, entrance price of targets, optional sweep of \$2 on each 25.

For this event there were 18 entries, about two-thirds taking part in the optional sweeps. Fulford did splendid work in this event, running 65 straight before losing a target, and finishing his last string of 25 by losing his 100th target, a target which actually cost him the cup, although he broke 97 out of his 100!

The handicapping was done by Messrs. Waldron and Brown, of the home club, and by the representative of FOREST AND STREAM, that is to say, this committee of three awarded handicaps to everybody but themselves; the question of their allowances was left in the hands of A. G. Courtney. No one knew his allowance until he had reached the limit and was called out. Brown broke 89 out of his 100 by capital shooting, and being awarded 10 extra to shoot at, had every chance to win out. He broke 8 out of 10 and tied Fulford. The tie was shot off at 25 targets, even up, Brown winning by the score of 23 to 21. Fulford's comparative failure in this shoot-off was unquestionably due to his being over-careful, as he was extremely anxious to win the trophy. As stated above, the loss of his 100th target, a low-flying right-quarter from No. 5 trap, actually cost him the cup.

Of the others who shot in this race A. M. S. was well up with 93 out of 107, Hobbie also doing some good work by breaking 90 out of 104, G. F. Nesbitt and Fisher Wells, both men new to tournament business, and J. J. Carr, all were well in line.

In regard to the scores in this event, it should be stated that the wind almost died away while the first three series of 25 targets were being shot at. The scores in the cup race, showing the records made in each 25 and in the allowances, were as follows:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	cap.	Total.
E. D. Fulford (0).....	25	25	23	24	..	97
H. W. Brown (10).....	23	21	23	22	8	97
A. M. S. (7).....	21	22	23	21	6	93
C. W. Hobbie (4).....	24	21	21	21	3	90
G. F. Nesbitt (7).....	19	20	23	30	6	88
J. J. Carr (6).....	21	20	20	20	6	87
F. Wells (7).....	15	22	20	21	6	87
*F. S. Edwards (10).....	24	19	16	23	..	82
G. Corning, Jr. (12).....	20	20	20	14	8	82
*J. F. Paddelford (8).....	21	19	20	18	..	78
A. G. Courtney (10).....	19	12	19	19	9	78
*N. W. Waldron (10).....	17	17	22	17	..	73
G. W. Kendall (15).....	13	18	17	15	10	73
*F. Conley (10).....	22	17	16	17	..	72
Montanye (8).....	18	18	10	17	7	70
*C. W. Tuttle (11).....	16	18	16	17	..	67
*H. D. Nighthawk (12).....	14	16	19	17	..	66
W. Birdsall (18).....	9	10	14	16	4	53

* Did not shoot their handicap allowance.

SCORES OF MAY 27.

Below is a table giving in full the scores made in the events shot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	10	10	15	15	15			
Fulford	15	13	15	11	25	25	23	24	8	8	15	14	15	225	211	93.7
Hobbie	10	12	14	15	24	21	21	21	7	9	14	14	..	210	12	86.6
A. M. S.	10	12	14	14	21	22	23	21	160	137	85.6
Brown	12	12	14	14	23	21	23	22	8	185	155	83.7
Boss	..	13	12	45	37	82.2
Edwards	11	14	10	12	21	19	16	33	..	5	15	14	12	215	175	81.3
Nesbitt	12	13	11	13	19	20	23	20	4	10	14	9	14	225	182	80.8
Carr	..	10	12	13	21	20	20	20	..	13	11	11	..	190	151	79.4
Ely	11	10	12	9	70	52	74.2
Waldron	11	11	11	8	17	17	22	17	10	9	180	133	73.8
Wells	11	8	13	13	18	22	20	21	..	11	7	7	..	205	151	73.6
Corning	..	10	12	10	20	20	20	14	145	105	73.1
Paddelford	10	8	11	11	21	19	20	18	9	3	12	195	142	72.8
Conley	11	9	12	9	22	17	16	17	6	5	180	124	68.8
Tuttle	16	18	16	17	..	13	7	10	..	145	97	66.8
Nighthawk	14	16	19	17	..	9	10	130	85	65.4
Kendall	6	12	11	8	13	18	17	15	..	5	12	10	10	215	137	63.7
Snell	10	9	30	19	63.3
Montanye	6	8	12	14	18	18	10	17	7	7	5	195	122	62.5
Courtney	9	11	12	7	19	12	19	19	..	5	8	9	4	215	134	62.3
Swiveller	10	5	..	8	3	55	31	56.3
Payne	11	..	8	40	23	55
Birdsall	9	10	14	16	100	49	49

In addition to the above events Dick Swiveller got up a Gold Dust event at 25 targets, providing shells and targets free. An optional sweep of \$2 was also shot in connection with this event, the scores of those who put in their \$2 being as follows:

Carr and Courtney 22, Edwards and Nighthawk 21, Fulford and Nesbitt 20, Hobbie and Montanye 19, A. M. S. 18, Corning and Tuttle 17, Wells 16, Paddelford 13, Payne 9, Yess 8.
 Of those who shot for practice only, Brown with 20, Boss 19, Winans 18 and Parsons 17 were the top scorers.

THIRD DAY, MAY 28.

This was at the outset a most unpropitious day for live-bird shooting. Heavy lowering clouds swept up the valleys and deluged Binghamton with rain. The wind, however, was about right, blowing very strongly from the south, getting under the tails of straightaway birds, and sending them off the traps in a manner very unusual with summer birds. By noon the wind had blown about all the worst of the rainclouds away to the north, and the afternoon proved to be about as good for live-bird shooting as the club could have had if made to order.

Manager Brown acted as scorer and referee, both duties being so far as we could ascertain perfectly satisfactorily discharged. The entry lists were not heavy, the bad weather of the early morning keeping many away. So well did the birds fly and so sharply was everything hustled along that by 1:30 P. M. a 5-bird, a 7-bird and a 10-bird sweep had been decided. The latter was an extra event, the conditions being 10 birds, \$7.50 entrance, birds included, 4 moneys, class shooting. The other two were regular programme events, No. 1, 5 birds, \$5, birds included, class shooting, 3 moneys, 28 yds. all. No. 2, 7 birds, \$7, birds included, 4 high guns, 28 yds. all.

At 1:30 P. M. event No. 3, 15 birds, \$15, birds extra, handicap rise, class shooting, 4 moneys, was started. This event had 11 entries, the handicapping being entrusted to FOREST AND STREAM's representative, Fulford, who had been shooting at the 20 yds. mark all the morning, was put back 1 yd., but ultimately won first money alone on 14 out of 15. Wells won second money alone with 13, three men tying for third money and two for fourth money.

Missouri's Great Shoot.

NOTWITHSTANDING the big counter attraction of the Hazard Powder Co. tournament at Cincinnati, which was held on the same dates as this shoot, the nineteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association was the most successful in the history of the organization. Not only did the entries exceed those of any of its predecessors, but for general satisfaction and congeniality it will bear favorable comparison with those held by any similar organization. Regardless of the fact that this was a five-days' shoot, the interest never flagged, but kept up wonderfully well until the close of the shoot. So large were the entry lists in the live-bird events that it became necessary to cut out all the little sweeps; and even then it was impossible to finish the programme in one week. As a matter of fact, the shoot had to be continued on Monday in order to finish the State events.

It was impossible for me to remain until the close of the shoot if I wanted to be in Indianapolis, Ind., by Tuesday morning, but through the kindness of Mr. Chris Gottlieb I am able to give the scores made in the State events.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE GROUNDS.

The tournament was held at Washington Park, a favorite shooting resort run by the Elliott Brothers, of Kansas City. The park is about eight miles from the city and is reached by cable and electric cars in about forty minutes. The system for trapping live birds is superior to that most generally found. Underneath the traps a large excavation has been made, about 6 ft. wide and extending the entire length of the line of traps. This compartment is sufficiently large to hold three trappers and several hundred pigeons comfortably. The traps are filled from below and in this way much time is saved. They consider it no great feat to trap 1,200 pigeons in one day with one set of traps. Another peculiar feature of these grounds is the natural amphitheater in the rear of the live-bird score, where there is a high ridge or a bluff that rises about 20 ft. high, being perfectly level on top. Here the club house is situated, and from this an excellent view of the shooting below can be had. To the left of the club house the target traps are placed, two sets of empires being used, the targets being thrown out over the bluff. This makes it possible for both kinds of shooting to go on at the same time. The target-shooters are so high that the pigeon-shooters below are in no danger whatever. Two kinds of targets were used, empires and red birds.

HUSTLERS AT THE SHOOT.

To the efforts of no one person is so much of the success of the shoot due as to those of Mr. Granville M. Walden, president of the Association. Not only did he labor hard and incessantly, but he also contributed much of his time and money to further the interests of the organization. Next to him comes Mr. W. V. Reiger, Billy, as he is familiarly called, who acted as referee in the live-bird events. It was a very arduous task to sit for six days in all kinds of weather and call the result of each shot, and then to refrain from indulging in a sport which according to his own views is the peer of them all. No more painstaking and conscientious referee could be found anywhere; his decisions were always impartial and well received. The others who also contributed their share of work were the Porter brothers, Jim and Lee, Walter Halliwell, Karl Guinotte, George Schrader, Lill Scott, C. J. Schmelz-r, J. H. Durkee and a number of others whose names I cannot at present recall.

FIRST DAY, MAY 19.

The first day of the tournament opened gloomily. The weather was threatening, and the atmosphere was heavily-laden with moisture. The threats of the early morning materialized later into a heavy wind and rainstorm, that put a stop to target shooting for about an hour. The live-bird shooters did not seem to mind the elements, but kept steadily at work. The attendance, considering the inclement weather, was something remarkable, 107 shooters taking part in the programme events of the day.

The programme consisted of 11 events—3 live-bird events and 8 target events. The first live bird event, a 7-bird sweep, had 63 entries, and of this number 12 killed straight. The 10-bird event had 53 entries, the scores showing the same number of straights. In this event we had another illustration of the present unfair system of dividing the purses. Only one man scored 6, and this paid \$22.50, while none of the other places paid a shooter the amount of his entrance money—\$5. The third live-bird event, a 15-bird sweep with \$10 entrance, was not all finished on this day and had to go over until the next day. There were 40 entries in this event, but only 4 straights, Miller, Elliott, and the two Porters, Lee and Jim.

The seventh event was a 50-target event, and in addition to first money the Winchester Arms Co. awarded one of their finest guns to the high man. Jim Elliott captured both the money and the gun on a score of 47. He also made the best average for the day, as the scores given below show.

In the table that follows, owing to the large number of entries and the length of the shoot, no account has been taken of men who shot in only one event or who did not make 60 per cent or better.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25 Shot at. Broke. Av.
J. A. R. Elliott.....	13	19	23	13	19	47	13	20	180 167 92.7
Rickmers.....	14	23	13	15	18	90	83	92.2	
McMurphy.....	14	19	25	13	18	46	11	19	180 165 91.6
Miller.....	13	18	21	13	18	46	13	19	180 161 89.3
Wallace.....	13	18	23	13	19	46	10	20	180 161 89.3
Calhoun.....	13	18	23	14	17	43	13	17	180 161 89.3
Sexton.....	13	18	21	13	18	45	14	17	180 159 88.3
Jackson.....	14	20	20	11	18	46	11	18	180 158 87.7
Bartlett.....	14	18	22	11	18	44	12	16	180 155 86.1
Linderman.....	11	16	19	15	19	45	12	17	180 154 85.5
Trotter.....	10	15	24	15	16	95	80	81.2	
D. Elliott.....	10	15	24	15	16	95	80	81.2	
Rhodes.....	10	15	24	15	16	95	80	81.2	
Shiras.....	14	15	23	13	18	46	11	19	180 161 89.3
Gottlieb.....	9	23	13	15	18	44	12	14	140 115 82.1
Menefee.....	12	18	22	11	16	37	12	14	180 146 81.1
Snow.....	13	17	19	12	14	14	15	130 104 80	
Seward.....	12	15	11	11	18	70	56	80	
Ller.....	13	20	12	15	11	75	60	80	
Fernkas.....	21	11	11	12	55	44	80		
Reust.....	16	23	10	14	10	119	91	79	
Erhardt.....	13	16	24	11	14	43	10	12	180 143 78.8
Wilmot.....	11	23	11	9	70	54	77.1		
Bills.....	13	18	22	9	8	90	69	76.6	
Hungate.....	15	10	16	9	14	85	64	75.2	
Twitchell.....	10	18	17	10	75	55	73.3		
W. A. Smith.....	10	11	11	11	45	32	73.3		
Norton.....	12	19	12	13	7	119	81	73.6	
Goff.....	10	11	11	12	45	31	73.3		
Pease.....	10	13	16	9	65	47	72.3		
L. C. Smith.....	10	10	13	12	50	35	70		
Head.....	12	13	19	12	14	130	66	66.1	
Gray.....	10	13	10	10	50	33	66		
H. Taylor.....	11	12	11	10	50	32	64		
Green.....	10	14	19	11	8	7	12	180 81 62.3	
Jefferson.....	9	12	6	45	27	60			

SECOND DAY, MAY 20.

The weather on the second day of the tournament was not very pleasant. A cold, raw wind was blowing and those who were fortunate enough to have overcoats were sporting them. Unfortunately mine was down in Arkansas, and my other garments were also rather light for weather of this kind. But I was not the only one to have this experience, as the majority of the visitors were in a similar fix.

The feature of to-day's programme was the interstate live-bird race. This event did not begin until about 11 o'clock, and as there were 63 entries, it was not finished until late the next day.

There were nine target events to-day. The sixth event, a 50-target race, \$5 entrance, \$50 added, was cut in two, two 25-target events being shot in place of it, with an entrance of \$25 and \$25 added to each. Elliott again led with an average of 95.5. Eighty-four shooters took part in the target events. Of this number fifty-two, as the table below shows, shot in two or more events, and made an average of 60 per cent, or better.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25 Shot at. Broke. Av.
Elliott.....	15	17	25	14	20	24	15	20	23 180 172 95.5
Bartlett.....	13	17	24	15	20	21	12	20	24 180 169 93.8
Miller.....	12	17	23	15	19	23	14	18	24 180 165 91.6
Trotter.....	14	17	23	15	16	22	14	20	24 180 164 91.1
Wallace.....	12	14	23	13	19	24	15	20	20 180 160 88.8
Keller.....	13	20	11	18	70	62	83.5		
Sexton.....	12	17	24	15	19	21	12	18	23 180 159 88.3
McMurphy.....	13	19	24	12	19	23	13	18	23 180 159 88.3
Rhodes.....	11	17	23	14	18	24	15	16	19 180 157 87.3
Batcheller.....	14	19	11	17	23	17	21	140 122 87.8	
Gottlieb.....	11	18	25	15	18	22	13	15	20 180 155 86.1
Calhoun.....	11	18	24	13	19	21	13	17	10 180 155 86.1
Clas.....	22	13	17	21	14	22	155 133 85.8		
Pease.....	12	13	19	11	14	15	85 73 85.7		
Dave Elliott.....	22	13	16	14	16	22 120 102 85			
Shiras.....	12	15	23	13	30	19	120 102 85		
Jackson.....	15	16	21	12	17	21	10	18	23 180 153 84.8
Koehler.....	13	17	22	14	19	23	9	20	16 180 153 84.8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	Shot at. Broke. Av.
Latshaw.....	14	23	13	19	20	12	13	185	114	84.4
Rickmers.....	11	21	14	14	25	15	18	21	155	128 82.5
Barre.....	13	16	22	14	19	13	13	153	128	82.5
Keene.....	11	21	10	17	14	17	23	125	103	82.4
Linderman.....	11	19	23	13	17	14	13	16	23	180 148 82.2
Bruno.....	13	13	16	11	65	53	81.5			
Stockton.....	11	21	14	17	24	13	14	135	114	81.4
Reavis.....	13	20	16	19	85	69	81.1			
Brelsford.....	13	14	22	11	15	15	13	18	21	180 145 80.5
Snow.....	19	13	23	13	19	18	13	19	20	180 144 80.1
Wilson.....	14	20	13	14	40	32	80			
Reust.....	14	15	20	13	14	95	76	80		
L. C. Smith.....	12	16	21	13	11	21	120	94	78.2	
Liles.....	11	18	17	12	12	14	120	94	78.3	
Menefee.....	9	13	19	12	16	21	12	18	19	180 138 73.6
Stevenson.....	11	12	15	11	15	85	64	75.2		
Jones.....	11	18	11	18	20	11	12	120	90	75
W. S. Allen.....	12	12	18	9	17	12	15	120	94	74.3
W. H. Allen.....	10	15	17	15	12	18	120	87	72.5	
Head.....	9	19	9	16	16	13	16	125	98	72.5
Norton.....	13	17	11	17	80	58	72.5			
A. E. Thomas.....	11	12	14	35	25	71.4				
C. C. Smith.....	11	16	16	9	35	23	71.4			
Erhardt.....	10	15	21	11	15	17	11	14	15	180 127 70.5
Soward.....	9	14	23	17	10	105	73	69.5		
Wilmot.....	12	15	15	10	75	52	69.3			
Matson.....	10	12	17	10	17	12	12	17	155	107 69
Riley.....	11	13	11	11	10	50	34	68		
Higglas.....	9	9	11	11	45	29	64.4			
Staley.....	10	8	11	11	45	29	64.4			
McCurdy.....	11	16	11	11	60	33	63.3			
Blackburn.....	7	11	14	9	65	41	63			
Thomas.....	8	9	11	12	65	40	61.5			
Durkee.....	9	15	40	24	60					

THIRD DAY, MAY 21.

To-day started out much more favorably than its predecessors, and ultimately proved to be the best of the week. All of the live-bird sweeps had to be cut out, as it took nearly the whole day to finish the interstate event.

Eighty shooters took part in the target events. Thirty of this number failed to take part in more than one event, or else did not make an average of 60 per cent, or better. Latshaw only shot at 35 targets, but he broke them all, and therefore he went out with 100 per cent. Bartlett, who shot through the entire programme and made an average of 94.4, really did the best work. Elliott was third, just one target behind, and then came Wallace and Trotter, who scored one target less than Elliott. The programme was precisely the same as on the previous day.

SCORES OF MAY 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	Shot at. Broke. Av.
Latshaw.....					20		15			35 35 100
Bartlett.....	14	20	22	15	19	24	14	19	23	180 170 94.4
Elliott.....	15	18	25	12	19	24	13	18	25	180 169 93.8
Wallace.....	14	19	24	14	19	24	11	20	23	180 168 93.3
Trotter.....	15	20	25	14	18	20	15	19	22	180 163 93.3
Reavis.....	14			14						30 28 93.3
Dave Elliott.....					22	15				40 37 92.5
McMurphy.....	15	19	24	12	20	21	14	17	24	180 166 92.5
Calhoun.....	15	17	22	15	18	24	14	15	24	180 164 91.1
Miller.....	15	16	18	15	19	20	15	20	24	180 162 90
Sexton.....	14	17	24	15	19	21	15	18	19	180 162 90
Pease.....	15	17		12	19					70 83 90
Wilson.....	13		16	12		13				60 54 90
Geo Stevenson.....	15	14	23	14	19	24	12	18	23	180 162 90
Stevenson.....				12		15				30 27 90
Rhodes.....		15	23	13	19	24	14	17	22	165 147 89
Sergeant.....	14	15	23	14	17	23	14	19	20	180 159 88.3
Jackson.....	12	16	21	13	17	24	12	18	24	180 157 87.8
Gottlieb.....	13	16	24	15	17	22	11	18	21	180 157 87.8
Koehler.....	14	17	22	15	18	21	14	19	18	180 157 87.8
Barre.....	14	17	23	11	20	14	19			135 118 87.4
Linderman.....	13	17	20	11	14	22	15	18	25	180 155 83.1
Snow.....	14	16	23	14	19					100 86 83
W H Allen.....	13	15	22	13	18	20	13	18		155 132 85.1
Erhardt.....	12			11	19		12	16		85 70 82.3
Matron.....	14	16	23	11	14		13	16		130 107 82.3
Batcheller.....	14	16	20	11	18	12	16			130 107 82.3
Menefee.....	14		21		14					60 49 81.6
Garner.....	12	14	21	9	25	12	17			125 110 81.5
Sumner.....	11	17	22	14	15	19	11	17		155 126 81.2
W S Allen.....	13	18	18	12			11	17		110 89 80.9
Keene.....			20		17		13	17	18	105 85 80.9
Horton.....		9	18	21	12	22	11	18	21	180 145 80.5
Wood.....	14	13		13	18	20				75 60 80
Leeman.....		7	16	20	14	18	18	12	18	155 123 79.3
J S Thomas.....	12			10			13			45 35 77.7
Casey.....					17	10				35 27 77.7
Rickmers.....			17	12			12		19	80 60 75
L C. Smith.....			20	10						40 30 75
Running.....			19	11	14					60 44 73.8
B. Greene.....				10			15			35 25 71.4
Stockton.....			15	10	14		13	15		93 67 70.5
H. Taylor.....			9	21	12	12				80 54 67.5
Jefferson.....	11			9						30 20 66.6
McCurdy.....		7	15		12			16		75 50 66.6
Higgins.....	12		15	12			17			83 56 65.8
Staley.....				8	13		10			50 31 62
Jarrett.....			17	7						40 54 60
C. J. Schmelzer.....				7	14					35 21 60
Riley.....							11	10		35 21 60

MISSOURI STATE TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nine teams entered in the Missouri State team championship contest. The conditions of the event were: Open only to one team of four belonging to any club who are members of the Missouri State Association, 15 birds to each man, making 60 birds to the team, entrance \$20 for each team, birds extra, \$100 to go to the club last holding the medal and \$100 additional guaranteed that is to be divided among the second, third, fourth and fifth highest teams in the race, in sums equal to 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Kansas City Gun Club's team put up the great score of 57 out of 60 and won by 2 birds from the O. K. Gun Club's team. Three of the Kansas City team made straight scores. The teams finished in the following order:

Kansas City G. C.: Swinney 15, Gordon 15, Schrader 15, Durkee 12—57.

O. K. G. C.: Whittier 14, Hickman 14, Gottlieb 14, Wilson 13—55.

Metropolitan G. C., of St. Joe: Batcheller 15, Webster 14, Hinckley 13, Garner 11—53.

Stock Yard G. C.: Campbell 14, Wills 14, Overly 12, Stockwell 12—52.

Washington Park G. C.: Rickmers 14, Dave Elliott 13, C. C. Smith 13, Norton 11—51.

Forester G. C.: Casey 14, Williams 13, Dr. Jackson 13, Russell 11—51.

Belt Line G. C.: F. J. Smith 15, Glassner 14, Hintsche 12, Winters 10—51.

Pastime G. C.: Jim Porter 14, Lee Porter 13, Orr 12, J. K. Guinotte 11—50.

Independence G. C.: Owens 14, Cogswell 12, Mize 11, C. R. Thomas 11—48.

MISSOURI STATE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

This event was at 25 live birds, \$12.50 entrance, including birds; \$50 added to the purse by the Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City; gold medal valued at \$100 presented to the winner by Mr. F. W. Meyer.

When not one of the 41 entries in this event could manage to make a straight, the birds must have been of a good quality. Seven men tied with 24 each and shot off for the medal and first place. Gottlieb beat his opponents out by scoring 20 straight in the shoot-off; others dropped out in order as named below: Sergeant, Schrader, Wills, Jim Porter, Orr and Halliwell. Gottlieb shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shell and S. S. powder. Scores:

Gottlieb, Sergeant, Jim Porter, Schrader, Halliwell, Mills and Orr, 24; Cosby, Whittier, Durkee, Garner, Hickman, Baldwin, Lee Porter, Wilson, Peck, Kelly and Swinney, 23; Walden, Dave Elliott, Norton, Horton, Wilmot, Stockwell, Underwood and Dr. Jackson, 22; Guinotte, Riley, Gordon and Overly, 21; Curtice and McDonald, 20; Frost, F. J. Smith, Ferguson and Stewart, 19; Sherman, 14; McCurdy, 13. Thompson, Potts and Jarrett retired at the end of the 15th round, having scored respectively 12, 10 and 9.

On the shoot-off in a series of 5 birds, Sergeant missed his 2d bird, Schrader and Mills each dropped out in the 4th round, Porter in the 5th, and Orr in the 6th. Halliwell and Gottlieb had a hard struggle, Halliwell killing 15 straight before losing a bird; Gottlieb, running 20 straight, won as above stated.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Hazard Tournament.

In our report of the tournament of the Hazard Powder Co., so successfully held at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, we gave the figures and percentages courteously furnished us by the management. It was a cause of great regret to Mr. Waddell, and also to ourselves, to find that there were some errors in those figures. On Wednesday, May 27, too late unfortunately for our issue of May 30, we received a dispatch from Mr. Waddell, asking us to make the following corrections:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES, MAY 20.

Event 3: Shattuck scored 17, making his total 133 out of 170, reducing his average from 80 to 78.2.

Event 6: Mead scored 12, giving him a total of 144, as against 132, and an average of 84.7 as against 85.

Event 9: West is credited with 13, but only scored 10, reducing his total to 130 and his percentage to 81.7.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES, MAY 21.

Event 9: Wirt scored 16, making his total 144 and reducing his average to 84.7. In the same event two other corrections must be made as follows: Norton did not shoot; his total was therefore 104 out of 150 and his average 69.3 instead of 70.5. Settles made 16 in No. 9, raising his total to 125 and his average to 73.5.

THIRD DAY'S SCORES, MAY 22.

Event 3: Woodworth scored 12 instead of 17, making his total 143, and his average 84.1 instead of 87. Goodman in this event scored 17 instead of 12, also scoring 22 instead of 17 in No. 5; his total was therefore 130 out of 170, and his average 76.4 instead of 71.1.

Event 3: Upson made 24 instead of 12; this was an important error, as the correction made him second average for the day, and also raised him in the list of Hazard prize winners. His total was 157 out of 170, and his average 92.3.

Event 5: Flick scored 22, making his total 153 out of 170, reducing his average to 90 per cent. exactly, but putting him in the list of Hazard prize winners. In Event 5 also Shattuck scored 22, also scoring 18 instead of 15 in Event 7; this gave him a total of 135 out of 170, and a percentage of 79.4 as against 75.8.

Event 6: Bush scored 12 instead of 10, making his total 145, and his average 85.2.

Event 8: Vail scored 15 instead of 13, bringing his total up to 148 and his average to a fraction over 87.

The above alterations rendered necessary a revision of the list of

HAZARD PRIZE WINNERS.

There were twenty average moneys, class shooting. The prizes were won as follows:

- 1st—Watch and \$45: Heikes, 143.
- 2d—Diamond pin and \$40: Redwing, 142.
- 3d—Diamond locket and \$35: Budd, 141.
- 4th—\$35: Young, Leroy and Gilbert, 139.
- 5th—\$30: Fulford, 136.
- 6th—\$25: Aikire, 134.
- 7th—\$20: Glover, Trimble, Dickey, Gay, Mead and Upson, 133.
- 8th—\$19: McDonald, Vail and Grimm, 132.
- 9th—\$18: Wheeler, Parmelee, Flick and Weaver, 131.
- 10th—\$17: Raymond, Loomis, Edwards and Wirt, 130.
- 11th—\$16: Kaston, Marshall, Burton, Woodworth and Shorty, 129.
- 12th—\$15: Rike, 128.
- 13th—\$14: Parker, Merrill, Powers, Legler and Bush, 127.
- 14th—\$12: West, 125.
- 15th—\$10: Battle and Shattuck, 124.
- 16th—\$10: Gambell, 123.
- 17th—\$10: Hill, 122.
- 18th—\$10: Meaders, 120.
- 19th—\$10: Porterfield, Ballard, Ward, Desmond and Goodman, 116.
- 20th—\$10: Lyons and Phelps, 114.

The company also gave fifteen cash prizes (class shooting) for

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The list we gave last week is correct until we get down to 12th place; the 12th average money of \$10 is divided between Grimm and Upson with 449 breaks each. Gay took 13th place with 446, but Flick comes ahead of Merrill with 440 breaks to his credit, Merrill taking 15th place with 438 breaks; Leroy, who was credited with dividing 15th money, being cut out of the general average prizes.

Placing Upson where he belongs in the third day's scores makes the winners of the ten average moneys for that day's programme: Gilbert 95.8, Upson 92.3, Budd, Dickey and Heikes 91.7, Flick, Glover, Redwing, Shorty and Trimble, 90.

New York Tournament in 1897.

UTICA, N. Y., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of a communication from the Auburn Gun Club, in which they say: "We beg to call your attention to the fact that at the last meeting at Saratoga Auburn was promised the State shoot in '97." I am very glad to know that such is the case, and I would be even more pleased to know when and by whom it was promised. I went to Saratoga last year, as did many other delegates, prepared to support Auburn; but Auburn put in no claim and was never mentioned, so far as I know. Rome was mentioned and put in a bid for the shoot, but Buffalo had the call, and rightly too, and was selected. It would be in order for Auburn to come forward and state just who made that promise, and who has the power to promise a shoot from one year to another.

The delegates from this section of the State, as well as many other sections, are enthusiastically in favor of Rome for 1897. They favor it because it has the finest grounds on earth for a big shoot; because it is centrally located; because when it had the shoot before it gave one of the best shoots in the history of the Association; because it put up a big, strong, guaranteed programme, and finally, because it has a royal lot of good fellows, who will hustle more to make the shoot a success than to make money.

HENRY L. GATES.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 23.—The attendance at to-day's shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was quite satisfactory. The main events on the programme were the club shoot and the E. C. Powder cup contest. The results in these events are given below. In the sweeps, 5-bird events, \$2 entrance, Noel Money carried off the honors with clean scores in each event; during the afternoon he scored 38 out of 42, one dead out of bounds. Scores:

	Club shoot.	E. C. Cup.
T W Morfey (A, 30).....	2331222112—10	1032200
C Furgueson, Jr. (A, 30).....	2132222023—9	232222222—9
C W George (A, 29).....	1222222222—10	1222222222—10
N E Money (A, 29).....	1102031210—7	231122121—9
Dr Littlefield (A, 25).....	2022210221—8	122111002—7
J E Jones (B, 28).....	2002200000—2	2022100202—6
Conny Furgueson (B, 27).....	2222002020—6	222220222—9
J Gaughen (B, 28).....	1002011112—6	211121222—10
D C Bennett (B, 30).....	2010110112—7	120101111—7
*Pumphrey.....	220011202—6
*Dr Macumber.....
*Guests.....

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Morfey.....	20221—4	11212—5	20221—4
C Furgueson, Jr.....	10222—4	21222—5	20222—4
C W George.....	12022—4	12222—4	21022—4
M E Money.....	21122—5	12111—5	22222—5
Dr Littlefield.....	01120—3
J E Jones.....	12100—3	21222—5
Conny Furgueson.....	20022—3	12212—5	20202—2
Pumphrey.....	22222—5	12021—4

The tie in Class A in the club shoot was won by George, who beat Morfey out by killing 9 out of 10 to his opponent's 8. Bennett was the winner in Class B.

In the E. C. Cup shoot George again tied on 10 straight, but Gaughen beat him on the shoot-off by killing 5 straight, George dropping his fifth bird.

The last event of the day was a \$2 miss and out. At the end of the seventh round the birds gave out; Noel Money, Furgueson, Jr., and George, each having killed their 7 birds, divided the pot. Other scores were: Jones and Gaughen 6 out of 7, Morfey 5 out of 6.

May 30.—A big day's programme was carried out to-day at the New Utrecht Gun Club's live-bird grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. C. W. George shot a 100-bird race with Count, allowing Count 2yds. handicap and 3 misses as kills. George won, scoring 83 to Count's 78, the latter's score not including his handicap allowance. The Holiday Cup contest brought out fourteen shooters; of this number five tied with 10 straight. The tie was shot off in No. 4; at the end of the 13th round Morfey and Jones were still tied for the cup on a total run of 23 straight. As several others wanted to shoot, the tie was carried over into No. 5, Morfey winning in the 5th round of that event, finishing with 29 straight. Scores:

	Match between Count and C. W. George, 100 live birds, \$100 a side, George allowing Count 2yds. and 3 misses as kills:
Count (26).....	1202222022222222202201220—18
C W George (28).....	21201222006202222222202—18
	012122222222222222222222—21
	222222222222222222222222—21—78
	1212202222222222221100222212—20
	2111022222222222222222221102—20
	12222121202221211222222222—23
	122222222222222222222222—20—E8

Some sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
N. E. Money.....	22222—4	22202—4	22222—5
C. Furgueson, Jr.....	22212—5	22222—5	22222—5
T. W. Morfey.....	22022—4	22222—5	22222—4
F. Carney.....	20222—4	20220—3	22022—4
E. Dudley.....	22222—5	20222—4	22222—5
H. P. Fessenden.....	21222—5	12224—5	01202—3
Dr. Littlefield.....	22222—5	02122—4	01223—3
C. W. George.....	12121—4	21021—4	20222—3
Bennett.....	11201—4
Dr. Hudson.....	12222—5	12122—5	20212—4
Count.....	02202—3	22200—3	12222—5
W. Lair.....	12022—3
L. T. Davenport.....	22222—5
J. E. Jones.....	12222—5

Holiday Cup.

	No. 4.	No. 5.
N E Money (A).....	0101222222—8	222222222220—12
C Furgueson, Jr (AA).....	2222222222—10	22220—3
T W Morfey (AA).....	2222222222—10	222222222222—13
Conny Furgueson (B).....	2222222222—9
Dudley (A).....	2220222222—8	222222222222—13
H P Fessenden (B).....	2222222222—10	220—2
Dr Littlefield (A).....	000011212—5	222221210—8
C W George (A).....	2222222222—8	121112122222—13
W H Lair (A).....	1222222222—10	220—2
L T Davenport (AA).....	2102211222—9	22210—4
J E Jones (B).....	2222222222—10	222222222222—13
G E Nostrand (A).....	1022211111—9
Parr (C).....	0001100020—3
O T Pennington (B).....	1211212020—8
*Dr G V Hudson.....	001011112—7
*Count.....	0022220202—6	22220—4

*Guests.

On the target grounds at Dyker Meadow, Bay Ridge, nine members

of the New Utrecht Gun Club had some sport with the clay targets.

Five events were shot off, the scores being as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
M Van Brunt (A).....	21	12	7	6	6
D Deacon (A).....	20	15	6
D C Bennett (A).....	19	12	6	6
J Gaughen (A).....	17	14	6	8	5
A A Hegeman (A).....	17	13	5	8
Dr Shepard (B).....	13	9
Dr O'Brien (O).....	20	10	7	5
C Fleet (O).....	18	12	8	5
P A Hegeman (O).....	15	9	5	4

No. 1 was the club shoot, 25 targets, known angles. Class A prize

was won by M. Van Brunt, Class B by Dr. Shepard and Class C by Dr.

O'Brien. No. 2 was the Hegeman prize, 15 targets, known angles; D.

Deacon won with 15 straight. No. 3 was at 10 targets, unknown angles;

No. 4 at reversed order; No. 5 at 5 pairs.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

May 20.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the New York German Gun Club, held this afternoon at Dexter Park, was well attended. Fred Sauter and J. P. Dannefelter tied for the club medal on straight scores of 8 birds each. The tie was shot off in the sweeps that followed. In No. 1 both men tied again on 4 out of 5; Sauter won the medal by scoring 4 to 3 in event No. 2. Scores:

	Club shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr Hudson.....	21100121—6	02020—2
H Boesennecker.....	0110212—4	00000—0
J Smith.....	12112212—8	20002—2
M Bauden.....	20000001—2
J Steuarnagel.....	11100112—6	00001—1
F Sauter.....	11122211—8	20112—4	10212—4
A Schmitt.....	12002221—6	20211—4	11000—2
H Thomforde.....	12300013—5
S J Held.....	03220122—6	22222—4	12122—5
P Garms, Jr.....	1121111—7	11211—5
J Wellbrock.....	00012121—5	20001—2	20221—4
Chas Taos.....	02110011—5	11111—5
J P Dannefelter.....	22121222—8	20211—4	01011—3
J Schlicht.....	10121122—7	10022—3	02111—4
A Lucas.....	02102022—5	20020—2	21100—3
E Radle.....	01212212—7	00003—1
F Kronsberg.....	00022200—3
P Eppig.....	0121111—6

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., May 23.—Below are the scores made in the club shoot of the Omaha Gun Club held here to-day:

Hughes.....	111111111111111111—25
Blake.....	111111111111111111—23
Whitener.....	111111111111111111—23
Johannes.....	111101101001111111—21
Salisbury.....	111011011111111111—21
Marsh.....	110101111111111111—20
Cathage.....	111101100111111111—19
Dickey.....	11110101111111110111—19
Kenyon.....	111010110101111111—19
McFarlane.....	101110101111111111—19
Raymond.....	101111101011111111—17
Smead.....	101001101101111111—17
Peters.....	110010101011111111—16
Edwards.....	01101110110110101010—15
Bates.....	10110010100100001101—10
Smiley.....	11000010010010001110—09
Callahan.....	01000010101000100000—07

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 23.—The scores given below were made at the regular club shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club. W. H. Sheldon won the medal in Class 1 for the second time. O. King and R. Rhodes were winners of the medals in their respective classes for the first time. Scores:

	Class 1.
W H Sheldon.....	101111111111111111—22
C Gardner.....	011111001011111111—18
S F Wilson.....	010111111111111111—19
P H Voelker.....	101010100111111111—15
	Class 2.
O King.....	1111101000100110000111—13
W Mooney.....	100011000100110010001—12
D B Dennis.....	1001010100100011010100—12
A Hawkins.....	1010000001011100100001—10
A Stockurd.....	0000100110100001011010—9
E Davol.....	1000000010000010000100—4
	Class 3.
R Rhodes.....	0000110010001111101001—12
W Hawkins.....	1000010010000010011010—10
C Thunell.....	0001010101010101000100—8
H Badmington.....	1000100100000100001000—8

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 23.—The scores given below were made by members of the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association in a contest for a couple of prizes. Conditions were 25 targets, known traps and angles. The club will challenge the Pawtuxet Gun Club to a team shoot in the near future. Below are to-day's scores:

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN SITE.

WHEN the Managers of the Zoölogical Society applied last month to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund for a site for the Zoölogical Garden in Bronx Park, the request was referred to a committee of three for report. Since then the daily papers have printed statements, said to have been made about this application by the Mayor and the City Chamberlain, which we presume these gentlemen never expressed.

It may very well be that neither the Mayor nor Gen. McCook knows anything in particular about zoölogical gardens, their purposes or their requirements; but it may fairly be assumed that each possesses a fair measure of that sense which is called "common," perhaps for the reason that it is so very rare. It is not likely then that these gentlemen ever talked as they are said to have done about the danger of turning over to a private corporation the portion of Bronx Park for which the Zoölogical Society asks, for of course they know that a number of the great educational institutions of similar character in this city are in the hands of private corporations, and are managed by their Trustees purely as a matter of civic pride and without hope of any personal reward other than that which comes from the approval of their own consciences and the satisfaction of benefiting their fellow citizens.

It must have occurred to the Mayor and the City Chamberlain that the city gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art—a private corporation—a site in the Central Park, and there erected buildings in which are collected choice treasures of art, gathered from all lands, to which the public are freely admitted and which interest, instruct and elevate the public and so benefit the city.

They could hardly have forgotten that the city has given for a site to the American Museum of Natural History—a private corporation—Manhattan Square, a large and very valuable tract of land in the geographical heart of the city, and that on this it has erected and is now building magnificent edifices, in which are shown collections of the highest educational value, collections surpassed in magnitude and interest nowhere in America, except at the National Museum in Washington.

These collections are freely shown to the public, and high and low, rich and poor, go there to view and to study the works of nature gathered from sea and shore and mountain and forest in many lands. The educational work done by these collections cannot be overestimated. Persons who care nothing for reading about nature may delight in the spectacle of a group of birds or animals which reproduces nature and nature's scenes, in which the wild creatures seem to be living their daily lives. In these institutions even those who cannot read may, for the mere pleasure of looking, learn of the wonders of realms that otherwise would forever remain unknown to them.

Just as a picture will convey to the mind an impression far more clear than a written description can ever give, so the observation of specimens tells the observer,

whether he be educated or ignorant, far more than description or picture. The plan of the Zoölogical Society is to do just what is being done by the American Museum of Natural History—to show bits of nature, but of living nature. But to the great public the collections of the Society, when ready for exhibition, will be more attractive than those of the Museum. We all of us, great and small, like to see living things, things that move, and a hundred people will stand and gaze at a live animal for one that will stop to look at a stuffed one. The crowds that gather about the few cages in the Central Park on these summer days show very clearly how popular a real Zoölogical Garden, with real collections and ample space, would be with the inhabitants of this city, rich and poor.

The Zoölogical Society is by law compelled to give to the public free access to its collections on four days of each week, and in view of the very slight revenue which could be hoped for on the other three days the Society has determined to make two additional days in each week free, reserving only one day in seven when the collections shall not be open to the public, and when artists and students may work about the animals without interruption by crowds. From what we know of the character of the Managers of the Zoölogical Society it may be assumed that they have at heart only the city's good, and that it is their aim to make their Zoölogical Garden an institution as successful, as useful and as great as the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The tract of land asked for by the Zoölogical Society is in a park which is now distant from the city's center of population, and the land is as yet wild and unimproved. It is the Society's purpose to establish here collections which will attract many thousands of people to this out-of-the-way region, and this will tend to open up a quarter of the city which is now almost unknown. For six days out of the seven this portion of the park will be open and free to the public, and on these six days its attractions will be far greater than those of any other park within the limits of New York.

Since the city authorities have given land to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to the American Museum of Natural History and to the Botanic Garden—all private corporations, but using the land assigned them for the public benefit—there seems to be no logical reason for denying the application of the Zoölogical Society, which also will use the land granted it for the public good. The site that it asks for should be given it.

WATERS FAR AND NEAR.

OUR angling columns to-day report the opening of the Canadian salmon season. Mr. Lowry sends us the story of the first Cascapedia salmon, a noble fish of forty pounds, well calculated to give pride to a fisherman even so old a hand as our correspondent. Everything promises for this season an unusually generous supply of fish, and unless the salmon has lost its game qualities, as some people contend, there is abundant sport in store for those who are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of enjoying it. Salmon fishing is now restricted to the few, rivers are limited in number and in pools. Fishing privileges are held high. An expedition for salmon involves expense of time and money to be compassed only by those who can break their business chains when the wire brings the message that the fish are in the river. Such conditions must long prevail on this continent. The enterprise of restocking rivers like the Hudson, the Connecticut and the Merrimac may well enough excite fond fancies in the breast of the fisherman, but for generations now on the stage salmon fishing in these waters can be nothing more than an iridescent dream.

In striking contrast with the reports from the camps in Canadian salmon rivers is the story, which Mr. Avis sends us, of quiet fishing on a Connecticut farm. For one fisherman who can enjoy the privilege of salmon fishing in distant waters there are thousands who could put in a day or a half day with great satisfaction on the home stream; and, as we have frequently pointed out, no problem of fish protection is of more importance from an angling standpoint than the protection of the small streams on our own farms and near to our own towns and villages.

Quite as noteworthy as the record of the forty-pound salmon from the Cascapedia is this relation of a fortunate day's fishing in a stream at home. It is deemed remarkable that in a country like Connecticut, where the waters are supposed to be for the most part barren and to give scant

reward, fish one never so faithfully, Mr. Avis could have gone home with such a string of trout to show with pride as the proof of his work on the old farm. And yet this is something which should be within the command of thousands of fishermen, if only a wiser economy had conserved the natural resources of nearby waters. It is not too much to say that if every farmer controlling land through which trout streams flow were himself a trout fisherman, the interest in the sport and in husbanding the material for it would be so widespread that the supply would be maintained in a measure generous enough not only for the owners of the streams, but for others too. The depletion of brooks and rivers has been permitted mainly by callous indifference on the part of those who might have interfered if they had cared anything about maintaining the supply. The number of anglers is constantly increasing, and interest in fishing is more general now than ever before. We believe that this means a corresponding growth of sentiment for protection. The time is coming when the resources of local trout and bass waters will be as well understood and as carefully cared for as one now protects his pasturage and his sugar bush.

AUSTIN CORBIN.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN, the president of the Long Island R. R., and one of New York's most successful business men, died last week at his summer home at Newport, N. H. He was thrown out of his carriage by the running away of the horses, and so severely injured that he died the same day. The driver of the carriage was killed, and the other persons in the vehicle, a physician and Mr. Corbin's grandchild, were very seriously injured.

Mr. Corbin was a man of large wealth, which was chiefly acquired in successful banking and railroad enterprises. He is best known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM through his establishment of the largest and most successful game preserve on this continent. He took the greatest interest in his park at Newport, and gave much time and thought to its management and to the task of stocking it. In it are found specimens of almost all species of North American game which will endure the New Hampshire climate, and neither trouble nor expense were spared in securing desirable additions to the collection. Certain species of animals were imported from Europe, but the most interesting species found in the park are American; buffalo, moose, elk and deer.

Mr. Corbin was a man of great public spirit, and only a short time before his death had arranged to ship a portion of his herd of buffalo to New York for public exhibition in one of the large parks here. If the project thus set on foot by him shall be carried out, this herd will long continue an active reminder of Mr. Corbin's broad-mindedness and of his generosity to his fellow-citizens.

In establishing his great game preserve, Mr. Corbin set an example which has been followed on a smaller scale by many other wealthy men, and to him must be given the credit of having inaugurated in this country a plan for game preservation which we believe will be of great service to science, and without which certain species of our larger ruminants could not have escaped absolute extinction. The system is new, but it will surely grow, and as it grows will prove more and more useful. It might not yet have had any being if it had not been for the breadth of mind of Austin Corbin.

Although the artificial propagation of black bass by his methods so successfully practiced with many other fishes is impracticable, the Michigan Fish Commission has demonstrated that a system of preserved ponds may be devised for giving the fry hatched naturally such protection as to insure a large supply of young fish for transplanting. We print in full the very instructive paper on the topic read by Mr. Seymour Bower, of the Michigan Commission, before the American Fisheries Society, and we trust that the success therein detailed may prompt other commissions to adopt the methods so well described.

The proposition recently put forward in these pages that the salmon is losing its game qualities falls properly into the classification "important if true." There are some who adduce reasons for the claim. They say that the fish of late seasons failed to show the mettle and dash of the storied salmon of a less degenerate age—all of which is extremely alarming, if there is anything in it; and we would like to hear from some of the fishermen who are on the streams this season.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

In Four Parts—Part One.

TO INTRODUCE the members of our party only a few lines are necessary. Sam Wester, Frank Gardenhire, A. B. Wingfield (the writer of this) and Will Johnson all hail from Tennessee; Bob Cooke, Mr. Ellsworth and his two sons live in Idaho, and Will McKamy lives in Texas. Bob Cooke was a former resident of our town and moved to Idaho several years ago, and it is due to his energies and glorious representations of the West that the party was formed for the trip. All of the party are great lovers of gun and rod. We were all thoroughly equipped, each having a Winchester express rifle, 500 rounds of cartridges each, and plenty of bedding and camp equipments, including tents, tarpaulins, saddles and bridles, etc.

On Monday morning, Aug. 15, Wester, Gardenhire, McKamy, Johnson and I arrived at Beaver Cañon, on the Butte branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. Here we hired a wagon to haul us four miles from Beaver Cañon to a creek, where we camped. We were anxious to get into camp in order to stop our expenses. Here we were found a few days later by Bob Cooke and Rev. David McReynolds, from Boise City, who had driven across the plains 300 miles. They had a new jolt wagon and a good spring wagon with seats for six, two pairs of large wagon horses, a small sheet iron stove, weight 20lbs., and the rest of our camp outfit, all of which had been purchased in Boise City. Will Johnson, our teamster and cook, was a big, square-built young fellow, who had been raised in the mountains of east Tennessee.

While in camp No. 1 our boys killed a dozen mountain grouse and caught a nice string of trout. On Aug. 18 we moved twenty-five miles to Indian Springs, where we found Mr. Ellsworth and his two sons in camp. Here we prepared for a two days' hunt in the Bitter Root Mountains. Indian Springs is near the foothills of the mountains, and we could plainly see snow upon the rugged peaks of the Black Mountain chain that rose abruptly before us. After two pack horses had been loaded with tents, blankets, cooking utensils and provisions for two days, and all our saddle horses were in readiness, we rode toward the mountains. Mr. Ellsworth was the guide, as he had been in the locality before, so he took the lead. Our route took us up one of the big cañons, and we climbed and worked our way slowly through the dense thickets of quaking asp and alder bushes. The wild huckleberry and gooseberry and currant bushes were so thick that we had often to stop and cut our way through. About dark we arrived at a place where a mountain creek dashed down through an endless succession of cañons and gorges well up toward the top of the range. Here we camped and prepared a good supper, which was very acceptable to all, after the fatigue of climbing and breaking brush. We tethered our horses and they filled themselves on the rank grass which bordered the stream.

Next morning by daylight all were up and ready for the hunt. The first thing we saw after emerging from our tent was a large cinnamon bear walking slowly up the side of a bluff on the opposite side of the cañon. He was a big one and did not seem to be at all uneasy. He had probably been down examining our camp and had moved off when the men began to stir. He was over 1,000yds. from us and so out of range. After breakfast we divided into pairs and started to find game. Sam Wester and I went together, Dr. McReynolds and Frank Gardenhire and Bob Cooke and Mr. Ellsworth were the other pairs. Sam and I hunted hard for four or five hours, but could not scare up even a deer. We saw plenty of bear and elk sign and found more than a dozen beds where elk and deer had lain all night, but we were new hunters of Rocky Mountain game and did not know their habits. We returned to camp about 10 o'clock and found all the other boys there.

Bob Cooke and Mr. Ellsworth had each killed an elk. Dr. McReynolds was laughing at Frank Gardenhire about the big bear Frank had killed. Dr. Mack said that he and Frank got into a very dense thicket of wild huckleberry and currant bushes, and were pushing and half crawling along and had gotten separated some 50yds. from each other; he could not see Frank, but could hear him. All at once Frank gave a yell like an Indian, and called for Dr. Mack to come quick, as there was a tremendous grizzly bear in the thicket just ahead of him. Dr. Mack started to go to Frank, but Frank commenced shooting his Winchester at the rate of about two to the second, and as the bullets were clipping the bushes all around Dr. Mack he very sensibly lay down behind a rock. Finally the magazine was emptied, and Dr. Mack sprang to his feet and rushed to Frank's assistance, expecting to see either a dead grizzly or a dead man. When he reached Frank's side he was standing over the carcass of a badger, and told Dr. Mack that the bear was not as big as he at first thought he was; but it was a pretty good sized cub. Frank said that Dr. Mack had exaggerated his exploit, but as Dr. Mack is a preacher, and Frank acknowledged that he emptied his magazine and called to Dr. Mack to come to him, we of course had to accept Dr. Mack's version of the affair.

After lunch we took three horses and the pack saddles and went after the two elk. After an hour or two of climbing and winding around through gorges and over masses of rock and fallen timber we arrived at the place. It was a wild and rugged country in the heart of the mountains, and considerable labor and skill were required to get the horses to the two carcasses. We found both elk to be full-sized animals, and the bull was a very large one with a magnificent set of horns. We took all the meat we could pack on the three horses, and left the hides, horns and front quarters. We were after meat to run us while on the trip through Yellowstone Park, and counted on getting plenty of specimens of horns later. We arrived at camp about dark, and after a good supper and an hour spent around the camp-fire in joking and story telling, we retired and did not need any persuasion to sleep.

Next morning we pulled up our tents and packed our outfit on our saddle horses and started back to Indian Springs, our main camp. We had to go slow, as most of us were on foot and had to lead our loaded horses. We jumped a band of elk before we got out of the mountains, and Frank and Bob Cooke both got scratch shots at them, but did not do any damage. We were very much elated over the result of our first hunt, and all agreed that the

big hunting tales we had been told by the residents of that region were not myths by any means. We had only been out two days and had killed two large elk and had seen one cinnamon bear and a drove of elk on our return trip, and Frank had murdered a cub, as he called his badger. So we knew the mountains abounded in large game, and we were happy.

At the main camp we found that they had not been idle. There was a marshy swamp, fed by the waters of the springs near camp, and the boys had found the tall grass full of wild ducks. The boys had gone duck shooting and had been out on the prairie killing sage hens. They had a pile of game that surprised us all, and had been good enough to skin and salt down several dozen sage hens and wild ducks for future use. A Western man never thinks of picking a fowl. A person who knows how to do it properly can skin and clean six while you are picking one. We tested this thoroughly before our trip was over.

Sunday we lay around camp and rested, preparatory to forced marches. We were joined by Ed Simpson, a newspaper man, and editor of the *Methodist Advocate* in Chattanooga. He is a very bright young man and a splendid comrade.

Bright and early Monday morning, with camp packed in wagons, we were on the trail toward Yellowstone Park. We traveled hard, and camped that night fifty miles from Indian Springs, on the north fork of Snake River. The plain was literally alive with prairie chickens and sage hens. Cooke was determined to make time, and would not stop every time we drove into a covey of birds. So Wester, McKamy, Frank and I, who were about the most ardent hunters in the party, took turns in riding our two saddle horses. We would gallop on ahead of the wagons two or three miles, and then kill birds until the wagons came up with us. We certainly did slaughter them. That kind of hunting was a novelty to us—to be able to find more birds than we could shoot at. By night we had a pile of them, and we all sat around the camp-fire and drew them, so they would not spoil. Bob said we were crazy to keep on killing prairie chickens when we did not need them; but we told him to hold his peace, as we had come out there 2,000 miles to hunt, and hunt we would. Then we argued that we would soon be in Yellowstone Park, where we could not fire a gun, and that thirteen hungry men would consume a big lot of game in the length of time we intended to be in the Park.

We found a man on Snake River fishing for market. He would catch his wagon bed full of fish and then haul them to Beaver Cañon and ship them to Butte, Mont., or Pocatello, Idaho, and sell them. We arrived late in the afternoon, but Dr. McReynolds, Cooke and Wester soon had their lines out, and we had trout for supper. The fishing in this country is as fine as the hunting. All the creeks and rivers abound in salmon trout, grayling, speckled mountain trout and silver-side trout. The man we found on Snake River had caught several hundred pounds, and had them in large covered baskets in the water. We exchanged birds and elk meat for a good supply, which we salted down for future use. We could catch and kill all we wanted as we traveled, but we had thirteen hungry mouths to provide for.

Tuesday morning by daylight we were on the trail again. By 9 o'clock we reached a settlement, where we left all of our heavy groceries, ammunition and extra baggage of all kinds. We were stripping for a flying trip through the Park, and as we could not hunt we disposed of all of our hunting outfit. We reached Henry Lake by noon. At Henry Lake we found a ranchman who had a high inclosure full of elk and moose. The man told us that he made a business of capturing these animals in winter when the snow was deep, and that he hauled them to the railroad and shipped them East once a year. He said he made a good deal of money at it, and I should think he would, as he must have had thirty or forty in his pen. He fed them on the native wild hay that grows abundantly on the plains.

We camped that night on the bank of Madison River, not far from the line of Yellowstone Park. We went into camp early and had an hour or two of excellent fishing. The trout struck as fast as we could whip the stream and all the boys caught a fine string.

The next day, Aug. 24, we were on the trail by daylight, and entered Yellowstone Park at Riverside about 10 o'clock. We left all of our rifles and shotguns with the U. S. soldiers at this place, as no guns are allowed to enter the Park unless sealed, and what good would a sealed gun be to any man? Besides we were all ardent sportsmen and were afraid to take our guns with us. We did not want to disobey the laws of the United States and get into trouble, but it would be hard to allow an elk or moose or buffalo to run over one. We camped that night after a tiresome day's travel over mountains and through vales in the famous Lower Geyser Basin, or Fire Hole, as the Indians call it. We found a large number of people, among whom were numerous ladies and children, camped all through the valley. We pitched our tents on the bank of a stream near a large camp of tourists and enjoyed the sights.

The Fire Hole in Yellowstone Park is a veritable fairyland, and even an attempt at a pen picture of it is beyond my power. We visited that day the Prismatic Lake and the largest of the geysers. The next morning we were so fortunate as to see the Splendid, one of the largest periodical geysers, in action. Then we visited Yellowstone Lake, Grand Cañon, the Mud Geysers, Yellowstone Falls and every point of interest in the Park. We had splendid fishing all along the road and caught all the trout we could use. We saw a good deal of game, and often came to where a band of buffalo or elk had just crossed the road ahead of us. We also saw many large bear tracks along the creeks and in the soft places. We had a 4in. snow on the 27th day of August, which we thought rather unusual; but as we had come prepared for anything, it did not inconvenience us much. Altogether we had a delightful week in the Park. The Government has built magnificent graveled pikes to all the points of interest, which render travel easy and pleasant. We returned to Riverside, where we had entered the Park, on Aug. 30, and got our guns, and then drove back to Madison River and camped that night. We again had fine sport fishing, and the next morning by daylight were on the trail again. We reached the settlement that night where we had left the heavy groceries and ammunition. The next morning we repacked the wagons and got in readiness to start to Rexburg, where we were to meet our guide and make a start on the hunt. Ed Simpson, Mr. Ellsworth and his two sons now left us,

We were very sorry to give up these congenial and whole-souled gentlemen, but no amount of persuasion on our part could change them from their purpose. Ed was afraid he was not strong enough to stand the hunt, and Mr. Ellsworth was obliged to return to his business. We traveled hard, following the course of Snake River most of the day. Will McKamy and Frank Gardenhire were riding on ahead of the wagons, and took the wrong trail and went about twenty miles out of their way. That night when we camped on the bank of the river they did not show up. We fired our guns, but could get no reply. We had killed a half dozen wild geese that day; there were several young ones in the lot, and we had two of them baked and stuffed with sage and onions for supper. We were very uneasy about Will and Frank, and knew they were cold and hungry that night. Men who are hunting and camping together soon become fast friends, and no matter how mean and heartless they may be in the business world, they will go their whole length for a hunting comrade. We knew there was no use looking for them at night, but we kept up a big camp-fire and fired our guns at intervals all through the night. By daylight we were through with breakfast and had saddled our wagon horses to retrace our steps to find the boys. We were about ready to start when we heard a gun; we answered by firing three times, and in a few moments Will and Frank rode into camp. They had taken the wrong trail, and instead of following the river had taken a diverging trail which led them back into a regular wilderness. They had gone on and on, thinking we were behind, until near night they came to a large creek. As luck would have it, they found two trappers camped at the crossing of the creek. The trappers told them that they were twenty miles off the Rexburg trail, which we were following, but that they could stay all night with them and rejoin us in the morning. The boys took supper with the hospitable trappers and then slept until about midnight, then taking advantage of a full moon, they retraced their steps and so joined us soon after daylight.

We moved on that day rapidly toward Rexburg. We still followed Snake River and secured several more wild geese and a good many ducks. We had several long range shots at sandhill cranes, but did not bag one. One who has never seen a sandhill crane can hardly imagine what it is. The body is a trifle larger than a turkey's, but flying or stalking around the plains it looks to be almost as large as an ostrich. Their heads are 5 or 6ft. off the ground when they are walking, and their wings are from 7 to 8ft. from tip to tip. The bird has very long legs and wings, and one would think their bodies were large, but they have quantities of very fluffy feathers, and so are extremely deceptive. You must make a dead center shot to kill one at 400yds., and you can hardly ever get any closer. We fired many shots and killed only two on the entire trip.

We camped that night near Rexburg, on a creek, and caught a good string of trout. The next morning we entered Rexburg early, and drove at once to the hotel. We had been in camp now about three weeks and wanted to taste hotel cooking again. We found Ed Trafton, our guide, waiting for us. We consumed the entire day in filling out our list of commissaries and stores and equipments. Each man also bought a saddle horse. We got our mail and each one wrote a long letter home. We were going far into the depths of the wilderness, and it was with a feeling of sadness that we turned our backs upon the telegraph wires and post office. There would not be any possible means of communication with our loved ones for thirty days at least.

It may be useful to some one to know approximately the quantities of groceries to take on a hunt of this kind. There were eight of us, and we were all healthy and hearty eaters, and were to be in the woods thirty days. Our list was about as follows: 500lbs. flour, 150lbs. sugar, 200lbs. Irish potatoes, 150lbs. bulk side meat to use in place of lard, 200lbs. onions, 100lbs. corn meal, 50lbs. hams, 50lbs. breakfast bacon, 5 gallons of syrup, besides about one case each of canned corn, tomatoes, string beans, succotash, French peas, French sardines, salmon, lobster, preserves and jams, also 1 bushel white navy beans, 1 bushel Clay peas, 50lbs. rice, 50lbs. grits, 1 case evaporated dried apples, some prunes and dried peaches and dried grapes and currants, also 100lbs. salt and 50lbs. pulverized alum for preserving skins. This would seem too much to the ordinary observer; but to run out of the simplest article in your culinary department will inconvenience you very much. We were not a drinking crowd, but we took good care to carry a moderate supply of best brandy and whisky we could buy. We were going back into the mountains 100 miles from civilization and could not send after anything, so we also had a medicine box with all commonly used drugs and liniments.

We started early on the morning of Sept. 4 to drive across the plains forty miles to Haden, Idaho. Ed Trafton, our guide, lived at Haden and had to go by home to bid his wife and baby good-by and get his two horses, bedding, etc. We had an easy drive, as the road was good, and killed a great many prairie chickens along the route. We were all getting very expert in shooting their heads off with the rifle, and did not ask Sam Wester and his shotgun any odds at all; we had about fifty birds when we got to Ed Trafton's ranch. The prairie chickens in this far Western country are very tame, as they are not hunted at all; so you can often kill half a dozen out of a covey on the ground before they will fly. As the distance is usually not more than 20yds., a good rifle shot can pick off their heads with great ease. We never thought of bringing in a bird when we struck it in the body, as the boys would guy the life out of you for shooting it in the body.

We arrived at Ed Trafton's ranch and camped near his house that night, and Sept. 5 we spent in camp and caught some fine trout out of the stream that flows by Ed's door. We enjoyed the day shooting sage hens and prairie chickens, and fishing and examining the fine horns that Ed had at his house. Ed is one of the most expert trappers and hunters in the State of Idaho and had accumulated quite a nice lot of very fine specimens.

Sept. 6 we left our spring wagon and surplus baggage at Ed's ranch and took the trail for Jackson's Hole in the famous Teton Mountains. The three Tetons constitute a part of the Rocky Mountain range and derive their name from their peculiar shape, as the word implies. The Grand Teton is one of the loftiest peaks in the entire range and its summit has never been reached. We camped on the evening of the 6th on a mountain stream at the mouth of the big cañon through

which the trail took us. We had enjoyed the day very much, and now had a good supply of sage hens salted down for future use. Next day, the 7th, all hands sheathed their rifles and united their energies in dragging the heavily-loaded wagon up the mountain gorge. We had six good horses harnessed to it and several times had to use a rope and small tackle blocks. We camped that night near the top. Next morning, the 8th, we renewed our labors and about noon climbed out on top of the range. We immediately crossed the summit and started on the descent, camping that night at the foot of the mountain after two days of unheard-of exertion. It seemed to us that we were performing as great a feat as Napoleon in his passage of the Alps. We had to cut a great many trees and logs out of the trail and often to use the pick and shovel to prepare a road for the wagon. In making the descent we cut a fir tree about 12in. at the butt and 40ft. long and tied it to the wagon, then locked both rear wheels, and by using the rope and easing the load down we finally reached the bottom. We used long poles or hand spikes at the side of the wagon when on steep side hills, and by thrusting these levers in the wheels and bearing down on the ends of lever kept the load from turning over.

Ed Trafton is an experienced mountaineer, and with his help and guidance we at last reached Jackson's Hole. A. B. WINGFIELD.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 456.]

Another dawn came; the sun radiantly rose and beautified the gray of the far east, and then sent her beams like golden spears touching the tops of the green trees in her spreading grandeur, and rousing great flashes of silver and gold that flecked the little wavelets in the bay. The forest swayed to the morning breeze, and the little flowerlets that edged our quarters sparkled with the dewy mist that gave them life and tints rivaling the rainbow's hues. A few hungry gulls whose pinions were as white as the driven snow swept o'er the water in search of food, while an entire colony of cawing crows passed o'erhead, doubtless seeking some well-known rendezvous.

It was not only a gorgeous morning for rejoicing, but one that made the angler's heart throb with wild delight. Ned said while we were taking our breakfast that we had better try our old grounds in the morning and in the afternoon cross the bay and see what sport we could find around the big moss-grown and lichened rocks that run so sharply into the lake. Their bases of crumbling fragments form innumerable covers for that fish which is far lovelier to the angler, when in pursuit of it, than Hebe as she waited on the gods, or Venus as she rose in bare beauty from the caressing waves. Strong language, rhapsodical probably, but when one has that ever beautiful fish of the rainbow tints in mind, he heeds not where or how his prosaic pen wanders when comparisons are to be made. It is loveliness vs. loveliness, and he therefore crowns fact instead of fancy, that's all.

The first part of the programme which we had mapped out that morning did not realize very generously, for we only caught two of the red and gold spotted tribe, but they were rare specimens that ran a little over 3lbs. each. We had both lost fish during the angle, and heavy ones at that. One that I had about ready for the executioner slipped away on an unexpected dash, while Ned was unfortunate enough to lose two, one I thought from too hasty a battle and the other I presume from slight impaling, as he slipped off without exacting a single rhythm from the reel or taking a single yard of line. The rod simply went into a crescent and then away went the painted dandy to tell his *confidantes* of his romance, with a humming-bird's wing on a silken thread.

The afternoon's outing panned out more generous, for we killed double the amount, but in a high wind that soon drove us back to our quarters. In this foray Ned had exceedingly bad luck. Being in the bow of the boat, the stiff breeze militated against him and worked to my decided advantage. In commencing, we first came to a small rock over which the rising waves were wildly sweeping. Kenosh, knowing it to be a fine lurking place for trout, warned him to keep a sharp lookout, for he was positive that he would there have a response. He accordingly kept wide awake, and just as we came abreast of it Ned's flies sailed out and lightly dropped just behind the rock, and then a magnificent trout with a panther-like bound sought the lures; but either he or the sportsman was at fault, for no unity ensued.

Ned, somewhat disappointed, recovered his flies for another delivery; but they fell short of the rock, owing to the high wind which was fast driving us along. He then hurriedly lengthened his line a bit, and once more tried, and again failed; for he was further off than ever. As I was now within casting distance of the rock, and according to the rules we had established was next in turn, I of course dropped my flies, received a rise and hung the greedy trout, and after some delightful play he was duly netted and boated.

Ned scolded furiously at the boatmen for their failure to hold back the boat, but Kenosh, somewhat irritated, said:

"Nobody hold boat there. You must take 'em on first jump."

"Fiddlesticks! Couldn't you back water?" retorted Ned.

"No back water there; but didn't we get the fish?"

"I didn't get him."

"I did. What matters it, Ned?"

"Nothing, only you had the delight of the capture, that's all; and that's everything."

"Then take them on the first response, as Kenosh advises," I significantly remarked, and then the half-breed, who was facing me, smiled all over, pleased that he had some one to champion his cause.

The big rocks being just ahead, we push along for them, and here Ned was sure of trout, for he had the first chance and availed himself of it by letting his flies fall over a big, shaded chasm. Again he had a bold response, and again missed. Quick as a wink he recovered his flies and away they whiz through the wind for the same spot from which sprang the food-seeking trout. But alas for his mathematical accuracy and the strong breeze! he missed the place by fully 5ft., owing in part to the drifting of the boat, which he had not taken into consideration. Again he tries, and again the distance between him and the rising trout is increased. He realizes the situation with anything but pleasurable feelings, but when

he sees my flies dropping correctly over the chasm and a ponderous trout grabbing my stretcher fly, a parmacheneebelle, and sailing away with it in his mouth, he is again after the boatmen in a very emphatic manner.

"That's the second trout you have lost for me," he says, as he turns to Kenosh.

"You lose him, not me."

"Yes, I lose him, but why?"

"'Cause you don't hook 'em."

Ned, who always appreciated a humorous retort, couldn't help but smile at this, and very good-naturedly said: "You are right, Kenosh."

"I have the trout, what more do you want?" I put in, by way of adding a little spice to the conversation.

At this Ned gave me an earnest and searching look, but being at a loss how to effectively reply said nothing, and then very earnestly took up his casting with a determination, I thought, to jerk the scarlet head off the next trout that came to investigate his flies. After a few casts he ordered Kenosh to put the boat closer to the wave-washed rock. The dusky boatman obeyed with alacrity, for he was now fearful of again rousing the hostility of Ned, who was in no good humor over his repeated failures to hang a *fontinalis*. The boat neared the rock as per order, but being on the windward side was soon so close to it that Kenosh took up an oar and firmly braced it against the flinty wall to prevent the pounding of the boat. But a moment or two elapsed before the strain upon the oar was so great that it snapped in two, and then a half-breed joined the ranks of the angry. Kenosh then went for his son Jo, who was handling the oars in the front row-locks in such a vehement manner that the young half-breed also went into the company of the incensed. There I was, the only placid man in the boat, and no wonder, for fortune had kindly smiled upon me in awarding me all the spoils.

Ned was almost as sore over the broken oar as Kenosh, for he had contemplated breaking camp in the morning, and this mishap would doubtless prevent it. Kenosh, when he saw that Ned was so distressed over the accident, spoke up and said he would make good the damage that evening if he had to work until midnight.

"Then let us leave here at once," said Ned.

"No, no, want more fish," said Kenosh.

"All right, then," responded Ned, and so we again started in to make lamentation among the finny tribe.

Ned finally hung one of the dappled family and a goodly one too, and had his little world of sport in bringing it to net. This prize drove away all his corroding emotions and he was once more the whole-souled sportsman and made merry music for us all. I caught one more by the rock, a small one, and then word was given for our return. It required a tack or two to make camp, but as the distance was only about two miles it mattered little.

The sails being thrown to the breeze, we started off with a speed that made the water tumble from the bow in snowy sheets of foam, and

"Like one vast sapphire flashing light,
The sea rode on majestically."

"Hello," said Kenosh, with some surprise, "a fog is just coming down on us from the mountains."

"Take your bearings," said Ned, but there being no compass aboard, the bearings had to be of the mental caliber.

"I'll bring her into camp all right," confidently replied the helmsman.

Down came the fog and along we went, trusting entirely to the half-breed to safely make port. After plunging ahead for about twenty minutes the boat was put on the tack, and after the "leg" was made about she went again, but where no one knew—not even our dusky pilot, though he professed supreme knowledge about our course.

Jo said we were near the bottom of the bay, Ned said ditto, and I said naught. After another long stretch the fog lifted and there we were, way down in the bottom of the bay and fully a mile further from home. Kenosh was irritated at the situation, and offered no excuse for the divergence. The son, however, spoke up and said:

"Father no good in fog."

"Yes, good for nothing," admittingly said Kenosh.

He then ordered the sails down and said they would row home, as it would take too much tacking and too much time for the trip. He was anxious, he further said, to select before dark a suitable piece of timber for a new oar. They both pulled up very earnestly, and as soon as we reached a lee shore we made camp in short time.

Kenosh no sooner touched land than he snatched up an axe and hurried off to the green woods, and in about fifteen minutes returned with the necessary wood in its crude form. After working awhile on it he found it worthless and had to return to the forest for a better piece. This time he came back with a sunny smile, declaring that he had procured just the thing for the oar. And so it developed, for the wood was a magnificent piece of white cedar, free from all knots and sap and perfectly straight grained. It took him till 11 o'clock that night to finish the blade and it was as fine a piece of work as if it had come from a turner's lathe. These half-breeds are very cunning with their round-bladed knives, turning out work in the most skillful manner. Jo said he kept the old man at his work by supplying him with very generous cups of strong tea, and substantial tidbits from the larder. He had a hard fight, though, with an army of bloodthirsty mosquitoes and was glad when the job was done.

An unusually early breakfast was had the next morning, and by 4 o'clock we were off, leaving our piscatorial neighbors in deep slumber. We were destined for Raissaines, some twenty miles distant, and with anything like a fair wind would make it long before noon.

The morn was quite chilly and did not look at all promising. Dull, gray clouds were floating o'erhead and the atmosphere was seriously inclined to coax out a dense fog. Kenosh stated that his barometrical bones did not ache, and was positive there would be no rain. Thus assured, as we thought, against a downpour, we went gayly rippling along as if o'er seas of glittering gold, with the tiny waves caressingly lapping the boat as if they were chatting of all the pleasant things they had experienced during the lovely moonlight of the previous night, of the fish that had darted hither and thither between the waves and of the more delicate denizens of the deep that had peeped from the pink doors of their transparent habitations and looked upon the shimmer of their ever moving element as we look on the vast dome of our sky when canopied with silken fleeces.

We thus delightfully ran along a very sinuous and low-terraced shore, studded with spruce, fir and balsam, and a background of towering mountains just barely visible, over which the clouds were sailing in long ranges; now floating along their sides, severing their summits from base, now settling down and capping their peaks, and anon dropping still lower till all the beauty of foliage was suddenly and completely hidden. These grand vistas of mountain ranges were soon obliterated when the prow of our little craft was directly headed for Bachewauung Lighthouse.

Ahead we now look for other picturesque landscapes, for the impressive beauty of the lovely bay will soon break on our vision, with its deeply wooded islands, its lovely shorelands, its rippling streams, and its broad sunny stretches so charmingly enriched with ferns and flowers and shrubbery, that give to the rugged hills an aspect of beauty unsurpassed. The place to a lover of nature is truly suggestive of winsome fairies and frolicsome days, for here

"The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet;
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strewn,
Might make proud Oberon a throne;
While hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
And where profuse the wood-vetch clings,
Round ash and elm in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-penciled flower
Should canopy Titania's bower."

The grand central island which almost divides the entire bay is now passed, and but three miles lie between us and the turret-like lighthouse. The dull and somber clouds are slowly departing and the hues of the rose and the daffodil growing quite frequent, while a glitter of gold is beautifying the edges of the parting clouds. The breeze is gradually freshening, the waves perceptibly growing, and tinkling music sweetly dropping from the dipping prow. Our hearts are therefore measurably lighter and joyous laughter prevails on all sides, while Ned, who has not warbled an aria since he left the "Soo," is in tuneful melody.

The sails began to tighten and bright silver curls around the boat as she plunges bravely over the little white plumes that are just appearing, and dancing where they can mount the arching waves. The lighthouse is also looming up like a ponderous pillar of marbled whiteness, and tree and shrub and rock are plainly outlined.

"Shall we stop at the lighthouse?" inquires the pilot.

"Too rough, I guess, to land there," replies Ned.

"Not a bit. There is a small plank landing in front."

"Hello, there's Mary waving her apron."

"That settles it; we will land and endeavor to secure some wild strawberries and maybe a toothsome bear steak, as it is about time for bruin to be coming down to that point."

In much less than half an hour we were in front of the lighthouse, and the keeper was down at the shore to help us land. Here we had quite a chat, and then I hurried up the bank to the house to ascertain if I could secure some rarity for the larder. Nothing could I obtain but two gallons of maple syrup, for which I parted with a bright silver dollar. Mary and her mother kept me talking so long that Ned, being impatient to leave, fearful the wind might either drop or increase to a gale, sent Jo to hurry me to a conclusion. He came tramping in and picking up the jug, which I informed him had to be taken aboard, walked off with it on the double quick, intimating by his actions that I ought also to hustle along. I caught on without delay, and as I was leaving Mary followed me to the door and there gave me a few pounds of maple sugar, and in addition a bright smile. She also insisted that we stop on our return, for they have so little company in these lone regions that they are always pleased to receive visitors from the "Soo" or in fact elsewhere, that they may hear the news from a civilized community. Our stopping all depended upon the weather. If stormy when passing we would assuredly put in, but if fair it would be onward, as a favorable breeze must be taken advantage of on this uncertain and treacherous lake.

Again we are off with the sails thrown to a stiff breeze, and as the boat gains headway handkerchiefs fluttered from both sea and land.

Four miles more and we reach Pancake Bay, and as the crossing of it is just six miles we make it with the prevailing wind in about an hour. A four-mile stretch still awaits us before we reach our destination, but this is along such a grand piece of rocky coast line that the sail becomes one of infinite delight.

Former years this was one of the finest stretches of trout waters on the lake, but the half-breeds and the Indians with their gill nets and other pot-hunting tactics soon depleted it, and it is now a great rarity here to catch the red-hooded beauty.

Just before we reached Raissaines, Ned insisted that I put my rod together and try for a trout. I complied with his request, and soon my flies were whizzing out on all sides for the beauty in red and gold. For fully half a mile I kept casting, and was about to abandon all hope of securing a rise, when fortune favored me with a response which brought me a small trout of about 4lb. This gave me some assurance, but not another trout rose, no matter how carefully delivered or how attractive the flies, for I think I changed my deceits about every ten minutes, being under the impression that those in use were not the ones to attract. The fish were evidently not there, for the dusky pot-hunters had completely cleaned out the entire coast along the route we were then going.

The bold and rugged shore here and about Raissaines is a grand triumph of nature in reproducing a landscape of impressive grandeur which is deserving some special mention. The flinty rocks that are beaten by the countless storms are worn into strange shapes and stained by a thousand dyes in every possible variety of arrangement, far beyond the power of words to describe, and all this profusion is repeated mile after mile, keeping up interest by some new prospect of sweeping curve or abrupt or fantastic form. No doubt persons who have seen this rugged and frowning north shore under a dull sky suppose that all descriptions of its picturesque grandeur are either deliberately manufactured for the sake of fine writing or illusions of fancy, proofs that

"We receive what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live."

ALEX. STARBUCK,
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

SNAKES AGAIN.

To the Editor-in-Chief:

WORTHY SIR—In the words of Malvolio, "You have done me wrong—notorious wrong!" inasmuch and whereas somewhat more than a year ago I forwarded you a most humane disquisition, an authentic and conscientious extract from experience and contemplation. This contribution to your annals, after reciting specifically, concluded with references and allusions to snakes, particularly rattlesnakes, and finally to snakes generally; and whereas,

After decapitating and dividing the disquisition aforesaid, with the freedom of your autocratic nature and dominion, you printed in these columns the preamble and plot thereof, and then, sir, after holding the summary and conclusion of my contribution aforesaid in captivity and durance for over a year, you turned it also loose through these parallels, your medium, upon humanity at large;

And whereas, this severed portion of the narrative (after the manner of narratives severed from the very subjects of all this matter) wriggled, sir, wriggled and squirmed and did not die; and

Whereas, this mutilated specimen of a barbarous usage attracted the eye of the ever alert and condign personage who asserteth himself to be the high, orthodox, ancient and most potent snake editor of these demesnes, and who subscribeth Coahoma,

Now, therefore, the snake editor uncoileth in his wrath, after the manner of the subjects of his charge, and bruise my heel; he striketh blindly, but his fangs are keen, and he is wise like his serpents, and he is not to be disturbed rashly. But, sir, he becometh aggressive, and there is enmity betwixt him and me; and, as appeareth even in the Scriptures, he bruise my heel, and I shall bruise his head;

Therefore, whereas and moreover, and inasmuch as you, as dictator in this realm, are not altogether blameless for these things, I pray you to withdraw and let me get at him.

Sir, your sincere but injured petitioner affixeth his hand and seal.

RANSACKER.

To Coahoma, Patron and Protector of Snakes:

WISE AND SUBTLE SIR—By your recent and sinuous movement our natural antipathies are aroused. There is war betwixt ye and me. Incidentally, and while roaming in the byways of nature, our common heritage, I trod upon or disturbed your hidden coil. You immediately assume the aggressive, strike and inoculate me with venom. Smarting with the punctures you make, I turn upon you, therefore perpend and beware!

You resort to your proverbial attribute, wisdom, as well as fangs, in defense of your wards, the snakes; you quote from authority as ancient as Æsop himself; you wield the invincible argument of example and personal observation; you appeal to sympathy, reason and judgment; you array before us the fundamental ethics of natural conditions; you smirch me with accusation, scorch me with philosophy, stigmatize me with imputation, calumniate me with references and allusions to suspicion, treachery and crime itself. In short, sir, you handle words with artistic skill.

But, sir, you excuse the imperfections and shortcomings of your clients, snakes, by endeavoring to pull down the entire "fabric of mundane life" to the level of reptiles that grovel on the earth and glide from cranny to crevice, hole to hole, and shrub to flower in the most abject and despicable attitude assumed by any living creature. We might forgive them the misfortune of their physical modes of existence and style of locomotion could we detect in them a single redeeming trait or noble attribute. There is no trite comparison to be made between the serpent and the winged and fearless fowls or pirates of the air; he has nothing in common with the noble American bird, the gobbler; my affectionate friend, the cat, is one of the domestic and adopted dumb friends of man, cherished for ages of fidelity, and the serpent has no trait of his save his meanest—treachery to his victims. Truly, the snake has no affinity in or for any creature but the reptile family; no love for anything, no aspirations above the dust of the earth, and, in the selfish estimation of man, he is neither valuable, beneficial nor ornamental.

Sir Coahoma, you assign mercy to be the distinguishing characteristic of man. So be it. It is a most godlike and virtuous attribute—an attribute Shakespeare has applied to "God himself." But in the economy of nature—in the eternal or universal strife for existence—I say it is impossible for anything of life to obtain and be uniformly merciful or immaculate. Life of one means destruction to many. The whole problem is embraced in the theory of the "survival of the fittest."

While nature is seemingly conservative or her final result or tendency is beyond our comprehension, who is to solve the problem but man himself—whom we conceive to be the highest in intelligence—the lord of creation? We are sweeping the American Indians from the earth, from their native and natural domain; beasts of the continent have been and are being annihilated in our usurpation of their haunts and homes; fowls of the air, the denizens of ocean itself, are being decimated to supply our needs or greeds; nay, creatures of our own kind are dying by thousands for lack of sustenance and before the immutable law.

While these conditions are evident and indisputable, I clasp hands with you for merciful sympathy for every living creature. I stand with you in denouncing and detesting any man or being who (or that) wantonly destroys the life given by the great Creator of the universe. I think the wanton and deliberate destruction of life by man one of his most despicable vices, and that he who would murder a robin in mere viciousness would murder men or babes if he dared.

Coahoma, you accuse me unreasonably of "unreasoning prejudice," for I do not, never did and never shall either "kill all the snakes that come in my way" nor advocate the wanton destruction of anything of life. When I am forced to strike for the "survival of the fittest" I will use the best judgment and reason I have. If a poisonous reptile threatens what I consider a worthier creature, or one more valuable to higher things, I will kill him if I can; but will do it because there seems to be no more humane method of abolishing an evil. I have had to con-

tend with some rattlesnakes for my own safety. I kill them at sight.

In conclusion let me say: "We grope, Coahoma, we grope." Our boasted humanity itself is founded on the principles of our own feeble conceptions. There is little at most that "is either good or ill but thinking makes it so." We can learn to love or hate. You and I only clash because we worship at the same shrine—the same incomprehensible and sometimes, as appears to us, inconstant Dame. Notwithstanding her coquettish moods she improves upon acquaintance. We "spy entertainment in her; she casts the leer of invitation; she discourses, she



NEST OF RUFFED GROUSE.

Photo by Mr. G. Hills.

carves." "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale." Familiarity with her does not breed contempt, but increasing reverence.

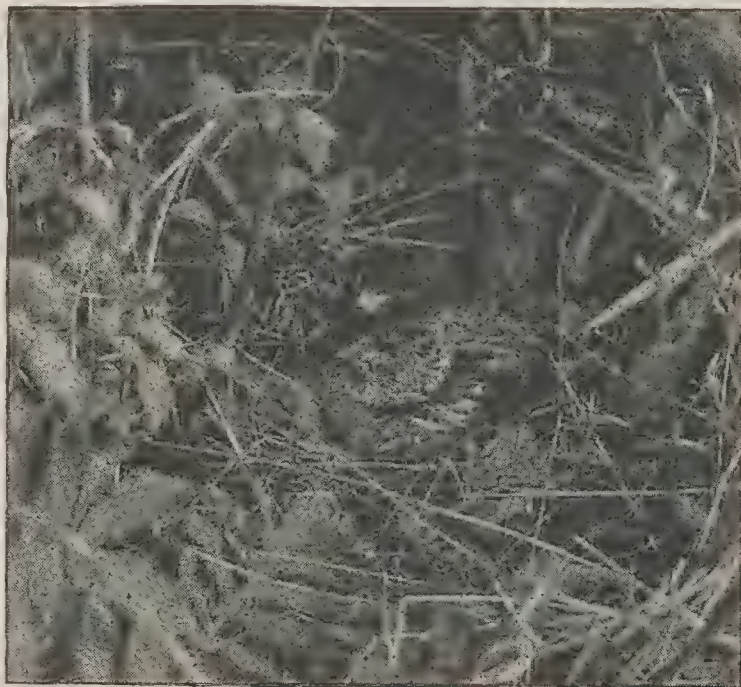
Recall your verdict of "unreasoning prejudice" and I hereby revoke my allusion to snakes having "slimy folds." I admit the error. But with all deference let me say, I would send all the serpents on my ranch down to you of Mississippi if I could corral 'em and pay the freight.

RANSACKER.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SITTING GROUSE.

MR. G. HILLS, of Hudson, N. Y., sends us the accompanying admirable photographs of a ruffed grouse nest and the hen on the nest. He incloses with them an interview written by Mr. Horace B. Derby, of the *Albany Argus*, which we quote; Mr. Hills tells us that of the thirteen eggs in the nest all but one were hatched:

"Mr. Granville Hills, of Hudson, is one of those rare sportsmen whose love of all that pertains to field, covert and woodland is such that he takes delight in 'hunting without a gun,' his favorite weapon being a camera with which he makes the most unerring shots at the denizens of the tangled swamps and thorny coverts, and his game



RUFFED GROUSE ON NEST.

Photo by Mr. G. Hills.

bag a portfolio that contains the proofs of his prowess in the form of many exquisite examples of photographic art.

"Mr. Hills's efforts, for many years, have been especially directed to the photographing of wild birds on their nests, and several seasons ago he actually succeeded in getting a capital picture of a sitting woodcock, a full account of which, with a description of the picture, was given in this department of the *Argus* at the time. Since then, with the return of every breeding season, Mr. Hills has been unceasing in his efforts to get a picture of that pride of the upland covert, a ruffed grouse, in the performance of the duties of incubation. Repeated disappointments that would utterly have disheartened any but this enthusiast seemed only to spur him to renewed effort, and last Tuesday the undaunted fellow came to see me at my desk, bearing the long-coveted picture in his hand.

"The picture is one that will appeal to the heart of any lover of the wild wood folk, for it shows a hen grouse on her nest in the tangle of a jungle-like bit of covert, and in the lower left-hand corner of the photograph appears a tiny auxiliary picture of the nest and its precious freight of eggs. In answer to my eager inquiries as to how he obtained the photograph, Mr. Hills related the story of the strange and novel quest, which I will give my readers as nearly as possible in his own words:

"The nest of the ruffed grouse shown in the picture," said he, 'was found in a piece of low, swampy covert, situated in the town of Glencoe, Columbia county, about nine miles from the city of Hudson. The nest was placed

within a few feet of the wagon-track of a lane leading to a farmer's house, off the main road about an eighth of a mile. This nest was first discovered on May 16 by the farmer driving cattle along the lane, when his collie dog flushed the grouse, and suspecting that it was a sitting bird the farmer looked for a nest, and the precious prize was found. The nest then had twelve eggs in it. The same evening, going to pasture for the cows, he saw the hen sitting on her nest. The following morning, returning the cows to pasture, the farmer noted that the grouse was absent, but an investigation of the nest showed that there were thirteen eggs in it.

Photographing the Mother Grouse.

"On Sunday, May 17, the farmer sent word to me of the discovery of the nest, but the next few days being unfavorable for the taking of photographs I did not visit the spot until the 21st. On the latter day, accompanied by Mr. Samuel Rowles, an expert with the camera in all field work, I drove directly to the nest, which was plainly visible from the carriage, but the noise of our arrival did not seem to startle the bird, for she did not move. Took the horse to the farmer's stable, returned and set up camera. Walked up to within 10 ft. of the nest and, fearing that a nearer approach could not be made, took a snap shot at that distance; then moved up about 5 ft. nearer and got the negative, the print of which you have before you. The bird now became alarmed and flew away, and then, without changing the position of the camera, we photographed the eggs. We waited for the bird's return until 6:15 P. M., and, fearing to keep her from her nest too long, we decided to postpone further effort for the time. Furthermore, we had some misgivings as to how our work would pan out and we were anxious to develop the plates. This was done on our arrival home as expeditiously as possible, and we found, to our huge satisfaction, that we had three good, sharp negatives. The one I show you of the grouse on her nest is the result of the second shot, and the group of eggs of the third.

"It is human to crave better results than even those obtained from earnest effort, and nothing would satisfy us but another trial; so we planned to go to the grouse bower the next morning at break o' day, thinking that a better light might be afforded at sunrise for our work than on the previous occasion. Four o'clock in the cold gray of the morning saw us en route for the swamp, and on our arrival we found Madame Grouse at home, quiet and happy, attending strictly to her efforts to bring about maternal responsibilities. The two good negatives we had previously obtained were taken at short range, and this emboldened us to make an effort to get a shot at still closer quarters. At length, by careful maneuvering, we managed to set the camera within 3 ft. of the nest, had it well focused, but when ready to press the button the bird sprang from the nest and away she went. Other duties would not allow us to make a day of it in the swamp and we returned home.

"On Saturday, May 23, we went again to the swamp, and in the cool shades prepared to spend the day, and the night also, if necessary. Found Madame at home, surrounded by a fierce and bloodthirsty bodyguard of midges and mosquitoes. The latter seemed to recognize in Sam a tenderfoot and interloper, and went in to score him unmercifully. They swarmed upon him at all vulnerable points, but he managed to set up the camera, though the work was sadly hampered by the wild whacks he showered upon his tormentors. It was then just 2:10 P. M. All was ready for a successful shot when a mosquito, which Sam declares was armed with a gimlet, darted at the half-crazed photographer's nose. The puncture the little devil made in Sam's proboscis was so keen and carried so much fire with it that the victim forgot his caution and made a crack at the enemy that might have demolished a wooden Indian. The wild movement of Sam's fluke and the resounding slap that reverberated through the silent glade like a pistol shot proved too much for the nerves of the timorous dame, and she lit out like a flash.

"We waited fully an hour for the grouse to return, while Sam nursed his wounds with one hand and fought his tormentors with the other, but the bird came not. As I had noted the direction she had taken, I walked around on the further side of the swamp and in less than three minutes flushed the bird, which at once flew back to the location of her nest. But she evidently dreaded another exhibition of the fearful antics of Sammy, for she would not go on the nest, and after vainly waiting for her re-occupation of the premises until 5:45 P. M. we gave up in despair, packed the kit in the carriage and started for home.

"As we drove sadly away we thought to take a last look at the nest, and lo! there sat the grouse. There was an immediate unpacking of the equipment and hurried preparations made for another shot, but when we attempted to invade the sanctity of her woodland bower the bird again took wing, and we abandoned the task for good and all.

"In my efforts to secure a photograph of a nesting grouse I have engaged in a faithful search of various covert in Columbia county for three years. Each season I have found a nest of this royal game bird, and have gone early and late to where it was cannily hidden by the mother grouse, devoting a vast amount of time to the search and the securing of the prize, and employing every device I could think of to circumvent this wild and wary dweller in the shadowy depths of the woodland dells."

Ring-necked Pheasants for Canada.

MACOMB, Ill., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received a letter to-day from Mr. H. P. Dwight, game warden at Toronto, stating he had seen an article in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, written by myself, on the Mongolian pheasant. The Government has set apart eighteen townships for a game preserve; they propose to stock it with these beautiful pheasants, and he asks where the birds can be had for this purpose. I am truly glad to see the Canadian Government taking such an interest in introducing these beautiful game birds. I hope the State of Maine—which is the finest game State in the Union—will take a hand in this enterprise. Why should not Maine establish a game park for her large game where it can be protected? They have the beautiful lakes, meadows and timber—in fact, they have everything to encourage such a movement.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

WILD PIGEONS IN THE NORTHWEST.

VICTORIA, B. C., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During my thirty-four years' residence on this coast I have never known the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) to be taken either in Washington or British Columbia. The band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*) is a regular summer resident both here and in Washington, and this year has appeared in considerable numbers in the neighborhood of this city, our markets being pretty well stocked with them at the present time. The two birds are very much different.

JOHN FANNIN.

TACOMA, Wash., May 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The moment that I read your valued comments upon my observations upon the wild pigeons of this coast I realized that I had not been as careful as I should have been in looking up the natural history of these interesting birds before classing them with the Eastern variety. But it is over twenty-five years since I have handled the wild pigeons of the East, and the close resemblance to the bird of the Alleghenies, as I remembered it, quite disarmed me. I rang up an old Wisconsin market hunter who has netted thousands of wild pigeons and read my article and the editor's note to him. He asked me if I had not noticed that "these pigeons out here coo, while the Eastern ones cackle." I confessed to forgetting the distinction.

I met twelve of my associates who had lived in the East in prehistoric times, and "knew all about wild pigeons." Each said in turn, in answer to my interrogatory, that "of course they are the same."

Thus encouraged I extended my walk to a market where game is sold, and was delighted to find a coop of wild pigeons netted over in the Gray's Harbor district and just brought in to the city. I immediately bought a pair alive and repaired to my office again to re-read the footnote called out by my article, in the light of an enlarged experience and with the subject under discussion actually in my hands. Permit me to acknowledge my obligations to you for having called my attention to that fact. Just to show you that you are absolutely correct in your description of our pigeon, I have had the taxidermist prepare one of these pigeon skins, and will send to you by mail within a day or two. The moral of this story and sequel is that thirteen errors don't make one truth, and that there are radical points of difference in varieties of the same species that are easily overlooked, especially when a fellow has to depend upon memory.

Another point worth considering is the educational value of FOREST AND STREAM. Through its columns I have learned many an interesting and valuable lesson. And so I think have we all.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE report of the President of the American Museum of Natural History has just been received. It is a stout volume of about 100 pages and is illustrated with a number of plates giving views of the museum building and of some of the halls. Besides the annual report of the President, the volume contains the Act of Incorporation of the Museum, its contract with the Department of Public Parks, the Constitution and By-laws and a List of the Members for the year 1895.

The year just closed has been for this Museum one of marked activity in the development of the collections and the educational work of the Museum. The receipts from the city and from the endowment fund, which amounted to nearly \$140,000, having proved insufficient for the keeping of the Museum running and the increase and development of the collections, the deficiency of nearly \$7,900 was met by a special subscription from the trustees, thus enabling the Museum to commence the current year free of debt. During the year 1895 an act was passed by the Legislature authorizing the State to erect an extension and authorizing an additional grant of money by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The new wing, which is now in process of erection, will, it is hoped, be completed within the year.

Numerous expeditions have been kept in the field by the Museum and the results of these have been important additions to the collections in various branches. An expedition in Peru under the direction of Mr. Adolph F. Bandelier has been so successful that arrangements were made to continue his work until the close of 1896. During 1895 he sent the Museum ninety cases of objects excavated either by himself or under his personal supervision, and supplemented this material with photographs, maps and charts of great importance. Expeditions in Honduras, Sumatra and Mexico have produced good results in the departments of Archaeology, Ethnology and Zoology. One of the trustees of the Museum contributed a considerable sum toward the expense of the Peary Relief Expedition, and a collector who accompanied the expedition on behalf of the Museum brought back a valuable lot of birds and mammals.

Much has been done by the Department of Public Instruction chiefly in the way of lectures delivered to the teachers of the public schools by Professor A. S. Bickmore, but besides this lectures were given by members of the Linnæan Society and by others.

Among the collections received during the year 1895 which deserve special mention was the gift of the William Dutcher collection of over 2,000 specimens of Long Island birds, contributed by the Linnæan Society of New York. The huge elephant Tip and the moose group were prepared during the year. The preparation of a group of mountain sheep and one of mountain goats are in contemplation. In the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology the most important additions were the Dope collection of fossils, said to consist of 10,000 specimens. Besides these many tertiary fossils have been collected by expeditions sent out for the Museum. In the Department of Anthropology much has been done under Dr. Putnam and Dr. Boaz, and we may expect before long to see collections exhibited in this department which can only be equaled in this country by those at Washington. The present condition of the Museum appears to be most satisfactory.

Partridge Budding and Diving.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your number of May 9 an inquiry by J. H. D. wherein he wonders why it is that among the numerous writers in FOREST AND STREAM they have never

mentioned the habit of the partridge as to budding and diving.

In my boyhood days I had time and opportunities to study the nature and habits of that bird very closely.

Yes, the partridge or ruffed grouse is a budder, also a diver, provided that he has deep, light snow to dive into.

The partridge is the only bird that I know of that can live on browse. It is when the snow lies deep they forage on the treetops, where the birch and the cherry seem to be their favorite buds. But in the absence of birch or black cherry they will work on various other kinds of treetops, and are very fond of the apple tree buds whenever they find them near the woods. The budding is done mostly late in the day.

Many are the times I have watched to see them mount the treetops, which generally they would do about 4 P. M.

They don't start up with a hum, as though they were shot from a catapult, as they do when started by a man or dog; but very quietly they rise up from one limb to another on a slanting ascent, and while I have been watching under the birches to see a half dozen or more one after another getting into the treetops, perhaps a dozen more have gotten up from the other side without my notice. Very tame they were where they had not been disturbed by much shooting. After sunset, and when twilight sets in, they begin to dive off, one at a time, with spread wings and never a flop.

I have never found any of those birds that were crusted under. Below that they can generally dig out. But in the latter part of winter there may be several weeks that they can't dig in, in which case they invariably roost on the lower limbs of small hemlocks or any other evergreen tree, as I have never known them to roost high.

ANTLER.

The Zoölogical Society.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the New York Zoölogical Society, held June 3, a body of ten scientific men was chosen to be known as the Scientific Council and to act as an Advisory Board with the Director of the Garden. The council consists of Messrs. William T. Hornaday, chairman, director New York Zoölogical Park; Madison Grant, secretary *ex-officio*, secretary New York Zoölogical Society; Professor J. A. Allen, curator of mammalogy and ornithology, American Museum of Natural History; Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator of mammalogy and ornithology, American Museum of Natural History; Professor Henry F. Osborn, Da Costa professor of zoölogy, Columbia University; Professor William Stratford, College of the City of New York; Professor W. Gilman Thompson, New York University; Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, superintendent New York Aquarium; Dr. George Bird Grinnell, editor FOREST AND STREAM; William A. Stiles, park commissioner, city of New York, editor of *Garden and Forest*. It was also decided to send Mr. Hornaday to Europe to inspect the best zoölogical gardens of Germany, Belgium, Holland, France and England, to make special studies in the lighting, ventilating and heating of the large buildings for animals.

Animals for a Game Preserve.

MR. CHARLES PAYNE, of Wichita, Kan., was recently in this city, having come on with a shipment of wild animals intended for a game preserve. He brought with him thirty-eight deer, 117 squirrels and twenty-two jack rabbits. These are all to be turned loose in a game preserve, the owner of which is not named, but which is situated about 100 miles west of New York, in a spur of the Alleghany Mountains.

Game Bag and Gun.

A RABBIT HUNT IN IOWA.

IOWA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had noticed the symptoms coming on for some time. There was no mistaking it, it was the same old disease. I could not lay that feeling of discontent, restlessness and general dissatisfaction to anything else. My digestion was perfect, my credit good, my wife had not given me any curtain lectures—in fact, everything was running as smoothly as possible; still I was not happy.

Reader, if you are a lover of the rod and gun, I think you can readily diagnose my case; and though you may not be a physician, I believe you will agree with me that there was but one remedy for my ailment—that is, a good hunt—and that remedy is a most pleasant one for me to take.

Christmas eve there was a heavy fall of snow—that settled the matter. The next morning I shouldered my gun and started out. Turk, my old black setter, looked up appealingly, then whined and begged as only a bird dog can beg, but it was of no use. No, Turk, you cannot go. Down, sir! And almost heartbroken the old fellow sought his place behind the hard coal base burner; for, be it understood, Turk is a privileged character, and has fully earned the privilege of occupying a place behind the stove. My reason for not allowing the dog to go with me is that he is twelve years old, and every time he gets wet and cold he has an attack of rheumatism.

It was about 10 A. M. when I started out to the west of town on foot. A walk of about one and a half miles brought me to the old H. farm. Here I scouted the cornfield thoroughly, but not a sign of a rabbit could I find. It is evident the bunnies have not stirred from their hiding places since the snowfall; probably to-morrow will be a better day for hunting them.

Turning south, I plodded slowly along through the newly fallen snow. How white and beautiful the earth is in her garment of white! How quiet the world seems, with not a living thing in sight! The morning air, so fresh and invigorating, and the beauties of nature are alone sufficient to repay one for a long tramp on a quiet winter day. As I leisurely make my way along, old and familiar landmarks bring back to my memory events that happened in the many hunts of the past which I have made in this same locality.

On this same section of land, years ago, before the drain tile came into use in central Iowa, have I slain many a mallard, and there is not a forty-acre tract of land within a circumference of five miles on which I have not flushed and killed that king of the Western prairies, the pinnated grouse. It makes my blood tingle now as I think of the many, many times I have stood

behind my well-trained dog, as, like an image of stone he stood, with nose and tail outstretched, waiting for me to flush the unseen game. The true sportsman and philosopher can derive happiness in thoughts of friends and events of bygone days.

Just over there, along that willow hedge, M. J. Smith and myself had one of the finest afternoons of quail shooting that it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. That was three years ago, and M. J. Smith, as true a sportsman as ever read FOREST AND STREAM, has "passed over the river" to the happy hunting grounds. I never pass that old hedge without thinking of him, one of my best friends. During his last few months of sickness, when he had to give up shooting, FOREST AND STREAM was a great comfort to him, as I suppose it is to many another invalid sportsman.

Even the thoughts of those who have gone before us oftentimes bring a gleam of sunshine into our lives.

But hark! from the south I hear the report of a gun; there it is again and again. Evidently some one is more fortunate than myself, as I have not yet seen anything in the way of game.

Well, here is something interesting. The fresh tracks in the snow indicate that a large covey of prairie chickens have been here not more than an hour ago. It is the close season for chickens now, so I leave the gun on my shoulder, but from the hunter's instinct follow the tracks. After walking about 100 yds. I notice the scalloped imprints of the tips of a pair of wings in the snow—evidence that one of the birds had taken wing. Walking on a short distance, I see numerous scalloped imprints in the snow, and then the tracks come to an end. About 30 yds. further on are the tracks of a man, and so I read on the fresh white page of nature's book that about fifty prairie chickens have been feeding here this morning on the few ears of corn which had been overlooked in husking, when a man, probably the one I had just heard shooting, flushed them.

Crossing over to the west side of the field, so I will not be hunting over the same ground which the man who preceded me has been over, I soon discover fresh rabbit tracks. Following the tracks about 50 yds., I come to a round hole in the snow, and as no tracks lead away from the hole, I am certain Br'er Rabbit is at home. Bringing the gun down to a "ready," I gently stir the snow with my foot, when out pops Br'er Rabbit; but on account of the deep soft snow I have to wait for him to get to a suitable distance before shooting. Then the gun comes to my shoulder, a glance across the barrels, a slight pull on the trigger, a sharp report, and I will have rabbit for dinner to-morrow.

In about ten minutes' walk I see more rabbit tracks, another hole in the snow, and I soon have another rabbit. After a short walk there are more tracks, another hole, and of course I will soon have still another rabbit. Gently I stir the snow—out he goes. Poor fellow! I have to wait for him to get far enough away so the shot will not tear him too badly. There, 30 yds. is about right; bang! But just before I pulled the trigger he dodged behind a bunch of corn stalks, made a sudden turn, and I missed him—all because I was too sure of him. Before I could fire again he was behind a willow hedge, then into a tile drain and safe under the ground.

A half mile further south, and I arrive at the place where I had felt sure I would have some good shooting; but the fresh tracks of a man around the brush heaps furnish more reading matter for me in nature's book. Those shots which I heard about a half hour ago were fired here; some other fellow got my cake. Sitting down on a pile of wood, I reach back into my game pocket and get out the lunch which my better half had put up for me. The butter on the bread and the meat are frozen, what of that? I have the most delicious sauce man ever had, a hunter's appetite. After lunch I start for home, and on the way get another rabbit. Within about a mile from home I get a chance to ride and am soon home.

Perhaps some persons would think three rabbits very small pay for a four hours' walk in the deep snow, but to me the game is not the only consideration. The outdoor exercise, the fresh, invigorating air, the beauties of nature, and the leaving behind of the cares of life for a few hours are to me of priceless value. I firmly believe that a love of field sports and an occasional gratification of that passion would cure the worst case of dyspepsia in the country, and cause a man who is subject to "blues" to face many of the trials and troubles of life with a braver heart and firmer resolution. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

CALIBER CONCLUSIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 11 last I sought information regarding the most suitable caliber and ammunition for big game hunting. The replies have been numerous and sent in by practical hunters and woodsmen, and their conclusions have been reached only as the result of actual experience afield. Personally I thank each and all of them for their great kindness in so carefully considering my request. As a brief résumé I draw the following conclusions:

From nineteen replies there is one who prefers exclusively a .50-caliber, two who say a .45 or .50, nine who chose a .45, one a .44, two a .40, three a .38, one a .35, and wherever a .30-cal. is mentioned it is condemned as a "crochet needle" gun and wholly unsuitable for the purpose of large game hunting, and one writer does not consider it worthy for target purposes. From the above, the large calibers are clearly the choice of the writers, and these men are principally moose hunters, and together with the large caliber they want an enormous load of powder—100 to 150 grs.—to propel a solid soft 300 to 500 gr. bullet.

With this arm and ammunition, up to a distance of 100 to 200 yds., the large quarry, if fairly hit, is smashed into butchers' meat on the spot, thereby avoiding a weary and uncertain chase after a suffering animal. This conclusion was the one I theoretically arrived at in a letter of inquiry when I wrote that "the large majority of big game are killed nearer than 100 yds. off; and if this be true, and the above theories are correct, the larger caliber and soft bullet would be the surer and most humane destroyer."

The objections to these big guns appear to be their weight on a long tramp, the greater recoil from their enormous loads of powder and their inaccuracy at distances beyond 100 yds. Yet in spite of all these objections, if I were to go after moose, caribou or grizzly, I would want one of these guns.

The large majority of hunters, however, never expect to hunt moose. The white and black tails and small bears encompass their environments, and their search is associated with long tramps. The life of these lesser animals is more easily knocked out than the larger game, and though many herculean hunters prefer the .45-caliber, they use a powder charge below 100grs. and a bullet below 300grs., thereby avoiding the great recoil of the larger charges. To a novice, like myself, this caliber would appear to be still the best for deer in our woodland areas, where near distances from the game are the rule, because of the greater destructive power of this weapon in the hands of a poor hunter; for if the game is hit anywhere it is far more likely to stop than if the lesser calibers are used.

Three writers claim that the 7½lbs. .38-caliber is big enough for any game, and they are men of many years' and racy experience; and one of these, personally known to myself, is one of the best shots that ever handled a rifle. He is like the Boer who only took along two cartridges when he went for two spring bucks, and got them too. In short, he never shoots until he is practically certain of the result. Here comes the "man behind the gun" in its full value, and undoubtedly in the hands of these three men of iron sinews and unerring eyes their 38s are equal to all requirements. They never shoot at random, and hunt deer principally, with occasionally an elk or bear, or a moose.

The other caliber men have been so fully answered during the correspondence that it is unnecessary for me to refer to them here. My mind is now all made up on calibers, as I have gotten from the correspondents of "our paper" clearer views than I had before, and other novices must have profited likewise. My first gun ought to be a .45; and after proficiency is fully acquired, especially if hunting the lesser large game, I shall buy a .38, unless in the meantime an arm of still greater value comes upon the scene. A. H.

A Ravening Monster.

EDMONTON, N. W. T., Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Please find inclosed a description from the *Winnipeg Free Press* of a strange animal killed near White-wood, Northwest Territories.

"Robert Cosgrave, a farmer living six miles east of Whitewood, one day last week noticed a monster wild animal go toward his flock of sheep, which were grazing on the prairie about a half mile distant from his house, and catching up a full-grown sheep in its mouth carried it off with as much ease and grace as a cat would with a mouse. Mr. Cosgrave at once gave chase on horseback and with a rifle, and chased it about a mile. Here he opened fire, which caused the brute to drop the sheep, which lay quite dazed for some minutes, while the brute scampered off at an independent pace. Mr. Cosgrave was thankful to save the sheep, and took it home not much the worse. But this was not the end. Mr. Cosgrave took a dead lamb and poison and trailed it up to where the brute had dropped the sheep and left it there. Next morning he went in search and found the lamb had disappeared. When he had ridden about a mile further on he found a large beast lifeless, and was obliged to return for his buckboard to take the monster home.

"On measuring he found it was 8ft. 2in. from nose to tip of tail and 3ft. 4in. tall, weighing 85lbs., and with paws larger than a man's hand. The Indians say they have never seen anything like it for years and as near as the settlers can make out they call it 'the Buffalo Hunter.'

"This is undoubtedly the pest and enemy of the ranchers along the Pipestone and Moose mountains, of which so much has been heard this last year, many colts, calves and sheep being reported killed by timber wolf or mountain lion unseen. All the farmers feel grateful to Mr. Cosgrave for ridding the district of such a destructive pest."

What the animal was is a puzzle to everyone here; please enlighten our ignorance. W. H. COOPER.

A Handless Shooter.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Since your search for the "armless sportsman Fuchs" has given you renewed evidence that some men will lie, I am going to stake my reputation against your good will for me, and I will help you out of a dilemma and prove to you that there does live in the United States a man who is minus both hands and who without the use of a hook does both shoot and fish with success. It is a story I could have as well told you years ago, when as a boy I lived in Delaware.

At Dover, Delaware, in the early '70s, while a Fourth of July celebration was in progress, an old cannon burst and tore one hand from Jake White and both hands from Jim Wilson, colored men in attendance. My earliest recollections of Jim Wilson are of a large, good-natured mulatto going through the streets of the town selling fish from a basket. Now this man has gunned and fished in that vicinity these many years and is there yet, unless recently dead. With both hands off at the wrists Jim Wilson is a gunner and a good shot. I have seen him with his powder flask and shot pouch load and ram home the charge in his muzzle-loader; have seen him by a string attached to the trigger discharge it with his teeth; have seen his rabbit or squirrel tumble over, and have seen the dead game in his possession—and Jim Wilson does not use a hook on either arm stump.

More than this, Jim can do and does a hard day's work, oft repeated, for his occupation is that of a well digger; and I have seen him as unconcernedly fill a bucket with sand at the bottom of a deep well as any laborer with all his members. WM. L. TUCKER.

A Preponderance of Drakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of the spring issues I noticed an observation that of the ducks killed by the observer 80 per cent. were males. I have to confess to the heinous crime of duck hunting this spring, and also noticed the great preponderance of male over female birds in the flocks seen. It was no uncommon thing during the first warm days to see four or five bluebill drakes swimming rapidly after one poor little duck, and when she could stand it no longer she would get up and fly, followed swiftly by her many consorts, which chased her until she again alighted in the flock. Again during one day I counted the ducks killed by two of us, and out of forty-five there were only nine females. Can any one give a correct explanation for this great difference in sex numbers? A. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

SALMON ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA.

The First Fish a 40-Pounder!

GRAND CASCAPEDIA RIVER, P. Q., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I doubt not that almost all of my fellow anglers—readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*—have either killed a salmon or with eager interest have read about how it is done; but this salmon of 1896, the leader of the host that is now entering this noble river, was killed under such peculiarly exciting conditions that I feel sure an account of how it was done will not come amiss.

On Tuesday last, May 26, I was sitting in my office in New York (trying to keep cool) when a telegram was handed me with the welcome information, "Salmon being taken in the nets out in bay!" This was enough to cause a commotion then and there. A general scurrying about, packing of trunk and rod box and hurried orders; so that within twenty-four hours I was en route for the Grand Cascapedia, and at daybreak this morning the good steamer Admiral delivers me and my belongings safely to the whale boat that lands us at New Richmond. Once ashore, a dozen hands are extended and a dozen kindly voices bid me welcome, for be it known that this is my tenth year as a fisherman here.

Of course I am all curiosity and anxious to know everything possible as to the prospect for sport. "Are the fish in yet?" "Yes, it is thought they are." "And Peter! tell me about the water; is the river too high or too low?" "Just about right, sir!" "And have any fish been seen yet jumping in the pools?" Nobody can answer this question, for none have yet been seen; and for the information of my readers I might mention the fact that never before have salmon been taken in the bay nets so early as in 1896. The season is at least ten days to two weeks ahead, for I have never before heard of salmon being taken with the fly prior to the first week in June.

So in a little while I found myself at the door of Peter Barter's hospitable home, again to be welcomed by all hands, including the grown-up boys and girls whom I have known from early childhood.

The rod box is opened, the rod selected and put together, leaders soaked and stretched, flies chosen, dinner eaten (and in a hurry too) and at last we are in the canoe, off for the Lowry Pool, to see what we can do there. This pool is quite a long one and I begin at the head of it and carefully thrash the water, but no rise; another drop of the canoe and more faithful use of the silver doctor fly, and still no response. Thus it goes until, drop by drop, the canoe approaches the lower end of the pool. Not a sign of a salmon; no fish rising. Over two hours of hard work have slipped by and we are getting discouraged and beginning to believe that we are too early, that the fish have not yet begun to run the river. So I am casting away more for practice than anything else, and with but little care, when suddenly like a flash comes a swirl and rush in the water. Hardly had this subsided when again out of the water leaps clean and clear an enormous fish straight for the fly, and misses it. Meanwhile (shall I confess it, old fisherman as I am?) I stand almost petrified with astonishment, for I had really given up all hope of a fish.

To "up anchor" and get out of here is the work of a moment, for there are logs running in the river, and just at this moment the water is full of them; and we must wait until the bulk of them have passed, so that we can have a clear space to try again for that salmon. So we go ashore and watch the logs go by for five minutes—ten minutes—and Peter says, "I guess we can try him now; I think the logs have stopped running for the day." So again the canoe is anchored in the same place as before, and again I begin to drop the silver doctor with all the care and skill I am possessed of. Slowly the fly, cast by cast, begins to approach the right spot. At last it comes—a rush! a swirl! a big splash! and the salmon is hooked hard and fast.

"Aha! Peter, I have got him this time," I shout, as the fish starts—thank heaven—up stream, and the canoe swings about and away we go after him. My rod is feeling it now, for the fish is running, and running deep too. But as we turn our faces up stream we stand aghast, for the river is full of logs again, floating with the current straight for us and our fish. If he makes a quick run, if he jumps, surely he will get the line afoul of a log, and then good-bye, Mr. Salmon. But a master hand is guiding the canoe, and if skill and coolness will do it, we will kill that fish to-night. The salmon makes a rush under a log, of course; I immediately dip the point of the rod deep—down deep—and hold it there, while the reel revolves so rapidly that I know not whether the line is fast to the log or to the salmon. But Peter Barter is not idle; he has seized the pick pole and shoved the log away. Hurrah! the salmon has not fouled it, he is still there. Another log comes along, again down goes the tip of the rod, again Peter clears it, and now the salmon takes a swift run straight across the river, where there seem to be few or no logs. I am giving him the butt and recovering line rapidly, when Mr. Salmon turns and comes straight for the canoe—and, alas! a log does the same thing—and before we can stop it has lodged directly across the bow of the canoe, and Peter, with clenched teeth, is doing his best to dislodge it. One of the paddles now proceeds to drop overboard. I seize it with my left hand, all the time holding my rod in my right hand. We are drifting toward the rapids and things look blue. They would indeed have been indigo had the salmon taken a run, but he takes to sulking and we have stopped the canoe, and with a mighty push Peter sends that log free of us. "Aha, my lad, you didn't get us that time, did you?" And I say to the salmon, "Aha, my laddie, we are going to get you this time sure and certain." For the fish has begun to show the effect of the fight, and slowly I bring him toward the boat. Suddenly he quickens his motion, and toward the boat too—I shout, "Look out, Peter, he'll be under the boat, sure!" But not much, for Peter has his gaff ready, there is a rush and a splash and a struggle, for Peter has him hard and fast on the gaff—this struggling, thrashing mass of silver. Bang! and smash! over the side of the boat he comes. He is indeed ours. The scales are produced and he shows up just 40lbs.; the first fish for the season of 1896.

ROBT. C. LOWRY

RESTIGOUCHE SALMON.

DEE SIDE, Campbellton, N. B., Canada, June 5.—I came up to my old pools on May 25. Water fair, low if anything. Hauled ashore probably a dozen kelts. Just by way of getting my hand in I had one clean big fellow on the day I arrived, but he gave me the slip just as he was near the gaff. The first clean fish I got three days ago, a 30-pounder. Two next day of 27 and 24lbs. To-day, the morning's fishing, two of 18lbs. Our friend, Mr. Mitchell, was high line last Saturday; he got two fine fish on Friday afternoon and three on Saturday, one of them a 30lb. fish. I heard he had one blank day, yesterday. I had yesterday the worst luck I ever had salmon fishing, having no less than six fish on; two of them tore out when just ashore; two of them broke the leaders (poor stuff at \$2 each), and two hooks broke in the bend. I think the most of the fish were foul hooked. First run fish are commonly shy and hard to raise if one misses the first attempt.

I hear the nets in the bay and estuary never had such fishing; 100 fish to a net per tide is nothing extra, and they are selling at 8 cents a pound.

The forces are gathering for the fray rapidly. Some Montreal men have gone up. Messrs. Alcott and Lansing will be here to-morrow. Messrs. Breeze, White, Vanderbilt and others are here, getting fine fishing. There are many fish in the river, big fellows; it makes your arm ache before you land them.

The main drive of lumber to boom is now in progress, and there are only a few thousand cedar logs; they will be down in a week.

I have no doubt this is going to be the banner year on the old Restigouche. So far as I know any little bit of spare water is all occupied, and there is no chance to get at the river for a stranger, even edgeways.

JOHN MOWAT.

GOOD FISHING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is every reason to anticipate a successful season's salmon fishing in Canadian rivers. The heavy snows of March were followed by exceptionally high water, always a sure sign of an abundance of fish. And now comes a report from Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, to the effect that salmon are running in such numbers right up into Tadoussac bay that boys are killing them with sticks where they are being left stranded by the falling tide. The anglers who visit the Marguerite and other tributaries of the Saguenay will have many to envy them this year.

During the whole of this week, fly-fishing for ouananiche has been exceptionally good at the mouth of the Ouatchouan, one boy taking five large fish and a 6lb. dory or pickerel on the fly in that pool in the course of an hour. The inhabitants about Lake St. John have been killing large quantities of ouananiche by bait fishing, and have been shipping the fish to Quebec, where it sells upon the markets for 15 cents per pound. For several days past the water in Lake St. John has been very rapidly falling, and I am now daily awaiting a telegraphic message from Roberval to say that the ouananiche are rising to the fly in *la grande décharge*. I believe that a few American anglers now fishing for trout between Quebec and Lake St. John intend going up to the lake by to-morrow (Saturday) night's train to enjoy the first fishing of the season in the Discharge. Whether they will find the fish there before them are not, it is certain that there will be good fly-fishing there by the time that these lines appear in print. Anglers on their way to those rapid waters should bear in mind to have some large salmon flies on No. 3 and 4 hooks for the June fishing in the Discharge. I would specially recommend Jock Scotts, silver doctors, professors, grizzly kings and brown hackles. Guides can be found in plenty on the steamboat landing at the head of the Discharge, after the crossing of the boat from Roberval.

Lake Edward has yielded some very heavy trout again this spring, and two or three different parties of Americans are encamped upon the shores of the lake and are enjoying good sport. In one of these are the Messrs. R. E. and William McCormick, of Florida, and their wives, and in another are Messrs. Nye, of Burlington, and J. W. Jones, of Clinton, N. Y. Some of their fish are 5½ and 5½lbs. each.

Judge Kellogg, of Waterbury, Conn., and a friend went up a few days ago to the club house of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, at Kiskisink. The sport here has been very much so far as in former years, trout being very plentiful and running in weight from 1½lb. to 2½lbs. The monotony of fishing was varied there last week by the killing of a bear. Among those who have lately returned home from this preserve, well satisfied with the nature of their sport, may be mentioned Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Wm. D. Bishop, of the same place, and Mr. Geo. A. Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn. Some rather heavy lakers (namaycush) have been taken in Lake Kiskisink this spring, one weighing slightly over 20lbs. A couple of small specimens, some 2½lbs. each in weight, were killed early in the season on the fly.

The members of the Triton Club have been very successful so far this spring, and a number of fish close upon 6lbs. each in weight have been killed in Lake Moise, Lake des Passes and the Moise and Lightning rivers. Among those who have enjoyed rare sport upon these waters during the past fortnight and have now gone home are Messrs. G. F. Gregory, Dr. H. F. Brown, H. E. Wannamaker, C. A. Andrews, Chas. Mowry, Denis McCarthy, Wilkin, Petit, Marsh, Pierce, Beebe and Lieut. Brewster, of Syracuse, N. Y. Another party, including Commander Henriquez, R. N., and Messrs. Clarence R. Dean, of New York; Walter J. Clemson, of Taunton, Mass.; Geo. Metcalfe and E. L. Wadsworth, of Erie, Pa., left for the Triton tract yesterday.

Governor W. E. Russell, of Massachusetts, along with Mr. B. F. Dutton and ladies, passed through here last Tuesday on their way to Little Pabos, Gaspé, salmon fishing.

A jolly party of anglers opened the season at Lac des Commissaires, on the Nomantum Club's preserve, on the 29th ult. It was headed by "Papa" Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, and Wallace Durand, of Newark, N. J., and they had for guest a Quebec newspaper man who will long remember the enjoyable time he had with them and the splendid fly-fishing at the dam. It was near the latter that the illustration of the guide netting one of Mr. Hart's monster trout was taken for the new book, "The

Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." The party has since been joined at the club house by Mr. Brown, of Waterbury, president of the club; Mr. Bradley, of New Haven, and Messrs. Elton and Platt, of Waterbury.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 5.

THE TROUT OF LAKE CRE CENT.—III.

I MADE more or less notes in regard to the fish we caught, and I will now refer to and shape them up, beginning with the

BLUE-BACK.—*Blue-back Trout*.—Lake Crescent, Washington. Specimen female; 28½ in. × 8 in.; weight 1½ lbs.

Body.—Short for weight; thick-set; short head, ova apparently not entirely developed; eggs about half size of salmon of same weight.

Back.—Deep indigo blue, deepest on back of head, where there are sprinkled many round black spots about the size of No. 4 shot. Gill covers smooth and pearly, free from spots. At about medium line the blue lightens into a pearly silvery tint which in the sunlight has an iridescent pinkish hue which is not visible in the shade. The belly is white.

Fins.—The caudal is nearly as square as that of a *fontinalis*, except at the center there is a small V-shaped notch; it and the dorsal fin are brown, profusely black-spotted. Pectorals, ventrals and anals nearly colorless, but with slight brownish hue. No spots and no border color on edges. There are eleven rays in the dorsal fin, thirteen in pectoral.

Flesh.—Uncooked, pale lemon color, bleaching to white when cooked; hard, firm and of most excellent flavor, in which the oily flavor of the salmon does not occur.

Scales.—Very large for a trout, small for a salmon of the size.

Habits.—I am told that it comes to the surface in spring, when it feeds on large white butterflies, then abundant; it does not leap for these, but will then take salmon or bass flies trolled slowly. In summer it seeks the deepest water and cannot be, or rather has not been, taken with fly or surface lure.

In fall we found it a deep-water fish, touching none of our surface lures; caught at depths of from 30 to 50 ft.; hard fighter when first hooked, boring and running deep; weakens as it nears surface, and is nearly exhausted when brought alongside. Specimens have been put alive in creek pools with other kinds; the next morning all alive except blue-backs, they always dead.

Now I am very anxious for more knowledge as to what is this trout. I made the great mistake of not sending one to Prof. Jordan, president of the Sandford University, who is the highest authority for the Salmonoidæ of the Pacific coast.

I did send him one of the photographs, but in the letter accompanying failed to inform him that the three smaller trout in the picture were not blue-backs.

He kindly answered my letter, and expressed a guarded opinion that they apparently most resembled the kamloops, recently described by him; but requires specimen before pronouncing positively. He sent me the description of kamloops, and between it and that of the Crescent Lake trout there are differences.

Coloration.

Kamloops.—Dark olive above, bright silvery below.

Crescent Lake.—Indigo blue above, silvery below.

Both are marked with a lateral band when fresh.

Kamloops.—Broad band, bright rose pink.

Crescent.—Broad band, rainbow hue.

Kamloops.—Back above, small black spots about size of pin heads irregularly scattered; more numerous posteriorly. A few faint spots on upper part of head.

Crescent.—No spots on back. Back of head profusely sprinkled with black spots size of No. 4 shot.

There are certainly strong points of resemblance, but the caudal fins differ greatly and the coloring some.

Kamloops.—Caudal fin distinctly although not strongly forked.

Crescent.—Nearly square, slightly lunated, with a V-shaped notch in center.

I have arranged, as early in spring as these trout can be taken, specimens shall be sent to Prof. Jordan, together with others of the various kinds in the lake.

The blue-backs are not the only trout found in these lakes, which apparently differ more or less from described varieties.

The following list of local names was obtained: Silver, speckled, mountain, cutthroats, Dolly Vardens, rainbows, blue-backs and half-breeds.

We caught only five of these varieties, viz.: first four and last two.

I took not very complete but accurate notes in regard to all of the kinds we caught, which I will give:

SPECKLED TROUT.—Lake Sutherland, Oct. 29.—Caught by Mr. Wilson, proprietor hotel: Length, 19½ in.; depth, 5 in.; weight, 4 lbs. Coloration: body, back dark brown with greenish tinge profusely sprinkled with round black spots about size of No. 6 shot, which continue to medium line; from this line, for nearly halfway to belly, black crescent-shaped spots which I think are composed of fine black spots. Back of head and opercles sprinkled with round spots like those on back. Belly silvery above, growing white below. Fins: caudal very nearly square; it and dorsal have many oval black spots on a dark-brown ground; these oval spots are also on ventral, pectoral and anal fins, which are very light brown tinged with red and bordered with orange color.

MOUNTAIN TROUT.—Lakes Crescent and Sutherland. Specimen: Length, 16 in.; weight, 22 oz. Coloration: dark brown above, silvery to white below. Fins: caudal quite forked; all above dark brown with black spots, lower fins light brown bordered with orange; no crescent-shaped spots.

SILVER TROUT.—Both lakes. Specimen male: Length, 13 in.; weight, 17 oz. Coloration: very light brown above, with purplish tinge growing lighter toward median line; then silvery to belly, which is white. The purplish tinge extends into the silvery part below median. Above this line the sides and back are profusely marked with fine black specks below the median, with crescent-shaped; just in rear of anal fin there is a small, dull, orange-colored transverse bar. Caudal fin very slightly forked; fins on back dark brown with black spots; lower fins light brown bordered with orange. This fish differs from the silver trout of Lake Tahoe and Truckee River in one point at least: these latter do not have the crescent-shaped markings, and their caudal fins are more distinctly forked than are those of the Olympian lakes.

HALF-BREED.—Lakes Crescent and Sutherland. Specimen: Length, 15 in.; weight, 18 oz. Sides and back dark green, brightest on back; many small black spots above, none below median line. Head long; gill covers pearly, no spots; tail quite square. Upper fins dark brown; lower, light brown, reddish tinge; all have spots; lower fins no bordering.

The lake people think this to be a cross between mountain and blue-back.

On the whole Lakes Crescent and Sutherland have given me the best trout fishing I ever enjoyed; they have enabled me to catch in one day more large trout than I ever saw caught, and among them the largest I ever saw.

Had my choice been hunting or shooting instead of fishing, the vicinity I have little doubt would have served me as well. Grouse were plentiful. To get a deer within a mile or two of the camp was almost a certainty, for they abound on the ridge which separates the lakes, and one of our party came back to an 8 o'clock breakfast with a fine young buck, and the hunting of it had a spice of excitement, for a bear—of which there are numbers—was encountered. And if my views soared higher I had but to accompany Ben on one of his trips to the elk benches, about eighteen hours' tramp higher up, and there was fair chance for me to participate in a successful elk hunt.

PISECO.

OUR HIRED MAN.

"GOIN' fishin', be ye. I had some good fun at it myself once, and enjoyed quite a reputation as a fisherman, I tell ye. No, I didn't catch trout nor perch nor horned pouts (same as they call bullheads about here); but I used ter get the biggest pickerel you ever see, and where the chaps with their fancy rods and spinnin' bait couldn't get one.

"It was at Bow Pond (Crescent Lake they call it now), right on a farm where I worked. There was big pickerel in the pond, but they was mighty shy and I wouldn't have got none if it hadn't been for a lucky idee.

"Before my time of workin' there they kep' a lot of geese on the place, but when Squire Locke died things got sort of run down about the farm, and when I come there was only an old gray gander left of the hull lot. The old lady didn't like dogs, and the live stock on the place was an old hoss, seven cows, three pigs, three cats and a lot of hens and the gander.

"The gander took notice of me right off and we got to be friends mighty soon, and he used ter foller me all over the farm. Abner was the name I giv' him, and whenever I was workin' Abner was sart'in to be close by and purty soon folks noticed it. 'How pleasant 'tis to see brotherin who agree,' Deacon Baker said when he saw us in the orchard. Miss Simpkins, the dressmaker, met us in the lane and she said, 'Birds of a feather flock together;' and folks would ask, 'How's Abner?' when I went to the post-office or store.

"One day, when I was workin' down by the pond, I see a feller in the little punt the Bailey boys owned, and he was flingin' his line away out on the pond and makin' it skip one side and t'other in little jerks till the hook was near the punt and then flingin' out ag'in. Abner didn't go inter the water, bein' generally shy of strangers, and both of us watched the chap.

"He kep' it up all the mornin', but didn't catch anything; then he come ashore and left. 'There's plenty of good ones in there,' he says to me, 'but they won't bite.' Soon's he'd gone Abner slipped inter the pond and went paddlin' about.

"While I was lookin' at him enjoyin' himself an idee came inter my head, and when me and Abner came back from dinner I had about 10 ft. of fishline and some bait. I tied the line to one of Abner's legs and hitched on a piece of twig near the hook so she'd float, and launched Abner inter the pond. He went a-sailin' away, and I noticed the line went by jerks over the water same as the fancy fisherman's did.

"Purty soon Abner giv' a squawk and made for shore, flappin' his wings and mighty scared. He landed in a hurry and made for me, draggin' a big pickerel arter him. He got over his fluster when he found he wasn't hurt, and arter a while I shoved him in ag'in. We kep' it up till he had landed five good ones and Abner got into the notion of the thing and seemed to like it.

"Arter that we catcthed 'em often and I got the name of bein' a great fisherman; and they would come to ask me about the right kind of bait, and the best way to handle the line, and the most sootable kind of weather and sich things. I couldn't tell 'em much and the less I said the cuter they thought me. But they didn't catch no fish. Ye see, the fish wasn't afraid of a gander; but was mighty shy of men, so Abner and me had the sport to ourselves, and whenever I got the chance and the coast was clear we'd go fishin'. As they say sometimes in stories, the futur' looked full of promise.

"But things is so onsart'in. One day when there was a fine drizzle and it was too wet to work, but jest right for fishin', me and Abner started for the pond and he was soon sailin' about in fine shape. I was a little oneasy when he went through a patch of lilypads, but he got along all right and passed 'em without the line git'in' catcthed. 'All's well,' says I to myself, and jest that minit I see Abner standin' on end squawkin and flappin' his wings, and then drawed down till half of him was under water. I put off in the punt jest in time to catch him by the neck and haul him aboard. There he was helpless and a pitiful objec' in the bottom of the punt, while I cut the line and tied it to a cleat and keerfully rowed to shore. Soon's I'd put Abner on the grass I hauled in the line, and on it the biggest mud-turkle I ever see—big, round as a bushel basket. Ye see, the pesky twig had got pulled off the line goin' through them 'tarnal lilypads, and the hook had sunk down to the bottom, where the turkle was a-lurkin'.

"I got \$3 for him, but what was that? Abner's leg was sprained and what was wuss, his nerve was gone. He made up with me all right in a few days, but he wouldn't go nigh that pond. When my work took me that way he'd stop short and look at me with his head bent to one side, and I soon see that our fishin' was done for. I couldn't keep up my reputation as a fisherman if I stayed there, so I left."

C.

The Nipigon.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Mr. Noble and Master Winch, two English tourists traveling around the world, stopped off at Nipigon on May 15 to fish the Nipigon River; they spent a week up the stream, but the water was too high for fishing; the trout would not rise to the fly. They caught a few fine trout with the minnow; the largest weighed 5 lbs. There were no black flies to bother them; the weather was fine and they had a pleasant trip.

J. E. N.

P. S.—There will be good fishing this month.

NEW ENGLAND ANGLERS.

BOSTON, June 8.—One has but to go to the Maine waters on a fishing trip at this season to be convinced of the importance of the rod and line sporting interest to everybody. About all the old standbys are going or have been there, and the increase is most remarkable. The Rangeleys are actually being overrun with tourist fishermen, though the fishermen of former years are not all taking that direction. At the Birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, a week ago Sunday night about forty guests were quartered, and prominent fishermen had to be turned away for want of room. The next day a still greater number were at Bemis to dinner. The New Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad is bringing crowds to Capt. Fred C. Barker's camps, and from that point they are being distributed over the lake region. As previously noted, all are not devotees of the rod and reel, though nearly all have an idea that fishing is the thing. Guests were found there from many States in the Union on the days noted above, though New England was largely in the lead.

The Col. Rockwell party has returned from Allerton Lodge, the pleasant camps of Messrs. Haskell and Andrews, senior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*. Fishing was fair, though the weather had been very windy, accompanied with a good deal of rain. Three handsome landlocked salmon were taken, Dr. Leonard being the happy captor of his share of them. One of the salmon was served at a dinner of the Boston Merchants' Club a day or two after.

The Camp Stewart Company had good success. Mr. H. S. Kempton was high line with a trout weighing 6½ lbs., which it took him forty-five minutes to bring to the net. Mr. C. A. Stearns followed him closely with a trout weighing 6½ lbs. Both were hooked the same afternoon. Mr. Stearns's reel gave out soon after his trout was hooked, and the big fellow had to be handled by drawing the line through the rod guides with the hand. It took a most an hour to land the fish. Mr. Geo. T. Freeman led in numbers, though no very large trout came to his creel. Somehow the ladies of the company, Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Moody, were not as fortunate as usual, though taking a good many trout, but none of great size. Many small trout were returned to the water, nothing less than 1 lb. being retained. But all the time the larder was well supplied, with a good number to bring home to friends.

At the Upper Dam Hotel or camp, tacked on the walls under the piazzas, are diagrams of nearly forty trout, presumably truthful, and all taken within a year, generally the work of the season of 1896. No trout is posted weighing less than 4 lbs., and the weights run up to 6 lbs. It is doubtful if such another record is to be found in the whole world. About the best fish recorded were taken by the Ackerman party, of Brooklyn.

The Produce party is back in Boston again with reports of fair fishing. The weather was cold and windy a good deal of the time, however, a condition not favorable for trolling on a big lake like Moosehead. Often a lee shore had to be sought when it was fully intended to fish in another direction. Brook trout of fair size were taken and some big lakers. It is reported that one of the party got a laker of 17 lbs. weight. Mr. Dennen has a laker mounted, at the Kineo House, caught last winter through the ice, that weighed 29 lbs., I hear.

Messrs. Tallcot and Heintzleman are at Belgrade Ponds for black bass. Wm. B. Smart, First Assistant Assessor of the city of Boston, will go to Reddington, Me., this week for trout fishing and rest. He finds fine sport in that region. The narrow gauge Phillips & Rangeley Railroad passes some of the best trout brooks in that region, and is very accommodating about letting off and taking on sportsmen.

Mr. Mathew Luce is the champion catcher of codfish among the residents of the South Shore who make salt-water fishing a pastime. A week ago he landed eighty-two cod in a few hours' fishing, and on Wednesday last he took forty-seven. His fishing is done off Cohasset with a local fisherman who takes out parties. The fishing on Wednesday did not begin till 10 o'clock. In the wool trade Mr. Luce is called the champion fisherman as well as an expert in his own business.

The Col. Fuller fly, a new fly with yellow wings, red shoulders and bright gold body, is pleasing the black bass fishermen very much. Col. C. P. Fuller, the inventor of this fly, is now at Belgrade, and says that nearly all the bass he takes are on his fly. He has taken some of 2½ and even up to 4 lbs. He writes Mr. R. O. Harding that a native took a 4 lb. trout there the other day, and he learns that some of even 5 and 6 lbs. have been taken. He says that the natives took over 300 large trout from the Belgrade waters through the ice last winter. He is satisfied that the pickerel are being driven to their death by the bass. Commissioner Stanley is also satisfied as to the same point, especially in the ponds in Winthrop and Readfield. Mr. Fuller believes that the pickerel are doomed, and that with the proper protection, including the stopping of the fishing through the ice by the inhabitants of the State, the Belgrade, Winthrop and Readfield ponds will return to their former prestige of excellent trout ponds, as they were before the introduction of the deadly pickerel. Those bodies of water are said to have been once fully equal to the Rangeleys for trout.

Gardner Hammond, P. V. R. Ely and Dudley Fogg will leave for Belgrade ponds on Monday, for bass fishing.

Mr. C. Z. Bassett and Mr. G. W. Smalley are back from the Rangeleys, having had a very successful trip. They fished B Pond for a couple of days and landed a good many trout. Mr. Bassett's largest was 2½ lbs. on a fly. They also fished Kennebago and Kennebago Stream. Here Mr. Smalley took a very fine trout. While they were at the stream a landlocked salmon of about 3 lbs. was taken way up the stream from near the Broken Rock. This would suggest that the landlocked salmon are working up from Rangeley Lake. Mr. Bassett says that trout are being taken in Mooselucmaguntic and Cupsuptic lakes this season that are full of smelt, though no smelt have ever been put into those lakes. They must have worked down from Rangeley Lake, which has been stocked with smelt for the food of landlocked salmon. But it was not supposed that the trout would prefer these smelt to the minnows which are so very abundant in the Rangeleys. In the vicinity of Rangeley Lake there was a good deal of concern manifested among guides and others at finding a great many dead smelt along the shores of that lake. The suggestion is that some disease has broken out among them, but no one is at all certain yet. Mr. D. H. Blanchard

is now at Monson, Me., with his friend, C. P. Keeler. Both gentlemen will fish the Monson ponds for a week or more. On his return Mr. Blanchard will go to his salmon river.

Rangleys Lake is producing a remarkably large number of landlocked salmon this year, at least forty have already been taken; the largest, taken by W. F. Patten, weighed 10lbs. 12oz. Mr. Geo. A. Brackett, Jr., has been on a fishing trip to Dutton Pond, in Kingfield, and reports good fishing. Seventy-two trout was his record for a few hours' fishing, with the small ones all returned to the water. Mr. Joel A. Speary has been at Bemis, as usual. He was accompanied by Misses Effie and Annie Speary, who have greatly enjoyed the fishing. Mr. Speary has visited the Rangeleys almost every year for over twenty years, generally stopping at Bemis. But the fact of a railroad right into his former seclusion is almost too much. Though over 70 years of age, he is likely to seek other forest quiet away from the locomotive whistle. Mr. and Mrs. B. Shaw have returned from the Rangeleys. Mrs. Shaw secured a 5lb. trout.

SPECIAL.

While reports up to date from the Rangeleys, Moosehead and most of the other Maine lakes indicate exceptionally good fishing this season, the Boston men who have visited Sebago Lake bring back nothing but discouraging news of the fishing in that hitherto reliable body of water. With the exception of the first week's fishing very few salmon have been taken, although the lake has been trolled day after day. All agree that the fish are there. One gentleman tells me that the water is 8 or 10ft. higher than usual, but this is hard to believe, since we have had little or no rain for a long time; another places the blame on the weather, which he says has been too cold to permit good fishing. Still another says the smelt are so numerous that the salmon are gorged all the time, and to my mind the latter is the best explanation of all, although not accounting altogether for the phenomenon.

A letter of recent date from H. J. Wilson, of Moosehead, states that the fishing at the outlet at the foot of the lake has been wonderfully good during the last half of May. Many trout of from 4 to 6lbs. have been taken; not many places in Maine can show trout of such proportions.

For a long time Lake Winnepesaukee, in New Hampshire, has been a noted place for lake trout, but it has remained for the last two years to bring it into special notice as a place for salmon fishing. Many of the latter have been landed during May, and some of them have been heavy-weights. F. E. Busiel captured one of 9½lbs. and some others of less weight. A friend of Mr. Busiel has also taken a 9-pounder, and all indications point to the fact that it will be but a short time before Winnepesaukee will provide as good salmon fishing as Newfoundland or any of the lakes of the old Granite State. F. A. Hershey, with two or three Boston friends, have been up to Tufonboro Neck, at Winnepesaukee. They did fairly well, getting four lakere in two days' fishing, and then only after sinking to very deep water. Five pounds was the weight of the largest. H. W. Winter, just returned from Winnepesaukee with Robert Moses as guide, in two days' trolling between Meredith and the guide's camp on Horse Island; he landed twelve lake trout, the largest 5½lbs. and the smallest 4½lbs., and better still they were all taken on a 6oz. neverbreak rod. One fish was hooked very lightly in the skin over the eye, and when an attempt was made to net him the hook broke away. The prize was too exhausted, however, to get out of reach and a second attempt landed him in the boat.

Last year was the first experience in salmon fishing of Senator Proctor, of Vermont, and it only served to whet his ardor for the sport. He is now planning to go to the Miramichi and the Tobique, and I hope to get the story of the trip on his return. His fishing last year was confined to the pools of the New Brunswick Railroad Co. on the left branch and at the forks of the Tobique. He was on the river only two and one-half days, and probably fished not more than ten hours during that time, yet he landed eight salmon weighing from 15 to 22lbs. each. He is now a member of the Tobique Club, which has pools on the main stream and on the right branch. Senator Proctor likes to shoot as well as fish, and spent some time last autumn in hunting moose.

Another man of national prominence who likes salmon fishing is Justice Horace Gray, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Accompanied by his friend, Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, he will leave in a few days to spend some time on Judge Grant's river, the Metanne, in Quebec. Judge Gray had good fishing last season, and hopes to do equally well on this trip.

Archibald Mitchell passed through Boston a week ago en route to the Restigouche to fish the Grog Island pools. E. C. Fitch leaves soon for the Romaine. Mr. Fitch will be joined by Dr. Brown, who is now due to arrive home from Burmah, where he has been for some months. The two gentlemen will go to Quebec and sail in Mr. Fitch's vessel for the river. Charles D. Sias and George N. Talbot and one other gentleman start next Monday on a salmon fishing trip to the Gaspé, St. John River. W. M. Brackett, the artist, and Mrs. Brackett expect to leave on June 12 for Mr. Brackett's river, the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Harry Russell will join them on the 16th inst. At Bangor, E. A. Buck, of that city, has been having some good fishing. He has taken eight salmon within a week, four of which weighed 56lbs.

A Boston friend, who lately returned from one of the New Brunswick fishing preserves, tells me that in the St. Croix River, in the village of St. Stephen, N. B., while he was there the natives were taking salmon with the fly in the rifts below dam almost every day.

Mr. Louis Curtis and Geo. von L. Meyer, speaker of the Massachusetts House, will leave next week for the Restigouche salmon. Both had good fishing last season, Mr. Meyer landing eight fish in one day, which is something of a record even for the Restigouche.

The Aroostook region seems to be uppermost this year in the minds of many New England anglers as the promised land for fishing. Atkins Camp, at Oxbow, is probably the most prominent place in the region as yet, but a large number are planning to go further north, where there are many lakes in which it is said the best of fishing can be had. From what I have heard I think the camps over there, as compared with those of the Rangeley and Dead River country, are quite inferior in accommodations, but if they prove good centers for fishing these sins of omission will be forgiven, and it will not

take them long to improve. T. H. Rollinson and Mrs. Rollinson will leave on Sunday night for Ashland. They will go from there to Portage Lake and may extend the trip up Fish River to Fish Lake. Mr. Rollinson has heard great stories about the trout at Fish Lake.

Geo. L. Tracey and S. Y. Nash left on Friday night for Oxbow. They will spend two weeks at Atkins camp on the preserve, and fish around Milnocket Lake.

Another party just returned from Moosehead stopped at the Kineo House, and had the steamer Cora Lee when out trolling. On Wednesday last they landed fifty-five trout, weighing 150½lbs. These, of course, were mostly lakere, but Mr. Reding captured one square-tail of 5lbs. weight. They were fortunate in getting some fly-fishing during one day. A speckled trout weighing 3½lbs. and another of 1½lbs. were taken in one cast, and three casts yielded seven large trout. This was rapid fishing, and exciting enough to please any fly-caster.

Still another party just from Moosehead, with reports of good fishing, left on May 22, and, like most of the Moosehead anglers, had a steamer from which they fished. Their best luck was at the head of the lake, and among the fish taken were a few salmon. Mr. Cheney was high line of the party, getting one 16½lb. laker that took him forty minutes to land. Mr. Davis captured a 5½lb. brook trout, and Mr. Perkins a 13½lb. laker. Twenty-three fish were taken in one day, of which fifteen were speckled trout.

One of the largest parties of anglers that leave Boston annually for Maine is that headed by F. W. Thomas, of Boston. This is the fifth successive trip, and Moosehead Lake is the place. Last year they landed 383 fish, the largest weighing 14½lbs.

L. Dana Chapman, Horace S. Dame and W. A. Macleod have just returned from a trip over the Megantic Preserve. The party had good fishing, and found all the club camps in fine condition. They were gratified to learn that the salmon put in Big Island Pond were showing themselves and give every evidence of doing well. The return trip was made through Kennebago and down over the new road from Bemis.

HACKLE.

Niagara County Anglers' Club.

LOCKPORT, June 5.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club held their annual tournament at Olcott, on Lake Ontario, yesterday, and had a royal good time, as usual. The black bass were not biting, but many perch were captured. Yesterday was an ideal day for fishing. Never did the members of the Niagara County Anglers' Club and their friends have a better time. The fighting began at 9 o'clock in the morning and the fishermen were instructed to report at the pavilion at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. There were sixty-six anglers on each side, headed by Capt. W. W. Stevens (green) and Capt. W. F. Bennett (yellow). Several fished all the time, from start to finish, and were not seen until the roll was called in the afternoon. When their names were pronounced they would come forward with a large string of fish as a result of the day's sport. During the afternoon the fishermen gathered at the pavilion in little groups and discussed the events of the day. The refreshment committee was arrayed in proper uniform, and on their hats were the words "Life Saving Crew." Those who had charge of the refreshments had done their work well, and all were well cared for. The pavilion was filled to overflowing when the anglers congregated at 5 o'clock in the evening to have their fish counted and claim their prizes. The fish were laid on the floor and were carefully examined by the judges. The yellow side, under the able leadership of W. F. Bennett, was the winner by 373 points. The following is the result in detail:

Yellows—Perch 564, rock bass 41, white bass 11, black bass 1, bullhead 1, suckers 2; total 1,450. Greens (Capt. W. W. Stevens)—Perch 457, rock bass 23, white bass 4, sunfish 1, blue pike 1, eels 2, menhaden 1; total 1,077. Difference 373.

The fish schedule of the club is as follows: Black bass 50 points, white bass 15, salmon trout 100, muscalonge 500, pickerel 25, herring 5, yellow pike 20, blue pike 15, perch 2, rock bass 2, eel 20, catfish and bullhead 15, suckers 5, sheepshead 20, sunfish 1.

First prize, gold badge, for largest small-mouth black bass, won by T. H. Van Horn, who caught the only bass taken. Prize for largest string of perch by count, F. B. Lewis, with 43. For heaviest string of perch, H. J. Benedict. For heaviest string of mixed fish, J. F. Darrison. For largest string of fish by count, John Wilson, with 50. Heaviest string of white bass, W. Shaffer.

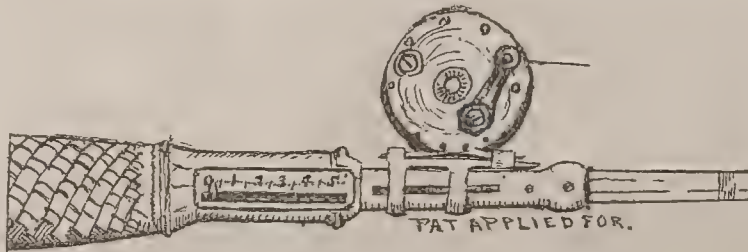
When the time of counting up came, the large string of fish which was brought to the pavilion by Ed. Le Van was nowhere to be found. It was rumored, and perhaps on good authority, that some person or persons had confiscated the fish, and that there was a fish supper held last evening. The persons who stole the fish were considerable enough to invite Mr. Le Van to partake of the meal.

Secretary Sweet proved an able officer, and did all in his power to have the fishermen enjoy themselves. Ex-Mayor John T. Darrison, who won the sixth prize for the largest string of mixed fish, caught five perch, four rock bass, one blue pike and one menhaden.

H.

A Very Useful Invention.

IOWA.—The drawing herewith is respectfully submitted as an invention very useful to the average fisherman, who never knows how big that big one was that got away, and how big a fight a fellow has on hand



when he has him hooked. We have several of the boys here who always come in ahead with a big one that got away, and this leads me to think that until the above is adopted there will be no show for the rest of us.

A. C. HEATH.

THE PROPAGATION OF SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS.

BY SEYMOUR BOWER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

At Cascade Springs, Kent county, near the banks of the Thornapple River, is located an experimental black bass station of the Michigan Fish Commission. The present is the third and most successful season of its operation. The water supply to the experimental ponds is derived from spring sources, not far removed, and is therefore too cold for bass work as it reaches the ponds, but the supply is so limited in volume that the area of pond exposure is sufficient to nearly equalize the temperature with that of the Thornapple River.

The Thornapple is well stocked with small mouth bass. Their spawning beds are found all along in front and for a considerable distance above and below our experimental ponds, thus affording an excellent opportunity, in connection with the pond work, of observing their natural spawning habits and the results.

This station was not established with any idea of permanency, nor with the expectation of hatching any considerable number of bass—the water supply is too limited for that—but rather to acquire practical knowledge by experience, experiment and observation, so that when funds are available for a large plant they may be expended wisely and efficiently.

Having no special fund for even experimental purposes, the work has necessarily been limited to a small scale of operations. In the summer of 1893 two ponds were excavated. The upper pond was to be used for experimenting in the direction of artificial propagation; the lower and much the larger pond was to be devoted to pond culture. During the fall a stock of about 150 adult bass was collected from the Thornapple and placed in these ponds. The fish carried well the following and subsequent winters, and also in the summer, although the temperature in the lower pond rises to 90° at times. No losses of any consequence have occurred, except as a result of handling during the spawning season.

In the larger pond the fish have not been disturbed during the breeding season. In the month of May, 1894, ten beds were made in this pond, from which 32,000 fry were taken as they rose in schools. This does not represent the number hatched, but the number saved, as a part of some of the schools had dispersed before it was discovered that they had risen.

The following spring, or one year ago, this pond was unproductive. Owing to extreme dry weather the supplying springs nearly failed at times, and the water in this pond became stagnant and quite foul and roily. When it cleared up a few beds were observed, and it is quite probable that a few fish spawned notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions; but if they did the beds were undoubtedly cleaned out by a large snapping turtle that was discovered in the ponds at the time. There is no doubt that turtles have a special fondness for the eggs and fry, as by actual observation two beds in the river are known to have been despoiled in this way.

The present season the shoal margin around the upper end of this pond is literally "peppered" with beds; and the outlook is most promising. There are sixty adult fish in the pond and eighteen beds are in sight. Five of these beds are non-productive, but the other thirteen will yield about 70,000 fry, 60,000 having already been collected from eleven of the thirteen beds.

The fish in the upper pond were reserved for experiments in the line of artificial propagation. Beginning with the first spawning season—1894—they were not disturbed until they had commenced to prepare the beds; they were then seined up from time to time and examined. Early in the season one ripe female was found and a portion of her eggs were taken, but there were no ripe males in the pond; so a male was opened, the spermaries removed and pressed out in water, which was poured over the eggs. Number of eggs taken, 2,100; number hatched, 700, or 33 per cent.

A number of the females were quite soft when first handled, but hardened up with further handling and failed to spawn at all. Bedding was also discontinued, and interference with the natural spawning was resented to the extent that they made no further effort to spawn in a natural way. Not a fish was hatched in the pond, and only 700 by artificial propagation. So this experiment was a failure.

A few days later a pair of bass were seined from their bed in the river as they were at the point of spawning, but no eggs or milt could be obtained. They were held in a tank seven days, then removed to a small pond with gravel bottom; but they made no effort to spawn, and finally fungused and died. Another pair was captured in the river while in the act of spawning, a few eggs having been cast; the eggs came freely, but as no milt could be pressed out only 500 were taken. By opening the male a very little milt was procured, and about 200 fish were hatched from the lot.

The next spring, or one year ago, a small side pond about 9×12ft. was excavated and connected by a short raceway with the pond in which the failure of the preceding year had occurred. This side pond carried only 18in. of water, a favorite depth selected by the fish in the river for spawning; and being much shoaler it would also grow much warmer, and therefore more attractive for the spawners, than its larger and deeper consort. The bottom was covered with gravel and small cobblestones and everything done to make the little annex as inviting as possible. No one but the attendants were allowed to approach the pond during the spawning season. A "blind" was provided near by, from behind which all the proceedings, from the initial step of preparing the beds to the final rising of the young fish, could be observed without intrusion.

The result more than justified expectations. There were no indications of bedding in the deeper pond, but in two instances at least the males literally fought over the possession of the bed in the little annex. Eight beds were made—there wasn't room for any more. Three pairs were lifted from the beds, of which one was spawning at the time, but, as usual, no milt could be pressed out, or only a minute "speck" or fraction of a drop.

No further effort to handle the spawners was made. As the last three pairs handled had not been touched or disturbed in any way or at any time until they were at the point or in the very act of spawning, we concluded that while occasionally, under peculiar or accidental conditions, a few eggs might be taken and fertilized, al-

efforts to reduce the business to a successful working basis would prove useless and futile; further experiments might be interesting, but would result in no practical benefit.

There is probably an appreciable space of time during which the spawn may be taken and fertilized, but this time is not known, and it would not be practical anyway to isolate each pair, as it would be necessary to do, and provide the constant surveillance necessary to insure seizing the opportunity. Moreover, it would be unwise to take the eggs artificially even if it were entirely practical to do so, as we could never hope to equal the natural hatching percentage. Given protection against turtles and water snakes—the male bass will take care of all other intruders—and the natural hatching percentage will often be as high as 90. Artificial manipulation of adhesive eggs has never reached that figure and probably never will.

Although to some extent a repetition of the above, I quote from my report in writing to the Board, filed shortly after the close of last season's bass work: "Previous experiments and a careful observation of the conduct of the parent fish prior to and during the act of spawning lead to the conclusion that the artificial taking and impregnation of bass eggs is possible only when undertaken at exactly the right moment, or within the limits of a period so brief as to admit of success only on rare occasions. A preliminary coaxing and caressing by the male seems imperative, not only to bring the female to the point of spawning, but also to develop the milt. These preliminary proceedings are sometimes carried on for several hours, and again for only a few moments; if interrupted or handled at this time, or prior to the orgasmic stage, neither the eggs nor milt will flow, so that artificial impregnation may be accomplished only during the few moments of actual spawning or after the natural spawning has begun. Under the strictest surveillance the opportunity is too seldom presented or known for practical operations in this direction. In any event, however, we would lose instead of gain by the artificial handling of bass eggs, owing to the relatively high percentage of natural results in protected ponds and the relatively low percentage of results by artificial treatment of adhesive eggs."

To refer back to the annex pond. After concluding to allow the natural spawning to proceed without interrupting, the fish continued bedding, and when the fry were nearly at the point of rising the fish that remained to guard the beds were driven out and the pond screened against the parent fish and to prevent the escape of the young. After rising and scattering they were scapped up as wanted for shipment. Total results of this pond for the season 16,000 fry, all taken from five beds, as three beds were unproductive.

This year there are eight beds in the annex and one in the connecting raceway. Six of these beds are now black with fry and will yield 20,000 to 30,000. There are thirty adult bass in the pond. The water is a little colder in this pond than in the lower one, hence the fry are a little later in rising.

The perfect success of the little side pond both last year and this indicates the style or system of ponds best adapted to the culture of small-mouth bass. The storage pond should be quite large and of good depth—say 4 to 8 or 10 ft. deep. Plenty of boulders should be provided for shade during the summer and to hover around, as the bass is wont to do while in the torpid condition of its winter retirement. This pond should have no gravelly shoals or margin to encourage bedding, but should be nearly surrounded with small ponds, each connected with the main pond by a short raceway, and made as inviting as possible for spawning purposes. No fear need be entertained that the fish will not seek the side ponds at the proper time. It is demonstrated that with a suitable water supply the question of propagating small-mouth bass on a scale to provide for large and effective distributions is reduced to the simple proposition of providing the ponds and breeders.

A few scattering notes in connection with the subject of bass propagation may be of interest and therefore are submitted.

In the Thornapple River the beds are made along the shores in from 1 to 3 ft. of water and where the current is very moderate—never in rapid water. A circular ridge of sand and gravel is thrown up and the bottom of the hollow thus formed—always of gravel and pebbles or small cobblestones—is swept bright and clean. This work is almost invariably done by the male, though in a few instances the female was present—which is not usual—and was seen to render some assistance, but this occurs only when the female is under great stress of haste to spawn. In such cases the preparation of the beds had been delayed too long, or they may have been driven from their own beds, duly prepared, by a pair whose bed had likewise been usurped.

Mr. Dwight Lydell, who is in charge of the bass work during the spawning season, and a careful and intelligent observer, was recently an eye-witness to an incident of this nature. While watching a pair of bass going through the preliminary maneuvering that precedes the actual spawning, another pair approached the bed with the evident intention of appropriating it. The males at once began a fight that grew quite furious at times and lasted about an hour. The females took no part, but rushed about in great apparent distress. The rightful owner of the bed, although much the smaller, proved the victor, for the would-be usurpers finally dropped down stream about 10 ft. and immediately commenced to whip out a bed of their own. They worked rapidly and in forty minutes the bed was ready. Then, after a few moments of sexual sparring, the spawning was begun and completed in five or six minutes. Meantime the other pair resumed business and in forty-five minutes had completed preliminaries and finished spawning.

The preparation of beds is usually begun in the latter part of April or early in May, though the spawning does not follow as a rule until several days later. This year the males began working on the beds in the annex pond on April 30; the first spawning there was on May 8. At the beginning of the season the males work on the beds only occasionally, and suspend work entirely during a cold storm or a spell of cold weather; but as the season advances matters are hastened and preliminaries shortened.

When the bed is ready and the male has induced a female to accompany him to it, there follows a series of movements quite impossible to describe. Generally the

female is coy and diffident at first and inclined to leave, but after much maneuvering and persuasion by the male is rounded up and reluctantly remains. The male grows more active and ardent; his movements indicate strong sexual excitement and a desire to induce excitement in the female; coaxing and caressing alternate with bunting and biting various parts of the body, but chiefly around the vent. Then the male glides slowly over the bed with a peculiar, trembling, fluttering movement while careened over nearly on his side. Soon the pair crosses the bed slowly, duplicating the spasmodic flutterings, each leaning over outward, thus bringing their vents close together, although the female is always slightly in advance. The bed is crossed in like manner at intervals of ten to twenty seconds until the spawn is all cast, which usually takes from five to ten minutes. The preliminaries that lead up to the spawning last much longer as a rule than the act of spawning, and sometimes fail altogether. In one instance a male was seen, after an hour's ineffectual effort to induce spawning, to drive the female back to the main pond and return in a short time with another. While the female is spawning the entire body is strongly mottled, but resumes its normal appearance soon after spawning and leaving the bed.

In a paper presented before this society at its seventeenth annual meeting, Mr. C. S. Holt stated that the male and female bass prepared the bed jointly, and that the female guards the young; but he has since acknowledged to me that later observations have convinced him that he was in error. It is positively known that, except under circumstances heretofore noted, the male bass assumes both of these duties. A number of fish have been captured while performing either function, and the identity of the sex established by removing the spermaries.

In size and color the eggs of the small-mouth bass correspond very closely with those of the fresh-water herring, being perhaps the least trifle smaller in size and a little deeper in color. They will approximate 80,000 to the quart.

The number of eggs per female will range from 2,000 to 10,000 or more. It is quite rare that so few as 1,000 fry rise from a bed, and as many as 8,000 have been taken from a single bed in the river, but 3,000 to 6,000 is the usual number.

The length of the hatching period, so far as observations have been made, varies from seventy hours at an average temperature of 60° to one hundred hours. A merely casual inspection will fail to detect the hatching point, as the fish at first is all sac, which is of the same size as the egg and looks just like it; but on closer examination it will be noticed that the sphere is slightly elongated and a very faint, shadowy line will be seen to extend about one-third the way around the sac. But the development is very rapid, and in from six to fourteen days, according to temperature conditions, "the sac that is all sac" has become a black, vigorous young fish. The black blanket of fry that now covers the bottom of the bed is ready to rise, and they begin to swim up and form a school which usually holds together two to four days, but may break up in two or three hours if the temperature is very high. On the other hand, the schools have been seen to settle back on the beds and remain a few days longer when there is a sudden and marked change to colder weather. They also usually settle back on the bed at night for the first two or three nights.

In the river the schools do not at first disperse in all directions; they head up stream, some barely holding even with the current, some dropping back, and others forging ahead and making some headway, thus gradually stringing along out in thinly scattered lines.

In addition to the small-mouth bass fry furnished by the Cascade ponds, 20,000 were collected from beds in the Thornapple during the season of 1894, 73,000 in the season of 1895 and 62,000 so far this season. We also collected and distributed last season 145,000 fry of big-mouth bass, all taken from beds around the margin of Laraway's Lake, near Cascade. So far this season 12,000 have been taken from the same lake. The beds of the big-mouth bass are found on and among the roots of pond lilies and various water plants and grasses.

Referring again to the pond feature of the present season's work, it should be noted that a total of ninety adult male and female bass in two ponds have so far produced 60,000 fry for shipment, with 30,000 to 40,000 more in sight.

ON A CONNECTICUT STREAM.

AFTER reading some of the accounts of excellent trout fishing indulged in by some of FOREST AND STREAM's correspondents, it would seem injudicious for a person to attempt to give a description of a trout fishing trip taken in Connecticut. As in other thickly populated sections of our country, Connecticut's trout streams are, virtually speaking, completely depleted. Scarce indeed are the streams accessible to the general public which afford any kind of a day's sport. To this order of things, however, there are a few exceptions. Happening to be one of the lucky ones who can take advantage of one of these exceptions, I occasionally manage to secure a few fish.

A quarter of a mile to the west of the farm on which I live, about halfway between the farm and a range of forest-crested ledges, is an extensive marsh, out of which flows a tiny, silvery stream of pure spring water. Fed by many tiny tributaries, as it advances on its southward journey, the stream gradually increases in volume until it assumes the proportions of a fair-sized trout stream. When it has left the marsh it flows, deep-voiced, over and against many boulders through a gloomy, forest-canopied cañon, from which it issues, dimpled and radiant, into a flower-strewn meadow. Gliding by dandelion-studded banks of emerald, or reflecting golden cowslips and slender anemones from some limpid pool, swirling swiftly under the upturned roots of a prostrate giant or bespraying a mossy rock or log, playing hide and seek with the sunbeams as it sweeps under drooping, verdant boughs, it glides and sings, smiles and frowns, twists and turns until its waters mingle with those of the Sound, ten miles to the south.

From the waters of the brook I occasionally manage to secure a fair string of trout. For the past three or four seasons, however, the fish have decreased in numbers to such an extent as to make us realize that we must restock it, or trout fishing in its waters will soon become a thing of the past. I fished it once this season, but met with such indifferent success as to cause me to lay my rod away for the rest of the season. I believe in giving them some chance.

It is of another and more successful occasion that I will try to give a description, the pleasantest and most successful day's trout fishing I ever had.

The apple trees hung under a smother of blossoms that morning, when, with a light rod in hand, I stepped forth from the side door of the old farmhouse and took my way across the fields toward the stream.

The sun had not yet risen when I reached the banks, though delicately tinted eastern heavens gave evidence of its early appearance. Every indication portended a perfect day—perhaps too bright a one for successful trout fishing.

I jointed my rod, and selecting a lively worm (I confess to never having been initiated into the graces of fly-casting) I baited the hook, then, drawing my hip boots well up, I cautiously stepped into the clear water.

The current had hardly carried the bait more than 20 ft. when there was a gleam like lightning, and as the line ran swiftly out I realized that I had hooked the first trout of the day. He proved to be an 8 in. fish. After admiring his bright spots I mercifully killed him and stored him away in the creel.

I unreeled about 25 ft. of line and continued cautiously on down the stream, allowing the bait to be carried into every nook and eddy. It was not long before I had another strike. This one, however, proved to be under the 6 in. limit, so I gave him liberty. Shortly after I came to a place where the stream, rushing down a steep incline, swept swiftly, though noiselessly, under the roots of an old stump that reared its black shape above a clustering bed of yellow dandelions. I had never sent my hook under this stump in vain. Approaching the spot with stealthy tread, I allowed the bait to be carried toward the roots. It had nearly reached the goal, when b-r-r-r went the reel; then like a meteor a dull gleam of gold flashed from out the shadowy depths under the stump. When I had given him plenty of time I struck, and soon I had a 10 in. beauty gasping on the bank. I took three more from this hole before they quit biting. One I returned on account of size.

I would like to put to the fishing contingent of FOREST AND STREAM what to me is a thorough conundrum: Suppose a fisherman who wishes to observe the law strictly should hook a trout under the size limit so badly as fatally to wound it, what is he to do? Should he return it in its mangled condition to the stream to die by inches or should he kill it and then return it to the stream, or would it be right to put it in his creel and take it home? This has always proved "a poser" to me. Possibly there are some who can enlighten me.

The dew jewels glowed in rainbow hues from every grass blade, leaf and petal under the slanting rays of old Sol as I went on down the stream. Slender anemones swayed gracefully in the soft morning air and the birds seemed to vie with each other in their sweetest carolings. "Surely this is living—this is freedom," thought I as I landed another spotted treasure among a bunch of bedewed cowslips off to one side of the brook. (I was thinking of myself at the time, not of the fish.)

I went on for a mile or so, when I arrived at a place where it is spanned by a log. A short distance below the log the stream widens out into a pool of quiet water. I generally count on taking a fish out of this pool, so I exercised the greatest caution in approaching it.

I had nearly reached a favorable position from which to manipulate my line when I was startled by a loud splash in the water behind me. Upon turning my head to observe the cause, imagine my surprise upon beholding a perfect whirlwind of arms, legs, whiskers and shower bath, all tangled up together under the log bridge in the middle of the brook. Floating with the current of the stream was a bundle wrapped in an old red bandanna handkerchief, a club and an old dilapidated stiff hat.

From out the depths of the whiskers, in a hoarse, buzz saw-like voice, there issued a succession of spluttering croaks intermingled with such a choice selection of sulphurous adjectives as to seem to cause even the birds to cease their warblings while they listened in dumbfounded amazement. Laying my rod on the bank, I gathered the floating articles together and carried them to their very much washed owner, who by this time had managed to scramble out of the brook, and who stood shivering on the bank.

Being considerably puzzled as to how to address him properly under the prevailing conditions, I suggested that the water in the brook was rather frigid to bathe in at that time of the year. That tramp didn't have a bit of fun in his composition, for he never smiled. Instead he glared in no assuring manner out of his small, bleared eyes at me, as he bent over and wrung the moisture from his water-soaked whiskers.

"D'ye t'ink I was fool enough fer to fall in fer fur?" he croaked fiercely. "Jest ez I put me fut on de t'ing it turned over wid me and trun me in de drink." I suggested to him that it would be a good idea to collect some wood for a fire, so as to dry his clothes. After assisting him with his fire I returned to my fishing.

He was the only tramp I ever saw in that neighborhood, and must have wandered considerably out of his course to have gotten there. The last glimpse I caught of him was when I entered the cañon through which the brook flows after leaving the marshy meadow. As he stood over the fire, with head drawn between his shoulders, his bedraggled black coat tails, hanging like a pair of drooping wings, gave him the appearance of nothing so much as that of a poor, forlorn crow.

When I had reached the cañon I had taken five trout. The largest measured 10 in., the smallest 7 in. The cañon is half a mile long, and is completely shaded by thick, heavy pines throughout its entire length. A number of holes are to be found in the brooks in this dark place, which afford excellent hiding places for the cunning trout.

Making my way cautiously over the slippery stones and taking a fish now and then, I finally reached a shallow spot where the water rushes noisily down an incline, then swirls sharply to the left and falls into a pool, under the roots of a huge oak, fully 5 ft. deep.

This is undoubtedly the best spot on the brook, and I was filled with pleasant anticipations as I approached it. Removing the old bait, I replaced it with a fresh lively one; then, crouching low, I worked carefully within the proper distance. Dropping the line into the water, the bait was soon swirled into the pool. It had no sooner reached there, however, than the line straightened with a sudden jerk and the reel began to sing. I felt satisfied that a good fish was at the baited end of the line before I struck. I was surprised at the result, however, when I

did strike, for it seemed for a time as if the dark waters of that hole had suddenly become filled with streaks of miniature lightning.

After that fish became thoroughly woke up I never expected to land him, but finally did. It was his own fault, however, for he swallowed not only the hook, but a good portion of the line as well. He proved to be the finest trout I had ever taken, and weighed just 1oz. under 1½lbs. I took one more out of this hole of about 1½lb. weight, and enticed six or eight more from their watery element before reaching the end of the cañon. Some under the limit I returned.

At the further end of the cañon I entered the open meadow beyond, selected a soft seat under the odorous, wide-spreading branches of a large apple tree and ate lunch. Then I spent an indolent hour lying under the tree. The low drone of insects mingling with the tinkling melody of the brook, the sweet blossom-scented air and the warm, bright sunshine caused such a languor to steal over my senses that I felt I would be contented to lie there forever. Using a much-quoted expression, surely "It is not all of fishing to fish;" for, as I lay with half-closed, dreaming eyes, there stole upon my drowsy vision, from out a distant frame of verdant boughs, the peaceful sight of one of those cradles of our nation's greatness, a small country schoolhouse. Floating from the white flagstaff and outlined against the azure sky, the clean stripes and blue, star-studded field of "Old Glory" rippled on the gentle breeze, and the far-away voices of happy, robust children at play under its protecting folds drifted on the air.

I emptied the creel and found that I had lured fourteen trout from their natural element. Considering the prevailing conditions of the weather, the day being perfectly clear, I had enjoyed unusual success for this section. While the trout in this brook are not numerous nor large (as they run), still their bright, gem-like markings and perfect contour of form cannot be excelled.

I had fished but a short distance from the apple tree when I arrived at a place where the stream, compressed between two ledges, narrows to a width of not over 2ft. The water rushes through this narrow sluiceway and falls a distance of 8 or 4ft., then tumbles and swirls over a boulder-strewn bottom for quite a stretch. Seven trout were induced to come forth from their boulder homes and join those already in the creel before I left the spot.

From here on I fished with varying reward through a succession of pleasant meadows and under drooping boughs, or lingered here and there to examine some strange flower, plant or other feature of nature. Call it selfishness or what you will, but it has always seemed to me that in order to thoroughly enjoy a day's trout fishing one should ally one's self as closely with nature as one can, and in no other manner can this be done so well as by being alone. A close communion with nature in my estimation is the principal essential of enjoyment to be obtained from a trip of this kind, so I almost always manage to be companionless on such an occasion.

Evening had spread her shadowy mantle over the eastern slopes of the semi-mountains in the west when I finally arrived at the road where my wife with the horse and buggy patiently awaited my coming. Her eyes grew large with surprise when she saw the thirty-two beauties that filled the creel, the result of the best day's trout fishing I ever enjoyed.

We drove home through a paradise of blossoms, which cast their delicious fragrance on the air. Just as we entered the door of the old farmhouse the weird gurgle of a screech owl welled from a nearby swamp to mingle with the first whippoorwill call, a greeting to the crescent moon that hung in the spangled heavens just above the rim of the low, shadowy mountains in the west.

WM. H. AVIS.

JUNE 2, 1896.

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., June 1.—The Mohawk Fishing Club, a party of gentlemen from Boston and Haverhill, Mass., have been at Edgar Smith's Camps, at Round Mountain Lake for a ten days' outing, and found the fishing all that could be desired. They report fine catches on lake and streams, and seeing plenty of game.

One of their number succeeded in bringing down a fine bear. Three or four have been seen in the locality of Eustis and along the stage lines in the woods throughout the Dead River region. Sportsmen are wide awake now for such chances, and while bruin is lunching upon some poor unfortunate horse, victim of the winter's logging accidents, he needs to be on the alert for the jaws of a steel trap or a bullet from a .45-90 rifle in the hands of some patient yet ambitious sportsman.

Grouse are very plentiful and all signs point to lively hunting for the autumn. Deer are down from the heights and are coming into the lake at all hours of the day in large numbers.

J.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the trout or bass, and where to take them.

MR. C. C. PETERSON, of the Big Fish, Machias and Pratt Lakes and Greenlaw Stream Camps, reached via Ashland, Me., writes us: "Mr. Eugene Delano and Mr. William Adams Brown arrived here May 23. In four days' fishing they caught fifty-two fish weighing 75lbs., ranging from 1½lb. to 8lbs. apiece. F. A. McNally and Ira McKay were guides, and your correspondent cook. They caught the greater part of them at Big Fish Lake.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIAL AND BENCH SHOW JUDGES.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent carping on the bench show judges who acted in California and the many flings at field trial judges have set me to thinking, and while the impulse was on I thought I would write you a letter on this subject.

As to the California troubles now in ferment, it seems an amusing situation. It is only a year or two since California had any bench show dogs, and now her mushroom authorities have the audacity to set Mr. Mortimer right in his judging, and as proof positive of their correctness they cite the reversals of some of his awards by Mr. J. Otis Fellows. How amusing! Here in the East few of us would think that Mr. Mortimer was wrong because good "Uncle Dick" reversed him. We would rather think that Uncle Dick had blundered in that case. Mr. Mortimer is recognized as an all-round judge; Uncle Dick hardly such. It is with only the kindest feeling toward Uncle Dick that I say I believe that, set him to judge after any other judge and if he were judging a whole show, he would reverse anyone's judgments, be that one Mason or Raper or Mortimer. That Uncle Dick gave satisfaction is a pleasure to all; that his decisions are to be taken as conclusive in reversing Mr. Mortimer, no one this side of the Rocky Mountains will believe.

I observe with some regret that there is a disposition among a few to ascribe the decadence of field trials to the partiality of judges. It is true that the judges have been the cause of much discontent. They have unkindly awarded prizes many times contrary to the opinions of owners. That is an error of judgment. No prizes should be awarded without the concurrence of the owners. There then would be no "kicking," and consequently that great affliction, the "kicker," would not harm field trials.

It occurred to me to ask who the judges are and who they were. I could learn by examination whether the characters of the men are such as to sustain the suspicion of incompetency. At my request a friend made out a list for me, which I now use. He got it largely from Major Taylor's book. It will, I think, do much to silence groundless complaint.

The first field trials were in 1874, held by the Tennessee Sportsmen's Association, and had for judges J. W. Burton and J. H. Acklen. These gentlemen retired on their first honors.

In the Association's second trial, 1875, the judges were Messrs. El. Orgill, W. A. Williams, Luther Adams and E. C. Sterling, all men of high standing in the business and social world. In 1876, same Association, the judges were Messrs. E. Orgill, J. H. Whitman, Col. James Gordon (Pious Jeems) and Major J. M. Taylor.

In 1877, at the Hampton, Ia., trials, the judges were Messrs. John E. Long, Henry Miller and H. J. Edwards. The Association's trials at Memphis same year were judged by Messrs. D. C. Bergundthal, Gen. Jackson and Dr. J. B. Alexander. The next year Gen. Jackson, Gen. Churchill and Dr. Rawlings Young officiated.

At the trials of 1879 in the National American Kennel Club's trials and the Eastern Field Trial Club's trials the judging was performed by Capt. Pat Henry, Messrs. Theodore Morford, J. N. Patterson, W. A. Coster, T. F. Anderson, C. Du Bois Wagstaff and L. G. Billings.

In 1880 trials began to multiply and the judges' list grew accordingly. There were chicken trials and quail trials. In the former were Mr. B. E. B. Kennedy and Gen. R. R. Livingstone. In the quail trials with judges already enumerated appeared Mr. Justus von Lengerke.

In 1881 in the chicken trials were Dr. J. I. Leas, J. D. Brown and E. Perrine. On the California coast were C. Robinson, H. H. Briggs and D. M. Pyle. Mr. T. F. Taylor made his debut in the East that year, Mr. E. A. Spooner taking his place later in the stake. The same names heretofore enumerated appear often in different events in later years, so I will only mention the list of new ones as they appeared year by year.

In 1881 Judge J. M. Thompson, judge in the Circuit Court of Louisiana; Messrs. F. Marion Backston, B. F. Wilson, J. H. Dew, Capt. A. E. Woodson, William Tallman.

In 1882 J. D. Brown, B. Waters, J. M. Kinney, Elliot Smith, H. D. Polhemous, Judge C. E. Pratt, Capt. W. H. Key and N. D. Wallace.

In 1883, Messrs. Luther Adams, J. Otto Donner, D. S. W. Bridges, Judge C. E. Pratt, F. W. Dunn, Dr. William Jarvis, J. M. Trezevant, N. B. Nesbitt.

In 1884, Messrs. C. Fred Crawford, F. A. Diffenderfer, L. C. Bruce, Geo. W. Wingate, Jacob Pentz, C. F. Lewis, H. C. Brown, A. G. Pratt, Thos. Bennett, J. T. Baker, F. I. Stone, Judge Joseph McKenna and M. S. Humphreys.

In 1885, Messrs. John W. Munson, W. B. Stafford, W. E. Leavitt, Chas. Heath, F. R. Hitchcock, C. N. Post, J.

G. Edwards, John W. Prescott, P. J. Shafter, J. M. Barney, Judge John Clegg.

In 1886, J. M. Avent, A. Merriman, A. A. Whipple, C. J. Peshall, Percy C. Ohl, Col. B. Ridgway, J. W. Orth, C. W. Paris, Col. W. E. Hughes, Hon. R. T. Hailey, Fred A. Taft, Hon. D. M. Pyle.

In 1887, Dr. Otto Moebes, W. B. Wells, P. T. Madison, C. Munhall, S. H. Socwell, J. M. Freeman, Theo. Mosher, Louis Kunz, R. C. Van Horn, A. P. Vredenburg, S. L. Boggs, H. B. Duryea, T. M. Brumby, H. M. Markley, John H. Gilbert.

In 1888, Hon. John B. Clegg, L. B. Baynard, C. D. Kretz, Amory R. Starr, Col. A. G. Sloo, E. Schultz, Royal Robinson, J. R. Henrichs, Dr. R. I. Hampton, T. L. Martin, Prof. W. W. Legare, B. P. Holliday, R. L. McCook.

In 1889, R. T. Vandevort, I. N. Aldrich, P. J. Shafter, R. T. Hailey, F. Y. Hall, R. W. Shaw, John Davidson, L. E. Wells, Benson Mann, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., N. Wallace, Col. W. C. Sherrod.

In 1890, W. L. Thomas, Thomas Johnson, William M. Kerr, G. D. Jay, Dr. J. B. Alexander, L. H. Smith, J. L. Nichols, S. C. Bradley, J. M. Tracy.

In 1891, Norvin T. Harris, J. K. Renaud, R. L. Foster, Dr. John Clegg, Omer Villeré, W. C. Nelson, Dr. M. F. Rogers, W. J. Wolz, W. J. Rosborough, Jr., R. P. Littlejohn, S. W. Trott, Luke White, J. B. Stoddard, Herbert Merriam.

Since 1891 there have appeared Rev. W. Hamilton Spence, W. S. Bell, J. King, W. W. Titus, P. H. Bryson, W. A. Thompson, G. T. Guttridge, W. T. Tristram, A. M. Young, B. M. Stephenson, John Bolus, John Barker, Capt. C. E. McMurdo, A. R. Sharpe, J. W. Lawson and a few others whose names I cannot now recall.

In the list are millionaires, divines, military men, lawyers, business men of high standing in every way, of the best material that the land affords, and yet there is an unreasoning claim for better judges. Who are they and where?

The grim rider has removed several since field trials began. Of these are B. F. Wilson, Pittsburg; J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind.; R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City; N. D. Wallace, New Orleans; J. M. Tracy, New York; H. D. Polhemous.

There is much of the peevish, the sulky, the false in the claim that field trials owe any loss to the inadequacy of the judges.

FIELD TRIALER.

DOG AND PICTURE.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rev. Charles Josiah Adams's most interesting description of the dog's objective and subjective cognizance, published in FOREST AND STREAM of May 30, recalls to my mind somewhat similar circumstances which came under my own observation some years ago. The circumstance of the dog and the looking-glass were identical. The dog was a mongrel bull terrier, not openly quarrelsome, but boldly inquisitive and ill-tempered toward other dogs. A looking-glass was placed in front of him one day, and he exhibited the most intense curiosity. He walked up to the glass, put his nose on it, then as if to surprise his bold interloper he suddenly sprang behind the glass and there was visible a look of dismay or mystification at the nothingness of his efforts. He repeated the action two or three times, then gave it up as something uncanny or partaking of the nature of black art. He felt he was ridiculous, being the subject of much amusement, but I could not perceive that he ever discerned that the counterfeit presentment was his own reflection. He saw what to him was a dog, and being absolutely unable to find the intruder he desisted from further attempts.

There is no doubt but what the dog is a keen observer of emotion. He can read his master's expression of countenance much better than he can understand his words. But that he can distinguish portraits never occurred to me. I imagine that the dog's powers in that direction are exceedingly limited and not common to the multitude. Probably some dogs of exceptionally high intelligence and exceptionally favorable opportunities may do so. No doubt the skill of the artist too was above the ordinary, for it is very difficult for a man to recognize the portrait of his best friend as it betimes comes from the hands of some artists. In the instance brought forward the skill of the artist must have been more extraordinary than the perceptive faculties of the dog. On this point, speaking in a more serious vein, I think an isolated incident should not be taken as proving that such high perception is common to the whole race of dogs. This is a point on which the observations of your numerous readers would be invaluable in establishing whether the dog's cognition is of such a high order that he really recognized a portrait, or that he considered the portrait as being his master in his own proper person. If he mistook the portrait for his master, he simply betrayed stupidity, for the skill of the artist simply deceived the dog. In other words, the dog did not recognize any portrait; he recognized only his master himself from a false cognition. There was thus no real perception of a portrait or picture as such. He was deceived into thinking he saw his master. There was no discrimination exercised. It was as if all the while he were actually looking at his master. There was no separation of identity; there was no recognition of the portrait as a portrait. To the dog it was all reality. At least, so it seems to me, and I do not think Rev. Mr. Adams has made it clear that it is otherwise, although such may be from not elaborating on this point so fully as it deserves, and so fully as I know he is capable of doing.

A POSTERIORI.

Pointer Club Meeting.

A REGULAR meeting of the governors of the Pointer Club of America was held on June 3, at the office of Mr. James L. Anthony, New York. The vice-president presided. Present: Messrs. Odell, Mortimer, Lewis, Jarvis and Anthony. The secretary being absent, Mr. Lewis was appointed secretary *pro tem*.

The vice-president reported that owing to the inability of Mr. Gould to meet the committee on field trials and Mr. Webster's absence on jury duty, he being also one of the field trial committee, the committee was unable to make a complete report at this meeting, and suggested that when this meeting adjourned it shall do so for two weeks, and meet at the same place and hour to receive said report. On motion of Mr. Jarvis, seconded by Col. Odell, it was moved that the report of the committee shall

be accepted and the meeting be held by them as suggested, two weeks from June 3. The following new members were elected: Thomas Watts, Middletown, N. Y.; Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal, Canada; James F. Crane, Dayton, Ohio; D. S. Gregory, New York; W. F. Owens, New York; W. P. Taber, Long Branch City, N. J.; G. W. Amery, Boston, Mass.; George Crocker, New York; J. D. James, New York; H. F. Farnham, Portland, Me.; T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S. C.; J. B. Lincoln, M. D., Tyrone, Pa.; J. E. Whiteselle, Corsicana, Tex.; Charles Daly, Guelph, Canada; W. W. Davenport, Somerville, N. J.; Frank Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y.; Louis Bätjer, Elizabeth, N. J.; E. M. Beale, Louisburg, Pa.; Frank G. Eaton, Centre Barnstead, N. H.; E. D. Stocker, Cooperstown, N. Y. The meeting adjourned to meet on June 17, at 3 P. M., at Mr. Anthony's office.

The Whirligig of Time.

THE procession in the kennel world is a bit straggling, but the stragglers are improving in pace and courage. In regard to the harm which might follow from handlers being club members, the following references will explain themselves, though it may be explained that in 1894 the position was very unpopular, while time has so irrefutably demonstrated the soundness of FOREST AND STREAM's position that there is perfect safety now in adopting it.

FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 6, 1894. American Field, May 23, 1896. A factor that will tend to restore confidence and bring about harmony is not to allow one or two handlers to have a voice in the management of the club's affairs. If one is allowed this privilege, then all must be allowed, and this latter being impossible, therefore the former is the only practical remedy. When one handler has a voice in directing the club's affairs it creates a suspicion that the dissatisfied handler or owner takes up and magnifies, and in a short time this suspicion spread over the entire guild, whether there is any foundation or not for it. Who would back a horse, or what amateur would enter a horse in a race where the rules were drafted by a board of governors made up in part of the jockeys who were to ride in competition to a finish, or have a voice in selecting the judges?

All handlers might not do so; in fact, I know some whom I firmly believe would not. But whether they would or not, the principle is wrong. It is an injustice to other handlers who are not club members to compete with a handler who is a club member. The handler-member has a voice in all the club affairs. He can be heard on the amount and conditions of the purses, the time and place where the trials will be held, the rules under which they will be run, the stakes, who will be judges, etc. Other handlers, who are not members, of course have no voice in such matters. Thus there is the incongruity of a competitor in a public stake competing under conditions which he had a part in arranging, while other competitors had no such part. That is not just in principle. Members who are interested from love of sport are thus brought in contact with members who are interested for business reasons.

It is the same old professionalism appearing in another form. Among club members, whose interest is in promoting sport, it is sure to be as disastrous in the end as it is to the amateur in competition. The best business interests of the handler in his capacity as a competitor for the club's prizes are not the club's best interests as a promoter and supporter of sport and the best advancement of the dog.

Manitoba Trials and Free Customs.

MANITOU, Man., June 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have much pleasure to inform you the Manitoba Field Trials Club have made arrangements with the customs by which all dogs that are duly entered in either the club's Derby or All-Aged stakes coming from the United States will be given free entry, the only condition being that they must be returned to the United States within the space of three months.

The club will appoint a customs broker in Winnipeg to pass all entries.

A circular giving full instructions will be mailed to all owners and handlers making entries.

JOHN WOOTTON, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

F. A. Stuhr, of Portland, Ore., is the owner of a baby seal that has the strangest foster-mother that ever a seal had. It is nothing else than a beautiful curly-haired retriever dog, named Belle, that has taken a strange fancy to the little ocean waif, and is giving it that nourishment that it denies its own offspring. When Mr. Stuhr received the little fellow last Monday, from one of the collectors whom he employs to gather specimens for his collection, it was not more than a day and a half old. Mr. Stuhr at first did not know what to do with the little fellow. From certain indications, he saw that the seal was only a few hours old. He first tried to feed it with fish, but the seal was too young to eat. Then he tried it with a bottle to which a rubber nipple was attached, but met with no better success. By this time the seal was getting hungry, for it had had nothing to eat in twenty-four hours, and its owner was afraid it was going to starve to death, when Belle, the retriever, attracted by the persistent bellowing of the hungry little animal, left her litter of pups, to see what was the matter with the strange object that was squirming around in the middle of the floor. No sooner had the dog come near enough to the little seal than it began to flop feebly in her direction. The dog stood still, and quietly watched the stranger approach her, until it was so near that it began to lift its little head, and then something about the baby seal must have appealed to her mother's heart, for she lay down and began to nurse the little one as though it was the most natural thing in the world to do. The dog will

nurse the seal for hours at a time, and only when it has had enough and has fallen asleep does she venture to leave her charge. Should the little fellow wake up and find its foster-mother gone, it flops around the store and bellows for her until she returns.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A singular case is recorded in the *Kennel Gazette*, of Lieutenant-Colonel Cornwall Legh's well-known pointer bitch Gladys, having swallowed, presumably with food sent down from High Legh Hall, a skewer 4½ in. long, two years ago, and no ill effects having resulted until the end of last month, when Mr. Meech, Colonel Legh's trusted kennel manager, noticed what at first he thought to be a broken rib protruding from the bitch's side, but what turned out to be the skewer in question forcing its way through the skin. Mr. Meech, by the aid of a pair of pincers, successfully performed the operation of pulling the skewer out of the dog's side, and it now lies at the Kennel Club office as a relic of this singular accident. What makes the case all the more remarkable is the fact that in the interim the bitch has brought forth a litter of no less than ten healthy puppies, to Mr. Street's (late Mr. Hignett's) well-known dog, Kirksanton Brocket (K. C. S. B.).—*Our Dogs.*

A meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club will be held on Thursday of this week, at the Garden Hotel, 63 Madison ave., New York. Business of importance will be considered.

The programme of the All-Aged Stake of the Continental Field Trials Club's second annual quail trials is announced in our business columns this week. The purse is \$750, pointers and setters running together. Messrs. Royal Robinson and W. S. Bell will adjudicate.

At Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane, London, on Friday, July 3, there will be sold twenty setters, four pointers and one retriever, the property of A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Esq. It will be remembered that Mr. Lonsdale sent dogs twice to this country to compete in the trials, the veteran, Mr. William Brailsford, Ightfield, Whitchurch, Salop, England, having them in charge.

Mr. George Bell requests us to mention that his address while abroad will be 34 Cross street, Manchester, England. Cable address, Bell, Brawney, Manchester.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Auburn Cocker Kennels claim the names
Ebony Prince, Jr., for black cocker dog, whelped May 15, by Ebony Prince—Toledo Duchess.
Ebony Ted, for black dog, same litter.
Ebony Pluto, for black dog, same litter.
Ebony Grand Duke, for black dog, same litter.
Ebony Dude, for black dog, same litter.
Ebony Princess, for black bitch, same litter.
Ebony Beauty, for black bitch, same litter.

BRED.

Mr. F. H. Lindsay's Miss Forest, fox terrier bitch, April 10, to Wawaset Royal.
Mr. J. M. Chaplin's Rose, fox terrier bitch, April 7, to Wawaset Royal.
Mr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Lucy, fox terrier bitch, April 23, to Prisoner.
Mr. B. S. Horne's
Warren Damsen, fox terrier bitch, April 2, to Prisoner.
Tambourine, fox terrier bitch, Feb. 25, to Prisoner.

WHELPED.

Mr. B. S. Horne's Tambourine, fox terrier bitch, whelped, April 26, four (one dog), by Prisoner.
Mr. M. J. Flaherty's Florence, English setter bitch, whelped, April 23, three bitches, by Mowatt.
Wanoosnac Gordon Kennels' (Leominster, Mass.) Esta Morse, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Feb. 3, eleven (nine dogs), by champion Ranger B.
Auburn Cocker Kennels' Toledo Duchess, cocker bitch, whelped, May 15, seven (five dogs), by Ebony Prince.
Mr. W. H. Reddick's Signet Gladstone, English setter bitch, whelped, May 16, five (two dogs), by Parker's Rod.

SALES.

Mr. M. J. Flaherty has sold Pendennis, English setter dog, to Mr. A. S. Saagy.
Dr. Wesley Mills has sold Count Leo, Gordon setter dog, to Dr. D. S. Woodworth.
Wanoosnac Gordon Kennels, Leominster, Mass., have sold
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Clarence Reid.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Willis Haynes.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Fred Trumbull.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Chas. Marshall.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Alvah Stowell.
_____, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. Smith Finney.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Dr. D. S. Woodworth.
_____, Gordon setter dog, to Dr. Henry Wheeler.
Nola, Gordon setter bitch, to Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels.
Mr. B. S. Horne has sold Ramona, fox terrier bitch, to Mr. Robert A. Welch.
Mr. Wm. Loeffler has sold
Maximilian, dachshund dog, to Mr. John Boyd Thatcher.
Sandy, dachshund dog, to Mr. Irving Johnson.
Nora, dachshund bitch, to Mrs. Edith Riggs.
Black Girl, dachshund bitch, to Mr. Chas. T. Limberg.
Milwaukee Boy, dachshund dog, to Mr. W. F. Brummer.
Lisette, dachshund bitch, to Mr. W. F. Brummer.
Gretchen L., dachshund bitch, to Mr. Jas. R. Walker.
Floss, dachshund bitch, to Mr. Ph. Koenig.
Wilhelm Meister, dachshund dog, to Dr. Wuerdemann.
Pedro L., dachshund dog, to Mr. G. M. Mashek.
Loreley, dachshund bitch, to Dr. Wuerdemann.
Helene, dachshund bitch, to Mr. Wm. Uihleint.
Jolly, dachshund dog, to Mr. Jos. T. Leimert.
Snap, dachshund dog, to Mr. F. Nethe.
Zigzag, dachshund dog, to Mr. Geo. W. Kronshage.
Moses, dachshund dog, to Mr. E. J. Weiser.
Florence, dachshund bitch, to Mr. A. Beckman.
Tilly L., dachshund bitch, to Mr. Chas. T. Limberg.
Mr. J. Danforth Bush has sold _____, bull dog, to Mr. John Coles.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound, M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JUNE.

- 13. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
- S 13. Douglaston, An., Douglaston, L. I. Sound.
- 13. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 13. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 13. Roy. St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 16. Atlantic, An., Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
- 17. Beverly, open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
- M 17. Massachusetts, An., Boston, Nahant.
- M 17. Old Colony, An., Boston, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Roy. St. Lawrence, 15ft. class, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 17. Squantum, 1st cham., Squantum, Mass.
- Annual Cruise, Brown University—
- 18. Rendezvous at Newport.
- 19. 1st run, Newport to New Bedford.
- 20. 2d run, race at New Bedford, run to Quamquisset Harbor.
- 21. 3d run, to Vineyard Haven.
- 22. 4th run, to Cuttyhunk.
- 23. 5th run, to Stonington.
- 24. 6th run, to Shelter Island.
- 26. 7th run, to New London.
- 27. Disband at New London.
- 19. Winthrop, evening race.
- 20. Larchmont, spring, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- 20. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
- 20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito boats, Atlantic City.
- 20. Waterside, open.
- 20. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- M 20. Dorchester, open, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23-24. Seawanhaka, trial races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 24. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- 24. Roy. St. Lawrence, 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 27. Chicago, special, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 27. Roy. St. Lawrence, four classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 27. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
- 27. Winthrop, open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 27. Beverly, 1st cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- M 27. Duxbury, An., Plymouth, Plymouth Harbor.
- S 27. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- S 29. Stamford, special, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
- 29. Pavonia, An., Communipaw, New York Bay.
- S 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

- S 1. Corinthian fleet, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
- 1. Roy. St. Lawrence, Smith cup, 4 classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- S 2. Horse Shoe Harbor, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- S 3. New Rochelle, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
- 3. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 3. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- Atlantic Y. C. cruise—
- 3. Rendezvous, Larchmont.
- 5. Sail to Black Rock.
- 6. 1st run, to Morris Cove.
- 7. 2d run, to New London.
- 8. 3d run, race to Shelter Island.
- 9. Shelter Island, rowing races, etc.
- 10. 4th run, to Morris Cove.
- 11. 5th run, to Oyster Bay.
- 12. Disband at 10 A. M.
- 4. Larchmont, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- 4. Cor. San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
- 4. Roy. St. Lawrence, 25 and 20ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 4. Plymouth, outside race, Plymouth Harbor.
- 4. Pavonia, special, Atlantic Highlands, New York Bay.
- M 4. Boston City, open, Boston, Boston Harbor.
- 4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- 4. Beverly, 2d open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
- 4. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- 4. Milwaukee, club, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
- M 4. Plymouth, Duxbury and Kingston, union race, Plymouth Harbor.
- 6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 6. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, Atlantic City.
- S 6. American, An., Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
- 11. Beverly, 2d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- S 11. Riverside, An., Riverside, L. I. Sound.
- 11. Hempstead, ladies' day.
- 11. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 11. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 12. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 13-17. Seawanhaka-Cor. international races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 18, 20, 22-25. Larchmont race week, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- M 18. Quincy, open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
- 18. Cor. San Francisco, 1st cham., San Francisco Bay.
- 18. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
- 18. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
- 20. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 21. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- 23. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, West Falmouth.
- S 25. Sea Cliff, An., Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
- M 25. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 25. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
- 25. Winthrop, ladies' day, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 25. Squantum, moonlight sail, Squantum, Mass.
- 25. Chicago, club regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 28. Ogdensburgh, 15ft. cup, Ogdensburgh, St. Lawrence River.
- M 29-31. Quincy, summer cruise, Quincy, Hull Bay.

AUGUST.

- 1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
- 1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 1. Waterside, special.
- 1. Squantum, cnam., Squantum, Mass.
- M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
- 1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- New York Y. C. cruise—
- 3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
- 3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
- 4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- 4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
- 5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
- 6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 6. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
- S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
- 8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
- S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
- 8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
- 8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in-Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
- M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
- 12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
- 15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
- S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
- 15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
- 15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
- S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
- 15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
- 15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
- 15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 17-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
- M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
- 18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
- 18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- 18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
- 21. Kennebecport, open, Kennebecport, Me.]
- M 21-22. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet.
- 22. Beverly, 4th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
- M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
- 22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
- S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
- S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
- 22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
- M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
- M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
- M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
- 29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
- 29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
 S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
 S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
 S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
 5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
 M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
 6. Wintrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
 7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
 7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
 7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
 M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
 M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
 S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
 7. Hempstead, open.
 7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
 10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
 12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
 12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
 12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
 S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
 12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
 12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
 16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
 18. Hempstead, closing day.
 S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
 26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
 26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

To ALL appearances the system of starting signals and numbers established by the Y. R. U. will be a success and do much to prevent the confusion that has always reigned in yacht racing under a different rule for each club. There are, however, several points where improvement may still be made. In regard to starting, the custom in England and America differs materially; in England a yacht race always starts on time; in America it never does, but there is always a delay, awaiting the club steamer, or the judges' tug, or the ice cream, or some prominent yachtsman whose entry is desired, but has not seen fit to rise in season to reach the starting station by the advertised time. This being the case, another signal is very much needed, a preliminary signal that shall indicate that the preparatory gun will be fired within a short time. As matters are now, the best yachtsmen, the prompt ones, are at the line at the advertised hour, on the slender chance of a punctual start. No preparatory is given and they sail about, often for an hour or two, with no definite idea of when a start will be made. It often happens that when the preparatory signal is given they are at a considerable distance, possibly missing the signal entirely, or else failing to catch the gun in time to set the watch for a close start at gun-fire. All that is needed is a signal, such as a number of long blasts from the judges' steamer and the display of some flag, to indicate that the time of postponement is at an end, that yachts shall approach the line and watch for the true preparatory signal, which will follow in perhaps not more than ten minutes. Such a signal can easily be given, and should be demanded by the racing rules.

Another small but important point is the marking of the starting line, which in this country is invariably done by two marks or mark boats in the water, one at each end of the actual line crossed by the yachts. On British courses the starting line is, if at all possible, marked by a shore range as well as by the two marks in the water. No man, however expert, can tell to a certainty just when his yacht is on or over a line between two marks, one on each side of him; but with a shore range he can approach the line as closely as he pleases and yet feel sure he is not on it when the gun fires. Such a range can in many cases be established without difficulty by the erection of two flagpoles on the shore; if painted white these should be visible against most backgrounds.

The racing number and class letter promise to become accepted institutions, as they are not only a necessity to the spectator and the newspaper men—on whom the racing yachtsmen presumably rely for correct reports of the races—but to the latter themselves, as indicating just who their competitors may be. Thus far several difficulties have presented themselves in the way of a thoroughly satisfactory system of numbering. One of these is the common objection of racing men to accept numbers large enough to be visible outside of the yachts themselves; the owners of yachts of 30 to 50 ft. in some cases refusing to take numbers hardly large enough for 15-footers on the plea that they were too large. Another difficulty is in the placing of the numbers, usually close in by the mast and as low down as possible, and thus hidden by the round of the luff. Still another that may be noticed this season in the smaller boats with very light sails is the blurring of the number on one side of the sail by the back of the number on the other side, which shows through the thin fabric; the number is thus made indistinguishable save at short range.

Where permanent numbers are used, as in the Y. R. U., the best solution of all these difficulties is the painting of a number, in figures and letters of reasonable size, on the sail itself in the proper position, near the peak. This can be done so that the two sets of numbers will not overlap and show through. There would be no objection possible on the plea of weight or windage of the numbers, the only objection would be the possible permanent disfigurement of the sail. Another plan, that we have more than once advocated in the past, is to adopt three or four standard sizes for the material on which the numbers are to be painted, and to have each sailmaker provide himself with a set of the standards in the form of light wooden templets, with grommet holes marked in the corners and if necessary along the sides. When a sail is made the sailmaker will mark off the holes and set the grommets, locating the number where it should be, in the peak of the mainsail; and the cloths on which the numbers are painted, and which should be of some opaque material, will be made with holes marked from these same templets. In setting the two numbers it will only be necessary to lace or tie through the grommet holes in the numbers and the sail. The numbers may be quickly removed, and they will, when in place, be held snugger and with less danger of getting adrift than if put on with pins.

It is all very well to say that not only the race committee but every competent yachting reporter should know the yachts at sight; but the printed entry lists are necessarily unreliable, yachts which are entered do not always start, and others start without being entered in time to be named in the list. Out of some forty or fifty yachts some changes of rig, color or shape are certain to turn up, especially in the first races of the year, which confuse the most expert, and it is necessary both for the committee and the reporters to identify a yacht at the first glance, picking up another as soon as the name of the first is hastily jotted down.

In the Knickerbocker Y. C. race of Saturday the 30-footer Vaquero III. was distinguishable from the other two—none of the numbers being visible at a comparatively short distance—by the fact that she followed the English fashion and carried her racing flag on a light staff above the main truck. In this case of course it was the different position of the flag which identified the yacht; but more than this, while the flags of the other two were saugly curled up under the leach of the mainsails, secure from public view save on certain occasions, that of Vaquero III. stood out boldly and plainly at all times, high above the yacht and visible from the entire horizon. If a racing flag

is of any practical use, it must be placed where it will be always visible, and the peak of the mainsail is about the worst place on the yacht. A racing flag of sufficient size and appropriate design, some simple combination of two or three colors and not the crazy-quilt patterns of monograms, initials or heraldic crests so often seen, and displayed from the truck, serves not only to identify a yacht, but to set off, with its bit of bright color, the whole structure of bright yellow spars and white canvas.

YACHT DESIGNING.—X.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 443, May 30.)

We have thus far dealt with the yacht as she presents herself to the eye on the stocks or the railway, a solid body of extremely complicated form. Such a conception as this, while a true one in its way, is entirely valueless for the purposes of the designer; the most that it gives is a picture or a series of pictures of parts of the vessel which cannot be accurately measured and which disclose few or none of the essential elements. Beautiful as they may be, the finest drawings or photographs of a yacht out of water or under sail are useless compared with the complicated tangle of plain black lines that represents so much to the initiated and so very little to the novice. In order to grasp the work in a practical way the designer is forced to abandon the artistic and to adopt the conventional and prosaic methods of mechanical drawing. A thorough knowledge of the science of descriptive geometry must be set down as the foundation of the education of the designer, as through it he acquires that training of mind and eye that enables him to see the lines on a flat sheet of paper standing out in the curved form of the model. In default of such complete knowledge, however, the beginner must content himself with a knowledge of the leading principles of the science, leaving it to time and practice to acquire the desired proficiency.

Descriptive geometry is that branch of mathematics which treats of the graphic representation of all geometrical magnitudes (lines, surfaces and solids), and also of the problems relating to these magnitudes in space. The various divisions of the science are: orthographic projection proper, the basis of all mechanical, architectural and marine drafting; spherical projection, the basis of map and chart making; shades and shadows; perspective, the basis of free-hand drawing, also used to a certain extent in architectural drafting; and isometric projection, a minor branch of mechanical and architectural drafting. The drafting of war and merchant vessels, especially the older types, with their grotesque sterns and eccentricities of form—and in particular where the use of wood made the employment of cant frames a necessity—involves some complicated problems of descriptive geometry; but the drafting of yachts, especially the more modern models, is a comparatively simple branch of the subject, less difficult and complicated by far than in other mechanic arts, such as masonry, stairbuilding and sheet metal working. The principles themselves are simple and not difficult of comprehension; the main difficulty for the learner lies in the method of their application; if the work is not done carefully and systematically from the start, more or less confusion must ensue from the large number of lines and points employed. At present we shall deal only with the essential principles, but when we come to their application in the every-day work over the drawing table we shall endeavor to set forth such a systematic course of operations as may simplify the drawing and lessen the chances of error.

The portrayal of an object as it actually appears to the eye is a comparatively simple matter, but such a drawing can give no exact information as to sizes and relations of parts; it cannot be measured, and is of no use for purposes of exact construction. For all the purposes of the mechanic arts the picture must be abandoned in favor of a conventional drawing which often fails to convey any idea to the uninitiated, but at the same time is full of meaning to the experienced workman. The making of such drawings of vessels is a very essential part of the designer's work, but it is in no sense the whole of designing.

We have in Fig. 11 a solid of the simplest form, an oblong and rectangular block of wood. While the picture indicates the nature and proportions of the object, it gives

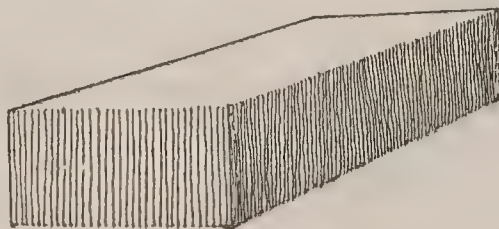


FIG. 11.

no definite idea that would enable us to construct another of the same size. In order to obtain something exact and definite the draftsman is compelled to abandon the real and to enter the domain of the imaginary. In the upper part of Fig. 12 we have the solid drawn in perspective, A B C D, E F G H. Let us conceive of this solid as suspended in a glass box, V U Y W, Z T O X. Now, if we can apply a plumb line to the vertical edge of the block, A F, we will find that it touches the bottom of the box at f; and similarly the upper end of the line will touch the top of the box at a. By applying the plumb line in turn to the other three vertical edges of the block we obtain three more points on the bottom, e, g, h, and three on the top, d, c, b, and we then have the exact outline of the bottom of the block on the bottom of the box in e, f, g, h, and of the top of the block on the top of the box. Now we can take a straightedge and apply it to the long upper edge of the block, A B, obtaining points, a and b, on each end of the box; and by the same process applied to the other three long edges, we can obtain the exact outline of each end of the block on the corresponding end of the box; as at a, d, e, f, b, c, g, h. Now, by the same process the two sides of the block may be projected on the sides of the box.

There is nothing specially complicated or difficult about this process, which will evidently give us the exact outlines of each side of the block, from which measurements may be taken and another block made. The only difficulty for the beginner lies in the lack of that mental training that should enable him at once to see, in place of the tangled and confused lines on the flat surface of the paper, a mental image of the solid block surrounded

by the glass box. The expert draftsman, in examining such designs of yachts as appear from week to week in our pages, sees, not the black lines on the printed page, but a solid body, equivalent to the wood model or the yacht herself out of water. This power of eye and mind to work together in the creation of the imaginary solid from the actual flat surface is acquired in time through practice in marine drafting alone; but the best means to it is through the study of descriptive geometry and the solution of its problems. It will require some effort on the part of one unfamiliar with drafting and projection to understand the various lines in Fig. 12. The rectangle W V Z T represents the front end of

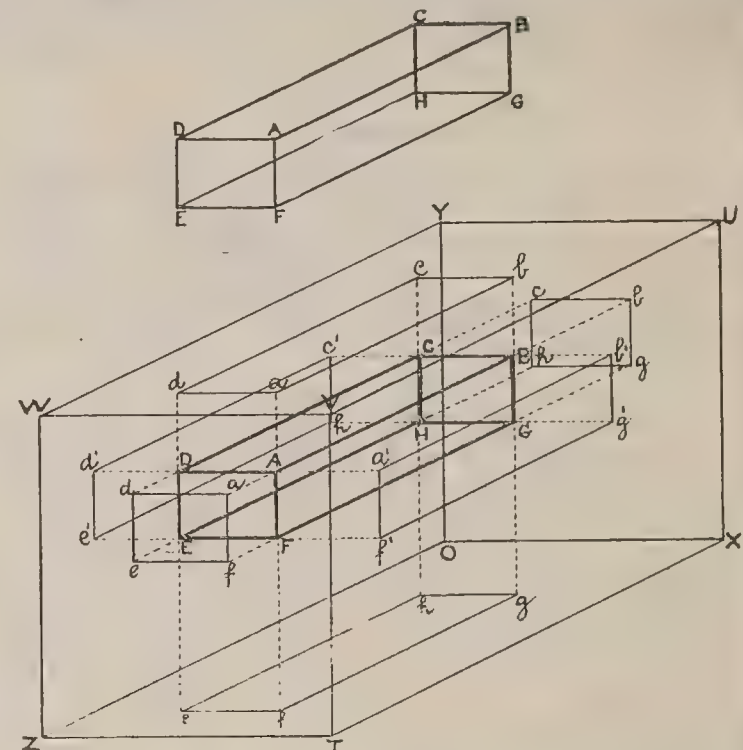


FIG. 12.

the glass box, toward the draftsman, and Y U X O represents the rear end, at the back of the picture. The lines W Y, V U, Z O and T X represent the four long edges of the box. The vertical edge V T is nearest to the draftsman, and the other vertical edge Y O is the furthest from him. The heavy lines show the inclosed block, suspended midway between the two sides of the box, but nearer the top and front end. It will be evident on careful inspection that the drawing may be read in two ways: one as just described, with the end W V T Z toward the draftsman; and the other exactly the reverse, with the end Y U Z O facing him and the block inclined the other way.

Suppose that in place of the block and the glass box we take a yacht on the dry dock, as in Fig. 13. We may start with the same process of projection by means of the plumb line. If we walk slowly around the deck from stem to transom and drop the line from the rail at inter-

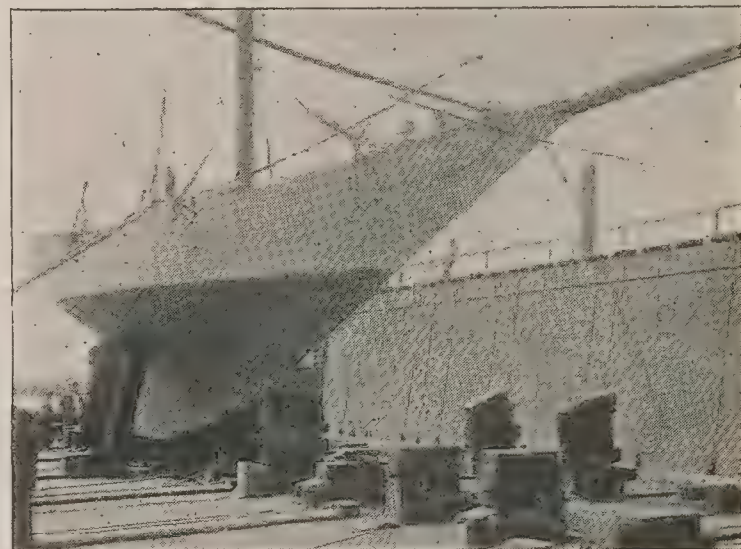


FIG. 13.

vals of a few feet, we shall get on the level floor of the dock an exact counterpart of the half breadth of the yacht at the rail. If we apply the plumb line in the same way along the waterline, as marked by paint or by the usual discoloration, we shall obtain the duplicate on the floor. We can then go further and obtain the half breadth of the bottom of keel and possibly at the rabbet.

Now we can take a long straightedge, and with proper appliances to hold it both level and square to the fore and aft line of the keel we can project on the side of the dock the outline of the top of rail, stem, keel, rudder and counter, as well as the rabbet line. We can also project the waterline, which will evidently be a straight line on

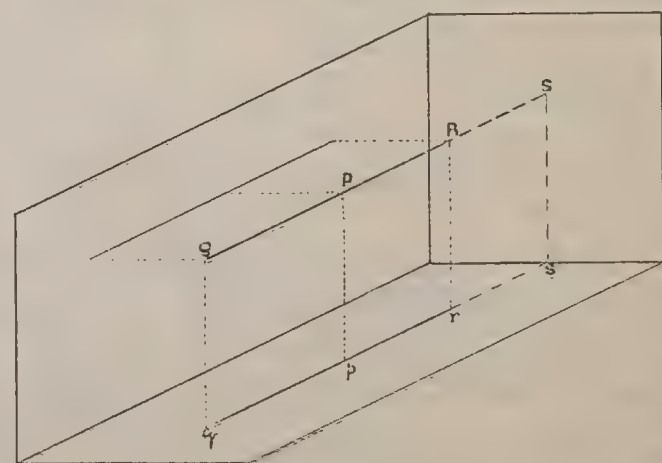


FIG. 14.

the side of the dock. We may in this way go a little further, and if the dock is closed at one end we can project the greatest cross section of the yacht upon it. This, however, is as far as we can go by the simple method which was fully adequate for the delineation of the plain

block of wood, but which fails to cover such a complicated form as a yacht.

In the case of the simpler forms made up of plane or flat surfaces, the projection of the various straight lines forming the edges is not a very difficult matter, but with a solid bounded by curved surfaces, such as a yacht, this primitive method is inadequate. There are few positive lines, perhaps even none at all, but only the unbroken surface. Every surface, however, is made up of an infinite number of small points, and if we can lay off a certain number of these points and locate them on the sides of the surrounding box we shall have a satisfactory representation of the object. Referring to Fig. 12, the point A, one of the corners of the solid, is located by six separate measurements, one from each side of the surrounding box, as Af from the bottom, Aa from the top, Ad' from the left side, etc. Now it is evident that if we

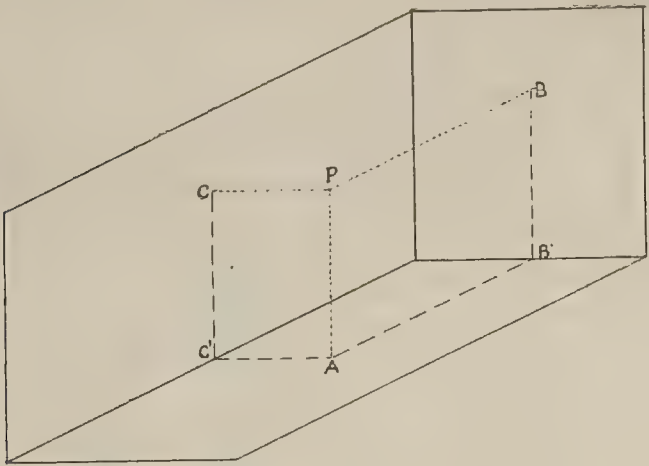


FIG. 15.

have the distance Af above the bottom of the box the height of A is positively located and the measurement Aa useless. Similarly the point is located laterally by the distance Ad', from the left side of the box, and the distance Aa' is useless. We may then discard entirely three sides of the box, the top, the front end toward the draftsman and the right side. This is actually done in orthographic projection, the object to be drawn is considered as situated in the angle between three planes, one below it, one at the left side and one at the back, as in Fig. 14. The point P is assumed to be suspended in space in a position with reference to the bottom which is measured by the line PA, through the point and perpendicular to or at right angles with the lower plane. Its distance from the side plane is measured by another perpendicular, PC, to that plane, and from the rear or end plane by the distance PB. It is evident that no further measurements are necessary, but the point is fully and definitely located.

Now we may drop entirely our simile of a box and adopt the terms of descriptive geometry, as used by every draftsman. The three sides which we have retained are known as the *coordinate planes*, *planes of reference*, or *planes of projection*; the object being referred to them or projected or thrown upon them. The perpendicular to a plane of projection through any point, as PA, is called a *projecting line*, and the foot of this line, where it intersects the plane, as at A, is called the *projection* of the point on the given plane. In Fig. 15 we have the same point, P, and also two others, Q and R. It is evident that any two points must mark the end of some straight line, and any three points must be on some line, straight or curved. As we have already seen, a *plane*, as the term is

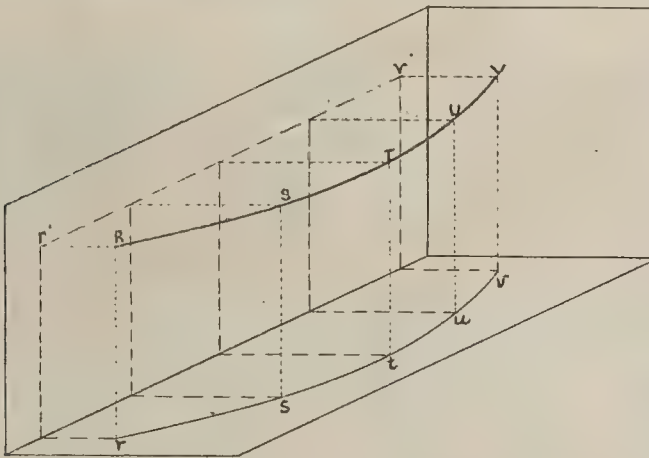


FIG. 16.

applied in descriptive geometry, is merely a flat surface, such as the three planes of projection, originally the sides of our glass box. The simplest conception of a plane is that of a sheet of glass of indefinite extent, through which everything is visible. In Fig. 15 the points, Q, P, R, are assumed to be each equally distant from the bottom and side planes, and consequently they mark a straight line, QPR. The projections of the points on the lower plane, q, p, r, must also mark a straight line, parallel to the side plane. Now, if we imagine a plane to pass through the line QPR and perpendicular to the lower plane of projection, the three projecting lines, Qq, Rr, and Ss, will also lie in this plane. The line of intersection of this new plane with the lower plane of projection, q, p, r, will be the projection of the original line, QPR. This line of intersection of an auxiliary plane with one of the planes of projection is called the *trace* of the plane; and, similarly, if the line QPR be continued until it intersects the end plane at S, the point S is called the *trace* of the line. The vertical line Ss is also the *trace* of the auxiliary plane on the end plane.

These auxiliary planes are of the utmost importance in marine drafting. In the drawing of buildings or machinery there are many prominent and definite lines and angles which may be directly projected upon one or another of the planes of projection, but a vessel offers little save an unbroken curved surface, devoid of all lines. It is by the application of these imaginary planes to this surface that the draftsman is enabled to cut from it any lines which he may require, just as they might be cut from the wooden model with a saw. If it were desirable to obtain from a wooden block model the various waterlines, it would only be necessary to adjust the model on the table of a circular saw and to cut it into a number of slices of the requisite thickness, from each of which the outline of a waterline could be drawn direct on the paper.

This process, in fact, is very commonly followed in working from a wooden model, the model being made of a number of thin pieces of board, called *lifts*, united by screws; when the model is completed the screws are removed, the lifts separated and the outline of each drawn on paper. By this process the model is practically destroyed in order to obtain any one set of lines; it might be glued up again and sawn transversely instead of longitudinally to obtain the lines that make up the body plan, but

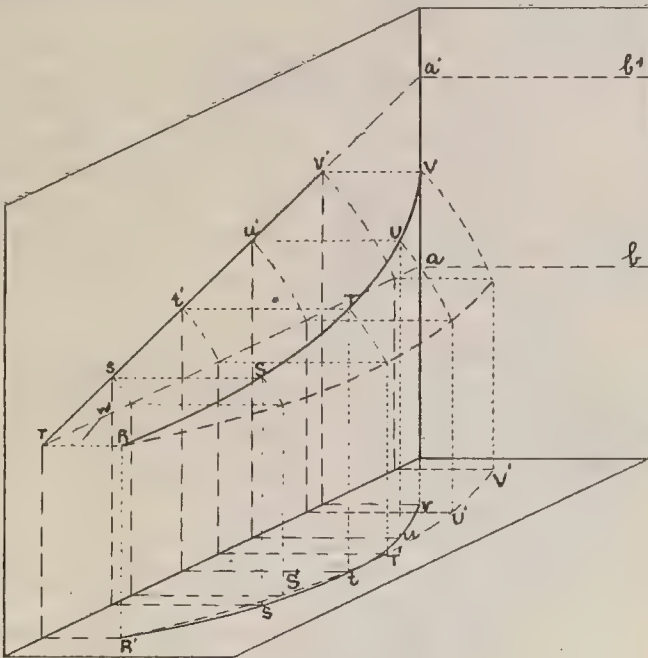


FIG. 17.

it would then be past all use and another model would be necessary to obtain the section lines and diagonals. This same process of sawing into sections and marking the outline of each can be done even more readily and accurately by the use of auxiliary planes on the drawing than by actually sawing up the wooden model, and it is essential that the young designer should become thoroughly familiar with the projection of points and lines and the passing of planes through them.

In Fig. 16 is shown a curved line, RSTUV, lying parallel to the lower plane and with its concave side toward the side plane. Being thus parallel to the lower plane, its projections on the side and end planes are neces-

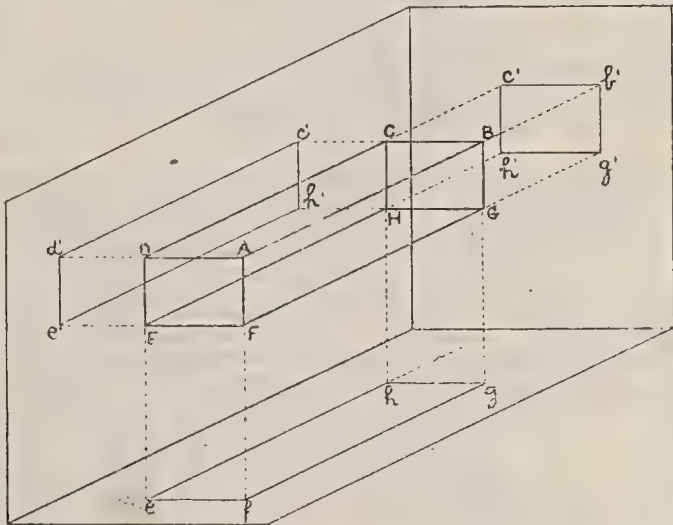


FIG. 18.

sarily straight lines, as r'v'. The projection on the lower plane is a curved line passing through the feet of all the different projecting lines, Rr, Ss, Tt, Uu, Vv.

In Fig. 17 the same curved line is shown, at the same distance from the side plane; but inclined at an angle, a'r'a, to the horizontal plane. The horizontal projection of the line will now be Rstuv, a different curve, the distances Rr', Ss', etc., still being the same; but the distances measured along the side plane being shorter, as r'w is shorter than r's', etc. To obtain the horizontal projection of the line in its true form, a process termed *rabatting* is employed. This is merely the revolving or hinging of the original plane in which the line lies, indicated by its traces, r'a', a'b', about some line as an axis until it takes

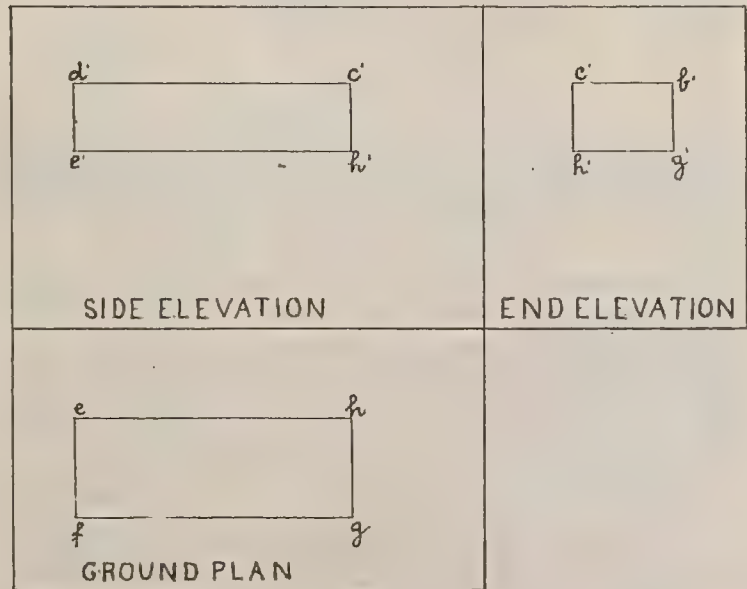


FIG. 19.

the position shown in Fig. 16, parallel to the lower plane. We will conceive of the plane r'a', a'b', as revolving about the line Rr' until it reaches the position r'ab, each point of the line, as S, describing an arc of a circle about the line Rr'. Each point on the line is now in the same position as in Fig. 16, and may be projected directly on the horizontal plane, giving the points S'T'U'V', the broken line through them and R' being the required true horizontal projection of the line.

In Fig. 18 we have the original block, its sides lying parallel to the planes of projection, as in Fig. 11. In all of the figures, from 11 to 18, it has been necessary to show the three planes and the various objects in *perspective*, in order that the reader might see them as he would such

a model as is sometimes constructed of cardboard and threads in order to illustrate the subject. Our aim, however, is not perspective, but plain orthographic projection such as is employed by the marine draftsman. In Fig. 18 the solid block is shown, with its three projections on the different planes. Let us now assume that the block itself is removed entirely and the three planes of projection are so folded back as to present a single plane surface instead of an angle. This will give us Fig. 19, the ordinary drawing of the machinist, architect or designer.

The horizontal plane, once the bottom of our glass box, and on which is projected the bottom of the object, is called the *ground plan* in ordinary mechanical and architectural drawing, but is known to the designer as the *half-breadth plan*, its various lines showing the breadths of one of the two symmetrical halves of the vessel. The drawing above it, once the left side of the box, is the *side elevation*, or in designing the *sheer plan*, as it shows the sheer or line of the top of rail or deck, the contour of stem, keel, stern and rudder, and the centerboard if there be one. The drawing on the right, the rear end of the box, is the *end elevation*, or to the designer the *body plan*, and it shows the transverse sections of the yacht, equivalent to the ribs. As will appear later, the front end of the box is used indirectly; and in some cases, as in the roof plan in an architectural drawing, and in fact the deck plan in a yacht, it may be assumed that the projection is made upward on the top instead of downward on the bottom of the glass box; but even though other planes of projection may be used at times for special reasons, it is sufficient for the draftsman, and far simpler, to consider only the three thus far described.

The 15ft. Class.

EVERY day brings news of new boats for the 15ft. class, and there can be no question that a most interesting fleet of these little flyers will shortly be afloat. The main question now is how soon will the majority of them be ready, and how many will show up at the line by June 22, but two weeks off. Nearly all of the boats are intended for the trial races of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., but it is quite evident that many of them, if nominally ready, will still be very far from complete or in fair racing trim. Among those now on the stocks is one at Bay Ridge, built by some of Mumm's boatbuilders from the design of Chas. Olmstead, designer of Trilby, a fin-keel of similar model, 5ft. 6in. beam; the hull is single-skinned with smooth lap planking, and the deck is canvased. Over at Communipaw A. Hansen has on the stocks a 15-footer from their own designs for the Ball brothers, who sailed Ethelwynn last year. She will be of the skipjack variety, with sloop rig.

No prize has yet been offered for the worst freak in the class, but such a contest might be exciting, even if not instructive or otherwise useful, as there are at least two boats on the stocks which will be in every way eligible to compete. One of these is building by T. W. Webber, of New Rochelle, for Hazen Morse; and the other for T. F. Day, of The Rudder, was designed by the Crosby Catboat and Yacht Building Co., of Fifty-sixth street, Bay Ridge. Both of these boats embody the same idea, of a double hull, or more properly of two boats in one, the lower one for measurement and the upper one for actual sailing. The Crosby boat is 24ft. over all by about 6ft. beam, the midship section being a V of rather more depth than in most of this class. The sternpost is well under the boat and is plumb; from the heel the keel rounds down and then up forward to the waterline, from which it turns sharply and runs along parallel with the water and an inch or two above it. The designed length on waterline is to be 10ft., which will allow a sail plan of 400sq. ft. The midship section is a fair and continuous line from rabbet to planksheer, but the sheer plan presents the appearance of a boat 10ft. over all, with plumb sternpost and a deeply immersed rudder; on top of this boat being another 23ft. over all, and with a very slight rocker to the keel. The boat will have a wooden centerboard of the old style. It is proposed to have her trim so that with the required weight of 300lbs. of lead aboard to represent the crew she will measure but 10ft. on the waterline; but with the regular crew and the boat under way she will in reality sail on a very much greater length and possess the power of a 20-footer, carrying the same sail plan. Just how all this is to happen we do not understand, and we see several practical difficulties in the way. However, the success of the experiment will soon be put to a practical test. Still another 15-footer is building at Bergen Point by Mr. Walter Brown for his brother, W. F. Brown, owner of Crocodile, from a model by Philip Elsworth.

In addition to Mr. Morse's boat, Webber is building another for a member of the Westchester Country Club.

Mr. Clapham, at Roslyn, has two more under way: one of the barn-door type, for a member of the New York C. C., and another, an improved Imp, for a member of the New York Y. C.

American Model Y. C.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

THE opening races of the American Model Y. C. from off the new salt-water station was somewhat marred by the few starters and a half a day lost in measuring all the 17 yachts that proposed to start, but did not come to time. The new measuring tank not being in proper condition for accurate measurements, only approximate measurements were taken by measurer Nichols, who will have to go through the same performance when the tank is properly adjusted.

Four yachts came to the line for the first class. A great deal was expected of the Ripple, but owing to her peculiar steering gear she could not keep up with the other yachts down wind, they using the ordinary automatic steering gear. She finally gave up racing for the day. Mary Alida was unfortunate after finishing the first heat outside the flags by getting away from her owner and running under the nose of a large sloop yacht lying at anchor, making a complete wreck of her mast and rigging, therefore not being able to start in the other heat.

The third class resolved itself into a very pretty race between Minerva and Ida May, Minerva eventually winning after a stubborn fight.

The second class did not fill, the rules calling for three yachts or no race, and only two showing up, the same being the case with the schooner class.

A S.W. to W. wind blew all day, fluctuating from 3 to 6 miles per hour, with a moderate sea on.

FIRST HEAT—FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mary Alida, Jos. Brown.....	1 51 25	Outside.	
Kittie D., H. V. Davis.....	1 50 18	0 16 15	0 16. 43½
Ripple, L. R. Thurlow.....	1 51 03	Did not finish.	
Edith, Neff & Pigott.....	1 49 20	0 14 00	0 13 29½
Henrietta, J. D. Casey.....	1 51 10	Fouled.	

SECOND HEAT.

Kittie D.....	2 19 02	0 16 33	0 17 51½
Edith.....	2 17 26	0 15 14	0 14 42½
Henrietta.....	2 17 17	0 17 15	0 15 20¾

FIRST HEAT—THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Minerva, J. D. Casey.....	3 23 40	0 22 00	0 23 39
Dolce, E. Autenen.....	3 24 55	Did not finish.	
Ida May, Neff & Pigott.....	3 24 51	Did not finish.	

SECOND HEAT.

Minerva.....	3 57 28	0 15 17	0 15 16
Dolce.....	3 57 33	Outside.	
Ida May.....	3 56 50	0 13 43	0 14 16

THIRD HEAT.

Minerva.....	4 21 05	0 12 43	0 12 42
Ida May.....	4 20 38	0 13 05	0 13 05

Edith wins in first class sloops, first heat, by 3m. 14s.; second heat and race by 3½s.

Minerva wins in third class sloops, first heat, by walkover; third heat and race by 23s.

Cape Cod Y. C.

EAST DENNIS—BARNSTABLE BAY.

Saturday, June 6.

The first race of the Cape Cod Y. C., on June 6, was sailed over two rounds of the five-mile course, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. Nickerson.....	25 04	2 10 25	1 38 37
City of Chicago, F. Crosby.....	25 06	2 15 11	1 43 18
Eclipse, H. H. Sears.....	25 09	2 15 00	1 43 51
Judges—F. M. Crewell J. W. Smalley, D. Shiverick.			

American and British Steam Yachts.

BATH, Me., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under ordinary circumstances I am opposed to any newspaper controversy, but your reply to my letter of May 9 certainly demands of me another letter.

You acknowledge that Eleanor's performance on her cruise around the world was excellent. I will go further still and say that it stands unequalled to-day by any vessel of her class. As I understand your reply, you also agree with me as regards the workmanship and accommodations of the yacht, but the point we apparently cannot agree on is her appearance, which you claim is decidedly unyachtlike.

I have not had the opportunity of seeing Eleanor since she arrived in New London after having successfully circumnavigated the globe, and therefore I know not how much she has deteriorated in appearance, but I speak of her as she was when she left her builders in 1893. At that time she was the handsomest steam yacht that I had ever seen. Her neat sheer and handsome bow and stern were admired by all, and the vessel in all particulars, appearance, arrangement and detail, represented a decided advance in steam yacht architecture, not only in our own country, but also in Europe. Your remark that she is from ten to twenty years behind time as regards appearance is certainly erroneous and needs no comment.

You are fixing the standard of steam yacht appearance on your own ideas and taste, but you must remember that in this particular people differ greatly in their opinions, and no such standard can be placed that will suit all classes. What you consider pleasing to the eye, graceful and yachtlike, another person might think directly the reverse. Not even the best educated experts can agree on this subject.

Most yachtsmen were very enthusiastic over the appearance of Eleanor, and when Peregrine was being designed Mr. R. H. White desired that a sheer and ends somewhat similar to Eleanor's should be given her. The designer must necessarily cater somewhat to the tastes of the owner, and if a naval architect can design steam yachts that please their owners as far as appearance is concerned it matters not if they do fall short of any one person's ideas of symmetry and proportion, for it is a fact that no designer can please all. In large steam yachts especially the design is often handicapped by whims of the owner.

According to your editorials the British steam yacht is perfection as regards appearance, while the American yacht is beneath comparison. To me one of the most gratifying features concerning American shipbuilding is that our designers and builders seek to produce something original, or at any rate something different from the usual British practice. They are working on different lines, and are trying to avoid the bow and stern that so characterizes a British steam yacht. Apparently you like the ends of a British yacht, and because Americans don't follow suit and build precisely the same thing you condemn their appearance. There are many experts and yachtsmen in this country whose opinions are just the reverse to yours on this point.

Excepting a slight difference in the sheer and a number of minor details, the representative British steam yacht of to-day is precisely the same as ten or fifteen years ago, and I myself cannot see where they progress. There is a great similarity between British steam yachts. Almost all have the same ends and general appearance, so that you can readily distinguish them in any fleet.

Judging from your article you term all the J. Beavor Webb designed yachts "British," so in that case he cannot have become an American citizen. This takes from our list of American yachts Sultana, Intrepid, Utawana and Corsair. Of these Sultana is generally regarded as the best looking, but the rig of the three former (they being auxiliaries) has something repulsive looking and very unyachtlike about it. Moreover, the yachts, especially Intrepid, I am informed, lack the ability to carry the canvas given them.

The St. Clare Byrne yachts are Namouna, Alva, Valiant and more recently Arcturus. These yachts probably conform with some people's ideas of what a yacht should be, but the most expensive of all, the sumptuously furnished Valiant, cannot be termed handsome or yachtlike. Neither could Alva, and even Namouna has a heavy, clumsy look about her.

I acknowledge a certain handsome appearance of the British yachts Rona, Sapphire, Valhalla, etc., but I cannot say the same of such boats as Giralda, Sylvia, Hermione, etc.

Now, as regards American steam yachts, outside of Eleanor, Peregrine and Ilawarra, I think the following boats could be added as good-looking, successful craft, besides a very large fleet of smaller craft too numerous to mention here: Susquehanna, Alicia, Toinette, Reverie, Embra, Free Lance, Ballymena, etc., etc. Of the large American steam yachts Columbia and Thespiea are all that you have said of them, and neither Nourmahal, Electra or Comanche can be called very handsome, although they are not by any means failures. Peerless, Stranger and Kanapaha (Corsair I.) were good boats when built, but Atalanta was, I acknowledge, a mistake from the first. Wild Duck is a very good boat as an auxiliary cruiser, and Wadena, neither in appearance or performance, brings discredit to her builders. Dungeness has a certain peculiar appearance, but she is a boat no designer need be ashamed of. Such craft as Oneonta are generally regarded more as freaks, therefore I will not mention them in this criticism.

Sagamore you evidently think was designed by C. R. Hanscom. This is not so. She was built in 1888 of wood at the New England S. B. Co.'s yard, Bath, Me., from designs by W. S. Pattee, Bath's once famous wood ship designer. I do not intend to champion Sagamore, for she cannot be called a modern yacht. Her stern is particularly poor and the hull has a clumsy appearance throughout. Yet as regards workmanship of both hull and furnishings and performance as a cruising yacht she will stand comparison with any yacht of her type.

Now, as regards A. Cary Smith's experience as a steam yacht designer, I think you will find that Embra is indirectly his work, even if she was built and designed by Seabury & Co. Free Lance, of course, he is credited with, and I should say, after seeing the plans of Josephine, now building at Lewis Nixon's, that he is also indirectly connected with the design of that boat. His experience and remarkable success with the Peck and Lowell are also to his credit, even if they are a totally different type of vessel. C. R. Hanscom, designer of Eleanor, Peregrine and Ilawarra, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., and is therefore an American in every sense of the word; but, by the way, will Mr. Stephens kindly inform me, for information's sake (being ignorant on this point), as to the place of his birth, because it seems improbable to me that an American, no matter how conscientious, could so advocate British yachts.

You say that the Payne bill, in order to be consistent, should protect the designer also. This is very true, but as the bill, if passed, will protect the builders and all their employees, it should not be condemned for this one point. It is better to protect 99 out of 100 than not to protect a single one. If your ideas on this subject should ever come to pass and materialize, I think it would kill American steam yacht designing and building. Americans would continue to go abroad for their yachts for reasons which I have before stated, and our designers and builders would never be given an opportunity of showing their ability. Thus there would be no inducement whatever for naval architects and builders to make a speciality of this type of vessel.

W. A. F.

It would be useless to argue over what is a matter of taste, and in answer to the first part of our correspondent's letter we will only record our opinion that while the British steam yacht by no means represents perfection, the latest of them belong to a new school of designing which represents the highest point yet reached, and which is being more generally recognized each year as the standard. Eleanor, on the other hand, has the characteristic oval stern imported into this country many years ago, and almost universally used on the larger steam yachts; a stern that has been long out of date. In default of any existing authority that might decide in such a matter of taste, we are quite willing to leave the question of her entire appearance to the decision of time; if the whole course of yacht designing is not turned backward by the passage of the Payne bill, we are certain that before five years have passed our correspondent will appreciate that the yachts he names as superior in appearance to any others afloat were really behind the times now, and not up to the highest existing standards.

It is a matter of regret that the average owner of a steam yacht is apt to consider his own particular craft as the sole standard of beauty; and that among yachtsmen generally such craft as Nourmahal and Electra have long been accepted as handsome. There has been, however, a great change in this respect of late, and American yachtsmen are now fully cognizant of the deficiencies of the home-built steam yacht.

If the effort of American designers to produce something original in appearance, as mentioned by our correspondent, has yet resulted in anything but a succession of failures, we will be glad to learn of it. The examples of this school which have come under our notice start out with a big gold eagle under the bowsprit and end with a stern like a dishpan. We hope that the time may come when the American steam yacht will show a sheer and sail plan that is bold, symmetrical and harmonious, in which the curve of the stem, the figurehead, the sheer of rail, planksheer and gold stripe, the counter and the taffrail, will not only be graceful and pleasing in themselves, but will harmonize with each other. Until this time does come, designers will do better in copying the latest British yachts throughout than in merely assembling a number of odd and discordant parts.

This much must be said of the British steam yacht, that for at least twenty years past it has been in appearance bold, shipshape and sturdy, appealing to the eye as the work of one thoroughly conversant with ships. The American steam yachts, on the other hand,

look as though they were made by a tinsmith for sale in a toy store.

We certainly consider Mr. Webb's yachts as of British and not American design. If Mr. Watson, Mr. Fife or Mr. Byrne should come to this country and take out papers, we should still consider their yachts of British design.

Our correspondent has us at a disadvantage in that if we would discuss with him the various yachts mentioned by him we must make invidious comparisons of the work of different designers. This we do not desire to do; but there are some yachts whose defects are so generally known that there can be no objection to a reference to them here.

Both Namouna and Alva have always been considered very handsome yachts; what our correspondent terms a heavy and clumsy look is but a matter of taste; the British idea of a large steam yacht is derived from sea-going vessels, the American is derived from mere river launches. Of the two we prefer the British, as in Namouna, to the American, as in Atalanta and Peerless. Valiant is certainly not a handsome yacht, but she is the work of a shipbuilding firm, and not of a yacht designer; she will not compare in appearance with Alva. "Giralda" we have never seen, but the largest of the several yachts bearing that name is generally admitted to be a remarkably fine craft. The Herreshoff yachts, Ballymena, Toinette and many more, cannot be called handsome, their counters alone would place them out of the category; and they, with others mentioned, belong to a smaller class. Stranger and the first Corsair have both done good service for years; they are probably the best looking of their kind, lacking some of the striking peculiarities of the American steam yacht, but there is nothing remarkable about them in the way of beauty. Peerless, with an indifferent counter, has a specially ugly bow and figurehead, while her whole side resembles the enlarged river launch rather than a seagoing yacht. Wild Duck cannot be considered as a striking example of good design, as it was found necessary to hip her out, the work being done in a specially clumsy manner, so that she now carries two huge excrescences on her sides. Wadena suffered from the same fault, and was only made safe at a considerable cost by cutting in two and lengthening.

Embra has a stern which is something unique in its way. She has done so well in actual service that we do not care to criticize her severely, but the less said about her appearance the better; certainly our correspondent has never seen her, or he would have omitted her from the list of good-looking craft. We agree with him that the appearance of Dungeness is peculiar; most men who have seen her characterize it by stronger terms.

Mr. A. Cary Smith's work on Embra was limited solely to the underwater body, the sheer plan having been already approved by the owner before he was called upon to assist in the superintendence. He had nothing whatever to do with the new Josephine, and Free Lance is his first and thus far only steam yacht.

Only on condition that he will not reveal it, we will inform our correspondent that we were born in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the banks of the "American Clyde," but at the earliest opportunity we crossed the river to New Jersey and have lived there ever since. Our ancestors too, for at least two generations, were of American birth. Our only experience under a foreign government has been during ten years' residence in Hudson county, New Jersey, which is ruled by the Irish with the aid of a few Germans. We have never found it in the least inconsistent with our conception of a proper spirit of Americanism to criticize what was wrong and bad and to contend for higher standards; we take a pride in that development of the American sailing yacht and that recognition of the designer by American yachtsmen to which we and our able predecessor have contributed by criticism that, though condemned at the time as un-American, has since been justified by history as technically honest, fair and true.

Tank vs. Breaker.

THE use of fixed tanks and more or less elaborate plumbing arrangements, which is universal in this country in the smallest yachts, is the exception in Great Britain, where wooden casks or breakers, stowed below or in skids on deck, are used in all small yachts and even in some larger craft. As will be seen from the following editorial note in the *Field* of May 30, objection has been made to this arrangement in Niagara:

The question about Niagara's water tanks was of a rather serious nature, and was raised last week on a formal report to the Y. R. A. A committee under Rule 5 of the Rules for the Guidance of the Council was summoned, but nothing could be done until there was an opportunity for inspecting the yacht. This occurred on the day of the race on May 22. The tanks were found to be fitted underneath the sofa seats in the bilges and are connected by a pipe, so it was quite obvious they could be used as shifting water ballast. The captain stated the tanks were used for carrying fresh water on making passages. No proof appears to exist that they have been so used, and all the committee suggested was that the pipe connection should be severed. It was stated that the other American 20-rater, Isolde, was similarly fitted. This is an arrangement we are not used to on this side of the Atlantic, and we hope to hear that the arrangements for filling and starting the water from the tanks have been altered, as the Y. R. A. committee have asked they should be at once. It was stated incidentally that the tanks are made of copper—not a very satisfactory arrangement for carrying fresh water for crew unless means exist for cleaning them out.

The following letter from Niagara's owner appeared in the *Field* of June 6:

Editor Field:

Sir—In your issue of the 30th ultimo there appeared an article regarding the Niagara's water tanks, which, although it does not state how they might be so used, intimates that they "could be used as shifting water ballast."

As the article might mislead some of your readers into the belief that they have been used for a purpose both unseamanlike and contrary to racing rules, I desire to state emphatically that the tanks have never been used for water ballast or for any purpose whatever other than to carry water for the needs of the crew; also, that the Niagara was measured this year for a Yacht Racing Association certificate with her tanks empty, and has always raced with them in that condition. Even if the tanks were filled, the idea that they could be an advantage is absurd, as it would take 8 or 10 minutes for the water from one to run into the other through the small pipe connecting them.

I may add that nearly all racing yachts built in America use tanks in preference to carrying water in breakers, which can so readily be moved from one side of the boat to the other.

Had the committee advised me of their intended visit it would have afforded me much pleasure to have met them aboard the Niagara and aided them in their investigation.

HOWARD GOULD.

The following letter has been sent officially by the secretary of the Y. R. A.:

LONDON, May 27.—Dear Sir: A report was made to the council of the Yacht Racing Association that your yacht Niagara was fitted with a water tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these were connected by a pipe, so as to make it possible by merely turning a cock to run water from one tank into the other, and thus use them as shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

Three members of the council were, in consequence, requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the Royal Thames Y. C., on May 22, and in your absence were afforded every facility by Capt. Barr.

The members of the council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks were used for the purpose indicated. On the contrary, their impression is the other way. But I am requested to suggest, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, that it is desirable to make impracticable the run of water from one tank to the other, which could readily be done by a small alteration in the pipes.

I should be glad to hear, for the information of the council, that this will be done at once.

DIXON KEMP.

Unless there is something radically different in the plumbing of Niagara from that in similar yachts, we do not understand how it would be possible to use the tanks in the manner mentioned. If they are under the seat in this shallow hull they must be of very limited capacity, so small that the shifting of the contents of one necessarily for a very limited distance from the center line would have no appreciable effect on the stability of a yacht which carries her sail only by virtue of a deep and heavy lead bulb. Also, if they are arranged in the usual manner, the pipe connecting them must be so small as to require some time to discharge from one into the other. If it should appear that the yacht has two tanks of large size, and fitted with such an arrangement of pipes and valves that the contents of one may be quickly transferred to the other, there might be some grounds for the suspicions of the Y. R. A., but it does not appear that the arrangement on Niagara differs from what is so common here, of a system of metal tanks connected by suitable piping for filling and emptying. In most cases it would not be possible to use the tanks for water ballast to windward, as they are situated directly on the keelson and under the floors; but owing to the very limited room in Niagara, the only place for them is on each side under the lockers.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 6.

Among the smaller New York clubs the Knickerbocker Y. C. has long been recognized as one of the most progressive and enterprising. Over fifteen years ago the old club station at Port Morris was the headquarters of a notable set of young Corinthians, men who not only sailed, but cared for their own boats; who were as expert with the scraper and the paint brush as at the tiller; to whom work of any kind about a yacht was a pleasure and a thing in which they could and did take a just pride.

The club was among the first to adopt the Seawanhaka rule, in spite of much opposition. The amateur designer, builder or skipper who wandered over to the old club house of a holiday, in winter as well as summer, was always sure of plenty of congenial company, ready alike for a discussion of current yachting topics or to lend a hand in any practical work. Many of these young amateurs have long since graduated into larger craft, but the old spirit of Corinthianism still survives in the club in its new quarters at College Point. The annual regatta of Saturday, the second general regatta of the Yacht Racing Union programme, favored by a good breeze, passed off most pleasantly, both for the sailormen in the fleet and their friends aboard the club steamer. The conditions of the race were:

The starting and finishing line will be between two floats anchored off club house.

Courses: For schooners, 51ft., and 43ft. classes of sloops and yawls, around all buoys on Execution Rock Shoals and return, leaving said buoys on starboard hand, 17.5 nautical miles; for 36ft., 30ft., 25ft. classes of sloops, yawls and catboats, and special 30-footers, around Gangway Buoy and return, leaving same on starboard hand, 14.5 nautical miles; for all other classes, around Big Tom Buoy and return, leaving same on starboard hand, 10.5 nautical miles. Yachts must leave all Government buoys on proper hand excepting Gangway Buoy, which may be left on either hand by yachts sailing the longest course. All yachts must pass to the westward of Stepping Stones Lighthouse. The spindle on Success Rock may be left on either hand.

Crews: The total number of persons on board a yacht shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule: Schooners, 13 persons; single-masted vessels and yawls (cabin), 51ft. class, 11 persons; 43ft. class, 9 persons; 36ft. class, 8 persons; 30ft. class, 6 persons; 25ft. class, 5 persons; open catboats, 30ft. class, 10 persons; 25ft. class, 8 persons.

As this race will be sailed under Corinthian restrictions, except in the schooner class, each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur and must be manned by amateurs, except that any cabin yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew.

The regular racing rules as to measurement, number of crew, etc., apply to the three special classes only in so far as they do not conflict with the rules under which these classes were originated.

The starters were:

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.		Length.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea.....	30.00
Musme, J. MacDonough.....	30.00
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis.....	30.00
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.		
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.....	21.00
Celia, C. A. Gould.....	21.00
SPECIAL 1/2-RATER CLASS.		
Willada, W. G. Newman.....	15.00
Olita, H. C. Rouse.....	15.00
Question, L. D. Huntington, Jr.....	15.00
Hope, Arthur I. elin.....	15.00
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt.....	15.00
Ulmeo, W. W. Howard.....	15.00
CLUB SLOOPS—OVER 51FT.		
Arrow, Edwin Oliver.....	66.08
Whaleway, F. H. Boynton.....	64.58
Active, John F. Phillips.....	53.23
SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.		
Gypsy, L. H. & S. Shanks.....	38.96
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher.....	36.79
Eurybia, Charles Pryer.....	40.02
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.		
Mignon, Joseph Fornier.....	35.17
Bel Ami, Daniel Noble.....	34.05
Yolande, A. E. & W. H. Kuper.....	30.48
Edith, George H. Cooper.....	30.16
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.		
Herbert R.....	
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.		
Gem, C. L. Strommenger, Jr.....	23.00
Doris, Rev. W. Everett Johnson.....	23.00
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.		
Leisure, F. B. Myrick.....	26.54
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	26.00
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.		
Weasel, T. E. Ferris.....	21.98
Dolphin, G. H. Montrose.....	25.00
Jonquil, H. W. Warner.....	23.00
Mary II., W. E. Elsworth.....	22.30
Waltz, C. C. Converse.....	20.00
OPEN CATS—30FT. CLASS.		
J. I. M., I. J. Merritt, Jr.....	30.08
Violet, G. A. S. Winers.....	30.08

Apart from the 30-footers and the 15-footers, there were few new yachts. The three old-time sloops, Arrow, Kirby's famous old craft, Whaleway and Active, made an odd contrast to the modern 30-footers. Mary II. is a catboat built late in 1894 for Thomas Howell from a model by Philip Elsworth, a nice-looking boat, with a moderate overhang at each end, and very clean fore and aft lines without a hollow. She was recently bought by W. E. Elsworth and renamed Mary II., after the larger Mary so unfortunately lost at sea last winter when bound for Florida. She has had a low cabin house added this season by her new owner, with a new racing mainsail. Weasel, a new yacht last year, has been rebuilt and radically altered during the winter, her bottom being cut out and replaced, making a deep S section with extremely hollow floor, with a lead keel.

The new addition to the 15ft. class, Ulmeo, owned by W. W. Howard, was built, as before mentioned in our columns, by Fry, of Clayton, N. Y. She is a peculiar craft, long, narrow and shoal, a round-bulged boat of light displacement and low power, with a saucer-shaped section and easy fore and aft lines. She belongs to the type of Sorceress and Ethelwynn, and not to the scows and sharpies, but is unlike either of the former. Her rig is small in area and peculiar, the mast well aft, a long foot to the jib, long boom and gaff, low hoist and very low peak. The jib is rigged with a club swiveler to the mast like a spinnaker boom and handled by lines to the tack, by which it can be squared off, thus setting the sail as a spinnaker. The jib does not roll on the stay, as in the English half-raters, but the rest of the arrangement is the same. The cockpit is watertight and self-bailing, the floor curves down from the sides of the coaming to the top of trunk, making a sort of trough of semi-elliptical section. The centerboard is of aluminum and very light. She steers with a long tiller, made of two long pieces exactly like the leg of a camera tripod, on the fore end is a jointed piece about 2ft. long, used when the crew is sitting well out. With her crew in their places the boat trims so that the square transom is just immersed, while the fore end of the waterline is nearly under the mast, nearly a third of the boat being thus out of water forward.

The hull is very lightly and beautifully built.

Since the preceding Saturday Question had been scraped of her old coat of lead color and stained a dark red, the deck being repainted a sort of drab pink. In spite of the familiar rig many of the spectators failed to recognize the old boat.

There was no wind in the early morning, the atmosphere being dull and heavy, but fortunately a nice breeze came in from E.N.E., enough to make a few boats turn in a reef and some others wish that they had. The start, advertised for 11, was half an hour late, the preparatory being fired at 11:20 and the start at 11:30. The one-gun start was used throughout in all classes, the yachts getting away nicely. The first leg was close-hauled from off the station out by College Point and across the Sound, then came a beat to Throgg's Neck, and so on to the outer marks. The tide was running a strong flood at the start. In the 30ft. class Vaquero III. crossed first and Musme second, but Hera had the weather berth and improved it as they stood across, taking first place when the beating began. Paprika, sailed by O. Sherman Hoyt, was first across of the 15-footers, followed by Question, Ulmeo, Olita, Hope and Willada, the last pair being well astern of the others. Ulmeo had not gone far before her jib tack parted, but after a little delay her crew made the tack fast again and she continued. Hope also parted something aloft and lost a little time in repairing the damage. Paprika made a wise tack up close under the Point, followed by Olita and Question, while Hope and Willada held the starting tack until well across the Sound.

The 25ft. class offered a very pretty fight between Weasel and Mary II., the latter taking the lead when clear of College Point. Once on the wind, which was coming in very fresh by this time, Weasel laid down on her side after the manner of the old tonnage cutters and Mary began to get away. Mary had two reefs and with them stood up to her work, the other lying at an angle which allowed the wind to blow over her sail. Paprika gained on the fleet of little ones in the windward work and soon had a long lead. After getting well clear of the Point and out in the Sound, Question parted her peak halyards and withdrew. When Paprika neared Port Schuyler she had a long lead on the fleet, Olita, Hope and Ulmeo being near-together and

Willada well astern. When they tacked off the Fort, Ulmec came to grief, being unable to come about; she made three or four trials, missing stays each time, but finally got around.

The three large sloops had managed to keep ahead of the fleet and were lost to view, but the steamer picked up the 30-footers at the Gangway Buoy, Hera being first, with Vaquero second and Musme some distance astern of the latter. They set spinakers to starboard and carried them to Throggs Neck, the course from there in being an easy reach. Paprika continued to gain on the fleet and doubled her lead off the wind. Ulmec sailed very fast after turning the buoy, both running and reaching, and made up for her poor performance to windward, but she ignored the sailing directions, and her owner not being familiar with the Sound, passed on the wrong side of a channel buoy. She really gained nothing in distance, but was disqualified for sailing the wrong course, after finishing second to Paprika.

The wind fell after the leaders of the smaller yachts had finished, and there was a long wait for the large sloops. Arrow and Whileaway came up the Sound in company, the former ahead; both carried spinakers nearly to the line, and Whileaway managed to blanket Arrow. Though they moved slowly, the finish was interesting through the luffing and blanketing. The official times were:

SPECIAL 30-FOOTERS—START 11:35:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.....	2 22 19	2 47 19
Hera.....	2 21 21	2 46 21
Musme.....	2 22 53	2 48 53
SPECIAL 21-FOOTERS—START 11:40:00.		
Hourl.....	2 10 20	2 30 20
Celia.....	2 01 30	2 21 30
SPECIAL 1/2 RATERS—START 11:45:00.		
Willada.....	2 40 18	2 55 18
Olia.....	2 39 42	2 54 42
Hope.....	2 27 40	2 42 40
Paprika.....	2 12 50	2 27 50
Ulmec.....	2 19 08	2 34 08
SPECIAL CLUB SLOOPS OVER 51 FT.—START 11:30:00.		
Arrow.....	3 27 50	3 57 50
Whileaway.....	3 28 29	3 58 29
Active.....	3 57 29	4 27 29
SLOOPS AND YAWLS—45 FT. CLASS—START 11:30:00.		
Gipsy.....	Did not finish.	
Gurnard.....	3 48 15	4 28 15
Eurybia.....	3 48 03	4 18 03
SLOOPS AND YAWLS, 36 FT. CLASS—START 11:30:00.		
Mignon.....	2 58 48	3 28 48
Bel Ami.....	3 05 12	3 35 12
Yolande.....	4 11 38	4 41 38
Edith.....	3 44 16	4 14 16
SLOOPS AND YAWLS, 30 FT. CLASS—START 11:35:00.		
Herbert R.....	4 16 30	4 41 45
SLOOPS AND YAWLS, 25 FT. CLASS—START 11:35:00.		
Gem.....	3 13 20	3 38 20
Doris.....	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATBOATS, 30 FT. CLASS—START 11:40:00.		
Leisure.....	3 49 10	4 08 10
Oconee.....	3 11 56	3 21 56
Frolic.....	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATBOATS, 25 FT. CLASS—START 11:40:00.		
Weasel.....	2 06 30	2 26 30
Mary II.....	2 05 10	2 25 10
Dolphin.....	2 10 30	2 34 30
Jonquil.....	Did not finish.	
Waltz.....	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATBOATS, 30 FT. CLASS—START 11:40:00.		
J. I. M.....	3 42 58	4 02 58
Violet.....	Disqualified.	
* Sailed wrong course—disqualified.		

The winners were Hera, Celia, Paprika, Arrow, Eurybia, Mignon, Herbert R., Gem, Oconee, Mary II., and J. I. M. The regatta committee included Messrs. O. H. Chellborg, chairman; H. Stephenson, J. B. Palmer, J. O. Sinkinson and C. W. Schlesinger.

Atlantic Y. C. Ladies' Day.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.
Saturday, June 6.

The Atlantic Y. C. opened the racing season on June 6 by a ladies' day race for prizes given by the club in each class and also for the Adams prizes, offered by Vice-Com. Adams for cutters, sloops and yawls, in one division, and cats of all classes in another. The winners of the Adams prizes were barred for the club prizes. The courses were two triangles off the club house, each sailed three times, making 1 1/2 miles for the larger yachts and 1 1/4 miles for the catboats. The wind, from S.E. and of moderate strength, made as nearly as possible a reach around the course. The times were:

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.		Length
Choctaw, J. M. Strong.....	49.30	46.30
Penguin, G. L. Brighton.....	49.27	49.27
SLOOPS—CLASS 6		
Tigress, F. Weir, Jr.....	41.30	
Sultan, W. H. Cromwell.....	34.50	
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.		
Wabasso, H. B. Shaen.....		
SLOOPS—CLASS 8.		
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman.....	37.00	
SPECIAL CLASS—30 FT.		
Lynx, R. B. Lynch.....		
Wawa, J. Stillman.....		
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.		
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	28.30	
Squaw, H. S. Jewell.....	27.25	
CATBOATS—CLASS 2.		
Streak, C. H. Lary.....	24.50	
Presto, H. M. Crosby.....	22.40	
Ethel, F. M. Randall.....	20.66	
Tabitha, J. C. McEvitt.....	23.30	

But one of the new 30-footers, Wawa, was present, and a private match was made with the Olmstead fin-keel Lynx, the latter to receive ten minutes handicap. Lynx soon retired, her rigging giving way. The times were:

ADAMS CUPS—SLOOPS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Choctaw.....	3 06 28	5 31 52	2 25 13	2 23 05
Penguin.....	3 09 17	5 33 07	2 23 10	2 23 10
Tigress.....	3 08 17	5 48 58	2 40 41	2 34 21
Sultan.....	3 06 49	5 53 10	2 46 21	2 32 54
Wabasso.....	3 06 28	Did not finish.		
Feydeh.....	3 06 27	6 19 48	3 13 21	2 52 09
CATBOATS.				
Step Lively.....	3 15 42	5 27 06	2 11 24	2 11 24
Squaw.....	3 17 05	5 32 43	2 15 38	2 14 29
Streak.....	3 16 17	5 36 56	2 20 39	2 15 20
Presto.....	3 15 57	5 40 28	2 24 31	2 15 42
Ethel.....	3 16 26	5 42 49	2 26 03	2 15 24
Tabitha.....	3 16 51	Did not finish.		
CLUB PRIZES—SLOOPS—CLASS 5.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Choctaw.....	3 06 39	5 31 52	2 25 13	2 23 05
Penguin.....	3 09 57	5 33 07	2 23 10	2 23 10
SLOOPS—CLASS 6.				
Tigress.....	3 08 17	5 48 58	2 40 41	2 40 41
Sultan.....	3 06 49	5 53 10	2 46 21	2 39 14
SLOOPS—CLASS 7.				
Wabasso.....	3 06 28	Withdraw.		
SLOOPS—CLASS 8.				
Feydeh.....	3 07 27	6 19 48	3 02 21	3 02 21
SPECIAL FIN-KEEL CLASS.				
Wawa.....	3 05 17	5 26 52	2 21 35	
Lynx.....	3 08 03	Withdraw—disabled.		
CATS—CLASS 1.				
Step Lively.....	3 15 42	5 27 06	2 11 24	2 11 24
Squaw.....	3 17 05	5 32 43	2 15 38	2 14 29
CATS—CLASS 2.				
Streak.....	3 16 17	5 36 56	2 20 39	2 20 39
Presto.....	3 15 57	5 40 28	2 24 31	2 21 01
Ethel.....	3 16 26	5 42 29	2 26 03	2 20 43
Tabitha.....	3 16 51	Not timed.		

The winners were: Adams prizes, first leg, Choctaw and Step Lively; club prizes, Penguin, Sultan, Feydeh, Squaw and Streak. Another race for the Adams prizes will be sailed on June 13. The club house was open all the afternoon for the reception of ladies, and in the evening a very successful and agreeable musicale was given, a large number being present.

The inquiry for builders of ducking skiffs has brought two more answers, one recommending James C. Wignall, 915 Warren street, Kensington, Philadelphia, who has built this type of boat for many years in three models, one entirely open for fishing; one with decks at each end, the favorite for rail shooting, both decks being high or one high and the other low; or with a full deck, large open well and centerboard, for sailing. The other letter recommends very strongly Wm. Wisner, Jr., of Bridesburgh, Philadelphia, a builder of all classes of yachts and cats who makes a specialty of canoes and duckers.

Yacht Building and Americanism.

WHATEVER hope we may originally have entertained that our friend the *Marine Journal* would stand to its guns in the defense of its original claims for the superiority of the American steam yacht is dissipated by the following, from its issue of last week:

"The *Marine Journal* is very much gratified to have been able to furnish the very clever yachting editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* with material for several editorials in regard to the Payne bill, which was designed to prevent the free entry into this country of foreign-built yachts; but as Mr. Stephens is evidently a free ship man from the ground up, like our esteemed friend Capt. Codman, we never expect to have time in this life to get the last word with him or convince him in regard to the un-Americanness of his principles. We are very glad that his study of and discourses upon our expositions of this matter have enabled him to amazingly brighten up his columns, however, and if he could possibly throw prejudice aside he might see, as well as his fair-minded readers, the flaws in his own arguments. In his last issue, for instance, he calls it inconsistent that a yacht should be pronounced thoroughly American when it happens to be in part the product of men who were born and trained under the British flag. As well might he call it inconsistent to claim that the men who won the independence of the United States were thoroughly American, because they too were mostly born and trained under the British flag. As well might he claim that employees who leave one factory and go to an opposition concern cannot render thorough allegiance to the opposition concern and assist it in producing better creations under more advantageous circumstances than when in their old employ. It is the fundamental principles of Americanism that do not seem to be thoroughly comprehended by friend Stephens.

We resent most emphatically the charge of un-Americanism; perhaps the trouble lies in a very different conception from that of the *Marine Journal* of what is true Americanism. If it is a fundamental principle of Americanism, and we are sometimes led to fear that it is, in the estimation of some writers, to openly decry and depreciate the foreigner, his skill and the products of it, and at the same time to secretly profit by the same skill and pass it off as an American product, then we must plead guilty. If the true principle of Americanism is a hearty belief that the American can, by superior skill, enterprise and ingenuity, excel his competitors of other nations in any line of mechanical progress when once he realizes the necessity for so doing, then we claim to be American throughout; and none the less so because we fearlessly and impartially criticize what seems to us false, dishonest or technically bad. Where faults actually exist it is no Americanism, as we understand it, to deny or conceal them, and thus put a stop to all hope of remedying them.

If our arguments are so full of flaws, why does not the *Marine Journal* expose some of them instead of beating around the bush? We say again that when the question of the relative superiority of American versus foreign designers, builders and mechanics is in question, a vessel built in this country, but designed and superintended by foreign skill and put together mainly by foreigners, is to all intents and purposes as much a foreign vessel as one built on the Clyde.

The comparison of the Revolution is too childish for serious answer; our opponent descends to a shallow quibble when it compares the foreigners of 1776, who were American because their sympathies were with the struggling Colonies, to the foreigner of 1896, who is American because he can make more money in this country than at home, provided that he has the Payne bill to help him against foreign competition. To us there is nothing un-American in utilizing this foreign skill and profiting by it, but there is something decidedly un-American and also untrue and dishonest in palming off the result as something purely American and superior to the product of other countries. Certainly the *Marine Journal* must know that it is not a question of the value and advantage of this foreign skill, or of the desirability of utilizing it; but that the true issue is, what is the position of the American shipbuilder to-day beside his English, Scotch and Irish rivals? If it wishes to argue this question honestly in the domain of steam yachting, as it originally started to do, let it pick out one sea-going steam yacht designed by an American and in actual service and compare it with the average British yacht of the same class.

Meteor II.

THE new racing cutter Meteor II., designed by Watson I. for William III., and sailed by Gomes I. under the management of Lonsdale III., sailed her first race on June 4, the regatta of the Royal London Y. C. The starters were Britannia, Ailsa, Satanita, Meteor II., Hester, Isolde, Corsair and Caress. The course was from the Lower Howe around the Mouse Light and back to Gravesend, 50 miles. The wind was light and variable. Meteor soon took the lead and the following times were taken at the Mouse:

Meteor.....	3 47 27	Britannia.....	3 55 43
None of the others were near enough to be timed. Meteor continued to gain on the return, reaching along in a light breeze. In the windward work over the last of the course Britannia picked up, but still was badly beaten. The times were:			
Meteor.....	6 33 50	Ailsa.....	7 01 07
Britannia.....	6 40 07	Satanita.....	7 04 15
On June 6 Meteor won the Nore to Dover race in a moderate breeze, followed by a long calm, the times being:			
Meteor.....	4 53 49	Satanita.....	5 12 15
Britannia.....	5 07 58	Ailsa.....	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The shops of the Crosby Catboat and Yacht Building Co., at Fifty-sixth street, Bay Ridge, are busy just now with three yachts: the 15-ft. freak described elsewhere, a large cabin catboat from a design by Gielow, and a knockabout designed by the firm. All three are center-board boats, the last two having lead keels. The company has a number of catboats, new and old, anchored in the basin. The adjoining yard, formerly Mumm's and then Winttingham's, is deserted, no work being done. In the old boat shop are two 20-ft. fin-keels designed by Olmstead, and a 15 footer has just been finished. A few years ago this was the principal yacht yard about New York.

The final heat for the *Outing* trophy was sailed on May 24 over the course of the Wave Crest Model Y. C., off Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, in a strong N. E. breeze. Dolphin carried the same rig as in the previous race, but Wave had a smaller jib and reefed mainsail. Wave soon had a good lead and held it, Dolphin giving up.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

EASTERN DIVISION.		
Name.	Residence.	Club.
Clifford Kimball.....	Newton.....	Wawbewawa.
H. W. Langley.....	Newton.....	Wawbewawa.
Wm. H. Crosby.....	Woburn.....	Quinton, Vesper.
W. D. Sawyer.....	Cambridge.....	Wawbewawa.
Wm. H. Palmer.....	Boston.....	
Arthur C. Trainer.....	Boston.....	Wawbewawa.
Marshall S. P. Smith.....	Boston.....	
Albert C. Marble.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Alfred H. Maynard.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Geo. S. Maynard.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Herbert H. Warren.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Chas. F. Hutchins.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
David F. Jenkins.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Harry B. Fairbanks.....	Worcester.....	Penokee.
Le Roy H. Talbot.....	Lowell.....	Vesper.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Clarence H. Engle.....New York city.....New York.

The Eastern Division Meet.

THE annual meet of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association was held on May 30-31 on Lake Quinsigamond, under the management of the Tatassit C. C., of Worcester. On Friday a number of canoeists arrived at the Lake, and were entertained by the Tatassit C. C. at a reception held on Tatassit Island, which was beautifully decorated and illuminated. The races took place on Saturday, as follows:

Unlimited Sail, three miles—Vera, F. A. Sears; Au Revoir, A. E. Davis. Au Revoir held a good position through the first round, but was disabled by the parting of a rudder chain.

Skiff Sailing Race—Penokee, F. W. Southgate; Dahind, A. H. Lang; unnamed, F. A. Sears. Dahind won.

War Canoe Race—Lawrence C. C. crew, Wawbewawa C. C. crew. The Lawrence crew won after a hard and close race.

The hand-paddling race was won by F. J. Burrage and the four paddle race by the Wawbewawa against the Lawrence crew. The tandem paddling race was won by the Wawbewawa crew from the Lake side crew. In the single paddling race M. X. Colon won. A camp fire was held on Saturday night, the camp breaking up on Sunday, which proved cold and rainy. At the annual meeting of the Division the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., Raymond Apollonio, Winchester; Rear-Com., Louis S. Drake, Auburndale; Purser, Francis J. Burrage, Boston; Executive Committee, P. C. Wiggins, Lawrence; A. W. Dowd, Hartford, Conn.; Fred. W. Taylor, Lowell. Among the many visitors at the meet were Messrs. Winne and Paul Butler. The meet was very successful, both in the number of members present and the pleasant nature of the camp. The Tatassit C. C. has purchased the point near their island for \$2,500, and will retain it in order to be sure of their neighbors and right of way.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 25.—Nitro powder for target work has taken a strong hold on the local riflemen, the successful experiments of several members of the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Association, under the direction of F. O. Young, having led many to use it.

Among the first local riflemen to try nitro in the heavy musket was Chris Meyer, of Company C. Yesterday he achieved excellent results with 45grs. (measured) shot under two wads and a 405-gr. metal jacket bullet. The bullet was really lead nickel-plated. The wads were used to fill the space. Meyer seated his bullets firmly in the shells instead of leaving an air space, and the recoil of the musket was hardly perceptible. He used Du Pont's No. 1 rifle powder, and in one string of 25 shots he scored as follows:

5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4.....47
4 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4.....45
5 4 4 4.....17—109

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot was held as usual, and half of the members, it was found, had become addicted to the use of the nitro. This powder they use in everything from the .22 target pistol to the high-class target rifle, with excellent results. H. R. Crane has recently gone over to the nitro ranks. He has been an expert huntsman and scored great success in the field. Now he is devoting all of his spare time to target practice. The best scores of the members yesterday were as follows:

Pistol, Blanding medal, 3 shots, open to all comers: C. M. Daiss, 8, 12, 12; J. E. Gorman, 9, 10, 11; A. H. Page, 10, 12, 14; F. O. Young, 11, 13.

Revolver, Carr medal, 5 shots: M. J. White 37, J. E. Gorman, 35, 40. Twenty-two-caliber rifle, all comers, 50yds., Rogers medal: Ed. Hovey 8, E. Jacobson 9, W. J. Burrows 34. Rifle, 200yds., Unfred diamond medal: F. O. Young, 13, 16; H. Burfeind, 15, 17, 21; A. H. Page, 16, 19, 21.

Rifle record: A. B. Dorrell 74, H. R. Crane 74, F. E. Mason 78, H. H. Burfeind 120.

Most flags for month: G. Schultz 1, F. O. Young 1, H. H. Burfeind 1. The usual bullseye shoot of the California Schuetzen Club drew out nearly all of the members. John Utschig came very close to the center and won the first prize. The scores made were as follows:

John Utschig 68 points, H. Guembel 236, H. Schroeder 240, F. P. Hagerup 311, C. Waller 350, L. Reubold 424, G. F. Robinson 434, A. Utschig 486, A. Jungbluth 501, H. Eckman 529, C. Sagehorn 529, H. Enge 566, D. W. McLaughlin 589, N. Fredericks 615, A. Breuns 646, F. Jacoby 744, R. Finking 805, A. Strecker 815, L. C. Rabbia 815, F. Attinger 833, J. Bachmann 933, J. Wollmer 966, T. F. Kelly, 1,014, F. Kuhls 1,046, T. Archer 1,065.

The winners in the California Schuetzen Cadets' bullseye contest were Messrs. Woenne, Reubold and Kullman.

The lady sharpshooters of this club were also out in full force and the contests were for the club medals. The winners were: Full champion class: Miss Lizzie Utschig 112 rings.

First class: Mrs. Kelly 111 rings. Second class: Mrs. Davison 42 rings.

There was a spirited contest for the Schuenemann diamond double-rest medal, which is to be contested for seven times. This time John Utschig was the winner with 223 points. The second best score was by Otto Baumeister with 229 and the third was by D. W. McLaughlin with 227.

ROEEL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

NORTH LONDON RIFLE CLUB.

THERE was no revolver shooting at the North London Rifle Club on May 6, but on May 13 the following scores were made at 50yds.:

J MacDonal.....	776776—40	Lieut J Howard.....	537536—29
Walter Winans.....	777636—36	Frost.....	725875—29
Lieut Clemence.....	776726—35	H Young.....	525356—26
Carter.....	556747—34	W B Thompson.....	273553—25
C Knapp.....	557745—33	Andrews.....	543462—24
A J Comber.....	537764—32	Armatage.....	272535—24
Gould.....	577544—32	W Luff.....	244464—24
R G May.....	473756—32	Ward.....	047075—23
Tilbury.....	546673—31	Polson.....	046024—16

There was a gale of wind on May 20, with rain, so no good scores were made in the revolver contests at the North London Rifle Club.

Revolver Series IV., 50yds. target:	
Walter Winans.....	664776—36
Capt Evans.....	654667—33
Lieut Clemence.....	655645—31
Carter.....	457546—31
W Luff.....	737545—31

SOUTH LONDON RIFLE CLUB.

At the South London Rifle Club on May 12 the following scores were made in the revolver competitions.

Twenty yards, stationary target:	
C F Lowe.....	776777—41
E Howe.....	676777—40
C Knapp.....	777775—40
Walter Winans.....	777657—39
Lieut J Howard.....	777657—38
Capt T W Heath.....	667675—37
Clementi-Smith.....	677757—37
A Wilson.....	655746

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 31.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its weekly shoot to-day. A strong 9 o'clock wind, was blowing most of the time, making good scores hard to secure. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele.....	9 8 8 8 7 10 10 8 9 8—85
Payne.....	9 9 10 5 9 10 8 8 8 6—83
Troutstein.....	7 9 9 8 10 10 9 6 6 10—82
Lux.....	10 8 7 7 10 6 7 9 9 7—80
Topf.....	10 8 8 10 9 8 8 9 9 8 7—85
Weinheimer.....	8 8 9 8 8 9 9 7 9 8—83
Hasezahl.....	8 10 10 7 9 7 10 8 7 9—85
Strickmeier.....	7 10 8 8 8 5 9 7 8 8—78
Drube.....	7 8 10 6 6 9 6 6 6 6—65
*Gibson.....	5 6 6 7 10 6 6 6 6 6—65
	7 9 5 3 7 6 9 4 6 7—63
	7 9 6 10 4 4 3 7 5 6—60
	5 7 9 7 9 3 6 9 7 7—80
	10 6 5 5 4 3 7 7 7 7—61
	3 5 5 3 7 8 8 6 6 6—69
	4 9 4 3 6 6 10 4 5 7—68
	9 8 5 4 5 9 6 5 4 9—84
	6 6 6 4 8 7 4 9 7 4—61
	7 8 10 9 7 7 6 9 4 7—73
	7 8 2 1 9 3 3 8 9 8—68
	5 6 7 9 6 9 6 10 3 10—71
	8 7 8 10 8 7 9 3 6 5—71
	5 4 7 10 8 6 9 7 8 0—70
	6 6 6 7 9 8 9 7 9 10—77
	10 9 7 10 8 8 8 8 9 8—86
	7 9 9 6 8 6 10 9 7 9—80
	8 9 6 10 5 9 10 10 9—84
	6 7 10 10 10 7 6 7 7—76
	6 6 7 10 5 7 9 10 10—87
	10 10 8 5 7 4 10 10 6—76
	9 7 7 7 7 7 9 8 9 9—79
	5 9 8 7 5 10 7 10 8—65
	9 8 6 8 8 9 8 7 10—83
	7 8 10 5 9 8 9 9 5—80
	9 10 10 5 6 8 8 7 6—97
	8 10 5 6 5 6 8 10 8—74
	4 4 6 7 5 3 6 5 3—64
	6 5 3 4 2 7 4 5 8—48
	4 3 3 5 5 7 10 4 6—63

* Military rifle.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Club; \$3,000 in merchandise prizes in State and open events; \$1,100 of cash added to purses. Experts eligible to first and second moneys only. C. S. Burkhardt, President.

June 16.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; \$770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 18-20.—SPOKANE, Wash.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club. H. Bolster, Sec'y of Association.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live bird and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4-5.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$200 added money. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; \$750 added money.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following circular, issued by the Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, shows how trap-shooting is being boomed across the border: "The Sherbrooke Gun Club will hold a tournament on its grounds in East Sherbrooke on July 1, lasting all day, to which it invites the members of the clubs of the Province. It is intended to make this shoot a popular one by having the events so arranged that all will get shooting in something near their own class, while numerous open events and added money will prove attractive to all. While we believe that easy birds will be appreciated by the greatest number, as large a variety of shooting as possible is to be given, both easy and difficult. In the division of the various sweeps both class shooting and the 'all-in-it' system will be adopted. In the latter system the amount of the entries is divided by the total number of targets broken and each shooter is paid for the birds he breaks. This is becoming a very popular system with many large clubs, having the advantage of making dropping for place impossible. This circular is sent with the desire of soliciting suggestions from the officers of clubs likely to be with us on Dominion Day. We intend to please everybody, old saws and proverbs notwithstanding. Write to our secretary if you have any pet theory as to the running of a shoot, or if you think of any event which would prove interesting, and he will be grateful for the favor. Our secretary likes his job; keep him busy. Send in your suggestions at once, please, and give us an idea of the attendance we may expect from your club."

A new organization is the Springboro, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, which came into being on June 2 of this year. The club's officers are: President, T. E. Hohenbeak; Vice-President, Emory Hall; Secretary, C. H. Miller; Treasurer, William Potter; Captain, Rev. H. H. Emmett. Our correspondent in Springboro, writing us in regard to the formation of this club, says: "We would have very fair quail, pheasant, woodcock and snipe shooting if we could only keep the pot-hunters and their curs out of the woods. The club intends to look after this matter in this locality at least, and also to attend to the shooters of black bass on their spawning beds, and the dynamiting in the deep holes." The club should join the State Sportsmen's Association and aid the Association in its efforts to obtain some much-needed legislation at Harrisburg next spring.

A series of three team races has been arranged between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J. The conditions are ten men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The dates chosen are June 11, 18 and 25. The first match will be shot on the Endeavor's grounds at Marion; the second on the Boiling Springs grounds; the scene of the third match will be fixed later.

From what we can learn there will be a good Eastern delegation at the Cleveland shoot next week. The novelties offered by the management seem to have caught the boys.

We must once more remind secretaries of gun clubs and other correspondents of the great importance of mailing scores and other news notes promptly if insertion in the current issue is desired. FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns are always taxed to the utmost limit, and the rule of "first come, first served" has to be observed.

Louis Schortemeier, secretary of the New York County Gun Club, writes that the following shooters will represent that club at the New York State shoot this week: W. J. Simpson, Grant Nicholls, F. S. Edwards, J. H. Richmond, C. von Lengerke, Gus E. Greiff and L. H. Schortemeier.

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, will be represented by a team in the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy at Buffalo on Saturday, June 18.

The monthly live-bird shoots of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, are held on the third Tuesday in each month, except in July and December, the club holding no shoot in those months.

The tournament committee of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club did good work when it compiled the programme for its tournament on June 23-25. The list of events is decidedly attractive.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Calumet Heights Gun Club was a great success, over 100 persons being present, including members and their families. The weather was very mixed, a strong wind from the northwest blowing hard at times. After the shooting was over the evening was spent in dancing, with musical selections, vocal and instrumental. Scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	25	25	25	10	10	10	20	15	25	15	20
J A Morgan.....	3	4	12	13	15	6	9	..	9	..
P Norcom.....	6	4	13	16	15	..	4	4	10	..	25	5	12
G O Lamphere.....	14	8	10	24	20	..	6	4	13	..	19	14	18
A F Whitman.....	7	9	13	17	4	w
J E Blackburn.....	5	2	16	17	15	..	4	1	4	..	20	10	15
E W Copelin.....	6	6	16	17	15	..	6	8
G W Prickett.....	7	8	..	17	6	8	..	12	12
I G Reid.....	4	6	10	14	11	10
T H Greely.....	11	6	13	20	15	..	3	5	8	8	15	9	11
C W Carson.....	9	5	22
O von Lengerke.....	12	9	19	23	23
C D Westcott.....	10	9	19	23	..	3	21	7	12	..
Mrs C W Carson.....	8	4	9	14
H Metcalfe.....	9	7	15	13	..	7	..	5	9	9	13	10	15
R B Carson.....	4	..	5	5	6
A C Black.....	8	..	7	7	17	..	1	6	8	..	12
W Mumford.....	5	3	9	4	10
G E Marshall.....	11	6	14	9	17	..	3	5	10	..	18	9	15
G A Knowles.....	12	5	..	15	..	7	6	3	11	..	16	14	..
H A Ferguson.....	12	6	16	13	15	7	11	..	19	11	14
F A Hodson.....	8	9	18	13	..	4	5	..	13	20	11
A C Patterson.....	12	9	20	21	18	..	6	8	12	9	21	13	12
C O Chamberlain.....	6	4	11	6
S M Booth.....	11	7	15	18	16	5	6	..	12	..	17	12	15
Mrs R B Carson.....	2	..	5
L L Davis.....	6	10	7	1	..	7	..	4
Dr Haslan.....	..	5	5
A P Harper.....	5	5	..	19
F S Lewis.....	2	5	8	..	14	8
J Ervin.....	0	5
Carlisle.....	5	3	..	13
Isbell.....	5	..	14	11
R A Turtle.....	12	21	9

Of the above 13 events, No. 1 was at unknown angles, practice shoot; No. 2 was also at unknown angles; No. 3 was a merchandise prize event, unknown angles; No. 4, medal contest, unknown angles; No. 5, unknown angles; No. 6, walk around; No. 7, reversed order; No. 8, 5 unknown traps, gun below belt; No. 9, 10 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs; No. 10, practice shoot, unknown angles; No. 11, medal contest, unknown angles; No. 12, unknown angles; No. 13, consolation race, merchandise prizes, known traps and angles. (Nos. 10-13 were shot on May 31.)

A live-bird event at 10 live birds per man, handicap rise, for six merchandise prizes, was also shot on May 31, with the following result:

J H Knowles (32).....	1212212211—10	L L Davis (27).....	2011112002—7
A W Carlisle (30).....	2112222121—10	G E Marshall (30).....	1001121210—7
E W Copelin (30).....	2222211111—10	W Metcalfe (30).....	2011011101—7
R A Turtle (32).....	1011112121—9	R B Carson (27).....	0112010130—7
G O Lamphere (32).....	2210112122—9	J Ervin (30).....	1101100111—6
J A Morgan (30).....	1110111221—9	F S Lewis (30).....	2221010200—6
P D Norcom (30).....	2021112122—9	A C Patterson (32).....	1200202220—6
G W Prickett (30).....	1112022221—9	H A Ferguson (32).....	2011012030—6
C D Westcott (32).....	1230111211—9	K Marks (27).....	1101012001—6
S M Booth (32).....	1111110210—8	J E Blackburn (30).....	2202023000—5
A P Harper (30).....	1010112110—7	A W Harlan (27).....	0002000110—3
A C Black (27).....	0110201222—7		

The six merchandise prizes were ultimately distributed as follows: Knowles first, Westcott second, Booth third, Marshall fourth, Ferguson fifth and Harlan sixth.

Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 27.—The eighth shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association was held to-day on the grounds of the Sportsman's Club, of this city. The weather was favorable and there was a good attendance of shooters. In the race for 3-men teams the teams of the Worcester Sportsman's Club and of the Worcester Gun Club both scored a point, each breaking 25 out of 30. Scores in the team race were:

Worcester Sportsman's Club, 1st team: Davis 10, Mascroft 8, Gilman 8—26.

Worcester Gun Club team: Snell 10, Russell 8, M. Buck 8—26.

Worcester Sportsman's Club, 3d team: McLellan 8, Bucklin 9, Roach 9—26.

Worcester Sportsman's Club, 2d team: Kenerson 10, R. C. Walls 7, A. W. Walls 8—25.

Boston Shooting Association, 2d team: Eager 10, Wordsworth 7, Sawyer 8—25.

Boston Shooting Association, first team: Dickey 9, F. Bennett 9, W. W. Bennett 6—24.

Worcester Sportsman's Club, fourth team: Buck 9, Parker 6, Ide 9—24.

Hingham Gun Club: Spaulding 7, Allison 8, Howe 6—21.

In the race for the individual trophy O. R. Dickey and Snell led with clean scores of 20 each:

Dickey 20, Snell 20, Puck 15, F. Bennett 16, Geo. McLellan 17, W. L. Davis 19, Wm. Bennett 15, Sawyer 18, Mascroft 14, M. P. Roach 15, Howe 17, R. C. Walls 7, Allison 17, Eager 17, N. W. Parker 16, A. W. Walls 18, Kenerson 17, J. Tougas 15, Henderson 19, Ide 13, Russell 17, Spaulding 14, A. L. Gilman 15, M. Buck 12, E. W. Ide 13.

A list of ten sweeps was also shot during the day, the entries averaging nearly four full squads.

Another Chicago Tournament.

CHICAGO, June 8.—A meeting will be held Tuesday night of representatives of the Eureka, Garfield and Garden City clubs, of Chicago. Committees will be appointed to make preliminary arrangements looking toward a joint club target tournament at Chicago this summer or fall, targets to be thrown at 1 cent or 1½ cents. Efforts will be made to hold a big tournament. This arises out of ill feeling that Chicago is too dead as a shooting town. On Saturday next Eureka Gun Club will hold a meeting and discuss means of proper disposal of the E. C. cup in club's hands. At that meeting the question will be brought up of increasing the club membership from 50 to 100.

E. HOGUE.

The Deiter-Gilbert Match.

THE Western Union Telegraph Co.'s operator in this city, who received the special dispatch sent to this office from Chicago by Paul R. Litke, giving the result of the Deiter-Gilbert match, was responsible for a very serious error in our news columns. The dispatch, as turned out in this city, said plainly that "Geo. Deiter, of Milwaukee, was defeated," etc. What Paul Litke wrote was: "George Deiter, of Milwaukee, Wis., defeated," etc. The interchange of a for an i created all the trouble. As a matter of fact, Deiter won by one bird, scoring 84 to 83.

New York State Shoot.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 9.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] At the convention held last night thirty-three clubs were represented. Rome and Auburn both were nominated for next year's shoot. Auburn guaranteed \$2,000 and targets at 2 cents. Rome guaranteed \$1,500. Auburn won finally by large majority. Officers elected were Charles G. Curtis, President; W. W. Dickinson, Vice-President; Clarence E. Goodrich, Secretary and Treasurer. In preliminary practice yesterday twelve 15-target events were shot. Sam Glover did best work. Jim Elliott is here and doing good shooting. Attendance of shooters very satisfactory and all prospects for big tournament are promising with the exception of weather, which is threatening. Heavy rain has taken all morning.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Interstate at Natchez.

NATCHEZ, Miss.—The Interstate Association's tournament, held here June 3-4, proved to be one of the best and most successful ever given by that association. Entries, it is true, did not run very large, 24 being high, but the entry lists kept up very well and great interest was taken in the shoot by the people of Natchez, who visited the grounds in numbers each day. The ladies of the city took special interest in the shooting and graced the grounds in rather unusual numbers for a target tournament.

The shoot was given under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club. The club owns its own grounds, some twelve acres in extent, and easy of access, being only ten minutes' ride from hotel headquarters. The club has a large covered grand stand, a large shooting shed about 20x60ft., and an awning that extends over the score line, affording protection from sun and rain.

The shooting was A1 as a whole; H. L. Foote, W. H. Miller, Col. U. M. C. Thomas, Dave Porterfield and Frank Arrighi excelling in the averages. The targets (blue rocks thrown from blue rock traps) were thrown about 50yds.

The Prentiss Club made every visitor free of its rooms, presenting each one with a card admitting him to all the privileges of the club. This courtesy was gladly made use of by the visitors, who thoroughly appreciated the hospitable spirit that prompted this action. The members of the Gaillard Sporting Club, too, could not do enough to make its guests feel at home.

Among those present were: Col. U. M. C. Thomas, representing the U. M. C. Company; Dave Porterfield, representing the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies; Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; E. Ferriday, of Nashville, Tenn., representing the Laffin & Rand Powder Company; T. A. Divine and Abe Frank, of Memphis, Tenn.; W. H. Miller, A. Katzeimer and C. Wright, Vicksburg, Miss.; H. L. Foote and J. T. Jolly, Rolling Fork, Miss.; W. A. Huey and S. J. Enders, Shreveport, La.; J. L. Sharkey, Greenville, Miss.; Drs. Aby and Forsythe, Monroe, La.; Dr. W. T. Miles, Burnside, La.; Dr. Brangier, New Orleans; B. Y. Wade and B. Wade, Jr., Sharkey county, etc. The home club was well represented by Messrs. Baker, McDowell, Arrighi, Drs. Session and Watkins, Wilson, Gardner, Jenkins, Barkley, etc.

The trapper boys at this shoot were first class. The boy at No. 5 trap trapped 2,250 targets during the two days of the shoot and the preliminary practice work, and only broke five targets during that time. He is three silver quarters ahead as a reward for breaking the least number of targets each day. The weather, while warm, was perfect for shooting. Scores follow.

SCORES OF JUNE 3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15
Bennett.....	14	15	13	14	12	20	10	15	12	13	23	13	18
Frank.....	14	18	15	12	15	18	8	10	14	13	23	13	12
Divine.....	15	17	10	13	15	19	13	11	10	15	20	13	12
Foote.....	18	20	14	13	15	18	13	14	13	14	24	13	13
Baker.....	9	14	11	8	10	15	12	10	17	14	17	12	11
Miles.....	14	15	12	12	9	14	12	8	12	14
Porterfield.....	14	19	11	14	12	18	13	15	15	10	17	..	11
Forsthe.....	18	20	11	13	15	17	14	12	11	23	13	8	8
Aby.....	13	17	14	9	10	15	13	14	12	10	20	8	8
Sharkey.....	12	19	12	10	13	19	10	9	11	14	..	12	8
U M C.....	15	19	14	14	12	17	13	14	14	18	23	14	14
Miller.....	12	20	14	13	12	20	14	14	14	13	21	15	11
Huey.....	11	13	14	14	12	14	11	11	11	9	20	13	14
Katzmeier.....	11	15	11	13	12	11	12	12	13	14
Enders.....	15	18	7	13	12	16	13	13	11	..	18	10	14
Huff.....	7	14	8	9	12	11
Searles.....	11	20	15	10	7	13	12	11	11	11	20	8	10
Wade, Sr.....	11	14	..	14	13	..	13	13	12	9
Sessions.....	12	17	12	12	12	16	12	11	..	15	..	13	10
Wade, Jr.....	14	11	..	12	11	..	10
Arrighi.....	12	18	13	12	12	19	13	13	12	13	23	14	12
Gardner.....	12	18	10	10	8	7	13	9	12	12
Jenkins.....	7	10	12	13	11	12
Watkins.....	9	11	10	15	11	10
McDowell.....	13	15	10	14	..	9	..	4	..
Bringer.....	5
Wilson.....	11	14	11	8

Illinois State Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The twenty-second annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Sherman House, Chicago, the evening of June 2. The attendance was good, twenty-seven clubs having appointed delegates. Among new faces present was that of Mr. W. F. White, general traffic manager of the Santa Fé Railroad, a member of the board of directors for the past year. President Shephard asked brevity in the business of the evening, and was brief in his opening address. He made a good presiding officer and pushed through the business of the evening in a very able fashion. In his address he referred to the deaths during the year of Dr. N. Rowe, W. J. Edbrooke and Jas. O'Brien, members of the Association. Eight new clubs were admitted to the Association—Alpine, Iroquois, Hennepin and Garden City, of Chicago; also Waukegan, Kewaunee and Canton gun clubs and the Henry Live Bird Club. The Soft Mark Gun Club has been merged into the Garden City Club, and the president ruled this to be a new club. The treasurer reported a balance of \$184.18. The board of directors offered no report, but was complimented by the president. Votes of thanks were tendered to the Eureka Gun Club for giving to the Association its 40 per cent. of the purse of the L. C. Smith cup; to Dr. Frothingham for contributing \$50 in like manner out of his purse winnings, and to Mr. Wm. Cashmore, of Birmingham, Eng., and to his representative, Dr. Carver, for the contribution of the valuable Cashmore gun.

Col. C. E. Felton introduced a resolution to the effect that the Association should urge the repeal of the license law of North Dakota and other States discriminating against non-resident sportsmen. This brought Mr. Bortree, president of the National Association, to his feet, who spoke for the license law of Dakota. He said that Texas must soon follow with a similar law or see her game go as that of Dakota has gone. It would be a step backward in sportsmanship to pass the above resolution. Col. Felton responded that it was the market shooter and not the sportsman who had cleaned out the Dakota game. Yet he seemed to resent the non-export laws of Dakota, which, he said, looked toward preventing an old or decrepit shooter from buying in the market game which he could not go out and shoot for himself. He said that so long as Dakota asked a license of Chicago shooters the latter could retaliate by declining to help Dakota in her relations to the Chicago game markets. Mr. Bortree replied by citing the Supreme Court decision on the Connecticut case, which clearly gave any State the right to pass such license law as it chose. He was sure North Dakota had passed its law simply in self-defense, as its game was being exterminated by non-residents. Mr. F. S. Baird was also opposed to Col. Felton's resolution. He thought that North Dakota had not discriminated against us any more than we had attempted to discriminate against New York and Boston in market matters. It had a right to do what it had done, and as to the non-export laws and the sale of game, he hoped to see the time when the sale of game would be prohibited altogether. Dakota had been a dumping ground for all sorts of non-resident shooters. It had passed its laws in self-defense, as it had a right to do, and it would be unseemly in the Association to interfere in such a matter. On the putting of the question, Col. Felton's resolution was lost.

Col. Felton introduced a second resolution, this one in regard to the German carp, which he stated were eating up the duck marsh in many localities and increasing in a manner alarming to sportsmen. His resolution asked conference of the officials of the Association with the wardens of other States, in regard to the best way of exterminating the carp, and, if necessary, an attempt to secure proper legislation looking toward that destruction. This resolution was passed.

Col. Felton proposed to introduce a third resolution, protesting against the perpetual muzzle ordinance which was before the city council of Chicago, under whose terms all dogs would be forced to wear a muzzle the year through. Mr. Organ stated that he had been conferring with members of the council committee having this ordinance in charge, and he felt that he could say that the ordinance would never see the light. If it did, he had Mayor Swift's assurance that it would be vetoed. The matter did not take the form of a resolution. Mr. A. C. Patterson introduced notice for a change of the shooting rules, modifying Rule 11 so that it should permit the gun to be held in any position the shooter may choose, instead of below the armpit, as the present form of the rule has it. This goes over to next year. Mr. J. H. Robbins introduced a resolution commending the Memphis Gun Club for its pronounced stand on the subject of dropping for place. Col. Felton called attention to the old-time position of the Illinois Association on this same subject, which he considered ante-dated that referred to. The resolution was lost.

Mr. R. S. Mott rose to a question of individual privilege. He represented Mr. J. A. Ruble, who had been notified by the board of directors prior to the tournament that he would not be allowed to take part in the Association contests. Mr. Mott offered a petition with many names of non-resident and resident shooters asking for the reinstatement of Mr. Ruble, who had become by the consolidation of the Soft Mark and Garden City gun clubs a regular member of the Association. Since this was so he could not be barred, unless the whole club was barred. The action of the board was therefore rescinded and Mr. Ruble will not be barred.

Warden Blow was given opportunity for brief remarks. He said he was tired of hearing of the old Blow bill, so he had made a new one which he hoped was good and which he did not want to bear his name, but that of the Citizens' bill. He spoke of the carp question, and said that many game fish were destroyed by fishers who were after carp. Lake Calumet had been devastated by such fishing, and he knew of 15 tons of bass being taken illegally there this year. He knew of 133 tons taken the past year out of one stream. It was a serious question how to destroy these carp, as a law looking to their destruction might destroy a great many game fish also. The best way would be to kill them in the winter time, when they were bedded together in large numbers.

Mr. F. S. Baird, attorney for the Association in the Kewaunee case, recounted the progress in that litigation. He hoped for a decision during this month on the motion for a new trial offered by the sportsmen to the court in the last case, due mention of which has been made in other columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Baird thought the sportsmen would win this important case.

Chicago was chosen as the place for the holding of the tournament next year. Thanks were extended to the donors of prizes and to the Sherman House. The Association approved the action of the board of directors in passing suitable resolutions upon the death of Dr. Rowe, W. J. Edbrooke and James O'Brien. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, C. E. Felton, of Chicago; First Vice-President, Dr. James Pankhurst, of Grand Detour; Second Vice-President, George Franklyn, of Evanston; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Bissel, of Chicago.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The weather was favorable and the grounds were in good condition. The birds were of the well-known Watson quality, and for the retrieving of such few of them as were killed John Watson had increased his rolling stock to six dogs in all. The appointments at the grounds were good. Geo. Andrews did the live-bird scoring, Secretary H. B. Meyer attended to the live-bird cash, and Ike and George Watson ran the targets; Jas. Porter refereed the targets very acceptably and W. T. Irwin made a most efficient squad hustler. Messrs. Organ, Mussey and Hamlin, of the board of directors, were of general utility. The Audubon club had its customary hospitable tent, and the tent of Montgomery Ward & Co. was also there, with Mr. Stannard in charge and Mr. G. M. Holt an occasional visitor. Empire targets and traps were used, Mr. Quimby being on hand throughout the shoot. The gun trade was represented ably by Messrs. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Heikes, Elliott and Sylvester for the Winchester Company; S. A. Tucker and A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun, this being the first Chicago tournament the latter had attended since 1893. Mr. White, of the Austin Powder Company, was on from St. Louis, and Eddie Bingham represented the Du Pont powder.

The tournament was, as it always is, for the most part a live-bird affair, only about 5,000 targets a day being thrown at the best. There were three strong live-bird events, and these practically constituted the entire tournament, though only one was open to others than Association members, the Cashmore gun event, in which the sweep was open to all non-members, though the capital prize was in competition only for members. The main Association event, for the Board of Trade badge, had 71 entries. The badge was won by Albert Bacon, of Henry, using a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester metal-lined shell. The Association State target championship event, for the L. C. Smith cup, was won by Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, with an L. C. Smith gun, E. C. powder and U. M. O. Trap shell. The club team championship, at live birds, was won by Evanston Gun Club, Dixon Gun Club second. In the open tournament at targets, the E. C. cup was won by Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, who used a Greener gun, E. C. powder and U. M. O. Trap shell.

The Cashmore gun event, for the handsome Cashmore gun given by Wm. Cashmore, of Birmingham, England, through the kindly agency of Dr. W. F. Carver, called out the good entry of 86 shooters, members and non-members, and required the better part of two days for its conclusion. Of the entry, 33 shooters put in the full amount of \$20, the purse thus being a handsome one, though split into five moneys. Association members had the option of entering for the gun only for the price of the birds, they to withdraw at the second miss with money refunded for unshot birds. The gun was won by Burt Dunnill, of Fox Lake, Ill., who ran out the only 20 straight made by those in for the gun. Burt Dunnill is a brother of Harry Dunnill, who won the Board of Trade badge last year. They are both old duck shooters. Burt used an L. C. Smith gun, E. C. powder and Winchester metal-lined shell. The tidy Cashmore purse paid \$148.50 for first, which was divided on 20 straight by Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, and Chas. M. Grim, of Clear Lake, Iowa. The former used a

Greener gun, with E. C. Powder and U. M. O. Trap shell, and Mr. Grim an L. C. Smith gun, with smokeless cases and Schultz powder.

Of the winners at the shoot Mr. Merrill was much in the lead in cash in hand, though Mr. Powers will realize more than he when he receives his percentage of the L. C. Smith cup entry next year. Mr. Grim was next in winnings. Most of this money was made at the live bird scores, for at the targets it was impossible for anyone to make any money, there being no added money and the targets being shot at 3 cents. Reference to the scores will show the quality of the shooting attendance, and what the gall needed to be to live with the field. Elliott broke 104 out of 110 one day and won \$1.50 by it. He shot a 94 gall another day and came out 15 cents loser. Rike, of Dayton, shot a 96 gall one day, and came out \$3 loser. He broke 117 out of 125 and won only \$1.50 by it. Powers, of Decatur, shot a 95 gall all one day and won only \$4.85. On one day Merrill fell down to 90 4 per cent. and came out \$2.40 loser. Again he broke 98 out of 105 and won only \$6.15. The shooters said it required a little better than a 95 per cent. gall all through to come out even on entrance and ammunition. The entry at the target trap was patchy, some 80 shooters participating in all, though much fewer shot through or nearly through.

NOTES OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Mr. George L. Deiter, winner of the Du Pont trophy in the contest with Mr. Fred Gilbert, said the return race, on Gilbert's challenge to him, would in all probability be shot at Milwaukee and at a date not far distant. In the live-bird sweeps during the week and subsequent to the match neither Deiter nor Gilbert showed what might be called championship form, though Gilbert held together much the better of the two and beat Deiter 10 birds in 40 shot at.

Gilbert has a system. If one will watch him as he loads his gun on going to the score it will be noticed he always puts in his shell so the live reading matter on the base of the shell has its center fairly in the middle of the gun barrel. If by any chance this be changed he will be sure to discover it and fix the shell around before he shoots, apparently believing it shoots straighter so. He does not know his system has been discovered, but the facts were disclosed by Mr. Tucker.

It was Mr. Tucker, by the way, who coached Capt. Du Bray at the target line until he began to break straights and make runs and trills.

Mr. McMurchy rejoiced in a pair of new red shoes of great splendor. It seems that he and Mr. Quimby matched coppers to see who should buy both pairs of shoes. The latter lost, and contented himself with settling for Mr. McMurchy's shoes and going without any for himself. He declared he was on his uppers.

Messrs. Powers and Merrill roomed together, ate together, shot together and figured averages all the time when not engaged in the above occupations. The tournament closed with these two enthusiasts begging the trappers to throw them a few birds for practice.

There was present at the shoot the type *par excellence* of the gentle amateur, Col. Bill Settle, of Cincinnati, a gentleman who made many friends. Col. Settle states that he not long ago went to a big tournament at some distance from his home. The trip cost him \$250, including his entrance money, and he took down \$1.40 in winnings. He seems well named, and for the sake of the sport it is a great pity there are not many more like him.

Wirt, of Cincinnati, was another shooter who made a pleasant impression with all and formed many acquaintances who wish him many returns to Chicago. Although new at live birds he bids fair to prove troublesome soon.

Mr. John W. Cowan, of Butte, Mont., and Mr. Dorsey Burgess, of Salt Lake City, represented the far West very pleasantly and ably. Mr. Cowan is here on business and soon returns to Montana via St. Louis and other stopping points. It will be remembered that he is prominent in sportsmen's affairs in his State, having been elected president of the State Association and done much practical work in the matter of game protection.

Mayor Tom Marshall was on hand and shot in great style. Apparently he was at his best, yet when he missed a bird he softly hummed "She may have seen better days."

Annie Oakley came out for a short time one day, but did not shoot. Dr. Carver shot targets very well, but was not so fortunate at the live birds.

Mr. Lemm, of Pekin, Ill., was dubbed the "Pearl of Pekin." Abe, George and John Kleinman were all present. A new face was that of Hollister, a prominent railroad man of this city once active at Chicago traps, but who of late has not done much shooting.

It was a great week for Milwaukee. Chicago winners were conspicuous by their absence, what Milwaukee did not take out of town went to the duck shooters of Fox Lake and the Illinois River.

The Dixon Gun Club, who won as second prize a town lot at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., state that they are advised that there is very fine bass fishing over their lot, something which must appeal to them as sportsmen.

A few more names adorn Rolla Heikes's gun stock. Messrs. Budd and Grimm remain in Chicago until Monday before departing for Davenport shoot.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke did the exacting daily work of the slings and arrows showing the flight of the live birds, and deserves entire credit for the chief labor of the carefully arranged FOREST AND STREAM report.

First event: Contest for the Board of Trade diamond badge, emblematic of the championship of the State at live birds, the winner of this year's contest to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize; 10 live birds per man, \$10 entrance:

		Ties.	
Bacon.....	2222222222-10	2312111222	
Fahnestock.....	1222221112-10	2322111220	
Bingham.....	2222212222-10	12120210	
Hicks.....	2222121222-10	11110	
Geo Kleinman.....	2221112122-10	1120	
L C Willard.....	2122121211-10	2210	
Powers.....	2222222222-10	220	
Kuss.....	2121122222-10	20	
W Dunnell.....	2222222222-10	20	
Roll.....	2211121212-10	0	
Place.....	2221212111-10	0	
Dicks.....	1211111212-10	0	
J J Smith.....	2121112222-10	0	
Barto.....	2101111212-9	1211221111	
Reeves.....	2222220222-9	2222212222	
Peterman.....	222112101-9	121111122	
Franklin.....	120221111-9	212222110	
McFarland.....	121011111-9	12211212	
Booth.....	120222222-9	212110	
Lemm.....	1111122101-9	221220	
Turtle.....	0111122121-9	220	
Cummings.....	121-222222-9	110	
Felton.....	2211112202-9	20	
Pitzen.....	1111221202-9	10	
A Kleinman.....	2121221102-9	10	
Morris.....	2201122222-9	10	
Heilman.....	2221222011-9	0	
Ehlers.....	1219212222-9	0	
Organ.....	1211021112-9	0	
Hamline.....	1211021112-9	0	
Eich.....	2222222222-9	0	
Hoff.....	2221011111-9	0	
Fortier.....	2211212002-8	1212122211	
Patterson.....	1201022112-8	1211111122	
Henry.....	1122100111-8	22222212220	
H Dunnell.....	0222201121-8	1111120	
Ladlin.....	2221212110-8	1122220	
Mosher.....	0121111012-8	1110	
Dill.....	2022222022-8	21220	
Brace.....	1111121001-8	11210	
Amburg.....	2201222202-8	2220	
Buker.....	1021222220-8	2120	
Royt.....	1101111102-8	1110	
Carver.....	1210122011-8	110	
Von Lengerke.....	2222202222-8	210	
Simonette.....	22221-0121-8	220	
Bissell.....	1210011122-8	20	
Shaw.....	1222012-22-8	10	
Pankhurst.....	1212011210-8	0	
Thompson.....	2011122012-8	0	
Beck.....	12111111-8	0	
W Palmer.....	2212020111-8	0	
J Kleinman.....	1202212-02-7	12212	
Stone.....	1021111001-7	1120	
Barr.....	0301111101-7	20	
B Dunnell.....	01123102-7	20	
Frothingham.....	2301110102-7	0	
Magruder.....	2120220220-7	0	
Harbaugh.....	2120021202-7	0	
Mussey.....	2102220202-7	0	
Murphy.....	2121100101-7	0	
Jones.....	0011202110-6	21122	
Alrey.....	2002210101-6	11211	
Parker.....	2112100001-6	20	
L B Gilbert.....	022012220-6	0	
Lockie.....	2001011120-6	0	
S Palmer.....	0102222-6	0	
Lee.....	2010221002-6	0	

Hurttable and Basse, who also shot in this event, scored 5 and 4 respectively, and were not, therefore, in for any of the prizes.

Of those who scored their 10 straight, Beacon won the badge on the shoot-off, Fahnestock taking the first special prize. The others divided in order named a variety of merchandise prizes.

In the 9 class Smith, Barto, Reeves, Franklin, Peterman and McFarland agreed to divide the money, shooting off for the merchandise prizes.

Of the 8s, Dunnell, Hoff, Fortier, Henry and Patterson divided the money, shooting off for the prizes.

Palmer shot out all those who had scored 7.

Alrey and Jones divided, shooting out all those who had scored 6.

Second event: Contest for the L. C. Smith Cup, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup this year to receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of the entries at next year's inanimate target event, the winner to execute a bond in the sum of \$500 to guarantee the production of the cup next year. 20 targets, 3 unknown traps, entrance \$5, Illinois State rules.

Powers.....	19	Robbins.....	17	Heilman.....	14
Carver.....	19	Willard.....	16	Hoff.....	14
Eich.....	19	Wright.....	16	Alexander.....	14
Frothingham.....	19	Dering.....	16	Fortier.....	14
Bingham.....	18	Palmer.....	16	Buker.....	14
B Dunnell.....	18	Barto.....	16	Castkel.....	14
Thompson.....	18	Roll.....	16	Pankhurst.....	13
Stannard.....	18	Shaw.....	15	Dunnell.....	13
Mosher.....	18	Lemm.....	15	Harbaugh.....	13
G Kleinman.....	18	B Smith.....	15	Beacon.....	13
Henry.....	18	Adams.....	15	Baker.....	13
H Dunnell.....	17	Studley.....	15	Palmer.....	11
Patterson.....	17	Magruder.....	15	Church.....	11
Hicks.....	17	Steck.....	15	Murphy.....	11
Kuss.....	17	Madden.....	15	Lockie.....	9
Humphrey.....	17	Peterman.....	15	Jones.....	9
Parker.....	17	Heisler.....	15	Cummings.....	7
Durno.....	17				

The tie was shot off at 10 targets, Powers winning by breaking his 10; Carver and Eich scored 9 each, and Frothingham 8.

E. C. powder cup event: 25 targets, open to the world, \$3, 5 moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., known traps and angles:

		Ties.	
Merrill.....	11111111111111111111-25	1111111111-10	
Heikes.....	11111111111111111111-25	0111111111-9	
Frothingham.....	11111111111111111111-25	1011011111-8	
Patterson.....	11111111111111111111-25	0101111110-7	
King.....	11111111111111111111-25	0011111101-7	
Bingham.....	24	Fogle.....	23
Stannard.....	24	Willard.....	23
Powers.....	24	Humphrey.....	23
Gilbert.....	24	Jones.....	23
Elliott.....	24	Carver.....	23
Rike.....	24	Stanley.....	23
Roll.....	24	Lemm.....	23
Edwards.....	24	Fortier.....	22
Buker.....	24	Pitzen.....	22
Durno.....	24	Wright.....	22
Barr.....	24	Thompson.....	22
Henry.....	24	Deiter.....	22
McMurchy.....	24	B White.....	22
G Hall.....	23	Magruder.....	22
Budd.....	23	Steck.....	22
Adams.....	23	Parker.....	22
H Dunnell.....	23	Kuss.....	21
Mosher.....	23	G Kleinman.....	21
Dering.....	23		
		Peters.....	21
		Morris.....	21
		Van Vleck.....	21
		Barto.....	21
		W Palmer.....	21
		Eich.....	21
		Lockie.....	20
		A Kleinman.....	20
		Wirt.....	19
		W Dunnell.....	19
		T Hall.....	18
		Settles.....	18
		Alexander.....	18
		Hoffman.....	18
		Harbaugh.....	17
		Studley.....	17
		Baker.....	16
		Church.....	14

FIRST DAY.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	12	15	Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	12	15
Gilbert.....	9	15	14	13	10	10	14	Studley.....	11	9	8	8	8	8	8
Bingham.....	10	14	14	12	8	7	7	Buker.....	14	13	9	8	15	8	15
Lockie.....	8	12	11	7	7	7	7	Robbins.....	13	11	8	5	8	5	8
Van Vleck.....	9	13	11	10	7	9	7	Hollister.....	12	9	8	8	8	8	8
J Hall.....	10	15	14	13	7	7	7	Alexander.....	10	12	10	10	15	10	15
Fogel.....	8	11	14	12	7	7	7	Steck.....	15	11	7	11	14	14	14
Frothingham.....	12	15	10	7	7	7	7	Carver.....	14	10	8	14	14	14	14
A W Adams.....	15	13	11	8	8	8	8	hompson.....	14	7	8	8	8	8	8
Merrill.....	14	15	15	8	11	8	8	McMurchy.....	14	11	9	11	11	11	11
Ruble.....	13	15	13	9	10	10	10	Settle.....	14	9	8	12	12	12	12
Elliott.....	14	15	13	8	8	14	14	King.....	12	11	6	9	13	13	13
B Dunnell.....	15	14	12	8	8	8	8	Grimm.....	13	11	10	10	12	12	12
Budd.....	15	13	11	7	9	15	15	Wirt.....	13	5	8	8	8	8	8
Peters.....	12	13	9	9	9	9	9	Dering.....	12	12	8	6	14	14	14
W Dunnell.....	6	14	10	8	8	8	8	Durno.....	15	11	8	6	14	14	14
Powers.....	13	15	9	10	10	10	10	Tate.....	12	12	9	8	14	14	14
Roll.....	9	15	7	7	7	7	7	Hoffman.....	15	10	8	8	8	8	8
Heikes.....	14	12	12	9	9	9	9	Henry.....	15	12	9	8	14	14	14
Stannard.....	14	10	10	8	8	8	8	Baker.....	11	6	8	8	8	8	8
Rike.....	12	13	13	10	11	12	12								
* Event No. 6 was at 6 pairs.															

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Evanston Gun Club.	
Dilg.....	5 4 5 3 5 4 5 3 2 5 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0—8
Franklin.....	1 1 5 1 3 4 4 2 4 5 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1—9
J J Smith.....	1 3 4 5 2 4 3 1 3 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Beck.....	5 2 1 5 1 3 1 3 3 3 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—10-36
Dixon Gun Club.	
Dr Parkhurst.....	1 4 5 1 3 5 1 5 1 3 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2—9
Morris.....	5 5 4 4 1 4 2 1 3 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—8
Blim Smith.....	4 1 2 4 3 5 5 5 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1—10
Jones.....	1 4 3 1 5 5 1 5 1 4 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 0 1 1—8-35
Garden City Gun Club.	
Geo Kleinman.....	3 2 2 1 4 1 3 3 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—8
Harris.....	4 5 2 2 2 1 3 5 4 4 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 2—7
A Kleinman.....	1 3 4 3 3 3 5 5 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1—10
Ruble.....	2 2 5 1 4 3 3 3 3 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2—10-35
Eureka Gun Club.	
Marshall.....	1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1—9
Patterson.....	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—9
A W Adams.....	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—9
Stannard.....	1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 2—7-34
Audubon Gun Club.	
J Kleinman.....	1 1 1 2 0 0 0 2—6
Mussey.....	0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 2—7
Frothingham.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—9
Felton.....	2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—10-32
Chicago Gun Club.	
Stone.....	0 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 0 1—5
Elch.....	2 1 1 2 1 1 1—9
Bingham.....	2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2—9
Organ.....	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—8-31
Rockford Gun Club.	
Thompson.....	2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0—8
Ruker.....	2 2 1 1 0 2 1—8
Durno.....	0 1 1 1 0 2 0 1—7
Henry.....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 0—8-31
Garfield Gun Club.	
Kuss.....	2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 0—6
Shaw.....	1 0 1 2 1 1 0 2 1—7
W Palmer.....	1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0—7
Hicks.....	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—10-30
Henry Gun Club.	
Peterman.....	1 2 0 1 1 0 2 1 2—8
Forest.....	0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1—4
Barr.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—7
Beacon.....	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10-29
Diana Gun Club.	
Ehlers.....	2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 0—9
Burmeister.....	0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
Murphy.....	1 1 0 2 0 0 1 1 0 2—6
Cummings.....	2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9-29
Prairie Gun Club.	
Hamline.....	0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—8
Shepard.....	2 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 0—6
Mott.....	0 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 2—7
Meyers.....	2 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 0—5-26
Alpine Gun Club.	
Church.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Simminette.....	1 0 1 2 0 1 1 0 1—7
Tony.....	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—7
Barto.....	0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—8-23
Gilman Gun Club.	
Mosher.....	1 2 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—4
Magruder.....	2 1 1 1 1 2 0 0 0—6
Madden.....	1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—8-18
Baker.....	2 0 1 0 0 2 2 2 1—6
Alexander.....	2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 0—5
The Douglas, Calumet, Gilman, South Chicago and Kewanee Gun Clubs withdrew after three men on each team had shot their scores.	
THE OPEN TOURNAMENT.	
First event, Cashmore gun event, sweepstakes, open to all; 20 live birds, entrance \$20, birds included; 5 moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. In this contest members of the Association only are eligible to win the gun, sweepstakes open to the world. Any Association member desiring to enter for gun only can do so by paying for birds, but must withdraw after two misses, when money will be refunded for birds not shot at.	
Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.	
Merrill.....	4 2 4 4 2 4 2 2 4 2 4 5 2 3 1 4 1 3 4 4 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—20
Grimm.....	2 4 1 5 4 4 2 4 2 4 1 5 3 2 4 2 3 2 4 3 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2—20
B Dunnill.....	1 1 5 3 2 5 2 3 2 3 4 4 1 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—20
Budd.....	1 3 4 5 4 5 1 3 2 4 3 4 1 3 1 2 5 3 3 3 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—19
Powers.....	3 2 5 5 1 4 4 5 4 3 3 3 5 2 1 4 3 3 4 4 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1—19
Frankhurst.....	4 5 1 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 3 1 1 2 4 3 4 2 5 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2—19
Roll.....	5 2 4 2 4 1 5 2 5 3 4 5 4 4 2 1 4 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—19
Shaw.....	2 4 1 4 2 4 1 5 5 1 3 2 3 4 2 4 4 1 4 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2—19
Ruble.....	3 4 2 2 2 2 1 4 5 5 4 1 1 2 3 4 4 2 5 4 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2—18
Marshall.....	2 4 2 5 1 1 4 3 3 2 2 5 1 3 4 2 4 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—18
H Dunnill.....	2 5 2 4 1 2 2 3 2 3 2 5 3 4 1 5 3 3 5 3 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0—18
Gilbert.....	5 3 2 3 2 1 2 5 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 2 2 5 5 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
Heikes.....	3 3 5 2 5 1 5 4 2 1 5 5 3 3 2 3 4 3 3 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
Cook.....	5 3 4 3 4 5 4 3 3 3 3 5 2 5 5 5 5 2 4 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
Frothingham.....	2 4 5 3 4 3 5 3 3 1 1 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1—17

A Kleinman.....	1 1 2 1 4 3 3 5 5 5 5 2 2 2 2 2 5 4 1 5 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2—17
McMurchy.....	1 3 2 2 5 3 3 5 4 5 4 1 5 3 4 4 3 2 5 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 3 1 1—17
R Smith.....	2 4 5 4 2 4 4 5 5 5 3 5 4 2 4 3 3 2 4 4 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 0 1—17
Elliott.....	3 4 3 2 4 5 3 4 5 1 4 2 5 5 4 4 5 4 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—17
Du Bray.....	2 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 5 3 4 5 5 3 2 2 3 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2—17
Dr Carver.....	2 3 2 5 2 1 1 4 1 1 3 5 5 2 4 4 1 5 4 3 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—16
Nish.....	4 4 3 4 1 2 5 3 3 4 2 1 1 4 5 5 3 5 3 5 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 0—16
S Palmer.....	2 4 4 4 5 2 3 2 3 1 5 4 3 1 1 5 4 4 3 4 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—16
Hicks.....	2 3 1 5 3 2 3 4 4 1 3 3 3 5 3 5 4 3 5 4 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 0 2 1 1 1 1—16
Bingham.....	2 5 3 2 2 3 3 3 2 1 3 1 3 5 2 4 2 1 2 3 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2—16
Dilg.....	3 5 4 1 5 4 4 1 5 3 5 2 2 4 3 4 1 4 3 3 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 0—15
Elch.....	5 2 1 3 2 1 2 1 5 5 2 1 3 3 3 5 4 1 2 4 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 2 1 0—15
Brace.....	4 4 4 1 3 3 5 4 5 4 2 1 2 1 5 1 1 5 1 3 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 2 0 2 0—15
Wirt.....	2 1 1 5 1 1 5 2 1 1 5 5 4 3 1 2 5 4 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 0 2—14

Deiter 14, Cummings 13, J. Kleinman 12, B. Smith 12, Kuss 12, W. Palmer 11, Doe 10, Steck 9, Harbough 9, Amberg 9, Carter 9, Parker 9, Willard 9, Barto 9, Franklin 8, Henry 8, Bicker 8, Bacon 8, Holden 7, G. Kleinman 7, Pitzer 7, Morris 7, Forest 6, Fortier 6, Simonette 6, Bissell 6, Patterson 6, Hollister 6, Lewis 5, J. J. Smith 5, Boeber 5, Wadsworth 5, Jones 5, De Wolf 4, W. S. Adams 4, Felton 4, Peterman 4, Hamline 4, Lee 4, Lemm 3, Durno 3, Zackaria 3, W. Dunnill 3, Barr 2, Cleaver 2, Meyers 2, Ehlers 2, A. W. Adams 2, Wilcox 1, Petrie 1, Stagg 1, Mussey 1, Mailander 0, Dicks 0, McCauley 0, McCarthy 0, Morris 0.

Ten live birds, \$7.50, 5 moneys: Gilbert.....10 Powers.....8 Pankhurst.....7 Marshall.....10 Roll.....8 McMurchy.....7 H Dunnill.....10 Du Bray.....8 S Palmer.....7 Hicks.....10 Bingham.....8 Dr Carver.....7 Kleinman.....10 G Kleinman.....8 Wirt.....6 B Smith.....9 Grimm.....8 Deiter.....6 B Dunnill.....9 J Smith.....8 W Palmer.....6 Budd.....9 Merrill.....7

Twelve live birds, \$8, 4 moneys: Marshall 12, Powers 12, Gilbert 11, Roll 11, Hall 11, Deiter 10, Lewis 10, Hicks 9, Palmer 8, Wirt 7. 1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. Hough.

The Pittsburg Programme.

THE Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club announced early in the spring of this year that it would hold a tournament in June and add \$500 to the purses. A little later it claimed as its dates June 23-25, the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the week following the Chamberlin Cartridge Company's tournament at Cleveland, O. The trip from Cleveland to Pittsburg is only 130 miles and it was unquestionably with the idea of catching a portion of the attendance at Paul North's tournament that the Pittsburg Gun Club chose its dates, and wisely too, to our way of thinking.

There are several reasons why the Pittsburg tournament should be a success. In the first place there is the fact cited above—its dates following immediately after the Cleveland shoot. Next, the success of all previous tournaments given by this enterprising organization. Again, the amount of added money, \$500; perhaps not a large amount as such things go, but still a good round sum for any club similarly situated to voluntarily donate to the shooters for the sake of insuring a good shoot. Lastly, a capital programme and a thoroughly capable management organized to carry out that programme. FOREST AND STREAM is not given to taffy, but it never hesitates to give credit where credit is due. It is only necessary, therefore, to give the make-up of the management to prove that what we have said of that body is a fact simply and plainly stated: "Managers, Elmer E. Shaner, Jim Crow, Old Hoss; assistant managers, John Wright and W. J. McCrickart." The first three are, as the introduction quoted below says, "well and favorably known." The two last-named will be recognized better under their usual titles of "Blinks" and Bill McCrickart. Con testants in this year's Grand American Handicap will readily remember these two gentlemen. So much for the management. All the other committees are composed of men capable of carrying out their allotted duties. Visitors at the Pittsburg shoot need not be afraid of being left out in the cold.

Speaking of the introduction to the programme, the following extracts will explain many things without further words:

"The Pittsburg Gun Club was the first, in fact, the only shooting club in this section, to introduce added money at its tournaments. This year it purposes adding \$500 in cash to the purses, a sum far in excess of any amount ever added at a tournament given in this vicinity. The entire sum will be added exclusively by the club, not \$1 of it being solicited or received by subscription; it will therefore be readily understood that it is not the wish or desire of the club to enrich its treasury at the expense of the sportsmen taking part in the tournament. It is the intention, in order to facilitate the shooting, the programme as arranged being so varied and lengthy, to have three traps in position. Different styles of inanimate target shooting will be introduced, that the expert as well as the most capacious amateur will hold that his interest has been subserved. The immediate management of the tournament will be in the hands of Elmer E. Shaner, Jim Crow and Old Hoss, all of whom are well and favorably known wherever the sport of trap-shooting is indulged in. The success of previous tournaments under the same management is a sufficient guarantee of what may be expected at the present. If at the close of the tournament the sportsmen taking part in same are satisfied that they have been fairly treated and had an enjoyable time, then the club's object in the giving of this shoot will have been attained."

As stated above, three sets of traps will be in position; these will be bluerock traps, bluerock targets being used. On two sets of traps the following programme will be shot out each day: Five 15-target events, \$2, \$10 added to each purse, four moneys; five 20-target events, \$2.50, \$20 added to each purse, five moneys. All these events will be at unknown angles.

On the third set of traps the programme is a different one. For the first day, June 23, this set will be taken up with the decision of the Pittsburg Gun Club's annual handicap target race, 100 to 115 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles, \$5, targets extra, \$50 added to the purse, 5 moneys. In addition to first money the American E. C. Powder Company will present a silver cup to the winner. The system of handicapping is explained thus: "The expert shots will shoot at 100 targets, while the less skillful shots will be allowed to shoot at from 1 to 15 targets more than 100. No shooter will be scored more than 100 breaks. All handicaps will be secret, no shooter knowing how many extra targets he will be allowed to shoot at until the bell rings for him to drop out, his score having been finished. By this system of handicapping interest will be maintained until the last shot is fired."

On the second and third days of the shoot, June 24-25, the third set of traps will be kept busy with a programme of four 15-target events, \$1.50, 4 moneys, expert rule, one man up. This style of shooting, once so popular, is fast coming into popularity again, so that we may take it for granted that the No. 3 set of traps will not lack for patronage.

All shells forwarded in care of Elmer E. Shaner, 123 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa., will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. The shoot will take place at Exposition Park, six minutes' ride from the center of Pittsburg or Allegheny City. Headquarters for shooters are Hotel Anderson, Penn avenue and Sixth street, and Hotel Willey, 15 Sixth street. Any further information can be readily obtained by addressing the secretary of the club, Elmer E. Shaner, at address given above.

South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 31.—The twelfth annual tournament of the above-named club was held at the club grounds, Lake Station, May 28 to 30. The attendance was not very large, as no special inducements were offered, there being no added money announced. The entries ran higher on the third day than on any of the previous days. There were some shooters present from the neighboring cities, among the number being J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City. Jim shot a 97 per cent. gait on the second day, and made one run of 105, and that evening when he had counted his receipts he found that he was just \$4.25 ahead of the game. He might have duplicated the feat on the last day, but unfortunately he was taken very sick that night, but nevertheless he shot in all the events on the following day, but of course could not shoot up to his usual form. Then there was John Ruble, of Chicago. When I saw John he was bewailing his misfortune. On the second day he broke 30 straight and paid an entrance fee of \$3, and only received in return \$1.85.

The programme consisted of all kinds of events, ranging from 10 to 30-target events, and most of the events were known traps and angles. The targets were thrown from 35 to 40yds. One of the principal events on the last day was the Plankinton Hotel purse, \$25. This event had twenty-two entries, and each paid \$2.50 for the privilege of shooting for the \$25; no more, no less. Targets were thrown at 3 cents each.

Below are the scores:

		FIRST DAY, MAY 28.									
Events:	Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Foster.....	10	15	20	25	20	20	15	10	10	10	10
Elliott.....	10	11	16	23	20
Henry.....	10	13	19	22	18	15	15
Drought.....	9	13	16	23	16
Johnson.....	9	13	17	24	17	15	14
Field.....	9
Ruble.....	9	14	19	24
Rock.....	7	12	16
Adlaid.....
Taylor.....
Burham.....
Klapinski.....
Vose.....
Schuchardt.....
Keeley.....
Jones.....
Hobbs.....
Carmichael.....
Marling.....
Williams.....
Meunier.....

The first six events were the regular events and the last four were extras. Event No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

SECOND DAY, MAY 29.											
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	25	30	15	10	10	20	10	
Elliott.....	10	15	17	23	30	15	10	10	20	10	
Foster.....	10	11	16	16	26	13	10	10	18		
Drought.....	10	12	18			12	8	9			
F Kaufman.....	9	12	17	21	30	14	6	10	16	8	
Williams.....	8	13	17			9					
Rock.....	6				30			9		8	
Keeley.....	8	14	19	22		15	7	9			
Marling.....	10	13	18	21		13	8				
A Kaufman.....	7	11	16	21	20	13	9				
Hamilton.....	8	12	13	15		5					
Schuchardt.....	8	13	17	22	22	13	9	9			
Dart.....	6	11	14	12		11	8	8			
Henry.....	8	13	18	18		8		8			
Vose.....	5	13	15	19		10	8	7	13		
Johnson.....	8	15	18	23		13	9	10			
Burham.....	9	10	13	16	25	7	8	7	18	8	
Stein.....				23	26	14	10	8			
Ruble.....	9	14		25	30		9				
Lewis.....					29			10			
Thomas.....					29			9	19	8	
Meixner.....					29			9		10	
Farber.....					28			9	16	7	
Peters.....						12	8	9	19	10	
Dickens.....								8	14	6	
Carmichael.....								6	17	7	
Guniz.....									11	7	
Frieze.....										12	

Montana State Sportsmen's Association.

MISSOULA, Mont., May 25.—There has been a tournament at Missoula. At least, that is what some of the boys are saying, and the boys should certainly be authority in the matter, as they are all more or less practically aware of having been to a shooting match.

The third annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, held in this city on May 22-24, is conceded by all who attended it as having been by long odds the most successful shooting tournament ever brought off in the State.

It is a pretty generally accepted fact that of all the cranks the crankiest crank is a gun crank, and when a lot of the *genus gunibius crankibus* (I guess that's what you'd call him) are gathered together in one flock it is the rule that being in his own peculiar sphere the gun crank is properly located to indulge his natural propensities; and he forgets not to do so, while cranky consequences follow after. However, every rule has its exception, the exception to the above rule being the Missoula meet. It must have been that every crank left his cranky clothes at home, and wore only his shooting outfit. The entire affair ran along as smoothly as if the machinery of the event had been carefully oiled throughout, and—perhaps it was.

Nature herself, who for weeks had had only storms and frowns to bestow on the "ants of the earth" in these parts, deigned to put on a less forbidding countenance during the greater portion of the time, to the great delight of the shooters and their friends. It may have been the weather. It may have been the people. Probably it was the grounds or the accommodations. Possibly it was the —. No, we will not venture to flatter ourselves that the management of the thing should be considered; but anyway, there was scarcely a jar, a wrangle or any sort of friction whatever to mar the pleasure of the event, and we trust that no shooter had cause to think that he had not been accorded treatment just and fair. The attendance, while good, was not what might be termed large. Forty-five was the greatest number of entries in any one event, but the average ran close to forty throughout the bluerock events, barring championship shoots.

There were not so many who took part in the live-bird shooting, but there were as many as the club could have satisfied, as all pigeons that could be procured were trapped. The day preceding the commencement of the tournament about a score of shooters were on hand at quite an early hour, and the day was spent by them in practice and sweepstake shooting, with but little less interest displayed than was shown in the three succeeding days.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION.

On the evening of the first day a meeting of the Association was held, at which time M. B. Brownlee, of Anaconda, was chosen President for the ensuing year; J. M. Evans, of Missoula, Vice-President, and C. H. Smith, of Butte, was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, as were also P. E. McGowan, of Phillipsburg; J. P. Menard, of Missoula, and T. H. Pleasant, of Helena, to act with the president and secretary as a board of directors. W. H. Wright, the well-known hunter and guide, was elected an honorary member of the Association.

It was decided to use the influence of the Association toward securing at the next session of the State Legislature the passage of a more wholesome set of game laws than those with which the statute books of the State are now burdened, and also to use its influence to secure a better enforcement of such laws as may be adopted.

The city of Anaconda was decided upon as the place in which to hold the next annual tournament.

At an adjourned meeting, held the week following, it was decided that the Association should provide a new live-bird trophy to be known as the Challenge Trophy, and that the second high gun of the live-bird championship shoot of the following day should receive it, he to be subject to challenge by any member of the Association at any time during the year on thirty days' notice.

THE SHOOT.

The ball opened with a 10-bird, unknown angles, sweep, not included in the general averages, and the following scores were made: W. Hillis 7, C. H. Smith 9, M. Brownlee 8, Rockefeller 8, Menard 8, Bartlett 10, W. Neu 8, J. Neu 6, Brownlee 7, Wright 9, Jones 9, Eastman 6, Fisk 10, Selvidge 9, Conley 9, Denison 8, McGowan 8, Twohy 8, C. A. Tuttle 7, Thompson 8, Norris 8, J. Evans 10, Cave 8, Brayton 6, Searles 7, Hymer 6, C. H. Buck 7, Williams 10, Holohan 8, H. C. Tuttle 8, Rogers 7, Kennett 7, Barbour 8, Clark 7, Heard 6, O. F. Smith 8, T. Evans 5, Coyle 7, Ware 7, Sisson 10, Van Wyck 8, Considine 9.

The items on which interest was centered principally were the championship events and the general averages. A shooter in order to secure a chance at a general average prize must have shot through all of events numbered 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13 and 14. There were but twenty-three who shot through, and below is given table of all entries in any of these events, and showing the averages of those who shot through.

GENERAL AVERAGES.																		
Events:	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10	12	13	14							
Targets:	15	15	20	21	15	10	10	20	15	20	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.				
W Hillis.....	11	12	16	14	12	10	7	17	..	14	18	186	159	85.48				
C H Smith.....	14	14	18	19	10	7	9	16	14	18	20	183	141	75.8				
M Brownlee.....	13	9	18	12	13	6	7	18	10	17	18	186	124	66.66				
H Rockefeller.....	12	12	17	14	7	5	8	10	10	12	17	186	153	82.25				
J P Menard.....	14	11	18	17	13	6	8	16	12	17	21	186	147	79				
G S Bartlett.....	15	12	15	16	8	6	9	17	11	18	20	186	136	73.12				
M Wright.....	10	12	19	15	6	6	10	12	10	12	24	186	127	73.12				
P Jones.....	14	13	14	14	12	4	7	19	7	17	14	186	135	73.10				
M B Brownlee.....	7	12	12	4	8	4	6	9	..	12	17				
W Eastman.....	7	10	9	5				
A J Fisk.....	13	12	16	18	13	6	9	17	11	18	23	189	156	83.6				
Jas Conley.....	12	10	11	15	14	6	7	12	12	12	21	186	132	70.96				
L O Denison.....	11	10	19	17	12	7	8	17	9	14	22	186	150	80.63				
P E McGowan.....	12	11	14	13	11	5	6	18	14	18	20	186	142	76.34				
C A Tuttle.....	13	12	13	12	11	6	7	17	8	18	17	186	134	73				
D D Twohy.....	13	13	17	14	13	5	10	14	13	16	20	186	148	79.5				
H W Thompson.....	10	10	13	9	6	10				
F B Norris.....	11	9	..	9	7	12				
W Cave.....	7	13	14	13	10	6	6	15	8	..	15				
J M Evans.....	11	15	15	15	11	6	8	14	10	17	21	186	143	76.83				
W P Brayton.....	11	14	15	14	13	5	9	13	10	14	21	186	139	74.73				
C A Searles.....	9	7	15	11	8	15	17	23				
C P Hymer.....	9	8	16	15	11	2	8	15	7	10				
C Buck.....	10	11	12				
L Williams.....	12	10	18	18	13	6	7	17	12	15	20	186	148	79.5				
P Holohan.....	15	13	16	19	11	6	8	12	11	17	22	186	150	80.63				
H C Tuttle.....	14	9	17	14				
R Rogers.....	9	11	13	13	10	5	4	10	..	12	20				
T Clark.....	13	12	19	17	13	5	8	16	12	17	23	186	155	83.33				
R Heard.....	8	7	10	..	11	3	..	11	..	12				
B Coyle.....	2	10	11	9	4	15				
J W Considine.....	12	11	12	12	10	..	7	17	9	17	20				
N G Sisson.....	13	14	12	14	12	5	8	14	12	18	19	186	141	75.80				
Thos Ware.....	10	14	17	15	9	7	9	13	13	18	21	186	146	78.49				
T Evans.....	10	9				
W Graham.....	9	..	12	14				
H Barbour.....	11	14	14	8	8	7	6	14	11	15	20	186	128	68.82				
W A Selvidge.....	7	..	11				
C F Smith.....	10	..	12	14				
J Neu.....	14	10	13	9	10	5	7	15	10	14	20	186	127	68.28				
W Neu.....	13	12	18	15	13	5	7	14	10	12	20	186	139	74.73				
P Kennett.....	12	8	11	6	14				
J Hillis.....	10	13	13				
H L Van Wyck.....	..	12	13	5	15	..	12				
G Frazier.....	..	11	11	6	15	..	10				
F Woody.....	..	11	16	..	10	..	9	11				
Dr Pleasants.....	..	10	15	7	18	..	13				
A Buck.....	5	11				
F Esmay.....	4	8				
Hewes.....	6	14				
T Knight.....	9	11	17	14				
W Cummings.....	12	6	13				
J Hill.....	6				
A J Lemley.....	9	17				
F K Wood.....	16				

It will be seen from the above table that C. H. Smith, of Butte, secretary and treasurer of the Association, made the highest average.

The team championship cup shoot (fourth event, first day) was won by the Missoula team No. 1 on a score of 63 out of a possible 75, known angles. Scores in this event were:

Missoula No. 1: Menard 23, J. Evans 23, Williams 23—63.
Butte: Jones 23, C. H. Smith 23, Wright 23—66.
Anaconda No. 2: Denison 23, Rockefeller 23, C. A. Tuttle 19—65.
Anaconda No. 1: Twohy 23, Bartlett 20, Conley 20—63.
Helena: Fisk 24, Kennett 19, Barbour 18—61.
Missoula No. 2: Clark

FOREST AND STREAM.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1896.

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LAKE CRESCENT TROUT.

THOSE of our angling readers who have followed Admiral Beardslee's relation of his experience with the large trout of Lake Crescent, will congratulate him upon the superb fishing he has found and upon the realization of many a fisherman's dream of introducing to the world of anglers a new fish. Everyone in the vicinity of Lake Crescent appears to have caught the fever this spring, and there has come to us a story of an experience had by one of the fair anglers of Lake Crescent which proves more conclusively than does anything which Piseco has written that the Beardslee trout is truly to be ranked as a game fish. This is the incident as related by Mr. Carrigan: "The same day that Mrs. Michell caught the 14-pound rainbow she hooked and had a very hard fight with a monster Beardslee. She managed to get it up to the boat four times, but it fought with such desperation and was so heavy and powerful that she could not land it, and finally it tore away from the hook and she lost it. Her idea is that it was at least 36 to 40 in. long, a foot in depth and weighed certainly a third more than the 14-pounder, it was by far the largest trout she had ever seen, and she has caught many big ones."

In short, the big one got away. That gives the stamp of nobility to the new Lake Crescent trout, and demonstrates its fitness to figure effectively in fish stories.

PHEASANT EGGS AND DUCK EGGS.

A CONSIGNMENT of pheasant and partridge eggs was brought from Europe to this port last week, and was held up at the Custom House under the clause of the tariff law which forbids the importation of game birds' eggs. The eggs were consigned to Theodore Havemeyer, and were intended for stocking a game preserve and adding to the shooting resources of New Jersey. It apparently had not occurred to any of those who were concerned in the enterprise that it was forbidden by the United States statutes thus to increase the game supply. Section 471 of the act of Aug. 28, 1894, specifies as under the free list: "Eggs of birds, fish and insects; provided, however, that this shall not be held to include the eggs of game birds, the importation of which is prohibited except specimens for scientific collections."

The seizure of the pheasant eggs last week led to various surmises respecting the purpose of those who were instrumental in making such a law. One of the papers quotes Mr. John S. Wise, who relates that last year he had a similar experience when he attempted to import some pheasant eggs for a game club in Virginia, and they were seized upon receipt at the Custom House. The price charged Mr. Wise for the eggs in England was \$15 per dozen, while a dealer in this country asked \$75 a dozen, and it was assumed that the prohibitory law had been instigated by speculative traders in this country. On the other hand, a pheasant breeder tells us that the law was adopted at the request of farmers in the South and West, who were opposed to sportsmen trespassing on their lands and took this means to discourage the threatened increase of game by foreign hordes.

Both of these theories are fanciful; neither is the true one. The statute was an outgrowth of the northern Indian duck egg destruction foolishness. In the early stages of that delusion, before the far-away egg smashing

had been definitely located in Alaska, the talk was more vague, and the Indians of the British Provinces were held accountable for the wildfowl albumen industry. The purpose of the well-meaning individuals who secured the adoption of this statute was to insure good shooting to American sportsmen by cutting off the trade in duck eggs imported from Canada for trade purposes. Subsequently the victims of the duck egg mania transferred the scene of destruction from British North America to Alaska; but the law had been enacted, and it yet remains, although the duck egg albumen myth has been exploded. Thus it has come about that a statute adopted ostensibly in the interest of game protection is proving an unwarranted obstacle to game interests. It should be repealed.

THE RANGE IN JUNE.

BACK and forward over the broad expanse of the cattle country there passes constantly the lonely figure of the range rider. His tough, wiry pony, his broad hat, shaps, rope and six shooter mark him for a cow puncher as soon as you get near him; and when you meet and stop to chat, as of course you will, he will ask you if you have seen the horses he is looking for, and will exhibit a politely veiled surprise if you cannot rattle off to him the brands of all the animals you have seen in a week's ride. He is friendly and expansive, and very glad to meet any one with whom he can exchange a little conversation, since often for days at a time he has only his horse to talk to. He is interested in all that is going on, and will give you the talk of the range, telling you where the round-up camps are to be, and what has happened at the ranches he has last visited. In return he expects the latest news from town and the stray gossip that may have drifted to you from the distant East.

When at last the range rider leaves you with a pleasant "Well, so long, pardner," you realize that you have parted with a type whose further acquaintance you would have enjoyed, and while you watch him as he glides away over the rolling swells of the prairie you feel that you can understand something of the attractions of this free outdoor life.

The range rider is tough, hardy and enduring. He makes no complaint about anything that happens to him, and with calm philosophy faces alike the rains of spring, the heats of summer and the winter's storms. Many of his kind have perished while bravely doing their duty on the range, yielding to the biting blizzards of midwinter or being swept away while trying to cross boiling streams, bank full of the spring snow water, their bodies to be recovered months later when stumbled on by some one of their fellows.

Although he may not find his stock, the rider who is in search of lost horses sees many a sight that is worth looking at. Even the commonest landscape that meets his clear, quick eye is worth contemplation and study. The range rider is an observer; he knows how to use his eyes; he sees what is going on about him. No one quicker than he to detect the dark back of a feeding animal appearing over a distant crest, or to catch a shod horse track in the dry, hard dirt, or to make out the brand on a timid heifer as she whirls to run. All this keenness is for the signs of his own trade, yet he is not blind to many of the facts of nature that are constantly going on about him. He knows all the larger animals and their habits; he is familiar with many of the birds, and has more knowledge of plants than just enough to tell *loco* from poison weed and quaking aspen from sage brush. Yet after all he knows nothing so well as he knows his cows and horses, which occupy all his time and nearly all his thoughts.

As the range rider passes over some higher crest of the prairie swell that overlooks a wide landscape, he may pause on the ridge to light his pipe and perhaps to examine with his glasses distant objects which dot the prairie, to see if perhaps among them he may find the animals he seeks. Here he dismounts, and throwing the bridle rein down over the horse's head seats himself on the ground amid the sage brush to look the country over. It is pleasant to sit here in the warm sun and to gaze upon the broad prospect stretching in all directions for miles and miles. The grass is green and the nearby prairie in June is decked with flowers, which in a few weeks, when the plants have matured under the scorching sun, will all be gone. Now there are tiny yellow violets and pale harebells and flaunting larkspurs, with here and there a patch of the brilliant blooms of the cactus. Down in the damp places the ground is blue with *fleur de lis*, and the shining white prairie poppies carpet spots on the drier hillsides.

The far-off horizon which limits the view here is bounded by sloping swells, there by loftier hills capped by jagged pinnacles of rock or by dark-green timber. Distance softens the harsher features of the landscape, so that rough and gullied bluff and precipitous rock-strewn mountainside alike seem smooth and gently rising. The far-stretching prairie is silvery with sagebrush, or patched here and there with green, where the waters from some spring or rivulet spreading out moisten the ground and nourish fresh and tender grass. Perhaps near some of these meadows lie gleaming lakes, whose shining surfaces tell falsely of cool, pure water, and in the olden time might have lured the thirst-tortured traveler to bitter disappointment at their muddy alkaline margins. Here and there from the higher slopes descending lines of vivid green trace the courses of rills whose springs are in the rocks above, and which hurry toward the lower ground, there to disappear—sucked up by the thirsty soil; and at intervals along their borders are groves of white-stemmed quaking aspens whose pale color ever changes with the constant motion of their leaves.

Within this basin, down on the prairie below and on the hillsides, is the life of the land, a part of it visible even at this distance, but the most of it unseen. Feeding cattle and horses are scattered out far and near, the nearest easily recognized, the more distant mere black dots. Antelope are seen feeding among the nearby stock, but other animals less in size, though nearer, are invisible. Yet the watcher knows that on the hillsides are sleeping wolves and coyotes; that jack rabbits crouch beneath the sage bushes and great grouse stalk among their gnarled stems; that wild ducks are swimming on the surface of each little lake, while near their borders shrill-voiced killdees run and stop and run again; that on the flats the prairie dogs are lazily waddling about, or sitting upright at the mouths of their holes; that the badger, slow of motion, but stout of frame, is wandering over the prairie seeking what he may devour; and that wide-winged marsh hawks, with deliberate flight, are hunting backward and forward, each over his own range, scaring the little birds and capturing now and then a mouse.

All these things the watcher knows, but now scarcely remembers, yet as he takes out and slowly polishes his glasses and gazes over the country before him he unconsciously makes note of the whole scene. And while he sits here the breeze hums through hair and beard, and blows out his horse's tail and the stirrups and the thrown down bridle; and as he inhales the fragrance of the blossoming sage brush, and hears the voice of passing bird, and is warmed by the sun, he feels that it is good to be here and to see and know these things.

Such is the range in early summer, but there is another side to this life—the range in winter.

AGITATE.

THE paper on game protection read by Commissioner H. P. Frothingham before the American Fisheries Society should have careful reading, for it comes from one who has been engaged in the practical study of the problems involved. The task of preserving the fish and game supply is not inherently one of extreme difficulty, on the contrary it is simplicity itself. Prescribe the close seasons indicated by nature as the periods for breeding and maturing. Forbid the methods demonstrated by practice and experience to be wasteful and destructive beyond power to recuperate. Limit the taking to such measure as that all those who participate in the taking of fish and game shall have the privilege of securing their equitable shares and no more. And that is all. It is simplicity itself. Why then is the protection of fish and game at loose ends, ship-shod and shamefully ineffective? Not because of any inherent complexity or hindrance, but purely by reason of the indifference, indolence, inaction and neglect of the community at large and of interested citizens in particular. Taken as a whole, the public cares not a rap for fish and game preservation, except, as Mr. Frothingham points out, for a sentimental acquiescence in the theory that the species of useful animal should be perpetuated. But for specific protection nine in ten care nothing. The village apostle of game conservation flocks by himself. The subject is one with which the public is not concerned.

Here lies the whole difficulty. Game is not protected simply because there is not sufficient interest to secure its protection. The real problem then is how public opinion shall be created, controlled and directed. Once this is done what remains is simple in the extreme.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A GANDER PULL IN ARKANSAW.

BY FRED MATHER.

"HADN'T yo' better stop an' see the gander pull this evenin'?" asked the landlord, after my bill for supper, lodging and breakfast had been paid, and inquiries made as to the road that struck the nearest stream which, if followed, led to a branch of the Bodeau River.

"A gander pull?"

"Yes, we're gwine to have a gander pull, an' if yo' never see none yo' better stop and see the fun, fo' they'll be a heap of it, an' as yo' seem fond o' spo't I reckon yo'll inj'y it," and he stretched his huge form in the doorway as he remarked on the prospect of a fine day for the "pull."

It was my plan to follow some small stream to Lewisville, where the alcohol tanks for such fishes as could be collected in southwestern Arkansas were stored, and then to follow the little river down into Louisiana to Bodeau Lake; but the landlord's suggestion was tempting, and a day could be profitably devoted to the study of birds, for surely I had heard old darky Sam say that the birds were as fine as he "ever see," and the "gander pulling" related to some sport with geese. A question to the landlord would betray ignorance, Sam was the one to get information from.

"So the birds are fine ones, are they, Sam?"

"Deed dey is, sah, as good as I ever hung, sah!"

They were to be hung; that fact was recorded, and a look at the "birds" proved them to be "sure enough" ganders, common every-day ganders, such as lead the flock on all occasions; and now that they hung them the questions how, where, and what the nature of the sport might be after they were hung, outweighed the number and kind of fishes that were in all the rivers of the State. Old Sam sat on an upturned pail washing a piece of harness in another pail, humming an old melody as he soaped the sponge, and was absorbed in contemplation of the coming sport. It was evident that he must be humored in order to get at a knowledge of the rules governing the sport of gander pulling without exciting a suspicion that I was ignorant of a thing which seemed to be so common that mere mention of it was enough to satisfy ordinary minds, and a random shot was fired to draw him out.

"I reckon you've hung a great many ganders in your time, Sam."

"Deed I has, sah! I'se reckoned de bes' han' aroun' dese parts, suah, an' dey sen' fo' me all obah, sar! Dey say I makes 'em slicker dan any ob 'em."

Beyond the fact that it was desirable that the ganders should be made "slick" the question was a failure. Besides the tavern the place had a dwelling and a blacksmith shop, and a sign over the latter told that Jo Bevins was a first-class horseshoer, and the ring of his anvil announced that he was within. Perhaps he could help to unravel the problem, and on the impulse I left old Sam singing:

"De hen an' chickens dey gwine for to roos',
De hawk flew down an' he bit de ole goose,
He hit de ole hen in de middle ob de back,
An' I r'ally b'l'ev dat am a fac'.
Den git along, John," etc.

Mr. Bevins was a short man with a development of chest and arms much too great for his legs and he seemed top-heavy. His keen eyes and ready response to my salutation showed a natural curiosity in a stranger who was evidently not a native, and in reply to my remark that there was to be a gander pull in the evening, for I had learned to drop the Northern term "afternoon," he said: "Yes, and there'll be a good turnout of the boys from Prescott, Bourland's Store and Falcon, and lots o' fun. I reckon you're a stranger in these parts." This latter remark was partly in the form of a question and he was told that a little pleasure trip and a desire to attend the "pull" brought me there and I switched him off with:

"They say that Old Sam is a smart hand at hanging ganders."

"Yes, he is, an' he ought to be; he's done enough of it fo' the last fawty year."

"He seems to make 'em slick, from what I hear."

"Deed he does; he's got some secret o' making grease that's slipperier'n most grease, and he picks the feathes' off the neck so careful that not a pin feathah is left, an' last year Bill Turley, one of the best gander pullahs in this county, took his turn with eight othe's and pulled foah times, an' his hoss slowed down each time afore he could twist that ganda's head off, an' it wa'n't an old ganda' at that!"

Here I had it, without any display of ignorance. Bill Turley was a champion gander puller and had pulled four times in his turn, the eight others had pulled three times each, or twenty-eight pulls on the picked and greased neck of a live gander before his obdurate head was induced to leave his body. Surely, this was an intellectual treat of a new kind, before which bull fighting, with its disemboweled horses, was a degrading spectacle. Here was something which a horse might enjoy with his master, and who could say that the gander might not also enjoy the tournament and imagine himself the highly honored object for which renowned knights were contending, and by skillfully dodging some and resigning his head to more favored ones he could choose the knight upon whose banner victory should perch. Such a royal game was never thought of by Richard Cœur de Lion, Ivanhoe, or the Black Knight! We would witness this grand game, which was fit for princes, if they had ever been blessed with wit enough to discover it.

Returning to the old darky, I proceeded to impress upon him the fact that a gander pull had been an every-day thing in my experience by saying: "Sam, Jo Bevins says that you don't make the geese as slick as you used to, he thinks you put in too much butter and not enough tar and the butter melts and runs off. Now, up in Izard county, in the north part of this State, where I saw the last gander pull, the man who handled the birds said that he did not use any butter, and —"

"What Jo Bevins been tellin' you? What he know bout how I make my slush? No man know dat. Butter! ha, ha! He better look fo' dat avn his bread, ha, ha! He been tellin' you 'bout me fo' a drink, an' dat 'minds me I didn't get one dis mawnin', been so busy dat I forgot bout it."

His game worked if mine failed, and after wiping his

lips and hanging up the harness he pulled out a peculiar strap about an inch wide with a slit in one end and a hole in the other, and carefully oiled it; I ventured to ask: "What part of a harness is that, Sam?" He looked up with a grin and said:

"I reckon you neber seed many gander pulls, sho'. Dat's de h'istin' strap w'at dey's h'isted by so's it doan hurt dere laigs like a string do. I spected dat dey doan hab gander pulls in de Norf—you is fum de Norf, so Misser Wilson said, an' my boy Jake he went off up dat a-way two yeah ago, Boss'on dey calls de place. I spec' you neber seen him?"

Assuring Sam that I had somehow missed seeing his boy, and feeling defeated at my game, I strolled off up the road and into the fields to pass the time until dinner. It was a perfect autumn day, the maples on the higher ground just showing the different yellows, while those near a swamp were glowing red; in the shaded spots the grass was hung with spider webs which still held the dew and made them gorgeous with a wealth of diamonds. The quail were calling from the stubble; gaudy jays screamed from the thickets and flocks of blackbirds chattered in the alders. A large fox squirrel ran up a persimmon tree that was red with fruit not yet palatable to man, and if it was to him he gave no evidence of it. A hawk moving in graceful circles next claimed attention, and while I was pondering on his mysterious power of soaring he descended and skirted the wood—poised, plunged and bore off a half-grown rabbit whose pitiful cries turned my thought into another channel. Nature had shown her beautiful, holiday side, and at once turned to show how pitiless and unrelenting are her laws! Hawks are hungry, rabbits are good food; and so the train of thought led to man and the fact that ganders are good food, and so to dinner.

While chatting with the blacksmith after dinner a tall, powerful man of about 40 years, with a well-trimmed beard, in which streaks of gray began to show, rode up on a clean-limbed iron gray horse, dismounted and kitched him to the pole.

"That," said Bevins, "is Old Bill Turley and he's one of them quiet kind that 'tends his own business, but it won't do for any of the smart fellahs to go projectin' 'round him, an' they know it."

Turley nodded as he passed in to the bar room, and a glance in his clear blue eye confirmed the blacksmith's words, and I certainly should not "go projectin' 'round him." New arrivals were confidentially announced to me as follows:

"That old feller is Sile Johnson; he fit in the war, and never gits drunk only at a rifle shoot or a gander pull; says he likes to see young men fight, but his fightin' day is done past. Yere's George Washington Simpkins, him on the gray; he's in for everything like fun, but allers gets too full to inj'y it; them fellahs just hitchin' now is Ben Kellum with the bay mare and Pete Murphy with the black hoss; they are young sprouts just comin' up and both keepin' company with the same gal over near Bourland's. Excuse me, I want to see Turley."

From the seat outside could be heard the clink of glasses, greetings, laughter at some joke, mainly personal, more glasses and reminiscences until the question of time began to obtrude. Old Sam sat on the edge of the step and to a question he replied: "Dar's no hussle, sah! Dey has got to hab time fo' a few drinks befo' de contes' so dey can git limb'd up propah, and den Misser Wilson he doan make nuffin' on de birds. Lordy! sometime de fust man get de gander fo' a nickel, an' as dey's all in I'se got to put up anudder one. Doan make a nickel on dat work an' doan 'spect to; it's de bar pays, but I got de work to do and dey doan gi' me no drink till I'se done."

A low-set brindle dog lay on the step near old Sam, taking no further interest in worldly affairs than to snap at the flies which chose his ears as a tryst or to dislodge a flea from its chosen spot, when down the road came a big yellow dog tracking some boys who had arrived a while before. Brindle dropped his ears and raised the hair on his back, as the stranger turned to the house, and rose with great dignity. The stranger stopped, moved obliquely forward as if to get in the rear of the slowly advancing brindle; a pause, a spring, and the battle was on. At the first sound of the conflict there was a rush from the bar-room. "Form a ring!" "Give 'em fair play!" "Go in, yaller!" "Shake him, Turk!" All this in one breath. The yellow dog was heavier than Turk and had him by the throat and under him. "Five dollars on yaller!" shouted Ben Kellum, "I never seed him afore, but he's a winner!" and before he could flourish his money Turley quietly said: "Young man, I don't want yo' money, but he can't lick that brindle for the drinks; will you go it?" "Sure, all right, yaller wins for the drinks." All this time the hold of the yellow dog was unbroken and the brindle was using his legs trying to get a tooth hold on an ear or elsewhere, when with a twist he got hold of a forefoot and toyed with it until "yaller" let go his hold and lifed up his voice in a manner that signified that fighting was not just what he wanted, and after brindle was forced to let go there was a yellow streak down the road and Bill Turley tapped Ben on the shoulder saying, "Young man, the drinks are on you," and all hands went inside. Old Sam remarked to me: "Dat fool boy bet on dat yalla' dog, he he! I know that ole Turk, seen him fight afo'. He's Bill Turley's dog; two yalla's neber lick him, neber."

The time had come when in the opinion of the landlord everybody was in prime condition for sport and he gave Sam a look that he understood, for he went to a shed and soon trundled a barrow down the road to a big oak tree which stretched a great arm across the road and spread its branches beyond the opposite fence. The barrow carried a box which contained ten strong ganders with their necks neatly divested of every feather. Throwing a light line over the limb, he tied in his leather noose, gave a gander's neck a thick coating of grease and swung him up by both feet at the proper height. Meanwhile the landlord's son had set his business table at the starting point, just 100yds. away, and under the shade of a maple. The men were mounted and each had paid his entry and drawn straws for turn. The gander had ceased flopping and was hanging head down awaiting the fun.

Sile Johnson, the ex-Confed., came first on a bay plow horse with four white feet. With a yell that scared a buzzard from a feast half a mile away he plied the whip and started. His coat was off and his right arm bare to the elbow, his hat left him the first few rods and his hair streamed out behind. Nearing his quarry, he shifted the whip to his bridle hand, raised his right and grabbed.

The gander dodged and the crowd yelled. Simpkins followed on a big gray and greased his hand on the bird. Kellum on a bay mare and Pete Murphy on a black horse made clean misses. Then came Bill Turley on a strong iron-gray. "Bill," said a small boy, "he's a-waitin' fer you, an' ef you don't git him he'll git tired." As he started he pulled his pocket handkerchief, and cries of "Foul!" went up; but he merely wiped his eye and returned it just in time to grip the gander close to the head, and left the bird neatly decapitated in the air. Cheers went up, and as he joined the crowd he remarked, "Let's take something on the first goose," and the motion was carried unanimously. So far I had held aloof and escaped special notice, and continued to do so until five tournaments had been run, the second gander to Murphy, third to Turley, fourth to Kellum and fifth to Sile Johnson. By this time the drinks had begun to tell on Sile, and Jo Bevins said to me in confidence that the old man was "beginnin' to feel to'able numerous." But Sile proposed to celebrate his skill and invited all hands to the bar. He noticed me for the first time. My light overcoat had been laid off and his eye struck a Grand Army button. "Hello, Yank!" yelled he, to which I replied with the old picket-line greeting, "Hello, Johnny!"

"Put it thah," said he, extending his hand. "What corps was yo' with?"

"Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, First Division, campaign of '64."

"Why, yo' pizen old Yank! That was Hancock's corps. I knowed 'em fust rate, ought to, met 'em offen 'nuff. Say! I was with old Jube Early; ever heah o' him? Bet yo' did, fo' we kep' yo' all busy sometimes, druv yo' outen the Wilde'ness an' doubled yo' up at Cold Harbor, hey? But you uns got squah at Pete'sburg an' we won't talk about Gettysburg, but say! if you fit with Hancock you've got to take a drink with me, Yank, yo' have, fo' a fac'."

The crowd had been increased by about forty men and boys of all complexions, and they formed a circle about us, apparently interested in the "Yank," who in addition to that distinction was a stranger and therefore a legitimate object of curiosity, and with open mouths they awaited his reply. I took the proffered hand and hesitated. It would not do to refuse; and while not a total abstainer there were strong reasons for declining; the first was that the drink would be only the beginning of a series whereof the end could not be foreseen, and in which under no circumstances would I engage; and the second was the quality of the stuff that was being sold by landlord Wilson. Running this over rapidly while holding his hand I said: "I am very glad to meet you now, much more so than I was in the places that you have named, and I am only sorry that my kidneys will not allow me to take a drink with you in memory of auld lang syne."

"Durn yo' kidneys! I didn't ask them to take a drink, but ef yo' fit with Hancock, an' in the first division of his corps, red clover leaf, wa'n't it; yes, red clover, le's see, Barlow, yes, Barlow's division. O, I ain't dun forgot everything. Say, Yank, don't yo' think I'm drunk, I'm gwine win some ganda's yet, but yo' gwine drink with me, yo' is, sho'; here, boys, hyar's a Yank fit ag'in me an' mebbe the one 'at shot me in my laig; say, Yank, did yo' shoot me? Ef you did yo' got to take a drink, an' ef yo' didn't yo' got to drink with the old reb, ain't that so, boys?"

The crowd was unanimous, vociferously so, and to resist further would evidently give offense; so with the plea that ill health would not allow of liquid indulgences I capitulated on condition that "just one, in memory of the Wilderness campaign," should be all that I would be expected to take. Turley remarked that I made a poor looking sick man, and "he'd seen lots wuss."

"Whoop," yelled George Washington Simpkins, lifting his glass, "I didn't get no ganda, but here's to nex' time; keep yo' good eye awn the ole gray an' me ef yo' want to see a ole ganda's head fatched offen him in fust-class shape."

"Spec' yo' didn't hol' sand 'nuff in yo' han'," said old black Sam. "Ho, Miss'r Wilson! I'se des a-honin' fo' a drink, I is, fo' a fac'."

"Yes, let ole Sam have a drink," said Turley, "'twon't hurt him none; he's all right an' he hangs the birds to the Queen's taste; give him one awn me."

"He's right enough," said Wilson, "and I want to keep him so until the spo't is ovah and then he can have all he wants. Here yo' are, Sam."

"Fo' de lawd, Miss'r Wilson, but dat ah glass am small; spec' he's dun shrunk in de wash. Say, gimme bigga' glass en dat, I ain't had no drink dis ebenin'."

"Hurry up, the glass is big enough!" But when the landlord's back was turned Sam filled the second time and drained it with the remark, "Dat ah glass am 'ceedin'-ly small, it am, fo' a fac'."

The old darky was in good humor now, and went out singing:

"De jaybird sot awn de hickory lim',
He wink at me an' I wink at him;
Says I, 'Missa Jaybird, how de do?'
Says he, 'I'm well, an' how am you?'
Den git along, John, yah-ha-ha!"

Old Bill Turley arose to a point of order and remarked: "Wal, gentlemen, ef yo' all got yo' thirst quenched, I reckon it's time to feel the necks o' them ganders."

"No hurry," said the landlord, "the evenin's young yet, an' the ganda's ain't in no hurry. How's that, Sam, ah they all right?"

"Dey is, fo' a fac', Missa Wilson, an' dey doan git in no weavin' way 'bout gittin' dey necks puiled. Yah, ha! Dey ain' honin' fo' yo' all to git in de saddle, yah, ha!"

This gave the host a chance to say: "Now, gentlemen, yo' heah what Sam says, an' yo' all's got time to take one with me;" and without question as to choice of beverage the glasses were set out and the bottle followed. Sile Johnson, the ex-Confederate, was in the middle as they lined up, and, catching my eye, called: "Guide center! Heah, yo! dress awn the colors! you uns on the right touch elbows on the left! Gi' me that bottle! Wait fo' awdahs! Begin fiahing awn the left! Fire!" and he sent the bottle spinning down the sodden bar without accident. "Come up heah, yo' ole Yank," he continued, "yo' got to take one awn the house, 'deed yo' have; yo' kidneys must be dry by this time; heah, take the right o' the line!" It was the easiest, so I filled up with water and we all drank to the house.

As the party filed out they passed me in review, with Jo Bevins, the blacksmith, acting as my aid and advisor, a trifle exuberant but suppressed while commenting, and his criticism was: "Thah's Old Bill, straight as a string,

neva shows a dozen drinks more'n he'd show one. Sile's feelin' comfitable, but he's all right yet. Them two young sports shows it some, Kellum mo' an' Murphy; but I see 'em throw off an' make like they's drinkin' an' spill awn the flo'; they's both coatin' the same gal an' they's lookin' out fo' 'vantage. Look a' Simpkins! I knowed he'd git his kish full fust thing, an' he's got it; but he's a good hossman, drunk aw sobah, and he's all o. k. ef he stays joss so an' doan drink no moah; but he will. He'll git fuller'n a tick befo' he goes home, an' he'll—"Draw fo' places, gentlemen," called the young man at the table, and he held the straws in his closed hand while they drew. Sile Johnson drew the long straw and mounted his big bay. He waited until the gander ceased flapping and hung its head limp. Touching the horse lightly, he started, and the horse, glad to be moving again, increased his speed until two-thirds of the way was left behind, when Sile plied the whip, and the four white feet of the big bay seemed like a streak of light over the brown road. Within a few feet of the game the whip was dropped, the well-sanded right hand raised and the prize was won. The crowd, now increased to over 100, greeted the victor with a shout such as greeted a winner at the Olympian games. As he rode back he leaned from his saddle, picked the whip from the ground, and returning to the stand dismounted with the remark: "The ole man's with the boys yet, yo' bet." I congratulated him on his success and then we looked to see Simpkins mount. He was evidently drunk, but as Bevins remarked, "The hoss is sober," it seemed that there was no danger. He started, plying the whip with vigor, and a small boy encouraged the gray with a smart cut from a hickory switch; away he went, but before he reached the oak the gray was unmanageable and the rider tried to gain control without even giving the suspended bird a glance. The dust was seen a mile away, and a keen-eyed darky boy declared that his bridle had broken.

"The hoss 'll take him home all right ef he sticks on," said the blacksmith.

"Yes," replied Old Bill, "but what 'll his ole woman say? Golly, I wouldn't like to git it, an' not a feather to show her."

Turley walked quietly down the line until the boy with the hickory was reached. The boy was watching a squirrel running a rail fence near by and did not know of the coming danger until he felt a grip on his collar and his own hickory raising welts on his back. His yells scared the squirrel, who dropped a nut and made long jumps for shelter; the jays screamed and the other darkies yelled with delight. "Oh, Mistah Turley! I nebber done nuffin'; oh!" and so he kept it up until half a dozen had been dealt him and he went off crying. Turley never spoke, but as he returned the boys shrank back and several hickories were dropped; that part of their intended fun was spoiled; no other horse got a cut from the line of spectators, and I remembered that the blacksmith had said of Old Bill Turley that "He's one o' them quiet kind that 'tends his own business, but it won't do fo' any o' the smart fellahs to go projectin' 'round him," and from his business-like way in this matter it looked like a very just estimate of him. Several colored men muttered what they would do if their boy was whipped like that, but Old Bill did not hear, or if he did paid no attention to it, but certain it is that none of the grumblers went "projectin' around" Turley.

The other events were run without special incident, Turley getting two and Murphy the remaining two, and all hands went to the house again. I had lingered to observe several flights of wild doves as the sun was just dropping into the tree tops, throwing their long shadows across the field, and was watching a flicker approaching rapidly, closing its wings, falling and then catching himself, as if nodding, and rising again, when a little pickaninny informed me that "a gemman want yo' cum obah," and I started toward the tavern. On entering there were cries of: "Here he is now!" "Leave it to him!" "I'll stand by what he says!" and similar exclamations.

Half a dozen voices claimed attention at once, but on my suggesting that if only one would speak at a time a better understanding would be reached, Old Bill Turley stated the case: "They's a bet up an' it's left fo' yo' to decide, an' we want to know ef yo' see ole niggah Sam put up all the gandahs?"

"I did; I watched the operations closely, for it was all new to me and interesting."

"Did you watch him grease the necks?"

"Yes, I stood near him and saw it all and watched every start and noted each kill or miss."

"Did he grease 'em all, fah an' squah?"

"He did, he greased them all alike."

A shout went up and Kellum remarked: "Heah's yo' dollah, Sile," and then it transpired that he had accused the veteran of collusion with Sam and had bet that there was no grease on the neck of the gander that he had won.

There had evidently been hot talk and some danger of a fight, for the young men, Kellum and Murphy, began to show the effect of Wilson's whisky, but the two older ones were apparently as sober as if they had not drank once, although an hour before this Sile showed evidence of frequent potations. Now he was merely good-humored. Kellum felt it obligatory to celebrate his lost bet and asked the party to the bar, which, by the way, they never left. After the drink Sile seemed to feel it a trifle, and opened up war matters by saying to me: "Yank, did you shoot me in the laig in the wilderness?"

"No, my dear old boy, I didn't do it. In the first place I didn't know that you were there at the time, and in the second I never knew that Sile Johnson was hit. Then again, I did not shoot anybody, at any time, for I carried a sword that was never loaded, and just told other men when to shoot."

"All right, Colonel!" I was promoted at once. "I knowed yo' wouldn't shoot me, not ef yo' knowed it, but some Yank shot me in the laig when I was loadin' my gun an' hadn't shot at anybody nur give no provocation. Didn't hurt much nur lay me up long, but it showed a uenan spirit to shoot a man when he ain't done nothin', in't that so?"

I could heartily agree with him since my promotion, and as the landlord had whispered of some bottles of ringer ale found in some out-of-the-way place, for which he had no call, it gave a chance to ask Sile and his friends to join me, for I began to feel mean to be with such a party and not reciprocate after such kind treatment and so many invitations to join them; so calling up Sam, who had been left out somehow, I proposed his health as the

best master of ceremonies at a gander pull in Arkansaw, and Sam grinned, touched his hat, said "Thanks, Cunnell," and took his glass brim full. After this Sam was in for every event and sung and danced to the patting of a darky boy until his too liberal potations made him weary, and he curled up on a settee with no interest even in a gander pull.

The blacksmith drew my attention to the two young men who were arguing something at the end of the bar by saying:

"They ar' beginnin' to feel putty numerous, and them's the two I tole yo' was waitin' on one gal, listen!"

"I say 'tain't so!"

"You're a liah!"

Biff, and Kellum has the floor, with Murphy waiting for him to rise, as the Marquis of Queensbury has directed. Old Bill Turley quietly collared both, saying, "Boys, thar ain't goin' to be no fightin' 'less I take a hand. Now yo' all got to stop; yo' heah me?" Kellum was hot for satisfaction, and stated it as his opinion that he could whip any man in the house, old Bill Turley not excepted, and started for him, hands up. Turley took him by both wrists and held him as if he were a child, saying, "Yo' doan whip nobody to-night. Now yo' all take a good-night drink with me, get yo' gandahs an' go home."

In the morning as I passed the blacksmith's Bevins called out, "How did yo' like the gander pull, Cunnell?"

"First-rate; it's an intellectual game that I will try to introduce into Central Park, New York city, when I go home, under the patronage of the Cruelty to Animals Society, in order to divert the public from the brutal game of football; and a gander pull seems to be the only one that Northern women can't rob us of, because they are not strong enough in the wrist. Don't you think so?"

"I dunno, I dunno. Ef they take a notion they'll go at it on bicycles and use canary birds, ef what I heah about 'em is true."

"Perhaps so. I've had a good time, thanks to you for many points, and when I come this way I will always remember that old Bill Turley is the kind of a man that smart fellows don't want to go projecting around. Good bye!"

Natural History.

ENDLESS AND FLYAWAY.

WE were residing for a few weeks in an ancient marble palace, deserted by its builders many centuries ago, in the famous old city of Uxmal in Yucatan. On a Sunday morning an Indian field laborer brought to us from Muna, the nearest town, a forlorn little object in the shape of a yellow dog. Though not many weeks old, it had been made to trot several miles and was quite played out. On its face there were three moles, forming a perfect triangle, and the poor creature's tail had been chopped off by the persons in whose power it had been when it first took a peep at this world; they, like many of their countrymen, regarding a caudal appendage as unbecoming to their canine acquaintances. Some of the ancient Egyptians were of that opinion too, and closely curtailed their dogs.

In a letter of thanks to the priest who had sent us the small specimen of a native hound Dr. Le Plongeon thanked him for his Sunday sermon on Trinity, represented by the three moles, and on Eternity, suggested by the endless condition of the pup.

When the question of a name was discussed it was decided that we could do no better than to leave it as it was, Endless. This was afterward converted by the Spanish-speaking natives into Ingles (Spanish for English).

Three hot baths were required to free the smooth yellow coat from its thirty-three score of fleas. The cleansing process induced an appetite, and its owner, upon finding a dead rabbit which we had intended to incorporate into our own system, made the best of his opportunity. When we discovered our loss all our sympathy went out to the poor doggy, who with widely distended ribs lay gasping in a corner. Owing to his intimate connection with our rabbit we quite despaired of the pup's life, but his time had not yet come, so he grew in strength and beauty.

He soon became useful as a watchdog, and nothing was big enough to arouse his fear. He chased every creature that ventured upon the premises for a few days, and was a small terror to the domesticated fowl which we kept on hand for special occasions. However, we had not much difficulty in teaching him to discriminate, and thereafter he chased the chickens only for the fun of seeing them scared. He never annoyed the poor natives who used to come begging for medicines, each bringing some little offering, if only a flower. One day a girl presented us with a miserable specimen of a chicken, with few feathers and less flesh, which we had to accept. The bird never flew away from Endless, but insisted on perching on his back, dozing between his paws and sharing his food. Like a benevolent human being, the dog responded to those acts of confidence by constituting himself the chick's protector. Whether the dog nursing had anything to do with it we could not say, but as the bird flattened and expanded its feathers grew the wrong side out, making its wings appear as if turned upward, or spread for flight. Owing to this, we at first called that chick Angel, but certain visitors declared that was too shocking, and accordingly the name was changed to Flyaway.

To watch the two friends at dinner was vastly amusing. No sooner did Endless begin his meal than the chick drew near; then, just as soon as the small beak came in contact with some coveted morsel the canine foster parent would make a show of pouncing upon his protégé; only out of mischief, to see the small creature fly off with a cry of fright; in the end the chicken always got the pieces it preferred.

Later on a very sagacious black hen was added to our family party, and Flyaway tried to be adopted by her, but the only attention she ever bestowed on him was to give his small body a sharp peck when she wanted to vent her spleen on something that was not big enough to retaliate—so inhuman!

Our hen Negra turned out to be so brainy that we had not the heart to cut short her life; as for Flyaway, he was our dog's particular friend; therefore, when we left the ruins we carried the trio with us. During the journey we rested some hours at an old convent which had served

as habitation to the priest who had presented Endless to us. That amiable young dog was set free in a large, interior court; so were the birds, one secured to each end of the same string. When ready to resume our travels we could not catch the chicks, but the hound, seeing our efforts, took matters in his own hands and in a few minutes got the string between his sharp, white teeth and brought to our feet the rebellious poultry, indulging in a doggy war dance when he saw the chickens in our power.

In Merida, capital of Yucatan, the unfortunate Flyaway was condemned to death for habitual insubordination: he had insisted upon roosting on our dining table.

Endless made no attempt to hide his grief, and Negra then turned comforter. The yellow dog had grown rapidly, and when he appeared particularly depressed the sympathetic chicken would settle herself between his forepaws, leaning against his chest for half an hour at a time.

That gentle condolence was not misplaced. Endless reciprocated by taking into his large mouth the entire head of his comforter, who never manifested fear, but allowed the performance to be repeated again and again.

The first time we heard Negra uttering unusual sounds and saw Endless dragging her about the yard by one of her wings, we rushed to the rescue, but were only meddling with what did not concern us. By observation we became convinced that the hen had no objection to such sport, for no sooner did Endless let go of her than she would, while he lay stretched on the ground, carefully pick stray insects from his glossy coat and perch upon him in the most friendly manner.

We always thought that one day the nature of the beast might assert itself, for Endless was in fact a fine hunting dog, and very fierce; so that each time we saw his great jaws engulf Negra's head we asked each other, Has she really made her very last appearance in public?

She had not done so at the time of our departure; for on returning to New York we left dog and chicken, on the most friendly terms, in care of one of their admiring human friends.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

THE COLORADO BUFFALO SURVIVORS.

DENVER, Colo., June 5.—The inclosed clipping is from yesterday morning's *Republican* of this city. It tells the story as it is now understood. I heard of the killing three or four days ago and knew that a deputy warden had been sent to investigate.

"Last Saturday C. W. Withington, deputy game warden, was sent from Denver to Pine Grove to investigate a report that some one had shot and killed a buffalo in that vicinity. He returned here Tuesday night and yesterday made the following report to State Game Warden Land:

"I went to Pine Grove to investigate the report of a buffalo having been killed near the place. On May 29 Mr. Jonathan Higginson was surprised to see three large buffalo bulls near his pasture fence, four miles below Buffalo Park, near Scraggy, about thirty-six miles from Denver. He noticed that one of the bulls was mortally wounded, so Mr. Higginson and one of his men followed the buffalo bulls about four miles. The wounded animal was bleeding at the mouth and side and could travel only slowly. It fell several times over logs, etc.

"Night coming on, they left him in a patch of timber and returned to the ranch. One bull had separated from the others and gone off by himself; the other stayed with his wounded comrade. That morning Mr. Higginson and his man went to where they had left the two bulls and found that the wounded one had died. The other was standing near it, but made off at their approach.

"Mr. Higginson skinned the buffalo, cut off his head, took the hide and head to the ranch and wired you. I claimed the hide and head for the State, shipped them to you and they are now here in Denver, to be disposed of as you may consider best. This buffalo was a very old one; he has a grand head, but his hide is poor. These three buffalo were undoubtedly driven out of Lost Park, probably by prospectors, as there are quite a number of men prospecting in that vicinity at present. Whether the buffalo was shot in the park or after he had got into the lower country it is at present impossible to state. There was a bullet hole through the paunch, one low down behind the shoulder and one near the point of the shoulder.

"I think from arrangements we have made we shall learn more about this shooting before many weeks are over. The other two bulls will travel back along the main ridge to their own range. As we have several good men on the lookout for us, we are certain to hear if they get molested in any way."

I have been trembling for this little band of buffalo ever since the new excitement in prospecting has been closing its lines around them. Within a month I inquired about them and learned from credible authority that when last seen they numbered sixteen. They belong in Lost Park, about sixty miles from this city, and I think have never been far from their very limited range in the last thirty years. Formerly they were frequently preyed upon by unscrupulous hunters, but in late years they have been pretty carefully watched. The permanent settlers scattered through the mountains in that neighborhood have learned to feel an interest in their preservation.

These buffalo are on an United States Forest Reserve, and the Government ought to fence in six or eight square miles of the tract, inclosing the herd, and by so doing preserve them. That would be a cheap and effective way of saving a natural wild herd upon their native range. These three bulls referred to evidently started off on a scout and one lost his life. He was very large and very old. The largest buffalo I ever saw was from this same herd, killed twelve or fifteen years ago, and is still in the collection of a Colorado taxidermist. There is another small herd of wild buffalo in this State. The last definite information I had about them they numbered eight. I believe I will not even tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM where they range.

An 11lb. trout, native, was brought in from the Gunnison River yesterday.

WM. N. BYERS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

FOOD OF THE BARN OWL

(Strix pratincola).

In a recent number of *Science* Dr. Fisher gives the following interesting results of his examination of the rejects of the barn owl. Facts such as these are worth remembering by sportsmen whose habit of carrying guns exposes them to peculiar temptation:

It is well known that birds of prey disgorge the indigestible portions of food, such as hair, bones and feathers. These are formed into balls, known as "pellets" or "rejects," by the muscular action of the stomach, and are regurgitated before a new supply of food is taken. The "pellets" contain the skulls, teeth and other parts of the victims, and furnish a perfect index to the food eaten. In a work on "The Hawks and Owls of the United States," published in 1893, I recorded the results of the examination of 200 "pellets" or "rejects" of the barn owl taken from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., June 28, 1890. Since that time 475 more have been collected—125 Sept. 14, 1892, and 350 Jan. 8, 1896, making in all a total of 675 "pellets." This abundant material has been carefully examined and found to contain the remains of 1,821 mammals, birds and batrachians, as shown in the following table:

- 1119 Meadow Voles (*Microtus pennsylvanicus*).
- 4 Pine Voles (*Microtus pinetorum*).
- 452 House Mice (*Mus musculus*).
- 184 Common Rats (*Mus decumanus*).
- 1 White-footed Mouse (*Peromyscus leucopus*).
- 20 Jumping Mice (*Zapus hudsonicus*).
- 1 Rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*).
- 33 Short-tailed Shrews (*Blarina brevicauda*).
- 21 Small Short-tailed Shrews (*Blarina parva*).
- 1 Star-nosed Mole (*Condylura cristata*).
- 1 Brown Bat (*Vesperugo fuscus*).
- 2 Sora Rails (*Porzana carolina*).
- 4 Bobolinks (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).
- 3 Red-winged Blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*).
- 1 Vesper Sparrow (*Pooecetes gramineus*).
- 10 Song Sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*).
- 4 Swamp Sparrows (*Melospiza georgiana*).
- 1 Swallow (*Petrochelidon*).
- 1 Warbler (*Dendroica*).
- 6 Marsh Wrens (*Cistothorus palustris*).
- 2 Spring Frogs (*Rana pipiens*).

A glance at this list will demonstrate to any thoughtful person the immense value of this useful bird in keeping noxious rodents in check. Moreover, judging from the species in the list, it may be seen that the barn owl hunts almost exclusively in open country, such as cultivated fields, meadows and marsh lands, where such pests do most damage. In Germany, according to Dr. Bernard Altum (*Journal f. Ornithologie*, 1863, pp. 43 and 217), the barn owl feeds extensively on shrews. In 703 "pellets," a number only slightly greater than that which I examined, he found remains of 1,579 shrews, an average of over two to each "pellet," while our 675 "pellets" contained only 54 shrews, an average of one skull to each 12½ pellets. On the other hand, our material contained the remains of 2½ mice to each "pellet," or 93 per cent. of the whole mass. The birds, which constitute about 4½ per cent. of the owl's food, are in the main species of little economic importance.

A. K. FISHER.

THE COPPERHEAD.

OAKLAND, Cal., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is considerable evidence in the late numbers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* that the snake season is close at hand. Indeed, two or three of your correspondents have already entered the field, and while they apologized in most cases for being a little premature, I regard that as merely a subterfuge to cover the fear that some one would get ahead of them.

Now, I am in search of a little information myself on that perennially absorbing topic, and where could I better look for it than in these columns? Doubtless you have a talented snake editor, who will be fully equal to the emergency; then there is Brother Hough, whose exhaustive researches into the hoopsnake enigma entitle him to a very high position in reptilian literature, and lastly, many astute correspondents, some of which I feel sure will not only be able but pleased to throw all the light required upon the subject.

What I want is a description of the appearance and habits of the copperhead. Not the genus with which so many of us were familiar during the late war, but the simon pure opidian of that name.

I have killed rattlesnakes in nearly every State and Territory west of the Missouri except in the extreme northern tier, and learned disquisitions, some of which declare this to be the only really deadly reptile in the United States, are to be found in all the large libraries of the land, but I have never yet seen a copperhead either living or dead, and when I began to realize this serious defect in my experience and started in to remedy it, I found such an inexplicable dearth of authentic information available that the results were of a most disheartening and negative character—that is to say that, although before the investigation I thought I had settled a few points about copperheads, I concluded afterward that I knew nothing whatever concerning them, and began even to doubt their existence.

[First I visited the reptile departments in the different museums in San Francisco, but while I found an abundance of snakes from all parts of the world I found no copperheads from our own country or any other. Then I consulted the encyclopedias. A search in the American was fruitless; they were not mentioned—at least not under that name. The Britannica briefly stated that they were a slow, venomous snake, usually found in wet places, under stumps, in swamps, etc.; but their habitat was not very definitely given, and as I did not believe they were found in England, Scotland or even Ireland, it was not quite clear to me how they could know so much more about them than our own savants. Finally I turned to the snake sharps of my acquaintance, and the enthusiasm with which my inquiries were received seemed to promise the most gratifying revelations. There was, in fact, every indication that I had at last struck the right trail.

One began by telling me how his grandfather and father had slaughtered them when they first settled in Indiana; another reported that the county in Kentucky adjoining the one in which he was born was just alive with them, and a third gave me a thrilling account of a

desperate fight one of his neighbors had with one that had attempted to drive him out of a 10-acre field. All this was certainly very encouraging, but when I pressed them to give me something from their own experience their eyes assumed a far-away look and they for the most part acknowledged that they had never seen one. One or two, whose zeal to impart information aroused a suspicion that their memory might be defective, declared that they had killed them when they were boys, but even they were unable to describe them in any satisfactory manner. None would say that they had personally known anyone who had been bitten by one, but agreed that in point of venom the cobra, rattlesnake or *fer-de-lance* was not "in it" with a copperhead.

In my boyhood the people of my section were firm believers in three remarkable kinds of snakes. The most formidable of these was the hoopsnake, with a spear or horn in the end of its tail so deadly that a wound from it was speedily fatal to all life, either animal or vegetable. This delectable creature was said to be so irascible that it promptly attacked anything that came in sight by taking its tail in its mouth, getting up on edge and sailing in with or without provocation.

Then there was the blue racer, with a white ring around its neck, very long and slender, and able to outrun the fastest horse by traveling along on top of the brush without touching the ground; and lastly the joint snake, which when pursued could separate itself into sections and make its escape by several different routes, resuming its normal condition at leisure after the danger was over.

All the solid facts about these phenomenally gifted reptiles were minutely instilled into my receptive brain in early childhood, but not a word was said about the copperhead, and although for nearly twenty years I have been a regular reader and correspondent of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the mystery enshrouding them is as deep to me as ever. Information from any reliable source will therefore be gratefully received, only the neighbor and grandfather variety being barred.

FORKED DEER.

[Notwithstanding our correspondent's doubts of the copperhead, it does exist, and this is its description: Hazel brown in color, the top of head bright coppery; back with a series of fifteen to twenty-five dark blotches, having something the form of an inverted Y; yellowish beneath, with dark blotches. It is 3ft. or more in length. The general form of the body is stout, and the head flat and triangular, something like that of a rattlesnake. The copperhead belongs to the genus *Ancistrodon*, of which there are two species, confined to eastern North America. The range of the copperhead is from New England to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. It is an inhabitant of the uplands and is sometimes called "highland moccasin." The water moccasin, which belongs to the same genus, is a common snake of the swamps of the South from the Carolinas to Texas; it seldom exceeds 4ft. in length and is said to be very venomous; it is an active swimmer. These species are closely related to the *fer-de-lance* (*Trigonocephalus*), which is found in South America and in some of the West Indian islands.]

BEARS IN THE NORTHWEST.

TACOMA, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read the paper by Dr. Merriam in the last number of your valued publication with keen interest. As bear stories are a never failing fund of amusement to the young, so also bearology (with apologies for the term) is an inexhaustible subject for study and investigation by the lover of nature.

There is no animal among the larger fauna of this coast which is more ubiquitous than the black bear. He is with us in force, and whether we wade the noisy stream in quest of the gamy trout, or thread the tangled mazes of the salal berry bushes in pursuit of the big blue grouse, our old friend *Ursus euarectus* is pretty sure to show up, either by signs or in his own person, before the day is done.

The vast hordes of salmon which twice annually swarm into every river and stream in this country fall easy victims to the skill of the sly old ursine fisherman; and his inordinate love of the sport of raking the pools with his long claws, and standing guard over a shallow riffle to flip a toothsome fish far out on shore, often overcomes his natural timidity, so that when intent upon his amusement it is often possible to fish right up to him. It has been my good fortune to gain very near approach to four different bears in this way in a single afternoon. And then in the fall, when nature spreads her bountiful feast of berries and fruits, old Mrs. Bear goes smashing around among the berry bushes with her double litters of cubs trailing after her, all scooping handfuls of fruit and leaves into their mouths and pushing for the fullest bushes.

Two factors tend to foster and protect the bears in this region. The first of these is the variety and abundance of the food supply, the second the impenetrable character of the cover. Incidentally it might be mentioned also that, with one exception, the hunters in this country have no trained bear dogs and do not hunt bears systematically. The mildness of the climate here, together with the fact that the salmon afford abundant food until after mid-winter, sufficiently explains the very short period of hibernation. Indeed, in favored localities the bear is scarcely in retirement, and one of the liveliest impromptu bear hunts I have had here was after Christmas.

Uncle Ursus was at home that day, all curled up under the burned end of a big fir tree, and a little lazy about getting his boots on for a run. He had dined sumptuously the previous night upon a good fat sheep, and his big soft bed of ferns was too alluring to leave. And so he lingered until my little spaniel Jimmy poked his nose against his furry ribs. Then he came out with a mighty snort, and amid a cloud of whirling leaves; and he was so rattled that he forgot to look for the owner of the dog and came rip, smash, against said owner's legs, and man, bear and dog got suddenly mixed up. If this particular bear had been endowed with the sense of a Bowery sneak-thief he might have got away unobserved among the confusion his sudden appearance created; but he did not sneak, he went for an adjacent tree. This hide shows a white patch under the throat, and I have observed this in many instances. Two cubs, litter mates, brought in this week, bear this mark.

Speaking of cubs reminds me that much confusion exists, even in the minds of pretty well informed persons, about the relative size and age of cubs when they are first brought out in the spring. They are seen here in late March and early April, and are then as large as a small

cocker spaniel. As they are born naked and blind, and do not open their eyes until 21 days old, they are at least 2 months old. At this time they are funny looking little fellows, with abnormally big ears and protuberant eyes, rather long tan colored legs and a somewhat scant coat of long grayish hair. They are lively fighters at this early age, and if you should essay to pick one up you will do well first to throw your coat over him. Neglect to observe this precaution cost a companion some pain and disfigurement last year.

The great majority of bears killed here are caught in steel traps. Few are still hunted, though this method is not impracticable. The hunter above referred to as the owner of a bear pack has killed very many bears before his hounds; but the last of this pack was killed by an irate bear last fall, and there are very few untrained dogs that will trail a bear.

In bear killing, as in any other kind of shooting, the question of caliber is intimately blended with holding on to the game. I have seen a bear shamle off into cover and be lost when shot more than twice by a .40-82 at easy range, and I have seen a bear dropped dead in his tracks at long range by a single .38-55 in the hands of a steady and accurate shooter.

We have a character here in the person of a Schwabian rancher, a native of the hill country of *Vaterland*, whose specialty is killing bears with a revolver; and his exploits in this direction are well attested, and his success quite phenomenal. He trapped an old female last March, killed her and her mate, two yearlings and three young cubs, all with his revolver and between sunset and dark. He handles the little weapon with great skill.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

Michigan Birds.

CENTRAL LAKE, June 9.—Our first hummingbird was seen May 17. We thought that we heard one a week earlier, but were not certain.

I drove a few miles north last week on roads not far eastward from the shore of Grand Traverse Bay, and was much gratified at the sight of some of my old friends. There was a quail near the road and quite tame, also meadowlarks and bobolinks and a black squirrel, the last being very rare in this region. The quail have been living for a year or two not far from Norwood, and efforts have been made to protect them, with good results, but I do not think that they have yet become numerous—scarcely common.

The meadowlarks and bobolinks have been common twenty miles south of this village for a number of years, and have gradually worked their way northward along the roads, but have not ventured far inland—I suppose because the large bodies of timber seemed unattractive. These are gradually disappearing and soon the birds may take a wider range.

The catbirds, which for some years have built their nest in a bush close to our coffee mill (probably because they liked its music), have not returned this year and we fear the worst. There is a pair of orioles, however, and these, with the brown thrushes, make the morning air vocal when they are not too busy with their housekeeping arrangements. Robins are very common, and I think there are many more small birds about than ever before. Not a bluebird, however, has been seen. Yellowbirds are quite numerous.

At a more convenient opportunity I have a few words to say concerning trout, of which the catch seems to have been better this season than usual. Also of the trout-horse. Likewise regarding a farmer, a wolf and a hemlock knot.

KELPIE.

Feathered Strangers Near New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Grinnell's note in your issue of May 23 on the occurrence of the starling in Audubon Park recalls a rather singular experience I had in the upper part of New York city one morning in November, 1895. While riding down Riverside Drive my attention was attracted, near 112th street, by an unfamiliar bird note. It was a somewhat metallic, tinkling chorus, which I found was uttered by a flock of seventeen starlings perched in the topmost branches of the tall, leafless trees on the banks of the river. A few blocks further down I saw seven more starlings, and fancied I heard the flight-note of the European goldfinch, a bird which sometimes visits Riverside Park.

English sparrows, it is needless to say, were abundant, and I was mentally commenting on the fact that our city avifauna should be so largely composed of foreigners, when in one of the saplings bordering the Drive I saw a strange-looking, small, green bird which for a moment was a puzzle. On closer inspection it proved to be a Madagascar paroquet or gray-headed love bird (*Agapornis cana*). Doubtless it had escaped from confinement, but its plumage was in excellent condition and it flew with all the vigor of a wild bird. The English sparrows were much excited over the appearance of this newly-arrived emigrant. They had evidently decided that its presence was undesirable, and the poor little paroquet's first impressions of New York life were doubtless far from pleasing.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, JUNE 5.

Quail Breeding.

NEW YORK, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For three years I have endeavored to raise quail in a small inclosure about 10ft. square and 2ft. high, covered with mesh wire, on the roof of a shed in the rear of my house. I put in 10in. of soil and have very good grass. It has been a failure steadily until this year, in the beginning largely through the food. The present pair I have had exactly a year and a half, and last summer they failed to mate, I think, because I had another cock in the same inclosure. However, this year they were alone and mated, built a nest under a board supported by two uprights, 3in. high, on which they invariably roost. About this I have some branches, and there was considerable dead grass, of which they built their nest, the male doing most of the work. There are, I think, nine eggs in the nest now.

I feed the birds lettuce, buckwheat and the half of an apple daily the entire year, and it seems to be the only food they thrive on; I have some very finely pulverized oyster shells in the tray with the buckwheat. I discovered their fondness for apples last year through feeding a rabbit I had in their place awhile.

Now if they should continue to lay and should hatch

any little ones, I should like to know what sort of food to give them while they are very young, and I thought some of your readers would be kind enough to give me the information.

A. G. FERGUSON.

[Feed your young quail, if any are hatched, on finely chopped hard boiled eggs for the first week, gradually adding to this fine bird seed, a little oatmeal and a little corn meal. You might try them with prepared mocking-bird food, and if you can do so give them ants' eggs. They need a fair quantity of animal food, which you can hardly obtain in attractive form in the city. Give us the results of your efforts.]

The Bluebirds.

DENVER, Col.—The bluebirds (*Arctic*) reached here this year Feb. 25, a week or ten days late. They were very plentiful for a while. A few days later there was a sharp snowstorm and the birds gathered about the houses—at least about mine. I counted at one time from a window upon the shrubbery at one side of the house fifty-four bluebirds, and they seemed about equally plentiful on all sides of the house. As spring advanced they scattered to the mountains. Only one pair, I think, nested upon my premises. The robins came two or three days later.

WM. N. BYERS.

ORO, Washington, June 1.—I presume the bluebirds here are *S. arctica*, as the males are all very blue. They are quite numerous around the mill now and I have noticed a number going into holes in trees; I think they hatch here.

LEW WILMOT.

ITHACA, N. Y.—I have tried to be alert and thorough in my search for the bluebirds, but thus far I have failed to observe a single specimen. In April I heard of one now and then, but I fear they have again avoided us. Orioles are more numerous than I have noted them in a decade. The finches, sparrows, larks and grackles are with us numerous, as usual. A recent visit to Lansing, Mich., convinces me that nearly, if not quite, all the birds familiar to western and central New York are to be found in and about the beautiful Capital City in goodly numbers. But the bluebird abideth not there, apparently.

M. CHILL.

The Distribution of the Bobolink.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Twenty years ago bobolinks were abundant summer residents in this vicinity. Now they occur only as spring and fall migrants, and for the past fifteen years I have not seen them during the breeding season. Whether their disappearance is purely local I cannot say, but the nearest nesting bobolinks I know of are distant about ten miles north of this place, on the New York—New Jersey State line. The cause of their disappearance is simply a matter of conjecture. The killing of immense numbers of these birds as reed birds or rice birds each fall by gunners and rice growers may have had some effect on the species as a whole, but the result would not be likely to be evident locally. Their decrease may be due to trapping during the mating season. I have heard a New York dealer in game birds say that he received about 600 bobolinks from Long Island every spring. Or, as in the case of the dickcissel, it may be due to some more far-reaching and obscure cause. At any rate, the subject seems of sufficient interest and importance to warrant a call for information on the present distribution of our bobolinks, in order that subsequent changes may become more apparent and perhaps intelligible. I hope, therefore, that your correspondents will record any pertinent notes they may have.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Band-Tailed Pigeons.

THE question which recently came up as to the occurrence in Washington and in British Columbia of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) appears to have been settled by the notes, printed last week, from Dr. Beebe and from Mr. John Fannin, curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, B. C. These contributions are to the effect that the wild pigeons referred to by Dr. Beebe were, as we suggested in a note appended to Dr. Beebe's original inquiry, the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*). If further confirmation were needed it may be found in a skin of one of the birds, kindly sent on to us by Dr. Beebe, which is that of a male band-tailed pigeon. This species occurs commonly on the west coast of North America from British Columbia south to the highlands of Guatemala.

Game Bag and Gun.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

NEARLY everyone has heard more or less of the wonderful purity of the air in the West; how fresh meat can be left hanging for weeks and remain pure and sweet, and how a barrel of water left standing exposed to the air accumulates no foul matter or "wrigglers," such as take possession of water left so exposed in an Eastern climate. Many claim that the purity of the air out there accounts for the fact of such a preponderance of honest statesmen sailing from the West. Be that as it may, the following illustrates the wonderful qualities of this air better than any authentic account I have yet seen.

In the winter of 1873-74, in company with three others, I was camped on the Middle Loup River, in Nebraska, well up toward the mouth of the Dismal. Our occupation was hunting. We had a comfortable camp of red cedar logs and plenty of dry cedar logs to keep our fire napping and glowing. Late in the winter our occupation grew to be nine-tenths sleeping, eating and playing even-up, with an occasional trip into the hills after elk, deer or antelope to keep up our fresh meat supply.

Along in the early part of the winter one of the boys had killed a huge whitetail buck, the largest I ever saw. The flesh of this old fellow was very tough and we kept it on hand to use when there was nothing else in camp and to give to farmers who came up from the settlements a hundred miles below to have an outing and get a load of meat. These people invariably struck our camp entirely out of provisions, and we would not only feed them while they stayed, but provision them for the return trip.

Toward spring the carcass of the old buck had been worn away until only the neck was left, and that was

so tough that human ingenuity could reduce it no further.

One evening just before sundown a party of farmers drove up to our camp, and as was usual with this kind, they were out of provisions. We fed and lodged them, and when they left supplied them with flour and coffee, and for meat gave them the piece of neck.

Across the river and some four miles away was another camp like ours—out for the winter. The farmers went from ours to this camp, and as it chanced found them out of meat, and out of their abundance (as they claimed) gave them a piece, the neck, and went on their way rejoicing. Some two weeks later a party arrived at the camp across the river from the lower regions, as we called the settlements, and they too were out of provisions. On leaving their acquired stock consisted of flour, coffee and buck's neck.

From that camp the outfit came directly over to ours. They arrived just before supper and we were obliged to apologize for being out of meat. They promptly volunteered the meat and produced the neck. I recognized the old fellow in an instant, and taking it passed out as if to slice some for cooking. Luck was on my side, for as I stepped through the door I espied one of the boys who had been out hunting just coming down the cañon with the tenderloin of a fine young black-tail buck he had killed. Going to meet him, I posted him to keep still and sliced the tenderloin for supper.

It was comical to see the look of wonder on the faces of our guests as they tasted the juicy steak, but they did not dare to give themselves away; and I think it must be a wonder to them yet how the thing was done.

On breaking camp in the spring we left the piece of neck on the chopping block, and until this year, 1896, I have never revisited the place.

This spring fate, with her sails set for distant climes, took me on board and carried me into that neighborhood and I took a "stop-over" for a couple of hours and revisited the old camp ground. I had a grand time visiting with those wrinkled old hills. The spot seemed hallowed to me, and as I wandered about many scenes and adventures in which I had been a prominent actor came drifting by on the flood tide of memory. I gazed long at the mouth of the cañon out of which came the first elk I ever drew bead on. That elk may be alive yet for all I know to the contrary.

Wandering from the camp site, I follow up a divide to the south and east down which I have tramped through the gloaming many a night in the long ago, returning from the day's hunt. A mile and a half from the camp site I climb up and out on to what I used to call the table basin.

The table is about 300ft. above the level of the creek, a mile to the west, and contains 400 or 500 acres of fine land. The land is all under cultivation now, though there are no buildings on it, the buildings being down near the creek, where water is more accessible. At the south end of the table is where I had laid my first elk low.

From there I made my way far to the westward to the scene of my most signal success in all my hunting experiences. As I approach the place I come upon a deserted frame house standing on a level piece of ground, where a huge cañon widens out into some semblance of a valley. Here some wanderer from the East had settled with his little family, built his house and planted trees, laying out his grounds and preparing the soil for crops, with fond hopes of future peace and plenty; but alas, for his expectations! he was a little too far out of the rain belt and after years of trial was obliged to leave his little all and seek a more favored clime.

I seated myself on the deserted doorstep and pictured to myself some of the labors, hopes and despairs this settler must have undergone. The spirit of the departed settler (departed East to live with his wife's father) hovered near and whispered tales of privation into my sympathetic ear, and then the wheels of time turned back another decade; the doorstep crumbles away beneath me and I find myself lying prone on the prairie—not in a valley, but on a hill. The air, which had been sultry all day, has suddenly become cool and invigorating; the sun, which last instant was halfway down the western slope, is now just peeping above the eastern horizon, casting its first glint of gold across the frost-bejeweled blue stem.

But what is this awkward yet familiar looking thing I am holding in front of me? It is evidently a gun, the stock of which extends nearly to the end of the barrel, and is held in place by three iron bands. It has a huge hammer, underneath which a curious little lever is locked. Ah! I see, it is my old .50-70 needle gun.

Yes, and just across the cañon on the next hill, 150yds. away, his red sides ablaze in the morning sun, stands a huge elk. Just now, too, I hear the rattle of horns and realize there are more of them in the cañon below, two of whom are settling some difference of opinion according to the code.

How I would like to be up where I could look over the wall at them. But I am as far as I can go in that direction without being discovered by the old fellow on the hill, so I content myself with taking a good look at him and then leveling the needle gun on him and pulling the trigger.

I hear the bullet spát on the elk's ribs, emitting a sound much as if he had been struck with a barrel stave. I see him flinch, even at that distance, and then he turns his head slowly toward me as if to reproach for the pain I have caused; then, without warning, his legs suddenly shoot into the air and he is down.

The rest (there proved to be six of them) run down the cañon a couple of hundred yards and come out on a small knoll, where they stop to take observations. I get in several shots before they conclude to move on. What happens after is a confused jumble of running and shooting.

Accurately to describe it would be as impossible as for one to look at the monuments on the Custer battlefield and then accurately describe the battle. When I come to myself I am three miles from the starting point and have three elk down, the last with seven bullets in his carcass and brought to earth by the last cartridge in my possession. I immediately hasten back to camp to get the boys to help dress the game, but alas! ere I reach it, time has resumed her normal flight and I find the boys and the camp, like the Indian's stove after he has kindled his fire with gunpowder, "A heap gone."

Wandering around the camp ground I fell to searching

for relics. The logs of the cabin had long since been removed by settlers, and the only thing to mark the spot is a depression where the cellar was, though I could have located the place from the lay of the ground. The only thing I find that seems to belong to the "old days" is the hull of a Spencer rifle cartridge; this I know to have been fired from the gun of that make I attempted to use when I first came out here. The extractors of this gun had a habit of taking a piece out of the hull and leaving it sticking in the gun. The hull I find is so marked and I am satisfied.

Down on the bank of the stream I come to the place where the old chopping block stood. The block has completely rotted away; there is only a reddish cast in the soil from the fiber of rotting wood to mark the spot; and yes, there is something else, 'tis that piece of neck, seemingly in as good repair as when I left it there twenty years ago.

I examine it and find it sweet and tough, as the broken blade of my jack knife will testify. In a circle round the center I find the skeletons of fifteen wolves, each with nose pointed to the center. The story of their sad fate was plainly audible; they had starved to death trying to get a meal off that neck.

Now when anything new or wonderful is discovered or told there is sure to be some "Doubting Thomas" who shouts fake or humbug; but any such can have their doubts subdued, for on application I will send my broken jack knife to be inspected by any one.

No communication will be noticed unless money is inclosed to pay freight both ways.

GENESEO, Ill.

E. P. JAKES.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Ways of Some Wardens.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 6.—A business man of Chicago writes to call attention to the manner in which the game warden of Iron county, Wis., is discharging his official duties. The gentleman states that he has direct information that this warden found a party, including a Mr. Caldwell and guide, in possession of muscallonge while in camp on Fisher or Cedar Lake during the early part of May, and proceeded to read a warrant for their arrest, but compromised the matter with them directly on the payment of \$75. This warden is a saloon-keeper in the town of Mercer. It is said that some of the county officers of Iron county enjoyed considerable good muscallonge fishing during the last two weeks of the closed season. But I fail to understand the comment of my informant, who says, "There is more or less excuse for this, as nearly everyone in the district feels that the closed season should end on the 10th of May." It would be very convenient to break a good many laws which do not suit us personally, but if we followed out this idea we would have no laws at all, and no fish at all.

Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., is not strictly happy over the result of the little attempt on his part to do some game protection. Mr. Powers and his brother had noticed many violations of the duck law at Spring Lake, Ill., this spring, and wrote to Warden Blow to learn what he could do in the way of stopping them. Warden Blow replied that for the sum of \$30 he would go to Spring Lake and stay for a number of days and clean up all the violators. The \$30 was sent him, but apparently fell into the middle of a deep silence. The duck season has passed and spring has merged into summer, but no Blow and no \$30 has yet appeared in the vicinity of Spring Lake. Not this spring, but perhaps some other spring.

Bird Lime.

Justice Smith this week fined S. Derling and H. Boreinger \$5 and costs, each for trapping song birds by means of bird lime. They were using a sticky substance which they placed on twigs about the nests of the song birds, thus taking them when they alighted near the nest. The justice told the men that if they resumed their industry he would fine them \$100.

The Mills of the Gods.

For wisdom and justice in large solid chunks, apply at the office of a country justice of the peace when a game law case is before him. A recent instance at Elgin, Ill., may be cited. Mr. Fargo, of Chicago, had lost overboard a fine Westley Richards gun in the Fox River at that point, and employed some net fishermen there to recover it for him. The men took a seine and went fishing for the gun, which they are said to have recovered early in the evening. Yet they continued seining until 1 o'clock in the morning, at which time they were caught by Warden Blow. The justice before whom the case was brought discharged the men on the ground that they were still seining for the gun, from force of habit.

National Park Buffalo.

Mr. John W. Cowan, of Butte, Mont., who is in the city this week, says that he thinks the herd of National Park buffalo is about wiped out. He believes this from reports which have come to him from south and west of the Park. Mr. Cowan and others are making strenuous efforts to stop the slaughter of deer in the Flathead country. He says that 7,000 deer were killed there in one winter, two years ago.

From Cincinnati.

Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., manager of the coal traffic of the B. & O. Southwestern Ry., spent part of the week in Chicago. He states that he has become a fisherman besides a field shooter, and recently had a good take of bass in the White River of Indiana. It may be remembered that Mr. Peabody was the head of the special car party whose doings in Texas, winter before last, were recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM. He says that the party must unite next winter for another trip to the same country.

From Texas.

Mr. O. C. Guessaz writes from San Antonio, Texas, and gives some facts in regard to the canvasback situation at Lake Surprise, near Galveston. He states that banker Moody, of Galveston, had eight market hunters hired last season to shoot for him on the canvasback grounds of which he has gained control. One of these hunters writes to Mr. Guessaz that last winter he killed 5,000 canvasbacks to his own gun. Credible information also comes from Mr. Guessaz that banker Moody cleared up \$7,800 last winter as profit on his market shooting. He is

said also to have made \$300,000 in cotton deals, so that it would seem that he could manage to worry through the year if he is economical.

There is no doubt that a very fine canvasback preserve is thus kept closed against the shooting public. So far as the birds are concerned, however, I am disposed to believe, from personal acquaintance with the locality mentioned, that they are better off the way it is. If those waters were thrown open, they would soon be shot out. To be sure, a great many of us would have a great deal of fun while the process was going on, and to be sure also the shooting would be in the name of sport and not of the market; but the end would be the same, and it would only be reached more quickly. My friend Mr. Guessaz can tell us something of the size of the bags made by Northern shooters on the Texas coast when the flight is good, and can reason out what 100 such shooters would do on Lake Surprise in the course of a season. I think he will agree with me that a limited bag is better to-day for sportsmanship than the addition of ducking grounds, no matter how good or abundantly supplied they may be. I have seen the game go from so many apparently inexhaustible localities that I begin to be afraid for the game supply of Texas, to which the tide of shooting travel has of late turned so strongly. It is going to be Dakota over again. I should like to see Lake Surprise in the hands of a club of sportsmen who would limit the bags to not more than fifty birds a day, which I personally believe is enough for a sportsman to kill at this stage of the game supply in the United States. That so much game is sent to the markets, to be eaten as food by men who are not sportsmen, is the great cause of the scarcity, as I am persuaded all must believe who understand the facts. When the millennium comes we shall have no game market, and the sportsmen will stand around Lake Surprise, each contented with a bag of twenty-five birds—when the millennium comes.

In It.

Mr. H. A. Newkirk, of the Chambers Glass Company, writes to state that he believed it might be gratifying to the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM to know that in writing to seven different sporting goods manufacturers he had occasion to state that he saw the advertisement of each in FOREST AND STREAM. The leading sporting goods houses of the United States are in FOREST AND STREAM, and those who are not in it are out of it so far as competition in the trade is concerned. E. HOUGH,

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

In Four Parts—Part Two.

JACKSON'S HOLE comprises a territory about sixty miles long and twenty miles wide. It is completely shut in by tall and rugged mountains, and seems to be an amphitheater especially created by the great and just God for the habitation of his creatures.

Here upon the rolling prairie and in the dense fir forests the moose, elk, deer and antelope roam in solitude, being disturbed only by an occasional visit of some hunter or wandering band of Indians. The basin is well watered. Jackson's Lake, a body of water twenty miles long and five miles wide, lies in the extreme northern end, and the South Fork of the Snake River takes its origin in this lake. Snake River runs the full length of the basin and is fed by dozens of smaller streams, which are the outlets of numerous small lakes. Thus the entire Hole or basin is interspersed by a network of small lakes and creeks, which all empty into Snake River. We were charmed with the prospect.

We had obtained a good view of the basin from the side of the mountain as we descended, and one and all declared that if we did not find game here there was no use looking for it in America. Old Ed declared that every man in the party should have the opportunity of killing more than one elk, and then if he did not take advantage of it the fault was his. Ed said that two years ago he guided a couple of Chicago railroad magnates to Jackson's Hole. (I will not give their names, as one of them might read this and come back at me.) They came out to Yellowstone Park in a private coach, left their families at one of the hotels in the Park, and came to Ed's house to be guided to Jackson's Hole on a hunt. They bought a whole drove of pack horses and had champagne and cognac, and two cooks and valets and numerous superfluities. Ed said that he hunted with them faithfully, and jumped elk and deer and antelope by the drove for them, but they could not hit the side of a house with their rifles. They were both strangers to the use of a rifle. So the hunt was without success—excepting what he killed for them. We assured Ed that if he would show us the game we would get it, and so the bargain was made.

The mountains on all sides are split up with immense cañons or gorges. Out of each one of these cañons rushes a mountain torrent that rushes and tumbles to the river below. Up in these cañons, many of which run far back into the mountain range, live bear, elk, moose and black-tail deer. Moose, elk and deer also inhabit the dense fir forests that border the lakes. They very rarely go out on the open prairie.

On the morning of Sept. 9 we were all in the saddle by daylight. Up to this time we had got only the two elk that we bagged in the Bitter Root Mountains; so a more ardent lot of fellows would be hard to find. Ed told us to go in pairs and we would be more apt to find game than for all to go together. Ed and Dr. McReynolds were together, Cooke, McKamy and F. Gardenhire formed another set, and S. Wester and I were to hunt together. We all took different routes. Sam and I rode for several hours across the prairie, passing through numerous belts of timber that bordered the creeks. We saw several large droves of antelope, but could not get in rifle range of any of them. Finally about noon I rode out of the bed of a creek, and as I mounted the other bank I got into the middle of a drove of antelope. I threw the reins over my horse's head, jumped to the ground, and firing as they scampered off I got a large stag. About this time Sam came up and we skinned the antelope, and taking his hindquarters with us went on. We hunted the rest of the day without success, and returned to camp at dark.

Before long all the boys were back, and Dr. McReynolds came riding in with the hindquarters of a big moose tied behind him, while Old Ed had the hide rolled up and a side of moose ribs tied behind his saddle.

We gathered to hear the Doctor give an account of his adventure, and Old Ed said he never saw a man slide off

of a horse and pump a Winchester any faster than the Doctor did. They had gone up one of the old cañons to a favorite hunting place that Old Ed knew, and he had found the game for the Doctor. Ed sighted the moose as she was browsing on the bushes, and the Doctor sprang from the saddle and shot her before she ran. As she ran off he gave her another bullet from his .50-95 Winchester express rifle, and that stopped her. We were certainly a happy crowd. A moose the first day. Think of it!

We all set to work now to help the cook, and before long were seated to a grand repast of moose steak, hot biscuit, vegetable soup, fried trout and broiled prairie chicken. Our camp was on a creek and Will Johnson had caught a waterpail full of trout as fine as I ever laid eyes on. We dreamed of hunting that night, and the goddess Diana seemed to be smiling upon each member of the party and whispering in his ear, "You can hunt now to your heart's content."

Next morning, the 10th, by daylight, we had breakfast over and camp knocked down and packed in wagon to move. We were to move up the valley about twenty miles, so as to get better grass for our horses and equally as good hunting. Ed directed our course toward Jackson's Lake, and about noon we drove into a shady nook near the base of Big Teton Mountain and about six miles distant from Jackson's Lake. This nook was a small valley hemmed in on one side by a large foaming creek bordered by magnificent trees. The valley comprised about 200 acres, shut in at the rear by the foothills of the Big Teton Mountain and on the front by the creek. So our camp was entirely hidden from any passing band of Indians or trappers. The bunch grass was waist high, so the horses had plenty of forage. We camped on the bank of the creek and erected the tents in a fine grove. Ed said that this would be our main camping place, so we could spend the rest of the day in making ourselves comfortable. We followed his example and soon had benches made and shelves nailed against the trees for wash basins and water-pails, with a rough table to eat upon. Then every man cut a good supply of the tall grass, or rather hay, as it was cured at this season, and made a good soft bed in his tent. We also erected a good strong fork on each side of our camp-fire, and by laying a heavy pole in this fork could roast or spit sides of ribs or quarters of game. After we had erected and arranged the cooking tent and put up the small sheet iron stove we were comfortable.

That afternoon we fished for a couple of hours and found that the stream was literally alive with trout. We were glad of this, as it would be the means of passing away many a pleasant hour when not engaged in the chase. We were surprised to find the trout so large; Wester and Cooke caught several salmon trout that weighed over 5 lbs. each. I tell you if you land a 5 lb. trout out of one of those tumbling, boiling mountain streams, and keep him from sawing the line in two against the rocks, you are an expert. It is not so easy as it is to draw one in from the placid surface of a lake or sluggish stream. I have seen Sam Wester get so excited that he would forget everything on earth except that trout on his hook, and if he could not get his fish any other way he would go into the water with his clothes on after it. There is nothing like this in the way of sport unless it is to bring down a big elk or moose as it leaps through the forest.

All the boys were in the saddle by daylight eager for the chase. They divided up in pairs, and each pair took a different route. I remained in camp on this day, so as to allow Will Johnson a day to hunt. I busied myself during the day arranging small details of the camp to my own satisfaction, and in the afternoon took Sam's shotgun and walked out a short distance on the prairie to shoot chickens. I had all the shooting I wanted, and brought back as many birds as I could conveniently carry. I also caught a nice string of trout, and at 5 P. M. put dinner on. I spitted the side of moose ribs, and with baked trout and broiled chicken, and antelope steak and a goodly variety of canned vegetables, had an elegant repast waiting for the hungry hunters. All the boys were in by 7 o'clock, and one and all declared that I had done my duty as cook. I have lived in camp a good many years in following the civil engineer's profession, and learned something of camp cooking. The bag this day was light. Will McKamy killed an antelope and brought it in whole. All of the boys had seen numerous fresh signs of elk and bears, but had sighted nothing, not even a deer.

We slept soundly that night and all hands were in the saddle at daylight. A more energetic and enthusiastic party was never in the woods. Ed, Dr. McReynolds, S. Wester and B. Cooke were formed into one party, and McKamy, Frank and I formed the other. Trafton was to guide his party to another of "his favorite places," as he called them. Old Ed grinned and said, "Boys, if I don't show you game to-day you need not pay me my week's wages." That reassured us, as we knew Ed would not make such a rash proposal as that unless he was sanguine of success. Will, Frank and I hunted hard all day. We traversed forest and cañon, foothills and the open plains. We got a scratch shot at a big black-tail buck, but failed to stop him. We followed one elk trail eight or ten miles back into the wilderness, but failed to come up with them.

We returned to camp empty-handed. About dark the other party got in, and old Ed was true to his promise; he had found game for them. They had killed a bear and two black-tail bucks. Dr. McReynolds killed the bear and Sam and Bob killed a buck each. The boys brought in the bear skin, his hindquarters, and old Ed saved all of his fat. Sam brought in his buck, but Bob left his in the woods. When he shot the buck it tumbled over a precipice, and as it was getting late they did not go after it. Sam says they could see the deer stretched out dead on the rocks below them; but it was too late to get it out of the gulch; so they left it. Bob said he would go back some time and get the horns, as it had a magnificent head. We were all very much elated, and declared old Ed to be a jewel. In a party like ours it was as much pleasure to see our companions successful as to be the lucky man. We were all warm friends, and there was no rancor nor petty jealousy to disturb the equanimity of any one.

We feasted that night, sang songs and helped old Ed scrape the bear hide and render up the fat into oil. Ed was in for saving his winter supply of grease or substitute for lard. He said every gallon of bear oil and every pound of elk tallow that he took home with him would save him money the coming winter, and as we did not want the stuff we were glad to see him utilize it.

The 13th was an unsuccessful day. We only killed a small antelope and some prairie chickens. We waged unrelenting war against the porcupines, because they would come to our camp while we were asleep and gnaw our saddles and harness. The porcupine is death and destruction to leather, and I would advise anyone going into this country to take a good watch dog with them. Ed had a good one at home, but had left it with his wife for her protection.

Sunday we all remained in camp and rested. We had our usual morning exercises and a short sermon from Dr. McReynolds, which we enjoyed very much.

On the morning of the 15th Bob Cooke said he wanted to hunt on foot and alone that day, so he shouldered his rifle and departed in the gray dawn. Ed, McKamy, Frank and Johnson went together, mounted, and Wester and I hunted together, also mounted. Dr. McReynolds remained in camp. Sam and I hunted until noon, and as we did not start anything returned to camp and put in the balance of the day shooting chickens and fishing. We had great sport at this, and when night came had a goodly supply of both.

Bob Cooke had an unsuccessful day; although he emptied his magazine at an old cow moose, he could not stop her. Bob says the timber was so thick that his bullets buried themselves in the trees instead of striking the moose. He fired nine times at her and did not draw blood. When Bob Cooke shoots nine times at an animal and does not kill it there was not much chance. The other party reached camp about 7 o'clock and had the hindquarters of a large cow elk and one side of ribs, and Old Ed had his usual supply of about 40 lbs. of tallow. We could all tell that Frank had something to do with the killing, for he came in whooping. It seems that the party had very unexpectedly started a large band of elk, some thirty or more, and the only fair shot obtained was the cow that they killed, as she was separated some distance from the others. Will McKamy and Frank were in advance of the other two men and both fired twice at the cow. They brought her down and she had three bullet holes in her, so both had hit her. Frank says two of the bullets that struck her were his, and so that he killed the elk. But as both Frank and Will used the same caliber rifle we decided that it was a draw and both were entitled to the glory. We finally let up on Frank and peace and good will were established again.

We had a good dinner that night and made an extra spread, as this was the last dinner Dr. McReynolds was to take with us. We all wrote long letters home to our wives and dear ones and gave them graphic descriptions of our hunt.

On the morning of the 16th, long before day, Dr. McReynolds was on the trail leading back to Ed Trafton's house. He had eighty miles to travel that day, as there was no place he could stop until he reached Ed's house. He made it, however, that night about 10 o'clock. What Eastern horse would carry a man eighty miles in one day?

The morning of the 17th Ed said he would take us to Jackson's Lake, as he had often killed elk in the thick fir forests that border the lake. Bob Cooke took his rifle and hunted alone. The other members of the party followed Ed. We took a circuitous route to avoid the dead timber, which is very difficult to get through, and arrived at the lake about 9 o'clock. We hunted in the tall and stately fir timber for about an hour, riding along slowly and keeping a sharp lookout. All at once, Old Ed, who was in the lead, stopped and pointed his finger. We looked, and not more than 75 yds. from us stood the finest specimen of an elk I ever saw. Several of the boys saw him at the same time, but before any of us could dismount and take aim he was gone. About three of his tremendous leaps put him out of sight, as the timber was very thick. This bull was the finest one we saw on the trip, and had a magnificent set of horns. Many were the regrets that some of us had not been a little quicker in action. We started several more elk that day, but had bad luck in obtaining shots. Not a single man got the chance to shoot. In returning home we followed the beach of the lake for some distance and came upon a trapper's hut. There was a large black-tail buck hanging to a tree close by, and all the trapper's outfit in the hut. We stopped long enough to fry some venison from his deer and make some coffee out of his supply, then continued our journey. We noticed a large number of very fine fish heads on the ground near the hut; so it proved that there was fine fishing there as well as hunting. The fish heads were much larger than any we had caught. Ed said that the lake was noted for its fine trout, and that he had seen trout caught out of it that weighed as much as 15 lbs.

We reached camp that night empty handed, as we had not killed as much as an antelope. We had seen a magnificent body of water, however, and the sandy beach and boggy spots along the lake were full of tracks of every variety of game, from deer to bear. We knew they were there; all that was required of us was to find them.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

LAST March two Livingston, Mont., poachers named Sheffield and Vance were arrested by the authorities in the Yellowstone National Park for killing elk in the strip north of the forty-fifth parallel. They were tried before Commissioner Meldrum at the Mammoth Hot Springs week before last, and on Thursday, June 4, were convicted and fined \$75 each and costs. The two men made a strong plea that they were unable to pay this fine, so the Commissioner reduced it to \$50 each, which they managed to raise and to pay. This makes elk meat come pretty high.

The season in the Park is very backward, and there is still a good deal of snow. The crew who are at work on the roads only reached the Lake Hotel June 5, and it will take them some time longer to get over the divide.

The country is full of game, and great numbers of young animals are seen every day. Elwood Hofer, the Smithsonian hunter, is at Yancey's catching young animals for the National Zoological Park at Washington. He has taken four antelope and five elk, and could get a great many more of these last if he wanted them.

Usually travel begins in the Yellowstone Park soon after June 1, but the indications are that this year the season will open late.

Connecticut Game Birds.

HAMDEN COUNTY, Conn.—If signs are to be relied upon then in this section there will be a greater abundance of game next fall than there has been for a number of years.

Woodcock are with us at present in greater numbers than usual, while drumming partridges can be heard on every hand. The mellow call of Bob White comes as of old from wood's edge and bar rail. They certainly are thicker than they have been in the past ten years.

We have a stranger with us this year—the Mongolian pheasant. During the past two years a number of these birds have been released in this neighborhood. Within sight of where I am writing this note a very interesting family, consisting of father, mother and a brood of a dozen young birds, are to be seen almost daily. They frequently mingle with the barnyard fowl. Besides this brood there are a number of old birds about. It is greatly to be regretted that the three-year law prohibiting the killing of this new addition to our list of game birds expires with the opening of the shooting season. It seems a pity that they should no sooner start to increase than the work of extermination should begin.

The increase in partridges is undoubtedly directly attributable to the aggressive activity inaugurated against the snarers last fall. From all accounts it was rather an unprofitable season for them. This activity will not be allowed to lag, for these lawbreakers will be watched closer than ever this year. WM. H. AVIS.

Camp Comfort.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 21.—Mr. W. H. Gannett, one of our leading citizens, has built recently a log cabin on Capitol Hill. It is within a mile or so of the city, and is a model retreat when a business man yearns for a little rest and recreation. It is made of logs from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 ft. thick, and the roof is protected by two layers of cedar splits.

The panes of bullseye glass in the gable window are over 100 years old and attract much attention.

Mounted deer and caribou heads adorn the walls, while bows and arrows, powder horns and shot pouches, historic guns and saddle bags are arranged artistically over the old-fashioned fireplace and inviting couches. Bear, moose, deer, caribou, coon and fox rugs are spread out on the floor. Deer feet and antlers are used as gun and hat racks.

It is something that would make a sportsman's eyes sparkle if he could see this rustic camp, seemingly in the heart of the Maine woods. MAINESPRING.

Sea and River Fishing.

AN ARKANSAS CENTER.

DALLAS, Polk County, Ark., May 27.—Failing health having forced a vacation, I came here by an overland trip of ninety miles from Mansfield, the nearest railway point, ascending and descending mountains and crossing valleys at heads of river systems, over roads that would have discouraged a well man; but as I had received letters from friends, full of the glories and game qualities of the golden trout, white trout and black trout of the mountain streams here, I came on to my journey's end, lured on by the hope that I might surprise you by the covering and skeleton of a golden trout of 10 or 12 lbs. weight, as they had been described to me in letters.

Bridges were unknown on the road traveled, and as we would ford the streams of clear, cold water I would point to deep pools and say to my driver, "That pond ought to be filled with bass and croppies." But his reply always was, "It's full of trout, but there ain't no bass in this country—only white, black and golden trout."

Yesterday I went "trout" fishing with two residents of this county to an old beaver dam on Board Camp Creek, near its outlet into the Ouachita River, ten miles below this place, and while my companions were hitching the team I put my split bamboo in shape, and fastening a small-sized tin "sunfish" minnow on my line I made a cast on the surface of the water, and the cast was met by a strike, and I fastened to a perfect bass of from 2 to 3 lbs. weight. As I landed the fish one of my companions recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to say: "He's got a 4 lb. white trout the first throw with that painted thing." The fish was of the exact shape of a large-mouthed black bass, but it was almost white, with a black stripe running from its gill along each side to the tail, and it was a new fish to me; but as it was broiled over the coals for our dinner at noon, in flavor it was a genuine black bass.

As I could not get a rise for an artificial bait of any description, I put a large-sized minnow upon a No. 6-0 Carlisle hook and let it run down with the creek current at the head of the pool, and was rewarded by a strike and a catch before 15 yds. of line had run off my reel, and when I had landed my fish, which was a genuine large-mouth black bass of about 2 lbs. in weight, one of my companions said, in answer to my query of the name of the fish, "That's a genuine black mountain trout, and a mighty good one too."

We had each caught two or three "genuine black mountain trout" when I had the good fortune and surprise to catch the first "golden trout," which was of about 1½ lbs. in weight, and but for its golden color would have been a large-mouthed black bass. When first landed the fish was of a bright orange or golden color, and while a portion of its skin which I inclose herewith has greatly faded, yet it will give you an idea of the fish and enable you to classify it, which I wish you would, and also the one above described and locally known as the "white trout." After a pleasant afternoon catching "white," "black" and "golden trout," about equally in number, in abundance, we came home by moonlight.

This town of Dallas, with 350 population, is the county seat of Polk County and is situated on a plateau elevated 1,125 ft. above the sea level, guarded by the Roaring Fork Mountain and the Rich Mountains on the north, and distant ten miles, while the Cossetot Mountains bound it on the south, distant fifteen miles, with the Lind Mountains fifteen miles west in the Indian Territory. It should be the center of a sportsman's paradise, as not one-third of the level lands of the plateau are in cultivation, and the rest of the surface of the country, including the sides and tops of the mountains, is covered with a heavy forest,

abounding in gray and fox squirrels, possum, coon, deer and wild turkeys, with many black bears on the mountains. Since I have been here three bears have been killed and brought in by the huckleberry pickers.

Springs of pure cold water abound everywhere, and from this plateau send spring brooks through the mountain gaps on the north of the Poteau, Petit Jean and Fourche La Fave rivers, tributaries of the Arkansas, while on the south and southeast they flow into the Ouachita, the Cossetot, Rolling Fork and Little River, tributaries of the Red River.

All brooks are swift streams of pure, clear, cold water, abounding in rocky riffles and deep, rocky pools filled with the kinds of bass or "trout" above described—bream, perch, the catfish, etc.—and Bob White possesses the land everywhere.

A kindlier, more friendly people I never saw in my life, and Col. Robert Allen and Marion B. Allen, ranchmen near Cove, twelve miles southwest of Dallas, near Indian Territory line, have several times tried to persuade me to go down home with them for a hunt on their ranch lands leased of the Choctaw Indians. They say their cowboys report many flocks of old wild turkey gobblers, from 40 to 100 in a flock, and deer, bears and gray wolves in large numbers, in the forests of the Lind and Choctaw mountains.

The game laws of Arkansas making a close season of deer to Aug. 1 and wild turkey and quail to Sept. 1, all local hunters go over into the Choctaw Nation for deer and turkeys. Four citizens of this place returned to-day from a four days' hunt with twenty wild gobblers, seven deer and three black bears, which they divided among friends.

While this country is a great game preserve at the present time, it may not last long, and the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Railway will have its line completed from Kansas City, Mo., to this place by Sept. 1, and I most sincerely wish that some of your force could be here and take a hunt in the Choctaw Nation with Col. Bob or Marion Allen, of Cove. Both are greatly looked up to by those Indians, both speaking the Choctaw tongue.

I hope in the near future to give you an account of a bear hunt with them, as soon as my health will permit me and I feel myself strong enough; for, as Col. Bob says, "Bears are getting in good order on huckleberries and blackberries, and make mighty good eating, with golden trout on the side." I remain to you and your readers

A LOVER OF THE ROD AND GUN.

[There is no reasonable doubt that all the so-called trout of the Ouachita River Basin are black bass and the local names may refer to the two well-known kinds, large-mouthed and small-mouthed, both of which are found in the Ouachita and its tributaries. The "white trout" is unquestionably the large-mouthed bass, the black stripe being characteristic of that fish. The "golden trout," as nearly as we can decide from the piece of skin above mentioned, is the small-mouthed bass. According to the most recent publication of the U. S. Fish Commission upon the fishes of Arkansas both kinds of black bass are found in all the principal river basins of that State, with the exception of the Red River Basin, in which only the large-mouthed bass is recorded. The only trout in Arkansas waters are introduced by fishcultural operations and the rainbow is the kind chiefly furnished by the hatcheries.]

ANGLING NOTES.

State Fish in Private Waters.

It has been frequently charged in years past that fish and fish fry have been obtained from the State hatcheries—fish reared by and at the expense of the State—and planted in private waters from which the general public has been excluded. There is no question whatever that the charges were true, and I found upon investigation that in one year, not so very long ago, of 98,000 trout fry distributed in one county, 60,000, or nearly two-thirds, were planted in waters wholly private. The records fairly bristle with plants of State fish in private waters. How is the practice to be stopped?

The State Fishculturist has issued a circular, in which it is stated that no fish will be furnished by the State for waters that are private. The application blanks which must be filled out in order to obtain fish of any kind declare that the fish asked for are for public waters, and yet it is not possible, I presume, to detect every attempt to obtain State fish for private fishing waters. The Commission examines all applications carefully and obtains all possible information about doubtful waters before granting one, and under no circumstances will fish be furnished to applicants for waters closed to the public if the circumstances are known or can be discovered by inquiry. If in spite of all the precautions taken fish are obtained from the State and planted where they cannot be caught, or rather fished for, by the people of the State, there is a remedy which if applied will stop the practice most effectually. The reports of the Commission give information as to where the fish sent out are planted, the name of the stream or pond and the name of the person to whom the fish are granted. It is within the province of every one to report to the Commission if fish are obtained for public waters and then planted beyond the reach of the public. A law has been enacted during the session of the Legislature of last winter which reads in part, being Section 212 of the game law, as follows: "Provided, however, that all waters heretofore stocked by the State or which may hereafter be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as affecting any rights now existing of persons owning lands or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of this act." Hereafter when any person applies to the State for fish of any kind a copy of this law will be sent with the application blank, and it will doubtless serve as a discourager of forming private parks and posting them after they have been stocked with fish at the expense of the taxpayers of the State.

Planting Fish Fry on Spawning Beds.

A circular issued by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, giving instructions for transporting and planting young fish, says among other things: "Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks in mid-lake, very near to deep water, into which the young trout

soon find their way. In the absence of such shoals with locks to afford hiding places for the young trout, they may be planted on natural spawning beds, when they are known." I have been asked so many times to explain why not select the spawning grounds first as the best possible place to plant the fry that I will explain here before I have to make other individual explanations to any who may be in the dark on this subject. Various species of fishes, other than trout, know where the spawning grounds of lake trout are, and they resort there to eat spawn and fry as if they all had a formal invitation to the feast. Anyone who has looked on a lake trout spawning bed at night and witnessed the eels congregated in numbers greater than the trout will not need to be told that they are great destroyers of spawn. Perch are also destructive of fry, and rock bass aid the perch in no small degree, and it is to avoid as much as possible the congregation of predaceous fishes on and around a spawning bed that it is advised to plant the artificially reared fry elsewhere.

The 13½ lbs. Brook Trout.

I use the definite article, as I imagine there is but one 13½ lbs. brook trout; but in case there should be, I will say that I refer to a fish which, in a mouned or stuffed condition, was exhibited at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden last year, with the legend on a card that it was a brook trout, and that in life it weighed 13½ lbs. I said something about this fish at the time in this column, but I do not recall exactly what I said and I do not like to search the file of FOREST AND STREAM at 1 o'clock in the morning to find out. If I expressed what I thought I probably intimated that I had my doubts about the species of the fish. Record fish have a fascination for me, and I can remember the weight of one when I cannot remember my own age. The 13½ lbs. fellow haunted me for some time after I saw it in its glass-covered case perched high up out of reach of too inquisitive eyes and hands. This year I heard of the fish again, that it was in a Twenty-third street store in New York, and one day I went there to pay my respects to it. It was still in its glass-fronted case in the show window of the store, and there was no better opportunity for a close inspection of his serene majesty than there was at Madison Square Garden. The legend informed the curious that the fish weighed the same as it did a year ago, and that it was the largest brook trout on record and was caught by a lady in Iowa. The attendant gave me all the information about the fish which he possessed, which was the same as the legend on the printed card. My thoughts must have found expression in my tongue, for the young man asked me if I thought it was not a brook trout, and I could only return an "evasive answer" by asking if he happened to know positively that it was not a lake trout. If I had had the job of painting that fish to make it the largest brook trout on record, and caught in Iowa and by a lady, I would have put the paint on so thickly that the scales would not show even in the strongest light, to make it appear so very like a lake trout and unlike a brook trout.

The scales may have been grafted on by a dermatologist as an experiment, and in this way the fish got out of its class, and the painter gave it the spots and coloring of a brook trout to please his fancy. "I'm not sayin'" that it is not a brook trout, for it would be impolite, as the fish was caught by a lady (in Iowa); but I have waited several weeks to hear from a man in the Twenty-third street store who was to send me the particulars of the capture of the fish, but his letter is one of those which never came.

Texas Tarpon.

A friend and old fishing companion residing in Houston, Texas, closes a letter to me by saying: "I have been tarpon fishing several days, and will go again this week and report results. I hung one big fellow, but as usual failed to land him. There are plenty of tarpon within twenty-five miles of our city, and you can sit from early morning until late at night and see them jumping all around you."

I do not know how to interpret that expression, "but as usual I failed to land him." I have seen this gentleman land all sorts of fish but tarpon in various waters of various States, and certainly a tarpon ought not to out-general such an angler as he has proved himself to be. Any man who has threshed a Scotch salmon river from dawn until dark with an 18 ft. salmon rod cannot lack strength, and a man who has successfully cast his flies for ouananiche in the Saguenay and brook trout in Maine should not be lacking in skill, so I am obliged to think that my friend does not hook his fish securely, and perhaps this failure causes him to lose his "aliborus," which is Norwegian for sand. I would be sorry to think so, but I can think of no other reason for his failure. I am not so much surprised that he should lose a large tarpon or several of them, but I am struck dumb when he admits it.

Lake Trout Fishing.

The lake trout fishing in Lake George this year was peculiar. May is the month that the trout are at the surface, and are caught by trolling with light tackle; but the fishing the past month was almost a flat failure as a whole, although some good catches were made on occasions. The trout were never more in evidence than on some particular days during the month, but they would rarely take a lure that was presented with hooks attached. On some still days they could be seen rolling at the surface in every direction, but it was almost useless to troll over or around them, for the troll passed unnoticed by them. If trout were seen by hundreds the whitefish were seen by thousands, and it is upon whitefish that the trout feed. This food is provided so lavishly that the trout are simply gorged with it. One fisherman tells me that after trolling with whitefish for two days without a strike, he obtained some gold shiners (bream), and thereafter he had good success, as the trout took them readily enough, after ignoring the whitefish. The planting of the big lake whitefish in the lake has provided too much food, as they have nothing to do but thrive and multiply and furnish food for trout.

A. N. CHENEY.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE Game Laws in Brief, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooter and anglers require. See advertisement.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 471.]

WHEN we arrived at Raissaines, which was about 11 o'clock that morning, we were greeted by a squad of bare-footed youngsters at the beach who only desired to satisfy their curiosity as to who we were and what we wanted. We at once struck up an acquaintance with them. One of the brigade, who appeared to be the generalissimo of the party, was a perfect picture of a rustic fisherboy. He wore his straw hat in a decidedly jaunty style, his pants were rolled up to his knees, his dark ringlets curled o'er his sunburnt neck, and as he threw some gravel into the water his flashing eyes roved over us as if he wished to make some inquiries. Anticipating him in this, I first took the rôle of interviewer and asked him if his father were one of the fishermen.

"Yes, sir," he quickly replied.

"Have you ever been out to the nets with your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you intend to follow the same business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it hard work?"

"When it storms it is."

"Are there many brook trout here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Down there, and over there," indicating the places with his index finger.

"Do you fish for them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Catch any?"

"Yes, sir."

"Many?"

"Yes, sir."

"Caught any this season?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Down there, and over there," pointing again with his finger.

"Do you think we can catch any?"

"Not with flies."

"Why not?"

"Won't bite at 'em."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you use?"

"Worms and minnows."

"Have you caught all the fish here?"

"There may be one or two left."

"Here," said Ned, "you have about pumped the boy dry; let us get our things ashore and the tents up, and we can investigate and soon ascertain whether a fly is not as good and as attractive as the despised angle worm or a silver sided minnow."

"I am fearful these boys have about depleted the waters in this locality. Another instance of the devilish warfare against the trout by even the adolescent half-breeds. Every trout as long as it represents coin is here pursued until it is captured or driven away."

"Our larder has always been full."

"Yes, but what earnest work it took to fill it."

"Yes, that's the beauty of it."

"The toil of it, rather."

"You seem to like it?"

"Oh, yes; but less sparsity would be very acceptable and would give us more pleasure."

"Here, take hold of this box and stop your grumbling."

"I am grumbling about the rapacity and destructiveness of the semi-savage who will soon have the last trout."

And so the conversation continued till we had our quarters completed and dinner in course of preparation.

After we had fully satisfied our keen appetites and gave the men the same opportunity, we sailed to a little island some two miles distant and at once set to work to coax some of the *fontinalis* family to take their abode in another element. By way of a wide departure in flies as well as an experiment, I used a lady-of-the-lake for my stretcher and a golden-rod for my dropper. Ned had selected as his persuaders a scarlet-ibis for his upper fly and a professor for the lower. An east wind was prevailing when we commenced presenting our flies, and hence did not look for many responses, for no wind blows that is so unfavorable as that. We, however, worked willingly and in very choice places; but it was a long time before we had a proposition, and this came to my lady-of-the-lake, who showed her enticing treachery by piercing with her concealed rapier the scarlet lips of the affectionate and freckled *fontinalis*.

Such art of subtle deceiving gives infinite pleasure, and that exasperated trout, as he rushed off with impetuous speed, thought

"That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,"

the angler with his feathered decoys is very peculiar. But now trick for trick, doubtless thought the fettered fish, and with a dart for the ruffled surface and a leap from his element of 3 ft. or more, he feels the keen east wind fanning his gleaming sides and sees with dire dismay the unrepenting eyes of his mortal foe, and then suddenly drops back to the cool waters with a firm determination to gain his freedom—a freedom with a thousand charms; a freedom that will restore him to his noble race, to all that is dear to life. Alas, alas, for the beguiled beauty, as his boldest efforts sadly and sublimely fail; the battle, however, was fought with a desperate and gallant heroism that should have made him the cherished idol of his carmined tribe. Gently and carefully he is drawn to the boat, and then the latticed twine is slipped under him and his ebbing life quickly passes away. The victor is in glowing raptures over his graceful symmetry and his iridescent hues, and in such supreme moments it seems to him a prize as priceless as the string of pearls that beautifies the snowy neck of a new-made bride.

Ned, who in the meantime had been fishing on a small promontory on the main land adjacent to the island, on seeing my triumph shouted aloud to bring the boat over, being exceedingly anxious just then to hear his reel discoursing sweet music, and thinking I had a monopoly, was desirous of being in the "swim." He was therefore ferried over by the half-breeds, and on landing commenced climbing over the steep and sharp-edged rocks to get in position at a choice place. He finally secured

the desired location, and then the sportsman, with his snowy locks streaming in the lively breeze and his eyes all a-sparkle, commenced proffering his tempting lures. Out they would sail with a whizz, alighting on some foamy crest, and then their dance over the surface commenced.

A savage response at last came to the expectant angler, and with a gentle twist of his wrist the dashing trout is impaled, and with the velocity of a whirlwind he breaks for deeper and darker water, and there cuts many a high-handed caper that makes the rodster very anxious about the capture of the fighting fish. He is, however, equal to the occasion, which is fraught with so much alarming danger, and ere long has the battling trout *hors de combat*. Ned is highly elated with his victory, and now is anxious to return, as the sea is running high, with the "white horses" riding every wave.

As the wind was blowing over the bow, the boatmen thought it best to hug the shore and endeavor to get a lee behind some of the high hills that lined the shore. Even with that advantage it was a hard pull, for the wind every now and then dropped down from the imposing elevations and gave us a heavy sea to buffet. There, however, was much to delight the eye and fancy along the capricious course of this bold shore. It is so marvelously marked by caves and caverns and craggy headlands, which the tempestuous water and biting frost have so steadily worn, and which have also made other eccentric forms as humorously dressed as a zany in cap and bells. One striking peculiarity about this rugged range is that in many places the entire headlands have been washed entirely away and nice gravelly beaches have taken their places, thus giving it a wide and picturesque diversity. Our boatmen never could see anything pleasingly impressive in these majestic pictures of rock and sea and forest. All they most admired were harbors of safety and fine camping grounds, for the treacherous lake was to them a foe that was ever seeking to destroy. A bright sky, a soft breeze, and a camp near by proved to them more attractive than any grand scenery or embellished canvas of the same from the brush of a Rubens or a Rembrandt.

Arriving at our quarters, we were greeted by the generalissimo and his bare-footed squad, who gathered around our boat when it struck the beach as if they wished to storm it.

"What did you catch?" inquired the inquisitive leader as he peered into the boat.

"Fish," says Ned.

"What kind?"

"Trout."

"How many?"

"Two."

"That's no fishing."

"Pretty good after your bait-fishing raid."

"Well, we gets money for 'em."

"So I thought."

"Say, did you ketch 'em with these 'ere flies?" says he, looking at our lures.

"Certainly."

"You ought to see us yank out when they first bite."

"Catch many?"

"Caught ten big ones one day down yonder," pointing to a low range of rocks below us.

"What did you get for them?"

"A dollar."

This tells the true tale of depletion, and just so long as these little dusky pot-hunters and also the big ones remain on this shore, just so long will the steady warfare be kept up until not a brook trout is left. Years ago we could catch all the trout we wanted at Gros Cap and Maple islands, the former about fifteen and the latter about twenty-five miles above the "Soo." Now we have to voyage at least 150 miles to get any kind of trout fishing at all, and even that at its best is quite indifferent to what it was. It is, however, consoling to realize, as we do, that "It is not all of fishing to fish," and that "bulk and weight" count little with us.

How many of these greedy anglers ever stop to admire the luster of the rising or setting sun; the sparkling concave of the midnight sky; the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn and water which an extensive landscape on these rugged shores offers to the view. Their thoughts, however, are solely on big catches, so that when the outing ends they can return with "brag and bluster" and hope to knock out all romancers in that line. They can never sing what

"The valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield,"

That evening after supper we sat around the camp-fire, and, as we all earnestly conversed, watched the last flush of the waning day fade, and then looking upward saw the twinkling stars set their watch in the sky and listened to the sullen beating of the waves as they rolled in from the turbulent sea. Hour after hour thus passed, and when the camp-fire was in embers and the white smoke curling through the dark branches overhead, I reminded Ned of the lateness of the night by stating that even Homer and Jupiter doze now and then. This mention of somnolence sent us all to bed and to slumber sound.

The morning came with a blustering east wind and a sea that forbade all thought of angling outside the little strip of shoreland where we were quartered and which was protected by a few islets just beyond the pier. We sat around quite awhile after breakfast trying to figure out a dividend on idleness, but the stock kept sinking lower and lower with every beat of the pounding waves that made a sad racket in the little caves and hollows just above us.

By way of relief the little band of tawny mischief makers paid us a visit and wanted to know why we were not fishing.

"Where shall we fish such galeful weather as this?"

"Right there," spoke up the bare-footed generalissimo, and then he threw a stone into the lake to indicate the particular place.

"Nothing there, I guess."

"Small brook trout, sure."

"Let's venture on it as a last resort," I suggested.

Ned being willing, we got our rods, and selecting some very small flies on a No. 10 Sproat, set in to lure the little fellows. Ned sauntered up to the pier for his base of operations, while I took the boat and Kenosh and started in to try the circumscribed limits on the outer line. Ned

caught a small one before I had left with the boat, and was so overjoyed with the infinitesimal trout that he shouted to attract my attention. This satisfied me as to the verity of the boy's statement and at least promised us some sport with the spotted Lilliputians. I was soon casting, and at the very first delivery I had a rise. I missed him and tried again, and another response came and again I missed.

"You must be wide awake to catch 'em, and pull quickly too," advised Kenosh.

The third cast was now made and then some parental trout missed one of his family, for I took this one dead on the wing. I held the baby trout up and asked Kenosh if it was really a 6-incher.

"You never catch anything less here," he significantly replied.

I would have wagered a prince's ransom, if I had it, that the tinted tomtit was not a fraction over 5 in. I, however, fully considered our adverse situation that morning and fell into Kenosh's mathematical manner of elongating inches, though I assure you I never would attempt to convince any game warden that it was 6 in., provided he had his official tape line with him.

Another shortly caught on, but this one was a full 6-incher, honest measure. To abridge matters, will simply state that I soon had a baker's dozen, the largest being about 8 in. and the smallest, according to the dusky professor of mathematics, 6 in. This number fully satisfied me, and when I reached shore Ned was there and exhibited about the same number, and strange to relate not one, according to the present edition of mathematics we were then studying, was under 6 in.

The bare-footed band, who were awaiting our return, were somewhat taken back when they saw how beautifully our lures worked, and were then anxious to barter anything for a few flies. Ned told them if they would sincerely agree to give up bait-fishing, that he would supply the entire brigade with flies.

"No, siree, I don't give up no bait-fishing," indignantly replied the generalissimo.

"You get no flies then," said Ned.

"Keep 'em then," and with offended dignity he proudly stalked away, with his little army following and chattering away in no gentle mood. We felt that they would declare war against us and might storm our tents while we were off trouting, but nothing came of it, for they were around again after dinner as if nothing unpleasant had taken place. As a truce they were given a few flies and then the pipe of peace sent forth the fragrant and soothing incense.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the wind lulled sufficiently to permit of our going to the island to endeavor to interest the trout family in our lures, if any of them were there. Just as we were pushing off, several of the dogs of the little fishing hamlet came sniffing around our tents in search of food.

Under such circumstances it would not do to go and leave the provisions unprotected. Ned suggested, as we were now in high feather with the little army, that we send for one of them to act as guard. Looking down toward the pier, we discovered the entire party trying to tempt trout with the flies that had been given them. They were using some forest poles, and stiff ones at that, casting. They drove the trout away instead of tempting them, for their flies dropped on the water with a most terrible splash. We watched them quite a while, so diverting was it; and then Kenosh shouted for one of them to come. The leader at once started on the double quick, and on joining us we engaged him for a silver coin of no small denomination to stand guard over our provisions till we came back.

We then left, and had anything but a pleasant trip to the little promontory just off the island—a place we always tried *en route*. Here Ned caught a 2-pounder on his red-ibis, and then we crossed over to the flinty island that had not a blade of grass, a fragment of moss, or any sign of vegetable matter. It was too much exposed to storm and frost for that, and was so broken on its surface that great care had to be taken to prevent broken limbs. I at once clambered over to a favorite spot of mine, and after a cast or two had a tigerish response and a battling trout that kept me in anxiety till Jo had him safely in the landing net.

Repeated castings here bringing no more to the surface, I crossed over the misshapen rocks to the east side of the islet—for it was nothing more—and was fortunate enough in my third cast to hang one that tried to take in my royal-coachman. He at once was savagely defiant, scorning surrender as if it meant degradation. No warrior of the deep that wears the royal robes of rainbow hue ever yields to the foe above as long as an atom of strength remains for resistance. This one was a brave fighter that strictly held me to the fierce battle. Time and again did his heroic struggles and lofty vaulting cause me much nervous anxiety, but the willowy wand and silken thread were of sterling quality, and always to the fore in a dread emergency. I twice gave him the butt, turning his retreat and baffling him so completely that he lost his head and in consequence the fight. The capture of this prize was a little world of pleasure to me, and fully repaid me for the entire afternoon's outing. Of the glowing beauty and lovely lines and curves of grace which this trout displayed no pen could describe, no artist dream into canvas.

We caught one more trout and then, as night was fast approaching, discontinued our casting, and embarking on the boat were soon at our quarters. We found the generalissimo on guard with his bare-footed brigade around, as also three big sledging dogs. The boys were all munching some of our crackers, to which they had helped themselves, and by way of their accounting for the little freebooting said they were "awful hungry," and were willing to pay for what they had eaten. With the silver coin the captain general had received he felt able to liquidate all such claims, but Ned told them it was all right and to take some more if they wanted them, which they did without waiting for a second invitation. Having loaded up with crackers, they started off as happy as a spring lark when he prunes himself in the sunshine.

After supper the evening developed a picture of perfect despair. No twinkling stars, no silver moon, nothing but the moan of the billowy sea and the wail of the weeping forest. We all felt its depressing effects, and to mitigate it the half-breeds made a rousing fire and stirred up a golden rain of sparks that made a little lurid world of our own. We then planned to leave in the morning for Aguawa Harbor, provided the weather was favorable. Kenosh made no prognostications about it, as his bones

were not aching and therefore his anatomical barometer was giving out no indications.

Ned wisely suggested going to bed and sleeping over it and taking it in the morning, as one takes a wife, for better or for worse, and no kicking about it either. It was wholesome advice, and we therefore cheerfully abided by it.

The angler's misery, the festive mosquitoes, we discovered after retiring, were out in great clouds and we could distinctly hear their direful war songs as brigade after brigade of them charged into our tent with their little daggers drawn. In addition to this annoyance some roving cattle, rendered furious by the attacks of these winged warriors, were wildly tramping around our tent all night, and in such close proximity that I had to get up and fasten the folds in front to prevent their entering as a refuge from their tormentors. As if our troublesome company was not fully sufficient, several ground squirrels put in an appearance and selected the roof of our tent for their mischievous frolics, while a number of field mice seeking for snug quarters crawled under our blankets for a serene *siesta*. It was everything but a quiet night, but amidst all the disturbance we finally fell asleep.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURAL FOOD FOR TROUT FRY.

BY FRED. MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

HALF a dozen years ago, more or less, a fishculturist in Europe published an account of his experiments in rearing trout fry on natural food, which he had learned to produce in great quantities by a process which he would not divulge. His system included a supply pond where the living food was bred and a series of small pools which served as temporary pastures for the fry until the food in one was exhausted, when they were to be driven into another pond, as cattle are changed from one pasture to another. This man's article was translated into many languages and was published either in the annual Report of the U. S. Fish Commission or in its Bulletin. At present, while writing this article, my library is packed away and it is not possible for me to quote the volume nor to give the name of the gentleman who originated the idea, but I have stated his main plan and remember that the secret process of growing live food was offered for sale to me, as no doubt it was to other fishculturists, but for two reasons I paid no attention to the matter; one was that I never cared to buy any secret, and the other that the plan seemed to be impractical on any scale such as we use in America. The plan of driving small trout from a grassy or weedy pond condemned the whole thing because they do not drive well, and in such a pond many would remain and keep down the expected increase of food, and so the wonderful scheme was dismissed from serious consideration.

A while after the first announcement of this discovery of how to rear trout without expense, it leaked out that the process was to use the dung of animals in water to grow diatoms by the million, and the diatoms in turn would furnish food in plenty for the smaller crustaceans, as daphne, cyclops, gammarus and perhaps other forms of life on which young trout thrive in a state of nature. This was perfect in theory, but I still was skeptical as to its value in practice, and the scheme passed from memory until it was brought before this society two or three years ago and lightly discussed. You may remember that Mr. Frank N. Clark said that he had experimented a little in this direction with several forms of ordure, but had produced no results that were satisfactory to him. Last summer I had leisure to try this scheme, and will give the result of the experiments.

There was a dripping fountain in my yard supplied from springs in the hill above, which also supplied a portion of the water used in the State hatchery, on lower ground. This fountain was supplied by a $\frac{3}{4}$ in. lead pipe, and the water trickled and dropped over rockwork into a basin, and from there the overflow went through a series of small pools in my garden, where the year before several species of wild ducks had been confined. An examination of the water in the first pool, and also in the small open pond above which caught the flow of the several springs, revealed the fact that it contained the forms of minute life named above as well as rotifers, hydra, snails and several kinds of water insects as well as their larvæ. Therefore all the conditions seemed favorable.

For the benefit of those who have paid no attention to the minute forms of life which it was proposed to breed it may be well to say that diatoms are invisible to the unassisted eye except when in mass, as we often see in swamps, where they appear as an iridescent scum on the surface of the water in still places or in the spoor of some heavy animal. They were formerly supposed to belong in the animal kingdom, but are now classed among the lower forms of algae and have a shell or case of silica, which passes undigested through fish and turtles. These diatoms form the principal food of the oyster, and naturalists have recorded and named something like 4,000 species of them, but we will not go into the subject so deeply. Suffice it to say that the microscopical vegetables can swim in most cases and supply food for animals also microscopic in their young stages, such as the daphnia, cyclops and other forms of entomostraca, which in turn feed young fishes.

To be complete such experiments should begin in February, when the earliest trout of the year may begin feeding; but these experiments began in April, in time, however, for the production of food for the later hatch to get their first meal. The water now on Long Island was a trifle warmer and presumably more favorable to the production of such life as was desired. The temperature of the water during the season was as follows, mean temperatures only for each month being given in scale of Fahrenheit:

	Rockery.	1st Pool.	2d Pool.	3d Pool.	4th Pool.
April.....	55.5	55.10	59	59.75	60
May.....	58.5	60	61.25	62	62.10
June.....	62.75	64.10	65	65.75	66.25
July.....	69.25	73.25	75.10	76	78
August.....	72.75	74.5	76.25	76.75	77.50

With August the record ended. Neither time nor inclination allowed further observations, for the season had covered the production of food during the most critical period of the life of a baby trout.

The "Rockery" received the first water from the spring pond, already mentioned, and in the basin at its top was

placed both old and fresh cow ordure weekly. In the first pool there was a division of the water, and in one-half horse dung was frequently put, both fresh and stale, and in all the pools was a deposit of duck dung of the previous year, well dissolved, and stocked with all the forms of life which was thought desirable to cultivate. At different times water was taken from each of the five places in this way: One gallon from the surface by immersing the measure, one gallon from the middle, and one from the bottom by means of tubes, and the contents filtered through No. 8 wire cloth, cheese cloth, and then through the finest of mill silk bolting cloth. The last would retain almost all but the smaller diatoms, and they were caught in a funnel of filtering paper below all the other strainers.

This work, being done twice each month for the five months including April and August, should give a fair average of the amount of food in the pools during the season in which the operations were conducted. The following gives the amount of entomostraca obtained, and excluding snails and the diatoms. In other words, the amount of food available for trout fry in their first season, such as they can see, seize, swallow and assimilate. The pools contained about 150 cubic feet of water, or 1,125 gallons, of which 15 gallons, or $\frac{1}{75}$, were strained on ten different days, at the 1st and 15th of each month.

Of the above-named food 2.25 grams were caught, equaling .225 grams per day. This multiplied by 75 gives us 16.875 grams for the entire water per day, and again multiplied by the 153 days gives a total of 2,581.875 grams in the whole season. Dividing this by 24 gives us 107.578oz., a trifle less than 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. avoirdupois.

We must consider the fact that no fish were feeding in these pools, and that the calculation is made as if the animals lived only one day and were replaced by others. This is not the fact, and how long they may live I cannot say, but if each individual lived a week the amount of food produced would be less than 1lb. in the entire season, as the calculation is for a daily renewal of all life. Two hundred baby trout could have lived there during the first week of their lives and fed well; after that time, when their appetites began to get sharper, say in a fortnight, all the food to be found would be just what came in the water supply, and that would not have fed half a dozen when two months old. If I had been skeptical of the practical utility of this scheme before this experiment there has been nothing to convince me of error; still, if other trials under other circumstances show that it is practicable to raise enough natural food to rear 20,000, or even 10,000, to be six months old, I must try the plan which has proved to be successful. While writing this I do not know that any other men but Mr. Clark and myself have worked in this field in America, still it is to be hoped that they have done so, and that they will publish their experience. Such work is very interesting to one who has a taste for it, as most fishculturists have, and this paper may stimulate others to similar trials. I think one plan was to have a number of separate ponds in which to breed the food and to tap them in succession, and allow each one to furnish food to the fish, which were not to be driven to the pasture, but to remain in one pond and get the food supply from different sources at different times. This is certainly the best plan, as any trout breeder will certify, because it is a difficult matter to get the last dozen trout from a pool containing vegetation or hiding places of any kind. At present writing I have less faith in the scheme than when I began to experiment with it.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Chicago Bass Country.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—I mentioned last week that a friend and myself had discovered a lake down in Indiana, where we intended to catch about 450 bass. We made the trip, but owing to a newly discovered clause in the Indiana fish laws—as see the "Game Laws in Brief"—by which, since 1895, it has been unlawful to take any fish from Indiana lakes for any other purpose but that of stocking other waters, we did not catch the 450 bass, which we will get some other time. But the trip resulted in the discovery of about 450 lakes and streams full of bass which I had no idea lay so close to Chicago, whose vicinity I fondly dreamed I had pretty fairly explored. Indeed, though we got no fishing, I got almost more news than I knew what to do with, and returned very much surprised at the extent of fishing country there is lying at the door of Chicago, to which, so far as I can learn, the Chicago anglers rarely go. Moreover it is a strange and interesting country, and well worth careful study. For instance, so far from its being a low and marshy country, it is one of swift and cold streams; and so far from being occupied only by bass and pickerel as fish life, it also carries trout. I venture the assertion that FOREST AND STREAM is the first newspaper to discover the fact that there are trout in Indiana, as it was the first to publish the fact that there are trout within eighty miles north of Chicago.

Our newly discovered country lies within sixty-five to eighty miles from Chicago, to the southeast, just at that point below the foot of Lake Michigan where all the East-bound railway trains make their turn around the lake and start for the East. I came pretty near discovering this country four years ago, when Alex. Loyd and I made our expedition to explore the headwaters of the Calumet River and discover its source—something which at that time had never been properly done. As readers of FOREST AND STREAM probably do not remember, we followed the Calumet far up through the marsh region which lies outside the sandhills that hedge the lower end of Lake Michigan to a point near Chesterton, just above the mouth of Salt Creek. Here we broke an oar and were compelled to abandon the expedition, this being the proper finishing touch to most great expeditions, which come back with explanations and leave the results behind. On this last occasion I actually got the results, and am prepared to say that I have found the head of the Calumet River—its very head, the utmost and ultimate spring from which it begins to flow. A great many men have found the headwaters of the Nile, but does history say anything about anybody having found the headwaters of the Calumet? I opine not. And I opine further that even to-day there are very few Chicago sportsmen who can guess within thirty miles of where the head of the Calumet really is. Most of them would believe it rose in some marshy spring hole barely above the level of the Tolleston marsh. I was surprised to learn

how far from true this is, and surprised to learn also how close upon the trail of the Calumet Mr. Loyd and I were on that fateful evening when, just at dusk, we broke an oar and had to seek shelter at a light gleaming dimly across the wide and desolate marsh. At that point we heard of an old mill pond up Salt Creek where once upon a time the bass were of enormous size, but which was partly drained twenty years ago. We heard vaguely also of another pond, nearly up to that mysterious town known in Chicago as Valparaiso, but universally in Indiana called "Valpo." At a time subsequent to that voyage of discovery my friend Harryman and myself went fishing in Salt Creek, and found it held fine bass and excellent croppies. We did not then know how near we were to this country of which I am now writing, but we shall presently see that we were treading upon the very heel thereof. On this recent trip I heard fluently discussed these very points to which on the earlier trips I had attained, and found that some of them were not more than ten or twenty miles from the spot where I then actually stood. Then I was very proud that fortune had brought what zeal had sought, and that not to some one else, but to FOREST AND STREAM belonged the glory of having set at rest the gravest of preëxisting doubts, and of having discovered the actual head of the Calumet. Not only both these vaguely known ponds have been definitely located, but others, half a dozen of them, have been discovered. There shall appear to the anglers of Chicago an opportunity for bass fishing in a new sort of water—to wit, the mill pond, which hath in all time been held excellent.

On this late trip Mr. Phillips and I went to Haskells, on the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, at the point where it crosses the Monon line. Thence we walked four miles, which we discovered it took just fifty-seven minutes to do with one's kit on his back—this fact being stated for the benefit of those who wish to know about the schedule. At the end of the four miles we arrived at the village of Westville, a pretty little place of a few hundred inhabitants, and here we were received with the most cordial hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. E. Ansley, who certainly treated us better than any two hungry fishermen ever deserved. Here we lived as royal personages for the time of our stay, with horses and carriages at our disposal for the exploration of the land whenever it suited us to cease loafing and visiting. It was out of this visit, made without any geographical plans in view at all, that there arose the chance discovery of the head of the Calumet and also of a vast and unexplored region of great sporting interest, which, though occupied for some generations by settlers, has never until this date been properly discovered and charted. It chances that Rob Ansley is the county surveyor for that county, and in his work of running the ditches of the drainage work along the Kankakee and other streams of that region has become very familiar with the topography of the country. Moreover, I became acquainted, of course, with Dr. B. W. Hollenbeck, a friend of the family, and an enthusiastic angler, who has fished in every lake and stream within fifty miles of Westville. Thus alike the material of discovery and the means thereto lay fairly at hand, thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM luck. The rest was simply matter of detail, as will appear hereinafter.

On the first evening of my stay at Westville I rode out with Charlie Ansley to the little lake where Mr. Phillips and I intended to do our fishing. We found it a pretty sheet of water of about a quarter of a mile in diameter, round as a dollar and very clear. It had no inlet or outlet, and was commonly reputed to be fed by springs. Originally there were no fish at all in this little lake, but about twelve years ago a local angler began to put into it the bass and sunfish he was catching in other waters near by, and before long the fishing became very good. The bass from this lake are very bright and clean-run looking fish, and Mr. Phillips, who had great sport here last year with the fly, says they are as gamy as any he ever took. At the time of our visit the caddis fly was just beginning to come up, so that we knew there would be fine fly-fishing in a week or so. This lake has a great local reputation, but not all who go there are able to take a good basket of fish, for the bass, though of the big-mouth variety, are as capricious as small-mouths. I should not call this a good frog water, but better for minnows, from all I could learn. There is no feeding ground of any definition and all the shore seemed much alike.

Schools of Black Bass.

The bass here have a peculiar habit, which I have never heard of their having in any other water, and this I had full opportunity of seeing illustrated. I was standing on the bluff above the lake when I saw a commotion in the water and thought a heavy bass was rising there. I spoke to Charlie about it, but he said, "No, that's a school."

"A school of what?" I asked him, and he replied that they were black bass. This I did not believe, but told him they must be croppies or perch, which often travel thus in large schools at the surface of the water, just as these fish could now be seen doing. He insisted that they were black bass and later I learned absolutely that this was the case. We saw at times as many as three of these schools playing at once. They came on, leaping half out of the water, or with their backs half out of the water, making a constant bubbling commotion on the surface of the water like a school of small porpoises, one after another rolling up and then down. This always was in water apparently as deep as any in the lake, from 20 to 40ft., and the schools would work around on a space of not more than a few acres in extent, disappearing for perhaps half an hour at a time.

I could never determine what they were doing in these schools, nor did I ever find anyone who could tell. Of course I have seen bass feeding in schools, but this was usually in shallow water and not then always on the surface. If these bass were feeding it was impossible to tell what they were pursuing. Certainly it was not minnows, for the fish were not in action enough for that and were not scattered and plunging, but in a regular and solid body and not over shallow water at all. One would believe they were feeding on caddis, but the day was cold and no flies were coming up, and one would not look for the flies over the deep water. Moreover, we were within 10ft. of the school once or twice, and I can say that no fly was on the water. I have seen trout acting this way and never knew them to bite then, but the trout played higher in the air. I can describe the action in no way better than by comparing it to the play of a school of porpoises.

Yet there was this difference, these bass would take food, at least would strike at anything thrown among them. Mr. Phillips told me that he had his best fly-fishing last summer by following up these schools and casting the fly over them. They would strike it as soon as it landed among them, but it was difficult to get near without alarming them, at which they would at once sink, rising again perhaps 200yds. away in a few minutes. I asked Mr. Phillips if he always took black bass in this casting and never croppies or perch, and he said it was always black bass. He said that a bait of any kind was struck in the same way, usually as it sank lower down into the water, sometimes 10ft. below the surface, the fish appearing to follow it down, or to strike it as it followed them down. Whether they struck in hunger, in sport or in anger we could never tell; but certain it is that the bass of this lake will strike when thus playing in schools if one be able to get near enough to place the bait fairly among them. Some fishermen were on the lake while we were there, and these told us that the fish we saw were "silver bass" (croppies). This idea was opposed by Mr. Phillips, who proposed to go out and get close to a school to see about it. We were lucky enough on two occasions to have the schools rise almost under the boat, once coming head on to us at a distance of only a few yards and sinking not more than 10ft. from us, as we were perfectly still at the time. I saw the fish plainly, and know they were black bass. It may be that black bass do this in other localities, but it was a new habit for them in my experience, and a very curious and inexplicable one. I should say that the food supply in this little lake was limited, and though there are a few large bass taken there each season, they are not very common. All the bass in the schools seemed of the same size, probably 2-year-olds, and of about a pound weight. The weather was very cold and lowering at that time, but those living near the lake said the weather made no difference in this schooling up of the fish, and that they seemed to do it all summer long. We saw no schools except over very deep water, and though at times the bass of this lake go out into the lily pads and rushes in the evening in search of something to eat, as all well-regulated big-mouth bass should do, we saw not a rise in the edge of the lake that day. There were some old spawning beds in parts of the lake, but local observers said the bass in this cold lake had not yet spawned.

I accepted the common belief that this lake was a spring-fed water until I met Dr. Hollenbeck, who told me that it was not so at all, but that it was just a cone-like hole down in the ground, which had always had water in it. Yet since the settlement of that country the lake has shrunk nearly a third in size and has lost from 5 to 10ft. in depth, this possibly being some mysterious result from the draining of the country about, which in places was low and marshy.

Mystery and History.

Westville lies in the heart of a weird and mysterious region. Once upon a time, and this was not so very long ago, there was a regular gang of horse thieves who operated in Indiana and Illinois, and had their headquarters on an island in the great upper marsh of the Kankakee. To this island they are reputed to have retreated by boat, running through ill-known channels into which the officers never tried to pursue them. A criminal once in the marsh of this region was safe, and it is of record that in some of the train robberies which occurred three years ago the robbers were traced to points in northern Indiana near the wild marsh region, where they seemed swallowed up by the earth. A native of that country will go where others dare not go on the bog, and no mountain fastness was ever more secure than these of the marshes before the big ditches were cut through. It is of record that a gang of counterfeiterers was a few years ago traced to such a spot in the river wilderness along the Kankakee, and they were found to have a complete plant and central headquarters there. The draining of the marshes may bring to light other strange things. Already two mastodon skeletons have been discovered in the marsh near Westville. It is well known that the entire marsh for miles near there is full of a fine quality of bog iron. We saw places where the earth was red for great distances with the iron, which discolors the soil like red paint, and lies upon the surface for acres. What there is below the Kankakee marsh no one knows. Its bottom has never been found. In one of its lakes, known as Mud Lake, the mud is so soft that it will carry up almost no weight at all and is practically bottomless. The water is shallow over most of this mud, and this fact makes the place a veritable man trap. Swimmers think the water shallow enough to be waded, and perhaps attempt to cross a part of it in this way. If once they get fairly into the soft mud, their fate is sealed. Dozens of boys and men have perished miserably in this lake, and of the lost ones not even one body has ever been recovered. The mysterious marsh has never told its secrets.

Westville may thus be seen to have features of interest. Moreover it is in a way famous, having produced one or two celebrities in its time. Mr. and Mrs. Ansley, for instance, occupy the house which was owned by the family of Loie Fuller, the dancer, who attained such vogue in Paris and returned to this country with the name "La Loie." In this little village La Loie was brought up—well, I won't say how many years ago. You can still, even at this day, see there the footprints made by La Loie (in the ceiling) at the house we lived in while we were discovering the Calumet. In fact, as I said, while we did not get fish, we got all sorts of discoveries, from mastodons, danseuses and horse thieves to glacial epochs, terminal moraines, bog iron, bass lakes and mill ponds, of which more at another time.

Waterford Bass.

Mr. C. Grundseth, of Waterford, Wis., is good enough to write in regard to some fine fishing in the Fox River near his place. Waterford is seven miles from Burlington, which point is on the Wisconsin Central road. Mr. Grundseth says that the river at Waterford is very deep above the dam, averaging 10ft. for a stretch of five miles. This makes good fishing for large and small-mouth bass, pickerel, pike, and occasionally muscallonge. The fish in this part of the river grow very large, but it seems that the pernicious practice of ice-fishing is carried on. One pickerel was caught last winter which weighed 32lbs., and Mr. Grundseth says he has often caught them weighing 19, 15 and 13lbs., and many over 10lbs. One

black bass was caught last winter which weighed 7½lbs. Mr. Grundseth kindly asks me to come up and investigate some of these big fish, and it would be a pleasure to do so some day.

The Chicago Clam Preserve.

Hon. A. Nelson Cheney, State Fishcultivist of New York, has written me for the benefit of Constant Reader, who recently made some inquiries about starting a clam preserve in or near Chicago. Mr. Cheney states that since making his scientific reply to the queries aforesaid he has discovered the following information in regard to large clams, which, in the form of a clipping from a periodical, he incloses to me. It reads as follows:

Men have stepped into the open jaws of huge clams accidentally at low tide, and the clams, closing their jaws, have held them fast till the tide rose, when the men were drowned. Other men have reached for a lure in the form of a luminous spot. The instant they touched it the shells of a clam closed on their arms and in a few minutes the men were drowned. Some of the clams that trap men are found embedded in the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and the men captured are pearl divers. The flesh of one of the huge clams sometimes weighs 20lbs., and added to that is the 500lbs. or more of shell. The shell is something like 5ft. long by 2½ft. wide. Poets are fond of saying that these shells are the cradles of sea goddesses, since they are very beautiful if polished. They are also used as baptismal fonts.

I am afraid that Constant Reader may be a trifle shocked and apprehensive when he reads the above and considers the dangers which may arise from the industry which he proposes to inaugurate. Still, I am satisfied that local pride will cause him to unite with me in the belief that we want nothing but the biggest kind of clams on earth for the Chicago clam preserve. I trust that eventually we shall elicit much information in regard to this interesting question. But I do not believe any sea goddess will ever come out of a clam here in Chicago. The climate is not right for that.

Mr. T. H. Glover is a very good friend of mine, whom I have never seen and who lives way down in Texas. He reads all the current literature and all the magazines, even down to the little modern vest-pocket magazines that you can buy three for a cent. In one of the latter publications he has found something by the pen of Ouida, of which he makes inclosure to me. One naturally associates the name of Ouida with tall guardmen with long, tawny moustaches and more or less indifferent morals, but it seems that Ouida can occasionally take a fall out of hard cold facts as well as anybody and show a level-headedness worthy of a better fate than hers. In the extract which my Texas friend admires Ouida has written something about "Gold that Glitters," and I am sure that her words will jump well with the inclinations of many a man who is in the city and wants to get out in the wider, open air. The words are a sermon too, and one well worth laying to heart. She says:

When all green places have been destroyed in the builder's lust of gain; when all the lands are but mountains of bricks and piles of wood and iron; when there is no moisture anywhere and no rain ever falls; when the sky is a vault of smoke and all the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, the moor and meadow and all the old green wayside beauty are things vanished and forgotten; when every gentle, timid thing of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed them of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast city, whose young children behold neither the green of the field nor the blue of the sky, and hear no song but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet silence of the country side, and the old sweet sounds of waking birds, and the old sweet fall of summer showers, and the grace of a hedge-row bough, and the glow of the purple heather, and the note of the cuckoo and cushat, and the freedom of waste and of woodland are all things dead and remembered of no man; then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold in its withered lips and gold everywhere; gold that the people can neither eat nor drink, gold that cares nothing for them, but mocks them horribly; gold for which their fathers sold peace and health, and holiness and beauty; gold that is one vast grave.

Yet there are those who still want more gold. They realize not that they will be playing in hard luck if they make all the money in the world and still can't eat and digest a good beefsteak. For my part, it gives me a shiver to think of that, and I think I shall stop counting my gold and go fishing in self-defense. Behold, on the meadows lieth the hay and the sun shineth well to-day. Why sit we here idly working?

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE LAKE CRESCENT TROUT.

PROF. JORDAN having decided that the two specimens of trout sent him from Lake Crescent, termed locally a blue-back and a speckled, were to him new and as yet undescribed, and having named them, the one *Crescentis* and the other *Beardsleii*, we who are interested in the matter are naturally doing our best to bring to his notice and inspection at as early a date as possible specimens of the other varieties of trout found in that prolific lake and unknown to me, viz., the mountain trout, silver trout and half-breed, which I have seen and caught, together with such others as may be there. Therefore by proxy, for I am unfortunately so situated that I cannot act in person, I am endeavoring to supply the demand.

From a letter just received from Mr. Carrigan, my co-worker in my Lake Crescent trip, I learn that on April 17 I was reduced from my position of high hook, for on that day Mrs. Michell, fishing with the gear I had devised and left with her, succeeded in taking a blue-back whose length was 30in., depth 8½in., weight 12lbs., thus breaking my record, for my largest scored but 11½lbs. So I surrender the champion belt, only too pleased that it falls into the hands of so charming and worthy a successor.

On the afternoon of that day Mrs. Carrigan and Miss Beazley, of Missouri, having driven out to Lake Crescent to visit Mrs. Michell, enthused by the sight of the big trout, and prompted by ambition and the desire to send specimens to President Jordan, went fishing also. Mr. Carrigan writes: "Mrs. Michell managed the boat; Mrs. Carrigan and Miss Beazley fished. They returned in triumph with four trout weighing 21lbs. Yesterday forenoon (18th) they went out again and returned with a fine lot of fish, among which were one blue-back, 10lbs., 29½in. long; another of 11lb., a speckled trout of 8lbs., 27in., and another of 2lbs."

The big blue-back differed from those caught by me last October only in that it proved game and a strong fighter until landed, and made several strong rushes and leaps before it was brought to the boat. Mine caught in October did all their fighting while deep down.

The speckled trout of 8lbs. beat my largest badly, mine was but 2½lbs.; and the largest I saw was 4½lbs. But the most valuable of the catch was the young blue-back, for there was a remarkable difference in its coloration and that of those I took in October, or the 10-pounder taken

by the ladies, thus described, "Midway between the medium line and the bottom of the belly there extended from just behind the gills to the tail a line of dark round spots, decreasing in diameter from ½in. at the gills to less than ¼in. at the tail; these spots are not distinctly black, but resemble the dark dull appearance produced on human flesh by a blow or bruise; they show plainly through the silvery white scales, and there are on each side seventeen."

This is part of what Prof. Jordan says of the specimens which Mrs. Michell sent to him from Lake Crescent: "Recently one specimen of the rainbow and two of the blue-back found in Lake Crescent have been sent to me for examination. I find, myself forced to agree with Admiral Beardslee in the opinion that each of these forms is distinct from any previously recorded or named. The two are allied to each other rather than to any other form, and the nearest affinities of both seem to be with the steelhead trout (*Salmo gairdneri*) rather than any other. But to place the two as subspecies of *Salmo gairdneri* is simply a provisional arrangement, and there is just as good warrant in regarding each as a distinct species. From all forms of *gairdneri* both the new forms differ in the large size of the head, in the form of the head and opercles and in coloration, the size of the scales, form of the gill rakers, form of the opercles, form of the pyloric coeca, and outline of caudal."

Taking into consideration the unprecedented earliness of the blue-back catch this year, on March 12, and the unusually good fishing in April, as indicated by the facts in this letter, I think it safe to strongly indorse my statements in previous letters, that the spring fishing at Lake Crescent must be magnificent, for there I am told the big fish will take large salmon flies or brown hackles, and I will again give my prophecy that the lake will, before this season is over, contribute again two at least and I think more additions to the listed *Salmonidae*.

May 10.—I inclose a letter just received from Mr. Carrigan, which indicates that Lake Crescent is proving a veritable bonanza in the way of big and new trout:

"PORT ANGELES, May 5, 1896.—I have just forwarded to Prof. Jordan a magnificent blue-back (*S. Crescentis*, Jordan) weighing 14lbs. and measuring 32in. by 8½in. Ben Lewis caught it Sunday afternoon late and at once started for Port Angeles to turn it over to me. He rowed the lake eight miles, and footed it into Angeles twenty miles more, carrying the trout in his pack and arriving at midnight. I have to-day packed and sent it to the professor, for I want him to see a grown-up specimen.

"Ben says that a great number of very large trout are jumping just before dark every pleasant evening; and he told me about another entirely new variety that he takes in the lake at a depth of from 80 to 100ft, with set lines placed out over night. He has never known of one taken by any other method. He says they are different from any other trout in the lake. They run in weight from 3 to 4lbs.; are long and slender, and have grayish-green backs, and below the median line the sides and belly are gleaming white."

The people on the lake are now in shape to take care of fishermen who don't want too much luxury, and to give them a good time. I only wish I could join in the amusement, as I heartily commend the trip to any one who can afford the time and cost. Now is his opportunity to get a trout named after him.

PISECO.

This Salmon Took the Fly Twice within Fifteen Minutes.

RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, Chamberlain Shoals, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not a great many years ago it was claimed that a salmon never took a fly the second time within two or three days. It has, however, been proved during the last few years beyond doubt that salmon have taken the fly the day following their being hooked and lost. So far as I know, however, the following circumstance is unique:

On the 5th of the present month I was fishing at Jordan's Portage Pool, on the Restigouche River, when I hooked a salmon on a new double dusty-miller fly. The fish was what is generally known to fishermen as a "jigger," and in about ten minutes broke my casting line. I put on a new casting line and the same kind of fly. This occupied something less than fifteen minutes, including moving back to my old position. On the third cast I hooked a fish, also a very lively "jigger," which took me about half an hour in killing and weighed 25lbs. Judge of my surprise on finding in my captive's mouth the remains of the casting line and fly which I had just lost. There can be doubt of this being the same fish. The pool had been fished the previous day, for the first time this season, by one of my party, and he had not lost either casting line or fly. There had up to that date only been three or four persons fishing below me, and none had met an accident similar to mine. The second fly in the salmon's mouth was a new double dusty-miller, and the recaptured casting line when added to what had remained on my line made it complete. Additional evidence is the fact that my casting line broke at a knot, and when both that which had been lost and that which remained were placed together the cast was complete, and the distance between the knots at point of fracture was the same as between the other knots. This fish therefore took the fly twice within fifteen minutes. There cannot be any doubt of this fact.

FRANCIS W. CAMPBELL.

The Canadian Salmon Season.

DEE SIDE, Metapedia, Quebec, June 11.—Since I wrote you last week there has been splendid fishing. The water holds good and all anglers find good fishing. From two to six fish a day are secured, and they run a very large average, from 19lbs. to 36lbs. One of the tidal nets had a 44 and a 45lb. one morning. When I tell you that 7 cents per pound is now paid instead of the usual 15 cents, you may understand that the commercial catch is wonderful. I am told at Gaspé you can buy at 4½ cents and 5 cents per pound. Many anglers are on their grounds, and the express generally has from thirty to forty boxes of anglers' fish to carry. You can thus form an idea of the quantity caught. Every day loaded canoes pass down with fish to the station. My own score is only ten bright-fish yet.

The kelts are all gone to sea; fish are in very fine condition; many break away and it is not uncommon for a fish to take you from one to one and one-half miles down river before you can land him, if at all, as the current is

very strong, and when he takes the notion and gets going in the strong water you must go with him, in fact to get ahead of him is the only way you can land him.

Mr. Mitchell, of Norwich, had ten fish last week and I heard he added ten to his score in three days of this week. I gave him fifty for a total score, with which I know he will be satisfied and he will get them, I hope. Some new blood is on the river. Mr. Ayer, of Bangor, Dr. Jarvis, of Hartford, are well up river. Mott, Holbrook and Ried, of New York, are doing well on the Dawson water; a new party is also on the Metapedia River, up which runs the I. C. R. You may safely put this season down as the red-lettered one for angling on the Restigouche.

JOHN MOWAT.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The largest fish that, to my knowledge, was ever taken with line and hook from this end of Lake Champlain was captured a few days ago by James Brennan, while fishing for bullheads from a boat tied to the C. V. R. R. bridge.

Mr. Brennan had made a good catch of bullheads, and was cleaning them before starting for home. He had one line in the water while dressing his fish, and this line began to run out at a rate that quite frightened him. He thought at first that he had hooked the great Lake Champlain sea serpent; but after one hour's hard work he managed to kill his fish, which proved to be a rock sturgeon weighing 33lbs.

I have the fish mounted, and will be pleased to show it to any of the great family of FOREST AND STREAM readers that may happen this way during the summer.

The bass and pike fishing here at present is very good. Good strings of pike are being brought in every day; but I am sorry to say most of the bass were taken out of season.

W. McCOMB, JR.

Loon Lake in Maine.

LOON LAKE, Rangeley, Maine.—Mr. E. A. Fanwell returned home Wednesday. He had great sport fishing at Loon Lake; in one hour he caught twenty-five trout, the largest weighing 2½lbs. (a very handsome trout), and he is having it mounted. Mr. H. H. Bates while at Loon Lake caught over 200 trout and saw seven deer in the lake at one time. Mr. George York is having fine success fishing, in half an hour he caught fifteen, largest 1½lbs. Fishing never was better. This is a fine place to spend your vacation; each person or family can have a camp by themselves and all the comforts of camp life.

R. S. YORK.

Cayuga Lake Sturgeon and Muscallonge.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 13.—A sturgeon weighing 32lbs. was caught on the 11th inst. in the Ithaca Inlet. This is the heaviest fish taken from local waters in recent years. At Union Springs, one day recently, a 16lb. muscallonge was taken by a native from the wilds of Auburn, N. Y.

M. CHILL.

Game and Fish Protection.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION IN NEW JERSEY.

BY H. P. FROTHINGHAM.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

I HAVE been asked to present to you my views on the progress made in the protection of fish and game in the State of New Jersey, and I shall do so in as brief and still comprehensive a manner as possible. It would be useless for me to say anything to you, gentlemen, on the necessity of such protection, and consequently I shall at once proceed to give you my views as to why fish and game are not better protected in New Jersey; and I feel confident that a great deal of what I shall say pertaining to New Jersey will apply to a considerable extent also to other States.

The average citizen generally pictures to himself as the worst enemy of fish and game the man who goes skulking through the forest looking after traps, or armed with a gun having a caliber of a 10lb. cannon, destroyed everything that presents itself in fur or feathers. Then we also hear of the man who sneaks to the river shore at night with huge nets and with one sweep captures enough fish to supply the fish markets of New York for a week. Again the picture is presented to us of the farmer who jealously guards his property against all trespassers in order that his revenue may be increased by unsportsmanlike methods of taking fish and game. From still another quarter comes a cry that if fish wardens were more vigilant violators of the law would be fewer in number. To offset this there arises a cry that wardens are unmerciful, and frequently enforce the laws to the letter where common sense would dictate the exercise of clemency.

Now I have no doubt whatever that if we could do away with all these objectionable features there would be more fish and game and more happiness generally; but in my opinion we must look further for the causes which tend at the present day toward the decrease of fish and game, and among the first and greatest of these causes I should class injudicious legislation. In the halls of our legislatures protection to fish and game is not always the impulse which actuates the lawmakers in passing laws pertaining to the protection of fish and game. Too frequently laws are introduced and passed for the purpose of attaining some private end, or for the purpose of gratifying some particular friend of one of the legislators; and although these laws, as applied in the particular cases which gave rise to their enactment, may be harmless, they too frequently do mischief in localities for which they were not intended. Then again there is at times a disposition on the part of the lawmakers to go too far—to provide penalties out of all proportion to the character of the offense sought to be punished. What is to be thought of a law, for instance, which provides that corporations which disturb the habits of fish shall be imprisoned for two years, and which gives every justice of the peace in the State the right to impose this penalty? Under this law a justice of the peace in Squedunkville was empowered to send to State prison the Erie Railroad Company, the Standard Oil Company, or any other cor-

poration, officers, directors, stockholders, agents and all, for having interfered with the spawning of a sucker. Still this law existed on the statute books of New Jersey during the present generation, and the commissioners and wardens were by virtue of their oaths of office supposed to enforce it. I might call attention to other laws equally ridiculous which you will find on the statute books of some of the States, but I trust there is no need of my citing any others for the purpose of explaining my meaning. A law in order to be properly enforced must be respected; it must be free from those absurdities which frequently serve as a justification on the part of the general public for a continued violation of a great many of our laws. The public is very quick to perceive the motive of a law, and if this motive does not command respect you cannot hope that the law will do so. If a law is passed for the benefit of a certain individual or a class of individuals, or if its enactment is dictated by politics, it at once becomes inoperative to a certain degree, and, what is worse, the odium attaching to one law is apt to taint all others. Friends of proper fish and game legislation may camp out in the corridors of our State capitols, within easy gunshot of the Senate, the House of Assembly and the Executive Chamber, but in spite of all their watchfulness some obnoxious features are almost sure to creep into laws pertaining to fish and game. Eternal vigilance may be the price of liberty, but you cannot obtain consistent fish and game laws at the same bargain.

The next evil concerning which I desire to say a few words is the direct result of the foregoing. Inconsistent legislation conveys the idea to the mind of the casual observer that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of a very few and to the injury of the masses. Thus in New Jersey a great deal of fault is found with the laws governing the taking of fish by the use of nets in the inland tide waters. These laws are more numerous even than the bodies of water to which they apply, for some of the creeks have different laws every few miles, and what is lawful on the north shore of a bay may be criminal on the south shore. This inequality of regulation gives rise to numerous complaints, and I cannot say that the majority of these complaints are not well founded. The Commission at the last session of the Legislature attempted to secure the passage of a uniform law concerning tide water; our wardens had ascertained the desires of the people living along the sea coast, and it was presumed that the proposed measure would meet with little opposition. We felt confident that the vast majority of those directly interested approved of the law as suggested by the Commission, but it was this large majority that remained at home, confident that their interests would be taken care of; on the other hand, each individual who wanted some privilege not enjoyed by his neighbors under the old laws, and each man who thought he knew all about salt-water fish and their habits because perhaps he might have smoked herrings or made fish barrels for a year or two, hurried to Trenton, and altogether there was such a din of opposition that the legislators buried the measure in committee. The result is that particular localities and certain individuals enjoy privileges not common to all, and the impression continues that our fish and game laws are not made for the benefit of everybody, but that they confer special rights on a favored few. Our laws pertaining to shad prohibit the taking of this fish on Sundays, and the law is a very wholesome one, as it permits the shad to ascend to their spawning ground unmolested for one day in the week. This law is objected to by some because Delaware, our neighboring State, has no such restrictive legislation. Jersey men complain that they are not accorded the rights enjoyed by their competitors in Delaware. They seem unmindful of the fact that the circumstances in New Jersey are wholly different from those in Delaware, that the shad water over which the latter has control is small compared to the Delaware River, and that laws which apply to the bay would not be suited as well to the river. Still there is here an apparent inconsistency, sufficient to afford an opportunity to the carping critic.

Unfortunately the faults in the fish and game laws are ever being paraded before the public. What is true of the law protecting food fish is also true in a measure of the laws protecting fish whose principal use is to afford sport for the angler. Thus in New Jersey, on account of its geographical position, there is a continual contention between the gunners of the northern and of the southern parts. The former want an early open season and the latter prefer to do their shooting later; and both are right, for there is a difference of two or three weeks in the seasons between the two sections. No matter how the law is framed, it will be partial to one or the other. It is consequently not at all a matter of surprise that people should argue that fish and game laws are made for certain localities and individuals; and not until people alter their opinions, and are taught to believe that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of all, that they are not intended to be restrictive of the liberty of any person or class of persons, but that their sole object is the preservation of animals for the enjoyment of all who love sport, will our fish and game laws receive that support to which they are justly entitled.

Another evil working against the proper enforcement of the law, and one bearing a close relationship to the foregoing, is the method of conducting politics at the present time. Too frequently are laws dictated by political influence, and too frequently are appointments interfered with in the same manner. Men who are appointed to office, and who are desirous of doing all in their power for the protection of fish and game, are hampered by the power of politics, and this is frequently too great to be ignored. Concessions to those in high political authority are necessary at times, and men intrusted with the enforcement of the laws are required at times to wander from what they recognize as the strict path of duty for the purpose of placating a power which, if offended, might wipe out the entire machinery of fish and game protection. This may not be a pleasing statement to make, but I am willing to leave it to anyone who has had experience in the enforcement of laws whether he has not at times felt the influence of the political boss, and whether such influence was not prejudicial to the cause of sport.

In connection with legislation and the enforcement of the laws I desire to say a few words concerning the attitude of the newspaper press of the State, and I say with perfect frankness that the newspapers have been with us on general principles and opposed to us in nearly every particular. This may seem strange, but it is easy of ex-

planation. The average human being desires to see the perpetuation of useful animals of all kinds, and consequently favors such restrictive or prohibitive legislation as may be necessary to attain that end. It is on this account that the press supports laws and measures advocated by the Commission, and we have no better friends than editors and reporters. But let a violator of the law be brought to book and another tale unfolds itself. The idea of protecting fish and game is all right, but the man who is called upon to pay twenty dollars for having killed a rabbit or a song bird is certain to have the sympathy of a great many people, and this sympathy is almost always reflected in the columns of newspapers. The general principle is lost sight of in the extending of sympathy; the warden's side of the story is not sought for, but everything that may extenuate the circumstances of the offense is dwelt upon, and in nine cases out of ten it is made to appear that the prosecution was unjust and uncalled for. The editors of newspapers and a great many other people seem to be in the position of the character in the play who was in favor of the law, but against its enforcement.

In relation to the men who violate the letter of the law I shall have very little to say. The wardens appointed by the Commission have been doing some very good missionary work; their general terms are \$20 a lesson, although the price charged varies with the conditions of the occasion. I have known cases where wardens out of sympathy for some poverty-stricken offender contributed toward the payment of the fine and costs, and I have known cases where unusually stupid pupils were "kept in" for ninety days. Perhaps two little stories just recurring to my mind may give you some idea as to the character of violators of the law in New Jersey. A warden had made a complaint against a man for having taken three trout under the legal size; the accused promptly admitted his guilt and inquired of the justice how much his experience would cost him. "Sixty dollars and the costs of prosecution," was the reply. "That is rather a high price to pay for three little trout," replied the offender, as he reached down into his pocket for his wallet. "I should say so," chimed in one of those individuals who are so frequently found in courts of justice; "I tell you, these fish and game laws are nothing but outrages on the public; they are made for some brownstone front dudes with silver thing-um-ma-jigs to go fishing, and they are nothing but robbery as far as the poor man is concerned." The defendant stopped for just one instant in the exploration of his pocket, apparently astonished at the interference, and then produced the necessary funds and liquidated his indebtedness to the State. Then, turning to his would-be defender, he said: "I think, my friend, you are mistaken. The fish and game laws are all right, and I should have known better. Even if there were no law against the taking of small trout, I ought to have known better; for I am old enough and have fished enough to know that if all the little fellows are taken out there will never be any big ones. The game laws are made for the poor more than for the rich, for the rich can go to Canada or the Adirondacks and get all the fishing and hunting they want; but the poor have to stay at home, and these men," pointing to the warden, "are trying to preserve some fishing for the poor man. It serves me just right, and I know you are wrong. Come, Warden, have a drink with me."

In another case a warden was called upon by a well-known guide from Greenwood Lake, who said to him: "Mr. Warden, I wish that you would prosecute me. I have been keeping a set line in the water and don't want you to arrest me." "Had you not better wait until I secure the evidence?" inquired the warden. "Oh, no," was the reply; "I have done wrong and I am willing to pay for it. Besides that you will get the evidence fast enough, and then I'll have the bother of going through this when perhaps I have less time than I have now. Besides that, I don't want to have those fellows up there say that I have been arrested, and so I want to square up now." The warden did not exactly like the turn affairs had taken, but the guide insisted, and so the warden accepted the amount of the fine and costs. On the following morning he appeared before the justice of the peace and as warden complained that a certain guide had violated the law; as attorney for the accused he entered a plea of guilty and paid the penalty stipulated by law.

I have said, gentlemen, that our wardens have done some missionary work, and I think you will agree with me as to the quality of this work when you see that it made a defender of the laws out of a man who was paying \$60, and that it touched the conscience of a Greenwood Lake guide. The violators of the law, gentlemen, are with us. Now if we can convince the people that fish and game laws are passed for the benefit of all, and that the faults of these laws are not due to their principle, if we can induce the politicians to keep their hands off, and if we can persuade the press to give us a consistent support, the cause of protection for fish and game will be materially advanced. A campaign of education among the masses will be more fruitful of good results than the application of the rigors of the law to the offenders.

FOREST AND STREAM, published at New York, comes to us regularly, and each issue is full of interest. It recalls to us the many pleasant days we have had in mountain fastnesses pulling the speckled beauties from the cold, rushing waters, or toiling up the side of some rugged slope. It is refreshing to turn from hard mental labor to the perusal of the pages of this paper. To those who love to hunt and fish and climb, the paper will always be welcome, and the way in which it champions the protection of wild game has won for it the confidence of sportsmen everywhere.—*Illinois Wesleyan Magazine.*

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 23 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials. J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

STUD FEES.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I happened to come across a copy of an English sporting paper a few days ago, one specially devoted to dogs and poultry. In looking over the advertisements of stud dogs, I noticed the extreme difference in the stud fees between the rates asked in this country and the rates charged in England. It is a fact, I think, that good dogs command a higher price in England than they do in this country, all the imported dogs costing a handsome figure and the references to English sales almost invariably refer to high prices. The stud fees for dogs of good breeding and with some fame as winners ran from £2 up to £6, rarely higher, and then the higher price seemed to be warranted by the dog's individual merit, purity of blood and great success in competition. Some of the stud fees were as low as £1.

No doubt the more reasonable rate of stud services enables breeders to keep in the dog business, where otherwise they would be forced out of it. Moreover, they can sell good dogs at a cheap figure, which in turn places them within the reach of those whose love for the dog is great while their bank account may be small. This keeps up a general interest in the dog world, and places it on a permanent basis. People can then keep dogs without suffering from the discouraging expense consequent on high prices. When the financial capability of men is strained to the utmost in keeping a kennel, a slight depression in business is sufficient to force them out of the fancy. Dogs should be on a basis within the means of all. They should not be made an expensive luxury. The higher the price, the fewer the number who can afford to own well-bred dogs. But as the love of the dog is irrepensible in man, when he can not own a well-bred dog he contents himself with the ownership of a cur, so that high prices in well-bred dogs tend directly to the encouragement of the cur.

From a business standpoint, there is nothing to justify the charge of \$50 or \$75 or even \$100, as is usual. If a stud dog costs \$500 there is nothing to justify a charge of \$50 for a stud fee. The price is often paid for the reputation gained from one performance either on the bench or in the field, regardless of whether the performance was a fluke or from specially favorable opportunity, or from weak competition.

The disproportion between the value of the dog and the stud fee is more distinctly shown in comparing them with the business of horse and cattle breeding, wherein a \$50 or \$100 stud fee represents anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 invested. The death rate is incomparably less in cattle and horses than in dogs, hence the owner gets a greater corresponding return from his cows, oxen and horses, besides having the advantage of an established market value instead of a value fixed by individual and passing fashion. This is a matter worthy of the study of breeders. Their own interests are hurt by high prices. The dog, being a sentimental appendage to a home, cannot be cultivated by the masses if his price is beyond their reach. His life at best is short. His market value is what it may happen to be. When money is plentiful, much of it may be spent carelessly. With a stringency in money comes a more careful disbursement. Make the prices so that people can buy. If the dog business is dull and high prices are still made, breeders have only themselves to blame for the consequent dull market. H.

National Beagle Club of America.

A FIELD trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, June 5. The members present were Messrs. J. W. Appleton, chairman; Hermann F. Schellhass, Geo. B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, John Bateman, George Laick, N. A. Baldwin and George W. Rogers.

The committee on selecting judges submitted the following names to officiate as judges at the club's coming field trials, to be held at Hempstead, L. I., during the week commencing Oct. 26: Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass., and Charles Quynn, Frederick, Md., who were duly elected.

The first Futurity to be introduced at any field trials will be held at these trials. The number and quality of the dogs nominated will insure a hot race in this event, that will interest all lovers of the beagle. The club has received up to date forty entries in the '97 Futurity stake, and by this time next year the number of entries that will be received promises to make this event a permanent feature at the trials that will attract a large number of entries.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Diplomatic Snap.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Numbers of your contributors have given amusing and interesting recitals of exhibitions of high intelligence on the part of their various canine friends; but I do not recall any case where a dog was shown to be an habitual and deliberate liar. I once owned such a dog when I was a small boy. This was a small dog of uncertain breed, mainly terrier, I believe. His color was white ground with brown spots. His name was Snap. The neighbors dignified him by calling him Snap as a prefix, and adding our family patronymic as the other part of his name.

Snap was very active and energetic, both mentally and physically, and withal was so officious that he poked his nose into nearly everything, both actually and metaphorically assuming on all occasions to be about the most important personage on the premises. My father, who lived in a small town, was accustomed to purchasing ready-dressed hogs in the winter, and cutting them up would cure the meat in his own smoke-house. On such occasions Snap would voluntarily assume the guardianship over or rather under the hogs as they hung on a pole during the night. He would remain all night out in the cold, lying under the hung-up pork, and would not permit a cow or horse, or anything else, to approach within 20 or 30 yds.

On one occasion a brood of young chickens turned out without a mother. They were placed temporarily in a barrel that stood in the yard. Without suggestion from any source Snap assumed the charge of these orphan chickens. He laid himself down by the barrel, at short intervals jumping up and placing his forefeet on the upper edge, to look down at his self-appropriated charges. He would not permit any chicken, turkey, horse or cow to approach the barrel. But I started out to tell about Snap's prevarications.

There stood in the back entry of the house a lounge, which Snap was very fond of reclining upon; but my mother invariably whipped him off when she found him there. So Snap took his naps on the lounge with one eye open and one ear cocked up. Whenever he heard any one approaching during these stolen siestas, he, with a great show of vigilance, rushed out into the back porch and barked fiercely and vociferously, as if he was on the point of tearing to pieces some intruder. These tactics he invariably pursued, to our great amusement, evidently with the deliberate purpose of creating the impression that he was at the post of duty, and full of zeal to guard the house against any invasions of unauthorized man or beast. This is as palpable lying as was ever practiced by any biped.

COAHOMA.

American Spaniel Club.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club, held at Dr. S. J. Bradbury's office, 110 East Twenty-second street, on Tuesday, June 9, there were present: E. M. Oldham, President; Dr. S. J. Bradbury, Treasurer; Mr. M. A. Viti, and Rowland P. Keasbey, Secretary. Resolutions upon the death of the late Dr. Nicholas Rowe were adopted.

The committee on changes in the classification reported that they had made a new classification.

The inclosed classification was read and adopted to go into effect at once: Field spaniels, over 28lbs., challenge classes, dogs and bitches respectively; field spaniels, black, over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; field spaniels, any other color, over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, black or liver, not over 28lbs., challenge classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, any other color, challenge class, dogs and bitches; cocker spaniels, black, not over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, red or liver, not over 28lbs., open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; cocker spaniels, any other color, open classes, dogs and bitches respectively; Clumber spaniels, challenge class, dogs and bitches, open class, dogs and bitches; Irish water spaniels, challenge class, dogs and bitches, open class, dogs and bitches.

The meeting adjourned until some time in July, when the question of field trials will be taken up and acted upon. Mr. H. K. Bloodgood has offered the club the use of 2,000 acres at New Marlborough, Mass. The American Spaniel Club's second annual sweepstakes for sporting spaniels over 28lbs., whelped in 1896, to be judged at the Westminster Kennel Club's show in 1897. Forty per cent. of the stakes to go to the first prize, 30 per cent. to the second, 20 per cent. to the third, and 10 per cent. to the fourth. The club to add at least \$30 to the stakes. The president of the Spaniel Club also offers a silver medal to the winner of this stake. Entries for this stake to be as follows: Nominations made on or before July 1, 1896, to be accompanied by \$1 entry fee. Nominations not made by July 1, and made on or before September 1, to be accompanied by a \$2 entry fee. Nominations not made by September 1, and made on or before November 1, to be accompanied by a \$3 entry fee. No nominations received after November 1. The final entry fee of \$3 to be paid on or before January 1, 1897. All nominations upon which final fees are not paid by January 1 to be forfeited to the stakes.

New England Beagle Club.

LINDEN, Mass., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A field trial committee meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at the residence of Mr. A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., June 7. President Joslin in the chair. There were present Messrs. H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fiske, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. The only business to come before the meeting was the selecting of judges for the fall field trials, and Mr. C. J. Quynn, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. B. S. Turpin, of Dorchester, Mass., were unanimously elected. W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

The Pointer Club Trials.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What is the Pointer Club thinking about giving the announcement with such great flourish to hold a trial equal to any of them, and having at this time given not the first real intimation thereof? What owner or handler will prepare himself or dog for such uncertain affairs? I will predict now that the whole matter will fizzle down to (at least this year) a love affair between members only.

A POINTER MAN.

American Dachshund Club.

THE fifth meeting of the American Dachshund Club was held on June 11. New members joined as follows: C. M. Trowbridge, Worth Kennels, Hudson, N. Y.; J. R. Walker, La Grange, Ill.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Carl Boening, 233 East Twenty-second street, Chicago.

The club recommends for judges: G. Muss-Arnolt and Jas. Mortimer.

The secretary was instructed to make proper arrangements with the show committees in regard to classifications, and to have a pamphlet printed containing the constitution, the by-laws and the standard of the club.

The club will offer, in addition to the Venlo Challenge cup and the Klein's Breeder's Trophy, two special prizes of \$5 each, at every show where two or more members compete. The officers elected were: L. Boening, President; C. M. Trowbridge, Vice-President; A. Froembling, Secretary-Treasurer.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Horace Cox announces for early publication a new and enlarged edition of "The Terrier" division of Rawdon Lee's "Modern Dogs." Among the most important alterations and additions are the illustrations of bull and some other terriers with their ears uncut, a departure necessitated by the recent discontinuance of such mutilation. The drawings are by Arthur Wardle.

From the *Breeder and Sportsman* the following is taken: "J. O. is Fellows (Uncle Dick), the judge of the Los Angeles and Oakland dog shows, started for the East on June 2. He goes via Portland and will spend a few days in Montana with McDougal, the well-known greyhound fancier. Uncle Dick had a royal good time during his stay on the coast and will remember his two days' stay in Stockton for many years. He has made many friends during his sojourn in this State and will undoubtedly be asked to return in the fall to judge at Stockton and San Jose."

The following, clipped from the New York *Herald*, adds one more contribution to the testimony concerning the dog's intelligence and devotion. It also shows how little a dog is understood by his owner. But the story speaks for itself: "A little Irish setter named Pat, owned by Charles Wallott, of Brooklyn, saved two lives last night, and is likely to be regarded with reverence by the dwellers in the tenements near his master's home. Pat is devoted to Mr. Wallott's two sons, respectively 15 and 17 years old. They sleep in a room on the top floor of the two-story building occupied by Mr. Wallott, and usually go to bed early. The lads were fast asleep a half hour before midnight last night, when a night lamp in their room exploded and set some of their clothing afire. Pat saw the blaze as he was dozing at the foot of their bed, and jumping up, began barking and then ran downstairs, howling louder with each bound until he found Mr. and Mrs. Wallott, who were sitting in front of their door chatting to some neighbors. Pat danced around Mr. Wallott, barking and howling alternately, striving in every dog-like way to attract his master's attention. Mr. Wallott drove him away twice, and threatened to whip him if he didn't stop his noise. The threat didn't frighten Pat a bit. He finally took Mr. Wallott's trousers leg in his teeth and fairly pulled him into the house, where, looking up, Mr. Wallott saw flames in the boys' room. He rushed to his sons' rescue, and found the room filled with smoke. He groped about and finally found his younger son unconscious on the bed. The elder was wandering about, endeavoring to find an exit from the room. Mr. Wallott led and carried his children downstairs, whence they were taken into the house of friends. The younger son was revived there after a short time, and the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames after they had done damage amounting to about \$1,000. The alarm of fire caused a panic among the inmates of the big tenements which adjoined Wallott's house, and in a short time after Pat had succeeded in giving the alarm the street was filled with men and women in their night clothing waiting for their homes to be consumed. The flames, however, were confined to Wallott's house. Pat has been owned a few months, but the dog has devoted himself to the two boys. Now all the members of the family will devote themselves to Pat."

The judges at Providence are as follows: George Jarvis, New York, English setters and Gordon setters and pointers; George S. Thomas, Salem, Mass., greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, bull dogs, fox, Scottish, Bedlington, bull, Irish, Black and Tan, Skye and Yorkshire terriers, poodles, Great Danes, dachshunde and pugs. Dr. S. J. Bradbury, all sporting spaniels. C. F. Clarkson, Cambridge, Mass., Boston terriers. All other breeds, James Watson, New York. The Boston Terrier Club offers the following special prizes, open to club members only: \$10 for the best dog, bitch and puppy respectively, and the club's silver cup for the best dog or bitch never before shown.

Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., was severely injured in a runaway accident on June 15. He, with his brother, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, were riding after a spirited horse near the depot at Westbury, L. I. The horse took fright, upset the vehicle, throwing Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., on top of his head, injuring him severely. Mr. Frank Hitchcock was bruised and shaken up, but not seriously injured.

As evidence of the enthusiasm with which the revival of the trials has been received in Ireland, we may mention that at the last meeting of the committee of the Irish Kennel Association it was decided to establish a fund with the object of purchasing a grand challenge cup to be offered for competition on the occasion. The exact conditions under which the cup is to be offered have not yet been decided on, but there is every probability that, as befits its importance, it will be for the best dog at the trials—setter or pointer.—*The Stock-Keeper (England).*

From the *Herald* we learn that the greyhounds of the late Colonel North were sold at auction on June 13. The sum realized was far less than expected. The hound Young Fullerton, son of the Waterloo cup winner, was bought in, the price offered not being satisfactory. The hound Duennium Ago, which cost Colonel North 1,050 guineas, fetched only seventy guineas, Simonian was

knocked down at 150 guineas. Nestor, twenty-one guineas, and Old Boots at five guineas.

Owing to the absence of a quorum there was no meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club on June 11, the date appointed for the meeting. If the club does not take some definite action soon, it will attain to the dignity of a landmark.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JUNE.

- Annual Cruise, Brown University—
20. 2d run, race at New Bedford, run to Quamquisset Harbor.
21. 3d run, to Vineyard Haven.
22. 4th run, to Cuttyhunk.
23. 5th run, to Stonington.
24. 6th run, to Shelter Island.
25. 7th run, to New London.
27. Disband at New London.
19. Winthrop, evening race.
20. Larchmont, spring, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
20. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
20. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito boats, Atlantic City.
20. Waterside, open.
20. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
M 20. Dorchester, open, Dorchester, Boston Harbor.
22-23-24. Seawanbaka, trial races, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
24. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
24. Roy. St. Lawrence, 15ft., Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Chicago, special, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27. Roy. St. Lawrence, four classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
27. Winthrop, open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
27. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, 1st cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 27. Duxbury, An., Plymouth, Plymouth Harbor.
S 27. Seawanbaka, An., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Stamford, special, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
29. Pavonia, An., Communipaw, New York Bay.
S 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.

The annual regatta of the New York Y. C. came near being a case of a very small tail wagging a very large dog. In spite of the efforts of some members of the club to extend the right of representation to the owners of the smaller yachts down to 10 tons, the one racing class of the year is denied official recognition by the club. On the day of the annual regatta, however, a special race was arranged for the 30ft. class, not as a part of the regatta, but as a distinct and separate affair. The usual programme of the regatta contained no mention of the special class, and no intimation that any member of the club had ever fallen so low as to own a "yot" of less than the required tonnage. At the same time the club issued a separate circular concerning the race for the 30ft. class, over a new and special course up Raritan Bay from the Split. After the "regatta" was started the yacht race was also started by the same committee. By great good luck for the club Colonia turned up to give battle to Emerald, otherwise the members on the steamer would have gone off one way after a lot of old yachts, one in each class, while a fine fleet of eight modern racing yachts were sailing a hot race in another. As it was, the fighting of the thirties was the one thing beside the race of the two schooners that a yachtsman would care to look at.

It may be all right to limit the voting power in a very large club, but the limit of mere size of yacht is a most absurd one to-day. A man who buys an old tub of a schooner for \$1,000 is, as a matter of course, competent and qualified to vote on the affairs of the club. A man who owns a racing 30-footer costing three or four times that amount is not thus competent.

We notice with pleasure that one British yachting journal, the *Yachtsman*, has taken a view of the Niagara incident that is not only fair and just, but marked by plain common sense; something that cannot be said of the remarks of the *Field*, echoed almost *verbatim* by the *Yachting World* and the comments of some yachtsmen. We can understand, after all the talk about the misuse of ballast on Vigilant, Defender and Ethelwynn, and in view of the novelty, to British eyes, of the simple device of carrying water in tanks connected by a pipe, how suspicion has arisen; but there is at the same time no justification whatever for such action as has been taken on the complaint, apparently, of some anonymous member of the Y. R. A. Far from being a stranger and unknown, Mr. Gould has raced for three seasons in British waters in Vigilant and Niagara, and both he and his brother have shown themselves to be exceptionally good sportsmen, in that they have neither boasted before a race nor whined afterward when they were beaten. Neither the failure of Vigilant nor the equally notable success last year of Niagara has called from them complaints or boasts.

With the reputation which he has made abroad, Mr. Gould was fairly entitled to very different treatment from that accorded him by the Y. R. A.—a hasty examination of his yacht on the ground of an anonymous complaint that was without justifiable foundation. The description of the size, location and arrangement of the tanks given by the *Yachtsman* shows just such a state of affairs as we outlined last week, a simple and convenient plan of carrying fresh water, and one that at the same time could not possibly be used to any good purpose for shifting ballast to windward. The small weight of water, the limited distance from the centerline at which the tanks are located, the long time necessary to run the water from one tank to another, and the fact that water will not run up hill, are all against the truth of the accusation, and should have appealed not only to the expert, but to any yachtsman of average intelligence.

So far as we can judge from the reports, instead of assuming that Mr. Gould was all that his previous conduct would imply him to be, and acting on this assumption, the suppositious infringement of the rule has been as widely and publicly exploited as possible, and in a way to awaken a very general suspicion of another "Yankee trick." We hope at least that the author of the complaint will be compelled to disclose himself.

Niagara's Water Tanks.

From the *Yachtsman*.

The activity of the Y. R. A. Council is becoming quite phenomenal. Time was when our ambition soared no higher than to wake that once lethargic body into some semblance of life, and, whether through our kindly influence or not, it has of late years shown many symptoms of a commendable enthusiasm. Indeed the great difficulty to contend with now is to direct all the new-born energy of the Council in the right or, at all events, into harmless channels, but that this is not always possible has been illustrated recently in a most unfortunate manner. Our readers will remember the incident of the collapse of the Royal Sovereign's steering gear during the Royal Thames match on May 22, for this has been duly reported in these columns. But we did not mention a fact that was known to many on board, viz, that a Y. R. A. Council meeting utilized the opportunity to consider a report made to it that Niagara was fitted with water tanks capable of being used for shifting ballast.

Now, no doubt the Council was bound to inquire into the truth of this "report," and it did so in the proper way—by sending three representatives aboard the yacht at the conclusion of the race. Fortunately the repairs to the Royal Sovereign's steering gear were completed in

time to enable these magi to board the yacht before the skipper had an opportunity of concealing his suspected mechanism. On May 27 the Secretary of the Y. R. A. wrote the following letter to Mr. Howard Gould, which, no doubt, was intended to be as agreeable as any communication of such a nature can be made. Our readers may judge of its recipient's joy:

"YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION, 24 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W., May 27, 1896.—*Dear Sir:* A report was made to the Council of the Y. R. A. that your yacht, Niagara, was fitted with a water tank under the seat on each side of the cabin, and that these tanks are connected by a pipe, so as to make it possible by merely turning a cock to run the water from one tank to another, and thus use them for shifting water ballast, which might be advantageous in certain cases.

"Three members of the Council were in consequence requested to inspect the tanks, which they did immediately after the race of the R. T. Y. C. on the 22d inst., and in your absence were afforded every facility by Captain Barr.

"The members of the Council do not wish to convey any idea on their part that the tanks have been used for the purpose indicated—on the contrary, their impression was the other way; but I am requested to suggest that, in order to place the matter beyond suspicion, it would be desirable to make it impracticable to run the water from one tank to the other, which could be readily done by a small alteration of the pipes. I should be glad to hear, for the information of the Council, that this will be done at once." Faithfully yours,
"To Howard Gould, Esq." "DIXON KEMP, Sec'y."

Now, we happen to have seen the water tanks on board the Niagara, and the true state of the case is this: There is absolutely no room whatever under the floor for any tanks, and the builder, with his usual astuteness, hit upon this "arrangement" that we are not used to on this side of the Atlantic (as the *Field* puts it), just as he has taught us many other things that our designers did not know before. True, there is a connecting pipe between the two tanks (which, by the way, are only a foot or so below the l.w.l.), and there is a cock in this pipe for the obvious purpose of preventing the water of one tank from running into the other when the yacht is under way. If that cock were not there, there would certainly be a shifting of ballast—to leeward. As it is, water can be put into both tanks at once, and when a sufficient supply has been taken, the cock shuts one tank off from the other. Now, we quite fail to see how these tanks could be used for shifting ballast. It takes nearly ten minutes for one, when filled, to empty itself into the other, and this can only be done when the yacht is heeled. We presume that nobody contemplates the possibility of the leeward tank suddenly running its contents up into the weather one. Another kindly suggestion has been made—viz., that because the tanks are of copper they are unfit to carry fresh water. But if Mr. Herreshoff has made this great mistake, the tanks are surely available for the supply of washing water—and the Niagara has a standing crew of seven hands.

We regard this incident as peculiarly unfortunate, because the suspicion, which many men would treat as a gross insult, has attached to a foreign gentleman, and one who has done much for British yachting, and who is known to be a thorough sportsman. But the fact that Mr. Gould is an American makes the matter still worse, for, notwithstanding any disclaimers, yachtsmen in America will regard this as a national insult. As we have said, the Y. R. A. Council acted promptly enough in view of the "report" made to them, but we think that everyone is entitled to know who made this report. The members of the Yacht Racing Association, at all events, are within their rights in asking for this information.

The *Field* of June 6, in connection with the two letters which we published last week, has the following explanation: "[In the article referred to the following passage occurs: 'The tanks were found to be fitted underneath the sofa seats in the bilges, and are connected by a pipe, so it was quite obvious they could be used as a shifting water ballast. The captain states the tanks were used for carrying fresh water on passages. No proof appears to exist that they have been so used.' The words, 'no proof appears,' etc., by some accident got transposed and the sentence should have read, 'It was quite obvious they could be used as shifting water ballast; no proof appears to exist that they have been so used.']"

The *Field* might well have gone further in correcting the entire sentence, as it is by no means obvious how, in the absence of a pump or similar appliance, the water could be forced into the weather tank. The small diameter of the connecting pipe would make it impracticable to obtain any advantage by allowing the weather tank to empty into the lee one prior to going about.

Shackamaxon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

The ninth annual regatta of the Shackamaxon Y. C. was sailed on June 10 over the regular course from the stakeboat anchored off the club house at pier 49½ Delaware River, to Wheat Sheaf Bar Buoy at the upper end of the Wheat Sheaf Bar and return, distance 30 miles, the wind being southwest, a free run to upper buoy and dead to the windward to the home buoy.

Thirty-two yachts started: nine third class, nine second class, nine first class and eight fourth class.

The times were:

THIRD CLASS—START 11:20.			
	Upper Buoy.	Home Buoy.	
McGinty, Capt. Abel Pedlow.....	1 38 00	4 40 40	
Elsie.....	1 33 00	4 41 30	
Nana.....	1 34 00	4 43 00	
SECOND CLASS—START 11:35.			
Woodman and Florrie, George Smith.....	1 57 22	4 38 00	
Mabel, Albert James.....	1 56 35	4 39 00	
Budwise, Wm. Shane.....	1 56 00	4 40 00	
FIRST CLASS—START 11:41.			
Emma A., Henry S. Anderson.....	2 32 15	5 07 00	
Annie, Charles Stanford.....	2 29 00	5 08 00	
Edith M., Charles Shalleross.....	2 30 20	5 13 30	
FOURTH CLASS—START 11:45.			
Millie.....	2 22 45	4 53 30	
Sallie B.....	2 22 40	4 54 15	
Emma.....	2 27 45	5 05 00	

The judges were Samuel Baizley, Shackamaxon Y. C.; John McKane, Keystone Y. C., Tacony; and John Rowland, Southwark Y. C.

She regatta committee included Fred Anderson, Max Schladsensky and Wm. Jones.

The officers of the club are Com. James Slemmer, Vice-Com Charles Baierle, Sec. Henry S. Anderson, Fin. Sec. R. B. Murphy, Treas. James Slemmer, Fleet Capt. Charles Stanford.

Oceanic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SOUTH BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 13.

The Oceanic Y. C., of South Brooklyn, sailed its annual regatta on Saturday over courses on the Upper Bay, the times being:

CATBOATS—25FT. AND OVER.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Anna K., James Kane.....	4 01 07	1 34 07	
Ripple, A. James.....	4 14 09	1 42 16	
Dolphin, J. W. Reynolds.....	4 09 03	1 49 31	
B. K. W., P. A. White.....	3 55 20	1 28 45	
Charley, C. W. Buns.....	3 56 00	1 29 00	
Winnie, H. Patterson.....	3 56 16	1 29 16	
SECOND CLASS—24FT. AND UNDER			
Gotham, F. Johnston.....	4 12 42	1 42 22	
Vanquish, C. Clement.....	4 16 31	1 46 13	
W. G., J. Wissner.....	4 12 40	1 45 10	
Victor, A. Mertheus.....	4 12 10	1 45 30	
Dreadnaught, C. Wise.....	4 18 31	1 45 29	
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Jennie, Dr. Kahn.....	4 02 45	1 31 22	
Rax, C. Wise.....	4 14 56	1 43 05	
Wille, J. Beasner.....	4 14 57	1 43 06	
Juanita, C. White.....	4 14 56	1 43 05	
Billy Boy, P. Averill.....	4 15 00	1 43 06	

Encinal Y. C. Open Regatta.

ALAMEDA—SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

The first regatta of the Encinal Y. C. was sailed on May 30, the times being:

CLASS 1.					
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Florence.....	3 40 35	5 07 05	1 26 30	1 25 55	
Fawn.....	3 40 15	5 04 20	1 24 05	1 24 05	
Lapwing.....	3 41 27	5 12 35	1 31 08	1 28 41	
CLASS 2.					
Caprice.....	3 41 45	Withdrew.			
Vixen.....	3 42 05	5 16 52	1 34 47	1 34 47	
CLASS 3.					
Dulce.....	3 40 25	5 31 15	1 50 50	1 50 50	
SPECIAL.					
El Sueno.....	3 43 52	4 50 35	1 06 43	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Race Committee of the Seawanbaka Y. C. have issued the following: "Owners of yachts who contemplate making entries in any of the regattas to be held by the clubs of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, of which organization this club is a member, are requested to apply immediately for permanent racing numbers to Messrs. Rehm & Co., of No. 157 Fulton street, New York. In the application it is necessary to state the name of the yacht, class and rig. In view of this arrangement the clubs of the Y. R. U. will not hereafter provide racing numbers. The attention of members is called to an error in the 'Schedule of Seawanbaka Racing Events,' recently issued, in which the dates of the International Challenge Cup Races are erroneously given as July 15 and succeeding days until decided. This should be corrected to read July 13 and succeeding days until decided."

We have received from the J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., a copy of a new work which we can recommend to all interested in yachts and vessels generally. The book, which is one of the "Nautical Series," published by the Lippincott Co. in this country and Chas. Griffin & Co. in London, is called "Know Your Own Ship." The book, according to the subtitle, is "a simple explanation of the stability, construction, tonnage and freeboard of ships; specially arranged for the use of ships' officers, superintendents, draftsmen and others, by Thomas Walton, N.A., lecturer to ships' officers, Government Navigation School, Leith." The book contains in a condensed, simplified and practical form a great amount of information relating to vessels that is practically inaccessible to the average reader because it is to be found only in large and expensive works, in connection with the more intricate and abstruse portions of naval architecture, and often set forth in a form only intelligible to the student. Beginning with displacement and taking up in turn such subjects as moments, buoyancy, strain, structure, stability, etc., Mr. Taylor has succeeded admirably in setting forth the main facts in a simple form; the manner of treatment being similar to that attempted in the present series of articles on "Yacht Designing" which we are now publishing. Such subjects as stability and metacentric height are treated in language within the reach of any intelligent reader. The book is devoted, so far as specific examples go, solely to merchant vessels, and does not touch upon yachts; but the yachtsman will find it a most useful work and well worth his careful study.

The novel and useful form of Coast Pilot introduced by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, the yacht photographer, a few years ago, in which the latest sailing directions are supplemented by photos taken by Mr. Stebbins of the various lighthouses, beacons, buoys and other marks, has just reached a second edition, materially revised and extended so as to include the two books originally issued to cover the Atlantic coast. The new book, a long quarto in a canvas cover, embraces the coast from Galveston to Bass Harbor, Me. It is illustrated by a very large number of reproductions from photos showing all the aids to navigation on the coast. It is needless to speak of the utility of the book in picking up strange landmarks, the pictures show at a glance what might not be revealed by a close study of many lines of print. The book has met with deserved favor from yachtsmen, steamboat men and small coasters.

Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1896 calls for little comment in addition to what we have often before said of it, as it has long since reached a point where the only field for growth was in size. It is the same handsome and comprehensive green and gold volume, with an extended and corrected list of yachts, both British and foreign. Among the new yachts enrolled are Varuna, designed by Watson and building by A. & J. Inglis for Eugene Higgins, 1,500 tons, 264ft. b. p., 35 1ft. beam and 18.3ft. hold; Margarita, also designed by Watson and building at the Alisa S.B. Co.'s yard, Trood, Scotland, for A. J. Drexel, 1,322 tons, 253.5ft. b. p., 33.7ft. beam and 18.4ft. hold; and a third, still larger, designed by Watson and building by J. & G. Thomson, Glasgow, for Ogden Goellet, 1,737 tons, 279.5ft. b. p., 36.67ft. beam and 18.3ft. hold. All of these will have quadruple expansion engines. The book may be had of Thomas Congdon, principal surveyor of Lloyd's for the United States, Kemble Building, Whitehall St., New York.

The Larchmont Y. C. has issued the following circular relating to the 34ft. and 30ft. special classes:

It is the intention of the club to give eight races for these classes during the season of 1896.

For each race the club will give an appropriate record prize to the winning boat and a like prize to the second boat in each class, if four or more boats start, and a like prize to the third boat if eight or more boats start.

Com. H. M. Gillig offers two valuable prizes to be awarded at the end of the season to the yacht which has won the greatest number of first prizes in her class.

The Larchmont Y. C. offers two prizes to be awarded at the end of the season to the yachts which have won the greatest number of points in their respective classes in such races, the points counting as follows: The winner in each race shall be credited with four points. The second yacht in each race shall be credited with two points. The third yacht in each race shall be credited with one point.

If either yacht in her respective class winning the greatest number of races should also have won the greatest number of points, such yacht will receive the commodore's prize, and the yacht winning the second largest number of points will receive the prize offered by the club.

In case of a tie for either prize, the tie will be sailed off in a special race. John E. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony, Henry C. Wintringham, Regatta Committee.

We have received from a correspondent a photo of a yacht, a snap shot taken from a passing steamer in the Narrows, New York Bay, on May 31. The photographer is ignorant of the name of the yacht, but offers to send a copy of the photo to the owner should he make himself known. The picture, which is a very good one, shows a yawl, in model similar to a Cape cat, with a plumb stem and short counter, and long low cabin house. She is on port tack, with two reefs in mainsail and whole mizzen and jib, apparently heading north on the wind. We shall be glad to forward the picture to the owner on application.

The year book of the New York Y. C. for 1896 is a large volume, the largest of its kind, containing the constitution, by-laws, racing rules, etc., of the club. The private signals of 490 members are given, the total membership of the club being nearly 1,200.

We are indebted to the secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, for a copy of the club book for 1896. The club, now in its twelfth season, has met with remarkable success through the spirit and good management of its founders and their successors, and is now in a most prosperous condition.

The first of the three yachts building by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. was launched on June 4. She is named Siren and was designed by a Chicago yachtsman. The other two are Vincedore, the Berriman yacht for the international race, and Vanenna, owned by W. R. Crawford, of Chicago. The latter is a bulb-fin, in model and dimensions similar to Niagara.

Lasca, schr., has been sold by John E. Brooks to James L. Watson, of Rochester, owner of the steam yacht Algonquin, formerly Gadabout IV.

The Board of Commissioners of Lincoln Park, Chicago, has at length agreed to the plans of the Lincoln Park Y. C., and that club will be aided in constructing a suitable basin and anchorage such as have long been needed at Chicago.

The Eastern Y. C. has arranged the following programme for the season: June 27, race for knockabouts; July 20, race for knockabouts; Aug. 15, racing run from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, with prizes for special 30ft. class and other seventh class sloops; Aug. 18, races for special 30ft. class, other seventh class sloops and knockabouts; Aug. 19, races for special 30ft. class and other seventh class sloops; Sept. 19, race for knockabouts. No announcement has yet been made concerning the annual regatta.

The Rochester Y. C. has issued a very neat little club book, with list of members and yachts, etc. The club opened the season with a cruising race to Sodus on May 30 and a cruise home next day. The little cutter Iris, owned by F. T. Christy, made a remarkably good showing on both occasions. The first club race will be on June 27, the squadron review on July 4, ladies' day July 9, with club races on July 18 and 30, Aug. 8 and 27.

On June 9 a steel steam yacht was launched at the yard of the D. R. I. S. B. and S. E. Co. for Stephen W. Roach, owner of the steam yacht Emmeline. Parthenia, as the new yacht is named, is 142ft. over all, 115ft. 9in. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 9ft. hold, with triple expansion engines, 25, 16 and 9 by 14in. She has Almy boilers and her wheel is three-bladed, 6ft. 6in. diameter and 7ft. pitch.

Vice-Com. Henry C. Ward, N. Y. Y. C., schr. Clytie, has offered a very handsome loving cup, to be called the Walrus cup, to the schooner of the New York Y. C. which shall win the greatest number of runs on the annual cruise.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will hold a special race on Tuesday, June 30, open to yachts of any recognized yacht club, the committee reserving the right to reject any entry. The classes will be special 30ft., special 21ft., special 34ft., 15ft., all without time allowance; cabin cats, 30ft. and under; open cats, all sizes, shifting ballast; open sloops, all sizes, shifting ballast. The race will be under the rules of the Y. R. A. Entries must be made in writing to George E. Gutland, 11 Wall street, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

Thirty-foot Class, Special Race.

NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 11.

The first important race of the new 30ft. special class took place on June 11 on New York Bay, the weather conditions being such as are but too seldom met with about New York in early summer—a strong, true wind all day from W.N.W., with smooth water, the weather being clear and just cool enough for both yachtsmen and spectators. The one serious drawback was the lack of any means of following the boats, so that but a small part of an exceptionally fine display of yacht racing was seen by others than the contestants and some of the clam-mers about Sandy Hook. The race was a special one, for prizes given by the New York Y. C. of \$75, \$50 and \$25, and it was started by the regatta committee of the club. The course was a special one, as follows:

From a line between Buoy 13 and the committee boat anchored east of it, two cables' length; around Buoy 12, near Southwest Spit (red nun with perch and ball), leaving it to starboard; around float displaying red flag with white stripe, one mile S., half W. from Old Orchard Shoal Light, leaving it to starboard, to a line drawn as for the start. Buoy 9 (west bank) and the bell buoy, midway between buoys 9 and 11 (west bank), must be left to the westward both going and return-ing.

The starters were: Hera, R. N. Ellis; Wawa, James Stillman; Es-peranza, A. S. Van Winkle; Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea; Mai, O. G. Jennings; Departure, C. B. Seeley; Musme, J. M. MacDonald; Asahi, Bayard Thayer.

Departure is the new Gardner sharpie fin-keel, the others being all Herreshoff boats.

While half a dozen of the boats were in a close tangle at the weather end of the line awaiting the gun, Wawa, sailed by Edmund Fish, went over the leeward end with a rush and with nothing to trouble her. This fine start she soon improved into an open lead of the fleet, which she held all day. She was one of several, including Musme, sailed by J. F. Lovejoy, which had the good judgment to turn in a single reef before the start; Musme soon shook herself free from the others and took second place for the day. As they went reaching down by the west bank, those with reefs having all the sail they wanted and the others luffing and begging with very much more, they made a fine sight, with their bright mahogany topsides and pine decks. Taken in detail at anchor their appearance is not specially pleasing, the bow has an awkward knuckle and the bowsprit is very short, suggesting the idea that the yachts would have been quite as good and much handsomer if the limit of over all length had been made large enough to admit of a jib tack at the stem head, as in El Chico and the older Herreshoff fms. The transom and counter of the new model, how-ever, is more yacht-like and shapely than in El Chico and Weonah. While the mahogany topsides and white pine decks show in very pleasing contrast, the use of oak for the wales, as in all the Herreshoff craft, entirely destroys the sheerline, making the deck look too wide and the side too low. The cabin houses, alike on all, are suggestive of the promp-ter's box at the opera or some other unshipshape and land-lubberly construction, and detract very much from the appearance. When under way, however, and in such a breeze and bobble as on Thursday, all of these defects disappear and only the good points of the boats are visible; they are wonderfully lively and quick in all their movements and make a beautiful marine picture. The Gardner boat was visible only from the lee side and at a disadvantage, but she too has a peculiar streak of ugliness in her sharpie stem, with its abrupt angle just above the water; she seemed to trim very much by the stern and showed re-markably little freeboard. The cabin house was less painfully in evi-dence than in the other boats.

With wind and tide both helping they went gayly along by the west bank and down the main channel, Wawa first, Musme second, then Vaquero III. and Mai, both with whole sail and staggering under it, Hera, Esperanza, Asahi and Departure. This order was maintained as long as they were in sight, but the greater part of the race, the reach across to the markboat after luffing round the Spit Buoy, and the third reach home on the other tack, was lost in sight. The race was officially timed:

	START 11:30:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa.....		1 58 54	2 27 54
Musme.....		1 59 54	2 28 54
Asahi.....		2 00 39	2 29 39
Esperanza.....		2 01 24	2 30 24
Departure.....		2 06 39	2 35 39
Hera.....		Withdrew.	
Vaquero III.....		Withdrew.	
Mai.....		Withdrew.	

Wawa wins \$75, Musme \$50, and Asahi, sailed by Capt. Nat Watson, \$25.

New York Y. C. Fifty-first Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Thursday, June 11.

THE New York Y. C. was in rare luck for its annual regatta on Thursday of last week. The day was simply perfect, clear, bright and bracing, with a rattling breeze from W.N.W., a most grateful change from the preceding days of fog and rain and raw easterly winds. Lander with his orchestra and Delmonico with his luncheon were aboard the steamer Taurus in fine racing form, fit to grace any regatta, and the club flag flew proudly over a fine fleet of yachts. Most of these, however, were of the would-be "protected cruiser" class, "tea-kettles," small and large. Of sailing yachts there were comparatively few and of racing yachts still fewer; in fact, the whole annual regatta resolved itself into a match between two yachts. Inter-esting as this was from the reputations of the two craft, the very successful Emerald and the well-known Colonia making her debut as a schooner, and close and exciting as the race was from start to finish, it made but a poor apology for the annual regatta which was once the great event of the season. Why the entry list was so small and the starters still fewer in number, and why but eight yachts finished, are hard questions to answer; but the result remains, that the regatta open only to club yachts and those of large size is a thing of the past. The conditions of Thursday were far above the average—ideal weather, a long and obstinate duel between two noted yachts, all of it plainly visible, and incidentally a view of the warships anchored off Staten Island and of a real yacht race; taking all of these together, the day was a success, but with such weather as on Wednesday, with-out Colonia, and without the merely incidental view of the 30-footers, it would have been a dismal failure.

The regatta was under the usual conditions, open to club yachts only, the courses being from off Buoy 13, outside the Narrows, down by the Ship Channel and Southwest Spit and out by the Hook; the larger yachts, all above 55ft. racing length, going around the Sandy Hook Lightship and home as they came, the smaller turning the Scotland Lightship and returning. The usual prizes were offered for both racing and cruising trim. In the absence of the three members of the regatta committee, Fleet Captain Griswold and Messrs. Tams and W. E. Iselin had charge for the day, accompanying Com. Brown on the steam yacht Sylvia. The entries were:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.			
	Length.	Allows.	
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell.....	53.51	Allows.	
Colonia, C. A. Postley.....		Not meas.	
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.			
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse.....	83.28	Allows.	
Clytie, R. C. Ward.....	79.46	0 01 48	
FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.			
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	74.82	Allows.	
Elsemarie, J. B. King.....	74.67	0 00 04	
FIFTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.			
Eclipse, L. J. Collonan.....	54.99	0 00 00	
Wasp, H. F. Lippitt.....	54.97	0 00 00	
SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.			
Uvira, E. M. Lockwood.....	47.13	Allows.	
Norota, F. M. Hoyt.....	41.64	0 07 50	
SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.			
Choctaw, J. M. Strong.....	47.08	Allows.	
Olga, C. P. Buchanan.....	34.76	0 20 00	
MIXED CLASS—RULE 4—CRUISING TRIM.			
Ramona, schooner, H. M. Gillig.....	105.84	Allows.	
Wayward, cutter, Duncan Elsworth.....	65.53	0 16 48	

At the last moment Amorita came down and Mr. Brokaw announced that the centerboard had jammed and that the yacht consequently would not start; she draws but 12ft. of water and consequently re-quires a centerboard to prevent leeway. The owner of the old sloop Eclipse, in spite of all he has done to improve her, not unnaturally had no desire merely to follow Wasp over the course and did not start. The "mixed" class, as prearranged, promised to be well worthy of its name, with the big old schooner Ramona matched against the cruising Burgess cutter Wayward, but unfortunately it was "spoiled" by the absence of Ramona. The committee wisely ex-ercised their discretion, and for once applied the rule to the purpose for which it was intended—of gathering up at the last possible mo-ment all the yachts that were without class competitors and making one class of them. This brought the two cutters Wayward and Wasp together, and made as good a race as was possible under the circum-stances. It turned out by no means interesting, as the two were minutes apart all day and the smaller won, by allowance; but it was better than a sail over for each.

Not only "wind and weather," but everything else permitted a

FOREST AND STREAM.

punctual start and the gun was not only fired promptly at 11, as per pro-gramme, but all of the yachts were at the line and ready for the start. The tide was running about half ebb and the wind was coming over the Staten Island hills in chunks, the water being smooth. After a ten-minute interval the starting gun for the smaller yachts was fired at 11:10:00, and Norota led the way over the line, the times being:

Norota.....	11 10 36	Olga.....	11 11 24
Uvira.....	11 10 43	Wayward.....	11 11 39
Wasp.....	11 10 53	Choctaw.....	11 12 26

Meanwhile the two big schooners were maneuvering up toward the Narrows, Colonia keeping to windward; they came down with a rush, Colonia carrying her No. 1 jibtopsail, while Emerald's stay was bare. Both carried clubtopsails. The first over the line was Iroquois, near the leeward end, where a white steam yacht barred her way, a most unnecessary proceeding where room was so plentiful. The times of the schooners were:

Iroquois.....	11 16 56	Elsemarie.....	11 20 17
Colonia.....	11 17 06	Clytie.....	11 21 45
Emerald.....	11 17 33		

The first incident of the day was the loss of Uvira's bowsprit when but a short distance from the line, compelling her to retire. The fleet went down the channel with a rush, Colonia soon being in the lead; the two were timed at the Spit, Colonia 11:50:00, Emerald 11:50:40. As both were timed from a moving vessel, the apparent gain of a few seconds for Emerald is not reliable, and only shows that the two had held about even on the reach of seven miles.

The wind was nearly astern after they had jibed over for the short leg out to Buoy 5 off the point of the Hook. Colonia got her spinnaker ready on the starboard side, setting it on the foremast. Emerald set hers a little later to port and on the mainmast. After passing the buoy they had the wind dead aft, so nearly so that they ran out to the mark on opposite jibes, as did the smaller yachts astern.

Which of the experts was right and which wrong was an open ques-tion. Emerald made a perceptible gain, and when she took in her spinnaker near the mark was on Colonia's lee-beam. On the other hand, while she had to take in her spinnaker boom to leeward and jibe over, Colonia merely had to trim down as she luffed around the Light-ship, she also being the inside boat. The result was that Colonia was timed with a lead of an even minute, instead of 27s, at starting. The approximate times at the Sandy Hook Lightship were:

Colonia.....	12 43 40	Iroquois.....	12 54 00
Emerald.....	12 44 40	Wasp.....	12 56 30
Wayward.....	12 50 00	Elsemarie.....	12 58 20

Once trimmed down, the pair on starboard tack, the fine work of the day commenced. Colonia swung a big clubtopsail, but it did not set properly. Emerald had her clubset over the jibheader, the tack started on both. The clubtopsail was not tacked down, and after about 15 min-utes on the wind she lowered it. There was no question between the two in carrying power; while Emerald came home without her club-topsail, and at times with the two working topsails clewed down, Co-lonia easily carried her clubtopsail, though she had it shaking much of the time, and gained little by it. She showed, however, ample power to carry her racing rig at all times.

The first development on the wind was the pointing of Emerald, very much higher than that of Colonia. At 12:51:00 Colonia went on port tack and crossed Emerald's bows, at once tacking again on her weather. At 12:55:00 Emerald went on port tack only to find Colonia to windward again. When she went about Colonia's foregaff fouled the springstay, and after holding along for a few minutes she went about and slacked her halyards to clear it, leaving Emerald free, she holding her port tack and soon lowering her clubtopsail. They parted now, on opposite tacks, and then both went about, coming together at about 1:10:00, when Emerald crossed Colonia's bows. To all appear-ances Colonia was doing better work on the port than on the starboard tack. She did not point with Emerald, and she was luffed up at times, presumably to set up halyards and sheets. They stood on toward the Highlands, Emerald now gaining, and at 1:40:00 both were close into the beach off Sandy Hook somewhere abreast of Spermaceti Cove. Colonia was to windward, and from the steamer it was a question whether Emerald could cross her when both had to tack for water. Colonia was drawing some 4ft. more water than Emerald, and this probably led her to tack first, at 1:47:00. Emerald held on until it seemed as though her bowsprit was somewhere in among the scrub cedars on the Hook, but at 1:50:00 she came about on port tack. The two now stood up along the beach until they could tack well clear of Buoy 5.

The wind had been much lighter outside the Hook all day, when the yachts passed the point, of the Hook and started to beat in to the Spit Buoy they felt the full force of it, and Emerald lowered both topsails to the caps. They were not closely timed at the Spit, but Emerald had a lead that meant a gain of over two minutes in the windward work.

Once around the buoys they had a close reach in, a fine bit of sail-ing for the spectators. Emerald heeled as the puffs caught her until she was far down on her beam ends. Colonia stuck to her clubtop-sail while the other was under lower sails, but she gained nothing by the big kite. She also carried a baby jibtopsail until the tack parted. Finally she parted the sheet of her foretopsail and took that in. While she gained on Emerald, especially when the latter rolled down almost flat, she failed to catch her. Just short of the line Elsemarie carried away the whole head of her jib. The official times were:

SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald.....	11 17 33	3 07 56	3 50 23	3 50 23
Colonia.....	11 17 06	3 09 04	3 51 58 *	Not meas.

THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.				
Iroquois.....	11 16 56	3 26 29	4 19 33	4 10 33
Clytie.....	11 21 45	Withdrew.		

FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.				
Elsemarie.....	11 20 17	3 36 03	4 15 46	4 15 42

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.				
Norota.....	11 10 36	3 29 35	4 18 59	4 11 09

SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.				
Choctaw.....	11 12 26	3 24 38	4 12 12	4 12 12

MIXED CLASS—CRUISING TRIM.				
Wasp.....	11 10 53	3 42 51	4 31 50	4 21 23

Colonia is not yet measured, but it is certain that she will allow time to Emerald; the latter wins a \$200 cup. Iroquois wins a \$100 cup; Norota wins a \$200 cup; Choctaw wins a \$200 cup and Wasp wins a \$100 cup in the mixed class.

The race between Colonia and Emerald, fine as were the conditions, cannot be taken as in any way conclusive. The older boat is in perfect racing form, the result of three seasons of thorough working up and successful racing. Colonia, on the other hand, is in nearly all re-spects a new boat, the rig, the ballasting and the centerboard being all new. She was hurried away from the yard only a day or two be-fore the race, with no time for trial, and is yet far from ready. The strong wind was also against her in this race, as sails and gear were not yet stretched to place. The showing under these circumstances promises some lively racing in the future meetings of the pair.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 6.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, was sailed on June 6, over a 20-mile course on the Delaware, starting from the club station at Essington. The times were:

FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS, SLOOPS AND YAWLS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Ventiza.....	11 30 00	5 10 23	5 40 23	
Naracotte.....				
Mascoutta.....				

THIRD-CLASS SLOOPS.				
	Allowance.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mona.....		5 16 45	5 46 45	
Ethel.....	1 52 00	5 11 37	5 41 37	5 39 45
Kathleen.....	2 46 00	5 12 04	5 42 04	5 39 58
Saracen.....	4 23 00	5 10 24	5 40 24	5 36 01
Irex.....	9 16 00	5 19 36	5 49 36	5 40 20
Athalia.....	10 14 00	5 18 51	5 48 51	5 38 37

The Ogdensburgh Y. C. Cup.

THE following announcement is made by the Ogdensburgh Y. C.: The Ogdensburgh Y. C. has offered a \$300 cup to be competed for by half-raters on July 28; the cup to be the personal property of owner of winning boat. The course will be an equilateral triangle, each side about one mile, in open water, clear of all headlands, and sailed under the rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Mr. W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, has kindly con-sented to act as referee of this race. We have received assurance of entries from several Long Island Sound and Canadian yacht owners, and trust you can find it convenient to enter your boat. The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. C. have made a special rate from New York for this occasion, whereby half-raters can be loaded into large cars with end doors and shipped to Ogdensburgh and return by fast freight, at \$1.56 per 100lbs. each way, for actual weight. For instance, a boat weighing 300lbs., the charge for round trip would be \$9.36. We will be pleased to furnish entry blanks and any other information upon application to the secretary.

OGDENSBURGH YACHT CLUB, A. R. PORTE, Sec'y.

Douglaston Y. C. Annual Regatta.

DOUGLASTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 18.

THE annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. was sailed on June 13 in a fresh breeze from N.E. which fell before the larger yachts had finished in the afternoon; the smaller craft had enough to make a very fine race.

Among the starters in the 15ft. class was Ideal, a new boat designed by W. P. Stephens for H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and built by the Spald-ing-St. Lawrence Boat Co. She came down from the St. Lawrence by rail and was rigged and launched on Thursday afternoon. She is similar to Ethelwynn, but with 2in. more beam and a larger sail plan. She is very handsomely finished, the deck of Spanish cedar and the topsides in white enamel. Her rig is similar to Ethelwynn, with silk sails by Wilson & Griffin. The courses were:

Classes 1, 2 and 3, from line between the club house and a stakeboat anchored in Little Neck Bay around Gangway buoy, to be left on starboard hand; thence to starting line, leaving stakeboat on port hand; thence to Gangway buoy, leaving it on starboard hand; thence to starting point, stakeboat on starboard hand; about 20 miles.

Class 5, from a line between the club house and a stakeboat an-chor-ed in Little Neck Bay, around Gangway Buoy, to be left on star-board hand to starting point, leaving stakeboat on port hand, around a stakeboat anchored in Pelham Bay, opposite Stepping Stone Light, leaving it on Starboard hand, to starting point, stakeboat on star-board hand. About fifteen miles.

Classes 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, from a line between the club house and a stakeboat anchored in Little Neck Bay, around a stakeboat anchored N. E. of Throgg's Neck, around a stakeboat anchored in Pelham Bay, opposite Stepping Stone Light, both marks to be left on the starboard hand, thence to the starting point, stakeboat on port hand, thence around the stakeboat in Pelham Bay, thence to starting point, leav-ing both stakeboats on starboard hand.

The Douglaston Y. C. is fortunate in the possession of a cozy float-ing house, which lies through the season in Douglaston Bay, but which on occasions like this is towed out to the mouth of Little Neck Bay, at the head of the racing courses. From the house the courses for the smaller yachts were plainly visible, though the steam yacht, Belle Haxen, Com. Hoyt, carried the committee and guests over the inner course. The race of the large yachts, around the Gangway Buoy, was visible only in part.

The regatta was under the rules of the Y. R. U., with a one-gun start in all classes. The first gun was fired at 12:30, and the start for Class 3 at 12:30, Coya going over promptly, with Ellide on her weather quarter. The next class started at 12:35, Oconee over first, followed by Molly Bawn to windward of Exonian. They all trimmed close for the reach across to the Stepping Stones. Molly Bawn held a good wind and worked well out from the start. The catboats started at 12:40, Mary II. going over on the gun, followed by Caper, Violet, Baby, Melita. The 21-footers and 15-footers started at 12:45, Ideal, with a single reef in, making the best start, followed by Olita, Celia, Houri, Paprika, Hope, Ulmec, Question. These and the cats in Classes 11, 12 and 13 had an easy reach across wind and tide, the latter running to windward, to the Throgg's Neck Buoy, a little over a mile; then about a mile and a half of windward work to the City Island mark; and then three legs of reaching across the Sound and back, so that the race was nearly all a reach. Mary II. held her lead to the first mark, the fleet being remarkably well bunched when the small size of some of the boats is considered; the little Paprika made a close race across with the 21-footer Celia. The order of the 15-footers was Paprika, Ulmec, Hope, Olita, Question and Ideal. All but the new boat had started with whole sail, and after coming on the wind she shook out her reef.

While Mary held out toward the channel on port tack, Presto stood in nearer the Pelham shore, and at the end of the windward leg was far ahead. Paprika improved her position on the fleet of 15-footers to windward, and did still better when she started sheet for the free reach to the line. Hope was about a minute astern of her, and Ulmec third, the others well strung out astern. Near the end of the round Ideal passed Olita and left the latter at the tail. The order of the turn was: Presto, Houri, Oconee, Punch, Molly Bawn, Celia, Mary, Paprika, Hope, Ulmec, Question, Ideal and Olita. On the way across to the City Island mark, Mary lowered her mainsail and withdrew. Going out and back Paprika gained considerably, Ulmec picked up and passed Hope, and Ideal passed Question. Houri, with a new suit of Wilson & Griffin sails of very light material, easily left Celia. The official times were:

CLASS 3—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS, 30 TO 36FT.—START 12:30.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mignon, Joseph Fournier.....		4 07 35		
Coya, Wm. Grace.....		4 19 45		
Ellide, W. W. Hollingsworth.....		4 29 55		

CLASS 5—CABIN CATS, 25 TO 30FT.—START 12:35.				
Mollie Bawn, F. M. Brown.....		3 04 50		
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....		3 14 40		
Exonian, W. R. Fleming.....		Withdrew		

CLASS 9—15 FOOTERS—START 12:45.				
Olita, H. C. Rouse.....		2 33 31		
Question, L. D. Huntington.....		2 33 30		
Hope, Arthur Iselin.....		2 39 50		
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt.....		2 34 10		
Ulmec, W. W. Howard.....		2 37 00		
Ideal, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		2 32 15		

CLASS 10—21-FOOTERS—START 12:45.				
Houri, E. Burton Hart, Jr.....		2 18 00		
Celia, W. F. Gould.....		2 20 35		

CLASS 11—CABIN CATS, UNDER 22FT.—START 12:40.				
Presto, F. M. Randall.....		2 17 30		
Mary II., W. E. Elsworth.....		Withdrew.		
Caper, Edward G. Unitt.....		Withdrew.		
Melita, O. H. Chelborg.....		3 40 50		

CLASS 12—OPEN CATS, 22FT. AND UNDER—START 12:40.				
Punch, A. Clark.....		2 32 00		
Violet, G. A. S. Wieners.....		2 37 40		

CLASS 13—OPEN CATS, BETWEEN 20 AND 25FT.—START 12:40.				
Baby, D. A. Corry.....		2 34 00		

The winners are: Mignon, Mollie Bawn, Paprika, Ulmec (second prize), Houri, Punch and Baby. Presto is a new cabin cat, designed and built by the Crosby Co., of Bay Ridge. After the race the club house was towed back to its moorings and the members and their guests spent the evening in dancing.

San Francisco Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Saturday, May 30.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco was sailed in a strong breeze on May 30, the times being:

CLASS 4.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ceres.....	12 07 58	Withdrew.		

YAWLS.	
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Meteor III.

MAKING all due allowance for the enthusiasm which always greets a new yacht of the largest class, especially when owned by a millionaire or even by royalty, it nevertheless appears that Mr. Watson has distinguished himself in his latest production, and that she is a remarkably fast yacht. Just how fast it is difficult yet to say, as she is being tried by a new standard that is very imperfectly understood by yachtsmen. As quoted below from the *Field*, with some 2,000 ft. more sail she measures by the new rule but little more than the old rating yachts of the class. The *Field* describes her as follows:

"On leaving the dock at Southampton, the German Emperor's Meteor sailed for Cowes, whither sundry fittings had been forwarded from the Clyde. In the small hours of Wednesday morning she arrived at Tilbury, where she took up a berth near Satanita, completely dwarfing such, by comparison, small fry as Caross and The Saint, wedged in between the two giants. Like her predecessors, the new Meteor's topsides are painted dark blue, which, if anything, deludes the eye into an exaggerated estimate of her by no means diminutive proportions. The rumor that she is fitted with a wheel forward of the mast is without foundation. She has, indeed, a detachable wheel for cruising purposes, but when in use it merely takes the place of the filler, the compass in that case being shifted to a skylight further aft. Her round steel boom appears to be shorter than the octagonal boom of Valkyrie III., and certainly gives the impression of great strength. Her topsail halyards are brought down below the deck and made fast to the hoisted portion of the mast in the forecabin. This part of the vessel is lit up by a couple of large hatches, one forward and one abaft the mast. It contains three rows of folding bunks, while on the starboard side a snug little cabin is partitioned off for the use of her skipper, Gomes.

For the bulkheads throughout the whole of the vessel—excepting of course in the forecabin—light woods and a flowered cretonne have been used, which has the effect of making the interior appear very roomy and airy. The saloon is most tastefully upholstered in dark green leather, with the imperial crown and the motto of the garter stamped in gold. Two swing tables are placed in front of the two orthodox couches, of which the one on the port side has been docked to allow space for a small escritoire. The three cabins, which follow aft, are commodious and light apartments and fitted with wide bunks. Right aft is the ladies' cabin, across the whole width of the vessel. The space opposite the foot of the companion is fitted with a comfortable lounge, while a number of small closets, cupboards and a separate bath-room lead out of the passage. At present the cabins are occupied by Lord Lonsdale, Mr. R. Allan and Capt. Arendhold, of which the last named, a retired naval officer and marine painter of no mean talent, will be remembered as having last year had command of the Emperor's 20-rater Vireta. Lord Lonsdale's sturdy little ocean-going steam launch Sybil, fitted with a powerful search-light forward of the funnel, is in attendance on the Meteor. The large cutter will leave shortly for the Elbe, whence she proceeds by the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal to Kiel for the racing on the Baltic. She will return in the early part of July and compete in the different regattas with the large class. According to present arrangements, the German Emperor will not come to Cowes for the regattas.

It is a very wonderful provision of the new rating rule that the Meteor can have 2,000 sq. ft. more canvas than Britannia and Satanita, and 1,400 sq. ft. than Ailsa, and yet only rate 101.1, or possibly 101.2. This is bringing in the old length class type with a very heavy vengeance indeed; practically the tax on sail has been wiped out, at any rate as far as the large class is concerned.

Her dimensions, as quoted by the same authority, are: l.w.l. 89ft., beam 24ft. 3in., draft about 17ft., boom 59ft., sail area about 12,240sq. ft.

The regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Y. C. was sailed off Dover on June 6; Britannia, Ailsa, Meteor and Satanita starting in the order named at 11:30 A. M., with a light southwest wind. The course was about fifty miles. The Saint, The Penitent and Niagara started at noon, in the order given.

Up to 12:30 P. M. only the faintest airs had assisted the racers, but Meteor had stolen away to the westward and was about a mile ahead of Satanita, only these two yachts having succeeded in weathering the pier end. Britannia and Ailsa, farther out in the channel, were obliged to anchor in order to prevent the tide from driving them away. In the 52ft. class, at the same hour, The Saint had a long lead on Niagara. The Penitent was badly handicapped. Fifty minutes elapsed before she crossed the line and went in chase of her opponents.

The course for the large yachts is to Boulogne-sur-Mer and back, and the course for the smaller yachts was originally twenty-four miles, but owing to the paltry wind the distance was reduced to twelve miles.

Niagara crossed the finish line at 5 hours 10 minutes and 48 seconds—nine minutes ahead of The Saint and eleven minutes before The Penitent. Meteor won the race for the large yachts, with Britannia second.

The regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C. was sailed on June 11, and resulted in another victory for Meteor. The weather conditions were not favorable to a speedy race, but Meteor sustained her reputation of being the best boat in soft winds.

At the time of the start, which was made at 10:45, the wind was very light. As soon as Meteor was fairly started she began to gain on Hester and soon passed her.

The boats were timed when they passed Calshot, and Meteor was then two minutes ahead of Britannia. Hester and Ailsa were in the rear of the Prince of Wales's cutter, while Satanita, after being recalled at the start, was fifteen minutes astern of the leader and practically out of the race. Meteor continued to gain slowly but surely, and the next time a watch was put on the boats she was fifteen minutes ahead of Britannia.

A little while afterward the yachts were in the doldrums and the race became wearisome. They drifted with the tide and in this Meteor proved herself the best boat of the lot. Satanita, seeing there was no possible chance for her, gave up the race. Hour after hour passed, with occasionally little puffs of wind, of which full advantage was taken, and it was not until 7h. 52m. 50s. that Meteor went over the finish line. Britannia was second at 8h. 18m. 30s., and Ailsa third at 8h. 19m. 20s. The only feature of the race was Meteor's wonderful performance despite the almost complete absence of wind.

The 20-raters Niagara, Audrey and The Penitent also raced over the Brambles course, a distance of thirty-two miles. The Penitent won, with Audrey second and Niagara last.

On June 13 Britannia, Meteor, Ailsa, Satanita and Hester started in the race for any yachts exceeding 39 rating, under the auspices of the Royal Southern Y. C., for prizes of £60 to the winner and £20 to the second. The course was around the Calshot Spit Lightship to East Lepe and East Sturbridge Buoys, back to the West Brambles Buoy, and thence to the starting line, twice around, a distance of forty-five miles.

The weather was fine and a whole sail breeze was blowing from the southeast when the starting gun was fired. The boats got away well together, the times at the start being:

Satanita.....	10 30 15	Hester.....	10 30 50
Ailsa.....	10 30 30	Meteor.....	10 31 03
Britannia.....	10 30 34		

It was a beat to the Calshot Spit Lightship and then a reach on the port tack to the East Lepe Buoy, at which point the times of the boats were taken as follows:

Satanita.....	11 02 10	Meteor.....	11 05 03
Ailsa.....	11 03 04	Hester.....	11 08 20
Britannia.....	11 04 36		

Passing Cowes the times were:

Satanita.....	11 20 00	Meteor.....	11 24 47
Ailsa.....	11 21 45	Hester.....	11 31 50
Britannia.....	11 24 10		

Before reaching Old Castle Point Meteor got to windward of Britannia and passed her. Later Meteor went ashore, but remained fast only a few minutes. After floating she continued in the race. Shortly after the yachts had passed Cowes the wind changed and headed the boats, and they beat across Osborne Bay. The race was stopped at the end of the first round. The yachts finished as follows:

Meteor.....	2 47 50	Satanita.....	2 55 12
Britannia.....	2 49 04		

Britannia won on time allowance.

The wind fell off in the afternoon. The twenty-raters went over the course prescribed for them. The Saint finished first, the Audrey second and The Penitent third. Mr. Howard Gould's yacht Niagara has been docked and consequently did not sail in the race.

In the Royal Southern regatta on June 12 the 52-footers, The Saint, The Penitent, Audrey and Niagara started at 10:30 A. M. At the conclusion of the first round the yachts held the positions in the order named: The Saint won, and The Penitent was second. The times of finish were as follows: The Saint, 4h. 20m. 30s.; The Penitent, 4h. 22m. 31s.; Audrey, 4h. 30m. 36s.; and Niagara, 4h. 32m. 41s.

The Orillia Yacht and Canoe Club was formed at Orillia, Ontario, last week with the following officers: Com., Thomas H. Sheppard; Vice-Com., George Curran; Sec.-Treas., E. W. Strathy. Mr. Andrew Falt has generously given the club the free use of his magnificent club house at the lake side, and Com. Sheppard has donated a \$50 challenge cup, which will be competed for for the first time on Dominion Day, July 1.



CHART OF COURSES FOR SEAWANHAKA TRIAL AND CUP RACES, OFF OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Trial Races.

ON Monday next, June 22, the trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the selection of a defender for its international cup begin at Oyster Bay, continuing on the two following days. The following conditions governing both the trial and cup races were published early in the season, but in answer to many inquiries we repeat them:

GENERAL REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE MATCH AND TRIAL RACES FOR 1896.

- I. The courses shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class, each leg of the triangular course shall be two nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be three nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles.
- II. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.
- III. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.
- IV. Yachts must not exceed 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).
- The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:
$$\frac{L \times W \times L + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$
- V. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 300lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent crew.
- VI. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)
- VII. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.
- VIII. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinnaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.
- IX. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

The race committee also announce the following programme for the trial races, subject to change, of which due announcement will be given:

TRIAL RACES TO SELECT THE DEFENDER FOR THE YEAR 1896 OF THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP FOR SMALL YACHTS, JUNE 22, 23, 24.

- Courses.—1. The course for the first and third trial races shall be triangular and shall be as follows:
- Triangular Course.—From a line between Center Island Buoy off the entrance to Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, and the committee steamer anchored S.E. of the same.
- E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.
- N.W.—Two miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand.
- S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.—Two miles across finish line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored N.W. of the same.
- Course to be sailed over twice; total distance twelve nautical miles. On the second round yachts will leave Center Island Buoy on the port hand.
- Note.—The race committee may in their discretion direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the N.W. of Center Island Buoy. In this case the committee steamer will be anchored S.E. of Center Island Buoy at the finish.
2. The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.
- Course to Windward or Leeward and Return.—From a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the starboard hand; distance 3 miles and return; course to be sailed over twice; total distance 12 nautical miles. The direction will be signalled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least 15 minutes before the preparatory signal.
- Start and Signals.—The start will be a one-gun flying start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer.
- First Signal.—Preparatory (whistle 15 seconds long). The club

burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal.—Start (whistle 15 seconds long). The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that the flags and balls constitute the signals, the whistles merely calling attention thereto.

Special Conditions.—1. The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

2. The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must on or before June 20 furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht certified by the measurer of the S. C. Y. C.

3. Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

4. In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.—All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the secretary of the race committee and will be furnished with printed or written blanks upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Oyster Bay will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by the said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman,
64 Leonard street, N. Y.
CHARLES W. Wetmore,
35 Wall street, N. Y.
WALTER C. KERR,
26 Cortlandt street, N. Y.
D. LEROY DRESSER,
55 White street, N. Y.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary,
64 Leonard street, N. Y.

Race Committee.

The club measurer, Mr. Hyslop, will be on hand to measure the yachts, but it is quite probable that there may not be time to measure all before the races. Yachts may be entered upon the certificate of measurement of the clubs to which they belong, subject to verification or remeasurement at the option of the committee or upon protest.

In one of the circulars sent out a misprint of dates of the cup races occurs, the correct dates being July 13 and succeeding days.

Racing numbers may be had, at a cost of 25 cents per set, of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York.

Columbia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Thursday, June 11.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 11 in a strong westerly wind, the course being a triangle on the Hudson from off the club house, Eighty-sixth street, New York, across the river to a stakeboat off Fort Lee, then down to a stakeboat off Guttenberg and home, two rounds making 15 miles. The times were:

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 31FT.				
	Start	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected
Cygnets.....	11 00 00	12 53 05	1 53 05	1 53 05
Pauline.....	11 05 07	Did not finish.		
Ramona.....	11 00 05	1 28 05	2 28 00	2 27 23
CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 27FT.				
Moya.....	11 01 05	Did not finish.		
Veta.....	11 05 00	1 15 00	2 10 00	2 10 00
Camille.....	11 03 05	Did not finish.		
CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 27FT.				
Lurline.....	11 01 30	1 18 20	16 15	
Dorothy.....	11 05 00	1 14 15	11 35	
Polly.....	11 03 05	1 34 00	30 55	
CLASS F—CABIN BOATS.				
Frankie A.....	11 06 20	1 48 20	42 00	2 42 00
CLASS H—NAPHTHA LAUNCH				
Rambler.....	11 56 30	1 43 40	47 10	1 47 10
Banshee.....	11 57 25	1 50 35	53 10	1 30 48
Mabel.....	11 56 35	2 01 00	44 25	1 41 40

Moya and Ramona each lost her topmast.

Atlantic Y. C. Special Races.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 13.

The Atlantic Y. C., under its present energetic officers, has joined the procession of live racing clubs and inaugurated a series of weekly races for the smaller classes, in addition to the stereotyped fixtures of an annual regatta and annual cruise. Whether it is a good policy at the present day to close these smaller events to the yachts of sister clubs is an open question; in our opinion the club would profit by a more liberal policy, such as is now the rule.

The race of Saturday was for three sets of prizes: the handsome Washington cup, presented by Allan O. Washington for the new 30ft. special class; the two Adams cups, presented by Vice-Com. Adams, the first legs for which were won on June 6 by Choctaw and Step Lively; and the club prizes of \$25 in several of the regular classes, the winners of the Adams cups being barred from these prizes. The courses were two triangles, each sailed three times, the starting and finishing lines being off the club house at Bay Ridge. The larger yachts sailed first past the Bay Ridge Bell Buoy, then past the Robbins Reef Bell Buoy, then past Buoy 14 and home; the catboats sailed the same course, omitting the Robbins Reef Buoy. The distances were 13½ and 10 miles. The wind was light from S.E., making a reach to the first mark, a run up the Bay, and a beat in from Buoy 14 to the line on each round. The entries were: For the Washington cup—Wawa, James Stillman; Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle; Departure, C. Barnum Seeley; Hera, Ralph N. Ellis; Mai, O. G. Jennings; Vaquero III, H. B. Duryea; Argonaut, J. R. Maxwell; Caroline, Pembroke Jones; Musme, J. M. Macdonough. For the Adams cups and club prizes—Sloops, cutters and yawls: Penguin, Geo. E. Brighton; Swannanoa, Stephen Loines; Tigress, James Weir, Jr.; Lynx, R. B. Lynch; Wabossa, H. B. Shaen; Choctaw, J. M. Strong; Sultan (yawl), John H. Cromwell. Cabin cats: Streak, C. H. Lary; Squaw, H. S. Jewell; Ethel, F. M. Randall. Main-sail yachts: Presto, F. M. Randall; Step Lively, F. M. Randall.

The new 30-footer Argonaut, designed by Winttingham for J. R. Maxwell, was unable to start owing to some delay in fitting out; there was, however, another new Herreshoff boat present, Caroline.

The start of the 30ft. class was made at 2:55, Mai, steered by L. D. Huntington, going over first. Mai and Asahi made a hot race, the latter finishing first, but being protested by Mai for fouling her at the Robbins Reef Buoy on the first round. The protest will be heard by the regatta committee. The times were:

30FT. CLASS—START 2:55:00.

	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Elapsed.
Asahi.....	0 52 47	0 48 20	0 48 33	2 29 40
Mai.....	0 53 44	0 48 24	0 47 59	2 30 07
Musme.....	0 54 34	0 48 10	0 47 53	2 30 37
Hera.....	0 55 06	0 48 28	0 48 23	2 31 57
Esperanza.....	0 55 24	0 50 23	0 48 21	2 34 07
Caroline.....	0 56 23	0 50 09	0 48 54	2 35 26
Wawa.....	0 55 36	0 49 57	0 51 15	2 36 48
Departure.....	0 57 39	0 53 14	0 50 41	2 41 34

Vaquero III. Withdrew.

Vaquero III. picked up some obstruction on her fin and withdrew.

Adams cups; start 3:05:00:

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin.....	2 29 53	2 29 53
Choctaw.....	2 30 44	2 28 36
Tigress.....	2 45 57	2 39 37
Sultan.....	2 54 42	2 41 05
Cygnet.....	Not timed.	
Acushla.....	2 34 19	2 20 15
Feydeh.....	Not timed.	
Iris.....	3 20 20	2 42 01

CATS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Step Lively.....	2 12 05	2 12 05
Squaw.....	2 17 51	2 16 42
Dorothy.....	Not timed.	
Ethel.....	2 38 15	2 27 36

Club prizes; start 3:05:00:

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Penguin.....	3 10 30	5 39 53	2 29 53	2 29 53
Choctaw.....	3 06 30	5 37 14	2 30 44	2 28 36

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tigress.....	3 09 07	5 55 04	2 45 57	2 39 37
Sultan.....	3 08 19	6 02 51	2 54 32	2 41 05

SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cygnet.....	3 07 23	6 17 18	3 09 45	3 09 45
Acushla.....	3 06 44	5 41 03	2 34 19	2 20 15

CATBOATS—CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Step Lively.....	3 15 47	5 27 52	2 12 05	2 12 05
Squaw.....	3 15 46	5 33 37	2 17 51	2 16 42

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ethel.....	3 18 07	5 56 22	2 38 15	2 38 15

The ownership of the Washington prize is as yet undecided. Acushla was first in the general race and wins \$25; she was barred for the Adams cups, not having started in the first race. Choctaw wins one Adams cup and Step Lively the other, each having won a leg on June 6. The club prizes go to Tigress, Acushla and Iris. The house was open to ladies during the afternoon, and in the evening a special entertainment took place under the direction of Prof. Hermann, of the steam yacht Fra Diavolo.

Hudson River Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 13.

The annual regatta of the Hudson River Y. C. was sailed on June 13 over the club's triangular course on the Hudson. The race started in a fresh N.E. breeze, but it soon fell and but a few of the fleet drifted home. The times were:

CLASS 4—CARIN CATS OVER 23FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Henrietta.....	11 25 00	4 30 00	5 05 00	5 05 00
Seray.....	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Adeline.....	11 25 00	Disabled.		

CLASS 7—OPEN CATS OVER 23FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jas. T. Corlett.....	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
John H. Cameron.....	11 22 45	3 29 50	4 07 05	4 07 05
Mildred.....	11 19 37	Withdrew.		

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS OVER 17 TO 20FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
C. T. Wills.....	11 21 35	1 43 31	2 21 56	2 21 56
Day Off.....	11 23 30	Withdrew.		

CLASS 10—OPEN CATS 17FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neversink.....	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Julie.....	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Adele Ray.....	11 25 00	2 10 15	2 45 15	2 44 10

Judges: Vice-Com. Grover, John Kelly and Frank Oliver.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.

COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1-8. Atlantic Division Meet, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

Atlantic Division Meet.

LAKE HOPATCONG, JULY 1-8.

The annual camp of the Atlantic Division will be held on Lake Hopatcong during the week July 1 to 8. The site chosen commands a splendid outlook over the western portion of the lake, is well removed from cottages and hotels and is situated on the point between Henderson Bay and Henderson Cove, just opposite the northern end of Chincopee Bridge, which separates Raccoon Island from the mainland.

The arrangements for the camp will comprise the furnishing of skids, tent floors—if desired—straw for tents, flag poles and ice at cost. Fire wood for fuel and camp-fires is abundant and the water off the point is deep and cool and all that could be desired for drinking purposes. The prevailing winds on the lake will sweep the camp, and malaria and mosquitoes are said to be unknown. Storage tents for duffle, etc., pending the arrival of owners, and for the use of members arriving unexpectedly, will be provided.

The scheme for transportation from New York and vicinity (if the estimated attendance warrants it) is a canal boat which will make the rounds of the club houses from Yonkers to Gravesend Bay, thence to the Passaic River and thence up the canal and into the lake. The boat will be retained during the camp and will serve not only as a "Home for the Friendless," but also for the delivery of duffle and canoes at the close of the camp. Members from along the Delaware can ship either by car direct to the lake or by lighter to New York; their canoes and duffle to be transferred to the canal boat at Jersey City. If the attendance does not warrant the use of a canal boat, canoes and duffle can be shipped to Hoboken or Communipaw, and thence by freight or members can procure individual transportation to the lake by regu-

lar canal boats should they so desire. Local transportation on the lake is all that could be desired. Two lines of swift launches ply at all hours, and will stop at the camp on every trip. Members can come by rail via the D. L. & W. R. R. to Hopatcong, or via the C. R. R. of N. J. to Lake Hopatcong (Nolan's Point). The launches meet all trains.

The question of a general mess cannot be well considered until a fair estimate is made of the probable attendance. Should the number warrant it, the proprietor of the Hollywood Hotel, on Raccoon Island, across the bay from the camp, has agreed to run a good and substantial mess at the camp for the use of the members at a reasonable charge per day. Otherwise the members can paddle about one-third of a mile across to Raccoon Island and walk to the hotel, where a separate room for meals will be provided for the members from the camp and their friends. The various clubs can also furnish club messes or members can cook for themselves. For the latter there is the benefit of a first-class store, well stocked, on Raccoon Island, where supplies and provisions can be ordered and delivered by launch.

The regatta committee has under way the programme for the races, for which several trophies and prizes have already been given and others promised.

In the firm belief that the strength and success of the American Canoe Association depends upon the interest and energy manifested by its several divisions, the executive and subcommittees heartily urge upon you to attend the camp, and thereby contribute not only to the pleasure of your summer outing, but to the entire success of the camp, and the satisfaction of your committees.

Please respond at your earliest opportunity on the inclosed card, whether your presence can be reckoned on, and for how long, and further advice respecting the exact cost of transportation for yourself, and for your canoe and duffle, programme of the races, and general information as to the mess, camp accommodation, etc., will be sent you at an early date.

Camp Site Committee: William C. Lawrence, Rear-Commodore, chairman; Joseph Edward Murray, Leavitt H. Cawley.

Regatta Committee: Henry H. Smythe, chairman; H. Lansing Quick, John M. Hamilton.

Transportation Committee: Percy F. Hogan, chairman; E. M. Underhill, James K. Hand.

JAMES K. HAND, Vice-Commodore.

Susquehanna River.

A CORRESPONDENT desiring to cruise on the Susquehanna River writes as follows; possibly some of our readers may be able to aid him:

1. At what point would you advise entering the river, so as to get the best canoeing and scenery?
2. How long will it take to go from Ninevah, New York State, to Sunbury, Pennsylvania, traveling not over six to eight hours a day?
3. What are the best points along the route at which to stop for meals?
4. Are there any dangerous places in the route to be avoided?

Housatonic River.

A CORRESPONDENT is desirous of obtaining information concerning the Housatonic River.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The spring regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. will be held on June 20, off the club house, Wissinoming, Philadelphia.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
Joseph W. Robinson.....	Lawrence.....	Lawrence.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Upper Mississippi Schuetzenfest.

WINONA, June 8.—The twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Upper Mississippi Schuetzenfest closed Sunday with the crowning of the Schuetzenkönig, A. J. Vandusen, of Winona, at the club's park. The fest has been running since Thursday. Sharpshooters from Milwaukee; Joliet and Peoria, Ill.; Davenport, Lyons and Dubuque, Ia.; La Crosse and other Wisconsin and Minnesota cities were present. In the team shoot Milwaukee won with 999, La Crosse 981, Davenport 974, Joliet 969, Winona (first team) 956, Sugar Loaf 924, Fountain City 903, Winona (second team) 887. A. J. Vandusen, of Winona, made 53 bullseyes in the team shoot, with Geo. Ziegenfuss second, 41. In the king shoot A. J. Vandusen broke the world's record with 371 red flag, tying and beating F. C. Ross's New York record made in 1895; blue flag, Amel Berg, of Davenport, Ia., second. The prizes were very fine and were valued at \$1,500. The cash prizes amounted to \$1,200. On the o targets Berg won the standard, 47; honor, J. C. Haymes, of Lyon, Ia., \$100; man, Berg 95; people's, A. J. Vandusen 72. The Winona ocoys have the finest range in the West. The next tournament will be held at La Crosse. F. J. S.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 18-20.—SPOKANE, Wash.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club. H. Bolster, Sec'y of Association.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburgh Gun Club; targets; \$500 added money.

June 25-26.—HOLLAND, Mich.—Tournament of Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, on grounds of Holland Gun Club. Inanimate targets. Open to all. A. Harrington, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4.—GREGORY'S POINT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Naromake Gun Club. Targets. W. E. L. Capron, Sec'y.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; \$750 added money.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

Handicaps and Highest Possibles.

In all branches of sport there is no form of contest that is more popular than a handicap race. Races of any kind where everybody starts from scratch never have the number of entries that a handicap event will have. Possible exceptions to this rule might be events where a considerable amount of money was added to the stakes; but the rule goes that whenever you want a large entry list a handicap of some sort is required.

Horse racing, foot racing, yachting, bicycling, etc., all have their handicap events. Were it not so in horse racing Hastings, Hand-spring, Clifford, etc., the crackerjacks of the turf, would clean up everything with as much ease as the crackerjacks of the shotgun carry off the bulk of the money at every tournament. The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., realized the necessity of encouraging the "amateur" at the recent New York State shoot and imposed a stiff handicap upon "known experts." The result, we think, was satisfactory to the majority, who felt that they were being given a show for "their white alley." Fully appreciating, as we do, the difficulties of the club's situation when tackling the question of imposing a handicap, we think a mistake was made in regard to the 50-target events. The rule adopted by the club was that experts must shoot into first or second place or else be out of the money. That is all right so far as 20-target events go, and we think that experts have no right to kick at that handicap; they'll get into money often enough to more than bring them even, if they shoot up to their gait.

But take a 25-target race; Where there are 50 to 60 entries, no unusual number nowadays, there is almost sure to be a straight score made. Experts, therefore, must break 25 or 24, or else be out of the money, and 24 out of 25 is a 96 per cent. clip! For that reason we would urge that in all 25-target events where a similar system of handicap is imposed experts must shoot into first, second or third place to be in for the money. In 50-target events we would suggest that experts must break 46 or better to get in for money. That would make the game hard enough to suit the rank and file, and yet give the experts a good show.

There is another form of handicapping that has great possibilities before it, if some of the mistakes that now exist in the system are eradicated in time. We refer to 50-target and 100-target handicap events, with allowances of extra targets to shoot at. We cannot call to mind just now any sport in which it is easier to "rope" or conceal from than it is in trap-shooting. Again a man is liable to go clean off in his shooting in one event and then break straight in the next. Handicap events with allowances of extra targets are therefore most uncertain affairs, and no matter how careful a handicapping committee may be, there is always sure to be a few unpleasant remarks made after it is all over. Personally we have assisted in fixing the handicaps in several 100-target events, so that we can speak with some degree of authority as to the anxieties and the unpleasantness attached to the duties of a handicap committee. It is only natural, therefore, that we should have looked round for some way to minimize those anxieties and that unpleasantness; and we think that in the following suggestions we have evolved something that may tend to help out handicap committees and to make such events as the above still more popular:

- (i) All target handicap events to be high guns.
- (ii) The handicap committee to fix a highest possible; the said highest possible to be a certain percentage below 100 per cent.
- (iii) All ties to be shot off at ten targets per man.

In defense of (i): We would point out that the semi-expert and the amateur have their advantages in their handicap allowances; "high guns," therefore, does not injure their chances as much as it would if the event was a scratch one. There is also no dropping for place in "high guns."

Next as to (ii): In 50-target handicap events make the highest possible score 47 (or 48), beyond which no targets broke can be scored; in 100-target events make the highest possible 94 (or 93). To each of these rules should be added the following exception: "Unless a scratch man shall break more than 47 (or 48) in a 50-target race, or more than 94 (or 93) in a 100-target race; in such cases that scratch man's score to be the highest possible. The above rule imposes no impossibility on a scratch man or on a man with a small allowance, and is, we think, absolutely fair to all.

As to (iii): On the shoot-off of ties there would be no handicap; each shooter has had his chance in the original race, and by limiting the number of targets to 10 everybody has about an equal show. If a division was agreed upon there need be no shoot-off.

The number of high guns in a handicap event of the above nature should be regulated by the number of entries, as was done so successfully in the Grand American Handicap of 1896. Thus there might be one additional money for every 4 or 5 shooters over and above (say) 12 entries. For instance, 12 entries, 3 high guns; 16 (or 17) entries, 4 high guns; 20 (or 22) entries, 5 high guns; 24 (or 27) entries, 6 high guns, and so on. It must be remembered that even with a highest possible mark there may be several winning scores below that mark.

We offer the above suggestions with a view to eliciting criticism on the same, and shall be glad to hear from all who are interested in the subject.

Dedham's Sportsmen's Club.

Boston, June 11.—Owing to the inclement weather there were but very few shooters at the Dedham Sportsmen's grounds, Dedham, Mass., Saturday. The badge match, 20 regular, Keystone system, was won by Mr. Parsons by a score of 18 out of 20. Events Nos. 8 and 9 will show the scores in this match. Mr. Cole was a close second with 17 birds to his credit. Clean scores were made by Mr. Moore and Mr. Parsons, each making 1; 890 birds were thrown during the afternoon, with scores as below. The total scores of the members were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
B Smith.....	188	98	Parsons.....	185	103
Moore.....	138	100	Cole.....	135	99
Gordon.....	100	87	Hollis.....	110	49
Brown.....	100	55			

ROBERT SMITH.

Binghamton Gun Club's Practice.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 13.—The Binghamton Gun Club held a very interesting practice shoot at its grounds to-day. After a little preliminary practice the members shot a series of 10-bird sweeps. We had for a visitor Mr. Platt Adams, of New York city, who, as the score will show, was in good shooting trim. The weather conditions were unfavorable to good scores. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Waldron.....	5	7	7
Adams.....	5	8	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Brown.....	9	10	9	10	8	9	10	9	10	8
Boss.....	5	5	6	8	10	6	7	8	7	..
Vance.....	6	8	7	6	6	8	9
Stone.....	6	8	7	9	8	7	8	6	8	8
Bromley.....	6	5	6	7	7	8	..

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

FIRST DAY, JUNE 10.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 8.—Since the tournament the bluerock
 ashers of Missoula have been content with letting a couple of
 dogs drift by without the witnessing of a club medal contest, but
 yesterday a half dozen of the boys concluded it about time to get
 back to work, and the following score was the result. Conditions, 20
 yds, unknown angles:

Class A.	
Lyton...,10101100110000001000—7	Evans.....111010111110111111—17
Hard...,111111111110111111—19	
Class B.	
Ham...,1111110101101010010—13	Bishop...,1001001101011100010—1
Wason...,110001010100111011—12	W. C.

New York's State Shoot.

THE TOURNAMENT AT BUFFALO A THOROUGH SUCCESS.

The New York State shoot of 1896 must be reckoned as one of the most successful the Association has ever held. The attendance was excellent and the boys stayed to the finish. The weather on the first two days of the week (June 8-9) was decidedly against the tournament, but the preparations made by the Audubon Gun Club for the comfort of its guests and their protection from bad weather or a hot sun robbed those two gloomy days of more than half their terrors. The last four days of the tournament were favored by as lovely weather for trap-shooting as could be desired, and affairs on those days went proportionately pleasantly.

It is hard to see where the tournament officials of the Audubon Gun Club could have improved matters by additional forethought. This is high commendation probably, but the club had spared no expense in arranging and providing for every possible contingency. When the Association voted at the Saratoga convention last year to hold the State shoot of 1896 at Buffalo under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club, the delegates of that club promised many things and talked volubly about what the club would do in '97. We heard those promises and that talk, and we now state positively that the Audubon Club made good every word spoken in its behalf at Saratoga's State shoot.

There was some preliminary practice work on Monday, June 8, but the week's work properly commenced when Mr. George Bleistein called to order.

THE CONVENTION OF 1896.

The annual convention was held on Monday night, June 8, in the Colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel. Mr. George Bleistein president of the tournament officers, occupied the chair, Mr. John B. Sage acting as secretary and treasurer.

The attendance of delegates was very large, and the hotel parlors were taxed to the utmost limits. Among the clubs represented were: South Buffalo G. C.—L. C. Cranston, F. Anderson, Frank Long, Peter Sell.

Clyde G. C.—J. P. Howard, H. C. Watson, A. C. Burnett. Whitesboro G. C.—Robert Wilkeson, J. P. Schad, E. D. Wayman, C. L. Roberts, A. S. Hemler.

West Utica G. C.—Gustavas, J. P. Parker, W. Petre, F. Bard, P. Cursons.

West End G. C.—T. H. Green, A. J. McLure. Watertown G. C.—W. H. Tallett, O. M. Paddock, J. R. Powling, George D. Oliver.

Union G. C., of Western New York.—J. Olmstead, E. F. Hammond, Kelsey, E. W. Skey, Hy. Mydale.

Syracuse G. C.—H. McMurchy, C. H. Mowry, Charles Wagner, Holway, W. Hookway.

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.—H. McMurchy, A. G. Courtney, Dan Walters, A. White, Dan Lefever.

Spencer Sportsmen's Association.—H. B. Whitney. New York County G. C.—Carl von Lengerke, L. H. Schortemeier.

Rochester Rod and G. C.—W. C. Hadley, E. C. Meyer, Dr. J. Weller, S. Glover, J. J. Quirk.

Saratoga G. C.—Harry Livingston. Audubon G. C., of Rochester.—H. M. Stewart, J. H. McGuire, W. J. Mann, R. Glover.

Manitou Beach Rod and G. C.—T. Lane, H. Perry, C. W. Lane, H. Lowden, J. M. Lowden.

Charlotte G. C.—W. M. Richmond, Arthur Rickman, Bert Rickman. Canajoharie G. C.—Dr. S. A. Wessels, Charles Weeks.

Buffalo Audubon G. C.—H. D. Williams, E. C. Burkhardt, J. H. Ball, J. J. Reid, U. E. Story.

Buffalo G. C.—Jac Fisher, J. B. Marston, J. A. Dingens, Clinton Bidwell.

Binghamton G. C.—G. W. Kendall, H. W. Brown. Auburn G. C.—C. W. Tuttle, G. Corning, Jr., J. E. Bridgen, J. J. Carr, T. Church.

Keystone G. C., of Buffalo.—Otto Besser, Jr., F. D. Kinney, Jacob Koch, Orton Sampson, Fred Emoud.

Long Island G. C.—L. H. Schortemeier. New Utrecht G. C.—L. H. Schortemeier.

Onelda County Sportsmen's Association.—H. L. Gates, E. D. Fulford, J. W. Fulford, H. C. Brewster, H. C. Caulkins.

Peoria G. C., of Buffalo.—P. G. Meyer, James Lodge, G. O. Miller, H. D. Kirkover, A. C. Heindol.

Richfield G. C.—Dr. Borland, M. E. Barker. Idle Hour G. C., of Buffalo.—Wm. Brammer, John Ambrose.

Rome G. C.—S. H. Beach, A. C. McAdam, H. M. Poole, J. J. Armstrong, W. P. Rayland.

There was some discussion on the question of the handicap imposed upon certain experts by the Audubon Gun Club, but the action of that club met with very general approval among the delegates present.

AT AUBURN IN 1897.

The chief business of the convention was the election of officers and the choosing of the scene for the thirty-ninth annual convention and tournament. Both Rome and Auburn entered the field as candidates for the State shoot of 1897, and after a lively debate the roll was called. Auburn took the lead from the start, and it was soon apparent that that city would have an easy victory. This being the case, on motion of W. P. Rayland, of Rome, the choice of Auburn was made unanimous. Auburn promised to guarantee \$2,000 and throw targets at 2 cents each.

The following is a list of the officers for 1896-7: President, Charles G. Curtis; Vice-President, W. W. Dickinson; Secretary-Treasurer, Clarence E. Goodrich.

THE AUDUBON PARK GROUNDS.

The shoot was held at B. F. Smith's Audubon Park, 2865 Main street, about twenty-five minutes' ride by electric street cars from the center of the city. The location is very convenient and the trip an easy one.

Four sets of bluerock traps were used, Cruttenden & Card's kingbird target being thrown. This target is an excellent breaker and a good flyer; being slightly heavier than either the bluerock or empire, it can be thrown as far as either of those two targets with less tension on the mainspring of the traps. And the Audubon boys did throw them hard. On the first two days of the tournament (June 9-10) they were thrown as far and as fast as we have ever seen targets thrown. With a good wind blowing, added to fast targets, slow shots had no chance, while those who were accustomed to "pop ups" at home fell down by wholesale. No. 4 set of traps in particular was a very hard set to make a good score on, the flight of the targets at those traps on the first two days being variously estimated at from 75 to 90 yds. Personally we think 75 to 80 yds. was about the figure. This set was a brand new one that had just been received from Cleveland, and the springs were let down to the lowest notch, but still the targets flew as stated above. Had they been screwed up a few notches some of the targets would be going yet. Paul North, who arrived on the scene on Wednesday, reduced the speed somewhat, but still the shooting on that set was good and hard.

The traps were under the supervision of Jack Parker, who, together with the popular Crutty (W. H. Cruttenden), had control of the management of the shoot.

THE OFFICIALS.

The tournament officers were: President, George Bleistein; Vice-President, Chas. S. Burkhardt, president of the Audubon Gun Club; Secretary-Treasurer, George J. Schmidt, who occupies the same position in the Audubon Club.

In the cashier's office were: W. R. Hobart, of Newark, N. J., secretary of the New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League; John B. Sage, secretary of the New York State Association since 1893; and George J. Schmidt, who is referred to above. A State shoot with a programme of confusion is bound to occur at the start. But once started everything here went as smoothly as possible, the tournament passing off easily and pleasantly during the last four days of the shoot. Considering the large number of entries and the double programme, the cashier's department did its work exceedingly well and promptly. The work entailed upon this department at such a shoot as this was must be personally experienced if a correct appreciation of the conditions is to be made and just criticism upon its work to be passed.

The referees were practical shooters who knew their business and who performed their duties well. Of course, a few mistakes were made; no one man can see everything, particularly when it comes to small chips that fall edgewise to the referee. Still the referees used good judgment, and the wisdom of having experienced men to fill these important positions was well exemplified at this shoot. The names of the referees were: No. 1 traps, B. Tolisma; No. 2, Fred. Emoud; No. 3, W. Meyers; No. 4, Al. Vagt.

The squad hustlers, each of whom walked many miles each day in the execution of his duties, were G. O. Miller, A. C. Suckol, Charles Doll and Al. Avery. The double programme—State and open events—made their work much harder than usual. Of course, also, there were many snooters who forgot their names and caused the expenditure of considerable unnecessary lung power.

To give a list of those who were present during the week would take up a column or more of our valuable space. Those interested in that particular must refer to the table of each day's scores, which will be found in their proper positions. A list of

THE TRADE REPRESENTATIVES

shows that manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods were well represented. Among those present under this head were: Dan Lefever and Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Geo. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; Harvey McMurchy and R. Hunter, of the Hunter

Arms (L. C. Smith gun) Co.; Sim Glover, shooting a Parker and using Schultze powder, and climbing to the top as usual; Jas. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Alderman U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.; A. P. Pope, pushing the interest of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, the U. S. agents for the Walsrode powder; M. Herrington, the New York representative of the Ladin & Rand W. A. powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Co.; W. L. Colville and J. S. Fanning, representing the Gold Dust powder; Carl von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, representing the interests of Schultze powder and exhibiting a beautiful lot of Francotte guns; etc., etc.

THE HANDICAP ON EXPERTS.

As announced in the programme, experts were forced to shoot into first or second money or get nothing. This rule had the effect of drawing some additional entries, and also of keeping some of the boys shooting during the whole of the tournament. That it was a hard game for the experts is shown by the scores of the second day, when McMurchy broke 92 per cent, and never got a place all day, although he broke 47 out of 50 in the E. C. cup contest which A. M. Schermerhorn won with 49 out of 50, the 48 hole always being occupied. The handicap was not strictly adhered to all through the tournament, the tournament committee deciding to take the penalty off certain shooters. McMurchy, Elliott, E. D. Fulford and Sim Glover, however, bore the yoke through the entire shoot. It did not bother Glover much, as he shot a wonderful gait the whole of the tournament and finally landed a big winner when it was all over. He fully earned all he made, his great scores being the result of some magnificent shooting on hard-thrown targets.

THE STATE EVENTS.

The programme for each of the first three days contained two State events at 25 targets each. State event No. 4 was shot on the afternoon of the second day and was a merchandise event. The entry list in this event was very large and it took all Thursday morning to decide the ties for the merchandise prizes, there being eight classes of prize winners. The Audubon Club also announced 9 prizes for averages in these 6 events. Below is a list of the winners, with their averages, each man having shot at 150 targets:

	Shot at.	Av.		Shot at.	Av.
1. Glover.....	142	94.6	6. { Edwards.....	129	86
2. McMurchy.....	137	91.3	7. { R. Hunter.....	129	86
3. Livingston.....	126	90.6	8. { Gates.....	128	85.3
4. Whitney.....	133	88.6	9. { C. Lane.....	127	85.3
5. { Tuttle.....	130	86.6	8. { J. W. Fulford.....	127	84.6
Hammond.....	130	85.6	9. { Norris.....	125	83.3
			Schorty.....	125	83.3

Below is a table showing the scores made by each shooter in the above-mentioned 6 State events, and also giving each man's percentage of breaks:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Schorty.....	23	18	23	22	20	19	150	125	83.3
Glover.....	24	23	22	25	23	25	150	142	94.6
Levengston.....	23	20	23	24	23	23	150	136	90.6
Kelsey.....	23	21	22	19	17	19	150	121	80.6
A Baker.....	21	19	17	15	17	20	150	109	72.6
Byer.....	21	16	22	20	22	23	150	124	82.6
Hammond.....	25	19	25	20	20	21	150	130	86.6
Paddock.....	17	20	14	20	21	18	150	112	74.6
Tallett.....	20	22	23	20	18	22	150	124	82.6
Whitney.....	22	24	20	20	24	23	150	133	88.6
McMurchy.....	25	22	22	21	24	23	150	137	91.3
Nichols.....	16	18	14	75	48	64
Courtney.....	22	9	18	15	20	23	150	107	71.3
Corning.....	17	10	10	19	13	..	125	69	65.2
Simpson.....	15	19	75	57	76
Wagner.....	23	17	20	21	20	22	150	133	82
Edwards.....	24	20	21	23	19	22	150	129	86
Burnett.....	14	15	17	15	100	61	61
Swiveller.....	17	16	18	..	19	13	125	83	66.4
Frank.....	24	23	20	21	17	18	150	123	82
E O Meyer.....	19	20	22	16	21	19	150	117	78
C Lane.....	18	22	21	24	25	18	150	138	85.3
McClure.....	16	15	19	21	22	19	150	112	74.6
C S Burkhardt.....	22	24	18	16	21	22	150	113	75.3
Hanks.....	22	18	19	21	23	23	150	125	83.3
E C Burkhardt.....	19	20	16	19	15	18	150	107	71.3
Norris.....	23	20	19	21	23	22	150	128	85.3
Bennett.....	22	17	18	13	21	21	150	112	74.6
Heinold.....	20	15	14	20	19	18	150	106	70.6
Sauer.....	15	14	20	21	17	21	150	108	72
Pope.....	20	19	18	10	17	18	150	102	68
Borland.....	13	7	14	15	100	49	49
M E Barker.....	24	19	19	..	22	22	125	106	70.6
Fries.....	17	16	15	18	100	66	66
Zoeller.....	5	6	..	12	75	23	30.6
Floss.....	16	16	14	14	15	..	125	75	60
Weller.....	18	20	19	14	100	71	71
Oehmig.....	22	13	16	11	100	62	62
Brandel.....	17	11	11	18	100	57	57
Schwartz.....	20	14	16	17	18	20	150	105	70
Gates.....	23	20	22	20	20	23	150	128	85.3
Mayhew.....	21	17	13	23	22	22	150	118	78.6
Andrews.....	20	20	16	14	23	23	150	115	76.6
Tuttle.....	21	21	22	25	19	24	150	130	86.6
A M S.....	19	20	22	19	20	23	150	123	82
Hadley.....	23	17	18	20	20	..	125	97	77.6
Perry.....	18	14	50	32	64
W A Hunter.....	22	12	12	16	100	62	62
A S Hunter.....	18	20	18	75	56	74.6
J W Fulford.....	21	17	21	23	22	23	150	127	84.6
Wicks.....	19	20	19	20	100	78	78
Mosher.....	13	15	16	100	56	56
Richmond.....	16	14	20	21	24	21	150	116	77.3
Brown.....	21	17	18	23	100	79	79
Carr.....	15	17	20	..	20	14	125	86	68.8
Brinard.....	18	13	9	75	40	53.3
Musselman.....	21	18	20	75	59	78.6
Rayland.....	13	17	18	75	48	64
Lefever.....	24	20	20	19	20	19	150	122	81.3
Fisher.....	18	16	17	18	100	69	69
G S Wide.....	19	20	13	20	17	..	150	101	67.3
E D Fulford.....	23	20	..	25	24	22	125	113	90.4
Bridgen.....	19	17	16	..	23	22	125	97	77.6
Clover.....	22	14	18	19	21	21	150	115	76.6
T G Wheeler.....	22	14	14	24	19	15	150	108	72
R Hunter.....	24	20	17	24	22	22	150	129	86
Stacy.....	20	18	20	16	19	..	150	113	75.3
Mowry.....	20	19	20	..	24	23	125	106	84.6
Holloway.....	20	17	15	75	52	69.2
Wessels.....	21	13	20	18	19	..	125	91	72.4
Krotz.....	..	14	..	18	50	32	64
Koch.....	21	12	20	..	100	74	74
A Barker.....	20	21	22	18	19	..	125	100	80
Ware.....	19	21	22	20	22	18	150	122	81.3
Skinner.....	21	19	19	17	19	..	125	95	76
Burnett.....	19	16	17	75	52	69.3
A Rickman.....	22	..	19	22	20	..	100	83	83
Paddleford.....	19	..	16	22	75	57	76
Kirkover.....	21	..	18	20	21	22	125	102	81.6
Borst.....	20	..	15	15	75	50	66.6
M Louden.....	16	..	17	19	17	..	100	69	69
Church.....	17	..	16	50	33	66
P G Mayer.....	17	..	17	17	1	..	75	51	68
Dingens.....	15	..	10	50	25	50
Quirk.....	17	..	13	15	75	45	60
Kendall.....	15	..	20	15	22	16	125	87	69.6
B Rickman.....	21	..	19	18	75	58	77.3
Lewis.....	20	..	23	19	19	18	125	99	79.2
W T M.....	19	..	14	18	75	51	68
W E B.....	19	..	13	17	75	49	65.3
E W Smith.....	16	22	50	38	76
Norton.....	19	22	24	21	100	85	86
J E Lodge.....	15	10	7	..	75	32	42.2
U E Story.....	18	18	18	..	75	54	72
H Valentine.....	17	21	22	..	75	60	80
Hobbie.....	20	22	15	19	100	76	76
John Fulford.....	21	17	21	23	22	23	150	127	81.6
Forrester.....	23	21	..	50	44	88
G W H.....	20	17	50	37	74
Covert.....	16	15	..	50	31	62
E M Moody.....	21	19	50	40	80
H J Benedict.....	13	14	13	13	100	53	58
C A Ward.....	22	23	20	20	100	85	85
Truesdale.....	14	15	..	50	29	58
Grier.....	12	..	10	15	75	37	49

to hit; at other times the breeze died away and then straights and "all-but-ones" became quite numerous. Below is a table showing the averages of those who shot through the programme of open events—170 targets in all:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
McMurchy.....	154	90.5	Byer.....	135	79.4
Whitney.....	160	94.1	Henry.....	148	87
Glover.....	157	92.3	T Graham.....	155	91.1
Levenson.....	145	85.2	Schortemeier.....	134	78.8
C Lane.....	148	87	Edwards.....	143	88
Wagner.....	136	80	Tuttle.....	144	84.6
Fanning.....	142	83.5	Hobbie.....	151	88.8
Kelsey.....	138	81.1	E D Fulford.....	147	86.4
McVey.....	148	87	Forrester.....	140	82.3
Flick.....	148	87	Mayhew.....	151	88.8
E O Meyer.....	143	84.1	Richmond.....	140	82.3

The main event in the open-to-all programme was No. 5, the Buffalo Times event, 50 targets, unknown angles, \$3 entrance, \$125 added to the purse by the Times, eight moneys. At one time it looked as if Glover with 48 and Whitney and McMurchy with 47 each would be easily in first and second place. T. C. Graham, however, with his Winchester and W-A powder, jumped in and broke 49, carrying off first money all alone. The scores in this event will be found in the table of scores under the head of No. 5.

The State events were three in number. The first was at 25 targets, unknown angles, \$3 entrance, \$75 added by the Courier Company, that company also adding \$25 to the purse in the team shoot that takes place on the fourth day. No. 2 was a similar event with \$75 added. The third event, State event No. 7, was the contest for the Lefever Arms Company's diamond medal. The conditions of the shoot are 20 singles, known traps and angles, and 5 pairs. In this contest Sim Glover added to his laurels by running 19 out of 20 in the singles and then breaking his 5 pairs without an error. A special feature of the shooting at doubles was the speed of the targets, the No. 4 set of traps being requisitioned for this part of the contest. Harry Whitney was second with 28, E. D. Fulford and E. D. Kelsey being third with 27. The entrance to this event was \$3; the medal, won last year by Dan Lefever, and 25 per cent. of the purse going to the winner; the balance was divided into five moneys. Below are the scores of this event in detail:

LEFEVER DIAMOND MEDAL.											
S Glover.....	101111111111111111	11	11	11	11	11	39				
H Whitney.....	111111111111111111	10	11	11	10	11	28				
E D Fulford.....	111111101111111111	11	10	10	11	11	27				
F D Kelsey.....	111111111111111111	10	11	01	10	11	27				
Edwards.....	1111111110111111101	11	11	11	10	10	26				
A Forrester.....	111111111010101111	11	11	11	10	11	26				
C Lane.....	1110111101111110101	11	11	11	11	11	26				
O Tuttle.....	111111111111101011	01	11	10	11	11	26				
H McMurchy.....	1111111111111111011	10	10	10	11	11	25				
C Wagner.....	1101110111111110111	11	10	10	11	11	25				
H L Gates.....	1001111111111110111	10	11	11	10	01	24				
M Mayhew.....	1110101111101011111	10	10	10	11	10	22				
O M Paddock.....	011111010111111111	10	10	00	11	10	22				
D Lefever.....	0111111011111101001	10	10	11	11	00	21				
E C Meyer.....	111111111110101111	11	00	10	10	00	21				
L H Shortemeier.....	1011111011111011101	10	11	10	10	00	21				
Seth Glover.....	101111111111101000	10	11	10	10	00	20				
C W Hobbie.....	001111111001111011	11	00	11	01	00	20				
J Koch.....	111101111111101010	10	10	00	21	10	20				
L V Byer.....	0101110011111101010	11	00	10	11	00	18				
A P Pope.....	1011011111111010001	10	10	10	10	01	18				
Stacy.....	1101011111110011101	10	00	10	10	00	17				
Watz.....	10011111010001001101	00	00	10	10	11	15				
G W Kendall.....	1011110100001001100	00	00	10	10	10	13				
Hoyt.....	0011111110001000010	00	00	00	10	01	12				

Below is the table of the

SCORES OF JUNE 11.															
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Forester.....	15	16	17	16	43	19	14	E C Meyer....	15	20	15	16	41	20	16
Mayhew.....	19	16	18	19	42	18	13	Hobbie.....	20	19	17	15	42	19	19
Wagner.....	15	18	17	15	42	17	12	Hadley.....	15	17	15	..	40
Glover.....	18	19	19	17	48	17	10	Frank.....	16	18	15	12	43	13	..
Kelsey.....	16	13	18	17	42	15	17	G S Lewis.....	15	13
Beyer.....	16	20	17	16	35	15	16	Wride.....	10	17	9	..	34
Richmond.....	18	14	15	19	43	18	13	H Valentine..	14	18	..	16	..	19	..
McVey.....	18	17	16	16	43	19	19	Lyons.....	10	11
Hammond.....	16	15	14	13	37	Grier.....	10	17	11
Whitney.....	18	20	20	19	47	18	18	A M S.....	18	17	15
Levenson.....	17	17	18	16	43	17	17	Lane.....	17	17	15	20	46	17	17
E D Fulford..	17	19	19	17	44	14	17	C S Burkhardt	12	15	..	13	42	..	13
M E Barker..	17	19	Hanks.....	18	17	..	17	43	..	13
E C Burkhardt	15	15	..	9	36	..	15	Henry.....	17	15	16	12	43	20	15
Norris.....	10	18	..	16	32	16	15	T C Graham..	18	19	16	18	49	19	16
Bennett.....	12	19	..	11	36	..	15	U M C.....	13	18	..	13	37	13	13
Heinold.....	9	15	McMurchy....	18	18	16	18	47	17	18
Kirkover.....	16	19	..	15	46	20	18	Fanning.....	18	15	16	17	42	18	16
A J McClure..	12	..	17	Money.....	15	15	18	11	30	9	13
Knap.....	13	36	Edwards.....	17	17	16	20	40	15	18
Norton.....	15	17	13	15	39	..	18	Schorty.....	10	18	13	17	42	16	18
Deroo.....	14	..	14	15	Clover.....	17	14	16	19	44	18	16
A Baker.....	14	37	Brigden.....	16	15	44	..	16
Herrington..	16	18	..	18	43	16	16	Tuttle.....	16	..	17	16	42	15	19
Flick.....	18	16	17	14	46	17	20	Carr.....	10	15	36
Hallowell....	14	15	..	14	41	13	13	H Graham.....	12	..	15	..	41	14	..
R Hunter.....	16	17	12	12	39	Lefever.....	16	40
Sauer.....	16	..	12	..	13	8	..	H J Benedict..	8	41
Kendall.....	16	17	..	15	37	7	17	Burd.....	15	13
J Fulford....	16	42	Ward.....	16	16	39
Pope.....	8	39	G W H.....	9	9	..	8	..
Von Lengerke	14	16	12	8	37	Mowry.....	20	39
Floss.....	13	16	Tallett.....	15	15	45	14	16
E M Moody ..	15	..	7	J Schwartz..	13	..	9	..	38	9	18
Covert.....	13	25	Gates.....	15	45	..	16

Those who shot in only one event were:
No. 1: A. Barker 12, Doan 15, Brown 17.
No. 3: Corning 10.
No. 4: Killick 13, R. H. 5, Sole 8.
No. 5: Moodie 34, Courtney 43, G. O. Miller 30, E. W. Smith 42, McArthur 34, Borst 37, Paddock 38, R. P. Wilson 29, P. G. Meyer 29.
No. 6: Daw 12, Hawkins 8, Inderbitzen 4, Snyder 7, Truesdale 13, Krotz 16, Burgundy 10.
No. 7: Fries 16.

FOURTH DAY, JUNE 12.
Less wind, a good light and targets thrown a little easier than during the first three days of the tournament, made the scores on this, the last target day of the shoot, run slightly higher as a general rule. Glover and Whitney tied for first honors with a percentage of 92.3, Lane being second with 90.6, and Flick third with just 90 per cent. The attendance was wonderfully good, 27 shooters taking part in all the open events, while the Audubon Club event, No. 5 in the open list, had 78 entries at \$5 each. Below is a table of the averages made by the 27 shooters who shot through the programme of open events that called for a total of 170 targets:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
S Glover.....	157	92.3	L H Schortemeier.....	145	85.2
H Whitney.....	157	92.3	L V Beyer.....	143	84.1
C Lane.....	154	90.6	T C Graham.....	143	84.1
Flick.....	153	90	C Wagner.....	143	84.1
J A R Elliott.....	152	89.4	C W Hobbie.....	142	83.5
E C Meyers.....	152	89.4	J S Fanning.....	141	82.9
H M Levenson.....	151	88.8	C A Tuttle.....	138	81.1
F S Edwards.....	150	88.2	A P Pope.....	137	80.5
N Appar.....	149	87.6	N E Money.....	136	80
H McMurchy.....	148	87	J Hallowell.....	134	78.8
A Forrester.....	147	86.4	M Mayhew.....	133	78.2
F D Kelsey.....	147	86.4	J G Lindsay.....	131	77
S Glover.....	145	85.2	M Herrington.....	129	75.8
McVey.....	145	85.2			

With the close of to-day's programme of open events came the figuring up of the general averages of the four days. The 28 events on the programme, 7 for each day, made a total of 680 targets shot at. Out of all the shooters that took part in the New York State shoot of 1896 only 14 shot through the above list of events. Their names, the positions they occupied at the finish, the total number of targets broken by each out of the 680 shot at, and the amount of average money won by each follow:

1. Glover.....619.....\$30 8. Flick.....562.....\$10
2. Whitney.....616.....\$30 9. Fanning.....560.....\$5
3. McMurchy.....613.....\$25 10. Kelsey.....560.....\$5
4. Lane.....596.....\$20 11. Meyer.....557.....\$5
5. Levenson.....588.....\$15 11. Byer.....555.....\$5
6. McVey.....570.....\$10 12. T C Graham.....542.....\$5
7. Wagner.....567.....\$10 13. J G Henry.....518.....\$5
McMurchy's comparatively poor score is directly attributable to the breakdown of his gun, which compelled him to shoot nearly all day with a strange weapon.

STATUTE EVENTS.
There were only two events on the programme from which residents of other States were barred. The first was a \$1 miss-and-out. This

was shot off at the No. 1 set of traps, and resulted in Schortemeier winning first place and the privilege of a free passage to Mackinac and return on one of the magnificent steamers owned and run by the Northern Steamship Co.—the North West or the North Land. There were several other merchandise prizes that fell to the lot of the other shooters in this event. The scores were:

Miss-and-out, entrance \$1, merchandise prizes, 40 entries: Shorty 26, E. Fulford 25, J. Fulford 21, Hobbie 19, A. E. Story 16, Glover 16, Hammond 15, E. Meyer 14, Bennett 13, Whitney 13, Lane 12, H. Lowden 11, Gates 10, Hanks 8, Mayhew 8, Wagner 7, Norris 6, B. Wheeler 6, Frank 6, Howard 6, Benedict 6, Kelsey 5, E. C. B. 4, Lowden 4, Tuttle 4, M. E. Barker 4, Paddock 3, Tallett 3, Edwards 3, Ward 3, Norton 3, Livingston 3, Wride 3, Corning 2, Forrester 2, C. S. B. 2, Lefevre 2, A. M. S. 2, Baker 0, Byer 0.

The other State event was the 4-men team race, 25 targets per man, known angles, entrance \$12 per man. First prize, \$100 Parker gun to order winner, donated by Parker Bros.

ROCHESTER'S GREAT SCORE.
This contest was looked upon as quite an open affair and likely to be productive of a good and exciting contest. As a matter of fact, the scores ruled very high, but Rochester's total led the others by the comfortable margin of 5 breaks, the team representing the Rochester Rod and Gun Club piling up the big score of 98 out of 100, three out of the four men making straight scores. The squad in which this team shot was made up as follows: E. D. Fulford and J. W. Fulford, members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club, and the four men on the Rochester team. As will be seen by reference to the scores given below, this squad ran up the big total of 145 out of 150 shot at. It is true the targets were not thrown very far or fast to-day on this set of traps (No. 1), but still the totals are excellent under any conditions. Scores.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.		
C Meyer.....	1111111111111110111111	23
C Lane.....	1111111111111111111111	25
L V Beyer.....	1111111111111111111111	25
Glover.....	1111111111111111111111	25-98
Audubon Gun Club.		
Capt Forrester.....	1101110111101111111111	23
Hanks.....	1111110111111111111101	23
Norris.....	1111111111111111111011	24
Kirkover.....	1111111111111111111011	24-93
Oneida County Sportsmen's Club.		
Gates.....	1111111111111110111110	23
Mayhew.....	1011111111111111111011	23
J W Fulford.....	1101111111111111111111	24
E D Fulford.....	1111111111110111101111	23-93
Auburn Gun Club.		
Tuttle.....	1110110010111110011111	19
Corning.....	1101110100011110100111	16
Brigden.....	1111011111011111111110	22
Carr.....	1111110111011111111001	21-78
The Oneida County Sportsmen's Club and the Audubon Club shot off the tie for second place at 5 targets per man. The result was as follows the Utica team taking second place:		
O. C. Sportsmen's Club: J. Fulford 5, Gates 5, E. D. Fulford 4, Mayhew 4-18.		
Audubon Club: Kirkover 5, Forrester 4, Hanks 4, Norris 4-17.		

The accommodations of the region are very thoroughly covered, and we can form a very fair idea of each locality from the accompanying photographs. Six maps show routes to various stations, and in-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.—No. 26
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

SNAP SHOTS.

Count Henry de Puyjalon, whose sketch, "My Pastor," in our issue of May 23 attracted much attention, to-day contributes another story of life in the far north, and others are in hand for early publication. These word pictures of man and other animals in Labrador are doubly interesting as revealing to us that there is poetry and sentiment even in the homely lives of the dwellers in that bleak land of desolation, if only one possesses the insight to perceive it and the skill to tell it. Count de Puyjalon's is an interesting personality. Of a family belonging to the old French noblesse, he was born in France, entered the army, and was at one time honorary aid-de-camp to the King of Denmark. In his youth he traveled a great deal, going as far north as Siberia, and had by a series of misfortunes lost his private fortune when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He was severely wounded while serving in the army of the Loire. When the war was over he crossed the seas to Canada, and as he was fond of solitude and anxious to prosecute his study of natural history and geology, he took to the woods and gradually drifted to Labrador, where he has resided almost continually ever since, exploring the country, studying its geology and natural features, hunting, trapping and fishing. Although a thorough man of the world, of very polished manners and very well educated, he is never happy except when in his beloved Labrador, and especially when camped out in the woods, either in summer or winter. His wife has not hesitated to follow him to the bleak coast of Labrador and to stay in a lonely lighthouse, of which he was a keeper for a while, in the Mingan archipelago, a position to which he got himself appointed better to study the habits of the sea-birds and seals. The original manuscripts of Count de Puyjalon's contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM are written in French, being translated for us by Mr. Crawford Lindsay, of Ontario.

Every season is the sportsman's own, and June itself is one of his months. For the simple pursuit of game is by no means all there is in the world as seen through the sportsman's eyes. If that were indeed the whole of field sports we should have little to record of it in print, and few of us would care to read what might be written. He has not crossed the threshold of sport who has not felt the fascination of the sights and sounds of nature, nor can one who has eye and ear for the manifold charms of the outdoor world go afield in January or in June without finding abundant entertainment and reward. For the sportsman June holds out manifold attractions. The quail's whistle is heard from the fields of the farm, and if one knows the familiar haunt he may come almost to familiar terms with Bob White as he perches daintily

on the old wall where the pink of the wild roses gives color to the gray stones. In the mountain woods road, now almost reclaimed by the genii of the place, one comes upon the dusting beds of the partridge, and perchance is greeted by the heavy wing beat of the bird itself and catches a glimpse of its receding form. These are but homely incidents of a day in the country, and yet in them is found a satisfaction many a graybeard would go far to make his own.

GEN. BRISTOW.

GEN. BENJAMIN HELM BRISTOW, soldier, statesman and jurist, died on Monday morning at his residence in this city.

He was born in Elkton, Ky., sixty-four years ago, and was educated at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. After reaching manhood he practiced law in Kentucky until the breaking out of the war, when he entered the Union Army as lieutenant-colonel. He took part in the capture of Fort Donelson and was wounded at Shiloh. Later he became colonel of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry. While still in the army he was elected to the State Senate of Kentucky. He was afterward United States District Attorney for the district of Louisville, and in 1870 was appointed Solicitor General of the United States. In 1873 he was nominated Attorney-General of the United States, but was not confirmed. In 1874 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and his administration of that Department is remembered for his warfare on the whisky ring. In 1878 he came to New York and, as the head of the firm of Bristow, Peet & Opdyke, practiced his profession here. He was for a term president of the Bar Association. He was a member of many clubs, and at the time of his death was President of the Boone and Crockett Club.

Gen. Bristow was a keen sportsman, and had spent much time in the West hunting big game. He was deeply interested in the preservation of the Yellowstone National Park, and on many occasions used his influence to bring about legislation looking to this end.

Gen. Bristow's eminence in whatever he undertook is sufficiently well known. What may not be so generally known is the strong personal charm which he possessed. To the physique of a giant and the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school were united the gentleness and tenderness of a woman. Few men have about them so much that is lovable, and the grief felt at his loss by his close associates will be understood by all who have ever been brought in contact with him.

THE RANGE IN WINTER.

THERE comes a time on the range when the sun is as bright as in midsummer, but has no power to temper the bitter cold. The gray soil, which in July seems to suck in the heated rays and to give them out again, making the dry air dance and quiver, is now hard frozen, and in the ravines lie banks of snow swept from the prairie and piled up here in masses hardened by wind and frost, over which the horses pass, barely marking them with their hoof prints. In the arch above, blue as a summer sky, two mock suns keep company with the real one, but they give light alone, not warmth. A bitter wind sweeps over the plain.

Horses and cattle which six months ago were short-haired and smooth now wear long shaggy coats that are ruffled or flattened by every breeze, and their brands are hidden under the heavy covering. The antelope which in summer are scattered out in little groups—two or three old does and their kids, and little clusters of bucks and yearlings—are now associated in herds, hundreds together. Prairie dogs, wild ducks, curlews and plover have long since disappeared. The hares that were gray are white now. Great brown war eagles and fierce hawks perch on the points of the bluffs and watch for their prey. The raven croaks discontentedly as he flies across the plain. Down in the stream bed near the aspens the willow grouse feed in packs of hundreds, and amid the sage brush are hundreds of their greater cousins, the sage grouse. Flocks of snow birds and gray-crowned finches sometimes whirl over the plain, like wreaths borne by the wind from distant snow banks.

Even at this bitter season the lonely figure of the range rider is seen, but now more infrequently than at the time of the round-ups. Not willingly does the most callous ranch boss now send out one of his boys to face the dangers that the fierce breath of winter brings over the sum-

mit of the Continental Divide. Yet some riding has to be done and some lives must be sacrificed. It is no light matter though that takes the rider abroad at this season. He will not go in for the mail nor go visiting, nor will he go hunting, except when the promise of good weather seems very certain. And when he sets out for a ride, he does not slight his preparations, as often he may in summer. He knows well the perils of a winter ride—what it may mean to be lost in a winter snowstorm, when in an instant all landmarks are swept from view; when at once all sense of direction is lost; when the wind, whirling and eddying about every knoll and through every ravine, seems to come successively from every point of the compass and cannot be depended on for a guide; when one's horse cannot be relied on to keep the direction, and continually tries to turn tail to the blast. So the rider prepares himself. He puts on a cap with ear flaps, or ties down the brim of his broad hat over his ears; he dons extra trousers and shirts until, instead of being a slender man, he seems stoutly built, and waddles as he walks. His feet are covered with arctics or with German socks. The saddling of his horse is a slow process now, since to do it he must remove the huge mittens he has assumed, and many times during the task he is obliged to stop to warm his stiffened fingers. Perhaps when the horse is saddled the rider goes into the house for a final warming up and a pipe, and then at last comes out again, mounts and rides away.

Whether his ride be long or short, it is fast, except when from time to time he dismounts and, after pulling the ice from muzzle and bit, leads his horse as he runs along to start his blood to circulating once more. If the weather continues fair he will reach his destination with only a little suffering to mark the ride in memory, but it may not continue fair. Perhaps as he swings along at a short easy gallop he sees hanging over a distant prairie swell a little cloud of mist, which disappears as he passes down into the hollow, and when he reaches the next hill is seen again and nearer. Well for the rider then if some ranch is near, or if he is in a country that he knows so well that he can travel it with shut eyes, so that he may find some shelter before the storm is upon him.

Little by little the more distant landscape is blotted out and the cloud rolls nearer and nearer until it is close to him, and at last on a sudden it seizes him with stinging grasp, and the day has changed from brilliant sunlight to gray twilight. The blast blows fiercely, bearing on its wings a million icy particles which cut the skin like tiny scourges, and which the horse will not long face. Nothing can be seen save the ground at the horse's feet, for the flying *poudre* is impenetrable by the sight. Unless he can find a shelter or a lee the rider must turn and travel with the wind. The roar and whistle of the storm, the whirling clouds of flying snow and the intense cold tend to confuse and stupefy both man and horse, and yet as they stumble on over the prairie both need their wits now as perhaps never before.

Perhaps as they are so groping their way along, stung by the flying ice flakes, pushed about and beaten by the power of the gale and stiffened by the cold, they may hear strange moans and cries in the air about them. Drifting along before the storm with heads held low comes a bunch of cattle, seeking some shelter from the bone-piercing wind. Strung out one after another—perhaps ten, perhaps one hundred—they move steadily if slowly along. Low moans come from them which may be cries of pain or perhaps calls to one another of encouragement or companionship. Long jets of white steam shoot out from their ice-laden muzzles toward the ground. Particles of ice and snow cling to their long, shaggy hair. The tired, half-frozen calves bawl in shrill remonstrance and bunt their mothers to induce them to stop, but only when her calf falls and cannot rise again does a cow pause and stop behind to die with her little one. Out of the gray storm they have come; into its whirling mists they disappear, and their muttering voices sound fainter and more faint and at last are drowned in the rush and tumult of the gale.

If the rider knows his country he will in his drifting bring up somewhere at house or behind some shelter where he may wait until the storm shall have ceased, and then resume his way, perhaps unharmed or perhaps losing hands or feet from his exposure; or, if hopelessly confused and lost, he may ride on and on until at length overcome by fatigue and stupefied by the cold, he yields to the desire for rest and falls asleep for the last time. So many have slept.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

II.—My Dog.

HIS name was Bear (*Ours*). He was about three years old when I first saw him at Cawis Point, where I was compelled to land to avoid being caught by the ice floes driven toward the shore by the gale outside. There was a heavy sea and the rampart of ice piled up on the beach made landing very difficult.

Being fully occupied in seeing to my safety and that of my hired man, I paid little heed to the articles lying in the boat, and when we touched the shore my woolen jumper, which I had taken off to leave my arms free, was washed away and I thought it lost forever.

When we had hauled the boat up and placed our effects in safety we were about to start for a fisherman's house, when my man, Thomas, called my attention to one of the great waves about to break on the ice-bound shore. The head of a dog, holding my jumper in its teeth, appeared above the water. The shock of the breaking surf would be terrible, and what was to become of that imprudent and plucky animal? The wave rose higher and higher, was already curling into foam and in a few seconds would break on the strand. When the dog saw the crest rising, he turned right about with his head out to sea, so that when the wave broke he was still a few feet from the water-line and landed without a shock. In a twinkling he jumped over the rampart and gave himself a vigorous shake on dry land. I called him and he laid my frozen garment at my feet. I patted him on the head, praised him for his skill, and the wagging of his tail showed that he appreciated my remarks.

Having thus expressed my gratitude, we went to the fisherman's house, where we dried our clothes, warmed our benumbed limbs and enjoyed a well-earned smoke.

After a while our host, who was very proud of his winter's trapping, offered to show me his furs in his storehouse. As we went out he saw our four-footed hero and, without saying a word, he took up a stick and began beating the poor animal most unmercifully. I could not stand this, so I stopped him and asked what the dog had done. "He has been away for three days," was the answer. "Perhaps he is in love," I suggested. "In love! Not he! He is much more inclined to hate than love. He spends all his time in the woods killing porcupines, which he does not eat, and he gets his mouth stuck full of quills. Some of these days they will be the death of him. He is a good dog and a good hauler; he swims like a fish, but he is no use to me."

The upshot was that I bought this paragon of dogs for \$3. His forefathers lived on the French shore of Newfoundland, where the memory of their virtues and great deeds still lives. I am not quite sure whether he had a clear idea of the duties which the traditions of his ancestors imposed upon him, but I think so, judging from the dignity of his demeanor and the expression of his eye. I cannot say that he was a beauty. He was black, but of a dull color; his feet were rather heavy and half webbed; his ears were short and his tail had lost most of the long hairs which formerly adorned it. His eye was remarkable, small but bright, with an eloquent and varied expression. For me and mine it expressed unbounded affection; for his enemies, the seals and porcupines, it became quite fierce; he could hate as well as he could love.

Whence came this hatred, almost bordering on ferocity? What had these animals, usually so gentle and timid, done to him in the course of his short life? I never could find out, although I asked him. I often spoke to him and he answered me, for you know he is but a poor hunter who cannot understand his dog and make his dog understand him.

I had the most complete control over his passions. I have seen him resist the most attractive temptations at my slightest call. I was his only love; he loved those whom I loved and disliked those whom I disliked, and was strictly polite with those to whom I was indifferent. When I first brought my wife to my camp he showed her the most sympathetic affection, and when God gave us two little ones he was a second father to them. Harnessed to a small sled, he would drive them about on the beach, and nothing could exceed his careful and prudent behaviour. One day, however, hatred nearly overcame his sense of duty, and I had to undergo one of the greatest anxieties I had ever felt.

While Bear was hauling my eldest child, then two years old, on the beach, I climbed up on a rock to observe some seals which had landed and to endeavor to attract others which I saw swimming close by. One of them, attracted by my lures, came within range and I shot him. At the sound of the detonation the dog lifted his head and perceived my victim struggling on the surface of the water. Carried away by his hatred and forgetful of his precious charge, he set off at a gallop for the sea, which was about to swallow up sled and child, when I uttered a loud cry and jumped up on the rock on which I lay. He stopped at once, looked at the child, who had begun to cry at his unexpected bath, and quietly trotted off to the house, meeting my wife, who had witnessed the scene from afar and had rushed down for the baby.

I gave up my hunting and came ashore to join them. The dog looked as if he expected a severe punishment, but I had not the heart to give it to him. I merely took him by the ear and gave him a scolding, which he well understood. With the exception of this incident, which was really attributable to my own imprudence, I never had to find fault with him.

He had every quality which a dog should have, and he lost his life while helping me to keep my family from perishing of cold. It was in 1889. I was in temporary charge of the lighthouse on Puffin Island, a rocky islet three miles from shore, in the midst of the most dangerous eddies and currents, whose only denizens previous to my arrival were gannets and the sea parrots or puffins from which it takes its name. In winter all communication is cut off owing to the ice being constantly in motion. As I reached there late in the fall, I was unable to procure a sufficient supply of wood for the winter. This was a very serious matter in such a situation and in such a climate. I set to work at once to collect all the driftwood I could find on my island and the smaller ones near it. I got together several piles of this wood, which is carried down by the spring freshets, and we went for it as it was required,

About the middle of March all the wood on the lighthouse island was exhausted and I had to supply myself from the other islands, which were connected with mine by an apparently solid ice bridge, consisting of ice floes packed together, and which stretched away out to sea as far as the eye could reach from the light tower.

After sounding the ice I set out with my man and Bear, who was quite delighted to be harnessed to a sled. For three days we hauled wood to the house, and at the end of the third, while we were taking our last load, pulling with the dog as hard as we could, and had almost reached the rampart on the shore, the ice, weakened underneath by the action of the current, suddenly gave way behind us and the unfortunate dog, caught between the shafts of the loaded sleigh, was carried under the ice by the water rushing past like a torrent. For some moments we held on to the line and pulled with might and main, hoping to save the poor animal, when the line broke and he disappeared under the floe. I was about to jump in with the insane idea of helping him out, but my man, who saw the danger, caught me by the arm and held me. I sat down on the ice and am not ashamed to say that I cried bitterly.

Such was the end of poor Bear.

H. DE PUYJALONS.

FISHING AND WILD FLOWERS.

IT is raining. I believe it was raining when I last wrote. But it hasn't rained continually since, as some carping people might be disposed to assume because this is in Washington. Oh, no. There have been days, as many as several, when the sun rose in an unclouded sky, ran his daily race undimmed and hadn't a single cloud coverlet to pull over him as he bade us good night. Those were glorious days. Just the sort in which to go a-fishing, and being so, if a person didn't utilize them properly precious time was wasted and he had repinings. (Excuse me a moment, please, I see a bluejay on the fence. Bluejays are thieves, robbers and vandals. They come early in the morning before we are up and pull up corn and peas and other garden sass, and the garden is small and we can't afford it. They do us harm and not good. They are to us evil and evil only. What they might be to people back East who nurse bluejays I do not know, and care not. Here we have bluejays to burn—powder on. It is a case of survival of the fittest, and we are that same. Bluejays here are different from the Eastern bird—they are solid indigo blue all over; and again they are the same—they scream and scold. This one will scream no more; he is gathered. Let us resume.) In order to avoid bitter regrets I went fishing one of those days.

I got up middling early for me and got away at about 6:30. Did it all without the blood-curdling rattle of the deadly alarm clock too. Positive fact, I merely note it as showing that a man can rise and go fishing (and probably hunting) without the time-worn experience of the alarm clock.

I had no beast to ride, and there was not a wagon on the place. There are no wagon roads and the hills are so steep that I couldn't have used a wagon if I'd had one, so I went afoot. I'd rather go afoot anyway—under the circumstances—one has time to see things. The stream I sought was over the hills and miles away, and there was naught but a trail to follow, very dim in places, and in addition part of the way was by a trail unused for years, never followed by me, overgrown with sal-lal brush and dim enough here and there to awaken a delightful uncertainty as to there having been any trail in that section. But that made it all the more interesting. True, if I lost it entirely I might wander around all day in that dense, gloomy fir forest, and the fishing would have to be put off until another day, but it was exploration just as much as though it were along the Congo, and as I couldn't go there this would have to answer, I might have gone around further by a plainer trail, but I wanted to indulge my curiosity a little and test my ability to pick up something faint. Then there was the delight of seeing strange country and the possibility of running across a pterodactyl or a dodo or something to tell about. I'm very glad I didn't, however, for I took no gun, concluding before starting that 9lbs. of Marlin and a few pounds of trout would be too much for comfort.

Part of my way the first hour—after I had left the valley and climbed a heart-breaking hill of several hundred nearly perpendicular feet—lay through a tract that had long since been burned over, where trees were sparse, and where rhododendron and huckleberry were in full sway, and here I feasted my eyes on one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed. It was the season of full bloom of the rhododendron, and there were acres and acres of the loveliest pink-bedecked bushes that were ever arrayed for the delectation of man. Here and there where the bushes stood thickly were masses of the softest, most delicate beautiful pink ever painted by the great Artist, and scattered all over that large area, never far apart, were innumerable clusters of dainty blossoms, a panorama of exquisite beauty, matchless, indescribable. Verily, there is something in Washington besides rain. I'm glad I went fishing. A person is most always glad when he does right.

The rhododendron is in full flower now all over the State, and on the hills one is rarely out of sight of the beautiful bloom, but it is only now and then that one is granted such a view as I have hinted at. Sometimes, as on this day, even in the deepest recesses of the forest, one may see a spot of pink, a lovely bush among the gloomy shadows glowing from between the thickly towering tree trunks, a brave bright smile in spite of somber shades that is most charming.

This is a favored country for flowers. The wild rose bushes are sheets of fragrant flame; all the berries, and their name is legion, are in bloom almost everywhere. In the damp bottoms along the creeks, along the hillsides in the thick woods, in the clearings, through the burned tracts on the hills, where there is seemingly naught but garvel and rock; every place has its favorite flower, modest or gay and flaunting. I am sorry I cannot give the botanical names of all these plants; it would be such a comfort. But I don't carry a botany with me, and the one I studied in my youth did not say anything about Washington varieties. However, I know a flower when I see it, and can admire its beauty and sniff its fragrance just the same. There is a bush which grows on the upper levels here that exudes lightly, from its leaves, a moisture slightly viscous and of balsamic, aromatic odor that is very pleasant, and I never miss an opportunity when

near it of passing my hands over the leaves, and so taking an impalpable bouquet along with me for a season. It is in bloom now and the white blossoms have a faint, dainty odor that is very pleasant. The dogwood is in bloom now also, holding out handsome flowers like saucers without the cups, and flecking with white the greenery that crowds it closely in the thickets; while the ferns, Washington's representative plants, of all sorts and sizes, are everywhere, mounting into the air and still growing as though they would never stop. Over 8ft. high is the common variety now of this season's growth in good soil, and shows no sign of calling a halt. Of course good soil is not omnipresent, and you don't find such growth broadcast, but it is nothing unusual in the valleys. But the maidenheads! You should see the masses of delicate, graceful fronds hanging over some bank in the cool shade, where the water trickles musically down, and the passing breeze dallies with their graceful tresses. It is a sight for weary eyes that find one poor puny fern in twenty-five square miles in the effete East. And the sword-ferns too, with their broad, gracefully formed, sharp blades, unsheathed, standing straight in clusters, full of strength, as though anxious to be given an opportunity to show their prowess in some gay tournament where knights of fair Flora should contend for the wreath of victory at the hands of their beautiful queen. They are also finely in evidence, and there are many other lovely things to be had for the search, between showers, if one is in the humor.

The mosses too, to be found everywhere in many varieties in the damp, cool spots, are as lovely creations as can well be imagined, and a book of them pressed makes a beautiful souvenir that any one might be proud to possess. But the seaweeds and mosses! Who can fittingly describe those inexpressibly dainty, graceful, waving, floating, almost ethereal creations, nurtured by the salt waves and tinted in such colors as defy the art of man, and cause exclamations of wonder and delight by all who behold them. Tastefully mounted on cardboard, they are a source of never-ending admiration. I have seen collections from Eastern shores, but I do not remember to have seen any that approach these in point of color or variety. Verily, I remark once more, there is something else besides rain in Washington. There is, there is.

You remember that in one of my recent letters I mentioned finding a water ousel's nest on one of my fishing trips and bringing it home with me. Well, I visited the same spot on this last trip, of which I said something in the beginning of this letter, and found that the despoiled beauties had forthwith gone to work and built another nest in the same place, on a little sloping shelf on almost a perpendicular rock wall close by the spray of the fall; but this last nest is double, one nest just above the other, connected, the entrances about 6in. apart, but interiors not connected. Two separate nests in the same bunch of moss. The upper was empty, but the lower contained four eggs and a just hatched wee little ouselette, but what surprised me as much as anything was the size of the eggs. They were immense for the size of the bird, almost as large, it seemed to me, as those of the robin. They were slightly larger at one end than the other and in color pure white. It seemed to me a big disproportion between the size of bird and egg and a pretty big tax on the hen, but she seems to stand it all right. Now what do you suppose that upper nest was for? I couldn't see that it was one whit inferior to the lower. It was just as well built, finished and protected as the other, to my unprofessional eye, but probably there were faults or deficiencies in it which couldn't be accepted or overlooked by the architects, and so they built another. But I think they built the upper nest last, from the aspect of things. Then what? Why, they either intended the spare nest for the next robber or their ambition to raise a family was greater than their capacity, or they intended the upper nest for a nursery. I couldn't find out which, for there was no one at home when I called, and I left the nest as it was, hoping that no one would spy it out and so interfere with domestic bliss in the ousel family. The double nest was not as large as the first single one. I could not see into it, of course, for the entrance was upward and then inward, overhung by a mossy hood, preventing my inlook, even had I been on a level with it, which I was not by a foot or two, having to reach up and explore the interior with my fingers.

Coming home after a day of unalloyed delight, I surprised a mother grouse (ruffed) with her brood in a bend of the trail, and the usual grouse ground and lofty tumbling immediately ensued, preceded by a performance. I do not remember to have seen before. This was the raising and spreading her tail exactly like that of a turkey cock when he is strutting, and waltzing around with her tail in the air with an air of defiance that was funny enough. Then suddenly all her legs and wings were broken, and she flapped and fluttered, edging gradually away, clucking and warning, circling around and coming toward me again, finally stopping, and opening her bill widely uttered a cry or squawk very like a domestic hen when seized, but of course not so loud. She repeated this a good many times, finally flying to a lower limb of a tree near by, where I left her to reassemble her brood, that had suddenly become invisible to my careful search, as only young grouse or quail can.

Oh! About the fish? Well, I brought home thirty-two trout, lovely black-spotted mountain trout, the longest 11½in. and the shortest just short of 10in., having thrown back but five that were only a little smaller, and when the catch was laid out on a bench at the home coming, with their heads on a line, I thought that, considering the number, the number thrown back and the average size, it was a pretty sight and well worth the ten-mile tramp it took to get them, and also a sore heel and a lame knee or two. The coachman did the business. O. O. S.

WASHINGTON, June 1.

Where Would I Hold?

MR. WILMOT TOWNSEND, of Bay Ridge, N. Y., has supplemented his well-known and ingenious drawing, "Where would You Hold?" with another, entitled "Where would I Hold? There with my First." The first picture shows a group of broadbills which have just come within range, and are so grouped as to give a chance for two birds at one shot, if only one knew just where to hold. The second and companion picture shows the effect of holding on the spot chosen by the artist. Mr. Townsend tells us that the edition of his picture, "Outside the Danger Line," has been sold out.

Natural History.

EREBUS AND THE HUMMINGBIRD.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

WILLINGTON, Conn.—As I went out upon the front piazza early one August morning to note the sunrise splendors that were crowning the mountain tops, I noticed Erebus, the big, sleek, black cat, stretched out under the clustering, many-hued morning glory bells. He was sleeping with one eye, while with the other he was casting longing glances up at the beautiful, poising, circling hummingbirds that were diving in and out among the luxuriant vine leaves and thrusting their needle-like bills down the slender throats of the brilliant though transient blossoms.

Two or three minutes later he came bounding through the hall into the sitting-room, and Emma shouted:

"Oh, dear, dear! that cruel Erebus has caught a hummingbird!"

"Impossible," cried mother, running from the pantry. "I never knew a cat to catch a hummingbird; 'Rebus might as well attempt to catch a shadow or a sunbeam."

"Nevertheless this cat has a hummingbird in his mouth now. I can just see its poor, pretty feathers, and this dreadful cat is going to swallow it whole. Oh, dear! what can be done?" And the young girl seized the cat more roughly than he was ever touched before, whereupon he growled resentfully, arched his back, whipped his long, fluffy tail to and fro, extended his white, sharp claws and made another great effort to swallow his tiny prey. But the young mistress held him so closely by the throat that he did not succeed in so disposing of his delicate morsel.

As we all gathered about 'Rebus, we could see the silvery dots on the tips of the long, gossamer tail-feathers of the wee bird just protruding between the sharp, cruel teeth, and "peep, peep," came faintly from the cat's closed mouth.

"The poor little thing is still alive! Erebus, you great cruel cat, you shall give it up," and Emma clasped her slender hands so closely about his throat that his shining yellow eyes protruded, his strong jaws relaxed and a very wet, tiny hummingbird was extracted from its place of peril.

"Oh, dear, it is dead!" sighed Emma, holding up the limp little morsel of a bird. "Take it away; I can't bear to look at it! I can never pat 'Rebus again, naughty old black!" and 'Rebus shook himself assertively, fell to licking his paws a moment, then casting a reproachful glance around at the assembled family he gave an expostulating mew, and walking deliberately out of the room stretched himself upon the sunny piazza again.

Mother took the dainty little bird and held it safely in her warm hand, and we all congratulated ourselves upon having an opportunity to examine the wonderful little tidbit.

How perfectly beautiful it was, from its long slender bill, the pert little scarlet tuft on the crown of his cunning head, the brilliant, ever-changing plumage of its plump breast, fairly-like wings and narrow tapering back to its mites of delicate legs and feet.

All at once, while we stood exclaiming over the pretty creature it gave a gasp, then another, then another a little deeper and stronger. Mother now carried it along to the front of the porch and held it in the sun.

Presently it opened its specks of black eyes, looked around at us in a bewildered sort of way and stretched out its green and gold neck, straightened first one leg and then the other, as if trying their strength. Then ruffling up his feathers as much as to say, "Now I'm all right," he hopped upon one of the fingers of the friendly hand which had so tenderly held him and began to plume his elegant plumage, drawing each tail and wing feather through his long slender bill.

Emma wiped her eyes now and came running out to look at the little wonder. "Your mouth is too large for a hummingbird trap," she said to Erebus, who was trying to wake up and be friends again by rubbing his black glossy sides against her blue gown. "The little beauty dived so far down your great throat, thinking it was the calyx of a big red flower, when you stretched your mouth to yawn, that he escaped your sharp teeth altogether."

Then, picking from the terrace a white wax-like day lily she held it up before the little bird. The tiny creature turned his head gracefully, as if invigorated by the rich fragrance, then spread his shiny wings and darted away into the scarlet and yellow tangle of the honeysuckle vine.

For the few remaining weeks of summer we could tell him from the other hummers by a disarranged tail feather; and we called him Zip when he came on his morning visits and passed over the lily cups and the late petunias and geraniums, and we pleased ourselves by fancying that he cast intelligent, grateful glances at us between the sips of honey dew upon which he made his breakfasts.

As for our sly Erebus, he gave up lying in wait for hummingbirds, and removed his quarters to the shade of the butternut tree and took his morning naps there, in company with the shepherd dog Kris Kringle, and watches with him for more legitimate prey.

Those Confiding Quail.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail about which I wrote you a few weeks ago has successfully hatched out her chicks. All but two of the eggs hatched. The interesting little family was seen about the house during one morning, and then they made their way down to the arroya at the foot of the hill, where small seeds abound.

About a week after the nesting of this pair they were reinforced by another pair, which built their nest just to the left of the front steps, also in a heliotrope bush. Notwithstanding the fact that the nest was within a couple of yards of where we are accustomed to sit on the broad veranda, she too successfully brought her setting to a happy termination and hatched out nine chicks, every egg proving fertile. We now have the two sets of empty shells, with the little caps still attached to some, as a memento of the confiding nature of the California Valley quail.

CULPEPPER.

The Copperhead.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read Forked Deer's inquiry about the "copperhead" snake and your description of that reptile. From the latter I learn for the first time that I have some familiarity with the copperhead myself, though I was before unaware of the snake's identity.

The copperhead reminds one somewhat of the rattlesnake in general appearance, or perhaps because he inspires one with somewhat of the same kind of fascination when encountered in the woods, a quality which does not attach to any other snake with which I am acquainted. I have seen specimens of this snake in the hill portions of Mississippi, but never in the Mississippi River bottoms. The negroes call him the "rattlesnake's pilot," and aver that he is always followed by the rattler.

The copperhead has an abundant store of venomous fluid, as I have seen perhaps half a teaspoonful ejected upon the stock of my gun when pressed down upon the body of the snake near his neck.

The copperhead is also very pugnacious, which, in my experience, is unusual with venomous snakes. His congener, the cotton-mouth moccasin, cannot be provoked to strike except by hurting him.

The copperhead's fangs are much shorter than are those of the rattlesnake, and this is common to all the moccasin tribe, so far as I have observed.

About twenty years ago I came upon a copperhead while I was creeping through the woods after a squirrel that was barking a little distance away. When I discovered the snake I had placed one foot almost in contact with it—indeed, I supposed I had touched its body; but it remained motionless. I was unwilling to frighten my squirrel, and so I undertook to kill the snake by bringing the butt of my gun down on its head. The only effect of the blow was to electrify the snake into a great state of activity, and he began striking right and left with more vigor than definite purpose. After dispatching him I discovered that his eyes were opaque, and he was consequently quite blind, having recently sloughed his skin. I have seen specimens of this snake as much as 4 ft. long, and, like the rattlesnake, very large in proportion to length.

The copperhead is a very handsome snake, the ground color being almost ferruginous in intensity, and the pattern of the darker markings large.

I inclose two fangs of a rattler, killed about a month ago. The snake was 4½ ft. long, with nine rattles. These fangs are twins, having been both attached to the same base. They became separated in boiling the head to pieces.

It is quite rare in my experience to find a snake possessed of twin fangs, but I have encountered several specimens.

COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

In Four Parts—Part Three.

THE morning of the 18th found us in the saddle at daylight. It was beginning to get interesting, and every fellow had his mind made up to secure a fine set of elk or moose horns to carry home with him. Ed, Cooke and Wester went in one party, and Will, Frank and I in another. We had not gone far, however, before I determined to take a hunt alone. Will and Frank wanted to go back to the place where they had killed the cow elk and see if the bears had been after the carcass. So we agreed to meet at a small lake we all knew in the evening, and with this understanding separated. I rode up one of the numerous cañons as far as my horse could travel, and when the ground got so rough that the horse could go no further I dismounted and took it on foot. I hunted hard until after 12 o'clock. I could see fresh sign almost every step and thought sure I would jump an elk after a while. I am satisfied that I was driving both elk and deer before me. Finally I gave up the chase and retraced my steps. I had been over the ground once, and thought there was no chance of starting anything. I was walking along carelessly, not even endeavoring to avoid stepping on twigs or making a noise, and had my rifle on my shoulder. I was not thinking about game and had started for camp. All at once I heard an elk give a shrill snort or whistle, and the next moment saw a large cow elk jump out of a thicket of quaking asp. She looked wild, held her head high in the air a moment, then gave a tremendous leap and was lost in the brush. I did not have time to get my rifle down from my shoulder and cock it before she was gone. I did feel mean. There I had been hunting all day, half the time with my rifle ready to shoot. I had followed one elk trail after another and had heard game running several times, and then on my way to camp started a fine elk and did not get a shot. I hastened to my horse and met the other boys at the lake. They had jumped one or two deer, but failed to get a shot also. We hurried on back to camp and found the other party there. Bob Cooke was the winner on this day. He had killed a large cow moose and had brought the usual portion, the hindquarters and one side of ribs, and old Ed had saved his tallow. We now had plenty of fresh meat in camp, so we erected a smoking rack and salted and smoked a lot of it. We consumed so much meat we thought we had better do this, as our hunting might not always be successful. In this dry and high atmosphere meat will keep in the month of September for two or three weeks without the least taint, so we did not make ourselves uneasy about running out.

We decided that night to send our guide Ed Trafton back to the settlement to get our mail and also to replenish our groceries. Next morning before day Ed had loaded two pack horses with venison, elk and moose meat and had his pockets full of letters for the post-office. He was to take a lot of meat to his family and then load the horses with our groceries on the return trip. It would take him three days to make the trip.

After Ed had gone we determined not to take any hard hunts until he returned, but to amuse ourselves with the antelope and chickens and fish, as Ed had promised us all the big game we wanted when he returned.

The 21st was Sunday, so we laid up and rested and told tales and had a big dinner and made ourselves as happy as possible. About 6 o'clock old Ed came riding in. He was hot and dusty and his horses covered with foam. He had started at 6 o'clock in the morning and had been in a

swinging trot and gallop every since. Only stopped one hour at noon. These Western horses have an unheard of amount of endurance. Forty miles of such travel would kill any horse in our State, to say nothing of eighty. We all received letters from home, besides bundles of papers; so we were a happy crowd. We had a big dinner that night in honor of old Ed, and he declared we were the best set of fellows he had ever been with.

The morning of the 22d daylight found all of us in the saddle. Sam and Bob hunted together, Ed and Will were together and Frank and I.

Frank and I hunted the rolling fir forests and around the edges of the numerous small lakes. We killed a black-tail deer together. We were walking along side by side when it jumped up and both fired almost at the same time. I saw the deer tumble and looked to see if Frank had fired, and saw his smoking gun in his hands. When we got up to the deer we found that both of us had put a bullet through her. It was a large doe. We put her on one of the horses and went back to camp. About dark the other boys got in. Bob Cooke was the winner again. He had killed two large bull elk and all the horses came in loaded. Old Ed was for saving his winter meat and tallow, and we were only too glad for him to have it. We otherwise could not possibly have used all the meat we killed. Bob had two nice sets of horns this time. Sam said he never saw a man do better shooting. Sam was on the opposite side of the cañon and saw Bob when he jumped the elk. There were five of them, and all bulls but one, and Bob killed two before they got away from him. That is what I call good shooting. When a man jumps a herd of elk and kills one as they run off at a rate of speed almost beyond conception, and the animals jumping logs and crashing through the brush, it is good work, but when he drops two of them it is just grand, that is the only word to express it. He shot one elk twice and the other three times, so you know he must be "chain lightning" with a rifle. We had a royal feast and drank the health of the Nimrod of the day.

Next morning, the 23d, all were in the saddle by daylight. Ed, Bob and Sam took three pack horses and went back to the cañon where Bob had killed the two bulls. They wanted to bring in more of the meat and Ed was particularly anxious for the tallow. Will, Frank and I went together. We hunted around the edges of the lakes and in the ridges and flat timber for a while, and finally struck a fresh elk trail leading up one of the largest cañons. We followed it as far as we could on horseback, and then dismounted and continued the pursuit on foot. We climbed over boulders and fallen trees and scrambled through quaking asp thickets and currant bushes until we almost tore our clothes off, and kept on and on until we were exhausted. It was a fresh trail and could not have been more than two or three hours old, as we could tell by the droppings. There were several tracks of unusual size in the herd, so we knew there were some old bulls along. We finally had to give up the chase for that day, however, and in returning killed two deer. Will killed the first mule deer we had killed on the trip, and I got a black-tail yearling. Both were killed running, of course, as you very rarely obtained a standing shot. We took only the hindquarters, as they were killed some distance from our horses.

When we got to camp we told old Ed about the trail and the big tracks and he told us to sleep well that night, as he was going to camp with us on that trail the next night or have some of those bighorns. He said that the bulls were getting ready to start to running and we would find some old fellows with that band.

We slept soundly that night and dreamed of bighorns and old bulls all night. Next morning by daybreak we were ready to start. Each man had two days' rations of bread, potatoes, onions and salt and bacon. We were going to lie out that night or find that band of elk. We also strapped our overcoats and one blanket to each saddle. All were moving by daybreak. It was about eight miles from our camp to the mouth of the cañon. There was a lake three or four miles long and about as wide in the mouth of the cañon; in fact, it extended up into the cañon for a mile or two. It was a wild-looking place and the scenery was beautiful, just like pictures I have seen of lakes in the Alps. The borders of the lake were so thick with matted vines and undergrowth that our progress was very slow. We toiled on for several hours and got well up into the cañon, and when it became so rough we could ride no longer we dismounted. We tethered our horses on the bank of the mountain stream which dashed down to the lake below. We intended to come back to our horses and camp that night. This was one of the widest and grandest cañons we had been in. It was fully a half mile wide from one bluff to the other. Through the center rushed a mountain cataract that foamed and boiled among the huge boulders in its bed. There were masses of rock scattered here and there, upheavals of earth, upturned and interwoven trees. The whole surface of the ground was a mass of huckleberry, currant and wild gooseberry bushes, intertwined with mountain laurel and ivy. I never saw such a crop of berries. The bushes were loaded, and every few steps we could see where the bears had been feeding on them. An old bear bends a bush down and usually breaks it, and never leaves it until it has stripped off every berry and usually a goodly quantity of the leaves. A bear will devastate a pretty good area of berry bushes in a few hours' feeding.

We now began to see numerous signs of both bear and elk. We knew that a big herd of elk were up in this cañon, as we had trailed them up the evening before. We now separated into pairs, with the understanding that we would rendezvous at our horses that night. We also agreed that no man was to fire his rifle at anything smaller than a deer. I claimed old Ed as my companion on that day's hunt. Ed was an expert in the art of finding game, and the man who hunted with him was almost certain of a shot at some large game. He wore moccasins like an Indian, and could walk as stealthily as a cat.

We all now started, divided into pairs; we were to hunt up the cañon. There were several pairs, and we were separated from each other some 200 or 300 yds., and all hunting parallel to each other. In this way we could hunt the cañon out thoroughly, and would be apt to drive game to each other. We were determined not to allow that fine herd of elk to get out of that cañon without getting one or more of those old bulls. We were hunting now for horns, and we knew that they were up in the cañon and have them we must. Ed and I traveled about

two miles up the cañon and kept finding fresh tracks and sign. We knew the herd was there and that we would run across them after a while. About this time we heard a rifle crack over to our left, then another, and another, until it broke into a regular fusillade. We knew the boys had got into elk, as there were too many shots for it to be deer. The deer in the Rocky Mountains do not run in large droves like elk. We kept on going, only watched more closely and kept our rifles ready. I was determined to down the first elk that showed his head, and not be chagrined as I had been once before. The cañon became very rough and walking was exceedingly laborious. We had to climb up and over great masses of stone, all covered with thick huckleberry and currant bushes, and then down into the bed of one crater after another. It seemed as if nature had made a retreat for the poor hunted beasts that defied mankind. We surely could not have gone much further up the cañon, as it was beginning to be one mass of boulders, and the undergrowth was so thick we often had to stop and cut our way through. We heard several more shots over to our left and knew the boys were still starting game. We were beginning to get pretty tired and hot when we heard a wild snort and the brush breaking. We both stopped, cocked our rifles and waited. We only had to wait for a moment, when we saw a large bull elk plunge out of the thicket and spring up the side of the steep declivity. It was about 100yds. distant and a splendid shot. Ed was below me on a hillside and did not see the bull as soon as I did. I took aim and fired, but just as I pulled the trigger the old fellow plunged behind a huge boulder and I thought he was gone. By the time I pumped another cartridge in my rifle, however, the old bull appeared again. This time I had a good shot. He was running broadside to me. I took more deliberate aim this time and drew at his foreshoulders. At the crack of the rifle he plunged forward and changed his course. Old Ed said a good shot. We will find him over yonder somewhere. Ed now turned down the cañon to head off the bull if possible, and I went to the spot the bull was when I fired. I soon found the blood trail and followed it. I had not gone more than 300yds. when I saw him. He was standing in a clump of fir trees and was looking right at me.

I realized that it was not safe for me to go too close to him; so when I got within 40yds. of him I stopped, and taking deliberate aim shot him through the head. That dropped him. Ed heard the shot, and realizing that I had overtaken and killed the bull he came to me. After the excitement was over I began to realize what I had done. I had killed the oldest and largest bull on the trip and had a magnificent set of horns. Ed estimated the weight of the bull at 800lbs. The horns had five prongs on each beam and both beams were exactly alike. I never saw a nicer matched pair of beams. They measured about 5ft. from tip to tip.

The killing power of the Winchester express rifle is tremendous, and I would advise every hunter who goes to the Rocky Mountains to have one, and to use the hollow-pointed bullet. We now set to work to skin the bull, and hung the hide, horns, tallow and both hams up in a tree, so the wolves and bears and thousands of small animals could not get it. We did not intend to try to get any of our meat out of the woods that day, as the distance and difficulties were too great to overcome.

We set out toward the places where we had heard the other shooting. After scrambling over rocks and breaking brush for about an hour we stopped and fired twice, the usual signal. We received an answer not far from us, and we went to the place. We found Sam Wester sitting on a log, and at his feet lay a large cow elk. He then took us to another place about 75yds. distant, and there lay a yearling elk. Sam related his experience in a few words. He was alone, as he had separated from Will McKamy shortly after starting. When he reached this place he started three elk—a very fine bull, a cow and a yearling. Sam was too greedy. He did fine shooting, as he killed the cow and yearling and wounded the bull before it got away. But alas! he lost that fine set of horns. Sam should have fired at nothing but the bull, and should have allowed the cow and calf to go. If he had done this he certainly would have killed the bull, for he is an excellent shot at both running and standing game. He took us to the spot where he shot the bull, and we could distinctly track him by the blood on the grass and bushes. We did try to trail him up, but soon lost the trail and had to abandon it. Sam was heaping reproaches on himself for allowing that fine set of horns to get away from him. We had to laugh at him. The idea of a man being so greedy as to want to kill all three of the poor beasts. We told him he did not deserve any sympathy. We now set to work to skin Sam's elk and hang up some of the meat and the hides, and then set out to find the other boys. It was not long before we found Will McKamy. Will was down on his knees skinning a big elk. He had got into a bunch of a dozen or more and had picked out the largest bull and killed it. He had a pretty good set of horns, but not like mine. We helped Will to finish his job of skinning and hanging up his trophies and meat, and then set out to find Frank and Bob. We finally located them after firing several signals.

When we reached Frank and Bob we found that they had another bull elk. They had it skinned and ready to take the horns and part of the meat to camp. Frank had killed it. Bob was unsuccessful on this our banner day's hunt.

We decided to take Frank's and Will's meat out of the cañon that night and go back to our main camp. Frank and Will went after the horses, and after considerable trouble we picked out a way for them and got the horses to the two carcasses. Now came the troublesome part of the day's work, getting the game out of the woods, and such woods. People who never saw a Rocky Mountain cañon cannot realize what the Grand Teton Cañon is, where we had our game down. We started after lunch. It was about 2 o'clock. After we had loaded three horses with the combined horns and hides and part of the meat of Frank's and Will's elk we started out of the cañon. Now came the rub. Of all the places on earth I never saw such a place as that cañon. We had to chop and cut at almost every step, as the bighorns would get hung in the thick bushes and vines. We also had to unstrap the loads and carry them by hand over the numerous glacier beds. These glacier beds are rough places, caused by snow and ice sliding down the sides of the cliffs and rolling huge stones and broken timber down into the cañon. When the snow and ice melts away it leaves a rough bed

of boulders the size of houses, and matted and broken timber. We were five hours getting the horses and their loads out of that place, but we finally accomplished it and rolled into camp about 9 o'clock that night. We were all worn out, but happy. The cook hustled around and got us up a hasty supper, and we ate, drank and were merry. Old Ed was happy. He had seen three of us get big sets of horns that day, and his supply of meat and tallow had been very largely increased.

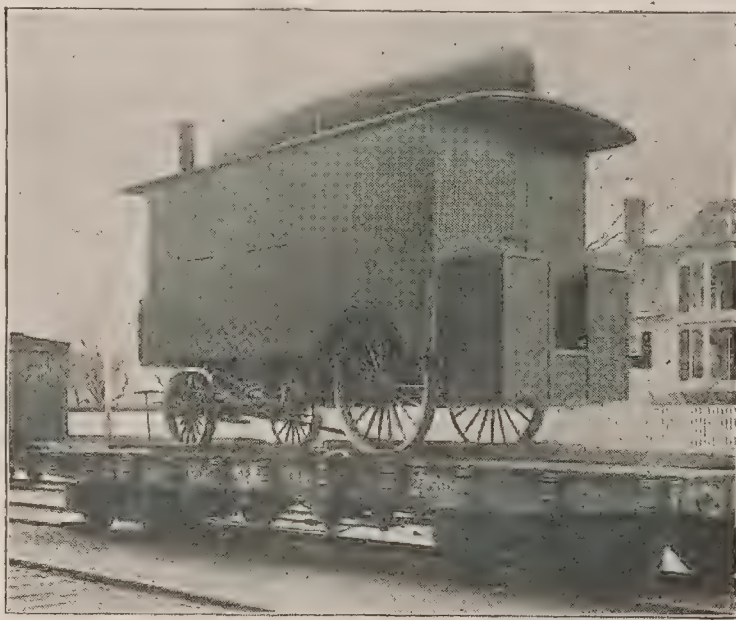
A. B. WINGFIELD.

MY FIRST LARGE GAME.

EXPERIENCED sportsmen will probably detest many wrong ideas and mistakes I made in my first hunt; but they must remember that they are the ideas of a greenhorn and (probably) are not backed up by the experience of any guide or sportsman.

My friend Mr. C. invited me to go into the woods with him last year and I gladly accepted the invitation. He furnished all the camping outfit from his well-filled stores, even insisting on my taking one of his fine rifles that had a record of three moose.

I was on hand at the appointed time, and after many miles' ride in a canoe (my first one) and half as many more with a pack on my back, we arrived at camp just as darkness was shutting down. A few days' rest and getting the lay of the land and I was ready to try my luck. Our camp was about 100 rods from a small stream which was hardly navigable for a canoe, owing to the dry season. George, my guide, and I started down stream about 1 o'clock just to look the ground over. The stream was very winding and its banks for 200 to 300ft. back were covered with tall grass and alders and then thick woods beyond. As we rounded a point the stream, which here was 60ft. wide and quite deep, stretched out 500ft. ahead and then took a turn to the right. Across this expanse of water and back about 100ft. from the shore breast deep in the tall grass and alders stood the finest buck seen in these parts for twenty years (guide's own words). The sun, which was getting low, was in our backs and shone full upon the buck, who stood head on



THE PORTABLE CAMP AS LOADED ON THE CARS.

with a look of intense listening, his beautiful, heavy antlers reflecting in the sun, forming as handsome a picture as one could wish to see. My rifle ready cocked lay across my knees, which, owing to my sitting very low in the canoe, brought it within 1ft. of my shoulder. It took but a moment's time to line the sights and pull the trigger. I aimed at the base of the neck, as I could not see below there. The buck reared straight up and went over backwards, and the top of the alders shook as we paddled down the stream. We were paddling by the deer out in the middle of the stream and making for a point further down to find a good landing, when George said, "I am afraid he will get away." This was enough for me. I jumped to my feet, at the same time bringing my rifle to my shoulder, saw the deer staggering, took quick aim and bobbed down again just as the canoe was going over. The guide swore roundly at me and said, "You can't shoot that way, you almost upset the canoe; there is 6ft. of water and then 6ft. of mud here, and I can't swim a stroke." Well, we got ashore and found that the first shot had glanced on the neck bone and cut the jugular vein, and the second had passed through his neck near the body. As it was growing dark and we had a stream full of snags to get up, we left the deer and came for him in the morning. He had as fine a set of horns as one could wish, being nearly as large as a man's wrist at the base.

I had several chances to drop a deer later on, but as old Tim said, "You have as fine a buck's head as you will get if you come here twenty years," I did not care to shoot any merely for fun.

One morning, Mr. C. and his guide having left us for a few days, George and I started down stream at 6 o'clock. George said, "I want to go early and try my luck at calling." Now, George is not considered a professional moose caller, and was taken with our party because he was an excellent cook, but he proved better than we expected. We were out about an hour, and came to a stretch of dead water where George had several times remarked it would be a good place to call. George laid down his paddle and taking his birch bark horn gave two calls. We then paddled down stream 300 or 400yds. and called again. After waiting a while we paddled on. At the end of this dead water the stream narrowed to about 4ft. and took an abrupt turn to the left, leaving a long point of land covered with tall grass. As we neared the turn I heard what sounded to me like a horse walking very fast in the water. George said in a whisper, "That's a moose," and a moment later, "It's a big fellow, and he is charging right on to us. Be sure of your aim." I was all alert in a moment, but not the least "shaky." We had reached the turn in the stream and the prow of the canoe was pointed to the opposite bank, 4ft. away, so I had to turn half around to the left and look over the side of the canoe to command down stream. The grass was high on the point and I could not see 6ft. away. The splashing continued coming nearer and nearer, and I waited with

rifle at shoulder and my eye along the sights. George, who had been standing, was drawing himself down to keep out of sight of the moose, and he at last whispered, "Can't you see him?" I shook my head, not daring to answer. George forced the canoe suddenly ahead till it struck the opposite bank with a crash and told me to jump. He afterward told me he was frightened, and that he thought the moose would rush over us. It occurred to me that it was foolish to make so much noise when we had been keeping so still, but I had no time to think, for it brought me out to the end of the land where I could just see through the grass. The moose, which was charging ahead, stopped suddenly as he saw the outlines of the canoe through the grass, and before he realized his danger I had fired, aiming at the base of the neck. When I fired he vanished. I jumped to my feet to spring ashore to get another shot as the moose ran down the stream, but George yelled, "Sit down!" and being a greenhorn, I obeyed him. When he found he could not force the canoe around the point—the water was so shoal at this bend—he said: "Well, get ashore." One jump put me in command of the stream, but I would have been too late had my first shot not proved fatal. The moose lay 200ft. down stream with his head under water and his legs pounding the muddy surface. Soon George worked his canoe around the point and we managed by ropes and trees to drag our prize on to a low place. The bullet, a .45-70, had struck him in the soft part of the base of the neck and passed through to his hip. He weighed about 1,000lbs., was about 6 years old, and had a very handsome hide, but a poor pair of antlers. The hide and horns now grace my billiard room, while the handsome deer head adorns my dining room.

I would like to tell you of the game Mr. C. brought down. Of the large black bear he shot which thrust its head out of the tall grass nearly into the canoe one dark night as Mr. C. was paddling up the stream, and of the beautiful double shot he made, bringing down two fine caribou decked out with handsome horns a yard long. But as I started to give the experience of a greenhorn, I will stop at that.

E. N. WINSLOW.

A Portable Camp.

LA CONIA, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks since we noticed in the columns of your paper an article relative to our hunting outfit, now at Parlin Pond, Maine.

Thinking that perhaps it might be of interest to yourself and some of your readers we send you a photograph of the camp loaded on a flat car for transportation.

The camp is on wheels having 6in. tires, and is also provided with runners which can be clamped to the wheels for use on snow. The running gear was built by Messrs. Abbott-Downing Co., Concord, N. H., while the body was built by a local car builder. The body is 16ft. long by 8ft. wide, inside measurements; is provided with four berths having air mattresses and pillows, a cook stove, cupboard, refrigerator, sink, tables, and below the body of the wagon, between the wheels, is a cold storage where the provisions and supplies are stored, the entrance to which is effected through a trap door in the floor of the camp. Under the back platform of the camp and back of the rear wheels is another closet in which are kept the tools for use in cases of emergency, such as axes, hammers, wrenches, ropes, etc., while on the top of the camp is an arrangement by which a canoe can be fastened and taken along, although it is not shown in the photograph.

The camp is double sheathed throughout, is lined with tarred paper between the sheathing and is as warm and comfortable as our own houses at home. The inside is finished in the natural wood, while the outside is painted a dark olive, as near the color of the foliage as was possible to get it.

The entire equipment, canoe and everything, weighs 6,015lbs. and can be drawn anywhere by four good horses, providing the road is not too rough.

Both the doors and the windows to the camp are provided with shutters, which can be closed from the inside whenever it is desirable to do so.

The camp was designed and built in Laconia, N. H., last fall by Frank E. Busiel and William Esty, of this place, was placed aboard the cars in the latter part of November and shipped to Jackman, Me., where it was unloaded and drawn to Parlin Pond, Me.

FRANK E. BUSIEL.
WILLIAM ESTY.

Iowa Game Items.

NEVADA, Iowa, June 9.—While we have had a great deal of rain in Iowa this spring it has come down mostly in the form of warm, steady showers, and has not injured the eggs or young of the prairie chickens. I have already heard of young chickens being seen, and the prospects are fine for a "big crop" of the birds.

Fishing in the lakes of northern Iowa is reported fine. Large catches have been reported from Spirit, Okoboji, Clear and other lakes. Mud or Cairo Lake, in Hamilton county, once a famous ducking place, but which was ditched and drained two years ago and partly farmed last year, is full of water again, and the boys are rejoicing at the prospect of some duck shooting next fall.

Uncle Charley Bryant was in the store to-day and informed me that several days ago he caught a litter of eleven wolf pups near his place, northeast of this city. He says they were a cross between the prairie and timber wolf, and Uncle Charley ought to know, as he has been in the wolf business a good many years. He manages to get a litter of wolf pups nearly every spring, but this was the largest litter he ever caught in this State. He told me that he had holed up two other litters this spring, but as he has a lame hand he could not dig them out alone, and while he had gone for help they escaped. The bounty for wolf scalps is \$2 each, and the neighbors say Uncle Charley pays his taxes every spring with wolf scalps.

J. C. BRIGGS.

A Ducking Incident.

ASHLAND, Wis.—Time, daybreak, Sept. 1. Location, wild rice meadow, channels of clear deep water meandering through. A birch bark canoe, Indian in stern, white man in bow. Indian noiselessly paddling canoe toward the crimson light in the east.

Some wood ducks spring from a fringe of willows at the edge of the channel. Bang. One dead bird. Click goes gun; fresh shell shoved in. Click again. More

silent paddling. Two teal jump up and go skimming away, straight ahead. Bang, bang! Two dead birds. Retrieve. Slip quietly along again. Big mallard springs up almost under bow of boat. Bang, miss, cover with left and bang again. Some feathers drifting in the morning breeze. Big splash. Dead mallard.

Sun comes up. White man hungry. Looks back at Indian, says "camp." Indian turns canoe paddles half-way across channel. Duck jumps up at edge of rice in front. Swings to the left. White man screws around, duck swings still more to the left. White man screws around still more, covers and pulls. Bang! Two big splashes, canoe bottom up. White man with arm over canoe. Looks back; sees bubbles, dead ducks and paddle bob up. Indian bobs up. Catches hold of canoe. White man feels water running down inside shirt collar. Says "ough." Indian makes no sound, but looks all around. Sees big pine tree in edge of rice, about ten rods away; looks at white man; jerks head toward tree. White man and Indian swim and shove canoe to tree. Climb up. Pull up canoe and empty out water. Gather up ducks. Both paddle, and canoe hums through water to camp. Big fire. Indian still silent. White man fixes two tin cups full of hot water and something else hot. Hands one cup to Indian. A moment's silence. Two empty cups. Indian speaks. "Ugh! Think like to go out tip over again!"

GEO. W. MIARS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 20.—The Kewaunee case, the *cause celebre* in Western protective matters, "drags, like a snake, its wounded length along." It was expected that Judge Bigelow, before whom the motion for new trial in the confiscation proceedings came up, would before this have passed on the motion; but he has not as yet done so. It is very possible that he feels himself in an awkward judicial position, and realizes that he may have been wrong in his first position. He has asked to refer the case to a second circuit judge, who has declined the honor. Attorney Ladd, for the sportsmen, writes this week that he believes that it would be as well to take the case direct to the Supreme Court of the State, but is not clear how this can be done over the head of the Circuit Court before which this motion is pending. Meantime the "people's case," taking up the criminal side of the Merritt freezer question, is to come up before the Appellate Court early this fall. The court will determine the question of the illegality of having in possession game killed in other States. This question comes up also in the confiscation or property side of the case, and it is possible that Judge Bigelow would not be adverse to getting a line on this question of law from the Appellate Court. Should the latter court favor the sportsmen in its decision, and should the Circuit Court incline to the same position, the sportsmen would have nothing left to ask and nothing to be decided except the right to seize the illegal game. This would take the matter to the Supreme Court in very good shape. It must probably go there finally in any event, and in the meantime these tedious legal delays constitute practically the whole amount of the news of the matter. The case is a very important one, and should the sportsmen eventually win it, it will break the back of the cold storage game outrages in the West.

The Texas Buffalo Herd.

Telegraphic news comes this week that the mysterious Texas buffalo herd, known as the Val Verde herd, has been again located, and at last accounts a party of cow punchers had been sent out by the rancher who intends to round up the herd and confine it in his ranch pasture.

Italian Joe.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may perhaps remember that unique character, Italian Joe, the plover shooter. Joe tells me that he now has a little place of his own out on the edge of the Chicago plover country, I think he said at Archer road and Fifty-fifth street. He invites me to come out next September, and says that we will certainly have a good time with the golden plover then. Joe says that he had very fair plover shooting this spring. His favorite ground lies on the ground of the natural flight of the snipe and plover, which I have earlier mentioned as lying between Chicago and the Fox River. This is a high, rich farming country of black land interspersed with sloughs and waterways.

Bears in the Big Hole.

Curt Harrison, a Montana hunter, is reported to have killed three bears in the Big Hole basin last week—one grizzly, one silver tip, and one black bear. The grizzly is said to have weighed over 500lbs.

The Biggest Bighorn.

June 13.—The biggest bighorn head in the world, so far as is known authentically at this time, hangs to-day in the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM, having just been received from the hands of the taxidermist, Thomas W. Fraine, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Fraine has spent some weeks in modeling this head and has consulted all sources of information, referring to photographs and recorded measurements, as well as consulting with the best authorities on big game in the country, and making studies from such live mountain sheep as he could find in the parks. The specimen in question was worthy of all the care and patience it received, for the like of it is thought not to exist to-day, this being the verdict of the most experienced big-game shooters who have seen the head, both in New York and Chicago.

The thanks of FOREST AND STREAM are certainly due to the donor of so magnificent a specimen. As was mentioned in the report of the Sportsmen's Exposition in March, the killer and donor of the head was Mr. William Jackson, of Piegan, Mont., who will be remembered pleasantly by so many who saw him at the FOREST AND STREAM camp of the red hunter. "Billy" Jackson will be glad to know that the great head in which he took so much pride has had proper attention and has safely arrived at the abiding place which he selected for it. It has already been seen by a number of the sportsmen here who have marveled at it, and it speaks eloquently of the noble sport still to be had in some of the wildest corners of the Rocky Mountains. There is no prouder or gamier looking animal than the Rocky Mountain bighorn, and the face of this scarred and battered old veteran retains the melancholy but bold and fearless expression of his kind. The head has been voted the choicest possession of

the FOREST AND STREAM office here. As considerable scientific interest attaches to this specimen, I shall later have proper measurements made by an authority on such matters, and confidently believe that we shall then be in a position to ask competitors to bring on their big sheep.

To the Rockies.

Mr. Alfred Weed, of Anderson, Ind., inventor of the Weed perforated bullet, made this office a pleasant call this week. Mr. Weed purposes taking a trip for big game into the Rockies this fall, probably into the Jackson's Hole country. He has killed all the big game of the East in Maine and Canada, but is shy an elk and a grizzly or so. The latter, I am disposed to think, he will come pretty near getting if he lodges one of his flat-headed, stove-pipe bullets in any ticklish part of his anatomy. Mr. Weed tells me that Mr. Archibald Rogers killed two grizzlies on one day, using these cylindrical bullets, whose effect he described as being extremely destructive.

A Folk-Lore Meeting.

A meeting of the International Folk-Lore Association was held yesterday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. Y. Scammon, of this city. Professor Starr, of the Chicago University, gave an interesting talk on the sun dance of the Indians. A number of Sioux Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West show were present at the meeting. An association seal was adopted indicating the purpose of the body, which is the study of Indian traditions and myths.

Babies in the Park.

At Lincoln Park, in this city, a mountain lioness has given birth to three cubs, which are flourishing very well at this writing. The park also has a pair of baby leopards, which are now two months old.

Crawfish and Jacksnipe.

A friend living in the South gives me a curious bit of information about the "crawfish lands" of his country, meaning lands in which the crawfish bore their holes. He says that this land raises better cotton than any other, the stalks reaching great height on such soil. A Northern friend, joining in the same conversation, called attention to the fact that though in the North the crawfish land is not held valuable, it is always the ground where one will find the most jacksnipe.

The Daily Reporter.

My friend, the daily reporter, has again gotten mixed up with firearms. In describing a recent murder he says, "The murderer was heard shambling about the house, but it was not suspected he was priming his revolver." Probably he wasn't. Any really up-to-date murderer hardly uses a revolver which has to be primed, and indeed he might find difficulty in finding such an arm.

The Game of Alaska.

I continue to notice in the Pacific coast papers reports of the resources in big game of the recently developed gold country along the Yukon in Alaska. It would seem that moose and caribou are very abundant, and that anyone who wants his grizzly can get him without any trouble. A recent writer speaks of a breed of grizzlies known as the Mount St. Elias bears, which he says are fighters from the drop of the hat. The usual custom of mining camps will be followed no doubt, and much of the game immediately around the gold fields will be killed off, but this will only mean a better acquaintance with the country for the sportsmen's travel which is bound to go to that country before very long. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

In the Mountains.

RED LODGE, Mont., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall be located in the game country in Montana and Wyoming for the next four months. The latch string you will always find on the outside of the tent should any of the FOREST AND STREAM family come this way. If any brother sportsmen contemplate a trip to this section and will communicate with me I will give them valuable information as to outfitting, etc., from here.

Wednesday last I rode over to Clark's Fork Cañon and I found it as beautiful as ever. In fact, I believe it grows more beautiful each time I see it. The fishing was poor in Clark's Fork owing to very high and muddy water, though in the Little Rocky and Bennett creeks the fishing is excellent.

There is much rivalry among the outfitters here this season. Like all other outfitting towns, there are guides and men who call themselves guides, and it is difficult for the uninitiated to decide which is the guide. I am on the ground and will cheerfully give any information possible to help out. There is still much snow up in the mountains, though the hot sun of the past three days has cleared many places. Will report all along the line of march. WABASH.

Chinese Pheasants in Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The introduction of the Chinese golden pheasant into this section of the country may be credited to Hon. A. B. Quinton, a prominent lawyer of Topeka, who last year procured a pair of birds from H. T. Hudson, president of the H. T. Hudson Arms Co., of Portland, Ore. The pair survived and are in good condition, and last May Mr. Quinton received from Mr. Hudson eighteen eggs, out of which were hatched fourteen chicks, four of the eggs being broken. The chicks are lively and doing well, and will be kept in confinement until next spring, when they will be turned down some miles out from town upon a large farm where hunting is not allowed, where it is hoped they will thrive and multiply.

The introduction of this splendid game bird into Kansas is a matter of great importance to the shooting fraternity, and the experiment is being watched with much interest by our local sportsmen. A. J. HAWKER.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Sea and River Fishing.

HE CAUGHT A HUNDRED TROUT.

BY FRED MATHER.

I MET him at the station door,
With rod and well-filled reel,
And as he stepped to earth once more
Most happy he did feel.
He ope'd his eyes and rubbed his head,
And smiled and gazed about;
Then winked at me and slowly said:
"I caught a hundred trout."

"A hundred trout!" I cried. "O, dear!
Where have you been, I pray,
While I've been chained to business here
And could not get away?
Has pussy-willow dropped her-blow?
Is the dogwood blossom out?"
He only said: "I do not know;
I caught a hundred trout."

"How clear has been the thrush's note?
How often have you seen
The May fly on the water float,
With wings of changing sheen,
Leaving her thin, transparent shell,
Rejoicing that she's out?"
He only said: "The fish bit well;
I caught a hundred trout."

A hundred trout! O, deary me!
And I am tied down here!
What weeks of work I'd give to see
The brook, the wood, the mere!
There's a moral hid somewhere in this,
But I can't find it out;
I only know to me 'tis bliss
To take a dozen trout.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

AFTER reading an English book entitled "My Life as an Angler," by Mr. Henderson, a friend who had heard some of my fishing stories in many parts of this continent, and abroad, with gentlemen, loafers, Indians and niggers, suggested that I write up these many-sided people in an anecdotal, historical and semi-biographical sort of way for FOREST AND STREAM.

In this scheme Mr. Henderson's arrangement will be reversed, just as an inventor turns a machine upside down and gets a patent for an original device. The sketches will incidentally contain all that is covered in Mr. Henderson's title, but that is a natural sequence of the title which I have chosen; yet the foreground will be filled with the main people in the cast, each being the star of the evening.

This series of articles will cover over half a century, and most of the actors are dead, and in some cases I know little of their lives, and will be very glad to get any anecdotes, biographical sketches or even obituary notes of them. The following is a partial list of the persons with whom I have fished and will write up, and among them will be found a few who are still living, and I hope fishing, whose consent may not have been fully given, but who will not bring suit for defamation of character until they read what has been said of them. The list is given by decades:

1840. Reuben Wood, John Atwood, Billy Bishop and Port Tyler, all of Greenbush, N. Y.; Geo. W. Simpkins, Warrensburg, N. Y.

1850. George Dawson and Ira Wood, Albany, N. Y.; Charles Guyon, Potosi, Wis.; Antoine Gardapee, a Wisconsin trapper; George H. Raynor, Chicago, Ill.; Wet Dog and Dirty Face, Ojibwa Indians; William Warren, Kansas.

1860. Gen. Chester A. Arthur and Francis Endicott, New York city; Mortimer Locke, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.; Seth Green, Rochester, N. Y.

1870. The Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, in Currituck Sound; Hon. George Clark, Ecorse, Mich.; Hon. James Geddes, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), Eagle's Nest, Adirondacks; Len. Jewell, Bay City, Mich.; Admiral George John Malcolm (H. B. M. Navy), at Freiburg, in Baden; Prof. James W. Milner, Waukegan, Ill.; Thaddeus Norris, Philadelphia; Franklin Satterthwaite, Newark, N. J.; George W. Sears (Nessmuk), in Adirondacks; Genio C. Scott, New York city; Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.; Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee (Piseco), on Cape Cod and in Adirondacks; Delaware Bradby, or Bradly, a Pamunkey Indian, in Virginia; Joe, a darky boy, in Bermuda; Fred. E. Jones, Pike county, Pa.; Pete, a darky, of Tangipahoa, La.

1880. Wallace E. Blackford and Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John J. Flanagan, Utica, N. Y.; Jack Sheppard, an Adirondack guide; Col. Locke W. Winchester, New York city; Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Hon. Amos J. Cummings, M. C., New York city; Castalia Club, Castalia Springs, Ohio; Alvah Dunning, Adirondack guide; Dr. Bashford Dean, Ph.D., Columbia College, N. Y.; Herr Max von dem Borne, in Germany; and several other men of note, who will be written of as anglers, with whom I have had the pleasure of fishing either as boy or man.

Many of those with whom I have fished were but little known to me at the time, yet there remain many memories of their personal traits as developed on one or more fishing trips, where a man will show more of his individual traits in a day than in a year's acquaintance in business. Hence my appeal for such notes as may relate to subjects of my proposed sketches. FRED MATHER.

Dynamiters in Massachusetts.

MILLBURY, Mass.—In this vicinity there is work for the Commissioners on account of the use of dynamite in the ponds. Singletary Lake and Dorothy Pond have been dynamited, and after picking up what fish were wanted the rest are left all along the edges of the pond.

Lou Clapp and Touch Wright caught the best string of pickerel seen this year in Singletary last week, the largest weighing 3½lbs. G. E. P.

EMERY DAVIS POTTER.

BY J. E. GUNCKEL.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch is probably the least interesting of any subject that could possibly be presented to a society the aim and object of which is the consideration of the propagation and protection of fish, but if you will bear with me for a very few minutes I will present to your attention a subject that will excite your interest and command your appreciation. By request I am to speak to you of a man whose name has been familiarly known throughout the United States, and intimately known to many of us for nearly half a century. As a member of this Society and as fish commissioner of Ohio for many years, no person took a greater personal interest in the propagation and distribution of fish. From the first experiments, in 1853, of artificial breeding of trout, when he was intimately associated with the late Dr. Theodatus Garlick, to the time of his death in 1896, he was a faithful advocate of the objects of this Society. I would like to invite your attention to a brief memorial touching the life history of our esteemed companion, showing his relationship to the interests of this association, and what we learn from the lessons so patiently taught us for nearly a century.

Some of the most distinguished men of the country have paid the highest tribute to his memory. Men of national reputation have paid homage to his worth and expressed their admiration of his many virtues.

Emery Davis Potter was born in Providence, R. I., Oct. 7, 1804, and died Feb. 12, 1896, in the 92d year of his age. The family removed to Otsego county, N. Y., in 1806. Like most of the early pioneers of our country, he devoted his leisure hours to studying such books as fell by chance into his possession, and during the winter he attended the public schools, receiving such instruction in the branches of learning as were taught in those days. After many years of hard, earnest labor he entered the law office of John A. Dix, at Cooperstown, N. Y. Mr. Dix was subsequently governor of New York; later United States Senator from that State, and Secretary of the Treasury. Completing his studies, Mr. Potter was admitted to practice in New York, but soon decided to make his home in the West. He arrived at Toledo, O., in the winter of 1834. His qualities as a lawyer and his high standing among the people were appreciated, and in 1838 he was postmaster in Toledo. In 1839 he was elected by the Legislature as presiding judge of the Common Pleas Court of the Thirteenth Judicial District, covering all of north-western Ohio.

Many interesting experiences he delighted to repeat in later years relative to his traveling from county to county on horseback, through dense wilderness, and how in the absence of bridges he was compelled to swim streams and resort to methods wholly unknown to the present generation in the same section. Wild animals roamed at will in the forest; the streams were filled with fish and in such vast quantities he often selected the size and kind desired in advance of biting. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress from a district embracing ten counties. In Congress he at once took a prominent position which laid the foundation for his great interest in fish and fishing for the welfare and happiness of mankind, which followed him through the remaining years of his eventful life. He served with John Quincy Adams on the select committee on the Smithsonian will, which led to the founding of the Smithsonian Institute, now one of the most valuable and interesting institutions in the world. In 1847 we find him mayor of the city of Toledo, and during this year he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. In 1848 he was elected to the Thirty-first Congress, where he took a specially prominent part in the long struggle for speaker, receiving within three votes of being elected to that office. He was made chairman on the committee of post offices and post roads, and as such was the author of the bill providing for cheap postage and the coining of the 3-cent silver piece. Of this he said: "Speaker Cobb made me chairman of the committee of post offices. During my first term in Congress postage was reduced from 18, 12, 10 and 6 cents, according to distance. It was 10 cents for a single sheet to any part of the country. I had been corresponding with Sir Rowland Hill and was convinced that the rates of postage could be reduced in this country without incurring debt. I introduced a bill reducing the postage to 3 cents, a uniform rate for all distances in the United States. I was deeply interested. The main objections came from Senator Toombs, a distinguished and polished gentleman, whose principal objection was that we had no money, no change less than a 5-cent piece. I knew I had to do something to offset this plea, so I went to the mint and told them I wanted a 3-cent coin made. They sent me 300 or 400 of the little silver pieces, so I had my pockets full when Mr. Toombs was ready to make his final speech against me. I walked over to his seat just before he was ready and I said: 'So you've got no change less than 5-cent pieces, how do you like this for postage?' I pulled out a handful of the silver 3-cent pieces, and as he surveyed them carefully he replied, good-naturedly, 'I'll give up, you have conquered.' He voted for the bill. I afterward got the 3-cent pieces authorized by the Government."

It was in 1853 that Mr. Potter became first interested in the artificial breeding of fish. The successful experiments were made by Dr. Theodatus Garlick and Mr. Potter, and from that time to his death he devoted his leisure in the study and work of this interesting subject.

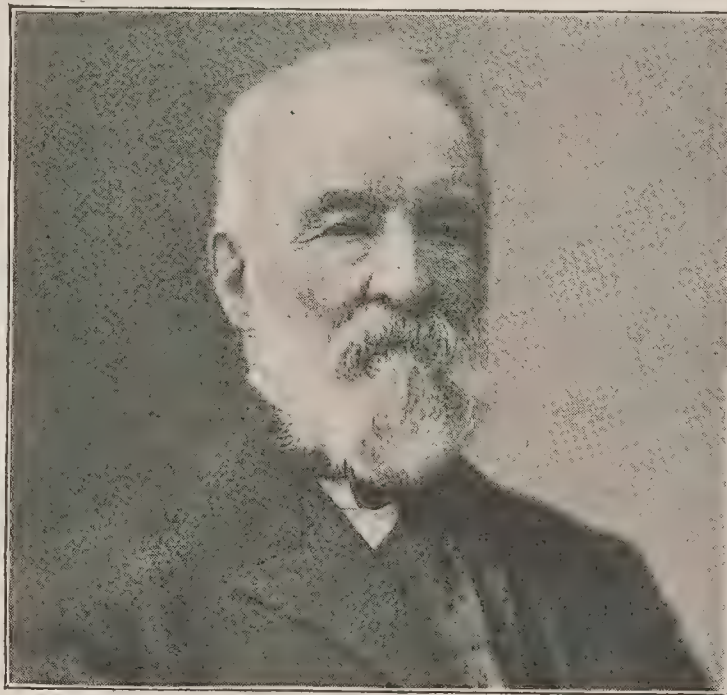
In 1857 he was appointed judge of the Federal Court of Utah, but declined the honor. In 1859 he was appointed collector of customs for the Toledo district, serving until 1861. He was elected as Senator to the Ohio Legislature in 1873, serving until 1875. It was during this term that Mr. Potter founded the law providing, at the expense of the State, for the propagation of fish in Ohio. To his personal attention and good management the successful introduction and establishment of that policy by the State was largely due. He was a member of the Ohio State Fish Commission for as many years as he thought he could be of service to the State and people. No man took greater delight in personally watching the many changing conditions of the millions of eggs hatched out in the different hatcheries of Ohio, or greater interest in distributing small fish in the inland streams and rivers.

In addition to the national offices held by him he was at various times a member of the common council, city solicitor, member of the board of education of the city of Toledo, and there was not a fishing or hunting club

organized in Toledo but what he was asked to hold some office, and was president of one association for over twenty-five years. Such part of his time as was not occupied by his business was passed in the society of men whose acquaintance was sufficient proof of the esteem in which his talents were held, and the friendship of such men was ample evidence of his moral worth. His amiable temper, agreeable manner and unaffected benevolence inspired all who knew him with esteem and regard. He was one of the most enthusiastic and successful anglers of our times. At the green old age of 90 he could bring to his net the gamiest black bass known in the rapidly flowing streams of our Western country, and he had that sweet and amiable disposition characteristic of all true anglers that, whether fish were wont to take his lure or not, he considered that "No recreation was so harmless and which had so many rational inducements to health and true enjoyment as angling." After a tedious winter's session of Congress he and Daniel Webster found relief in angling for salmon in the Kennebec and trout in the various streams of Massachusetts. He was a companion of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, and sat at the bedside of the great Kentuckian when his spirit took its flight. He was a life-long companion of the late Chief Justice Waite and Allen G. Thurman.

The unselfishness of his life was most remarkable. There are different degrees of unselfishness. There are good men who are willing to devote themselves to a great cause if they may choose the part of the work that suits them; Mr. Potter had no choice. All that he asked was that the service was needed. No life can have a loftier purpose than his. His genial sympathy and good nature attracted every person and every interest of the whole community. No consciousness of high political honors lifted him above his neighbors. A great man is always greater than any one of his actions.

The object of the American Fisheries Society is to devise means to restore to the lakes, rivers and streams in this country the food fish supply. The members by study, by experiment and intercourse with each other learned the best methods of fishculture, and by the skill which they have now acquired are able to bring into the world, by artificial means, more young fish than nature can in its ordinary course supply. Had it not been for the members of this Society the fish industries of the great fresh-



EMERY DAVIS POTTER.

water bodies, as well as the game fish for sport in the rivers and streams, would by this time be entirely demoralized, if not destroyed. Mr. Potter and Dr. Garlick watched with eager eyes the first spawn gathered in a rude box, and the result is better told by referring to Mr. Potter's address before this Society, at Put-in-Bay, in 1890, where he says: "About the latter part of January the eyes appeared in the eggs, and about March 1, 1854, there lay prone on his side on his gravely bed the first baby fish artificially propagated on this continent." From this experiment has arisen an industry the benefits of which have been realized by every civilized nation of the earth. The question had attracted the attention of fishermen and the ablest scientists in America and Europe. This was the beginning of his active interest in the propagation of fish. He saw with feelings of the deepest regret that each year the hand of commerce was advancing across the waters of the great lakes, and miles and miles of netting with its destructive tentacles extending in every direction, that in a few years our lakes and streams would be mere watery wastes. How true were his predictions we all know.

In 1871 he appeared before the General Assembly of Ohio. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have but one question to consider: Shall the fish and game be destroyed from the face of the earth by indiscriminate slaughter, or shall wholesome laws be enacted, so that the future generations may share in their products? Our lakes, our rivers and our lands are the nation's wealth. The earth only produces her fruits by careful husbandry. Shall we neglect our waters, the great source of our riches, for the want of an economical husbandry, or shall we let them become a barren waste, when abundance awaits an intelligent cultivation under judicious and wholesome laws?"

His interest never wavered in watching the protection of fish and game.

Anent his first experience in "the gentle art" of angling I quote from a manuscript penned by Mr. Potter for my use when he was in his 90th year: "When I was 16 years of age," he writes, "not liking farming very well, I made up my mind to go a-fishing to sea. I had a colt on the farm called my own, although I had never invested any money in it. This I sold, and with the money I started for New York. Arriving at Albany, for the sake of economy I took passage on a lumber sloop. Down about West Point we were becalmed and laid to. After dark, it being very warm weather, the table was set in the cabin, with the windows open and the lamp lighted. We were all seated around the table, when all at once a huge sturgeon bounded through the window upon the table, scattering dishes and supper in every direction. He took complete possession of the cabin, much to my enjoy-

ment. We soon dragged him on deck, and for the rest of the voyage had plenty of what the captain called 'Albany beef.' Not finding a ship in New York, I worked my way to Boston, where I found at Long Wharf a vessel just fitted out and ready to sail for the banks of Newfoundland on a codfishing voyage. This was just what I wanted. I had caught speckled trout in all the mountain streams of New York, and I lached for a taste of the gentle art at sea. I got it. I found before the season was over that the gentle art had lost its romance in codfishing off the banks, and oh! how I longed for the speckled trout in the clear streams of my native home."

At the age of 91 Mr. Potter penned me the following interesting sketch: "I am often asked what has been the cause of my robust health. I can best answer by giving my manner of life from the beginning. From my early childhood I fished the cold streams of Herkimer and Otsego counties for the speckled trout with an alder pole, with chalk line and angle worms, and passing through all the gradations of the art up to the rod and reel, with a book of selected flies. For over fifty years scarcely a summer has passed that I have not spent several weeks on the north shore of Lake Superior among the trout and bass, taking in all the favorite fishing grounds from the Soo to Fort William, including the famous Nipigon. My profession being a lawyer (I was the first lawyer that hung out a shingle in Toledo) required close application to office work, but in the fishing season on every Saturday morning before breakfast I took my fishing traps and spent the entire day, taking neither food nor liquors of any kind till my return home in the evening. My Saturday's respite from office labor I continued for nearly sixty years. I can say without boasting, although nearly 100 years old, that I see well, hear well, feed well, digest well and sleep well and without any organic impairment, and can keep with my bird dogs afield from morning until night. I will say for the young people—and knowingly too—that there is no sport that brings a person so closely into contact with nature at her best as angling. It first charms and then makes the art recreation. It leads you into the woods, where you are delighted with new scenes and sweet sounds; it gives you ample exercise for every muscle of your body. The music of the mountain brook, the cool air from the mossy cascade, the scent of wild flowers and rare ferns and the most perfect picture of woodland beauty are all the fortunate heritage of that happy man who goes a-fishing."

ANGLING NOTES.

Fly-Fishing for Tarpon.

WITHIN the past year I mentioned in this column that Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, of Montreal, had taken a tarpon on a fly in Jamaica, but my file of FOREST AND STREAM is not at hand at this moment and I cannot recall the circumstances of the capture.

Dr. Drummond has, however, recently returned from another visit to Jamaica, and while there devoted some little time to fishing, about which he writes me as follows: "In six days' fishing in Jamaica I caught over 150 tarpon in fly-fishing, fish from 2 or 3 lbs. up to 7 lbs., the average, I suppose, being about 2½ or 3 lbs. Such perfect devils when hooked I never met. I was almost afraid of them. They come at you like tigers and take fly or bait right into the air as they leap, and if your rod tip is at the wrong angle, bang! she goes. I broke three or four rods, including a 'steel' that I thought would stand anything. I also fished two days for 'mountain mullet,' which they say closely resemble our trout in everything but color, being of a peculiar bluish tint, but failed to catch one. In fact I did not see a mullet out of the water." As Dr. Drummond is president of the St. Maurice Club in Canada, he means the common brook trout when he says the mullet of Jamaica is said to resemble our trout, but I have no idea what the fish really is. Tarpon on the artificial fly, even if the fish weigh but 2½ or 3 lbs., must be sport a notch or two above bigger tarpon on a short stiff rod, and if anglers come from Europe to catch tarpon in Florida and Texas waters they will next go on to Jamaica for tarpon on the fly rod.

Growth of Trout Fry.

At the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, when one of the papers was being discussed by the members, the growth of brook trout was referred to, and all admitted that Long Island waters produced trout of greater size at the same age than any other waters.

I had just planted a lot of yearling trout that were 9 in. in length, that were reared at the Cold Spring Harbor Station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and they were not fish that had been specially fed. Commissioner Thompson told of yearlings of even greater size in the ponds of a private club, of which he is the president, on Long Island. When I returned home I found a letter from Mr. C. C. Wood, superintendent of the Plymouth Rock Trout Co., in which he said: "I am sending you specimens of our brook trout fry hatched in January last, which will interest you. They are not the largest individual fish we could select, but a fair average of our oldest fry." They were fry that any fish breeder might well be proud of, and I measured one over and found it 1½ in. long. I then wrote to Foreman C. H. Walters to send me specimens of his January fry from the Cold Spring Harbor Station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York. He writes: "I send a fair sample of our trout fry. I could send larger ones, but you say you want an average lot. These were hatched about the middle of January. You know we did not keep the first fry that hatched, but sent them away to fill applications, as the rearing ponds were not then ready for them." These trout will average about 2½ in. in length, but one of them is 2½ in. long.

I asked Commissioner Thompson to send me specimens from his club waters, and while they vary more in size than the others, one of them is full 3 in. long, and the shortest one is 2½ in. in length. The three lots of fry were all well conditioned fish, those from Commissioner Thompson being especially deep in the body for the length. At his club he feeds no liver. Minnows are procured and the flesh peeled from the bones by steam, and the flesh is then fed. I am very glad to testify to the size of the fry of this year's growth sent to me by Mr. Thompson, for during the discussion at the American Fisheries Society meeting at the New York Aquarium, where Mr. Thompson said he had fry of this year that were 3 in. long, an expression of mine, as I afterward read it in the stenographer's minutes, expressed surprise

at the statement not warranted by my feeling. It was because I did not clearly understand his remarks that I asked if his fry were 3in. long.

Steelhead Trout.

The steelhead trout fry recently planted in New York waters by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission were raised from eggs sent by the U. S. Fish Commission from the Hoopa Valley station in California, now in charge of Capt. Wm. E. Dougherty, United States Army. Capt. Dougherty writes me about the fish as follows: "I am not able to give you any authentic instance in which it can be shown that the steelhead has spawned and reared young in fresh water without going to the ocean first. But it must be remembered that very little scientific inquiry has been made into the habits of the steelhead, or indeed of the salmon on this coast.

"I have some steelheads in our ponds here now 3 years old. We examined them about two weeks ago and found roe in the females and milt in the male, but so microscopic as to be almost rudimentary."

It is quite possible that these fish will spawn next year. We will see. It has been alleged that our rainbow trout is a fresh-water modification of the steelhead. Recent investigation, however, supplies evidence that the two fish are different, and this has been confirmed somewhat by our experience here. It is alleged that the Kamloops trout is an offshoot of the steelhead. The Kamloops trout is landlocked and never gets to the ocean, and so if it is a steelhead it goes to show that the steelhead will spawn without going to the sea. But, again, it must be said that as little is known of the Kamloops trout as of the steelhead proper. My own opinion is that if the steelhead will adapt himself to a fresh-water habitat it will spawn and rear young in it without going back to salt water.

It should be borne in mind that the natural range of the steelhead in the ocean on this coast is in water that never has any ice in it, and they do not enter the streams in the spring in any considerable numbers until the temperature of the water begins to rise; therefore I have some doubts that this fish can be successfully propagated in water that has ice over it during the winter season. Experiments only can determine this.

Within a year or two I stated in this journal that Jordan had declared that the rainbow trout was the young of the steelhead, or perhaps a better way of putting it would be to say, as Capt. Dougherty does, that it was a fresh-water modification of the steelhead. This theory has been found to be untenable, and Bean has untangled the subject in an article on the rainbow written for the report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York. The report is not yet issued, but soon will be, and I desire to give Dr. Bean credit at this time for his article separating the two species—the rainbow and the steelhead.

In a recent letter from Dr. Jordan, which has disappeared from my desk at the moment I wish to refer to it, he tells me that he never made the unqualified statement that the rainbow was the young of the steelhead, and that now he is of the opinion that it is not. I regret that I cannot give his own words, and will try and quote him in a later issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* if the letter turns up. As to the spawning of the steelhead, referred to by Capt. Dougherty, it is perhaps nothing strange that the steelhead should fail to spawn in their third year in confinement. Landlocked salmon have not spawned until their fourth year when planted in waters in which they have wide range, and the sea salmon (*salar*) confined in fresh water gave no evidence of spawning in their third year, and it is more than possible, from what Capt. Dougherty has observed, that the steelheads at his station will spawn next year, or when they are four years old. The steelheads planted in this State were planted in Lake George, Lake Champlain and Long Island streams, except about 5,000 of the fry, which I sent to a small but deep and cold lake in the Adirondacks, where, if they thrive, they will be under restraint and can be observed.

Accident to Veteran John Mowat.

Under date of June 15 Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., writes me from the Restigouche River, New Brunswick: "You will no doubt feel pained to learn of a very serious accident which our esteemed friend Mr. John Mowat met with to-day. I had finished my morning's fishing on the Restigouche River, and while resting on shore after eating lunch Mr. Mowat happened to come down river in his canoe, having been up at Deeside for about two weeks fishing his own pools and had met with good success.

"He came ashore and we sat down together on a very large log which was lying on a steep bank about 25ft. from the water's edge and parallel with the river. We had just begun to enter into an interesting conversation in connection with our fishing experiences, when from our weight, I suppose, and without the slightest warning, the immense log commenced to roll down the bank toward the river and both of us in front of it. Mr. Mowat tried to escape by running down the bank, but unfortunately the log struck him and rolled completely over him. I made a hairbreadth escape by springing to the right and around the end of it. The log went clear down into the river, where my canoe happened to be, and smashed it beyond repair.

"I immediately rushed to my friend's assistance and asked him if he was badly hurt. He said, 'Yes; I am done for; I am done for.'

"In a few moments he became very pale, fainted and lost all consciousness. We placed a cushion under his head and made him as comfortable as possible. I thought then he was dying. My two men and I then placed him in his canoe and took him down river for about two and a half miles to the home of James Adams. Wired to his family at Campbellton and had Dr. Murray come on a special engine, and he arrived in a remarkably short space of time. Mr. Mowat regained consciousness before we took him out of the canoe, but he was suffering a great deal of pain. After an examination Dr. Murray found there were no bones broken and his spine seemed to be uninjured. His head escaped without injury, which was something miraculous. Dr. Hynam also came up in the evening. As far as the indications appear now the chances of his recovery seem to be good. If he is able to be removed he will be taken to his own home to-morrow in a canoe, which will be the best mode of conveyance for one in his condition. Mrs. Mowat and several members of his family are now with him. When

I was driven up river to-night I stopped and examined the log. If you saw it you would be puzzled to understand how such a large piece of timber could roll over any man without killing him. About the first words that he uttered after his mind became clear were: 'Oh, I am so glad it did not happen to you.' Had that log rolled over me I would have been a dead man now."

"Tuesday Morning, 16th.—I drove down to James Adams's house this morning and was glad to find that Mr. Mowat had spent a fairly comfortable night, and he is looking much better this morning. When I left they were getting ready to take him to his home in Campbellton."

After luncheon to-day I read Mr. Mowat's letter in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and it reminded me that I ought to write to him. After dinner this evening I addressed an envelope to him, and before the ink was fairly dry Mr. Mitchell's letter came telling of the accident.

Mr. Mowat is 76 years old, but he comes of sturdy Scotch stock, and his out-of-door life on the Canadian salmon rivers in summer and in the forests in winter has kept him more vigorous than many a younger man. For more than fifty years he has been identified with the fisheries of Canada, and no man has stored up more knowledge of salmon fishing and the habits of the fish than he. That Mr. Mitchell should have been with Mr. Mowat at the time of the accident probably came about through the writer. Mr. Mowat had some salmon fishing to sell and told me about it. I wrote to Mr. Mitchell and he wired me to take it for him, and he entered into possession three years ago.

Mr. Mowat wrote me in August, 1895; he says: "I have been fairly well for a man of 75. I had about a month's outing in all, tenting out, cooking my own grub, paddling my own canoe, hooking and killing my own salmon (only eighteen) all alone, and I lost but one fish in the landing. Of course I am properly prepared for it, and would rather kill one fish all alone and fight him out than to kill ten with two men to paddle me around."

His first words after returning to consciousness, believing he was fatally hurt, were characteristic of the brave old man: he was glad that the injury had not happened to his friend.

Mr. Mowat's many friends will welcome news of his complete recovery, and may he be spared for years to come to kill fish in his own independent manner on the river he loves.

Marston Trout.

Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, has sent me nine specimens of the Marston trout from Lac de Marbre. Unfortunately they were too long on the road to be in perfect condition for the table, but they were finely colored with the colors peculiar to this fish, though lacking the high colors of former specimens received, as they were nearing the breeding season. Mr. Creighton says they struck him as harder fighters than is usual for lake fish.

Salmon in the Hudson.

During the past dozen years I have used the head salmon in the Hudson a number of times over, but never with more satisfaction than I do now. Last week, while I was at the shad hatching station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission on the Hudson near Catskill, I learned that a 15lb. salmon had been taken in Capt. John Pinder's net just before I arrived. The fish was released as soon as it was discovered, but it served to turn the talk of the fishermen to salmon instead of shad and herring. I was informed that salmon had been found in large numbers by one of Capt. Pinder's men on what he believed to be their spawning bed. A few days ago I made another visit to the shad works and learned where this supposed spawning ground of the salmon is located. The fisherman's statement is that he discovered the fish while hunting ducks. He was familiar with salmon, having seen a number taken in the nets he was fishing, and when he saw a number of large fish on a gravel bed he quickly recognized them as salmon. The time was last October, and he says if a net could be hauled around the bed the fish were so large and there were so many of them that no net that he had ever seen would hold the fish. The matter will be thoroughly investigated, and if it proves to be true that salmon are spawning in large numbers, as the fisherman declares, the State will doubtless be able to take its own salmon spawn from the Hudson River fish. The possibilities are great if the story is all that it promises for the future, and I can see no reason to doubt the man's statement that he did see salmon spawning.

A. N. CHENEY.

SMELT AND SALMON IN SUNAPEE LAKE.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith extracts from a letter recently received by me which might be of interest to some of your readers, and bring out a discussion either about Sunapee Lake or, what is more important, the question of fish food for such waters. It certainly would be unreasonable to think of depriving a body of water of desirable fish food for the purpose of forcing a fish to rise to the surface to take flies or artificial food.

JNO. W. TITCOMB.

"May 8th last I reached Sunapee Lake and thought I would try the fish for a few days before writing to you, as I intended doing. The few days lengthened to a week, but on the seventh day the bite came, the tackle fixed for a salmon gave notice, and I landed a 4lb. eel. Then another bite, and I landed a yellow perch of about 1lb.; then another and in came a bass of 3lb., which of course was returned to the water. Then another bite and a 4lb. sucker came to grief; then another and yet another, the last two being trout of 2½ and 2½lbs.. And this occurred in twenty minutes, after having fished the entire week without one bite. My companion caught one eel and bass the fourth day and nothing more until the eighth. I fished fourteen days from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. and caught only a few trout the last six days. None big enough to talk about and no salmon. There was only one salmon, 8½lbs., caught while I was there and only a few trout. The poor fishing was laid to the smelt, as they had come in shore and run up the stream and then gone back to deeper water, and are followed wherever they go by the salmon and trout. Now it is a question in my mind whether smelt are or are not an advantage, and from what I learn at Sunapee, and I have been there now a number of times, I am about convinced that they are a disadvantage in more ways than one.

"They no doubt spoil fly-fishing, as the trout and salmon are forever after the smelt, and after the first week or so after the ice leaves it is almost impossible to catch the smelt for bait, and even if they are caught they cannot be kept alive more than a few minutes, and consequently it is about impossible to obtain bait, and even if it could be got it is of very little use when dead. Of course minnows, shiners and small suckers can be caught and kept alive; but where there are smelt in the water a piece of maple sugar for bait would be almost as effective as any other fish but smelt. No doubt of the smelt being great food; but if it spoils fishing with rod and tackle where is its advantage? It certainly may ruin the fly-fishing, as it no doubt does the bait fishing, to a very great extent.

"There is no fly-fishing at Sunapee at all, and the only way it is accounted for there is the smelt."

ON NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, June 22.—Lovers of the rod and reel will be pained to learn of the death of Hon. Daniel Gunn on Tuesday last, aged 72 years. Always an angler, he seemed to take greater delight in the sport as the years swept by. It was always a remark of his that he hoped to be able to go a-fishing at least once a year while life lasted. His wish came very near to being gratified, since it has been only the present season that ill health has prevented his making his annual trip to Nova Scotia for sea trout.

Reports of great bass fishing come from Lake Cobscookseecontee, in Maine. Mr. Gould, of Boston, is back from a very satisfactory trip there. Ninety-two bass are set down on his score. Druggist Talcott and Mr. Heintzman made a very pleasant bass fishing trip to Belgrade. Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, has returned to his home, in Lewiston, from his spring trout fishing trip to his camp on Lake Cupsuptic. Mr. A. H. Proctor and Mr. Breed are back from a successful trout fishing trip to The Birches. They had the good fortune to see the big trout that were led in by Mr. Frost at Pleasant Island camps, even if they did not get quite as large ones themselves. Mr. Rodney P. Woodman will start on his annual trout fishing trip to Parlin Pond and Jackman early next week.

SPECIAL.

Judge Robert Grant, of Boston, whom I mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM* a short time ago as having gone on a salmon fishing trip with Justice Horace Gray, of the U. S. Supreme Court, is back in Boston, a much disappointed man, having been called home suddenly on urgent business before he had a chance to wet a line.

Dr. F. S. Watson and party, of Boston, left this week for the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi River in New Brunswick. Salmon and sea trout fishing is the sport in view, and they expect to make a long stay.

F. W. Estabrook and George O. Whiting left on Friday night for a two weeks' trip to Parmachenee Lake. Mr. Estabrook is, I believe, a member of the Parmachenee Club, and has undertaken to initiate his friend Whiting (who is making his first trip) into all the mysteries of fly-casting. He will have an apt pupil.

Big Borris Lake, the headwaters of the Tuskett River, in Nova Scotia, is the destination of a party of Boston men who left the city a few days ago after salmon and trout.

C. W. Whitney and O. C. Whitcomb passed through Boston a few days ago en route to Bemis, in the Rangeley Lakes. Mr. Whitney is an old campaigner in the Rangeley country, and knows about every inch of it. They will be away two weeks, and will visit Kennebecago for some fly-fishing before returning.

C. F. Ropes and J. E. Spencer left on Saturday last for Billie Soule's camp at Indian Rock, Maine. Before returning they will make a trip up Kennebecago Stream and into the hills of that region, where there is a small pond from which Mr. Spencer took a 6lb. salmon a year ago.

Some other anglers who have gone to Billie Soule's within a few days are: J. M. Blakey, W. A. Tracy and Dr. H. F. Hamilton. Dr. Hamilton is a great lover of bass fishing, and intends stopping at Belgrade on his way home for a few days.

There are a few lucky bass fishermen over in Cambridge now, who have obtained permits to fish in Fresh Pond, from which the city's water supply is taken. The rules are quite strict regarding the fishing; only one boat being allowed each day between 6 and 10 A. M., and but two occupants to the boat. The greatest number of permits to any one person are six, and the season extends from May to December. About the same rules apply in Boston regarding the Chestnut Hill reservoir, and there has been something of a scramble among the Boston anglers for the much coveted permits. Bass are quite plentiful in both places, and last year some good catches were made. I hear that Jamaica Pond, which is now included in the Metropolitan Park system, is open to fishing, and an enthusiastic resident of that locality has told me that they are getting them by the barrel.

Smith's Pond, up at Wolfboro, N. H., used to be one of the most noted places in New England for bass. Since the craze has been on for the Belgrade ponds it has been neglected by its old friends, and the bass have had a chance to recover from the heavy onslaught made on them in the past. I am told that the fishing there is excellent now, and some of its old habitués are preparing to try it again. Chas. S. Bates, who used to go up year after year, left a few days ago for a ten days' stay, and C. J. Halpin has gone to stay about the same length of time.

Cod-fishing is much enjoyed by Mr. O. H. P. Stoddard, of the firm of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall. With H. A. Whittemore and F. S. Wadsworth, also connected with that house, he devoted a day last week to the sport off Duxbury, and the party captured about 75lbs. of fish. The usual severe attack of seasickness visited the boat, but was confined to one member of the party and was not unexpected. He fished through it all, and even has the courage to say he will try it again very soon.

N. L. Millard, C. H. Cutting, Stephen Fairfield and Zenas Sears, Jr., have left on an extended trip to the Seven Ponds and through the Dead River region of Maine. They will probably go as far as King and Bartlett, and intend giving all the ponds a good trial.

The Diamond Pond country, near Colebrook, N. H., is a famous old sporting region. The Dead Diamond camps during the lifetime of Amasa Ward were known far and wide, and even now are dear to the heart of many a sportsman. The ponds are well taken care of, being stocked annually by the State, and therefore the fishing always reliable. F. F. Proctor and W. H. Harris will spend the next ten days fishing and tramping up there,

making their headquarters at the camps of Martin Noyes. Mr. Proctor has made many trips to this region, and has promised that his friend Mr. Harris will be as well acquainted as he is with its many good points by the time they are ready to return. HACKLE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Glaciers and Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 11.—On the morning of the second day of our stay at Westville, Ind., Dr. Hollenbeck, the well-posted and observant angler earlier referred to, kindly volunteered to act as guide to some of the more interesting spots of the region about. I got into his buggy with him and we started for the mill pond, wherein, according to his statement, the Calumet River had its ultimate source and beginning. We traveled due north from Westville over an excellent road for six miles, going gradually up all the while toward the top of the divide which separates Lake Michigan from the Kankakee waters.

"This wide and apparently level table land along which we are passing," said Dr. Hollenbeck, "is the richest land of this region, and is worth \$100 an acre. You can see the original forest trees standing over much of it, and now and then, as you will observe, there will be a patch of excellent sugar bush among these. This long and apparently level valley off to our right is a prairie glade which sinks off softly back of us toward the Kankakee, and is drained by Hog Creek, which we are leaving back of us. On ahead you can see this high valley narrowing, in between the timber-covered hills, until it finally pinches out right at the summit of the divide. Back of us is the long slope of the Kankakee side of the divide, up which the railroads have no difficulty in climbing. Ahead of us is the Calumet or Chicago side of the divide, and though you might not expect it on this apparently innocent looking prairie country, it has always been a trouble to get a grade on this side of the divide. It is very sharp, and even to-day the Lake Shore road has to use 'pushers' to get up this grade going East. Back of us, as you know, the Kankakee waters are slow and warm and sluggish, but on the north side of this divide, which we are now approaching, the streams are short and swift and cold, all rising in springs up toward the top of the divide. Strange as it may seem to you, the water in these Indiana creeks is ice cold, and, as I have said to you, quite capable of supporting trout. In one or two of these streams trout of great size have been raised for some time, and I know of other streams not fifty miles from here where some of us are putting in trout and with good results. The location of these it would not be wise for us to disclose. We fence out the native fish, such as bass and pike, by stone walls built across the stream, and eventually we hope to see the trout well established. We have observed nothing yet in the least discouraging, and it is the second season of the experiment.

"We will reach a spot whence you can see several of these little cold creeks making down to the Calumet River. That stream, as you know, rises south of the tip end of Lake Michigan and flows west and northwest around the end of the lake, just outside of the wild ridge of sandhills which lies at the foot of the lake. This wild sandhill country is the home of the Calumet Heights Club, of Chicago, and is to-day and will long remain a wilderness at the edge of the great city. No streams drain into the Calumet from the sandhill side, of course, but from this high divide side there are many which flow into it, and all are bass waters. We are now on top of the long divide from which these streams make down, and in the heart of one of the most singular bits of country you ever saw. Geologists tell us that the great glacier which came down from the North over this country, and scooped out Lake Michigan incidentally, stopped at about this point. This sharp divide which we are upon is really the terminal moraine of that glacier. Between this and the lake the sand dunes have formed. Off on the east end of our moraine we shall see some streams which break through the sand dunes and get into Lake Michigan by a course nearly north. Vail's Pond and Organ's Pond are ponds made on streams of this sort, and as you will see they are further to the east than the Calumet and tributaries, which have to go clear around the foot of the lake and come in at another corner entirely.

"Now suppose we go over to the west end of our moraine, and take up in order the streams which flow down into the Calumet River. You have been telling me about your discovery of the mill dam on Salt Creek which you thought was near the head of the Calumet River. You heard there that the head was away off toward Chesterton, and some said to you that it ran almost to Valparaiso. Your information was not correct, for though there are creeks running up into that country, they are not the ultimate source of the Calumet, which lies much further east—which indeed lies here, right at our feet below this hill, in what is known as Rotzene's Pond, on a creek not dignified with a name except that of Rotzene's Creek.

Creeks and Ponds.

"Your creek you called Salt Creek, and so far from being the tributary furthest east it is the one furthest west of the short streams from the divide. On this side, or east of Salt Creek, are Coffee Creek and a series of others, most of which are best reached via Chesterton, and on which are to be found, in this order as you go from west to east: Baum's Pond, Long's Pond, Brown's Pond, Snider's Pond and Rotzene's Pond, the last being the creek furthest east, as you can see from what I have said. You were probably at Gossett's Pond on Salt Creek. All these 'ponds' are mill ponds, and the dams which make them still stand for the most part as the early settlers built them on these streams. It was because the creeks are strong and regular, spring-fed in short, and with good location to get a head of water for milling purposes.

"There were bass in the lower portions of all these creeks, for they ran up from the Calumet, but the bass would not be in these mill ponds to-day if they had not been put in there by artificial means. You say that the bass were once very large in Gossett's Pond on Salt Creek. They are equally large in some of the other ponds we have in review. Off on our left you can see the course of the little spring creek where we go to catch our minnows. A mile below this creek is dammed, and this makes Snider's Pond. There are no pike or bass in there, only sunfish and that sort of fish. The bass in Rotzene's

Pond are all from planted stock. We also continually plant fish in the little lake your friend Phillips told you about near the village of Westville. In fact this whole fishing country here is artificial in one sense."

Glacial Lakes.

"If you will follow our terminal moraine around the foot of Lake Michigan, from Salt Creek east, to a point beyond Vail's Pond and Organ's Pond, you will hear not only of all these ponds I have enumerated, but a great many little lakes besides and several large lakes. All these are glacial lakes, merely ground into the soil by the heel of the glacier. You all think the little lake Mr. Phillips told you of is a 'spring-fed' lake, but it is not. There are no springs in it or about it. It is purely landlocked, and has no inlet or outlet, just as a dozen others in this immediate neighborhood. I think the level of all these lakes is falling rapidly, notably in the one above mentioned, which we call Clear Lake. Over east of us a little way, and just beyond Rotzene's Pond, there is another Clear Lake, in the settlement known as Sweden. It is also a clear, deep, cold water, very deep—a conical pot-hole ground down deep into the earth and filled with water which seems never to have gotten warm yet since the days of the great ice. Still further to the northeast is Hudson Lake, on the Lake Shore R. R., a very good fishing water indeed.

"There are several systems then, as you see, under which we may group the fishing waters of this section on top of our moraine. Let us begin off the left, or on the Chicago side of these. You have already learned of the creeks and ponds accessible from Chesterton by short rides, and we will say that Brown's Pond is the last to the east of these. The B. & O. will take you to Chesterton. To Valparaiso you can get easily by the Panhandle, Nickel Plate or Grand Trunk railways, and near by that point you will find several of these glacial lakes, these being in their order from west to east: Flint Lake, Long Lake, Wauhub Lake and Skunk Lake. Understand, these are glacial or landlocked lakes now, and they lie further back or up more to the top of the divide than the mill ponds we have been studying. All these lakes are good bass waters, though, as you know, they have not been treated right in the way they have been fished. We certainly need a better state of affairs and hope to have it some day, for the better class of the population begin to realize that the old destructive ways of fishing will not do for to-day."

Railroads and Bass Systems.

"To Westville, or near to it, as you know, you can get by the Wabash, the Grand Trunk or the B. & O., and that brings you to the point where we are standing now, though you could reach it by others of the network of roads which cross here. There are many fishing waters within say a dozen miles of that little town.

"You can by the Lake Shore road get to La Porte, and thus be at the door of yet another lake system of the glacial sort, none of these draining into the Calumet or Kankakee rivers. The names of these lakes at La Porte, from west to east, are in order: West Twin, East Twin, Pine, Stone, Clear and Fish-Trap lakes. They are all good bass waters, though shamefully netted. One set of seiners this spring took in Fish-Trap Lake 3,700 lbs. of bass. On the Little Kankakee, a stream which drains into the Kankakee, there were this spring, as I learn from the statement of a resident, three nets stretched across the stream, which took tons of bass, and in fact let absolutely none escape which came up, as they entirely crossed the river from side to side. There is bass fishing at La Porte. It would be a grand place for Chicago anglers if the residents would only stop such hogginess and give the anglers and their money a chance to come into the country.

"Still another system of these bass waters of our neighborhood heads in at Fish Lake. This is the only one of the waters mentioned which drains into the Kankakee. Being thus stocked annually, as much as the natives will allow at least, by fish from that stream, it is a fine bass and pike water. This lake is reached by the Grand Trunk road to a point called Swift's, where the big ice-houses are. It is probably about as safe as any place mentioned for a good catch of bass on such a trip as a Chicago angler would be likely to take without any regular guide or a very good acquaintance with the country.

"The Kankakee, as you know, is a fine bass stream, and so also is the Wabash. Still another system of bass waters which should appeal to your Chicago bass fishers lies not far from this same singular glacial country. The Wabash road will take you to Wolcottville, some little distance from this point, up toward the northeast corner of the State. Here you get the headwaters of the Wabash river and are in the heart of a grand series of bass lakes. It would give you a fine trip, some of you Chicago fishermen, to go over in there and look that country up. If you will come some time later we will go over there and have a good go at the bass, for that is as good territory as I know.

"South of us some miles, as you have learned in your earlier Indiana trips, are such larger and river-drained waters as Maxinkuckee and Cedar lakes, and such bass waters as the Tippecanoe, the Yellow River, etc., etc.

"Thus, you see, you are here in the heart of one of the finest bass regions in the entire West, only from fifty to ninety miles from Chicago by rail; just a pleasant evening run for a trip of a day or two, such as that usually desired by the Chicago fishers, who have not time to run away off for a fishing trip, but yet want to get some bass when they do go. And see what a variety of railroads one has to choose from. The Grand Trunk, Wabash, B. & O., Erie, Panhandle, Nickel Plate, Lake Shore, and indeed all the East-bound roads, cross this country in a narrow strip along the top of our terminal moraine. For one who enjoys a bit of exploring and does not care for a lot of fish alone, there is no more inviting locality lying about the big city, and after one has learned it well he will find he can make as fine catches of bass there as anywhere in the country, and take as big bass as any he has ever seen."

New Chicago Bass Country.

As I have said earlier in this description, it had been for some time my belief that I had seen and fished in all the good bass waters within 100 miles of Chicago. I was surprised and delighted to see how much in error I had been all this time. Perhaps many of our friends who regularly go elsewhere may care this season to take a try at these waters, which are very accessible, and which, so far as

can learn, are not generally well known to the craft in this city. I can give my personal testimony to the assertion that they are likely spots. In general appearance the country is much like that of Waukesha county of Wisconsin, there being the same short, sharp hills, interspersed with the same peculiar deep, conical potholes boring down into the earth. The region is naturally hardwood truck country, the whole crossed with pleasant little streams of cold water.

An Honorable Mill.

We had paused for some time at the top of the divide while Dr. Hollenbeck pointed out to me the topography of the country and gave me the substance of the facts which I have set out above. We then dropped down from the summit into the valley of the Calumet. At our feet lay a little stream, broad and swift and shallow, as becomes a spring-fed brook. It lay under and between deep foliated trees, and prattled merrily, as all such little rivers do. On our right, within a few yards of the roadway, stood a mill, an ancient, hoary, honorable mill, of just such sort as we read about in novels or see pictured in the thousand forms of art, all harking back to one original, which I make no doubt was this same one here on the mysterious Calumet, a mill builded by whose hand history doth not recount. Across from point to point of the narrow and tree-shielded valley stretched a narrow and high dam, through which the water dripped and trickled coolly, falling down into a black and shady spot hid by the trees and vines. Here was such a wheel as our fathers might have made, led up to by such a mill race as our grandfathers may have cut. And on the hill above the mill stood the house of the miller, who I hope is honest. It goes without saying that this miller had a boat, a broad boat, of the sort you always find on mill-ponds, a very poor sort of boat for going anywhere, but a good boat in its way, redolent of memories of bullheads and of angle-worms, and built upon the theory of the place, to wit, that time is long and mill ponds permanent, so that all boats thereon come back eventually to the mill, and so need not be built for speed or ease of going.

A Gruesome Trail.

And what a mill pond! Broad, deep, full of snags and stumps, grown up with water plants, but threaded with deep pockets and open bits of channel, it was a happy home for bass, and the sight of it was enough to set one speculating. Here too we might fish and break no law; so we put a minnow to work—with no success, because that is frog water, if ever such lay out of doors, though the local anglers believe most in minnow and spoon.

But still we were not at the head of the Calumet. "Wait," said my companion, "and we shall see the very utmost spring of this hidden river." So on we pushed. The oars were turned into pushing paddles, and for half a mile we toiled, as only anglers would toil, through masses of water moss and great beds of lilies and reaches of weed-grown water, over which the broad boat had fairly to be dragged. It was a gruesome trail, this, through the upper reaches of the pond. The channel vanished in a great marsh. Our companions, Messrs. Henton, Phillips and Charlie Ansley, kept pace with us for a time, but gradually passed out of our sight and hearing across an impenetrable morass, in the middle of which was the trickle of water along which we were creeping. Sometimes we got a glimpse of the channel below us, but it was so overgrown that we got no flotation from it and had to push over the top of it on the weeds and rushes.

"Not a dozen men in the entire year ever get into this pond," said Dr. Hollenbeck, and I could well believe him. We were an hour going half a mile. It reminded me of a certain creek in Wisconsin, of which J. B. H. and I wot very well, since we spent a day learning the thread of the water through the marsh, just as my companion and I were here doing.

The Mysterious Source.

But at last our work neared its end. "I can see the last of the marsh," said Dr. Hollenbeck, and surely enough there was a straight lead of green, showing where the water was, or where it could be seen in the early spring perhaps, though none could be seen now, and nothing indicating it except the heavy and dark cover of the "spatterdocks" which grew high above the water. Through these we pushed, a foot at a time, until at last we saw open water ahead. A moment later we came out into a little round, black, ugly, forbidding lakelet, pond or spring hole, whatever one choose to call it, set down deep at the bottom of a circular valley whose sides were fringed with trees. It was perfectly circular, apparently of about twenty-five or thirty acres extent, and entirely without inlet. Except for the hidden stream up which we had come for a course of a mile or so it had no outlet. It lay like a black and forbidding gem of some devil's circlet, motionless, unresponsive and austere. My first word was, "What a bass hole!" My next was, "Let us get out of here." I own that I felt a shiver creep up my spine. Never in my life have I been in a more forbidding spot. It is no wonder that it is not known by many and that it is visited by few. He who sees it once has small concern to see it again. It is a devil's water, mid-secret in a secret land, and no place for gentlemen in search of sport.

"This is the head of the Calumet," said my friend. "There is nothing above this. I don't know what you can call this hole. It must have springs in it or around it, or else be the coming-up place of the water that seems to lie under all this country. It is deep, I don't know how deep, but probably 60 or 80 ft., maybe more. It is not fished by any one to mention. I know of only one party being in here this spring, and they caught a fine lot of bass, some over 5 lbs. each. There is no way on earth of getting to it except by the way we have come, and I believe that in two or three weeks from now it would be impossible to get a boat up here at all over the weeds. They fairly fill up the stream in the summer time.

Solitary and Inaccessible.

"All around this pool, as you see, the marsh makes a rim of 50 to 75 or 100 yds. in width. It might as well be a mile, so far as crossing it is concerned. Not the most expert Kankakee pusher on top of earth could get out to us from the shore over that bog. I tried it once and want no more of it. The ground began to sink down into a cone beneath my feet and to tremble for 20 yds. about me. Trees as thick as my leg, standing upon apparently solid ground, began to waver and bend from side to side. Ahead of me was still more treacherous bog, and I was

glad enough to get out of there alive. If one should get through the crust of the bog no soul on earth would ever see him again, and only speculation could exist as to where he went beneath the bog. It is bottomless so far as I know. Now come on in and let me show you about how much chance you will have to get out of here if anything should happen to our boat."

A Black and Deadly Water.

Accordingly we began to row slowly about the edge of the pool, searching for some spot where solid ground could be reached by swimming, wading or crawling. We were forced to believe that not the most desperate man, no matter what his straights or what his skill in the travel of the marsh, could ever make his way within 40yds. of the shore. All around the pool was a rim of high lily pads and dock leaves which stood dank and coarse to a height of 2 or 3ft. above the water. Their roots ran down a dozen or perhaps 20ft. into soft mud, intertwined with all sorts of rank water plants. These pads and spatterdocks stood on the edge of a sharp bar, which encircled the lake completely, and from which the water dropped abruptly down, 20 to 30ft. in depth at once. It was as black and cold and deadly looking a water as I ever saw and touched, and gave one a feeling of dread to look at.

Outside of the rim of lily pads the water plants grew in water a trifle more shoal as the edge of the bog was approached, though at no place attainable by the boat was the water less than 5ft. deep. Beyond that came the rushes and the flags and the green floating turf and the soft bog in order, and then the hard and high shore which surrounded it all. Upon this shore, under a clump of trees, our other companions were waiting for us. It had been thought that there was a second boat somewhere upon this pool, which we were to take out for the others. But we found no boat, and it would have made no difference if we had, for we could not have gotten the lightest canoe across that treacherous bog to them. We got no closer than about 80yds. of them, although we wanted to get in to take one or two of them aboard our boat, and at length we had to give it up and remain a hopelessly divided party, the intervening waters bridged only by the thoughts that come from each to the other, and by our shouted words of regret and explanation.

Thus it may be seen what it means to actually attain the head of the Calumet. There are not very many who can say that in any recent time they have attained it. No human being can reach it except by boat, and the boat must come up the slow and sluggish creek. If all knew what was at the head of the creek they might seek the harder to get through the water weeds, but a half mile or so of dragging is more than most men care to do, unless for a definite purpose, such as that which actuated my friend and myself. But thanks to his knowledge of the country and to perseverance with the push paddles, we reached our objective point, and now I think I can truthfully and accurately say that the head of the Calumet has been found! This fact will be noted with interest by the members of the Calumet Heights Club, to whom the question seems long to have remained one of interesting but unsettled speculation.

A Place of Spirits.

We did not remain a great while on this water. "I never feel comfortable in here," said Dr. Hollenbeck, "and though I know it is as good a bass hole as any in the country, I never like to come here. A fellow goes fishing for sport, for fun; but I declare that he can't have any fun in this hole here. It's too dismal, and it keeps one uneasy and uncomfortable all the time, so that he doesn't enjoy himself. One thing sure, if anything happens to his boat he'd just as well say his prayers, for no one ever comes up near here, and he could never get out without his boat. If it sprung a leak he couldn't go ashore, and if he upset anywhere near these accursed lily stems he could never swim nor wade nor wallow either to the boat or to the shore. But it isn't the sense of fear, of course. We aren't cowards, and we know we can take care of ourselves in the boat all right, and of course we've both been in far more dangerous places and didn't mind it at all. That isn't it. There's something uncanny, something repellant about this hole. It's a good place to catch bass, but it's no kind of a place to go fishing. Here it is, a warm summer day, but I give you my word I can feel my back crawling this minute! If this place isn't haunted there never was one on earth!"

"Let's go home," said I; for the longer I stayed there the unhappier I got. I don't want to fish in a place where a fellow has cold chills along his back in the middle of a hot afternoon, and I vow that that is just what I was experiencing, the same as my friend. So we pulled our boat for the dim mouth of the little outlet, and at last got back to the mill and took passage thence for home.

I am not sure but that some day Dr. Hollenbeck and I will go up into that haunted pool with a bag full of frogs and kill a few big bass, but this we shall do merely from a sense of duty, and not because we believe it will be any pleasure at all. When we go fishing for fun, we want to have a warmer spine than is possible on the head pool of the Calumet, that dank, dark, uncommunicative river whose source is hid within and withunder the bottomless bogs under the foot of the dead glacier of the North. On the bottomless pit it may perhaps take hold, for we sought not to sound it beyond a few score feet, and then down under the shaking bog that protects it there may be under-water people who resent intrusion, and so put cold hands along one's spine. These people, I do not doubt, used once to live on the edge of the great glacier as it came down from the North, and so have lived here ever since, this being as far as they ever traveled from their home in the North. It is no wonder that their hands are cold and their speech somewhat frigid and repellant.

The Texas Situation.

Mr. R. H. Foat, of Wetherford, Tex., was in Chicago this week on his way to Lake Vieux Desert for a muscally-long trip. Mr. Foat says that the tarpon season this spring at Aransas Pass has not been so very good. Only five tarpon had been taken at the time of his late visit there, two by a Mr. Sutherland, of Chicago, and three by a gentleman from Michigan who was fishing with the same party.

Mr. Foat says that in another year or so the Northern shooters will not have the opportunity to come into Texas and carry on a wholesale destruction of game. There is very intense feeling in parts of the State over the doings

of last season. The intention is to frame a law stopping market-shooting and limiting non-resident shooting. He says that one market-hunter at Rockport, Tex., claims that he made \$1,200 on ducks last winter. Mr. Foat thinks that the supply of wildfowl will not long stand the combined inroads recently made upon them.

Not Much Fishing.

The weather here has remained so cold and uninviting that not so much fishing as usual has been going on. I have not heard of any large muscally-long having been taken this season, though it is not time yet to get in reports from the muscally-long waters. Messrs. Mussey, Dicks and the others of the party who went up to Big Sand Lake are maintaining a silence which I hope means intent enjoyment. At last the members of the Wishninnine Club were on their way up the river to Manitowish. Trolling in the river on the way up to the dam, Mr. Dennis took a 10lbs. muscally-long and Mr. Clark one weighing 13½lbs. This would augur well for their success when on their intended fishing ground.

Arkansas Bass.

Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., states that fine catches of bass have been made at Clear Lake, twenty miles south of Little Rock. Five bass weighing over 5½lbs. each were taken by one party of which two were over 6lbs. each. The son of Mr. William Turrel took several heavy bass in his mill pond, one weighing 7lbs. A negro fisherman took in the same pond a bass weighing over 8lbs., which is thought to be the heaviest taken in that section for some time.

Mr. Irwin says that the turkey shooting was very fine on the St. Francis River this spring, and that he shared the sport with great pleasure.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 497.]

WE arose in the morning with dismay pictured on every countenance, for a heavy fog was streaming in from the lake like a drizzling rain. The trees were dark and dripping, the bushes and grasses bending to the earth with heavy moisture, and the leaves, lately so gay of tint, fell in dead heaps or drifted mournfully on the sweeping wings of an easterly wind. Everything was in melancholy somberness, and the sky was completely shut out by the great vapors that rolled o'er the shadowless waters and into the green woods and around the mountain peaks and pinnacled cliffs. Ned was out of humor, the half-breeds in the same condition and I was fast going in the same direction.

"It may clear up," says Ned, grasping at a rap of hope.

"Well, we'll have breakfast first and then we see," says philosophic Kenosh.

When that was partaken of Ned and I strolled along a sandy beach that had formed here and scanned that fog with the eye of an astronomer whose sole ambition is to discover an unknown planet. Our planet that we so longed for was the blue sky above, but we saw it not, nothing rewarding our penetrating gaze but the rolling and falling mist. There was just air enough to crisp the sea and send ripples o'er the sandy beach in the sweetest of falsetto notes.

Wearied of tramping on the hard sand, we took a seat on a fallen tree whose branches were in the water, and which rose and fell according to the strength of the incoming wave. Tiring of viewing the fog banks, which offered no solution of the weather, we returned to camp and found our "boys" packing up for a departure.

"Going off in the fog?" says Ned, when we had joined them.

"That's it. We make the island anyhow," says Kenosh.

"Yes, if you don't get lost in the fog, as you did the other day in the Bay."

"You give me course then."

"All right, I will pilot you, and it will be by compass too."

This part of the embarkation being satisfactorily settled, the boys resumed their work, and in a brief time everything was aboard. Just as we were about to shove off along comes the generalissimo with his little band, who were somewhat surprised at our going off so suddenly in the fog.

"Say, where are you going?" hastily questioned the ruling chief.

"Aguawa Harbor," replied Ned.

"You will get lost in the fog."

"Not so bad as you in the cracker box," quickly spoke up Kenosh.

"What about the cracker box, Kenosh?"

"The little devils eat heap, 4 or 5lbs."

"Say," says Ned, turning indignantly to the boys, "didn't you feed our crackers to the dogs?"

"Yes, but they were awful hungry too," he boldly replied, and then the boys all smiled.

"Why, we hired you to keep the dogs away."

"We didn't let 'em in the tent, we fed 'em on the outside. They were awful hungry, I tell you."

The little plunderers were so tickled over their leader's unblushing acknowledgment that they were ready to turn somersaults in very excess of joy.

"Why, you are as bad as pirates."

"I tell you we were awful hungry, dogs too, and didn't I offer to pay you for all we took," came back the retort.

Ned was angry, but this last response nevertheless made him smile, and when Kenosh assured him that we had an abundance of crackers left he turned to the boys as the boat was disappearing in the fog and good-naturedly said, "Boys, we'll have a word with you when we return."

"All right. Say, old man, hold 'er nor'nor'west and you will come out all right."

"The little devil right," says Kenosh, and so we headed "nor'nor'west" and soon were lost to sight of land, with all the poetry of the skies and the earth hidden by the misty vapors.

"I now understand," says Ned when we were plunging along, "why that little imp wanted to reimburse us for the abstracted crackers. It was simply the subterfuge of a wily diplomat, for he knew full well that we would not accept his coin, and he also knew that he had pilfered more crackers than he ought. Think of our paying him to keep away the hungry dogs and then of his calling them up and cramming them with our choice soda

crackers. What a grand feast it must have been for those immense canines who are continually in a famished condition. We, however, involuntarily did a good action, although it was accomplished by stealth."

"They smart half-breeds," says Kenosh.

"Yes, if looting is considered smart, they are, I replied.

"What looting?"

"Stealing."

"Oh, oh, I see. I know now. Looting be steal. I use him when back home." And then the half-breed seemed pleased with himself that he had obtained complete knowledge of the word.

For about three-quarters of an hour we held the boat on her course, and just as we reached Maimaise Point the fog, which had been growing lighter and lighter, lifted sufficiently to show the land. We found we were right, but just here we had to change to almost due north, and it was indeed fortunate for us that the fog lifted or else we would have been very materially off our course. Here the wind dropped and we were compelled to take oars for our motive powers. On reaching Point au Pins a south wind sprang up and once more the sails were hoisted and away we sped o'er a sea that was dancing in merry ripples. Soon the sun beamed down upon us, with not a vestige of the fog left. It had disappeared to regions beyond, much to our immediate relief. Flocks of crimson, like floating rose leaves, drifted in the sky above the mountain tops, and below these delicate flushes radiated and penetrated the moistened forest. Here the towering elevations are seamed with many a rift and gorge, the secret birthplace and nursery of the glittering brooks that come sparkling into life and go dancing down the mountain side to contribute their cool and purling waters to the great reservoir.

Along this range the Montreal has its headwaters, as also the Aguawa and other lesser streams. The gleaming trout formerly roved along this picturesque shore in countless numbers, but now, alas! they have almost entirely disappeared, and into the rapacious hands of the market purveyor.

Arriving at a small rocky islet that was then gleaming in rich colors, Kenosh informed us that a few years ago a party of anglers *en route* home from the North Shore stopped at this place to camp for the night despite the remonstrance of their tawny boatmen. They tried hard to convince the fishermen of danger if caught there in a storm, but they laughed at the half-breeds' timidity and emphatically ordered the tents to be pitched on the misshapen and barren island. Up went the fluttering canvas as per order, but about midnight when they were all sound asleep a sudden storm arose and came down upon them with sweeping violence. When the gale first struck the island away went their tents and away went considerable of their outfit. It was then neck or nothing with them and was really a miracle that they got safely ashore. After that the boatmen's edict was duly honored.

As we sailed o'er the lucent waves the fiery gold radiance of the sun spread itself out in wilder glory and the great massive rocks of incongruous shapes, which lined the shore and had the writing of ages upon their hoary faces, were in steely shimmer, while the forests adjacent were full of glowing colors. We are now abreast of Montreal River, with its two towering hills that guard its spreading mouth, and with a few miles more advance the waters of the Aguawa will wash our boat. Here we saw on the beach the tents of a party of anglers from Grand Rapids. They had left the "Soo" a week in advance of us and proposed to pass six weeks at this place, long enough we thought to deplete the racing river of its finny population. The party consisted of Henry Post and wife, Dr. Kirkland and wife, Charles Withey, James Campbell and B. C. Robinson, and in addition three dogs. They were a lively party and had an avalanche of fun and caught trout galore. I really pitied the ladies when I came to consider what a terrible place the Aguawa was for the buzzing and biting insects. Dr. Robinson, however, assured me that the ladies had pants, and I learned after their trip that they had proved just the thing to ward off the attacks of the tiny horde, the pest of all anglers on this shore. Stick a pin here, ladies, when you take the North Shore trip.

About 2 o'clock we reached Aguawa harbor, about three miles from the river of that name, and camped on one of the small islands so numerous here, and really the only camping place at this harbor, and one of the best on the North Shore. Here we found that a party of anglers, who had left the "Soo" at the same time the Grand Rapids party did, had preceded us at this place, and as we thought depleted the waters of the spangled beauties that rove along these grand and picturesque shores. We learned afterward that they remained only one day and caught no trout whatever. Such bad luck drove them back to their former camping place, Jackson's Cove, where they stated they caught 150 fine brook trout during their ten days' stay. The party embraced Herschel V. Whittaker, Horace W. Davis, F. B. Dickinson, Wm. E. Robinson, Hon. John W. Preston, F. E. Brooke and Harvey Marks, all of Detroit except Davis and Marks. The first three mentioned are the fish commissioners of Michigan, while the last is the assistant superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery at the "Soo." We found them all high-toned gentlemen, as well as genuine gilt-edged anglers. Mr. Whittaker is said to be an expert piscator and drops his flies with not only the lightness of a falling snowflake, but where he wills them. He might not cast a lure in the space a nickel fills, but he can do it nine times out of ten within the circumscribed limits of a silver dollar. That's a feat in fly-casting a notch above my piscatorial accomplishment, for I would require a good-sized hat to bound my limits in casting at a mark. Ned can speak for himself, but I think he is in my class.

After we had the camp in fine trim and partaken of a good square meal, we started with the boat to ascertain if the departed anglers had left a trout that we could entice. The harbor is a noted place, and that afternoon, with the bright sun glowing on its battered walls that rose up in an almost perpendicular line from the water, was doubly impressive. This part of the lake is not only picturesque, but extremely idyllic in its poetic beauty, and a region where Oreads might have sported while Diana pursued the fleeting game that has for ages made these mountain fastnesses its favorite haunts, for

"Here where her orchards, walled in every side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied."

We first skirted along the north side, which was exceedingly generous in ledges and crevices, and just the

place where a brook beauty would love to dwell and rove. Kenosh stated that he had been over the ground some ten years ago with the Hon. Andrew Jackson, of the "Soo," and they found the trout so abundant that the sport soon palled. Double catches, he said, were as plentiful as single, and frequently to prolong the sport only one fly was used. This sounds like romance, but I know it to be a fact, for I have had some evidence of it since I have been making my annual outings to these mountainous shores. Well, that is all past, and of the present we will now dwell.

Ned, who was in the bow of the boat, was reaching out for the trout with a red-ibis for the stretcher and a brown hackle for the dropper. I chose for my lures my old favorites, a Parmachenee-belle for the first fly and a Henshall for my second, and have always found them highly attractive. We were not at all hopeful, for the balsam beds, which we had found at our quarters, were too fresh and too numerous to give us much, if any, encouragement.

After coursing along for a quarter of a mile without a single rise we came to a massive block of stone a few feet from the great wall that rose above the water and around which the wavelets were sportively playing and where we both flogged the undulating surface, until at last Ned coaxed up a full pounder that sprang for his stretcher in such a vicious manner and that made such a tumult in the water that I thought it a ponderous trout. Ned having hooked him and feeling his weight knew better, but still small as the little beauty was it made music for him, and when it came to the boat from the net showed up as an ideal representative of that race who beautify themselves in gold and silver and purple. We thought it the one solitary fish the recent rodsters had left, and visions of a nice browned trout for supper would now surely be realized.

After flogging around this huge rock until we were somewhat wearied, we retraced the route, and not till we had reached a grand cluster of disorganized and craved granite did we tempt another trout. Here I aroused a scarlet dandy that sprang upon my Parmachenee-belle like a falcon upon a wildfowl. He started lovely notes of music from the reel and made the little chub bamboo beat and bend to the correct tune. A stirring poem of great beauty could have been written upon the desperate struggle between victor and victim, but it would require a Longfellow or a McLellan, who wrote the following lines, to give the grand battle notes melliflently and eloquently.

"Oh, thoughtful angler, loving well the toil

To tread the tangled brook or river—

To wield the tapering rod o'er ocean tides,

Or breezy gulf or inland lakes immense,

We thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught—

This added treasure to the angler's lore.

Fair smile the skies and soft may breezes blow

(The soft south breeze—to angler's heart so dear),

And green may blossoming groves their garlands show,

And woodland choristers fresh tune their harps,

When thou dost follow in the coming year

The gentle angler's meditative art."

With the capture of this trout, a two-pounder, we became very hopeful, and began to think after all that our predecessors of the gentle art had not gobbled up the last trout. We fished faithfully here for some time and not another one felt disposed to toy with our dropping or dancing lures. The afternoon was now fast departing, and with the blue sky above, the green shade of forest pines, the empurpled clouds catching the tints of the sun, and the lines of bluff, red and brown, marking the strata of cliff and crag, made a picture at this hour that was both a charm and a delight. On we go, along the shoreland that leads to the rippling Aguawa, dropping our flies over every chasm and fissure, and around every rock and boulder, and were finally rewarded with two more trout, which gave us enough of the toothsome fish for both supper and breakfast. This closed our trouting for the afternoon, and then word went to our boatmen to push along lively for camp.

As we were passing the bold and scarified bluffs from which arose towering mountains, I thought of a chapter in Ruskin's fourth volume of "Modern Painters," wherein he tells us that a line drawn over a great Alpine ridge so as to touch the principal peaks that jut from it will usually be found to be part of an unreturning or immortal curve. The grandeur of the Alpine pinnacles is bounded by that law of sympathy. Although there are no such towering ranges on this shore, still the elevations here are of sufficient magnitude to be subject to the same line of grace. The jutting rocks and the seemingly lawless notchings, like the scalloping of a lovely leaf, hinted the sweep of an infinite curve.

After I returned home I sought the volume I have mentioned, and cannot refrain from quoting in this letter the passage on the 189th page, that now lies open before me, and which I have read with new interest:

"Nature gives us in these mountains a more clear demonstration of her will. She is here driven to make fracture the law of being. She cannot tuff the rock edges with moss or round them by water, or hide them with leaves and roots. She is bound to produce a form admirable to human beings, by continually breaking away of substance. And behold, so soon as she is compelled to do this, she changes the law of fracture itself. 'Growth,' she seems to say, 'is not essential to my work, nor concealment, nor softness; but curvature is, and if I must produce my forms of breaking them, the fracture itself shall be in curves. If, instead of dew and sunshine, the only instruments I am to use are the lightning and the frost, then their forked tongues and crystal wedges shall still work out my laws of tender line. Devastation instead of nurture may be the task of all my elements, and age after age may only prolong the unrenovated ruins; but the appointments of typical beauty which have been made over all creatures shall not therefore be abandoned; and the rocks shall be ruled in their perpetual perishings by the same ordinances that direct the bending of the reed and the blush of the rose.'" How applicable is all this to this rugged and ragged shoreland of pinnacled mountains, beetling cliffs and bold headlands.

That evening after supper Kenosh built a huge fire in a rocky depression that had a wall of sufficient height on the lake side that admirably shielded us from the high wind as it coldly came from the ruffled waters. Ned was in a glorious humor, and being a raconteur of the first order entertained us with many a racy and humorous

story of some of his outings in the old country. Kenosh, becoming enthused with the narrations, and having had many exciting experiences in the same line, was emboldened sufficiently to tell us of the first bear he shot in the Goulais Bay forests. "One day," Kenosh stated, "I was out with my gun ready for any kind of game, and finding it quite scarce, I penetrated deeper and deeper into the dense woods, when all at once I espied a big black bear up a tree, observing very calmly my approach. I suddenly halted when I saw him, and my heart commenced beating a lively tattoo against my ribs. I gazed very intently at the bear, and he gazed about as intently at me. At first a cold chill ran up my back, and demoralization began to take immediate possession of me. I was for retreating at once, but when I thought of the ignominy of it my courage returned and then I determined to take a shot at him, let the result be what it would. I well knew if I only wounded him slightly that it would go hard with me, and there would in all probability be one less half-breed on earth."

"And another in heaven," put in Ned.

"I hope so."

"Well," continued Kenosh, "I walked carefully up to the bear till I got within good shooting distance and then the bear became restive and was doubtless thinking some mischief was meant him. Getting behind a tree, I took good aim, pulled the trigger, and as the bear swayed about a trifle I got badly scared, dropped the gun and ran with the speed of a deer. I was sure the bear was chasing me after I got well under way, and then I began to put forth all the vigor I could into my fleeing feet. As I proceeded I was positive I heard something pattering after me like the footfall of a pursuing bear. Faster and faster I went, and thump, thump, thump fell upon my ears at every step. I was so badly frightened that I was determined to spring on to the first tree I came to that I thought too small for a bear to climb. Finally coming across one in my rapid flight, I sprang to it with a superhuman activity and was up in the crotch in a twinkling. I then turned to look at the bear, which I expected to see at the trunk of the tree, but he was nowhere to be seen. I assure you I was agreeably surprised, and after looking around for a while and getting rested, I started to come down and found that something held me to the tree. On examination I ascertained it to be a dead branch with withered leaves that was securely fastened to my coat pocket behind by a short prong which had doubtless hooked itself there in my race. That was the bear that was chasing me and had nearly frightened the life out of me. I smiled to think of it, and was really glad that I could smile. Well, I unhooked the prong, cast the branch away, climbed down, and then very carefully retraced my flying footsteps. Coming at last to where I had shot at the bear, I saw my gun where I had left it, and then securing it, loaded anew and began the forward march for the bear, but it was with slow and very stealthy steps, I assure you. Reaching the tree where I had shot him, he was not to be seen, but there was a pool of blood and drippings that led from it. I followed the gory drops for quite a distance, and just as I was about to abandon all hope of finding the bear I saw just ahead of me what appeared like bruin's paw sticking out from a cluster of bushes. I cautiously went forward, with my gun cocked ready for all emergencies. Step by step I advanced, and then the paw soon came as a reality and there in the bushes was the bear, stone dead. That was my first bear, but since then I have killed several, and never had to beat a retreat."

This was the half-breed's recital in substance, but if you could have heard it as he told it you would have been deeply interested. It was given with a crude and exciting eloquence, accompanied by an impressive gesticulation that held us spellbound till the narrative closed.

It was a melodrama at the camp-fire in one act.

"Kenosh," said Ned, "I was a participant in a bear adventure that resulted in my killing three bears without firing a single shot."

"Killed three bear without a shot?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"It is too late to tell it now, but to-morrow evening I will give you the adventure complete."

"All right, me like to hear it."

Kenosh was somewhat taken aback at Ned's remarkable statement, but knowing him so well I was satisfied he had a fairy tale to weave, and that it would be surprisingly ingenious as well as distinctly novel, and make the half-breeds stare with open-eyed wonder.

We retired that night under a sky that was ablaze with twinkling stars, and just as the moon was rising o'er the tree tops and spreading itself like powdered silver over craggy pinnacles and on the moaning waters. The silent hours of the night wore away and then gray dawn streaked the east, and soon the bright rays of the sun glimmered o'er the horizon and dissipated all the daylight dullness, while the woods and waters flushed to roseate hues.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PELEE ISLAND BASS FISHING.

TOLEDO, O., June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The complication in the Canadian fishing situation, about which you inquire, does not grow out of the license question, but out of the change in the close season. For a number of years the opening of the bass fishing in the waters about Pelee Island was fixed by a special "Order in Council" on May 15. At least we were always given to understand that such was the case, and the Chicago (Pelee) club and the Dayton and Toledo people were always on hand to begin promptly on that date. But four or five years ago we were told that the special order was not likely to be extended, and that we would be obliged to conform at Pelee to the general order for Ontario and Quebec, which fixes the beginning of the open season on June 15 instead of a month earlier (see page 56 of *Game Laws in Brief*, paragraph "Bass"). But eh! (beg pardon) the very cream of the bass fishing about the Lake Erie islands comes between May 15 and June 1, and all that is left after the 15th of the latter month is virtually nil. In an average season the bass are in excellent condition up to June 1; the water being still cold, and the development of spawn not having gone far enough to make such fishing objectionable. But no appeal or influence has thus far been able to secure a modification of the general order for the benefit of the Pelee fishermen. So you will see that the question of license does not

enter into the matter at all, as I understand it; but the grief of the situation is in being entirely shut out of Pelee and the adjacent Canada waters during the only month possible for spring fishing. Our understanding is that the license regulation does not affect anything but the border waters of Canada, and only those under certain conditions (see section 10 on page 60 of *Game Laws in Brief*). Those of us who were "domiciled" on Pelee, either in the club house or at a boarding house at the south end, never had any license to pay while paying board to Canadians and employing Canadian boats and men.

JAY BEEBE.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 16.—While fishing along the coast is not as good as has been experienced in seasons past, still enough bass and kingfish are being taken to keep the appetite of the angler up to the expectant degree. The four heaviest so far this season are to the credit of James Ronan, 20lbs.; Mart Rogers, 18lbs.; Wm. Moynan, familiarly known as the "bass king," and Charles Atkins, 13½lbs. each. More or less of the lighter weights are taken nearly every day from some point along the beach. In point of numbers, by far the greater part has fallen to the rod of Moynan. The local newspapers each season periodically display headlines such as "Moynan's Luck," "Moynan, the Lucky Fisherman," etc., which is simply rot—his eminent success being entirely due to his consummate skill and perfect knowledge of the habits of the quarry, coupled with an abundance of leisure time.

Manasquan inlet is affording some excellent sport. Dr. G. B. Herbert took six bass, weight 3 to 8lbs. respectively, and fifteen kingfish all at one tide one evening recently. The very poor facilities for procuring boats and bait at that point have long been a drawback. It is beyond doubt one of the very best fishing grounds along our coast.

There is a gathering of war clouds just now over Barnegat Bay. The law which prohibits fishing with nets between June and September the fishermen claim is oppressive and unjust, and they will resist all efforts to enforce the law. It appears to be a fact that already they have armed themselves and are prepared for the fray. To those people a word of advice may not be out of order: "Don't." While the territory is large and the number of wardens is inadequate to full protection, still the law as it stands is of such wise conception and its benefits so unquestioned that resistance such as proposed will be met by resistance and intolerance of a marked character. Barnegat Bay is the only natural spawning ground in our State left unpolluted, and the continued enforcement of the present law will prove of the greatest benefit in the future, as every year a very multitude of the young of the finest of our food fishes are nurtured in these waters. How long must it be ere the men who make their living and fortunes netting fish will learn that their prosperity depends on the protection of fish on their spawning grounds?

Just as I am writing this, "Uncle" George Brown, bending with the weight of his 93 years, brings to my office a magnificent bass of 18½lbs. weight, taken by himself from our pier. Although hooked and partially killed by him, his aged hand and feeble steps were not equal to the task of the fight to the finish and the rod was turned over to the masterly hand of Moynan, and the prize is secured. But to "Uncle" George the glory belongs, and who, after witnessing the glow of the eye and exultant bearing of this aged patriarch, could doubt that the love of the true angler is as lasting as life itself.

LEONARD HULIT.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., June 18.—On Tuesday, June 16, I caught forty-seven weakfish in Barnegat Bay, off the Waretown shore; the weight of the same was 2 and 3lbs.

M. CARROLL BAINES.

A Few Days in Maine Woods.

BOSTON, June 20.—I will briefly report my luck. There is a stream 'way down in Maine—the Auberton—that has yielded me fine returns for labor expended, and this year was no exception to the rule, although the weather was all against me. It had rained for three days before I got there, and it continued to rain at intervals the four days I was there. The ride down, although a long one, was delightfully cool, and the extensive Maine farms never looked better. Redington Mills, nine miles from Rangeley, was my destination, and I was cordially greeted by my friend Willis Eaton, the chief clerk of the corporation. He is also justice of the peace, postmaster and general head man of the settlement. The weather was extremely cold as well as rainy, and it was almost impossible to get near enough the main stream to fish it. However, I managed one day to strike them right, and took out a number of beauties in the pools just below the dam. These, with what I caught from the pond by permission of my aforesaid friend, made a handsome lot, of which several friends received their usual share. While at Redington Mills I saw several parties coming out from Rangeley, all of whom reported the fishing excellent.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Sport with the Chinooks.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 13.—The boys are having great sport with the Chinook salmon at the falls of the Willamette. Good catches have been of almost daily occurrence for the past month, and the indications point to at least a fortnight more of it. To my mind this country affords no finer sport than a half hour's contest with a 20-pounder in the suds of the rapids below the falls. The strike can best be compared to a mild electric shock, while the contest "thrills as it fills every animate part," as all salmon fishermen who have hooked, played and properly landed one of these finny kings will readily testify.

My good friend, J. Roberts Mead, made quite a record yesterday. He went up to the falls not very early in the day and returned in time for his regular supper with twelve salmon of the aggregate weight of 132½lbs., all caught with spoon. Their weights in the order of capture were as follows: 20lbs., 15lbs., 6lbs., 20lbs., 17lbs., 18lbs., 21lbs., 10½lbs., 1½lbs., 7lbs., 8lbs., 7½lbs.

S. H. GREENE.

To Keep Minnows Alive.

I WAS told by one of the natives down at K. if I wanted good fishing to come down about the middle of April. So this spring A. and I planned a little trip down there.

We were out on the pond by 4:30 in the morning, and A. hadn't got his line in the water ten seconds before he had a good bite that made him hustle for a while. I was watching him land his fish when I got a bite that took up all my attention. How that old codger did pull! I finally got him into the boat, and we compared notes. A.'s weighed 2½ lbs. and mine weighed about 2 lbs. "Well," A. said, "if we can catch a few more of these fellows we're 'in it.'" We fished till breakfast time, half-past 6, and then weighed our catch. We found that we had taken together 28 lbs. of pickerel and ¾ lb. of perch. A. had caught twelve fish, together weighing 15 lbs. I had caught eleven fish, weighing together 13 lbs. and a little over.

We used live chub for bait, and found that we could keep them alive by simply keeping them rolled up in a wet blanket. This may be stale news for some fellows, but we found it out ourselves. Before we always used to keep them in a bucket full of water, and had to keep on changing the water or the little fellows would go to sleep.

F. E. J.

BOSTON, June 4.

Deed of Conveyance.

GIVEN a lake full of black bass, a lawyer and an insurance agent, a buckboard and horse, fishing tackle and other *impedimenta*, what will the result be?

This was the problem presented to us. The answer is hereinafter set forth and declared, that is to say: For and in consideration of the conjunction of the aforesaid prerequisites the said lake did forever release unto the said lawyer and agent forty black bass, as follows:

At the first cast, to the lawyer two bass of about 1 lb. each, thereafter in six more casts six more bass. Then to the agent in seven successive casts seven bass. Again to the lawyer in seven casts seven more; to the agent seven more in about forty casts, he having failed to connect thirty-three strikes, amid the direful imprecations of the lawyer. And so on to the full amount. Then we quit.

To have and to hold unto the said lawyer and insurance agent, their heirs and (not assigns) neighbors.

VICTORIA, TEX., June, 1896.

MARION WARNER.

An Ontario Fishing Center Wanted.

It is the intention of a few office companions and myself to spend a couple of weeks during the first part of July at some one of the numerous lakes or rivers back of Toronto, Canada, and as none of us have ever fished in the province, and as about all we can learn regarding the fishing and kinds of fish is through railroad ads. and folders, I would like to have some brother sportsman who knows these waters tell us where to go. We are all speckled or brook trout fishermen, and tossing the fly for black bass may also be classed as one of our choicest pleasures. We would like to know where we can find this kind of fishing, also would like to know if the trout of Lake Nipissing and Trout Lake and other lakes in the neighborhood of North Bay take kindly to the fly, and what flies are the most successful. If some good brother would like to enlighten us regarding the above and make our holiday an epoch we would be very grateful.

Box 102, OIL CRY, Pa.

ALLEGHENY.

Long Island Bluefishing.

BLUEFISHING has begun earlier than usual this year and large catches are reported every day. Last Saturday one boat in the Sheephead Bay, Long Island, fleet returned with a catch of thirty odd fish, one of which is reported to have weighed 12 lbs.

Last Sunday a party of seven, including myself, went out on the Cricket, Capt. Cowdrich, of Sheephead Bay, and in less than an hour after reaching the bluefish grounds we had six large fish. Owing to our limited experience in this kind of fishing a number of fish got away that should have been caught. Those that were landed were all pulled in by the captain, who certainly did all that was expected of him. The fish were all large, the smallest weighing 8 lbs. and the largest 10 lbs. before dressing.

We fished only a couple of hours because of the indisposition of several of the party, who quickly recovered when they reached *terra firma*.

G. F. DIEHL.

Large English Trout.

The *Fishing Gazette* of Aug. 4, 1888, thus describes the "monarch of the Itchen:" "Weight, 16 lbs. 2 oz.; length, 32 in.; circumference, 21 in.; bait, a live minnow; captor, Mr. Chas. Turpin; purchaser, a fishmonger; price, 20s.; future, a glass case."

Fishing Gazette of Oct. 6, 1888, records the capture of "a trout, 15½ lbs. in weight, caught on Friday last, near Overton, Hants, by W. Portal, Esq. Its girth round the shoulders was 20½ in. It is now in the hands of Mr. Rowland Ward, F. Z. S., of Piccadilly, where it can be seen."

Among records of Thames trout we have the following: 17 lbs. Jubilee trout, netted and returned, 1887; 16 lbs. 15 oz. Reading trout, April 24, 1880; 15 lbs., caught by Mr. R. Shaw, Marlow, May 11, 1863; 14 lbs. 9 oz., caught by Mr. J. Forbes, Chertsey, July 2, 1870; 14 lbs., caught by Mr. Ross Faulkner, Moulsey, May 21, 1883.—*Correspondence Fishing Gazette*.

The Connecticut Lakes.

PIKE STATION, N. H., June 16.—Trout fishing, both lake and brook, has been unusually good throughout northern New Hampshire this spring. Two members of our firm, who are also members of the Moosilauke League, have just gone to the Connecticut Lakes for a couple of weeks, where some unusual catches have been made this month.

E. B. P.

Carp Fishing.

FOR carp fishing use black bass hooks, 0 to 4. Grasshoppers, maggots, larvae of wasps are used for bait; also grains of wheat or barley, or pellets of wheat or corn bread mixed with cotton. Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM.

Salmon Fishing

To let from July 1st for two rods on Grand Casapedia River, Quebec. The most famous and accessible salmon river in Canada. The sport this season has been superb. Largest run of fish for years. CASCAPEdia, care FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

Game and Fish Protection.

WASTE OF FOOD FISHES.

BY L. D. HUNTINGTON.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE yearly waste of food fish along our coast is a subject deserving the consideration of all interested in the supply of healthy food. The subject should especially receive the careful attention of the citizens of the seaboard States. The waste from the indiscriminate use of the purse net by the menhaden fishermen along our coast, from Maine to North Carolina, demands proper attention and careful consideration. This industry, the products of which are guano and oil (from fish), is one of considerable importance; it is organized under the title of the "United States Menhaden Oil and Guano Association," with a capital of about \$2,000,000, employing from 2,000 to 2,500 men, with annual products of about \$500,000 or \$600,000 in guano, and about \$400,000 in oil; the capital, number of men employed and value of products varying somewhat yearly. This enterprise should receive proper consideration as a business venture, but not allowed to trespass upon the rights and privileges of the citizens of the seaboard States, by wasting the food products of the waters of the coast by converting them into guano. In the prosecution of their business (catching menhaden with purse nets) they not only intrude upon the rights of the citizens of the seaboard States, in catching and converting valuable food fishes into guano, but drive the food fish from their natural feeding grounds, and prevent the parent fish occupying their natural spawning beds and reproducing their kind.

While it is often denied by those interested in catching menhaden with purse nets that they catch any food fish worth mentioning, I will briefly state one or two of the many items of evidence of the catching and of the wanton waste of food fish by them. In 1892 a bill in the interest of the menhaden fishermen, known as the Laphan Bill, was before Congress, the provisions of which gave them the right to use the purse net all along the coast, in the bays, estuaries and rivers, limited only beyond the influence of the tide; the law, habits or customs of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Strenuous efforts were made to secure this law, which fortunately failed, but it nevertheless furnishes the plainest evidence of their disposition to override all State laws for the protection of food fish, etc., in their pursuit of the menhaden.

At a hearing on this bill before a Senate committee the following instances of the waste of food fish were brought out: Mr. S. B. Miller, a fish dealer, in answer to questions asked him stated that he received at one time 70,000 lbs. of food fish, mostly weakfish, from one of Daniel Church's steamers, 10,000 lbs. of which went on the market; the balance, 60,000 lbs., went to the guano factory on Barren Island. He also stated that at another time he received from the same source another large lot of food fish, from out of which he selected about 10,000 lbs., that the balance of the lot were heated and unfit for sale, and that he told the captain of the boat to haul right out; of course these fish went to the factories. He further stated that with their (meaning the menhaden fishermen) manner of handling fish, the fish, after being covered in, with other fish as they are dumped in the hold of their vessels, would heat and be unfit for use for food in three hours or less.

Mr. E. G. Blackford, the well-known fish dealer of Fulton Market, before same committee stated that from his own knowledge every year those fishes which feed upon menhaden grow more scarce; that there had been several instances which had been spoken of there, of his own knowledge, where the menhaden vessels have taken large schools of food fish and have brought them to market; the very large catch of 1891, about a year ago, just about that time of the year, were principally of weakfish. Some four or more vessels came up to Fulton Market with a cargo or quantity of at least 200,000 lbs., nearly all weakfish, and out of that 200,000 lbs. about one-quarter were marketed, the balance of these cargoes was sent to the factories and rendered into oil and scrap. Mr. Blackford further stated that in his opinion the effect of the great amount of fishing that is carried on for menhaden all along the coast breaks up the schools of fish which are followed by the striped bass and bluefish, and has a tendency to make these fish seek other feeding grounds.

Mr. George Hildreth, of New Jersey, formerly a menhaden fisherman, in answer to the following question, *i. e.*: "Well, on the average would there be considerable food fish?" replied, "There would sometimes be quite a number of food fish among them (meaning menhaden), and other times very little—whatever there was within the bounds of the net." In connection with the latter part of Mr. Hildreth's answer, that the purse net caught whatever there was within its bounds, I will quote Prof. G. Brown Goode, endorsement (Mis. Doen. 49, Second Session, Forty-fifth Congress, page 117). He says, "The purse seine is doubtless more effective than any other fishing apparatus ever devised; by its use a school of almost any size can be secured without the loss of a single fish." The enormous demand of the oil factories can be met only by fisheries conducted upon the grandest scale, and the purse seine is used by the factory fleet to the exclusion of all other nets.

The purse net, as Prof. G. Brown Goode and Mr. Hildreth say, takes all fish within its inclosure or bounds, which must necessarily include the taking of a very large quantity of food fish in its use in taking the average yearly catch of 500,000,000 of menhaden.

Agreeable to statement compiled by Hugh M. Smith and published in the United States Fish Commission Bulletin is given the number of hauls made by two menhaden steamers for one season as 1,078 and the proportion of the catch as one-twentieth of the menhaden taken for that time; this would give a total of 21,560 hauls made in a season from the best available data on the subject. The average length of the purse nets used by the menhaden fishermen is about 1,360 ft. Taking the average length of the nets used as 1,350 ft., each haul would inclose 3½ acres, which makes an aggregate of 61,589 acres of water along our coast, bays and estuaries upon the feeding and spawning grounds of many of our valuable food fishes thoroughly screened of the food fish yearly. The food fish so taken are hastily dumped by steam power by scoops holding five barrels each in a mass in the hold of a vessel (precluding the possibility of detecting the various

species of fish taken with the menhaden, even if desired), where they soon sour and become unfit for food; taken to the factories and rendered into oil and guano. As before stated, it is claimed by many interested in the menhaden fishery that they take but few if any food fish with the purse net, while taking yearly about 500,000,000 menhaden. Those who are familiar with the purse net and not interested in the menhaden oil and guano business have yet to learn how it is possible for the net to take the menhaden without taking the food fish it incloses, especially when the depth of the water does not exceed that of the net used, so that it reaches to the bottom and incloses a certain space of water, forming a flexible wall from the surface to the bottom, then being pursed up along the bottom. I would ask how it is possible for the food fish to escape and the menhaden only taken. Aside from the waste of the food fish so taken, the indiscriminate use of the purse net in the shallow waters along the coast, in the bays, inlets and estuaries—the natural feeding and spawning grounds of many of our valuable food fish—drives them to other localities and seriously affects their natural reproduction.

From such statements of the value of the yearly products as I have seen in print, the proportion gives about 60 per cent. in guano and about 40 per cent. in oil. Food fish rendered may not add to the product of oil, but do to the product of guano. The subject of coast food fish supply is one that should especially interest the hundreds of thousands of citizens of the seaboard States; that the present waste of food fish from the indiscriminate use of the purse net by the menhaden fishermen within the three-mile limit is an abuse of the rights of all citizens. No business is justified in using food fish, which were intended for food for the people, for the purpose of manufacturing into fertilizers; nor is any business justified the prosecution of which in any way interferes with the people's supply of food fish. There should be proper restrictions that would be just to all—to the menhaden industry as well as to millions of hard-working citizens who depend upon the continual food fish supply for a livelihood, the many thousands who at times take fish for food for their families, the many thousands who of choice prefer to catch their supply of food fish from the waters adjacent to them instead of from the market, as well as thousands who resort to the waters along the coast for food fish as well as for recreation and health. The food fish should be protected within the three-mile limit before it is too late. If the use of the purse net was properly restricted or prohibited within a reasonable distance from the shores, and used only in waters beyond the depth of the net used, it would go far to stop the present waste and to insure a continued supply, now so seriously threatened.

I would most respectfully ask the consideration of the members of this Society, and especially those who are Commissioners of Fisheries of the respective seaboard States, to this important question.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings, Sec'y, Pittsburgh.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. St. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y.

DOG AND PICTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with much pleasure A Posteriori's comments upon my insistence, with illustration from real dog life, that a dog may have—that at least one dog has—the power to cognize a portrait.

He says: "I think an isolated incident should not be taken as proving that such high perception is common to the whole race of dogs."

True, such an incident should not be so taken. Tiger is a genius; but the genius has no additional faculty. Shakespeare was only more highly endowed with the faculties of which the average man has some. Tiger cognizing a portrait, it is evident that the powers by which a portrait is cognized are not man's alone. Man shares them with the lower animal. The day is gone by when the great man is thought to be any more descended from the gods than is any other man. A few years before The Christ, Julius Cæsar was thought to be, within two or three generations, the son of Venus and Anchises. To-day we would find it rather hard to have the average American care who his parents were. True, there are some sons of their fathers; but the genius of America is to take every man for what he is himself. Is man descended or ascended from the lower animal, or was he immediately made by the Creator? We are coming to care less and less. We take man as we find him. And I find myself finding him with no essential difference between him and the rest of sentient beings. So with Tiger, a genius! But not essentially different from other dogs.

Again he says: "This is a point on which the observations of your numerous readers would be invaluable, in establishing whether the dog's cognition is of such a high

order that he really recognized a portrait, or that he considered the portrait as being his master in his own proper person. If he mistook the portrait for his master, he simply betrayed stupidity; for the skill of the artist deceived the dog. In other words, the dog did not recognize any portrait; he recognized only his master himself from a false cognition."

Then a dog can cognize not only objective but also subjective things—a fact for the cognition of which by man I have made a hard fight through the years—to me a fight of love—something which A Posteriori, with the keenness of perception which is evidently his, cognizes perfectly; for earlier in the letter under consideration he says: "There is no doubt but what the dog is a keen observer of emotion." The very fact that the dog could make "a false cognition" is all the evidence necessary that he has the power of cognition—cognition of a portrait as well as of a man. Suppose that he was deceived—that shows his "stupidity" no more than the stupidity of the artist was shown by his trying to flick a fly from his painting, which fly had been painted there while he was out, by a brother artist. The very attempt of the highest order of artist is to deceive the observer. Could he produce a portrait that would be mistaken for its original, his fortune would be made, and he would be unable to sleep for joy; might be killed by it, if joy ever does kill.

But A Posteriori's objection is not well taken, from the fact that Tiger did know the difference between the portrait of his master and that master. This is abundantly proven by the fact that he, when the master spoke, though he weighs 105lbs., jumped upon the master and fondled him.

Did Tiger again look at the portrait in the presence of his master? If he did, he knew that it was not his master. Suppose that master away, might not then the portrait bring the master to Tiger's mind, as it might bring the husband to the wife's mind?

I might go on drawing inferences. But notwithstanding philosophy—and the same is largely true of science—is builded upon inferences, there are those—of whom A Posteriori is not one—who are always dodging behind the statement that one has no right to draw an inference. Nor drawing inferences, then, I think that Tiger clearly knew the difference between his master and that master's portrait—a statement which I repeat, because it is the point at issue.

I think that A Posteriori is mistaken when he says that his mongrel bull terrier did not cognize or recognize himself in the reflection in the mirror. What are the facts? When he saw the reflection he made for it. When he came, physically or mentally, in contact with the glass, he passed around the obstruction. When he found no dog back of the mirror he was abashed. Abashed at what? At "being the subject," as A Posteriori says, "of much amusement. Yes, he had made a fool of himself. He knew it. How? I would say by discovering that he had made an attack upon a reflection of himself. This could have been easily established by placing the mirror in other positions. The child, first seeing the reflection of itself in a mirror, thinks that reflection another child; but it comes to know that it is a reflection, and a reflection of itself. And the same thing seems to me quite certain in the case of the dog. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

29 LAFAYETTE PLACE, New York City.

The Age of Kennel Progress.

NEWARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog which ate glass bottles and other forms of bright delicatessen had his day, as every other dog is said to have. He did very well as a remarkable dog of the age in which he lived. Following the glass bottle age of the dog came the iron ramrod age, for at that period in the annals of dog history is recounted the doings of the dog which ate the iron ramrod. The iron rod was too straight and too refractory for even the digestive organs of a dog which played no favorites in the way of diet. Still, once in his stomach, the control of the ramrod ceased so far as the volition of the dog had any importance.

Then, so the story goes, the ramrod worked its way perpendicularly through the dog's back, and so firmly set was it that it was impossible to work it forward or back. It was the cause of a thousand misfortunes to the dog, and, were his constitution other than the best or his digestive organs other than the toughest and firmest, he would either have been killed outright or died from a weakening of his vital forces.

A learned veterinarian, who attempted to treat him said that so long as the diastole of his bones was not affected, the etiology of the case would be in a state of inertia, and that therefore the dog should be fed on solid food.

Often, in chasing intrusive dogs from this master's country premises, they would escape by running under a rail fence, when in pursuit the guardian dog's iron dorsal spine would catch, bringing the dog up with a most cruel wrench, or when his momentum was greater, ripping the bottom of the fence out. His comfort, too, was abridged, for the measure of his enjoyment under the kitchen stove in winter was the length of his body up to the ramrod. After warming his head and shoulders to his satisfaction he would turn about back under the stove as far as the ramrod would permit, and thus maintain an equal temperature to his body. I consider this one of the most striking proofs of the dog's powers of cognition and reflection, and I commend it to the attention of your readers who are interested in comparative psychology. Of course, it cut off the dog's privileges as a pet or lap dog, for no one cared to have a dog jumping about him with an iron ramrod in his back.

After the dog's death a *post-mortem* showed that the ramrod had, in working its way out, penetrated the heart and both lungs of the dog, yet the pathological symptoms were normal at all times of the dog's life. And yet again it was remarkable only for its time and place in history.

And now comes the true story of one Gladys III., owned by Col. Cornwall Leigh, which swallowed a wooden skewer 4½ in. in length in 1894, which forced its way out between the ribs of the bitch on June 3, 1896. In the meantime the bitch worked afield to her owner's satisfaction, attended to the duties of maternity without any annoyance, save that she seemed to get out of condition and was in a decline. So up to the present time there is the bottle dog, the ramrod dog and the skewer dog in the annals of the kennel world. One swallow does not make a summer, but it makes a dog famous.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

SANCHO.

A doe? Ah, yes. He knew it well,
And yet his dignity ne'er fell
To currish trick or idle growl,
Nor did he ever deign to howl.

A bark had he for every mood,
And we who knew him understood.
Our friends were his for fourteen years.
He sleeps where flowers distill their tears.

MAPLE CORNER, Willington, Conn., June 4. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

[Mrs. Preston writes: "Our dear little pet beagle Sancha died the other day. I want another nice dog. Do they ever give away puppies at any of the kennels? I cannot afford to buy a dog, but we would take the best of care of one. We are very fond of pets."]

ALL-AGED STAKES AND FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

THE origin of the new rule of the U. S. F. T. Club, which practically gives the all-aged stake the unlimited competition of a free-for-all, is in a very small beginning and has a very small following in the way of supporters. As is well known among sportsmen, the United States Field Trial Club, at its meeting held at West Point, February, this year, enlarged its ruling concerning the eligibility of first prize winners. After a dog had won one first prize, under the old ruling, he was ineligible to further competition in the all-aged stake of the U. S. F. T. C. Incidentally it may be mentioned that such is the ruling of all other clubs, and such it has been for many years. Under the new ruling dogs are eligible to compete in the all-aged stake of the U. S. F. T. C. till such times as they have won two first prizes in all-aged stakes.

As it was possible that the club, on sober second thought, might reconsider its ruling on the matter under consideration, as had been done previously by another club, criticism of the new ruling was deferred by us in the hope that the club would perceive and rectify its error. Indeed, it is not too late for it to do so now. That it is a harmful ruling as it stands, and is a perversion of the purposes of field trials, it is not a difficult matter to show. Our criticism is directed against it as an error of judgment on the part of the club.

There was no popular sentiment in favor of the new ruling. In fact, the whole movement in favor of letting down the bars to all-aged winners was the outcome of the personal advocacy of Mr. J. M. Avent, in his efforts to improve field trials. To change the old ruling so that first prize winners would have greater opportunities in the competition was a pet measure of Mr. Avent's, which he advocated as early as 1893. His first attempts were failures. However, in 1894 he met with better success. He was the leader in inducing the Manitoba Field Trials Club to rule that dogs were not ineligible to the club's all-aged stakes till they had won two firsts in all-aged stakes, Mr. Avent being a member of that club. But that club, the following year, before its entries closed, rescinded the new rule and returned to the old one.

In 1895, at the February meeting of the U. S. F. T. C., Mr. Avent advocated the changing of the old rule so that it would permit dogs to have two wins in all-aged stakes before they were ineligible in such stakes. There was such a strong opposition against the proposed change, notably from old and new members alike, that the attempt apparently was given up; however, it was so in appearance only.

Under more favorable conditions, at the February meeting of the U. S. F. T. C. this year, Mr. Avent's long-pending measure for the betterment of first prize winners was adopted, so that now under the U. S. F. T. Club's rules dogs are eligible to compete in that club's all-aged stake till they have won twice in all-aged stakes. Thus the measure, which had no adherents of any note in 1893 save Mr. Avent, received the U. S. Club's approval in 1896 and was adopted by it. It was thus largely a personal measure throughout. It was legislation in favor of the few who owned first prize winners, for it gave the owners of such winners a great, an inestimable advantage over those who did not own first prize winners, in that it gave dogs of known excellence an opportunity to compete on even terms with green dogs. It practically removed all protection from the stake. As hereinbefore mentioned, there was no popular sentiment to support such a change in the ruling. It was simply an object lesson in respect to the incompatibility of the professional's private interests and his duties as a club member. This is a matter of interest to all those who have the welfare of field trials at heart or a sense of fair play in matters of field trial competition.

The First Prize Winner.

The matter of first prize winners in competition engaged the attention of field trial clubs when they were comparatively in their infancy. It was found necessary, even in that early day, to make a dog ineligible to further competition in an all-aged stake after his first win in it. The success of field trials made the limitation of the all-aged winner's competition absolutely necessary. This, contrary to the argument of a very small minority, inflicted no hardship on the first prize winner, for the reason that he had his opportunity to exhibit his high capabilities in public competition; the utmost publicity is given to his merits; he is conceded the honors of victory won with some material prizes worthy of consideration, and his fame lives on in the records through future ages. The well-known competitive capabilities of a first prize winner, if there were no restrictions on his competition, would result in owners keeping their dogs out of all-aged stakes in which such first prize winners were entered. It required but a few years of field trial experience to convince field trial managers that the winnings of a dog in competition in an all-aged stake should be limited to one. As the years passed and field trials multiplied the list of all-aged winners constantly increased. If they were permitted to compete in the all-aged stakes it would decrease the entries to a serious extent, for no man of sense would care to enter a green dog against a number of dogs of approved merit in competition. To relieve the strain thus produced, the championship stake was inaugurated. While the first prize winners were always reasonably certain to appear in the all-aged stake when there was an opportunity to do so, they never manifested any great craving for competition with each other. Very few champion stakes have been a success from the financial standpoint of the field trial clubs which gave them.

As time passed, there came many changes in field trial matters. Clubs have come into being and after more or

less success have passed away. The personnel of the few remaining clubs which have survived from the beginning has greatly changed, and there are still greater changes in the different managements. As time passed, the old lessons were more or less forgotten and history has made an attempt to repeat itself; for with the passage of time the old field trial troubles and their causes were left in the past beyond the knowledge of the newer comers or were forgotten or disregarded by those who should have remembered them.

What are Field Trials for?

In considering what field trials are for, it may not be out of place to consider what they are not for, in so far as they are not an institution for the purpose solely of creating a revenue. The revenue for their support and the prestige which gives them respect from the world at large comes from the sportsmen who band together into field trial clubs. Aside from the pleasure of annual reunion and the satisfaction in promoting a sport in which they are enthusiastic, they derive no other return from their expenditure and their efforts. If any man were to ask such club members to so arrange the club's stakes that the latter would be for revenue purely, and not for sport and the improvement of the dog, there is no uncertainty as to the answer. But the same thing is brought about in effect by evasion and false issues. In pleading the needs of the first prize winner for further competition, it is set forth that a good dog after he has won first in an all-aged stake is practically of no further use to his owner, and that his owner thus suffers a hardship in not being able to run such winner in the field trials and have a chance at the club's money. In other words, their dogs' merits having already been determined by competition, yet they ask that they be permitted to make the trials a means of revenue. It is also an admission that the owner has no personal use for his dog apart from trials.

Furthermore, it has been advanced that there are owners of first prize winners who brag exceedingly of their dogs' merits, and who profess great anxiety to compete in field trials, and plead that they cannot do so under the restrictions. As to who these parties are, there is an absence of statement in good keeping with the feebleness of the argument and its juvenile nature. Were it not advanced by one who poses as an advocate of the best interests of field trials, it would be undeserving of serious answer.

First of all, in respect to field trials, the first prize winner has no further claim whatever on an all-aged stake. He has derived all the benefits of honor and record by one or more wins, so that so far as the public is concerned his further winning would determine nothing. His further running in an all-aged stake would be a run for revenue. In furnishing a dog a means by competition to establish his merit the club serves a public purpose. The club should not be expected to abandon its mission, the general improvement of the dog, and divert its money and efforts to maintaining a revenue for the dogs which have already gotten out of field trials all that they are entitled to. If the owner is not satisfied that his dog has demonstrated his merit to a satisfactory degree, he has the champion stake at his service.

Stripped of all sophisms and subterfuges, the opening of the all-aged stake to first prize winners is making the stake a source of revenue to the first prize winners. As concerns the booster afore-mentioned, field trials are not run with reference to silencing boosters, for men can boast regardless of field trials or their doings, and if the man who has a winner has not a right to feel proud of it, then when should he have the right?

Let us now consider what a field trial club is for. The club gives prizes of sufficient value to reward the efforts of the contestants and give the competition value. The competition is conducted under established rules and set forms. The judges are selected with a view to their skillfulness and their fame and reliability. The club gives the competition prestige, and all these different factors give the wins a value in the records and gain the esteem of the public.

The life of a dog is short. So soon do dogs pass away that constant effort is necessary to keep up the standard of perfection or the nearest which we have to it. As the best dogs of this year are brought out and receive the stamp of approval by being awarded the first prize and honors in a competition, the mission of the club, so far as the best dog of the year is concerned, is done. The dogs of next year will require the same attention, for the dogs of this year will soon pass away, as will the dogs of next year in their turn pass away. If the best standards are kept before the public, there must be unceasing effort from year to year. If from putting unnecessary obstacles in the way of owners their efforts are lessened or they cease all effort, the general good suffers accordingly. As to the winners other than first, it may be asked why they are not barred too, as the same remarks might in a way be said to apply to them. In reply, the public never has made any objection to them that required that they should be barred. The ruling of all clubs never dealt with the second prize and other winners as being objectionable in the sense of a first prize winner. The second prize winner is short of the honor that all really desire, and the full benefits of the all-aged stake are not obtained till the first prize is won. On the contrary, the first prize winner has derived all the benefit from the all-aged stake that it possesses. Further competition could place him no higher—it would simply add to the number of his wins; the degree would be no different.

But in considering the first prize winner as if he were an individual dog, it is well to consider that there are a great many first prize winners.

It is commonly held that there is a great element of chance in a field trial competition. There is an element of chance as between dogs of equal or nearly equal merit; but when the bars are thrown down to the first prize winners the element of chance is entirely eliminated. The records will show that certain dogs have won a place in almost every trial in which they ever competed. As there are three or four great trials every year, affording a dog an opportunity to compete in three or four all-aged stakes, there is ample opportunity to display his merit. In these trials it is not an uncommon happening that two or three different dogs are placed somewhere in the money at every one of these trials. If they were permitted to compete till old age supervened, it is easily apparent that they would drive untried dogs out of the competition. The fact that they would drive out the untried dogs is proof in itself that the winning dogs have demonstrated to public satisfaction all that the trials were in-

tended for: that is, in accordance with the constitution of the different field trial clubs, not one of which states that they are for the purpose of creating a revenue for first prize winners.

To permit the first prize winners to compete till such times as they will win two firsts is practically to permit them to compete all their lives, for there are many more first prize winners than there are first prizes. The first prize winners added to the second and third prize winners make a competition against which a man with only one or two dogs would be foolish to compete. It would encourage handlers to gather together strings of winners to campaign through the circuit with no other purpose than to capture the prizes. If one handler attempted to campaign a string of winners the other handlers would have to follow the same policy in self-defense. The purposes of the trials in developing the dogs of the year and of the future would be neutralized.

In this connection the precedents are worthy of careful consideration. The first prize winner has been barred from the all-aged stakes for many years past by the great field trial clubs of the country. Indeed, the U. S. F. T. C. turned a deaf ear to the pet measure of Mr. Avent till the present year. The rules of other clubs are specific and explicit on the subject, and there is a uniformity throughout save in the one instance of this club. It seems like a suicidal policy to follow when it is so apparent that it is a policy that will work the club an injury, irreparable if persisted in.

In nearly all forms of competition a handicap obtains. We observe the attempt to establish an equity in the competition of horse races, bicycle races, trap-shooting, etc. All such forms of sport have a means of establishing a handicap. They have some means of making difficulties for the contestant of known great ability greater than the common. In field trials there is no means of establishing a handicap. The conditions governing the pursuit of birds do not admit of it. The only way is to give a dog every opportunity to make his reputation in the all-aged stake, then bar him from it. As said before, if he seeks further reputation, there is ample opportunity in the champion stake.

The dog or man who is in the competition solely for the revenue he may derive from it is of no special benefit to field trials, the more so if he is both a professional handler, breeder and club member. The temptation will be to make the different interests as near one interest as may be, and that interest is in the direction of revenue for his own personal profit.

It is well worth while for the U. S. F. T. C. to reconsider a matter which has a support, not from the field trial supporters at large, but from a source which is so small as hardly meriting to be dignified with the term minority.

A REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

THE breeders of dogs will learn with no little gratification that the express rates on bitches, which are shipped to distant points to be bred, are cut down one-half—that is, when one full rate has been paid the bitch is returned free. A double first-class rate as heretofore is maintained, but as there are now no return charges there is an enormous saving in the expense of shipping. It removes a serious obstacle to the interests of the kennel world.

This result was brought about through the efforts of Mr. Robt. H. Burrows, proprietor of the Seaforth Kennels, East Orange, N. J., and Mr. Dudley E. Waters, Grand Rapids, Mich. Much credit is due these gentlemen for their skillful management of the matter and its successful issue. They began their efforts in the matter during the New York show, visiting in person the managers of the express companies and explaining to them the express features of the kennel world, and showing how the present rates were detrimental both to the kennel world and their own interests, as owners could not afford to ship, and with no shipment or small shipment the companies suffered a corresponding loss of revenue. The companies which have granted the new rate are as follows: United States Express Co., Wells, Fargo & Co., American Express Co., Adams Express Co. and National Express Co. This was after the matter had been considered by the Traffic Association, so that it virtually is a concession from all express companies, as the above mentioned control many of the smaller lines. The following is a copy of the letter, dated March 9, on which the concession was granted, and which was sent to the managers of the different companies, and forms the official beginning of their records on the subject:

"Referring to our conversation on the 24th ultimo, when we asked for a reduction on the express rates on dogs to apply to bitches sent for service only, we now beg to again put the matter before you as briefly as possible.

"There are very few first-class stud dogs in this country, and those few are at wide distances apart, and therefore your present charge of double first-class rates on bitches, both to and from the stud dogs, added to the stud fees, entails an expense on breeders which not one in fifty can stand, and the result is that owners of bitches are compelled to let them pass over or breed them to local dogs, simply because they cannot afford to send them to a good and suitable stud dog that may be anywhere from 200 to 1,000 miles away. Now you can readily understand that every owner of a bitch takes pride in her, and would like to breed her to a first-class dog; but when he discovers the heavy express charges for sending her to the dog of his choice and having her returned after service, he invariably is deterred from doing so on account of the great expense.

"Now we have to ask if you will make the rate on bitches sent for service the same as on all dogs sent to shows, viz.: double first-class rate one way and return them free, and by so doing we feel sure the companies will benefit to a much greater extent than by the present system, on account of the greater number of bitches they would be called upon to carry, and not only that, the puppies from such unions would be readily sold, and the companies would transfer them to all parts of the country. As it is now, bitches with very few exceptions are bred to local and unsuitable dogs, and the offspring being inferior is destroyed or disposed of in the immediate neighborhood, so that the express companies get nothing out of it, and instead of the breed being improved, as all lovers of dogs desire, the reverse takes place.

"By the plan that we propose the express company cannot be deceived, for the double first-class rate to the stud dog has to be paid in advance, and then if for any reason

the bitch is not returned, the company is so much better off, as it has received full pay for the service performed.

"Your present rate, you can readily see, operates especially against the large varieties of dogs, such as St. Bernards, etc., in which we are directly interested.

"A St. Bernard bitch, when crated for a journey by express, will weigh, as a rule, from 200 to 250 lbs., and the expressage for sending such an animal to a stud dog is by far greater than it would be for the smaller varieties.

"The breeding season has just commenced, and if you can give our application your early attention we are sure it will be for the good of all concerned.

"Hoping that you will grant the modification we ask for, and assuring you that if you do so we will take it upon ourselves to see that it is well advertised, we remain very truly yours,

DUDLEY E. WATERS,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
ROBT. H. BURROWS,
Seaforth Kennels, East Orange, N. J."

To this replies came favorably from the different managers, the last one under date of June 17.

Since the foregoing was set in type, we have received the following from Mr. Waters:

OAKHURST, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a number of months I have been making an effort to obtain a reduction in the express rates on bitches sent for service, and I have to-day been notified of my success. My first effort was through the local express agents, and receiving but little encouragement I determined to go to headquarters. When attending the Westminster show February last I interested Mr. Robert H. Burroughs, owner of the Seaforth Kennels, East Orange. I called at the office of the A. K. C. and was assured by Mr. Vredenburg that an effort to get any reduction in express rates for bitches sent for service would be fruitless, and reviewed with him carefully the report of the express committee of the A. K. C. published in the *Gazette* of September, 1892. I concluded the A. K. C. could give me no aid, and with Mr. Burroughs went on a still-hunt, making as little noise as possible and presenting arguments we thought most likely to win. Together we called upon the traffic committee, composed of Messrs. Zimmerman, superintendent of traffic of the Adams Express Co.; Dudley Evans, vice-president of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Co.; T. A. Ritson, general manager of the American Express Co.; C. T. Thayer, general agent of the United States Express Co., and G. W. Slingerland, traffic manager of the National Express Co. We spent a part of two days calling upon these gentlemen, and stated our case to them. We were received most courteously, and listened to with interest. We were assured by them individually that our matter would be taken up and acted upon at a meeting of the traffic committee. We were advised to write each member a personal letter, stating our side of the case carefully. This we did, as follows [here follows the copy of letter published above].

Since that time I have written a number of letters to members of the committee. Mr. Burroughs has called on them, and their representatives have called on me several times. Upon my return from Chicago this morning I was very much gratified at finding a letter from Col. Dudley Evans, vice-president and manager of the Wells, Fargo & Co. Express Company, which reads as follows:

NEW YORK, June 12.—Mr. Dudley E. Waters, Grand Rapids, Mich. Dear Sir: Referring to your application of March 9, 1896, for rate on bitches sent for service, it was agreed at the last meeting of the Traffic Committee that they could be returned free when double rates had been paid going. This took effect on the 10th instant. Yours truly, Dudley Evans, Manager.

This is the meat of the nut we have cracked, and means that when breeders ship bitches to a stud dog they will have to pay only one-half of what they did before this reduction took effect.

DUDLEY E. WATERS.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trial committee of the Central Beagle Club met on Friday evening. The grounds have not yet been selected, the club having under consideration fields at Rice's Landing, Waynesburg and others. The selection will be made at the next meeting. The running rules of the club are now out. The field trials will be run on the percentage plan. The club will only take 10 per cent.; the rest goes to the winners. The secretary has received offers of several valuable special prizes for the field trials, and everything points to a favorable day. A number of applications for membership have been received lately and will be presented at the next meeting. SECRETARY.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following item is from the daily press: "A small black dog become mad, as is supposed, early in the morning of June 13, in the excitement of worrying a cat, and was shot by a policeman in the basement of No. 5 Suffolk street. The dog had chased the cat in and out of alleys and basements until the feline took refuge on the window sill of No. 5 Suffolk street. Failure to dislodge the cat by continued barking drove the dog into a fit, and he at last went mad, it is thought. He ran about the street for a while, but soon jumped into the basement of the house where the cat was. Policeman Rohrbach, of the Delancey street station, had been following him, and in the basement fired at him five times with his revolver. One shot hit the dog in the back, another in the neck, a third in one of the forelegs, a fourth in one of the hindlegs, and a fifth, the fatal one, in the head." The dog had a fit, and forthwith the cry of mad dog was raised. It is the same old story of ignorance and cruelty. There is an object lesson, however, of the benefits of pistol practice, for the policeman with his pistol could kill the dog after a while instead of shooting through second-story windows or through innocent passers-by.

Those who may be interested in the Dogue de Bordeaux, which from its appearance is a direct cross between the mastiff, bull dog and terrier, will be pleased with a pamphlet devoted thereto, just published by M. Megnin, editor of *L'Eleveur* (Vincennes), a French journal devoted to field sports. It need scarcely be said that the "dogue" takes its name from the town of Bordeaux, where it is supposed to flourish again. It is kept for fighting and for guard purposes, and not, as is generally supposed, as

a beast of burden. The strong limbs and great power might make it useful in drawing light carts, but we are afraid its disposition is against any utilization for such a purpose. The pamphlet in question contains several portraits of leading examples of the breed, which appear to vary very much in type, one favoring the mastiff, another the bull dog, while still a third bears certain characteristics of the Great Dane. The "dogue de Bordeaux" has its ears cropped, and this, with its general ugliness, is against its adoption as a favorite in this country.—*London Field.*

Toronto dog show will not after all be compelled to use a tent this fall, as arrangements have been completed to retain the show at the old stand, commodious and airy.—*Canadian Kennel Gazette.*

Field trial supporters should not overlook the chicken trials, and that the Derby entries of the Manitoba Field Trials Club close on July 1. Entrance fee, \$5; \$10 additional to start. John Wootton, secretary, Manitou, Man.

The Ladies' Kennel Association's bench show was held on June 11 and 12 at Holland Park. It was successfully conducted, and was favored with the best of weather. It is regrettable that America cannot boast of a similar organization.

The *British Fancier* comes to us in a new dress and a colored cover this week, bright and artistic in all its details, as is fitting in a change from Manchester to London.

Mr. James B. Blossom, New York, writes us as follows under date of June 20: "I have lately obtained an Irish setter bred by Mr. Brian McSweeney, of Annamore, Ireland, where he won second in open and first in novice class at Cork last autumn. He is by Chief (Kinsale, E. 20,442—Nellie X.) out of Queen (Grouse VIII.—Fanny), and not yet 2 years old; of the darkest, most superb red I ever saw (bar none); magnificent feather of same color as coat (a rarity); very powerful in build, deep-chested, and active as a cat. But I value him most highly because of the opportunity to breed him to some of my Bedford and champions Kildare and Elcho bitches. He promises well in the field, and the infusion of new blood ought to result in great benefit."

It would be a decided gratification to us if Mrs. Preston's note, on page 520, should prompt some one of our readers to supply for the place of her lost Sancho another dog worthy of the home and affection he would be given at Maple Corner.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

JUNE.

27. Chicago, special, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27. Roy. St. Lawrence, four classes, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
27. Atlantic, special, Bay Ridge, New York Bay.
27. Winthrop, open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
27. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, 1st cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 27. Duxbury, An., Plymouth, Plymouth Harbor.
S 27. Seawanhaka, An., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Stamford, special, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
29. Pavonia, An., Communipaw, New York Bay.
S 30. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.

Our opponent, the *Marine Journal*, having given up the fight over steam, now turns its attention to sail, as follows:

Seldom has the New York Y. C. had a finer racing day for their annual regatta than that of last week, when they had all the wind wanted, steady and true, with sunshine too. This regatta leads the events in the season's yachting and is only exceeded in interest, except when there is an international contest, by the annual cruise of the same club's squadron at a later date. The appearance of the Lower Bay, with the fleet of sloops and schooners eagerly doing their level best on every point of sailing, was a sight not to be surpassed in beauty anywhere. Whatever opinions may be held about the relative merits of American and foreign-built yachts, there can be only one opinion as to the superlative excellence of our sailing craft, the New York Club yachts being almost without exception native products and unsurpassed for speed and excellence. Considerable interest was evinced in the late event as to the performance of the *Colonia* in her new schooner rig. She was only beaten one and one-half minutes on the course and can undoubtedly do better in the future.

Apart from the fact that not a sloop started in the New York Y. C. regatta, every single-stick yacht being a cutter, the above statement is quite correct. The *Marine Journal*, however, fails to point the moral of this superiority of the American sailing yacht over the British.

Through certain peculiar circumstances sailing yachts of such a size as to be sailed across the ocean have for years been entirely free from the action of those tariff laws which apply to almost all imported articles, and a unique and most instructive experiment in free trade has consequently been possible. At the outset the American article was decidedly inferior in quality to the British, and quite as costly. At the time when the demand for a better class of vessel than the old cut-nail and soft-wood sloop was first felt about New York, the British cutter could be freely imported, and a superior yacht could be had at a less price than the home-built craft. The sole result of this free competition for some fifteen years has been not the ruin of American builders, but the production of a new national type of sailing yacht that has proved far faster than anything yet produced on the other side; the growth of such building yards as Lawley's in Boston, Herreshoff's in Bristol, and scores of smaller plants equally perfect in their way, and the opening of a growing market abroad for American yachts. As for foreign competition and the underselling of American workmen by the products of cheap labor, no one now cares to import a British sailing yacht, duty or no duty; natural causes, unhampered by ignorant and partisan legislation, have simply worked out for themselves the desired result. So far as the industry of designing and building sailing yachts is concerned, it has, under a policy of absolute free trade, achieved its own legitimate protection through the superior ability of American designers and builders. We hope that the *Marine Journal*, as the self-elected exponent of protection carried to the point of exclusion, will not deem this thoroughly practical experiment beneath its notice and discussion.

ONE of the difficulties existing in American racing, the great number of classes for which courses and prizes must be provided by the clubs, is well shown in the regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday. The 60 starters were divided among no less than 18 different classes, most of them with one, two or three starters each. Deduct-

ing the 30ft. class and the 15ft. class, with 10 and 11 starters respectively, there remains a fleet of 39 yachts divided among 16 classes, or an average of less than 3 yachts to a class. One contributory cause of this is the multiplication of special classes, such as the special 21ft., special "34-rating," special 30ft., etc.

It is not easy to suggest a practicable remedy capable of immediate application, but there is one line of action which, if consistently followed by all clubs, will help matters very much. This is the direct encouragement of a smaller number of regular classes and, so far as possible, the discouragement of intermediate classes and of yachts not built to any class.

The special class has probably had its day and served its purpose; we hope that before many seasons some amendment of the measurement rule will be possible which will place further restrictions on the building of machines and encourage a more usable type of yacht in all classes, thus obviating the necessity for the special restrictions outside the rule itself. A movement in this direction is now under way in the rule adopted last year in Great Britain. Should such a change of the measurement rule be put into effect as would increase the accommodation and decrease the draft, then the next step would be to select a certain range of classes fewer in number than at present, to which men might build under the new rule. All the legitimate demands of yacht racing might be met by classes as follows: Schooners, 95ft. upper limit; 75ft. upper limit; cutters, sloops, yawls and cat-boats; upper limits of classes, 70ft., 51ft., 36ft., 30ft., 25ft., 20ft. and 15ft. The classes from 30ft. down would be doubly sub-divided, first as to rig, sloop or cat; and second as to open or cabin boats. This would reduce the total number of classes necessary from 30 to about 17. With regular building to these classes from year to year, the racing would be far better than as at present, where competition in any one class is often limited to two or three yachts. In England, where yacht racing as a system has attained a far higher degree of perfection than in this country, comparatively few classes have proved necessary; the 60-rating, 40-rating, 20-rating, 10-rating, 5-rating, 2½-rating, 1-rating, and 0.5-rating.

It would be an excellent thing in every way if the present system of measurement and classification in this country could be remodeled by a change of the form of the rule and the introduction of an entirely new term to denote the unit of measurement, something like "rating," "ton," "racing length," etc., but more exact and definite. With such a unit, and starting with the smallest regular class, the 15ft. as measuring 1, the 20ft. for instance as 2, the 25ft. as 5, etc., the existing complexity and confusion, the use of numerals and high numbers absolutely meaningless in themselves to indicate the size of the class, would all disappear and a yacht would be definitely described by the one term similar to 1-rater, 5-rater, etc.

THE annual regatta of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, June 27, over the regular club courses off Oyster Bay. The race will be sailed under the rules of the Y. R. U., and prizes will be given in all of the classes, regular and special. Full details as to courses, entry, etc., may be had of the secretary of the race committee, Chas. A. Sherman, 67 Leonard street, New York.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Trial Races.

OYSTER BAY—JUNE 22, 23, 24.

ONE extreme of international racing was witnessed last year in the building of a single craft, at enormous expense, with the practical certainty that, good or bad, she was to be the defender. This year the other extreme has been reached in the construction of a fleet that is of unknown numbers, all types being represented, and from some thirty or forty of which the defending boat will be selected after a series of trial races. Certainly such a unique fleet as that seen this week at Oyster Bay has never been brought together in the annals of yachting; so many craft of one measurement, but differing in every detail of design, construction and rig. The programme of the races and chart of the courses were published last week. The yachts, as officially entered, are as follows:

Manowtasquok.....	Regis S. Post.....	Great South Bay.
Florence.....	E. Cohen.....	Tappan Zee.
In It.....	F. M. Randall.....	Atlantic.
Kittie V.....	Hazen Morse.....	Huguenot.
Ideal.....	H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	Seawanhaka.
Die Hexe.....	S. C. Blaisdell.....	Knickerbocker.
Two Step.....	W. H. Jennings.....	Indian Harbor.
Glance.....	F. L. Downing.....	Harlem.
Maudeen.....	R. B. McManus.....	Am. Canoe.
Ulme.....	W. W. Howard.....	Tappan Zee.
*Isabel.....	J. P. McQuade.....	Seawanhaka.
Gnome.....	F. M. Hoyt.....	N. Y. Canoe.
Julie.....	J. Brown.....	Douglaston.
Willada.....	W. G. Newman.....	Stamford.
Saghaya.....	Howard C. Smith.....	Seawanhaka.
Paprika.....	C. Sherman Hoyt.....	Huguenot.
Question.....	L. T. Huntington, Jr.....	Fall River.
Columbia.....	F. T. Wood.....	N. Y. Canoe.
Terrapin.....	W. S. Peters.....	N. Y. Canoe.
Tornado.....	F. C. Morris.....	N. Y. Canoe.
El Heirie.....	C. H. Crane.....	Seawanhaka.
Defender.....	W. G. Brokaw.....	Larchmont.
Nike.....	F. W. Meeker.....	Seawanhaka.
Trilby.....	G. G. Tyson.....	Indian Harbor.
Sola.....	C. T. Willis.....	Indian Harbor.
Nit.....	W. W. Murray.....	Conanicut.
Hope.....	Arthur Iselin.....	Huguenot.
Riverside.....	Riverside Syndicate.....	Riverside.

* Now Defender II., W. G. Brokaw, Larchmont Y. C.

One looks in vain through the list for the name of the successful defender of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup last season, when it was first raced for, Ethelwynn, the winner of the three trial races and of three out of the five cup races. Late last season the yacht was sold to the Leonard Brothers, two young yachtsmen, who proposed to make certain necessary changes and to race her in the class this season. She was sailed down from Greenwich to South Brooklyn, and stored in one of the warehouses of Manning's Basin. There she still lies, dusty and neglected. One of her new owners is abroad, the other is in the West, and no effort has been made to race her. There is good reason to believe that with a new centerboard and rudder, and larger sails, all of which were defective last year owing to the late date at which she was begun, and sailed by the Bail Brothers, who won the last two of the international races, she would still be a dangerous boat. The model will be represented in the trial races by two similar boats of Mr. Stephens's design: one, Two Step, built from the same mould and fitted with the same sail plan; the boat shown by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co. at the Sportsman's Exhibition. Though out very early in the season, the boat has been kept at her owner's home, Southport, Conn., and has had few opportunities for trial with others of the class. She has come up the Sound on three different occasions to meet the fleet and has been defeated each time. Since the last race her owner has replaced the original Scarecrow rig with the boom and gaff. The other new boat is of similar model, but a couple of inches wider, with a little less draft and waterline and proportionately more sail. She too was built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Co., and the pair are among the handsomest of the fleet, both in graceful form and in construction and finish. Ideal has the same rig as the others, the leg o' mutton. She was only launched on June 11, and though she has sailed in two races there has been no time for careful tuning up; in fact, in the trial races she will be handled by a helmsman who has never yet seen her.

Of the old boats of 1895, Question and Trilby are both entered, the former unchanged from last year. Trilby has a new rig and some minor changes. Another old boat, the Herreshoff Olita, has been materially altered this season and sailed in the races of the class, but with poor results, in spite of the skill of her helmsman, L. B. Huntington, Jr., the winner of the helmsman's prize in the trial races last year. She was not started at Larchmont on Saturday and will not enter the trial races, but Mr. Huntington will sail Paprika, with her owner, Sherman Hoyt, as crew.

The latter boat has shown remarkable speed in a fresh breeze, as in the Knickerbocker and Douglaston regattas, and so far is the most promising of the fleet, she having been out for some time and winning three out of the five races in which she has started. She, with her sister boats, Hope and Willada, have already been described. She is unlike them in having a round bilge and side, with a distinct tumble home at the deck.

The new boat Ulme will appear in the trial races under the name of Defender II., given to her by W. G. Brokaw, who last week purchased her from W. W. Howard. Mr. Brokaw has the promise from Mr. Iselin of the loan of the Yellow Dog by way of mascot, provided that the consent of the race committee can be obtained. In the Larchmont race of Saturday, Defender II., without the canine appendage, was sailed by two strangers who failed to get her to windward—a difficult enough matter for her owner, who was very expert in her. In the races she sailed thus far both helmsman and crew have used toe straps to hold the feet when hiking out, a proceeding essential to the keeping of her mast up and keel down. Her centerboard is of aluminum. Wilson & Griffin will make her a new mainsail with a reasonable amount of peak.

In some cases it may be difficult to draw the line between the so-called "honest boat" and the freak. In this purely racing class there is no assumption that the yachts are to serve as models for larger craft, that they are to make homes for their owners, or that they are anything but racing toys. At the same time there is a wide distinction between such little ships as the Herreshoff bulb-fin Trust Me and the Sibbick bulb-fin Microbe on the one hand, and some of the yachts and packing cases that the class has produced. Some of the yachts, like the two bulb-fins, are little ships in which a man can at least sit, stand and move about, eat his meals, shift his togs, and enjoy a certain change of position. Others of the class, however, are for one cause or another fitted for nothing more than a short race or sail, the crew lie flat on deck in cramped and uncomfortable positions, or even if the yacht boasts a well, her peculiarities of model are such that she cannot be sailed along easily and comfortably, but must be watched all the time, and handled with exceptional care to prevent a capsize.

Whatever question may exist as to where to draw the line between the two classes, there are two boats that are most certainly on the wrong side, being freaks in all that the name implies to the nautical mind. These two, In It and Kittie V., are designed on the same principle, or lack of principle, to be more accurate. The controlling idea, as stated before in describing the former, is to have a sort of double hull, the lower one to be measured and the upper one to do the sailing on. Just how this is to be accomplished we cannot clearly understand, the changes being, as it seems to us, that the proposed rule cheater must either be too small or too large in the underwater body. From the first view of the pair in the Larchmont regatta, with smooth water and a very light breeze, it would seem that one has failed on one side and the other on the reverse.

In It is owned by F. M. Randall and sailed by T. F. Day, being designed and built by the Crosby Co., of which Mr. Randall is secretary. She has been hastily put together; the frames steamed and bent into place, those at the ends being canted, to save beveling; the planking is white pine in a single thickness, with no attempt at tight seams, a covering of canvas being stretched over it to make it tight. There are no bulkheads, but the boat is open from end to end below, with a large well—a bad arrangement in rough weather. The rig is light in the extreme, with small, solid mast and boom and a trusted gaff of light strips. The rudder is of the balanced type and the centerboard is of wood. The name is contrived to meet all possible contingencies at small expense; it is now IN IT; in the event of her being chosen to defend the cup, she will sail as the WIN IT; and in the not impossible contingency of a complete failure she will go into history as the "N IT."

Kittie V., as her name indicates, is the successor to Kittie IV., the fast catboat of the last two seasons, now sold to go to Galveston. She was designed and built by Thos. Webber for Hazen Morse, owner of the former Kitties. In appearance she is strongly suggestive of a raft built of clapboards as a last resort in a freshet; she is long and wide and carries her breadth from end to end; the sides are very low, she is built of white pine, the bottom lapstrake and the decks flush laid, and as she is innocent of paint or varnish, with no finish to the natural wood, the effect is not unlike a pile of common pine clapboards afloat. From all reports the keel contour is similar to that of In It, but as sailed at Larchmont she was evidently badly by the head, so that she had little freeboard forward and nearly all of her fore overhang was immersed. Like the other, she has a rig more appropriate to 19ft. waterline than 15, but hastily fitted and rough; in spite of a long bowsprit, she is practically cat-rigged, with a very large mainsail and small jib. She is an ordinary wooden board, very long and weighted with lead.

So far as can be judged on the showing in their first race, while in the Randall craft the under boat is too large, in the Webber boat it is too small. In It, with but the lightest of breezes, floated high, showing indeed a short waterline, but staggering around as though the short lower boat were tired, and refused to carry the big upper boat. With a little wind she lopped down on her side, but still failed to show an immersed line of phenomenal length, and she certainly can never sail fast in such a position. In Kittie V., on the other hand, the lower boat was evidently too small—in fact, refused to carry the upper one even for the brief period necessary to hoodwink the eyes of the official measurer—and to the eye showed very little fore overhang, coupled with but a moderate amount aft; and a correspondingly long waterline that would throw her out of the class unless her sail area were reduced to a fraction of its present dimensions. She did, it is true, obtain the great length when sailing that is one of the two points claimed for the class, and with it and her large sail plan she reached very fast; but she is plainly a very great way from fulfilling the other essential condition of measuring into the class. There will probably be fun should a good puff strike this happy pair in any of the races. The fun will be limited to the spectators, and not distributed among the thirty other members of the fleet whose safety is threatened by the sharp bowsprits that are running about wildly with no control from the rudders.

While the Larchmont race was by no means a conclusive test of the fastest boat, or even of the probable winner in a series of weekly races about the Sound, such as those already sailed by the class, the conditions were very close to those too frequently met on the other shore of the Sound, as in all the trial races of last year—smooth water, light winds and flat calms. Under these circumstances the success of the Boston boat, El Heirie, makes her a very dangerous competitor. She is the work of an amateur designer, D. H. Crane, and the hull, built by Lawley, is a very neat piece of work, with mahogany planking and white pine deck. In general type she may be classed with Ethelwynn, having about the same over all and waterline length, 23ft. 3in. and 14ft. 4in., a straighter side, with less flare, the beam being but 5ft. 6in. instead of 6ft. extreme and 5ft. at the waterline, the draft of hull being about 5in. and with board down 5ft. The centerboard is of ¼in. plate, of the Linton Hope pattern. The sheer is quite straight and the fore overhang is longer and the after shorter than in Ethelwynn, the general appearance from abeam being more like the Dyer boats. The rig has a boom and gaff mainmast well peaked. The boat made a well-judged start; keeping to leeward of the pack and entirely clear of all blanketing, she moved off very fast in the light wind and continued to gain all day. As seen afloat, she is a moderate boat, well proportioned and with no freak features, and should be good in a sea and breeze as well as in light weather.

MONDAY, JUNE 23—FIRST TRIAL RACE.

On Saturday and Sunday 15-footers of all types were coming into Oyster Bay, and by Monday morning a motley fleet was assembled off the club station. While the number was not as large as anticipated—only twenty-six yachts actually starting, with several more about the harbor—the fleet was a unique and interesting one. The morning was clear and bright, with a light west wind and a smooth sea. The fleet was off the Center Island Buoy at noon, the start being given exactly at 12:30. The triangular course was sailed, the easterly leg first. The starters are as in the final table. Ideal was steered by H. B. Duryea, with W. I. Zeregasas crew; Riverside, by her designer, Chas. Oumstead; El Heirie, by Messrs. Crane; Two Step, by Herbert Jennings; Hope was steered by Mr. Howard, with L. B. Huntington as crew; Trilby was steered by F. B. Jones; Paprika, by L. D. Huntington, Jr., with her owner, Sherman Hoyt, as crew; Vesper, by Paul Butler, with Butler Ames; Gnome, by F. M. Hoyt and F. Whiting; Kittie V., by Hazen Morse; Die Hexe, by Mr. Wyckoff; Yola had Thomas Clapham as crew; Columbia was steered by her designer, F. T. Wood; In It, by T. F. Day; Tornado, by F. C. Moore and H. H. Smythe, and Defender II., by Al. Camacho.

Apart from one or two unimportant fouls, the fleet made a good start from the gun at 12:30. Mr. Duryea had Ideal over first, with Terrapin close to her. El Heirie made a very good start, and Riverside, Two Step, Paprika and Hope were among the first; beyond this it was impossible to keep track. With spinnakers to port they ran off slowly, Two Step taking the lead, the first four being Two Step, Gnome, Nit and Ideal. Gnome had her boom on the wrong side and was obliged to gybe. The first mark was not on its proper bearings, but further off shore, upsetting the calculations of some. As the times at the first mark show, the fleet ran very evenly down wind. Manowtasquok, sailed by her owner alone, with no crew, very soon dropped out. The leaders at the mark were Gnome, Riverside, Ideal, Two Step, Kittie, Nit. Barely 5 minutes separated the first and last.

After luffing around the mark the leaders trimmed for what proved to be but an easy reach; but Paprika, Vesper and several others at once went on starboard tack, sailing far out of their course. El Heirie took the lead within the first mile, the order then being, after her: Riverside and Gnome in close company, Hope, Kittie, Ideal, Two Step, Trilby, Die Hexe, Defender II., etc.

A few minutes on the wind put Gnome out of the fight. Ideal soon went up to third place, and the big fleet began to scatter. El Heirie held the lead for some time, but near the end Riverside passed her to windward and weathered the buoy, the other having to tack for it. Ideal came along in second place. Hope had done very well off the wind, but was now down to leeward with Gnome. Trilby was doing very good work and turned in fourth place. Two Step was hand-

capped by a new rig, a boom and gaff mainsail, and a larger jib with a club on the foot, in place of her original Ethelwynn rig, and got no better than fifth place. Only the leaders were timed in the table.

1] Riverside was slow with her spinnaker, while Ideal's was smartly handled, as was El Heirie's. Down wind Riverside made a gain on Ideal, and Two Step passed Trilby, the order at the end of the first round being: Riverside, Ideal, El Heirie, Two Step, Trilby.

The wind was now north of west, making a beat on the second leg instead of the usual reach, which was much to Ideal's liking. She closed up the space between her and Riverside, and after a mile was on the latter's weather beam, which finished the race so far as first place was concerned. In the beat of 2 miles she made 2m. 14s. on Riverside. The final leg was now a free reach, in which Riverside picked up a few seconds, the order at the finish being: Ideal, Riverside, El Heirie, Two Step, Hope, Trilby, Paprika, etc., as in the last column of the table. Mr. Duryea sailed Ideal under a serious handicap, as he had never seen the yacht before boarding her just prior to the start. While the weather was very light and more wind is hoped for in the other races, it was the average summer weather, in which most of the races, as last year, will probably be sailed. The new Butler boat, Vesper, was at a great disadvantage, having never been floated until she reached Norwalk the day before.

The boats were timed as follows:

Riverside.....	4 07 06	Die Hexe.....	4 37 36
El Heirie.....	4 11 21	Yola.....	4 38 03
Two Step.....	4 22 19	Columbia.....	4 38 14
Hope.....	4 25 41	In It.....	4 38 41
Trilby.....	4 29 48	Saghaya.....	4 40 20
Paprika.....	4 30 12	Cyclone.....	4 40 54
Vesper.....	4 30 43	Willada.....	4 43 13
Gnome.....	4 34 43	Tornado.....	4 46 50
Kittie V.....	4 36 32		

SUMMARY.

	Start.	Finish.
Ideal.....	12 30 00	4 05 00
Riverside.....	12 30 00	4 07 06
El Heirie.....	12 30 00	4 11 21
Two Step.....	12 30 00	4 22 19
Hope.....	12 30 00	4 25 41
Trilby.....	12 30 00	4 29 48
Paprika.....	12 30 00	4 30 12
Vesper.....	12 30 00	4 30 43
Gnome.....	12 30 00	4 34 43
Kittie V.....	12 30 00	4 36 32
Die Hexe.....	12 30 00	4 37 36
Yola.....	12 30 00	4 38 03
Columbia.....	12 30 00	4 38 14
In It.....	12 30 00	4 38 41
Saghaya.....	12 30 00	4 40 20
Cyclone.....	12 30 00	4 40 54
Willada.....	12 30 00	4 43 13
Tornado.....	12 30 00	4 46 50

The following did not finish: Maudeen, Isabel, Glance, Manowtasquok, Terrapin, Nike, Question, Defender II., and Nit.

New Hanley Yachts.

From the Boston Globe.

THE boat which Hanley has been building in his shop at Monument Neck is no longer a "dark secret," and the design which for the past few months has excited the curiosity of yachtsmen has been given out by Mr. Hanley.

The boat measures 32ft. over all and 23ft. on the waterline, but the most remarkable feature is that she only draws 10in. of water. She combines the racing qualities of the old square stern boats with the modern overhanging bow and it is predicted that she will show remarkable speed.

The boat is fitted with a bronze centerboard, and will have cross-cut sails with a spread of about 1,000yds. She is also fitted with cabin furnishings, so that she may come under the requirements of the Larchmont Y. C. rules. She has two rigs, either cat or sloop, as desirable.

The cockpit is roomy, while the cabin is large enough for a half dozen persons to live in it with comfort.

The new boat has been named Volsung, and was built for the De Forest Brothers, of New York. She will sail in the second class and her maiden race will be on June 17, in the Beverly Y. C. regatta, off Wing's Neck.

In the same class will sail Bernice, Surprise, Linnotte and others of last year's racing fleet, and the contest in this class will be certainly interesting.

From here Volsung will go on to New York in season to enter the races of the Larchmont Y. C., and from there she will be sailed to Bar Harbor, and when the racing season is in full blast will be sailed to New York, entering all the regattas between Bar Harbor and her destination.

The new boat will be given several trial spins in addition to those which have already taken place, and Hanley feels confident that she will make a new record on the occasion of her maiden race.

Hanley is building a boat of the 17ft. class for himself, which will be finished in time for some of the races.

The new boat for the Parkinson boys, which Hanley built, has proven in the trial spins to be a very fast sailer, and the new boats from across the bay, which have been built for Winship and Whittemore Brothers, will meet a dangerous rival in the 15ft. class or half-raters.

The big Eustis boat is now in racing trim, and will be on hand to compete with Ashumet for honors in the 34ft. class.

Little Peter, which made such an enviable record last year, will also be entered in the opening race.

Important, if True.

THERE is a possibility that Chicago may furnish the yacht to defend the America cup. Growing out of a jocular remark made by Theodore Poekel is a plan for the construction by Chicago men of a yacht to sail in the New York trial races as a candidate for the defense of the trophy won by America.

Two or three weeks ago a party of Chicago yachtsmen was in the works of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, watching with critical eyes the progress of E. C. Berriman's yacht Vencedor. It was about the time of the announcement that Emperor William would send Meteor to sail for the America cup. One of the party was Theodore Poekel, designer of Vencedor and formerly for the Herreshoffs of Defender.

"I can build a yacht that will beat Defender," said Theodore Poekel. "If you can do that," replied one of the men of the party, "I will furnish the money to build it."

"You will not furnish it at all," said another of the Chicago yachtsmen, "for I want to do that part myself."

It was then agreed between two of the party that in the event of a challenge by the Emperor or by any other yachtsman for the America cup they would bring out of the Racine yards a yacht to sail in the preliminary heats under the auspices of the New York Y. C.

The offer of the Chicago men was made in good faith, and they have gone as far in the matter as is possible until a challenge for the America cup has been received by the New York Y. C. After the receipt of the challenge, nine months must elapse before the preliminary races, giving ample opportunity for the construction of an adequate boat. A race for the cup will not be possible then till the spring of 1897. It will be necessary for one or more of the owners of the Chicago boat to become members of the New York Y. C. Several Chicago men are already enrolled in its membership.

The men who are back of the proposition prefer to remain in obscurity for the present at least, till their mettle is tested by a challenge for the cup. Their offer is said not to be conditional on a challenge by Emperor William, but to be open in the case of a challenge by any other reputable owner.

The mere possibility of the construction of a yacht on fresh water for the defense of the cup is sufficient to cause a stir among yachting men, the designing of fast boats having been confined to the seaboard. According to E. C. Berriman, there is nothing improbable in the idea of the construction of a winner on a fresh-water shipyard. The conditions of sailing are somewhat different, but there is no reason why a cup defender should not be built on Lake Michigan.—Chicago Tribune.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.
BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.
Tuesday, June 16.

THE Atlantic Y. C. was particularly fortunate this year in having a good breeze for its annual regatta, with a fleet sufficiently large to make the racing interesting in the different classes. The regatta was open to the yachts of the other leading clubs; the prizes were:

The Gould Cups.—Two special cups offered by Com. George J. Gould, valued at \$1,000 and \$500, one for schooners and one for cutters or sloops. The prizes to become the property of the owners of the winning yachts. Separate entries were required for this event. All schooners raced in one class and all cutters and sloops in one class, each yacht being entitled to time allowance according to her actual racing length. No second prizes to be awarded, nor the cups to be awarded in case of a walk over.

The club offered the following prizes to the winners in each class in which two or more yachts start with the bona fide intention of going over the course. If but one yacht starts in any class, such yacht, after having gone over the course as prescribed, will receive a walk-over prize of one-half the value stated in the schedule. Also, if five or more yachts start in one class, a second prize of one-half the value of the first prize will be given to the yacht second at the finish by corrected time.

Schooners.—Class 1, \$150; class 2, \$125; class 3, \$100; class 4, \$75; class 5, \$50.

Cutters and Sloops.—Class 1, \$100; class 2, \$75; class 3, \$65; class 4, \$60; class 5, \$55; class 6, \$50; class 7, \$50; class 8, \$40; class 9, \$35; class 10, \$30; special 30ft. class of 1896, \$40.

Cats.—Class 1, \$25; class 2, \$25; class 3, \$25.

This year a new starting and finishing line has been laid down, marked by two stakeboats at the mouth of Gravesend Bay, on a line between Fort Lafayette and Norton's Point. From this line the various courses were:

Course 1.—For all schooners competing for the Gould cup, and for all schooners and Classes 1, 2 and 3 of cutters entered for the annual regatta and not for the Gould cup: From the starting line to the Southwest Spit Buoy Nos. 12 and 10, leaving them on the port hand; thence to the bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving same on starboard hand; thence to the Scotland Lightship, leaving same on the port hand; thence to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, leaving same on the port hand; thence to the bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving same on the port hand; thence to the Southwest Spit Buoy Nos. 10 and 12, leaving both on the starboard hand; thence to the finishing line, keeping to the southward and westward of the beacon on Romer Shoal, and to the eastward of buoy No. C9, on west bank, both going and returning. Distance, 33 miles.

Course 2.—For all cutters competing for the Gould cup, and cutters of Class 4 entered in the annual regatta and not for the Gould cup: From said starting line to Southwest Spit Buoy Nos. 12 and 10, leaving same on the port hand; thence to the bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving same on the starboard hand; thence to and around the Scotland Lightship, leaving same on the port hand; thence to bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving same on the port hand; thence to Southwest Spit Buoy Nos. 10 and 12, leaving both on the starboard hand; thence to the finishing line, keeping to the southward and westward of the beacon on Romer Shoal, and to the eastward of buoy No. C9, on west bank, both going and returning. Distance, 2½ miles.

Course 3.—For cutters and sloops of Classes 5, 6 and 7, and the special 30ft. class of 1896: From said starting line to a stakeboat anchored near Buoy No. 6, off the northern point of Sandy Hook, leaving same on the port hand; thence to and around the Scotland Lightship, leaving same on the port hand; thence to the finishing line, keeping to the southward and westward of the beacon on Romer Shoal, to the northward and eastward of the bell buoy off the point of the Hook, and to the eastward of Buoy No. C9, on west bank, both going and returning. Distance, 2½ miles.

Course 4.—For all other classes: From said starting line to Southwest Spit Buoy Nos. 12 and 10, leaving both on the port hand; thence around a stakeboat anchored near Buoy No. 6, off the northern point of Sandy Hook, leaving same on the port hand; thence to the finishing line, keeping to the southward and westward of beacon on Romer Shoal and to the eastward of Buoy No. C9, on west bank, both going and returning. Distance, 1½ miles.

The entries included forty-five yachts in all, but only thirty came to the line, as follows:

SCHOONERS—GOULD CUP.		Measurement.
Colonia, C. E. Postley	Not meas.
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	90.47
Amorita, W. G. Brink	74.82
Elsemarie, J. B. King	74.67
SLOOPS—GOULD CUP.		
Wasp, H. S. Lippitt	54.97
Acushla, W. & A. Hannan	33.35
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00
SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.		
Sachem, F. T. Adams	82.28
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	54.99
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 4.		
Penguin, G. E. Brighton	49.20
Choctaw, J. M. Strong	46.20
Uvira, E. M. Lockwood	42.75
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 6.		
Eidolon, C. E. Diefenthaler	41.64
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	39.00
Ilakato, E. H. Converse	35.60
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 7.		
Aliris, J. A. Constant	24.11
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	23.02
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 9.		
Adele, A. J. Harrison	28.30
Grace E., W. E. Neidhardt	27.20
CATS—CLASS 1.		
Step Lively, F. M. Randall	27.20
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	27.20
Dorothy, F. M. Wilson	27.20
CATS—CLASS 2.		
Streak, H. C. Lary	27.20
30-FOOTERS—SPECIAL.		
Wawa, James Stillman	27.20
Vaquero III, H. B. Duryea	27.20
Caroline, Pembroke Jones	27.20
Esperanza, A. S. Van Winkle	27.20
Asaki, Bayard Thayer	27.20
Musme, J. M. McDonough	27.20

The morning was cloudy and cool, with very little wind and a poor promise of more, while there was a thick haze to seaward. The wind, such as it was, came from S.E., making a beat of a couple of miles from the station off Bay Ridge to the starting line, while the last of the flood tide was rushing through the Narrows against the yachts as they worked slowly down. The start was set for 10:30, but there was a general delay among the fleet, and at that hour the last yachts had hardly left their mooring. The steam yacht Atalanta, Com. Gould, was in attendance, while the big steamboat Gen. Slocum carried the members of the club. The fleet was arranged to start in five divisions with ten-minute intervals between, thus covering a period of forty-two minutes from the preparatory to the start of the last class, the 30-footers. As there were only two, three or four boats in a class, except the latter, it would have been perfectly practicable to have sent each class away with a one-gun start at five-minute intervals, putting some life and action into what turned out a particularly dull and dreary start.

Owing to the delay of the racing men it was not until 11:30 that the preparatory signal was given from the regatta committee's tug, followed five minutes later by the starting signal for the schooners for the Gould cup. Colonia, Emerald, Amorita and Elsemarie had been working about in Gravesend Bay for some time under working topsails, as clubtopsails were barred in all classes. The breeze had strengthened some time before and there was quite enough to promise an exciting race. Colonia was timed for a good start and crossed the line 35 seconds after the gun; the others came along in a string at intervals of a minute, making a pretty sight for the ladies, but robbing the start of that interest which racing men appreciate. The four crossed on port tack and trimmed hard down for a close reach to the Spit Buoy, Colonia leading. From the start she slid off after the fashion of her first season, her centerboard having been jammed a few days before; though she was on the railway on Monday, the damage could not be remedied.

When the start for the cutters racing for the Gould cup was given, 10 minutes later, there were no signs of any proposed starters, not one of the many yachts in the Bay approaching the line. Just before the handicapped gun for the class fired, 5 minutes later, the little 30-footer Hera crossed the line, and a little later Wasp and Acushla, both handicapped, followed her. By and by Sachem and Iroquois crossed, and at the end of half an hour just nine yachts started.

By the time that the thirties had been sent away to a single gun, the six of them making a fine sight as they fought for place, the leaders were out of sight near the S. W. Spit. Emerald had worked well out to windward of Colonia, holding on far better, and now took the lead. Amorita was safely ahead of Elsemarie, and with an allowance of about 15m. was a constant menace to the leaders. In the same way Hera, with nearly 45m. allowance from Wasp, was making it very in-

teresting for that renowned racer, holding the lead for a long time after the start. Acushla, also with a big allowance, soon dropped astern of Wasp, and at no time was dangerous.

The large craft luffed around the Spit Buoy and reached out for the point of the Hook, where the windward work proper began. Owing to the very late start of the club steamer and the committee boat from the line, the head of the race was lost to sight for a long time, only being picked up off the point of the Hook, with the Emerald in the lead by half a mile.

At the end of the short beat to the Scotland the four big schooners were timed:

Emerald	1 26 00	Amorita	1 31 05
Colonia	1 27 40	Elsemarie	1 35 30

They set jibtopsails for the reach across to the Sandy Hook Lightship, where the times were:

Emerald	1 48 35	Amorita	1 54 58
Colonia	1 50 50	Elsemarie	1 58 53

After the jibe they started for the long reach in to the Spit with a good breeze to help them.

The order of the other yachts at the Scotland was Wasp, Uvira, Hera, Iroquois, Choctaw, Penguin, Norota, Eidolon, Sachem and Acushla. Uvira had very handsomely outsailed both Choctaw and Penguin.

The larger yachts were timed at the jibe at the Spit:

Emerald	2 41 45	Amorita	2 52 35
Colonia	2 43 50	Elsemarie	2 57 36

From here in they were able to set spinakers to starboard, the smaller yachts, bound up the Swash, also setting spinakers. The finish between Emerald and Colonia was stirring, though it was a foregone conclusion that the former had won over the latter. The position of Amorita, 15m. astern, was a matter of doubt. As a matter of fact she came within 1m. 9s. of winning the Gould cup from Emerald; but the two were so far apart in actual time that the finish was not interesting. The same was true of most of the other classes, the exceptions being the very close finishes between Norota and Eidolon, Adele and Grace E., and between the first three of the 30-footers. Two noteworthy features of the race were the very bad defeat of the fast 34-footer Acushla, a centerboard boat, by the new bulb-fin 30-footer Hera, of the same length; and the fine cutter Uvira's victory of 7m. over the two centerboard boats Penguin and Choctaw.

The official times were:

SCHOONERS—FOR GOULD CUP.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald	11 36 46	3 22 07	3 45 21
Colonia	11 35 32	3 24 53	3 49 01
Amorita	11 38 06	3 37 03	3 58 57
Elsemarie	11 38 06	3 49 01	4 11 37
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—FOR GOULD CUP.				
Hera	11 45 35	3 48 24	4 02 49
Wasp	11 50 00	3 17 15	3 27 15
Acushla	11 50 00	4 11 06	4 21 06
CLASS 2—CLUB PRIZE FOR SCHOONERS.				
Iroquois	11 59 02	4 22 15	4 23 53
Sachem	11 57 20	Did not finish.	
CLASS 4—CLUB PRIZE FOR SLOOPS.				
Eclipse	12 07 34	4 04 37	3 57 03
CLASS 5—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.				
Uvira	12 07 48	3 22 14	3 14 26
Choctaw	12 03 51	3 31 08	3 23 17
Penguin	12 09 19	3 31 00	3 21 41
CLASS 6—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.				
Norota	12 05 47	3 38 15	3 22 38
Eidolon	12 07 12	3 38 34	3 31 22
Ilakato	12 06 44	Did not finish.	
CLASS 7—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.				
Feydeh	12 09 35	3 06 25	2 56 50
Aliris	12 08 04	Did not finish.	
CLASS 9—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.				
Grace E.	12 08 19	3 16 16	3 07 57
Adele	12 07 42	3 16 24	3 08 52
CLASS 1—CATS.				
Step Lively	12 05 30	2 32 52	2 27 23
Squaw	12 06 04	2 26 20	2 23 40
Dorothy	12 06 38	2 45 11	2 38 38
CLASS 2—CATS.				
Streak	12 05 53	2 36 10	2 30 17
SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.				
Asahi	12 12 00	3 02 35	2 53 32
Musme	12 12 00	3 04 33	2 50 35
Vaquero III	12 12 00	3 04 34	2 52 34
Wawa	12 12 00	3 06 11	2 54 11
Esperanza	12 12 00	3 06 26	2 54 26
Caroline	12 12 00	3 10 38	2 58 38

The winners were: Gould cup, schooners, Emerald; Gould cup, cutters and sloops, Hera; schooners, 95ft. class, Iroquois; \$125; cutters and sloops, 60ft. class, Eclipse, \$37.50; 51ft. class, Uvira, \$55; 43ft. class, Norota, \$50; 36ft. class, Feydeh, \$50; 25ft. class, Grace E., \$40; 30ft. special class, Asahi first, \$40; Musme second, \$20; catboats, class 1, Step Lively, \$25; class 2, Streak, \$12.50.

The race was managed by the regatta committee: Messrs. John L. Bliss, Chairman; Henry J. Gielow, David E. Austen, George W. McNulty and W. L. Gerrish.

A New Chicago Yacht.

THE big sloop Siren, first of the fin-keeled racers built at Racine for Chicago yachtsmen, arrived from Racine on June 14 and anchored in the basin at the foot of Randolph street. She was immediately boarded by about 100 yachtsmen, and as each craft came in from the lake and picked up her moorings the crew hurried aboard the new craft to inspect her. With three or four of the smaller yachts tied up alongside and a half dozen dinghies and row boats trailing astern, the big racer looked much like a large hen with a flock of chickens, and a good view of her hull was next to impossible to obtain.

The initial sail of Siren was a disappointment, inasmuch as at no time was there enough wind to give her owners and crew an indication of what she could do and what canvas she could carry. Capt. Ramsdell said last night that he thought she would need a longer gaff, however. Siren left Racine about 10 o'clock Saturday evening. On board were George A. Gardner, Com. Sollitt, Fox Lake Y. C.; Frank B. Newall, M. W. Berriman, Robert Hayes, C. W. Boyden and Douglas Dyrnforth. The wind showed so little promise that Siren was towed back into Racine again, and several hours later she made another start. Although the whole voyage was a beat against a light southeast wind, the crew kept at it and planned to run in at Kenosha and wait for better weather. But when Kenosha was reached the wind rose again and they continued on to Chicago.

Siren has been fitted out hurriedly, but by Saturday, when she will start in the Michigan City regatta of the Columbia Y. C., she will be in pretty good trim, although it will take pretty lively work on the part of Skipper Henry Goble and his crew.

Siren is a decided novelty among the older yachts in the anchorage. She has a very low lead and wide spaces of deck. Her cockpit is commodious, and she steers with a long wooden tiller. Capt. Ramsdell says when by the wind she steers herself. Her mast is stepped well forward, and in reality she is a big catboat, with enough headsail to do away with the weather helm a catboat always carries by the wind. The forestaysail sets on a stay, but the jib is set flying on its own luff. The bowsprit is shorter than an 18-footer carries, and the spars are not lofty for a boat of her length over all. The topmast especially is short. In the mainsail the very high peak is noticeably absent, but the sail is large and presents a good driving power. The dimensions of the spars are:

Main boom 47ft., gaff 25ft., hoist 29ft., length of lowermast 45ft. 6in., length of topmast 26ft., bowsprit outboard 10ft. The dimensions of the hull are: Over all 60ft., load waterline 41ft., beam 12ft. 6in.

There is a trunk over the main cabin, which has four berths, but the two staterooms, gallery, forepeak, etc., are below the flush deck. While from the standpoint of an artist it cannot be said that Siren is pretty, yet she has the beauty of a racing horse and she looks as if she could sail, and Saturday's race will tell the story. The hull is painted white, with the oak sheer strake and rail scraped and varnished. The trunk cabin and skylight are mahogany, and the interior of the cabin is in hardwood.

Siren will be the flagship of the Columbia Y. C. this season, Com. Boyce being interested in her.

William Hindshaw, Jr., who is superintending the construction of the new fin-keeled racer for William Crawford, of the Columbia Y. C., yesterday announced that the name of this yacht will be Vanenna. This being translated is said to mean "sure footed," and it is certain if one of the fin-keels ever goes ashore she will get a very solid footing on the bottom. Vanenna should have been launched early this morning and will certainly be ready for the Michigan City regatta Saturday. The first race between these two exponents of new yacht building ideas will be attended with much interest on the part of every amateur sailor in Chicago. It is thought exceedingly unfortunate that Vencedor will not be out to take part in this contest.—Chicago Record.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.
BATH BEACH—NEW YORK BAY.
Monday, June 15.

THE annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on Monday last over the club courses on New York Bay, as follows:

OPEN BOATS.

Mainsail—Class A, 21ft. racing length and under.—To black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 10 miles.

Class B, over 21ft. to 25ft. racing length.—To black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 10 miles.

Class C, over 25ft. to 30ft. racing length.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 15 miles.

Jib and mainsail—Class 1, 25ft. racing length and under.—To black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 10 miles.

Class 2, over 25ft. racing length.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 15 miles.

CARIN YACHTS.

Mainsail—Class D, 24ft. racing length and under.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 15 miles.

Class E, over 24ft. racing length.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 15 miles.

Sloops, Cutters and Yaws—25ft. class.—To Old Orchard Shoal Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return to starting line; 15 miles.

Thirty-ft. Class.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 12, perch and ball on top (S. W. Spit), and return to starting line; 18½ miles.

Thirty-five ft. Class.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 12, perch and ball on top (S. W. Spit), and return to starting line; 18½ miles.

Forty-ft. Class, over 38ft. to 43ft. racing length.—To Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 12, perch and ball on top (S. W. Spit), and return to starting line; 18½ miles.

Many of the yachts of the club had been at the Atlantic Highlands over Sunday and were caught in the gale, some being badly damaged, so that only twenty were on hand for the regatta. There was no air on the Bay at noon and the race was not started until 1:15; a good south breeze came in then and made an exciting race. The times were:

40FT. CLASS—SLOOPS—18½ MILES.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ilkato	1 19 30	4 38 28	3 18 58
35FT. CLASS—SLOOPS—18½ MILES.				
Aliris	1 28 02	4 57 56	3 29 54
Nautilus	1 25 40	4 51 25	3 25 45
Sea Gull	1 23 00	5 02 51	3 39 51
30FT. CLASS—SLOOPS—18½ MILES.				
Edla	1 27 30	4 56 32	3 29 02
25FT. CLASS—SLOOPS—15 MILES.				
Paula	1 27 10	Did not finish.	
Grace E.	1 29 00	4 45 55	3 16 55
CLASS E—CABIN MAINSAIL—15 MILES.				
Step Lively	1 31 55	4 10 57	2 39 02
Mabel	1 30 45	4 31 52	3 01 07
Mary II	1 32 15	4 25 14	2 52 59
Louise	1 31 35	4 17 30	2 45 55
CLASS D—CABIN—15 MILES.				
Presto	1 28 35	4 17 25	2 46 50
Ethel	1 29 55	4 21 11	2 51 16
Madge	1 30 00	4 32 26	3 02 26
CLASS 2—JIB AND MAINSAIL—15 MILES.				
Yare	1 35 30	4 36 19	3 00 49
E. J. B.	1 35 35	4 26 27	2 50 52
CLASS 1—JIB AND MAINSAIL—10 MILES.				
Emmie	1 37 35	4 16 30	2 38 55
Haidee	1 38 08	4 07 36	2 29 28
CLASS A—MAINSAIL—10 MILES.				
Martha M.	1 38 10	4 00 00	2 21 50
Paul and Stella	1 39 30	Did not finish.	
Nereid	1 35 52	4 07 20	2 31 28

The Iron steamboat Cygnus accompanied the yachts over the course.

The Training of Draftsmen and Designers.

THE following letter comes to us from the Pacific coast, touching on another phase of the shipbuilding industry. There can be no question that this country affords the most meager facilities to young men who desire to fit themselves for work of any kind in the shipyard, from designing downward. Those opportunities that exist in kindred occupations for the industrious beginner to steadily perfect himself are entirely lacking in the shipbuilding industry. The boy who goes into a shipyard as a learner and spends four years in squinting soda water on a boring tool for nominal wages is certain to find that his time has been wasted by his employer, and that he is no nearer to a knowledge of ship and engine building than before he saw the inside of some highly rated shipyard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You make the statement that there are no American naval architects who have thus far turned out any steam yachts that can compare with English craft, but you do not state the reason why.

The reason is that no encouragement is given to an American to become a naval architect.

What chance is there for an ambitious young man to rise to a position of responsibility in our American shipyards, where every position of importance is given to foreign draftsmen, either English, Scotch, German or Scandinavian? If a native born American does get a show, it is only because he is a relative of some member of the firm.

It has been my observation that these firms who are hawling for protection to American labor—especially those of the Pacific coast, who expect Government contracts to be awarded to them at a higher price than their Eastern competitors, on account of an alleged higher cost of labor—generally run their yards as far as possible with a lot of apprentices who are paid \$3 and \$4 a week, and who are discharged at the end of their apprenticeship if they venture to ask for living wages, and their places filled with a new lot of apprentices who may expect a like fate.

What show is there in our navy yards (except with a good, strong pull), where American boys are given the very lowest rating, and all the first-class positions are held by Scandinavian and German draftsmen? In one case at a U. S. navy yard a German draftsman, rated second class as an engineer, was discharged and re-employed as a first-class ship draftsman, a trade he is entirely unfamiliar with; while the native born Americans in the same office, with eight and more years' experience as ship draftsmen, are refused promotion even when recommended by the chief naval constructor of the navy.

As for designing yachts, a Herreshoff would starve to death on the Pacific coast if he made yacht designing his specialty. The yachts out here are twenty and more years behind the times; the only yachtsmen with enterprise to pay for a design being George and Thomas Davidson, who built the cutter Folly from designs by the late Edward Burgess, and who were rewarded by seeing her beat everything in sight, even yachts in the larger classes. Yachtsmen on San Francisco Bay are perfectly contented with anything that the builder will whittle out for them, and as for paying for a design such a thing is not even dreamed of. Such is the Pacific coast. No doubt the rest of the country is just as bad.

W. B. C.

VALLEJO, Cal., June 2.

Canada.

MR. AMELIUS JARVIS has received a letter from the secretary of the International Yacht Association asking him what kind of a tender will be needed for the two big yachts, and offering to provide tenders also for the visiting fleet, the starting boats, etc. They also volunteer to secure hotel accommodation for the visitors. On the yacht tender meals will be provided for the two crews, and sleeping accommodation if necessary.

The new yacht Canada, destined for international honors, will sail its first race on June 27 on the Bay here, sailing for the Murray cup, and will enter after that in all races for which it will be eligible. Mr. Jarvis has chosen the following gentlemen, all amateur yachtsmen, from whom the crew of the Canada will be selected: Gerald Boulton, Thomas Plummer, W. H. Parsons, Sydney Small, George E. Evans, of Toronto; J. H. Fearsdale, of Hamilton; W. S. Clouston, Montreal; E. Bayly, Heber Phillips, Wilton Morse, and W. Moran, of Toronto. All of these are well known in yachting circles, and seven of them will be selected for the crew of the yacht, associated with Mr. Jarvis and the two professional sailors. There will be a good deal of hard work for them before the race is sailed. The crew will train on Lake Erie during the whole of August, taking part in all the regattas on the lake, commencing at Port Dover on the 3d, and continuing at Erie on the 6th and 7th. The race on the 7th will be a cruise one from Erie to Cleveland. During the week commencing on the 10th the yacht is due to sail in the races off Cleveland, where \$25,000 is offered in prizes. The week of the 17th will be spent at the regatta at Put-In-Bay, and the big race for championship honors will be sailed on the 24th, 25th and 26th at Toledo.—Toronto Evening Star.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, June 20.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday brought out a wonderful fleet of starters for an event that is at best secondary to the club's annual regatta and has sometimes failed to call out more than a handful of boats. While the two special classes of the year, the 30ft. and the 15ft., did more than their share in swelling the entry list, at the same time the regular club classes were nearly all represented. Only through the will of the weather was the meeting of so many yachts, 60 in all, robbed of its interest. As only too frequently happens on the Sound in summer, there was a mere fiction of a breeze from S.W., enough to move even the bigger yachts at a fair pace at the start, with their kites all drawing, but very soon falling to almost a drift, and then to a flat calm. Toward the end of the first round the wind freshened, catching the most of the yachts off Hempstead Bay and hurrying them home; but then it fell light again, making the second round very slow and dull. There was nothing in the entire race that can be called conclusive or positive.

Outside of several new 15-footers making their debut in this race, the yachts were all well-known craft. The old Liris, after another chapter of her checkered career, having been run down by a coaster while at her winter moorings at Port Jefferson, her counter smashed off and the wreck sunk, was raised, has changed hands and been rebuilt by Wood & Son at City Island, making her reappearance in this race.

The regatta was under the rules of the Larchmont Y. C. and sailed over its new triangular courses, two rounds for each class. The start was advertised for 11:30, but the preparatory signal was not given until 12. It was a time start in nearly all classes, the 30 and 15-footers going from the gun. The arrangements were well carried out and the large fleet was timed successfully. The fleet of 60 yachts was sent off in 36 minutes from the first gun. The only trouble was a mix-up in which Emerald, Shamrock and Queen Mab were involved while working about the mouth of the harbor prior to the start, Emerald poking her bowsprit through Shamrock's mainsail and turning her completely around on top of Queen Mab. Shamrock finally crossed the line with a red flag in her rigging and a long tear just above the main boom near the clew. Just who, if either, was really to blame, must be decided by the committee.

In spite of all efforts, the centerboard of Colonia is still fast in her trunk, driven as far up as it will go and jammed so firmly that all efforts to clear it have failed. At the same time Vice-Com. Postley has been very anxious to race her, and started her on Saturday, as in the New York and Atlantic regattas, in spite of this handicap. Elsemarie was first over the line near the weather mark, Colonia following with balloon jibtopsail and balloon maintopmast staysail set; Wasp in the meanwhile crossing the leeward end of the line well clear of the big fellows. Emerald was handicapped, as were a number of others. The fleet crossed on starboard tack with balloon sails trimmed for an easy reach, the first leg of each course bearing to the eastward. Esperanza was the first of a group of four 30-footers that crossed nearly together on the weather end of the line. Hera went off alone and crossed just clear of the lee mark in a very good position.

The start of the 15-footers was by no means as sharp as it should have been. Paprika, sailed by L. B. Huntington, Jr., was first over the line, in company with Kittie and Hope. Ideal, sailed by W. Irvine Zerega and Geo. Clarke, was the last. Ten of them started in a bunch to windward, but one boat, a handsome little craft from Boston, El Heirie, sailed by her owners, Messrs. Crane, started on her own hook well to leeward of the fleet. She showed speed from the start in reaching, and in spite of the light wind was soon clear ahead. Paprika led the main division for a time, chased by Kittie. Hope came up after a few minutes, and when the fleet was left astern by the judges' boat El Heirie was leading, with Hope second, Kittie third and Paprika fourth. The rest of the race was invisible from the tug, but El Heirie continued to gain. On the windward leg Ideal, sailed in better trim than on the previous Saturday, worked out through the fleet to second place, holding it for the remainder of the race, with Gnome, the Herreshoff boat, third. Since her previous race Gnome has discarded the canoe mainsail given her by her builder and adopted the boom and gaff mainsail.

Only odd parts of the race of each class were visible at times; but the wind was so light and paltry that a detailed story, even if possible, would not be interesting. The thirties and the larger yachts came together at the Hempstead mark, the end of the second or windward leg of the first round, and the following times were taken:

Norota.....	3 18 46	Wawa.....	3 27 31
Esperanza.....	3 20 32	Vaquero III.....	3 28 44
Asahi.....	3 20 59	Colonia.....	3 25 45
Dragoon.....	3 23 10	Liris.....	3 36 39
Hera.....	3 24 54	Queen Mab.....	3 37 38
Mai.....	3 25 12	Wasp.....	3 38 18
Departure.....	3 25 22	Emerald.....	3 40 30
Caroline.....	3 27 02		

On the reach across to the line there was quite a lively breeze, and the fleet, large and small, made a fine sight, the thirties being specially smart and trim when under way. Colonia had done good work all day, increasing her lead of Emerald steadily, and she came across the Sound in fine style, with balloon jibtopsail and maintopmast staysail drawing. Immediately ahead of her were three or four smaller yachts, all of which turned the mark at the end of the round as per instructions, leaving all marks of the triangle on starboard hand. As she neared the line it became evident that she was paying no attention whatever to the markboat and its big blue and white ball, but was heading for the judges' tug and the second markboat at the outer end of the starting line. All of the small boats turned the right mark, but she kept off and rounded the tug, being hailed by the committee and informed of her mistake. She had then to turn both the wrong and afterward the right mark, describing in all a figure 8, and losing over 7 minutes' time. This brought her in just astern of Emerald, the two meeting as Emerald passed the mark on the right side and Colonia approached it to round. How such an error occurred is not clear, as other boats were visible rounding the proper mark at a distance of but a few yards. The times at the end of the first round were:

Norota.....	3 47 55	Hera.....	3 58 57
Dragoon.....	3 55 02	Mai.....	3 59 50
Uvira.....	3 57 34	Emerald.....	4 01 48
Asahi.....	3 57 42	Colonia.....	4 05 50
Esperanza.....	3 58 45		

The wind dropped just after the commencement of the second round, and the rest of the race was even more uninteresting than the first part, the mishap of Colonia spoiling the principal event of the day. Emerald increased her advantage, winning easily. Prior to the race Colonia was measured by Mr. Hyslop, coming out at 93.35ft. racing length. The official times are:

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell.....	30.47	6 03 30	6 03 47
Colonia, C. E. Postley.....	33.32	6 11 17	6 11 17

SCHOONERS—CLASS C.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	74.82	6 52 46	6 52 46
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse.....	82.28		

SCHOONERS—CLASS D.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Elsemarie, J. B. King.....	72.60		
Shamrock, W. P. Ward.....	72.60		

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 2.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Wasp, H. L. Lippitt.....	60.00	6 44 39	6 44 11
Queen Mab, N. L. Francis.....	63.00		

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 5—FLUSH DECK.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Uvira, E. C. Lockwood.....	47.13	5 32 21	5 30 06
Penguin, G. E. Brightson.....	49.00	5 58 41	5 58 41
Liris, C. B. Hendricks.....		Withdrew.	

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 6.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Norota, F. M. Hoyt.....	41.64	5 25 20	5 23 53
Eidolon, C. E. Diefenthaler.....	42.60		

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 7.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Coya, J. Y. Grace.....	33.04		
Barbara, J. S. Boss.....			

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 8.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dragon, F. M. Freeman.....	34.00	5 39 58	5 39 58
Acushla, Huan Bros.....	34.00	5 47 49	5 47 49
Vorant II, G. G. Tyson.....	34.00	Withdrew.	

SPECIAL CLASS—30-FOOTERS.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Asahi, B. Thayer.....	52.67	5 26 07	
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	52.67	5 27 44	

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 9.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman.....	40.61	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce.....	34.01	3 41 06	N. M.
Onaway, S. C. Piro.....	36.48	3 50 59	3 48 30

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Step Lively, F. M. Randall.....	38.30	4 09 34	4 09 34

CABIN CATS—CLASS 13.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
F. M. Randall, Presto.....	22.40	3 58 09	3 53 50
Elide (cat yawl), W. W. Hollingsworth.....	24.03	4 01 08	4 59 50

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 1.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
El Heirie, C. H. Crane.....	35.37	4 06 19	4 06 19

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—CLASS 10.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vaquero II.....	40.91	4 09 21	4 09 21
Hyale.....	42.52	4 10 41	4 10 41

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11.			
Length.	Elapsed		

Duxbury Y. C.
Wednesday, June 17.

The Duxbury Y. C. sailed its first race on June 17, the times being:

	SECOND CLASS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, M. McDowell.....	20.07	2 13 12	1 31 19	
Future, W. T. Whitman.....	21.11	2 21 40	1 38 46	
THIRD CLASS				
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin.....	20.06	2 16 08	1 30 55	
White Swallow, E. Watson.....	19.06	Withdrew.		
FOURTH CLASS.				
Amy, M. S. Weston.....	17.02	1 13 00	0 47 11	
Honest John, J. C. Dawes.....	17.09	1 19 41	0 54 03	
FIFTH CLASS—SPRIT SAILS.				
Yankee, A. E. Walker.....	16.11	1 17 09	0 51 04	
Eunice B. Weston, I. Symes.....	17.03	1 17 11	0 51 17	
Gipsy Girl, W. Stole.....	16.08	1 19 02	0 52 40	
Natalie, H. M. Jones.....	17.02	1 19 20	0 53 31	
Ideal, C. F. Bradford.....	16.10	1 22 12	0 56 01	
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett.....	15.04	Withdrew.		
SIXTH CLASS.				
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	16.07	1 21 04	0 54 36	
Solitaire, B. B. Baker.....	18.02	1 20 48	0 56 01	
Myra, S. B. Cheney.....	18.00	1 26 34	1 11 37	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Almy, steam yacht, Frederic Gallatin, arrived at Queenstown from New York on June 16.

The Norwalk Y. C. is a new organization, established last season at South Norwalk, Conn., where it has a comfortable house and good quarters. The officers are: Com., P. G. Sanford; Vice-Com., A. E. Chasmar; Treas., J. C. Green; Sec'y, H. S. Hatch; Ass't Sec'y, D. W. Raymond. The club offers excellent facilities to yachtsmen in the vicinity of South Norwalk; it has now a large membership.

Electra, steam yacht, when on her way from Wilmington to New York on June 11, lost her propeller and part of the tall shaft off Cape May and was taken in tow by the new steamboat Shinnecock and brought safely to New York. The yacht has a new stern and other alterations.

Margarita II, the new yacht designed by Watson for A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, was launched at Troon, Scotland, on June 14, being christened by Mrs. Watson, mother of the designer.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Name.	Residence.	Club.
Godfrey R. Pisek.....	Lake Hopatcong, N. J.	Lake Hopatcong

Rifle Range and Gallery.

CINCINNATI Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 15.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7 ring black:

Gindele.													
10	8	6	9	10	10	9	8	10	10	90			
8	9	8	10	7	7	9	8	9	81		8	9	8—80
Weinheimer.													
6	9	5	6	6	9	9	6	9	5	70			
5	10	5	8	6	5	10	5	6	9	69			
Roberts.													
8	10	7	8	7	9	9	10	8	7	83			
10	9	10	9	3	7	8	10	7	83				
Lux.													
6	7	7	4	6	9	5	9	5	4	62			
10	9	9	7	5	5	4	5	4	3	61			
Topf.													
5	10	4	10	5	5	8	1	3	6	57			
3	4	10	7	5	1	7	2	6	8	53			
Gibson.													
8	8	4	10	4	2	4	9	7	4	59			
6	3	5	4	5	6	4	4	6	5	47			

Sportshooting in the Fatherland.

SCHOENEGBERG, Berlin, May 28.—The championship tournament arranged by the Deutscher Jagd und Schiessklub proved quite a successful affair, both from a sportsmen's and a financial point of view.

Mr. Albert Preuss again won the championship for target shooting and holds this title for four consecutive years. He broke 141 targets out of a possible 150 at a distance of 28yds. from the traps. The next three highest guns were: Geyger, Miessner and Tenner. All four used Tatham's chilled shot, No. 7 trap.

Preuss also scored the highest number of points at the running wild boar target with his new Winchester take-down rifle, model 1894 and fitted up with Lyman's sights. Both his weapons, and especially Lyman's unexcelled sights, are much appreciated in this country, and will soon be in the hands of a great number of our crack riflemen.

ARMIN TENNER.

Rifle Notes.

A NUMBER of sportsmen who are interested in rifle and pistol shooting were to meet at the residence of Mr. L. O. Seidle, Sharpsburg, Pa., an evening of this week for the purpose of organizing a rifle and revolver club. The matter has been under consideration some time, and in anticipation of the organization a number of old shooters have already purchased rifles. Among those mentioned as being actively engaged in promoting the organization are: John Donnelly, L. O. Seidle, Dr. J. H. Silver, Joseph Holzheimer, Jacob Beck and William Patterson.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

We would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—All-day shoot of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

July 4.—GREGORY'S POINT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Naromake Gun Club. Targets. W. E. L. Capron, Sec'y.

July 21-22.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; \$165 added money. All purses divided on equitable system. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec'y, Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 29-30.—WORCESTER, Mass.—A. W. Wall's tournament.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; \$750 added money.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. For amateurs only. Pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

THE annual meeting of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held on June 13, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Watkins L. Moorman; Vice-President, W. W. Dornin; Treasurer, C. W. Scott; Secretary, Geo. Fleming; First Captain, Thos. F. Nelson; Second Captain, Theo. F. Stearns. Mr. R. S. Terry retired from the presidency after having served seven years, and Mr. Nelson retired from the office of treasurer, which he had held for nine years.

The Massachusetts State Shooting Association held its seventeenth annual meeting at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday evening, June 17, when the following officers were elected: President, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth; First Vice-President, W. L. Davis; Second Vice-President, David Breen Jr.; Secretary, O. R. Dickey; Treasurer, Thomas Howe. Directors: J. S. Sawyer, Dr. S. L. Judkins.

American Shots in England.

WE met Capt. Money last Monday, just back from England, and as was to be expected he had something to tell of trap affairs on the other side. This is the London international shooting week, and Capt. Money brought the programmes of the Gun Club and Hurlingham. The events called for are at the Gun Club, Notting Hill.

June 23, the Paris cup, value £50; handicap £5 stakes; afterward 28yds. £5 stakes; £25 cup. June 25, the Belgian cup, value £50; handicap £5 stakes; afterward 29yds. £5 stakes; £25 cup. June 27, the Gun Club international cup, value £100; handicap £5 stakes; afterward 30yds. £5 stakes; £25 cup.

The matches at Hurlingham are: June 22, a £50 cup; handicap, £5 stakes; afterward 29yds. £5 stakes; £25 cup. June 24, the Hurlingham £100 cup; handicap, £5 stakes; afterward 30yds. £5 stakes, for a gun. June 26, a £50 cup; handicap £5 stakes; afterward 29yds. £5 stakes; £25 cup.

The competitions are open to the Cercle des Patineurs, Paris; Tir aux Pigeons, Vienna; Tir aux Pigeons, Pesth; Bois de la Cambre, Brussels; Tiro Pichon, Madrid; International Club, Baden; Tir aux Pigeons, Florence; all the jockey clubs of Europe and America; the officers of the Army and Navy on full pay.

"How many Americans will be shooting," said Capt. Money, "I don't know, but when I left there were already there or intended to arrive from Paris and take part in it, George Work, Seaver Page, Yale and Charlie Dolan, Walter Watrous, Peter Morris and Jack Ellison. Walker Breeze Smith was in London when I arrived and said he was going to shoot, but returned to America a fortnight or more before me."

East Side Gun Club vs. Forester Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., June 20.—The first of a series of matches between these two clubs took place on the grounds of the former to-day. The East Side Gun Club is an old club which has drifted through many exigencies of management and is now perhaps on as good a basis as it ever was. The Forester Gun Club, on the contrary, is comparatively new and has been facetiously dubbed "the Swamp Angel" from the fact that its neat little club house is situated on the edge of the vast salt marsh which fringes Newark on that city's southern boundary. So that the soubriquet must not be taken as a slur, but rather a term of friendliness. Be that as it may, the Forester is a rattling good little club and up to date in nearly everything in the sporting line. The match with the East Side was hot, but at the end the older club came out ahead with the total of 112 to 106. The next match will be shot on July 11 on the Forester grounds. The final contest, if necessary, will be tossed for.

There were a few 10-target sweepstakes before and after the team race. The team race was at 25 targets per man.

East Side Gun Club.					Forester Gun Club.				
Perment.....	21	Sincock.....	22		Cummings.....	21			
Hassinger.....	20	Smith.....	18		Wambold.....	16			
Koegel.....	19	Fisher.....	15		Fleming.....	15			
Leutheiser.....	18	Koeller.....	16-112		Winans.....	14-106			
Events:					Events:				
1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5
Sincock.....	9	10	7	Baar.....	5	4	2		
Leutheiser.....	7	8	7	Perment.....	6	7	10		
Winans.....	8	6		Koeller.....	8	8	7		
Wambold.....	10	6	10	Fisher.....	8	8	6		
Fleming.....	5	5	7	Koegel.....	4	6	5		
Dr Cummings.....	5	9		Neigert.....	8	7	6		
Jewell.....	6	5	4	Young.....	7	10			
Hassinger.....	6	8	7	Henry.....	9				
Smith.....	8	8		W. R. HOBART.					

The Pittsburg Shoot.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 23.—Special to Forest and Stream: Pittsburg shoot should be successful, judging from the number of shooters in the city. Weather also looks favorable, although warm. Among the visitors are Messrs. Anthony and Todd, of Charlotte, N. C.; Redwing, Heikes, Raymond and Tippy, of Dayton; Norton, of Ironton, O.; Fulford, Fanning, Parmelee, Grimm, Budd, Powers, Sergeant, Appar, Winston, Thomas (of U. M. C. Co.), Seth Clover, Pope, Ralph Trimble, Arthur du Bray. The shoot is held at the Exposition Park, where Elmer Shaner has gotten everything in good shape. He, Old Hoss and Jim Crow have charge of the shoot. From present outlook, if locals turn out well, the 100-target handicap race shot to-day should have 50 entries.

EDWARD BANKS.

West Side Gun Club.

TOPEKA, KANS., June 17.—Scores of the last pigeon shoot of the West Side Gun Club are as follows: Conditions, 15 birds per man, 30yds. rise, A. S. A. rules, match for live-bird cup:

J C Clark.....	122012311210131-13	Tie.
J C Elliott.....	11212111111123-14	1121-5
L Biscoe.....	2321211210112-12	
H S Montgomery.....	11211112110212-14	1011-4
W Ryus.....	121201	-5

The following scores were made at targets: Clark 22, Morton 21, Biscoe 20, Montgomery 20, Ryus 16.

C. H. MORTON.

The Shreveport Gun Club's Programme.

THE Shreveport (La.) Rod and Gun Club has issued a programme for its tournament to be held July 2-4. The club will add \$300 to the purses. The tournament is open to amateurs only, professionals being barred.

The programme for each day calls for 10 events of 20 targets, unknown angles, \$250 entrance, \$7.50 added to each purse. As average money for shooters who go through the programme, the club will give \$20 to the 1st, \$17.50 to the 2d, \$15 to the 3d, \$12.50 to 4th, \$10 to 5th, and a 10lb. drum of Schultze powder (presented by Von Lengerke & Detmold) to the 6th average. All purses are divided into 4 moneys.

The Syracuse Shooting Tournament.

MR. ARTHUR JENKINS, of the Syracuse, N. Y., Herald, has announced a "national shooting tournament and festival" for the week of June 29-July 4. The shoot, which is for shotguns, rifles and pistols, will be held in the State Fair Grounds. Four sets of 5 traps each will be in position for the shotgun men, while there will be two ranges each for the riflemen and the devotees of the pistol. Live birds will be shot on Saturday, the contests under this head being held under the auspices of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 17.—The seventeenth annual shoot of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association was held under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington to-day. The principal events were the three-men team race and the individual shoot for the Association's prizes. The scores:

Individual shoot for Association's prizes, 20 targets per man: Martin 19, Rule 14, Howe 17, Puck 15, Snow 13, Davis 12, Kennerson 17, Mason 12, Henderson 17, Stevens 11, Jones 13, Herbert 14, Hastings 13, Allison 12, Willis 12, Brown 15, White 18, Winn 15, Burton 10, Fox 10, Bradley 11, Hanson 13, Spaulding 14, Le Roy 18, King 15.

Three-men team shoot, 10 targets per man: Dedham team: Herbert 8, Jones 10, White 9. Total 27.

Lynn F. and G.: Martin 8, Mason 7, Hastings 7. Total 22.

Worcester Sportsmen's team No. 1: Mascroft 8, Kennerson 9, Davis 5. Total 22.

Worcester Sportsmen's Team No. 2: Ide 4, Hanson 7, Parker 7. Total 18.

Hingham: Spaulding 6, Allison 9, Henderson 7. Total 22.

Boston Shooting Association No. 1: Puck 5, Le Roy 9, Dickey 7. Total 21.

Boston Shooting Association No. 2: Snow 5, Sanborn 8, Winn 9. Total 22.

Atlantic: Willie 6, Bradley 5, Fox 6. Total 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	20	15	
Martin.....	7	9	10	7	8	7	8	8	7	8	9	19	6	8	17	..
Rule.....	6	6	4	7	8	9	6	10	6	7	10	14	9	9	11	..
Howe.....	9	7	7	4	8	8	9	3	5	6	7	17	10	7	17	11
Puck.....	9	8	6	9	8	8	7	5	7	9	8	15	8	9	15	12
Snow.....	5	8	6	9	6	8	6	5	9	8	9	13	4	5	..	
Mascroft.....	9	7	10	10	7	8	4	8	6	..	12	
Ide.....	4	5	2	3	3	..	2	4	3	
Davis.....	8	7	6	10	9	9	6	5	8	9	9	12	
Kennerson.....	8	6	6	7	7	6	4	9	7	9	5	17	7	6	10	10
A Walls.....	4	6	5	3	6	..	6	..	8	11	13	13
Roach.....	6	7	8	5	6	6	
Mason.....	9	6	8	6	8	5	8	7	10	7	8	12	
Henderson.....	8	8	7	9	8	9	8	7	8	9	10	17	7	9	17	12
Stevens.....	5	6	6	5	6	7	4	6	5	5	11	
Jones.....	7	9	9	9	10	10	8	10	9	8	9	13	9	8	16	14
Herbert.....	10	9	9	9	10	10	7	8	9	7	8	14	5	8	13	..
Hastings.....	7	5	8	8	8	4	7	7	8	5	8	13	
Parker.....	7	6	7	5	5	9	6	7	5	7	
Hanson.....	5	7	8	8	6	4	6	7	5	7	..	13	
Jack.....	4	7	6	6	7	8	5	9	7	6	8	
Burton.....	5	7	6	6	4	7	6	8	6	5	5	10	7	8	..	
Le Roy.....	8	9	9	8	7	8	9	9	8	8	8	18	
Buffum.....	1	3	1	2	2	8	
Feitel.....	1	3	3	3	3	1	
Fox.....	6	3	..	2	5	6	10	
D Green.....	5	6	6	7	2	9	5	5	8	4	4	
Winn.....	7	6	8	9	9	8	7	9	7	5	9	15	
Allison.....	9	8	8	10	9	5	6	9	5	8	7	12	7	7	12	10
Richards.....	9	6	5	5	7	8	7	8	
Willie.....	3	6	6	5	6	7	12	
Lincoln.....	6	3	6	5	2	8	11	
Gore.....	6	5	
Colston.....	1	2	5	
Brown.....	4	4	8	7	8	6	15	6	8	10	..	
Sanborn.....	7	8	4	6	3	
Spaulding.....	6	5	5	5	14	
White.....	9	8	10	8	18	7	9	6	..	
Bradley.....	5	5	4	..	11	
Bond.....	8	8	

New Jersey 'Trap-Shooters' League.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., June 16.—It was the fifth monthly meeting of this organization which took place at the grounds of the Union Gun Club to-day. The weather in the early morning was threatening, which accounts for the poor attendance, but those who put in an appearance were more than satisfied with the day's sport, the last of them leaving to catch a train long after 6 o'clock. Enoch Miller was of course on hand and was ably assisted in the office by the League's secretary, Mr. Hobart. Discouraged by the rain which the early morning hours forewarned, only three teams put in an appearance. Dunellen, the youngest member of the League; the South Sides, of Newark, and the home team, the Union Gun Club. Previous to and following the main event, seventeen sweepstakes were shot, all under the known trap, and unknown angle rule, with the exception of No. 14, which was expert. No. 17 was miss-and-out. The scores:

Union Gun Club: E. D. Miller 24, W. Sigler 23, R. S. Williams 21, A. A. Woodruff 19, Dutchy Smith 18, Dr. T. J. Jackson 16; total 121.

South Side Gun Club: E. A. Geoffroy 22, C. M. Hedden 19, J. H. Dawson 19, M. Herrington 19, W. R. Hobart 19, R. H. Breintnall 17; total 115.

Dunellen Gun Club: T. H. Brantingham 21, A. Gray 20, P. Osborne 18, Henry Lindzey 16, Charles Giles 14, A. G. Smith 9; total 98

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	—	
Sigler.....	10	14	13	..	9	9	9	14	
Herrington.....	7	14	13	18	9	5	7	12	8	14	10	9	8	5	9	9	18
Breintnall.....	7	11	12	..	9	7	9	15	7	13	9	..	8	
Dutchy.....	7	14	13	..	8	..	11	12	
Miller.....	10	13	15	20	9	9	10	15	9	15	9	8	10	8	9	8	1
Dawson.....	5	8	6	6	11	7	
Drake.....	..	13	17	9	9	8	..	9	10	7	
E Sickle.....	19	10	10	14	10	9	7	
Geoffroy.....	..	19	10	10	14	8	15	10	9	9	8	9	9	19	
W Smith.....	8	7	8	12	7	..	10	6	
Jackson.....	9	6	8	
Hedden.....	6	
Henry.....	12	7	10	10	5	7	8	18	..	
A Sickle.....	13	
Osborn.....	8	..	8	
Gray.....	1	..	3	4	6	7	8	9	..	8	9	
Van Iderstine.....	8	9	
Williams.....	8	
Giles.....	6	6	4	
Brantingham.....	9	
Childs.....	5	
Marshall.....	4	6	

W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

The Chamberlin Third Annual.
PAUL NORTH AND HIS NOVELTY STORE.

The third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, which closed at Cleveland, O., on June 19, after three consecutive days of shooting, deserves a good deal more space in the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM than it is possible to give up to it. If the entries did not run as high as in past years, the list of shooters taking part shows a really excellent attendance, when one takes into consideration the number of big shoots that have been following one another in rapid succession for a period of nearly three months.

The most remarkable feature about this shoot was the number of novelties introduced into the programme by Paul North. In the first place the Chamberlin Company threw all

BLUEROCKS FREE OF CHARGE.

This was an idea that really startled shooters when they first glanced through the programme issued by the company in the early part of this year. We must own to being taken aback by the boldness of the scheme and asked Paul North his idea in making no charge for targets. His answer was to the effect that at past tournaments given by the company it had been more than hinted that, instead of being out of pocket by the shoot, the company had made money by the sale of targets, notwithstanding the large amount of added money given away and the expenses of running a large tournament. "If we throw targets free of charge," said he, "they can't say that we are making any money."

The scheme took with the shooters naturally. All 15-target events were \$3 entrance, 5 moneys, nothing out for targets, and with \$35 cash added to the purses. The added money was donated by the following manufacturers and dealers, and amounted to \$770: Du Pont Powder Co., Hazard Powder Co., Von Langerke & Detmold, Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse Arms Co., Laflin & Rand Powder Co., Parker Bros., Hunter Arms Co., American Smokeless Powder Co., King Powder Co. and the American E. C. Powder Co. In all extra events shot off at the conclusion of each day's programme targets were also thrown free of charge.

Then again, the trial of

JUDGE LINDSAY'S HANDICAP

was another special feature of this shoot that attracted a great deal of attention. The system advocated by Judge Lindsay, of Knoxville, Tenn., is best described by the words of the programme touching on that point:

"Judge Lindsay's Handicap is also a new departure, which we feel confident will meet the approval of both amateur and expert. The handicap is as follows: In first event all pay \$3 entrance. In second event winners of first money in first event pay \$4, winners of second \$3.50, winners of third \$3, winners of fourth \$2.50, and winners of fifth and those that do not get a place \$2 entrance. Each event being handicapped by scores made in preceding event."

As regards the working of this system, we think it is safe to say that it was a success, and undoubtedly kept many men shooting who would otherwise have quit early in the game. It unquestionably reduces to a certain extent the winnings of the crackerjacks, while it also reduces the losses of the poorer shots. It is perhaps a little difficult for a cashier's department to pay the winners in the various events as promptly as under the usual system; but at Cleveland after the first day—that is, when once the officials in the cashier's office became more familiar with the workings of the system—there was very little, if any, delay in paying out each event. We may add, too, in favor of the Lindsay Handicap, that, so far as we recollect, we did not hear a single kick registered against it.

But the main feature of the tournament was

THE DEBUT OF THE MAGAUTRAP.

For the first time in the history of target shooting, a tournament, and a crackerjack tournament at that, was run with "magazine automatic traps." In the magautrap Paul North has a machine that is apparently bound to revolutionize trap-shooting to a great extent. It was put to a hard test during those three days at Cleveland, but it came out of the test not only unscathed, but with credentials of an extremely flattering nature. It has its drawbacks, perhaps, but its



PAUL NORTH AND THE MAGAUTRAP.

advantages for known or unknown angles over the 5 trap system far outweigh its disadvantages. For expert rule shooting it is not in it, all the targets starting from a common center; while for pairs there is a slight, but still appreciable, interval of time between the discharge of the first and second targets; as, however, it is the same for everybody, the use of the magautrap for pairs may be adopted.

For unknown angles, however, it is as nearly perfect as it can be. One gets a greater variety of angles and they are absolutely unknown, not being dependent upon the usual rhythmical swing of the ordinary trapper-boy—right quarterer, straightaway, left quarterer, straightaway, right quarterer, etc., etc. Instead of the shooters standing at the score in a straight line, a segment of a circle with a radius of 16yds. is described, the positions for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 shooters being marked off on this segment of a circle at equal distances of 5yds. between each man. The magautrap is located in the center of the circle and throws targets within the limits of angles permitted by the A. S. A. rules. When at No. 3 the shooter gets the ordinary angles; he then moves on to No. 4, where he gets more targets with a right quartering tendency than any other kind; at No. 5 he gets some stinging right quarterers mixed in with occasional straightaways; passing to No. 1, he is treated just the opposite to what he got at No. 5; sharp left quarterers and a few straightaways are his lot at No. 1, while at No. 2 he gets left quartering targets in place of the right quartering targets which fall to his lot when at No. 4. Take a pencil and a piece of paper, draw the score and the trap with its angles and figure this thing out for yourself.

To obviate the necessity of moving after every shot, and consequently the need of a pivot man, Paul North introduced another novelty. In 15-target events all the shooters fired at 3 targets, rapid-firing system, before moving on to their next positions; in 20-target events 4 shots were fired by each man before a move was made, and in 25-target races 5 shots were fired from each position. No. 1 man in the squad, therefore, just worked his way up to No. 5 score, finishing his string with the last shot from that mark. This was a little confusing at first, but the boys soon got used to it, and there is no question that with this scheme at work, aided by a magautrap, extremely rapid squad work can be done. At this shoot squads of 5 men were shot, not 6, as is customary.

The only fault that could possibly be found with the working of the two magautraps used at this tournament was the interval of time that elapsed between calling "Pull!" and the appearance of the target in the air. This interval was by no means so noticeable on the last two days of the shoot as it was at first. There was also some delay at times owing to broken targets clogging the machine. Still there can be no two opinions as to the thorough success of the debut of the magautrap.

BATTUE SHOOTING.

Two or three times during the tournament Paul North called up a score or more of shooters, the shooting platform being crowded from end to end with men with guns and shells. He then informed them that he would throw targets fast enough to keep them all busy. Anxious to see the magautrap worked at high pressure, we went into the pit alongside the machine. There was the magautrap with its power generated by "the man on the bicycle," he was surrounded by plenty

of bluerocks ready to be placed in the feeder; the puller, of course, was behind the score in rear of the shooters. Then the fun began. The "bicycle rider" churned for dear life while Paul at the pulling apparatus sent targets into the air until it was full of bluerocks. The rattle of musketry was deafening, and out of the 100 or more targets thrown in this bout about one-half went to grass uninjured. A second bout was tried with the same result.

There was one feature in this "battue shooting" that specially attracted our attention: There seemed far less breakage of targets than when a squad was at work. We took the trouble to look for broken targets in both bouts; in the first (the longest too) we saw but one target broken by the trap; in the second we counted just 4 of them!

THE MANAGER AND HIS STAFF.

The sole charge and management of the tournament was, of course, placed in the hands of Paul North. For his staff he chose the following: Cashier's office: J. H. Webster, paying teller: J. E. Brocklesby and D. S. Mitchell, entry clerks. Referees: John Wellington and R. J. Bissett. Scorers: John Wightman, C. M. Roof, J. E. Jones and Chas. North.

The programme arranged for each day as by no means lengthy, and the boys were there to shoot. As a natural result the number of all-day entries was large, and the work of keeping things moving and the squads intact was proportionately easy. The tournament was smoothly run from start to finish.

THE SHOOTERS, THEIR GUNS, SHELLS AND POWDERS.

Ohio showed up very strongly, being very largely represented at the traps. A notable absentee was Charlie Young; it seemed strange to be at a tournament in Ohio without Charlie. The attendance, though not as large as last year, was still decidedly good, and the tournament must be classed as a highly satisfactory one. Below we give a table showing who was there, and the guns, shells and powders used:

Name.	Gun.	Shell.	Powder.
R E Sheldon.	Lefever.	Smokeless.	E C
Grant (F G Hogan).	Smith.	Smokeless.	E C
E W Hull.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Schultze
J A Flick.	Greener.	Smokeless.	E C
Dallas Elliott.	Weston.	Smokeless.	E C
F D Alkire.	Smith.	Blue Rival.	Du Pont
Walt (Dr Walker).	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
George Haswell.	Smith.	Smokeless.	King's
T F Bibby.	Francotte.	Smokeless.	E C
S P Life.	Winchester.	Peters.	King's
G E Worthington.	Parker.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
Redwing (R Worthington).	Greener.	Smokeless.	E C
H McMurphy.	Smith.		
D A Upson.	Greener.	Smokeless.	E C
Chas Tippy.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
R O Heikes.	Winchester.	Leader.	E C
S MacDonald.	Lefever.	Peters.	King's
C W Raymond.	Winchester.	Leader.	Du Pont
Ed Rike.	Smith.	Leader.	E C
O M Grimm.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Schultze
F S Parmelee.	Parker.	Smokeless.	E C
C W Budd.	Parker.	Smokeless.	E C
C N Powers.	Smith.	Smokeless.	E C
H E Norton.	Winchester.	Leader.	Du Pont
W G Sergeant.	Winchester.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
T J Graham.	Winchester.	Leader.	W-A
B F Smith.	Baker.	Smokeless.	King's
Arthur Gambell.	Lefever.	Leader.	Du Pont
H B Hill.	Winchester.	Leader.	Du Pont
R L Trimble.	Winchester.	Leader.	Du Pont
Sam Hiss.	Winchester.	Nitro.	E C
O T Bodfield.	Greener.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
L Burton.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
J S Fanning.	Smith.	Acme.	Gold Dust
P J Trego.	Greener.	Nitro.	King's
Bert.	Forehand.	Peters.	King's
Modoc (B E Parke).	Parker.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
G F Kolb.	Lefever.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
L G Knapp.	Lefever.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
Jack Winston.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Austin
J E Dusky.	Smith.	Repeater.	Hazard
E G Knopf.	Piper.	Nitro.	Du Pont
Franz.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
P B Sherman.	Lefever.	Nitro.	E C
Frank Riley.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
A F Miller.	Winchester.	Smokeless.	Schultze
T J Cathan.	Parker.	Nitro.	E C
R S Waddell.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
F S Edwards.	Winchester.	Smokeless.	E C
Neaf Appar.	Smith.	Rapid.	E C
John Parker.	Winchester.	Repeater.	E C
W Rennick.	Winchester.	Repeater.	E C
P C Wood.	Winchester.	Repeater.	E C
H Fleischer.	Winchester.	Repeater.	E C
Hy Herbst.	Winchester.	Repeater.	E C
W A Cicotte.	Smith.	Repeater.	E C
W H Brady.	Smith.	Repeater.	E C
J W Donaldson.	Smith.	Repeater.	E C
J A Marks.	Smith.	Repeater.	E C
S H Welsh.	Lefever.	Nitro.	E C
J L Porter.	Colt.	Nitro.	Du Pont
J S Beckwith.	Francotte.	Smokeless.	E C
Ed Taylor.	Smith.	Smokeless.	W-A
E D Fulford.	Greener.	Trap.	Schultze
Seth Clough.	Greener.	Trap.	E C
Leon Cronthal.	Smith.	Peters.	King's
Peck (J P Easton).	Smith.	Smokeless.	Hazard
A P Pope.	Daly.	Walsrode.	Walsrode
Cleve (S T Saffold).	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
Jim Crow.	Parker.	Trap.	E C
Elmer E Shaner.	Parker.	Trap.	E C
Whiting.	Colt.	Nitro.	Walsrode
F H Snow.	Winchester.	Nitro.	E C
W J Rascom.	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
J H Mackie.	Baker.	Peters.	King's
Sim Glover.	Parker.	Smokeless.	Schultze
Boone.	Smith.	Nitro.	Hazard
Vail (R Valentine).	Smith.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
Hy Goodman.	Smith.	Smokeless.	E C
W H Hill.	Remington.	Walsrode.	Walsrode
R W Cunningham.	Smith.	Smokeless.	E C
J E Tittleback.	Parker.	Nitro.	E C
O J Buck.	Greener.	Smokeless.	E C
C W Fox.	Parker.	Nitro.	E C
Andy Meaders.	Smith.	Leader.	Du Pont
A W du Bray.	Parker.	Smokeless.	Du Pont
J J Corbett.	Lefever.	Nitro.	E C
Sarr (T C Goss).	Smith.	Nitro.	Du Pont

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The three days' programme called for 330 targets, 110 targets per day. These were divided into 4 events of 15 targets each, and one event of 50 targets; the latter was divided into optional sweeps of \$2 on each 25. Each of these 50-target events was a special event, the use of a certain powder being compulsory in each one. On June 17 it was the Du Pont event; on June 18, Hazard event, and on June 19, Schultze event; Du Pont, Hazard and Schultze being used on the above respective dates. The Du Pont company, Hazard company and Von Langerke & Detmold, American agents of Schultze powder, each donated a diamond watch charm as first prize in their respective events; entrance was only the price of the cartridges—\$1.50.

Forty-one shooters shot through the programme. Fulford, although apparently out of the race after the first day, finished very strongly, losing only 10 targets out of his last 220 and landing in first place by one target, thus securing the \$50 diamond watch charm offered for first average. Below is a list of the above 41 shooters:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Fulford.....	304	92.1	Trimble.....	269	81.
Heikes.....	303	91.8	Powers.....	268	81.
Glover.....	302	91.5	Wood.....	268	81.
Redwing.....	291	88.2	Fanning.....	267	80.
Budd.....	287	86.9	Grant.....	265	80.
Upson.....	286	86.6	Parker.....	265	80.
Alkire.....	285	86.3	Clover.....	264	80.
Edwards.....	284	86	Graham.....	264	80.
Grimm.....	284	86	G E W.....	264	80.
Rike.....	280	84.8	Tippy.....	263	79.
McDonald.....	279	84.5	H B Hill.....	262	79.
Vail.....	279	84.5	Elliott.....	257	77.
Appar.....	278	84.2	Life.....	256	77.
Parmelee.....	276	83.6	Barton.....	256	77.
Sheldon.....	276	83.6	Easton.....	255	77.
Flick.....	275	83.8	Herbst.....	255	77.
Snow.....	274	83	Norton.....	251	76.
Fleischer.....	273	82.7	Sherman.....	247	74.
Sergeant.....	273	82.7	Gambell.....	244	73.
Cicotte.....	272	82.4	Bodfield.....	239	72.
Raymond.....	272	82.4			

FIRST DAY, JUNE 17.

The weather was all that could be desired and Paul North had nothing to complain about in that respect. The boys found the work of the magautrap a little deceiving, and as a natural result scores were considerably lower than usual. Glover led with a percentage of 92.7, Heikes being one target behind him with a percentage of 91.8. Event No. 4 was the Du Pont event, 50 targets, unknown angles, contestants to use Chamberlin cartridges loaded with Du Pont Smokeless. Fulford won the diamond watch charm with 47 out of 50, Heikes being second with 46. Altogether 87 shooters took part in the programme events, a very satisfactory total when one considers how much shooting there has been of late. Below is a table showing the

SCORES OF JUNE 17.									
Events:	1	2	3	4	5.				
Targets:	15	15	15	50	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	
Glover.....	14	14	15	45	14	110	102	92.	
Heikes.....	14	14	13	46	14	110	101	91.	
Budd.....	14	13	15	44	12	110	98	89.	
Redwing.....	13	13	13	45	13	110	97	88.	
Graham.....	12	14	14	44	11	110	95	86.	
Kolb.....	13	13	13	42	14	110	95	86.	
Sheldon.....	14	12	13	45	11	110	95	86.	
Fulford.....	11	10	14	47	12	110	94	85.	
Rike.....	14	12	15	41	12	110	94	85.	
Snow.....	14	12	12	43	13	110	94	85.	
Parmelee.....	14	15	11	40	13	110	93	84.	
Jim Crow.....	14	9	15	45	38	84.	
McDonald.....	12	14	13	42	11	110	92	83.	
Raymond.....	13	12	12	42	11	110	92	83.	
Vail.....	12	11	15	42	12	110	92	83.	
Appar.....	13	13	13	40	12	110	91	82.	
Upson.....	12	12	12	39	14	110	90	81.	
Alkire.....	15	15	12	36	11	110	89	80.	
Sergeant.....	14	14	10	38	13	110	89	80.	
Fanning.....	12	15	14	37	10	110	88	80.	
Flick.....	13	13	12	37	12	110	87	79	
Cicotte.....	11	9	12	42	12	110	86	78	
Edwards.....	13	10	13	40	10	110	86	78	
Trimble.....	12	10	14	39	11	110	86	78	
Grimm.....	12	10	8	41	14	110	85	77	
H B Hill.....	12	7	14	40	12	110	85	77	
S P Life.....	15	12	10	35	13	110	85	77	
Peck.....	12	11	11	40	11	110	85	77	
McMurphy.....	9	10	13	40	12	110	84	76	
J E T.....	37	11	60	61	76	
Clover.....	13	12	9	37	12	110	83	75	
Fleischer.....	11	9	12	39	12	110	83	75	
Herbst.....	11	11	10	37	14	110	83	75	
G E W.....	13	11	11	37	11	110	83	75	
Grant.....	10	13	12	36	11	110	82	74	
Powers.....	12	13	13	31	13	110	82	74	
Burton.....	14	11	10	34	12	110	81	73	
Parker.....	11	10	13	36	11	110	81	73	
Sterling.....	14	12	13	29	13	110	81	73	
Wood.....	11	12	9	41	8	110	81	73	
Tippy.....	11	12	12	33	12	110	80	72	
Miller.....	12	6	12	29	...	95	69	72	
Dusky.....	11	10	11	34	13	110	79	71	
Morton.....	10	12	9	38	10	110	79	71	
Riley.....	11	7	14	45	32	71	
Bascom.....	13	7	12	35	11	110	78	70	
Ed Taylor.....	11	11	11	34	11	110	78	70	
Walt.....	14	13	11	29	11	110	78	70	
Winston.....	10	9	11	37	11	110	78	70	
Elliott.....	13	11	8	35	10	110	77	70	
Hull.....	13	13	13	25	13	110	77	70	
Goodman.....	11	9	14	32	...	95	66	69	
Bodfield.....	13	9	6	36	12	110	76	69	
Don.....	8	8	15	45	31	68	
Hop.....	...	10	10	...	11	45	31	68	
Boone.....	12	...	13	30	...	80	55	68	
Rennick.....	9	13	9	...	10	60	41	68	
Franz.....	11	12	11	32	9	110	75	68	
Sherman.....	12	7	9	34	13	110	75	68	
Marks.....	12	10	9	...	9	60	40	66	
Gambell.....	13	10	11	30	9	110	73	66	
Cathan.....	12	10	9	29	11	110	71	64	
Waddell.....	8	11	9	34	9	110	71	64	
Cunningham.....	...	10	9	...	10	45	29	64	
Shaner.....	11	9	9	45	29	64	
Whiting.....	12	4	13	45	29	64	
Clay.....	12	12	9	29	8	110	70	63	
Trego.....	12	9	9	33	7	110	70	63	
Sam Hiss.....	14	5	30	19	63	
Knopf.....	10	11	8	...	9	60	38	63	
Price.....	11	10	7	45	28	62	
W H Hill.....	...	9	11	29	10	95	59	62	
Cleve.....	9	10	9	30	10	110	68	61	
Modoc.....	9	5	11	35	8	110	68	61	
Pope.....	9	11	11	25	10	110	68	60	
Porter.....	10	8	10	...	8	60	36	60	
Smith.....	11	10	11	26	7	110	65	59	
Haswell.....	10	10	11	...	4	60	35	58	
Bibby.....	9	9	8	28	8	110	62	56	
Mackie.....	8	7	10	45	25	55	
Welch.....	10	6	11	...	6	60	33	55	
Knapp.....	12	8	4	25	6	110	55	50	
Beck.....	7	8	9	26	6	110	51	46	
Leon.....	4	6	7	27	6	110	50	45	

The following shot in only one event: No. 1: Mack 10; No. 2: Perry 8; No. 5: Dulles 13.

Norton.....	13	13	11	25	11	110	83	75.4
J. E. T.....	12	11	8	40	11	110	82	74.5
Sherman.....	14	7	7	40	13	110	81	73.6
Cleve.....	10	11	11	12		45	33	73.3
Welch.....	13	7	13			45	33	73.3
Fanning.....	12	11	13	34	10	110	80	72.7
W. H. Hill.....	11	13	12	30	14	110	80	72.7
Gallup.....	11	12	11	9		60	43	71.6
Ed Taylor.....	8	11	11	13		60	43	71.6
Buck.....	13	8				45	21	70
Richmond.....	13	9	10	37	7	110	76	69
Sterling.....	13	12	9	37	11	110	76	69
Modoc.....	13	12	6	10		60	41	68.3
Knapp.....	12	9	10	34	9	110	74	67.2
Smith.....	12	11	8	32	13	80	53	66.2
Remick.....	12	11	5			45	28	62.2
Waddell.....	11	8	9	32	7	110	67	60.9
Knapp.....	9	10	8			45	27	60
Mackie.....	9	10	12	13		60	34	56.6
Leon.....	9	7	25			80	41	51.2
Burt.....	9	5				30	14	46.6

The following shot in only one event:
No. 1: Porter 9; No. 2: Jones 5; No. 3: Mack; No. 4: North 38, Holt 37, Muller 31.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 19.
Another lovely day; hotter, perhaps, than either of its two predecessors, but still a good day for target-shooting. Fulford again did great work, losing only 4 targets out of 110 shot at, and leading the rest of the shooters with a percentage of 96.2. McMurry, who had recovered somewhat from his indisposition, shot well, tying Alkire and Redwing for third place, besides winning the diamond watch charm offered by Von Lengerke & Delmow for the highest score in No. 4, the Schultze powder contest. Below is the table of the

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15			
Fulford.....	15	15	15	15	15	110	106	96.2
Glover.....	14	15	15	14	14	110	102	92.7
Alkire.....	14	15	15	14	14	110	101	91.8
McMurry.....	12	14	14	14	14	110	101	91.8
Redwing.....	14	14	13	16	14	110	101	91.8
Grimm.....	15	14	15	13	13	110	100	90.9
Helkes.....	14	12	15	14	14	110	99	90
Upson.....	14	15	13	14	13	110	99	90
Apar.....	14	15	14	10	14	110	97	88.1
Fanning.....	14	13	14	13	13	110	97	88.1
Edwards.....	15	13	11	15	12	110	93	87.2
Elliott.....	14	12	12	15	13	110	96	87.2
Grant.....	12	14	15	11	14	110	96	87.2
G. E. W.....	14	15	10	12	15	110	96	87.2
Miller.....	12	13	12			45	39	86.6
Clover.....	13	13	13	12	14	110	95	86.3
McDonald.....	13	13	14	10	15	110	95	86.3
Powers.....	14	14	14	13	14	110	95	86.3
Pippy.....	11	12	13	14	15	110	95	86.3
Cicotte.....	14	14	13	10	13	110	94	85.5
Fleischer.....	14	12	13	10	15	110	94	85.5
Flick.....	12	14	12	13	13	110	94	85.5
Parker.....	12	14	11	13	14	110	94	85.5
Pope.....	15	11	11	13	14	110	94	85.5
Parmelee.....	10	14	15	11	13	110	93	84.5
Winston.....	14	13	12	11		95	80	84.2
Mackie.....	12	14	12	12		60	50	83.3
Ed Taylor.....	12	13	12	12		60	50	83.3
Budd.....	13	12	15	13	13	110	91	82.7
Burton.....	12	12	12	10	15	110	91	82.7
Rike.....	13	12	13	11	12	110	91	82.7
Sherman.....	10	14	10	15	12	110	91	82.7
Trimble.....	15	13	13	13	13	110	91	82.7
Wood.....	12	12	14	12	11	110	91	82.7
H. B. Hill.....	13	14	11	10	12	110	90	81.8
Sheldon.....	11	11	14	13	11	110	90	81.8
Vail.....	14	12	11	10	13	110	90	81.8
Meaders.....	13	15	13	13	14	110	89	80.9
Norton.....	11	14	12	12	10	110	89	80.9
Raymond.....	11	14	12	13	14	110	88	80
Smith.....	13	11	13	10	11	110	88	80
Snow.....	11	13	13	12	12	110	88	80
Du Bray.....	12	11	12	13	13	110	87	79
Easton.....	15	11	13	16	10	110	85	77.2
Gambell.....	11	13	11	17	13	110	85	77.2
Graham.....	13	11	12	17	12	110	85	77.2
Sergeant.....	15	11	11	15	13	110	85	77.2
Carr.....	15	8	11	15	15	110	84	76.3
Herbst.....	12	13	14	14	10	110	83	75.4
Cleve.....	12	9	13	12	15	110	81	73.6
S. P. Life.....	12	13	11	14	11	110	81	73.6
Bodfield.....	10	11	14	13	13	110	79	71.8
Modoc.....	13	12	6	10		60	41	68.3
Holt.....	13	11	7	13		95	73	66.3
North.....	9	7	8	15	13	110	73	65.4
W. C.....	9	9	7			45	25	55.5

EDWARD BANKS.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, L. I., June 20.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's last live-bird shoot of the season was held here to-day. In the club shoot Morley and Lau tied for the Class A prize with 10 kills each, and shot off in the next event, in which they again tied. Morley finally won after killing 21 straight. J. U. Meyer captured the Class B medal. Scores:

Class A.	Club shoot.	E. C. cup shoot.
T. W. Morley.....	1222112222-10	1212222222-10
Dr Littlefield.....	0312222222-7	1102122222-9
W. Lau.....	2111112111-10	1212112222-10
O. Ferguson, Jr.....	2022222222-9	0022222222-8
C. M. Meyer.....	2120222222-8	0221212222-9
J. Meyer.....	2211102202-8	200200120-4
J. E. Jones.....	1222222002-7	22222212-9
Wm Allen.....	000100120-4	11100212-7
Dr Parker.....	1210021010-6	
No. 1:		
J. E. Jones.....	2122-4	02022-3 2220
T. W. Morley.....	22202-4	22202-4 0
J. Meyer.....	21212-5	
Dr Littlefield.....	20112-4	
Wm Lau.....	00111-3	
C. M. Meyer.....	23021-4	2221
Dr Wynn.....	02120-3	

Shooting at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., June 17.—The handicap shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held here to-day. It resulted in a tie between Felton, Gillespie and Wilcox. In the shoot-off Gillespie withdrew on his 6th bird; Felton and Wilcox again tied at 15 birds. They will shoot off at the next club shoot. Scores:

		Allowance.	
Felton (29).....	2211112222221-14	1	-15
Gillespie (29).....	0101221111101-12	11	-15
Wilcox (28).....	2121212222212-14	1	-15
Bessell (30).....	12300001011110-9	11	-12
Hollester (30).....	11101111110202-12		
Amberg (29).....	11020110201200-8	11	-10
Morris (28).....	010001001001220-6	1111	-10
Ties on 15:			
Felton (29).....	12222221021122-14	1	-15
Wilcox (28).....	02121102120222-13	11	-15
Gillespie (29).....	100620w		
Practice shooting:			
W W McFarland.....	21222222221200210020		-15
W Cutter.....	112121111110100000012101002112010201-27		
Wm Crow.....	0120010001000000100012022020		-10
Amberg.....	12021000200121001011030001		-18
Gillespie.....	01011		-3
Hollester.....	02201		-8

